DARTMOUTH TRADITIONS

Being a Compilation of Facts and Events
connected with the history of Dartmouth
College and the Lives of its Graduates
From the Early Founding of
the College, in 1769, to the
Present Day

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WILLIAM CARROLL HILL
Dartmouth 1902

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M C M I

"Men of Dartmouth, set a watch
Lest the old traditions fail!"
—Richard Hovey

PREFACE.

The present volume has been published with the idea of giving Dartmouth men of the past, Dartmouth men of the future, and every interested friend of the college, a fuller knowledge of Dartmouth's noble traditions and achievements. The loyalty of Dartmouth men to their college cannot be questioned; "the Dartmouth spirit" as for too many years filled the land from ocean to ocean, and extended even to foreign shores. It has seemed to the author, however, that Dartmouth men, as a body, have not acquainted themselves too thoroughly with the traditions and history of the college. When the writer came to Dartmouth he looked about him, as many another before him had probably done, to find some volume which, in a general way, would give him a history of student life at Dartmouth and stimulate his pride in his own college. Chase's ponderous documental history was discouraging; Crosby's was no better; "*Echoes of Dartmouth*" were but stories and "*Dartmouth Athletics*" covered

the situation only in part, though most ably. The files of *The Dartmouth* and *The Literary Monthly* came next. Hidden away in these pages, published at infrequent intervals, were found to be concealed many choice and carefully written reviews by old alumni, of early Dartmouth undergraduate life and happenings. The search at once became interesting and apparently endless. The librarian noted our enthusiasm and produced ancient documents, medals, prints, and even a "silver punch bowl," at the same time furnishing references to many biographies of early Dartmouth alumni. Thus from a merely casual desire to get the briefest outline of the history of the college the author finally acquired a considerable knowledge of the details of the history of Dartmouth. Obviously such a course was not practical for every student, even if he had the desire or inclination to follow it; the original and precious documents would soon be in threads and the grand old punch bowl dented and scratched beyond recognition. It was but a natural step to conceive that such information as had come to the writer might well be embodied in book form, and thus placed within the easy reach

of all. The present volume is the result. It can hardly be considered satisfactory, when one considers the great amount of valuable and exceedingly fascinating material which must needs be omitted. But the Dartmouth man of the twentieth century can now have no excuse for not knowing that Dartmouth once had a "famous boating crew," a "cavalry company," a "Handel society," an "Old Pine" and "punch bowl" and graduates who were famous in lands far beyond America. Dartmouth loyalty can only be enhanced by a knowledge of these things, and the sole desire that "the Dartmouth spirit" may be deepened and broadened by these pages is the only excuse the author offers for their appearance. . . Acknowledgments are due to many for courtesies and kindnesses extended in the preparation of these sketches: to W. DeLoss Love, author of "*Samson Occom, and Other Early Christian Indians of New England*"; to *The Granite Monthly*; to the editors of "*Dartmouth Sketches*," from which "Dartmouth Journalism" was taken in part; to each and every contributor whose name appears over his own article, and, greatest of all, to Prof.

Marvin D. Bisbee, librarian of Dartmouth College, whose honest interest and perfect willingness to place all records and documents at the disposal of the author, has alone made possible the completeness and interest of this collection. . . . .

WM. CARROLL HILL.

Hanover, December 4, 1901.

PREFACE TO THE 2010 EDITION.

Making the text of this rare book available in electronic form has required the removal of many of the attractive typographic features of the original. The typeface has been generally approximated, but the leafy ornament that served as a period — with five ornaments in succession signifying a paragraph break — has been replaced with a standard period. The spaces that nineteenth-century convention required before a colon or semicolon have been removed. The block capital that began each chapter also has been replaced. . . . . The page numbering tracks the original accurately, but the line of text on which any given words will fall has changed, since all hyphenation has been removed (except where a word was split across two pages). When combined with an effort to preserve the original justified layout, the removal of hyphenation has left a line of text hanging unappealingly at the bottom of each page for the time being. . . . . A few obvious spelling and factual errors have been corrected. B. Lincoln began as T. Lincoln, and 15th December 1781 was 15th December 1701 (p. 21); Sylvanus was Silvanus (pp. 23, 25, 183); Grout was grout and Maine was Main (p. 45); employees was employes and Pittsburgh was Pittsburg (p. 52); issues joined was issued joined (p. 108); Shurtleff was Shurtliff (pp. 110, 112); was a fitting was waa a fitting (p. 138); Whitman was

Witman (p. 139); acquiesced was aquiesced (p. 158); Hagerstown was Hagerstorm (p. 177); Polk was Poll (p. 180); Olcott was Olcutt (p. 183); editions was edition (p. 186); of the college was of the university (p. 189); 1844 was 1744 (p. 192); 1782 was 1872 (p. 194). Most antique spellings, particularly in quotations from documents, remain, including Newhampshire and Conneticutt (p. 22); Spaulding (p. 53); and Deleware (pp. xi, 95-96, 98-100). Finally, the original capitalization of the word "college" is preserved in every case. . . . . The two pages of this preface, numbered ix and x, have been added. The copyright in these changes, this preface, and the arrangement of this volume is held by

SCOTT BLACKFORD MEACHAM.

Richmond, Va., December 4, 2010.

CONTENTS.

SAMSON OCCOM.

ON some unknown day in the latter part of the seventeenth century an Indian of the Mohegan tribe, who had dwelt in the region between the Shetucket and Quinebaug rivers, in what is now the state of Connecticut, moved southward and set up his wigwam west of the river Thames, in the vicinity of Uncas Hill, the ancient home of his sachem. The name of this Indian was Tomockham, and he was the grandfather of Samson Occom. About a mile north of here, on a sport where his father, Joshua, had raised his wigwam, our hero Occom first saw the light on an unknown day in the year 1723. . . Samson's father was a "mighty hunter," wandering abroad during the season of the chase and returning to Mohegan, as the settlement about his home began to be called, when the first snow fell. The mother was above the average Indian woman in intelligence, industry and affection, and when she became a convert to the Christian faith, exercised a powerful influence over the life and character of her son. Samson's own account of his youth is interesting: . . . . "I was Born a Heathen and brought up in

Heathenism till I was between 16 and 17 years of age, at a Place called Mohegan, in New London, Connecticut, in New England. My Parents lived a wandering life as did all the Indians at Mohegan. They Chiefly Depended upon Hunting, Fishing and Fowling for their Living, and had no connection with the English, excepting to Traffic with them in their small trifles and they strictly maintained and followed their heathenish ways, customs and Religion. Never did we cultivate our land nor keep any Sort of Creatures, except Dogs which we used in Hunting, and we dwelt in Wigwams. These are a sort of Tent, covered with Matts made of Flags. And to this Time we were unacquainted with the English Tongue in general, though there were a few who understood a little of it". . . Samson Occom's father died in 1743, leaving Samson at the age of 20 a councilor of the sachem Ben Uncas. The care of the family, and there were two sons and a daughter besides Occom, fell upon the widowed mother. . . The New England missionaries about this time began to concentrate their efforts on the heathen who were so numerous in Connecticut and who furnished a promising field. Occom was early brought under their influence, as was his mother, and was apparently desirous of advancing himself still further in his studies. The one who seems to have most strongly influenced Occom was the

Rev. Eleazar Wheelock, a graduate of Yale College, who had settled for missionary work at Lebanon. To him Occom expressed the desire that he might be sent "to acquire something of an elementary education in English". . . . Wheelock accepted the charge with kindness and compassion. Occom was made an inmate of his home and instead of a stay of only two or three months, the Indian remained for over four years and became a lifelong friend of the Rev. Wheelock. the story of these years when the young barbarian was receiving the training of civilization compels interest and admiration. There were many trials, there was poverty and hardship, but the youth developed steadily in strength and power and in the faith of Christian teachings until he became at last a tower among his associates and a wonder to the plodding missionaries of the frontier. He was a proficient scholar, as his well thumbed Hebrew bible in the Dartmouth College library testifies, and he would have entered Yale College but that his eyes failed him. Instead he opened life as a school teacher, preacher and judge at Montauk on Long Island. Nor were these all his accomplishments. He was an adept at wood carving, and furnished the settlers with "spoons, ladles, gunstocks, pails, piggins and churns," and when occasion offered rebound old books in his primitive book bindery. Furthermore, he wrote and pub-

lished hymns, one, commencing with the lines "Awaked by Sinai's awful sound," still surviving in modern collections. . . Poverty and misfortune never once left the ambitious young missionary, however, and fate seemed to be against him when he so willingly left his home and entered into the poorly paid duties of Christian envoy to his people. One of his discouragements he relates as follows: "I bought a mare with which to travel to and fro among my Montauk parishioners, but she fell into a quicksand. I purchased another but some rogue stole her from me. The third died of the distemper. The fourth had a colt and then broke her leg, and presently the colt died also, whereupon I gave up the attempt to maintain such luxury and traveled afoot". . . In 1751 Samson Occom was married to one Mary Fowler, "an intelligent, virtuous and comely maiden of his own race," and on July 13, 1757 he was ordained to the ministry. About this time, in 1754, Wheelock had established his Indian Charity School, led to this move by the very creditable work of Samson Occom. Gifts came from many sources and one of the benefactors was Benedict Arnold. The most fruitful source of aid came through a suggestion of Whitefield that the presence in England of an Indian who could "preach and pray in English," would be of great assistance in awakening interest. This mission proved

to be the most important event leading to the establishment of the future college. . . Occom was the Indian chosen by Wheelock as being the best possible instrument to fulfill the mission. He had been styled "the glory of the Indian nation," and certainly was a most remarkable character. In feature and complexion he bore indubitable marks of his unmixed native blood, but in his demeanor he was dignified and attractive, with a very considerable degree of oratorical and poetical talent. . . Armed with letters of recommendation and testimonials signed by sixty-nine distinguished personages of the colonies, Samson Occom and the Rev. Nathaniel Whitaker, who accompanied him, set sail from Boston for England on December 23, 1765. His advent in England was under the patronage of the Earl of Dartmouth, and it created a genuine sensation among all classes. He was at once lionized by the nobility and even the theatres made him the topic of popular mimicry. During his visit he preached more than three hundred sermons and was listened to with great interest by multitudes in the most important churches in England and Scotland. He made acquaintance of all the leading divines, including the Archbishops of York and Canterbury, and was urged to take orders in the Established Church. He received several presents from the King, who probably listened to his preaching, thus

furnishing a scene for a great historical painting which some future artist will place among the memorials of the college. Whitaker proved an unpopular accessory and was early eclipsed by Occom, who, himself, wisely refrained from expressing sectarian principles, and thus avoided such controversies as Whitaker aroused. Notwithstanding the ecclesiastical jealousies of the times, Occom raised, in the two years and three months abroad, nearly £12,000, the King heading the list with £200. . . Through this mission came the two portraits of Occom which have descended to us. One, reproduced as frontispiece in this volume, being a painting by Moses Chamberlain, a well-known artist of the day, furnished at the suggestion and expense of the Earl of Dartmouth in 1766. The original was retained in England and is lost to record. The second was by the same artist, presumably, and was taken to Connecticut, where it now hangs. . . Occom's triumphant return to America from his successes abroad was marred by an unpleasantness between himself and the Rev. Wheelock. The latter had promised to care for the family of Occom in his absence and this he had failed to do. Occom found his wife and seven children but poorly supplied with the necessities of life, and learned of two years of unhappiness and want. Then followed several years of dejection and despair for the noblest man of

his race. friendship with Wheelock was broken and Occom fell a victim to the demon of his race. He was too well grounded in his faith, however, to sink to the level of the drunken savages who roamed about him and he soon proved himself duly penitent, and even "made up" with his former tutor and benefactor, Wheelock. . . Dr. Wheelock about this time had developed a plan to remove his Indian school to a more remote locality and had fixed upon Hanover, on the Connecticut. This plan was distasteful to Occom, as was also Wheelock's plan to educate more white missionaries and fewer Indians. As Occom expressed it, "I am very jealous that instead of your institution becoming Alma Mater to my brethren, she will be too Alba Mater to nourish the tawnies". . . Occom was undoubtedly justified in feeling injured because the funds which he had labored so arduously to raise in England, for the advancement and education of his brethren, were to be utilized in founding a college in the wilderness, far away from the Indians of his own tribe, where more whites and less Indians were to be educated. But Dr. Wheelock removed the school, received a charter from King George The Third, and founded Dartmouth College at Hanover in 1769. Occom, unreconciled, then took up a scheme of his own and emigrated with a colony of Oneidas to territory secured from the Six Nations in

New York, and founded a settlement called Brothertown. Here the missionary, preaching, writing and publishing his hymns, and doing a grand and noble work in the civilizing and educating of his tawny brethren, passed the remainder of his days. His death occurred at Tuscarora, in the month of July, in 1792. . . . .

HANOVER AND DARTMOUTH A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

—Extracts from the Travels of Timothy Dwight, then President of Yale College, who visited Dartmouth in the autumn of 1797.

BENEFACTIONS were solicited, therefore, with a success which outran the most sanguine expectations. Among the patrons was the king; and the royal example was followed by several persons of distinction. A large sum of money was collected, and forwarded to America; where the list of benefactors was considerably increased. . . With this money Dr. Wheelock set himself immediately about the design of erecting a College, intended especially for the education of Indians, and of Missionaries to the Indians. Other students, however, were to share in the benefits of the Seminary without distinction. The object, which first demanded attention, was the location of the College. Health, the fertility of the surrounding country, convenient communication with the Indians, the prospect of obtaining English students, and the hope of donations from the State, in which the Insti-

tution should be fixed, were, all, considerations, which had their share of influence. By these, differently, the attention of the principal was turned successively to Pennsylvania, New York and New Hampshire. At length the township of Hanover, in the last of these Provinces, was pitched upon, as being supposed to combine more advantages than any other place contemplated. . . Hanover was incorporated in 1761. The college was placed here in 1769. At this time, as you will naturally suppose from the observations, so often made in these letters, the whole of this region was almost a mere wilderness. In the county of Grafton, containing fifty townships, and sufficient land for thirty or forty more, there were, in the year 1775, but 3,945 inhabitants: and probably half of these planted themselves between 1769 and 1775. In the year 1800 there were in the same county 23,093. At the former of these periods Vermont was chiefly a forest. Hanover itself, in 1775, had a population of 434, only. Dr. Wheelock, therefore, looked chiefly, and let me add safely, to the progressive and rapid settlement of these countries, for the necessary number of English students. Vermont was then regarded as a part of New-Hampshire; and in customary language was styled *the New-Hampshire grants*. At this period also, neither of these countries could boast of any seminary, superiour to an ordinary grammar school. .

. . . The region, in which this College was established, is very healthy, and fertile. Nor was it inconveniently situated for intercourse with the Indian nations. The inhabitants of Hanover presented to the College 1,200 acres of valuable land; and the State endowed it with about 78,000 more, in several successive grants; of which 1,200 are within the limits of Vermont. These lands may be generally considered as increasing in their value. The largest tract, however, containing 42,000 acres, and lying immediately Northward of the town of Stuart on Connecticut river, and above the forty-fifth degree of North latitude, is to a considerable extent rough, broken, and incapable of cultivation. Not more than one half of this tract will probably be of any serious importance to the Institution. Other donations of a moderate amount, have been occasionally made to it by the State. . . In the year 1770, Dr. Wheelock, whose zeal and perseverance peculiarly qualified him to become, in such circumstances, the founder of such a Seminary, had the satisfaction to see the college commencing its operations under his auspices. At first, the number of students was of course small: but, as was easily foreseen, regularly increased. For a series of years the average has been from one hundred and forty to one hundred and fifty. In the year 1771, at the first Commencement, four, only, received the degree

of A. B. . . . The students are usually about one hundred and fifty in number, and as in the other New-England Colleges, are divided into four classes. The freshmen study the learned languages, the rudiments of speaking and writing, and the elements of Mathematics. The sophomores beside the Languages and Mathematics, study also Geography and Logic. The junior sophisters, besides the Languages, are employed in Natural and Moral Philosophy, and Composition. The senior sophisters compose in English and Latin, and study Metaphysics, together with the elements of Natural and Political Law. There is in this institution a Professor of Divinity, a Professor of Mathematics and natural Philosophy, and a Professor, who teaches Medical science and Chemistry. The President is also Professor of History. The number of tutors is small, and variable. Frequently there has been but one. The annual Commencement is held on the fourth Wednesday of August; and it is attended by a numerous assembly of gentlemen and ladies, from the surrounding country. The annual revenue of this college, arising from tuition, was in the year 1793 about $2,000; and the rent of its lands near $500 more. By contracts made that year, it was to amount, in 1797, to $1,500, and, in 1805, to $21,662-3. . . There are two vacations in this institution: one, immediately succeeding the Commence-

ment, and continuing six weeks and two days; and the other, beginning on the fourth Monday in February, and continuing five weeks and five days. . . . The first Collegiate building erected here, stood almost twenty years, and was then consumed by fire. Another has been since erected, (in 1786), one hundred and fifty feet long, and fifty feet wide; of three stories. It is built of wood. The figure is the same, as that at Providence, formerly described, and both are copies of that of Princeton. The public rooms, containing the library, philosophical apparatus, and a number of natural and artificial curiosities, are in a projection at the centre. This building has a decent appearance. At a small distance from the College Southward stands a Chapel; the arched ceiling of which, ascending from the four sides, produces the same effect, as the whispering gallery in the dome of St. Paul's. A whisper, uttered in one of the angles, with so low a sound as not to be audible six feet from the speaker, is very distinctly heard in the opposite angle. These buildings stand on the Eastern side of a square, surrounded by decent houses, and covered with lively verdure. The Trustees of this College fill up their own vacancies. In the act, granting the 42,000 acres of land, mentioned above, the Governour and Council of the State, for the time being, are incorporated with the Trustees for the purpose of acting with

them in the management of all the funds which have been or shall hereafter be, granted to the College by the state. . . Those, who liberally contributed to the establishment of this Seminary, would, were they alive, have the satisfaction of seeing, that although it has not answered the very ends, at which they, perhaps, especially aimed, it has yet been a source of extensive benefit to mankind. . . The village of Dartmouth contains, perhaps forty houses; several of which, to our surprise, were ragged and ruinous. In so recent a settlement this was hardly to have been expected. On my return, in October, 1803, I attended divine service in the church at this place; and never, unless in a few instances at Wethersfield, many years since, heard sacred music, which exhibited so much taste, and skill, as were displayed here. Directly West of the College, at the distance of half a mile, a bridge is built over Connecticut river. It consists principally of a single arch; the chord of which is two hundred and thirty feet. It is a copy of the arch in the bridge over the Piscataqua; and, except that, is the longest in New England. The abutments, on which the arch stands, are of stone, and forty feet square. The whole length of the bridge is three hundred and forty-four feet, and its breadth thirty-six. The property in it was originally divided into two hundred shares of sixty dollars each; amounting to

12,000 dollars. The expense has somewhat exceeded this sum. . . . Since we were on this ground, this bridge has been carried away. I have been informed that one of the abutments was undermined by the river, and gave way, in consequence of which the bridge fell entire. . . .

A COLONIAL DOCUMENT.

A Colonial document of great value and historical interest has recently fallen into the possession of Dartmouth College to be carefully preserved and placed in a conspicuous location in the new Webster Hall. . . The document dates back to the second president of the college, the Rev. John Wheelock, and besides being of priceless historical interest to the college, bears upon its face the signatures of General George Washington of the United States Army, several members of his presidential cabinet, and a host of Colonial delegates to congress, making it, in the estimation of many, a document second in value only to the Declaration of Independence. . . The document, which has lain generally unknown for many years, was brought into the possession of the college through the generosity and public-spiritedness of Miss M. A. Allen of Northampton, Mass. Miss Allen is a granddaughter of the second president of Dartmouth College and also of the Rev. William Allen, who was president of the Dartmouth University at the time of the break in the college. The document, with may others of historical interest, to the number of nearly one thousand, were forwarded by Miss Al-

len to the Dartmouth College librarian, Prof. M. D. Bisbee. . . The document in question is a parchment in splendid state of preservation, being twenty-seven inches square, folded to the size of seven by five inches. Beyond a small tear, two inches long, on the lower margin, which has been carefully sewn with linen thread, the document is perfectly intact. The lettering, in script, is a fine specimen of handicraft and the signatures without exception are clear and distinct. . . The document sets forth the advantages and needs of the college in some thirteen paragraphs, referring to the general esteem in which the college and its president are held and to the previous liberal benefactions from personages broad, especially the benevolence of King George The Third, who had previously endowed the college to the extent of some $1,000. The commercial value of the document lies in the importance and number of its signatures, which are written at the bottom in four vertical columns. The second column opens with the signature of General George Washington and is followed by members of his cabinet; the remaining three columns include the signatures of members of congress and other dignitaries. . . The document is as follow: . . . "*Whereas* it is represented to Us the Subscribers, that the Reverend ELEAZAR WHEELOCK, Doctor in Divinity, did, in the year 1754, erect

MOOR'S INDIAN CHARITY SCHOOL at Lebanon, in the state of Connecticut, for the design of civilizing, instructing and Christianizing the Natives and other Inhabitants of the uncultivated parts of North America;. . . *That* the said School was, at an early period, of extensive utility, and favored with the friendship and influence of some of the most eminent characters in the land, and with liberal benefactions from the charitable and well disposed: . . . *That*, when the prospect continued to enlarge, and resources became inadequate to the necessary supplies for the School, its support was recommended to the benevolence of the Inhabitants of Great Britain by several governors and others of elevated stations; in consequence of which, upon application made by the Reverend DR. NATHANIEL WHITAKER together with the Reverend SAMSON OCCOM, King George The Third displayed his munificence, and many of his subjects in England and Scotland followed his example: . . . *That* the credit and support of the said seminary might be secured, Trustees were appointed by the benefactors of the School in that Island—The Right Honorable William Earl of Dartmouth, Sir Sidney Safford Smyth, Sir Charles Hotham, and six other respectable persons composed this board: . . . *That* the society increasing, and promising more extensive usefulness, the said King, in

the year 1771, endowed it with a charter, incorporating the said school with DARTMOUTH COLLEGE and conferring rights and immunities equal to those of any university within that realm: . . . *That* the said institution has, since its first erection, greatly flourished under the direction of the said ELEAZAR WHEELOCK, the Founder and President of the same, even during our national struggles, notwithstanding the many embarrassments, that have attended its peculiar situation: . . . *That*, since his decease, the same has been successfully carried on by his son, the Honorable JOHN WHEELOCK, appointed by him, in his last Will and Testament, agreeable to Charter, and by the same invested with similar powers and privileges: . . . *That* the establishment is intended in the first place, for the liberal purposes of civilizing the wild, wandering Tribes of Indians in North America, and next for promoting religion, virtue, and literature among people of all denominations: . . . *That*, it being unconfined to religious sect, or political party and situated in a country, which enjoys the easiest and most extensive communication, and lies contiguous to Canada, different nations may receive advantages from the Institution: . . . *That*, in order to facilitate the friendly intercourse and commerce, which it ought to be the wish of every principled American to cultivate, and leave open to

the latest posterity, between these United States and the French nation, to which we are under the greatest Obligations for their alliance and generous co-operation, it is intended to instruct the Students under that establishment in the French language: . . . *That*, although the said Institution be endowed with a large track of land, no support adequate to such extensive designs can be now obtained, without encurring expenses, which its funds cannot afford; all supplies from Great Britain being wholly stopped since her commencement of hostilities: . . . *That* the American States might have effectually assisted this Seminary had not their benefactions been withheld by the immense load of their national debt, the sinking of which must be considerably retarded by the wanton ravages of the enemy: and that the attention of the opulent, public-spirited, and generous men in these States is diverted towards their ruined relations and other Objects, more immediately entitled to their assistance. . . *Such* being the representation of the insuperable difficulties, which that respectable Institution labors under in its present situation: and it being supported by authentic vouchers—WE can but view the design as laudable, and deserving particular encouragement, not only from the good people of these confederated States, but likewise the benevolent and generous Potentates and Nations of Europe, who are or

may be allied with them:—WE, do therefore, sincerely and cheerfully recommend the honorable John Wheelock Esquire, President of the college and School as agent—; and the aforesaid design, which is the object of the trust reposed in him, to the pious and benevolent assistance of the FRIENDS OF MAN, in the dominion of his most CHRISTIAN MAJESTY, the Virtuous Ally of the United States, and of such others of the European powers whose aid — may solicit. . . . Signed. Go. Washington, 13th Decr, 1781. B. Lincoln, Secretary at War to the United States. Robt. Morris, Supr Justiciar of the Finances of the United States of No. America. Robt. T. Livingston, chancellor of the State of New York and Secretary of the United States for foreign affairs. Stirling, Major General in the Army of the United States. Wm. Moore, President of the State of Pennsylvania. John Dickinson, President of the Delaware State, 15th December 1781. Wil. Livingston, Governor of the State of New Jersey. Jon'th Trumbull, Governor of the State of Connecticut, Jan'ry 9th, 1782. Geo. Atkinson, Pres't of the Convention in the New Hamp State, Sept 28, 1782. W. Houghton, Abra Clark, Silas Conant, delegates in Congress for the State of New Jersey. Jos. Montgomery, Geo. Cligmen, Henry Wynkorps, Delegates in congress from the State of Pennsylvania. Dan'l

Carroll, Delegate in congress from the State of Maryland. Jos. Jones. Edw. Telfair, W. Jones, Delegates in Congress for the State of Georgia. John Matthews, Arthur Middleton, N. Eveleign, Mo. Bee, Jam. Moffe, Delegates in Congress for the State of So. Carolina. Moses Hazen, Brigt. Gen'l in the Army of the United States. John Thomson, a delegate to Congress from the State of Maryland and President of Congress. Tho. M. Kean LL.D., Chief Justice, and a trustee of the University of Pennsylvania to Congress from the State of Delaware and late President of Congress. Samuel Livermore, member of congress from Newhampshire. James Lovell, Geo. Partridge, Samuel Osgood, Members of Congress for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. William Ellery, Ezekiel Connell, Members of Congress for the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations. Oliver Wolcott, Member of Congress from the State of Conneticutt. Wm. Floyd, member of Congress from New York. Edw. Randolph, Novem'r 9th, 1782. Sam Huntington, late President of Congress. . . THE TRUSTEES of the University of Dartmouth in America convened in Council this twentieth day of September in the year of our LORD one thousand seven hundred and eighty-two, DO hereby declare the honorable JOHN WHEELOCK Esquire the

much respected President of the said Institution in whom the utmost confidence may be reposed to solicit benefactions in the Dominions of his most CHRISTIAN Majesty, The UNITED STATES of HOLLAND and any other parts of Europe, for the said Institution, which have most liberal establishment for the promotion of humanity, virtue, and knowledge among persons of every denomination. And we do accordingly appoint ——— for that purpose, and cordially recommend to that honorable notice and acquaintance, which superior merit demands among the noble, the learned and benevolent in every part of the world. . . In testimony we have hereunto annexed our hands and seal. Joseph Huntington. Sylvanus Ripley. B. Pomeroy. Ben. A. Woodward. Eden Burroughs. Elisha Pane. . . . The document was taken to Europe by President John Wheelock to assist him in collecting funds for the college in New Hampshire. the following extract from the "History of Dartmouth College" by Frederick Chase gives the result of the mission: "The President sailed with his companion (James Wheelock) In October, 1782. They were provided with ample credentials from the President of the state and the majority of the members of the General Assembly; from Washington and other prominent generals, and from the Governors of several states; from the French Minister and the United

States Secretary of State, and from other persons of consequence. After spending some weeks in France they proceeded, with friendly letters from the American envoys, Dr. Franklin and Mr. Adams, to the Netherlands, where they were kindly treated by the Prince of Orange, from whom and others they received some donations. Thence they went to London about the 1st of July, 1783. They visited the Earl of Dartmouth and other survivors of the former trust, and received from them written assurance of satisfaction with the faithfulness and integrity displayed by the first Wheelock in his expenditure of the funds. But they were discouraged from making any further solicitations by the bitter feelings then prevailing against America. They designed also going to Edinburgh, but being deterred by the expense were able by correspondence and by the good offices of the agent, Mr. Spottiswoode, to re-open negotiations that led ultimately to a re-establishment of friendly relations. They obtained some coins and curiosities, and the promise of philosophical apparatus from Paul Wentworth of Hammersmith and Dr. William Rose of Cheswick". . . . . .

