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Editorial.

THIS issue has been unavoidably delayed on account of the late beginning of the term. Our local editors were nearly all out of town, so we had to wait for that department, which we try to make the most important.

PROF. Webster made the History of Philosophy such an interesting study last year that the Seniors are nearly all taking it this term. The work follows very well in the extra Metaphysical course which a large number of the class have already been pursuing with the Prof.

THE holiday rest has been very acceptable to all, both Professors and Students. The hard work of second term, the cold weather and the confinement of so much indoor life is now, with pleasure, exchanged for easier work, a shorter term and the recreation of field and

campus. The bright spring weather is always a joy to the college student, an usher in of base-ball and other athletic sports, when we doff our heavier apparell and cultivate the free and easy manner indicative of a student life. The Freshman assumes his cane and begins to put on the *cold-blooded* look of Sophomorphism. The Soph now sated with his thirsty revenge on the innocent Fresh and with ardor cooled by the soothing influence of *calculus* and other easy branches, cultivates his mustache and *blocks*, buys the latest style of stiff hat, sticks his hands into both pockets, struts the campus and *thinks* himself a Junior. And what shall we say of our Juniors, our quiet, *scholarly* Juniors; the pets of the college, the pride of our hearts. The Junior year, the romantic, the poetical year of your course is drawing to a close and you are soon to settle down into the matter-of-fact duties of Seniordom. The Fresh and Soph already begin to gaze at you with lounging eyes and humble countenances. You have won golden honors on the hill. You have gained warm friends in "Old Dorp" society. You have ordered a new "cut-away" *on tick* and, strange to say, you are now aspiring to beaver hats and engagement rings; aspirations far beyond your years. But the Seniors, oh, the Seniors, the

gentlemanly, dignified Seniors! what thoughts throng their minds when just now stepping out upon life's threshold? The labors, the pranks, the pleasures of college days are nearly all in the past, and the stern realities of the world confront you. But a grand gulf lies between this and commencement. The *bills*, yes the *bills*, those frightful demons haunt your every path with menacing aspect. Your *dip*, your laundry bill, "mine host," the Schenectady boarding house keeper, your tailor, your hatter, your shoemaker, the base-ball contribution, your invitations, your photographer, your dress-coat, commencement ball, class-day exercises, and—but you stand aghast, and with hands in your empty pockets heave a thoughtful, lonesome sigh and exclaim, "Where, oh, where?" Echo answers, "where?"

THE work in Constitutional Law promises to be very interesting and instructive this term. The Doctor, last term, contrived, while making the work in Analogy and Moral Philosophy very thorough, to bring forward many practical questions for discussion according to the principles laid down in the text books. By this method the work became not only interesting but what seemed only theoretical was,

by its application to the incidents of every day life, proved to be eminently practical. If Doctor Potter succeeds as well during the present term as during the past, the Seniors will be greatly indebted to him for a clear understanding of that great basis of American freedom—The Constitution.

NONE of us can help feeling proud of the new building, as it stands fully completed, except the library. Prof. Hollis is now in the long room of the north wing, set apart for drawing and mechanical engineering. The room is well fitted for the purpose, affording plenty of light and space for a large class. There are 35 draughting tables made of light pine wood and constructed from a plan by Prof. Hollis, so that the top board will not warp. The tables are furnished with drawers for keeping instruments, papers, &c. These, with good locks, will be a convenience long needed in this department.

IT is commendable in all that the cremation passed off with so little disturbance and so few broken heads. While the exercises were going on, however, around the burning pyre, the Freshmen were pelted

indiscriminately with hard clumps of snow thrown by a crowd of *roughs* from the town, and not by any of the students. These men should remember that they have no right inside the college grounds and they should, at least, try to behave decently when their curiosity leads them thither.

WE have heretofore said nothing of the contribution which the Junior, Sophomore and Freshman classes have made for the purpose of sending Prof. Price on a short trip of rest and recreation. Now however, that the contribution is completed, we cannot refrain from some commendation on the above named classes for furthering such a worthy purpose. Seldom is there seen such a marked appreciation for a single professor, and it is the universal hope that this humble offering may prove a great benefit to one who is so deserving of esteem from the entire college.

THE Faculty took active measures in trying to suppress the inhuman practice of "setting up" Freshman rooms. Although the *sufferers* were not concerned in the disgraceful "setting up" which was done in south section, S. College, yet they

were the only ones caught and so had to suffer the penalty which the more guilty deserved. It is hoped that this affair and the consequences will have influence in the future.

AT the end of last term, the Adelphic Society voted a sum of about \$75 for new books, to be added to their already well-filled library. Gilchrist, '83, Sand, '83 and Judd '84 were appointed as a purchasing committee. These gentlemen have already selected and bought the following:

A full set of Dicken's, 13 volumes; Green's Long History of the English People, 2 volumes; Motley's Dutch Republic, 3 volumes; Goethe's "Faust," by Bayard Taylor; Darwin's Origin of Species; McCarthy's History of Our Own Times, 2 volumes; Newcombe's Popular Astronomy; "Weighed and Wanting," by George McDoland; History of Germany, by Kohlrausch; History of France, by Guizot; Six days of Creation, by Taylor Lewis; Life of Webster and Life of Calhoun, from the American Statesmen Series; J. S. Mill's, Representative Government; "Outre Mer" and "Hyperion," by Longfellow; Modern Classics; Lessings Laocoon; Holland's Foreign Reminiscences; Romola, by George Eliot; Decisive battles of the World,

by Creasy; Last Days of Pompei, by Bulwer; Athens, Its Rise and Fall, by Bulwer; Fronde's Cæsar.

These books were all bought from E. H. Bender, 71 and 73 State street Albany, through Adams, '83, who is Mr. Bender's agent. This entire list costing about \$50 was purchased cheaper than they could have been at the publishers or from second-hand book stores in Albany. Mr. Bender is an advertiser in the CONCORDIENSIS, and we hope will hereafter receive more patronage from the students. The Adelphic is in a very flourishing condition as this investment evidently shows.

THE *Garnet* will be out before the next issue of our paper. The Editors have been working hard and hope for great success. The cover will be an imitation of leather and consequently more substantial than usual.

NOW that the year is drawing to a close, we would advise the different classes, to be looking out their Editors for next year. We have done all in our power to improve the paper during the last four months, but are fully assured that there is yet large room for improvement. Union College, with one-

hundred and seventy-five students, can send out a much better paper than at present. By all means if you would wish your publication to be a fair representative of Old Union's literary ability, do not let class politics prevent you from electing the men who by rights should belong on the paper; men who have aided it this year by their contributions. Let your editorial board organize before the end of the year, work among the Alumni at Commencement, secure their subscriptions, and by so doing assure greater success.

AN APRIL SHOWER.

