

THE CONCORDIENSIS.

VOL. III.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y., JUNE, 1880.

No. 9.

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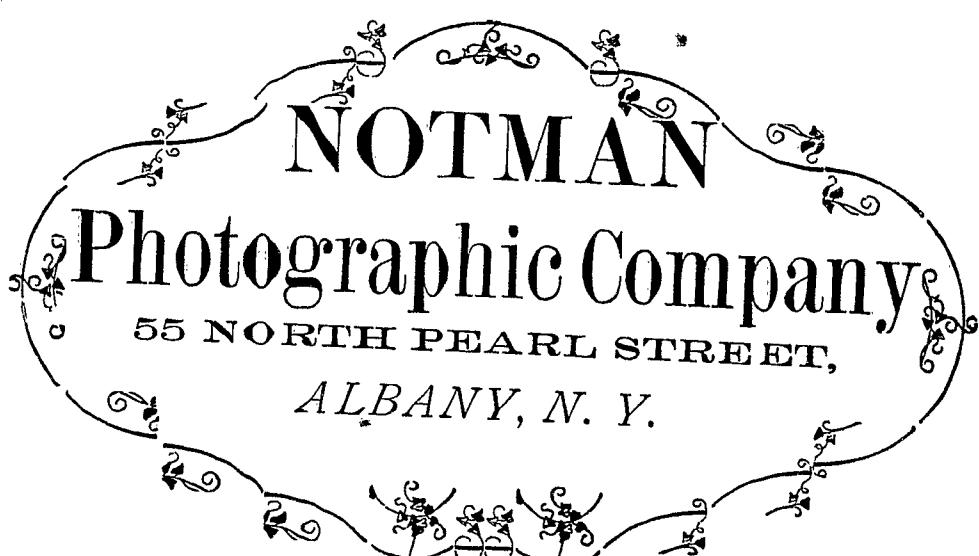
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SCHENECTADY, N. Y., JUNE, 1880.

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THE CONCORDIENSIS.

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EIGHTY-ONE TO EIGHTY.

The gray old walls, the lofty dome,
The elm and stately pine,
Will see no more you '80 men
Beneath their shade recline.

The quiet herd will seek the shade,
The birds will sing their lay,
The leaves will fall, the blossoms bloom,
For yet full many a day.

But naught of all will you behold,
No more you'll hear the chime,
Except as memory calls them back,
Or muses weave in rhyme.

We've shouted, struggled, squabbled, fought,
In ill and friendlyfeat,
Agreed to always disagree,
And never own defeat.

But oft together have we sung
To good Old Union's praise ;
So let this bond unite us one,
In all the coming days.

We bid you speed, go, tarry not,
Haste on the rugged way,
Go try the world and battle there
And bravely win the day.

The world hath room for ready men,
From such her glories dawn,
We'll miss you from our circle here,
But go, she calls you on.

We'll tarry yet a little while,
And lengthen memory's chain,
And then, with you, our journey take
In search for golden grain.

Your chain is forged and now begins
In silence to unfold,
Oh, may the future prove it true,
Each link is forged of gold.

MATHETES, '81.

CLASS ADDRESS.

BY JAMES MC F. MC MASTER.

LADIES, GENTLEMEN AND CLASSMATES:—As a ship after a long and stormy voyage approaches the haven of her destination, and the first glimpse of land appears on the horizon, a great clamor of exultation arises from her weary crew, and congratulations are the order of the day.

For we voyagers, after four years sailing through college life, sometimes roughly, sometimes smoothly, find ourselves on the eve of graduation.

We have assembled to-day for the last time in the character of a class. To us it is a joyful event; but our joy is tinged with sorrow as we look into each familiar face and remember that we soon must part. Four years of pleasant associations have united us—a band of brothers. Four years of sympathy, sharing each other's hardships, partaking of each other's pleasures, have linked us with golden ties of friendship.

But our career is ending. The pleasant associations are gone; yet time and vicissitude cannot erase from the tablets of our mind the sweet memories of our college days.

We now depart from this our once happy home to seek our lot in the struggle of life; to play our part in the great human drama; to fulfill the imperious law of our being.

How shall we demean ourselves in a way befitting our vocation? A profound and serious question; too profound perhaps for my philosophy, but it is my duty to make some suggestions, feeble though they be. I wish briefly to call your attention, on this favorable and appropriate occasion, to the importance of moral culture.

We have now arrived at that time when speculation must be tested and imagination give place to actual occurrence. The wild theories of youth must be laid aside, and the realities of life encountered. We go out from these classic walls, not only in a trying period of our country, but in a wonderful epoch of the world.

In fact, there is that in the particular state and tendencies both of our age and country, which requires a soundness and practical cast of education; a fulness and ripeness of scholarship never before exceeded. This is necessary in order that right, reason, sound policy, just sentiment and virtuous practice may prevail.

It is also necessary in order to dispel the

visionary and unsettled theories, the disorganizing plans, the secret corruption and the unhallowed practices which have thrown their blighting influences over the fair face of our country. Let us look at the condition of the world about us, and inquire what is best. It will be easy to decide whether happiness, usefulness and wisdom are to be found with pure morality. If it is apparent, undeniable, that they are so, let us ask ourselves whether we can begin too early or labor too assiduously, to establish a broad, solid, and lasting foundation for a virtuous character. Who are the truly happy? Whatever be the enjoyments of which we make happiness consist, it is an undisputed fact that morality furnishes the only plain and certain road to its attainment. The time has come when moral force, example, opinion, sense of justice, play a greater part than they ever did in the history of the world.

The time has come when moral culture, character, righteousness, have their part not only in determining the destiny of an individual, but that of a nation.

It is the highest test purpose to which in the progress of evolution the right to exist has yet been put.

This is an evidence of the progress of civilization and marks a new era in the world when justice wields her sceptre not through cruel wars, or tarnished with fratricidal blood, when the bright light of a pure Christianity and just morality directs us to that glorious destiny which awaits us.

When a man looks into himself, he discovers two kinds of principles which seem opposed to each other. He discovers passions, desires and appetites which urge him to self gratification, and another principle antagonistic to these which urges him to be impartial, disinterested, and to seek the good of others. This latter principle is the still, silent voice of conscience, which creates the idea of duty, impartial justice, and humanity. This is the supreme power within us, the one to be cultivated above all others, for on its culture depends the right development of all others. Passions may be stronger than conscience and may possess a louder voice, but the triumphs of passions are rebuked by the moral principle, and often cowed before its still, small voice. Sensuality is the abyss into which many souls are plunged, and whoever would cultivate the soul must restrain the passions.

This moral culture can be won by stern resolutions, intercourse with superior minds and elevated associations.

Cultivate then a virtuous character, cherish it with the dearest thoughts which warm the imagination or cluster around the heart, for it is inseparately connected with our individual happiness and national grandeur; and you will be recognized and honored as public benefactors, as even they were in the civil war and foreign invasion of the past, for

"The great Eurathian conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindanis, when temple and tower
Went to the ground, and the repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet had the power
To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare."

