

# THE CONCORDIENSIS.

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## THE CONCORDIENSIS.

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## LITERARY.

### THE OLD YEAR'S SORROW.

Winter's storms and fiercest ragings  
I withstood when I was young,  
Summer's songs of joy and beauty  
I have heard and I have sung.

I have watched the fading twilight,  
And the glowing dawn of day,  
But the watch is nearly over,  
For I'm growing old and gray.

Yes, my end is fast appearing,  
I can see it almost here,  
And my heart is filled with sorrow  
As I feel it drawing near.

Sorrow, not that I in living,  
Have not run my journey well,  
Nor that o'er my lifeless image  
Soon must ring the funeral bell;  
But with sorrow from which angels,  
If they weep, have often wept,  
When beholding human beings,  
And their many vows unkept.

For how many sacred pledges  
Have been made, when all alone,  
That the coming year should witness  
Kind and loving ones at home.

But alas ! alas, how often  
Discord there instead of peace,  
And another has been worshiped  
Than Who bids the storms to cease.

Mother's boy, with step so manly,  
I have seen his journey take;  
But alas ! a broken promise,  
Mother's heart is made to ache.

I have heard the parting pledges  
Made by dear and loving friends;  
But the pledges now are broken,  
And the loving friendship ends.

I have seen the gentle lover,  
And his sacred vows I've heard;

But a loving heart is broken  
 By the breaking of his word.  
 I have heard the many pledges  
 Of a better life to live,  
 From an honest heart, to Jesus,  
 Who eternal life can give;  
 But the promises are broken,  
 And the Savior is refused;  
 And I weep to see the mercy,  
 Freely offered, all abused.  
 Even while the angel boatman  
 Silently was drawing nigh,  
 I have heard the sacred promise,  
 "I will meet you bye and bye."  
 But the promise seems forgotten,  
 While the dear one gone before,  
 Still is waiting at the portal,  
 And is watching at the door.  
 Oh! my heart is filled with sorrow,  
 Well might angels with me weep.  
 Dear ones, let the New Year see you  
 Every sacred promise keep.

MATHEWES, '81.

### ✓ AMBITION.

The Greeks in their fantastic, old mythology used to have a fable, that Prometheus ascending to the abodes of the gods, stole from the revolving axle of the sun a spark of all-inventive fire. This he brought down to earth and gave to mortals as the greatest gift of the gods.

That was only a heathen story, but it is an actual fact that the true God has taken from the bright sun of His own Being and placed in man's breast a blazing, warming, all-inventive, ever-growing flame—Ambition.

Ambition! The blessed agency which doth exalt man; his liberator and educator, his dignity and measure; that makes the slave of appetite the aspirant for fame, the aspirant for fame the seeker after virtue, the seeker after virtue the unselfish benefactor of his race and lover of his God.

Man's dignity, because it removes him from the inanimate and the animal and makes

him what he is—a noble, active being; his measure, because different degrees of Ambition make different men, because as it grows the man grows. Ambition is the very man himself. Body is part of one, mind has its characteristics, but will is the person and Ambition is the motor of the will.

And yet, O, Ambition! thou art at once man's greatest blessing and his most terrible curse; that leads him to his highest glory; that lures him to his deepest infamy; which has inspired angels, by which angels fell. If Ambition has produced demigods it has also produced incarnate fiends. It has made the lives of some men wretchedness to themselves, a blight on progress, posterity's best tribute, silent pity. Their diabolical greed for pleasure, wealth or power has induced them to snap every natural tie; to ignore every prompting of love, justice or pity; to sacrifice father, brother; to cross streams of blood on rafts of corpses, in order to attain an object, which if attained has turned to the gall of bitterness, and unattained has left them to die self-cursed, man-cursed, God-cursed.

But the fault was not in their Ambition. It was in the lack of it. They were not ambitious enough. They should have striven for the better, but more difficult objects—alas, too difficult—which were at times revealed to them.

But, however wicked man is with Ambition, he is nothing without it. Take from the heavens the sun, from the eagle its pinions, from the engine steam, and you have a symbol of man without Ambition—benighted, groveling, motionless.

Will anyone still say Ambition is useless, productive only of despair, that we are the creatures of circumstance? It is false. We are not. Man is free. Ambition makes him free. There is in him a will that conquers. That makes muscle, brain and character, and muscle and brain and character make man's

destiny in all essentials. The son of fortune is not the victor. He is the hero, who has the broadest, strongest, holiest Ambition.

Who will decry it, since it is the only course? We have a choice, which is no choice. On the one hand is sloth, utter misery, dishonor, death. On the other hand the wild spirit of conquest, ecstasy of perfect freedom, rejoicing of complete activity. Call it tyranny, if you will, still there is a voice within us which ever bids us seek the higher and the better, which ever cries in clarion tones, "Excelsior." We must obey it or be slaves—slaves to ourselves, the miserable objects of our own contempt. But we cannot be slaves. It is against our nature. When their freedom is assailed, all the host of living souls cry out in impetuous, desperate conclamation, "Give us Liberty, or give us Death;" and while their panting aspiration floats up to the openings of heaven, their cry continues, "*Let us strive, or uncreate us!*"

Since then we must obey these voices, why not obey them altogether? If we must have the labor, why not the honor and reward? If we must run the race, why not win it?

This is the spirit which has transformed the world. When the voice of God no longer spake directly to his people and fear of Him had been forgotten, it was the spirit of sheer rivalry in Greece, Sparta, early Rome which saved mankind from utter degradation. And when this spark died out the world was dark. Until Ambition,—Ambition elevated, purified, tempered,—was kindled again from the skies by the Life of the Son of God.

This is the spirit which has won battles, established principles; this is the mysterious inspiration which has ennobled heroes, fired genius; this is the spirit which has given to the world Leonidas, Regulus, Winkelried, Nelson; this is the spirit which led old John Brown, almost alone, against half a nation—to Glory!