A SILVER PUNCH-BOWL.

THE first Commencement at Dartmouth was picturesque in many respects. It occurred on Wednesday, August 28, 1771, and on the day preceding it the Trustees assembled for the first time in Hanover. The occasion was made notable by the presence of the Colonial Governor Wentworth, who, with a retinue of sixty gentlemen, had ridden through the wilderness from Portsmouth. The candidates for the first degree in arts were four: namely, Levi Frisbie and Sylvanus Ripley, both "educated for missionaries among the remote Indians," and Samuel Gray and John Wheelock, "independent students". All of them had left their classes at Yale to finish the course here. . . . Studying the classics and philosophy by the light of pine knots around one of those large open fires must have had its novel as well as heroic side. Then John Ledyard was there with his calico curtains for improvised theatricals, his penchant for adventures with the Indians and camping out in the snow, all serving as a preparation for his world-wide travels, upon which he set out from Hanover on the Connecticut in a canoe of his own making. Steve

Burroughs, the prince of wags, furnished the jester for the play. One of the first petitions from the students to the Faculty was for the privilege of "stepping the minuet and learning the sword," no answer to which is on record. It is also said that one of the Indians, scorning the stage, spoke—in his native language, no doubt—from an overhanging pine. . . An ox provided by the generosity of the Governor was roasted whole on the Green, and served to the assembled multitude, with a barrel of rum and the usual accompaniments. . . . "That the occasion was one of good cheer in the higher walks of life," says Chase in his history of Dartmouth, "is attested by a magnificent silver punch-bowl with a movable crown, weighing altogether sixty-six ounces, which was afterward presented to the President by the Governor and his companions, and remains to this day". The punch-bowl is as much a reality to-day as when Chase wrote his history, and is carefully preserved and treasured by the present president of the College at his home. On its side it bears the following inscription, placed there by Nathaniel Hurd of Boston: . . . "His Excellency John Wentworth, Esqr, Governor of the Province of New Hampshire, and those friends who accompanied him to Dartmouth College the first Commencement, 1771, in Testimony of their Gratitude and good wishes, present this to the Revd Eleazar

Wheelock, D. D., President, and to his successors in that office". . . The memory of Dartmouth's famous silver punch-bowl has been well preserved in verse by Hon. E. E. Parker of the class of 1869, and set to music forms one of Dartmouth's distinctly college songs. . . . . .

OLD DARTMOUTH'S SILVER PUNCH BOWL.

In Colonial days, when the college was young
And modest in all its pretensions,
It had, (and the tale has been written and sung),
A punch-bowl of giant dimensions.
'T was fashioned of silver, and inside and out
Embossed in basso relievo,
With figures of Bacchus and nymphs in a rout,
And when wanted for use would receive, O
A wonderful store, two gallons or more,
Of the punch which the faculty sported of yore.

On occasions of state, when the good and the great,
In solemn conclave were assembled,
To wrestle with matters of moment and weight,
Which long in the balance had trembled,
Full swift from the closet, in which it was stored,
The bowl was produced, and instanter

'T was filled to the brim, and libations were
poured,
As they used in old Greece or Atlanta.
When under its subtle and wonderful pow'r
A week of discussion oft closed in an hour.

When Wentworth came up from his home
by the sea,
With this train, in their buckles and ban-
gles,
To the college commencement — its first
jubilee —
Thro' the forest trail's windings and
angles,
In the president's mansion, sev'n twenty by
nine,
On a board stood the bowl over-flowing
With water, and lemons, and sugar and wine,
And other things known to the knowing.
He drank, and declared, like the monarch
of old,
That half of her glory had never been told.

At banquets it shone with a charm of its
own;
Its contents, so cool and inviting,
Would have tempted a saint; and no mortal
was known
To have ever ignored it by slighting.
And when on its surface the thin wreaths
of steam
Shone oft in the candles' dim glare,
Who smelt its aroma seem'd lost in a dream,
And walked as if treading on air;

And straightway, forgetting its cunning and
guiles,
Surrendered at once to the charm of its wiles.

The college has chang'ed with the flight of
the years,
The punch-bowl long since disappearing;
But still in tradition, in spite of the sneers
Of all unbelieving and jeering,
It lives, and will live as a voice from the past,
A phase in her early endeavor,
Whose glamour, now harmless, in folk-lore
is cast
Around and about her forever.
There let it remain, a relic of ways,
And manners, and customs of old college
days.

A SOLDIER'S MEMORANDA.

THE following early description of Dartmouth College and Hanover, N. H. (earlier designated as Dresden) is from the journal of Sergeant-Major John Hawkins, of Hazen's Regiment, popularly styled "Congress Own" of Pennsylvania, and has never before been published. Its preservation is due to the historical Society of Pennsylvania and its publication in this volume is through the courtesy of Prof. M. D. Bisbee and of John W. Jordan, editor of the *Pennsylvania Magazine*, who forwarded the abstract to Prof. Bisbee: . . . . . .

"1779 April 28. About 4 o'clock arrived at Dresden, a handsome little village, and deserves particular notice. At this town I found our regiment dispersed in different houses of the town. . . "In this town is that seminary of Learning called Dartmouth College (named after Lord Dartmouth), where Indians are educated. the founder and late President of it, Rev. Eleazar Wheelock, D. D., died the 24th. Besides the College, there is another house called the Hall or Church, and as I was informed answers for both. A little in the rear of this and the College stands a

very elegant dwelling house of the late President, in which his family resides. There are several other dwelling houses not much inferior, and I understand many more would have been built had not the inhabitants this way, sometime ago, labored under the dreadful apprehension of being driven from their peaceful abodes by the savages. The oldest house here I was informed was built not more than nine or ten years ago, and not one built within the last three years. Several thousand acres of land round the town belongs to the College, some of which, if not all, is rented out. . . "Besides all this, I was greatly surprised, tho' as much pleased to find a Printing office established in this part of the world. This vehicle of learning, this liberty of liberties, is in the south end of the College; it is a small tho' neat Printing Office, and where a vast deal of printing work is performed. While I was in the printing office I observed a printed proclamation pasted up in full view, form the Governor of Vermont, ordering the approaching General Fast Day to be observed and kept. In perusing the Proclamation I found that the Governor and Council of this new State resided at Bennington. . . "The printers at Dresden had in their hands, and which they were printing 'The Laws and the Fees of Officers in the Civil Department of the State of Vermont'. I likewise seen there, proposals for print-

ing a newspaper in that town". . . The following day the regiment left Dresden and halted at Lyme. At Piermont Hawkins, on May 6, states: "This day I had the perusal of the 1st No. of the *Dresden Mercury*, dated May 2d". . .

A FAMOUS TRAVELER.

TRUTH is sometimes stranger than fiction and the lives of some people most aptly illustrate this. A striking example is that of John Ledyard, the traveler, who attended Dartmouth college in 1773. It was in the spring of 1772 that Ledyard first came to Hanover, entering the Freshman class. He drove up from Hartford, Ct., in a sulky, the first ever seen in Hanover. It is said that a part of his baggage included materials for scenic performances, of which he was very fond, and several of which he got up while here. Particular mention is made of the play of Cato, in which, dressed in the costume of a Numidian prince, he acted the part of Syphax. The same trait, doubtless, which led him in imagination in early life to revel in the scenes of other lands and peoples, impelled him in later years to traverse the globe that he might witness the strange and foreign by actual observation. He was a respectable scholar, and his parents and grandparents had been intimate friends of President Eleazar Wheelock, but the restraints of college life were irksome, to his restless disposition. . . The

memory of Ledyard is preserved at Dartmouth in the old wooden bridge which crosses the Connecticut river and bears his name. The original bridge is mentioned in the "Travels of Timothy Dwight," the president of Yale College, as having the longest span but one of any bridge in the country, the arch measuring 230 feet. The present bridge was christened in 1859 by Dr. Dixi Crosby, and was the first free bridge built over the Connecticut throughout its entire length of 450 miles. It is also a memorable fact that the first steamboat which ever ascended the Connecticut as far as Hanover, in 1830, was named "The John Ledyard". . . Ledyard had not been in the institution long when a passion seized him for travel and adventure. There was no apparent prospect of his being able to gratify this, but such minds are inventive. He concluded to start immediately and not wait for "something to turn up". It was at a point thirty rods north of the old wooden bridge on the Connecticut that Ledyard cut down a large tree and made it into a log canoe, fifty feet long and three wide, in which he started out from college on his travels around the world. In the canoe was a huge bearskin and two books, an Ovid and a Greek testament, and some provisions of Indian bread. . . It being then in that part of the year when the river was very much swollen by the melting of the

snow and ice, the craft floated along without much effort on the part of the occupant to use his oars. . . Being absorbed in the perusal of Ovid, he came near running over Bellows falls and meeting with a fatal disaster. Roused in time by the angry plunging of the roaring waters, by vigorous efforts he reached the shore. The good people there hauled his canoe round the falls (with oxen) and he resumed his voyage, and after sailing 150 miles arrived at Hartford. . . He had an uncle in that place by the name of Seymour who was really surprised to see him, as he thought Ledyard was quietly pursuing his studies in reference to becoming a missionary among the Indians. Here he studied theology for a time, but that was too dull for him and he started off again as a common sailor in a ship which took him to Gibraltar. . . There he was dazzled by the sight of a military parade, and enlisted as a private soldier. At the request of the ship captain he was released, and about a year afterward he appeared in New London. Soon after he left for Plymouth, Eng., paying his way as a common sailor. There he met an Irishman who was as poor as himself, and the two made their way to London on foot, begging food and lodgings as they went. . . He called on some relatives in London, introducing himself as their cousin, and expecting to get from them pecuniary aid, but his reception

was so cold and profitless that he left, determined never to apply to them again. . . At this point he heard that Capt. Cook was preparing for his third voyage around the world. He was fired with a desire to sail under the famous navigator. He soon succeeded in gaining an interview with him, and the result was he was employed and promoted to be corporal of marines. . . He was with Cook on shore at the time he was attacked and killed by the savages. He published afterward, at Hartford, a volume containing the account of this voyage. After the return of the expedition he remained for some time it the British naval service. He always remained loyal to his own country, and never would consent to go no any expedition against America. . . When he returned to his native land he stopped with his mother for a times in Southold, and afterward with his uncle at Hartford, formerly his guardian. The following characteristic passage from one of his letters at this time is worthy of insertion: . . . "You will be surprised to hear of my being at Hartford. I made my escape from the British at Huntington bay. I am at Mr. Seymour's, and as happy as need be. I have a little cash, two coats, three waistcoats, six pairs of stockings and half-a-dozen ruffled shirts. I am a violet Whig and violent Tory. I eat and drink when I am asked, visit where I am invited and gener-

ally do as I am bid. All I want of my friends is friendship. Possessed of that, I am happy". . . In a few months he grew restless and conceived the idea of a voyage to the North Pacific. After great efforts in New York and Philadelphia to bring this about, he failed to succeed. Ledyard deserves the honor of being the first man in the old world or the new to call attention to importance of the trade that afterward became so immense and profitable on the northwest Pacific. . . Robert Morris of Philadelphia became interested in him, and having furnished him money and letters of introduction to prominent European merchants, he departed for Cadiz, and from there went to Brest and L'Orient. Disappointed in efforts there he departed for Paris, where he met Thomas Jefferson, the ambassador at the court of France, who practically befriended him. There he met the naval hero, Paul Jones, and Lafayette, who were kind and generous to him. At this time he had not lost sight of a voyage to the northwest coast. . . He met with repeated disappointment, but never abandoned his project. He decided to travel by land through the northern regions of Europe and Asia, cross over Behring strait to American and down the coast. . . Application was made by Mr. Jefferson to the empress of Russia for a passport through her dominions, as a citizen of the United States. For five months

did he remain in Paris waiting for an answer, and then improved an opportunity to go to England to embark in a ship for the Pacific, which would land him at any point on the coast he might select. In a few days he was in London, with a good prospect of his project being realized. He started with the intention of landing at Nootka Sound. . . He set out with the outfit of two dogs, an Indian pipe and hatchet. But the vessel had not gone far when the government forced her to return, and thus the enterprise failed. . . He now conceived a still bolder undertaking. He decided to go east from London and make a tour of the world on foot. A gentleman in London having supplied him with some money, he started for Hamburg. He experienced a terrible journey in winter through Sweden, Finland and other northern countries. He left the Danish capital, and as Sparks, his biographer, writes: . "He set out for Tornea alone, without friends, on a road unfrequented at that season, with a certainty that he must travel 600 miles before he could turn his steps toward a milder climate, and then 600 or 700 more in descending to St. Petersburg on the other side of the Gulf of Bothnia". . . In seven weeks he arrived at St. Petersburg, traveling on an average of 200 miles a week. After waiting for some time he obtained royal permission to proceed through Siberia. He met with a

Scotch physician, who concluded to accompany him, and together they traveled over 3000 miles. . . The doctor and he parted at Barmoul. He proceeded from there on his journey, one part of which was 1400 miles on the river Lena. The Russian authorities, under order from the imperial court, forbade him to proceed further in their dominions, being evidently afraid that an American traveler should have such an opportunity for observation. . . While thus under detention he wrote his encomium on woman, which has been often quoted and worthily so. It is here inserted for the benefit of those who may never have seen it: . . . "I have observed among all nations that women ornament themselves more than men; that, wherever found, they are the same kind, civil, obliging, humane, tender beings; that they are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest. They do not hesitate, like men, to perform a hospitable or generous action; not haughty, nor arrogant, nor supercilious, but full of courtesy and fond of society; industrious, economical, ingenious; more liable in general to err than man; but in general, also, more virtuous, and performing more good actions than he. . . "I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship to a woman, whether civilized or savage, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man it has often been otherwise.

In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia and the widespread regions of the wandering Tartar; if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, woman has ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and to add to this virtue so worthy the appellation of benevolence, these actions have been performed in so free and kind a manner that, if dry, I drank the sweetest draft, and, if hungry, ate the coarsest morsel with a double relish". . . While in Siberia he met an old shipmate when sailing under Captain Cook. They drove up the Lena in sledges on ice and traveled 1500 miles in seventeen days. Soon he was arrested as a French spy, by order of the empress, and conveyed to the frontier of Poland, where he was set at liberty and cautioned that if he ever entered the Russian dominions again he should be hanged. . . The Empress Catherine afterward made a thin apology for her conduct by saying that she thus acted "because she could not render herself guilty of the death of an American by furthering a journey so fraught with danger as that he proposed to take alone across the unknown and savage regions of northwestern America". . . He reached Koenigsberg destitute and broken in health on account of the cruel treatment received from the officers of this exceedingly humane empress. He suc-

ceeded in making his way to London in a wretched condition, describing himself as "disappointed, ragged, penniless, but with a whole heart". . . Immediately on his arrival in London a new project was proposed to him by Joseph Banks, in behalf of the African association, which was an expedition to the interior of the "dark continent". To this he most readily assented. When he was shown the route chosen by the association, he said ". "I will go". "When will you set out?" asked the secretary. "To-morrow morning," was his reply. . . In a month he was in Alexandria, and in a few days after in Cairo. While here he was taken sick, and after the best medical skill of the place was called to his aid, his disease could not be checked, and he died in November, 1788, at the age of thirty-eight years. . . Ledyard always retained his love of country, and in all his misfortunes and distresses he never became cold and sour in regard to home and friends. In speaking of his desire to return to the society of his mother and sisters, he says: . "I long to strew roses in their laps and branches of palms beneath their feet". . . He seems to have had a strong trust in divine providence. In a letter he wrote when about to embark for Egypt, he thus speaks to his mother: . . . "Truly it is written that the ways of God are past finding out, and decrees unsearchable. Is the Lord thus great?

Lo also is he good. I am an instance of it. I have trampled the world under my feet, laughed at fear and derided danger. Through millions of fierce savages, over parching deserts, the freezing north, the everlasting ice, and stormy seas, I have passed, without harm. How good is my God! What rich subjects I have for praise, love and adoration!" . . . .

EARLY DARTMOUTH MEN.

A Dartmouth man takes pride in being able to speak the name of Webster and Choate when suddenly called upon to defend his college. These names may not be easily paralleled, yet the Dartmouth man should not be content to close his list there. A thorough knowledge of the founding and early history of the college, and a fair knowledge of the great minds which have gone out from "the small college" is a stock in trade which should accompany every Dartmouth student home on vacations, and out into the world on graduation. . . The following paragraphs are not to furnish a tabulated list of famous Dartmouth graduates, but rather to amuse and interest, and if in the amusing it may lead some to search for themselves among the records of the past, then the writer will feel that his time has not been sent wholly in vain. . . The story of John Smith and Pocahontas has furnished the theme for man a poem and story in the history of America life, as well as no little discussion as to its reliability. But John Smith was not the only true-hearted man who won the affection of the aboriginal woman or

had his life saved by their tender devotion, and the following tale of James Dean, a Dartmouth graduate in the class of 1773, can be fully vouched for: . . . "James Dean, 1773, was employed by the continental Congress to conciliate the northern tribes in their favor, and when the Revolutionary war began was retained by the same with the rank of major as agent of Indian affairs and interpreter, being stationed at Fort Stanwix, N. Y., now Rome. Such was his influence with the Oneidas that they gave him two square miles of their land which was at length exchanged for a track in Westmoreland, and his removal occurred in 1786. Two or three years after this, while living with his wife and two children, eighteen chiefs surprised him at midnight, entering the house and telling him they had come from their council to take his life in atonement for the murder, by an unknown hand, of one of their nation, so dooming him their victim. He reasoned with them a long time against their purpose without avail, and they were about to execute it when a squaw appeared who had adopted him in his youth and vehemently protested against their course, and then another in like manner, and then a third. Finding their protest produced no effect, they suddenly threw off their blankets, each drew a knife and declared they would plunge them in their own bosoms if they killed him. The

chiefs were dismayed, interpreted it as the voice of the Great Spirit and desisted". . . There were several Indian youths of much promise among the early graduates of the college, but the one who appeals to us most strongly is "Sir" Peter Pohquonnoppeet. "Sir" Peter,—the appellation "Sir" was one then given to the dignified Seniors and it clung to Pohquonnoppeet through his life,—was a member of the class of 1780. He was a "student of high standing and unblemished character" and had before him a most promising future. He gained his education and went back among his people to incur the jealousy of a rival chief, and to meet his death in a secret manner by poison at the instigation of a rival who was "jealous of his growing power, influence, respectability and fame". . . A dozen names may be mentioned, any one of which stands for facts which are of peculiar interest in themselves and are not generally known by the hundreds of Dartmouth men who come and go through the ears. To cite a few:—Jonathan Grout, 1787, was "the first constructor of telegraphs by signals in this country". Stephen Patten, 1790, "opened the first book store in Maine, in Portland, in 1793". Philander Chase, 1796, founded Kenyon college. H. R. Bender, 1809, was the first lawyer in Rochester, N. Y. E. W. Clark, 1824, was the first pastor of the first native

church in Honolulu. F. B. Brewer, 1843, and G. H. Bissell, 1845, were "the first to discover and develop the value of petroleum oil in Western Pennsylvania". James Shirley, 1818, owned the farm in Vicksburg on which occurred the interview between Generals Grant and Pemberton, which led to the surrender of that city in the late war. Henry Wood, 1822, introduced the first Protestant mission in Japan. Joseph D. Webster, 1832, was "next with Sherman in the triumphant march to the sea". So the list might be indefinitely extended, but these few cases must suffice for an incentive, if such they may prove, to the more interested. . . The remark is frequently heard that the Freshmen are becoming younger in age each year, at the time of entering college. It is doubtful, however, if any recent class can compete with 1804 which graduated W. W. Moore at the age of twelve years, eight months, and ten days. Moreover, the lad was the pet of the class and scored a hit at Commencement by taking part in a Hebrew dialogue. Another Dartmouth prodigy was David Everett, 1795, who composed before his entrance to Dartmouth, at the age of seven years, in fact, the celebrated juvenile poem,. . . . . .

"You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in publick on the stage."

The athletic spirit of Dartmouth is not an innovation of recent date as is most strong-

ly emphasized by the accounts of early feats and contests. George Grout, 1875, was noted or his strength and agility. In wrestling he threw in succession seven brothers, all powerful athletes, who had challenged the whole college to contend with them. Maris B. Pierce, 1840, was an Indian chief of the Seneca tribe, whose original name was "Hy-dy-a-do-do," the Runner, and his abilities in this line were noteworthy. . . Dartmouth graduates have been responsible for, and connected with, many strange happenings. Perhaps the most remarkable of these is the claim, now fairly well established, which gives to Solomon Spaulding, of the class of 1785, the credit for having innocently been the means of the establishment of the Mormon church, through the writing of a strange manuscript which was stolen from him and accepted as the foundation of the new faith. . . Then there was a graduate of the class of 1779 who, after many religious changes, fell into a great mental hallucination lasting a year, during which he fasted fourteen, twenty and even forty-six days, persuaded that by so doing he could raise the dead. But failing to revive his buried wife he recovered his reason. In striking contrast is the case of John Humphrey Noyes of 1830, who pronounced marriage a "fraud," and with some peculiar ultraisms founded a new sect at Oneida creek in New York state, over which he

presided for many years. A wonderful instance which is well authenticated and believed in by many versed in such matters, is to the effect that Laban Ainsworth, 1778, who lived to attend a service in commemoration of his 100th birthday, was "at Hanover while the battle of Bunker Hill was in progress, and his attention was directed to the report of canon by the Indian, Daniel Simons, 1777, who perceived it when lying on the ground, his ear being in contact.". . . The spirit of the humorous will never be absent wherever young American lads are gathered together, in study or in play. With all its rigor and devotion to the one great study for the ministry there was not lacking in the early Dartmouth this same genial spirit of "fooling the professor," and kindred pranks. These are but three which are taken from the many which have come down to us from an earlier generation as illustrative of this side of the Dartmouth life of the time. . . "Samuel Taggart, 1774, was absentminded and eccentrick, caught flies in prayers at the college chapel, and being reproved for inattention, vindicated himself by repeating all that had been said in the devotions". . . "Silas Dinsmore, 1791, was agent to the Cherokee and Choctaw Indians for the United States government, also collector of the port of Mobile, Ala. It was to him, a man of great energy and integrity, that a Cabinet secretary

wrote enquiring, 'How far does the Tombigbee run up into the country?' His reply was that 'the river runs down, not up at all.' This sarcasm from a Federalist cost him his office.". . . "Moses M. Fiske, 1802, while in college, on the question of personal identity in despite of bodily changes, Professor Woodward maintained the affirmative in the class, illustrated it by a ship whose parts had been all renewed, and is yet the same ship. Fiske then held out a pen-knife and asked the Prof., 'If I lose the blade and get another, is it the same knife?' 'Yes.' 'If I next lose the handle and get a new one, is it still the same?' 'Yes.' 'But my chum finds both the lost blade and handle, and puts them together. What knife is that? Which is the knife I bought?' The Professor was thus effectually nonplussed, and Fiske enjoyed a triumph."

DARTMOUTH AND MORMONISM.

