CLASS DAY

"THE OLD PINE."

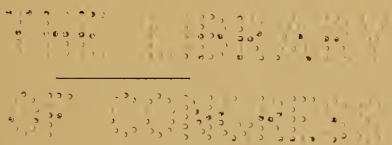
Dartmouth, '93

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE

CLASS DAY EXERCISES,

ON

Tuesday, June 27, 1893.



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1893.

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DARTMOUTH, '93.

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Elam Rust Wright,	Gilmanton, N. H.

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INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS.

Byron Freeto Gustin, Groton, Mass.

Surely, yet too quickly, has the pendulum vibrated back and forth, until against the names of full three score and ten of our class is recorded four years of united toil and endeavor; years indicative of labor spent in a pleasant and, we sincerely hope, profitable manner. And to-day, as we assemble for almost the last time, to break the ties which have drawn us together so closely and pleasantly in the past, to unclasp the hands joined together in an ever enduring friendship, may all the associations dear to the heart of every true and noble man inspire us to look upon the sorrow of parting with a feeling of hopefulness for the future. Had we been able to prophesy, four years ago, the result of all our labor together; could we have foretold the outcome of these four years in our life as shown to-day, mayhap our course would have been different. We would have done things now left undone, and refrained from doing those things which proved harmful to us. Had we the power to see the future and the fruition of our present plans, we might be loth to leave the path by which many of us have tarried, and draw back with reluctance to enter the ranks of those who have gone before us in life.

But wisely has the knowledge of struggle, sorrow, and disappointment of the future been withheld from us, and we stand to-day all hopeful for our success and final reward.

All things to-day assume their fairest aspect, and we have built, in our minds, many a castle that will topple to the ground under the storms of life. We, as Dartmouth's youngest offspring, look upon the bright side of life, and feel that if knowledge is power, then indeed must we be powerful. Have we not associated with a body of men of wide intellectual range—have we not come in contact with some of New England's greatest intellectual leaders—have we not had opportunity to absorb a vast amount of knowledge upon almost every subject conceivable? Then who can doubt our acquiring power from knowledge? The world is advancing to a high point of attainment in every branch; as students of this era we are looked to for help in bearing this burden resting upon our shoulders; we must carry it, and then in turn yield it to our successors. Shall we fulfil our expectations? Hard labor, and not genius, conquers the world.

One blessing awaits us, and for it we should be thankful; it is our privilege to make our own fortune, of carving our own way in life. A man of fortune is influential, but to a man who possesses energy of character, combined with persistence, patience, and a determination to succeed, is the reward assured.

Fortunate is the man who has the elements of success, but if there is added to these godliness, he

builds not only for time but for eternity. But no man lives to himself nor by himself alone—each of us has had friends who have been a help and an encouragement to us in our labors. We are glad to welcome such friends to-day. For your sympathies we are truly grateful; your words have helped and cheered us, your deeds assisted us; but there is still in our hearts a feeling toward you that cannot be expressed. No words of ours can convey the thought that we would voice, but we hope to repay the kind sympathy and regard by fulfilling the expectations by which we have been surrounded. But do not judge us harshly if we do not at first seem to succeed—the painter does not paint his best picture at the first trial, but only after the close application of years is he rewarded. Our powers develop slowly, but some time we hope to accomplish that which will cause us to be held as benefactors of the human race.

Our aim in life is to so run that we will hear the "Well done, good and faithful servant," as a fitting benediction at the close of our earthly career.

ORATION.

Guy Goodwin Furnel, Wilton, Me.

As we pause today, for a last formal farewell to the beautiful scenes of this quiet, scholastic retreat, where we have enjoyed, for four years, all the opportunities for culture and training that this grand old college of our choice could give, every heart feels a glad thrill of gratitude and love to her; gratitude that she has opened the fountains of thought and truth and beauty which the ages have accumulated, that she has revealed to us the true significance of life, and that she has inspired us with a love and appreciation of true scholastic attainment. From her we have caught a measure of that determined, almost stern, spirit of success which so characterizes Dartmouth men, and which, like a strong current, ever bears them onward despite all tides of ill fortune. Equipped with well trained mental faculties, and possessed of this all-potent spirit, we may make the future what we will. But whether it is our ambition to sway men's minds from the platform or the sanctum, or to minister to the ills of the body or soul, or to shape the thought of the next generation by training the youth, or to whatever branch of progress we choose to devote our energies, we

may still be students and seek to follow nature into her fastnesses, still try to sift out that golden grain of truth which is the beautiful in art, the admirable in character, and the divine in nature.

To the true student, nature almost reveals herself. He only, of all men, may follow closely in her footsteps, and trace aright the eternal purpose of her acts. Nature always hides her richest treasures deepest. As she locks the shining gold in the clasp of the cheaper quartz, so she subtly hides beneath the gold itself its true nature, properties, and relations. He, therefore, whose eyes are not dazzled by the glittering pelf, may discover the embedded truth that shall unlock untold beneficence to mankind.

We value anything only for what we hope from it. The desire for wealth, power, or success as an end, is an unworthy motive and has diverted many a student from the truth within his reach. Fancy one who sees this attractive object on the verge of his desert horizon. He struggles on towards it, but only when he sinks exhausted at the end of his strength he finds, instead of the cool water of contentment and satisfaction, only the dry dust of disappointment, too late to choose a new and true course. But to him whose faculties have been quickened and trained by observation and study, and whose will has been educated to choose the true and worthy, the world becomes a reality and life a delight. His keen perception, nice discrimination, and logical reasoning enable him to detect the faulty in art and

nature. New worlds of thought and imagination are waiting to yield him new treasures. He instinctively chooses the decent and refined. His pleasures are simple, but keen and satisfying. It is he only who can realize Goethe's motto, "I will be lord over myself."

The pursuit of truth is the highest vocation or avocation to which one may consecrate his energies. The destiny and sovereignty of the human mind is the exact knowledge of things and the search for truth. No higher use can be made of one's faculties than to develop and use them to the full in the accomplishment of their manifest destiny. But to dip from the deepest wells of knowledge, and to live in true sympathy with man and nature, the student must himself be the soul of truth. No ultimate success or true satisfaction awaits the student who cherishes a love for display, applause, or other ulterior object. The really successful scientist, professional man, or artist, is he who has for his aim the truth he seeks and not the reward he sees. Nature is a jealous mistress, and will accept no divided homage.

The greatest achievements of men have not been called forth by the offer of reward, but are always the normal outgrowth and true expression of the soul within, produced only after due time. No man could have written "Evangeline" for pay. Count Rumford did not evolve his priceless contribution to physical science for a salary, much less devote forty years of his life to preliminary study in the hope of financial reward. Celebrated painters have

failed who have striven for the prize offered by the French Academy, while those who could succeed under this false stimulus have never achieved any greater success or prominence. Neither the desire for gain nor the love of applause can inspire a masterpiece.

If the earnest purpose from the first be a search for truth for truth's own sake, and the search be prosecuted with energy, every opportunity of life as it comes may be seized and every obligation cancelled. We are today under obligation to society, to ourselves, and to the college, but if we follow this teaching, "To thine own self be true, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man," we shall be able to satisfy every expectation. How can we better serve the college, and show our loyalty to her, than by being true to ourselves and to the ideal which rises before us in our best moments?

It means something when an accomplished scholar and eminent thinker, a man in his prime, with a useful and successful career already opened before him, turns from all and takes up the arduous duties of a more obscure life, simply because he would not be untrue to himself and his convictions. It means that he believes with Chaucer, that "truth is the lightest thing a man may keep," and that he squares his life by his beliefs. Every life is characterized, consciously or otherwise, by that which appears most prominently in forceful, successful lives, i. e., a central, controlling motive like the theme of a great symphony from which all

else springs and in accord with which the whole life is developed and harmonized. But if this theme be unworthy or false, the whole composition fails.

The true student is a close observer of human nature. Though he must be much alone "to become acquainted with his own thoughts" and lead a quiet, solitary life, yet it is he who can best benefit his fellow-men, for he sees their real needs and the most effective ways of ministering thereto. The potency of his benevolence is multiplied many fold by his keen insight and constant training.

And now why is it that truth is such a valuable guerdon that men count any sacrifice cheap which procures it? It is because it is immortal. It is as fixed as one of the stars. Its light comes down to us through the countless ages of the past and if, while we have it we make ourselves a part of it, it will bear us on to that great hereafter whither all that is true is irresistibly drawn by the affinity of the infinite, eternal Truth. In this spirit of success, then, inherited with the very name of our *alma mater*, let us set our course toward that bright, clear star of truth, rather than make the mistake of steering toward its flickering, fugitive reflection in the troubled waters below.

In closing let me quote the words of Emerson spoken at the Commencement exercises of Dartmouth college fifty-five years ago. "Be content with a little light so it be your own. Explore and explore. Be neither chided nor flattered out of your position of perpetual inquiry. Neither dogmatize, nor accept another's dogmatism. Why should you

renounce your right to traverse the starlit deserts of truth for the premature comfort of an acre, house, and barn? Truth also has its roof and bed and board. Make yourself necessary to the world and mankind will give you bread, and if not store of it, yet such as shall not take away your property in all men's possessions, in all men's affections, in art, in nature, and in life.

"Thought is all bright and publishes itself to the universe. It will speak though you were dumb by its own miraculous organ. It will flow out of your action, your manner, your face. It will bring you friendship. It will impledge you to truth by the love and expectation of generous minds. By virtue of the laws of that nature which is one and perfect, it shall yield every sincere good that is in the soul, to the scholar beloved of earth and heaven."

POEM.

George Oliver Byron Hawley, Westerly, R. I.

What is a life? A ceaseless, changing show,
And men the actors, forgotten when they go,
Except, mayhap, some star who brightly shines
When all is dead and gone, and later he?
What is it makes the heart, the Undefined,
The Unknown-good that Aristotle shrines
And Plato sought and all men think to see,—
The heart, I say, desire and long for—blind?
What is a man, and what should mankind do;
What has he done, and what does he pursue?
Life! Life! An everlasting life to him,
So wise men say, who finds what wisdom seeks.

The bright sun rises o'er the eastern hills,
And looks upon the earth, his child. He loves
The wooded hills, the soft, green valleys with
Their molten, silver waters flowing on,
How reckless, tossing each, with dauntless will,
To emulate the hare in flight, the doves
Who fly and light to murmur each his loves;
Now flowing placid, crooning out its song
As does a mother to her child. Along
The grassy banks the fringing sedges grow,
Or tall, green grass, with here and there a space
Where frightened animals their footsteps slow
To ford the stream or drink. And here the lace
Of twinéd branches from th' o'erhanging trees
Paints in the water a green and grayish frieze;

And now the banks are steep, and now a vale,
Like ancient Tempé, cuts the hills and hides
The tim'rous bird, or squirrel with brushy tail.
Back from the river's mossed and grassy bank
The little terraced plains are piled to one
Much larger than the rest, and on their sides
Primeval forests, 'neath whose trees there lurks
The snarling wildcat, at his meal begun,
The lumb'ring bear, the lynx with silky sides,
The prowling wolf with ugly, curling jaw,
And deer, the rabbit with his velvet paw,
Or some sly serpent crawling 'neath the rank
And closely growing brush and beauteous ferns.
And to those hills beyond, this plateau turns,
O'er which the sun rose, he who ever works
His westward course since ever earth began;
But never in this wondrous scene is man.

In ancient days—so history tells—a Greek
Would seek supremacy by use of limb,
And by physical skill woul l in the game
Excel his rivals in the race for fame;
But in the latter days 't is changed, and man
Now seeks to rule by strength of mind, or, best,
By mind and body both to govern. Rest,
Unknown to him beneath Ambition's fan.
A world of Science and of Wisdom lore
Is now for man, and he who will not take
Is naught. But why, oh, why indeed, should he?
What though we know the world and all therein
And not our soul! What is the Undefined?
What is that second self? Where is the soul,
And whose? Is 't something apart, or is the mind
Some combination made by chemistry?
And what in wisdom, then, can cure that ache
Which springs from soul when overcome by sin?