Lo! clouds gather dark before us;
 Is it rain or snow? Is it hail?
 For could one ever tell, before earthward it
 fell,
 What an April cloud brought to our vale?
 'Tis rain, yes, I see it falling,
 In arrowy sheets on the hill;
 As the clouds hurry on, save the murmur
 above,
 Of the yet distant rain, all is still.
 The wind in the wood is rising;
 For the tree tops sway to and fro,
 And the crows turn their helms for yon har-
 bor of elms,
 Dropping sail from the on-coming blow.
 Oh winds, full of heavenly sweetness!
 Grateful rains, fresh-wrought in the skies!
 With your force which ne'er fails, pierce ye
 deep in our dales,
 Where the slow budding wildflower lies!
 'Tis past, and the sun is shining
 Through the rain-drops, flashing array;
 And twinkling with gems, set on emerald
 stems.
 All the fields and the woodlands are gay.
 ZOR, '83.

JIMJAMS JIM;

THE BOSS BOY OF BOVINE BURROW. A
 THRILLING TALE OF RURAL LIFE.

BY JESSE JAMES HOWLS, JR.

(Concluded).

CHAP. IV.

THE BOSS BOY ON HIS MUSCLE.

Like wild-fire the news spread and the horror, which the deed created, was greatly augmented by the report that Jimjams Jim, the pride of Bovine Burrow, was the suspected murderer.

The circumstances connected with the murder were most damaging to our hero. An hour before the Squire was found lifeless with a carrot rudely jammed down his throat, the neighbors had heard a bitter altercation between him and Jimjams, and that, together with the knowledge that the old man stood between the two lovers, ever marrying, seemed to fasten with relentless grip the guilt upon the Boss Boy. Thus we see that the coil of circumstantial evidence was weaving itself around our hero's manly form. Flight was possible, but he scorned the idea, as any other innocent man would have done.

Aramantha was horror-stricken when she learned that her lover was suspected of the hideous crime. She would have at once flown to his arms,

but duty called her to the sides of her inanimate adopted father. Did she shed tears? Yes she shed a number, but they were for him who had taken by storm her little heart. She firmly believed that Jimjams was as innocent as a little pet lamb with a blue ribbon and brass bell thrown in. All Bovine Burrow hated to couple the name of Jimjams Jim with that of murderer, but what else was there left for them to do? Innocent he might be, but appearances were against him. As for our hero he was not in the least alarmed by his situation and he rose from his breakfast at the tavern the next morning, picking his teeth with as much complacency as if nothing of unusual importance with regard to his interests had happened.

The next move in the order of things was to place him under arrest, but this would call for an enormous outlay of muscle and was an undertaking that the peace-loving citizens of Bovine Burrow did not relish. Yet every law-abiding man among them recognized that duty must be done, irrespective of the costs. So, the next morning, a small-sized army of loafers and aspirants for pugilistic fame, moved upon him in solid phalanx as he stood outside the entrance of the tavern. Our hero saw them and chuckling over the sport in view he quickly tossed off his coat and

made ready for the fun. On came the crowd, among the foremost of which was the foul Porkandbeans with a triumphant smirk upon his fiendish visage.

Nearer and nearer they came and then a rush was made. Oh, what a direful scene was that! Blood almost runs from my pen when I would fain describe the carnage which ensued.

Suffice to say that Jimjams Jim was at last captured and bound with iron; but at what a sacrifice!

Scores were maimed for life by the blows of those sledge-hammers.

Porkandbeans had been the first to bite the dust, with a broken jaw.

Smashed noses and black eyes were the fashion in Bovine Burrow for many days to come. Never, on any former occasion, had the great truth been more fully realized that Jimjams Jim was indeed the Boss Boy of Bovine Burrow.

CHAP. V.

THE BOSS BOY'S CLOSE CALL.

Our hero was safely lodged behind the protecting bars of the jail. Preparations for the trial were being pushed strenuously on. During this time Aramantha visited her lover daily, and although she was not admitted to his cell, still the bars were sufficiently wide apart to permit their sweet salutations. Jimjams Jim was ever hopeful and swore that he was

not born to die by any rope process. Undoubtedly he could have easily made his escape, by tearing open the bars or knocking down the walls of his cell, but he felt that to do this, after so much pains had been taken to place him in recently, would be an act both low and mean. His confinement at length began to be extremely odious, particularly as the vile Porkandbeans was in the habit of appearing before his grated door and taunting him in most exasperating accents. This always threw our hero into a terrible rage and he longed to clutch the vocal appendage of the villain Porkandbeans.

The day for the trial at length arrived. Jimjams Jim's lawyer was a very able man and his last appeal brought everyone in that vast audience to tears, but as his client had not enough lucre to bribe the jury, the case went against him and our hero was convicted and sentenced to be hung by the neck until dead, on the 25th of July. The remaining days which had been allotted him for life Aramantha spent by his side, having overcome the scruples of the sheriff against admitting visitors to the cells.

Jimjams' friends did all in their power to make his last days pleasant and supplied him with tracts and hymn books enough for a dozen Sunday schools.

Most heroes would have been terrified to find that their appointed doom was approaching, but Jimjams was no ordinary hero, and consequently he never gave a thought to the jeopardy which surrounded him. He had firm hopes that his innocence would be declared in ample time to save him and he laughed and jested with an easy nonchalance that was paralyzing to behold.

Unbeknown to anyone the lovely and devoted Aramantha had engaged Bloodhound Bub, the boy detective of Broad street, to seek, if possible, some clue to the true murderer of Squire Sourgrapes. The day of execution drew near and the Boy Detective worked like a coal-heaver to throw some light upon the awful mystery. A first-class scaffold had been built and fifty yards of the best quality of hanging rope ordered on from New York. Porkandbeans sent in a request that he be allowed to touch off the spring which would send our hero to eternity. It was willingly granted for the sheriff was a humane man, and as this was his first experience in the hanging line he did not fancy the job. "His last night on earth," as the Budget put it, was passed in tranquil sleep by our hero, for a presentiment had all along whispered that he had many more years yet to live. As soon as daylight dawned the grief-stricken

Aramantha sought him, and in the protecting shelter of his arms, gave way to a violent fit of hysterics. In vain he told her to "brace up," her wild sorrow only grew the wilder.

When breakfast time came, he partook bountifully of free lunch and cider, and then with the head of his darling pillowed on his breast, waited patiently for the fatal hour. At 10 o'clock the officers appeared who were to lead him to the scaffold. Aramantha now went almost crazy, she raved and tore like one possessed. Sad indeed was that parting. The hardened officers were forced to use their coat-sleeves; our hero, however, remained unmoved. What a wonderful man he was! The mighty throng gave room, as they issued from the jail-door, to permit their passage to the scaffold. With firm demeanor Jimjams stepped upon it. The noose was adjusted and the black cap drawn. Porkandbeans, with gloating looks, awaited the signal. The sheriff raised his hand to make it——!!! Why did not an innocent man die an ignominious death? Why? Because at the very moment when the villain, Porkandbeans, was about to triumph, Bloodhound Bub dashed upon the scene with a paper in his hand, crying, "release him, he is innocent, and here's the proof." Then from that assembled crowd there went up one joyous shout, "Hurrah

for the Boss Boy!!" Upon the scaffold leaped the Boy Detective, and, pointing to the trembling Porkandbeans, yelled, "there's the cuss that killed the Squire, secure him." *

* * * Jimjams Jim was free!!