The objects of Ambition are not yet removed. The possible was never so great before. New functions command, increased delights beckon to us. The same insolent foes within us must be silenced. A thousand true lances challenge us on every arena of excellence. The world's great, loving heart must again be wooed and won. Fame's roll is not yet full. But these are nothings, empty vanities. There is the pattern of a perfect life to follow, a God to glorify, a world to save.

Then let us off with sloth; let no man hope for rest in life; let us see once for all that there is nothing for us but constant struggle, and seeing this clearly let us join battle now and forever.

"For the prize is beautiful, and the hope is great."

E. P. W.

#### CHAUCER AND HIS AGE.

The darkest hour of the night precedes the dawn of day. So the darkest moments of a nation's life almost always precede the rising of some hitherto unknown star in the galaxy of statesmen, orators and warriors.

This is true in the intellectual as well as in the political history of the world, for a nation's literature is but the reflection of its intellect, morality, politics and religion. As the sun of the thirteenth century was passing below the horizon and the light of the fourteenth century was dawning upon the English speaking people, a dark cloud overhung her national literature. Literary skill seemed to be wanting in that great nation. But this cloud was destined soon to pass away. A magnificent outburst in the literary world was at hand. Feudalism and chivalry had performed their mission and passed away; and the influence which they exerted upon the language and literature of the nation was no more felt.

The way was now open for the revival of letters and religion. At the very moment

when this people most felt their need of literary genius, Geoffrey Chaucer appears before the world as the father of English poetry, and directs the intellectual tendencies of his age. He is said to have created the English language, a thing, which, if possible for any man, might well be attributed to one like Chaucer, in whom genius, naturalness of description, vividness of imagination, grace, ease and dignity of expression, were all combined. But the most that anyone could do, and that which he did, was to convert what was a mere dialect into the universal language of a nation. In order fully to appreciate the writings of this great man, you must read the tiresome productions of his contemporaries, who had equal opportunities afforded them.

Chaucer was not only a reformer in literature, but also in morals; possessing that sweetness of disposition which is so essential an element in the character of everyone who would bestow a reproof upon the vices and follies of men without betraying harshness and severity, which invariably leave their sting. His satire was rendered genial and acceptable by the warm sunbeams of his humorous fancy. He was free from all misanthropy, and rather prone to pity than condemn.

His knowledge of human nature was not that derived from observation alone, but he had a sympathetic insight into the feelings of others. It was this perfect knowledge of humanity which enabled him to satirize with so pleasant an effect and to paint character in such vivid portraits as to call forth the eulogies of every age. You need to read the Canterbury Tales only, in order to get a complete knowledge of the manners, customs, dress, and, in fact, everything pertaining to the social condition of England in the 14th century. Character painting and portraiture drawn with such beautiful discrimination have placed him upon an emi-

nence to which many have aspired, but few have attained. His descriptive powers, however, were not confined to characters alone. At the return of spring, when the green leaves burst forth from the prisons of winter and the flowers spring up again with their delicious odors, his soul was stirred within him and his song was as natural as that of birds.

The secret of his success as a descriptive poet lies in the fact that he is natural. And "If this is not genius," says a modern essayist, "it is that alone which makes genius amiable in the arts." If a man have it not, he will never find it, for when it is sought it is gone. He does not say things which others can not say, but he says them in a new and cheerful way. He places the world before you as it appears to *him*, and not as the ideal world of some one else. He goes to nature and drinks inspiration at the fountain and not at the stream. He insists upon veracity, cheerfulness and simplicity, and thus shows himself to be the true father and founder of English literature. '82.

#### VACATION.

When Christmas comes with all its glee,  
And youthful hearts are gay and free,  
Who then's the happiest man to see?

The student.

Who makes the house with music ring?  
Is "pet" and "darling," prince and king?  
And hugs his sister?—"Ugly thing!"

The student.

Who makes the chickens run in fright,  
And turkeys seek the lofty hight,  
For fear they'll lose their heads at night?

The student.

Who makes the honey freely flow?  
And is to buckwheat cakes a foe?  
And lays the pile of mince pie low?

The student.

Who shouts for joy at coming snows?  
And how to jingle sleigh-bells knows?  
And always with his sister (?) goes?

The student.



## EDITORIAL.

ALMOST EVERYONE reverting to his early school-days will readily recall times of great enthusiasm for study. The pleasures of attending school seemed almost as great as those of play. But he will also recall other times, when school seemed to him a very tiresome place; when he eagerly longed for the day which should free him from this prison. His associates thought as he did; all agreed that study was a great drudgery. It is easy for him to-day to see why he thought so then and why so many pupils in the public schools still think so. Interest or lack of interest in study depends in a very large measure upon the kind of teacher employed. It is a prevalent opinion among many of our prominent educators that teachers with a long experience are better qualified for their work than with a good education. As a consequence, many, with a view of becoming teachers, cut short their school-days and immediately enter upon their duties as teachers. These for the most part become the true pedagogues. With no sound education themselves how can they educate others? To be able to prescribe and hear lessons is evidently not sufficient. It is not until impartiality, friendliness and the ability to interest scholars in their work is added that the qualifications of a teacher become complete. To suppose that these are obtained solely from experience is absurd. These remarks will perhaps seem out of place to some. But when we consider how many a boy, who otherwise might have made his way through college and have become a more useful member of society, has left school because the teacher has failed to awaken in him an interest for study; nay, rather, being a poor boy, has shunned him and openly shown partiality to the sons of wealthier parents—when we consider these things, the irrelevancy vanishes. Then again

there are probably many in college who expect to teach. It seems unfair that their equals in age, old classmates, perhaps, but who have long since left school, should be able to secure better positions simply because they have had a longer experience in teaching. When men shall cease to use such pet phrases as "Science of teaching," "Art of teaching," etc., etc., and shall begin to advocate common sense in teaching, then and not till then will all these things be righted.

FRIENDS and Alumni will be glad to hear that Dr. Foster, our senior professor, is enjoying unusually good health. For the past two terms the class of '80 have been almost daily under his instruction. His ready wit and jovial good nature are thoroughly appreciated. It will probably be unnecessary to remind all "Union boys," young and old, that the half-century of his connection with Union College is fast approaching.

