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Literary.

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1883.

BY WILLIAM WHALEY BELLINGER.

On Wednesday morning, September 17th, 1879, forty-five handsome, well-dressed individuals occupied all of the vacant space in front of the door of the Union College Chapel. It was a grand sight to all lookers-on. Never had anyone beheld such a spectacle. The gravest and wisest Senior present pronounced it to be a most wonderful sight. The mystery of their individuality, however, was soon to be revealed. The bell, that had been ringing for several minutes then ceased, the chapel door opened and these forty-five gallants marched in. No sooner had the first man crossed the threshold than a fearful cry arose which shook the building from its very foundation, and that cry was, "Oh Frosh!" We were Freshmen then, whatever we may have thought to the contrary, but we wanted some more euphonious

title by which we could be distinguished from the rabble which surrounded us. After making inquiries of the Registrar, we discovered that we had been named '83, a name which has been respected by the world ever since it was given.

Before the first day of our sojourning had drawn to a close, we discovered that there was a band of men called "Sophs" in the land, and that the aforementioned band were our mortal enemies. These "bloody Sophs" gave us no peace during the entire day. We were so much harassed by them that we longed for night, but "when evening's sable mantle" had "shut the lustre of the sunset from our sight", we found that the state of affairs was worse than ever. The air was rendered discordant by blasts from tin horns and untuned instruments of every description. We could not conceive what could be the cause of so great an uproar. Our suspense, however, was short. Our rooms were entered and we were commanded "to mount the table." Imagine how we felt! We were deprived of the privacy of our rooms, we were taken unawares. Some of us were partaking of our evening draught of milk, others were playing with their rattles. Were we angry when we were commanded to leave all that was dear to us and "mount the table?" Well, I should

remark! There was but one thing to do and that was to elevate ourselves above the rabble by ascending the table. Once on the table questions were propounded to us, harder than any that can be found in the "Westminster Catechism." Our querists were astounded by our prompt and correct replies. The questioning being over they informed us that we must "set up cider." We were dumbfounded by the demand. Who were these beings that could drink cider, while our potations were limited strictly to milk? But, as they were larger than we, and only visited one of us at a time, we "set up" the cider. Our compliance seemed to have soothing effect for they soon left us.

In a few hours silence prevailed over the land. Then, each Freshman took a dose of "Mrs. Winslow's soothing syrup" and retired to his rest.

Day by day, as we entered the chapel we were hailed with the now familiar cry of "Oh! Frosh." But one day something else occurred, something that we were not expecting. They threw salt at us. *We were salted.* Our noble spirits rebelled against such treatment, but what could we do? It is true that we had *Sand* but we lost *him* on all such occasions. Besides they had the giant Adriance and the man of Her-

culean strength, Hargrave, as well as two Indians from the Choctaw nation. We endeavored to make friends with our enemies and beseeched them to leave us in peace. In return they ridiculed us and shouted, "bring out a cane." We wondered what they meant by that peculiar expression, "bring out a cane." After much meditation, we concluded that they referred to the annual "Cane Rush." We determined to have a rush but there was one obstacle in our way and that was the valiant Prex. He had proved himself on previous occasions to be the best rusher that the college had ever produced. We were so much afraid of him that we trembled whenever his name was mentioned. We determined, however, to surmount this obstacle. This aforementioned valiant *had* a way of absenting himself from town for indefinite periods. It was determined to have the rush when Prex was out of town. Tuesday, October 16th, was the day appointed for the contest. From the moment that the date was fixed we ceased to be pusillanimous. We betook ourselves to the gymnasium and exercised every day. Soon were we transformed from mewling infants to valiant warriors. Our sinews became as strong as steel. At last the eventful day dawned. As soon as the chapel exercises were over the

struggle began. For one hour and a quarter the battle raged. Victory was within our grasp but we grasped it not. We were jubilant but we were doomed to be disappointed. For a moment there was a lull. No one knew what had happened. Suddenly it dawned upon us that we had been duped. We looked around for our only "stand-by," Sand, but, *as usual* he was gone. We looked for the cane and it, also was gone. One Drowne, who could run like a deer, had the cane and was bounding across the pasture at full speed. That was the last that we saw of that cane. But our disappointment was two-fold when we heard after the rush that our fear of the valiant Prex had been groundless, for he was, at that time, in Australia searching for gold to tip the tusks of his famous "*white elephant*."

After the "cane rush" everything went along smoothly until the end of our second term. At that time a great affliction befell us. One to whom we were greatly attached was removed from our midst. I refer to the illustrious "Davies N. Bourdon." We were so afflicted by our loss that we determined to procure his remains and cremate them. Our enemies, the "Sophs," heard of our intention and determined to frustrate it, but after deliberation they reconsidered their determination.

They remembered how well we had fought (and they saw the blood that was in our eyes) and wisely decided to leave us alone. At the close of this term the obsequies were performed over the remains of our late friend. We honored him by a funeral procession of prodigious length, by an oration (the like of which had never been heard before) and by a poem. Finally, his remains were placed on the pyre, and we saw him reduced to ashes. Thus ended our second term.

In our third term we wore beavers and carried canes with as much grace as the most dignified Senior.

We wrestled with Trigonometry, Geometry and every other kind of "ometry," and in every instance, came out "on the top."

By this time we had gained the respect and admiration of everyone. The "Sophs" became reconciled to us because we grew more and more valiant every day. As we were left alone by everyone we left everyone alone and therefore nothing of special interest occurred.

Our Freshman year ended on June 22d, 1880. We, then, started for home and spent the summer vacation devising schemes for the total annihilation of the incoming "Frosh."

On our return in the autumn, as Sophomores, we discovered that

seventy men had been enlisted under the banner of "'84." Notwithstanding that they outnumbered us almost two to one, we gave them battle immediately and vanquished them.

Our first premeditated battle with these neophytes occurred in the chapel. As soon as one of them entered the door he was welcomed with a volley of salt. When they discovered this they entered in a body, drew themselves up in battle array and returned the fire. Then the battle began in earnest. Salt lay on the floor two inches deep. The air was fraught with it. One would have thought that all the salt of Onondaga County had been transported to Schenectady and turned loose in the chapel. The battle still raged. The upper class-men hurrahed and the professors looked helplessly on. It was evident to everyone that we were being defeated. A sudden change, however, took place. The hero from Potsdam, Coffeen, now appeared in the field. He wiped up the floor with the carcasses of the miserable "Frosh." Their lines were broken, they ran. A shout arose from our side. We had a Goliath but they could produce no David. At this juncture Professor Webster appeared on the scene and the battle instantly ceased. Each side claimed the victory.

The Freshmen soon forgot their defeat and became "cheeky" once more. We would have reduced them to their proper station immediately but we were too closely guarded by the Faculty. An opportunity, however, soon presented itself. The Freshmen intended to have a cremation. We secretly determined that their cremation should be a failure. Their procession set forth on the eventful night, guarded by the Schenectady police force (designated in classical literature as "Cops"). It was a beautiful sight, but alas! how soon to be deprived of its beauty. They marched down Union Street and when they reached the canal bridge we attacked them. There were but twenty of us to their sixty, we had but one object in view and worked, with a will, for its accomplishment. We were on the high road to victory when we were attacked by an unexpected foe. The "Cops" were upon us. "Cops" to the right of us, "Cops" to the left of us and Freshmen all around us necessitated our beating a hasty retreat. Having lost the bridge we returned to the college hill in search of their pyre. We found it, and after routing its defenders, applied the torch and reduced it to ashes. We then returned to attack their procession for the second time. On meeting it we rushed among the dis-

comforted "Frosh" and bore their transparencies triumphantly off. Once more the sound of the policeman's club was heard through the land. As the gigantic storm-wind of the Equinox descends on the Atlantic, so did the locust clubs on our heads. We were routed again. So it came to pass that the class of '84 erected a monument with the following inscription: "The first class to introduce the Schenectady 'Cop' within the Sacred Precincts of the college grounds, '84." With heavy hearts they viewed the embers of their once magnificent pyre. The Freshmen were, at least, humiliated.

It was the last night of October, 1881, the moon was diffusing her mellow light over the silent earth, when the four classes of this noble institution turned out, with pickaxes, crow-bars and spades to utterly demolish the old stone walk which extended from the Blue Gate to South College. (Every Alumnus who has ever been "weak-kneed," or has not gone "home until morning" will remember the walk to which I refer). We began our work at the Blue Gate and advanced uninterruptedly until we reached the Presidential Mansion. The uproar was so great that it disturbed the slumbers of our illustrious Prex. Being awakened he deemed it advisable to discover

the cause of the tumult, which he instantly proceeded to do. After clothing himself as if it were summer he drew up the porticullis, let down the draw-bridge and sallied forth. We were absolutely astounded when we saw that stately form approaching. No one dreamed of interruption from that quarter. The crowd immediately dispersed, except a few unfortunates who were taken in the very act.

It was with feelings of fear and sorrow that we arose from our downy couches on the following morning. No one knew what the day would bring forth. Visions of premature vacations danced in our heads. Our only punishment, however, was that of being put on probation—which we bore with exceeding difficulty.

We celebrated the eve of Washington's Birthday, 1882, by having a class supper. It was our first affair of the kind. We could have had a half-dozen class suppers before that time had we so desired it, but we wanted no pleasure until we were perfectly capable of enjoying it, and, at this stage of our course, we felt able to do justice to the all-engrossing subject. Our banquet was held at the Windsor, in Albany. The tables were loaded with all the delicacies that the most fanciful epicurean could have desired. It is needless to add that we did justice to

what was placed before us and that when we arose we left nothing but the bare tables—crockery, plated ware, etc., having mysteriously disappeared.

We devoted the remainder of our Junior year to hard study. We learned all that was worth knowing about worms, lightning-rods and base ball.

The long-desired Senior year came at last. We found it, however, to be entirely different from what it had been pictured. For three long, weary years, we had dreamed of "making love and winning hearts," but it was only a dream. Heart-broken we turned from the frivolities of life to the far-weightier subjects of Psychology and Geology.

Sir William Hamilton endeavored to convince us that we could pay attention to several things at the same time. We determined to test the validity of that portion of the "Hamiltonian Methaphysics," and made up a combination of which, probably, Sir Billy had never heard—viz.: base-ball, Wienckie and Psychology. The result was against Sir Billy, and we were compelled to return to our original dictum, viz.: "man can attend to one thing at a time, and but one." We therefore decided unanimously in favor of Metaphysics.

The next thing on the programme was "Ethics." We thought that our

morals were sufficiently pure, therefore we paid but little attention to "Butler's Analogy" and "Moral Philosophy." Our treatises on those subjects appeared to be equally as acceptable as those of Bishop Butler, and Dr. Peabody, so they were freely given.

We were shortly to be precipitated into the deceitful world, so Prex determined to give us a lecture on "The choice of a wife." As it was a subject on which all of us desired information we longed for the lecture. Prexy, I presume, wisely decided that it would be impossible for him to improve on the views of the late Dr. Holland and had one of our number read Mr. Timothy Titcomb's letter on that subject. The substitution was most acceptable.

But let me not forget the history of '83 in the diamond. "It is succinct and concentrated in one man, viz.: McElwain. "Crip" could play in any position, and quite often filled time with unparallel success. He excelled, however, as a pitcher. He could throw all of the curves, the "warble" included. The only trouble with his pitching was that whenever he threw a curve the ball would part company with its cover.