CHAP. VI.

THE BOSS BOY ONCE MORE THE BOSS.

Yes, the true murderer of Squire Sourgrapes had at last been discovered, and people shuddered when they thought how closely Jimjams had escaped paying the penalty of another's crime. The diligent Boy Detective had on that very morning searched the clothes of the murdered man and in the back pocket of the overalls which the Squire had on at the time of his "taking off" he found a document bearing on it this word, **CONFESSION!** Hastily opening it he read the following startling truth: "*Marmaduke Porkandbeans is the murderer of me, Squire Sourgrapes.*" Fearful that he would be too late to render assistance to our hero, he sped like the wind to the place of execution, and reached there just in the nick of time as we have seen. The joy of Aramantha, at her lover's deliverance was something sublime. With beauteous grace she led him to the Squire's house, which with all his other prosperity, including a handsome life insurance, was

now hers, and there in the front parlor they threw themselves into each other's arms and wept tears of happiness. The cup of joy, in which both now swam, was filled to the brim. That evening they were married. * * * * *

Jimjams Jims and his beautiful wife occupied reserved seats at the execution of the vile Marmaduke Porkandbeans.

THE END.

THE FIDDLE AND THE BOW.

Johnny had a fiddle,
And his sister had a beau
Who had scraped the girl's acquaintance
In a flat on Baxter row.

But Johnny swapped his fiddle
For a drum with cousin Dick;
And strange enough his sister's beau
Turned out to be a stick.

And when he sat upon a pin,
And John stood laughing near,
The stick flew up and warmly beat
The drum—of Johnny's ear.

When Johnny yelled his father came,
(A portly old galoot)
And gave the beau a warm embrace,
And treated him to *booz*.

The old man wore a number nine,
The young man stood no show;—
Our song is done and so "hang up
The fiddle *and the beau*."

Q. E. D.

A BAD BOY'S DIARY.

There is one thing that I never could understand, and that is, why every one calls me a bad boy.

Now to show you what an innocent boy I am, I will just tell you some of the things that I have done which have gotten me this name.

Last year, when I came back to college, I found all the boys getting bags full of salt. Now I did not know what they intended to do, but I was not going to be behind, so I bought about a peck of salt and some bags and, like all the rest, took them round to chapel. As it happened I, and several others got late, so waited outside to see the Freshmen and speak to them. One of them came out of the door and immediately all the fellows flung their bags of salt at him and I, thinking that it was a *mick*, flung several bags too, but was decidedly surprised to see a Prof. emerge from the crowd of Freshmen covered with salt and he came right up to me and said that I must come round to see him the next morning. I was rather surprised at his kind invitation for we did not seem to get on well together, but—he explained matters to me! We don't get on well together now!

I made up my mind to study hard after this, but one night some of the boys came 'round to see me and said that they were going to dig up the stone-walk and wanted me to go too. Well, I thought Prex would like this for I heard that he intended to put down a new walk, and this would

save the Colonel the trouble of digging the old stones up, so I went.

A few days after I received a letter, in a yellow envelope, telling me that my work did not lie in the right direction. Now I have never been able to understand what it meant.

One night some of the boys flung a stove down the stairs and I moved it so that it would lie right across the passage outside my door, for I thought that would be the safest place to keep it. Several fellows came up the stairs and because they fell over it they came in my room and accused me of breaking their shins.

Now every one can see that they broke their own shins, and that I had nothing to do with it.

One day I found that the pump would not work easily, so I thought if I greased it that it would work very nicely. I looked around for something to grease it with and I espied my kerosene can, so I took it down and poured some down the pump and found that it made the pump work splendidly. I thought that all the boys would thank me, but they didn't and that shows how ungrateful some people can be.

It has always been that way with me, for, ever since I can remember, people have never appreciated my kindness.

I am very fond of exercise and as

our rooms are so small I cannot exercise conveniently in them and frequently have to go into the section to get the required amount of freedom. I have only one large dumb bell, so the idea struck me that if I could tie a rope on to this and let it down the stairs, in pulling the dumb bell up, I would have a nice thing to exercise my muscles on. I tried it one night and it succeeded splendidly! I went back into my room and was quietly reading when "Billy" came up and told me that I was too noisy to stay in his section and that I must leave. Now I think this was very unjust in him, for I am merely an innocent, unsophisticated boy and I think him very mean to call me naughty and bad.

I have told you all this so as to show you how unsuspecting I am and how much I am abused, and I leave it to you to judge whether I ought to be called a bad boy or not.

A WOMAN'S FOLLY.

BY COLLY WILKINS.

Not more than fifty years ago and in one of our eastern colleges, it happened that three young men, whom, for convenience, we shall designate as Flip, Snip and Pip determined that they could find no more pleasant pastime than to spend an after-

noon with their lady friends in target practicing. A better day could not have been desired than the one selected. The spring sun shone brightly from a cloudless sky; birds twittered as they hopped from bough to bough and all nature seemed to laugh in harmony. As they started out bright and merry as May, little did they think that a dreadful tragedy was about to take place, a tragedy that would mar the happiness of their young lives, for the rest of the week. This was on Saturday.

Laughing and singing in their glee they soon reached the woods which was soon to be the scene of the fall of one man's nearest and dearest friend; one that had stood by him many a month and perhaps years. After walking around a short time they began banging away at the trees to the great discomfort of the pretty little birds.

"See I hit my mark," says Flip who been taking a long and determined aim, "which one did you shoot at?" asked Snip a little bit in doubt. "That one," said Flip, pointing towards the largest tree he could see within thirty feet of him. Snip after searching for some time, suddenly laughed and said, "Here, Flip here's where your bullet hit," at the same time showing a mark on a very small tree about two yards from the former one. "Yes, thats the one I

shot at," said Flip not at all disturbed, while the young ladies gazed in wonder that he could hit so small a tree at so great a distance.

And now approaches the scene of the tragedy. One of the young ladies, after seeing Flip's wonderful shot, confidently said, that she could do the same. She raised the gun to fire, Snip was still examining the tree. She did not see him. Her eyes were closed. Great heavens will she shoot! Alas, she did. The trigger was pressed and the murderous gun poured forth its deadly contents and he was struck, shot through the h-hat. Snip? why no, not Snip, Snip was all safe enough. Another man's hat was struck, who was walking the road beyond the trees. Oh, what have I done! What have I done! I've killed a man," exclaimed the frightened young lady. "No," said Snip who had passed the man on his way back, "No, you've only killed his hat." "Alas! and will they hang me for it?" "Of that I can not tell. Of such things I am ignorant. Pip who is better versed in law, can tell the consequences." "I'm afraid they will," said Pip thus appealed to, "'Tis against the law to thus shoot hats from off men's heads."

