

UNION COLLEGE.

THE CONGREGATIONIST.

VOL. IX. NOVEMBER, 1885. No. 2.

THE CONGREGATIONIST.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y.

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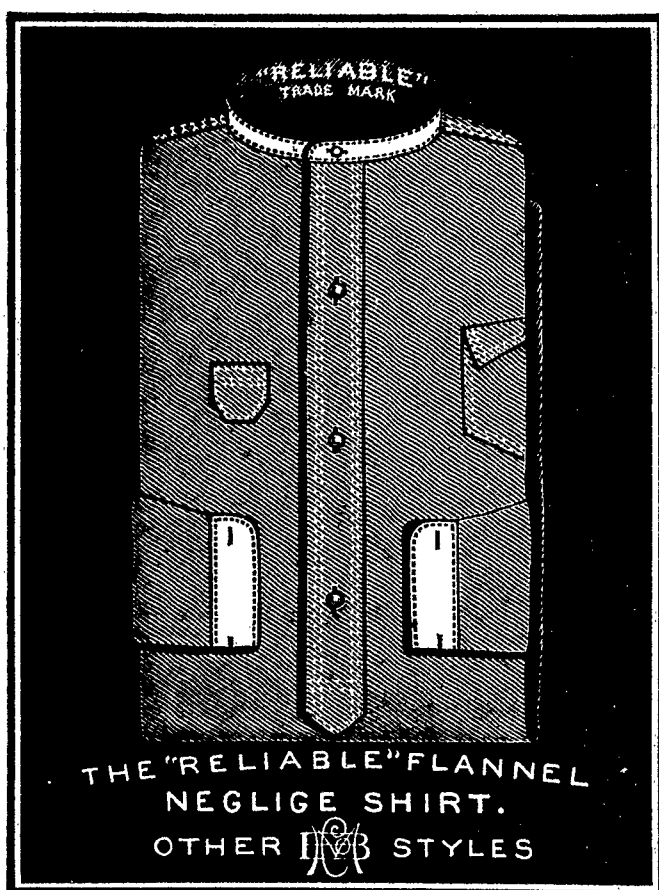
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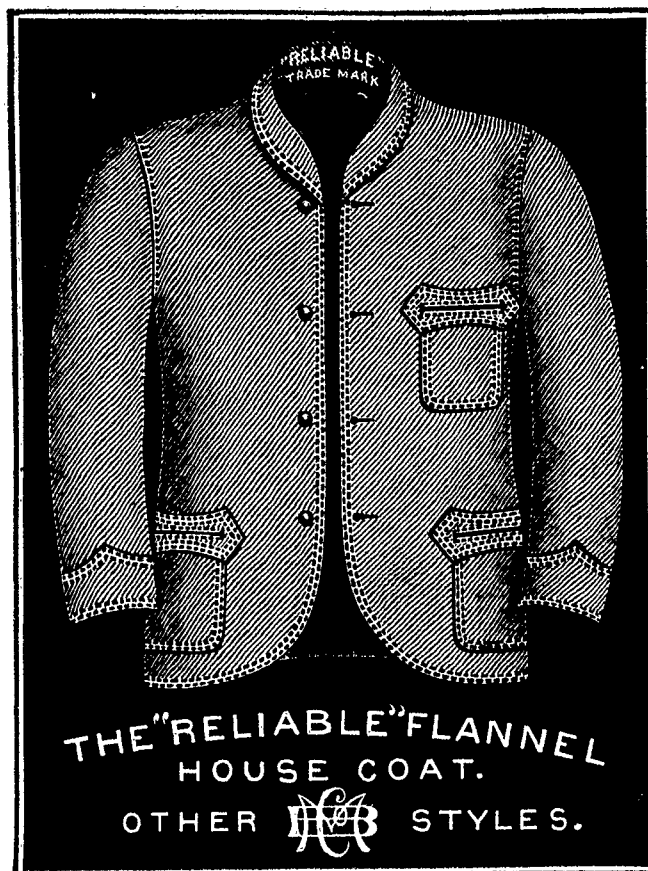
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UNION COLLEGE, NOVEMBER 25, 1885.

NO. 2.

THE CONCORDIENSIS

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EDITORIAL.

WE call attention to communicated articles on base ball and the condition of the college. They are of interest to every student, and being written by men outside of the editorial board, show that they are important.

AS it is understood that we are to have a ball nine, and are to send men to the collegiate contest, is it not a good plan to devise some means to raise funds before the end of the term? The entertainment given last year, successful as it was, would have been a greater success had we gone to work earlier in the winter. While we have not the material to produce an entertainment like last year's, there are still many ways to raise the same funds. Let a college meeting be called and the most feasible plans discussed.