The strictest observance has been paid to the truth in the narration of the above events and now, the historian's task is completed.

"Love to 'Old Union's Walls,'
Love to her 'Classic Halls,'
Love to the light that falls
On Eighty-Three."

ADDRESS.

THE UNSETTLED AGE.

BY G. V. P. LANSING.

We live in an age of great unrest.

The principles of truth and right are being attacked on every side by the marked tyranny of skepticism and infidelity. At the present day the grand fabric of thought is interwoven by such varied "isms," so uncertain in their nature that the uncritical mind is baffled in any attempt whatever in search of the truth.

Heretics are scattering the seed of unbelief broadcast; Atheists come out boldly before the world and deny their maker; Evolutionists are unraveling the mystical ages, while Materialists, with "their far-reaching fancy" are solving the origin of man. They forget that there are mysteries which the Almighty never designed to reveal to man; if this were not so how could we vindicate the existence of a God?

The broad field of science does not even explain the first principles upon which it is based, nor can we justly claim an explanation of that "Nihil," or call it what you may, of which the universe and its vast re-

presentations of life originated. Man's incapability proves the existence of a Supreme. Give to man the power adequate for grasping the hidden mysteries of life, its origin and destiny, and you destroy the divine fiat of creation.

Man's knowledge is based upon fact, from which emanate his Science, Philosophy and Religion. Back of phenomena or facts he cannot go, but by the study of them thought is generated, which is the vehicle that leads him to great and wonderful achievements. Thought, itself, is enlivened by feeling and what one knows, he must feel. The mind is, undoubtedly, analogous to the body, it controls the actions of the body, the cultivation of one necessarily affects the other. By training the finer sensibilities of our nature we approach nearer the ideal, harmonizing the actions of our being to the soul in the grand symphony of a noble existence.

What we need to day in this unsettled state of affairs is educated, positive men. Men who are not afraid to vindicate the principles of truth and right. Men who live above the superstitions that infest the age; petty Philosophies that corrupt the human intellect.

In the great mental activity of the day we are out-living the spirit of conservative and sectarian thought

and are fast hastening towards unbounded liberalism. The enthusiast claims that our old Theology and its dogmatic truths are being supplanted by a new school, in its nature, more comprehensive of the possibilities of life. What a perpetuity of doubt, of marked uncertainty knowledge creates! The avalanche that may crush us depends upon a single breath. What is that avalanche? It is Infidelity! Society is contaminated by its influences. It is being fed upon too much of vanity, that utopian dream, too many groundless opinions and not enough of fact.

Light literature and novel reading are poisoning many an intellect. Fiction is enticing the mind with its imaginative flights as to a world empyrean; while history, the foundation of all true literature, becomes a source of repugnant investigation except to the few.

Is civilization advancing? Are the days of bloodshed and war over? asks the earnest inquirer. How long is it since the battle-cry rose in hallucinations wild, upon the eastern coast?

Why is Russia lost in the nightmare of Nihilism? Why is France convulsed by the contracting spirit of Monarchism on the one hand and the sweeping power of Republicanism on the other? These are questions worthy of due consideration,

these are questions which are staggering the greatest intellects of the nineteenth century! But we need not look to foreign countries to detect corruption; we need only to look at home. A greater conflict is raging in our country than that of arms; one of more import than the taking of a city. It is the inner conflict with self; the conflict of morality with vice. That which is shaking the fabric of our government to its very centre; which is trying the very sinews of society; which is tending to dethrone individual character. The public voice is crying out against the terrible miasma of political corruption, but where is the political martyr who dare rebel against the progress of this awful adversary? Who will sacrifice self-interest and help inculcate the principles of a new era; a true reformation? Not until pride, vain glory and hypocrisy are eradicated! not until infidelity relinquishes its hold upon the minds of men, will we gain the victory.

And now, Mr. President and members of the Senior class, the time has come when each one of us must decide what part he is going to play in the battle.

We are called upon to resign our positions in collegiate life to other succeeding classes, after an intimate and, I trust, beneficial relation-

ship of four years. We are on the threshold of a broader theatre of action; sterner realities are pressing upon us, life is before us.

Thousands have labored in the same fields which we are about to enter and succeeded; thousands have also made striking failures in life. I have called this an unsettled age. Is it not also a speculative, an investigating age? Was human thought ever more active? Could we wish for greater advantages? No! No matter what our vocation; be it Theology, Medicine, Law or the common pursuits of life, every field of human industry is fertile and inviting to the honest worker. Living, as we are, in a country whose government is representative, where hereditary rule and castes are unknown, where prosperity seems at its zenith, where there is freedom of thought, speech and action; what greater advantages do we need? Man stands abreast with man. He rises in proportion to his capabilities and exertions. He feels he has no right to stand isolated from his fellows, society has a just claim upon him, law restrains him.

Literary land marks have eclipsed the battlements of war. The incarnation of peace succeeded the baptism of blood. And although the horizon looked dark and impenetrable to those, who centuries ago,

labored for the emancipation of the human intellect, the amelioration of the world; we, to-day, are standing in the full fruition of their achievements.

Checked by the present light of religion and letters, inspired by the oracles of the past, led on by the fixed stars already implanted in the great alphabet of successful lives, may we, fellow class-mates, so labor that the epitome of our lives shall add other stars to the catalogue and help illumine the dark places of humanity.

PROPHECY.

BY ROSWELL A. BENEDICT.

SCHENECTADY, June, 1883.

When the mantle of prophecy fell upon your humble servant he was straightway much exorcised in spirit. Not that he feared a lack of appropriate afflatus—for now-a-days it seems natural for everybody to prophesy all manner of things, from early frosts to judgment days; and it would be a wonder if the divine gift should be withheld from an august Senior, the noblest being below the skies. But the trouble was here: There was no doubt in the world that Old Union's class of '83 was the wisest, the most learned, the most meritorious, the handsomest, the sublimest class she had ever been blessed with. There

was no doubt either that every mother's son of them ought to be president of our glorious republic—that is if he were willing to humble himself so much for the sake of his country—and it would be a sad reflection on the good taste of the people and their shrewdness in recognizing a priceless privilege if any one of them could not order his tombstone with "Here Lies" Jack Adams, for instance, "forty-eleventh president of the United States" neatly carved in raised letters upon its immaculate face with a group of star Spangled Banners gracefully festooning either side of the inscription and a bunch of stacked musket with fixed bayonets and a big cannon coming in on the chorus and "Give me Liberty or give me death" pathetically bringing the whole to a patriotic period! But Mathematics—confound Mathematics! Prof. Price was to blame for their precious, impertinent obtrusiveness, the development of the difference between the multiplication table and a cuneiform inscription was due to him, as far as many of us '83 men were concerned. Mathematics, I repeat, woke your obedient servant to a cold and prosaic realization of the truth. There were 32 of us precious sprouts of '83, and each was to give wine suppers in the White House at the expense of an awe-struck people for the period of four

years at least, and perhaps some of us would condescend to take the office for a second term and may be some few would be, by that time, so far materialized, terrestrialized (perhaps newspaper men would call it corrupted), made like to men of common clay, they would tolerate the indignity of a third term.

Now, four times thirty-two, perhaps eight times thirty-two, possibly twelve times the same would stretch over a tedious spell. Why, allowing but four years a piece and leaving a margin for an occasional Guiteau it would take over a hundred years to go all round. But making the average term six years, which is the most reasonable, it would take almost two hundred years for each of us to have been bored with the White House according to his deserts. Now yours in trouble calculated the probabilities were that some of you restless fellows, after waiting a century or so for your turn, would conclude to peddle clams or to indulge in some similar pleasure for the purpose of killing the time which might be getting a little irksome, and the chances were the majority who thus dissipated would, after the lapse of a half century be so attached to their recreation, their own selfish diversion, that even an adoring people, clamoring for executive talent at Washington, D. C., could not move them

with a crowbar or a chance for a million dollar steal. And besides they say that when a fellow gets to be two or three hundred years old he don't care as much for trifles as he did once—he gets quiet and reflective—wine, suppers and flowing speeches and airy compliments don't affect him as they do younger people; it's likely he would not even smile for a regiment of Mark Twains; or weep for a round million of tracts telling how Tommy took to drinking and offered a horrible example to the whole town; or move his bones if the united universe were to holler "fire!" in his ear with a seven-foot trumpet and it's hardly likely he would want to be bored at his mature age with four years at Long Branch on pain of \$50,000 per year.

It became evident, as yours to command thus ruminated, that to prophecy the whole class of '83 into the presidential chair would be a trifle hazardous, for the reason that, in all human probability not more than a dozen or twenty of them would ever get there. Then there would be a dozen or so who would have had their youthful hopes unwarrantably excited; and very likely their mothers and fathers and brothers and sisters, affectionate uncles and doting aunts may be grandmothers and grandfathers too, who had been waiting for post-offices and cabinet

offices under the family administration would hound them on to get up a breach of promise suit against a poor inoffensive old man whose only crime was that once long ago in a fit of youthful enthusiasm he had prophesied not wisely but too well. Yet how could you make presidents of two thirds of the class and slight the other third? There wasn't one of them who was not thoroughly worthy of the office and more than competent to fill it. They would all know this, and not being able to see the improbability of their all being presidents as did yours distractedly who maturely reflected on the matter, they would be deeply indignant at being left out in the cold, and the result very likely be a paragraph in the daily paper, headed "Found Drowned" or "Mysterious Disappearance", with a description of somebody about the size and height and general depravity of yours in tears. Now, confidentially, your most devoted scorned personal danger if incurred in doing a plain duty but he had not then made his will and the thought of dying intestate always made his flesh creep. It is a notorious fact that this stepping off without expressing your sacred will about the distribution of your old clothes and unpaid bills, inevitably causes unseemly squabbles among your heirs, and is very apt to divert the minds of the

mourners before they have shed the appropriate number of tears, and yours aesthetically had always felt he never could be easy with less than three pints. And then again it would be a horrible thing to be the cause of remorseful conscience and blasted lives to one's class-mates; for it was certain that when the first frenzy of indigation was over, and they paused and realized what they had done they would see they acted unreasonably, (for there's not a real illogical one in the class, as Prof. Alexander, the hero of first term Junior can testify) and close upon this conviction would follow deep, inconsolable remorse; for there is not a real hard-hearted one in the class, as the young ladies, the "heroines of a hundred"—church sociables can honestly bear witness. It was very clear the duty of yours disinterestedly was to serve them all alike. Then what was to be done? Make them all Governors? No! What would the governor of Delaware think of the prophet? Impartiality and the dignity of their Alma Mater required them all to be governors of the noblest state in the Union, which of course is New York. Another dilemma. If they all held the office at the same time Old Union would have too many ex-officio trustees; but if they governed in succession in all their glory the jealousy of

the other states would breed civil war. Governors were out of the question. Well, could they be made crowned? Impossible! Would any '83 man, a son of this glorious republic, stoop so low as to be King of Great Britain? Perish the suggestion!

Thus a graceless rabble rag-tag of dilemmas and bob-tail perplexities jostled on all sides against your living sacrifice, until he resolved to tell the truth and shame George Washington, in the face of all foes. He prepared for active service. He went to a harness shop and asked to see their assortment of cowhides. He wanted something he said "that a fellow can twist up his sleeve you know, and have always on hand". "Oh," said the shop-keeper, "you are a senior I suppose, and want the same sort of an article rest have been getting." "The rest! whooped your victim," who are they?" "Oh," was the innocent reponse "the other Seniors."

