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LITERARY.

RECKLESS AMBITION.

(A STORY FROM MYTHOLOGY.)

Resplendent with jewels and rich was the throne
Where Phœbus was seated in godly array,
The tints of the halo that circled his brow
Were mingling and making the glory of day.

In silence young Phæton entered, and stood
Bewildered a palace so grand to behold,
With portals of silver and windows of pearl,
With ivory ceilings and columns of gold.

"O, Phœbus, my father," he ventured to say,
When bidden his errand to freely make known,
"Some proof do thou give me that others may see
That thou art my father and I am thy son."

"The words of thy mother, my son, I confirm,
That all may see plainly and know thou art mine;
Now ask what thou wilt and the act shall be done,
Thy wish shall be granted, the gift shall be thine."

Elated, young Phæton recklessly cried,
"Then, father, I pray thee, for one single day
Allow me to drive through the heavens on high
The chariot that carries the sun on his way."

"Oh, boy! I entreat you withdraw your request,
This boon is not suited nor safe to your age;
You ask, in your ignorance, something denied
To even the gods and the carefulest sage."

"There's none but myself, with the strength of a god,
Can drive on its journey the all-flaming car;
Not Jupiter, even, who hurls with his arm
The thunderbolts forth into regions afar."

"Ascending and steep is the first of the way,
And such as the horses, when fresh in the morn
And hard to control, do with labor ascend,
So heavy the chariot and hard to be borne."

"The middle high up in the heavens extends,
And I, without terror, can scarcely look down
And see in the far away distance below
Clouds, oceans and mountains as nothing become."

"The end of the journey is rapid descent,
 Demanding the carefullest driving of all;
 The horses, though weary, grow anxious and fret,
 For nearing the night they are nearing the stall."
 "The heaven revolves with the stars in its bosom,
 While hideous monsters lurk frightfully near;
 The horses breathe fire and smoke from their nostrils,
 And panting and snorting prance wildly with fear"
 "My son, 'tis destruction, not honor, you seek,
 I beg you more wisely consider and choose:
 Ask title or honor, whatever you will,
 Ask anything else and I will not refuse."
 But reckless ambition held firm to the end,
 And Phœbus led Phæton into the car;
 He mounted it proudly, all flaming with gold,
 And studded with precious stones brought from afar.
 The Hours made ready and harnessed the steeds;
 The father directed the son on his way,
 Commanding him follow the marks of the wheels,
 That straight thro' the midst of the middle zone lay.
 The youth stood erect and seized gayly the reins,
 The furious steeds snorted loudly away,
 And conscious how light was the load that they drew,
 Dashed fiercely ahead in their murderous play.
 They rushed at free will from the long travelled path,
 The chariot tossed like a ship on the sea,
 While Phæton, senseless and pale with affright,
 Repented and longed with his father to be.
 The steeds, with the sun, dashed away 'mid the stars,
 It scorched the two Bears and astonished the Queen,
 Then warmed into life the old Serpent again,
 That coiled round the North Pole so long had been
 seen.
 The earth it approached and the waters dried up,
 Fair cities and harvests and forests were burned;
 'Till earth in her sorrow and terrible woe
 For speedy redress unto Jupiter turned.
 Jove thundered a bolt at the charioteer,
 And struck the ambitious one down from his seat.
 His epitaph, be it a warning to all,
 "O'er reckless ambition there's no one to weep."

MATHETES, '81.

A LOVING WORLD.

I have done no harm. But I remember now
 I am in this earthly world, where to do harm
 Is often laudable, to do good sometime
 Accounted dangerous folly.—*Macbeth, Act IV, Sc. II.*

Our opinion of life differs according to our journey through it. Is the sky clear, the air

refreshing and the path fringed with flowers, no wonder if we call this a beautiful and loving world. Do storms gather above our head, does darkness seem to reign on every side, does our path seem hard and dreary, it is nothing strange if we call ours a cold, a selfish world.

That portion of mankind with whom our hopes and our happiness are most intimately associated is *our* world, and we see all else as colored through this glass. It was thus with Lady Macduff. She would say; "Those who do harm are lauded; those who endeavor to do some good in this world, act most foolishly. Everything has been perverted; right is made wrong and wrong right." And we cannot greatly blame her. The world in as far as it concerned her was a most cruel world. It is not wrong or foolish, but unwise for any one to take her position because the injustice we suffer by one class of men is placed to our credit by another. Retribution will be made by some one at some time, and this thought ought to inspire us with hope. Everyone will in some time or other of his life feel the coldness and selfishness of those around him; he will feel destitute of friends, rejected, despised, trodden under foot by those who once showered their praises upon him; and at such a time he will greatly incline to agree with Lady Macduff.

A poor man may be industrious and frugal and yet may often be in great want and without a solitary friend; his nearest neighbor, on the other hand, with much less ability and probity, may be surrounded by all the conveniences of life and fawned upon by a myriad of friends. The former may have lost many opportunities of advancing his own interests and of placing himself on a parallel with his more unprincipled neighbor, by his great conscientiousness; he may even have applied to kind-hearted, honest men for some small and easily-rendered kindness, but on account of the whirl and bustle

of business and of the short-sightedness and carelessness of men, even in the endeavor to do right, he has been refused; and weary and sick at heart he shudders at the coldness of his fellow-men. No logical ground that he can take, nothing but some noble, holy motive will hinder him from disregarding all scruples of conscience and plunging into the contest for wealth and power.

"I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incensed that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world."

O, what could a kind heart and ready hand not do for such a one at such a time! If rightly applied they might stem the maddening torrent of despair, sweeping with it every tender emotion, and smothering every spark of noble manhood.

Is it likely that Smike, whose character has been so sadly portrayed by Dickens, had very much love for that world in which he was for a long time placed? Poor half-witted boy! Intelligence and boldness are beaten out of him by the direst cruelty; a life is crushed in its very beginning, and rendered forever unhappy and useless; a meek sympathetic nature asks for bread and receives a stone. Is it a loving world? Or are there no Smikes and is this tale but a fanciful creation?

Was the world very kindly disposed to Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom?" See a good-natured old soul torn from the embrace of his wife and children—a heart-rending scene—and sold to a man dead to every human sympathy, one who would sell his very soul for money. Follow Uncle Tom in his career; see his face brighten, as he receives somewhat kinder treatment at the hands of St. Clare, yet he conceals the unutterable grief arising from the separation from his home; think of him again as he passively submits to the insolence and oppression of another master, steeled against every good motive; behold him suffer a cruel death in

behalf of the weak and innocent, and to the very last, both by his acts and his teachings, endeavoring to do some good! He had done no harm. Was it not dangerous folly for him to attempt any good?