ONE of the strangest and most interesting tales in the annals of Dartmouth graduates is that one which would seem to prove beyond all doubt that the origin and establishment of the great Mormon church was due to the direct, yet unconscious and unintentional, efforts of a Dartmouth man. The facts in the case have received the careful criticism of many authors during a long period of years, and the evidence at the conclusion of the nineteenth century would all seem to point to the one strange, real fact that the Mormon bible is no more nor less than a copy of fictitious narrative which was written about the year 1810 by Rev. Solomon Spalding, a Presbyterian evangelist and a Dartmouth graduate of the class of 1785. . . The details of the story are of intense interest in themselves and have been fully reviewed by more than one author. The story goes that while living at New Salem (now Conneaut), Ohio, the Rev. Mr. Spaulding became exceedingly interested in some old earth mounds which are scattered about the country in that neighborhood. He was one of the first to examine these mounds and he extended his

observations to the valley of the Mississippi. Of one particular mound in question Mrs. Ellen E. Dickinson writes: "In close proximity to the Spalding residence there were some earth mounds; they greatly interested him (Mr. Spalding), and in order to have one of them investigated he had a large and vigorous tree cut down, which, on examination, turned out to be 1000 years old. Buried within the mound were various evidences of a prehistoric race, relics of a civilized condition, mingled with human bones, which were portions of gigantic skeletons. The discovery very greatly excited him and fired his imagination". . . This led Mr. Spalding to write an ingenious narrative in which he gave wings to his imagination, describing with thrilling effect the adventures of "the lost ten tribes of Israel" in their wanderings to America and through the western hemisphere. "The extreme antiquity of the relics belonging to the race whose history he professed to give," says Mrs. Dickinson, "led him to adopt the most antique style of composition, and so he imitated the Scriptures as the most ancient book of the world; and his knowledge of the classics and histories of the olden times enable him to introduce odd names which were noticed by his friends and which were afterward distinguished by them". The work was very religious and the idea of golden plates and miraculous stones by which the original

inscriptions were to be read and interpreted was conceived by Spalding. The work was called "The Manuscript Found," and among some of the strange names used were Mormon, Maroni, Nephi, etc., names found nowhere else in literature. . . The book was never published, but Mr. Spalding read it to his family and to many people in Pennsylvania and adjoining states, furnishing much entertainment and amusement thereby. . . In 1812 Mr. Spalding moved to Pittsburgh, Pa., and having no means to get his fiction published himself, left it with the printers, Patterson Bros., to be published, which was never done. Among the employees of the printing house was one Sidney Regdon, who twenty years later became a Campbellite preacher. Regdon was familiar with the manuscript and evidence is brought forward to show that at one time Mr. Spalding accused Regdon of having copied the manuscript. About this time Regdon became intimate with Joseph Smith at Palmyra, before the Book of Mormon came out. Smith was a native of Sharon, Vt., and was the son of dissolute parents, having early inflamed his mind by reading highly colored works, one of which was the "memoirs of Stephen Burroughs," the Dartmouth student who printed at Hanover the volume of his crimes and escapades. . . So much for the origin of the manuscript which proved of so much consequence.

The next step in the drama is related by Montgomery in "The Mormon Delusion," as follows: "Although it cannot be fully proved, yet the writer is convinced that the reading of the fiction, 'The Manuscript Found,' by Sidney Regdon, and the hearing about its contents by Joseph Smith, suggested to these two schemers the historical basis of the Book of Mormon; that they united their wits in the preparation of the work and that it may have been copied largely from some other unpublished manuscript left by the same Solomon Spaulding". Larned corroborates the above by substantially the same statement. "Members of Mr. Spalding's family," he says, "and other persons who read it or heard it read, in manuscript, claimed confidently after the re-appearance of the Book of Mormon that the main body of the narrative and the notable names introduced in it were identical with those of the latter. Some circumstances, moreover, seemed to indicate a probability that Mr. Spalding's manuscript, being left during several weeks with a publisher named Patterson, at Pittsburg, came there into the hands of one Sidney Regdon, a young printer, who appeared subsequently as one of the leading missionaries of Mormonism, and who is believed to have visited Joseph Smith at Palmyra, before the Book of Mormon came to light". . . The similarity of the two texts was not left to another generation to

be noted and commented on. It is found that the fact was very generally noted at the time, and an additional incident is brought forward which would seem to more strongly indicate the proof of the conclusions. The original document, after it was returned from the printers, was kept for a long time in the family and carefully guarded in an old trunk. After the matter of the similarity in the two works had been discussed and referred to during several years, one day a Mormon missionary, in a roundabout way and by misrepresentations, secured permission to take the original manuscript for examination in connection with the Mormon bible. He was given the custody of the manuscript with reluctance and —it was never returned, although a solemn promise was given that it would be. This missionary, Dr. D. P. Hurlburt, made no response to continued appeals to return the manuscript, and the fact that taken s further proof that "The Manuscript Found" and the Book of Mormon were one and the same thing. Thus a Dartmouth graduate and a Presbyterian evangelist all unconsciously and unsuspectingly furnished the foundation no which a new and remarkable religious sect was to rest its faith. . . . . .

A REVOLUTIONARY POEM.

Fred Lewis Pattee, '88

THE following poem entitled, "On the Demolition of a Log College," was written by Phillip Freneau, the poet of the Revolution, about the year 1789 or 1790, and first appeared in a volume of his poems printed at the press of the author at Mount Pleasant, N. J. It was reprinted without change in the 1809 edition of Freneau under the title "On the Demolition of an Old college". . .

On New Year's eve, the year was Eighty-
nine,
All clad in black, a back-woods' college crew
With crow-bar, sledge, and broad axe did
combine
To level with the dust their antique hall,
In hopes the President would build a new.
Yes, yes (said they), this ancient pile shall
fall,
And laugh no longer at yon cobler's stall.

The clock struck seven—in social compact
joined,
They pledged their sacred honors to proceed;
The number seventy-five this feat designed;

And first some oaths they swore by candle
light
On Euclid's Element — no bible did they
need;
One must be true, they said, the other right—
Besides, no bible could be found that night.

Now darkness o'er the plan her pinions
spread,
Then rung the bell an unaccustomed peal;
Out rushed the brave, the cowards went to
bed,
And left the attempt to those who felt full
bold
To pull down halls, where years had seen
them kneel;
Where Wheelock oft at rakes was won to
scold
Or sung them man a psalm in days of old.

Advancing then towards the tottering hall,
(That now at least one hundred years had
stood)
They gave due notice that it soon should
fall—
Lest there some godly wight might gaping
stand,
For well they knew the world wants all its
good
To fight the sturdy sinners of the land,
And shame old Satan, with his sooty band.

The reverend man that college gentry
awes,
Hearing the bell at this unusual hour,

Vex't at the infringement of the College
Laws,
With Indian stride out-sallied from his den,
And made a speech (as being a man in
power) —
Alas ! it was but heard by one in ten —
No time to heed his speeches or his pen.

"Ah, rogues, said he, ah, whither do ye run,
"Bent on the ruin of this antique pile —
"That, all the war, has braved both sword
and gun ?
"Reflect, dear boys, some reverend rats are
there,
"That now will have to scamper many a
mile,
"For whom past time old Latin books did
spare,
"And Attic Greek, and manuscripts most
rare.

"Relent, relent ! to accomplish such designs
"Folk bred on College fare are much too
weak;
"For such attempts men drink your high-
proof wines,
"Not spiritless switchel and vile hogo
drams,
'Scarcely sufficient to digest your Greek —
"come, let the College stand, my dear black
lambs —
"Besides — I see you have no battering rams."

Thus he — but sighs, and tears, and prayers
were lost —

So to it they went with broad-axe, spade
and hammer—
One smote a wall, and one dislodged a post,
Tugged at a beam, or pulled down pigeon-
holes
Where Indian lads were wont to study
grammar —
Indeed, they took vast pains and dug like
moles,
And worked as if they worked to save their
souls.

Now to its deep foundation shook the dome;
Farewell to all its learning, fame and honor !
So fell the capitol of heathen Rome,
By Goths and Vandals leveled with the
dust —
And so shall die thee works of Neal O'Con-
nor,
(Which he himself will even outlive, we
trust;)
But now our story's coming to the worst—

Down fell the pile ! — aghast these rebels
stood,
And wondered at the mischiefs they had
done
To such a pile, composed of white-oak wood;
To such a pile, so antique and so renowned
Which many a prayer had heard and many
a pun—
So, three huzzas they gave, and fired a
round,
Then homeward trudge—half drunk—but
safe and sound.

The above incident, as related in Freneau's poem, actually happened while Pres. John Wheelock was in Europe securing funds to carry on the work of the college. . . The poet has in one or two instances departed from historical facts, but the story is in the main true. Commenting on the affair, Chase's *History of Dartmouth College and Hanover* says: "During the President's absence, Prof. Woodward acted as chief executive, and Prof. Ripley resided with the family in the presidential mansion. The students, it seems, took advantage of the opportunity to rid themselves and the faculty of the little log hut, 'the first sprout of the college,' that stood near the mansion house. Being remitted to the occupancy of servants, it was by this time in a deplorable state of neglect and decay, and obnoxious to everybody. On a December evening in 1782 or 1783 Professor Ripley, in the President's house, happened to be entertaining a friend from Connecticut, and dilating with much satisfaction upon the orderly behavior of the students and the freedom from noise and disturbance. In the midst of it they became aware of an unusual commotion without, and on going to see about it, discovered a body of students assailing the log house in such a manner that in a very short time little was left of it. The professor made an effort to stay the work, but the noise overpowered his voice. By his order a young man named

Hatch went to summon Prof. Woodward, who, when awakened, asked very deliberately who he was and what he wanted. 'Oh,' said Hatch, 'the rogues are demolishing the log house, and Prof. Ripley whishes your presence there as speedily as possible !'. 'Well,' said the professor, 'who are they that are perpetrating the mischief ?'. 'Oh,' said Hatch, 'I am there, and we are all there, and the work is almost finished, and if you, Mr. Professor, are not soon there, we shall have cleared out and you won't catch us !'". . . . .

AN INDIAN SCARE OF 1781.

THE strange case of Stephen Burroughs, once a student at Dartmouth, while it may be familiar to some, is still to the majority an undiscovered event of early history. The son of estimable parents, who resided in Hanover, this scapegrace son achieved during his life the unenviable reputation of the foremost criminal in New England. The story of his life, written by himself, was published in two volumes in Hanover in 1798 and 1804, a second combined edition appearing in Boson in 1832. A copy of the latter edition has recently been added to the college library. The "Memoirs" comprise a lengthy history of this man's life, escapades, crimes and persecutions, and has several references to the man's early life in Dartmouth College and as a resident of Hanover. Coming as he did from a pious and distinguished family, and having in his later and more mature years repented somewhat for the follies of his youth, it is not as unkind as it may seem to state that one of Dartmouth's present day professors is a grand-nephew of this same notorious Burroughs, and has hanging on the walls of his Webster Avenue home a portrait of the

same Rev. Stephen Burroughs. . . The following tale is but one example of Burroughs many early escapades as a member of Dartmouth College, and occurred soon after his matriculation in 1781: . . . "About this time (1781) the Indians had made inroads upon some of the frontier settlements and destroyed them. It was feared they would make a descent upon Hanover and burn Dartmouth College, with the buildings in its vicinity, and consequently the minds of the people were filled with fear and easily aroused by an alarm of any kind. One evening being in company with a number of others, we proposed and agreed to make a visit to a yard of watermelons belonging to a man in the vicinity, who kept them for sale, and help ourselves to some of them. We, accordingly, put our plan into execution, and went as far as the river, half a mile out of town, in order to eat them more securely. After we had finished our repast every one took his own way in order to get into his room unperceived. I came directly into town, by the most obvious route, in company with one Paine. When we had gotten to the green, around which the buildings stand, we discovered some person walking before my door suspecting, as I supposed, my absence from the room, which, being against the laws of the college at that time of night, would give him an opportunity, if he made the desired discovery, to

involve me in difficulty. . . "All these circumstances were very apparent to me and, therefore, I wished to avoid being known to him, as well as to avoid the discovery of the watermelons. We, therefore, turned off another course, than directly to the college, and rolled up our loose gowns together, and tucked them up on our backs so as to make the appearance of men with packs on. This man, Higgins by name, seeing us by this time, came on towards us; we quickened our pace—he pursued us with equal speed—we ran—he ran after us, and halloed with all his might. I was now sensible that an alarm would be made among the inhabitants, and, of course some immediate and decisive measures must be taken to prevent a discovery, or a suspicion of the watermelon business falling on me; I therefore, turned a short corner, where my pursuer lost sight of me, and ran directly back to the college, and got into my room undiscovered. . . "Fortunately my room-mate was not at his lodging this night. I heard an inquiry in the rooms adjoining, respecting the noise. I went into one of them and found they were about starting after Higgins to learn the difficulty. We, accordingly, all started together, and after running about one hundred rods, came up to him, who was still halloing for help. On enquiry he told us that he had discovered two men carrying packs on their backs, lurking about the town, whom he

supposed to be spies from the Indians, and they fled on discovering him. . . . . "The town was alarmed, the militia turned out; the boats up and down the river were stopped; the woods were scoured, but nothing found, nothing discovered; all night the fruitless search was continued. About the dawn of the day the people returned into the town and assembled for mutual consultation. Some thought one thing, some another. Some thought the difficulty began in nothing, and ended in the same. Some thought it a trick of the scholars to make themselves a diversion. . . . "At the suggestion of this idea, one Captain Storrs observed that he saw Burroughs and Paine pass by his house about six minutes before he heard the outcry. The name of Burroughs cast a suspicious appearance upon the business; they all turned their eyes upon me as the author of this alarm and uproar. I cited those who ran from the college with me on the first of the outcry, to vouch for my innocence; they readily did it. . . . "All were satisfied on my account except my good friend, Mr. Wood. He rolled the eye of jealousy over the business—he was dissatisfied. He took Paine to a private room in the college, and there by a re-iterate course of flattery, threatening, terror and soothings, he obtained the mighty secret, as it related to me. I was immediately informed of the business by a person whom I

had placed in a room adjoining to overhear whatever should be the result of this conference. . . "It was not about sunrise. I immediately went to the owner of the watermelons and told him that, passing his yard last evening, after he was in bed, I had taken twelve of his watermelons, knowing he kept them for sale, and came to let him know it and pay for them. After counting his watermelons, and finding twelve taken, according to my account, he took the pay and gave me his receipt. I now returned to my room, ready to meet the heavy blow I saw was preparing against me. . . "By this time it had taken air that I was the author of the last night's alarm. Every countenance was turned upon me in an oblique direction. They had all heard that theft was combined in the business; they had all determined I must fall under this blow; therefore, they were all waiting for the awful moment of my being summoned before the authority of the college. Ten o'clock, the tremendous hour, arrived. I appeared; a number had gathered, which crowded the room. After the charge was read against me, Mr. Ripley, one of the tutors, addressed me in a speech of half an hour's length, stating the enormous crime I had been guilty of, the course of iniquity I must have led through life to be detected in such an atrocious, high-handed breach of law, at the age of sixteen; the disgrace I had brought

on my family connections and the seminary of which I was a member; that my expulsion, which would, undoubtedly, succeed, would be but only a prelude to my punishment by the civil law; that ruin and disgrace were the only effects which would fall on my devoted head. . . "This rant I heard with the coolness of a stoic. After he had talked himself out of breath, I had liberty to answer. I mentioned the hardness of my case, in being accused, condemned, and executed without any proof, or even heard in my own defence. That I did not know what evidence they could produce of my being guilty of the crime laid to my charge, but whatever it was, I hoped to be sufficiently able to overturn its validity, and clearly establish my innocence. At least the humane language of candor taught us to hold every man innocent till he was proved guilty. True it was I had taken the watermelons from Mr. Smith the night preceding, but had early that morning informed him of the fact, and paid for them. . . "This information was like a thunderclap to some of the spectators. All their hopes of seeing ruin fall heavy on my head were now quashed in the twinkling of an eye. Mr. Smith, the owner of the watermelons, having been sent for, testified to all the facts which I had stated and, of course, here the business ended". . . . .

THE NOTORIOUS STEPHEN BURROUGHS.

Charles Manly Smith, '91.

THE "Memoirs of Stephen Burroughs" was undoubtedly the first bound book published in this town. It was "Printed at Hanover, New Hampshire, by Benjamin True," in 1798. there is probably but one copy of this first edition here, and it is an admirable and highly interesting specimen of old-time typography. A second edition was published in New York in 1811, and a third in Philadelphia in 1848. Burroughs was his own biographer, and wrote the sketch of his life to a friend in twenty-eight separate letters, which form the chapters of the book. He began writing them in 1794, when twenty-nine years of age. . . One cannot help feeling that the author exaggerated his woes and adventures to make a sizable volume, and an interesting story, although in his first sentence he wrote, "In relating the facts of my life to you I shall endeavor to give as simple an account of them as I am able without coloring or darkening any circumstance". Here and

there he wandered off into a long ethical discussion. Some of these discussions are bearable, while others are exceedingly ridiculous, especially when you consider the character of the writer. Some of his views must have been quite anarchical for those times. His style was very flowery and often pedantic. Many poetical quotations head the chapters and are scattered along through to show the author's learning and fill up space. There are also a large number of letters, some of which are interesting. . . Stephen was the son of a Presbyterian clergyman, Eden Burroughs, who lived in Hanover and was for forty years — from 1773 to 1813 — a trustee of Dartmouth College. He was a man of great integrity and much learning, and Burroughs wrote, "Were any to expect merit from their parentage I might justly look for that merit". Stephen's thirst for amusement at anybody's expense was insatiable, and, though reared under strictest discipline, he very early developed traits which made him by unanimous declaration the worst boy in town. He relates one instance to show what kind of fun he liked: . A neighbor of his father had a fine yard of watermelons, which had been disturbed for three or four successive nights. The old man, being of a hasty, petulant disposition, determined to watch his melons with a club and beat the thief. One night he took his stand in a convenient place for watch-

ing, unknown to anybody. Burroughs becoming by accident acquainted with the old man's situation, and suspecting his intentions, went to one of his sons, a young man of about twenty, and told him that he had seen a man in the melon patch whom he suspected to be the thief, and advised him to go cautiously to the yard, and perhaps he might catch him. So the young man went, but no sooner was he in the yard than his father, supposing him to be the thief, rushed from his hiding place and severely handled the poor fellow before he found out his mistake. "This scene of merriment," said Stephen, "I enjoyed to the full". . . Such scenes he continued to bring about, enjoy, and be punished for until his fourteenth year, when he determined to seek pleasure and fame in the army. At the time a regiment of Continental forces was passing through the country, so he enlisted in an artillery company, attending the regiment as a private soldier. His father, however, frustrated his plans by obtaining his discharge and taking him home. He ran away from home again; his father took him back. A third time he joined the regiment and enlisted under an officer who, when his father came to demand him, left Stephen to choose between going and staying, and he of course chose to stay with the regiment. But he was soon tired of military life, so he decamped for Hanover, and his father wrote

to General Washington to obtain his discharge. . . Soon after this he was placed under the care of Rev. Joseph Huntington, a noted instructor in those times, who was also a trustee of Dartmouth. With him he stayed a year, until he was fitted for college, and it was a year much fuller of mischief than classical study. He was admitted to Dartmouth in 1781. Here he had a wider field for action. Reports of his eccentricities had preceded him, and all the boys awaited an outbreak, but he disappointed them for some time as he was determined to do. He left college in the middle of Sophomore year and determined to go to sea. He went to Newburyport, Mass., and engaged to go as doctor on a packet bound for France. The voyage was an exciting one. Among other adventures was a hard fight with a privateer. He soon decided that a little of that kind of life was enough for him, and returned to Hanover. After a short say he started out to visit relatives in Massachusetts and Connecticut, and if possible find employment. On the way his slender resources became exhausted, and at Pelham, Mass., where he heard that a minister was wanted, he made application, under a false name, for a place to preach. He was hired for four Sundays at five dollars a Sunday, and fulfilled his work most satisfactorily by delivering some sermons which he had previously purloined from his father. At the

end of that time he was liked and hired for eleven Sundays more. He drew his pay in advance, and he was greatly in need of money. Near the close of the contract the real name and character of the minister became known in Pelham, and there was a great indignation. Burroughs fled out of the town, but the inhabitants pursued. At last he sought refuge in a barn, and mounted the haymow to have an advantageous position for meeting their assault. The crowd filled the barn and demanded that he go back and vindicate his conduct, but especially preach the other sermon for which they had paid him, for there was one more due them. He obtained silence, and without stopping for any vindication of conduct proceeded to get even with the Pelhamites by delivering from the mow his farewell sermon. . . It was also told of Burroughs, though he denied the story, that he once engaged to preach for a minister, put up at the minister's house, borrowed his clothes and his watch that he might not it up too late Saturday night preparing his sermon, and that Sunday morning no clothes, watch or Burroughs were to be found, but at the head of a sheet of paper, as though the text on which he was about to write, was: "Ye shall seek me early, and shall not find me". . . He next entered a counterfeiting scheme, which ended in three years' imprisonment at Northampton and Castle Island. He made sev-

eral desperate and almost successful attempts to escape, but had to endure the full measure of his sentence. After his release he secured a position as a teacher at Charlton, Mass., and married. Here he conducted himself with honor for some time, and enjoyed friends and a competence; but misfortune again overtook him and he was thrown into jail. He escaped, however, to Long Island, where he engaged in teaching for several years. . . Here the narrative of this curious old book ends. From a note by the publisher of the second edition, and other sources, it is found that Burroughs afterward returned to Hanover, where he lived with his father until a disagreement arose between them, when he went to Canada and revived his old trade of counterfeiting. Later in life, having reformed, he joined the Roman Catholic church and supported himself by teaching the sons of wealthy Canadians at his home in Three Rivers until his death in 1840.

BARBARY PIRATES.

Charles Thomas Hallinan, '03.

THERE is a chapter in the diplomatic history of the United States which may be read with peculiar interest by Dartmouth men — the story of the fight between the private nations of the Mediterranean, Tripoli and Tunis, and a Connecticut Yankee, William Eaton. In the days when Casabianca, for example, was better known than he is at present, when every school boy spouted heroics before his class-mates each long, hot Friday afternoon, the story of this dashing adventurer was very popular, sharing honors with the victory of Lawrence and similar gallant tales. So, as this hero was a son of old Dartmouth, a short account of his career may not be out of place in this volume. . . In 1780, when into the homes of New England there crept the discouraging news of Gates' defeat and Benedict Arnold's treachery, William Eaton, a lad of sixteen years, ran away from his home at Woodstock, Connecticut, and enlisted in Major Dennie's troop. He was a restless fellow, not content to abide very long in one place, so the activity of campaigning proved congenial. When the

Continental troops were disbanded in '83, he was honorably discharged after he had gained the rank of sergeant. . . In October, 1785, Eaton entered Dartmouth College, with permission to remain absent during the winter for the purpose of teaching school. But the double work was too much for him, and two years later we find him entering college again with the Freshman class. In those days college courses were shorter than the are at present, for young Eaton graduated within two years, notwithstanding his long absences during the winter months. . . Soon drifting back into the army, Eaton, now appointed captain, spent a year exploring the Ohio river valley and several years in active campaigning in Florida. His peculiar aggressiveness constantly brought him into various encounters, one of which nearly caused him to be court-martialed. Some one has described him as "quixotic in temperament"; he was all of that and more, too; but the mud forts of Florida did not afford him the proper setting. Fate had in store for him situations far more to his taste; with the next turn of her wheel she brought them to him, for he was soon appointed consul to the kingdom and city of Tunis. . . The situation in the Mediterranean was certainly remarkable enough at this time to suit the most daring temperament. Seven kings of Europe and two republics besides the United States were

held in direct or indirect subjection to the crumbling kingdom of Algiers. The Mediterranean sea was a nest of pirates, who levied tribute on the commerce of the world; Jews, Arabs, Moors and Turks played into one another's hands to rob the foreigners. Payment of tribute was, among the nations, the only means of opening the rich ports of Africa and the Orient. Our struggling government gave without a murmur large presents of money and jewelry to the Bey of Algiers. Once in so often came from the ship yards of Copenhagen a cruiser of twenty guns, "an expression of esteem from His Majesty, the King of Denmark, to the Most Worshipful Bey of Tunis". Even Great Britain gave a present of twelve thousand pounds whenever she sent a new consul to the Barbary coast. In Consul Eaton's instructions we find no trace of Pinckney's defiant ultimatum to France, "Millions for defence, not one cent for tribute". At that time no other course seemed possible. Our navy was weak, our finances low, our governmental machinery loose and inadequate. And during this time our merchants were clamoring for protection in the trade routes to the East. . . In 1798 Eaton entered the city of Tunis on a mission of peculiar importance. A treaty between Tunis and the United States was being discussed, in which the grasping Bey was intolerably insolent in his demands. The

trouble was aggravated by the fact that a French Jew who resided in Tunis had, owing to the absence of any Americans in that port, been appointed a vice-consul and had drawn up a preposterous treaty. Matters were in a terrible snarl when the new consul arrived. . . It was not conducive to Eaton's good temper to find that the man who had caused all the trouble by betraying the interest of the United States proposed to remain on the field and thwart the negotiations. Nearly a year was wasted in bickerings; influenced by this Jew, who did not care to have any of the Mediterranean trade carried by American ships, the Bey balked at every reasonable proposal. Eaton kept his temper in public, but in his private diary he fumed and cursed. The end was not hard to foresee. Meeting the Jew Famin one day down by the docks the consul's choleric nature asserted itself and he gave "his Shylock" such a horsewhipping that the "very sight of it paralyzed every Turk in the city". . . This cleared the air amazingly for a time, but every measure which Eaton took was weakened in its effect by the non-support of the government. "If you will order the Mediterranean fleet to anchor in this port for two weeks I will have the Bey of Tunis paying tribute to us". So wrote the consul to the Secretary of State, but, for some reason, the fleet was not sent. Three small gunboats, however, did enter the har-

bor one day for repairs, but their appearance was so inadequate that the Bey only laughed and demanded of the exasperated consul that the United States make him "a present of two hundred and twenty-five thousand Spanish dollars and an annual gift of twenty-five thousand dollars". This was too much for Eaton; he flatly refused to send the notice and enforced his convictions by resigning his office. . . The Bashaw of Tripoli and his exiled brother, Hamit, now appeared on the scene. Joseph, the Bashaw, who had deposed his brother, was ruling over as rascally a nation of pirates as the Mediterranean could boast. He was as strongly intrenched in power as was possible in such days of violence and in such a nation of cut-throats. He was certainly safe from any attempts which Hamit might make, for the later merely drifted about from place to place, purposeless, with even the desire for revenge dying out in his breast. To him Eaton turned with the instinct of the true adventurer; if the United States could, by backing Hamit, overturn the kingdom of Tripoli, she would have a strong centre of influence in Barbary politics, and would administer an effective lesson to the Bey of Tunis. But naval commanders in the Mediterranean pronounced the scheme visionary; it was easy to find fault with such an idea, for the chances of success were small, indeed.