Cross-questioning revealed that sixteen of the tallest men in the class such as Adriance and Nash (be it said to their shame) had purchased cow-hides, "something a fellow can twist up his sleeve, you know, and have handy." And moreover the shop-keeper had overheard one of them saying something about not being made a peanut vender of, for

nothing. "Ah," thought yours professionally, "I'll raise 'em one on that." He did not want a cow-hide any more; he sighed for something with a longer range. He went to a gun-shop. He said he wanted to see a pocket arsenal, a gatling gun in miniature, something that would kill every time beyond the reach of the longest cow-hide. Smith, over on the corner, had in his murderous old shop something that would go off spontaneously, with deadly aim, sixteen times at once and in as many different directions. The clerk apologized and timidly explained that our uninventive age had not yet stumbled upon such a treasure—grand idea surely, he thought—regretted it had not been realized. "But," said he with a child-like sympathy, "you are a Senior, aren't you? and would not you like the same sort of a peace-maker the rest of 'em have been getting?" and he produced a short barreled but rather large-bored six shooter. "Dunder and blitzen!" exploded your burnt offering, "How many of those assassins' tools have you sold to Seniors?" "Ten," said he, and his face beamed with the complacent smile of the true salesman, "they said a *one* shooter would answer," (and here he chuckled mysteriously) "but you see, I coaxed them to take a six." "Sixteen plus ten," mused

your mathematical prodigy "equal twenty-six. Twenty-six to one. Got any Creedmore rifles?" "Creedmore rifles? just like those the other bought?" "What others?" yelled your martyr. "Why," (apologetically) "the other five." "No! villain, complete your work of death; continue your infernal traffic; but at your peril tempt again a prophet to stain his soul with fraternal blood!" Your patient victim banged out of the shop and shot down street, his head buzzing in a wild bewilderment in which the only sentiments distinguishable were defiance and despair. How it came about he does not know, but suddenly he found himself braced against a lamp-post, flourishing his fists and yelling "Come one, come all! this rock shall fly, from its firm base as soon as I". "It shall hey!" Whack!

Was it Fourth of July so soon? Where did so many rockets and roman candles come from? No, it was not Fourth of July, but only a new edition of Campbell's works of which a Paige had been dedicated to yours of the fractured skull, and before he could call a doctor he was locked in a cell at the Police Station.

Next morning the cherub face of officer Paige smiled in upon your fallen hero, who was straightway hustled before his Honor. "Well," inquired that estimable gentleman

what Dido has this youngster been cutting?". "Holding up a lamp-post, fighting drunk". Fighting drunk! "Where did you get your liquor, sonny? I'll break up this selling drink to minors, if I lose my free beer for it!" "My last drink," said sonny, in the most approved Sunday School style, I think was from Jackson's spring".

"Take care, young man!" roared his Honor, "none of your stale college rams around here!" "Though now I think of it," resumed sonny overwhelmed with contrition, "it may have been from one of the cows in college pasture."

"Officer" thundered the Judge, "give him forty-eight hours for contempt of the court!" "But, Judge,—" expostulated your torn and bleeding. Just then, like the shadow of a mighty rock, within a weary land, Prof. Perkins appeared. What his true errand was never transpired. He was not accompanied by an officer or he might have been suspected of having been found "fighting drunk too." "Why, Roz, this is queer business," he blurted. "Fighting drunk, corner State and Centre street last evening five o'clock," explained the accommodating officer. "Drunk," exclaimed the Professor, "are you sure?" "What made him fight like a cat caught in a picket fence then?" demanded the officer

sternly. The Professor saw there was something unusual in the case and for a second hesitated, then with a nefarious plot twinkling in his wicked blue eyes, asked, "Did it ache as badly as that, Roz?" "And a mighty sight worse," said your injured innocent at random, wondering what the Professor was driving at. "Course it did, I knew it would; but if you had gone to bed as I bade you instead of down town 'twould have stopped in a second. You see, Judge," continued the abandoned Professor, 'the boy had a bad toothache and when he came into the laboratory I filled the cavity with hydrosiated supertrituated cyanide of peragoric.' "Oh!" gasped the Judge. "If" pursued the Professor, 'he had lain down like a good boy and minded his elders there would have been no trouble, but his rushing around just sent the stuff to his brain and made him craz-crazy, Judge, no drunk about it.'

"It was distressing to think," remarked the judge, "that one of his tender years should be so depraved as to have evil designs on the public. Well, Professor, take him along, but when you give him any more—more—what d'ye call it, just be kind enough to shut him up." "Come Roz," said the Professor leading the way to the street. "'Pon my word," continued he, as he got beyond ear-

shot of the judge, "that was a close call. First lie I ever told though, Roz, and you ought to be the last to give it away." "But, Professor," pleaded your long-suffering "you don't think I was drunk, do you?" "He, he, he," snickered the Professor, "Senior vacation, Roz, all signs fail, Senior vacation, he, he, he." "But, Professor, I had not been near a liquor saloon, when that cranium crusher interviewed me, I had just left a gun store." "Ha, ha, ha, he, he, he," rippled the inquisitor, 'no wonder you got so badly shot,' and he was out of reach around the corner.

Nobody knows the sufferings of a conscientious class prophet. Some think he is drunk, others crazy; all point their thumbs over their shoulders at you as you pass and say to their neighbors, 'See that coon? Biggest crank in seven counties.'

The trouble is not in prophesying—even Wiggins can do that, it is in suiting your customers. If you send home the photographs without retouching the negative your occupation is gone in a twinkling of an eye. But if you foretell a man's future without any soft sawder—with all its idiosyncrasies and often infirmities—there's no more a resting place for such as you on this footstool, you might as well emigrate to the moon right away; even the sun would be

cooler quarters than within singing distance of those whom you had provided with appropriate futures.

In the prophet business you've got to tell the truth to live comfortably with yourself; but you've got to lie like a Turk to live comfortably with your patrons, and until the problem is solved how prophetic truth, welling from the crystal depths of the prophet's ingenuous soul, shall at the same time present conspicuously the falsehood that weak humanity will not be comforted without, no honest man can swing out his shingles "Prophesying done with neatness and despatch." Until then there will always be bungling and delay; bungling, because if he means to suit his customers the process by which the prophet tinkers up his conscience must always appear; delay, because if he resolves to tell the truth he must first wind up his mundane affairs and make his will,

Is it a wonder that with such alternatives staring him in the face your down-trodden and oppressed has resolved to seek refuge in a Yankee trick? Capricious prophecies are one thing, stable historical facts another and if any of you fellows take exception to such facts why, you can just settle it with the historian who will begin his earthly career fifteen hundred (1500) years later than this year of our Lord the 1883d.

Early in the summer of the year 4883, A. D., there might have been seen a solitary form bending over a solitary spade in the solitary region once called in the far, far away annals of the past, 'Old Dorp.' As the solitary form applied the heel of his number nine to the solitary spade he thus soliloquized: 'Surely this is the spot, for lo! the head of the ancient idol peeps above the sand in front, and just behind is the venerable mound inscribed with mystic characters which the histories of fifteen centuries record as erected by some old heathen of antiquity for a memorial to himself and his children. Lo! smooth and round it stands like a great earthen bowl fashioned by a 'patter's hand.' And still he dug. While the sun ascended to the dizzy pinnacle of the heavens, he dug. While it descended through the glowing West, he dug. While it kissed the blushing earth 'good night,' he dug. While the azure twilight glimmered through the murmuring trees, he dug. While the night, like a cavernous-throated monster swallowed him up, he dug. Until the solemn hour of midnight was rung from distant steeples, he dug for dear life.—Nor let go to take a fresh hold all that time. With the last tones of the midnight bell the solitary figure paused and bent lower and away went a suspender button.

He drew from the yawning pit, scooped in the treacherous sand by his unflinching arm, a mighty volume dark with the mildews of centuries.

But age and mildew had not obscured its heroic nature; for through the midnight blackness shone from its ample cover the flaming characters "83". The digger turned its leaves one by one, and lo! every page was lustrous. Without sun or moon or tallow dip to illumine, each word shone clear as burnished gold. The mysterious spadesman drunk his soul's fill from the narrative unfolding the heroic exploits of the redoubtable thirty-two (32)—what bloody fields they won—what assemblages of the nation they held spell-bound with more than Ciceronian eloquence—how their sage counsels conducted the affairs of State through every stormy crisis, and how, at last, after long eventful and prodigiously heroic lives, they were one after another borne to their graves amid the tears of a heart-broken people, the solemn boom of the minute gun, the funeral toll of ten thousand bells, and the hysterical flutter of seventeen millions eight hundred and sixty-seven thousand four hundred and eighty-three flags at precisely half mast, union down.

At this point rapt spadesman, his eyes large with wonder, his voice tremulous with excitement, his whole

countenance glowing with the admiration he had long struggled to conceal, murmured. "What a lot of taffy!"

THE TYRANNY OF THE TIMES.

The history of the universe is of necessity a delineation of changes. Changes gives me life.

Earth's history as presented in its "fossil hieroglyphics" evidences the tyranny of our age over another. Human history presents the same eventualities—strifes between men and tyranny of governments over subjects.

Taking a retrospective glance over the phalanx of nations we observe in the life of each an ebb and a flow. Destruction, blighting agencies, constantly linger. Tyranny has wrought fearful results. Where now is the glory of Greece! Where the grandeur of Rome! With the lust of conquest and gain their primitive purity faded away under the baleful influence of embittered factions. In that hour of "disastrous eclipse" liberty took her flight and these two pillars of antiquity fell into dismemberment and into the vortex of anarchy.

We need but review the various modern civilizations to find embodied in them the essence of degeneracy.

Spain presents a deplorable spectacle of moral degradation; Turkey is little better. Arrogant England, ambitious France, oppressive Russia, proud Austria, indeed all Europe, is wrapped in an atmosphere of uncertainty. The shadow of some crisis hangs like a murky cloud over every nation.

Tyranny lurks in every corner. Political animosities, religious contentions, Communism, Nihilism, vice and ignorance are the forces which are incompatible with freedom. Between these burdens the civilized world sways to and fro like a vessel on troubled waters. Are these forces patent or are they hidden? Has time removed no evils from society? Has the grave mellowed no animosities?

It is not difficult to write grand things about our glorious destiny, but it is different to pilot the ship of state in the harbor of safety when pirates are aboard and when offices and prizes are daily increased. Corruption is growing and is there any consolation in thinking that we may be near the turning point, or is there "below this deep, a deep yet lower still?"

Men are dishonest, are worshipers of false gods, are vassals and have but little individuality. The more selfish traits of humanity, and the groveling, animal, material nature

of man to day flame forth in bold defiance of the true and beautiful in life, alas, public virtue is as raped in its decay as it is in its growth. Men promise, but fail to do.

The dependence of classes on individuals is the bane of national purity. How are the fetters to be severed which link the poor to the rich, the weak to the strong. How remove the restraint which now interposes between the man and the ballot! The right to cast a vote untainted by external influence is the highest and noblest right of man. It is the liberty of all liberties, the foundation of freedom. He who votes at the will of a master is untrue to his country, untrue to his family, untrue to his God. He is no longer a free-man. As Goethe called for "more light" so men plead for more freedom, but what do they mean by freedom? Simply the right to act as they like, irrespectively of the fitness of their actions; cruel ambition beclouds them all. Men sacrifice friends, forsooth and even reputations to further individual desire. In these times men traffic in politics for base considerations. Politics mean selfishness, selfishness means tyranny. Jealousy, spite and intrigue control politics so that the upright man recoils in disgust from the ballot. Politics lack dignity. Will they ever possess it? Intellectuality alone will

not give it, there must be a change of character. National degeneracy surely is patent when men regard an oath with contempt.