Such is indeed a sad condition of humanity of which so many justly complain, and some seeing so much suffering and woe have somewhat inclined to misanthropy and have declared that the world in general is selfish and devoid of kindness. This is a sweeping conclusion, and we cannot for a moment accept it. The decision has been made by individuals concerning their individual world. In order to judge correctly in this matter, it is necessary to view mankind much as a general views a battle. It would be impossible for him to comprehend the doings of the whole field, when he himself is engaged in the midst of the fight. Does he, however, survey it from some distant eminence, he immediately comprehends the whole situation. Neither does he consider the battle lost and give himself up to despair when he sees one flank give way.

If we judge in a similar way concerning the general goodness of man we can come to but one conclusion. We cannot behold the many benevolent institutions, the countless number of schools and churches, the many self-sacrifices daily made, and still say that this is not a loving world. We think of the men who have counted their own lives for naught, in order that they might serve others; of that millionaire, Stephen Girard, who night and day nursed those afflicted with the yellow fever, regardless of his own safety or convenience; we think of John Howard, who sacrificed his own life for the sake of humanity, and say: Place the good and the evil in the balance and see which preponderates.

The world may form a wrong estimate of our actions to-day, but posterity will correct it. The more unprincipled may judge us

harshly and even punish us for good intentions, but noble and right-minded men, whose opinion alone is worthy of attention, will place our actions in their true light as soon as they understand them. Gallileo was abused for having told the truth, but posterity has honored him the more on that very account. Newton was violently assailed when he first published his *Principia*, but posterity has declared his book authority.

Thus judged, life presents a different hue, and no one can truly say that it is merely

"A tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury
Signifying nothing."

—CONRAD.

THE ISLE OF WOMAN.

BY SALAMAN GALLAVAR, LL. X.

[Continued.]

The next on the list of the Faculty is Dr. Augustine Fish, who prides himself particularly upon being mighty in Anthropology. The only use he is to the Seminary, however, is to try the patience of the students. He is never satisfied with grinding a point down sharp and fine, but he must go jabbing it into one after another of his disciples to let them feel its keenness. And when he lights upon a doctrine which he wishes to prove but cannot substantiate, he never admits the truth of the matter, not he! but instantly hoists the flood-gate and pours a steady stream of muddiness upon the minds of the girls for thirty days and thirty nights till the doves can find no place to rest the soles of their feet except on the ark of his faith. Sometimes the sharpest intellect is unable to pierce the verbiage of his printed questions so as to discern the lidden meaning, if perchance there be any. To discover the purport of some, the maids aver, "would puzzle the brains of a Liverpool lawyer." And as to picking out anything like a correct answer from their disjointed and fragmentary

notes it is utterly impossible. Yet not a particle of blame attaches to Doctor Fish. He is no slow coach nor accommodation train and therefore he can not reasonably be expected to halt at every wayside station to take on passengers. The taught must suit their time to the teacher's or else be left behind. Though lightning itself could not write so rapidly as his glib tongue reads and though the style of composition be so abstruse, intricate, complicated and tangled that even the author fails to comprehend the import of half the sentences; yet it is a wise plan to lead the fair learners into such a labyrinth of perplexities in order to give them a just idea of the difficulties of their future work. It is quite amusing to hear the pompous Professor put some of his mystical questions. For example, he asked Joanna Wiesler one day, How his royal highness, king Yellowkow came to the throne of the Sandwich Islands? Now as it happened Joanna was absent when this portion of Anthropology was considered, but caring naught for that she replied with a good taste of assurance that because San Francisco was bounded on the west by the Maine Liquor Law, therefore none but the august potentate, King Yellowkow, was entitled to the throne of the Sandwich Islands. Which solution proved to be highly satisfactory to the Professor and more so to the class as it threw new light upon a previously dark and vexatious matter.

At another recitation he inquired of Maria Lightfoot why the sluggish wights dwelling on an island in the neighborhood of Greece, had been called slow-bellies. Now it seems that Maria's lover lived in the land referred to, and, moreover, she was herself a prodigious and promiscuous eater, so she took the question in high dudgeon, as though she had been personally insulted, and denied that they were ever termed such by *respectable* people. Then you may well believe that

Doctor Fish's blood rose up in turn although he did not betray any signs of displeasure in voice or manner. But Miss Lightfoot and several others understood before leaving the room that his statements were never to be denied, never to be treated with disrespect. Once out again in the fresh air, like Daniel delivered from the lions' den, they experienced a sensation of relief as if rescued from some appalling danger. They were not hurt but they felt injured; they were shocked as though they had come in contact with an electric eel or had been tampering with some other slippery, dangerous, dreadful animal. The conclusion arrived at was that they had caught the wrong fish by the gills. Dr. Fish owned a white, long-eared, bob-tailed hobby, a notional old beast as ever wore a saddle. The only way his master could induce him to canter was by chanting the single word *Philippi*, being very careful to put the accent on the penult, thus: *Phi-lip-pi*, *Phi-lip-pi*, *Phi-lip-pi*. If by mistake the accent fell upon the last syllable, thus: *Philip-pi*, *Philip-pi*, *Philip-pi*, then that critical nag would fly into a bounding passion, and if the offence were repeated he would seize the bit with his teeth and prance off to the stable at the top of his speed. Sometimes when the mad fit was on he would squeal, kick, and leap over hedge and ditch and five barred gate as regardless of consequences as though possessed of an evil spirit. Another eccentricity was an unaccountable hatred to newspapers, especially those reporting lectures on Anthropology. He seemed to be utterly disgusted with the smell of the fresh printer's ink, or something or other; it was hard to tell exactly what.

But so-far-forth the horse was not unmanageable; for Doctor Fish could conceal the papers in, with, by or under his cloak. The old scamp, however, had one trick worse than all the rest combined, as it not only annoyed his owner but often interrupted the worship of a congregation. The sound of a

church organ always filled him with rage and resentment. Many a time, when that instrument was rolling forth its grand harmonies, did the villain break his halter and run with mouth open, eyes flashing fire, and ears laid back on his neck, and beat the building with his iron-bound hoofs till the tune was ended. Perhaps Satan's boys used to help him to get loose so as to see the malicious sport. A few of the girls whose ideas were somewhat tuddled with metempsychosis believed that the soul of a Jesuit had taken lodging in the body of the horse, teaching that a correct knowledge of pronunciation and music was the true mother of oats. Others thought that the fanatic ghost of an iconoclast prompted it to the destruction of papers and organs as being speaking and singing images, hateful pagan innovations deserving to be demolished. Barring these slight idiosyncrasies Doctor Fish and his hobby were clever, agreeable and smiling persons as one would care to meet.

