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THE CONCORDIENSIS:

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THE STUDENTS OF UNION COLLEGE.

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Commencement Exercises.

COMMENCEMENT exercises were inaugurated by the delivery of the baccalaureate Sermon Sunday evening, June 21, by the Rev. Dr. Ecob of Albany. The speaker took for his subject the Eternal Yea, basing his sermon upon texts found in Geneses, Romans and Corinthians. The address although of a philosophical character was listened to with the closest attention by the audience which completely filled the church.

Monday morning the

GROVE EXERCISES

were held under the old elm in Jackson's Garden. The committee in charge had been somewhat dilatory in making the arrangements; but all hands taking hold, seats were soon provided for the guests, and a platform extemporized for the speaker. Excellent music was furnished on this occasion as during the week by Parlatti's orchestra of Albany.

The Pipe oration, by Lewald, was followed by the Ivy poem, by McSorley. This was received with hearty applause. Fowler delivered the Ivy oration in his inimitable manner; after which followed the Ivy song, and the planting of the class ivy. The ivy had been procured a few week before and rooted in the place in which it was intended to remain. It had already made a growth of several feet, but as the one who had transplanted it was not present, some delay was caused in finding it. After each member of the class had assisted in piling up or pulling down a spadefull of soil from its roots, all dispersed in happy anticipation of the

CLASS-DAY EXERCISES

to be held in the evening.

At 8 o'clock P. M. Vice-President Bond, in the absence of the president, opened the exercises with an address of welcome—short but to the point. The oration which appears elsewhere was delivered by Terrill and was well received by the audience; following this was the poem by Bishop. While we think Mr. Bishop was rather harsher in one or two instances than the circumstances required, his poem was excellent. All who had expected something good from Foote were not disappointed; his history bringing before the minds of his classmates the experiences of their college life as clearly, almost, as though they were again being lived. While none were very highly elated with the prospects in store for them, as revealed by Bailey in his prophecy, all were amused by the fates of the rest. Munsell's address was well written and perfectly committed. We think, however, that the delivery would have been improved if he had spoken more in his natural tone. Taken all in all, the class-day exercises of '85, were superior to those given by any class in the past decade.

Tuesday morning the campus assumed a lively appearance, dotted with groups of

alumni, shaking hands and exchanging congratulations.

At ten o'clock the trustees met in the Power's building, J. Trumbull Backus presiding, Hon. Hooper C. Van Vorst, was elected to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Howard Potter. It was resolved to invite to the presidency of the college the Rev. Dr. Joseph T. Duryea of Boston.

At the alumni meeting held in the chapel, Samuel Marsh of New York, presided and A. J. Thomson of Schenectady, acted as secretary. When the ballots for alumni trustee had been counted, it was found that out of the 737 cast, Dr. P. R. Furbeck of Gloversville, N. Y., had received 620, the remaining being scattering.

THE ALUMNI BANQUET

was under the charge of a committee appointed by the alumni at their meeting last year, of which Judge Yates of Schenectady, was chairman. To meet the expenses, all alumni partaking were assessed one dollar. It seemed hardly just that the graduating class, in addition to the fee demanded for graduating, should be compelled to pay for their dinner, but the authorities refused to admit them on any other condition. In the evening followed the

PRIZE SPEAKING

of the juniors and sophomores. This event was far from being as satisfactory as it would have been, had the speakers properly prepared themselves. No one should think of going before the public to deliver his address without being able to recite it unhesitatingly in private at least. Nothing perhaps is more disagreeable to an audience than to be in constant fear that the speaker is about to break down.

Cameron, who gave the first of the sophomore orations, on "Gladstone's Policy," was free from this fault, however, and spoke effectively and without the least hesitation.

Johnson followed, having for his subject, "Hugo." Mr. Johnson had excellent control of his voice and gestures as well as of his subject, and it was a genuine surprise to the majority of the audience when it was learned that he had not only failed to receive first prize, but had not even come in for second.

McMillen, on "Arctic Heroes," broke

down and was obliged to leave the stage.

Very, came next with an oration on "The Patriotic Philanthropist." Although this speaker hesitated somewhat a few times, his voice and general delivery were good.

Blessing, led the juniors in "Aspirations of True Greatness." It was evident also that he aspired to the first prize, and many were not surprised that he took it.

Dorwin, "elucidated the problems" of "The Impending Crisis." The subject was ably handled, the speaker doing justice to both himself and subject.

Landon, closed the exercises with a "Change in Administration." The oration was full of common-sense, and although from imperfect committal the speaker was obliged to omit several sentences, it was done so cleverly that few noticed it.

The exercises of

COMMENCEMENT DAY

passed off without a break, and in a manner satisfactory to all. The orators were Frank Bailey, "The Mediaeval Universities of Ireland;" A. B. Bishop, "Religious Liberty and the Constitution of the United States;" A. C. Egelston, "America's Ultimate Seat of Power;" William Hutchinson, "Hugo as a Reformer;" Edwin Mitchell, "Louis Napoleon;" E. Terrill, "Prince Bismarck's Work;" and H. D. Griswold, Valedictory.

Following this, was the Chancellor's address by the Hon. David Murray, LL. D., of Albany. The orations were all exceptionally well written and delivered.

The various prizes were then awarded as follows:

Warner cup, senior prize for performance of duty; H. D. Griswold.

Ingham money award, \$70, senior essay prize, W. C. Mills.

Blatchford medals, senior oratory prizes, first Edward Terrill; second, Alvin B. Bishop.

Allen money awards of \$25, \$20 and \$15, senior prizes for essays on any subject. First, W. F. Richards, second, George W. Barhydt, third, J. T. Morey.

The junior oratory prizes were awarded as follows: First, Frank F. Blessing, second, W. P. Landon.

The first sophomore prize for oratory was

given to Edward D. Very and the second to Edward M. Cameron.

The following honorary degrees were conferred.

LL D.: E. P. Waterbury, president of the State Normal school at Albany, Judge A. Bockes of Saratoga.

DD.: the Rev. J. G. Lansing, professor in the theological seminary of the Reformed church at New Brunswick, N. J., F. Savage of Newburgh, D. N. Van Derveer, Brooklyn.

A. M.: H. Darrow, Kingston, W. S. Chaplin, professor at Union college.

Ivy Poem.

BY J. J. MCSORLEY.

I.

Friends, classmates, we are met to-day
Beneath these leafy bow'rs,
To brighten still, while yet we may,
Our few remaining hours;
To listen to the carols sweet
That through these branches ring,
And hear the brooklet at our feet
Its deeper numbers sing.

II.

Though oft we're roamed these haunts before,
A charm that's ever new
Around each tiny blade and spear
Will live for me and you;
When our returning footsteps press
This gentle yielding sod,
When youth gives way to agedness
And we are nearer God.

III.

O, may we oft in future years
Our college days live o'er,
When hopes ran high, and few the fears
Our youthful bosoms bore.
And as we in the Autumn store
The harvest's golden sheaves,
So may we in our life-books bind
Fond mem'ries garnered leaves.

IV

As bright the beauteous sunlit spheres
Illumine the realms of night,
So will the future from these years
Receive a living light;
Reflecting o'er our paths a glow
However rough they be,
To cheer life's journey here below
And gladden all we see.

V.

For those who've left our ranks, the vale
Of death to journey through,

We'll twine the rose and lily pale
With sprays of greenest hue,
And cast them o'er this lov'd spot
Their earthly footsteps pressed
In garlands for the unforgot,
In the still land at rest.

VI.

'Tis pleasant oft in the past to dwell,
To find some calm retreat
Where still the old-time fountains well,
And merry streamlets fleet;
Where age the burden of its years
In joyfulness lays down,
And sorrow through its crystal tears
But sees life's promised crown.

VII.

So may our present be a past
To years as yet untold,
As bread upon life's waters cast
Returning many fold;
And may these times enacted o'er
The chords of mem'ry thrill
With music sweeter than before,
With visions brighter still.

VIII.

Dear classmates while we're met to-day
Old mem'ries to revive,
We'll plant with joy the ivy spray,
That blooms for Eighty-five;
And as an offering now we bring
Unto its honored shrine
A legend, that the ancients sing,
Of Grecia's sacred vine.

IX.

In ages past, the bard relates,
When Dionysius swayed
The sceptre of the classic states
That sea and land obeyed,
A stranger ship, with pirate crew,
Bore down upon the strand,
Where rose up in the distance blue
A promontory grand.

X.

And from its crest a comely youth
Mild on the sea looked down,
He loved the sullen crags uncouth
That on the breakers frowned;
Nor feared he as this stranger craft
Cast anchor in the bay,
For all around the wavelets laughed,
And drove his cares away.

XI.

There soon was sent unto the shore
A trusty pair, to bring
Back to the ship this youth that bore
The impress of a king.
As gazed he o'er his sea-girt state
Among the Isles of Greece,
He heard the messengers of fate
Break in upon his peace.

XII.

"Come, gentle youth, while day is bright,
And with our crew make merry,
They're anchored in yon friendly bight,
Whence came this little wherry.
A messenger of welcome sent
With right good wishes weighted,
That tarries but for thy consent
To spread its wings elated."

XIII.