SOMEONE has asked, "What harm is there in a glass of wine?" and the answer is given, "None; the harm is when the wine is in you."

New Year's day is fast approaching and it is to be feared, and sadly lamented, that many a young man will not leave the wine where it will do no harm.

A hard term's work over, and the winter days of vacation and festivity at hand, the student is the gayest, jolliest, liveliest man to be found. Every hour of his short vacation is spent in diversion of various kinds "to drive dull care away," and among the pleasantest of all his pleasures are his New Year's calls.

It is a shame to women and a curse to young men, but, alas, too true that on that occasion many a lady will offer wine to her callers. Amid such merry days the sparkling cup, coming from such a hand, is too great a temptation for many a young man, he takes it and, too late, feels the sting.

But no delicate hand, fellow-student, no tender hue, no sweet smile is worth the forfeiture of your manhood, the sacrifice of your principle, the risk of your soul.

Stand firm though it cost a struggle, remembering that "he who can at all times sacrifice pleasure to duty, approaches sublimity."

✓ THE MANNER in which the students avail themselves of the privileges afforded by our gymnasium is praiseworthy. Every day from three o'clock until dark it is crowded with athletes of Herculean(?) mould. This interest is mainly due to the enthusiasm of Mr. VanDerveer, the instructor, and the courteous manner in which the boys are treated by him. He spares no effort to make the exercises both pleasant and profitable. While so many do avail themselves of these privileges, some do not look inside the "gym." once a term, nor do they take any exercise outside, save what is necessary in order that they may get to and from their boarding houses. This forcing of time, in the end, will prove to be false economy. He who gives a few minutes each day to manly exercise can accomplish more during his college course than he who devotes all his time to books. Besides, when he leaves college, he has a sound body. without which knowledge is of little use.

WHEN we enter upon our college life most of us have some defined idea of what our pursuit in life shall be. We also have adaptations to particular courses in life. The question that we wish to suggest to the reader's mind is, "In the prosecution of our studies ought we to follow our inclinations or is it our duty (and a benefit) to adopt a prescribed course *in toto*?"

We hold that the former is far preferable. It must be acknowledged that this has its difficulties; but what has not? It is true

that some would incline to the easier studies; but thinking, as we do, that the majority in every class are trustworthy men, is it for a moment to be supposed that the interest of the many is to be disregarded in order to further the restraint of the few?

Much is being said about the electives of the present Senior class. We hope it is true and shall be ready to extend congratulations to them if it be so. But we hope that the time will soon come, when, as Sophomores and Juniors, we shall have a word in determining some of our studies.

✓ WILL some one, who knows, kindly tell us why we cannot have a decent walk in front of South College? The stones slant and tip in several directions, and in cold weather, when the ground is covered with snow, it is almost impossible to walk on them. If our worthy friend, Col. Pickett, would sprinkle more sand upon them we would restrain our editorial anger, but as he utterly disregards our friendly advice, we feel compelled, in the interests of suffering student-humanity, to ask—for a new walk. A new walk would put us all in good humor. The students on entering the class-rooms would be observed to wear a smile, indicative of interest in their studies, whereas now they look as if they were going to attend a funeral. The Professors complain that some of us have too many absences from chapel and from recitations. Give us a new walk, and all this will be changed, and we will become "models of students." Make the road to Learning easy and you will benefit the college *very materially*.

A WORD of warning often comes too late. It is our hope that the following is in season. For some time past, depredations have been made in different parts of our grounds. Others—not at all reflecting to the honor of gentlemen—have been noticed. Poor Tray is receiving the credit, and, in this case,

"Poor Tray" is an organization supposed to consist of Sophomores and Juniors.

Boys, you do not come here with the wish of some day seeing your names on the retired list. So conduct yourselves, then, that suspicion cannot point toward you. We have, in turn, heard of the hot and cold waves. Let us try to avert the waves of rowdyism and rebellion that now threaten other educational institutions.

IN LOOKING over our exchanges we saw a very interesting article written by one of the Alumni on college matters in *their* day. The question immediately arose in our mind "Why couldn't the alumni of Union, being as many as those of almost any other college in the country, occasionally write for our papers." Everybody would be interested to learn about college work and college sports ten, twenty, thirty, forty or more years ago. The students in college would relish these articles more than any other, while the older alumni would compare them with their own college days. Nothing is pleasanter, nothing retains a firmer hold on the memory of old age than the scenes and friends of one's youth and especially those of one's college days. Else why do men of all ages, some young, out of college only a few years, others with long, gray beards, from time to time revisit their Alma Mater? Why do they so incessantly speak of those days? Why do they take so much pleasure in hunting up their old rooms, in strolling through the same lovely grove, in rambling among the flower-beds and grass-plots of Capt. Jack's old garden? And with what pleasant satisfaction, and a heart overflowing with sweet recollections of the past, do they not seat themselves under that grand old elm? It must be a matter of no small pleasure which induces men to come hundreds and perhaps thousands of miles in order to live over again the days of their youth. Though gray of

hair and wrinkled in face, they enjoy nothing better than once more to be called boys, one of "Old Union's boys." It is thus that the poet at a class re-union speaks of himself and classmates as only twenty years old:

"Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?  
If there has, take him out without making a noise.  
Hang the Almanac's cheat and the Catalogue's spite!  
Old Time is a liar! We're twenty to-night.  
We're twenty! we're twenty! Who says we are more?  
He's tipsy—young jackanapes!—show him the door!  
'Gray temples at twenty?' yes, *white* if you please;  
Where the snow-flakes fall thickest there's nothing  
can freeze!"

We beg of you then, boys of "Old Union," to revive the olden time, and to help us make the CONCORDIENSIS a bond which shall more closely unite alumni to students, and all to our Alma Mater.