The next on the roll is Dr. Hyrcan Wolf, a fierce and famous man, possessing a ponderous brain and a pin-head heart. He taught the young women never to become wives nor mothers; to ignore sex and self; to avoid young men as they would a very pestilence. And in order to practice what he preached he planted a high close hedge around his own house so that the "Seminoles" might not look in upon his lusty sons, be ravished with the sight thereof, and elope or go crazy and commit suicide. Well, his plan did not work very successfully. Many a blooming lass, discovering the flowers of her love blighted and withering away, all her budding possibilities nipped short by such frosty doctrine, even the milk of human kindness dried up in her breast for want of proper nourishment, many a lass weary of life stole down to the fog-bordered shore and embarked upon the voyage from which no traveller ever returns. Frequent cases of this kind at length softened the rugged na-

ture of Dr. Wolf. His heart actually grew to the size of a chestnut and his affection expanded beyond the circle of his own family. Having taken the precaution to shut up his wanton boys, he opened his parlors to a score or more of the young ladies from the Seminary and invited a goodly number of safe old married men to entertain them with logic, politics, science, and philosophy, when the dear things were pining all the while to be loved and caressed. At this party the host was exceedingly lively and sociable for him, even condescending to speak to little Mary Whately, whom he had never noticed before except to call upon her to recite for example in exact order five hundred references from his treatise on genealogy and to scowl upon her because she missed one out of the five hundred names. Mary was undoubtedly one of the best and brightest scholars in the school, but she had the mournful misfortune to be born of poor and unknown parents. Vivacity, health, piety, brains, beauty, youth and truth were hers, but they were counted as nothing in the society where she was. Pedigree and money were everything. So when the great and learned Doctor Wolf inquired of Mary if she were related to Bishop Whately and Lord John Whately and learned that she had not the honor to be thus respectably connected he immediately dropped her acquaintance for ever. Nevertheless Mary enjoyed the party, and so did all who were present. It relieved the dull and dreary monotony of class-drudgery and to some it was the only oasis in a painful desert course of study.

Long wave the Doctor for his big generosity! Long may his colleagues be the light and glory of the world! Long may the Isle of Woman be fat and fertile and flourishing! Let it be like the garden of the Lord! Let joy and gladness be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody! Long may the Seminary, like a proud mother, rejoice

in her learned and loyal and loving daughters! Long may these daughters live and prosper!

FAREWELL.

AN ODE TO WINTER.

Farewell, King Winter, thy reign is o'er,
Thy stinging blast shall pain no more,
The sun's soft rays have loosed thy clasp,
And brooklets, freed from thy icy grasp,
Sparkle and dance as a mystic spell.
Farewell, King Winter, farewell, farewell.

No more wilt thou sport in thy joyous mirth,
No more wilt thou speed o'er a frozen earth,
Dashing along with thy merry train,
Kissing the face at the window pane,
Leaving the figures that none can tell.
Farewell, King Winter, a fond farewell.

Farewell, old Monarch, we'll lay thee low,
With thy hoary locks and thy robes of snow.
Bright mats of green o'er thy tomb will spread,
Then leave thee asleep in thy peaceful bed,
While birds shall chime thy funeral bell,—
Farewell, old Monarch, farewell, farewell.

—G. W.

EDITORIAL.

DICKENS, speaking of those who have criticised his novels, says something to the effect that those who have declared certain characters unnatural and have thought it impossible that anyone ever could be so hard-hearted and selfish as these were made out to be in his novels, were the very ones who most resembled these characters. It's a failing in man not to be able to judge correctly concerning himself. The lines of Burns are on every tongue:

"O, wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us."

Since, then, we are so constituted that we cannot judge of ourselves as others judge of us, we ought, at least, to remember that others judge us differently. We continually hear students confidentially saying to us, "I don't how A, B and C can possibly reject the

truths of the Bible." They never once imagine that A, B and C have often wondered whether these good gentlemen themselves believe them, for very often they don't even try to live up to them.

This example will serve very well as an illustration of what we mean. It is not, however, intended to convey the idea that we refer simply to the religious matters in College. Far from it. It has a universal application. Men pretend to be gentlemen who do not seem to have the first idea of what it means to be a gentleman. Men pretend to be honest, but they are very far from being so. It is necessary for everyone to be on his guard and to think well of what he says and how he acts.

WE ARE glad to welcome Dr. Coppee back this term. His readings and lectures are just *the* thing, and we are looking forward to many a gladsome treat from him. The Juniors are to have him in English Literature and the Seniors in History of Philology. It is to be hoped that he will deliver as many of his lectures as possible. We would advise those who have never heard him to be sure to attend the first lecture, being well assured that they will not voluntarily miss any thereafter.

WE THINK attention ought to be called to the sacreligious manner in which many of the students spend Chapel exercises. It is not exaggerating the truth to say that one-half of the boys are studying zealously throughout the entire service. Now no one will question the propriety of assembling each morning to spend ten minutes in devotional exercises, yet few seem to be willing to spare even that short time. There can be no excuse for such a flagrant violation of the rules of decency. Let those who find it necessary to review their lesson before going to class, rise fifteen minutes earlier and there

will be no occasion for the disgraceful manner in which they observe Chapel exercises.

THE communication printed in another part of our paper has called the editors by a name which among small boys is the signal for a fight. We are however not at all provoked, and had the writer been somewhat more gentlemanly and kind in his remarks, (for he knows that we have said nothing which we have not most sincerely believed) we should have been highly gratified to have received even an attempt at an apology for the existence of this building. But the gentleman's apology is no apology at all. "What possible harm can the building be doing, now that it is built?" We answer: None at all. But we didn't know that Union College was so well supplied with cash, that she could afford to place something over \$100,000 where it simply wouldn't do any harm. If such were the case, we could give the authorities some good advice as to the use of their money; at all events, it would be better policy to put it where they could again lay hands upon it, instead of burying it underneath that mass of stones. As the gentleman says, there can be no possible objection to a Memorial Hall, but there can be and are a great many objections to a building which is as cold as all-out-of-doors, in spite of the efforts made to heat it; which will in a very few years be too small for the library, if the library increases as it ought to increase (especially when the building is so constructed that it cannot be enlarged); when for the same amount of money a more commodious, more convenient and far more useful building might have been constructed. We hope that we have conveyed no wrong impression in our previous articles, but that our readers have taken us at our word; and indeed we think that they have. Moreover we are sorry that we should have hurt any one's feelings, and we must say with Brutus: "Not that I love Cæsar

less but Rome more." Not because we fail to respect another's feelings, but because we love our Alma Mater, have we said what we have said.