Eaton's importunate letters wearied the department of state; the nation, having at one bloodless stroke taken in the vast territory of the Louisiana Purchase, was very well satisfied with its peace policy and indisposed to undertake any hair-brained raids. It was not until Eaton came home and pleaded his cause in person that this request was granted. In 1804 he returned to the Barbary states, commissioned to restore the ex-Bashaw Hamit to the throne of Tripoli. . . Not for a long time had fortune smiled upon the exiled Turk. He was growing weary of his constant persecution and finally sought refuge in Egypt. The Oriental cry of "Backsheeh ! Backsheeh !" drove him nearly wild. But at last, after being robbed right and left for provisions, camels and men, Eaton struggled out of the city with a motley crew of followers. Counting a handful of marines and other white men, he had about four hundred, all told. The Arabs began to show their treacherous and greedy disposition. At every obstacle on the journey they tried to desert. If a sheik felt indisposed when he awoke in the morning, he promptly raised a mutiny and tried to get some men to desert with him. Their way led along the coast; as no ships were every discerned, the Arabs refused to believe Eaton when he assured them that the navy was to co-operate with him in the attack. The food supply gradually sank lower and

lower; the fertile Nile valleys were soon left behind; a rock-strewn desert spread out before them. He whose efforts were to open up the rich Oriental trade to American merchantmen had to sit up night after night to guard his few sacks of rice from the thieving Arabs. Now and then they met wandering tribes from whom they bought enough grain to carry them to their next stopping place. The water failed them, for out there in the desert it was such an easy thing to kill off an army by poisoning the wells that the unscrupulous Bashaw of Tripoli did it freely. Mutiny after mutiny was quelled until Eaton gradually infused into his men and the tribes with whom he came in contact something of his own certainty of success. His ranks gradually filled; sheik after sheik joined his cause as he neared the enemies' country. It as about this time that he wrote in his diary: . . . "May 23rd. Hassien Bey, the commander-in-chief of the enemy's forces, has offered by private insinuation, for my head, six thousand dollars, and double that sum for me a prisoner, and thirty dollars a head for Christians. Why don't he come and take it? . . . "Five o'clock p. m. Overwhelmed with the seyroc or hot winds of the desert. It came with a hurricane and brought with it a column of heated dust, which resembled the smoke of a conflagration, and turned the sun, in appearance, to melted copper,

swept everything to the ground that had life. We were distressed for breath, and a relaxing perspiration covered the surface of the body. It lasted three-quarters of an hour. . . "May 25th. The seyroc wind blew in a gale from the southwest to-day. So piercing was the heat that the white pine boards of our folding table and book coverings in our tents warped as if before a very close fire. . . Water standing in tumblers in a few minutes became heated to such a degree as not to be borne in the hand, and even stones, naturally cold, were so hot that the soldiers were obliged to suspend labor at the trenches. It is burning my wound frightfully". . . Yankee grit and Yankee resources were destined to carry the day. Courier after courier announced to the Bashaw of Tripoli that Eaton was pressing ever nearer to his goal. The advance guard of the Bashaw's army was beaten in a skirmish. Just as the ex-Consul and the ex-Bashaw were really beginning to enjoy the sense of triumph, news came to them that the crafty Bashaw had negotiated peace with the United States and that all hostilities were at an end. Eaton was at first disappointed, but soon accepted the situation and made ready to leave the country. Hamit begged to be taken along with him, for it was as much as his life was worth to remain in Africa. The Arabs began to see that they were not included in the peace, that in fact

they were traitors to the most malignant ruler in the Mediterranean countries. Fear seized them. During the night all of them but Hamit folded their tents "and silently stole away". . . The United States received General Eaton with great enthusiasm. Banquets and resolutions of praise met him on all sides. . . The story of his life has nothing further of interest, but it is enough to say that he alone had marked out decisively the manly policy which the United States was henceforth to follow; no more gold for the Bashaw of Tripoli, no more cruisers for the Bey of Tunis. When, ten years later, Decatur swept into the Mediterranean to subdue the Algerine pirates, it is but a slight exaggeration to say that half his work had already been done for him by that terror-inspiring Yankee, General William Eaton. . . . . . .

WEBSTER AS A CONJURER.

PERHAPS no better illustration of the hardships of the early settlers in and about Hanover can be produced than the following anecdote which as the added interest of being a college experience of Daniel Webster, in the year 1798, in which he received some amusing advice: . . . After Daniel Webster had been in college for several months he went one Saturday afternoon to visit some acquaintances of his father's who lived near Hanover. He relates the incident, himself, as follows: "I have thought I would trudge up there through the woods and spend Sunday with my old friends. After a long tedious walk I began to think I should never find the place, but I really did: and when I got there I was pretty well tired out with climbing, jumping over logs and so on. The family were not the less delighted than surprised to see me, but they were as poor as Job's cat. They were reduced to the last extreme of poverty, and their house contained but one apartment with a rude partition to make two rooms. I saw how matters were; but it was too late to go back, and they seemed really glad to see me.

They confessed to me that they had not even a cow or any potatoes. The only thing they had to eat was a bundle of green grass and a little hog's lard; and they actually subsisted on this grass fried in the hog's fat. But" said Mr. Webster emphatically, "it was not so bad after all. They fried up a great platter of it and I made my supper and breakfast off it. About a year and a half afterwards, just before graduating, I though that before leaving Hanover I would go and pay another visit to the Hansons. I found that they had improved somewhat for they now had a cow and plenty of plain homely fare. I spent the night and was about to leave the next morning, when Hanson said to me: . . . 'Well, Daniel, you are about to graduate. You've got through college, and have got college larnin', and now what are you going to do with it?'. . . I told him I had not decided on a profession. . . 'Well,' said he, 'You are a good boy; your father was a kind man to me, and was always kind to the poor. I should like to do a kind turn for him and his. You've got through college, and people that go through college either become ministers, or doctors, or lawyers. As for being a minister, I would never think of doin' that: they never get paid for doin' anything. Doctorin' is a miserable profession, they live upon other people's ailin's, are up night s and have no peace. And as for

being a lawyer, I would never propose that to anybody. Now,' said he, 'Daniel, I'll tell you what. You are a boy of parts; you understand this book-larnin', and you are bright. I knew a man who had college larnin' down in Rye, where I lived when I was a boy. That man was a conjurer, he could tell, by consulting his books and study, if a man had lost his cow, where she was. That was a great thing; and if people lost anything, they would think nothing of paying three or four dollars to a man like that so as to find their property. There is not a conjurer within a hundred miles of this place; and you are a bright boy, and have got this college larnin'. The best thing you can do, Daniel, is to study that, and be a conjurer'". It is not recorded that Daniel Webster ever seriously contemplated this step.

GEORGE TICKNOR.

THE two men who will always stand in the foreground of Dartmouth's famous alumni are Webster and Choate. Their positions are forever assured for they are the real type, the true ideal of the Dartmouth man. There is another name, however, which ranks among the most famous in the land, and in which Dartmouth most certainly has some little claim to take pride. George Ticknor, the eminent *belles lettrist*, "father" of the present system of modern language study in our colleges and universities, re-organizer of Harvard University and as much its preserver as was Webster the savior of Dartmouth College, was a graduate of Dartmouth College in the class of 1807. . . There is much that is singular in the relations between Dartmouth college and George Ticknor which has tended to keep that name more in reserve than many others less eminent. Ticknor was undoubtedly out of place at Dartmouth. He was not the typical Dartmouth man. He was a profuse reader of the classics. He was "the thoughtful observer of life rather than the vigorous liver of life". It has been ever

Dartmouth's task to claim the rugged, sturdy pines of the hills and forests and fashion them into the stately masts of the Ship of State. But Ticknor with his culture, his intellect, his scholarly attainments, was not destined for the ship of State, and was out of place in such a setting. It is not surprising, therefore, that we find Ticknor disparaging his college and its tutors in such style as follows: . . . "At Hanover, from 1805 to 1807, I was in Dartmouth college. One main reason for my going there was that my half sister, Miss Curtis, was married to an extremely respectable lawyer of that place, Mr. William Woodward, and I lived in her family. I had a good room and led a pleasant life, with good and respectable people, all more or less connected with the college; but I learned very little. The instructors generally were not as good teachers as my father had been, and I knew it; so I took no great interest in study. I remember liking to read Horace and I enjoyed calculating the great eclipse of 1806, and making a projection of it, which turned out nearly right. This, however, with a tolerably good knowledge of the higher algebra, was all I ever acquired in mathematics, and it was soon forgotten. . . "I was idle in college, and learnt little; but I led a happy life, and ran into no wildness or excesses. Indeed, in that village life, there was small opportunity for such things, and those with

whom I lived and associated, both in college and in the society of the place, were excellent people". . . Ticknor had often visited Hanover before this time, and, in fact, had long been destined to follow in the tread of his father, Elisha Ticknor, who had graduated from Dartmouth in 1783. These further words of the son give an interesting bit of local history, in the characteristically egotistic manner of the eminent Ticknor. . . "My father, who was a good scholar for his time, fitted me for college. I never went to a regular school. He was much connected with Dartmouth college, where he was educated, and where, after he was graduated, he was the head of Moor's Charity School, then, and still, connected with that institution. In consequence of this circumstance, President Wheelock, Professor Woodward, and other persons connected with it, in later years, made my father's house their home when they came to Boston, in the long winter vacations. They took much notice of me, and at the suggestion of President Wheelock, he examined me for college, and gave me a certificate of admission, before I was ten years old. I only remember that he examined me in Cicero's Orations and the Greek Testament. . . "Of course I knew very little, and the whole thing was a form, perhaps a farce. There was no though of my going to college, then, and I did not

go till I was fourteen; but I was twice examined at the college (where I went with my father and mother every summer) for advanced standing, and was finally admitted as a Junior, and went to reside there from Commencement, August 1805. Meantime, I continued to study with my father at home. . . "About 1803, Mr. Ezekiel Webster, an elder brother of Daniel, a graduate of Dartmouth college, kept a school in Short street, near my father's house which was in Essex street; and my father, thinking Mr. Webster might know more Greek than he did, sent me to him at private hours, to read Homer's Iliad. It was a mistake. I very soon found out that Mr. Webster knew less Greek than my father and could teach me nothing. But I did not tell of this. I read aloud my Iliad with him, much amused by the original, and more so with Pope, of which I read the whole. . . "At Dartmouth college (or rather Hanover), we stayed at President Wheelock's. His wife was a daughter of a Dutch gentleman, governor of the island of St. Thomas, and connected with the Boudinot family, of New Jersey. Some of the furniture of her house, which I suppose she brought with her, made a curious contrast with the life about her. I remember that the sheets on my bed were of delicate linen, and that the pillow cases were trimmed with lace. There were no carpets on the floors, and the

cookery was detestable. I remember how I hated to sit down to dinner. . . "Dr. Wheelock was stiff and stately. He read constantly, sat up late, and got up early. He talked very grave, and slow, with a falsetto voice. Mr. Webster could imitate him perfectly. He had been in England, he had a finger in politics, and had been a lieutenant-colonel in the army of the Revolution; but there was not the least trace of either of these portions of his life in his manners or his conversation at the time. He was one of the most formal men I ever knew. I saw a great deal of him, from 1802 to 1816, in his own house and my father's, but never felt the smallest degree of familiarity with him, nor do I believe that any of the students or young men did. They were generally very awkward, unused to the ways of the world. Many of them, when they went to the President on their little affairs, did not know when the time had come for them to get up and leave him: he, on the other hand, was very covetous of his time, and when the business was settled, and he had waited a little while, he would say, 'Will you sit longer, sir, or will you go now?'. . . It was a recognized formula, and no young man — that I ever heard of — ever sat longer after hearing it". . . Ticknor graduated from his two years' course in 1807, and returned home to give three years more to his favorite studies. At nineteen

he entered a lawyer's office in Boston and was admitted to the bar in 1813. But he gave up law and turned to letters. His later life is treated as follows in Appleton's encyclopedia: . . . "His father's circumstances were, fortunately, such as to enable the young student to consult his taste in the selection of his profession. In 1815 he went to Europe for study, spending four years at Gottingen, Rome, Madrid, Paris, Edinburgh and London, devoting himself to philological studies, especially to the ancient classics, and passing most of his time in the capitals, as affording obvious advantages for a critical study of the national literatures. During his absence he was, in 1817, appointed to fill the chair of modern languages and literature at Harvard, and the college professorship of *belles letters*. In 1819 he returned to the United States, bringing with him a valuable library. This in time grew to be one of the largest private collections in the country, and, for the rarity and importance of the books, was unsurpassed in some of its departments. This is especially true of the collections of Spanish literature, which rivaled the best ones in Europe. After holding his professorship for fifteen years, Mr. Ticknor resigned it in 1835 to Longfellow, preparatory to taking another trip to Europe, where he proposed to spend several years with his family. His labors had been attended with signal benefit to the University. He

was the first professor on the Smith foundation, and the duty devolved on him of giving a complete organization to the department, which includes several teachers. Moreover, during his connection with Harvard he suggested valuable improvements in the system of discipline, for which he had derived the hints from the German universities. Finally, he had greatly extended the range of intellectual culture among the students at the university, where literary instruction had hitherto been confined to the classics. Mr. Ticknor was a founder of the Boston Public Library, and president of its board of trustees in 1864-'66, and gave to it his Spanish and Portuguese libraries. Mr. Ticknor spent three years in Europe on his second visit and after his return set about the preparation of his great work 'The History of Spanish Literature,' so well called 'a masterly work' by Humboldt". . . This is briefly the life of Ticknor. He was, besides, the companion of eminent authors, historians, poets, scientists, naturalists and literateurs of two continents, and the personal friend and honored acquaintance of kings and princes. His life and his work are closely associated with Harvard University; it was here in the classic city that this diamond found its proper setting. It is truly said that his was not the Dartmouth type, nor was there here, at the time, a place for him. In fact, even at Harvard, it became necessary for Ticknor to

make his place. . . But let us see what gratification Dartmouth may justly and fairly take when she points with pride to this name of George Ticknor upon her alumni rolls. Elisha Ticknor, father of George, graduated at Dartmouth College after a four years' course, in 1783. He then assumed the directorship of Moor's Indian charity School, connected with the college. Later he became headmaster of the Franklin Grammar School in Boston. He was foremost in promoting the education of women in Massachusetts and founded the first insurance company in Boston, as well as the firs savings bank in New England. Elisha, as George Ticknor confesses, prepared his son for college. Perhaps Dartmouth ought not to push her claims upon George Ticknor further. . . That George Ticknor was able to enter Dartmouth College in the Junior class, and complete his course in two years, was due solely to the preparation given his father by Dartmouth College, and imparted to him; and in addition by the culture and attainment which he had acquired in his personal contact, through several years, with such men as President Wheelock, Professor Woodward and others of the Dartmouth College faculty. How far this latter dependence extended is attested most forcibly a little later when Ticknor, in the midst of his great task of building up Harvard University, finds that he cannot proceed

with the work of organizing a modern language department until he has received as a loan from President Wheelock of Dartmouth College the latter's German lexicon, which was, in fact, the only book of its kind in the country. . . There is not much more that need be said. It is enough to know that Dartmouth gave to George Ticknor all that it had in two generations. That by this aid and his own personal endeavors he rose to eminence and fame, and in maturer years, gave his great power to sustain and perpetuate another institution. He says that the "learned little at Dartmouth" in the same breath that he says he "was idle and happy" and that the instructors were poor and "not as good as his father had been". Yet his father had received all of his education at Dartmouth, before him. It is hard, therefore, to refrain from drawing the parallel between this noted alumnus and another, even more great, the immortal Webster, who, himself, was educated at Dartmouth and likewise rose to eminence by his own labors after leaving college, and who said: "I am poor. I have done for Dartmouth college all that I can. Yet I feel indebted to her . . . indebted for my early education, indebted for her early confidences. . . I remember what Dartmouth college did for me before I could do for it and freely I bestow upon it all my intellectual means". That was a gratitude, an embodiment of the

true Dartmouth Spirit as it appeals to us in all its significance in the twentieth century. Possibly we find the secret of it all in this, that Ticknor lacked the Dartmouth Spirit, and so to-day we tarry a little before placing him up there by the side of our ideals, Webster and Choate. . . .

DELEWARE TOM.

Charles Thomas Hallinan, '03

IN some way those Indians who have come under the influence of Dartmouth College have always managed to slip off with characteristic stealth into the deep woods of oblivion. Although we cannot doubt that among them were many strong, virile figures, their strength was not great enough to overcome the natural handicaps of race and limited opportunities. Consequently, it is only now and then that a graduate of "Moor's Indian Charity School" stands out very clearly before us. So it is with peculiar pleasure that we find in Mrs. Eva Emery Dye's recent book, "McLoughlin and Old Oregon," a bit of the story of a Dartmouth Indian, around whom the border troubles of the Northwest once centered, — Deleware Tom. . . The old college records — never very garrulous — have nothing to tell us of this man beyond the fact that he graduated at the age of twenty-five from the Dartmouth Medical School in the class of 1816, and that his name was Thomas Prentiss Hill. From some of Fremont's biographies, however, and from the documents of Oregon

and Old California, as sifted in Mrs. Dye's chronicle and Bancroft's "Pacific States," a fairly complete picture can be drawn. . . Thomas Prentiss Hill was a Deleware Indian from that branch of the tribe which dwelt in Pennsylvania along the Susquehanna river. The famous missionary society known as the United Brethren, whose efforts were confined to the Deleware and Mohican tribes, may have had some influence in sending him to college, but of that we cannot be certain. His professors in the medical school were Dr. Nathan Smith — through whose efforts the school had been started—and Dr. Mussey; their work was carried on in a single room—that now known as the Greek Seminar Room in the lower northeast corner of Old Dartmouth. Among the undergraduates who were in college then, and whom he must have known, were Thaddeus Stevens, who graduated in 1814, and Rufus Choate, who entered the Freshman class in Hill's Senior year. . . After graduation he disappears from our sight for a long time, re-appearing at last decked out with tomahawk and rifle and fringed buckskin leggings, on the trail to Fort Laramie in Wyoming. He pushed on through Wyoming and Idaho, stopped only long enough to get a wife from the peaceful Nez Perces, and then entered the Walla Walla region in western Oregon. Here at the gateway to the Pacific coast he stopped.

When his knowledge of English and his unusual character had attracted the attention of the whites, his services were in demand, and he became a guide and express runner between the trading posts of Laramie, Bent and St. Vrain. . . The situation in the Northwest was at this time a peculiar one and worthy of notice in explanation of the events which were to follow. During the thirties the region now known as Washington, Oregon, Idaho and British Columbia was simply one great fur-producing territory; farming was in its infancy, while gold had not yet been discovered. The Indians and the trappers and the big Hudson Bay Trading Company had the field all to themselves. But little by little the Americans began to drift in — adventurers, traders, missionaries and scouts — all of them the strong and picturesque types of the frontier. It would take too long and, for some of our readers, would be anticipating the point of Mrs. Dye's story to attempt to tell of the struggle for the control of Oregon, which now took place. It was like a bewildering pageant where, in a brilliant succession, there passed across the stage the black-robed Jesuit fathers, and Methodist missionaries, beautiful women from Canadian homes and from sunny Mexico, canny Scotchmen, and Yankees still more canny, while in the background we are ever aware of the dark, sullen faces of the Indians. . . The Yankee immigration and

the great Hudson Bay Company threatened between them to crush the Indians completely. It was the same old story. Their lands began to slip through their fingers; while a few became semi-civilized and prospered on their little farms, to most of them the white man's approach brought one disaster after another. Game became scarce. Disease swept through the tribes, carrying, to the superstitious, forebodings of utter extinction if the white man should be allowed to stay. . . There was only one man who could sway them,—either to lead them into submission or to voice their inarticulate protests. Deleware Tom had made a deep impression on the Indian tribes of the Snake River valley. He alone had penetrated into the strongholds of the whites; he had read their books and seen their cities. He knew what was coming, and it was to his message that they turned to listen. . . Although we accept without comment the trite old dictum, "Scratch a man and you find a savage," yet we feel surprised when we learn that any events whatsoever could have scratched off the veneering of civilization which Dartmouth had given to Thomas Prentiss Hill, M. D. Here was a man who had been benevolently assimilated—he could not stand it. He threw away all chances of success in this world and of salvation in the next by preaching to the tribes of the frontier the doctrine of resist-

ance. He never had heard of "the survival of the fittest" and he did not know that his people were doomed. So he continued his mission with unabated zeal, surely the strangest figure in the Indian annals. Contrasted with him, the docile Samson Occom sinks into insignificance. . . To the Walla Wallas, the Nez Perces, the Cayuses, this college graduate was a firebrand of discontent. He undid the work which Dr. Whitman and Mr. Spaulding, the famous missionaries of Old Oregon, were patiently trying to do. Personal pique may have influenced him to a great extent, for, so the story goes, he was literally kicked out of Fort Vancouver,—a proceeding not very conducive to "self-control and pleasant speech". . . It was at this point that the energies of Deleware Tom were turned into a more profitable channel. He joined a war party of Walla Wallas, who were on their way to California to pay up old scores against a Captain Sutter. But when they reached the fort, Captain Sutter had left and in his place was Colonel Fremont, a quiet, self-contained soldier, who was soon to be the popular idol of his country. The trouble was adjusted so amicably that during the negotiations Deleware Tom experienced a change of heart. There have been many instances of Colonel Fremont's control over men, but few of them so remarkable as was this one. When the Walla Wallas went back

home, where they were soon swept into the swelling current of Indian revolt, the Deleware remained with Fremont as his interpreter and a member of his body guard. Hereafter he was to help Fremont in his great work in California. Whether this change was in reality as sudden as the old accounts would have us believe, or whether Thomas P. Hill had been gradually losing faith in the wisdom of resistance, we do not know. All we do know is, that never again did he waver in his allegiance. . . Some years later a young English naval officer, Lieutenant Walpole of Her Majesty's ship, "Collingwood," was in the Fort of Monterey when Fremont and his troop entered the town. In his journal we find the last account so far as is known of Deleware Tom. insider trading read as follows: "They were marched up to an open space between the hills, near the town, under some large firs, and there took up their quarters, in messes of six or seven, in the open air. The Indians lay beside their leader. One man, a doctor, six feet six high, was an odd-looking fellow. May I never come under his hands". . . . . .

THE DARTMOUTH COLLEGE CASE.

Prof. John K. Lord, '68.

THE Dartmouth College cases, five in number, or, as they are more often called collectively, the Dartmouth College Case, resulted from an attempt of the New Hampshire legislature to change the charter of Dartmouth College. . . Eleazar Wheelock, the founder and first president of the college, died in 1779. During his life the burden of responsibility for the college fell upon him alone. He laid and carried out the plans for its establishment, for its financial support, and for its administration. There was associated with him a board of trustees, all of whom were his friends and some his connections, and it was perfectly natural that they should leave the guidance and control of the college to the president by whose efforts it had come into existence and was carried on. Their advice and help were asked and given, but usually in the line of Wheelock's suggestions. In a few cases only did they think it wise to go counter to his wish. He was a man of strong will, of tireless energy, whose ideas of government for the college were patriarchal, and who brooked

no opposition. He regarded the college as his own and in the nature of an estate that should continue in his family after him. . . The charter gave him the right of naming his successor in his will, "until such appointment by said last will shall be disapproved by the Trustees of said Dartmouth College". He at first intended to appoint his son Ralph to succeed him, but his son was incapacitated by hopeless illness, and he next chose his step-son, the Rev. John Maltby, but he died in 1771. His third choice was his son, John Wheelock, who was but twenty-five years old at his father's death, and who had no special training for the place, especially no theological training then considered so necessary. . . The trustees approved the choice. They could hardly have done otherwise as they had no candidate of their own, and in the precarious condition of the college, owing to its poverty and the disturbed condition of the times, one who had an hereditary interest in it was better prepared to carry its responsibilities than a stranger. John Wheelock had neither the intellectual force nor the attractive personality of his father. He was reserved, formal, obstinate, impatient of opposition, and without originality, but very laborious. He had much shrewdness in money matters and accumulated a considerable fortune. The first twenty years of his administration presented

no salient feature. The college had a reasonable and healthy growth. But the board of trustees had changed. In the place of the old members who had been chosen on account of their friendship for the elder Wheelock were elected men whose relation to the new president was very different. The board began to feel its responsibility, and did not regard the college as the personal enterprise of its president. But more than ever did he hold to his father's idea of its relation to his family and resent anything that seemed to him a failure of the board to support him. In the language of the trustees he desired "to be the *omnis homo* of the College". . . For more than twenty years from 1800 the board of trustees, though changing from time to time, contained men remarkable for character, intellectual strength, independence, and public prominence. Between such a board and President Wheelock friction was natural, especially when he attempted to make the board a party to a controversy in which he had become involved in the local church. This was the immediate occasion of the rupture between the two parties, but only because it was the last one of a series of causes that had been steadily separating them. It is impossible here to give them in detail. None of them would have been effective between parties who had confidence in each other. But the president had grown suspicious

of the board and believed that it was hostile to him. The board distrusted the president and would no longer accept his suggestions or confirm his nominations without examination. Bt there is no reason to think that the board would ever have taken active measures against the president had he not first attacked them. When he found himself unable to secure their support in the church quarrel and, though they took neither side, interpreted their neutrality as hostility to him, he determined to carry his case still farther and bid for the support of the public. The trustees, though they saw that he was embittered by their attitude, had no thought of a public controversy with him. . . The first public note of trouble was an article in the *Boston Reportory*, April 26, 1815, stating that a vacancy in the presidency of the college was soon expected, and mentioning possible candidates. An immediate denial followed in the *Dartmouth Gazette* of May 3rd, but in about two weeks there appeared a pamphlet of 88 pages, entitled "Sketches of the History of Dartmouth College and Moor's Charity School," making a bitter attack upon the trustees. It was accompanied by a smaller pamphlet of 32 pages, entitled "A Candid and Analytical Review of the Sketches," still more violent against the trustees. Both were anonymous, but the authorship of the first was traced, without denial, to

President Wheelock, and of the second to his friend, the Rev. Elijah Parish of Byfield, Mass. The principal charges were a perversion of funds, opposition to the president, and hostility to him on religious grounds. . . The publication coincided with a political crisis in the state. The Federalist party had carried the last election for governor by a majority of only 320. The leader of the Democratic party, Mr. Isaac Hill, seized upon the matter as political capital, and in his paper, the *Patriot*, espoused the cause of President Wheelock, representing him, though he was a Calvinist, as a liberal, and the trustees as bigots. The papers of the state took up the matter, mainly on party lines, the Federalists papers supporting the trustees, and the Democratic papers supporting the president, and the discussion soon became warm. . . The legislature met in June and President Wheelock presented a memorial and appeared before a committee appointed to consider it, asking for a change in the charter of the college and an enlargement of the board. The hearing was *ex parte*, since the trustees had no notice. The movement resulted in the appointment of three "to investigate the concerns of Dartmouth College and Moor's Charity School generally, and the acts and proceedings of the Trustees, and to report a statement of facts at the next session". The committee met in Hanover, Aug. 16th,

and in a session of two and one-half days heard the statements of the president and the trustees. The impression left by the hearing was favorable to the trustees, though, of course, the report of the committee was not made till the next session of the legislature. Its statement of facts, in general, supported the trustees. . . The relation between the trustees and the president had become intolerable. They had lost confidence in him, and he was openly striving to secure from the legislature such a change in their body as would restore to him the control which he had lost. At the meeting of the board which began August 22, 1815, the matter was fully discussed in committee and in the full board, and on Saturday, the 26th, by a vote of 8 to 2, the appointment of John Wheelock as president was "disapproved" and he was "displaced and removed" from the offices of president, trustee, and professor of history. On the following Monday the Rev. Francis Brown, a graduate of the class of 1805, formerly a tutor in the college, and then a minister at North Yarmouth, Me., was chosen to succeed him. He accepted and was inaugurated on the 27th of September following. In support of their position and in answer to the "Sketches," the trustees issued a "Vindication" of their official conduct, a pamphlet of 104 pages, which, though severely attacked, was a strong and sufficient defense. . . .