AS AT other colleges so at Union, there is a class of students, few in number, we are happy to say, who if they had any appreciation of the respect due their seniors would be heartily ashamed of their conduct towards certain professors. We refer especially to the professor having charge of the chapel exercises. The fact that these students seldom act so towards any other member of the faculty makes the matter all the more noticeable. The professor never acts in the slightest degree ungentlemanly. He is eminently qualified to meet the requirements of his position and does meet them fully and promptly. What more can be said for a man? What then is the cause of the trouble? The only answer is: "He doesn't manage the boys aright." But what does this mean? Simply that if examples were made of a few of the ring-leaders, the disorder would cease. Such students seem to forget that they are not only disgracing themselves and insulting the professor, but, inasmuch as the disorder usually takes place during the chapel service, are irreverent toward God. When a man's honor is appealed to, he ought to show that

he knows what the word "honor" means, and while a student enjoys fun he should know the difference between it and ungentlemanly conduct. Some young men who come from good homes seem to have left there what manners they ever knew. They look at college as a place to perpetrate and perpetuate backwoods-barbarisms. To persons who haven't lost their self respect, etiquette means very much the same at college as it does at home.

### LOCAL.

- Examinations.
- Merry Christmas!
- Happy New Year!
- Are you going home?
- Begin the New Year aright.
- Good-bye, Statics, Dynamics and Analytics.
- Dr. Pearson has been made the college physician.
- Mr. Gary, '81, has left college on account of sickness.
- Harvey, '81, will spend the winter term in teaching.
- The Chapel bell is to ring Monday morning, Jan. 5th. Bah!
- College closes Dec. 19th, 1879, and opens with chapel Jan. 5th, 1880.
- Who can account for the friendship between Hungary and Turkey?
- Popular literature for December and January—Patent Medicine Almanacs.
- Some of the Juniors were examined in Latin on Saturday afternoon, Nov. 6th.
- Let every student say "Amen!" to Judge Westbrook's decision on the papal question. Amen!!
- It was amusing to see a Sophomore linger at the back of his chair, cast a longing look back at the plate of warm buckwheat cakes and mutter, "The best of friends must part."

—At a recent meeting of the Adelpic Society, F. P. S. Crane was elected Valedictorian.

—Mrs. N. A. Wells has a singing class again this year. It is largely composed of students.

—A convention of the Delta Phi Fraternity will be held in New York city during the holidays.

—One of our engineers, polling for a final in Trig., says that he can write Napier's Analogy backwards.

—It is reported that during the decennary of his presidency, Dr. Potter has secured \$300,000 for our college.

—Anxious Juniors: "Is Dr. Lowell coming back next term?" "Well—I-don't-know—does Aleck mark on Chaucer?"

—Examinations; poll, poll! poll!!  
Christmas greetings,  
Happy meetings,  
Bells in praises roll, roll! roll!!

—Who steals books and papers from the reading room? We pity the thief, if ever he falls into our hands. Of course it is not a student.

—The Freshman representative from Sing Sing says when the Sophs put him on the table he felt quite at home with such companions around him.

—Mr. N.: "Prescott was noted for the poetical form of his poetry."

Prof.: "You are introducing a good deal of poetical imagination."

—The Yale College Glee Club will sing in Tweddle Hall, Albany, Tuesday, Jan. 6th, the proceeds for the benefit of Yale Navy. Tickets, 50 and 25 cents.

—The turkeys say "Gobble, gobble," but at Dr. Potter's, Thanksgiving night, it was "Gobble, gobble the turkey," and they were not all Freshmen that "gobbled."

—Of what city have the Juniors been making a study this term? Ans. Velo-city. What lady have the Sophs been paying attention to this term? Ans. An(n)a-lytics.



—Leap year is coming and is almost here, and yet people are asking, "Why are dry-goods and furniture getting so much higher?" Oh, foolish bachelors, be not deceived.

—Prof. of Metaphysics: "Mr. L——, is your perception of the bottle different from that of your childhood?"

Answer unheard through the deafening applause.

—Note paper, drafting paper, as well as all text-books, for the coming term will be found at the College Bookstore. Old books bought and sold or taken in exchange for new ones.

—Mr. W. F. Watkins, '81, and Mr. Holla, '83, have left college on account of sore eyes. Mr. Watkins is expected to return after the holidays, and possibly Mr. Holla, but it is doubtful.

—Early in the fall President Potter had a number of green trees set out about his house, and has just been having his house repainted. It adds very much to its appearance and beauty.

—Senior with the telescope: "There's a beautiful star over here,"—(immediately the ladies' eyes brighten and fairly sparkle in the moonlight). Senior continues—"but we can't find it."

—The college authorities contemplate several improvements in the out-buildings, during vacation. If you would not turn the watchman from his position this winter, boys, do not destroy them.

—Rev. J. H. Rogers, rector of Christ's (Episcopal) church, in this city, was ordered by his physician to seek some milder climate, and has accordingly gone to Philadelphia where he will pass the winter.

—A Sophomore entering a recitation room sees the professor's chair empty, and thinking that he had gone out, began, at the top of his voice, to sing: "Drink rum—"; he could get no farther for his eyes met those

of the professor in the back part of the room. There was no noise, O, no!

—We believe the Freshmen appointed a committee to purchase a foot-ball about two months ago, but through all the pleasant weather of October and November we have seen nothing of it. Freshie! bring out the ball.

—The following is the membership of the secret societies given in the order of foundation: Kappa Alpha, 12; Sigma Phi, 7; Delta Phi, 13; Psi Upsilon, 13; Alpha Delta Phi, 7. The Delta Upsilon (anti-secret) Society has seventeen members.

—Junior, reading from Chaucer:

"And smale fowles maken melodie

That slepen al the night with open eye."

Prof.: "To what does our poet here refer?"

Junior: "Why, to hens, I suppose."

Prof.: "What? hens? melodious? at night? That will do."

—Student, soliloquizing: "Let me see; it's Tuesday night—six pills, twenty grains of quinine, six powders of calomel—since Saturday night. My head doesn't feel just right yet, and my stomach feels queer; I wonder what I'd better take."

—Prof. Staley entertained the Ladies' Literary Society recently by a lecture on "Dickens," with selections both humorous and pathetic. The Professor has great talent as a reader. Prof L'Amoureux is soon to follow on "Hamlet."