A PECULIARITY of Union College, and one which is of great advantage to the student, is the familiarity which exists between professors and students. No matter how busy the professor may be, you are most welcome to come to his study for information and advice, and the occasions are frequent when he is ready to sit down and have a pleasant, free and easy chat. Not unfrequently the student is invited to take tea or dinner with the professor and on any such occasion is sure to have a happy time. Aside from these every-day pleasantries Prof. Staley has a custom of inviting the graduating engineers to his house just after they have finished their last examination. This annual occurrence came off at the close of last term when the course for the engineers was completed. About six o'clock in the evening the class were greeted by the cheerful faces of Prof. and Mrs. Staley and the graduate engineers in the college. After this they were introduced to a beautiful feast such as students appreciate and know what to do with and do not always know how to leave. Supper over they spent the evening in conversation and other pleasant entertainments and came away with an experience long to be remembered.

A somewhat similar and yet very different occurrence took place a few days after the opening of this term. The scientific Juniors having just finished reading Schiller's Wm. Tell, Prof. Wells invited them to spend the evening with him and talk over Swiss matters and examine his large collection of Swiss and German views and curiosities. The Professor having spent some years in Europe when a young man besides having made a number of trips since; his wife and

daughter also having recently spent about a year there, and all three having been interested in collecting views, flowers, relics, and valuable information, the time necessarily passed pleasantly and profitably. Especially was this so, since Miss Wells is a member of the same class at Syracuse University, everything was wholly informal, and all felt free from restraint and immediately became acquainted. After enjoying an unexpected part of the programme the happy Juniors carried away with them thoughts to be remembered, subjects for conversation, and the satisfaction and pleasure of having seen the "bonny blue bells," the "edle weis," and the "Alpine rose;" and we know not how many said quietly to themselves, "I would like to see it all myself and some day perhaps I shall."

THE "berries and bones" of college life are not all confined to the students. And yet for the professors to sit hour after hour in their recitation rooms and year after year go over the same routine of what must have become to them old, dry and uninteresting work, and after a day's patient, persistent, laborious effort to be aroused from peaceful slumber by a loud blast of horns, or to arise in the morning and find a hole in the window of study or recitation room must be plenty of "bones" and few "berries."

Occasionally, however, a class before it leaves college will reveal some of its love and tender feeling that it has smothered so long and in one way or another show that the Professor's perseverance has not all been in vain, that his patience has not been unnoticed, but that his efforts have been appreciated.

A pleasant instance of this occurred at the close of last term, when the Junior class finished their regular work and severed their connection with two of the professors. The classical division presented Prof. Whitehorne, their Greek professor, with a gold-headed cane, and the Scientific division presented

Prof. Wells, their German professor, with a pair of Rogers' statuettes. The occasion was a pleasant one on the part of each division and confirmed and strengthened the good feeling that had sprung up between professors and students.

A CLOSE observer of men will, we think, have noticed a decided improvement in the character of the students who have entered Union during the past four or five years. There seems to be fewer men here now who come simply to have a "good time," and more who know how to appreciate and to use their opportunities. We are glad to be able to say that there are but few men here who delight in smashing windows, breaking pumps, and destroying college property generally, and we wish their number was less. Some of these men have been the recipients of many favors from their class-mates and would prefer, one would think, being gentlemen to being rowdies. While we are advocates of legitimate sport and enjoy it very much, we do not wish to countenance rowdyism and lawlessness, and hope that they who practice them will receive from Faculty and student such treatment as their acts deserve.

THE organization of the New York State Inter-Collegiate Base Ball Association was perfected at the Syracuse convention, March 13. The meeting was temperate and cordial and was a fit beginning to what we believe will be an interesting and beneficial relation between the colleges of the Empire State. There is no good reason why our contest shall not excite as much attention and develop as fine playing as that of the New England colleges. If we do suffer from the comparison, it will not be because we lack material, but because we are not sufficiently active.

We thank the other colleges for their courtesy in giving the presidency of the Associa-

tion to Union. We regret that the league ball was not adopted, as its use would give a better opportunity for scientific playing; we might add, because our men, being hard-handed and hard hitters, might perhaps have some advantage over our competitors in handling the league ball, but we may be woefully wrong in our last conjecture and waive the point. We would also take exception to the method of distributing the gate money. Manifestly the playing clubs should divide the proceeds of an entertainment which each helps to furnish. It is plain, too, that some of the clubs which are situated in the smaller towns, or which have poorly inclosed grounds must suffer by a system which gives all the gate money to the home club. But let alone the injustice of the plan, we still think the decision ought to be reconsidered by another year in order to give encouragement to individual clubs, and thus insure the perpetuity of the Association. What think our exchanges of our position?

CORRESPONDENCE.

[A reasonable space will be devoted to this department, contributions to which are solicited. The Editors are not responsible for any sentiment herein expressed. All contributions must be accompanied by the name of the author, which, however, is not necessarily published.]

To the Concordiensis:

It is high time that some notice be taken through your columns of your not infrequent attempts at sarcasm upon Memorial Hall. I have learned from a reliable source—and it is strange that so many are blind to the facts of the case—that the entire sum of money used in building Memorial Hall was given by friends of the College and with the understanding that it be devoted to that object and that alone.

What possible harm can the building be doing, now that it is built, and what excuse can there be for the unkind remarks made

about the one who was instrumental in erecting it?

There can be no objections to an institution's having a building any more than there can be to its having an oil painting, or anything else, as a memorial to its departed benefactors, especially when, as I have stated above, the institution is presented with that building.

Remarks, unkind as well as impliedly untruthful have been made use of in this connection long enough. If an officer of the College commit an act deserving of censure, censure that act. If you have any grievance, demand that it be righted, but do not make yourself ridiculous by continually harping on a subject in a way that may convey a false impression to your readers.

You should also respect the feelings of those directly or indirectly connected with the building of Memorial Hall.

—JUSTICE.

Mr. Editor:

The following recently appeared in Harper's Weekly:

"Union College, which under the presidency of Dr. Potter is placing itself alongside of Harvard, Yale, and Columbia, has just received from the sons of the late Asa Packer, of Pennsylvania, a memorial gift of \$10,000, as an expression of the friendship of the family toward President Potter, who was formerly a professor in the university founded and munificently endowed by Mr. Packer."