"Away," said Flip, "we must get out of this; the cops ere long will be down upon us and we will be taken. Hie you to your several homes and

be sure to keep this *mum*. You two may see the ladies home, but as for me, I am for N. C. S. S., and if ever again I am caught at target practice with young ladies, may some one kindly string me up to the nearest tree and leave me there to die."

He starts out and soon disappears in the dim distance. The rest take a more roundabout way and stealthily creep homeward. They failed to appear in the next scene, but some said that Flip, Snip and Pip, had to buy the injured party a new hat.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

When a man has made his mark in the literary world, and especially when his honored name is being echoed by the press, it is always interesting to college men to know something of such an one's student life. Among the many distinguished sons of Old Union, there is none whose name is dearer to us than the author of "Home Sweet Home." Now that the shores of Tunis have yielded up the remains of our "sweet singer" and America's soil is to enfold his ashes, we of Old Union join with heartfelt pleasure in giving due honor to his memory. We have made inquiry among some of the older Professors of the college, and from them and other sources we gleaned the following items:

Mr. Gabriel Harrison, Payne's biographer says that the poet was born in New York city, in a small two story house, then 33 Pearl street. William Payne his father, was a school teacher and taught elocution to the lad who was the sixth of nine children. Payne took his name of John Howard from his maternal grandfather, Dr. John Howard. The boy early established the *Thespian Mirror*, a boyish paper, which he edited, and by his talents attracted the attention of G. Brockden Brown the novelist. This gentleman sent him to Dr Nott to be educated at Union College. Dr. Nott used to say that Payne was a handsome boy, but of a roving disposition and not a good student. He entered the class of 1812, and was here not two years. He established a college paper, *The Pastime*, and is said to have composed a Fourth of July ode which was sung by the students at a celebration. His father, however was unfortunate in business, and Payne having left college, soon made his debut at the Park Theatre, New York, in the part of Young Norval in the tragedy of "Douglas, or the Noble Shepherd." At this time, Feb. 24th, 1809, he was nearly eighteen years of age. Payne's career, as an actor was short. In 1812 he went to England, and as an actor had poor success. It is not well known when he wrote "Home

Sweet Home," but the song was first brought before the public in 1823 in an English opera called, "Clari, or the Maid of Milan." The music of the opera was composed by Sir Henry Rowley Bishop, whose widow, Madame Anna Bishop is still living in New York. The music was adopted by Sir Henry from an Italian melody, a "Sicilian air," as he called it. The song thus introduced to the world took everyone by storm and its popularity rapidly increased. The Author, himself without a home heard his song where ever he went. He soon became a correspondent of Coleridge and Lamb. He came to the United States in 1832, and on August 23d, 1842, was appointed Consul at Tunis by President Tyler. Having filled this post well from 1842 to 1845, he was reappointed in 1851 by Daniel Webster's influence. He remained until April 9th, 1852, when he died at the Consulate. Mr. Corcoran's resolution to bring Payne's remains to this country was formed last year at the reception given in Washington to the Jeannette survivors. When the band played, "Home Sweet Home," Mr. Corcoran was much affected by thinking that the author of this soul stirring melody was then mingling with the dust of a foreign land and he immediately determined that the body should be removed. Strange is it that Gold-

smith and Payne, neither of whom ever knew the happiness of the family circle, could have written so of its joys. Our hearts swell with emotion when we read the poetry of the one and the song of the other. To those of us now in our college life who have gone out from "Home" to mingle, "in the world's broad field of battle, in the bivouac of life," such lines have a sweeter, grander significance than ever.—EDITOR.

Mr. Simplesweet, finding that spring is here at last, thinks it no more than fitting that his poetic genius should pay a tribute to that most charming of season.

J. J. H., JR.

"Yes, spring has indeed come," said Mr. Gustavus Simplesweet to himself the other evening, as he lit a fragrant cigar and proceeded to repose himself in a comfortable arm-chair before his bright grate-fire, "and yet Brown threatened to chuck me out of his office window to-day when I made that same observation. To be sure the thermometer is somewhere below zero, but what difference does that make. Spring is spring, thermometer or no thermometer, at least the almanac tells us so, and all that we, poor earth-worms have got to do now is to be a little

patient and wait for the weather to moderate, and before we know it we shall be going about in our shirt-sleeves. There is a something inexpressibly lovely about spring that has always deeply affected me. The returning birds, the balmy skies, the soft breezes, all unite in making me a happier, better man. I always feel fresh as a daisy when spring comes * * * Miss Highstepper says I look that way all the time. Oh, dear! that girl is so complimentary that she is almost overpowering.

A fellow, you know, can stand a compliment now and then, but to have them perfectly showered upon him is quite another thing, for he is deucedly put out to find words for reply. How girls do love compliments! I believe they could live on them. Now there is my darling Clarissa, a truer, more affectionate girl never drew the breath of life, and yet a compliment will almost set her wild with ecstasy. * * * I wonder how the dear old girl is getting along up there at Vassar? She said in her last letter that she wished I would write her a little sonnet on spring, as all the other girls were going to get their fellows to do so.

Well, so I will, and as I haven't got anything of great importance on hand for to-night, I will write the sonnet at once and have it over with.

Now to biz. * * * * Let me see, the first line must have a slight tribute to spring by way of an opening, then if I can introduce a little sentiment on the soft breezes and the birds in their returning flight in the second and third lines, and a delicate touch of love in the last lines that would not be bad for the first verse. There's nothing like having lots of material to work with, you know.

* * * Poet let loose thy wings and soar!

"O Spring, thou loveliest time of year
When soft the breezes blow,
And birds from South come way up here
I'll watch our gardens grow,
O, then it is we yearn to hear
Sweet accents from our loved ones dear."

Good enough, old boy, now that's poetry, that is. A verse worthy of a Longfellow, by Jove. Yes, that was done in a very masterly manner, especially about the birds, breezes, and the gardens. It is well to have variety in the first verse and not be harping continually on one thing.

Now some fellows would have gone right on and talked about spring, personified it and taken all sorts of liberties with it; but that is no way to start in on a poem; you must have variety in order to put your reader in good humor and prepare the way for what is to follow. * * * That fourth line was a masterly stroke, implying a little of domestic life. What

indeed could be more suggestive of home-love than the garden? And, moreover, it prepares the reader for the tender sentiment in the last two lines.

Yet from simply a poetic point of view the verse is something fine and I sincerely trust that Clarissa will appreciate its beauty, hidden or otherwise, whichever way it strikes her.

Upon reading the verse over again, however, there is one feature which seems a little unfinished, as it were, and that is the third line.