—By a new arrangement the Sophomores finish rhetoric this term. This, we think, is a decided improvement on the old plan, as the Engineers now have the entire subject while formerly the latter part was by them omitted. Logic will be studied during the first term Junior.

—Several Sophs went out to the quarry to skate a few days ago. One enterprising youth hired a rag-muffin—for the sum of five cents—to trip up some of the young misses of the city. The Arab sold himself to the Philistines, who sought poor Sophy and

asked him, much to his discomfiture, why he didn't try it himself.

—Some of the papers say that the recent beautiful addition to our President's house was the gift of Mrs. Potter. It comprises office, study and classroom, and will add greatly to the convenience and comfort of both officers and students. Mrs. Potter deserves our warmest thanks.

—At a meeting of the Philomathean Society, Dec. 6th, the following officers were elected: Pres., Geo. E. Dixon; Vice-Pres., J. M. McMaster; Treas., G. B. Tullidge; Sec'y, W. E. VanEpps; Librarian, W. P. Williams; Curator, W. O. Lewis. The meetings this term have been regular and decidedly interesting. Philomatheans, continue in the good work!

—Measures are being taken to revive the musical association. Twelve men have been selected, and a committee has been appointed to make arrangements for books. We are glad there is once more some interest in this direction. It is too bad that Union has been so long without a glee club when there is so much available talent. Success to the men and long life to the association.

—The Library is open at last. It has been very carefully classified and arranged, and those in charge can produce a book on the shortest notice. But it seems that the students cannot now, as formerly, roam through the library at pleasure. He must name the book or subject wanted. What will those poor fellows do, now, who never knew what they wanted till they had explored half the contents of the library?

—Chaucer: "For blankmanger that made he with the beste."

"What do you understand by 'blankmanger'?"

"Hash."

"A Sergeant of Lawe, war and wys,  
That often hadde ben atte parvys."

Student: "A Sergeant of Law, prudent  
wise, who had often been to church."

"What, you don't mean to say that lawyers often go to church?"

Student: "Oh, no; he simply went to the door, on Sunday nights, for instance, and waited outside."

### BISHOP POTTER.

We clip the following from one of the city papers:

The reception, commemorative of the 25th year of his Episcopacy, was given to Bishop Potter at the Academy of Music, New York. The vast building was crowded to the roof. Dr. Dix presided, and by his side sat Bishop Potter. Among the others on the platform were Secretary Evarts, John Jay, Edwards Pierrepont and Judge Comstock. Most of the prominent people of the city filled the body of the house.

A congratulatory address to the Bishop was presented by the President of Union College, from which institution the Bishop graduated. Then followed an address by H. R. Pierson, on behalf of St. Peter's parish, Albany, where the Bishop was rector for twenty-one years. Rev. Dr. Payne, of this city, presented an address on behalf of the standing committee of the diocese of Albany. The congratulatory address of the evening was made by Secretary Evarts. John Jay presented the Bishop with a memorial gift, an exquisitely wrought solid silver jewel casket, lined with gold. The venerable Bishop responded with deep feeling. The ceremonies then closed.

We also clip the following "Congratulatory" sent to the worthy Bishop by the Faculty of Union University:

Union College is an unsectarian institution numbering prominent men in nearly all the denominations. It is interesting to note that Thomas W. Olcott, Robert H. Pruyn, H. H. Martin, Dr. Thomas Hun, Judge Learned, Dr. Samuel Ward, and others representing

the Albany Medical College, the Albany Law School, and the Dudley Observatory, which constitute the Albany institutions of Union University, have united with the Faculty of Union College in the following expression of congratulation to the Bishop of New York, which was presented at the meeting in the Academy of Music, New York, on Tuesday, November 25th:

*To the RT. REVEREND HORATIO POTTER, D. D., LL. D., D.C.L., Oxon., Bishop of the Diocese of New York, President of the New York Alumni of Union College:*

RT. REV. AND DEAR SIR:

The Representatives of the Trustees, Alumni and Faculty of Union College, and of the authorities of Union University, beg to present to you their cordial congratulations upon the occurrence of the twenty-fifth anniversary of your Episcopate:

Graduating from Union College in 1826 with distinction, you were called in the fiftieth year after you received your baccalaureate degree, to one of the highest honors in the gift of the University; and as the Honorary Chancellor, you delivered an address, afterward published, for which the institution has received thanks from every quarter of the land.

We are also indebted to you for that other communication in which you pleadeearnestly and eloquently for the establishment of the Library, and for culture, in the course of which you say: "From my experience in former days as a professor in college, and from the deep interest which I have felt in young men through all my life, I think I have something like a just appreciation of what they greatly need, and of what would be greatly for the honor of our American colleges, and for the credit and real welfare of our educated men."

"The danger is that if graduates leave college with little love of good reading, and with only some mechanical instruction, they will go through life in the same state, with scarcely a touch of literary elegance or enlargement of mind about them, no credit to their college or to the education of their country."

We thank you for the words thus spoken, for your constant love for the "DEAR MOTHER;" for the honor you have conferred on her, by your attainments, your high station and your long life of useful labor and Christian philanthropy. We may not say to you "*serus in cœlum redeas*," lest, as your friend, Tayler Lewis, once remarked, that should seem "heathenish and profane," but we pray that God may grant you every blessing.

#### ONLY A SINGLE HAIR.

'Twas only one, a single hair,  
But then, 'twas so expressive;  
It told the story at a glance,  
And made it so impressive.  
And then how throbbed my tender heart  
As forth I farther drew it,  
So long, so crimped, so like her own—  
'Twas hers, 'twas hers, I knew it.  
Oh, call it not a fancy freak,  
Oh, call it not a notion,  
For who can not with mem'ry call  
To mind a like emotion?  
Emotion such as one can feel  
But wishes not to utter,  
For, oh, 'twas not my dear-one's hair,  
But Bridget's in the butter.