At any rate the sons of the late Judge Packer deserve the unreserved thanks of the friends of Union. But we wonder who wrote that? Did the Messrs. Packer do it? Or did the receiver of the money do it? Or was it some hired subordinate of his? Now we never bet, but will wager ten to one that the writer dare not own the authorship publicly. We wonder how many permutations and combinations can be made out of this little squib by the newspapers of the country. We appeal to our Professor of Mathematics.

Bah! This sort of thing *begins* to be nauseating.

—DISCIPULUS.

LOCAL.

—*It is to be hoped that all subscribers who have not paid their subscription will send it at an early date.*

—Stuck in rhetorical exercises?

—R. A. Wood, '81, has left college.

—Umbrellas, April showers, and Arbutus.

—The base ballers are beginning to howl on the campus.

—What has become of the proposed debate between the Philomaths and Adelphics?

—A Junior wants to know why the wind can't blow fast enough to keep itself warm.

—Hon. Thomas W. Olcott, a governor of Union College, died at Albany, March 23, 1880.

—A. M. Vedder, of Schenectady, and Mr. Dickinson, of Lafayette College, have entered '81.

—The Union College Chess Club has won a second game from the University of Pennsylvania. Hikah!

—The Sophomores showed their manliness in allowing the Freshmen to peacefully cremate their algebra.

—W. A. S. Latham, Manager of the Cornell Nine, was formerly a student here, as many doubtless will recollect.

—Edward R. Hun, M. D., Professor in the Medical College and son of the Dean of the college, died recently in Albany.

—Married, on Feb. 12th, 1880, Hon. B. J. Graham, Mayor of the city of Schenectady, to Miss Hegeman, of Schenectady.

—German class. Prof.—"Oh no, Mr. X—, you are trying to bring out your German thought over an English horse."

—That "Soph." has been *drowned* in grief ever since that night at church when he beheld his rival bearing off the idol of his heart.

—"What in the world is the matter with that man? Is he crazy?"

"Don't be alarmed, madam; he's only a poet."

—Messrs. D. Muhlfelder, W. J. McNulty and Fred. Van Dusen have been appointed

Union College umpires for the Infer-Collegiate contest.

—It is probable that the May number of the CONCORDIENSIS will not be out until the 25th, in order to include a full account of the Base Ball trip.

—“Honesty is the best policy” says the “Fresh,” who having passed a counterfeit coin on W—ke, returns next morning and offers to take it back.

—Mr. F. E. Abbott, of the Junior class has recovered from his attack of bronchitis. All lovers of music will hail with pleasure his return to the Glee Club.

—A lady student from one of our colleges, in earnest conversation on the cars—“O, but do you believe it, I had four ponies in my pocket and no one knew it.”

—The liberal subscriptions to base ball show the confidence which the students have in the nine. No doubt the boys will prove themselves worthy of support.

—Senior to Freshman—“It is a potent necessity of an invincible congruity that you—”

Alarmed Freshman—“I’ll bring the water, sir.”

—Union College Orchestra—1st violin, Rogers, ’80; 2nd violin, King, ’81, Van Wagennen, ’82; 1st flute, Godfrey, ’80; 2nd flute, Tuttle, ’80; cornet, Hemphill, ’83; violincello, Anderson, ’80.

—As the freshmen were parading on the first of April a lady passing by was heard to remark: “I knew that this was All Fool’s Day, but I didn’t know that they were to be all out on a parade.”

—A Freshman, noted for writing shorthand, wrote to a friend: “I have a nice room in a place known as the South (:):ade.” His room-mates at the South Colonade were paralyzed when the joke was explained.

—Freshman V—*Nunc viridi membra sub arbuto stratus*. “He having now stretched his green limbs under the arbute.”

Prof.—“Try that again, Mr. V.”

Mr. V (confidently)—“His green limbs having been now strewn under the arbute.”

—The following is a reminiscence of the class of ’80’s Freshman year, being written at that time by one of its members:

Lo, the poor Soph, how dejected he stands!
Poor down-trodden wretch, whose belligerent hands
Have worked his own ruin, and cooked his own goose,
While ’80 remains the proud cock of the roost.

’80 forever! Let her banner still wave
Over poor ’79’s dishonored grave.
We’ve waxed ’79! the victory is won!
We wait our next victim, Oh, Fresh ’81!

—’83—*Aequam memento rebus in arduis servare mentem*. “Be mindful to keep a spirited mare in hard times.”

Prof. (amazed)—“How do you get that, Mr. X?”

Mr. X.—“I didn’t look it out, sir, but *Equus* means horse and I took *Aequam* to mean mare.”

—A statue of Minerva and busts of Plato, Homer, Virgil, Schiller, Goethe and Milton have just been placed in Memorial Hall. We propose the addition of Dante and Shakespeare; then we should have quite a galaxy. This statuary was presented by friends of the college, but who the donors were we do not know.

—The following are the officers of the Philomathean Society for the ensuing term: Valedictorian, J. M. McMaster, with G. E. Dixon as alternate; Pres., (who also acts as respondent) H. G. Glenn; Vice-Pres., W. F. Watkins; Sec., W. J. Pollard; Treas., H. Schlosser; Librarian, W. P. Williams; Curator, Crowcroft Harding.

—Prof. in Medical College while lecturing to his class notices that one of the students is inattentive, and so he puts a question to him concerning the matter in hand.

Prof.—“Mr. A—, if a man who had been struck on the head should be brought to you for treatment, what would be the first thing to do?”

A—(thoughtfully)—“To go for a doctor.”

—Wicked Soph to innocent Freshman—“Speaking of remarkable coincidence reminds me of the time I threw a stone at a telegraph wire, severing the wire just in time to cut in half a passing message; and the most remarkable part of the fact is that one-half of the message went on to its place of destination, and the other half went right back to the place it started from.”

Freshman (believing the whole story)—“The advancement of science is appalling.”

—On Tuesday, March 16th, the Senior class in Astronomy made a trip to the Dudley Observatory and to Mr. Palmer’s studio at Albany. After arriving at Albany the class first convened at Mr. Palmer’s house, where they were most cordially received and were entertained by a minute explanation of the work of an artist. The artist’s talk was interspersed by jokes and short stories which were well appreciated. All questions by

the class were answered in the kindest manner possible and everything was done to make the visit both pleasant and instructive.