"Come way up here" is good and I am perfectly justified in using such an expression, as poetical license affords the poet unlimited liberties, but a poet of my ability does not need to depend upon it so much as Milton and Shakespeare did, so if I can substitute a little different sentiment, something that will sound better, and still keep the first and two last lines, I think the verse will run smoother. How will this do?

"O Spring, thou loveliest time of year,

When girls wear high their dresses neat,

The boys, with eager looks do peer,

To see them cross the muddy street;

O then it is we yearn to hear

Sweet accents from our loved ones dear."

Yes, this last is a decided improvement. The sentiment is not, perhaps, quite so dreamy as that of the first, but it is more cleverly executed. The devotion shown by the sterner

sex to the gentler in their anxiety to see if they pass safely across the "muddy street" is finely drawn, and it forms a more vivid picture than the corresponding three lines in the first verse * * * No—Yes, * * * No. The second verse certainly has its points, but it lacks poetical feeling; the fancy is not brought to play enough.

Suppose I let my imagination soar in pastoral realms. There is an intoxicating freshness about pastoral poetry that goes straight to the heart.

For instance, if I could introduce into a country scene, a milk maid with all her coy playfulness and a small-sized halo of rural simplicity hovering around her, the result, seems to me, would be more taking, especially to Clarissa, who perfectly adores the country and who milked a cow twice a day all last summer.

Something in this style, I think, would be the ticket.

O Spring, thou loveliest time of year

When the milkmaid hies her to the mead (mead)
To try to milk the cross heifer (heifer)

And gets kicked on her little head,

O then it is, we yearn to hear

Sweet accents from our loved ones dear.

Ah, Gusty, old boy, what a head you have! What could be finer or more touching than this last? That fourth line is a nice little ruse to invoke the sympathies of the reader. It presents indeed a sad picture, a

poor milkmaid with bleeding head stretched all but lifeless on the green grass, while the "cross heifer" is seen, with tail in air, skipping off in the distance. Without question this last verse shows more genius than the others do, and I don't think it could be bettered in any way, so we'll just call that the first verse and proceed.

Oh dear! this poetry writing is awful hard work * * * I wonder what time it is * * * twelve o'clock, I declare; time to take my brandy and soda, and seek my sleeping chamber, so I'll just put this verse aside and finish the rest tomorrow. Good night.

Local.

—How is your best girl?

—A class in Botany this term.

—Did you enjoy the vacation?

—Are you going to buy a beaver?

—The first good weather of the season.

—The campus dry enough for ball practice.

—Juniors disappointed in not having Dr. Coppee in the chapel.

—Addison, '86, has a light case of Scarlet Fever. His father is with him.

—Will the Freshman bring out the foot-ball again?

—Prof. Staley and Mr. Anabel are taking Prof. Price's classes.

—Judson, '86, and Frank Parsons, '84 have left college.

—Every man out of his humor—
Along about house-cleaning time.

—Through one administration—
The eight-to-seven confab.

—Very hard cash—All the cash we have ever seen has been very hard—to get hold of.

Good natured man—The fellow who smiles when you sit down on his stiff hat.

—Soph P. says that when Chaucer was on his Italian journey, he met the *poet* Plutarch.

—Prof. Staley has a good sized class in surveying this term, made up principally from the Seniors.

—Major McMurray is to hold daily receptions for the two lower classes during this term.

—James Hemphill has obtained a position at Louisville, Kentucky, in the engineering line.

—Adriance '83, is to be absent about two months engaged in teaching.

—Prof. Webster devoted about a week to lectures on physiology before commencing zoology.

—The final reception given by Prof. Graves to his dancing class was well attended by students who report the finest time of the season.

Who stood to mock me when I fell,
And set up such a fiendish yell
Oh "Take a seat" and Shoot the Swell?"—
The Gamin.

✓—Wright, '83, has secured a position on the engineering corps of the New York City Elevated Railway.

—The saying "Those who dance must pay the fiddler" is expressed by a student as follows: "Those who would indulge in the terpsichorean recreation, must feel under obligations to renumerate the irritation of feline intestines."

—According to a Freshman blackberries are white when they are green. This is color-blindness.

—Dr. Coppee is back again this term, and will have his usual work with the Juniors and Seniors.

—There is a general disappointment among those who enjoy college sports at the non appearance of a 'Varsity nine. The classes are to conduct a series of games for a prize, as usual but after such a brilliant record, class games will fail to awaken much interest.

—What kind of fruit would you think of were you to see a freshman riding a mule? A pair.

—De Puy, C. E. '83, who has a fine position near Greensboro, N. C. left Union at the end of last term. Success to all of "Old Union's" sons.

—It is rumored that the present Freshman class out-witted their bloody enemies, the Sophs, at their cremation, by well devised schemes, conducted by their secret committee and carried out by the class. The maiden effort of the Sophs, to prevent the beaver parade was quickly

overcome by the activity of the Freshmen.

—Prof. Hollis' new room is about 50 feet long. It is furnished with new tables and chairs upon which the Prof. hopes that no one will try the edge of his knife.

—During last term a number of students attended the revivals conducted in the Second Reformed church, by Mr. and Mrs. Wilson.

—Addison, '83 who was sick last term with a light attack of scarlet fever, and who was compelled to remain in the sick room so long on that account, left for his home during the holidays.

BOUND TO TAKE THE PRIZE.

The Senior he seized his brand new broom,
And set about to sweep the room.
For with dirt he was sore disgusted;
And his chum, who never was known to shirk
Btu always would do his share of work.
Just got right up and dusted.

—Henry George visited the college during the first part of the term. He came through invitation of Franklin, '84. Mr George gave a short and forcible lecture in the Chapel on "Incentives to the study of Political Economy."

—Dr. Potter spent the holiday in Washington, Philadelphia and New York.

—Those who attended the sociable given by Mr. McEncroe, '84, report a very pleasant evening.

—On the first day of this term the Freshmen had their customary parade with beavers and canes. While in front of the Classical Institute they were attacked by the Sophs and some beavers lost their beauty. A few of the Freshmen were hit with

last year's eggs, but for all that the parade was a success.

—Prof. Webster, who visited the Princeton Theological Seminary during the holidays, speaks very favorably of the Union boys who are studying there.

—A young man received a lead pencil of the brand "Semper Idem-soft." He does not know yet whether it referred to him or the pencil.

—"I lay me down in *piece* to sleep" is what the maidens of uncertain age sing, as they take off their back, false teeth, &c.

—Prof. in Physiology—"Mr. K. is it absolutely necessary to drink water?"

Junior K.—"No, not absolutely, we may drink it adulterated." Professor smiles and K. hastily adds "as coffee, for instance."

—Prof. to Freshman—"Mr.—— define the difference between excite and incite."

Freshman.—"Excite is to get nervous or frustrated; incite—when a man comes around the corner, he is in sight."

—Freshman translated "Tutius" as Professor, "Because," said he, "It is more than 'tute.'"

—Now the weary husband goes around with a spring-has-come-and-the-stove-must-be-moved look on his face that awakens the pity of all.