Then straightway stepped into the keel
This youth of noble heart,
And soon the eddies madly wheel—
From stern to shore depart—
As onward speeds the wherry light
Toward the dark-hued craft,
At anchor in the waters bright
That sparkle fore and aft.

XIV.

"Bind him fast," the captain cried,
When on the deck he stood,
And soon a dozen hands supplied
The power to make it good.
They bound him firmly to the mast,
No protest would avail,
They raised the anchor, made it fast,
And with their prize set sail,

XV.

Scarce had they left the tranquil bay
When dark clouds 'bove them massed,
As if some fell destruction lay
O'er cordage, sail and mast;
And hollow, from the vaults of air,
A mighty voice did sound,
Commanding, and the lightning's glare
Revealed the youth unbound.

XVI.

As terror-struck, the faithless crew
Their path sought to retrace,
Behold! full o'er the rigging grew,
In beauteous twining grace,
The ivy sacred to the god
Whom they had captive made,
And now, as captives at his nod,
Stood they in awe dismayed.

XVII.

And by decree great Bacchus spake,
They roam the sea fore'er
As dolphins, followed in their wake
By sharks, pursuing e'er.
A legend each succeeding age
Will cherish more and more
Till friendship in the haunts of men
Exist forevermore.

XVIII.

Then sing to-day the ivy vine
We to old Union bring,
O, may it e'er in beauty twine

And fond its branches cling
Unto her walls like memories bright,
That we will oft recall,
When past and present here unite
In friendship's sacred thrall.

Ivy Song.

BY J. J. MCSORLEY.

(AIR—*America*.)

I

O, Alma Mater, dear,
Thy children gathered here
Join in thy praise.
Loudly now let us chant,
As we our ivy plant,
And link in adamant
These golden days.

II.

Here may it find a home
'Neath old Memorial's dome,
Honored for aye.
May loving fingers guide
Its branches far and wide,
Till 'round on every side
Its leaflets play.

III.

What though the storm doth rave,
Know we kind Heaven will save
Old Union's vine;
Long may its lustre green
On her grey walls be seen,
May it each furrow screen—
Each aged line.

IV.

When future years shall call
'Round this time-honored hall
"Old Eighty-five,"
May it full numbers bring,
May it as fondly sing,
Still to old mem'ries cling—
For Union strive.

The college treasurer, a few days ago, received \$1,200 from a son of the Hon. Francis N. Mann, of Troy, N. Y., who is executor of his father's will. Mr. Mann was a member of the class of '25, died about three years ago, and left a clause in his will bequeathing this money to the college. Mr. Mann was an enthusiastic supporter of Union all his life, was always present at commencements and assemblies of the alumni, and did what he could by word and deed to further the interests of the college. Let this only be the initiatory of such acts.

Class Oration.

EDWARD TERRILL.

(SUBJECT—*Achievements.*)

WE are often rapt in awe as we contemplate the grandeur of human achievements. There is a secret something, about their accomplishment, which seems mysteriously hidden from the gaze of the common world; yet, there has been no supernatural power displayed, there has been no intervention. No new forces have been created; but those at command have been combined, shaped, controlled, with wisdom of design. These forces, infinite in number and variety, ever exist alike in the realm of thought, and in the world without, waiting to be utilized or idly rejected and thrown aside. In the majestic strides of science and civilization through the centuries, we see the precision with which effects follow their causes, as unmistakably as we trace it in the unfolding flower, or in the influence, which preserves forever the spheres in their serene and shining pathways.

A history of achievements is a history of the race, teaching over and over again the same lessons. Here, in one chronicle, we read of a bard who, if known in after ages, his song must come from his or the nation's heart. There is no artificiality in it. The character of the times suggested the theme, and the one appointed by nature, told it in lines that time could not efface.

In another place, we read of a people battling against wrongs and oppression. At the hour of supreme peril, a chieftain appears whose life of devotion to the arts of war has fitted him pre-eminently for their leader. He brings victory to their standards, and fame touches his name with immortality. Though in the dim twilight, beyond the farther verge of history, Homer chanted his epic, yet his name and work are as imperishable as the stars. Sane ambition does not aspire to such an achievement as this; yet, success in every sphere is likewise achieved by doing with might that which one is appointed and ordained by nature to do. Individuality, natural-capabilities, appointed-task, reign in them all. For, there is born in each one an aptitude, which utilized be-

comes a triumphant superiority. To each nature and constitution a work is given, in which success and distinction can be obtained if the voice of nature is obeyed. This adaptability to a work is one's genius. At first, it is a capacity for the discipline of the faculties by those things in harmony with their nature, which strengthens and invigorates them, and they become a potent energy in their adapted sphere of action. Enough, to be working in the right direction, assured that just appreciation will neither falter nor fail. Self-trust stands out in every achievement, and those who fail, find that "doubts are traitors, and make us lose the good we oft might win by fearing to attempt."

To him who has found his work, and is pursuing it with energy and zeal, the hours will not be unwelcome visitors, but each moment will be used with "miser care." Time quietly brings its rich gifts and opportunities. It is voiceless. If too ambitious to heed its message and accept its gifts, it will go away to find those worthier and wiser. If at one's best task, it will often come in solitude. In abandonment, the masterpieces of painting and sculpture have received their most delicate and exquisite touches, and the mind born its richest fruitage, to enrich art and adorn literature. In some lone garret, in some sequestered nook, the poet's soul has poured forth its sweetest melody, and the richest gems have been brought from the recesses of the mind. At the entrance to the workshop of genius attention stands, refusing to admit the garish into its sacred precincts. Only when the soul in communion with itself awakens from its slumber and summons all its energies for a mighty effort, can there step forth—the work of consummate skill.

To achievements there is no primrose way. They, only, conquer who climb the rugged steeps. Genius is no talismanic wand that can convert into reality the pictures which fancy paints. But the lives of illustrious men are replete with evidence, that there can be no greatness without industry. To this, Michael Angelo attributed his greatness. Rising at midnight to begin his task, and applying himself to its accomplishment with matchless energy and vigor. The

forest-born Demosthenes, by unceasing efforts conquered an impediment in his speech, and by his glowing and patriotic eloquence became the greatest of Grecian orators.

But why cite these two examples? The hand of industry is in every achievement. From her regal seat she waves the sceptre of progress, her name is written in every work in characters of living light. When the task is long and difficult, perseverance calls the will into exercise as a stimulus to continued exertions. Will, is the centre of the practical man. By it, circumstances which overwhelm and engulf the weak are shaped and controlled to do its bidding. It decides who shall govern and who shall be governed. When the ends to be reached are determined, with directness and vigor it takes the shortest path to their accomplishment; allowing nothing to swerve it from its purpose. What position so impregnable that can withstand the giant energies of the will?

The choice of ends the purposes stamp the character of the work and life. If the ends are unworthy, if the mainsprings of action are selfish, that work and life cannot but be ignoble. The fountain will send its impure waters through all the streams that have in it their origin. But, if guided by purity of purpose, nobility will clothe the work and life, and their influence keep fadeless as the ivy in the memories of a greatful posterity. With all the centuries of progress lying behind us, the future is as rich in opportunities as the past. To the faint-hearted, the threshold of the future may be as the verge of chaos; but, the mists disappear before the men upon whom industry has set her seal,—before men of purpose. Through the riven clouds, they see endless lines of activity, in long perspective, stretching out into the busy world, inviting to fields where individuality reigns, and where the best efforts of the faculties, of every nature, of every constitution, are called forth. The world, to-day, as much as ever, needs men who will uphold justice, help to reform abuses, elevate the masses, and aid the progress of humanity, the dignity and worth of the individual man. There are newer and better ideas of art to be carried into higher perfection, literature to be enriched, the faith to

be defended from the fearful invectives hurled against it. He who loiters and refuses the gifts and privileges of the hour, must find himself distanced in the race, for progress onward wheels her triumphal car; "Men may come and men may go, but the work of reform goes on forever."

Random Thoughts on our Past and Future.

DEAR CLASSMATES AND FRIENDS:

'Tis with some trepidation
I greet you to-night. Through my senior vacation
A terrible nightmare has haunted my dreams,
Robbing sleep of its restfulness, and, as it seems,
Like a shadow has followed me, also, by day,
And my once faithful Pegasus frightened away.
(By this name, you must know, that we poets, sometimes,
For classic effect, or the sake of our rhymes,
—'Tis an old trick of poets and no innovation—
Call on genius or muse for divine inspiration.
And you fellows just starting along in your course,
Don't dare make that pun and say its a "horse.")
Well; this nocturnal steed, of the feminine sex,
Your bard's righteous spirit continued to vex,
Until two days ago, when I mounted her back,
And rode her to death on her own beaten track.
Her form was "repulsive" and "galvanic shocks"
She shook from her mane, Oh! the "jars" and the
knocks,
As she hurled me to "earth" in "disruptive discharge,"
She's a terrible beast to be roaming at large.
But, at last, I have conquered, in spite of her tricks,
If the "Chaps" who had charge of her give me a
"six."