Mr. J. V. L. Pruyn and his mother then invited the class to their house for lunch. Their beautiful residence is full of curiosities of which it would well repay one to make a careful study; among these might be mentioned Napoleon's Camp Service used by him in his extensive campaigns, and the original manuscript of "Auld Lang Syne." The lunch-table was bountifully spread and all did it ample justice.

The class had at first intended to remain at the Observatory until midnight, in order to look at some of the stars, but the sky was so clouded that all despaired of its clearing off, and the best that they could do was to make a careful examination of the instruments. Professor Boss, the astronomer, was not slow in explaining all things belonging to the Observatory. It was certainly very kind in the Professor to devote so much time to the class, especially at a season when he was most busy. We wish to extend our thanks to Mr. Palmer, Mrs. Pruyn and Prof. Boss for their kind attention and for the part that each contributed in making our visit to Albany so enjoyable.

A LYRIC.

Behold the cop, the Schenectady cop,
With his unkept, fiery, carrot top,
How he paddles our streets, and our horses dismays
By exposing his headlight in various ways.

O, the red-headed cop,
The slovenly cop,
The wretched, degenerate, asinine cop.

O, what can come up to the red-headed cop
In obesity, redness, or bigness of chop?
How vast his proportions—his maw how immense,
As he swills down the beer at the city's expense.

O, the red-headed cop,
The obese cop,
The squint-eyed, stuttering, beer-drinking cop.

How wild the attire of the red-headed cop;
How queer his make-up from his sole to his top:
A round, hollow kettle, which is known as his head,
A trunk also hollow, as before has been said;
Two long, fleshy columns thence downward do grow,
With twin baby-coffins suspended below.

O, the long-legged cop,
The splay-footed cop,
The vast, ill-built, elephantine cop.

O, the low-lived, cowardly, treacherous cop,
How boldly he doth on the lone Freshman drop,
How he levies his forces, and threatens and swears
When he catcheth a student alone, unawares;
But how quickly he runneth to crawl in his hole
When a crowd cometh down and the Hikahs out-roll;
And how lively one legged it that evening so still,

When we gave him three minutes to vacate the Hill,
O, the white-livered cop,
The jaw-wagging cop,
The poor, pusillanimous red-headed cop.

INTER-COLLEGIATE BASE BALL.

At the convention held at Syracuse, Mar. 12 and 13, Union College was represented by D. H. McFalls, Hamilton College by S. G. Heacock, Rochester University by G. W. Northrop, Madison University by T. E. Hamblin and H. C. Wright, Cornell University by W. A. S. Latham, and Syracuse University by F. S. Ayres. Mr. Latham was made Chairman and Mr. Ayres, Secretary. The constitution which Manager McFalls was instructed to present was adopted with one or two exceptions. It declares the name of the Association to be the New York State Inter-Collegiate Base Ball Association; that the object of the Association is to foster closer relations between the colleges and to establish a college championship. The above named colleges are members and other colleges may become so from time to time. The President may call meetings at Syracuse when he deems it necessary, or upon a call of one-half of the Association. An Executive Board, consisting of one member from each college, of which the President of the Association is President *ex-officio*, shall have general supervision of affairs. The entrance fee of each club is five dollars. A majority of the clubs forms a quorum. The Executive Board shall decide all disputes. "Playing rules are to be adopted at the next meeting," so says the Syracuse *Telegram* and the Cornell *Era*. That would be absurd and is a mistake. The league rules were adopted; we understand the foul bound to be out. Although Syracuse and Union worked for the league ball, the Mahn ball was adopted. The Secretary is to keep a complete list of games. Three umpires are to be presented by each club from which the visiting club may select. The Treasurer is authorized to procure a championship banner, to cost not more than twenty dollars, which will be awarded, at the close of the season, to the club winning the most games. The permanent officers of the Association are:

President—H. H. Taylor, of Union.
Vice-President—S. G. Heacock, of Hamilton.
Secretary—F. S. Ayres, of Syracuse.
Treasurer—G. W. Northrop, of Rochester.
Executive Committee—President Taylor and a man from each other College.

The following is the schedule of games for the season :

- May 10, Union vs. Hamilton, at Utica.
 " 11, Union vs. Madison, at Hamilton.
 " 12, Union vs. Syracuse, at Syracuse.
 " 12, Madison vs. Hamilton, at Hamilton.
 " 13, Union vs. Cornell, at Ithaca.
 " 13, Syracuse vs. Hamilton, at Syracuse.
 " 14, Union vs. Rochester, at Rochester.
 " 14, Cornell vs. Hamilton, at Ithaca.
 " 15, Rochester vs. Hamilton, at Rochester.
 " 17, Hamilton vs. Union, at Schenectady.
 " 17, Rochester vs. Cornell, at Rochester.
 " 18, Syracuse vs. Cornell, at Syracuse.
 " 19, Syracuse vs. Rochester, at Rochester.
 " 19, Madison vs. Cornell, at Hamilton.
 " 20, Hamilton vs. Cornell, at Utica.
 " 20, Madison vs. Rochester, at Hamilton.
 " 21, Cornell vs. Union, at Schenectady.
 " 21, Hamilton vs. Rochester, at Utica.
 " 22, Rochester vs. Union, at Schenectady.
 " 24, Syracuse vs. Union, at Schenectady.
 " 24, Cornell vs. Rochester, at Ithaca.
 " 25, Hamilton vs. Syracuse, at Utica.
 " 26, Madison vs. Syracuse, at Hamilton.
 " 27, Madison vs. Union, at Schenectady.
 " 28, Hamilton vs. Madison, at Utica.
 " 31, Rochester vs. Syracuse, at Rochester.
 June 1, Cornell vs. Syracuse, at Ithaca.
 " 2, Syracuse vs. Madison, at Syracuse.
 " 3, Rochester vs. Madison, at Rochester.
 " 4, Cornell vs. Madison, at Ithaca.

CREMATION OF BOURDON.

The Freshmen, as is their custom at the end of the second term, cremated Bourdon, at midnight, on the 23d and 24th of March.

As Eighty-two passed resolutions to the effect that the class should not molest Eighty-three when she cremated, there was much less than the usual excitement and fish-horn music.

The procession formed on Union Street, and was as follows :

- DRUM MAJOR—Signiferi (bearing torches).
 SYMPHONIACI—(Discoursing sweet music).
 SIGNIFERI.
 GRAND MARSHAL—(Accompanied by his Assistants.
 HASTATI—(Before and after the bier).
 SACERDOS.
 VESPAI—(Six in number, bearing the bier).
 MOURNERS.
 PLEBIS TRIBUNUS.
 PLEBS.
 SIGNIFERI.
 CITY NINCOMPOPS—(Bearing cobblestones).