#### A SAD MISTAKE.

"May I, Miss —?" the Senior cried.  
"You may," Brunette replied.  
But no one asked the gentle Blonde,  
Permission by her side.  
Shakespeare read, the Seniors smiled,  
The maidens bowed consent;  
By two and two they reached the door,  
And homeward bound they went.  
"Stop! oh, stop!! I must go back,"  
The gallant Senior said.  
(He'd left behind his fair Brunette,  
And taken Blonde instead—  
Sad mistake, what could he say?  
He ne'er could treat her so—)  
Then, laughing, gentle Blonde replied,  
"And I with thee will go."  
Back he goes if find he may  
The waiting one so true;  
When, lo! he meets his fair Brunette  
With Senior number two.  
She looks at him, he looks at her,  
Then comes a great ado—  
He gives to Senior two Miss Blonde,  
And takes Brunette the true.

#### EXCHANGES.

The leading article on Socialism in the *Rochester Campus* is ably written. It shows

concisely the condition of the people of Russia and Germany. We clip the following :

Robbed of freedom of speech, robbed of the right to assemble in public, watched and tracked and pursued incessantly, alway conscious of espionage, harrassed in every quarter however secret, yet fired with the conviction of their inalienable rights, holy to them as their religion, outraged day by day, hour by hour, until upon patience and long suffering, have supervened desperation and madness, at this moment neither the Nihilists of Russia nor the Socialists of Germany should be held entirely responsible for their acts; the responsibility lies further back. Its home is not in the hut but in the palace, and Heaven, infinitely just, considerate and merciful, will hold the Bismarcks and the Gortschakoffs responsible for all the misery, blood, sin, and oppression.

The *College Argus* of Wesleyan University devotes much of its space to boating, and judging from the tone of its columns is confident of a glorious reputation.

The *Targum* has a neat appearance. It is admirable for the clearness of style and for vivacity. With all due respect to the discoverer of the Choedel we say let the columns of college papers be free from mathematical demonstrations.

#### THE MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

The Freshmen come so very green  
You'd scarce give them a single look,  
And Sophomores are daily seen  
Intent alone upon some book;

For Juniors, then, and Seniors grave  
We show our undisguised affection;  
But Freshmen come and Seniors go,  
And never one has popped the question.

—Dartmouth.

The *Chronicle* (Michigan University) has taken a new departure. Nearly one page is devoted to quotations from some dictionary of mythology, to which no credit is given. This is entirely wrong. It shows a want of honor, which cannot be tolerated in college literature.

The greater number of the articles in the *Oberlin Review* are choice and worth the reading. While they treat of such subjects as Dickens and Byron they do not want orig-

inality like most writings of that character in college magazines.

We heartily welcome the *Bates Student* to our sanctum. In a critical examination we find that the outward appearance of the volume does not deceive us. It contains much sound sense in nearly every department.

#### PERSONAL.

[We request all friends of the College to contribute what "Personals" they can. Articles may be sent to "THE CONCORDIENSIS, Schenectady, N. Y.]

'14. MR. EDITOR: It was our pleasure recently to meet the Rev. Dr. Eliakin Phelps. He was a student at Brown University for two years, going thence to Union, where he graduated in 1814. Although ninety-one years of age he displayed, in our conversation with him, a degree of mental vigor quite marked. He expressed himself as "very glad to meet any one from 'Old Union'," and enquired eagerly the condition and welfare of our college. He talked pleasantly of his college days. (Who of us will be able to talk of scenes so remote?) He said he was attracted to Union by Dr. Nott's great reputation for eloquence and a wonderful tact in moulding the minds of young men. We fain would linger on the words of this aged and devout man. In appearance he reminded us strikingly of William Cullen Bryant. He is the oldest living Presbyterian clergyman in America. He is the father of Austin Phelps, D. D., a theological author of repute and professor at Andover Theological Seminary; and grandfather of the popular authoress—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. During the last years of his active life he was at the head of the American Education Society at Philadelphia. He resides with his son at Hoboken, N. J., where he will probably remain until his death. v.

'16. George W. Germain died on the 21st of last September at the ripe age of 81 years.



'25. Hon. Amasa J. Parker, LL. D., is still living in Albany. He is a trustee of the Albany Law School, and actively engaged in the practice of the law.

'27. We regret to announce the death of the Rev. D. R. Austin, of the class of 1827. He died at South Norwalk, Conn., on November 8th, 1879. He led a useful and influential life.

'27. Dr. Chauncey Brown, having lived to the good old age of 75, died recently.

'28. J. J. Clute died at West Brighton, Sept. 20th, 1879.

'30. Cambridge Livingston after an honorable and useful career, died on the 17th of last September.

'30. Hon. H. H. Barney, of Cincinnati, for many years prominent in Ohio educational matters, died July 28th, aged 76.

'31. Hon. Lyman Gibbons, for more than forty years a prominent lawyer of Mobile, Ala., and Judge of the Supreme Court of Alabama, from 1851 to 1854, died at Claiborne, Ala., June 27th, 1879, at the age of 71.

'39. Rev. D. H. Hamilton, of Ripley, Ohio, died July 4th, '79.

'47. Rev. Lucius I. Root died on May 1st, 1879, at Parkville, Mo., aged 58 years. He had just been elected Professor of Mental and Moral Science at Park College.

'51. Julius M. Keeler is a prosperous merchant at San Francisco, Cal.

'58. Geo. C. Hazelton, of Boscabel, Wisconsin, is now a member of Congress.

'69. J. A. McKinney, who graduated at West Point in 1871, and was ordered to the 7th Cavalry, was killed in one of our recent Indian wars.

'76. John E. Woodbridge died on October 3rd, 1879.

'80. Bishop has taken up quarters in Sheboygan, Wis., till third term.

'81. We regret to state that F. B. Gary has left College on account of his health. We trust that the warm spring weather will

bring him back to us again in full health. His numerous friends will greatly miss him.

Rev. Mr. Bartlett, a graduate of Union, exchanged pulpits with Mr. Griffis, Dec. 14. He delighted the congregation with two excellent sermons.

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### EXTRANEÆ.

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—Ancient Greece—old butter.