To a contemplative mind the tyranny of the times is as varied as the colors in a kaleidoscope. Politics, alone, do not portend dissolution. "Freedom has become a dream, religion a trade, virtue a laughter and vice a business". Society is a vast bundle of antagonisms in which wealth is the basis of division. But, alas, wealth brings luxury, luxury brings ease and ease brings tyranny! Every where abuses are apparent.

The grinding of the poor, the oppression of capital and the development of pride and dishonesty are universal. There is a vast growth in social concerns—a conflict between power and weakness, between light and darkness. In the rush of circumstances we bestow too little attention upon those elements which are most disheartening. Crimes cannot shock us too much but surely vice jars our better natures too little. Society is conservative in the extreme. The attitude of the wealthy, the unhappy tendencies of individual desire and the prevalence of egotism are creating disaffection in every clime. In a word, to live is to fight and he has been a mighty warrior who passes from life to death clasping the flag-staff of victory.

In the transit of time is not that fair regent of Heaven, religion, beset by adversity? There are not wanting those who hurl invective after invective upon that force which has given definite form, symmetry, and beauty to society. Men would forcibly shatter the walls of Christianity by telling us that life is an illusion and eternity the dream of a crazed imagination. Antagonists of Christianity are destructive, not constructive. They would obliterate without substituting. Convict them of error at the bar of conscience or society will fall back into frightful chaos with force as law and self as God.

We may well pause and ask ourselves "where we are, what we are and to what end we are tending!" Are we alive to the actualities of the times?

To-day as ever the few rule. The problem is, how are the few to be ruled? So long as politics are regarded as the highest vocation, so long as young men enter the arena of life with the determination to be politicians, so long will governments be badly administered. What society, throughout the world, most needs is a clearer conception by the unofficial citizen, by the young men especially of their true relation to the State. The time for indifference to the actual condition of affairs is

passed and daylight, with its call for wise and upright men has dawned.

THE PSI UPSILON FRATERNITY.

The semi-centennial celebration of the Psi Upsilon Fraternity took place at Albany May 23, 24 and 25.

The head quarters of the convention were at the Delevan House. Early Tuesday morning (May 22d), delegates began to arrive from the western chapters. By Tuesday night over one hundred members had arrived. The remaining delegates arrived early Wednesday morning. Every chapter was represented.

The business meetings were held in the Court of Appeals Chamber, Old Capitol. The first meeting was held on Wednesday morning. The exercises were opened by a salutatory address by Prof. Isaiah B. Price.

Wednesday evening a private historical meeting was held. Prof. Willard Fiske, of Cornell University, read an elaborate history of the Fraternity from its foundation in the old west college (now Union School, Schenectady) to the establishment of the Beta Theta Chapter at Trinity College in 1880. Mr. Albert P. Jacobs, a prominent Detroit lawyer, read a statistical retrospection of the Fraternity, showing the comparative standing of Psi Upsilon with the oth-

er prominent Greek Letter Societies in the various colleges in which they meet.

Thursday evening was devoted to the literary exercises and the reception. Long before eight o'clock the Leland Opera House was well filled. The first two hundred and fifty seats were reserved for the delegates.

The exercises were opened by the singing of the convention ode which was written by Prof. Calvin S. Harrington of Wesleyan University. Then followed a short address by Hon. Alexander H. Rice (Union Chapter), ex-Governor of Massachusetts. The poem was by Prof. Hjalmar H. Boyesen of Columbia College, and the oration by the Hon. Joseph R. Hawley, U. S. Senator from Connecticut. The last of the exercises was an essay on Secret Societies by the well-known humorist Charles Dudley Warner. Several of the Psi Upsilon songs were sung during the evening.

The reception was held at Bleecker Hall, immediately after the literary exercises. It opened with a promenade dancing, beginning at 11 P. M. and continuing until about 3 A. M. At 1 A. M. an elaborate collation was served in the club rooms of the Hall. At least six hundred persons were present.

On Friday evening the banquet was held at the Delavan House.

Psi Upsilon banquets were also held by the Graduate Association of Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Portland and Wilmington, Del.—Each sending greetings to the members at Albany.

Hon. Hooper C. Van Vorst (Union Chapter) Judge of the Superior Court of New York, presided at the Albany banquet. Among the many prominent men who responded to toasts were ex-Governor Rice, Senator Hawley, Prof. Goldwin Smith, Judge Tourgee, Rev. Dr. Van Ransalaer, Hon. Wm. B. Ruggles, Hon. John M. Wheeler, Prof. Willard Fiske, Hon. Samuel W. Jackson, Prof. Hjalmar H. Boyesen, Hon. David Ward Northrop, Hon. Elisha W. Taylor and Rev. Dr. Baker.

Numerous telegrams were received from all over the country. President Chester A. Arthur (Union Chapter) expressed his regrets by the following telegram :

NEW YORK, May 23, 1883.

To the Hon. Alexander H. Rice, Albany :

I heartily regret my inability to share with my brethren in Psi Upsilon, now gathering in convention at Albany, the enjoyment of this evening's festivities ; to them all and through them to all the members of our fraternity I send cordial greeting. Sing for my sake the dear old refrain,

"Then till the sands of life are run,
We'll sing to thee Psi Upsilon,
Long live Psi Upsilon! Psi Upsilon!"

CHESTER A. ARTHUR.

The telegram was read by Senator Hawley. Immediately every one arose and sung the lines above mentioned. The lines are taken from the Psi Upsilon Anthem by Francis M. Finch, Judge of the Court of Appeals and the author of the well-known poem, "The Blue and the Gray."

The banquet closed at 3 A. M. with the usual convention song.

One of the prominent features of the convention was the presence of Judge Sterling G. Hadley, Dr. Charles W. Harvey and George W. Tuttle, three of the five living founders of Psi Upsilon.

ALUMNI MEETING.

The annual meeting of the Alumni Association was held in the chapel Tuesday morning, June 26th, 1883, at 10 o'clock. Judge George F. Danforth presided and George R. Donnan occupied the Secretary's desk. No eulogies of deceased graduates were delivered. Hon. Charles E. Patterson, of Troy, Chairman of the committee, on officers, reported the following list: president, Hon. F. Danforth; 1st vice president,

Benjamin F. Dunning ; 2d vice president, Rev. Nelson Millard ; 3d vice president, Douglass Campbell ; 4th vice president, Hon. Henry O. Cheseboro ; corresponding secretary, Alexander J. Thompson ; recording secretary, George R. Donnan ; librarian, I. B. Price ; treasurer, Jonathan Pearson ; councillors, Robert Earl, Warner Miller, G. M. Spier, Geo. F. Comstock, B. Platt Carpenter, Amasa J. Parker, Henry Teller, Charles E. Smith, Wm. H. McElroy, C. A. Waldron, Lemon Thompson, J. L. Baggs, David Little, Cornelius Van Santvoord ; executive committee, Henry R. Pierson, Samuel Hand, J. A. DeRemer, Rev. Alexander Dickson, Rev. John A. Lansing, Marcus T. Hun, M. D. ; finance committee, Chas. B. Warring, W. A. Righter, A. F. Olmstead, Fred. Blake, John E. Ashe ; local committee, John Foster, John Cantine, S. T. Benedict, A. P. Strong, J. K. Paige, Dr. M. G. Planck.

Upon motion, the report was adopted, 67 ayes, 59 nays. A motion to make the election unanimous was declared carried, many alumni voting "no." Judge Danforth ruled that the class of '80 were not voters as their master's degrees had not been formally conferred. Hon. William D. Murphy moved a contrary resolution, which was declared out of order. An appeal was made from the decision of the chair, but the chair re-

fused to entertain it. The trustees announced the appointment of Alonzo P. Strong, George R. Donnan and Albert Smith as inspectors of election. Harvey J. King, of Troy, presented Hooper C. Van Vorst's name for alumni trustee. Samuel Marsh, of New York, nominated David C. Robinson. The ballot resulted :

Judge Van Vorst.....	122
Col. Robinson.....	159
Total...291—Robinson's maj....	37.

The votes of the class of '80 were received, inspector Strong opposed. Fifty-two proxy votes were rejected. The class of '80 voted 16 for Robinson and 1 for VanVorst. Several C. E.'s were challenged and several votes rejected. After the result was announced the meeting adjourned to Memorial hall where the annual Col-lation was partaken of. At the dinner a fine Juvet time globe was presented to the College by the Rev. Mr. Johnson, President of the class of '83, on behalf of his classmates.

Editorial.

THE commencement season of '83 has passed and among the many graduates just entering upon the stage of action our "Alma Mater" sends out 32 to swell the list.

Each of these young Alumni, asked, would say that he felt glad to be through with his College course. Youth with its high hopes ever desires to press onward to more responsible positions. The great world of life and action of which we have dreamed since boyhood stands ready to receive us, and soon, ah, how soon will we be swallowed up in the great gulf. We are young yet and do not fully appreciate the many pleasures of that four years course which has been to us all a stream of sunshine and happiness. E're long when the cares of life are pressing upon us, then will we look back to the days at "Old Union" and sigh for them all again. May the ties which have bound us together in College, may the associations of class room and campus, may the

Love to "Old Unions" walls,
Love to her classic halls,
Love to the light that falls
On Eighty-three,

be the means of guiding us onward and upward to a useful, christian manhood.

WE are very much pleased that the Concordiensis has fallen into such able hands as we believe the incoming board to be, and it still more delights us to hand over the paper to them with no incumbrances whatever. With a good list of subscribers secured at Com-

mencement, with a body of men on the board who are good writers, everything stands favorable for a great improvement in the College paper. We wish you every success, in your power to attain. It is not an easy job which you have in hand, so make up your minds to work from the beginning. We expect your paper next year to reach the standard of the best College papers in the Country. To all the Alumni whom this edition may reach we beg you now to lend a helping hand to support the Concordiensis. Send in your subscription if you have not already, so that you may all feel proud of "Old Union's literary production."

AS promised, we give in this issue the full list of games played this season. We have been able to sustain our past reputation, and have come off with flying colors. The three tennis Courts have each afforded much recreation to the owners, and we are only sorry that they did not make a trial of one another's skill.

OUR readers will find all the Class Day Exercises except the poem. Suffice it to say that we would have printed it if we could have secured the manuscript. Sorry that the Poet could not afford to

intrust us with his very able literary production.

IN this number of the Concordiensis is to be found the happenings of Commencement week. In editing such an edition we have had no easy task. It has been our intention during the entire year to keep aloof from any of the discussions which have already caused so much disquiet and hard feeling. We have allowed nothing to creep into our paper which would cast a slur on either President or Faculty. In doing this we have acted conscientiously and we think have been sustained by the great body of our readers. Having pursued such a course so far during our editorship, we do so to the end, thinking we have no right and no occasion to act otherwise. Every Alumnus has his own views in the matter, and so we do not wish to say one word on the subject. Guided by such a course we only give the facts as they come to us by observation and reliable information, hoping that the feuds which now threaten the very life blood of our noble institution may ere long be settled to the best interests of both parties and above all those of our Alma Mater.