And once again the sun peeps past the hills:
He finds the scene but very little changed;

But changed—the scene is changed. Ah, yes, for there
Is man, the grandest work of God! But still
The man unlearned, who knows not self, nor yet
Of aught save preservation of himself
And his. He barters with his kind for pelf,
But knows not worth, and with the growling bear
Doth fight for life until, at last, he gets
The summons from the Mighty Hunter,—
And travels to the hunter's happy land.

And still that cry forever fills my soul,
What is a life, and what am I who cries?
And what is God, the Good, the Infinite?
Philosophers of old had each his view,
And so to-day. 'T was air, perhaps. Renew
All life did air. Then numbers brought the light,
And thus and thus. And all did seek the prize,
But all in vain, for who could reach the goal?
And so to-day: Each theory has its time,
Its little sway, and then it dies, like man.

And once again the sun looks o'er the hills:
He sees the red-man, and he hears his myth;
He sees the wigwam, hears the squaw with dawn
Awake and at her work; the curling smoke
He sees, and hears the barking of the dogs;—
But more: Out on the plain the woods are cleared,
The trees are felled, and from their trunks a hut,
Far more pretentious than the wigwams there
Where dwelt the chiefs. What means this broken space?
Who has built this almost palace of logs?
For such indeed this little cabin seems
To those whom the strange sight with wonder fills.
The sun sees why this happy spot is changed,
The sun knows now, for, sitting before the place,
A man gathers the unlearned children of
The forest, and tells them naught 's to be feared:—
(Upon a white face casts the sun his beams.)
The stately chief, whose manner like the oak

Is tow'ring proudly o'er his little band,
In graveness and reluctance takes the hand
Stretched to him. The children amazéd stare;
With curious looks the women 'round him move.
Soon more white men appear, and from within
The hut they come to greet the braves and all,
With kindly looks. And often, after that,
The sun rises to see the white man there,
Teaching the braves the arts of peace; and where
Before was moral darkness like a pall,
Had they changéd to light, and taught that sin
Was not the will of life. And on the mat
Of skin, a present from a chief, there sat
The braves, heard and believed in what was taught,
And Wisdom gave her children what they sought.

O Education, what a boon to man
Thou art, indeed! But canst thou tell me when
Thou shalt be able to give unto our ken
The True, the Beautiful, and e'en the Good?
And still we grope like bats within a room
All full of glare and light too dazzling for
Our sight. Oh, what is God? And tell us where
Shall we look for him, and what is our doom?
And Education answers, "Everywhere;
Yes, everywhere is God. Where'er ye would
Look for Him, He is found. In the wind's roar
When it uproots the trees and the sea rends.
The sea cries 'Here,' the trees and nature all
Cry 'Here is God!' and Mother Earth, the stars,
And man—the image of his maker—cries,
Unconscious of his own reply, that blends
With nature's, 'Here is God, and here the all!'"

Again the sun arises o'er the hills:
The scene is wondrous changed. We know it not?
Ah, yes, we know the scene the sun looks on.
'T is on Hanover's grassy plain, her trees;
The dear old buildings, and the campus green;

The branches' fragrance wafted by the breeze
From her fair park, the Bema there; the vale,
Called Tempé from the ancient Greek, where 's seen
The sly old woodchuck, and where tells his tale
The hermit-thrush, with clear and bell-like note;
The river, with its id y swinging boat;
And yet the hills, the dear old shelt'ring hills,
From o'er whose tops at morn the sun his beams
Sends to us, and with gladness nature fills,
And wakes her from her sad or happy dreams.
We know the scene the sun looks down upon,
A scene too soon, too soon to go, alas!
The sun looks down upon myself and you,
He smiles, he knows, and while he thinks, a cloud
Comes o'er his face, for he has seen that line
Of eager faces later scattered—gone.
And some have left his gaze and ta'en the shroud,
And in his heart he feels a tight'ning seize.
He knows the sorrows of that lively spot,
The disappointments for that hopeful mass.
'T is us he sees, dear comrades, and ah, rue!
His dear old heart a nameless longing fills
To hear us bid good-bye to him with her?
Who sends us forth to battle with the world.

* * * * * * *

Good-bye, old Mother, we are off to strife;
Good-bye the sun, who hast our Mother watched;
Naught shall us from our each duty deter
But that which shows us thee from thy course whirled,
That force which overcomes both death and strife,
For thou and she have told us what is life.

ADDRESS TO THE PRESIDENT.

SAMUEL PARKER HUNT, MANCHESTER, N. H.

Most Honored and Respected Sir:—Dartmouth is entering upon a new era of prosperity. Many of the questions which have vexed the honorable board of trustees have been answered. Many improvements are being made. We are to have a suitable auditorium; we are to have the new buildings we have so long needed; we are to have an abundant water-supply and adequate protection against fire; we are to have one of the best athletic fields in the country; and, best of all, Dartmouth is no longer to be without a permanent head, but we are to have for president one who, by his experience, his ability, his brilliant scholarship, and his wide acquaintance with men, will place us in a higher position than it was ever before possible for us to occupy. It is my privilege to extend to you a most hearty welcome from '93, and to wish you every success in the work upon which you are about to enter.

The duties of a college president are not always pleasant, and the burdens he must bear are some-

times heavy; but I think you will find among Dartmouth men a willingness to be corrected, a sincerity of purpose, a love of their college, and an appreciation of your efforts in their behalf, which will render your duties light and your relations with them most agreeable.

As our graduation approaches, and the cares of the life upon which we are so soon to enter change from a dreamy future to a stern reality, we naturally come to a more realizing sense of the benefits we have received during our college days, and it seems fitting that we take this occasion to return to our *alma mater*, through you, our most sincere and heartfelt thanks.

Many of us have not realized how much our future depended upon the care and guidance of the college president; but as a breath of wind on the mountain may determine whether a drop of water shall reach the sea by the St. Lawrence or the Hudson, so it is apparently trifling events that may change the whole course of a man's life. Many of us remember the fatherly advice we received when we went astray, and if we have thought at times we were treated rather severely, I think that no one, now that distance gives the proper perspective, can complain of any injustice.

We would also extend our most hearty thanks to our instructors for their assiduous labor in our behalf, and for the patience and forbearance they have shown when we did not seem to appreciate their efforts. We have not always done as we should. There have been neglected opportuni-

ties, useless habits, and unworthy acts; yet, thanks to the good influences which our *alma mater* has so carefully placed about us, and to the experience we have gained while dwelling in this little world of our own, we are determined that these shall not enter into our characters. We are resolved to go out into life to make the most of ourselves, to be worthy of old Dartmouth, and, so far as possible, to strive to attain a perfect manhood.

ADDRESS TO CAMPUS.

EDWIN JEROME HEYWOOD, CLAREMONT, N. H.

NINETY-THREE meets to bid farewell to the dear old Campus. It is ever with feelings of sadness and regret that one must sever his connections with a spot so dear.

Dryden says that "none would live past years again," but in our case Dryden is wrong. There is doubtless not one amongst us who would not hail with gladness an opportunity to live again the last four years. Alas, that is impossible, but, if we cannot "live past years again," we may "all hope pleasure in what yet remains."

How many of us will ever forget that eventful September afternoon, when, "fresh from the cradle of home," we strolled onto the Campus and inquired the whereabouts of the President's office. What visions of base-ball, foot-ball, and kindred sports rose up before us! Ever since that day this Campus has been peculiarly united with our fortunes.

It is not my purpose to boast of the athletic victories of '93, because as a class we have had very few victories of which to boast; still, on every Varsity team, since '93's entry, we have had our repre-

sentatives, and it has been our good fortune to assist in the celebration of three intercollegiate championships, foot-ball in '90, base-ball in '92, and athletics in '93. It certainly was through no fault of "Cy's" or "Fergie's" that Dartmouth just didn't get the base-ball championship this spring. Likewise, on every team the college has put forth, '93's men, though few in numbers, have shone out as stars of the first magnitude.

How often have we met here to cheer our teams on to victory, and sometimes to defeat! What stories this campus could tell of mammoth bonfires, discordant horns, college yells, and similar demonstrations to show our appreciation of the glorious victories of our various teams! But oh! those rushes—I must not forget them. Why, Moses in the bulrushes is not to be compared to a '93 man in a cane rush. The rushes in a way are useful, they bring the fellows closer together, perhaps, than any other phase of college life. These relations are, however, sometimes closer than is consistent with comfort and good health. Here, too, it was that we were the joyful mourners at the cremation of that bane of every sophomore's existence, conic sections.

In yonder halls we have sought that training which serves to develop a vigorous mind. But that has not been all of our education,—it is on this Campus that we have acquired that quick, firm hand, cool head, and vigorous body, which, together with a well developed mind, go to make up the man. Much of our future success may be due to

that pluck and perseverance, that coolness and decision, which we have acquired upon our Campus. All these traits, which are most necessary to success, could never have been obtained from books. It is not so much what we know that brings success, as the ability to apply our knowledge.

This, classmates, is what we are about to leave. No more will we sit beneath the shade of yonder trees and watch Henry run the hurdles, or our ball teams at practice; no more will we, of summer evenings, sit on the Campus fence and enjoy the long, quiet talks of home and the future, or listen to those old college songs, sung as only college boys know how to sing them. In another fall our new athletic field will be completed and the old Campus abandoned as a field for sports. It will never mean as much to the Dartmouth man of the future as it does to us. Allegiance will be transferred to the new field and the Campus left to the ravages of time and the vandalic "townies." Thus it is in all the walks of life: the new takes the place of the old, and the old is thrown aside, like a broken toy, and forgotten.

So it is with us, classmates: we are about to go forth and do battle with the rugged world; other classes will move up to fill our places, and in a short time '93 will be but a memory of the past. Although forgotten, we shall not forget. Our college course has been a most pleasant one—four years which we shall remember with unalloyed pleasure; but the most pleasant memories of all will be those connected with this dear old Campus.

ADDRESS TO UNDERGRADUATES.

HENRY CLAY SANDERS, JR., CLAREMONT, N. H.

Fellow-Students: To-day the class of '93, in its turn, pays its respects to the campus, the bema, the tower, the old chapel, the old pine, and to you. Looking backward we can see many changes for the better which have come to the college, and looking forward into the future we envy you. We feel that we mark the line between the old and the new Dartmouth. For us the course has been substantially that which has been pursued by all of the classes of the past decade. All of you will enjoy advantages, both in your college work and in your athletics, which we have not had.

But however excellent the faculty, the equipment, or the various advantages of a college, its reputation depends largely on the conduct and character of its undergraduates. Those who have made the college famous came here in other less fortunate days. May those who follow strive not only to equal but to excel the high standard which has been established.

You must not allow yourselves to become less zealous and active because you possess a fine field and athletic facilities, but let them rather stimu-

late you to continue that systematic training which won the pennant for us at Worcester. We know that we cannot rely on natural ability alone for victory, but that, with hard, faithful work, will place Dartmouth ever in the front in all branches of athletics.

One thing has been made evident to us during our course, and that is the necessity of care in choosing the managers and captains of the various teams. Whenever we have had efficient leaders, we have won. Students are apt to select their leaders on account of their popularity rather than their ability. See to it that those upon whom success so largely depends are no longer chosen by a small minority of the college.

During its college course the class of '93 has had very pleasant relations with the classes with which it has been associated. Class feeling and rivalry have been subordinated to a truer feeling of college loyalty. Dartmouth undergraduates have not been divided, but have worked together for the common interests of the college.

We feel as we go out from the college that we leave behind many fast and firm friends as well as true and loyal Dartmouth men, and the loyalty of Dartmouth men to their college and each other has become proverbial.

There will not be many more pleasant occasions in our lives than those on which we shall meet you here and in other and distant places, and, clasping your hands, recall with you our student days together at old Dartmouth.

ADDRESS TO THE OLD CHAPEL.

ALMORIN ORTON CASWELL, ORANGE, MASS.