My Pegasus, then, or my muse, having fled,
I fell to a vigorous scratching of head,
In hopes to recall—him or her, shall I say;—
To furnish the theme of this fast-coming day.
"With only two days left, and not a line penned,
O, where in the world will our indolence end?
Come, muse, let us launch into song, instantaneous,
And please, or displease, with verse extemporaneous."
Then whispered my muse, fair inspirer of dreams,
"Random thoughts of our future and past, be your theme."

But, first, of the past; for the past has a power,
As of charms, on our thought. Being dead it yet
speaks,
And Memory lives when fair Hope is no more.

Thus with us, on this day, recollection now breaks
In upon every thought, and the dead past awakes.

When, four years ago, in the verdance of youth,
First starting upon the wild goose chase for truth,
We entered, demurely, the ancient Blue Gate,
How buoyant our spirits our hearts how elate!
No thought of the hardships which shadowed the way,
No thought of the darkness which follows the day.
To us, in our sanguine and innocent glee,
All objects seemed magnified, brightened to be.
Yonder "Hill" was Olympus and Prexy was Jove,
And the Profs. were all Titans, who gallantly strove
'Gainst his "bolts." And the Seniors and Juniors
were gods

Of a lesser degree; and the Sophs with their rods
Of empire, called *canes*, were demi-gods, too,
—Of the infernal type,—to our spectacled view.

Our delusion was short; a few weeks were enough
To make our young life seem sufficiently rough,
Indeed, I may say, with your pardon, quite "tough."
In one week we could quote, with *original* curses,
Those melodious, laconic and over-true verses
Of some nameless poet!" The freshmen say, well,
That the Freshman's life is worse than —.

(The Revised version has it, quite classical, Hades,
Which I will adopt, for the sake of the ladies,
Although, for myself, my stern orthodox views
Would make me the less euphemistic name choose.)
Fond anticipations experience out-drove,
We found Prexy, though *jovial*, was hardly a Jove;
Though the Profs. they were tight 'uns to pass with a
six,

Which the most of us did with the aid of the tricks
Which college men know; all quite honest, of course,
And such as to-day bring us naught of remorse,
Was any of us ever caught with a "horse?"

We found, and it made our amazement increase,
That the scene of Olympus was still laid in Greece.
We had dreamed of fair fountains, Elysian streams;
—The old pumps in the rear hardly answered our
dreams,

And the drink; that was daily to moisten our lips,
Was hardly "the nectar that Jupiter sips."

Thus, our Freshman year passed; not all sombre, I
ween,
Although so decidedly colored with green.
In the next year we chose a new color instead,
And, by way of variety, "painted things red."

For the rest, our remembrance grows constantly
brighter,

Our pleasures were frequent, our labors the lighter
Grew daily, along with advance in our station,
Till the acme was reached in the "Senior vacation."

But I should transcend my legitimate bounds,
And, Mr. Historian, enter your grounds,
If, in greater detail, I should picture the past,
So I leave my first topic and turn to the last.

I turn to the future, my classmates, to say,
In brief exhortation some words; and to pray
You espouse certain things, and others eschew,
And thus make your life useful, beautiful, true.

Choose virtue; pursue her; her path is direct,
If not unto honor, at least to respect.
Transient pleasure may woo you, vain glory or pelf,
To depart from her way; but be true to yourself,
And then, as the grandest of poets has said,
(Who yet lives in our hearts, through three centuries
dead,)

You cannot be false to another.

Choose wisdom—philosophy worthy of men, again,
—Not a cast-iron system, evolved from a pen,
A house built of words, with no thought for foundation,
With no windows to let in the grand revelation
Of new truth; which retains the vague mysteries of
old,

And leaves common-sense shivering out in the cold.
Don't, I strongly advise you, your mental jaws rack,
Over nuts which the wisest heads never could crack.
But those dogmas with meaning as hard to determine
As Calderwood's ethics or last evening's sermon,
Just drop them, they may have some truth or may not,
But the world would be better if *some* were forgot.

Choose beauty, its purest and loveliest form:
It will soothe you and please you in life's darkest
storm.

To a sunshiny life added sunshine it brings,
"A thing of beauty,"—you know what Keats sings.
But where does this jewel with fairest ray shine,
And where is its form and its face most divine?

When Beauty, sweet daughter of Nature, last born,
First opened her eyes on Creation's new morn,
The Father gave to her the sceptre of earth,
Made her queen over genius, strength, wisdom and
worth.

So she rules all mankind, on the land and the sea,
Rules the bad and the good, rich and poor, you and
me,

Rules the men of to-day, ruled the Greek and the
Roman,

The gods called her Venus, but we name her Woman.

We are gathered to-night, dear brothers and friends,
To make our last bow, and our exit. Here ends,
In this happy occasion, our course of four years,
With the blossoms and thorns, with the smiles and the
tears.

With the friends and, perchance, tho' I hope not—the
foes,

They have brought us: and each on his mission now goes,

In the great field of life, there nobly to fight,
For right and for freedom, for truth and for right.

Now we leave for awhile, we may visit no more,
Yonder ancient and ven'erable temple of lore.

"But wherever we wander, whatever we do,
To the memories of youth let us ever be true;
And keep in our hearts two good wishes alive,"
For thee, Alma Mater, and thee, Eighty-five!

—A. B. BISHOP.

Class History.

BY W. T. FOOTE, JR.

Fellow classmates! Friends fair and erudite:—It was a beautiful day in September, 1881. The grey walls of "Old Union" seemed to smile a welcome on the hilarious crowd gathered about them. It was the first day of the term and the crowd was composed of all classes. The senior moves about just beginning to feel the dignity of his position, but the yell of delight with which he greets a newly arrived classmate shows that the enthusiasm of the boy is not forgotten. The juniors emulate the dignity of the seniors, but it is yet tainted by recollections of sophomore scrapes. The sophomore is easily recognized. He has no dignity to maintain, and the cry "Oh Frosh!" transports him with delight. By far the most conspicuous of the crowd was the freshman class, '85. They wandered about with as much certainty of direction as a flock of sheep, and whenever a yell was started they seemed to be expecting total annihilation. Hay seed seemed as likely to sprout in their hair as in any other freshman's. In fact the historian claims nothing remarkable for his class but their greenness at this embryonic stage,—but note the change. Would you ever suppose *now* that we had once asked the way to recitation rooms? Could you believe that Hammy Gibbes on hearing '85 shouted should ask what it meant? Would you suppose that because a sophomore pointed out dignified Prof. Wells as the baggageman that Doc. Jaycox would give him his check and order him to get his trunk? Yet so the stern muse bids me write. When the bell sounded for examinations we were directed to the old engineers' room. We found our

way there with difficulty, as a few kind-hearted sophomores told us that it took place in the round building, the dome of which had been constructed for that purpose. We afterward learned that this was merely a surmise on the part of the sophomore. As we took our seats there was a moment's silence in which we gazed about noting every detail, the old wooden seats carved with names and classes of twenty years ago. The arched, recessed doorway with its motto "*Aut disce, Aut Discede.*" The high, box-like desk and behind it the stern, noble countenance of a Prof. whose big gruff voice has for nearly twenty years struck awe into the hearts of the freshmen. May it continue to do so for as many years to come. For the first hour we stared at the board, fumbled our pencils and came to the conclusion that we could not pass and must return home disgraced. The first clause of the motto "*Either learn,*" we no longer see, but the last stares us in the face and tells us plainly to "*Get out.*" Another hour passed, our scattered wits returned and we were well started in our examinations.

That evening was a happy one. All our examinations passed we were now college students, who do nothing but have a good time. We light a lamp. To be sure our rooms were not fine although we paid \$35 for them, and the fellow we bought them of wrote that the engravings on the wall, furniture, stove and carpet were included. On the wall lithographs of Minnie Palmer and Lottie smiled bewitchingly on the stoical face of Henry Ward Beecher placed between. A sign mutely warns us that the transom is the "Exit in case of fire"; another explains the closet door to be the "Entrance to the dress circle," while a third tacked on the door announces the fact that "clam chowder will be served to-night." The bed was strong on account of two soap boxes under it. The table was profusely carved on top with names of societies and classes, while the kindling that had been taken from the one leg added to the quaint effect.

We were rudely interrupted in our glowing letter that we were writing home by a crowd of fifty fellows with fifty horns and fifty noises suddenly entering the room. As this particular freshman of whom I write was W. C. Mills, the tallest man in our class, the

sophomores picked out their smallest man to put him through. W. C. is rather bewildered and when the command comes: "Clear the table, frosh!" he hesitates, but with a despairing look at the crowd he obeys. "Take off your coat; now your collar and necktie; now you shoes. Get on the table." He does so amid the blowing of horns and the encouraging shouts of "Good frosh!" from the crowd. "Give us a song!" "I can't sing." "Oh! cheeky frosh, sing Yankee Doodle," and the horns blow and the canes rap the table oblivious of the fact that W. C.'s feet occupy a fair share of the top. He attempts Old Grimes is dead with doubtful success, the last part being drowned out by the horns. "Now dance." He shuffles his feet awkwardly. "Make a speech." He stutters painfully. "Yell for your class." "Good frosh." "What's your name?" "Spell it." "Spell it backward." "What's your best girl's name?" "Spell it." "Spell it backward." "Who was George Washington?" "Spell it." "Spell it backward." "Parse it." "Now lay on the table and swim," and they assist him to put his vest on for swimming trunks by putting his feet through the armholes and buttoning it about his waist. He places his awkward length on the table, or rather his body is on the table and his awkward length hangs over. The next moment he is lying on the floor with the table on top of him, the light out and the crowd going down stairs blowing their horns and looking for another victim. That night in his dreams he hears the discordant notes of the sophomores singing. "The freshman's life is not a happy one."