—"What is mind? No matter;

What is matter? Never mind."—*Ex.*

—It costs about \$12,000 a month to run the Harvard Dining Association.

—"Resolve to be thyself; and, know that he

Who finds himself, loses his misery!"—*S.*

—Dandy lines—the rows of young men on dress parade at the church door.

—He who Mrs. to take a kiss

Has Mr. a thing he should not Miss.—*Ex.*

—It is strange how young ladies are waisted away every moonlight night.—*Exchange.*

—At Rutgers five hundred dollars worth of new books have been added to the college library.

—"My son," said a fond father, "emulate the mule; he is always backward in deeds of violence."—*Ex.*

—Butler's Analogy.—Prof.—"Mr. T., you pass on to the 'Future Life.'" Mr. T.—"Not prepared."—*Ex.*

—"Well, Dudley, how are you and your girl making it?" "Oh! I got the *refusal* of her." Very likely.—*Beacon.*

—Prof. in Logic: "Mr. G.—What is the notion husband?" Mr. G.——"I should say it was accretion and agglomeration." Then the class howls.

—Freshman asked to decline *Die Nation*, speaks in abrupt crescendo: "Die Nation, *Des Nation!* DER NATION!! DIE NATION!! DAMNATION!!!"—*Lampoon.*

—"The dairy-maid pensively milked the goat, And, pouting, she paused to mutter:

"I wish you brute would turn to milk,"  
And the animal turned to butt her."—*Ex.*

—"Is there any danger, Professor, of my disturbing the magnetic currents if I examine that compass too closely?" "No, sir, brass has no effect whatever upon them."—*Ex.*

—I never crammed a lesson fine  
And tried to catch my tutor's eye,  
But that he'd call all names but mine.  
And calmly, coldly pass me by.—*Courant.*

—"What quantities of dried grasses you keep here, Miss Stebbins! Nice room for a donkey to get into." "Make yourself at home," she responded, with sweet gravity.—*Ex.*

—There was a gay student from Trinity,  
Who resolved to study divinity,  
But a place in Wall street,  
With a salary quite neat,  
Collapsed his zeal for the ministry.

—A fair innocent child of co-education asked a gallant Senior for the loan of his pony on Logic, but was answered tenderly, that "the animal couldn't bear a side-saddle."—*Ex.*

—A Senior was darning his stocking;  
His chum sat insultingly mocking;  
When the Senior got mad,  
And with words that were bad,  
He darned both his chum and his stocking.

--A college student, in rendering to his father an account of his term-expenses, inserted: "To charity, thirty dollars." His father wrote back: "I fear charity covers a multitude of sins."

—Squaws of big chiefs oft remind us,  
We should pick our squaws with care;  
So we may not leave behind us  
Half our natural crop of hair.—*Ex.*

—Excited Junior in debate the day after the State election: "Mr. President—This shameful act of Charles I. brought *Roscoe Conkling* into prominence—wh—that is—yes—I mean Oliver Cromwell!"—*Ham. Lit.*

—They met by chance, he shot a glance;  
"Boys," says he, "I have bought her;"

She feigned to fall, as if in faint;  
The student sprang and caught her;  
She raised her veil—behold him now!—  
'Twas his washer-woman's daughter.

—*Tripod.*

—A Sophomore, translating from *Die Sechs Diener*, gives us the following unique rendering: *Wie der Sohn das horte, stand er auf von seinem Lager*, "when the son heard that, he set 'em up out of his own lager."—*Era.*

—Now does the man who never misses a treat sigh dolefully:

"The melancholy days have come,  
The saddest of the year,  
When unfermented cider  
Replaces bottled beer."

—Cornell Professor, describing a western forest:—"In travelling along the road, I even sometimes found the logs bound and twisted together to such an extent that a mule couldn't climb over them, so I went around."—*Reveille.*

—The admissions to Dickinson College, at the opening of the Fall term, show an increase of more than thirty students over the total of last year. The number of applicants for admission is larger than at any other term since the war.

—*Prof.*—"A man's body, you know, is lighter than water."

*Fresh.* (who is given to chin-chin)—"Then I couldn't drown, could I?"

*Prof.*—"O, certainly; you couldn't keep your mouth shut."—*Ex.*

—*Instructor in Latin*—"Mr. B., of what was Ceres the goddess?" *Mr. B.*—"She was the goddess of marriage." *Instructor*—"Oh, no; of agriculture." *Mr. B.* (looking perplexed,)—"Why, I'm sure my book says she was the goddess of husbandry."—*Ex.*

—An evening interview: "Good evening." "This is a pleasant evening." "A very nice evening." "May I see you home this evening?" "Well, not this evening." "Good evening." "Good evening." Thus evening matters all around.—*Ex.*

—Art received rather an awkward criticism from a free-and-easy young man who recently met a sculptor in a social circle, and addressed him, thus: "Er—er—so you are the man—er—that makes—er—mud heads?" And this was the artist's reply: "Er—er not all of 'em; I didn't make yours."

—Nearly seventy-five per cent. of the students of New England colleges are in the full classical course—that is, are studying for the degree of A. B. In the Western States the sciences and modern languages are pursued, to the exclusion of Greek, less than forty-three per cent. of the students being in the classical course.

—Efforts are being made to bring Hamilton College into closer connection with the Presbyterian Church, and thus render it more prosperous. The Synod of Albany has just passed a resolution recommending a \$500,000 endowment of the college as a Presbyterian institution. The undertaking is immediately to be presented to all the synods of the State.—*Independent*.

—There was a young student in chapel  
Said, "I think that a snug little nap'll  
Do me more good  
Than a sermon could."  
And his snore softly rose in the chapel.  
There was a young tutor behind him,  
For ten seconds glared wildly to find him;  
Then he took out a book,  
With his happiest look,  
And seventeen marks he assigned him.

—*Yale Record*.

—The Cohoes News says: "George E. Dixon of this city is one of the editors of the CONCORDIENSIS, a monthly publication issued during the collegiate year by the students of Union University. It is neatly printed, tastefully arranged and edited with tact and care. It deserves success and we trust its patronage may be equal to its deserts."