What is man? What are his pursuits, his works, his monuments? He flees like a shadow; the wealth which he toils for passes away; the heart-hstone on which he garners up the affections of his own home sinks into the elements; the very marble which his children raise over his ashes, for a memorial unto eternity, perishes; his sons, his kindred, his name, his race, his nation, his splendid monuments, his majestic cities, vanish like the baseless fabric of a vision. What is man? Poor perishable dust. But the soul, the voice of moral character is imperishable. It is this and this only which makes man immortal, lifts him above brute creation, makes him a god, wreathes his soul in glory, carries him on the wings of angels to eternal happiness.

Gentlemen, when in the strife of life, the surging billows seem too strong for human effort, and the dark clouds look gloomy and portend sorrow, bear yourselves like men, let conscience be quick and faithful and the will be prompt and strong, for it is then that character will shine with its true light.

Success is not the test of merit, for in the catalogue of possibilities, what powers may not conspire to defeat the best concerted plans? And where merit opposes merit, if either succeed, merit must fail. The master of military science fought and lost. Poland's holy cause was crushed like an insurrection. It was fortune made Washington a hero—America free. A turn of the scales would have convicted him a traitor and branded our forefathers as rebels. O, merit, thou art like a richly laden bark, which waits the opportunity of favorable winds, for you may be able to "lay your hand upon the ocean's mane and play familiar with his hoary locks." You may be able to "weave garlands of the lightning's wing, and with the thunder talk as friend to friend," and then turn and "with the grasshopper which sings its evening song be-

neath your feet converse" and still die "unwept, unhonored and unsung."

As men we should not be pliant creatures of outward influence, but armed with high moral character that can defy the despotism of public opinion, the capricious tyranny of fashion, and the unrelenting exactions of party and passion. As men we should be thoughtful, active, earnest, brave and truthful, equal to any enterprises if duty calls, but ready if God so wills, to take our humble, peaceful and unhonored positions in the most sheltered vales of life.

Gentlemen, as you are marshalling your forces for the strife of life, cultivate every quality which proclaims the man—man after God's image. Then you will be like the many-sided jewel, turn which face you please to the light you will flash back a gleam of true promethean fire.

In conclusion, classmates, from the depths of my heart I would pronounce a blessing on our Alma Mater. Long may she live, dispensing the beneficence of sound instruction and wholesome influence, and in connection with her sister institutions build up sentiments of virtue, truth, and morality that will stamp our grand confederacy of States a great and noble people. May Providence guide you.

PUBLIC OPINION.

CLASS-DAY ORATION, BY F. P. S. CRANE.

From the time that man first exchanged his cave in the woods for the arts and sciences of civilization, Public Opinion has been felt as a powerful agent in the affairs of men.

The first examples of its power are emblazoned on the stage of history, where ages are the time, and nations the actors. The great lesson learned from the records of our race is that the only sovereign of the world, the only monarch who has never been overthrown is Public Opinion. What is a throne? What is a congress? What is a constitution? Mere mouthpieces for the expression of Public Opinion. But if the will of the people has always been supreme, it will be asked how are we to explain many dark passages in the history of man? And how came about those abuses which plundered the many of wealth, honor and liberty and laid their spoils at the feet of a few? We would answer that folly and ignorance were the diseases that had afflicted Public

Opinion. Is it wonderful that, for a time, it lay powerless? After the quiet comes the storm, and Public Opinion bursts forth with a terrible reaction. This moment when the tide is changing, is the grandest in the annals of nations. It was in one of these crises that the May-Flower containing her little band of pilgrims was launched forth, following the setting sun, to found a new continent. And here in the west, Public Opinion has unfurled her banner, proclaiming liberty to forty millions of the human race. It is at the same command that science stretches out her hand from nation to nation, and continents are joined by a mighty bridge over which pass the caravans of commerce. For twenty years before the Revolution, France enjoyed the greatest prosperity. Its whole trade doubled; population increased rapidly; and individuals became more industrious, more enterprising, richer than ever. All this was due to a nation whose upper-classes were enlightened and free, and a government strong, central and capable of maintaining order, at the head of which was a king ruled by public opinion. During the reign of William and Mary, the Jesuits made repeated attempts to restore the throne of England to James the II. Pamphlets were secretly printed and scattered broadcast over the land; meetings were held, and everything possible was done to bring about the desired result. But they made the fatal mistake of asking Louis the XIV and the French nation for assistance. The moment a foreign fleet sailed across the channel, all England rose as one man. The tide of public opinion changed in a moment. The French fleet retreated, and England was saved the horrors of another war.

But with all its glorious triumphs, it is still unsteadfast and inconstant as an individual mind. It has ruined great enterprises, and whirled into oblivion noble lives. It often has condemned what it did not understand.

Is there then no security, no safeguard? What is the origin of public opinion? It is the opinion of a few, or of one. For like rivers, it is formed in high places but soon passes down to the people, as rivers to the ocean. Here then is one safety. Move the individual and you move the public. Every citizen rightly educated, and who cherishes proper feelings, is one more improver of public opinion. It is in the fact that men are growing wiser and more enlightened, that the destiny of this country hangs, and the lowest individual, knowing that his opinions

are a portion of the supreme law of the land, would do wrong to think them of no significance. "Our world is a vast whispering gallery, one of those curious structures of human skill where every breath is audible; and the word that at first was faintly spoken, scarce trusted to the silent air, is sent swiftly onward and around the vaulted walls; a thousand babbling echoes repeat and prolong the sound, till it shakes the globe with its thunder."

CLASS PROPHECY.

BY R. J. LANDON.

The position of prophet is a peculiar one. Though chosen on account of a wonderful power in discerning character, yet he is expected to make a fine display out of material which will not in the slightest degree admit it if truth be even partially maintained. In the present instance, however, your prophet rejoices that his veracity is put to no such test, that his greatest difficulty is the necessity of pointing out such futures for you all as will be admitted to be at least within the bounds of possibility, instead of those which, although they are to be yours, could not be publicly stated without branding me as a falsifier, a perverter of truth, given to strange fancies and unbounded pride in my class. If at any time strange prophecies appear, remember that truth is stranger than fiction and reserve your censure till time shall show its fitness.

This prophecy is founded on observation. You have all shown a wonderful amount of observation, especially in recitations. By a judicious use of his optics many a man has gained a ten-spot. My observation of your peculiarities and determination of your destinies was corroborated in this way: Being something of a somnambulist I awoke one night in a large room strangely decorated. It was mother Earth's parlor; on the centre table, of course, she had an album containing pictures of her noblest sons. The book was inscribed "The Class of '80." The room was very dark but this inscription could be seen even in the darkness. An old man was in charge. As he saw me he thundered out, "What seekest thou within these walls never before defiled by human presence?" "I want to go home," I meekly replied. "Stay! Look thou upon this book of life; attend, that thou mayest be wise and then depart; convey what information thou wishest to thy

brothers, since, Cassandra-like, thy prophecies will be despised." Thereupon the book opened and the darkness was dispelled. The light shone resplendent from every page, for every man was a luminary. The pictures were beautiful (they were pictures of the class), what you might call speaking pictures. Anyway I called them speaking pictures so as to account for some little things which might otherwise appear strange. They were life-size and represented a period in each one's life eminently characteristic of his future.