During the next few days we were all duly put on the table; then we decided to hold our first class meeting in room No. 4 at four o'clock. Some juniors had kindly informed us that we would be salted down as we went in and came out from the meeting. On inquiry we found this to mean that small paper bags of salt would be hurled at us in such a manner that hitting and exploding on the back of our necks it would thence flow down and deposit itself along the spinal column. The reason given for this peculiar custom is that freshmen being in a green, unripe state are apt to spoil, and hence he is salted.

At four o'clock '85 ran the gauntlet of salt bags and entered No. 4. How well that whole scene comes back. About 70 fellows were in the room all talking at once. Order was obtained and a chairman appointed. Artie Anable, whose voice had been loudest in the crowd, had the floor. I can see him now as with fierce countenance and wild gestures he harangues the crowd and advises us to go forth in a body and annihilate the crowd that dare to throw bags of salt in free America. A cheer greeted this speech and everyone clamored for the floor. "The gentleman with the beard has the floor." This gentleman had had a plug hat and a cane taken from him the day before by the sophomores and naturally advised moderation. His remarks were cut short by a shower of salt coming through the window. The door was hammered but resisted. This was followed by a silence broken by Prof. Staley's voice, in gentle and persuasive accents, advising the crowd to disperse. This produced a strangely soothing effect, and coming as it did from a man so much their elder I suppose the crowd saw logic and force in the advice and immediately disbanded, while we continued our meeting. By November 5th more class meetings had been held and class officers were elected.

It had been decided that the cane rush would be omitted from our college work. The faculty had come to the conclusion that it was not in the regular course and was not required for graduation. Some restless spirits, headed by McCauley, "Perk," "Dick" and G. Washington Ebaugh, decided that it was optional, and therefore could be taken by those who wished. Thirty-two of the class decided the same. The time for the rush was set for Saturday morning. All arrangements were completed. Saturday morning, during chapel, a lot of '85's doughty and most worthy knights arrayed for the fight. Their dress was most peculiar. "Sweety" had a suit of butternut colored overalls securely belted. Others had old flannel shirts and trousers that had long ago been Sunday ones. The whole were tightly belted; some from the arms down the waist with clothes line. (I would say that since that time the people of the hill have used gal-

vanized wire for clothes line, the cotton and hemp is now scarce.) We found out after the rush that winding clothes line from the arms down saves that much of the shirt that is beneath it. This is for the benefit of following classes. Just as chapel ended this motley gang appeared carrying a large cane. In a second they were surrounded by the sophomore and freshman classes and the fight began and lasted an hour. By this time many had been stripped to the waist, and as we fought against twice our number there was no time for rest; although Dick Franklin, when asked why he was not in, vowed that he was on the reserve force. Some fainted from the exertion, while others were kept out by their friends though it is told that "Eby" and his friend cried for more worlds to conquer. The rush ended by the cane being broken, '85 securing one part and '84 the other.

At the end of the winter term Algebra was cremated, and never did savage take more delight in destroying his enemy than we in burning Algebra. Our procession was over 60 strong. Arrayed in gowns of black, and proceeded by the drum and fife corps, we held our solemn way about the city. It would be immodest for me to state the gifts showered upon us the crowd. They consisted chiefly in elderly vegetables and embryonic chickens. We remonstrated with their lavishness but with no effect. At the funeral pyre our black gowns, streaked with yellow, produced a rich effect. It seemed to gratify the artistic eye of the crowd, who howled with delight whenever this effect was added to by more ochre. The Algebra was burned with the proper ceremonies, a dirge, oration, poem and two fights. The spring term opened with the plug hat and cane parade in which 60 took part.

Sophomore year we bravely undertook the responsibilities that we supposed rested upon us. The freshmen were put on the table, their set-up's eaten, they were properly salted, and in other ways trained in the way they should go. Mr. C., '86, had to be put up on the idol after undergoing the same operation in his room. We are sorry to report this the only case we failed to benefit; he has too much *Cole* cheek.

It might be well to draw the veil over

Tommy Addison's playful freaks. One evening he attached an iron dumb bell to a wire, heated it in his stove and then pitched it down the stairs in such a manner as to hit Prof. Wells' door. The professor went out, and seeing the dumb bell decided to stop the racket by capturing the dumb bell. He took it up and quickly dropped it while the dumb bell was quickly pulled up out of sight. Tommy had such a playful nature!

Spring term, '85 made herself famous on the ball ground by winning the Yates championship cup and giving to Union College the best pitcher and catcher she has ever had, Anable and McCauley.

Junior year passed smoothly by. We lost much of our sophomore spirit, though it still cropped out. One day while in the midst of recitation to Prof. Foster, a large and apparently healthy member of the class of '85 was seen to become chalky white, first on one and then the other side of his face; then a groan was heard, and the man with the chalky face dropped off the seat. Fowler assumed his most tragic attitude, and in a fear-struck voice said: "My heavens, professor, he has fainted!" whereat the man with the magnesia colored face was surrounded and carried down stairs. Once outside he was chucked into a snow bank. As this was not in the programme he immediately revived. It took half the class to carry him home, while the other half were too agitated to continue the recitation and were excused.

Senior year with its hard work, banquet and officer's set-up has swiftly run its course to the close. Kind friends, so far I have not shown you the dark side of student life. The side that has been pressed into our hearts by disappointments, work and sorrow. The side that the world hears so little of that it is apt to think college life but a happy utopian existence. Thrice has '85 followed all that remained of noble lives to the grave. First, McClumpha, the scholar of the class, was called, and death's black curtain was drawn across our brightest future. In our hearts will always live the memory and influence of that big hearted, genial, brilliant life. January last Professor Price died. The sad faces gathered about the coffin showed our love for him. To us, as a professor, he was all that was just, noble and christian. It is

not for feeble pen to eulogize such a life. Its influence sunk deep in our lives is its highest eulogy. Our lives were the better for his living. But three months ago Prof. Hawley, who seemed so strong in his magnificent physique was dead. We had known him only a few months, but already his earnest christian life had won our hearts. In his death we mourn a life whose manly qualities foretold a future of good to his fellowman.

Over those pure lives we draw no veil,
For untimely death we have no wail,
Their influence rolls from an echoing shore
And lives in our lives forever more.

To-night, brother classmates, we meet for the last time as the class of '85. For four years we have labored and longed for this day. Still, now that it has arrived, the thought that such is the case has in it quite as much of sadness as of joy. And standing on the threshold of life's great workshop, our retrospective glance is dulled by a tear which trembles and falls as we raise our hats to Old Union and a happy past.

—W. T. FOOTE, JR.

Prophecy.

BY FRANK BAILEY, '85.

IT was at the close of an eventful day in June, that your prophet, weary and oppressed by an unusual burden, sought his humble couch. During the day that had passed an unexpected and terrible occurrence had taken place, such as had never before occurred during his residence at Union University. To account for the cause of this unusual event would require a mind more deeply versed in ethical sciences than he possesses, who now has the honor to address you; so you must be content merely with the facts of the case, with their effects upon the prophet's gastronomic and mental organs, and leave the causes for future meditation and research.

The larder of the prophet's landlady had been unexpectedly placed at the disposal of the boarders. O but was it not full of pies! Why the landlady so did, as I remarked before, I leave you to conjecture. The result was a larder void of pies, and the boarders—well the effect on the prophet is but an example. The sudden receptance of three, four,

and even six pieces of pie, where before one piece was deemed the acme of happiness could but bring about disastrous results. Could a day such as described be other than eventful to one alone and orphaned, away from the familiar scenes where two, yea even three pieces of pie are not considered a luxury? O! you who have not experienced that craving, that longing, that uncontrollable desire for home made pie when far away from relatives and familiar faces, may you be ever kept in extreme ignorance of the fierceness of the passion, is the prophet's prayer!

It was at the close of this day that he had sought his humble couch. After the unusual excitement many long hours were passed before sleep greeted his weary eyes; and when it did come, it was only to make possible those frightful fantasies, those horrid images which appear to the unfortunate, only after excessive indulgence in—pie.