—Neagle, '84, was laid up during the vacation with a sprained ankle received while practicing in the gymnasium.

—During the ceremonies of the

cremation, the "Townies" threw large pieces of ice at the Freshmen and some were severely cut. The Townies should have been sent from the grounds or rather not allowed to enter at all. We hope, henceforth, in such a matter, they will be kept from the grounds altogether.

—The members of the Christian Union of Union College have resolved to disorganize and to adopt the constitution of the Young Men's Christian Association of Colleges. The officers of the U. C. Y. M. C. A. elected last term are as follows: Cantine, President; Hutchinson, Vice-President; Griswold, Secretary; Vaughn, Treasurer.

—The following are the committees appointed by President Cantine for the commencement exercises:

CARD COMMITTEE,

Van Ees, Gilbert, Bolton, McElwain, Nash.

MUSIC,

McClellan, Wood, Morgan.

PICTURES,

McCauley, Gilchrist, Adriance.

BALL,

Ray, Hamlin, Hook.

RECEPTION,

Sherwood, Countermine, Harding.

—Prof. in English Examination—"Why were the ancient inhabitants of Southern Briton more civilized than those of Northern Briton, Mr. T——?"

T—"Because they lived in a more civilized country; no, that isn't it, because their climate was warmer."

—The needs of the Mechanical Engineering Department have been recognized and the large room at the north end of the new building has been fitted up and provided with drawing tables, to be used by Prof.

Hollis in conducting his recitations. The large windows and the useful tables make the room all that could be desired and will afford an opportunity to give the students practical work in their recitation.

—Prof.—“Who led the Greeks at the battle of Salamis?”

Student—“Achilles.”

—A Soph was lately heard to ask what day Easter Friday would come on.

—A Fresh asserted in a debating society hall that Sarah Bernhard was a great singer.

—G———stated in examination room that the Norman French was compounded of the Anglo-Saxon and American Languages.

—Terrence's plays are to be read by the Sophomores this term in place of Cicero's Tusculan Disputations which heretofore have been third term's work. Under the old schedule none of the Latin dramatists were in the course and the change is an improvement.

—At the regular meeting of the Adelpic Society, March 24th, Governor Cleveland was elected an honorary member. Beekman, '84 and Egelston, '85, were appointed committee to inform him of his election.

—A canoe club has been formed by about eight students of the college. As soon as the ice on the river melts and the days get warm canoes will probably be seen on the river every day.

—The Juniors aspire to silk hats this term, and one of the handsome men in the class led off by donning his beaver during the holidays.

—The following are the third term elections of the Philomathean Society:

Valedictorian, Daniel D. Addison, '83.

President and Respondent, R. B. McCown, '84.

Treasurer, Putnam Cady, '85.

Librarian, Wallace Foote, '85.

Secretary, Henry De Witt Griswold, '85.

Curator, Thomas Hurmans Foote, '86.

CARD COMMITTEE:

James Johannes Kemp, '84.

George Franklin Allison, '84.

Hardy Hardison Phelps, '85.

—The joint-debate between the Adelpic and Philomathean Societies took place Friday evening, the 16th of March. The chapel was filled with an interested audience of students and their friends from the city. The Judges were President Potter, Prof. Price and Judge Beattie. The question, “Resolved that a Limited Monarchy is the Best Form of Government for France,” was debated on the affirmative by the Adelpic speakers, Messrs. Hutchinson, '84, Greene, '84 and Neagle, '84, and on the negative the Philomathean was defended by Messrs. Allison, '84, Cady, '85 and Phelps, '85. The speeches were very good on both sides, showing careful study. The Judges decided in favor of the negative. This is the fifth joint-debate which has taken place between the two literary societies during the last three years, and as this is the first which the Philomathean has won, it may be congratulated on its success, and those who represented it deserve the greater honor in being able to defeat so worthy a rival as the Adelpic has proved in the past.

—On one of the pleasant days,

during holiday, several students with their lady friends were out having a target practice in the college grove. A painter from the city was passing the main road at the time and suddenly became aware that a random shot had "carved its way" through the top of his hat. Glad to escape so narrowly from the shot of the "amateur rifle corps" said painter made his way into the city and was about to wreak vengeance on "lovers of spring-time amusement," but happily compromised with the interested parties on the purchase of a new hat. Rural sports are very delightful, but care should be shown in the selection of *ranges*. We congratulate our friends for escaping so easily from what might have been a serious affair.

CREMATIO NEWCOMBIS.

On the night of March 27th, about midnight, a ghostly array of figures might have been seen issuing from the portals of No. 4. This array proceeded directly back of the College to "Lover's Lane," marching to the air of Newcomb's Funeral March. This was played by an inexperienced Freshman on a solitary rattling snare drum, whose sound alone broke the stillness of the air that was soon to resound with ghost-recalling shouts and yells. When they had crept over the fence, out of the shadow of darkness into the street, we discovered that they were the Freshmen clad in *John Chinaman* summer costume, plus white mask and cap. Having proceeded to the residence of Judge Landon, they soon brought forth coffin, battle-axes, torches and transparencies. The first transparency was decorated in front with a representation of a cemetery, showing the tombs of the Algebras of the three preceeding generations. Behind were some problems which we did not attempt to

solve. On the second was a scene of a Freshman walking o'er the verdant grass while his eye scans the pages of a book (we could not tell whether it was Mother Goose or a pony). Behind was the old old story, "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse." At Judge Landon's residence the procession was met by a detachment of the Continental Drum Corps and also a detachment of the *Schenectady Police*. From this place they proceeded down Union until they had crossed the canal bridge where the Sophs made an unsuccessful attempt to encircle the Fresh in a long rope. The march was continued down Union to Church, down Washington avenue, up State to White street. Then through White and Barrett streets to Union where the horse and wagon with the wood and tar was in waiting. The procession then moved on to the Blue Gate which was wired, but entering by the upper gate they were soon at the pyre. The obsequies were as follows :

Carmen Lugubri..... *Ploritores*
Poema *Poeta*
Consolatio Ploratoribus..... *Sacerdos*
Oratio *Orator*
Cantus..... *Chorus*
Lighting of the Pyre by the Priest.

These ceremonies were carried on amid a worse-than-Wiggins' storm of snow and ice and the shouting and blowing of horns. Meanwhile Newcomb had been reduced to ashes and with one last, sad, lingering look the mourners proceeded to their rooms.

The committee deserve praise for the manner in which the exercises were conducted. Every thing was arranged with precision and secrecy; in fact the Freshmen themselves did not know the plans until they started to march. The names of the committee are as follows: G. S. Dorwin, J. M. Mosher, E. C. Courtright, H. S. Judson, C. J. Perkins.

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—The Y. M. C. A. of the college have printed programmes of the Wednesday and Sunday meetings this term. On the card are the subject for discussion, text and name of speaker.