It is fitting that on this day of days, while we are taking leave of all the old haunts that are dear to every one of us, we forget not the old chapel which calls up memories of so many and various scenes.

There is many a chapel grander, more beautiful in design, than this bare, old-fashioned room; but we love it for what it suggests. It is plain, nay homely, to the unthinking eye, but to us it is resplendent with the beauty of the heart. It is peculiarly the link that binds us to the past. It is in this old room that we have sat and listened to the words of those who have gone before us, as they have returned and given us glimpses of their world—the same world we so soon shall enter. In these old walls methinks I can still catch the echo of many a loyal voice, calling us to the conflict, and bidding us keep fresh the old laurels, while weaving a new and still more glorious crown for Dartmouth, our common love.

It is in a larger and grander sense, however, that the old chapel speaks to us of the past. Those plain, bare walls, those old pews scarred by the knives of many a student in the days gone by,

the rough floor, trodden by the feet of generations, all tell us of the good old days. They speak of rude but honest poverty, whose hard lessons moulded characters,—the characters that have made old Dartmouth all that she is to-day.

Many are the happy memories, too, that suggest our own connection there. It is there that we have gathered in the evening to behold the wandering stars of the world of song, the only stars that light up the long, long night of a typical Hanover winter. There we have gathered, too, and made the galleries ring when victory was perched on Dartmouth's banner.

This is a peculiar parting: year after year has come and gone, class after class has gathered here and said a fond farewell; but ere another class shall assemble here, the old chapel, with all its wealth of suggestion, all its store of memories, will have passed from the sight of men and, at least as we have known it, be itself a memory.

Progress demands the sacrifice involved in its careful re-construction; and as when at a great and good man's end his friends find consolation in precious thoughts of his noble, useful life and his more favored, though changed and unknown future, so we now rejoice in memory's well-filled pages, whereon are writ many a precious souvenir of this old place; while there is an added satisfaction in the thought that the historic old hall itself will still be left to connect us, in the years to come, with that greater, grander Dartmouth that is so soon to be.

ADDRESS AT THE NEW ATHLETIC FIELD.

GEORGE WILLIAMS BOUTELLE, NASHUA, N. H.

Alumni, *Classmates*, *Underclassmen:* We are assembled on this day, upon this our new athletic field, not only to bestow upon it a parting benediction, to render a final adieu, but to extend to it a cordial greeting, to express our heartfelt words of welcome. United by an inseparable tie, we come here bringing the same feelings of pleasure, moved by the same spirit of gratitude and joy. Our interest in and our sympathy for dear old Dartmouth are always the same. To-day there is an indescribable joy penetrating to the very soul of every Dartmouth man, a joy that the Dartmouth man alone experiences as he hails some victory, some advantage gained for his alma mater.

Dartmouth is now entering upon an epoch of unprecedented prosperity. For four years we have seen the forces at work, advancing step by step until now they are operating with all their power for the advancement of her interests. As classmates, while we are gathered upon this spot we are wont to be joyful, yet in a measure sorrowful. We are joyful because we have had the good fortune of realizing, to some degree, the benefits resulting from the spirit of progression which is

rapidly lifting our dear college to the upper ranks of similar American institutions; because we can look into the future and see prospects most brilliant for the future Dartmouth student; joyful because we can look upon the beautiful green sward of this new athletic field and be the first to express our words of welcome.

We are sorrowful and we regret that '93 stands only as a landmark between two epochs of college history, and that we have not been fully able to avail ourselves of these superior advantages. We would have experienced great pleasure if we could have seen our athletes in full array upon this field; if we could have sat in the grand stand and made it resound as we yelled them on to victory. As we are now so soon to separate, to sever ourselves from all that has become sacred to us from constant association, we delight to linger with the past and to recall pleasant memories of days gone by. Although completed at the very close of our college days, before we have had scarcely time to become associated with our new athletic field, yet we are associated with it: we feel it, we know it. Even while we stand here we can feel the welding of the links which bind us to it as inseparably as if it had been our constant companion.

To us the old campus will ever be sacred; it has gained a place in our hearts that will always be dear. Who of us will ever forget those terrible cries of "Foot-ball Freshie" piercing the cool evening air, sending the hot blood tingling through all our veins; or the many times we have stood just

outside the ropes, thrilled with excitement and kindred emotions as we cheered ourselves hoarse, yelling for the victory? 'T is there we have joined in the glorious confusion and hilarity of celebrating victories won; there, too, where disappointed we have sympathized over victories not won. There we have watched—now hopeful, now fearful—the efforts of brawn and muscle as it was training for the contest. Yes, 't is there we have become united heart and hand, forming ties never to be broken.

In the future similar scenes will be transferred to this beautiful spot. The victories won here, the ground contested inch by inch in the struggles of opposing classmen to gain the mastery, the spirited Wah-Hoo-Wahs, will soon throw a sacred halo about it, making it the pride of every loyal Dartmouth man.

All hail, our new athletic field! In thy perfection and beauty thou art most dear to us. Thou art our pride. Thy green, velvety sward, thy symmetrical track, thy clearly cut diamond, and thy perfect foot-ball field will long remain fixed in our memory. Not many days since we beheld thee a barren, desolate waste, over which the husbandman toiled hard and long, receiving returns not over bountiful, seemingly of no benefit to any one, save, perhaps, to the weary "freshman" who lazily plods his way around thee with rod and chain. But now we behold thee transformed into a playground fit for the gods! Already has thy influence been felt by the athletes who will soon grace thee with their presence. Whilst thou wast even in

embryo they were spurred on to victory. Well may they be proud of thee, and thou of them! Thou hast inculcated in them the spirit of success, a spirit which knows no such word as *defeat.* This is the spirit that every Dartmouth man should have: would that there were more of it!

But, look! Already we seem to see the fleet runners as they swiftly glide over thy smooth track, straining every sinew to gain the lead, and we can see their anxious faces as they come to the finish, cutting the tape neck and neck. Yonder is the "eleven," fiercely, manfully struggling for victory. Then, again, we seem to see the "nine" slowly but surely vanquishing its opponents. We listen, and we seem to hear the shouts of victory, while the echoes die away among yonder hills. Our new athletic field, all honor to thee! We wish thee a glorious future: may thy brow be crowned with victories, may pennants flutter from thine every side, and may triumphant Wah-Hoo-Wahs echo and reëcho from one end to the other.

But now we must leave thee. We must soon go out to enter upon the mart of life, yet, as we depart, we do not feel that the cords which unite us are severed. No, they are doubly strengthened. Hereafter, during the busy moments of active life, we will never cease to have a warm place in our hearts for thee, and may "Victory" ever be thy motto. Farewell, our new athletic field, farewell!

CHRONICLES.

PERLEY OAKLAND PLACE, SOUTH BERWICK, ME.

It is a task of no ordinary difficulty that confronts your historian in his attempt to follow the devious course of our four years' residence in Hanover. If this class had been like the old-time classes, or, at least, like the reports we hear of the old-time classes, there would have been no difficulty in finding a multitude of incidents from which to choose; but our class is very steady. Its history has been uneventful; so much so, indeed, that only one of the four histories which we ought regularly to have had has succeeded in setting forth its adventures in becoming style. Our sophomore history was a masterly effort, but W. W. Smith's zeal for economy in the public service prevented it from being printed. To be sure, "Gob" did present a so called history of our freshman year some time about the middle of sophomore year, but aside from a careful delineation of his room-mate Tetlow's method of life—so careful, in fact, that those two gentlemen were not on speaking terms for a year—it was a poor affair. It was said to be stolen, and the matter was very gravely discussed at class-meeting, but few tears were shed. As for the

junior and senior histories, they were ignominious flunks.

Nevertheless there have been some events in the course of our stay in Hanover which may be worthy a passing mention, and these we shall endeavor to set forth with a strict regard for truth and a stern abhorrence of all exaggeration. In every case of doubt we have been careful to understate rather than to overstate. It has been with deep regret that we have found it necessary to record some incidents which might be considered derogatory to the reputation of some of our classmates, and we make haste to say that any such incidents are entirely exceptional.

The general character of our class needs no encomium. The great moral advance made by the college during our stay has been the subject of frequent remark. The use of intoxicating liquors has been entirely unknown, all members of the class being total abstainers with the exception of Sanders and Salls. We regret to say that these two erring members have as yet been unable to restrain the demands of a depraved taste, in spite of the earnest missionary work of Hawley and Aborn. But the best of men have their faults, and an occasional spree may be excused in view of their never-failing humor and jollity and their open-hearted good-fellowship. Nor have the members of our class been tempted by the wiles of the fair sex. It is safe to say that no class has been graduated from Dartmouth for fifty years so free from every suspicion of chippy chasing as the class of '93. Har-

ley is the only exception to the general rule. His desperate career has been a source of untold grief to his friends, but doubtless his errors are due to circumstances over which he has no control.

It is said that the greener a man is when he enters the college, the smarter he is when he gets through. If that is the case, we must certainly be the smartest class ever graduated. Even "Dude" laughed when he saw some of our shining lights dismount from Allen's coach. There was Gustin, with a six months' growth of hair, a limp and faded umbrella in one hand and a corpulent valise in the other, gazing about upon the wonders of the city in helpless awe. There was Abbott, fresh from West Randolph in more senses than one, a look of combined earnestness and anxiety upon his features, trembling under the awful gaze of "Prexie." There was Silver, beginning to get an eye out for the girls before he left the station, and making self-conscious efforts not to be a jay. There was Tetlow, looking, as usual, as if he had stolen a sheep. He was a little afraid at first, but soon remembered that his mother had told him that if he went right along and paid no attention to other people, no one would speak to him. We shall not soon forget that remarkable coat Watson used to wear, nor Ross's regimentals, nor Chandler's omnipresent and emphatic profanity, nor Selden's remarkable gymnastic performances at tennis, nor the way Harry Metcalf ran the class, nor the thousand and one other incidents of our freshman fall.

And, by the way, speaking of Metcalf, a whole

history might easily be written about his adventures in Hanover. It should be entitled "Decensus Averni; or How Harry Tried to be Tough." It is painful for your historian to record his downfall, but a sense of our duty to posterity urges us on. There is no sadder sight in the world than to see a noble, energetic, handsome, and ambitious youth gradually led away upon the paths of sin till he ends by becoming a dissolute and fallen wreck. His experience began freshman year. He went for a stroll one pleasant eve with one of Hanover's fair ones, who bore the euphonious name of "Kitchen Mechanics." The wingéd hours flew past, and Harry made what he considered excellent progress. But Harry has a curious idea of girls any way, and by way of amusing this sweet maiden from the Emerald isle he began to tell her of all the wonderful things he was learning. He told her how he was studying Quibe and Mediæval history and foreign languages and lots of other nice things, and how there was not any one else in the Chandler school that could hold a candle to him. The maiden looked at him with wonder, and thus made reply,—"Faith, do yez, now do yez?" Skid happened to be on the chapel steps at the time, and "Chappie" and Bertha were coming up the street, so the truth of this incident was affirmed by a cloud of witnesses whose trustworthiness is unimpeachable.

Caswell and McKay went to Bermuda during the winter, and on his return Caswell immediately distinguished himself. A petition had been sent here

to be signed by the faculty in regard to holding the World's fair in New York. Caswell saw it, and at once signed his name directly under President Bartlett's.

McKay spent Thanksgiving at home with "Chappie," and great was the sorrow of the hopeful scion of the Martyn family thereat. He alienated the affections of "Chappie's" girl, and, adding insult to injury, stole her photograph from the family album. The next Thanksgiving "Chappie" went home "alone."

T. Willy VanHorn started to room with Dan Webster, and all went merry as a marriage bell till Jim began to put down the carpet. He pounded his finger, and the remarks he made in regard to the matter were not expressed in biblical language. Horn refused to be shown the error of his ways, and the partnership was dissolved.

On the first night of his arrival Silver decided that the early bird would stand the best chance of getting the chippie, and started out on a campaign of conquest; but carelessly wandering away upon the side streets, he lost his way. Thereafter he was careful to provide himself with a compass upon his nocturnal expeditions.