Long and wearily had the prophet waited for a dream in which he could see that book which all prophets see, and whereby he could learn the future of the class of '85. Little, however, did he imagine that the dream would come under such, to say the least, unromantic circumstances. But the time was at hand. Six pieces of pie were accomplishing what long days of fasting and nightly vigils had failed to do. * * It was midnight. The rising sun was slowly setting in the East, when the prophet in his dream, urged by some invisible power, journeyed far into the forest. Far past Schenectady, Scotia, and other cities of world-wide reputation walked the prophet, unwilling, you may be sure, to undergo the physical effort attendant upon such a midnight jaunt. After the prophet had with difficulty propelled himself over a distance of at least two miles, wearied by his labor, heated by his midnight toil, tortured by the unusual obstruction to his digestive organs, his further progress was hindered by the interposition of an object seldom seen in this life, but to whom, I fear, many of this audience will some time in the future pay all due allegiance. The object had the form of a man, large and muscular. Every part was abnormally developed. His head was extensive, long and lank, stretching far from his body like the head of an ancient canal mule. The mouth in this large

head was long, broad and deep—but possibly the prophet was frightened and terror excited his imaginative powers to their greatest extent. To be sure the prophet saw his forked appendage and perceived the odoriferous properties of his breath, which were of a decided Wiencke flavor. With such an object, in a lonely forest, far from classical influences, the prophet tremblingly stood. Slowly but surely each individual hair assumed a position perpendicular to the plane of the prophet's head. To attempt to escape was useless. Beyond a particle of doubt, the prophet was captured by that being to whom, in company with Henry Ward Beecher and Bob Ingersoll, the prophet is afraid that he will be obliged, some day in the future, to do reverence. Noticing, however, that under his arm this supernatural being carried a large, well-thumbed book, hope arose in the breast of the prophet. Perhaps it is to this being, that it has been delegated to give to the prophet that book which for ages past has furnished the prophets of high schools, seminaries and colleges with that store of information and that abundance of jokes which it has been the duty of the prophet to expostulate and of a highly appreciative audience to commend. Receiving courage from the sight of the book, and the thought which had suggested itself, the prophet humbly bowed and addressed this shape as follows:

"O! most high and honorable potentate, supreme ruler of the world below, grant I beseech your future subject an opportunity to mark, learn and inwardly digest that book of life which will foretell to him the future existence of the class of eighty-five?"

All expectant the prophet stood awaiting the answer upon which, as he then considered, depended the success of his office. Soon, as if aroused from a dream, the being replied:

"O! most humble mortal, upon one condition will the contents of this book be known unto you. Give into my hand 13 cents, and I will furnish you with an abundance of jokes which will gain for you rich honors."

Now, although beneficent services should receive munificent rewards, the prophet had not sufficient means to meet the demand, for he was slightly financially embarrassed. Thinking, however, that the same experi-

ment so successfully tried by the unaccustomed church goer might here serve him, he quickly brought forth a lead ten cent piece, two buttons and a pool check, and rashly presented them to the expectant being. No sooner, however, had the King of Sheol seen what the prophet presented, and not waiting explanation which the prophet would willingly have given him, he stretched forth his hand, seized the prophet, and thrice around his head he whirled him, then suddenly releasing his hold he sent the unfortunate prophet spinning through space. Consciousness soon was lost. How long the prophet was in this condition it is impossible to estimate. The next incident he recalls is the suddenness with which his journey was ended. Before he could collect his senses, however, he was surrounded by a crowd of supernatural beings with one of whom the following conversation occurred:

"Who art thou, most lowly mortal, that darest to intrude your presence into the company of immortals?"

"I am," replied the prophet, "indeed a mortal, unjustly punished for a seeming misdemeanor. Where am I? Who are you?"

"You are upon the surface of the moon. We are former inhabitants of Schenectady."

"But why," interrupted the prophet, "do you who are immortal reside here?"

"Because," continued the speaker, "the Almighty has decreed that no being who will acknowledge, as his place of residence, a city with such a depot, shall be judged worthy of entering the divine presence."

"What year is it?" inquired the prophet. "How are you kept informed of the deeds of your former fellow citizens?"

"It is the year 1901. By our telescope and telephone," said they, "are we informed of the daily action of all the inhabitants of the world."

At last luck was in favor of the prophet. Now was the opportunity to learn the future of his class. "Lead me, I pray you," said he, "where I too can see how the inhabitants of the world progress."

A guide was furnished and quickly the prophet was brought to the mountain of observation, and there, by means of a new and powerful telescope and a wonderful adaptation of the telephone, the prophet saw

and heard many strange things which he will straightway tell you. Upon turning the telescope toward the earth the first object distinctly seen was a ship quietly steaming over Lake Michigan. Upon the deck a familiar sight greet the prophet's eye, it was Samuel Barlow Coffin. "Sep" had a sort of wistful look, as if unhappy or perhaps homesick. Telephonic connection was made with the steamer, and thus the prophet was enabled to carry on a long conversation. That which is of interest to you I will repeat.

"You seem to be unhappy, 'Sep,' what troubles you? You used to be as happy as a school girl. Why now this sadness?"

"O! this water!" he replied.

"How is that?"

"Glory! the sight of so much *drinking* water makes me gag."

That was always one of "Sep's" troubles. A lack of a thorough appreciation of the good qualities of drinking water. The prophet learned that "Sep" was in the undertaking business in Kentucky. Refrigerators, shrouds, tears, gravestones, sepulchres, coffins and other graveyard appliances furnished upon the shortest notice. If you should happen to be in the neighborhood of Louisville, in the year 1901, drop in and allow him an opportunity to show his skill.

By an unintended jar of the instrument the field of vision was suddenly changed to Utah. Whom do you think the prophet there saw, especially since in that country now woman, not man is the unit of society? William Hutchinson and Edward Terrill were there, twin husbands of a fair damsel. Their names were changed after they entered the marriage state, as prescribed in the Mormon ritual. It became—well names escape one's memory easily. Terrill was taking care of babies number one, three and eight. Hutchinson, with a young man who, in due season, is to be husband number three, took care of the rest of the family. Both "Dick" and "Hutch" wear their hair closely cut; not so, they informed me, because their religious belief requires it, but because the female portion is the presiding element in their family.

While the telescope was turned westerly, it occurred to the prophet that perhaps he could discover one of his classmates, who at

the close of his college course, was intending to seek his fortune in the West. After searching many Western states in vain, the prophet's attention was arrested by what seemed to be a monstrosity of nature. It was a white-headed Chinaman. Severson was the proprietor of a good laundry business, and earned his "victuals" with but little trouble. He started in the West as a cowboy. The first tussle with a government mule was far from a drawn battle. He recovered after two years, but ambition was gone. Hence the position in which the prophet found him. Frank had a lovely cue, and his blue Father Hubbard, such as all Chinaman wear, was cut in the latest fashion.

On the railroad running between Sheol-Mouth and Hole-in-the-Ground, two prominent cities in Arizona, your prophet discovered two familiar faces. Both were engineers in college, and still follow their profession. James Henry Stephen McCarty, engineered a coal shovel on the locomotive of the gravel train, and Francis Elihu Grane propelled dirt from the ground to the cars of this train. Such is the fate of the (un)civil engineer.

Another accidental turn of the telescope and the scene was Schenectady, where many of the class of '85 still reside. Opposite the postoffice, upon a bill-board, the prophet saw a large poster. It read as follows: Salvation Army. Grand Hallelujah Wedding. Captain Munsell and his two assistants, Pull-the-Devil-out-by-the-Heels-Kate and Pound-Sheol-out-of-the-head-of-the-Drum-Susan, in command. Grand Devil Act, Etc. Come One Come All! Comrade Alvin Barber Bishop to be united in marriage with Devil-Driving-Sarah. Yes! "Barber" was to be married. The prophet never thought he would, did you? William Harlow Munsell was in the command of the Schenectady barracks and was recognized, so the prophet learned, as the most skillful tambourine twirler in the army. But a word more about our poet. Bishop wrote one more poem after the class poem. He took it to the *Star* office. He never came out again. Thus the world is rid of another "love poet."

But now, my hearers, whom else do you think the prophet saw in Schenectady? It was the hour of

midnight—year 1901. *Personæ Dramatis* Ebaugh and Cow. Yes, George Washington is at his same old tricks. Once a year, compelled by the force of habit, that unyielding monster, he makes a pilgrimage to Schenectady, that in person as of old he may extract unobserved the lacteal beverage from the frisky bovine. O, you who are now weaving that strong net of habit about you take warning from Ebaugh's sad fate and reform before it is yet too late! When at home Ebaugh is a mechanic. One day he so far forgot himself as to strike two successive blows with a hammer. A long fit of sickness ensued. You know Ebaugh never did agree with work.

In the beautiful resting place of the dead of Schenectady a marble shaft with Edmund Taylor Perkins, Jr., cut in handsome letters, next greeted the prophet's eye. Yes, it was the last resting place of "Eli" the prophet saw. "Eli" was no longer among the living. He was a good-hearted fellow, and how the prophet's heart grieves to think of his demise! In college he was famous for kindness of heart. Never did he send a poor beggar or peddler away from his door, but always told him to go to the next story below and Bailey would be glad to help him. How "Eli" must be missed (?) by his immediate friends. Immediately upon graduation he became imbued with a desire to develop his artistic talent. He went to Rome and spent his time in modeling a bust of himself to be placed in the central building, as a fitting memorial of the achievements of the Union College ball nine during the season of '85. He finished the bust as far as the smile. That was too much for him, he died while vainly trying to complete it.

Lewald, too, remained in Schenectady. He was an assistant builder. He engineered a hod.

Morey, immediately upon graduation, accepted the position of Professor of Elocution in the Classical Institute. He was busy in exercising the pupils in oratory, and not in teaching them to sing "Jesus Lover of My Soul" and other stage effects.