THE class of '63 deserves the esteem of all "Union's" Alumni. The globe presented by them to the

College on Alumni Day, is the second proof of their affection for Alma Mater, evidenced in the last few years. The first is fine bust of Col. Peissner which now stands in the Memorial Hall.

WE do not like to speak unjustly of any member of the class of '83, but we cannot refrain from expressing the sentiment of the class with regard to those men who failed to pay their class tax. It is right and has always been the custom for every man belonging to the class to pay this tax whether he left before Commencement or not. We thought each member of '83 recognized this and would come squarely up and pay, but we are sorry to say that some failed to do so. Not only so, but when a telegram was sent by the Treasurer to a distant member, said member wrote a very uncalled for, insulting letter to the Treasurer. The position of Senior Treasurer is a very unpleasant one and when he, in a very gentlemanly manner tries to do his duty he should certainly be treated in like manner. We hope that this matter will be straightened and that '83 will not have cause for hard feelings against any of her loyal members.

—Prof. Webster expects to spend the summer in England.

Local.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

THE BACCALAUREATE SER- MON.

On Sunday evening, June 25th, the services of Commencement Week opened by the delivery of the Baccalaureate Sermon in the State Street Methodist Church. The preacher, Rev Dr. Walton Battershall, Rector of St. Peter's Church, Albany, took his text from Col. 11: 10—"And Ye are Complete in Him." His theme was "Christ, the Interpreter of Man." After a very impressive discourse he closed with the following address to the Senior class:

"Young men of the graduating class of Union College, there are two thoughts that grow out of my theme this evening which I wish to blend with my God-speed, as you go forth from these venerable halls, in which so many before you have forged the weapons with which they have done masterful work, and achieved honorable name. That colossal figure of Christ must counteract the infidelity of the day. How will you resist the forces of evil? A motive power for good must be more persistent than a motive power for evil. Next, the thought of incoming manhood. Victory or defeat lies there in the smoke and the dust. He drinks strength to his brain to clothe himself with knowledge and power. We are the children of a splendid hope—a redeemed and emancipated life. Revere your manhood as a sacred thing in the conflicts of life."

CLASS DAY EXERCISES OF '83.

On Monday evening, June 25th, the Class Day Exercises of '83 took place in the State Street Methodist Church. The ushers were kept busy in seating lady friends and their escorts, but no one found trouble in securing good seats. The class officers were as follows: President, James Cantine; Vice-President, D. D. Addison; Secretary, J. H. E. Sand; Treasurer, R. W. Dent; Orator, John W. Adams; Historian, W. W. Bellinger; Addresser, G. V. P. Lansing; Prophet, R. H. Benedict; Poet, L. J. Emerson; B. B. Director, Frank Burton; Grand Marshall, B. C. Sloan. Editors, J. R. Harding, Conde Hamlin and E. H. Adriance. Music was furnished by Parlatti's Tenth Regiment Orchestra, of Albany, engaged for the entire Commencement Exercises. All the officers who were to take part in the exercises were present, except the Poet, L. J. Emerson—the poem being read, however, by the Vice-President, D. D. Addison.

MEETING OF BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

During the session of the Alumni Association in college chapel on Tuesday, the 26th, the Trustees of Union College held their annual meeting. There were present of the board, President Potter, Howard Potter, Joseph W. Fuller, Frederick Townsend, David Murray, Judge Judson S. Landon, Edward W. Paige, Rev. J. Livingston Reese, D. D., Silas R. Brownell, Thos. H. Feary, Thomas Featherstonhaugh, LaMott W. Rhodes, David C. Robinson Rev. Dennis Wortman, D. D., Rev. Wm. Irwin, D. D., Judge Platt Potter and Rev. J. T. Backus, D. D. The routine business of the meeting was disposed of and the Board ad-

journed until after the Alumni banquet. When the Board re-assembled in the afternoon the motion was made and seconded that the services of Prof. Harrison E. Webster, Professor of Natural History, be dispensed with. After warm discussion the motion was adopted by a vote of 9 to 8. A resolution to allow voting by proxy at the future meetings of the Alumni Association was then passed. Mr. Edgar M. Jenkins, Registrar of Union College and Secretary of the Board of Trustees then tendered his resignation which was accepted. Mr. James L. Woodward, the recently appointed Treasurer, also resigned. The Finance Committee was re-organized by electing members favorable to the President, to fill the places of Rev. L. T. Backus and Judge Platt Potter.

COMMENCEMENT DAY.

A beautiful morning, Wednesday, the 27th of June, invited a large crowd to witness the Commencement Day Exercises of '83. The platform of the church was occupied by President Potter, members of the Faculty, Trustees of the college, the Chancellor, Rev. Richard S. Storrs of Brooklyn and visiting Alumni of the college. Exercises opened with music by Parlatti's Tenth Regiment Orchestra and this was followed by the singing of the 117th psalm to the tune of "Old Hundred," the Orchestra playing an accompaniment. Rev. Dr. Lansing of Brooklyn, Union '44, made the opening prayer. The Orations then began, speakers and subjects as follows:

Mr. John W. Adams, Belmond, Iowa.—Subject, "Hungarian Fidelity."

Mr. James R. Bolton, Belham, N. Y.—Subject, "Cromwell" (excused).

Mr. Wm. M. Gilbert, Willard, N. Y.—Subject, "The Mechanical age" (excused).

Mr. William K. Gilchrist, Schenectady.—Subject, "The Chivalry of the Nineteenth Century."

Mr. Conde Hamlin, Winona, Minn.—Subject, "Social Oligarchies."

Mr. John W. McCauley, Stanley, N. Y. Relation of Science to Industry" (excused).

Mr. Franklin W. McClellan, Cambridge, N. Y.—Subject, "The South that Lost."

Mr. George W. Sherwood, Ballston, N. Y.—Subject, "The Irish Question" (excused).

Mr. James R. Van Ness, Osbornes Bridge, N. Y.—Subject, "Progress of Reform."

The Chancellor's address, by one of the ablest American Divines, was listened to with intense interest by all. His theme, "Beauty, Power and Manliness in the American Scholar," treated in a thorough comprehensive style, left an impression not soon to be forgotten. We regret not to be able to print it in full. No degrees were conferred and diplomas were withheld until the latter part of the week. The prizes were conferred as follows:

✓ Warner Prize—Wm. J. Gilchrist.

✓ Ingham Essay Prize—Conde Hamlin.

✓ Junior Clark Essay Prizes—1st, Dow Beekman; 2d, George F. Allison.

✓ Junior and Sophomore Oratorical Prizes—Junior, 1st, J. F. Delany; 2d, C. B. Templeton; Sophomore, 1st, Putman Cady; 2d, Frank Bond.

✓ Allen Essay Prizes—1st, Conde Hamlin; 2d, Franklin W. McClellan; 3d, John W. Adams.

✓ Blatchford Oratorical Medals—1st, John W. Adams; 2d, Franklin W. McClellan.

✓ Wilbur F. Watkins. Prizes for the best Essays on the Relation of Christianity to Morality—awarded 1st, to Conde Hamlin; 2d, to Gulian V. Lansing.

✓ Prizes for best Examinations in U. S. Constitution—awarded, 1st, to Conde Hamlin; 2d, to Richard W. Dent; 3d, to James R. Van Ness.

COMMENCEMENT NOTES.

—Only nine Freshmen registered during Commencement examination.

—Largest crowd of Alumni present in a number of years.

—The class of '80 banqueted at the Carley House, Tuesday evening, the 26th of June, and '63 the same night had a spread at the Windsor, Albany.

—The class of '73 supped at Schumacher's, in this city, the evening of the Alumni Day.

—The appearance of Judge George W. Curtis, '20, on the hill Tuesday, was gladly welcomed, coming as he did, in his roller chair.

—The following among other journals were represented at the college Alumni Meeting: New York *Tribune*, Wm. H. McElroy; New York *Times*, Frank DePuy; New York *Sun*, Walter Benjamin; Albany *Evening Journal*, Chas. R. Sherlock; Albany *Express*, Daniel Shaw; Troy *Times*, Daniel S. Hasbrouck; Troy *Telegram*, Senator McArthur; Amsterdam *Democrat*, Wm. J. Kline. The *Evening Star* and the *Daily Union* were also represented by members of the force.

—Among the crowd of Alumni on College Hill, the 26th, were noticed Hons. Amasa J. Parker, H. R. Pier-son, E. D. Ronan, Rev. Patrick H. McDermott; Daniel Shaw and others from Albany; Hon. Chas. E. Patterson, Harvey J. King, T. G. Hamlin and others from Troy; Dr. C. C. Joslin, of Johnstown and others.

—After the voting for Trustee on Alumni Day, the visiting Alumni, graduating class, representatives of the press and specially invited guests repaired to Memorial Hall for the annual banquet. Every table was filled and many were compelled to wait or go without dinner. Music was given by Parlatti's Orchestra from the gallery. Judge Danforth presided and after dinner called for toasts from the classes of '23, '33, '43, '53, '63, '73 and '83. The class of '53 was the first to respond and then down to '83. Mr. Roswell Benedict gave a neat but short toast to "Old '83." One of the features of the after dinner speeches was that of Rev Mr. Johnson's in which he presented the globe elsewhere spoken of in this issue.

—After the exercises on Com. Day the President, a number of the Alumni, and lady friends went immediately to Washburne Hall, and unveiled the painting of Rev. Dr. Washburne, done by Huntington. The painting makes a great ornament for the Library hall.

—'83 may well feel proud of her Commencement Ball. The new building with the rooms of the two wings made a most delightful place for the festivities. The system of charging admission proved an excellent plan and we would advise future classes to do the same. The music, floor, refreshments, promenading and general management was very good, and in the name of the Class we take off our hats to the ball Committee who did their duty so much to their own credit and that of the college.

—The President's reception was well attended. The cornet solo from the highest stars of the hall was a treat to those who heard.

—80's Triennial Bulletin is well edited and contains some very good hits on the stars of that noble class.

—On Tuesday evening the 26th of June, the Junior and Sophomore prize speaking took place in the State Street Methodist Church. The speakers and their subjects were as follows:

Sophomores—Mr. Frank Bond of Schenectady, subject, "the Rise of the Republic;" Mr. Putnam Cady of Schenectady, subject, "French Republicanism;" Mr. William Hutchinson of Thorndike, Mass., subject, "Heroes of Adversity;" Mr. Wm. A. Jaycox of Garrison, N. Y., subject, "The Victims of Circumstances."

Juniors—Mr. John F. Delaney of Albany, subject, "Revolutions in Europe;" Mr. Benjamin G. Chis olm of Charleston, S. C., subject, "Mazzini;" Mr. Charles B. Templeton of Albany, subject, "Progress of the Nineteenth Century;" Mr. Henry C. Young of Schenectady, subject, "James H. Garfield. The building, as usual on such occasions, was crowded; music by Parlatti's Orchestra.

—The following is the new Board of Editors elected at close of third term: Delaney, '84; McFarlane, '84, and Benedict, '84; Cady, '85; McSorley, '85, and Morey, '85. Vee der '86, and Lawler, '86, Mr. De laney was chosen Chief Editor.

Athletic Department.

CLASS GAMES.

—Athletics began this year by a series of class games. The first game of the season was between nines selected from '83 and '85 on one side and '84 and '86 on the other. The following is the score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	Total
'83 and '85..0		7	0		5—12
'84 and '86..2	1		3		1—7

—Next followed the games for the Yates championship Cup. The first game of the series was played April 24th, between '83 and '85. The score is as follows:

	1	2	3	4	5	Total
'83..1		4	4	6		1—16
'85..5		2	3	0		5—15

Umpire, James Fairgrieve, '82.