As the first picture lay before me, what was my surprise to see those same old walls which we are now leaving, to hear the awful sound of a No. 9 boot kicking in a door. "Open up! O, Fresh! Toot-toot-too-oo-o! Bra-a-ah," yelled the intruder. Thrusting his head out of the window whom should I recognize but our worthy President, hale and hearty and as Fresh as ever, though years had left their traces on his brow. Commencement called him here as a reporter, and he was spending a few spare hours in calling on the Fresh as he used to do.

As I was talking with Aleck, the Old Man in charge turned over the page of the mighty book, when a strange sight met my eye: There was a large room with long rows of trundle-beds and cradles, the floor strewed with dolls, rattle-boxes, a-b-c blocks, rocking-horses, etc., etc., etc. A woman was walking up and down the room with a baby on each arm and one slung on her back, papoose style. A gaunt, thin man now and then appeared on the scene with a baby-carriage, changed the occupant for another and went out again. It was with difficulty that I recognized my old classmate, bushy side-whiskers quite disfiguring him. Entering into conversation he said: "I am now engaged-ah-in-ah-fine business. My wife thought that-ah-with her-ah-great-ah-great-ah-experience we could not do better than-ah-take up- ah-ah-a-a-ah baby-farming. We get money enough for me-ah-to go to the sea-shore-ah-every summer. O! we are doing finely. Mrs.-ah-Mrs. Anable and I." "Enough of this; pass on," said I to the Old Man.

The next scene was a beautiful pine grove; a revival meeting was going on. The people were unlike any I had ever seen; they proved to be South American natives. A chubby little oily man of God was listening to the confessions of an old sinner whose recital of his fall from the ways of grace was interrupted by such exclamations as "Good Lord—deliver us! Great God—save us!" etc. It was a way

of talking Godfrey had even before he turned Methodist preacher.

As the leaf was turned, a broad landscape spread out before me; fields of grain waving in the wind; splendid meadows with herds of cattle grazing here and there; everything suggesting the thrifty farmer; everything having a comfortable, well-to-do-look, from the newly painted farm-house to its ruddy-cheeked occupant, H. J. Campbell, the stock-raiser of Vermont.

In contrast to this quiet country life, came all the bustle and confusion worse confounded of a convention which put to shame all that Chicago, Cincinnati, or St. Louis ever beheld. It was the convention of a third national party headed by the redoubtable Joseph D. Craig. The speeches which poor whisky and worse tempers gave birth to were such as you would not believe unless you heard them. It was a seething, boiling mass of humanity with a great deal of scum on the surface. Order was finally wrought from chaos, and everything turned out as all things do in which our worthy classmate takes a part.

From this forum of politics we pass to the U. S. Senate. The floor is occupied by a man long known there who now strongly advocates measures which are an honor to himself and his Alma Mater, with all the clearness, moderation and wisdom so long known to us in the person of J. M. McMaster.

Contests of mind with mind give place to those of athletes in the field. The laurel wreath is being given to the winner in many games. In throwing the hammer, putting the shot, high jump, long jump, wrestling, boxing, indeed in all feats of strength, none can beat Muhlfelder.

The Old Man turned to the next picture with a sigh. Haunts of misery and vice abounded, wretched women, squalid children, drunken men. It was a place where but few would dare to go. Down a narrow alley came a neatly dressed, middle-aged man, stopping now and then to say a kind word as he came along. That he was doing much good here one way and another was at once evident. It was a place where muscular christianity had a broad field and the Home Mission had a good worker in McNulty. "Who would have thought it?" was all I could say.

It was with a sensation of relief that I turned from the dark side of humanity to a scene unsurpassed by any "in the realm of Iancy's fairy frostwork." The Catskill

mountains loomed up in the distance. A party of civil engineers were arranging their day's work in carrying on a survey of the mountains. Their leader seemed quite familiar with the ground, a circumstance, I afterwards learned, due to five weeks surveying on the Hudson while pursuing his college course. Anderson was on the government survey, the height of his ambition. He said that beginning with the Mohawk flats (his emphasis of flats led me to think he referred to his improved matrimonial prospects) he had been mountin' upward. The last thing I remembered as I fell in a swoon, was a sickly smile to which a fierce mustache, the result of years of persistent cultivation, gave a ghastly expression.

When I came to again, a dazzling spectacle almost blinded me. It was a President's reception at Washington. You know better than I can tell what it must have been when I merely say that the honored member of our class was Bishop. "May the Lord preserve us," was my involuntary prayer.

It was lucky that such a bright scene preceded the next or I could not have seen anything. There is no use of my describing it, for most of you will see a similar one some day. It was a heavenly view; one of our classmates was there. Noted for his angelic features and sylph-like form, a second Ganimede, in fact, he was snatched away in his youth to be cup bearer to the Gods, and the world knew not what it had lost. Rogers was gone.

From such a scene we come upon all the din and confusion of a great manufacturing town. There is a neat, cheery, private office where a man stands chuckling to himself over the termination of the strikes with that quiet little laugh for which Dixon is justly famous.

The next is a court-room. An immense crowd is there. A smooth-faced man with flowing white locks is arguing his case. "We see them in—we see—well—we see—it must be seen that the Chinese must go." Forty years had not settled the Chinese question, and Burnet, the agitator, has got himself into court and is trying to get out again.

Gladly leaving such a crowd I looked upon a quiet, country village, a village in which "twere better to be first, than second at Rome." The head man here led a quiet life, notwithstanding the trusts reposed in him. He was president of the town board, he edited the "Nation's Pride," \$2.00 per annum, in advance; he was postmaster, he was store-keeper, he was this, that and the other

thing; still the good woman of the house and something less than a score of children kept Ballart's spirits up.

The next picture was ornamented by an immense tannery, while in the distance a great building bore many inscriptions informing passers by that it was a wholesale establishment where hides, pelts and skins of all descriptions were bought and sold by Sadler and Glover. Glover was a first rate business man; Sadler meddled in little political schemes too much for his own good, though why he did so none could tell.

We have next one of the *stable* men of '80, not an old fogey by any means, but a drive-ahead business man. Kemp, in fact, was running a livery stable. Passionately fond of horses from youth upward, this mania especially developed itself during his college career. With a preference, indeed, for the old Graeco-Roman breeds, yet he did not slight the other classes. From a single glance at a horse he could jump to conclusions (it was a kind of grasshopper jump) with astonishing rapidity. It is no wonder then that we find him still at his old hobby.