But a little change of position and the scene was Lishas Kill. Bond was still ring-master of that hippodrome over which he now has jurisdiction. "Turk" had been in-

tending to resign his position for a long time, but his susceptibility for the fair sex, which you know our worthy vice president possesses to a high degree, prevented.

Those in our class who studied for the ministry the prophet discovered in New York. Of the $2\frac{1}{2}$ who intend to make that profession their work only $1\frac{1}{2}$ remained fast to their determination—Vaughn and Barhydt. Vaughn, taking advantage of the fondness of the female sex for that which is a minister, soon married a rich wife. He had a large church in New York, read a fifteen minutes' sermon once per week, and was having an easy time generally when the prophet saw him.

Barhydt, who with regard to piety counted only $\frac{1}{2}$ but in the amount of conversation that he could articulate in one minute was equal to at least 17, was also a minister in New York city. He had a large church—but beware, he always has a new barrel of big words handy which he opens on the slightest provocation, and woe to the man who comes within their power.

But Griswold. Now my hearers the prophet has a sad tale to unfold. Soon after leaving college that formerly upright Henry DeWitt Griswold told his first lie. From that time it is sad to follow the rapid fall of this innocent youth. Lower and lower each year he went, yea even in the year 1901 he became proprietor of a roller skating rink. "How the mighty have fallen." "O Babylon! how thou hast degenerated."

From New York the scene was changed to Troy. There, of course, the prophet expected to find John Joseph McSorley, Jr. "Mac" never left his native place but resided there in 1901, hoary and gray, bowed down with grief. Soon after graduation "Sorley" became infatuated with a beautiful young lady in Troy. Exalted by the success of his Ivy Poem he one day, not long before they were to have been one, wrote a short ode of affection to her. She has never been seen since, and "Sorley," from that time forth, has spent a life of sorrow.

But a trifle of change in the direction of the instrument and the field of vision included Gloversville. There Egelston resided and there Mills was spending a happy existence.

Of Egelston, the prophet learned that he was married and had been the father of one child. Alfred Calvin Egelston sang to it one day. The child died. The prophet always expected that Egelston's singing would be the death of somebody; but he thought that Dr. Darling, who stood so near him every Sunday, would be the one to suffer from his singing; but no, it was a poor little innocent child. Mills, also, soon married, but he had better luck. A drummer eloped with his wife and six children. Thus good fortune always attends some people through life and again disproves that frequently stated problem that as "there is no marriage in heaven, there is no heaven in marriage."

Delaney was found enjoying life as proprietor of the same menagerie he now manages, with the exception of Perkins of whom the prophet has already told you. Johnson still plays third base, Dorwin second, etc.

Stryker was found in a restaurant in Key West. He was at the time the prophet saw him having an altercation with the waiter because the toothpicks were not warmed. Stryker was afraid of taking cold. He was always fastidious.

Of all the things the prophet saw from this lofty pinnacle he can but mention a part. Time is flying and he must preceed; but he must stop a moment and pay a passing tribute to "The Blonde from Kinderhook." Bradley, 5 years after graduation, invented a new style of liver pad. Honor him now for the benefit he will confer upon the human race, for in this world of sin, misery and democrats there is nought so worthy of admiration as deeds which tend to lesson the evils to which the human flesh is heir.

As the prophet discovered by much inquiry, Fowler, soon after graduation, joined a minstrel show. He soon died of grief, however, because of the failure of an audience to appreciate his jokes.

Iglehart went to an isle in the Pacific. He was a cannibal, and such an appetite for man as he had, one never saw before. He always did agree with everybody.

Gibbes was found occupying the position of instructor in the higher branches of roller skating at the Schenectady Coliseum. "Ham-

mie" is not married yet. Too bad. Who would have thought it

Sweetland was seen by the prophet addressing the jury in a Scotia court room. It was a pitiful sight. The room contained thirteen persons—twelve jurymen and Monroe M. Sweetland, "Swetee" was summing up a case, for the rest of the court had flown. The jurymen were on their knees imploring Sweetland to discontinue his address. But no, he would not. The prophet watched the progress of events until three jurymen were carried out actually talked to death. He could look no further. Powerless to help the poor fellows he could but sympathize with them, for he once knew what it was to so suffer.

Richards was a doctor of great renown. Only an arm and collar button of a victim of a recent explosion were found, but under "Dick's" skillful treatment a whole man was made.

Mitchell can no longer travel for half fare. His present fighting weight is 234. He has been engineering the knife and fork of late years. You would hardly recognize him.

Two of the class had as yet escaped the prophet's observation, and it was only after the most careful search that their whereabouts were discovered.

Frank Ray, the prophet found in a southern city. Of course, he was sleeping. Frank, while in college, always slept about 25 hours a day. He had not even slept out yet. Those montague bangs still looked as charming as ever, and his smile still had its enticing beauty.

That "Blue-Eyed, Gray-Haired Darling" from Port Henry, the prophet found in his native village. In place of the present adolescent down upon his lip. Foote had a lovely moustache, and was otherwise prosperous.

Well, the prophet has now told you a word or two of every one of his former classmates. He has endeavored to tell only that part of their life which would be of peculiar interest to you. Whole pages of interesting facts he has from necessity left unwritten.

The return trip from the moon was never made; the ringing of the chapel bell disturbed the illusion and the prophet was recalled to earthly duties. These sayings

you have so patiently listened to, are the chronicles of what he saw. The responsibility rests not with the prophet but with the actors in the scene. However, should anyone be so rash as to otherwise judge, he will find that the prophet's room will be from this time forth well guarded. Two blunderbusses, a bowie knife and a freshman will give a warm reception to those who call with evil intentions, and a bevy of Schenectady policemen are waiting at the church door to escort him safely to his domicile.

EDITORIAL GOSSIP.

The legal profession as a whole is immeasurably below that of other countries and the same is true of all the professions.

It is mainly on his college training that the professional man must depend for his preparation to meet these various calls.

There are thirty thousand places in the state calling for educated men and every year sixty-two of the men filling these positions are retired from duty by death or age.

The *statistics* of the class of '85 which we had intended to publish in this number, we have been unable to obtain; not more than half for whom blanks had been prepared having filled and returned them.

By the census of 1880, there were in the state 6,701 clergymen, 9,459 lawyers, 9,272 physicians, 1,806 architects and engineers, 391 chemists, and metallurgists, 2,111 authors and journalists, and 675 professors in colleges.

Is it best in a college course to exact from all the study of Latin and Greek? Without hesitation we say that any young man purposing to enter a profession will be better prepared for it by a thoroughly classical training than any other.

Our college course must be planned for the average healthy mind. For this nothing has ever been found so effective as the study of the classical languages and mathematics. Every student should be required to be familiar with these branches.

The graduating class of the Union Classical Institute held very creditable class-day

exercises indeed, but it seems to us that they would be much improved by dispensing with the history on history and prophecy on prophecy and have but one of each.

Every member of a profession is also a member of society and his training should fit him for the one as well as the other. A man cannot be a lawyer, minister, or physician and nothing else. Eight hours out of the twenty-four he may be engaged in his profession but during his other waking hours his friends demand that he shall be a friend.

Prof. Chaplin has received an offer from Harvard which he has accepted. While we are exceedingly sorry to lose him, we can hardly blame the professor for going, as the position from a financial standpoint is much more desirable than the one which he has held here. His new duties at Harvard are to superintend the school of engineering.

The Rev. Joseph T. Duryea, D. D., pastor of the Central Congregational church, Boston, who has been invited to the presidency of the college, is a man whose name has been received with singular favor by the alumni. As a scholar and orator, Dr. Duryea occupies a high place, and is possessed of qualities that fit him eminently for the position to which he has been called. A business training which he received preliminary to his professional career has prepared him thoroughly for the business duties of a college president. *Harper's Weekly* of July 4, speaking of him says: "The Rev. Joseph T. Duryea, D. D., who has been offered the presidency of Union college, at Schenectady, New York, is probably as well fitted for that position as any other clergyman in the United States. He possesses to a remarkable degree the power of interesting young men in himself and his views, and few graduates of Princeton college are as popular as he on commencement occasions, or have so often been invited by the students to deliver addresses. Dr. Duryea has long been considered a shining light of Princeton, although during his present pastorate in Boston his Calvinistic views have become slightly modified. He was the valedictorian of the class of '56, and for years afterward the eloquence of his farewell address to his classmates was a tradition on

the campus. While pursuing his studies at the Princeton theological seminary he acted as tutor of rhetoric in the college and gained a strong hold upon the affections of his pupils. He next became the pastor of a Presbyterian church in Troy, and afterward the pastor of the Collegiate Reformed church in this city and of the Classon Avenue Presbyterian church in Brooklyn, which under his charge grew rapidly in wealth and numbers. His friends are legion. From the beginning of his public life he has taken special interest in the management of institutions of learning. Those who know him best have often predicted that he would crown his career by becoming the president of a college, and he has already declined several invitations to occupy such a position. He is about fifty-two years of age, of slight figure and average height, extremely generous and hopeful in disposition, a capital conversationalist, winning in manner, and—to use the language of the late Professor Charles Hodge, his old preceptor and associate—a natural orator. In scholarship his specialty is mental science, although he has long been an arduous student of New Testament Greek." In case of Dr. Duryea's acceptance, he will have the support of 4,000 of the alumni, whose reviving interest in their Alma Mater has determined them to restore the college to the high position it occupied when Dr. Nott was at its head. For a man of Dr. Duryea's ability and eminent social standing, there is a good field at Union, and one where with such support he cannot fail to be a success. Since receiving the appointment, Dr. Duryea has visited the college, carefully inspected the buildings, and it is thought his impression of the college was favorable. Those who have the best means of knowing his intentions believe he will accept.