CONTRARY to general expectation a great deal of interest has been developed in the Senate by the Seniors, and there is little cause for complaint. Yet we think that if a little time should be employed outside of the Senate by each member in studying parliamentary practice, and more especially the college senate rules, a good deal of needless confusion would be avoided and a greater amount of progress made during the meetings. We would also recommend that more time be devoted to discussing the more important measures than is now the case. With a little effort on the part of the members there is no reason why the Senate should not be both enjoyable and profitable.

NOW that we are to have orations in chapel for the rest of the year, a few words on the subject will not be out of place. As it is, without doubt, a beneficial exercise, and as it has been settled that we are to have orations, it remains for the Seniors to enter into the work with some spirit, and to make the Friday morning exercises a success. Often as attention has been called to the fact that not one student in ten exhibits respect for chapel exercises, or for the one who officiates, no effort is made on the part of the students to present a more respectful and attentive appearance. This does not seem to be a very flagrant breach of good manners until the student is called upon to address the interesting (if not interested) audience, to which he himself belonged a moment ago, and then one glance is sufficient to show him what a disgraceful view we have of chapel decorum. All that we can do is to ask the students in general to remember that chapel is not a place for study, and that respect for the place, for whoever officiates and for the orators, demands at least an approximation to silence and attention.

A GREAT deal of space in the newspapers has been devoted recently to considering the question of the removal of the college to Albany. We have every reason for believing that this is only mere talk, yet if anyone seriously entertains the idea, they will see the impracticability of such a movement by carefully considering the objections. Dr. Murray says: "There is one objection which, perhaps, may seem sentimental, and yet is quite real, and that is that the attachment naturally felt toward the college by its alumni would be in a measure destroyed as soon as the associations were swept away by a change of sites. In a measure the college would have to take root anew." The statement might have been made much stronger, for in the event of such removal there would be left only a few members of the faculty to remind the alumni of an institution which they knew and loved as "Old Union." In fact, a removal would be nothing less than the fall of "Union" and the founding of an entirely new college.

WITH little hope of success we make the annual appeal in behalf of our literary societies. The present condition of these societies reflects discredit on our college and on the character of the students. In other institutions the literary societies are one of the most important features of college life, and we venture to affirm that every graduate who actively participated in the work of our own Adelpic and Philomethan would declare that the experience in speaking, ability to think on one's feet, and abundance of useful knowledge gained by work in these societies are of as much real benefit to them as anything acquired during the college course. Nevertheless, with all the advantages to be derived, with good halls and libraries, our societies are almost a complete failure owing to the small membership and lack of attendance by those who are members. We appeal to the students to remedy this evil and restore "Old Union" to her former high position in this respect. Let the members, at least, make a determined effort to revive the interest, if not for the benefit to be received, for their own honor and reputation.

We think that if a series of public debates between the two societies was inaugurated, calculated to show the benefit of their work, the interest would be awakened and the societies would soon regain their former prominent position. At least it will do no harm to make the trial.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Base Ball.

Walking down town recently behind some under-classmen I overheard the following remarks:

F.—"Who's going to be base-ball director this year?"

S.—"Don't need one unless we have a better nine than last season, and I for one can't see where or how we are going to get any good players."

It was rather a bitter remark to catch, and perhaps the adage that "listeners never hear any good of themselves" was true. However, nothing is in vain, and that remark was good food for thought.

Thought No. 1.—It is settled who is to be our ball director. And it is due to the senior class to say that for once they laid aside factional feeling and elected a man who is interested in the nine, and who many times has shown his interest in athletics at Union, and who, we hope and believe, will make a good director.

Thought No. 2.—"Have a better nine than last year." I had a ready solution for this, but one which does not rest with the director, nor captain, nor any individual player, but with all the nine and with the support of all the students, backed by the hearty support and approval of the faculty. Now, can this be accomplished? I think it can. I think every one will agree with me in saying that, as freshmen, Union enters as good players as any college in the State league, with perhaps the exception of Cornell, which is a much larger institution. Also that we have ample means to develop players if we would. Why can't we; or, rather, why don't we