Bowers asked Tute Worthen to recommend him to some good moral roommates. Tute suggested Goody and Sailor Cook, and accordingly "Shorty" took up his abode with them; but it did not spoil him: he is whiskey-proof.

"Chappie" led a gay and joyous life those days. It was before the day of care and trouble and the

laundry business and the constant dread of expulsion. He sported upon the green like a lamb upon his native hills, only "Chappie" was not quite so innocent. He formed an acquaintance with a young lady with whom some of us are acquainted, commonly called "Lize," and got along first-rate until he insisted upon her going to prayer-meeting with him. That caused a sudden rupture of their hitherto pleasant relations in general.

The upper classmen made no attempt to haze us; but one raid was made upon McQuesten, and his method of avoiding difficulty gives evidence at once of his tireless and searching intellect and his retiring disposition. When he heard a knock at the door which he had good reason to suppose heralded the approach of the would-be hazers, he quietly slipped into his trunk and shut down the cover. There he remained until the excitement was over.

We had an instructor not unknown to local fame among the freshmen, George Dana Lord by name. He used to discourse eloquently upon many things, and among them was a certain figure of speech called ὕστερον πρότερον. He was vainly endeavoring to get some information on the subject out of Billy one day, when Billy electrified the listening multitude by remarking—after a careful examination of his book—that he didn't see any such words in his text.

Another man came on from the wild, wild West. He was the best musician in Illinois, and was rarely excelled in the ancient languages, according to his

own declarations. His name was Theodore Harley. For some months he waged unequal war with Shirley, Bernstein, and Jim Brown. Doors were battered in, heads were broken, water was poured down from overhead as in the ancient feudal days; but at length, overpowered and broken in spirit, our doughty champion was compelled to seek peace and quiet in the retreats of Thornton, where Bernstein and Shirley do not corrupt nor Jim Brown break through and steal.

Pender was another of our shining lights in those days. His exploits are too numerous to be recorded. His paying Phil Ide five dollars for a steam radiator which belonged to the building is, perhaps, a fair sample of his freshman adventures.

But at length our existence as freshmen drew to a close, and our sophomore year was ushered in by an oration on "The Fruits of New Jersey," by Charlie Gordon. We cannot delineate all the adventures of that year. Perhaps the most noticeable event was the class supper at Claremont. Many wonderful things are said to have happened there. It was there that Sam Hunt came in on the home stretch in his contest for the spoon. They do say that it was necessary to call in the policeman to remove him from the dining-room.

"Skid" sold all his furniture during the fall term. There was a great deal of speculation as to the cause of it. Some supposed it was to get money for the purchase of Cook's Commentaries on Biblical History, in which he was greatly interested at that time; others surmised it was to send to

missionaries, or to give to the poor; but we never heard that the reason was finally discovered.

Bob Maynard blossomed out this year into a virulent class champion, brim full of pugnacious hatred toward the freshmen, and burning to distinguish himself against them. He succeeded to such an extent that he was separated from the college for a period of weeks, along with one or two others of our ambitious classmates, and was only recalled by a united and desperate effort on the part of his friends and fellow-students. After that his freshness gradually evaporated, and when Silver compelled him to go down on his knees in front of Reed hall and apologize to him, it practically put an end to his career of conquest.

Russell and Sam Hunt were walking along near Tri Kap hall one day, when a stranger in the town stopped them and asked if they were students of the Agricultural college. "No," replied Russell, "I am J. B. Russell, 2d. I am leading my class at the Chandler school!"

During the fall term Harley arose in the pride of his strength—casting aside all his Christian training, forgetful of his mother's parting advice, and disregarding his obligations to the Y. M. C. A.—and malevolently stole the college pump, in company with the devil and other kindred spirits, among whom may be mentioned the "late lamented G. C. Smith."

Aborn took a trip up to Pompanoosuc and saw there a girl who made a great impression on his susceptible heart. He determined to make her

acquaintance, and it was only after an hour of heroic endeavor, and all sorts of devices on his part to get up a conversation, that he discovered that she was deaf and dumb.

Merrill taught in the winter, and went one night to stay all night with Dayton. When he got ready to go away in the morning he said to the lady of the house, "You would n't take anything, would you, for keeping me last night?"

It was in those days that Saben used to go to "Pa Leeds's" receptions every week; that Georgie used to say when he got angry with any one that he would give them a full page in the "'93 Ægis, by Gosh!"; that "Teddy" Weston made such blood curdling efforts to play ball—since then he has been very cynical on the baseball question; that Burbank used to get sent out of recitation every day because Goss made a noise; that Benton began to withdraw from the mystic circle of the townies; that C. A. French fell into the rushing torrent of the Connecticut while out surveying, for reasons that can only be surmised; that Gustin delivered his famous debate upon the question whether the "Canaanians" should be annexed or not; and a host of other things happened which we cannot repeat.

During junior year we were more quiet; but Sam Hunt could not let a whole year go by without doing something worthy of recording. Desiring to find out the effects of alcoholic stimulants, he attended a dance at G. A. R. hall; after being lionized by Hanover's choicest society, he returned to

his room. It took McLaren an hour to get him to bed, and Mac was heard to say that he hoped Sam's scientific investigations would lead him in some other direction next time.

Arnold elected Greek this year, and found that it demanded more faculty chinning than he had ever applied heretofore. It took him nearly an hour one day to convince Roots that he had not been using a horse in the preparation of his lesson. But we all told Roots that we felt sure Arthur would never do anything of that sort, and he finally got out of it. It was in this study that he told the professor that the Syracusans were afraid the Greeks would cross the Black sea on the ice.

Morrill fell asleep one day in this class. After having been called three times Aborn waked him up. He rubbed his eyes and asked what the deuce he wanted. He was given his book and assisted upon his feet, and made a phenomenal rush. Roots remarked that Sparhawk's recitation must have had a soporific effect upon him, Sparhawk having just made one of his only and inimitable flunks.

Goss had a real live horse, all his own, this year, and it is safe to say that there were but few girls in Hanover that did not take at least one ride after it. His popularity increased in geometric ratio while the horse remained in town. One day he drove around back of Thornton hall, and seeing Professor Weed standing there he said, "Say, hold my horse a minute here, will you? I want to go up stairs." He had a barrel of apples, too, but the Wentworth hall triumvirate stole them. He en-

deavored to get them back by the aid of the sheriff, but they had disappeared from off the face of the earth.

Junior honors were bestowed in accordance with the time honored custom, and the recipients were in general well satisfied with them; the award of the spurs to Cox was particularly happy. Coxie thought it would injure his reputation, but most of us thought there was not much danger of that.

Kinney took notes on "Pa Leeds's" sermons industriously all through the year. Most of us don't get much good out of those sermons, but he evidently did, for a most remarkable similarity was to be noticed between them and the sermons he preached in the surrounding towns.

Wright determined to be a sport this year and went and bought him a spring suit like Jim Van-Horn's; Jim never wore his again. During the spring term Elam went down to the library and drew out "Quaternions," by A. S. Hardy, taking it for a novel. He was considerably surprised at finding it to be mathematics beyond Calculus and concluded he would not read it.

We took chemistry a part of the year and some of the boys distinguished themselves wonderfully in it. The King in particular was a star. He was making gas one day with shingle nails and an acid. Bubby asked him what the gas was. Chappie thought it must be nail-gas.

By the time we reached the beginning of senior year we had of course become much soberer and more careful as to our actions than in the previous

years. But, nevertheless, a few incidents occurred that served to show that all the sports were not dead yet.

Early in the year "Silver" set out for Concord to keep an engagement with a young lady of that city, who lived, as he thought, at number 264. On arriving he discovered to his unbounded amazement that number 264 was a schoolhouse. In vain he hesitated and whistled and twisted his moustache and called himself a jay. No fair maiden made her appearance. He called at the back door of the schoolhouse, only to be informed by the sharp-featured Yankee schoolma'am that she had no pupil of that name. But at length the mistress of his affections happened to perceive him from where she was anxiously awaiting his arrival, and sent a man down to notify him of his mistake. The man came out and shouted, "Say, it's 254¡" "No, it aint," said "Silver," "it's 264." A heated argument ensued, and it was only when the young lady came out on the steps and beckoned to him that "Silver" allowed himself to be enticed away from the schoolhouse.

Of "Silver's" adventures it may truly be said that the half was never told; but in recitations he never failed to win the approval of his instructors, and often in addition the applause of his classmates. For instance, the explanation he gave of the law of diminishing returns in agriculture was at the same time lucid and comprehensive, and won the deserved applause of all spectators.

During the winter vacation Eddie Griffith went

to see his girl. That was all right. We have no objections if she was satisfied, and presumably she was. But when it came time to depart—precise hour not to be disclosed—and Eddie went out to get his horse, he found that he had overestimated his knowledge of horses and their belongings, and could not succeed in putting on the bridle. After a half hour spent in useless efforts he was obliged to go back to the house and arouse the young lady, who had by this time retired and was plunged in peaceful slumber, and ask for her assistance. She in turn woke up her father, and he, after having looked carefully at the clock, pulled on a pair of trousers and put on the headstall.

We have mentioned the fact that Sam Hunt generally has a good appetite, but still there's more to follow. At the press club banquet he distinguished himself anew, by eating twice as much as anyone else, making the best speech of the evening, and finally, to complete the record of the evening, stealing all the silverware within reach. The act was discovered, however, and Sam was forced to make unwilling reparation.

A new comet appeared among the old established stars of '93 during this year, Schimmler by name, a German by nation, and an Amherst man by profession. We earnestly hoped that the orbit of his comet might be a parabola and carry him out of Dartmouth college ere the year should close, but we fear that he has been permanently attracted by the mass of our central luminaries. One day Schimmler came into recitation late, as

usual. The class began to applaud. Prexie held up his hand with a deprecatory gesture. "No use for that!" he said. We have been wondering ever since whether he meant Schimmler or the noise.

Gustin attended the fire at Colby's and lent valiant service to arrest the progress of the devouring element. But in his earnestness to win fame as a pail-carrier, he made a slip and fell head first into the cistern, from which he was drawn forth by the heels, considerably to the detriment of his new store clothes.

"Gob" spent the vacation with Heywood at Claremont, and imitating the noble example of McKay, he began active operations to alienate the affections of Heywood's girl. This was the easier because the girl had already heard some reports of Ned's escapades at Hanover, and those adventures not all being of a character that would command her hearty approval, she was ready to listen to the siren voice of a member of the Y. M. C. A. So "Gob" prospered for a time. He came back to Hanover with his spirit elated by hope and a new necktie. Hardly had he reached the town when he sat down to write her a letter.

"My dear Miss Blank:" he began. "But yesterday I was the happiest man in two hemispheres. I was basking in the sunlight of your presence, and was within the sight of your lovely face. The sun shone as brightly as the star of hope and the birds sang gaily all day in the green fields. Now all is blank despair. The light of my life is gone out and I no longer care to live but to cherish the

hope of seeing again your dear face or reading the words your fairy hand has penned. I have nothing to relieve the gloom but a tiny handkerchief. I hope you will forgive the theft. Ah! How oft has this bit of lace and muslin been pressed to those ruby lips! How oft has it been clasped by the fingers I would give my hope of heaven to kiss. But I can only kiss its soft folds and sigh in vain for its owner."

Day by day "Gob" sought the post-office in anxious expectation of a letter from the fair one; but the letter never came. At length when he had nearly given up hope, a letter came which bore the mystic legend, "Claremont." Eagerly he tore it from its envelope and read: "Dear Sir: I am well and hope you are the same. Yours truly, Blank."

Not all of our classmates have derived the same amount of profit from their college course. For example, in one of "Gabe's" lectures this spring, after the life of George Eliot had been dwelt upon for some time, "Doc" Lougee asked the man who sat next him if George was a woman. And McQuesten sent an invitation to one of his young lady friends beginning, "I hereby invite you to commencement," etc. That shows what a few weeks of "Dude" will do for a man.