Hon. J. S. Landon delivered the annual address before the graduates of the Albany law school.

Dr. Francis Wharton addressed the students of the Columbia law school upon the Evolution of Law.

The presidents of Cornell, Vassar, and Middlebury colleges have each tendered their resignations.

LOCAL.

Voting by proxy for alumni trustee has been abolished.

✓John K. Paige, '65, has been appointed postmaster at this city.

'48. S. W. Bent has been appointed naval officer of the port of New York city.

✓W. A. Waddell, '82, has been appointed registrar and assistant treasurer for the coming year.

Hon. Warner Miller, class of '60, addressed the alumni at the banquet in the "round" building.

Thirteen freshmen have entered for the coming year. A larger number than have entered so early for several years.

At the recent meeting of the trustees, tuition in the three courses—classical, scientific and engineering—was reduced from \$35 to \$25 per term.

✓James R. Truax, '76, has been appointed adjunct Prof. of Rhetoric and English Literature, and Tutor Henry F. DePuy, adjunct Prof. of Mathematics.

The seven member of the class of 1835 who were in attendance at the commencement exercises were entertained at the residence of Professor Foster. The supper was gotten up by Schumacher and the occasion was one which the aged graduates will never forget. Hon. A. J. Harmon, of Oswego, presided.

Most of the students will regret to learn of the death of "Aumie," Mrs. Maria Nicolis, who has passed away since college closed. For over 40 years she had charge of the rooms in South college, and no one of the characters about college was during that time a greater favorite than she. Though unable to attend to her duties since the middle of the winter term the death of the rugged "Aumie" comes as a surprise, and removes from the college a figure, which if not graceful had a warm heart, and which seldom failed to leave a bright spot in the memory of every student with whom she was brought in contact.

In addition to J. H. McClure being elected president of the alumni association, the following were also chosen; Douglass Campbell, of New York, first vice-president; Hon. Neil Gilmour, Ballston Spa, second vice-president; Hon. A. A. Yates, Schenectady, corresponding secretary; Geo. R. Donnan, Troy, recording secretary; Jonathon Pearson, Schenectady, treasurer.

More than half the members of the class of '84 were present at this commencement. They met at Schumacher's Tuesday evening, where supper awaited them, and spent a pleasant hour or two discussing "old times" and the work of the boys since leaving college. They have printed a neat little volume containing a concise account of the doings of the class for the past year.

The class of '65, met at nine o'clock at Power's hall, and from that time until three the next morning the conversation on old days never ceased. In the absence of President D. N. Lockwood, Hon. J. L. Meredith, of Williamsport, Pa. presided. The following officers were elected to serve ten years; Hon. J. L. Meredith, president; Rev. S. D. Rossiter, New York, vice president; Cady Staley, Schenectady, secretary; John Keyes Paige, Schenectady, treasurer.

A junior, and a sophomore who received invitations to the closing exercises of the Classical Institute, felt in duty bound to present the fair one inviting them with a basket of flowers, as she was to appear upon the stage. They were averse, however, to being seen carrying flowers on the street, so acting upon a bright idea occurring to one of them a small boy was found who for a dime agreed to carry them and present them to the proper person. We have yet to learn whether or not the lady for whom they were intended received them.

Howard Dudley Johnstown; Rev. A. V. V. Raymond, Plainfield, N. J.; Rev. Stanley D. Jewell, Big Flats; Dr. J. L. Schoolcraft and John E. Myers, Schenectady; Louis Oppenheim, Rev. James R. Trux, George O. Van DeBogert, Dr. Edward Whitehorne, New York; George Pearson, Kalamazoo, Mich.; John Veeder, Las Vegas, N. M., and C. C. Bowman, Scranton, Pa., of the class of 1875,

held their reunion at the Merchants' hotel. The gentlemen sat at the table from six until eleven o'clock. Howard Dudley presided. The officers elected to serve until 1895 are: Rev. A. V. V. Raymond, president; George O. Van DeBogert, vice president; Dr. J. L. Schoolcraft, secretary and treasurer; Rev. Stanley D. Jewell, historian. It was decided to publish a history of the class, and Messrs. Raymond, Jewell and Schoolcraft were appointed a committee to superintend the matter.

No graduating class of Union college ever gave so handsome a ball as that given by '85 at the armory. This fact was admitted by all, and every one was more than willing to give all praise to Messrs. Frank M. Severson, Everett Fowler and E. T. Perkins, jr., the gentleman who had it in charge and on whose shoulders had rested the responsibility of making it a success. That they did so is beyond a doubt; nothing about it could have been improved on. There was a large attendance, but as the guests danced in the mammoth drill-room there was no crush, and all could move about comfortably. Great taste had been exercised in preparing and decorating the dancing apartment and the effect produced was novel, instantly reminding all who entered, that they were in the domain of college boys. Suspended from the ceiling far above the floor was a canoe, on which the paddles were crossed so that it appeared to be about to start on a voyage; opposite each other on the north and south walls were excellent portraits of the late Drs. Isaac W. Jackson and Tayler Lewis. At intervals around the room on the walls were placed base ball bats, foils, boxing gloves, lawn tennis rackets and nettings, and many other articles dear to the heart of an athletic student. There were several other attempts at ornamentation, which, although extremely simple, served to add to the general good effect. The music was furnished by Parlatti and of course was perfect. An immense crash covered the floor which seemed expressly made to dance upon.

Syracuse University conferred the degree of A. B. upon twenty-four gentlemen and one lady.

Base Ball Record.**CORNELL 14—UNION 7.**

After two crushing defeats at the hands of the R. P. I., Union, strengthened by the addition of McDonald from the U. C. Institute as pitcher, played a very strong game with Cornell.

UNION.	A.	B.	R.	IB.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Dorwin, 2b.....	5	2	2	2	3	1		
La Monte, s. s.....	4	0	0	0	3	2		
Landon, 1b.....	4	0	0	11	0	2		
Earl, r. f.....	5	0	0	1	0	0		
Begley, c.....	5	2	2	6	1	0		
Hunsicker, l. f.....	4	0	0	1	1	4		
McDonald, p.....	4	1	1	1	9	1		
Johnson, 3b.....	4	1	1	1	0	0		
Perkins, c. f.....	4	1	1	1	0	0		
Totals.....	40	7	7	24	17	10		
CORNELL.	A.	B.	R.	IB.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Hall, c.....	6	2	1	17	1	3		
Taylor, 3b.....	6	1	0	2	3	2		
Olin, 2b.....	5	1	3	0	0	1		
Dimon, s. s.....	6	2	1	0	2	2		
Smith, 1b.....	5	2	2	6	0	1		
Ingalls, c. f.....	6	2	0	0	0	0		
Newbury, p.....	4	1	1	2	17	0		
White, r. f.....	5	1	0	0	0	0		
Ruyter, l. f.....	5	2	0	0	0	0		
Totals.....	48	14	8	27	23	9		

HAMILTON 20—UNION 4.

On May 20th Union played Hamilton at Clinton. After much dispute over the pitching rules the game began at 4 P. M. Begley injured his finger in the first inning and McDonald caught, Furman pitching. The game only lasted five innings when Union gave up. The treatment which the Union boys received on the grounds at Hamilton was disgraceful in the extreme.

UNION.	A.	B.	R.	IB.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Furman, p.....	3	0	0	1	8	1		
McDonald, c.....	2	0	0	8	2	2		
Dorwin, 2b.....	2	0	1	1	1	2		
La Monte, s. s.....	2	1	0	0	1	1		
Landon, 1b.....	2	1	0	4	0	2		
Perkins, c. f.....	2	1	0	0	0	1		
Hunsicker, r. f.....	2	0	0	0	1	0		
Johnson, 3b.....	2	1	0	0	2	0		
Earl, l. f.....	2	0	0	1	0	1		
Totals.....	19	4	1	15	15	10		
HAMILTON.	A.	B.	R.	IB.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Larrabee, c.....	5	3	1	6	3	2		
Bartlett, s. s.....	4	4	1	0	0	1		
Smith, 2b.....	4	2	2	2	0	1		
Van Kennon, 1b.....	5	1	1	2	0	2		
Colson, l. f.....	4	2	1	1	0	0		
Eells, c. f.....	4	1	0	1	0	0		
Gardner, r. f.....	4	3	0	0	0	0		
Lathrop, p.....	4	1	2	0	6	1		
Johnson, 3b.....	4	3	0	3	0	1		
Totals.....	38	20	8	15	9	8		

UNION 26—ROCHESTER 12.

On May 22d the Rochesters fell easy victims to Union.