. This decisive action of the trustees naturally intensified the existing feeling throughout the state, and when the Democrats carried the net election and the legislature met, June 6, 1816, Governor Plumer sent a message calling especial attention to the college, and saying that some of the provisions of its charter were "hostile to the spirit and genius of a free government". The message was referred to a special committee of fifteen without waiting for the report of the committee of investigation, which was made four days later. On the 18th the committee reported a bill to change the charter of the college. Three of the trustees present at Concord at once demanded a public hearing, and, on being refused, issued, on the 19th, an able remonstrance against the unjust and illegal features of the bill, and again another on the 24th, but without effect. The bill was passed by the house June 26th, by an almost strict party vote, and on the next day it became a law. . . In reality the bill was a new charter for a new institution destructive of the old. The name was changed from Dartmouth College to Dartmouth University. The board of trustees was increased by nine new members, to be appointed by the governor and council, to twenty-one, of whom a majority constituted a quorum. A boar of overseers was established consisting of twenty-five members, which had a veto on the board

. . . Commencement came that year the last week in August, and the new trustees assembled in Hanover. But the old board, having had a previous conference, refused to accept the new charter and declined to act with the new body. Without them the new board could not muster a quorum, and the vain attempt of Gov. Plumer and his appointees to hold a legal meeting was both farcical and humiliating. The overseers likewise failed of a quorum, and, in fact, this body never had a quorum to form a legal organization. The refusal of the old board to act with the new one gave them a temporary and, as it proved, a lasting advantage. They had an organization, they held the field, while the university board, though it drew up for future ratification an elaborate scheme for the order and government of the new institution, could not appoint officers or make legal opposition to the old board. One thing, however, was adverse to the trustees. Their secretary and treasurer, the Hon. William H. Woodward, adhered to the university and refused the repeated demands of the college trustees to deliver to them their books and papers. He was thereupon removed from office and Mills Olcott chosen in his place and directed to bring a suit for the recovery of the books. . . The contest was thus set in order and the issues joined. But legal warfare is expensive and the college

was poor. The trustees were at a loss to know where to obtain funds, when unexpected light came to them. A gentleman from Orford, Mr. John B. Wheeler, had attended Commencement, and before leaving town he had word conveyed to the trustees that, if they proposed to test their tights at law, he had $1000 at their disposal. They joyfully accepted the offer. . . But Gov. Plumer was not a man to rest quiet under defeat, and at the next session of the legislature, which met on the 26th of November, he sent a message rehearsing events and asking whether *"a few individuals,* not vested with any *judicial authority,* shall be permitted to declare your statutes *dangerous and arbitrary, unconstitutional and void"*. In response a new bill was passed, Dec. 18, amending the former act by giving to the new board power of adjournment, and reducing the number necessary for a quorum to nine, so that the refusal of the old board to act might not prevent and organization. This was supplemented on the 26th by a bill imposing a fine of $500 upon any old officer of the college who should continue to discharge his duties, one half the fine to go to anyone who should sue for it. . . The form of this act showed that it was intended as a scare, since the fine was not a necessary penalty, but an invitation to any enemy of the college or personal enemy of the officers to disturb them in their positions. No one

ever did attempt to collect the fine, but neither president nor professors were secure against the possibility of a vexatious suit and for them a crushing fine. But President Brown and Professors Adams and Shurtleff, the permanent members of the faculty, were not men to be deterred by fears. To these three men, more than to the trustees, was due the decision to go on, for their personal fortunes were at stake. The trustees at much inconvenience and anxiety and at some personal expense, risked their reputation as men of judgment, but these risked as much and also their livelihood. Had they been unwilling to bear the burden, the college would have stopped, for the trustees could hardly have continued the fight without a faculty and a student body as a visible object of contention. All honor to the noble men who held the welfare of the college above personal considerations. President Brown gave a special proof of his devotion to the cause, for at that very time he was invited to become the president of Hamilton College at a salary nearly double that which he received at Hanover. But he declined the invitation and remained at Dartmouth. . . . On the 17th of October, 1816, the new treasurer of the college demanded of Mr. Woodward, the former treasurer, the seal, records, and property of the college. The demand was refused. After some delay an action of trover was brought in the

court of common pleas of Grafton county for the seal, etc., with damages laid at $50,000, but as Mr. Woodward, the defendant, was himself the judge of the court, the pleas were filed and the case was carried to the superior court and entered at the May term. The trustees of the University assumed the defense. The delay in beginning the suit was due to the great care taken as to its form. It was expected that the state court would sustain the legislature, if possible, and therefore the case was so framed that if the decision should be adverse to the college, it should be carried to the supreme court of the United States. Argument was heard at Haverhill at the May term, Jeremiah Mason and Jeremiah Smith appearing for the college, and George Sullivan and Ichobod Bartlett for the university. The pleas being incomplete the case was adjourned to the September term at Exeter, where it was again argued by Messrs. Mason and Smith, who took two hours and four hours for their pleas, and Messrs. Sullivan and Bartlett, who together took three hours, for the university. Mr. Webster closed for the college in less than two hours, in a masterly speech that left the court in tears. Decision was rendered November 6 at Plymouth adverse to the college, but, by agreement of counsel in advance, the case was now carried directly to Washington. . . But meantime the university

trustees had not been idle. They had completed their organization at a meeting held at Concord February 6, 1817, and on the 22nd they removed from office President Brown and Professors Adams and Shurtleff, as well as some of the old trustees. Nathaniel H. Carter was chosen professor of languages, Thomas C. Searle, professor of logic and metaphysics, William Allen, professor of divinity, and John Wheelock, president, but as his health was feeble the duties of the office were devolved upon Professor Allen, who, on the death of Wheelock in June, was made president. . . On March 1, 1817, the new officers took forcible possession of the college buildings, which they held till the final decision of the suit at Washington. The college authorities secured a hall, then known as the "Rowley Assembly Rooms," in the second story of the house now occupied by Dean Emerson, which they used as a chapel. It was the custom for each class to provide its own recitation room, furnishing light, heat and attendance. The number of students was then about 100 and almost all adhered to the college. The university opened its term March 5, 1817, and at its first chapel exercise one student was present. A few came later, but at no time did it have more than twenty in attendance. The adherence of the students to the college throughout the controversy showed that the sympathies of the people,

in general, and particularly of the ministry, were with the college, and did much to justify the remark of Mr. Mason that the boys would determine the contest. For two years the students of the two institutions lived quietly together. The same bell called them to their separate exercises, but they passed one another without antagonism. There were chaffing and joking, but no open conflict. On two occasions did the college students openly resist the university, at the Commencement of 1817, and in the fall of that year when an attempt was made to take possession of the libraries of the students' societies, the Social Friends and the United Fraternity. . . Commencement came on Wednesday, August 27th. Both sides claimed the use of the meeting house, ad, as a large attendance was expected from abroad, its possession was of some moment. It was rumored on Sunday that the university intended to occupy it, but the college students took possession of it and announced their intention to hold it against attack. Every lower window was guarded by two or more students armed with canes or clubs, and stones were carried to the upper windows and to the belfry. The garrison held its place for three days and nights, till the exercises were over. The university held its exercises in the chapel, and though many of its friends were present, the college party was much stronger.

"The state of public feeling and curiosity," wrote one, "drew from all parts of New England an unusual number of strangers, but the popular feeling of the moment was so much in favor of the College as to leave the University no materials for a procession, and not spectators enough to fill the chapel". . . The attempt to seize the Societies' libraries took place a few days after the news reached Hanover of the decision of the state court favorable to the university. The library of the United Fraternity was kept in a small front room in the second story of Dartmouth Hall, immediately above the northwest entrance, and that of the Social Friends in the corresponding room above the southwest entrance. On the evening of Nov. 11, Professors Dean and Carter and five students of the university with ten men from the village attempted to break open the door of the Socials' library. an alarm was given, the bell was rung, and the college students assembled in force. Later, Professor Dean testified, "They thronged us," and at the time one of the villagers exclaimed," It appears to me that we are in a cursed poor scrape. I had rather be in a nest of hornets than among these college boys when they get mad and are roused up". Fortunately they did not come to blows, and no books were taken away, for the attacking party surrendered and was escorted to the door. Each of the professors was

escorted to his house by four students, but the others "were made to pass *sub iugum* under clubs crossed over their heads" . . . After the decision of the court at Plymouth the case was sent to Washington by special messenger, reaching there on the 29th of December, in time for the winter term of the supreme court. Mr. Webster, who had been asked to take charge of the case and had associated with himself Mr. Joseph Hopkinson of Philadelphia, was somewhat anxious lest the form of the verdict on which the case would be argued at Washington should restrict the scope of argument, and was therefore desirous that new cases should be brought, distinctly making issue on the question whether a state under the United States, and the state constitutions could divert vested rights. Acting on his advice the trustees made sale of three pieces of property, including the college buildings and the ground on which they stood, all of which were in the possession of the university, and on which three suits were ejectment were brought. They were all entered in the United States circuit court in March, but not in season to affect the pleading of the great case at Washington, and as the decision in that case covered the principle on which they were based, they were all decided by Judge Story at the May term at Portsmouth in favor of the college in conformity with the principle of Chief Justice Marshall's opinion. . .

The case at Washington came on for argument March 10, 1818. Mr. Webster opened for the college in one of the great speeches of his life, and famous in the annals of the American bar. It occupied nearly five hours and was delivered without notes, as was the case of all the pleas, the arguments as afterward printed being written up for that purpose. Mr. John Holmes of Maine followed the same day for the defendant, and Mr. William Wirt, the attorney-general, the next morning, and on the 12th Mr. Hopkinson closed for the college. Aside from the question of merits the weight of talent was on the side of the college. Both Mr. Holmes and Mr. Wirt were ill prepared and seemed ill at ease. Mr. Hopkinson's argument kept strictly to the law, but the great event of the trial was the speech of Mr. Webster. The scene and the circumstance have been painted by an eye-witness, Professor C. A. Goodrich, whose letter will well repay reading. The case was taken under advisement, and the college party, while anxious, was very hopeful. The university, on the other hand, was dissatisfied and made preparations for a re-argument of the case, engaging William Pinkney of Baltimore for the purpose. . . The court reconvened on Monday, Feb. 1, 1819, and the next morning Mr. Pinkney was present to move a re-hearing, but instantly on the opening of the court Chief Justice Marshall announced the

opinions reached by the court during the vacation. The first one was that in the college case, and was favorable to the college. Justice Todd was sick and absent, and Justice Duvall dissented without giving reasons. As Mr. Webster wrote, the court "went the whole length and left not an inch for the University to stand on". This decision practically settled the controversy, though the case was remanded in due form to the lower court, where it was finally settled by the decision of Judge Story already mentioned. . . The news of the victory was received at Hanover Feb. 9, 1819, during the college vacation, and occasioned great rejoicing, the event being celebrated by the firing of cannon in the evening and the next morning. AT the opening of the term, March 1st, the college authorities took possession of the buildings, and the faculty of the university disappeared, but some of the students returned to the college, which hospitably received them. The final echo of the controversy was a suit brought by "Wm. Allen and Maria Wheelock, widow, executors of the last will and testament of John Wheelock," against the trustees for certain sums of money said to be due Wheelock and for $10,000 for services rendered. This was decided May, 1820, by a verdict of $7,886.41 against the college. . . The long conflict was over. The wisdom of the trustees and the self-sacrifice of the

college officers were justified by the result, and Mr. Webster, then only thirty-six, was crowned with the laurel of a great legal and forensic triumph. But joy and sorrow went hand in hand, for President Brown, to whose courage, energy, and determination in public relations, and to whose gracious character and winning personality, the strongest bond in holding the students loyal to the college, was pre-eminently due the successful issue, worn out by excess of labor and anxiety, was rapidly sinking to his grave. A trip to the south was without avail, and he died at Hanover July 27, 1820, at the age of thirty-six, beloved and lamented by all who knew him. The college was saved, but largely by the willing sacrifice of his life. The legal acumen and matchless eloquence of Mr. Webster secured the college in the possession of its rights, but that there was a college to claim those rights was due to the wisdom and work of President Brown.

THE DARTMOUTH PHALANX.

IT is over half a century since The Dartmouth Phalanx stacked its arms for the last time on the college common, reverently saluted its grand old banner, and passed out of existence as a military organization connected with Dartmouth College. Conceived in a period of political turmoil, and suffering many vicissitudes through its thirteen years of existence, this organization reflected distinction and honor upon its alma mater and only cast off its mortal coil in sadness and grief at the faculty edict. No better story of the organization can be given than that which Dr. Josiah W. Barstow, '46, once prepared for the Dartmouth weekly, and which follows, in part: . . . "In October, 1845, during the Senior fall term of the class of 1846, the 'Dartmouth Phalanx,' the well-remembered military organization of Dartmouth College, and for many years one of the crack companies of the New Hampshire militia, came to its untimely and greatly lamented end. It was suppressed by the college faculty, in consequence of certain irregularities of behavior on the occurrence of a visit of the company to the cadets of

Norwich University by invitation of its president, Captain Alden Partridge, then a conspicuous personage in the political and military history of Vermont. . . . "The Phalanx came into existence as the result of a political compromise. In 1832 the state of New Hampshire was thoroughly Democratic, but the Whig majority in the college was large, and as all the students of twenty-one years were voters, it occurred to one Captain Ebenezer Symmes, a tavern keeper in Hanover, who was a member of the legislature and politically unfriendly to the college, that he could annoy his academic foes by having an act passed, compelling all college students, as well as others of the age of eighteen and over, to perform military duty. The faculty opposed the act, but by the students the decree was hailed with delight as opening the door to unlimited fun and skylarking. They accepted the situation, and those liable under the statute were duly enrolled in that portion of the state militia known as the 'Floodwood' or the 'String Bean' company, under the captaincy of an honest farmer from East Hanover. The students were duly 'warned to appear' at the 'May training' and at the 'fall muster,' and 'appear' they certainly did, but it was a spectacle for men and angels. Dressed, or sometimes half-dressed, in every conceivable costume which Sophomore ingenuity could invent, with miscellaneous

arms and equipment, and with all the restraint laid aside as to deportment, they literally 'trained' to their own hearts' content. Nor did the students forget their obligation to the Legislator Symmes, the author of the soldiers' act. It is recorded that on the occasion of a certain parade thy bore aloft a banner with a rude portrait labelled 'Symmes,' the devil holding him by the nose and prodding him with a pitchfork. After two years of struggling against heavy odds, threats and appeals proving equally in vain, the long-suffering captain resigned his command and sought relief on his East Hanover farm in the lighter task of training his more docile steers. . . "On July 2nd, 1834, the Dartmouth Phalanx was organized, as a part of the 23rd Regiment of the New Hampshire militia, the state having agreed to furnish arms and equipment and accept the company as part of its regularly organized militia. The uniform was simple. Trousers—white in summer and black in autumn—strapped down over the boots, as was the fashion of the day, black dress coats, beaver hats with cockade on left of crown, white crossbar straps for cartridge box, and white gloves completed the outfit. The three commissioned officers were more elaborately attired in dark green, closely fitting coats, trimmed with gold lace and epaulets, and with ostrich plumed beaver hats. But that which gave its

charm to the company's appearance on parade was the perfection of its drill, the precision of its manual, the dignity of bearing, and the ready intelligence which characterized every movement of the eye and hand and foot. The Phalanx flag was provided by subscription of the students and presented to the company in 1838. The field was heavy dark blue silk, trimmed with silver fringe and tassels, emblazoned with the arms and shield of the Earl of Dartmouth in rich colors, and bearing the Earl's legend, 'Gaudet Tentamine Virtus'. . . The influence of the Dartmouth Phalanx upon the other companies of the regiment was strongly marked and its military repute was not confined to New Hampshire. The drills at home, the hostilities with the Norwich University cadets, and the good natured but taunting rivalry of the 'Floodwood' company in the village, made military life exciting, and occasionally worthy of faculty notice, sometimes of admonition. The 'May training' was held on the Plain, but the musters were held at Lebanon, Lyme, East Hanover, or wherever the colonel chose to select, and on these occasions, the Phalanx, being the crack company of the state, was in its greatest glory. On one occasion the Phalanx acted as escort for 'Colonel Richard M. Johnson, the slayer of Tecumseh, the Indian chief, who paid the college a visit, coming from White River

Junction and extending his visit to the Norwich University cadets. . . "The final chapter of the life of the Dartmouth Phalanx is concerned with a visit to Norwich, where the cadets were to entertain the college boys with an informal reception and parade. A rainstorm broke up the program, but the college boys and cadets had sufficient time to imbibe freely of a certain solution of 'malmsey' which was produced by way of refreshment, and the return to the college was in the nature of a straggling retreat. The faculty took full note of the event and the result was fatal. No explanations or apologies were accepted, but the organization was summarily disbanded, with the 'honors of war,' however, for a last sad review was held, the arms stacked, and the banner deposited with the memorials of the college. . . . . "In 1848 an effort was made to revive the Phalanx, but the organization lasted only six months. In 1856 another small wave of military enthusiasm swept over the college and a students' company was organized as the 'Dartmouth Greys,' which had a brief life. It was during the days of the 'Dartmouth Greys' that the glorious old silken banner of the Dartmouth Phalanx was borrowed and carried to Manchester, N. H., whence it never returned. It was a cherished relic and many fruitless efforts have been made by the old alumni to discover its whereabouts and return it to the college". . . . . .

CAMPUS EPISODE.

NOTHING is dearer to the Dartmouth man than the college campus. No part of the college property for a century past has caused so much concern because of objectionable trespass and intrusion as the campus. Events of great import in the life of the college have occurred on this precious green, and other happenings of stranger purport have likewise taken place here. A true campus record would make an interesting tale, indeed, if such a thing were possible. But the campus was not always what it is now, and anent of this comes the following incident personally related by H. E. Woodbury, M. D., of the class of 1847, now a resident of Washington, D. C.: . . . "Sixty years ago the college campus was enclosed by rails, the upper rail being about four feet above the ground, and was kept in excellent condition for the favorable game of football, as popular then as now. The fine grass which covered the campus tempted the townspeople to utilize it as a feeding ground for their cows, and at night they would remove some of the rails and give the cattle possession. The presence of the cows on the

campus naturally did not improve it as a football field, so the townsmen were informed that the thing must stop. After this notice, about a dozen cows were found on the campus early one morning. The students were indignant and immediately took them in charge, driving them into an old cellar in the rear of old Dartmouth hall. The walls of this cellar were five or six feet high and there was only one entrance, about three feet wide. After they had the cows empounded, they filled in the entrance solidly with large stones and earth and returned to their quarters. . . "The news soon spread through the village that the cows were held by the students, and the townsmen came rushing up to set things right. They found themselves opposed by about 200 students, however, and it was a pretty hard team. Meanwhile the hot September sun was making it very unpleasant for the cows, which were as wet from perspiration and crowding as if they had been in a millpond. Old Prexy Lord was on the ground and seemed to enjoy the affair. He advised the townsmen to keep their cows away from the campus in the future, and then he told the students they had better release the cattle, as there would probably be no more trouble. . . "In those days our mail came by coach — no trains — and was ready for delivery at about nine o'clock in the evening. Threats

were made by the townsmen that they would get their revenge and attack the students when they went for their mail. The students were not to be awed by any such threats, however, and began to prepare themselves for a fray. In the cellar of old Dartmouth were openings fitted with wooden frames about three feet wide, with iron rods crossing, the rods being about half an inch in diameter, and eight or ten to a window. The boys took out a great many of these iron rods to use as weapons of defence in the attack which they anticipated when they went for their mail. . . "The students went for their mail that night in a solid body, in ranks of two, and every man carrying some means of defence, a cane, a club, or an iron rod. A few pistol shots were fired by the students in order to intimidate the townsmen, who had gathered in a packed mob about the door of the postoffice, and looked with angry faces upon the mob of students which marched defiantly up to them. It is unnecessary to say that no attack was made, the affair quieted down, and no more cows were pastured on the campus from that day to this". . . .

A FAMOUS BANQUET.

Hon. John Wentworth, '36.

CONGRESS closed its session in 1850, upon September 30, and it was near its close when Mr. Webster, being secretary of state, gave his dinner to the alumni of Dartmouth College. It was his desire to have no graduate uninvited. The dinner may have been prompted by the presence of his nephew, Prof. Charles B. Haddock, who had just been appointed *charge d'affaires* to Portugal. Notwithstanding the presence of clergymen, Mr. Webster asked the blessing. Some one was speaking to Mr. Webster concerning his argument in the Girard will case when a third person took occasion to say: "That was the greatest effort of your life". Mr. Webster responded that that observation had been made respecting so many of his efforts by different persons that he would like to have the question definitely settled, what one of his noted efforts was really the greatest. "What do you all say, here, to-day? I'll ask the question of each and every one of you. What has been my greatest effort?" Then he commenced calling upon different ones for their opinions. Had the guests acted by

preconcert they could not have played their parts better to keep up the interest of the entertainment, for no one would bring up any effort that any one else had alluded to. We had the Girard will, the eulogy upon Adams and Jefferson, reply to Hayne, Bunker Hill monument, Plymouth Rock, Greek Revolution, Panama mission, etc. Mr. Webster listened intently all the while, with apparent disinterestedness. At length came a call for his opinion, which was responded to unanimously. Mr. Webster arose, moved back his chair, and spoke, as no one but Webster could speak, for a full hour, never once wetting his lips, but leaving us sitting at the table to eat, drink and listen. It was a grand spectacle to have seen this unrivaled great man reviewing the notable productions of his life, and deducting a conclusion, well fortified by arguments that no one anticipated. Here is a synopsis of his speech. . . That it is a man's greatest effort which brings to him the most opportunities for other great efforts, and does the most toward securing to him a permanent support for himself and family. No man ever arrived at eminence in his profession, who cannot look back upon some particular effort which laid the foundation for the most of his success in life. Hence every young man should do his utmost in every case, however unimportant it may seem to him, realizing that from some source, and often-

times when least expected, he may gain a foothold upon public respect, which if persistently adhered to, may eventually establish his fame and fortune. After serving two years as congressman from New Hampshire he removed to Boston with the intention to devote the remainder of his life to a profession which he loved, and he thought his affection for it had increased with his years. He then described the eminent legal men who occupied all the ground in Boston. He wanted an opportunity and despaired of obtaining it. Dartmouth College, his alma mater, however, furnished it, and ever after he felt that his professional sign was "Daniel Webster and the Dartmouth College Case". That case soon gave him a practice equal to that of any of that illustrious group of attorneys who had so long and so meritoriously held sway in Boston. He might have obtained his position otherwise; but at best it would have required longer time. But for that case he might never have been in the house or senate, where eh could have replied to Hayne of South Carolina, or made those other speeches which had been alluded to. His heart was in the case. And here he gave us a very instructive lesson as to the importance of a lawyer interweaving himself into the feelings, sympathy and interests of his clients as to make their case his own. Dartmouth was his alma mater and as such he loved her. He felt that

she had been greatly wronged and that, sooner or late, all the institutions of the land, endowed by private charity, were to feel the effects of that wrong. She was poor, and, therefore, entitled to his sympathy. And yet he was embarrassed by the fact that his native state which had so highly honored him was the author of the wrong. He was still further embarrassed by the fact that the supreme court of his state, without any dissent, had endorsed it. Then he was yet further embarrassed by the fact that he had to encounter the greatest of American lawyers and orators, William Wirt. He had secured, as associate counsel, an eminent lawyer, Judge Joseph Hopkins, the author of "Hail Columbia". But Judge Hopkins could not feel as he felt. He depicted his feelings of anxiety all along his journey to Washington, tedious in those days. He described the mean and dingy buildings in which the United States supreme court was held, and his small and unsympathetic audience. There was nothing in his surroundings to enspirit him. He had to rely upon pure reason. He won his case and this gave him those other noted cases by which his ultimate professional fame was built, and created a demand upon him to re-enter congress, which he supposed he had left forever, to defend the great commercial interests of Massachusetts, which were then supposed to be in danger from adverse legislation. This was in 1818,

when he was in his 37th year. The Dartmouth College Case secured him all the legal practice he wanted, and more than his political friends wished him to have. And, when he pleaded, as an excuse for devoting so much time to a profession which he loved, the inadequacy of his salary as a congressman, they generously settled upon him a sum which would render his legal practice unnecessary. And, after this, some of those very men insisted that he should go into court and attend to cases of their own. It was noticed, during his remarks, that he had something to say to each one at the table, calling each by name, and generally respecting something that each had said. Of one he would ask— "How came I to be treated as I was when in England? Did the English people care for my reply to Hayne, my orations at Bunker Hill or Plymouth Rock, or my eulogy upon Adams or Jefferson?" "Did either of these induce the Barings to give me 500 pounds for my opinion in the case of the bonds repudiated by the state of Mississippi?" Thus, he went on, subordinating all other causes of his success to the Dartmouth College Case. Here are his words to me: . . . "Went-

worth, why did those eastern gentlemen, creditors of your state, wish to consult me before anyone else, when they came to Washington? I was not in congress. I did not visit its sessions. My duties as secretary of state required all my time and they knew it. Was it not to ascertain that, if they aided you in obtaining your land grant, and advanced money to build your road, they could make a contract which subsequent legislation could not impair? It was the foundation laid by my reputation in the Dartmouth College Case that brought them to me, and which resulted in securing you the most beneficent gratuity ever conferred upon any state. I am poor. I have done for Dartmouth college all that I can. Yet I feel indebted to her—indebted for my early education, indebted for her early confidence, indebted for an opportunity to show men, whose support I was to need for myself and family, that I was equal to the defense of vested right against state courts and sovereignties. That land grant will make you rich, and if you think I was of any service to you in obtaining it remember what Dartmouth college did for me, before I could do for you, and bestow upon her your pecuniary means as freely as I have my intellectual means". . . This canvass by Mr. Webster of the great efforts of his life, as well as his decision, was a surprise to us all. At first it was thought to have been partially

premeditated, and that Prof. Haddock might have a synopsis to fill up. But he shared in the general surprise. I have no remembrance of Mr. Webster after this. He died while I was in private life, October 24, 1852, soon following Mr. Clay. The next July, at the Dartmouth College Commencement, I heard that brilliant specimen of American eloquence, the eulogy of Rufus Choate, pronounced the greatest of all the great productions of that gifted orator. Mr. Choate was in the senate the first two years of my congressional period, and in six years he followed his most admired friend to the grave. This was his last noted production. The evening after the eulogy I was describing the Webster dinner to him when he exclaimed: "Oh that I could have seen you last night. I would have made my eulogy a little longer, and impressed upon the students the sentiment of Mr. Webster's grand exordium—that every young man should do his best at every effort, not knowing whence will come his fame and fortune. How sublime a spectacle. Daniel Webster listening to a free discussion of the great productions of his life and finally taking a part himself. Yet it was characteristic. His intimate friends could always talk with him about himself as freely as a parent to a child. His humility was equal to his greatness.