The line of march was down Union to Washington Avenue, to State, to Ferry, to Liberty, to Centre, to Union, and then up to the College grounds to the pyre, which was built while the class was marching. The following order of exercises were read by the Grand Marshal, J. B. W. Lansing, and carried out:

Poem,.....R. A. Benedict.
 Oration,.....John R. Bridge.
 Lighting the Pyre,.....Deceased Best Beloved.
 Address to the Mourners,....A. M. Westinghouse.
 Song,.....Class.

After the exercises the coffin plate and handles, which had been taken off when the bier was placed upon the pyre, were sold at auction and brought nearly ten dollars. Thus ended the perfectly successful cremation by Eighty-three.

IN MEMORY OF
 A L . G . B R A Y ,
 WHO DIED
 TUESDAY, MARCH 23d, 1880,
 In the 83d Year of his Age.
Ut vixit, mortuus est.

SENIOR CLASS-SUPPER.

On the night of March 24th, the Senior class-supper took place, and a jolly night it was too. The thought that examinations are over and the College course is, so to speak, completed fills the minds of all with a peculiar mixture of joy and sadness. To-night we look forward with great expectation to that object which we have determined to attain in life, and we already see it dimly in the haze of the near future; but to-night also we involuntarily think of the morrow which shall tear us from one another and scatter us to the East and West and South, with nothing but memory to keep alive the flame of brotherly love. Alumni tell us that this bond of brotherhood will, as time wears on, wax weaker and weaker, until it be no more, Shall this be so?—With Eighty? Not if the suggestions is a previous article of the CONCORDIENSIS be followed.

But we will endeavor to imagine our separation as far off in the future as possible, and drown the thought of it in the pleasanter thought of the happy time which we shall have together during this our last term. All enmity is abolished and we gather around the banquet board as friends, yea, as brothers, for we are sons of a common mother, and what though an elder brother, who has left his home some twenty years before, partake of our joy, is he not more than welcome? We are sorry that space will not permit us to give a full account of the supper. The thanks of the class are due to Mr F. P. S. Crane for the excellent way in which he officiated as toast-master, and to Mr. A. H. Dougherty for the composition of the class-

song. The toasts were eloquently responded to, as follows:

Old Union,.....	F. T. Rogers
The College Press,.....	John Ickler
The First Daddy,.....	R. D. Anable
Those Whose Hearts we Break,.....	G. E. Dixon
Our Future "Man Killers,".....	J. D. Craig
Our Pleaders at the "Bar,".....	R. J. Landon
The Verdant Past.....	L. G. Tuttle
The Influence of the "Law of Love,".....	J. A. Kemp
The Dead and Dying—The Union Navy and Army,.....	W. J. McNulty
Our Chain Gang,.....	H. J. Campbell
The Class of '80,.....	R. C. Alexander

EXCHANGES.

—The exchange editor of the *Rambler* (Illinois College) displays more ignorance than wit in speaking of Dudley Observatory. He has not the least idea what it is, apparently. For his information we will state that Dudley Observatory is a department of Union University. It is one of the largest and most finely equipped astronomical observatories in America. It was inaugurated in 1856 at a meeting of the most distinguished scientific men of our land, chief among whom was Alexander Agassiz. On this occasion Edward Everett delivered his celebrated oration on the "Uses of Astronomy." The institution was named in honor of Hon. Chas. E. Dudley, Ex-U. S. Senator, from whose widow the observatory has received gifts and a bequest amounting to \$105,000. Over \$100,000 have been spent on the buildings and apparatus, and \$70,000 invested in securities. Among the directors have been such astronomers as Mitchell, Brunnow, Bache, Pierce. The present director is Prof. Lewis Ross, recently of Dartmouth College.

—The *Cornell Era* is one of the liveliest and most interesting exchanges. It has a knack of saying things right to the point. It is also facetious. Look at this:

"Our exchanges will please not publish any longer the whopper that 'there are 40,000 volumes in the Cornell Library and not a single work of fiction.' We keep all the college exchanges there now."

The *Era* wants to know if the "base ball pennant will wave from the Cornell flag-staff." That's just what *we* would like to know.

—The *Brunonian* (Brown University) is a good paper. It contains a very sensible article on the method of teaching the sciences in college. It says:

"Our whole time is occupied in learning the terminology, or in obtaining the simplest definitions. It is only a process analogous to eating sawdust. There is no stimulus and very little instruction."

The preparatory schools should "lay the foundation of scientific knowledge in their pupils. It is only when students come up to college as thoroughly drilled in physical science as they now are in classical studies that we can hope the true benefit and utility of scientific studies to appear."

—Pretty Jennie came to me,
Earnest seeking information:
"Cousin, darling, will you show
What is meant by oscultation?"

What could mortal man as I
Do in such a situation?
Father, mother, no one nigh,
Liberal views, a great temptation!

Jennie is my cousin, too;
So to please my young relation—

* * * * *

Ah! you horrid thing! there, now,
I referred to occultation.—*Exchange.*

—The following poem is from the *Yale Record*:

AND THE SUMMER WIND WAS BLOWING.

Side by side on the hillside slope
Where the ripening corn was growing,
We talked and called up many a hope;
And the summer wind was blowing.
Her face was fair as the blush of morn,
As she stood there in the tasseled corn,
When the summer wind was blowing.

Softly the wanton breezes played
With her golden tresses flowing.
Many the tender words I said,
And the summer wind was blowing.
Never an answer she made to me,
But looked away to the shining sea,
Where the summer wind was blowing.

Nothing we know of a maiden's heart,
Nothing that's worth the knowing—
Love she can cover with such an art;
And the summer wind was blowing.
"What shall my answer, Ida, be?"
"Guess, if you can!" she said to me,
When the summer wind was blowing.

Slowly the sun went down in the West
To his couch with splendor glowing;
Her head lay resting upon my breast,
And the summer wind was blowing.
Softly I touched her red, ripe lips,
Still she looked at the passing ships,
Where the summer wind was blowing.

"Other men reap their harvests, sweet!
Shall love get less for his sowing?"
The shadows were lengthening at our feet
And the summer wind was blowing.
"Gather your grain," at last she said,
And the twilight fell o'er her sunny head,
When the summer wind was blowing.

PERSONAL.