We all supposed that our baseball team had considerable fun on their spring trip, but we were a little surprised to learn of "Si's" escapade at Greenfield. Thereby hangs a tale, but we don't propose to tell it. Ask Bob Thornburgh.

Sam French has shown the most marked im-

provement during his senior year. He now looks back with remorse upon the time when Bob and Aborn helped him sow his wild oats. Since he has become a dweller at the observatory on the hill he has come under the wholesome influence of G. C., and has grown daily in strength and grace. His latest exploit was to deliver a lecture on Etiquette before the Christian Endeavor society at Etna.

"Georgie" Pender has somehow conceived a growing distaste for this town of late. We suspect that there was no little truth in the song that Tutti Frutti sung. At any rate he has been often heard to remark, "Just let me get my hand on my diploma, and I will get out of this town so quick." It is certainly to be hoped that no one will attempt to stop him.

There are various ways of getting on commencement. Some people, like Selden, get on by their gall; others, like Arnold, because they are Y. M. C. A. men; others, whom we must not mention, by judicious cribbing, but Tetlow has very sensibly chosen the easiest method, and got on by chinning the faculty. It is not always, however, that such attempts result successfully; in "Slicky's" case the result was somewhat different. He delivered a fearful and wonderful lecture on the planet Mars, illustrated with maps and all the latest appliances, in the hope of obtaining a fellowship for next year; but it did not work. However he will probably come back next year just the same. Hanover has great attractions for him since the last girl

came to work for Ma'am Swett. "Slicky" goes about as one in a dream, and plans to stay in Hanover star-gazing another year.

Saltmarsh is not much better off. After a manly and upright life for eleven twelfths of his course he has at last succumbed to the irresistible attractions of a girl over at Norwich. Gustin wrote a letter to him signed by her name, asking him to be sure and come over on a certain evening. Saltie went, and returned in the wee small hours of the night. Since then he has worn a ring and goes about the streets with an ethereal expression which is really painful.

Smith has been our monitor ever since "Chappie" got bounced. It was quite a change to go from the king of monitors to W. W. Smith at one step, but it had to be done. Under Smith's regime the office has recovered the root meaning of the word, for Smith is a warning indeed to all future generations. It is a real curiosity to see him marking cuts to save the trouble of looking around so much, and half cuts whenever a man flunks. It is even reported that a man gets a quarter cut under him for a fizzle, but as to that we have no definite information.

Dayton has continued on his placid course as usual. The traditions of freshman year still cling to him. About his room hang a multitude of ornaments, and when he is asked whence these wonderful things come, he replies with enthusiasm "From die Soldiers' Home."

In the earlier part of the year "Shorty" sold some

hops to Joe Broggi. The very fact of his selling hops would not in this case lead us to believe any wrong of a man whose reputation is as fixed as that of our friend Shorty. But when you add to that the fact that he was known to have a good deal of difficulty in collecting his pay, and was seen to go in and out of there very frequently afterwards, it certainly does begin to look a little suspicious, but we hope it's all right.

"Georgie" Dodge, our pretty boy, the recipient of the mirror, has changed for the last two years,—ever since he began to live up at Lyme. Some of his friends do say that his goodness is of the external kind and does not extend in very deep, but we trust that is not so. For our part, we see no reason why his prospects are not bright for the future.

We have had one of those Down-East Yankees with us for four years. Furnel has screwed the money out of every man in the class. Talk about trading, he sold that book of his to every man in college. If he could not get money for it he took his pay in barter. It is said to be the fact that Flint paid for his copy with a bushel of potatoes. Furnel can see a dollar at a distance greater than that of the planet Jupiter.

His room mate, Stanley, is another type of the inhabitants of the state of Maine. He goes away to work in hotels every summer, and comes back and writes poetry about his experiences. He takes moonlight walks along the sandy beach with the fair maids of the chamber and the kitchen, and

goes into ecstasies about them in the *Lit.* the next fall. It is nice to have a poetic soul, so that the fact that the fair maid washed the kitchen floor just after supper does not detract from the sweetness of her presence in the evening.

Rufus Baker's girl did not find out that he smoked until this year. She was very sad, and would not be consoled for many moons; but at length, upon finding that he smokes so gracefully, she consented to overlook it.

Kellar also fell from grace this year. He sat upon the steps till a late hour one night with Lize, and was not able to get up in time for recitation the next morning. "Gabe" asked him when granting an excuse if he was "a little out of tune this morning."

Those steps at Sally Prex's have been the scene of many a charming idyl. Rowell has been the latest hero. He has been taking care of the cow during the last term. He says she gives a good mess.

Redenbaugh was out in New York with me last year canvassing, and I know many things. But he has made special request, as "Georgie" did of the '94 *Ægis*, that no mention be made of these little matters. We have decided to accede to his request, but it necessitates leaving out the best part of the history.

Horace Greeley has one little peculiarity which it now becomes our duty to explain. He cannot make the clucking sound commonly employed to make a horse go. Not a very long time ago he

took a friend of his of whom he thinks a great deal—she is a graduate of Smith college—to ride, and wound up with a supper at a big hotel. When it came to driving away from the door, Hod could not make the horse start. He slapped the reins and jerked this way and that, and requested him to "go on," but all to no purpose. The animal was well trained, and was waiting for the customary cluck. The bystanders began to gather about and inquire if the horse was balky. Hod thought not. At length the young lady inquired why he did not cluck to him. Hod was obliged to acknowledge that he couldn't; so she did the clucking and he held the reins, and they drove off amid great applause from the bystanders.

McKenzie saw his room mate having so much fun that he determined to try it, so he advertised in the *Saturday Telegram* for a correspondent, and got on finely. By and by he sent her his photograph, and all was well. But it seems she had been married two weeks; and at the next session of court she was divorced from her husband. An innocent woman was thus made the victim of circumstantial evidence, and Mac has no more correspondents.

About once a week Quin has made it a principle to hitch up that yellow wagon and go down to Leb. Various and wonderful are the tales that might be told of those expeditions. It is said the policemen spot the yellow wagon and never calculate to lose sight of its occupant while it is in the town.

Van Horn and "Roller" came up from Brattle-

boro together at the beginning of the winter term. As they sat together in the cars "Roller's" girl came along outside to bid him good-bye, and nodded to him. Van sat next to the window, and took it for granted she was bowing to him. He returned the bow with interest, and began to shove up the window; but the chilling gaze he got in reply lowered all the surrounding temperature, and he was recalled to the active duties of life by a "biff on the cocoanut" from "Roller," and the remark,— "By Jew! You better look out there!"

Runnels has been a very quiet boy of late. He got out of several disagreements with the faculty in the earlier years of our course on account of his youth. Some one ought to have plucked them by the sleeve and informed them that, though young in years, he was as old as Methuselah in experience. But of late, having presumably reached years of discretion, he has had no such difficulties.

Ferguson has worked at the Wheelock at various times. The Wheelock is a nice place to work. There are generally some girls there; there have been girls there when "Fergie" was there; "Fergie" always got on famously with them. It was a real circus to see them come around and chuck him under the chin. "Fergie" liked that firstrate.

But, speaking of "Roller," we forgot something. One of the boys went down to Brattleboro' with him a while ago, and they met on the street an old man of ancient appearance and a sardonic smile with whom "Roller" fell into conversation. At first the old man did not recognize him, but when

"Roller" explained who he was, the old fellow was delighted. "Be you Sarah Mason's boy?" he cried. "Come in and have a beer!"

Pelton has been a regular star among the fair maids of Hanover. He has often voiced the sentiment that he has a dead *cinch* on all of them, and so far as we have been able to learn no one has been inclined to dispute the honor with him. It is, undoubtedly, a great thing to have the inside track on anything; but on the whole we think we should prefer to have the inside track on some other turf.

Eaton has determined to study law and emulate Daniel Webster; but where he made his mistake was in consulting "Dude" about it. "Dude" said,—"Mr. Eaton, are you going to study law?" "Yes, sir," replied Eaton. "Are you sure?" "Yes, sir." "Mr. Eaton," replied "Dude," "do not decide yet. You are too young to know your own mind."

In municipal law Cox made a dead flunk. We do not mean to imply that this was the first flunk he had ever made, for such, we believe, is not the case; but the professor rubbed in this particular flunk by saying sarcastically that this was a difficult subject in which to extemporize, and that attempts to recite upon the impulse of the moment would generally result in failure. Cox stayed and chinned him half an hour after recitation, trying to get the *zero* removed.

We have been very much surprised at what we have learned about Abbott of late. It looks to us

like rather a poor way of doing things to behave for eleven terms and get on the right side of the faculty and then begin to cut up senior spring. He and Metcalf have become notorious. He has bribed young McCarthy, but it's no use. Murder will out. We are very sorry.

It was not long after this that Wright went to a dance at Norwich. He was introduced to a girl and asked her if she was engaged for the first dance. She replied that she was. He tried the second. She was engaged for that, too. And so on right down through the list. When he came to the last dance, she said, "Well, really, I would rather have some one else."

But we must draw our varied story to a close. Time would fail us to tell of Billy Mann, who was born tired and has been growing worse ever since; of how Deacon Kinney was seen on the streets with "Lize"; how Ide waited at the stage entrance of the theatre one night to see the actresses, and was doused with a pail of water by some of the theatre people overhead; how Dayton was found in Howe's kitchen with the maid in his lap; of E. S. Miller's great and justifiable distrust of womankind, and its causes; of how "Bug" Allen tries to swear; how "Bottle" met the school teacher at West Lebanon and the long train of unpleasant results that followed; of Chandler's ambitious wire-pulling and its melancholy results; of "Jakey" Dascomb's sermons and his pulpit adventures; of Willis Tucker's chapel oration and the melodious tones of his flute; of how "Doc" Lougee ran the

faro bank and Wright asked "Gabe" about trying for final honors in psychology; how "Fergie" found his grip full of ladies' wearing apparel on the spring trip; how McLaren acted as head-waiter in the summer, and all the rest of the adventures from grave to gay, from lively to severe, that have dotted our college course.

Classmates, we have related with as much impartiality as we could command, some of the incidents of our four years' stay in Hanover. Our course here is over and in a few days we shall go forth from our alma mater and take our several ways just as a hundred classes have done before us and a hundred classes will do after us. Never again will the old bell in the steeple of Dartmouth hall summon us to recitation. Never again shall we stand beneath the hallowed branches of the old pine. We shall gather no more upon the campus, we shall meet no more for morning prayers in Rollins chapel. But wherever we may go, however distant may be the scene of our future work, we shall not forget the old college on the Connecticut. We shall carry with us upon our journeys varied memories of Dartmouth college and the class of ninety three.

PROPHECIES.

HARRY NUTTING DASCOMB, WESTMINSTER, VT.

A prophet of evil, like clouds which forebode the approaching storm, seldom receives a ready welcome; on the contrary, an auspicious omen, as the first robin's note, the harbinger of glad springtime, is always welcomed. Whether you look upon me to-day as a gloomy thunder-cloud or a wingéd songster, the herald of destruction or a messenger of glad tidings, will be decided as I proceed.

At the outset, let me assure you, my trembling classmates, as in fancy I conduct your faltering footsteps to the mountain top and point out to you along the hazy outlines of the distant horizon the scenes of the future, some of joyous conquest, others of grievous defeat, that I would add nothing to increase the solemnity or mar the happiness of these farewell exercises.

As a mantle constructed from a large number of separate threads of different hues and sizes, miscellaneously selected and woven into its finer texture, must present a variegated appearance, containing here a gay, brilliant spot, which draws out a smile from the beholder, and there a dark, homely figure of a gloomy aspect, so the record of

any class of seventy members must contain high reaches of genius, calling forth the applause and praises of men, while other unfortunate beings, struggling against an unconquerable fate, elicit the pity of mankind. To present you to-day a pen panorama of the lives of the men of '93 is no easy task. Like my predecessors I first sought inspiration. But alas!—

"The oracles are dumb;
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the archéd roof in words deceiving;
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving;
No mighty trance or breathéd spell
Inspires me from the prophetic cell."