HANDEL SOCIETY.

MUSIC has always been accorded a warm consideration at Dartmouth College and from its earliest years some kind of a musical organization has been in existence in the institution. In this respect the earlier years of the col. might seem to indicate an even more remarkable development than the present. At the first Commencement in August, 1771, several anthems were sung, one of which was composed by a member of the graduating class. For several years thereafter the records are lacking, but from 1785 vocal and instrumental music took a prominent place in commencement programs, a student "Musical Society," or "Choir," being given a whole day for its performance. President Dwight of Yale, who witnessed the endeavors of the students in the col. church in 1805 said: "Music was cultivated at Hanover with success, and with a few exceptions have I ever heard sacred music rendered with so much taste and skill as was there displayed.". . . It is not surprising, therefore, that about this time there was formed a society which had for its object the development and training of a musical talent of the college. In July, 1807, a number of

young men, believing that the music of the college students was falling below a respectable standard and tending toward unseemly lightness and frivolity, formed The Handel Society "to promote genuine music and discountenance trifling unfinished pieces". There were no ambitious thoughts in the minds of these young reformers, yet it will be seen that their efforts were to be crowned with notable and far reaching results. Prof. J. Hubbard was chosen the first president of the society and a library was started, which was soon largely increased by purchase and private gifts. In 1810, Prof. Hubbard's death added to the society his unrivalled collection of English publications and treatises on the science of music, which made this musical library one of the most complete in the country. . . The society gave a musical entertainment, with an oration by some prominent speaker, at each Commencement from 1808 to 1832. At the inauguration of President Tyler in 1822, it rendered two choruses, "The Great Jehovah" and the "Hallelujah Chorus". It gave frequent concerts in the college church and chapel and officiated at the Commencements of the Medical College and Theological society, besides appearing occasionally in the neighboring towns at prominent local musical conventions. At Dartmouth's 1839 Commencement, Shiller's "Song of the Bell" was rendered complete, the Boston

Brigade band furnishing the orchestral accompaniment. Neukomm's "David" was frequently repeated, and at the service in memoriam of President Harrison, in 1841, an original dirge was produced. . . The society was at its prime during the forties, and at this time included in its membership many men, who afterwards became famous in the musical institutions of the country. No more conspicuous name need be mentioned than that of Dr. J. Baxter Upham, '42, who from 1860 to 1870 was president of the Boston Handel and Haydn society and to him is ascribed, in a great degree, the building of the Boston Music Hall, the selection and purchase of the great organ, the musical festivals and the musical instruction in the public schools of that city. From 1850, the society declined, until in 1870 it ceased to exist in active form, having then covered more than half a century of notable effort. Its work in connection with the life of the college was of inestimable value, and its teachings were felt for many years in the musical circles of many cities throughout the country. It preceded the Handel and Haydn society of Boston in its organization by eight years and was, therefore, one of the first, if not the first, musical organization of prominence established in the country. Ritter, in his "History of Music in America," gives the Dartmouth society this standing: "Among the musical societies

formed in New England in the early part of the century, I consider the Handel society of Dartmouth College next to the Boston Handel and Haydn society". .

A DARTMOUTH TRAGEDY.

Jedediah K. Hayward, '59.

THE prominence recently given to hazing recalls an incident of my own college life. While a Freshman at Dartmouth, 1855, we were badly hazed by the Sophomores, one of our number being taken out of bed (in a professor's house) at midnight, and put into a trough, which was then pumped full of water, and after this bath had his head shaved, among other indignities, and, as we Freshmen were unable to take personal vengeance adequate to the occasion, we determined by way of paradox to prevent hazing in the coming year, 1856. . . At that time, Thetford Academy, some ten miles distant, was a fitting school, which always sent more or less students to Dartmouth. Just before their Commencement several of us went up there, among others, Ross and myself, and let it be known to such of the graduating class as had already decided to go to Dartmouth, that each of us would take a Freshman for a room-mate, and of the two who had made their choice Ross selected an acquaintance by the name of Tom White, which left the other, Henry

Beecher Stowe (eldest son of Mrs. Harriet Stowe) for me; whereupon, it was arranged that Stowe should room with me during Freshman year, if otherwise mutually agreeable. . . Stowe proved to be a delightful room-mate, and I came to like him as no other chum before or since. . . During the summer vacation I received a letter from Stowe to the effect that his mother had decided to go abroad for some months, and his father being unable to leave his lectures at the Andover Theological Seminary (where he was professor) Henry was obliged to act as her escort, but asked me to keep his place vacant until he returned. . . By-the-way, a complete account of this trip is recorded in *Sunny Memories*, written by Mrs. Stowe after her trip abroad. . . Stowe returned in due time, and we came to be very chummy, while the purpose which brought us together was accomplished without more. . . I let it be understood, that whatever else might be on the *tapis*, it would not be conducive to longevity to enter upon my premises in pursuit of a Freshman. As Walt Whitman says, "My rifle leaned in the corner". We kept a loaded revolver under the pillow. As we both slept in the same room, and my *pose* was athletic for those days, the scheme worked to a charm. . . . My recollection is that this and similar combinations prevented

hazing the Freshmen in 1856. . . It so happened that summer that several of us cronies were much addicted to swimming, and, as the Connecticut river widened out opposite the college, this bay of comparatively still water was the favorite rendezvous for the students as well as the "townies". Likewise the spread of the river comprised a sand-bar near the New Hampshire shore, no more than four or five feet under water, which afforded excellent facilities for natation of all degrees, while the wooded shore and isolated situation gave the requisite privacy. . . It so happened that there was a dwelling house opposite, below, on the Vermont side, with some grown-up daughters in the family, but the shoal water on the New Hampshire side, and the deep, swift current on the Vermont side, virtually prevented swimming over into that neighborhood, while the width of the stream so protected the Vermont people from any pretense of indecency. . . Those were not the days for bathing suits, and I doubt if they are used there even now. . . It was quite possible for a good swimmer to swim across from the sand-bar to the other side, but as this man's house was down stream, and the current swift and deep on that side, I never knew of an objectionable performance of that kind. . . I am bound to say, as explanatory of what happened, that the occupants of this house were considered

disreputable by the students, and it is quite possible that some hallooing from the New Hampshire shore by the "townies" (the acts of the latter were charged to the students) may sometimes have been insulting, at any rate there was considerable feeling on the part of this Vermont family, originating in the disagreeable nature of the shouting. During the summer of 1856, Stowe and I were accustomed to go swimming every day, generally after dinner (or supper as we then had it), but once was not enough for him; he wanted to bathe noon and night, and usually did go whenever he could get anybody to go with him. . . It so happened one day as I was sitting in my room, that Stowe came from his dinner (noon) under the window, and shouted, "Come and go bathing," to which I replied, that "Once a day was my limit," and, as I new of two of his class who were always ready for a swim, I shouted back, "Go and get A— and B—, they will go with you". . . It may have been an hour from this time that I heard a commotion outside, and saw people running here and there, and, calling from my window as to the cause, was told that a student was drowned, a fellow who roomed at "Gove's" (our house). I knew in a moment that it was Stowe and ran for the river. When I got there Dr. Ben had been working on the body for an hour, but said it was no use, that he was dead, and we got a wagon and took him up to our room. . . It was mid-summer and very hot at that, and not a pound of ice

to be had for love or money, and the undertaker said that the body would not keep twenty-four hours. I was sadly perplexed what to do in the premises. Of course we telegraphed the family, but hour after hour passed and no answer was returned. The faculty and their wives came to the room, but, because Stowe's family was so distinguished, and Mrs. Stowe thought to be peculiar, none of them would take the responsibility of directing in the premises, but advised me to act on my judgment, which told me that the body should be taken to Andover as soon as possible. . . After Stowe's return from Europe he sold his dress suit (for which there was little use in Hanover in those days) to Carpenter, the tailor, and I was enabled to buy it back, and clothing the body in that, enclosed it in a coffin prepared for sepulture. . . Still no news from his family, nor could we ascertain why no answer to our message. We learned afterwards that the wires were down somewhere in the wilds of New Hampshire, and the company lacked the decency to let us know the situation. . . We ascertained that the Montreal express for Boston made a stop at White River Junction (five miles away) at midnight, and the classes having appointed a committee to go home with the

body, we were enabled to reach the Junction in time to make the connection which would bring us to Andover the next afternoon. . . Of course we telegraphed from every station where the train stopped, but still no answer, and no recognition of our message. We reached Andover some time in the afternoon, and when the coffin was taken out on the platform, the station agent came running up, and said, "Your telegrams are all here, but we have not sent them up to the house, knowing that all the Stowe family, with their guests, are in Boston for the day and are due to return in a few minutes". I asked the station agent to break the news to the boy's mother, which he positively declined to do. How I did it, God only knows, I have no more consciousness (nor ever had) of doing it than if it never happened. I only remember seeing the whole family, father, mother, children, and guests, trooping out of the cars in great glee about something that had taken place on the way up, and of going forward to meet them. What happened after that has never been in my recollection. I suppose I fainted but have never inquired. . . Of course the family were overwhelmed, and Professor Stowe's old mother went crying about the house saying that "Harriet had no dresses fit for the occasion, because they were all too Frenchified". Mrs. Stowe had lately returned from Europe. . .

. . The relatives were telegraphed for, and Henry Ward Beecher preached the sermon. The funeral was held in the Theological chapel and the sermon was the most eloquent, rhetorical and soothing discourse that I have ever listened to. It reminded me of the account of that of Bossuett on the death of Princess Henrietta. . . Professor Stowe told me the next day that the sermon took all the bitterness out of his soul. The body was deposited in a reception tomb for subsequent burial in the Theological burying ground and where, forty years afterward, I saw the headstone, a white marble cross, with the simple inscription in Greek characters, *Ta panta Christou*. The funeral over, the committee immediately returned to Hanover, while for some reason (now forgotten) I waited a day or two and went home alone. . . In those days lack of close connection compelled us to stop over an hour or so at Concord, New Hampshire, which gave time to go up to the Eagle hotel for dinner. As I entered the very long dining-room, a dozen or twenty guests were seated near the head of the table, but for reasons which need not be specified I passed the group and made my way down to the farther end of the room, preferring to dine alone, where to my utter surprise, I found another gentleman who had also come down there, obviously with the same intent, and it was no less a personage than Franklin Pierce, then

president of the United States. as President Pierce had been our townsman and neighbor before his elevation to the presidency, and as my father was a noted Democrat, the president expressed his pleasure at my company at dinner, without probably knowing what had brought me down to that end of the table. I suppose that I had tact enough not to say anything leading up to Mrs. Stowe. . . The president's manners and appearance were so changed from what I had known him a few years before, that I was absolutely amazed. To be sure his wife had died, and his only son, after he was nominated to the presidency, as I remember, both of whom he idolized, but this in no way accounted for his broken, crushed, and downcast appearance. . . The people of the present day can have no adequate conception of the frenzied excitement which existed throughout the Northern states in view of the charge openly made in every anti-Democratic paper (probably true) that he had pledged himself to the South, through Jefferson Davis, to sign a repeal of the Missouri Compromise, as the price of his election to the presidency by the Democratic party. . . The whole North was aflame with this betrayal of national faith, at the behest of the slave power, as the price of political preferement, and probably there was not another person in New Hampshire so sensitive to such an accusation as the once

brilliant, elegant, and accomplished lawyer, Franklin Pierce. Of course I knew the situation, and shared in the excitement, but I was dumbfounded when I witnessed the effect produced upon our old-time friend. . . But passing this episode, and immediately upon my return to Hanover, I was visited by a gentleman who had remained over since the death to see me, or else returned from some of the neighboring cities (I forget which) to give me an account of the drowning. . . It seemed that he was a planter from Alabama, and was at the railroad station waiting for a train when he heard the outcry. He ran down to the river in front of the Vermont place already referred to and found the man of the house himself standing on a little dock in front of his house, and saw the students running to and fro on the opposite hillside, and others swimming in the river above, amidst great excitement, and asked what was the matter, upon which the man replied that a college student was drowning and he was "damned glad of it". The gentleman said: "Do you know where he is?" . . . "Yes, he's right over there," he answered. "I could put my hand on him". . . "Why don't you take him out?" . . . "I wouldn't pull him out to save all Dartmouth College from drowning". . . "I am a rich planter," the gentleman urged. "I will give you a thousand dol-

lars if you will take him out alive". . . "I wouldn't take him out for any sum of money". . . Then in great excitement,—"I have a plantation with a thousand slaves, and I will give you the whole of it if you will take him out alive for his mother". . . "I wouldn't take him out for anything in the world. I wish the whole college was there with him". . . After much more to the same effect, the planter, who had been holding his watch in his hand, said, "He has been in the water seventeen minutes, and you may as well take him out now, for he can't be alive," whereupon the man took an oar, pulled out his boat from under the dock, where it was hidden, stepped in, and after a few strokes came over to the spot, reached down and drew up the body and held it until the students arrived to take it ashore. The planter had supposed that by making this known to the students this man would be lynched inside of twenty-four hours, and offered to do anything in his power to facilitate what he considered such a desirable result. . . I immediately reported this to President Lord, who advised by all means, not to make it known to the students, lest it come to Stowe's family, and the horrible story has been suppressed until both his parents are beyond the reach of pain at its repetition. . . I also learned other facts of the drowning from

A— and B—, who were with him at the time. There were no other inhabitants above this man's house near the river, and only a road little frequented along the shore, across which and over the fence was a pasture with an abundance of wild strawberries. It seems that Stowe and A— and B— took a notion to swim over to the Vermont side, and landed far enough up the river for privacy, crossed the road and were picking strawberries, when, being observed by this man, he went away around on top of a hill immediately above them and began shying at them thin pieces of slate-stone, which are about the most murderous missiles that can be hurled at a person, especially from a commanding position. Of course they sprang over the fence, ran across the road and plunged into the river to swim back to the bar on the New Hampshire side. Stowe was not athletic, and lacked the strength and stamina of A— and B—, and while the latter just made the lower end of the sand-bar, where it shelved off into deep water, Stowe made it a few yards below, where he was unable to touch bottom. He cried out for help, and A— and B— swam down to him and did their utmost to bring him up onto the shoal, but found it impossible to swim against the current in their wearied condition, and it was only by the greatest exertion and after becoming utterly exhausted that the regained the

shoal themselves and gave the outcry. . . It so happened that there was not a boat on the Vermont side except a racing shell off on the hill, which the students (breaking into the boat-house) carried to the shore, and without oars pushed it out, as they supposed, above the spot where the body lay, but they mad the usual mistake of assuming it too far down stream, and before they could rectify the error and get the boat back by swimming and pushing, this man from Vermont side had raised the body, carried it to shore, and ran for the doctor. . . . The final episode in this sad affair was as follows: Not long after the funeral, the whole Stowe family came to Hanover and spent a week, as I remember, and asked to be taken to the river and shown the scene of the catastrophe. As we drove up the Vermont side, this fiend of a man had the effrontery to come down to the carriage with the intention of explaining the occurrence to the family. I divined his purpose and spoke in his ear, with my hand on my hip-pocket, that if he opened his mouth there would be a sequel to the water tragedy. . . During the coming vacation I was invited to visit the Stowes at Andover, and spent as much time there as my other engagements would permit, and before I left the body was taken from

the receiving vault at midnight and interred in the Theological cemetery. Professor Stowe holding the chair of Greek philosophy accounts for the epitaph being in that language. . . . . .

A BOATING RECORD.

FEW Dartmouth men of the younger generation realize that Dartmouth once stood high in the boating world and that her crew was far-famed, in the class even with Harvard, Yale and Cornell. Hundreds of Dartmouth men may have wondered why the Connecticut, flowing so near, has not given Dartmouth a place in the boating world, without realizing that Dartmouth has in fact made her mark in this direction and relinquished the sport only with reluctance and because of dire misfortune. . . Until the year 1872 Dartmouth students had never thought of the Connecticut river as anything more than a pleasure ground for their canoes, like their predecessors the aboriginal students of the eighteenth century. True, the first steamboat in the country had floated on this river (It is a well-established fact that the first steamboat was built by one Capt. Morey of Orford, which was seen and copied by Fremont several years before his experiment on the Hudson), and "The John Ledyard" had ascended as far as Hanover several years before, but the students knew only of the use of the primitive canoe. In the spring of this year 1872, an agitation arose as to the

formation of a boat club to advance Dartmouth's interests. The college knew nothing of boating from a scientific standpoint, but a great deal of enthusiasm was aroused and the Dartmouth Boat Club was organized on September 19, 1872. Money flowed into the coffers of the club, some $3,000 being raised in a short time, and a boat house was erected on the banks of the river. Excellent shells were procured and a trainer, the old professional champion, John Biglin, secured to train a crew. . . . The sport was gradually developed and interest aroused and many candidates came out to form a 'varsity crew. Class races were rowed and the attention of the college and town was frequently attracted to the water-side by interesting contests. In the spring of 1873 the 'varsity made its first appearance as a contestant for intercollegiate honors. That year the crew went to Springfield and competed with nine of the leading colleges on the broad-flowing Connecticut. Dartmouth took fourth place. This unexpected result gave a strong impetus to boating, excited meetings were held and delegates were sent to the Springfield convention to establish Dartmouth firmly in the schedule for the next annual race. The crew went at once to Enfield, to practice on still water, and rapid progress was made in the development of the men. When the spring of 1874 came, the crew

was established at Saratoga in keen anticipation for the race. An incident of the trip to Saratoga had been the burning of a hole in the bottom of the practice shell by sparks from the engine, as the boat had been strapped outside on the top of the car. Dartmouth came in fourth, only twelve seconds behind Harvard; Columbia and Wesleyan being first and second respectively. Some of the daily papers remarked after this race that the Dartmouth crew, taken as a whole, was the strongest at Saratoga, and had it not been for the unfortunate quarreling among the crew, and with the trainer, she would have taken a better place. . . Dartmouth's greatest achievement in boating, a record upon which her fame in this calling will probably always rest, was won the next year, 1875, at Saratoga. The crew spent some few weeks of the fall in training on the Connecticut and on Enfield Lake, Englehardt of New York assisting in the coaching. In the spring the crew went to Saratoga. Thirteen crews started, and the race was a magnificent one. Dartmouth finished fourth, but that meant that she had defeated Yale, with her famous Cook as stroke, and Wesleyan, and had crossed the line only five seconds behind Harvard. Cornell won the race and Columbia was second. . . This was Dartmouth's last intercollegiate contest. Class regattas were held on the Connecticut, and victorious

crews were drawn around the campus in coaches and feasted at the Junction, but the sport was doomed to an early and untimely end. On the night of January 20, 1877, a fierce storm arose, with a high wind which swept down the Connecticut valley, carrying away the club's boathouse and all its valuable contents. The total loss was $2,000. This, coupled with the fact that boating had cost on an average $2,500 per annum, prevented the rebuilding of the house and the continuance of the sport, and boating passed, perhaps forever, into the traditions of Dartmouth College. . . . . .

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

Samuel Merrill, '76.

THE Dartmouth, prior to the college year 1875-6, had been a monthly magazine, not particularly interesting or enterprising, and not particularly successful financially. Annual deficits in the treasury of the publication had been met, in whole or in part, by assessments on the undergraduates in general. . . . A change of policy was deemed advisable by the class of '76. The class decided that the publication should be issued weekly, the form being changed from an octavo to a sixteen-page quarto. A little well-directed enterprise brought success. *The Dartmouth* under the new administration gave as many serious articles as before, but it was at the same time wide-awake and newsy, and at the end of the eight months showed net earnings amounting to nearly $400, in spite of largely increased expenses. . . In the spring of 1876, the weekly *Dartmouth* found itself in trouble. The New Hampshire College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts was then established in Hanover, under the step-motherly care of Dartmouth College. President Smith felt a strong interest in the rustic infant, which

had come into the household of the College under his administration. He was jealous of its reputation and sensitive to any criticism directed against it. . . The graduation exercises of the Agricultural College were to be held on Wednesday in the spring. That morning the managing editor of *The Dartmouth* asked a member of his class (W. A. Barr, then studying with a view of the ministry) to write a brief report of the graduation exercises for the college paper. It was suggested that the report should ridicule mildly the bucolic institution, and call attention to the injustice of requiring four full years of work from members of the scientific department and then conferring the same degree, that of Bachelor of Sciences, on agricultural students after three shorter years of study. . . The article was handed in, the editor was a little disappointed at the mildness of its tone, but it was put in type, and that evening the paper was to go to press. . . Early in the evening the managing editor received written summons to the President's study. President Smith sat at his desk with a bland smile on his face and a proof of the article on the agricultural graduation in his hand. He expressed his regret that the editors of *The Dartmouth* should be disposed to publish such an article. . . "The article *reaʊ*," he said, "as if it were written by some member of the scientific department".

. . . . The editor had nothing to say. "I *think*," said the President more impressively, "that some member of the scientific department *wrote* this article". . . The editor said nothing to disturb this train of thought. . . "I must *ask*," said the President, finally and firmly, "that this article be *not* published". . . He received no assurance that his request would be complied with and the interview closed. His caller returned to the office of *The Dartmouth* and a few minutes later received by messenger a formal communication in which the President "in the name of the faculty" forbade the publication of the objectionable article. The printer was told to hold the press and a hasty summons was sent out for a meeting of the auditors. . . The meeting convened at the business office of the paper and after full discussion it was unanimously voted to go to press without taking out of the form the article which had excited President Smith's hostility and to publish it as correspondence with an announcement that it was not printed as expressing the view of the editors. . . Before breakfast Thursday morning the subscriber of *The Dartmouth* in Hanover had read the offending report of the agricultural graduation, and before dinner all the members of the board of auditors, who were in town, were suspended from college. . . Then followed a series of faculty meetings

and meetings of the editors; also mixed gatherings in Prof. Sanborn's study, in which by invitation of the faculty the editors one at a time would confer with the learned men regarding the offence with which the editors were charged. After some days the editors were informed that their suspension would become a permanent separation from college unless within a certain time they should sign a paper which was submitted to them, acquiescing in the claim which the President made, on behalf of the faculty, that the faculty might rightly exercise control over the columns of *The Dartmouth*. The paper as submitted by the faculty was not acceptable to the auditors, who thereupon removed themselves from the college town and traveling eastward pitched a camp upon he shores of Mascoma lake in Enfield. After a pleasant outing here of some few days a compromise paper was drawn up by the outlawed editors in which they acknowledged merely the power of the faculty to discipline the editors in case they disregarded any order from the faculty concerning the conduct of the paper. The compromise paper with its signatures was accepted by the faculty and so far as the college authorities were concerned, the incident was closed. . . . A strong suspicion was entertained that the proof of the objectionable article reached the President through the medium of an agricultural student, who

was employed as a compositor in the office where *The Dartmouth* was printed. It was understood that the faculty were not unanimous in support of the President's course, and a prominent member of the board of trustees said to some of the editors on the day of their graduation that he considered the President's action quite unwarranted in view of the inoffensive nature of the article in question. . . The editors voted to issue one more number of *The Dartmouth*, explaining the situation, and then suspend publication rather than continue with liability to faculty censorship. C. B. Hibbard, one of the staff of the paper, wrote the valedictory editorial, in which he said: "Now, that a paper representing the Faculty would be much more valuable than one representing the students, and very much more valuable than one representing ourselves, we do not deny: but we are not the ones to edit it. We send to our subscribers the money due them for unfilled subscriptions and ask those who have not paid to remit at once. *The Dartmouth* will be discontinued for the remainder of the college year". . . The date of this last issue was May 4, 1876, but before this number appeared events had made the final efforts of the '76 board even more complicated. . . It was expressly arranged at the beginning of the college year in 1875 that the editors should divide among themselves the earnings, or out of their own

pockets pay the losses, incident to the publication by them of the college paper. They expressly denied liability, however, for a balance of $140 which the printer claimed as still due him from the previous boards. . . When the final number of *The Dartmouth* was in type the printer demanded payment of the old account and refused to start the press until the money was forthcoming. In vain the editors reminded him of the fact that they had met all of their obligations and that they had told him at the outset not to look to them individually or collectively for payment of the old account. The printer was obdurate, and it looked as if the final number of *The Dartmouth* for that year would not be issued. But the editors were not to be outdone, however, and securing proofs of the forms and taking them to Claremont there obtained the services of a local printer to issue the edition. The final number of *The Dartmouth* appeared but little late much to the astonishment and wonder of the Hanover printer, who imagined the issue entirely under his control, and as well to those acquainted with the tie-up. . . Then followed a suit at law in which the printer endeavored to obtain from the managing editor a settlement of the ancient debt. The trial afforded the occasion for a pleasant reunion of a portion of the board some months after graduation. The editor entered a counter-

claim for a small amount and the verdict was in his favor for the amount of the counter-claim and costs. . . .