Passing on, the Old Man showed me a brilliantly lighted parlor where a number of ladies and gentlemen were dancing. I at once recognized one of the men who was most attentive to the ladies and seemed to enjoy the occasion hugely. He, still unmarried but apparently not regretting the circumstance, was little changed, if we except a beautiful pair of flowing, silvery side-whiskers and a new style of eye-glasses. The ladies—God bless them—were delighted with that "dear old beau, Watkins".

As good luck would have it there was another member of our class there. Entering into conversation with him, he said: "O, I'm a lawyer now. Haven't-ha-ha-much business. Don't care for any. Know something about the law and spend my time mostly in travelling abroad. It's a pleasant way of getting along." I thought Pruyn made a first-rate gentleman of leisure.

We have another gentleman of leisure in the class, but how different! In a large easy chair sat a man whom no stretch of the imagination could transform into an '80 man. In point of corpulence he would put Falstaff to shame. The gout prevented him from leaving his chair; the whiteness of his complexion suggested arsenic; the birds and bugs around the room suggested Benedict. The proof sheets in his hand, on the "Medusiform Gonophores of the Campanularida,"

showed his occupation and the source of his wealth.

The next picture was quite interesting. Two men were engaged in a fierce struggle; the issue was doubtful, but all this time the furniture in the room was being smashed and much damage done. At length, from mere exhaustion, the men separated and went out, each to get some friends to back him up in the next fight. It was sad to see men like Ickler and Crane in such a position, but differences of opinion between them as President and Professor respectively in a Western college, led to a stronger form of expression in those wilds than would be allowed here.

In striking contrast with this disorderly scene, next appeared a quiet studio in the Swiss mountains. The artist was finishing a beautiful landscape. As he turned his head I recognized Dougherty, whose placid features and pleasant smile indicated that he had found the sphere where fame and fortune were within his grasp. No more patients were to curse the day that he was born, but rich and poor alike felt, as they gazed in rapture on the work of his hand, that America had at least one claim upon the admiration of the world.

Gladly would I have remained looking upon this scene, but the Old Man turned the leaf, when a curious sight appeared. A long low room was filled with row after row of shelves containing rocks and stones of every description, bottles of all forms and sizes, and collections of curiosities wonderful even for their great variety. Over an old table a queer specimen of humanity was working at some chemicals. Though ostensibly a school-teacher, Fitzgerald spent most of his time in searching for the philosopher's stone without much success as yet, he informed me, although he had discovered a sure cure for corns and rheumatism.

The next scene was a garret in a great city, poorly furnished and in magnificent disorder. Regardless of the dust and dirt, voluminous manuscripts were scattered all around. The inhabitant of this abode told me that for twenty years he had been engaged in writing novels, philosophical treatises and poetry, but the miserable publishers didn't know a good thing when they saw it and wouldn't get out any more of his works unless he paid them in advance. He had got out a book or two on these terms but the people didn't know enough to buy them. Notwithstanding the discouraging prospect, Lowell still continued to write,

hope and the corner grocery keeping him in spirits.

The O. M. stepped back in admiration as he turned to the next picture. There was a vast crowd intently listening to an orator whose sonorous tones thrilled one's very life-blood and riveted his attention to the speaker. Soon amidst thundering applause the great American orator withdrew. You will already have guessed that he was none other than Miles W. Vosburg, of Albany.

I doubt if I am doing right in telling you what I next saw, for the future Freshman may slay a good citizen upon the authority of this statement. If they do, Sweet is the victim. The mathematical development of this man's brain was simply enormous (a mathematical expression by the way). No fault however would be found with that if it was not for the fact that the aforesaid development is to be accompanied with a mania for writing mathematical treatises, and that, too, in such a way that the science will be carried much higher and the quantity of algebra, geometry, calculus, etc., necessary to a collegiate education be ten-fold what it is now, an evil which some of us can appreciate.

Next the Old Man showed one of those magnificent buildings for which insurance companies are noted. In a lavishly furnished parlor, reclining in an easy attitude on a lounge, was Mr. Tuttle, President of the Bustup Mutual Life, employed in putting a salary of \$50,000 where it would do the most good. How he got such a position he did not know, but, drifting along, Wilkins Micawber style, he did get it, and that was all he cared about.

There remained but one more picture of the class and that was a mixed one. It was with a peculiar sensation that I looked upon it. In one place an old man, doubtless having faith in his ability to read the future, traveled with a circus and told the fortunes of all who wished it at twenty-five cents a head. In another he was conducting a spiritualists' show and dumbfounding a small audience. In a third he was doing nothing except looking very hard up, "hungry, dejected, worn out and busted." It was the only picture which shook the prophet's faith in his or the book's representation of truth, for he did not like to see himself in such shapes.

Not being particularly enchanted with this scene I told the Old Man to go on. He replied, "that is all. Other luminaries there were in this book but one by one, or two by two they have disappeared. The pages of

their history are gone." As I would not dare, upon my own authority simply, pronounce the destiny of those who once were numbered with us, "Sling" and the rest must let Time alone tell their stories.

The Old Man showed me one more picture before leaving. It was our Alma Mater, older than now by several centuries, but unchanged, save that the grass grew where now stands the Memorial Hall; save that two other large, substantial buildings graced our campus, or rather were on our campus, for they were spoken of as being not very handsome, but extremely useful. The only familiar faces about the place belonged to Colonel Pickett, Aumee, and Elizabeth. They had the gift of life, like the Cumæan sybil of old.

With regard to our Faculty but little could be learned. Oxford University had the good fortune to seduce to that ancient seat our instructor in Butler, to there expound the mysteries of the table of contents, "beyond which," in the words of the immortal Daniel, "he sought not to penetrate the veil." The prayer of future classes until his departure will doubtless be: "God grant that, in our day at least, that curtain may not rise; God grant that on our vision never may be opened what lies behind."

After his departure it took some time for the small portion of the faculty left, to recover from their grief and consternation, arrange the disordered finances and reconcile themselves to a new head. It was said that they often pondered over the fable of the fish that jumped from the frying pan into the fire, but that story has no significance. Some of our Professors lived long, all died happy, a monstrous assertion indeed, yet in accordance with the fact.

If any one doubts the truth of the foregoing prophecy he can visit the parlor and look over the album above mentioned and he will be convinced. The entrance is under Memorial Hall.

—The annual four mile boat race between eight-oared crews of Yale and Harvard universities took place on the Thames river at New London, Conn., July 1st. The race was splendidly rowed, and resulted in a victory for Yale, who won with ease by ten lengths. Yale has thus far won two of the eight-oared university races to Harvard's three.

EDITORIAL.

[If any subscribers of this number have not received their paper, they will confer a favor on the editors by informing them of that fact. Any notice sent to Box 534, St. Paul, Minn., the address of the editor-in-chief, will receive prompt attention.]

THE chief-editor, and the friends of honest administration in Union College, take the full responsibility of this issue of the CONCORDIENSIS. It may seem to some of our well-meaning readers that we have been immoderate in our articles, but we assure them that we are *moderate* in view of all that must yet come to light. All we ask is that our readers will investigate, overturn and overturn; that they will find out what position is taken by the best, ablest and truest friends of our college.