do it? In the season of '82 the nine, with Anable and McCauley, made a great reputation for Union in the ball arena—but an honest one. In '83 the nine could not bear to drop below the previous nine, and in came "Pendy" at a great expense. In '84 the dishonest victories were followed up by placing "Union" on the breasts of two more professionals, and thus incurring an additional debt which was left for the association to struggle with, and which greatly hindered the formation of last year's nine. Last year public sentiment—perhaps it was lack of money—caused a nine to be formed of legitimate players, men who had never played together before, and most of whom had done no "gym" work all winter. After the first two games, which were in fact terrible exhibitions of our national game, sentiment, aided perhaps by malice and meanness, was so strong that it was with difficulty any nine at all was placed in the field. Even then one-fourth of the expenses were borne by the players themselves. What was the result? It was not good. It might have been worse. We had a show for second place had the last game been played. We stood third. We also demonstrated the fact that the nine could be run without leaving a debt for this year. Now there is only one way in which we can solve the last part of S.'s query of how we are going to get any good players, and that is expressed in the small word—work. We have the raw material. Shall we develop it? Yes. Emphatically yes. Look at what Cornell did by work. Their nine was in as deplorable a state as was ours. They worked. We didn't. They took first place. We didn't. We have a good gymnasium and an exceptionally good man in charge. Let the men who are put in the "gym" try to see what they can do. There will soon be a goodly number who will be put there to do allotted work, not simply to report at the dressing room and lazily smoke a cigarette. Let your college spirit out, if you have any, and try to boom the ball interest of "Old Union." If you haven't any college spirit keep still. Stay away, anywhere you please; don't throw cold water on someone else. Don't come near the games, and

provided we should win a game please don't say *we* beat—but *they* beat. And, if we do go under, remember you helped do it, and when you graduate see if you can't get an appointment as successor to Lieut. Greeley and search for the north pole, where you will find plenty of cold water to throw on other's schemes. CAPTAIN.

The Condition of the College.

UNION has begun the present year more favorably than for several years past. A disposition to make the best of everything prevails throughout the college. Although the present freshman class is small, most of its members come from our immediate vicinity, where the true state of the college is known. To an outsider, obtaining his knowledge only from the newspapers, the troubles which divided the Faculty and President would seem necessarily to have interfered with instruction. In fact, however, if the newspapers had not fanned the spark of discord into a flame, the students would never have been heated through partisanship; and the dissension would have been quieted without their knowledge of its existence. As it was, the work of the college moved steadily on without any apparent friction. The professors may have disagreed with one another, but they did not allow this to affect their relations toward the students. Now all are united. We have no President, it is true, but that officer is not a necessity to the educational part of the college. He would, however, quiet the minds of people ignorant on the subject; and for this reason it is to be hoped that we will soon have a head to our institution.

The instruction did, however, have one serious drawback; our corps of professors was too small. Through death we had lost two of them, and last commencement we were informed of the resignation from the faculty of a third whom we all loved. Altogether it looked blue for the prospects of this year. To fill these vacancies three new professors have been chosen, and a fourth has been made through promotion. Out of the four it would naturally

be expected that at least one would not be competent. But fortunately for Union the trustees were particularly happy in their selections.

The chair of English has been only partially filled for many years. The professors who attended to that department had so many other duties, that through neglect, it became weak. Now we have a professor who gives to that branch, not only all of his time, but also abilities of a high order, and love for his work. This department only began, as it were, this year, and therefore the indications for the future are very promising.

Prof. Wright was called to take the chair of one of the ablest professors, and, perhaps, the most popular of the college. That he fills his place is sufficiently great praise.

The studies of the Senior year are expected to stir up in the student his reasoning powers and to furnish him with food for thought for future years. God created Prof. Hoffman especially for this purpose.

There is no need to mention the work done in the other departments. We know its merits. Yet, because of the increase in the numbers of the faculty, all of the professors have more time to devote to their special branches, and their instruction has, therefore, improved. They are, of course, the same men, but they now can confine themselves to their own specialties. While there may be one or two professors who cannot pound learning into a student, yet, from all of our instructors, a student hungering for knowledge can be filled.

A college is composed of professors and students. Our professors are competent to instruct us, and they take an active interest in us outside of the class-room. Last year, when the expenditures of the ball nine exceeded the receipts, the professors made up the deficit; and this year they are taking an active interest in our prayer meetings, and through God's help will make them a success. To any of our organizations they are willing to devote their time, money and brains. In the past we students have not always been as willing to do as much for our college. Our studies are reasonably difficult, and, if prop-

erly attended to, take much of our time. But those students who plead lack of time as an excuse from the attendance to the duty of making our organizations a success are the very men who waste most time. He who accuses the trustees and alumni of neglect of the college is generally the one who fails to make his particular part of the college a success. The hard worker, who bends his best energies toward the accomplishment of an object, even though he fail, yet benefits the college; but he who cavils at every scheme calculated to bring credit upon the students, but who, when it is a success, appropriates the credit to himself, acts as a wet blanket upon the ardor of every son loving his alma-mater.

During this year, however, the students seem to feel that they can make their enterprises successful, if they will only try. We must understand that we are in a small college, and that it is therefore necessary to concentrate our energies upon those lines in which we are most likely to prosper. Aiding the professors by good recitations in the class-room, aided by their advice in our own concerns, and working to carry out our plans, let us do what we can toward making the college strong.

EXCHANGES.