—The second game of the series between '84 and '85 was postponed. On May 1st the following game was played between '83 and '86:

	1	2	3	4	5	Total
'83..2		5	0	5		2—14
'86..1		0	0	2		5—5

Umpire, Bayard Whitehorne, '82.

—The next game between '84 and '85 resulted as follows:

	1	2	3	4	5	Total
'84..0		0	0	10		0—10
'85..0		4	1	0		2—7

Umpire, Bayard Whitehorne.

—In the next game the Freshmen were easily defeated by the Sophs. The score is:

	1	2	3	4	5	Total
'85..1		1	3	7		1—13
'86..0		0	0	1		3—4

Umpire, B. Whitehorne.

—The postponed game between '84 and '85 was played on May 10th. The following is the score:

	1	2	3	4	5	Total
'84..0		1	0	2		0—3
'85..0		4	0	0		1—5

—The following day the Juniors, although considerably used up from their last game, met the Seniors for the first time this year. The game was very close, the score at the end of the fifth inning being the same for both sides. The score is:

	1	2	3	4	5	Total
'83..4		0	10	0		3—17
'84..3		4	2	2		6—17

—At this time the interest for a "Varsity Nine" revived and no other class games were played. The series will be finished next fall, '83 of course, relinquishing all claims.

—The players on the different nines were as follows :

'83. McCauley, 2d b. ; Sherwood, ss. ; Hamlin, c. ; McElwain, p. ; Sloan, 1st b. ; Adams, 3d b. ; Hook, c. f. ; Van Ness, l. f. ; Ray, r. f.

'84. Phillips, 2d b. ; Hale, 3d b. ; Delany, p. ; Naylor, c. ; Neagle, s. s. ; Heatly, c. f. ; Barney, l. f. ; Jervis, 1st b. ; Greene, r. f.

'85. Stanton, 3d b. ; Delaney, s.s. ; McCauley, p. ; Ebaugh, r. f. ; Mitchell, c. f. ; Ray, 2d b. ; Moulton, 1st b. ; Wands, l. f. ; Perkins, c.

'86. Pierson, 1st b. ; Dorwin, c. ; Fletcher, 3d b. ; Landon, p. ; Hamlin, 2d b. ; Pratt, l. f. ; Edmunds, c. f. ; Gallien, s. s. ; Lamonte, r. f.

—“ VARSITY ” GAMES.—As was announced in a former issue, the Directors decided at first not to play any this year, but being repeatedly challenged they finally consented and with only four days of practice and with five new men, played their first game in Albany, May 25, against a strong and well-trained nine. Following is the score :

LAFAYETTE VS. UNION.

UNION.	A.	B.	R.	I.	B.	T.	B.	P.	O.	A.	E.
McCauley, c.	5	0	0	0	0	15	6	1			
Naylor, 1st b.	5	0	0	0	0	10	0	1			
McCauley J., r. f.	5	0	0	0	0	0	0	1			
McElwain, c. f.	5	0	1	1	1	1	0	0			
Pendergast, p.	5	0	0	0	0	1	4	0			
Fletcher, l. f.	5	1	1	1	1	1	1	0			
Porcher, 2d b.	4	0	1	1	1	4	2	0			
Hale, 3d b.	4	0	0	0	0	3	1	2			
Stanton, s. s.	4	0	0	0	0	1	3	2			

Totals 42 1 3 3 36 17 7

LAFAYETTE.	A.	B.	R.	I.	B.	T.	B.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Updegrove, 3d b.	6	1	1	1	1	4	2	1			
Maurer, 1st b.	6	0	2	2	2	12	0	1			
Drissell, c.	6	0	3	3	3	13	5	0			
Swift, c. f.	6	0	0	0	0	1	0	0			
McDowell, 2d b.	6	0	0	0	0	2	3	1			
Douthett, s. s.	5	0	0	0	0	0	0	4			
Whitmer, p.	5	0	3	3	0	1	2				
Smith, r. f.	5	1	3	3	2	1	0				
Campbell, l. f.	5	0	0	0	0	2	1	0			

Totals 50 2 22 12 36 13 9

BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Lafayette	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1—2
Union	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0—1

First base on errors—Union 6, Lafayette 1. Left on bases—Union 8, Lafayette 4. Double plays—Pendergast to Poucher 1, Whitner to Maurer 1, Updegrove to Maurer 1. Passed balls—Drissell 3, McCauley 6. Struck out—Union 10, Lafayette 7. Two-base hits—Maurer 1. Umpire—W. S. Arnold. Time of game—Two hours and five minutes.

—The following day the professional nine of Albany visited this city, and we were again defeated, but this was mainly due to the fact, that both McCauley and Pendergast were unable to play their positions, which made necessary changes in the whole field. The score is :

ALBANY.	A.	B.	R.	B.	T.	B.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Blogg, c.	5	3	2	3	13	2	2			
Fleming, s. s.	5	3	2	2	1	0	0			
Batchelor, p.	5	2	4	4	0	2	2			
Taylor, l. f.	5	1	0	0	0	0	0			
Sheean, 1st b.	5	0	1	1	8	0	1			
Dorsey, c. f.	5	0	1	1	2	1	1			
Strickland.	5	2	0	0	0	0	0			
Arnold, 2d b.	5	0	0	0	3	4	2			
Goodritch, 3d b.	5	1	0	0	1	1	1			
Totals	45	12	00	11	27	10	9			

UNION.	A.	B.	R.	B.	T.	B.	P.	O.	A.	E.
McCauley, 1st b. c. c. l.	5	1	2	3	5	1	3			
Naylor, 1st b. c.	5	2	2	2	5	2	5			
Fletcher, l. f.	5	1	2	2	0	0	0			
McElwain, p. c. f.	4	1	1	2	1	4	2			
Pendergast, c. f., 1b. p.	4	0	0	0	5	0	0			
Porcher, 2d b.	4	0	1	1	1	3	1			
Hale, 3d b.	4	1	1	1	1	0	3			
Stanton.	4	1	0	0	1	1	1			
J. McCauley, r. f.	4	1	0	0	1	1	0			

Totals 39 8 9 11 27 11 16

INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Albany	2	1	3	2	0	1	0	2	1—12
Union	0	0	0	1	0	3	3	0	1—8

Time of game—2 hours 5 minutes; Umpire—F. Maxon ; Struck out—Unions 11, Albanys 7 ; Two-base hits—McCauley, McElwain, Blogg.

—For Monday May 28th, a game had been arranged with the Detroit of Detroit, but this was prevented by rain.

—On Memorial day Hamilton College visited us, and were defeated by the following score :

UNION.	A.B.	R.	IB.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
A. McCauley, c.....	6	1	2	3	8	5	3
Fletcher, l. f.....	5	2	3	3	0	0	0
Porcher, 2d b.....	5	1	2	2	3	0	0
McElwain, 3. f.....	5	1	1	1	1	0	0
Pendergast, p.....	5	1	1	1	1	17	0
Naylon, 1st b.....	5	1	0	0	11	1	0
J. McCauley, r. f....	5	1	0	0	0	0	0
Hale, 3d b.....	5	2	1	1	2	1	0
Stanton, s. s.....	4	0	0	0	1	3	1
Totals.....	46	10	10	11	27	27	4

HAMILTON.	A.B.	R.	IB.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Baker, 2d b.....	4	0	2	2	3	1	2
Dalzell, 3d b.....	4	0	0	0	0	0	1
Barber, c. f.....	4	0	0	0	1	0	0
Rodgers, l. f.....	4	0	1	1	0	0	0
Sill, 1st b.....	4	0	1	1	9	0	4
Parsons, r. f.....	4	0	1	1	2	0	1
Van Auken, p.....	3	0	0	0	1	14	7
Donaldson, c.....	3	0	1	1	9	5	13
Lathrop, s. s.....	3	0	1	1	2	1	0
Totals.....	33	0	7	7	27	21	28

INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Union.....	0	0	3	2	0	2	1	1	1—10
Hamilton ...	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Two-base hits—J. A. McCauley, McElwain, 1 each; Double play—Nan Auken to Baker to Sill; Struck out—Union 10, Hamilton 13; First base on balls—Union 3; Passed balls—Union 2, Hamilton 3; Time of game - 2 hours 20 minutes; Umpire—Chas. Vanderveer.

—Two days later June 1st Williams College of Williamstown, Mass. came over and victory again was ours. In regard to this game we beg to say that the Williams paper unjustly made statements which it cannot prove. We deny that they were hissed, we deny that the umpire was unfair, we assert that they were met at the depot by carriages. The score is given below :

OFFICIAL SCORE

UNIONS.	A.B.	R.	IB.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
McCauley, c.....	4	0	0	0	10	0	0
Fletcher, l. f.....	4	0	2	2	1	0	0
Porcher, 2d b.....	4	1	1	1	2	0	1
McElwain, c. f.....	4	1	0	0	2	0	0
Pendergrass, p.....	4	1	1	1	2	7	1

Naylon, 1st b.....	3	1	0	0	9	0	0
Neagle, r. f.....	4	0	2	2	1	0	1
Hale, 3d b.....	4	0	0	0	0	0	2
Stanton, s. s.....	3	0	0	0	0	3	1

Totals.....35 4 6 6 27 11 5

WILLIAMS.	A.B.	R.	IB.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Talcott, s. s.....	3	0	0	0	0	1	0
Yates, c. f.....	3	0	0	0	1	0	0
J. Safford, l. f.....	3	0	0	0	2	0	0
Crowell, c.....	3	0	1	1	13	2	1
W. Safford, 3d b....	3	0	1	1	0	0	0
P. Blackmer, 1st b..	3	0	1	1	8	0	0
E. Blackmer, 2d b...	3	0	0	0	3	2	1
Carse, r. f.....	3	0	0	0	0	0	1
Hubble, p.....	3	0	0	0	0	12	1

Totals.....27 0 0 3 3 27 4

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Unions....	0	1	0	0	0	2	0	0	1—4
Williams.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

First base on balls—Unions 1; Earned runs—Unions 1; Struck out—Unions 8, Williams 6; Passed balls—Crowell 2; Wild pitch—Hubble 1; Umpire—J. F. Delaney; Time—2 hours and 6 minutes

—The day following, June 2d, we gave the professional nine of Albany a return game and after a close contest were again successful by the appended score :

ALBANYS.	A.B.	B.H.	T.B.	R.	P.O.	A.	E.
Fleming, s. s.....	5	1	1	1	1	3	1
Lanahan, c.....	5	1	1	0	7	1	2
Duff, 1st b.....	4	0	0	0	10	0	0
Wells, 2d b.....	4	1	1	0	1	0	1
Dorsey, c. f.....	4	0	0	0	3	1	0
Meehan, l. f.....	4	1	1	0	0	0	1
Mullen, p.....	4	2	3	0	0	8	0
Goodrich, 3d b....	4	0	0	0	2	0	0
Chambers, r. f....	4	2	2	1	0	0	0

Totals.....38 3 9 2 24 13 5

UNIONS.	A.B.	B.H.	T.B.	R.	P.O.	A.	E.
McCauley, c.....	4	0	0	0	10	3	1
Fletcher, l. f.....	4	0	0	0	0	0	1
Porcher, 2d b.....	4	0	0	0	1	2	1
McElwain, c. f....	3	0	0	1	2	3	0
Pendergrass, p....	3	1	1	0	1	5	0
Naylon, 1st b.....	3	0	0	0	9	0	0
Neagle, r. f.....	3	0	0	0	1	0	1
Hale, 3d b.....	3	0	0	1	2	4	2
Stanton, s. s.....	3	1	1	1	1	3	2

Totals.....29 2 2 3 27 20 8

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Albanys	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0—2
Unions.	0	1	0	0	2	0	0	0	0—3

First base on errors—Albany 5, Union 4.