ANOTHER year is ended. Our three-year-old child — The CONCORDIENSIS — is fast learning to walk. It is beginning to support itself. Kicks and caresses, kind words and harsh words have alike fallen on its devoted head but the one have glanced off and have left it unscathed while the other, like sunshine to a plant, have been life and strength to it. Though only its guardians, we look with almost a mother's pride upon its healthy appearance. It is to day stronger than ever, but alas for the uncertainty of the future! Will it live as long as "Old Union" herself or will the relentless hand of the destroyer cripple it for life, or even kill it, because it has not countenanced his sublime hypocrisy and clever lies? Or worse than all, will it smile when justice is perverted, applaud when trusts are betrayed, rejoice at the triumph of trickery over honesty, fawn upon the hypocrite and liar? We hope not; we believe not. Would rather it had never lived than that it should become so despicably low. Our child has a nobler mission in this world. There are battles to be fought. There is a

victory to be won, and our parting prayer is that it may rather die while nobly fighting dishonesty than live to an old age in the service of vice.

MANY of the visiting alumni are so dissatisfied with the present administration that they are inclined to do nothing in the way of sending students here. This is a great mistake. The future of "Old Union" was never more promising, the instruction never so thorough before, and every alumnus should lend a ready hand; because, we believe the time is already past when the success of Union College (due almost entirely to her noble Faculty) can be identified with the present head.

THE loss of Mr. Joseph R. Davis, Tutor of Latin, is one which cannot easily be calculated. For the three years which he has been with us as instructor he has won the respect of everybody whose friendship is worth having. He is one of the most thorough scholars which Union has sent out in years. He was a grand, good man, and an earnest christian. He was firm as a rock in his adherence to the right, yet liberal in his convictions. He hated wrong and hypocrisy and boldly opposed it. As a teacher he was a decided success. No man ever got better work out of his pupils. We take great pleasure in paying tribute to one whose character is a union of such ability and manliness. But he is gone and Union College feels his loss. We understand Mr. Davis did not desire to return in his present capacity. But that does not excuse or even palliate his abrupt dismissal. He was *dismissed*. We understand that *charges* were preferred against him. These charges passed unchallenged by his friends among the Trustees. It was prudent at the time. But these charges must be sustained. We demand it. We ask the Trustees of Union College to investigate them and nail the lie to the coward

from whom they emanated. Then do what justice and the best interests of the college call for.

UNION COLLEGE is to be congratulated. Every friend of the college should rejoice at the signal success attending the cause of good government in the last meeting of the Trustees. It has long been a wonder to us how, in a republican country like this, a great seat of learning like Union College could be governed by a law so narrow and undemocratic. Yet, for years the President has had "power to govern the college and direct all matters relating to it according to the laws," the President "when *he* shall deem it necessary, convening the professors and tutors to *advise*, etc., * * * and submitting such questions for their decision as shall appear to *him* most *expedient*." We shall make no comment on this statute, resting satisfied that no one can view it with complacency. Enough to say that after an earnest struggle this statute was repealed or so amended as to vest the immediate administration of the college in the Faculty, the President to have a vote. Let everybody say Amen. Let the good work go on. The Trustees are proving that they have the best interests of the college at heart, and they have only to go on, taking each next step aright, acting promptly yet wisely, in order to make "Old Union" worthy of her "Great Past."

THE Senior class confidently expected that they would be able to obtain the photographs of all the Faculty from Mr. Notman, but the year has come to a close and few good pictures of our professors are obtainable. What is the reason? When Mr. Notman at first extended his invitation to the Faculty, asking them to a sitting, we said to ourselves: "The professors will now be to blame if Mr. Notman does not have their pictures." But matters are not all so simple, and a kind invitation to the studio does not

connote a kind reception and a carefully taken picture. When our senior professor, Dr. Foster, did not like the proof sent him, he repaired to Albany and informed the artist that he was ready to sit again, but—listen to the sage reply! “Very few of your pictures are likely to be sold, sir, and, therefore we can’t let you sit again.” What! sell few pictures of a man so revered as Dr. Foster! a man, who during the half-century that he has been at Union College has educated nearly four thousand men, each one of whom, will to-day throw their caps high in air and give three cheers for the good old doctor! But the artist ought to know best, why, of course.

The Doctor expected to purchase some of the pictures for himself, but it is needless to say that he finally did not.

Whose fault is it now, that Mr. Notman has so few pictures of the faculty? We do not know if that is the reason why the rest did not sit for their pictures, but we know that it is a reason why they may not have gone, and that we on that account felt disinclined to urge them to go. We hope that Mr. Notman will, in the future, first acquaint himself with the man before he treats him so uncivilly.

THOUGH it be very easy to hurt a thoroughly good man by telling lies concerning him, it is very hard indeed to expose an altogether unscrupulous man—a clever hypocrite. Many of the alumni and trustees will be surprised to know that we have such a man here—some of them know it. If we should tell the truth concerning him, it will be said that a public man is always more or less assailed; if we say nothing, his great cunning and mellifluous words will so conceal his hypocrisy that he will be long retained here to impose upon people. It is a burning shame that such noble men as our faculty should have been for so long a time as-

sociated with and ruled over by a man so unprincipled as Dr. Potter. We shall be sorry to miss our faculty; we hope that we may never again be brought into contact with our President. We have done with him. We shall no longer see him walking arm in arm with men whom he has secretly tried to influence; we shall no longer hear him tell us that he must refer this and that to committeees which we have afterwards found never had an existence; we shall not be here when he says to a student, as he said to a member of the Class of Eighty, something as follows: “You have been a good student and I don’t want to expel you, but Prof. _____ and Prof. _____ will not permit me to keep you here,” while all along the professors had nothing to do with expelling a man. Dr.

Potter *alone* had the power. We shall no longer go through Butler’s Analogy in ten or twelve days; we shall no longer listen to lectures on morality which none of the class can appreciate—a dull class of course—and which to us seem all introductory; we shall no longer be greeted with a pleasant smile on one day, and haughtily passed by on the next; we shall no longer at commencement hear him flatter those whose enemies he has clearly shown himself to be; we shall no longer see men appointed tutors and professors that they may be more efficient private secretaries, while professors in other departments are overworked for want of help; we shall no longer see money wasted upon the old “cheese-box” which is needed for other purposes. We have graduated, and so are done with him. He may go on and impose upon others, but we shall not be here.

GRIM old father Time with his measured tread comes before each member of the Class of Eighty and orders him to leave these sacred halls, this lovely grove and the many pleasant associations connected with

this old college. It is useless to cry, "How can I?" The old man gathers his face into a contemptuous smile and only mocks our unutterable grief. "You must knuckle down to the realities of life," he says: "You must forget those who have been kind to you; you must cheerfully leave those who have benefitted you in a hundred ways; 'tis manly to be thus hard-hearted; 'tis the way of the world."