The *Nassau Lit.* comes for the first time to our table, and in adding it to our list we feel not only pleased but honored. From our previous ideas of college literary magazines we expected to find the pages as dry as—well, the *Madisonensis* for instance, but the well written sketches, stories and "Voices" of the *Nassau Lit.* are anything but dry. In justice to "A Word to College Critics," we must say that our judgment of the literary work of college men is materially aided by the able article. It is a fact that we expect too much from the average writer; that, having in mind the plots, descriptions and delineations of prominent writers, we adopt these writers as our standard and require college men to place themselves in the ranks of noted writers with their first attempt. The *Nassau Lit.* is an ably edited magazine.

To "Union."

FAIR dost thou sit, oh, mother! on thy hill,
 Arched overhead by Heaven's stainless blue;
 Swept by the wind, wooed by the summer breeze,
 And to thy ancient promise ever true.

Then press around her, boys! close, loving, warm;
 Though broad her acres and her woodlands be,
 Naught can give strength and vigor to her soul
 Like the assurance of your loyalty.

A. A.

LITERARY.

A Queer Experience.

For some reason or other I didn't feel easy that evening. The clock's tick was unusually harsh and rasping, the wind had a mournful whine as it swept around the corner of the building, every sound in the hall made me start from my chair, and the very atmosphere of the room seemed to be permeated with something of a decidedly mysterious nature. I had been reading all the evening about curious phenomena of the mind, and when I determined to go to bed I was prepared to see strange sights of all sorts. Why didn't Bob come up? He had gone down town after supper intending to get the mail and then to come right up on the hill. Bob was my room-mate and was seldom absent from the room in the evening. Here it was half-past eleven and he had not come.

Feeling that he would come soon I went to bed, but in no easy state of mind, as I have already indicated. I must have fallen asleep immediately, and although Bob did not wake me when he came in, something did wake me later on, and just what that something was, for a minute or two I could not tell. The first sensation I had on waking was one of extreme fright. I felt some one lying across my breast, apparently holding me down with one hand and bathing my head with the other. I made a slight struggle to release myself, and in so doing discovered that whoever it was holding me down he was disrobed like myself. Then, like a flash, it came over me that it was Bob himself. All this time he kept on wiping my head with the

wet cloth, and when I asked him in a voice strangely unlike my own what the matter was he stopped for an instant, but did not answer. A moment later he drew himself away from me and rolled over. By his deep breathing I knew him to be asleep. You can, or rather can't, imagine my feelings after passing such an evening, and then waking up to such unusual circumstances. It is not to be wondered at that I slept no more that night.

The next morning Bob, while dressing, looked up with a smile and said: "I had a queer dream last night about you and me, old man; mighty queer dream. I thought you and I had a fight and that I hit you on the head with a club, knocked you senseless and cut a fearful gash in your forehead. Great Cæsar's ghost how that cut did bleed! I was afraid that I had killed you and began to bathe your head with my handkerchief. You wouldn't hold still, and that cut kept on bleeding. Somehow you got away from me, and that's the last I remember of it. When I woke up I felt as if I had committed a crime."

How Bob did laugh when I told my part of the story and showed him the wet towel that he had used. How it is that I didn't yell and wake him up I can't see. Bob never has performed in his sleep since then, and I for one hope he never will.

What My Lover Said.

HOMER GREENE, '76.

THE following poem was published anonymously some years ago, and quite a discussion arose as to who was its author. It was at one time credited to Horace Greeley:

By the merest chance, in the twilight gloom,

In the orchard path he met me;

In the tall wet grass with its faint perfume,
 And I tried to pass but he made no room,

Oh, I tried,—but he would not let me.

So I stood and blushed till the grass grew red

With my face bent down above it;

While he took my hand as he whispering said—

How the clover lifted each pink, sweet head

To listen to all that my lover said;

Oh, the clover in bloom,—how I love it!

In the high wet grass went the path to hide;
 And the low wet leaves hung over;
 But I could not pass on either side,
 For I found myself when I vainly tried
 In the arms of my steadfast lover.
 And he held me there and he raised my head,
 While he closed the path before me:
 And he looked down into my eyes and said—
 How the leaves bent down from the boughs overhead
 To listen to all that my lover said,
 Oh, the leaves hanging lowly o'er me!

Had he moved aside but a little way
 I could surely then have passed him;
 And he knew I never could wish to stay,
 And would not have heard what he had to say
 Could I only aside have cast him.
 It was almost dark and the moments sped,
 And the searching night wind found us,
 But he drew me nearer and softly said—
 How the pure sweet wind grew still instead
 To listen to all that my lover said,
 Oh, the whispering wind around us!

I am sure he knew when he held me fast
 That I must be all unwilling,
 For I tried to go and would have passed,
 As the night was come with its dews at last,
 And the sky with its stars was filling;
 But he clasped me close when I would have fled,
 And he made me hear his story,
 And his soul came out from his lips and said—
 How the stars crept out when the white moon led
 To listen to all that my lover said,
 Oh, the moon and stars in glory!