First base on called balls—Union 1.

Left on bases—Albany 8, Union 2.

Struck out—Albany 8, Union 5.

Two base hits—Mullin 1.

Double plays—Dorsey to Goodrich, 1; McCauley to Naylon, 1.

Passed balls—Larahan 4, McCauley 1.

Umpire—Mr. Batcheller.

Time of game—Two hours.

—Monday June 4th, we played in Johnstown. On account of rain we played only five innings, the score by innings being as follows:

	1	2	3	4	5
Unions.....	0	1	0	2	2—5
Johnstown.....	0	0	1	2	0—3

—Wednesday June 6th, we gave Hamilton College a return game. Our reception at Clinton calls for this public acknowledgement of appreciation and thanks, Appended is the score:

UNION COLLEGE.	A.B.	R.	IB.	P.O.	A.	E.
McCauley, c.....	5	1	0	10	3	0
Fletcher, c. f.....	5	1	2	0	0	0
Porcher, 2d b.....	4	1	2	3	0	1
McElwain, 3d b.....	4	1	0	0	3	0
Pendergrass, p.....	4	1	1	1	0	1
Neagle, f. f.....	4	0	1	0	0	0
Jarvis, l. f.....	4	0	1	1	0	1
Hall, 1st b.....	4	0	2	10	0	0
Stanton, s. s.....	4	0	1	1	4	1
Totals.....	38	5	10	27	10	4

HAMILTON COLLEGE,	A.B.	R.	IB.	P.O.	A.	E.
Dalzell, 3d b.....	4	1	1	2	0	1
Baker, 2d b.....	4	0	1	2	2	1
Sill, 1st b.....	4	0	1	10	0	0
Rodger, l. f.....	4	0	2	1	0	0
Barber, c. f.....	4	0	0	1	0	0
Parsons, r. f.....	4	0	0	1	0	0
Vrn Auken, p.....	4	0	0	2	2	2
Donaldson, c.....	4	0	1	4	5	2
Lathrop, s. s.....	4	0	0	1	2	0
Totals.....	36	1	6	24	11	7

INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Hamilton.....	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0—1
Union.....	0	0	0	2	0	1	2	0	0—5

First base on errors, Unions 4, Hamiltons 3; earned runs, Hamilt-

on 1; left on bases, Hamilton 7, Unions 8; total base hits, Hamilton 7, Union 12; 3-base hits, Pendergrass 1; 2-base hits Dalzell 1; passed balls, Donaldson 1; out on strikes, Hamilton 10, Union 8, time of game, 1:27. Tmpire, John P. Morrow.

—The day following the nine went to Utica, intending to go on, and play the Syracuse University Nine on Friday, but the Managers of the latter telegraphed not to come Friday, because it was raining there, Thursday. This was a strange and unheard of reason for breaking an engagement.

—Tuesday following June 12th we again played in Johnstown,—appended is the score;

JOHNSTOWN.	A.B.	R.	IB.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hennesey, 1st b....	4	1	1	1	10	0	1
Eagan, l. f.....	4	1	0	0	2	0	0
Case, s. s.....	4	0	0	0	0	1	0
Bannister' 2d b. p..	4	0	1	2	1	6	2
Caven, c.....	4	0	1	1	7	4	5
Argersinger, r.f.2db	3	0	0	0	6	3	0
Finnegan, 3d b.....	3	0	0	0	1	0	1
Welch, c. f., r. f....	3	0	1	1	0	0	1
Ball, p., r. f., c. f...	3	0	0	0	0	2	1
Totals.....	32	2	4	5	27	16	11

UNIONS.	A.B.	R.	IB.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
McCauley, c.....	6	1	2	2	7	2	0
Fletcher, l. f.....	6	2	1	2	1	0	0
Porcher, 2d b.....	5	1	0	0	4	1	1
McElwain, 3d b....	5	0	3	4	1	0	0
Penpergrass, p.....	5	1	1	1	2	12	2
Naylon, 1st b.....	5	2	2	3	11	1	0
Neagte, c. f.....	5	2	1	1	0	0	0
Anable, r. f.....	5	3	3	7	0	0	1
Stanton, s. s.....	5	2	2	2	1	3	1

BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Union.....	1	3	0	4	0	0	4	2	0—14
Johnstown..	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0—2

Home runs—Anable one.

Double plays—Porcher to Naylon.

Passed balls—McCauley 1, Caven 12.

Earned runs—Unions 6.

First base on errors—Unions 5, Johnstowns 4.

First base on called balls—Unions 3; Johnstowns 1.

Total balls called on Pendergrass 50, Ball and Bannister 106.

Struck out—Pendergrass 5. Ball and Bannister 4.

Total strikes called—Unions 11, Johnstowns 10.

Left on bases—Unions 6, Johnstowns 3.

Two base hits—Fletcher, Naylor, Anable and Bannister.

Time of game, 2 hours, 5 minutes.

Umpire—Mr. Jones, of Amsterdam.

—Thursday, June 14th, we met defeat at Williamstown owing to costly errors at critical moments. The grounds there are difficult and uncertain to play on. The score is given below:

UNION COLLEGE.	A.	B.	R.	I.B.	T.B.	P.	O.	A.	E.
McCauley, c.....	5	0	2	2	12	1	1		
Fletcher, l. f.....	4	1	1	1	0	0	0		
Porcher, 2d b.....	4	0	1	1	2	1	3		
McElwain, 3d b....	4	0	1	1	2	2	1		
Pendergrass, p....	4	0	1	1	1	6	1		
Naylor, 1st b.....	4	1	2	2	8	1	1		
Neagle, r. f.....	4	0	1	1	0	1	1		
Jarvis, c. f.....	4	0	1	1	1	0	1		
Stanton, s. s.....	4	1	2	2	1	3	1		
Totals	37	3	12	12	27	18	10		

WILLIAMS COLLEGE.	A.	B.	R.	I.B.	T.B.	P.	O.	A.	E.
W. Safford, 3d b....	5	0	3	3	0	0	0		
Talcott, s. s.....	4	0	1	1	1	1	3		
Yates, c. f.....	4	1	1	1	1	0	0		
J. Safford, l. f.....	4	0	0	0	0	0	0		
P. Blackman, 2d b...	4	0	1	1	2	1	2		
E. Blackman, 2d b..	4	0	1	1	2	1	2		
Carse, r. f.....	4	0	2	2	1	3	0		
Hubbell, p.....	4	1	2	2	2	3	0		
Ketchum, c.....	4	1	1	1	12	3	2		
Totals	37	4	12	12	27	12	9		

First base on errors—Union 5, Williams 8.

Called balls—off Union 40, Williams 49.

Struck out—Union 10, Williams 9.

Strikes called—Union 13, Williams 13.

Left on bases—Union 7, Williams 6.

Passed balls—Union 1, Williams 3.

Wild pitch—Union 1.

Time of game—two hours.

Umpire—Holt, of Williams.

—The next day, Friday, June 15, the season was closed by the game

on the Campus with the Johnstown Nine again, and for the third time we were successful by the following score:

JOHNSTOWNS.	A.	B.	R.	I.B.	T.B.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Bannister, 2d b....	4	1	2	2	4	3	1		
Jones, c. p.....	4	1	2	2	6	4	1		
Argersinger, s. s..	4	0	1	1	1	2	1		
Parmentier, l. f., c	4	0	0	0	3	0	1		
Welch, r.	4	1	1	4	2	0	1		
Murphy, c. f., p., l. f	4	0	0	0	2	8	1		
Sageman, 3d b....	4	1	0	0	0	0	0		
Pierce, 1st b.....	3	1	1	1	5	2	0		
Ball, p., c. f.....	3	0	1	1	1	0	2		
Totals	34	5	8	8	24	19	8		

UNIONS.	A.	B.	R.	I.B.	T.B.	P.	O.	A.	E.
McCauley, c.....	5	1	1	2	12	3	1		
Fletcher, l. f.....	5	2	2	3	0	0	0		
Porcher, 2d b.....	5	3	2	4	2	2	0		
McElwain, c. f....	5	2	2	4	0	0	0		
Pendergrass, p....	5	1	1	1	1	12	2		
Naylor, 1st b.....	5	2	3	3	8	0	1		
Neagle, r. f.....	5	2	5	5	1	1	0		
Hale, 3d b.....	5	1	0	0	1	2	1		
Stanton, s. s.....	4	0	0	0	2	1	1		
Totals	44	14	16	22	27	21	6		

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Johnstowns.....	0	0	3	2	0	0	0	0	5
Unions.....	1	1	4	0	1	2	5	0	14

Strikes called off—Pendergrass 5; Ball, Murphy and Jones 7.

Balls called off—Ball, Murphy and Jones 57; Pendergrass 59.

Passed Balls—Jones and Parmentier, 2; McCauley, 2.

Double plays—Pendergrass to Porcher to Naylor, and Neagle to McCauley.

Two base hits—McCauley and Fletcher.

Three base hits—Porcher and McElwain.

First base on errors—Johnstowns, 2; Unions, 4.

Earned runs—Johnstowns, 3; Unions, 3.

Umpire—Whitehorne, Union.

Scorer—Jervis, Union.

Time of game—two hours and five minutes.

NOTES.

Seven games won out of ten played. The season lasted twenty-two days and expenses amounted to a

little less than six hundred dollars. Syracuse would neither play nor pay any part of the guarantee, and also gave out that it was Union, instead of Syracuse, who broke the engagement.

Lafayette *tried* to deceive both Williams and Union, respecting their three hired players.

Financially, the season was a great success, the Manager requiring only \$128.00 in addition to gate receipts and guarantees, where \$293.00 were used last year, and, also, more games were played abroad.

EIGHTY'S TRIENNIAL.

The commencement season just closed has been a memorable one in the history of the class of '80. With the exuberance of class spirit which always characterized them, and a unanimity of sentiment almost without precedent, fully four-fifths of the graduated class, as well as many others who left its ranks before graduation, assembled to celebrate its triennial anniversary. Early in the week before commencement the members of the class began to arrive, and the intervening days were spent in convivial meetings, and in reviving the scenes and associations of the college days. Prof. Webster's study was hospitably thrown open to the class, and was used by them as their headquarters. A large and complete triennial catalogue has been published, giving with minuteness the past graduate history of each of the members of the class.

On alumni day the class assembled in a body to exercise for the first time their right of suffrage in the election of alumni trustee. When the attempt was made to disfranchise the entire class on the pretext that they were not entitled to their master's degree until the following day,

their expressions of disapproval and denunciation were both loud and deep. After much discussion, however, the votes were finally received, and with a single exception, the vote of the class was a unit in favor of the re-election of Col. Robinson as trustee.