Ah, this is easily said, but when we think on what we leave, on what we shall miss, how can we treat our leave-taking lightly? Shall we ever see such scenery out in the world as the beautiful Mohawk Valley, visible for miles and miles from every college window? Are there more such sunsets? Is there in this wide world another such garden, grove, campus? Dear to us as all these places are, we might perhaps be reconciled to their loss, but they form no comparison to what we must leave. Leaving our college implies leaving our professors. Good and true men, though "few as angels' visits," can be found almost anywhere, but it is certainly an extraordinary circumstance that so many men employed in the same work—that of education—should be so thoroughly imbued with a desire to benefit those under their care; of one mind; unselfish; day and night planning how they may help this man financially, this man morally; making it pleasant for students by inviting them to tea or to a friendly chat in the study; entering into sympathy with every movement that isn't positively wrong; hating hypocrisy with a strong hatred; helping on the religious interests of the college at any sacrifice; always ready to advise students and studying to advise well; believing with all their might that

" 'Tis only noble to be good,
Kind hearts are more than coronets
And simple faith than Norman blood."

How can we help loving them? They are

our models, and it is the height of our ambition to pattern our life after theirs.

We fain would linger upon these scenes which memory brings up before us. Time calls and still we linger, though it be for a moment. And as with moistened eyes and sorrowing hearts we leave our old home, we cast one long, lingering look upon the old place, and from the depths of our soul we cry out: "I farewell, old grove and garden and halls; farewell, fellow-students; God bless you kind professors, God bless you—farewell."

WE KNOW no reason why we should conceal facts; none but dishonest men can complain at this. Neither will anybody but a fool deny us the right to express an opinion upon known facts. Some decided irregularities in the award of the Warner cup have given rise to much indignation and many conflicting reports throughout the city; hence the facts ought to be stated. First, it is the written law of the college that the Warner cup shall be awarded by the "officers of the college." It is the unwritten law, established by numerous precedents, that the award shall be made by a vote of the faculty (who, of course, are the only competent judges,) and sanctioned by the trustees. Accordingly, the faculty, in full meeting, unanimously awarded the cup to Mr.

It is well to note that this disposal of the prize accorded entirely with the opinion of every man in the Senior class. When all his classmates and all the professors are a unit for giving a prize to a certain man, it looks as though he ought to have it. The fact became known throughout town and college. What then was the surprise of many on commencement day to hear Dr. Potter award the cup to another gentleman. It appears that Dr. Potter, or Hon. Clarkson N. Potter, (the latter it is said; both, we believe,) was displeased at what had been done.

The thorn in their flesh was a recent article of correspondence in the CONCORDIENSIS, for the spirit of which the chief-editor could in no way be held responsible. Now mark. The President suddenly called a meeting. Six only of the faculty were present. It was proposed to change the award. *Three* voted for the change, two against it, and one wouldn't vote. Some of the faculty were *never notified of such a meeting*. Two, we know, were not notified—two venerable men whose judgment in such matters should be always and most respected—Dr. Foster and Dr. Pearson. Thus *three* men reversed the *unanimous* decision of the whole faculty. Was not this performance grossly illegal? Who the three men were, we know not, but that they were imposed upon is evident from the fact that every man of them, would, on another occasion, vote exactly as in the first meeting. We have this on good authority. It may seem indelicate in us to say so much of what concerns the chief-editor. We take occasion to say that our respected chief, in allowing this article to be published, has only yielded to the earnest wishes of his friends and to a desire to discountenance trickery and fraud. He and Mr. Landon are firm friends. He believes, with everybody else, that the cup is worthily bestowed. He would *never* consent to a change. The prize will never be dishonored by its possessor. But it makes the blood of every Union man run hot to think that such things can happen in his beloved college. How long, oh, how long, gentlemen of the Trustees, shall these things be!

COMMENCEMENT has come and gone. With it came its inevitable concomitant, that annual application of whitewash and soft-soap which a certain class of commencement visitors invariably see fit to lavish upon the powers that be. For years it has been the custom to procure, by what means we know not, some weak vessel of potter's clay, to

evacuate the most sickening adulations of the master-hand which shaped his ends. This year, however, we had reason to hope and expect that this annual farce would be omitted. Matters transpiring in and about Union College had become so generally understood, that we thought policy would suggest the propriety of omitting this part of the usual programme,—but we were doomed to disappointment. Scarcely had the last commencement orator left the stage, when up rose a reverend gentleman and immediately began to rehearse that old, old story, not ever new, but never true, of the unspeakable grandeur and sublimity of the present administration, and the transcendent virtues of its administrator. He waxed eloquent over Union's "glorious past" and the "glorious present" and the glorious blood which united them. He even became possessed with prophetic ken, and beheld visions of angels hovering over Memorial Hall and its august king, showering blessings of prosperity upon the future of both. It was a prodigious effort and only lacked the quality of truth to produce a prodigious effect. It was probably intended as a kind of Chicago convention shibboleth which should arouse applause "uproarious and long-continued." But the applause was feeble and its reception showed clearly enough that both college and town had grown too wise to appreciate such an exhibition.

Let no one misconstrue our motives in criticizing the reverend gentleman's eulogy. He was undoubtedly honest and sincere, only deceived. He did not understand, as we do, the intricacies of the government of the college, and no one will blame him for expressing his honest sentiments. With many of them we heartily concur. No one recognizes more clearly than do we the wonderful history of Union College, her career of usefulness, her "glorious past," or rejoices thereat with more sincere pride. Nor can any one believe more firmly in the future of

renewed prosperity which we are sure awaits her. Disloyalty to Alma Mater is a crime too heinous for our mind to harbor. If our hand should pluck one laurel from the hard-earned wreath which clusters about her honored name, may that hand lose its cunning! If our tongue should detract aught from the fame which Old Union has so nobly won, may our tongue cleave to the roof of our mouth! We love our Alma Mater, we cherish her traditions, we are proud of her record, and if we see fit to criticise, when necessary, the management of affairs at Old Union, it is not that we love her managers less, but Old Union more. Every instinct of our nature bids us guard her interests and advance her progress. And to us the greatest obstacle to her progress seems to be the belief, once prevalent, but now rapidly disappearing, that her prosperity depends upon any one man or family of men. Not that we would belittle the noble services of that family in the past—far from it. With feelings of veneration and profound respect we look back upon the life of that grand old man who for half a century presided over the destinies of the college, guiding, directing, controlling, who gave his whole life to the college and made that college his lasting monument. All honor to his name, treasured as it is in the memory of thousands of his grateful pupils all over our land. All honor, too, to that revered name, linked with the other by kindred ties, whose hand guided, whose wisdom counselled, whose strong arm upheld, when the hand of the aged patriarch trembled, and the wasting energies flagged.—But the third generation fails to manifest the talents, the virtues, or the efficiency of the two preceding. The “glorious blood” has wofully degenerated. And to-day, looking back over the “glorious past,” looking around upon the strange, inexplicably strange events transpiring around us, looking forward into the “glorious future” which prophecy has

gilded with rainbow hues—we say, and say knowing whereof we speak, that the sooner the sceptre is grasped by an unlineal hand, the better for Union College. How long, O Lord, how long wilt thou postpone the consummation devoutly to be wished? Until the consummation is effected, we respectfully suggest that displays like that witnessed at commencement will be hereafter omitted.