I know that the grass and the leaves will not tell;
 And I'm sure that the wind, precious rover,
 Will carry his secret so safely and well
 That no being shall ever discover
 One word of the many that rapidly fell
 From the eager lips of my lover;
 And the moon and the stars that look over
 Shall never reveal what a fairy-like spell
 They wove round about us that night in the dell,
 In the path through the dew-laden clover;
 Nor echo the whispers that made my heart swell
 As they fell from the lips of my lover.

Turn and Return.

How lonesome it seemed with the fellows all
 gone home! It was Thanksgiving day, and as
 the vacation allowed us was short I had decided
 not to go home but to stay and do a little back
 work.

It was near the close of a raw, stormy day,
 and as I sat gazing steadily at the fire I couldn't
 help feeling a little homesick. The sound of
 someone coming up the stairway broke the
 depressing silence, and I began to wonder who
 it was. Slowly the steps ascended the stairway,
 and a moment later I heard a timid knock at my
 back door. At my bidding to enter, a strange
 figure came in, and advancing toward the fire,
 asked for something to eat and permission to
 warm himself. Something in the man's face
 and manner appealed to my sympathy, and bid-
 ding him sit down I proceeded to grant his re-
 quest. Now, as a usual thing, I don't keep
 eatables in my room, but it happened that a well-
 filled box had arrived from home that morning,
 and it was from this that I was to feed my
 strange guest. From the way he devoured cold
 turkey, biscuits and mince pie it was evident
 that the man had fasted, and by the time he had
 finished, my pity had so increased that I gave
 him and old overcoat and a pair of shoes which,
 though cast off, were an improvement on those
 he had on. He thanked me brokenly and de-
 parted.

Partly from force of habit and partly in hope
 of receiving some mail I hurried down town
 that night through the sleet and snow and in
 the face of a cold, raw wind. As I neared the
 Grand street crossing I heard a freight train ap-
 proaching. Quickening my steps I took the
 chance and risk of getting across in preference
 to the certainty of having to wait five or ten
 minutes in the cold, for the train to pass. It was
 a time-saving but foolish custom we had of run-
 ning across ahead of moving trains, and little
 apprehensive of danger, I hurried on. It seems
 that the track-hands had been raising the road-
 bed that day, and being unable to finish the
 work had left out the ordinary planking between
 the rails. Just as I reached the track, over
 which flashed the headlight of the on-coming
 train, my foot tripped and I fell with stunning
 force between the rails.

When I recovered consciousness I found my-
 self lying on a couch in Dr. Ellwood's office
 with the doctor bending over me bathing my

forehead. It seems I had fallen in such a way that my forehead came in contact with the farther rail, rendering me senseless and leaving a short, jagged cut. The doctor told me that an unknown man had, at his own risk, dragged me from the track just before the heavy train rolled by. Upon asking to see my preserver I was told that he had gone, and that when it was suggested to him by the bystanders that it might be to his advantage to wait till I "came to," he said that I had done him a good turn that day and that he had no more than returned it. Immediately I thought of my strange visitor and congratulated myself upon having done a charitable deed at so opportune a time.

I saw nothing more of my hero till about a year later. It was my Junior year, and having a little spare time I had taken up amateur photography. I had succeeded quite well in taking views of the surrounding country, and at the time of which I am writing, was engaged in taking instantaneous views.

It was Thanksgiving again. The day had dawned bright and clear, and having no invitation for dinner, I shouldered my camera and started out for the country. Noon found me about a mile outside the city on a road from which could be obtained a fine view of the valley and the range of hills opposite. Noticing a man, with the appearance of a tramp, coming down the road, I determined to get an instantaneous view of him as he passed. Accordingly I placed the camera near the fence on the side of the road opposite the path and focused it on a tree just in front of which the path ran. Everything was ready, and leaning on the fence I appeared to be taking in the view of the valley regardless of the presence of anyone. At any rate the man just glanced at me curiously for an instant and then looked steadily at the ground as he tramped on. Just as he passed between me and the tree I exposed the plate. So occupied had I been in carrying out my scheme that I did not look at the man closely, but on printing from the negative next day I recognized in the picture a face which I have reason to remember.

It was the man who had saved my life just a

year ago! The picture was a good one—the best I had taken. I mounted one, labeled it "My Hero," dated it and placed it with my collection.

Returning that evening from my photographic tour, I learned from the papers the details of a murder that day in Northville, a small village about ten miles to the east. George Kilmer, stable-boy of the only hotel Northville sported, had been fatally stabbed in the breast, about noon. He had been found dead in the barn about one o'clock, and as he had eaten dinner at twelve it was certain that the murder had been committed during the hour. Who was the murderer was a matter of conjecture, but suspicion settled on one John Rankin, who was at that time missing. It was known that he and Kilmer had had a dispute that morning, ending in blows, but nothing had been seen of Rankin later in the day.