Thus rejected, I watched the heavens for a sign, requested "Slicky" to interpret several astrological phenomena, studied the flight of birds, hired "Jane" to examine the entrails of Dr. Chapman's last victim—which service he gladly rendered, after asking about a dozen questions—and finally, with only the least, lingering ray of hope, called on Smith to examine his "horses," that peradventure I might find the "Scroll of the Fates" translated into English. No assistance could be found. Can it be that I must extract from this barren and empty head of mine the destinies of such a distinguished class? No; I will wait a little longer.

For the next week I listened to the whispering breezes, as they played in the tender foliage of an

elm growing by my study window. It was all in vain: it must be done. Accordingly, I locked myself in my room and began to write. Recalling the familiar quotation, that "Every man is the architect of his own fortunes," I examined carefully the character of the foundations and superstructures, as far as completed, that you individually have laid; and I shall merely add a harmonious finish to the work already begun.

Naturally I would begin with the class leader, and so I will first tell you about "Chappie." See? His mental acumen, the extension of his brain cavity by a physical projection in the back of his skull, his uncontrollable desire for knowledge, foretold the philosopher of later years. "Chappie," though always a good scholar, especially distinguished himself in Psychology. He returns for a post-graduate course, and under the direction of "Gabe" pursues this study. His eagerness and enthusiasm increase as his horizon recedes and the vast fields of learning greet his expectant eyes. From the "trees of knowledge" that thickly cover this boundless territory he gathers his food, under their dense foliage he seeks protection, and in their extended arms he finds rest. Fifteen years after graduation he is designated as "The Philosopher," a term which he holds without reproach until the day of his death. A monument reaching to the skies commemorates the life of the greatest "King" of all times.

The year 1920 A. D. finds Caswell located in a small office in the heart of Boston—a professional

joker and funny man. Different, and yet the same old boy! So hospitable and congenial that if you call on him and have time to listen he will chatter, bubble, and babble on in his own inimitable style. As he sits perched on a high stool writing at his desk, at the slightest provocation he will set up that chipmunk prattle of his, and when out of breath looks round over his listeners for applause, and then concentrates all his energies on a lusty grin. Immediately after graduation he was accepted as a reporter for the Hanover *Gazette*, and a little later became editor of the "Budget of Fun" column of the Manchester *Telegram*. He finally took the position of sport correspondent for the Boston *Globe*. If you wish to call on him never take a lady with you, for if one ever enters the office it is his signal for a back-door exit.

The trio of American naturalists consists of E. S. Miller, geologist, "Jane" Tetlow, "bugologist," and Russell, who travels for sport. They tramp around the country and share life in common. While Miller loads his cart with some rare rocks, and "Jane" is in hot pursuit of some wingéd insect, or exercising his genius in fruitless endeavors to cage a bug, or is making a close examination of some scratches in the rocks, you will find Russell in some sheltered bower, nestling close beside a female form, engaged in a loving *tête-à-tête*, suggesting a pair of cooing doves during the mating season. It's queer that while Miller and "Jane" never notice any women, Russell is rarely without their company. Wherever he wanders he always

finds a ready partner—doubtless due to a heavy endowment of animal magnetism. Later Miller becomes president of the New Hampshire Antiquarian society, and devotes himself to a study of fossils. "Jane" publishes a book entitled "Bugs under the Microscope," and distributes among scientists an essay claiming that rock scratches were made by powerful and gigantic hens in search of food centuries ago, and not by moraines as heretofore supposed. I consider his argument well taken.

Now 'tis poor "Jimmy" Van's turn. What is he going to do? "Jimmy," terrified by the extensive "plucking" at the final examinations of the medical department, and disheartened by the "Dude's" daily slaughters in the recitation room, concludes that the studies of law and medicine are too difficult for him. Also aware of his own spiritual depravity, and strengthened in his belief by the fact that the Lord has never given him any urgent call to enter the ministry, he is surely precluded from pursuing a theological course. Business and money are what he craves. Heywood is burdened with the same perplexities and desires. They met one day and decided to go together to Philadelphia and work into Wanamaker's establishment. They began at the foot of the ladder. "Jimmy," with his marshal grace, did good service as door-tender, and Ned made a good errand-boy, being always at hand, and delivering messages with alacrity. Their fidelity, integrity, and capabilities soon brought them to notice; and slowly

but steadily, step by step, through the stages of cash-boy, clerk, travelling agent, stockholder, they both progressed, and soon Heywood and Van Horn were equal partners in the great firm. Let me state that by the change the Sunday-school work of their predecessor was not disturbed.

Elam Wright, after graduation, applied to the directors of the World's Fair for a job as chair-wheeler. His courteous manner and tidy appearance secure the position. During off hours he runs a jobbing-cart in the city, and picks up a fair living. After acquiring a small capital he opens a livery-stable. Soon after entering the new business, help being scarce at his terms, he writes a letter to B. F. Gustin, Groton, Mass. It was ten years since Gustin turned his back on Dartmouth and began to lay his plans for convincing the populace that he was a college graduate. That was a hard task. Away from his mother and the tender care and wise counsel of his college guardian, Mrs. Swett, the wayward boy found out that life was not so easy. The rough road to success led through tangle and ambush, and was frequently undermined with pitfalls and cisterns. His path was strewn with trouble. To cut the matter short, he discovered that the ministry, which course was decided by tossing up a cent, closed its doors against him. He tries teaching, but there, likewise, he suffers violence. In despair he cries, "Gee whiz! Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" His simple, earnest prayer was answered. That very day he received two letters: one from Wright

asking Gustin to become his stable-groom, the other from that Vassar girl who used to compose such beautiful verses, rejecting Gustin as her bridegroom. Under this pressure Gustin broke down and told his folks, who supposed him home only for a few days' vacation, all his misfortunes. They covered their faces and wept aloud, "O my son, Byron! O Byron, my son, my son! why hast thou brought our gray hairs with sorrow to the grave?" Gustin accepted the position in Wright's stable.

Pelton, whose only failing was his unconquerable passion for the æsthetics, in course of time works his way into the senate. It was soon after he took his seat that the periodic agitation of the crinoline was disturbing the female world. The women, catering to the tastes of man, called upon their learned admirers to decide the matter. Pelton, who has always acted as a sort of interpreter or intermediator between man and woman, was peculiarly interested in the subject. Impressed with the barbarity of conformity to fashion, and recognizing the righteousness of the cause, he delivers a maiden speech in its behalf two hours in length, abounding in wit, pathos, and logic, after which he introduces a bill to abolish the nefarious and ungainly use of the crinoline, and to punish all violations thereof by ostracism from society. Senator Maynard, of Vermont, formerly of Springfield, Mass., thought this rather severe punishment, and suggested that Congress ought to make an appropriation for constructing a home,

which should be endowed with sufficient funds to provide for the comfort of all sent thither for imprisonment. His suggestion went down as an amendment, and the bill passed both houses. Later, Senator Maynard had the audacity to state that his business relations were of such a character, that if he was not returned to his seat in the senate in the coming elections, as he had reasons to doubt, he would accept the management of this women's retreat at a very low salary. You can picture ex-Senator Maynard, twenty years hence, at the evening hour—and at any other hour, for that matter—leisurely sitting on the veranda of an immense dormitory, chair tipped back, feet upon the railing, smoking a thirty-dollar meerschaum pipe, the gift of his beloved classmates.

Kinney, after leaving college, returns to his old haunts in the slums of New York. He labors earnestly and faithfully in behalf of the low victims of vice, and much misery is alleviated: homes that formerly were scenes of contention and strife become the abiding places of peace and love. His good cheer and hearty smile make him a welcome guest in the most poverty-stricken and humble abode. At sixty years of age he is as spry and alert as when he played ball in college.

"Ted" Weston, not being obliged to work for a living, bought a costly residence in the wealthy portion of New York. He married a beautiful, amiable, refined, and intelligent lady. The home was made still brighter by the advent of three lovely children. He was always contented to

spend his evenings and much of the daytime in the midst of his happy family. "Ted" was a faithful husband and father, and his pleasant domestic relations made a delightful retreat for all classmates visiting the city, who were cordially invited to feast at his table. "Ted" kept a fine stable of fast horses, which won for him many a hot race. He was prominent in literary and political circles, and for several years was mayor of the city.

Although "Zac" Chandler enters life as an attorney at law, his profession never can blur the glistening radiations of all those amiable characteristics that his person, words, and deeds emit. In the practice of his profession he always shows sympathy for those in distress. He acquires great renown for his earnest *pleas*. His oratorical powers, combined with the shrewdness and tact of a keen lawyer, make him a power in the court-room, His words of learned length and thundering sound amaze the inquisitive spectators, befriend his innocent and trembling clients, terrify the opposing lawyers, and win the conviction of the jurymen. Later he becomes a ward politician.

"Gob," "Billy" Jarvis, Aborn, and Harley travel (mostly on foot) over the country in a company, best described by the two words, "Minstrel Medley,"—with the exception of "Billy," a rather "hay-seedy" looking troupe. Aborn, the *director*, is impersonator, reader, juggler, and when necessary can blow a trombone most awfully. Harley trudges along the dusty roads, with his pants turned up, a slouch hat partly covering—thank

Heaven!—as down-cast, sullen, and villainous an expression as ever rested upon a human being's face. Place that enormous bass-viol on his back, and the picture is complete. No wonder the dogs bark, the horses shy, and the children flee to their mothers. For the entertainment Harley furnishes the solos, gives a "stag-dance," and saws the bass-viol. "Billy," the treasure of the company, is the only sport. He plays the guitar and serves as end-man. "Gob" is the funny man. I tell you, when he gets blacked up a little and is feeling in good spirits, how he will make the girls laugh! He is story-teller, poet, end man, and nigger fiddler. "Gob" puts in his best work after the entertainment among some of his female admirers.

Of Salls and Stanley we may well be proud. Often shall I have occasion to remark that "Salls was my neighbor at the boarding-club, and with Stanley I used to swim." They both entered the sacred profession, and each led in his own denomination, Salls a Presbyterian, and Stanley a Congregationalist. In the words of another, let me describe them both,—

"He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Even children followed, with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile."

"Billy" Mann does nothing, and Benton assists him. This is their El Dorado, for which they took years of special training.

"Roller," the champion of the billiard cue and tennis racquet, actually went "out of sight," in order to run successfully billiard, pool, and card rooms, with an adjoining bar.

Watson, breaking loose from his natural qualifications for preaching the gospel, and giving up hopes of ever viewing the internal glories of heaven, studies them as represented in their external aspect. Strange as it may seem, he locates in Hanover. The observatory is his home. He makes a life study of one beautiful constellation, "Cassi"-opea by name. He sketches a large chart of this constellation and suspends it in his study, so that when the original is invisible he can still continue his study. "Johnnie" makes a careful study of each member of the constellation. On any day of the year, and at any hour of day or night he knows where to find her. No outside attractions can draw him from his all-absorbing study. So many new stars are discovered within the constellation that the name "Cassi"-opea is changed to Watson. For him the wine of life never before had the sparkle of that moment.

Allen, by indomitable perseverance in the study and practice of law, opened his way to glory by a promotion to the supreme bench. He displayed much legal sagacity in his decisions, and became a copious writer on law and politics. Blackstone, as an authority, gave way to Allen.

Tuxbury, by the unanimous and urgent request of the inhabitants of Cabot, Vt., was persuaded to locate in their village. "Cy," experienced in the dairy branch of agriculture, is first elected superintendent and sole laborer of the Cabot creamery. Later, by a shrewd contract, the particulars of which I will not stop to relate, he falls heir to the Haines woollen mills, and readily becomes the leading business man of that section, influential in society and politics. During the winter evenings he trains the country youth to "trip the light, fantastic toe," and, in order to retain his literary distinction, lectures on "Etiquette."