—Do you believe in all the shark stories you read? Here is an interesting one:

"A canoe recently left Loma Loma, in the Fiji Islands, with twenty-five natives on board, for Toytoys. They were going about when a sudden squall sent the sail against the mast, capsizing the canoe. The unfortunate passengers clung to the canoe, and might have escaped with consequences no worse than those which would have attended discomfort and exposure, but for the fact that the capsize occurred in a locality infested with sharks. These ravenous monsters seized their victims one by one, devouring twenty-three out of the twenty-five unfortunates whose lives were thus placed at their mercy. Of the two who escaped, one is a woman; but her situation is very critical, the whole of the flesh having been taking off one leg."

Now we remember distinctly that our Prof. in zoology told us that such stories would all prove without foundation. Still the circulation of them grounds their belief in the minds of the people. Why not let those who can refute them?

#### A SERENADE.

Alphonzo is discovered under the window of his adored, guitar in hand; time, midnight:

I Fain would woo thee, love, to-night.—  
(By Jove, how those mosquitoes bite!)  
When sleeping nature, by the moon's pale ray  
(Confound those frogs! she can't hear what I say.)  
Is softened, and the little elves in fairy ring—  
(Thunder! there goes another string.)  
Gleeful; chant praises on thy beauty rare—  
(A bug or something's got into my hair!)

\* \* \* \* \*

At last she come, and opens wide her lattice,  
"What's that? She wonders where that cat is!  
She *can't* refer to *me*; it's just her fun!  
And yet, do I behold the old man with his gun?  
Farewell, dear little heart, I think I'll run!"

—*Spectator*.

#### THE RETORT.

Old Birch, who taught a village school,  
Wedded a maid of homespun habit;

He was as stubborn as a mule,  
 And she was playful as a rabbit..  
 Poor Kate had scarce become a wife,  
 Before her husband sought to make her  
 The pink of country-polished life,  
 As prim and formal as a Quaker.  
 One day the tutor went abroad,  
 And simple Kitty sadly missed him ;  
 When he returned, behind her lord,  
 She slyly stole, and fondly kissed him.  
 The husband's anger rose, and red  
 And white his face alternate grew ;  
 "Less freedom, ma'am!" Kate sighed and said,  
 "Oh, dear ! I didn't know 'twas you."  
 —Quincy Patriot.

## MY LUCK.

She had come to visit Nat's sister,  
 And there I met her one night,  
 A cousin, I think, of the family,  
 And a girl rather handsome and bright.  
 I remember we looked at an album ;  
 And I told her how much I could guess  
 Of one's character just from a picture ;  
 "Now witness," said I, "my success."  
 "Here's a photograph of a young maiden  
 Both pretty and modest and true."  
 She fairly colored with pleasure ;  
 "Why that's," she exclaimed, "sister Sue !"  
 "But here," I continued, elated,  
 "Is the worst-looking fellow thus far ;  
 A stupid, old, senseless curmudgeon."  
 She simply said, "*That's my papa !*"

## YE DARTMOUTH FRESHMAN.

It was a freshman, and it happened about  
 dusk Thursday evening. We found him  
 wandering disconsolately through the dust  
 and ashes of Bed-bug Alley. Upon being  
 questioned as to the cause of his discomfi-  
 ture, he exclaimed—"Darn it, I don't get the  
 knack of them lamps there, (pointing to the  
 gas-fixtures)—They don't have the gol-darned  
 things out our way. Why," continued,  
 he, "perhaps you wouldn't believe it, but  
 I've been trying to *turn up that wick* for these  
 two hours and I can't raise her."—Dartmouth.

—"Journalism is a glorious calling." Yes,  
 we're all seized with enthusiastic spurts like  
 that once in a while, but in our moments of  
 depression we sometimes think we would  
 rather be a plumber during a mild winter.



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" Stewed, -	15 "	Bread and Milk, -	5 "
" Fried, -	25 "	Bread and Butter, -	3 "
Beefsteak, or Ham and		Sandwiches, (each) -	3 "
Eggs, with Potatoes,		Crullers, -	Two for 3 "
Bread and Butter, and		Eggs, boiled, poached,	
Coffee, -	25 "	fried, scrambled, (each)	3 "
Baked Beans, per plate, 6	"	Coffee or Tea, -	3 "
Pot of Boston Baked		Pie, -	5 "
Beans—to order, 50	"	Milk, per glass, -	3 "
Milk Sangaree, -	5 "		

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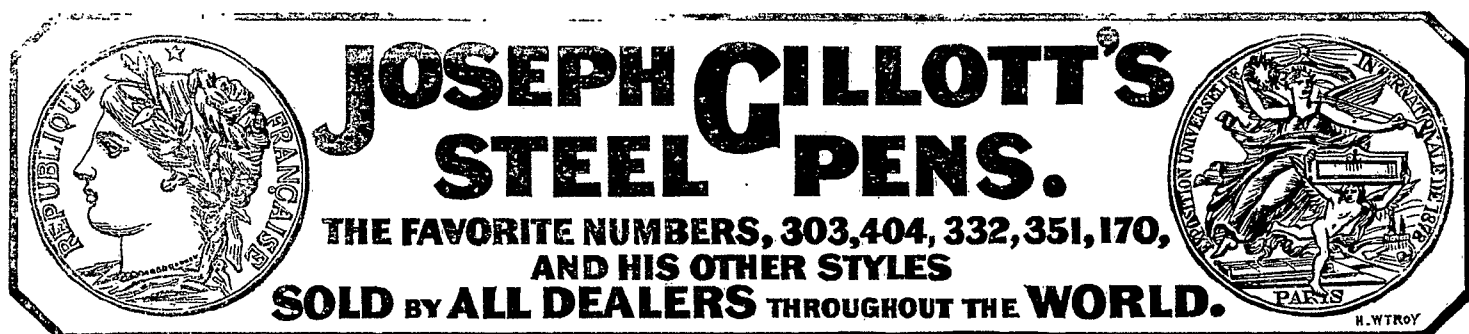
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