Some time in January Rankin was captured, and the trial came off a month later. Feeling a little interested in the trial I entered the courtroom one day near the close of the trial.

The evidence, which was mostly circumstantial, was decidedly against the prisoner. A strong feeling of hatred had been shown to exist between Kilmer and Rankin and the fact that they had had a fight that morning, and that Rankin had got the worst of it, was dead against him. He had failed to prove an alibi, and the case was about to go to the jury. Just as the judge was to deliver the charge, the prisoner turned half around in his chair, and turning his eyes on the crowd of spectators seemed looking in vain for a friendly face. Until now I had not seen the prisoner's face, and as his eyes met mine there seemed something strangely familiar in his rough, despairing countenance. Suddenly it all flashed over me.

He was "My Hero."

The recognition was mutual, and an instant later the man was on his feet and cried, as he pointed to me: "There is the man who can prove me innocent. For God's sake, sir, save an innocent man."

Tableau!

The judge paused in his charge, the now excited spectators were hushed to silence, while before them all, with his fingers pointed at my white and frightened face, stood the almost convicted man in his one last attempt to prove his innocence!

To make a long story short my testimony was called for, the man given a new trial and acquitted. You see my own testimony, along with the picture I had taken of him, the time the picture was taken and the distance it proved the man to be from the scene of the murder at the very hour it was committed, all made up the chain of evidence which proved the alibi.

It was an accidental return for a heroic act, but a happy one. The poor wretch thanked me with tears in his eyes and hurried away. Since then I have never seen him, but I have cause to think that he will remember the incidents I have related as long as your humble servant, and he, I assure you, will never forget them.

It Cannot Be.

I cannot be. When you and I
 Were happy in the days gone by,
 I seemed to love you as I ought,
 Your face was with me, and I sought
 Your own sweet self and company.

 O time! O years that swiftly fly!
 How could ye break the tender tie?
 I live to learn that thou hast taught
 It cannot be.

Forget the past. Forget and try
 To help me say the last good-bye;
 If love like yours were sold or bought,
 Had not our love-dream come to naught,
 I should be spared the bitter cry
 It cannot be.

Dr. Taylor Lewis.

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"VOX POPULI, VOX DEI."

"This famous Latin proverb, as it has been called, is but the echo of a much older saying

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The writer in the Easy Chair also adds: "Professor Lewis was a 'Grecian' of great accomplishment, a firm believer in the classical curriculum in college, and a man who held that a scholar must not cease to be an active citizen. * * * He was a religious man, a man of profound faith in God, and doubtless he would have reverently acknowledged that one with God is a majority. He was also an American patriot, and if his pupils had asked him, How is one with God a majority? he would have answered, "Because the truth that one sees, *all* will at last receive; and it is not because the majority is necessarily wise, but because the multitude is capable of willing loyalty to the wise, that popular government is good government."

Dr. Lewis had charge of the Editor's Table of *Harper's Magazine* for five years, during which period many striking articles from his pen appeared upon its pages.

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The delegates to the Inter-collegiate Y. M. C. A. association were Gulick, '87, and Yates, '88. The convention was held at Madison University, Hamilton, N. Y., and among the colleges represented were Union, Cornell, Syracuse, Rochester, Hamilton and the Troy Polytechnic.

The question chosen for the joint debate between the members of the Philomathean and Adelpic Literary societies is,

Resolved, That the peaceful annexation of Mexico would be more beneficial to the United States than the peaceful annexation of Canada.

It will take place January 14, 1886; probably in the Congregational church.

Lest some of our alumni returning to the scenes of their college days shall think they have stopped at the wrong station, we will inform them that Old Dorp has a new depot, and its a "la-lah," too. Furthermore, they must not be surprised to find other improvements, for besides this last gigantic stride towards civilization the city has been rash enough to indulge in sewers and electric lights.

On Friday, 14th, the entire faculty and students remained in chapel after the usual exercises to listen to the senior orations. Angle gave a pleasing and powerful oration on political reform. Cole discussed Washington as a statesman. An excellent oration was delivered by Felthousen on the Power of Earnestness. LaMonte followed with a patriotic address on Our Pilgrim Fathers. Landon's effort was a thoughtful and earnest treatise on Monopolies.

On Friday, the 20th, the second division of the Senior class delivered orations in chapel. Courtright delivered a well written oration on "The Conspiracy of Aaron Burr." Dorwin followed with a good article on "Conservatism." Harris, who has a weakness for anything pertaining to politics, did himself credit in a strong article on "Civil Service." Kinne's oration on "The Oratory of Wendell Phillips" was a glowing tribute to the memory of the great orator, and was delivered in a dignified, manly and earnest manner. The last oration by Lawler on "Longfellow" was pleasing in composition, smoothly delivered and a good article generally.