COMMENCEMENT.

BACCALAUREATE.

The commencement exercises virtually began with services held at the First Reformed Protestant Dutch Church, Sunday evening, June 20. The history of this church is intimately connected with that of Union College, and the fact that it was, at this time, celebrating its two-hundredth anniversary rendered the Baccalaureate services doubly interesting. The following was printed on the programme of this anniversary:

Union College was founded by the Rev. Dirck Romeyn, D. D., the seventh pastor of this church. It grew out of the “Schenectady Academy,” which was organized and built by the people of this church in 1785, at the corner of Union and Ferry streets. After ten years of prosperous life, and mainly through the influence of Dr. Romeyn, the Academy merged into the College, which was chartered in 1795. In 1804, the year of Dr. Romeyn’s death, the College was removed to the new edifice, now known as the “Union School.” Dr. Romeyn’s pastorate extended from 1784 to 1804. Union College has educated about one hundred and thirty ministers of the Reformed Church in America.

The Baccalaureate sermon was preceded by a brief address by President Potter, who presented a historical account of the college and showed that it was not expediency but principle, which led the founders to give Union her name and character—making it a college where a liberal education might be obtained by all regardless of sect, yet a place where sound christian principles should be inculcated. In that age such a thing was entirely new, and this action of our Dutch fore-fathers must have done a great deal in advancing the cause of liberal education throughout the world. The motto of Union College was and is: *In necessariis unitas, in omnibus caritas, in dubiis libertas.* Rev. W. J. R. Taylor, D. D., then preached the Baccalaureate sermon. Of it we can speak only in the highest terms. It

was one of the soundest, if not most brilliant, we have ever heard here. He spoke of the scientific, social, political and religious development of the age, and showed a masterly knowledge of each of these phases of human progress. His excellent advice to the graduates was well epitomized in these words: "*Believe in something; have faith in God, and do the right.*" We hope to see the sermon published entire.

PHI BETA KAPPA.

The Phi Beta Kappa society met on Tuesday morning and elected as honorary members Judge Andrews, of the Court of Appeals, and Dr. Alfred Rice, of the class of 1840. A petition for a chapter at Cornell University was laid on the table to be disposed of at the next annual meeting.

ALUMNI RE-UNION.

A large meeting of the Alumni Association was in session from 11 to 1 o'clock on Tuesday. It was a pleasant affair. Old friendships were renewed, the good old times were discussed. The question as to how the Alumni, as an organization, could best serve the interests of *Alma Mater* was zealously taken up and appropriate action followed. The Necrology report was then reviewed and appropriate eulogies delivered. No less than 61 graduates have died this year, prominent among whom were Ex-United States Senator James A. Bayard, LL. D., of Delaware; Gen. Wm. B. Tibbits, of Troy; Ex-State Senator Chauncey Dewey, Judge Lyman Gibbons, of Alabama. Mr. Thomas H. Fearey, class 1863, of Albany, was elected trustee of the college. A resolution was carried whereby distant Alumni can vote for trustee by proxy—a good move. The following officers were then elected for the coming year: The Hon. Robert Earle, one of the Judges of the Court of Appeals, President; Hon. Chester A. Arthur, Hon. David Murray, Hon. Frederick W. Seward, and Mr. W. H. McElroy, Vice-Presidents; A. J. Thompson, Corresponding Secretary; Thomas Featherstonhaugh, Recording Secretary; Prof. I. B. Price, Librarian, and Prof. Jonathan Pearson, Treasurer.

At two o'clock the Alumni repaired, two hundred strong, to the bountiful repast spread for them in Memorial Hall, over which they lingered till 5 o'clock. The old

and the new President, Judge Hooper C. Van Vorst and Judge Earl, divided the honors of the chair. Eloquent speeches were made by Hon. Henry R. Pierson, LL. D., and by Major Douglass Campbell, of New York, the latter advocating, in a masterly way, the endowment of a great chair of History in Union College. The most interesting exercise was the unveiling of the bronze bust (I aunt Thompson, sculptor,) of our former Professor, Col. Elias Peissner. The presentation speech was made by Edward Carey, of the *N. Y. Times*, and was an oration so finished and beautiful that we gladly reproduce it as a fitting tribute to the man whom it commemorated. Mr. Carey spoke as follows:

TRIBUTE TO PROF. ELIAS PEISSNER.

Among the many kindly memories which the Class of '63 have borne in their hearts since they quitted these pleasant College halls, there has been none more firmly seated or more tenderly kept than that of the noble young Professor who, a few weeks before our Commencement Day, laid down his life for our common country. It was our privilege to know Prof. Peissner in the fullest maturity of that vigorous life which was cut down all too soon. We knew him first as an eager and pains-taking teacher, intensely interested in his work, full of suggestiveness, happier when he could lead and help than when he was compelled to push, sometimes impatient with our want of preparation, sometimes very severe with our boyish frivolity, which seemed to his devoted student-mind a sort of sacrilege, but always alert for every sign of intelligent curiosity, always untiring in aid and counsel, always inspiring in his own laborious yet happy pursuit of knowledge. Later, many of us came to know him more intimately. In my own studies, which were to some extent arranged independently of the regular course, I had the inestimable privilege of his careful guidance. He was pleased to make me, in such slight degree as I could be, his co-worker, and I passed many delightful hours with him collating material, arranging notes, and preparing the manuscripts of his lectures and books. I was thus admitted to a near acquaintance with his mode of work and the development of his thought, and it is therefore not wholly presumptuous in me to speak with some familiarity of his qualities as a friend, and I am sure that as I found him, so he was to all of us in the measure of our need, and his opportunity. How heartily he recognized every honest effort. How his ardent intellectual longing kindled a sympathetic desire in our minds. He was as loyal in aid as he was elevated in aim and exacting in criticism. No cost of time and attention and work was too great for him when sought sincerely. In his precious companionship we saw the horizon of knowledge widen, not narrowed by dogmatism nor obscured by vague and undisciplined speculation. He was an unwearying worker, and in his society work seemed the more inviting the harder it was. No man ever kept more steadily burning or more serenely bright the flame of intellectual conscience. He respected himself too much not to respect equally the mental independence of others. It was not only the truths toward which he guided us which were of value; of greater worth was that love of truth with which his bright example inspired us, that sincere humility, that proud integrity which he unfolded before us.