After the result of the election was announced the class met around a reserved table at the alumni banquet, and did ample justice to the collation. At 11 o'clock Tuesday night, they again assembled around the festive board at the Carley house, and amid hilarity and rejoicing celebrated their triennial class supper, and followed it with the feast of reason and the flow of soul. F. T. Rogers presided as toast-master, and did it gracefully and well. Owing to the lateness of the hour and the enforced departure of some of the boys, the list of toasts was shortened. Muhlfelder responded eloquently to the toast, "Old Union," and feelingly voiced the sentiments of the entire class in the loyalty to their *alma mater* and their hope that order would soon be restored out of the present confusion. Landon responded to the comprehensive toast, "The Professions," and was frequently interrupted by demonstrations of merriment and applause. R. D. Anable spoke in behalf of "The First Daddy," and at the close of a congratulatory address awarded the "baby prize," a neat silver cup, to its fortunate winner, E. S. Godfrey, who, in response to the toast, "The Proud Father," accepted the cup with a few happy and appropriate remarks. The concluding toast of the evening, "The Class of '80," was responded to by the president, R. C. Alexander.

During the afternoon it became known that Prof. Webster had been dismissed by an accidental majority of Potter sympathizers in the board

of trustees, and their action, seeming to the class generally to be prompted more by feelings of revenge than by interest in the welfare of the college, was heartily disapproved.

Later in the evening the class unanimously adopted the following resolution :

WHEREAS, We have learned with sincere regret that Prof. Webster's official connection with Union college has been terminated, and

WHEREAS, We believe that some expression of our strong attachment to our loved instructor of former years will be gratefully received by him ; be it

Resolved, That we offer this public testimonial of the esteem in which we hold Prof. Webster, and declare our honest belief to be that as an instructor he is unsurpassed within our experience ; that in his devotion to the proper development of the character of his pupils, he has been ever actuated by a sincere desire to accomplish lasting good, and that whatever may be the outcome of the present unsettled condition of Union college, and wherever business inclinations or duty shall call our guide, companion and friend, he will always carry with him the sympathy, regard and deep-rooted affection of the class of '80.

A resolution of thanks to the committee who had compiled the triennial bulletin was then passed with the usual unanimity, after which the meeting was formally adjourned till the decennial meeting in 1890, and the class separated amid mutual regret that the re-union was so soon ended. '80.

OBITUARY.

ALBERT MOORE WESTINGHOUSE.

(The members of the class of '83 will be surprised and pained to see recorded in this Commencement Number the death of one of their former classmates. Almost before the class has fairly left the walls of Old Union one of its members has been stricken down, at the very opening of what seemed a most promising career,)

✓ Albert Moore Westinghouse died at the residence of his parents, at Schenectady, on Sunday, the 15th of July, 1883, in his 22d year. Early in the spring of 1882 he was compelled to leave college, having contracted, as was then supposed, nothing more serious than a severe cold. Though given the best of attention and care he grew worse and soon it became evident that he was threatened with consumption in one of its worst forms. (Everything that could be done to stay the fatal ravages of the disease was done. He visited Pittsburgh, Pa., Denver, Col., Norfolk, Va., the sea shore and various places in search of improvement and health. While at these various places he would feel somewhat improved, but as soon as the stimulus of change wore away he would again fail. He was at his home, in this city, most of last winter, feeling cheerful and quite strong. As spring came on he visited Norfolk, Va. and the sea shore, from which place he returned but a little over a week since, looking and feeling somewhat better, and his voice which had for some time been failing him considerably strengthened. On Saturday, however, an alarming change set in

and it was soon evident that the end was near. Those of his friends who could be reached were called to see him and to the others he wished a good-bye said. On Sunday morning he died. He was conscious before his death and while desirous of living he was willing and contented to leave this for another world. He was, through his long sickness always, confident and fought a brave fight.)

While in college he took the scientific course in which he showed the greatest proficiency, possessing in a remarkable degree mechanical skill and ingenuity. His classmates will remember him as a quiet, studious, honest and genial fellow, with a pleasant word and kindly greeting for all. He probably had not one single enemy in the whole college. With the professors in his department his talents were greatly appreciated.

He entered college from the Classical Institute. He was a member of the Psi Upsilon fraternity and universally beloved and honored by its members, to whom his death, though not entirely unexpected, will cause great sadness. His loyalty to and love for his chapter was unbounded and during his long illness the visits of his brother society men were a source of the greatest cheer and comfort to him.

—The following is a list of '87 men already registered:

Charles Backman McMurray, Lansingburgh, N. Y.; Edward Madison Cameron, Albany, N. Y.; Charles Arthur Marvin, Elizabethtown, N. Y.; Vernon E. Webster, Wilmington, Essex County, N. Y.; William F. Huyck, LeRoy, N. Y.; George Wentworth, Sandy Hill, Washington County, N. Y.; William Van Doren,

Scotia, N. Y.; George Warren, Furbeck, Little Falls, N. J.

—Mr. Anable will remain as tutor next year.

—A meeting of the Trustees has been called for the first week in August.

—By mistake, the article "Tyranny of the Times," failed to be marked, "Oration, by J. W. Adams."

—'80's Bulletin contains editorials on 59 men.

—List of the Alumni of Union College who have died during the year ending June 22, 1883:

- '18. Rev. Samuel Van Vechten.
- '19. John B. Duane.
- '21. Charles Bartles.
- '21. Elijah H. Kimball.
- '22. John Sanders.
- '24. Alonzo Chittenden.
- '24. Rev. Freeman P. Howland.
- '25. Rev. John F. McLaren, D. D.
- '27. Rev. Algernon S. MacMaster, D. D.
- '30. Rev. Sylvester Woodbridge, D. D.
- '30. Rev. Mark Carpenter.
- '30. Henry James.
- '34. Anson Bingham.
- '38. Daniel I. Rogers.
- '38. Rev. Alvi Tabor Irving, D. D.
- '38. Thomas B. Sherwood.
- '38. Stephen L. Magoun.
- '39. Ambrose Wager.
- '41. Charles B. Lawrence, L. L. D.
- '41. Rev. Josiah Obear.
- '43. Rev. N. A. Okeson.
- '44. William J. Niles.
- '46. Rev. Alexander B. Campbell.
- '47. Albert C. Ingham.
- '47. Rev. Henry Allen Austin.
- '48. Charles H. Pierce.
- '49. Rev. Allan McFarland.
- '56. Rev. Columbus Cornforth.
- '62. Rev. Mortimer A. Hyde.
- '69. Edwin A. Kingsley.

—Prof. Webster has received a call to the chair of Nat. Phil. in Rochester University.

STATISTICS OF THE CLASS OF '83.

NAMES.	COURSE.	AGE.	HEIGHT.	WEIGHT.	POLITICS.	CHURCH.	STATE.	INTENDED PURSUIT.
J. W. Adams.....	S.	23	5 ft. 8 in.	140	Dem.	Dutch Reform'd.	Iowa.	Medicine.
D. D. Addison.....	C.	20	5 ft. 10 in.	168	Dem.	Episcopal.	D. C.	Ministry.
E. H. Adriance.....	C.	26	6 ft. 1 in.	185	Rep.	Dutch Reform'd.	N. Y.	Law.
W. W. Bellinger....	C.	19	5 ft. 7½ in.	134	Dem.	Episcopal.	S. C.	Ministry.
R. A. Benedict.....	C.	27	5 ft. 7 in.	115	Rep.	Congregational.	N. Y.	Law.
J. R. Bolton.....	C.	24	5 ft. 7½ in.	141	Rep.	Episcopal.	N. Y.	Medicine.
F. Burton.....	S.	22	5 ft. 10 in.	147	Rep.	Congregational.	N. Y.	Law.
J. Cantine, Jr.....	E.	22	6 ft.	160	Rep.	Presbyterian.	N. Y.	Engineer.
D. M. Countermine..	C.	26	5 ft. 8½ in.	138	Rep.	Presbyterian.	N. Y.	Ministry.
R. W. Dent.....	C.	24	5 ft. 10 in.	141	Rep.	Baptist.	N. Y.	Law.
H. F. DePuy.....	E.	24	5 ft. 9½ in.	147	Dem.	Presbyterian.	N. Y.	Engineer.
L. J. Emerson.....	C.	30	5 ft. 10 in.	165	Dem.	Presbyterian.	Del.	Literature.
C. L. Franklin.....	C.	21	6 ft. 1½ in.	154	Dem.	Catholic.	N. Y.	Law.
W. M. Gilbert.....	S.	21	5 ft. 9½ in.	146	Rep.	Episcopal.	N. Y.	Literature.
W. K. Gilchrist....	C.	22	5 ft. 9½ in.	143	Rep.	Presbyterian.	N. Y.	Law.
A. T. C. Hamlin....	C.	21	5 ft. 10 in.	149	Rep.	Episcopal.	N. Y.	Law.
J. R. Harding.....	C.	23	5 ft. 10 in.	150	Dem.	Episcopal.	N. C.	Ministry.
J. C. Hemphill.....	E.	24	5 ft. 8 in.	138	Rep.	Baptist.	N. Y.	Engineer.
G. S. Hook.....	C.	21	5 ft. 9½ in.	126	Dem.	Episcopal.	N. Y.	Law.
G. V. P. Lansing....	C.	23	5 ft. 8 in.	135	Rep.	Episcopal.	N. Y.	Ministry.
J. W. McCauley.....	S.&E.	22	5 ft. 9 in.	185	Dem.	Presbyterian.	N. Y.	Engineer.
F. W. McClellan....	C.	25	5 ft. 10 in.	189	Rep.	Presbyterian.	N. Y.	Business.
D. C. McElwain....	S.	21	5 ft. 9 in.	146	Dem.	Episcopal.	N. Y.	Law.
R. E. Morgan.....	S.	23	5 ft. 8 in.	136	Rep.	Presbyterian.	N. Y.	Business.
A. B. Nash.....	C.	28	5 ft. 11½ in.	158	Rep.	Methodist.	Conn.	Ministry.
A. W. Ray.....	S.	23	5 ft. 8½ in.	157	Dem.	Episcopal.	S. C.	Law.
J. H. Sand.....	S.	22	6 ft.	175	Rep.	Lutheran.	N. Y.	Medicine.
G. W. Sherwood....	C.&E.	21	6 ft.	160	Rep.	Episcopal.	N. Y.	Engineer.
B. C. Sloan.....	S.	23	5 ft. 9½ in.	145	Dem.	Episcopal.	S. C.	Law.
J. R. Van Ness.....	S.	22	5 ft. 9 in.	145	Rep.	Methodist.	N. Y.	Law.
H. C. Wood.....	C.	19	5 ft. 8 in.	130	Rep.	Episcopal.	N. Y.	Law.
J. C. Wright.....	E.	29	5 ft. 9 in.	153	Rep.	Episcopal.	N. Y.	Engineer.

Law, 13; Ministry, 6; Medicine, 3; Engineer, 6; Literature, 2; Business, 2.

New York, 23; South Carolina, 3; North Carolina, 1; District Columbia, 1; Delaware, 1; Minnesota, 1; Connecticut, 1; Iowa, 1.

Episcopalian, 13; Presbyterian, 8; Dutch Reformed, 3; Roman Catholic, 1; Congregational, 2; Baptist, 2; Lutheran, 1; Methodist, 2.

Republican, 20; Democrat, 12.

Average Weight, 153 pounds.

Average Height, 5 feet 9 inches.

Average Age, 22 years.

Classical, 18; Scientific, 10; Engineering, 4; Two Courses, 2.

Number now in Class, 32.

Number entered in all, 57.