The Union College Senate meet weekly in Prof. Truax's room. The President *pro tempore* for the present month is T. R. Woodbridge. The following bills are on the calendar:

An act to repeal an act of the laws of 1883, entitled "An act to regulate and improve the civil service of the U. S."

A resolution to amend the constitution.

An act to establish a new extradition treaty with Canada, looking to the suppression of defalcations.

An act to provide for the education of the illiterate, especially among the colored population.

An act to form a commercial trade with Mexico.

The sophomore class sat down to a sumptuous repast at the Merchant's hotel October 22, provided them by the newly elected officers. After satisfying the inner man the following toasts were responded to:

The Class of '88—by President Brennan.

The Faculty—H. C. Mandeville.

"Ashy"—A. Iskanian.

Our Military Career—S. W. Little.

Our New Members—A. J. Dillingham.

Dorp—E. P. Towne.

"Weincke"—W. T. Bishop.

The Absent Ones—F. D. Lewis.

The Pretty Waiter Girl—E. B. Coburn.

The Scientific Division—H. P. Cummings.

The Classical Division—L. M. King.

Our Future—J. E. Winne.

Our Alma Mater—C. E. Blessing.

After indulging in an hour of song the meeting broke up amid the yells for '88.

By a misunderstanding we failed in the last issue to report the newly elected officers of the Senior class.

The officers of the Senior class are as follows:

President—T. W. Allen.

Vice-president—E. C. Angle.

Secretary—W. F. LaMonte.

Treasurer—F. W. Skinner.

Orator—D. B. Kinne, Jr.

Prophet—T. C. Lawler.

Historian—G. S. Dorwin.

Poet—F. S. Randall.

Addresser—F. F. Blessing.

Pipe Orator—E. W. Courtright.

Ivy Orator—L. C. Felthousen.

Ivy Poet—E. E. Veeder.

Toast Master—L. J. Little.

Grand Marshall—A. H. Jackson.

Base Ball Director—E. W. Courtright.

Professor Hoffman is to deliver a lecture before the Adelphic Literary society on December 5th.

Years ago, soon after Dr. Potter returned from his trip abroad, bringing "his nobbs," the idol, it was discovered that our climate was too changeable for this handsome specimen of heathen deity, and that unless some measures were taken to preserve it the idol would soon disintegrate and return to the primitive state of all material—dust. Then it was that the students came to the rescue and ended the ravages of time and weather by a good coat of paint. For a time every Freshman class celebrated its maiden racket by painting the idol. That happy, sensible custom has, sad to say, ceased to exist, or rather *had* ceased to exist till the great and glorious class of '89 entered the classic halls of "Old Union," and now the idol rejoices in a coat of paint rivalled in hue only by the "Beacon of the Class Room." Why the Freshmen chose red for a color is a mystery unless it is because green and red being complimentary colors, the one would naturally suggest the other. Big joke, Freshmen, big joke, but it was an awful "give away" on you to come to chapel next morning with a large grin on your faces and your clothes all spotted with paint. But then this is your first attempt at college "funny business," and in the future we may expect better executed jokes, even if they are less brilliant.

PERSONALS.

'87. Kitts is in business with his brother.

'82. Fay is preaching at Mineville, N. Y.

Vaughn, '85, is preaching at Tannersville, N. Y.

Wells, '84, is teaching school at Grangerville, N. Y.

'82. Waller and A. S. Wright are studying in Europe.

'83. Burton and VanNess have been admitted to the bar.

Kelley, '87, is Principal of Union Free school at Victory Mills, N. Y.

'84. Kitts is engaged in the manufacture of hosiery at Oswego, N. Y.

Salisbury, '86, is studying law in the office of U. G. Paris, Sandy Hill, N. Y.

'85. Hoy has accepted a position on the editorial staff of the New York *World*.

'82. E. N. Wright is medical director of the Lehigh coal mines, Lehigh, Ind. Ter.

'6 (?) Col. A. J. Parker, Jr., of Albany, was elected State Senator at the last election.

'82. Youmans is in the office of LeRoy F. Youmans, U. S. District Attorney, Charlestown, S. C.

Richard S. Hand, '57, was Democratic candidate for Justice of Supreme court for this district.

W. J. Pollard, '82, was Republican candidate for member of Assembly in Seneca county, N. Y.

'59. Elnathan Sweet was elected State engineer by the Democratic party at the last election.

'86. Wheeler is traveling in Europe with his brother, but intends returning in time to graduate with his class at Williams.

'87. Wentworth, since going to Williams, has become an expert foot-ball player, and is a member of their eleven, the coming champions of the Inter-collegiate Association.