—Prof. Price returned last week. We are very sorry to see that the Prof.'s health is not much better. He has been advised by his physician to give up all work for the present and take a thorough rest. With an entire separation from college duties and plenty of open air exercise we hope soon to see a decided improvement.

—Prof. Wells and family were out of town during the holidays. They have now returned and the Prof, with health much improved, has resumed his usual duties.

Personals.

✓'27. Prof. William Thomson, D. D. was a graduate in the class of '27, the late Dr. Leonard Woods, President of Bowdoin College, and the late Dr. John Wayland being members of his class. He studied Theology at Andover, and after gradua-

tion was settled for one year in the Congregational Church at North Bridgewater, Conn. In '34 he was called to the Professorship of Hebrew in the Theological Seminary at Hartford, Conn., which position he resigned in '81. He was elected President of the Seminary in '57 which position he still retains. Forty-nine years of his life have been spent in the interests of the Seminary; a long and honorable period, and few men indeed have a brighter record of christian service and influence. (Dr. Thomson is enjoying an old age of health and activity, and while he rejoices greatly in the success that has come to his Alma Mater in these later years, yet he believes that there are still brighter prospects for her in coming years.)

✓'41. Judge Charles B. Lawrence, a former Chief Justice of the Illinois Supreme Court, died recently at Decatur, Ala., where he was temporarily staying for his health. The deceased was born in Vergennes, Vt., Dec. 20th, 1820. Shortly after his graduation at Union College in 1841, he went to Alabama, where he spent two years teaching school.

In 1843, he went to St. Louis, where he began the study of law in the office Senator Geyer, and was admitted to practice two years later when he moved to Quincy, Ill. and formed a law partnership with Archibald Williams, one of the leading lawyers in that section of the Northwest. This co-partnership continued until 1856, when in consequence of over-work, Judge Lawrence's health gave way and he was obliged to retire from his large practice. He gave up all business and professional cares and went to Europe in search of recreation and relaxation. He remained abroad until 1858 when he returned to Illinois and bought a farm in Warren county, intending to

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devote the remainder of his life to agricultural pursuits. He had made however, too excellent reputation as a lawyer to be allowed a quiet farmer's life and in 1860, was elected to fill the Circuit of Warren county. This position he held until 1863, when he was elected to fill the vacancy made by Judge Canton. He held this office for nine years, during the latter portion of which he was Chief-Justice of the State.

Then moving to Chicago he formed the law partnership of Lawrence & Campbell, and was a member of this firm at the time of his death. He was a warm friend of President Lincoln and was a staunch member of the Republican party from the date of its organization. (He was a pure and able jurist and his personal motives were never impugned even by his political enemies.)

✓'80. Robert Landon, of Schenectady, is orator of the graduating class at the Albany Law School.

✓'83. The many acquaintances and friends of Mr. Dufresne, will read with pleasure this translation from a French paper, *La Minerve*, published at Montreal. Under the head "*Honneur à un Canadien*" it says: "We hear with pleasure that Mr. Ibrahim Dufresne has been appointed topographical surveyor of the State, after having passed with distinction a severe examination. (It is well to state that the gentleman is the first French Canadian who has been appointed topographical surveyor and we cordially congratulate him. We are convinced in advanced that, thanks to the higher studies which he has had the advantage of pursuing in one of the most celebrated universities of the republic, and to the energy with which he is gifted, it is right to expect a brilliant future for him. We also learn that he has already engag-

ed with the federal government for certain surveys on the Saskatchewan river in the north west and that he will soon leave for the field of his operations.")

Collegensia.

LAFAYETTE—During the closing days of last term, a very successful revival was conducted through the influence of the Brainerd Society.—A new departure was made last term in the study of Homer by the Sophomore class. Instead of reading the text, a debate was held during the last week on the question, "*Resolved*, That Hector is more worthy of admiration than Achilles."—President Cattell is anxious about his health, and the friends of the college fear that the Dr. may be induced to offer his resignation.

COLUMBIA—The Sophomore crew has been training some time for the Spring regatta, but the *Acta* complains that the other class crews do not show the same energy.—Among the subscriptions for the Boat Club appears some like the following: "3.00 and a gas stove," "3.00 with hopes?"—The noise made by the steam in the pipes, annoys the Sophomores.—The gymnasium is too small.—At a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on Monday, April 2d, a report and appeal written by President Barnard was presented to the Trustees for their approval. The report shows that the financial condition of the college is much lower than what has been generally supposed and that now the institution is in debt for the new buildings put up in late years. The appeal is made to the Alumni and friends of the college for means to establish a depart-

ment for the advanced instruction of American graduates, which is so much needed in this country. An appeal is also made for an increase in the library, now numbering 50,000 volumes, a library too small for the present needs, much less for the proposed University.

WILLIAMS—The *Athenaeum* finished its IX Vol. with the 24th of March number, which contained a neat *Index* of the years work.—The drawing for rooms in the new Morgan Hall gave rise to some high bidding.

PRINCETON—The *Princetonian* is to be printed weekly.—A new preparatory school is to be built near the college, which will compare favorably with Exeter and Andover.—A petition is being sent around the college for signature to the effect that the Faculty be requested to modify the grading system and to ask of the Trustees a radical change.

Exchanges.

The pile of exchanges on our table makes the temporary exchange editor "tired," and it is only after repeated inducements that we can nerve him for the task.

At the first grab we bring out a representative from North Carolina, bearing the name of Wake Forest Student. As we scan the title page we notice beside the office of business manager, the name of a former member of '84, known familiarly as "Sammy Royall." Giving the magazine a more searching examination, now we seem to see the traces of "Sammy's" handwork in a whale

story which has been thus sprung on an unsuspecting public. We are glad to meet our old friend once more and we must admire the general appearance of his paper thus returning good for evil to the exchange editor.

After so much honey and so little effect in filling up, we are rather disgusted and as the *Bates Student* appears, and we notice that five young men and one young lady compose the board, we cannot but wonder how such a board can exist in peace but the paper itself bears no sign of internal conflict.

A brilliant cover next attracts our eye and we bring to light the "*Occident*" from the land of the setting sun. Then we hunt for its twin the "*Berkeleyan*." Both have a western snap in their makeup and devote small space to trash. We are glad to see that warfare has ceased between them and they must acknowledge that peace is the best, although it seems strange not to find some fiery article for or against societies in their columns.

The female representatives, the "*Sunbeam*" and Howard College "*Index and Chronicle*" must receive some attention but we must be careful as we know not the disposition of our absent editor toward these gentle visitors. They are crisp little papers. Our last year's exchange editor was totally "gone" on the *Sunbeam* and if he was here now we are afraid we would have to "chronicle" another attack. We cannot keep

thinking what a pleasant thing it would be to have a young lady business manager, especially when it becomes necessary to collect the bills.