Abbott has been a sore disappointment to his classmates. From first impressions, we had entertained the hope that he would add honor and glory to the class of '93. He left college and took a high school in New York state. His prospects were excellent. Pupils and parents respected him and spoke loud his praise. A loyal and patriotic citizen, interested in all town matters and forward in public improvements. Also a popular orator on all holiday occasions. A typical college graduate. But, alas! prosperity was his ruin. He grew careless and indifferent. His nightly carousals undermined his physical and mental powers and hardened his soul. He lapsed into a state of apathy, from which he could never arouse himself. Like the prodigal son of the Scriptures, he had squandered his living, and sought the shelter of his father's roof. As the painful news was passed

among his lingering classmates, many were heard to say, "'T is a pity, but the thorns that have sprung up are from the seed he planted that fatal spring of senior year. I was afraid of it."

Goss, weakened by the constant strain and confinement of college life, spends a few years in travelling, until his strength is sufficiently restored to warrant safety in battling with the cares and perplexities of a business life. He enters his father's bank at Pittsfield, N. H. The life and spirit of Pittsfield society are focused on him. All social gatherings are dull and monotonous without his inspiring presence.

> "He glares in balls, front boxes, and the ring."

He is the fashion plate for miles around, and when the giddy and ostentatious fashion-slave would know

> "What fashioned hats, or ruffs, or suits next year
> Our giddy-headed antic youth will wear,"

he inquires of "Charlie" Goss. Charles lives a happy and, with the exception of smoking, a taintless life. All find in him a hearty and congenial friend, whose doors are always opened to welcome the visitor, whether rich or poor, high or low, educated or not: it makes no difference.

"Charlie" French and Rufus Baker bought out the Globe theatre at Boston. French is director of the concern, while Rufus serves as stage man-

ager and ballet superintendent. The pure taste and artistic ideals of the two proprietors have so elevated the occupation that theatre-going is no longer considered among the questionable amusements. A large degree of their success has been due to the actor, Metcalf, who, after years of patient study, has acquired an inimitable impersonation of Romeo, Hamlet, Macbeth, and other Shakespearian characters. Booth is gone, and, fortunate for him, he did not live to see his superior. The nightly receipts of this company are enormous, but when you consider the numerous family that French supports, and the cigars that Rufus will destroy in a day, you will not be surprised when I tell you that the savings are small.

It is certain that Saben would never *earn* even his own living, and probably would never have had anything beyond the ordinary rations and accommodations of a town pauper, had he not been fortunate enough to marry into a family of moderate means. By this covenant, he gained possession of a flourishing paper-mill, and took the contract to furnish Sparhawk with at least eight car-loads of note-paper per day, and more if desired. Sparhawk, who prides himself over his many marvellous accomplishments, and especially over his facility in quoting authors, and the readiness with which he can *compose* witty sayings, claims that he can do what Hippias maintained, namely, "that he could say something new on any subject at any time." Sparhawk is the eighth wonder of the world, and would have ranked first had he not appeared at so

late a day. He is followed night and day by a retinue of reporters, in order to have every word he utters preserved in book form. He abounds in aphorisms, maxims, and innumerable apt and quotable phrases that one might do well to read. In habits and characteristics, unlike any other living being. *Entirely original.*

"Skid," the far-famed female charmer, becomes editor of a small country paper. In the first few numbers he writes the story of "His golden-haired maiden, with a silvery voice." All the respectable subscribers request the paper stopped at once. Then he takes to writing a high quality of dime novels. Some of the most fascinating and realistic productions that have ever been exposed to the public gaze issue from his pen. These vivid stories have been, for the most part, founded on his own personal experiences. Two of his books, "Hanover in the Night-time" and "Reminiscences from behind the Scenes," produced a panic in book stores, and "Skid's" fortune was made.

The alumni dinner touched a chord in Hun 's sensitive nature that will never cease vibrating while life lasts. "Sammy" once considered a diploma extravagant, but soon looks upon it as a profitable investment, as the parchment is a certificate for one square meal per year. He has served as class delegate, self-elected, for many years. "Sammy" made his mark in the world as an inventor. His greatest product was a "practical feeder." It looked something like one of those hand winnowing-machines. It takes a man to

manipulate this machine, and Sam French is the only one to fill the position. When ready for operation, "Sammy" stretches himself out in a reclining chair, with his open mouth directly under a delivery tube. Sam French transfers a tray full of chickens, hams, rumps of beef, etc., which he empties into the hopper. Then he begins to turn the crank, and before long a few stray pieces reach "Sammy's" open and expectant mouth. When the machine gets well under way, French has to empty a bushel basket, which is placed under a second delivery tube to catch the bones and other refuse matter, every two or three moments. A bone occasionally is delivered through the wrong tube into "Sammy's" mouth, but it causes only a momentary clogging. "Sammy's" next patent removes even this slight defect.

Arthur Arnold, clothed in the guise of a woman (and it is impossible to detect the deception), canvasses the rural districts, selling the "Ferris Good Sense Corset Waists." Occasionally, when the opportunity presents itself, he lectures on woman's rights. Unlike many other agents, she is treated most tenderly. Every one remarks, after they have purchased of her merchandise (for of course no one is hard-hearted enough to refuse), "What a sweet, dear, pure, honest, polite, kind, tender, little woman she was!" The boys, especially, take great delight in helping her along by a ride, often carrying her to a distant village free gratis.

McQuesten entered the ministry, and he chose the Church of England for three reasons: First,

they read their prayers; second, they preach short sermons; and third, they marry rich wives. From the first, he became known as "the popular young preacher." His clear and thrilling words, prompted by a soul on fire with its sacred mission, softened by grievous affliction, and intensified by the awful experiences of a checkered past, carried conviction to every heart. He soon rose to the highest deanship of England, and became second only to the archbishop. There was some mystery in his life that people couldn't fathom. Frequently, in the height of his discourses, especially when treating of "innocence" and "confession of sins," he would be overcome, and faint in the pulpit. As the irony of fate often arranges itself so that when life attains its culmination of happiness it is but a step from the darkest chasm of disappointment and defeat, so it was that his greatest sermon was his last. The text that day was, "I will confess my wickedness, and be sorry for my sins." There was a painful strain upon his nervous system, and he finished by a confession of some slight peccadilloes of his gay boyhood.

Saltmarsh sought the most solitary retreat that could be secured, went into it, and has never been seen or heard of since.

McKay, soon after graduation, writes contributions for several magazines, and in the year 1900 becomes editor of the *Century*.

I will now introduce you to Guy Wilbur Cox, of Manchester, N. H. Early in life he manifested a wonderful musical talent. It is said that when

only a year old he would cry to be lifted to the piano stool, where for hours he would sit, and, to the distraction of the rest of the family, drum upon the ivory keys. After graduation, he studies music in the Strasbourg conservatory, and later, in Berlin and Vienna. He returns to America an expert. You can talk of Beethoven's sonatas, the wonderful compositions of Handel and Mozart, the accomplishments of Haydn and Wagner, and the more recent musicians, Rubenstein and Paderewski, but the fame of our classmate, Guy Wilbur Cox, eclipses them all. Guy, with his rapturous strains, charms into tumultuous ecstacy his countless throngs. He converts the piano into an æolian harp, whose harmonies seem to rise and fall with the gentle breezes. He is not only a player, but a composer of the highest rank. He is also a literary man, as well as a musician. Again, he is as brilliant in table-talk as at the piano. Let no one leave Hanover without taking a good look at this man—it's free to-day, but ten years hence it will cost you five dollars.

"G. C.," concluding that his physical qualifications precluded him from becoming a professional bicyclist, begins the practice of law, with a sufficient amount of self esteem to supply his lack of knowledge. He also acquires something of literary merit, and walks about the streets, with head and gaze elevated far above the horizon of other mortal beings. He recognizes no superiors, defends himself against innumerable libels, which the world is continually hurling in his face, and

proudly, but truly, boasts, "I have not loved the world, nor the world me."

I shall now attempt to unravel the future of Schimmler, the mysterious offspring of Amherst. Schimmler, after bidding his dear classmates an affectionate farewell, started out with the hopeful words of ex-President Bartlett ringing in his mind: "There is a place for everybody"—discarding, however, the condition, "if he is fit for it," which the author appended to the former statement. "Shim" spent a year in search of this coveted place, but all in vain. In the fall of the next year, deciding to complete his studies abroad, he set his sails for dear old Dutchland, and after graduating (?) from several of the great German universities, he went to Oxford, where he received the degree A. S. S. Again he sought a profession, but finally, acting in accordance with a friend's (?) suggestion, entered a conservatory of music for vocal instruction; after which training he was received at Andover theological seminary as lecturer on "Theoretical and Practical Singing."

Ferguson, finding hotel society most agreeable, becomes proprietor of the Glen House. For a winter home he runs the "Raymond," in California.

"Bob" Boutelle, the wealthiest man of the class, acquires an abominable faculty of telling huge stories. He gives them to the public in the form of lectures, adding to the crime by undauntedly asserting the veracity of his statements, and threatening the whole company of spectators if they pretend to make the least scruple of believ-

ing them. The subject of his lecture is "Yarns." In one story that he always tells, he claims that he once had a cod-fish, about eight hands high and four feet long, that had a thick coat of long black, curly hair. He used him for a pet and watch dog. This shaggy-haired fish regularly accompanied him to church. (Surely that's a lie.) He also claims that he takes a bath daily. After telling such absurdities as these, he says, "By G——, gentlemen, I tell you nothing but the truth, and the d——l broil them eternally that will not believe me." He later compiled his tales into a series of five volumes. "Arabian Nights" and "Gulliver's Travels" are no longer "in it."

"Quin" Eaton, after graduation, enters the law school of Boston university. In 1896 he is admitted to the bar. His old room-mate, "Cop" Runnells, seeks "Quin's" aid to extricate him from a little difficulty. A young lady brings suit against "Cop" for breach of promise, and demands retribution for damages. "Quin," of course, did his best to free the accused. After a long, earnest, and rather wandering plea on the part of "Quin," the judge quietly remarks that "the advocate for the defence is young yet, and apparently does n't know his own mind." Although "Quin" loses this case, he studies faithfully, and becomes an honest, steady lawyer. "Cop," after paying his fine, went West and joined "Joe" Merrill in the insurance business. They acquired a large business.

"Eddie" Griffith becomes caricaturist for *Truth*. The moral tone of the paper immediately rises

through "Eddie's" influence, and he is made editor.

"Pop" and Morrill accompanied Professor Richardson as assistants on his archæological explorations in Greece. They shouldered their shovels, and, like eager gold diggers, upturned the sod, anxiously hoping that each thrust of the shovel would disclose some relic of ancient civilization. Morrill had a few wayward tendencies at first, but "Pop's" fatherly advice and wholesome influence restored him to a moral equilibrium. Many valuable specimens of art were unearthed. One day Morrill discovered a statue of Phryne, and as he studied it day by day, his first admiration grew to an intense fascination. A dreamy state took possession of his mind, and "Pop" felt it his duty to take Morrill away before insanity should set in. Morrill recovered, however, and they resumed their explorations, and devoted their lives to the study of pre-historic times.

"Johnnie" Russell settles on the old ancestral farm, making a specialty of stock raising, and adds glory to himself, classmates, and the cause of agriculture.

"Georgie" Dodge (a thing of beauty is a joy forever) enters the boot and shoe business in Manchester. The Bailey manufacturers of the "Rubber Complexion Brush" pay him an enormous sum for the use of his photograph and testimonials. They show two comparative pictures, the second being taken after a month's use of their brush.

Smith, after graduation, spends the summer on

the home farm in Cabot. During the winter he teaches the village school. The next spring, in company with his father, he builds a slaughter house, and a year later, having acquired some taste for the butcher's life, enters the medical profession. Here he breaks his record, and during two years the death rate of his community increases fifty per cent. Human lives are too precious for indiscriminate poisonous drugging, so he becomes a veterinary surgeon and cow dentist. His greatest achievement was to supply the maxilla of a neighbor's cow with a set of false teeth, by the aid of which the daily yield of milk soon doubles. The rumor spreads, and Smith is famous. He is superintendent of the school committee. Politically, he is a red-hot Prohibitionist. In the year 1904, he goes to the polls, and for the first time in his life, by the aid of an assistant, casts a vote that is not rejected.

