

Class of '90.

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History of '90.

WHEN one undertakes to write a history of a class much is expected of him, and of the one upon whom the mantle of honor has fallen to write the history of '90, more is expected than, I fear, the present writer is able to accomplish.

We hope not to weary you with too minute a description of it, for that would be in vain and, besides, would fill more space than is allotted to us.

We began our existence as all classes do, in the Fresh state, which at that time numbered twenty-three men. It was famed for its immensity, both physically and mentally; the largest and smallest men, in both cases, being acceded to us. With the usual buffetings and disagreeable epithets cast upon us by our larger brethren, we arrived successfully to that stage denominated Sophomority. To delineate to you, dear reader, our career during that memorable year would furnish you with a volume as large as the Downfall of the Confederacy, so we will have to briefly notice some characteristic features. At the beginning we numbered sixty-seven men, strong and brave, and loyal to their colors. In athletes we were the leaders of the college, having scored several games over both the Junior and Senior base-ball teams, and standing in the front ranks in the field day exercises.

It was an exceptional class in studiousness, as our worthy professors will testify, in spite of our occasionally deviating from this path to engage in lighter pursuits. At last, with much, toil we reached the matured state of

Juniors. In the fall of '88 forty-four men enlisted under our banner to pursue the Junior course, in spite of the hearty prayers and wishes of one staid old professor, "that those Sophomores of the previous year would never set foot in these college walls again." While we had depreciated in numbers, still we had grown in other respects. In this year we first inaugurated the new system of examinations, the faculty having abolished those delights (?) of a student's life, finals in two departments of our curriculum, and establishing, therefore, the system of unexpected "xams." This plan worked so well with our class as a specimen, that the system was adopted entirely in the succeeding year. Our hardships and trials of this year were alleviated by our various pleasures and enjoyments. No knight of the quill can picture our course; only from the lips of each member can one learn. As our labors drew to a close, our pleasures and enjoyments increased, and at the end, our Junior hop given to the outgoing Seniors far surpassed any that was ever given.

Our course as Juniors was finished and we were prepared for the goal of a student's life—to be a Senior.

We did not boast of our five orators as others had done, yet we successfully competed with our compeers of that year, but the studiousness of our members was the toast of the college and praises of the professors, for none had ever equalled us in this respect. In September, '89, thirty-eight men assembled beneath the venerable oaks which so beautifully adorn our campus, to discuss the future lovely state which we were about to enter, and to drink once more at the fount of knowledge prepared for us. During this year we, as ever, maintained our reputation as leaders of the college, and were so looked up to; hence

we assumed, or more properly developed, a dignity worthy of a czar, such that the timid Fresh and knowing Sophmore were paralyzed in our presence. With unity of purpose and ambition we have climbed to the top and will soon go upon the arena of that uncertain field—Life—to fight its battles and enjoy its triumphs.

While our pleasures and hopes have been mingled with many ups and downs, yet we could not have expected to spend another period of four years more profitably and pleasantly together than we have done in this dear old college. May each of us enjoy a prosperous life, undergo few vicissitudes and wear honorably the laurels untarnished of fame, is the wish of the

HISTORIAN '90.



SENIOR.