UNION.	A.	B.	R.	IB.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Begley, c. and l. f.....	6	5	3	7	4	2		
McDonald, p.....	7	4	3	1	7	0		
Dorwin, 2b.....	7	3	3	1	2	2		
La Monte, s. s.....	7	4	4	1	1	0		
Landon, 1b.....	7	3	5	12	1	1		
Johnson, 3b.....	7	1	1	2	3	1		
Hunsicker, c. f.....	7	1	4	1	0	0		
Delaney, r. f.....	5	2	0	0	0	0		
Earl, l. f. and c.....	6	3	2	2	2	0		
Totals.....	59	26	25	27	20	6		
ROCHESTER.	A.	B.	R.	IB.	P.	O.	A.	E.
West, s. s.....	4	3	2	2	4	3		
Gorsline, 1b and p.....	4	1	2	6	2	0		
McDonald, c.....	5	2	1	6	3	1		
Brown, p. and 1b.....	5	2	2	3	4	2		
Kiefer, 3b.....	5	2	2	2	0	4		
Morris, l. f.....	3	0	0	2	0	2		
C. Smith, c. f.....	5	2	1	4	0	1		
D. Smith, 2b.....	5	0	0	2	3	1		
Lynch, r. f.....	5	0	1	0	1	1		
Totals.....	41	12	11	25	15	15		

SYRACUSE 18—UNION 10.

On Monday, May 25th, the nine started on their trip and played their first game at Syracuse. On the 25th the game was interrupted at end of second innings on account of rain, the score standing 5 to 4 in favor of Union. The next day she was not so fortunate.

UNION.	A.	B.	R.	IB.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Begley, c. and 2b.....	5	1	1	3	2	1		
McDonald, p.....	5	0	0	0	8	3		
Dorwin, 2b and c.....	5	2	2	5	3	2		
La Monte, s. s.....	5	1	1	3	2	1		
Landon, 1b.....	5	2	1	9	0	1		
Johnson, 3b.....	5	2	2	4	1	0		
Hunsicker, l. f.....	5	0	1	1	1	2		
Perkins, c. f.....	4	0	0	2	0	1		
Furman, r. f.....	5	2	0	0	0	0		
Totals.....	44	10	6	27	16	11		
SYRACUSE.	A.	B.	R.	IB.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Hutchinson, s. s.....	4	4	3	0	2	1		
Wood, 3b.....	5	0	1	2	0	0		
Bovingdow, 1b.....	6	1	0	9	0	2		
Drake, p.....	6	2	2	2	12	2		
Hawkins, c.....	6	2	1	9	1	1		
Hall, r. f.....	6	3	2	1	0	0		
Leete, l. f.....	6	3	2	1	0	1		
Bronner, 2b.....	6	1	1	3	2	3		
Kennedy, c. f.....	6	2	1	0	0	1		
Totals.....	57	18	13	27	27	11		

UNION 16—HOBART 15.

This game ran along smoothly until the second inning, when the umpire decided that a certain run did not score, but on appeal to the surrounding crowd after an inning or two had elapsed reversed his decision. Union refused to accept this, and the game standing a tie at the end of the 9th, counting this run,

Union played another inning, under protest, in which Hobart scored 7 runs. The game will be brought to the notice of the next inter-collegiate meeting when we will probably be sustained. The following is the score for the first 9 innings:

UNION.	A.	B.	R.	IB.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Begley, 2b.....	5	2	1	5	5	0		
McDonald, p.....	4	2	1	3	10	1		
Dorwin, c.....	3	3	1	4	2	0		
La Monte, s. s.....	5	2	1	0	4	2		
Landon, 1b.....	6	1	1	11	0	1		
Johnson, 3b.....	6	2	2	1	0	2		
Hunsicker, l. f.....	6	2	2	1	1	0		
Perkins, c. f.....	4	1	1	1	0	0		
Delaney, r. f.....	5	1	1	1	0	0		
Totals.....	44	16	11	27	22	6		

HOBART.	A.	B.	R.	IB.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Oliver, s. s.....	5	3	2	1	4	2		
Howe, 2b and p.....	4	4	2	0	10	1		
Watson, 3b and p.....	6	1	3	0	7	2		
Pearson, 1b.....	6	2	1	9	0	1		
Way, c.....	3	2	0	10	1	0		
Kingsley, l. f. and 3b....	5	1	1	1	0	3		
Harston, c. f.....	3	1	0	3	0	1		
Milligan, r. f.....	4	1	0	1	0	0		
Halley, 3b and l. f.....	5	0	0	2	0	0		
Totals.....	41	15	9	27	22	10		

CORNELL 28—UNION 2.

The 28th of May was a sorry day for Union, as she was badly defeated by Cornell. McDonald showed the effects of pitching for three consecutive days.

UNION.	A.	B.	R.	IB.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Begley, 2b and c.....	4	1	1	11	0	2		
McDonald, p.....	5	0	1	2	9	0		
Dorwin, c. and 2b.....	5	0	1	3	0	1		
La Monte, s. s.....	3	0	0	1	2	2		
Landon, 1b.....	4	1	1	4	0	2		
Johnson, 3b.....	4	0	1	2	1	1		
Hunsicker, l. f.....	4	0	1	1	0	0		
Perkins, c. f.....	3	0	0	2	0	3		
Delaney, r. f.....	4	0	1	1	0	0		
Totals.....	36	2	7	27	12	11		

CORNELL.	A.	B.	R.	IB.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Hall, c.....	7	4	6	19	0	1		
Taylor, 3b.....	7	3	4	0	0	0		
Smith, 1b.....	7	4	3	5	1	1		
Dimon, s. s.....	7	5	3	0	3	0		
Ruyter, 2b.....	7	4	4	0	1	0		
Newbury, p.....	7	2	1	2	17	1		
Aldrich, r. f.....	6	3	3	0	0	0		
Schriner, c. f.....	7	2	2	1	0	0		
Johnson, l. f.....	6	1	0	0	0	0		
Totals.....	61	28	26	27	22	3		

SCHENECTADY CITYS 20—UNION 12.

On Decoration Day Union was defeated by the Schenectady Citys. Landon, Hunsicker and Perkins were absent, and Furman pitched the first two innings.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Schenectady Citys....	5	7	2	1	0	1	1	3	x—20
Union.....	1	0	5	2	0	1	0	2	0—12

UNION 19—HOBART 15.

Union easily defeated Hobart on the campus, June 9th.

UNION.	A.	B.	R.	IB.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Begley, c.....	6	5	3	9	4	0		
McDonald, p.....	5	1	0	1	12	2		
Dorwin, 2b.....	6	3	2	1	1	0		
La Monte, s. s.....	4	2	0	1	4	0		
Landon, 1b.....	4	3	3	14	1	1		
Johnson, 3b.....	5	1	0	1	2	0		
Hunsicker, l. f.....	5	2	1	0	0	1		
Perkins, c. f.....	4	2	0	0	0	0		
Earl, r. f.....	5	0	0	0	1	1		
Totals.....	44	19	9	27	25	5		

HOBART.	A.	B.	R.	IB.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Oliver, s. s.....	5	2	1	1	0	1		
Howe, 2b.....	4	3	1	1	2	1		
Watson, 3b and p.....	6	1	1	2	12	0		
Pearson, 1b.....	4	2	1	14	0	4		
Parshall, p. and 3b.....	5	1	2	0	4	4		
Way, c.....	5	2	2	7	0	3		
Jewett, l. f.....	5	0	1	2	0	0		
Milligan, c. f.....	3	2	0	0	1	0		
Jarvis, r. f.....	2	2	0	0	0	0		
Totals.....	39	15	9	27	19	13		

UNION 13—SYRACUSE 10.

Again on June 15th Union showed her superiority on her own grounds.

UNION.	A.	B.	R.	IB.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Begley, 2b.....	3	4	1	3	4	2		
McDonald, p.....	4	2	1	0	8	1		
Dorwin, c.....	5	1	2	4	3	1		
La Monte, s. s.....	5	0	2	1	3	2		
Landon, 2b.....	5	1	1	10	0	0		
Marvin, c. f.....	5	2	3	1	0	0		
Johnson, 3b.....	5	1	1	4	2	1		
Hunsicker, l. f.....	5	1	3	3	1	0		
Perkins, r. f.....	5	1	0	1	0	0		
Totals.....	42	13	13	27	21	7		

SYRACUSE.	A.	B.	R.	IB.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Hutchinson, s. s.....	6	2	1	0	5	1		
Hall, r. f.....	5	1	1	0	0	0		
Drake, p. and c.....	4	3	1	1	10	0		
Hawkins, c. and p.....	5	2	1	10	6	1		
Wood, 3b.....	5	0	1	0	3	2		
Connolly, 2b.....	2	1	0	2	1	0		
Leete, l. f.....	4	0	0	0	0	2		
Bovingdow, 1b.....	4	0	0	11	0	0		
Kennedy, c. f.....	5	1	1	0	0	0		
Totals.....	40	10	6	24	25	6		

CLUBS.

	Cornell.	Hamilton.	Union.	Hobart.	Syracuse.	Won.
Cornell.....	—	2	2	2	2	8
Hamilton.....	0	—	1	1	1	3
Union.....	0	0	—	2	1	3
Hobart.....	0	1	0	—	2	3
Syracuse.....	0	0	1	0	—	1
Lost.....	0	3	4	5	6	20