DARTMOUTH IN CHINA.

Rev. W. S. Sayres, '76.

QUALITY counts for more than quantity. A Daniel, a Joseph, behind the king, play controlling parts in imperial destinies. Personality, character and wisdom, working unseen often alter the world politics. . . Such thoughts are suggested when we consider the quiet, increasing influence of Dartmouth traditions on present world history. In the recent crisis in China the power of the prime minister, Li Hung Chang, was unique and in some ways paramount. He was the one man of China's millions who was trusted and used by both Chinese and foreign powers. . . It was felt that he alone was competent by his abilities, his temper, and his experience to say the final word. a true patriot, a man of the world, an astute diplomat, a statesman, the progress of the struggle and its present outcome are largely due to his hand. . . But the heart of the king is in the hand of the Lord and he uses his chosen instruments to carry out his will. It is significant that a Dartmouth man, Charles Daniel Tenney, of the class of 1878, has been in close touch for many years with the

Chinese prime minister. I met Tenney in 1883. He was in much perplexity and in some distress of mind over his duties and his future course. He had been ordered home from his work at Tientsin as a missionary of the American board, on account of the illness of his wife. But while in Shanghai it was found that his wife's illness was not at all serious and he returned to Tientsin. Soon afterward he was engaged by Li Hung Chang as private tutor for his sons, and was thus brought into close and personal relations with the premier in his own house. Later on, when a head was needed for the government college in Tientsin, Tenney was appointed to that position. . . The bearing of all this on the conduct and views of the prime minister cannot be overestimated. The story of these many years of close contact with the real head of the Chinese empire has not been written. The influence of a strong Christian man like Tenney, with his Dartmouth training, upon a character such as Li's, extending over many years, must have been very great. It was New England in the court of the Dragon empire. Earth's oldest and earth's newest lip brought together. . . We can fancy the old viceroy consulting with his son's tutor, who was in larger ways his own tutor as well, learning all that he tutor knew, imbibing his views, understanding something of history, ethics, science, politics and the world's and

China's needs, and thus being prepared to act wisely and well in the great crisis which threatened the world's peace, China's welfare, mankind's progress and the eventual victory of the King of Peace. We may, perhaps, never know just how far the influence of Tenney was effective in guiding the actions of the Chinese government in its liberality, its open policy, and its attitude, nor what Li Hung Chang would have been had he never met the young tutor. But it is probable that the tale might be made as powerful and fascinating as many of the records of earlier Dartmouth men. . . Men like Tenney are needed to-day. The expansion of our country affords opportunities never before equalled for the right men. Let Dartmouth remain steadfast in her own traditional spirit and she will continue to train up a class of men who can serve the country's need and the world's weal. . . . . .

HORN BLOWING.

THE practice of horn blowing, or "horning," as it is sometimes called, so frequently resorted to for amusement or the "expression of opinion" in college, was formerly a matter of necessity rather than a nuisance to all well-disposed and orderly persons. In the early history of Dartmouth it was an open day practice and was employed in a proper manner. The college for some years had no bell with which to call the students together for prayers, recitations or public gatherings, and conch horns were used for this purpose. . . . The following incident was once related by Judge Nesmith: "In 1822 we met Rev. Dr. Wood of Boscawen, who graduated in 1779, one hundred years ago. He informed us that he was taxed in common with all other students in his college bills for each term, thirty-three cents to pay for horn blowing for the purpose of calling the students together. . . "It seems that this task was assigned to the Indians then being educated in college. During term time the horn blowers were requested to blow for at least five minutes three different times during each week day, for prayers, morning and evening, and at

eleven a. m. for recitations. On Sunday, and on extra occasions, they blew four different times. . . "It was found very difficult to keep the Indians to the strict performance of their task, as they were unfamiliar with the use of watches. To meet this difficulty there was a walk made in front of the buildings of such length that a certain number of turns upon it could be made in five minutes. Over this path the Indians were instructed to go, sounding their horns during the given time. An amusing incident is related of one of the red men who, becoming disobedient, used to convert his prescribed walking pace into a swift run. He thus reduced his blowing to less than three minutes and brought about a state of things unpleasant to tardy students, monitors and instructors. On being complained of, the Indian said in defence, "Too long time, Indian no want to blow all his wind away," and they were obliged to substitute for the unruly savage a person possessed of more spare wind. An old college account book in the office of the treasurer proves Dr. Wood's statement in regard to the price paid by the students for this practice to be correct. When by the benevolence of friends the college was furnished with the bell, this custom was discontinued". . . . . .

THE DARTMOUTH CAVALRY.

John Scales, '63.

DARTMOUTH College furnished many men for serving in the Civil War from 1861 to '64: they took an active part and won many honors, but the unique episode of that war history was the part taken by the Dartmouth Cavalry. . . In the early summer of 1862 the preliminary steps were being taken which finally resulted in the defeat of McClellan before Richmond. General Banks and his army had been driven back through the Shenandoah valley to the Potomac. Day by day the excitement increased throughout the North. It was feared Washington would be captured by the Confederate army, and troops were called for to defend it, Dartmouth students sharing in the excitement. . . In this condition of national affairs, Sanford S. Burr, of my class, '63, conceived the idea of forming a company of cavalry of Dartmouth students. The question was discussed from day to day for two weeks, and Mr. Burr applied to the governors of New Hampshire, Vermont, and Massachusetts, but they all declined to accept such a company if raised. Finally he applied to

Governor Sprague of Rhode Island; fortunately the governor had just received a call from President Lincoln for a squadron of three months' cavalry, and he telegraphed Mr. Burr that he would accept the company if they would come immediately to Providence. . . As soon as Mr. Burr received this telegram he stepped into the class-room where we Juniors were listening to a lecture on electricity by Professor Fairbanks, who was at the point of describing how to charge a horseshoe magnet; Burr had a broad smile on his face; instantly the boys suspected that he had received some important news. The lecture soon closed and the boys crowded around him in a lively state of mind to learn what was up; in a word he told them Governor Sprague had agreed to accept the company of cavalry, if he would organize at once, for a three months' campaign. . . What a turmoil of excitement followed! The whole class seemed ready to sign the recruiting papers, then and there; the news spread through the whole college, and the members of other classes became almost as excited as the Junior class; for a while it seemed as if the whole college would enlist and half a regiment be organized, instead of one company. Everybody was discussing the question; the boys as they reclined on the green grass beneath the shade trees in front of Dartmouth Hall exercised their vivid imaginations as to the amount

of glory they would gain by going with the company. Many boys wrote home for permission to go; anxious parents were in great distress on receipt of those letters lest their boys should leave for the war before letters could reach them forbidding such rash and dangerous acts. Then the faculty began to talk against the scheme; not that they were opposed to a vigorous prosecution of the war, but they argued such a course would be injurious to the college in breaking up the regular course of study. At length, for one reason or another, the numbers fell off who were willing to enlist, and the company, as finally made up, consisted of eighty-two men, the larger part from Dartmouth, a small squad from Norwich University, then just across the river from Hanover, and a few from Bowdoin, and three or four from Union College. . . It was June 18, 1862 when the company gathered on the campus and took formal leave of the college students. As they got into carriages and left for White River Junction a great demonstration of cheers and good will was given. At the chapel exercises the next morning President Lord offered a special prayer for the boys who had left the evening before. The manner of expression, the tone of voice, the command of language on that extraordinary occasion, were marvelous, devout, eloquent, patriotic. . . At the Junction the boys waited till 2 a. m., the

19th, when the train started for Boston and Providence, arriving at the latter city on the afternoon of the 19th, where they were received by Col. A. C. Eddy, a member of Governor Sprague's staff, who escorted them to a room in the depot and formally mustered them into the Rhode Island service. Thence they were marched to the quartermaster's department to be uniformed. What a scene ensued! . . . The boys looked at the garments of blue which Uncle Sam had prepared for his servants; they looked at the elegant, comely, stylish, well-fitting suits they had on, the best they could afford for dress occasions; then they looked at the rough, wiry-feeling, contemptible-looking, ill-fitting uniforms and said, "Can it be that *heroes* are clad in such things; must the sons of old Dartmouth be brought to the humiliating point of wearing such nondescript suits? No, never; they must have good cloth, well made into beautiful suits, such as become the ideal hero". The officer in command soon stopped that sort of talk; with an oath that made the boys' hair almost stand on end, he said: "Put on them clothes, and do it damned quick, too; not a man will leave this room till it is done". They obeyed. As soon as the transformation from citizens to soldiers had been made, they started on their march to the camp ground. As they marched along the men on the streets cheered and the ladies at the windows waved their hand-

kerchiefs as it had been noised about that they were a company of college students. . . They remained in camp at Providence until June 28 and were drilled daily by Major Corliss. Their stay there was made pleasant by the cordial greetings they received from the best citizens, and just before they left for Washington they were royally entertained by a strawberry festival given by ex-Governor Hoppin and others to show their respect for Dartmouth and the sons of Dartmouth, who had taken up arms to fight in defense of the Union. Governor Sprague, President Sears of Brown University, and the elite of the city were present. Speeches were made, and the boys responded in words of eloquence which brought forth much applause. On Sunday they attended Bishop Clark's church. . . The squadron was made up of the Dartmouth men and a committee of the common sort, such as could be picked up in Providence; the latter were Company A, the former B. Although so dissimilar in character and mental training, the two companies lived on the best of terms with each other. The squadron packed up and started for Washington on a very hot Saturday, June 28, and arrived in Washington on the afternoon of June 30. On their way through Philadelphia they were treated with great hospitality by the ladies, who furnished them with hot coffee and good things to eat. The steeds that were to

bear them to war were taken on board the train at Amboy. . . On arrival in Washington the men were placed in the barracks and the horses in the stockyard. That night the boys slept soundly, for they were weary from the long and hot journey. They remained in camp there till July 18. The first two days were devoted to the mysteries of the sabre exercise and the various evolutions of the troopers on foot, together with guarding their horses with long poles to keep them from kicking one another to death. On the third or fourth day their horse equipments were furnished; then work began in earnest and many ludicrous scenes were witnessed. Not a dozen of the company knew how to saddle a horse properly, or could ride with ease and dignity; the spurs on their boot heels added much to the distress of both men and beasts. The first time the command was obeyed "boots and saddle," it was difficult to tell which were the most frightened, the boys or the horses, maddened as the latter were by the terrible spurs that pierced their bleeding sides; the harder the troopers hugged their legs, so much the more frightfully did the horses leap and plunge; they were rampant and saliant, ferocious and calcitrocious, till the Dartmouth boys were about as homesick a set of mortals as ever mounted horses. This condition of things passed off in a day or two, when the horses and men became better acquainted. . .

The squadron crossed the Potomac July 18 and encamped on a beautiful hill near Fairfax Seminary, where they remained under drill till the 27th, when they were ordered to go to Winchester, via Harper's Ferry. During their ten days' encampment on the "Sacred soil of Virginia" they enjoyed themselves very much, as they had been under drill and practice long enough to bear the hardships with equanimity and could see the fun of the business but they were glad when the order came for them to go to Winchester, as they wanted to see something of active service as well as the daily drill in the camp. Great battles had been fought since they had left home and they were eager to engage in the fight when the next great conflict of arms should occur, as it did at Antietam in the following September. . . Their journey to Winchester was a dreary and tiresome task, although they traversed a region that has some of the finest and grandest scenery in the country; they had to travel in dirty stock cars, with no accommodations for sleep or rest except the straw covered floor, and at a slow rate of speed. On arriving at Winchester they came under the command of General Julius White; for some time that squadron was the only cavalry connected with the army there, so that their duties were urgent and active from the day of their arrival till the day they left, Sept. 2. . . Winchester was intensely

hostile in its sentiments and the women resorted to every means to make the stay of the Union troops uncomfortable; the men who were not in the Rebel army were carrying on a "bushwhacking" campaign which kept the soldiers, and more especially the cavalry, on the alert night and day. General White's brigade was stationed there to guard the passes of the Blue Ridge and the highways of the valley. The whole region was infested with guerrillas, who grew bolder as Lee's army moved north for its invasion of Maryland, culminating in the battle of Antietam. On the very first night of the squadron's arrival in Winchester, they were aroused at midnight by an attack of guerrillas and had to keep guard the rest of the night in the darkness, and *such* darkness; it was difficult to tell whether the man next to you was friend or foe; every one felt, as one of the boys said in a low tone, "There is something in the word 'home,'" for they all thought of those distant and happy places; but not a Dartmouth man quailed before the stern demand of duty. . . On the day after their arrival they mounted their horses early and rode to Front Royal and were gone all day. On August 1st the horses were saddled and the men slept on their arms through the night. Thus were the Dartmouth boys compelled to pass the month of August; every alternative night doing patrol duty, and the other days riding out many miles

distant on scouting expeditions, intercepting Rebel supply trains, and keeping close watch of what the Rebels were doing. . . In one of these expeditions to Front Royal they were with the cavalry that captured the famous Rebel spy, Belle Boyd, who was taken thence to Washington and imprisoned by order of Secretary Stanton. That fair Rebel is now an actress and visited New Hampshire in 1893. . . On Sept. 2 the order was issued for the brigade to leave Winchester, as the Rebel army under General Lee was marching north by way of Leesburg. At the time the order was issued, the Dartmouth men were away on a scouting expedition and before they returned their entire camp equipage was destroyed, and the rest of the army had commenced their retreat. The Rhode Island cavalry were the rear guard in this retreat of thirty miles to Harper's Ferry, and performed their duty with bravery, vigilance and the prudence. . . . . On arriving at Harper's Ferry they were at first stationed on Bolivar Heights, which overlooks the village, but in a day or two were sent across the Potomac to Maryland Heights, where they remained till it was taken by the advance guard of Lee's army, which was invading Maryland. They then crossed back to Bolivar Heights, where they got a sight of Rebel shells, which were thrown from Loudon Heights, and a very strong smell of Rebel

gunpowder, but fortunately no one of their company was injured. . . It is not within the scope of this article to tell the story of General Miles' surrender with his 11,000 soldiers to the Rebel forces of General Lee at Harper's Ferry. It may better be read in the history of that unfortunate campaign, but to relate the part that the Dartmouth men took in the escape from General Miles' army. When it became manifest that Miles' army could not escape, permission was given the cavalry to attempt an escape if they should dare to try it on their own responsibility; they tried, and succeeded; had they delayed a day longer, they would have had to surrender with the rest of the army. The cavalry that made up the company consisted of the Twelfth Illinois, the Rhode Island, the First Maryland, and the Eighth New York. They crossed the Potomac on the night of September 8, Colonel Voss of Illinois in command; they had neither baggage wagons, or led horses; having crossed the river they took the road to Sharpsburg, and finally cut their way through the Rebel lines in Pleasant valley. The night was intensely dark; they rode as quietly but rapidly as possible, so not to arouse the suspicions of Rebel guards. Early in the night they arrived at Sharpsburg, and thence descended into the beautiful Pleasant valley in which General Longstreet's army corps was encamped. At one point the head of the

column drew the fire of the Rebel pickets, but in the intense darkness they managed to reverse their course and hit upon another road which led them past the Rebel army to the Pennsylvania line, although at one point on this road they had to dash through a bivouac of Rebels, whom they speedily put to flight. On the way they captured one of General Longstreet's ammunition and commissary trains, consisting of eighty-five army wagons, each drawn by six fine mules, following which was a herd of fat young steers. . . They arrived at Greencastle, Pa., about ten o'clock a. m., Sept. 15, the very day that General Miles had to surrender. This exploit saved the Union army nearly two thousand men and horses. In this dash for freedom it is sufficient to say that the Dartmouth boys "kept up with the procession," not a man getting astray, although about one hundred and fifty others of the troopers failed to report at Greencastle. . . Colonel Voss reported to General McClellan and was ordered by him to take a position at Jones' Crossroads, on the turnpike between Hagerstown and Sharpsburg, at which point they remained during the battle of Antietam. The Dartmouth boys remained with Colonel Voss till after the battle, although the time of their enlistment had expired. The next day after the battle they left for home. . . The Dartmouth company reached Providence Sept. 26. On the first

day of October they were mustered out of the service, received their pay, and started for Hanover, where they arrived in due time and received a royal welcome. The faculty were disposed, at first, to require the boys to pass examinations on the studies they had lost during the campaign, but on learning that they would all be accepted by Brown University, the requirement was not insisted on. Soon all settled down to work, but it was a long time before the students tired of hearing the stories of that campaign. . . Only one man was lost; he died of typhoid fever at Winchester; two were captured by the Rebels and were taken to Richmond and confined in Libby prison, but fortunately were let out in season to arrive home with the rest, so that the campaign was a remarkably successful one, so far as health was concerned; and as regard their conduct in the campaign, General White and other officers, under whose command they served, spoke of them in terms of the highest commendation and praise. . . The officers in command of the company were Capt. S. S. Burr; First Lieut. Theo. H. Kellogg; Second Lieut. Wm. H. Stevens; Sergts. Henry A. Alvoed, H. F. Anderson, F. W. Graves, J. N. Whiteney, Calvin C. Brown, Zeeb Gilman, Alonzo Jenkins; Corporals Chas. Caldwell, Geo. A. Bailey, J. W. Heysinger, John S. Eaton, J. S. Cameron, Douglass Lee, N. H. Clement, and D. R. Nutter. . . . . .

GEN. SYLVANUS THAYER.

Prof. Marvin D. Bisbee, '71.

IN the same class with George Ticknor (1807) was a fine scholar named Sylvanus Thayer, who graduated as valedictorian. He at once entered West Point Military Academy where, in view of his previous acquirements, he was graduated after one year's work. As an officer in the corps of engineers he rendered important service in designing and constructing military works and as chief engineer for the northern army in the War of 1812, where he was breveted for "distinguished and meritorious services". . . After two years in Europe, examining fortifications and military establishments and observing the operations of the allied armies in France, he received the appointment of superintendent at West Point and commenced the great work of his life. This position he held for sixteen years of his life, during which he rendered invaluable service. The institution was then of low grade and under very inadequate discipline. He instituted a very thorough re-organization and soon brought the standard up to a high grade. Ill-prepared and incompetent students were sent

away in large numbers and perfect discipline insisted upon. No student was allowed longer to keep a horse, dog or servant. No liquors were allowed and even cards were forbidden. His own nephew upon the first infraction of discipline was required to read his own resignation to the corps. The code was made as strict morally as otherwise. . . A falsehood led to summary dismissal. Under his administration many distinguished officers received their training, including Robert Anderson, Charles F. Smith, Leonidas Polk, Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee, Joseph E. Johnstone, George G. Meade, Braxton Bragg, Joseph Hooker. . . His leaving the academy was entirely characteristic. Some cadets, who had been dropped, having a "pull" with the Jackson administration, were restored. General Thayer, holding that in his own sphere he was as supreme as the president in his, promptly resigned and never could be persuaded to visit the institution again. . . But for this piece of "practical politics" he doubtless would have had the personal training of all the younger generals of the army who served in the Civil War. As it was he had so wrought his character into the institution that it has remained practically unchanged and, though too old to participate in the great war, indirectly his influence was felt upon every battlefield. His great service after leaving West Point

was in the construction of the defences of Boston harbor, and the founding of the Thayer School of Civil Engineering at Dartmouth College in 1867, to which he donated $60,000. . . . . .

HISTORIC HANOVER HOUSES.

IT is the clever remark of one of Hanover's well-known townswomen that "houses in Hanover should have been built on wheels," so frequent have been their peregrinations. The statement is particularly apropos of the earliest buildings of the town. The "Familiar Old Row" has alone withstood the changing fashion and fancy of the times and its dictators; all the older buildings, with this exception, have frequently crossed and recrossed the campus on their merry way, or departed down the Lebanon road to form the nucleus for a small and ill-assorted lot of homes for Hanover's "industrials". . . The old buildings of a college town invariably have an interesting tale hidden away somewhere between their walls or within their partitions. The buildings at Hanover are no exception to the general rule. Some of these tales have been written and handed down to Dartmouth men through generations, some smoulder in the minds and hearts of the alumni, while not a few are gone from us forever and may never be known, either in whole or in part. . . Those who have read the early publications of the

students, filed away in Wilson hall, know something of the halo and glory which surrounds old Dartmouth hall in the mind of the old alumnus. Some of the stories are full of fun, some are pathetic. We realize that the days are gone when one may think of driving cows into the galleries of the Old Chapel, or of painting the Freshman seats Green, in respect to the honored traditions of that class and regardless of the probable ruin of their precious homespuns, and woe to the man to-day who would venture the use of gunpowder to force an entrance in Old Dartmouth. . . There are few houses in Hanover of more interest than that which is now the home of Dartmouth's revered and honored pastor emeritus. "The Maples," as Rev. S. P. Leeds likes to call it, was built in 1778 and was the home of Sylvanus Ripley, a son-in-law of the first president, who took his degree from Dartmouth in 1771. In this house Webster was examined for college, and here, quite a little later, when it was the home of Mills Olcott, the college treasurer and trustee, Rufus Choate was married to one of Mr. Olcott's daughters. Thus it has witnessed conspicuous events in the lives of Dartmouth's two most famous graduates. In 1864 the estate passed to the present tenant from Professor Long, who had occupied it for many years. With its deep Queen Anne windows, its delightful study and

well-arranged rooms, an hospitable porch, and a general air of coziness nestling under the great maples, the old mansion is one that will be sadly missed when the reconstruction period shall demand its demolition. . . Two old Hanover houses are interesting from their connection with Webster, according to carefully developed traditions by two of Dartmouth's well-known professors. The Wainwright house, at the corner of South Main and South streets, is claimed by Prof. C. F. Richardson to contain the remains of the Farrar house in which, on the corner of Main and Lebanon streets formerly, Webster roomed while a Freshman and Sophomore in Dartmouth College. The McMurphy house, at the corner of North Main street and Webster avenue, is put forward by Prof. H. D. Foster as the residence of Webster during the later years of his college life. Both of these claims are well substantiated by the evidence which the gentlemen have procured and published. . . The Howe Memorial Library, as the oldest building after Dartmouth hall, cannot well be omitted from any list of Hanover's "venerable piles". Built in 1773 by Eleazar Wheelock with funds furnished by Mr. Thornton of London, Eng., the house was removed from its first site, near the present Reed hall, to West Wheelock street, in 1838. Here for some fifty years it was the home of the Howe family, and within the last

year has been presented to the town of Hanover, under a corporation, as a public library, through the munificence of Mrs. Emily Howe Hitchcock. The interesting thing about this old building which has come out in later years is the finding in the partitions of the house of many old and rare books, coins and like articles, which were, undoubtedly, put there with the idea of some day benefiting another generation. The first articles were found on Feb. 8, 1883, when the house was being repaired. Some of the books were "The British Instructor, or the First Book for Children," etc., printed in London in 1763. Another volume, half eaten by the rats, was "Aesop's Selected Fables," also printed in London. "The Dying Thoughts of the Rev. Learned and Holy Mr. Richard Baxter," published in 1761, was another book calculated to interest and instruct a future generation. There were still other books and relics, and but a short time ago Mrs. Hitchcock discovered in one partition, behind a sliding door, a single-cleat door which had been fashioned and left here until the need for it might call it forth. It bore in pencil the most unsatisfactory date of "Aug. 15"; the year was lacking. What more may still be in hiding within the walls of this house it would be difficult to conjecture, but it is believed that as occasion demands the working-over of the interior, now so beautifully finished, some further interesting discoveries

may be made. . . Chandler hall, once Moor's Indian Charity School, would be the most interesting building in Hanover to-day, perhaps, could one but tell a perfect tale of its connection with Dartmouth College. It dates from 1791, and many Indian boys of all degrees of civilization have crossed its threshold, "those", as a Dartmouth historian has said "who were bent wholly on vice, not being taken". The fact that from 1794 to 1801 the second floor was used as a printing office makes it probable that here the strange little book of "The Memoirs of Stephen Burroughs" was printed, and many other curious editions. It is worthy of comment in this connection also, that Dartmouth was the first college in the country to issue a college paper. . . Rood, Hubbard and Sanborn were made popular in their early days as the location of girls' boarding schools. In the Rood house, which was owned and given to the college by Levi P. Morton, the late vice-president of the United States, the school was conducted first by a Miss Peabody, and then by the Misses Sherman, who retired in 1864. For a few years after this it was the home of President Smith. The Hubbard School was conducted by Professor and Mrs. Hubbard, and was continued until about 1868. Sons of some of the ladies who attended these girls' schools are in Dartmouth to-day, and some of the regulation of those days

have been repeated, much to the amusement of the present generation. One of the curious things of the Peabody School days was the mandate that the young women should not step upon or cross the college campus, and the rule was preferably carried out by the girls. A Junior Week in those days would have been a strange affair, indeed. . . As the reference to Vice-President Morton comes up, the added information should be made that he came to Hanover a poor boy and hired out as a clerk in a store in the old Tontine building, which stood just beyond the Wheelock hotel, and later became prosperous and owned the same store. Henry Wilson is a second vice-president who has made Hanover his home for a time. Mr. Wilson came here in ill health and lived with Senator J. W. Patterson in the residence opposite that of Professor C. F. Emerson. Here Mrs. Patterson now lives, surrounded by all the beautiful works of art which Senator Patterson gathered abroad, and which made the house a wonderful mansion in the days when it was wide open to the distinguished public in which Mr. Patterson was such a prominent figure. Two presidents have visited Hanover, Franklin Pierce, New Hampshire's only president, and James a. Garfield. . . Among the private residences in Hanover probably none can compete with the grand old mansion of the late Hiram