Edward Wemple, '66, of Fultonville, was the successful candidate for State senator in the Eighteenth Senatorial district. Austin A. Yates, '54, of Schenectady, was the Republican candidate, and was beaten by a majority of nineteen votes.

Prof. : "How dare you swear before me, sir!"
Student : "How did I know you wanted to swear first?"

GENERAL COLLEGE NEWS.

YALE—President Porter has resigned ——— The college library has been presented with the death mask of Oliver Cromwell.——It is rumored that '89 contains a fast sprint runner.——There are prospects of two glee clubs this winter.——The report of the treasurer of the college, for the fiscal year ending July 31, 1885, shows that the expenses of the college exceeded the income by \$11,534.

HARVARD.—'88 has lost over forty men.——The boat club is \$1,800 in debt.——A football eleven has been chosen.——P. S. Sears and H. M. Sears, brothers of the tennis champion, R. D. Sears, represented Harvard in the Inter-collegiate tennis tournament.——The nine has lost two men.——The *Literary Monthly* has appeared.——It is rumored that James Russell Lowell will be vice-president next year.

PRINCETON.—'89 contains the boy who won the class cup of '67.——A billiard tournament is going on.——Free access to the library shelves has been denied the students on account of the number of books pilfered.——A polo team has been organized.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A new chapel costing \$250,000 is in process of erection at Lehigh.——Bowdoin's new president, Rev. William DeWitt Hyde, is a graduate of Harvard, '79.

——Brown is to admit on certificates.——Barry, the champion athlete of Queen's College, Ireland, threw the hammer 114 feet, breaking the best amateur record by 20 feet.——The senior class at Brown is in trouble over class-day elections, and the affair is to be settled by the law.——Princeton offers \$25 for the best "distinctly Princeton" song.——Progressive tennis is in vogue at Yale.——More than eighteen and less than fifteen hours a week are prohibited at Syracuse.——The tower on the new Williams gymnasium will contain chimes.——The Williams foot-ball eleven leads in the championship.——Chapel attendance is voluntary at Cornell, Michigan and Virginia.——There is a marked falling off of attendance at Michigan since the tuition fees have been raised.——Columbia is the wealthiest college in America.

Clippings.

Judge: "Why did you strike this woman?"
Prisoner: "Because, whenever I see a woman with a Mother Hubbard dress on, I feel like giving her a belt."—*Ex.*

A Georgian darkey prays with discretion. He said: "If I ask the Lord to send me a turkey, I won't get it, but if I ask him to send me after one, I get the turkey before daybreak."

THE LOST SCENT.

Seated one night at the table,
I was hungry and ill at ease,
And my glances wandered idly
Over the bread and cheese;
I knew not what I was eating,
Or what they were cooking then,
But I struck one whiff of odor
That I wish I could smell again.

It flowed from that grimy kitchen
Like "ile" from a fresh-struck well;
And it fell on my starving spirit
Like the smile of a Bowery belle;
It quieted thirst and hunger
Like p'licemen bouncing a beat,
And seemed the harmonious herald
Of everything good to eat.

It linked all perplexed flavors
Into one perfect dish:
But alas, 'twas the same old supper—
"Dry toast, baked potatoes, fried fish!"
It may be Delmonico's artists
Could give to my soul content,
But I fancy that this side of Heaven
I'll never recover that scent.—*Ex.*

MARRIED.

At Scranton, Pa., Sept., 16th, W. E. ANDERSON, '86, to Miss ELIZABETH, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Hollister. The couple reside in Scranton, where Mr. Anderson is engaged in engineering work.

At Schenectady, Nov. 13th, R. J. LANDON, '80, to Miss MARY T. GILMOUR of this city.

At Providence, on the Mississippi, Nov. 15th, J. E. RANDELL, '82, to Miss OLIVE POWELL. Mr. Randell is State's attorney in the 12th Judicial district, La.

At Schenectady, November 3d, A. B. BISHOP, '85, to Miss MARY LOUISE GOODRICH of this city. The couple will reside at Warwick, N. Y., where Mr. Bishop is teaching school.

HELP

THOSE WHO HELP US!

TRADE WITH THOSE WHO HELP SUPPORT
YOUR COLLEGE PAPER.

SPORTSMAN'S

CAPORAL.

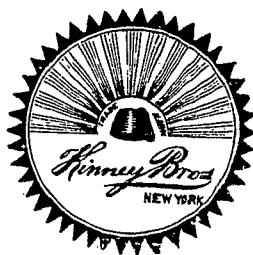
The latest, and becoming very popular. Manufactured by special request. A delicious blend of choice Turkish and Virginia.

The following are our well known Standard Brands:
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CAPORAL $\frac{1}{2}$, ST. JAMES $\frac{1}{2}$,

ST. JAMES, AMBASSADOR, ENTRE NOUS, SPORT.

Kinney Bros. Straight Cut, Full Dress Cigarettes.



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