Another brilliant cover of ocherous hue catches our fancy and out comes the *Delaware Review*, a stranger to our sanctum. It bears the mark of youth, but, no doubt, after a little experience will take the rank which its outward appearance would seem to claim. We do not admire the taste of the business manager however, in sandwiching "ads" between the reading mater.

A lean and skeleton-like paper from Cincinnati next appears. Most of its pages are filled with locals and notes in a rather ill proportioned manner, while in its exchange column appear jokes which Noah must have amused himself with while waiting for a chance to tie up to a dock.

While sorting out our brilliantly covered exchanges we somehow missed the *Dickinsonian* which comes to us clothed in a pretty suit of green. It has a staid and review-like way of expressing things but we are glad to welcome it to our "den."

If these criticisms should offend any of our exchanges they will please delay their challenges for a few weeks until our editor has returned.

Extranea.

STUDENTS' CATECHISM.

Q. What doth the student do when the faculty disregardeth his wishes?

A. When the faculty disregardeth his wishes the student loseth his respect for the faculty.

Q. How does this effect the faculty?

A. This affecteth the faculty by crushing its spirit and blighting its prospects.

Q. What will finally become of the faculty if it continues to disregard the wishes of the students?

A. If the faculty continues to disregard the wishes of the students it will continue to deteriorate in character until the long-suffering patience of the students be exhausted, when it will be utterly cast off and the institution will decline until nothing is left of it but the Absence Committee.—*Ex.*

A HAT RIBBON.

Deftly sewn by dainty fingers ;

Delicate in form and hue ;

Round this ribbon's letters lingers

Some sweet thought of you—

Some sweet thought of you, dear lady,

And my heart beats pit-a-pat

Every time I see it, Saidie,

Nestling in my hat.

Kings may wear their jewels royal,

Set in crown upon their heads—

Welcome to them ! I am loyal

To these silken threads,

In whose little interlaces,

Like the perfume in a rose,

Hides one of the sweetest faces—

Whose do you suppose ? F. D. S.

Acta Columbia.

—Freshman to President :

"May I be excused from the College to-day ? For my aunt's to be married just over the way."

President to Freshman :

"Young man, if I rightly remember the date, Since last Monday morning you've married just eight."—*Ex.*

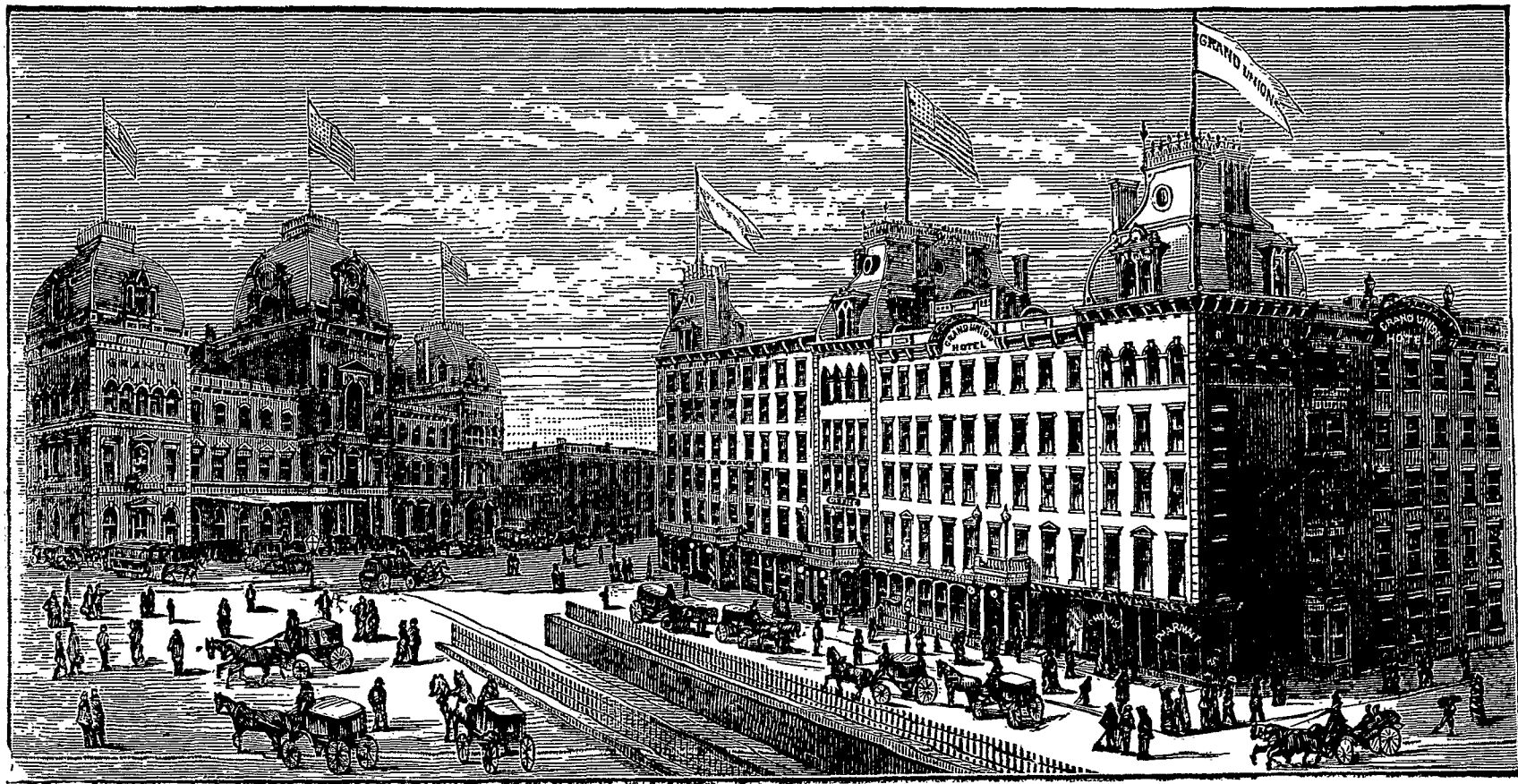
The poet suplicates the muse,

And e'en brings forth a damper,

The tom cat duplicates the mews,

And e'en brings forth a dam-purr.

(Continued in our next, i. e., if our necks continue with us.)—*Ex.*



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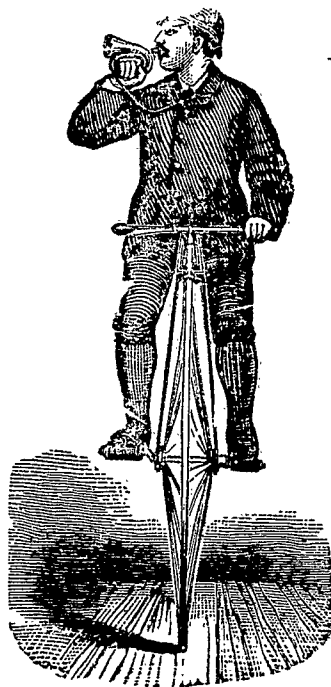
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