Henry Ide chooses the life of a tonsorial artist. His neat little shop, made conspicuous by an elaborate red and white decoration, adorns the village of St. Johnsbury.

"Dayton" Miller is manager of "The Greatest Show on Earth." In a side show, Miller, in the most exciting and vivid manner, tells the story of his life, including all the marvellous hair-breadth escapes among the miners and wild men of the West. He is elected trustee of the Soldiers' home, in Dayton, O. He secures the services of "Billy" Redenbaugh as tight-rope walker and bar acrobat, and "Charlie" Gordon, prize fighter.

Furnel, after draining New England of all its spare money, moves West to continue his schemes. He sells everything, from "Dartmouth Sketches" to hairpins. During twenty years of canvassing, he was never known to fail on some kind of a sale. His success is due to the smiling and friendly manner with which he approaches his victim. After a jolly hand-shake, he purrs around awhile, pats his hearty friend on the shoulder, and in the course of ten minutes, by gentle hints makes known the purpose of his visit. After a few more turns of that smooth, oily tongue of Furnel's, a bargain is concluded, and the skilful agent, having made seventy-five per cent., leaves the deluded customer, whom he informs that his services are entirely gratuitious, and that he has no personal interest in the matter.

Greeley secures a position in St. Johnsbury academy as instructor in English literature—a very successful and popular teacher, and within ten years is elected president of the institution.

Pender, with his hand tightly grasped on his diploma, having said farewell to his dear teacher, "Tute" Welch, boards the train for Portsmouth. The news has been telegraphed ahead that Pender is on the way. The city is gaily decked with the red, white, and blue, while the citizens, and especially the ladies, are gorgeously trimmed with the Dartmouth green and white. Two hours before the train is due that is bearing homeward their honored son, an endless procession moves slowly to the station. The train speeds lightly with its precious freight, and at the appointed hour,

proudly wheels into the festooned station, amid shouts and hurrahs that rend the air. "Ward McAllister" is terrified. By the aid of an escort, he is led to the platform of the car. The deafening shouts increase. On a prominent seat of a decorated coach, he is driven through the sea of faces that line both sides of the carriage. "Georgie" bows gracefully, in recognition of their tumultuous applause and the showers of bouquets that rain down upon him. As many as possible crowd around the veranda of his house, and, as he steps down from the coach, cry, "Speech! speech!" With a trembling hand, "Georgie" raises his diploma, and triumphantly waves it above his head, exclaiming, "I've got it! I've got it!" A few years later, above the entrance of a brewery, partly concealed behind pyramids of barrels and casks, hangs the sign,—

GEORGE EDWARD PENDER, B. S.

Pender makes a trade with "Shorty" to furnish him with hops. "Shorty" purchases the largest hop farm in the country, and ships all his produce to Portsmouth. Both amass vast fortunes.

Kellar returns to Peoria, Ill., and secures the position of professor of the sciences. He proves to be a keen instructor, and wins a place in the hearts of all, pupils and other members of the faculty. He is invited later to become principal of a large city high school. He accepts the position, and there meets with the same success. After five years'

experience in that position, he becomes president of Stanford university, California. He now reaches the top round of the ladder, and holds it until enfeebled by old age.

McLaren devotes his life to the study of chemistry. About seven years after graduation, he woke up one morning and found himself famous. This suits McLaren "to a T." He discovers a lotion that both invigorates and colors hair, of which he makes free application.

Burbank opens a country store in his native town, and manages to change his politics often enough to keep the post-office.

Sanders goes on the Boston & Maine railroad as mail distributor, which place he holds for five years. He is then promoted to conductor, and has the run between Boston and White River Junction.

"Doc" Lougee and McKenzie enter the medical profession. "Mac" makes a specialty of the eye, in which branch he is an authority. His address is 361 Washington street, Boston, Mass. "Doc," before he enters the medical study, takes a post-graduate course at Harvard, where he receives the degree Ph. D. He then enters their medical department, and after graduation settles in Rochester, N. H., where he acquires an extensive practice, in which he faithfully serves suffering humanity.

"Silver" earns a respectable living by combining tinkering, umbrella mending, and scissors grinding. I want to picture him travelling through a country

town: He rides in an old two-seated wagon, the seats, however, being replaced by a box, the dasher kicked off, and the wheels rattling like a worn-out stage-coach and leaving a track, as if made by four separate wheels, each going its own way. The locomotive power is a bony old "nag," which the crows frequently mistake for a carcass. This animal is attached to the wagon by an ingenious combination and artistic display of straps, ropes, and chains. In the wagon, around the driver's seat, are boxes of tools, a pile of umbrella débris, and a grindstone mounted on a wooden stand. "Silver," clad in cow-hide boots, overall pants, a jacket of the same material, a dilapidated and rusty straw hat, a relic of ten summers and as many hurricanes, sits leaning forward, with his elbows resting on his knees. He wears a full black beard, and, exposed so much to the weather, his features look rough. As periodically as a geyser, he ejects from his mouth a pool of tobacco juice. Then ensues a minute of continual pushing and jerking of the reins and some vociferous talking, to which the beast responds by a switch of his tail. This is the life of "Silver." Don't pity him, in view of this fate, for he is a howling success, and the happiest man of his class.

Dear classmates, I have prophecied for you all, and if it would seem that I have consigned some of you to a cruel fortune, let all remember that the so-called "irresistible fate," by hard work and perseverance can be overcome. The first heat of life's race is over. We have all won a place in the

finals, and within less than forty-eight hours the struggle begins. I exhort you to keep forever in view the goal of *true manhood.*

"If I have done well and as is fitting, it is that which I desired; but if slenderly and meanly, it is that which I could attain unto."

ADDRESS AT THE TOWER.

GEORGE EDWARD KINNEY, THETFORD, VT.

It is fitting at this time to review somewhat the history of this structure. The foundation was laid in 1885, in accordance with a plan of our honored ex-president, Dr. Bartlett, and it has reached its present state by the contributions of nine successive classes. For the first three years the students provided the material and aided in the construction. Afterward, on account of an accident which occurred in a fall of the staging, this method was abandoned, and the work has since been done by contract. Each class has added to the height from four to ten feet, varying according to the cost of building. As it now stands, over $2,000 have been expended in its construction.

In dimensions it is sixty feet from the door-sill to the top of the capstone, the internal diameter is seven feet and six inches, and the wall varies in thickness from two feet and nine inches at the base to eighteen inches at the top. The material of which it is built is hornblende-schist, taken from a part of the ledge on which it stands. Here it stands, complete in its stone-work, having but one rival on the top of this ledge—the old pine, stand-

ing for centuries, during the whole life of the college from its very beginning in an unbroken pine forest to its present condition of prosperity, has by association become a part of the college itself.

We lament that a few more years, or, at most, decades, must terminate its life. The thunderbolt and the storm have left only a feeble and shattered wreck of its former beauty and vigor. When, therefore, the old pine shall be no more, this tower may in some degree take its place as silent guardian of this loved spot. Although but just completed, there is that in its very nature and manner of construction that gives to it interest and value. Many have contributed toward its erection, and it stands therefore in some degree as their representative. It measures out and indicates an epoch in the history of the college. The old administration has closed. Men of earnestness and faith have labored well, and success has rewarded their efforts. This shaft stands as a monument of a work well and gloriously done. As standing at the end of the old, it marks the beginning of the new, full of promise and hope, requiring men of ability, faithfulness, and devotion to continue the high order of excellence already attained.

Here it stands, built of and founded upon rock; its form suggests grace and beauty, resistance and strength, and furnishes an admirable example of the noblest and best human character. A noble character is man's enduring monument, which outlasts all other monuments that he may erect to perpetuate his name. As the tower reaches its

completion by successive additions, so character is formed; its foundation material should be truth. Knowledge or wisdom is the reward of a continued searching for truth, and an educated man is one who discerns the truth and accepts it.

A few short hours and our college course has ended. As we separate to go to our work in life, let us be true men. May this shaft stand here through ages to come, representing to future classes our loyalty to our alma mater, and our love of what is noble, manly, and true.

ADDRESS AT OLD PINE.

ALFRED LEVI SABEN, WINCHESTER, N. H.

Classmates: We gather around this old landmark, upon this annual class day, as scores of classes before us have done. To us the occasion is most unique, long anticipated with mingled emotions of hope and reluctance. We find ourselves at length upon this high vantage ground, where the last four years, like this beautiful landscape, spread out before the mind's eye; still so near as clearly to reveal the minor features in their strong lights or in their sombre shades. As distance shall soften the rugged parts, and the hand of time shall blend the colors as with an autumnal haze, how increasingly beautiful will appear days of golden opportunity. Yes, to us the occasion is one for life-long remembrance.

This majestic pine has spread his aged hands and murmured his soft benedictions over the heads of Dartmouth's foster sons year after year as regularly as he has cast his fringed robe about his feet and donned the fresh green in which to greet her freshmen. Let us listen to the gentle whispers which, like all sounds of wind and of wave, in calm or stormy mood, waken answering echoes in the human heart. How firm the hold which our silent guardian has taken upon the rock-bed

beneath! How has he strengthened himself in heaven-appointed ways, and thus defies the blasts! Though broken, not cast down; though disarmed in part, strong in his uprightness, he commands our sympathy and admiration.

Listen! We catch the sentence,—"Espouse a good cause in early life, and give your life to it. By communion with the best thinkers take a deep hold upon the past, while you grow upward into the pure air and sunshine of the present." We treasure thy words in grateful remembrance. We give dutiful attention to all thy balmy breath may reveal. Again he speaks,—"My seasons of growth I have improved even while ye were sleeping. From the decay of my own robes I have produced, through long succession of years, my new and living garments. Learn, then, by patience and by wise use of all your resources, to win gain from seeming loss and triumph from defeat." One more word from this lone representative of the forest primeval,—"I live because I cease not to grow. Let your latest sunset find each a student still, having this motto, 'Still learning.'"

How shall we leave this trysting place? With hearty good will toward one another, and with faith in the kind Providence which has led us hitherto.

Alas, Old Pine! 'Neath thy protecting bough
We meet to part. Our wise confessor thou,
To thee we own, that since the day we met,
Some words, some acts have brought our hearts regret.
Assembled here, we seek in penitence

Thine absolution ere we shall go hence.
If true confession, then, restores the soul,
Write our confessions in thy ponderous roll.
We bear away, with grateful, glad content,
Fond recollections of the brief years spent
With honored Dartmouth, mother most benign,
Whose colors thou dost wave, illustrious Pine.
Human indeed seems thy pathetic sigh,
Since thou, like us, wilt some day fall and die.
Though scattered wide, in places far away,
We 'll ne'er forget thine own reception day.
The South thy lofty relatives may boast,
The far West tell what monarchs guard her coast,
The Scot still hold most dear the thread-like leaf
Which graced the bonnet of his highland chief;
We, Dartmouth's sons, will love her true ensign,
Her dulcet-toned musician, grand Old Pine.
Long years be thine! We sadly part from thee,
And from each other—Class of Ninety-three.
Heaven keep us till, beyond the earthly strife,
We shall assemble 'neath "the tree of life,"
For nevermore, while changeful years shall roll,
May we all gather 'neath thy emerald stole.

ODE.

ALBERT CHILDS SALLS, BURKE, N. Y.

O Time, when shall we greet again
  And hand and heart unite?
O Time, why not bestow on men
  The gift of after-sight?
Thou art so slow when friends would meet,
  So swift when they must part,—
Stern master, thee we would entreat
  To be more kind of heart.

And yet, for happy, fruitful years,
  In which we under thee
Have voyaged, safe from cares and fears,
  As on a stormless sea,
We thank thee, Time; and though our sails
  May venture far and near,
We still will hope for favoring gales,
  A starry sky and clear.

While other vistas beckon on,
  Farewell, old scenes, farewell;
We hope to greet you oft anon,
  And feel your magic spell.
Farewell, old halls, old campus green,
  And thou, O guardian pine!
Sweet memories will intervene,
  And us to you incline.