Hitchcock, which in the beauty and richness of its furnishings, and the priceless value of the rare old volumes and collections of Greek and Roman remains gathered in many years by Mr. Hitchcock, make it one house in thousands. The residence directly north of the home of D. B. Currier on Main street should be recognized with especial interest as the birthplace of Anthony W. Morse, who, students of American economics will recollect, ran the price of gold up to 285 in New York on July 14, 1864; his deal was broken by Secretary of the Treasury Salmon P. Chase, Dartmouth 1826, who flooded the market with gold. . . The Crosby house has little to distinguish it, in the present day, of historic interest. It was, however, the home of the most distinguished family of physicians ever known in New Hampshire. Sanborn hall has a peculiar interest, other than the previous reference to it, because of the strange ceiling and dingy, old wall paper of one room in the south, one-story wing of the building. The paper was brought from across the water three-quarters of a century ago. It has a companion piece in the decoration of a room in the Proctor home on Main street. The papers are pictorial and represent complete stories in themselves, the paper in the Proctor house representing the life story of two people from babyhood together through childhood, youth, married life and old age. Profes-

sor C. F. Emerson's house was originally the Rowley Assembly rooms, or Brown hall, and was occupied by the students of the college in the days of 1815. It stood somewhat south of the present site. . . The old house at the corner of Main and Lebanon streets at one time stood on the site of The Wheelock and for many years regaled stage-weary travelers as a coffee house. In 1816 it was removed and a new house, The Dartmouth hotel, erected. In 1828 a spring-floor dance hall was added to the hotel and in 1838 the proprietor of the place was Jonathan B. Currier, father of D. B. Currier now residing in Hanover. The hotel sign was a grand affair, bearing the coat of arms of the Earl of Dartmouth, with the plumes of the coronet curiously fashioned out of pieces of glass. The sign laid for many years in a shed in the rear of Mrs. Thomas Crosby's house, now the Elm house, but finally disappeared and efforts to discover its whereabouts were unavailing. During Mr. Currier's regime at least one famous man made his home here, Oliver Wendell Holmes. Mr. Holmes was professor of anatomy in the Dartmouth Medical College during the years 1838-1840, and, as he had no family connections here, he always stopped at The Dartmouth Hotel. He was held to be exceedingly pleasant and genial, and the story is told of how he was

fooled on a Commencement ticket during one of his years here. It was the custom at that time to send Commencement tickets to everyone within reach and later to call and collect the price. Mr. Holmes, not knowing the custom, was honored with a ticket and felt greatly pleased. Prepared to attend the exercises, he was greatly surprised that day, just before the hour of opening, to be accosted by a mercenary Senior who demanded two dollars in payment for his ticket to the Commencement exercises. Mr. Holmes was surprised, but accepted the situation in good grace and often repeated the instance as a joke upon himself. Horace Frary and wife ran the hotel in later years, until about 1855, and many are the curious stories told of the pair. In 1887 the hotel suddenly burned one night and the present building was erected. The hotel history of Hanover from its earliest days would be an exceedingly interesting one in itself. . . Since college students of the present day have had their experiences with a "pest house" it may be interesting to note that the instance is not the first on record, "history repeats itself". In January, 1777, a genuine small-pox scare struck the college and many students were affected. The locality about the mill, down by Mink brook, was infested and the houses there were turned into quarantine as pest houses. The road at the top of the hill was cut

off and all communication forbidden. Just here the trouble arose which threatened to break up the college and cause its removal to New York state. Many of the students wished to be inoculated and thus avoid danger of the disease. But private inoculation had been forbidden by law and there was much aversion to the practice at all in those days. However, some of the students did visit the pest house section and thereby aroused the indignation of the townspeople, who attacked the president. He, in turn, became incensed and corresponded with New York citizens to see about removing the college there. Finally the trouble was settled, and health, peace and happiness restored without serious outcome. . . Perhaps no more fitting subject could be chosen with which to close this rambling sketch than the College church, that staid old building which has for so many years welcomed the coming and sped the parting guest. The student who would to-day see this old building replaced by a modern structure realizes but little the conspicuous place the church has had in the life of the town and the college. That Dartmouth's presidents, from John Wheelock down, have been inaugurated there is no small consideration, but its record does not stop here, nor with the thousands of graduates who have received their sheepskins within its walls. From the platform of the old College church

Daniel Webster in 1806 delivered the Phi Beta Kappa oration, and in 1853, from the same stand, Rufus Choate delivered the grandest of all his orations, the eulogy on Webster. William M. Evarts in the '70's pronounced a most dignified and scholarly eulogy on Chief Justice Chase, and President Brown of Hamilton performed a similar service in memory of George P. Marsh in 1880. The following list of men who have delivered Phi Beta Kappa addresses in this church gives the most impressive testimony that could be offered in defence of the old church: Francis Brown, 1811; Rufus Choate, 1823; Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1839 and 1858; George P. Marsh, 1844; Elijah Kellogg, 1846; John G. Saxe, 1851; James T. Fields, 1854; James Barrett, 1868; B. P. Shillaber ("Mrs. Partington"), 1871; J. W. Patterson, 1875; John Boyle O'Reilly, 1881; John T. Trowbridge, 1884; S. W. McCall, 1896. During the war Edward Everett came here and spoke upon the war and gave an address upon "Astronomy". Ralph Waldo Emerson took especial delight in visiting Hanover. When in the village he stayed at the Crosby house, and has often been in the old church and spoken there. Caleb S. Henry in a lecture upon "The Civil War," Carl Schurz upon "European Politics," Dwight L. Moody, Prof. Henry Drummond of Scotland, Wendell Phillips, James A. Garfield, John Pierpont, John B.

Gough and General Sherman are others who have graced the church with their presence. The latter was given a degree by Dartmouth in 1866. Such is the story of the old church. May its life not cease, even with the third century in which it lives. . . . . .

THE OLD PINE.

Prof. Herbert D. Foster, '85.
Prof. Henry G. Jesup.

THE "Old Pine," judged from its carefully and independently counted 112 rings, may be safely assigned according to the best arboriculturists to within a year or two of 1783 for its origin. . . Jacob Gale, 1833, is the earliest alumnus to report as current in his college days a vague legend of three Indians singing about a tree their farewell song, beginning "When shall we three meet again". Ex-President S. C. Bartlett remembers to have seen the story and poem in print before he enrolled in college in 1832. No earlier or more definite evidence in response to letters, or the 250 circulars sent to all classes before 1867, has been secured. On the other hand, another tradition pointed out a pine on the Lebanon road as the "Indian pine". No three Indians appear to have graduated together, and Judge Chase in his history (page 528) says "that after 1782 but a single representative of the race remained and for fifteen years, from 1785, there were none". Much of the sentiment of the song seems like that of

Indians, e. g.: . . . . .

Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parched beneath a hostile sky,
Though the deep beneath us roll.

Dr. Bartlett recently investigated the legend with a desire of proving it true, but came to the conclusion it was untrue. This later and independent investigation, with a desire simply of getting all the facts, leads to the conclusion that the vagueness, inconsistency and inherent improbability of the story mark it not only as not proven, but as decidedly improbable. The earliest reminiscence of the "Old Pine" is from Jas. F. Joy, '33, who writes: "The 'Old Pine' was standing of course in my day, and there were stories current then about some class which graduated just before I entered college gathering about that tree and singing 'Auld Lang Syne' before parting". Such stories might naturally have grown into the Indian legend. . . In the '40's, the pine had become more generally known, and from this time on it tells its story not by legend, but by personal reminiscences by alumni. An alumnus of '40 says: "Some of us would occasionally, when out for recreation, sing a hymn which tradition told us the three Indians composed and sang". A graduate of '45 writes: "We like other classes had many meetings around the 'Old Pine' for gossiping, story-telling and music and some other exercises. One of these

'other exercises' was a tarring and feathering of a man charged with crime". "The class of '44 at the time of its graduation held memorial services around it and smoked the pipe of peace," writes the Rev. Thos. Wilson. Yet four other members of '44 state the class had no exercises. One remembers none, another gives probably the true conclusion: "Perhaps some who were smokers did as Mr. Wilson remembers". . . Dr. John Ordronaux, '50, says "Under its shade I have sat and danced on Commencement day with my classmates as did others before my day and since". The class of '52 celebrated Gen. Scott's nomination by a cannon salute from under the pine, but were stopped by Prof. Hubbard whose house had been inadvertently struck by a stone put in the cannon by some rogue, without the knowledge of the gunner. Rev. J. O. Emerson, one of "the quarter of the class to be ministers" who smoked, "not tobacco," writes: "Our class of '53 had a short address and smoked the pipe of peace and sung the song under the 'Old Pine' at this its final meeting". But far the greater number of the alumni before 1854 state that they had no exercises about the pine at Commencement and a number remember nothing of the pine whatever. The Rev. S. Louis B. Spear, the secretary of the class of 1854: "My class inaugurated class day exercises and in the program was the singing (with clasped

hands around the 'Old Pine') of the classic, 'When shall we (all) meet again?'. We had an elegant wreath about its trunk, of cedar". Evidently before this time groups of men had smoked and sung about the tree, though probably not as classes. . . '56 states with apparent right that it was the second to observe class day. A copy of their "order of exercises" shows that the chronicles and prophecies were read at the "Old Pine". "Then," as the orator of the day, "we all smoked the 'pipe of peace'". '57 had the speeches and smoking and "then," writes the secretary, "with joined hands, we had a sort of a war dance, running around the whole, ending with a grand rush for the tree, around which had been placed a wreath of evergreen and red berries, every man securing a portion as a memento". . . From 1854 until 1895, with the exception of 1855 and a few years when class day was omitted on account of quarrels over class elections, the "Old Pine" witnessed class cay celebrations consisting of singing, an address, smoking the pipe of peace, sometimes from a single pipe passed around, sometimes from long clay pipes, sometimes from "T. D's". The scrimmage for the wreath of flowers is reported in vogue as early as 1854 and as late as 1870, after which it was replaced by the ceremony of breaking the pipes against the tree at a given signal, followed by a rush for mementoes. This custom was con-

tinued until 1893. . . July 29, 1887 the "Old Pine" was struck by lightning, and on June 14, 1892 its main branch was broken by a whirlwind. As if it were an old friend, the word passed around among its alumni, "The Old Pine is dying". Its friends tried to save it in 1894, but in spite of the greatest care it failed to replace its brown needles with green ones in the following spring. After witnessing its last class day, it was cut down July 23-24, 1895. A shot was found in the seventy-ninth ring from the outside. The total height was seventy-one feet; the stump four feet high is left standing, and has been treated with a preservative. Much of generous sentiment has clustered about it and been said and sung for undergraduate and alumnus. More than sixty generations of college classes who have venerated it will find their veneration voiced in these spontaneous words of genuine reverence by Dr. John Ordronaux of the class of 1850: "I have known it since 1846, and never approach its hoary presence without a feeling of reverence, for I recognized in it a number of the ancient nobility of Pines, the sentinel tribe of our Northern Forests. Had I been one of the '*genus veritabile vatum*', I should long since have made it speak in verse like Tennyson's Talking Oak and surely it would tell of many pleasant unwritten chapters in the epic of college life". . . .

DARTMOUTH JOURNALISM.

Prof. Charles F. Richardson, '67.

TO Dartmouth College, according to President Thwing of Western Reserve University, belongs the honor due to the pioneer in the history of American collegiate periodicals. He says in the chapter on journalism, in his "American Colleges, their Students and Work:" "It was a hundred and ten years after the first newspaper was published in America, that, as far as I can discover, the first college journal appeared. In 1800 the Dartmouth students issued a paper called *The Gazette*, which is chiefly memorable as containing, in 1802-'03, numerous articles by Daniel Webster, then a graduate of one year's standing. They were signed "Icarus," a pseudonym at the time unacknowledged, but which a few years later Mr. Webster confessed belonged to himself". . . *The Dartmouth Gazette*, "published by Moses Davis, on College Plain, opposite Hanover Bookstore," was not, strictly speaking, an undergraduate periodical as we now know the term. It bore as its motto: . "Here range the world—explore the dense and rare; and view all nature in your elbow chair,"

and it contained such political, personal, legal and miscellaneous news from home and abroad as the weeklies of the day were accustomed to print in their scanty pages. But the doings of the officers and students of the college were given a prominent place; academic pens helped to fill the columns of the paper; and the very fact that the town existed for the college, in a sense not true at Cambridge, New Haven, Princeton, or Williamstown, made the "*Dartmouth*" of the title a very intelligible and warrantable term. The journal had a reasonably prolonged existence; by 1814 it had increased its size and become the *Dartmouth Gazette and Grafton and Coos Advertiser*, Charles Spear being its printer and editor. . . Interesting as this priority may be, the *Dartmouth* claim can be pushed still farther back. There lies before me as I write, *The Eagle or Dartmouth Centinel*, volume 1, number 11, for Monday, September 30, 1793, "Hanover (New Hampshire), printed and published at the Northwest Corner of College Square, by Josiah Dunham". A later issue is that of January 4, 1796, the academic character of which is sufficiently attested by its foot-note: "Edited by Josiah Dunham and printed at the Academy by Dunham and True". Anything printed at an academy certainly has an educational stamp. This Benjamin True, in 1798, was the printer of the first edition of the

"Memoirs of Stephen Burroughs,"—unquestionably the first bound book issued in Hanover, a volume so scarce that I know of but a unique specimen. These old papers afford many opportunities for interesting citations, from the freshly printed "Declaration of the Rights of Man, and of the Citizen," of the French National Convention in 1793, to advertisements of runaway apprentices. . . Our undergraduate literature proper begins with the first series of *The Dartmouth*, 1839-'42, an eminently respectable but not wholly readable monthly. Revived as a magazine in 1867, and later transformed into the newspaper we now know, *The Dartmouth* has gradually taken to itself the department of college news, leaving literature to its friendly rival, *The Dartmouth Literary Monthly*, started in 1886, and renamed *The Dartmouth Magazine* in 1900. *The Aegis*, the other undergraduate issue, began in 1858 as a four-page and five-cent sheet, containing little more than society catalogues; it was published three times a year. Prior to its appearance came the similar *Dartmouth Index*, which started its career in 1851 and apparently closed it in 1853; and the *Dartmouth Phoenix* of 1855-'58. No other ephemeral sheet emanating from the "college plain" deserves mention save *The Anvil*, which owed its existence to the journalistic faculty of a member of the class of '73. . . . The following is the

most complete list yet printed of the Dartmouth College (and Hanover) publications, and includes as far as is now known every literary attempt on the part of the students in the journalistic line, with the names of publishers and dates: 1779—*The Dresden* (Hanover) *Mercury* and *The Universal Intelligencer* (15 numbers); "Printed by Judah-Padock (Spooner) and Alden Spooner, in the South end of Dartmouth College". Weekly. 1793-1799—*The Eagle*: or, *Dartmouth Centinel*; "Printed and Published at the Northwest Corner of College Square, by Josiah Dunham". Later printers were John M. Dunham and Benjamin True. In 1798-9, the editor was Moses Fiske. Weekly. 1799-1819—*Dartmouth Gazette*, "Published by Moses Davis, on College Plain, west of the Meeting House". Davis died in 1806; Charles Spear succeeded him. Daniel Webster was a contributor 1799-1801. Weekly. 1803-1806—*The Literary Tablet*, "by Nicholas Orlando". Published by Moses Davis. Fortnightly. 1835—*The Magnet*. T. Mann, Printer. Fortnightly. 1837—*The Scrap-Book*, "Conducted by a Literary Club of Undergraduates in Dartmouth College". October number only issue. 1839-1844—*The Dartmouth*. Monthly. 1841—*The Iris*, "Edited by an Association of Gentlemen". Published by E. A. Allen. Monthly. 1851-1853—*Dartmouth Index*. Annual or semi-annual. 1855-1858—*Dartmouth Phoe-*

nix. Three times a year. 1858 (to date)—*The Aegis*. Three ties a year; twice a year; annual. 1867 (to date)—*The Dartmouth*. Monthly; fortnightly; weekly; daily in Commencement week. 1873-1874—*The Anvil*. Weekly. 1885 (to date)—*The Hanover Gazette*. Weekly. 1887 (to date)—*The Dartmouth Literary Monthly* (now *The Dartmouth Magazine*). Monthly. . . . .

THE CANE RUSH.

Dennis Francis Lyons, '02.

The undergraduate looks upon the cane rush as an old custom which has had an uninterrupted existence at Dartmouth for many years. A glance over the pages of *The Dartmouth* for the last thirty years, however, tells a different story. The cane rush has had a most varied career here; at times forbidden by the faculty and lying dormant for a few years, then, with the advent of two successive classes of exceptional aggressiveness, inevitably reappearing. . . At what time the cane rush made its first appearance is hard to ascertain. Though the first one reported in *The Dartmouth* took place in 1869, even then it is spoken of as a very old custom. In this particular case two members of the class of "seventy-two" appeared on the campus carrying canes. After an hour's rush "seventy-one" succeeded in getting possession of one cane, and President Smith of the other. The Freshmen, then voting they had earned the right to carry canes and wear tall hats, were assured by the faculty that they should be upheld in their action, and that any aggressors should be severely punished. The Sopho-

mores, nevertheless, made life interesting for such Freshmen as carried canes, and rushes were frequent. Finally, three sophomores were suspended for ten days and the Freshmen were informed by the president that if they brought out any more canes they too should be punished. That ended it. . . The next year rushing was expressly forbidden. The editor of *The Dartmouth* thus bemoans the situation: "Surely the golden age has come. Never before have we had such model Freshmen and Conservative Sophomores. Oh! these time-honored customs! We heave our last sigh over your remains and say it is well". . . The calm did not last long for we read of frequent rushes in the fall of 1872. Six years later they are again forbidden, and the faculty's action is the cause of a lively controversy among the contributors to *The Dartmouth*. Freshmen carried canes for several years. During this time the Sophomores were restive and the upper classmen complained bitterly of the "mien and bearing" of the Freshman "as he swings his law-protected cane". In a meeting of a Sophomore class which President Smith convened, he was asked if he would answer a question if it were put to him by a member of the class. Upon an answer being made in the affirmative, the following question was asked: "Might not a whole class of Freshmen in light attire gathered around a cane and

yelling very loudly be considered as giving a challenge?" The answer was brief and to the point: "It is none of your business, sir". . . A few years later cane rushing came into vogue once more. The cane rush of 1882 caused the following doggerel: . . . . . .

"A tear was in the Freshman's eye,
His little heart was filled with pain,
In vain he sued the cruel Soph
To please let him carry a cane."

The more recent history is of the same sort. Always disapproved of by the faculty and at times absolutely forbidden, the custom has lingered on. Now with hazing, horning and salt, wet-down and hat rushes, the cane rush has taken its place among the things that were. . . Perhaps it is best so. Perhaps the New Dartmouth must necessarily discard the customs of the Old. Yet the cane rush to us is not an unpleasant memory and we are glad that it did not come under the ban until we had had our turn. . . . . .

THE DARTMOUTH MAN.

Prof. Herman H. Horne.

WHAT is here written comes as the result of careful, though short, study of the Dartmouth man. He is, first of all, not capable of being quickly atomized. What is here seen is, no doubt, truly seen, yet, equally without doubt, the whole has not been seen. . . . Colleges, presenting us with different traditions, which traditions in turn make the man, naturally present us also different types of man. Hence it is legitimate to expect a man from another college to be a specimen of another type. This expectation is realized when one passes, for instance, from Harvard to Dartmouth. . . Harvard has the culture of a classic city; Dartmouth the strength of the wilderness. If Harvard is the Athens of American institutions, Dartmouth is the Sparta. If idealism is the note of one, realism is the note of the other. Harvard is the haven of the true, Dartmouth is the haven of the useful. Harvard's is the gospel of Matthew Arnold; Dartmouth's of Carlyle. The one is fine and sensitive; the other is strong and efficient

. They unite in announcing the Christ, Harvard with the *logos* of John the Disciple, Dartmouth with the *vox* of John the Baptizer (the seal of Dartmouth bears the words *vox clamantis in deserto*). The one is the thoughtful observer of life, the other the vigorous liver of life. Harvard, with a city's great life about it, retires from it to reflect on the on-sweeping tide of modern civilization. Dartmouth, with the quiet and solitude of the country, rushes about with the hurry of a large centre and Hanover becomes known as "the little city by the Connecticut". Each supplies from itself what the environment lacks. Harvard, in the midst of affairs, produces scholars; Dartmouth, in the midst of quietude, produces statesmen. The Harvard democracy of culture becomes the Dartmouth aristocracy of work. The classic cities beyond the New Hampshire border, especially the "Modern Athens," delight to strengthen themselves at times with Dartmouth's strong men of the North who invade them in large numbers and fill their honorable positions. . . Of course we are comparing greater things with less. The transition is from the greatest of city universities with its four thousand students to the largest of the New England country colleges with its eight hundred students. The looseness of one student body, the so-called "indifference," that really springs from a great variety of

interests, gives place to the closeness of the other where college spirit is a factor to be reckoned with. Despite the greater difference in the numbers, the average Dartmouth man, it may be asserted, knows more of his fellows than the average Harvard man. The advocates of the country as a site for an educational institution have never failed to point out the close companionship it engenders. At Harvard there is almost the variety of segregated interests that an English university with its colleges will show; it is quite possible, indeed common, that the Harvard man's interest in the whole is secondary to his interest in the part of the whole. At Dartmouth "the college" comes first, partial interests of whatever kind second. The loyalty of Dartmouth men is far-famed. The good things here are better than the best things elsewhere. "Why go to Harvard when you have Dartmouth?" is the common alumni feeling. Once a winter its sons return to celebrate in speech and song the praises of "old Dartmouth green without a peer,"—it is "Dartmouth Night". The devotion amounts to enthusiasm. At times it would make inroads upon the quieter conventions of the city. Recently its best-loved president, Dr. Tucker, when able to speak on the platform of Tremont Temple, Boston, before the International Congregational Council in assembly there, with difficulty restrained a group of young

gathered alumni from relieving the solemnity of the occasion with "a rouse for the college on the hill". . . In particular there are three things that belong to the Dartmouth type of man. He believes in work, he (especially to the looker-on in Hanover) disbelieves in dress, he believes in success, even as the world counts success. These three things belong to each other. They are but aspects of the one virtue of practicality. If the Dartmouth man had a patron philosopher, it would be Socrates. He holds by the utility of the good. He denies there is such a thing as being good without doing good. The good, he affirms, is good for something. Life is action, not thought. He knows his own great ones, Webster and Choate, not Emerson and Lowell. The sciences, not the humanities, are his preferred courses. He is a child of the modern age. Industries, not ideals, are his study. . . . . As to his belief in work, in college he makes use of both head and hands. There may be some things he *can* not do; there is nothing he will not do. He knows the value of money, for he makes it. He works at all possible things, not so much because he needs to, as because he wants to. Recently a request was formulated that men who could afford would not take offers of work in town and college to the exclusion of really needy men. As to his disbelief in dress, to the usually observer he

appears negligent. There is no constant society to invite it. The winters are long and severe, and protection, not appearance, is the problem. "What is the good," one says, "of going decent here?" He dons his sweater and rubber boots at the approach of winter nonchalantly. The environment naturally suggests these things; he freely chooses them. In his choice there is also present, no doubt, a handsome disregard of all that artificiality which costume fosters. He had rather be careless than foppish. He does not know the sentiment, "The apparel oft proclaims the man". The rich and poor meet together. No body of college students presents so homogeneous an outside. This indifference to personal appearance is a privilege all alike cherish and one to be relinquished under no slight inducement. So noticeable is it, especially to a stranger's eye, that it deserves to rank among the characteristics of the typical man. . . The third and final mark to receive special mention is the Dartmouth man's belief in success. Some would call this an ambition "of the earth earthy". Without attempting to estimate the fact, we are now concerned with describing it. The Dartmouth man is "a lad o' parts"; he is the epitome of Yankee shrewdness. In athletics, like Yale, he plays to win. In an equal contest he expects his team to win. Victories are largely taken as a

matter of course; defeats go hard. "Nothing succeeds like success," he repeats. It is the world's standard. The college song embodies this sentiment: "The world will never have to call on Dartmouth men in vain". . . The college is not a microcosm; it is a place of preparation for the microcosm. The Dartmouth man carries continually this image in his mind's eye. It makes of him a thoroughly sensible, uneccentric, genuine, and approachable youth. He knows no basis for the ideal save the real. He loves no airy clouds save those that rest upon his own granite hills. . . The Dart man is thus versatile, straight-forward and capable. He is practical, forceful, and efficient. He is no idealist, especially in the Cambridge sense of the word. But he does have a certain something finer than anything yet mentioned, which makes itself felt in his life, which redeems from what might easily become coarseness, and which is prophetic of something even better than now is. The Dartmouth man may be ignorant of the ideal, but he is not wholly unresponsive to it. He may not be seeking the Holy Grail, preferring rather to do the day's pressing duty, but he is not averse to its vision. This subtler something is to be named practical idealism. This alone satisfies him and to this brighter

world he is glad to be allured. He is an idealist in the sense that an American is an idealist. It is an emotional attitude toward the material. He is most encouraging to work with because of this attitude of waiting and desire to be informed of the idea. He would never make a Platonist, but is the ready disciple of any Aristotelian mind who will wed the ideal to the real. His feet are on the solid earth. His eyes are ready to be directed to the Heavens whence comes the light of the earth. This final element has named itself "the new Dartmouth man". Of the old Dartmouth man, who is the prime subject of this sketch, it may be said, "he partly is"; of the new, "he wholly hopes to be". The new man will make the good identical with the beautiful, even as the old man made it identical with useful, and then the real will have clothed itself in the garments of the ideal.