'11. Rev. Staats Van Santvoord is enjoying good health at New Baltimore, N. Y. He is the oldest living graduate of the Theological Seminary at New Brunswick, and the oldest living minister in the Dutch Reformed Church. His mind is as active as ever, his faculties unimpaired, and he still preaches at occasional intervals.

'25. George W. Campbell died at his home in Pittsfield, Mass., on February 13th. He was a well-known woolen manufacturer and an influential citizen.

'31. Henry W. Archer and ('35) H. D. Farnandis are the leading men at the bar of Harford County, Maryland. Mr. Farnandis was at one time a member of the Maryland Senate.

'35. John S. Archer, M. D., is a planter and politician in Louisiana.

'36. Walter Farnandis is a prominent member of the bar in Baltimore, Md.

'41. B. B. Griswold, D. D., is rector of the Episcopal church at Carrol, Maryland,

'59. Alexander Gilchrist is a delegate to the Chicago convention from the State of Indiana.

'59. Gen. Wm. B. Tibbetts died at his residence in Troy, N. Y., Feb. 10, 1880. He was born at Hoosick, Rensselaer County N. Y., March 31st, 1837. At the outbreak of the rebellion he raised a company of the Second Regiment, New York Volunteers. In 1863 he recruited the Griswold Cavalry, and became its colonel. He distinguished himself in various battles, and was breveted Brigadier-General in 1864. He served on the frontier after the war, and was mustered out of the service as Major-General, Jan. 15th, 1866. Gen. Tibbetts received injuries during the war which incapacitated him from active duties throughout the remainder of his life. He was instrumental in organizing the Tibbetts Veteran Corps, and Tibbetts Cadets, of Troy, both of which companies were named in his honor. By his death the militia of Troy loses its firmest and most liberal supporter and the community an honest and respected citizen.

'60. Charles E. Patterson is a successful lawyer at Troy, N. Y.

'68. G. S. Collier is married, and is practicing law in Kinderhook, N. Y.

'70. Russell R. Dorr is a prominent business man in Burlington, Iowa. He represented the State of Iowa at the "Convention of the National Board of Trade," while assembled at New Orleans last year.

'77. J. F. Pennie has returned from abroad and at present has taken a desk in I. M. Lawson's law office on Maiden Lane, Albany.

'77. Aiken was admitted to the bar at the last examination of the General Term, held at Albany. He has located at Troy.

'78. W. W. Britton is in Albany, N. Y.

'78. W. H. and J. F. Thomas are pursuing their law studies (and the study of human nature) in Albany, N. Y.

'78. Wells and Van Santvoord are at the Albany Law School.

'78. Jean O'Hara has returned to Albany. Jean sports a full beard, and is called a "masher."

'78. Is Sammy Rogers married?

'78. Vrooman, formerly of '78, was recently married to Miss Kittie Veeder, of Schenectady.

'79. L. J. Davids is engineering in South America.

'79. F. O. Cornell, for a short time a member of the class of '79, graduated at the Albany Medical College at the recent commencement.

EXTRANEAE.

—There are 3,700 professors employed in the colleges throughout the United States.

—How is this for translation? "*Sed damnatio, quid confert?*" "But, damnation, what good is it?"

—The Choctaw Nation pays for the education of twenty-two students at various colleges in the states.

"The melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year;
It's most too hot for whiskey straight,
It's most too cold for beer."—[Ex.]

—Before the show window of a picture shop. First townie to second—"Say, Jim, come away; don't be a-lookin at them pictures o' bally dancers, or folk'll take you for a Freshman."

—Professor to Soph—"Are you using that pony?"

Soph—"No, sir!"

Prof.—“Didn’t you just get it?”

Soph—“Yes, sir; but it is not the paper I wanted.”

—Senior, looking sternly on a Fresh—“Where were you reared, what do you amount to, do you ever expect to leave a name?”

Fresh, calm and serene—“Yes, four or five of them.” Exit Senior.

—We learn that a German chemist has succeeded in making a first-rate brandy out of sawdust. We are friends of the temperance movement and want it to succeed, but what chance will it have when a man can take a rip-saw and go out and get drunk with a fence rail.

—Tutor—“This is a beautiful line, gentlemen, where the poet speaks of

‘The balm of childhood bringing sweet repose.’

Can any of you tell me what he means by this exquisite figure?”

Learned Freshman—“I should say, sir, that he meant soothing syrup.”

—Salic Code in Brief. Prof.: “What were the grounds on which the French resisted Edward III.’s claims to the French crown?”

Student (calmly): “Because his mother was a—(hastily) that is, because Isabella wasn’t a ma—(triumphantly) because a woman’s son couldn’t be a male heir to the French crown.”

—“Miss—, will you condescend so far to sacrifice your own convenience to my pleasure as to insert these five digits and a portion of your contiguous arm through the angular aperture formed by the crooking of my elbow near the like portion of my body whence woman’s lovely form is said to have been taken?” The *dulcina* replied, “O, Mr.—, you are irresistible,” and condescended.—[Ex.]

—Scene, parlor. Student and lady friends. (The ladies are great admirers of the opera singer, Miss C—.)

1st Lady. Doesn’t she dress becomingly?

Student. Yes.

2d Lady. And so modestly!

Student. Yes.

3d Lady. And so simply!

Student. Yes.

1st Lady. By the way, how was she dressed last night?

Student. In tights. (Ladies change the subject.)—*Magenta*.

—Small boy—“Why does a duck put its head under the water?”

Student, with great intellect—“For divers reasons.”

Boy—“Why does she go on land?”

Student—“For sundry reasons.”

Boy, perplexed—“Why, did you say, a duck puts its head under water?”

Student, smiling—“To liquidate its little bill.”

Boy—“And why does it go on land?”

Student—“To make a run on the bank.”

—Prof.—Can you tell me, sir, in what sign of the zodiac the moon will appear next July?

Student—I—ah—don’t—think—I—ah—can, sir.

Prof. (thinks he has been coached)—That’s right, Cancer. You want to be prompt, though.

Prof.—Mr. M., what will the elevation of the moon be at that time?

M.—High, sir.

Prof.—Next.

N.—Low.

Prof.—Now what do you think, Mr. P.?

P. (who can’t imagine any other position)—Jack, sir.

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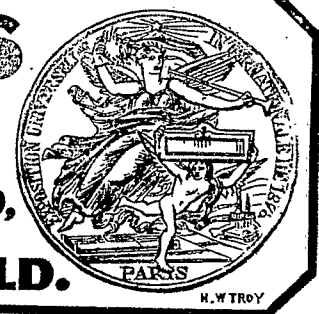
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