The Class of '63 passed the larger part of its college life in the presence of the terrible yet glorious struggle for freedom and the Union. Our studies were constantly broken in upon by the bulletins which told of battles lost and won. Our minds were constantly distracted by the development of that tumultuous and mighty passion of patriotism which swept over the land. Many of our number left us from time to time for "the front"—that vague region which our young hearts invested with the charm of all possible adventure and of all chance for heroic service. Prof. Peissner felt from the first the impulse to which he finally yielded. He had been trained in the school of liberty, and had sought our land because he felt that here better than in his own he could enjoy its blessings. He was eager to make, without reserve, the most costly offering in return that could be made. For months he devoted all his time to the study of military tactics and to the training of a little company of students, into which latter task he threw as much zeal and patience as if he had been training an army corps. I can see him now, his lithe, erect form, his flashing eye, his commanding yet graceful gestures, and can hear his ringing voice as he shouted his orders to the boys scattered in skirmish line, along the western slope of the Campus yonder. And when the mimicry of war had ended beneath the tranquil sunset light, many an hour I have passed with him in his room in the old South, bending over Hardee, or listening to his keen suggestions as to how this or that manoeuvre could be made more plain.

In the fall of 1862, just before the college re-opened, Prof. Peissner took command of the One Hundred and Nineteenth New York Volunteers. At last he was fully enlisted in the cause which was the dearest on earth to him, and the full significance of which he understood most thoroughly; first by the quick sympathy of a heart warm with the love of liberty and justice, and then by the profound study which he had made of our political life, and the clear conviction which he had of the value of the Republic to human progress everywhere and always. His record as a soldier is brief, but it is very characteristic. He was as faithful to his men as he had been to his students, and he mastered every detail of his new profession with the rapid intelligence and the intense application which he had shown in his old one. When his regiment lay in camp facing the enemy one of his superior officers remarked, "We can lie down in safety to-night, for Peissner has command of the pickets." The words were, in little, the description of his admirable character. Whoever came in contact with him instinctively felt this unreserved confidence that whatever a generous sense of duty could demand he would be sure to give. I need not say that he was brave. His was the courage at once of a strong nature and of a lofty ideal. What were the dangers of the field to a soul which saw in its immediate surroundings scope for the noblest activity, and which saw, beyond, the infinite worth of the cause which it was serving? When he crossed the Rappahannock, the first man of that gallant and ill-fated Army of the Potomac, he knew that whether he lived or died his acts were linking the efforts of all the past to the possibilities of freedom and progress in the continual future. When, on that terrible morning of the 2d of May, he rode calmly down the lines, holding his men firm against the fierce onset that was scattering those on either side, he knew that those who fell in that fight fell as the seed falls, making the great harvest possible. And yet, when this heroic soldier of universal freedom, this patriot whose patriotism was deeper than love of country, lay mortally wounded, his last words, which a stricken comrade gathered from his lips, were a prayer that touches the

deepest spring in our heart, "God protect my wife and children!" Let us bow in silence before this cry of human anguish, which so reveals to us the costliness of the sacrifice that had been laid on the altar of our country and its sacred cause.

This is the man whose memory the Class of '63 desire to honor in the bust which we present to you. It is a tardy testimony of our love and reverence for him, but its very tardiness is proof that after near a score of years his place is warm in our hearts. It is the contribution of his old students of our class, with this exception, that in behalf of his wife, the gifted sculptor, Mr. Launt Thompson, offers one-third of its cost as a testimonial of her regard for one who was her friend and instructor, and we gratefully join her name to ours. I take pleasure in adding that the modest but elegant shaft on which the bust is placed is the gift of our honored President. We hope that as the students of Union come and go in this hall, looking daily on these features, they may feel, even if remotely, some added impulse toward the pure and noble ideal of character and conduct which Col. Peissner so faithfully cherished, and that, in their young and generous souls, his beautiful life may be perpetuated.

An able response was made by Col. A. J. Parker, Jr., class of 1863. A bust of the late Dr. James H. Armsby, prominent in the incorporation of Union University, was well presented by W. H. McElroy, Esq., of the *Albany Evening Journal*. Responded to by Hon. S. T. Benedict, in behalf of the college. The festivities then ceased and once more the "old boys," rejuvenated, went their several ways. The way of the world.

EIGHTY'S CLASS DAY.

The class-day exercises, held at the First Reformed Church at 3 P. M. on Tuesday, drew forth an unusually large audience, and were a success. The sight of so many fair ones, their beautiful flowers, and Austin's fine music must have inspired the boys. Many of the colleges are abolishing class-day. Surely no one would abolish so pleasant an affair as our class-day always proves to be. R. C. Alexander presided and W. E. Anderson acted as Grand Marshal. The programme was as follows:

Oration.....	F. P. S. Crane.
Poem.....	A. H. Dougherty.
Class History.....	J. A. Kemp.
Prophecy.....	R. J. Landon.
Address.....	J. M. McMaster.

Smoking "Pipe of Peace."

—One of our dry goods dealers advertises "something new in corsets." We do not know what it can be that is any better than what was in them before. Not anything new in corsets for us, if you please.—*Ex.*

SOPHOMORE-JUNIOR PRIZE ORATORY.

An immense crowd, composed mostly of ladies and flowers, attended the prize-speaking exercises which took place Tuesday evening. Everything passed off pleasantly. The speaking was very good, but probably did not affect the Cincinnati convention. The result of the contest will be found in another column. The names of the orators with their themes are as follows. Some of the efforts are deserving of special notice, but lack of space and a disinclination to offend the various tastes or prejudices of people preclude further comment.

SOPHOMORES.

G. A. P. Codwise.....Grantville, Mass.
Subject—Mahomet.

Edmund E. Ford.....Schenectady.
Subject—Gain.

Frederic D. Van Wagenen.....Fulton.
Subject—Russia's Greed of Empire.

Schurman H. Watkins.....Baltimore, Md.
Subject—Nobility of Labor.

JUNIORS.

Franklin E. Abbott.....Brunswick.
Subject—Freedom in America.

Edward I. Devlin.....Albany.
Subject—Chinese Immigration.

Ripley S. Lyon.....Schenectady.
Subject—National Ingratitude.

George B. Tullidge.....Philadelphia, Pa.
Subject—John Howard.

William M. White.....Amsterdam.
Subject—The World Spirit.

William P. Williams.....Aiken, S. C.
Subject—Nihilism.

COMMENCEMENT DAY.

The annual commencement exercises were, with one or two exceptions, a great success. The beauty and culture of Schenectady and neighboring cities were never better represented than by the people who thronged the beautiful and capacious Dutch Reformed Church. Above all the weather was delightful, a cool, fresh breeze circulating through the church during the exercises. As the long procession of Professors, Alumni and students entered the church to the inspiring strains of Austin's splendid music, the laughing eyes, blushing cheeks and fragrant flowers which greeted them on every side constituted a scene which few will forget. After singing the usual hymn prayer was offered by the aged alumnus, Rev. Staats Van Sant-

voord, D. D. The salutatorian of the Class of '80 then pronounced the first oration of the following programme:

Frederic T. Rogers.....Westerly, R. I.
Das Grussen—Salutatory.

Robert C. Alexander.....West Charlton.
Subject—Grecian Eloquence.

Wilber E. Anderson, (excused).....LeRoy.
Subject—Beyond Lies the Struggle.

Andrew H. Dougherty.....Parkville, Mich.
Subject—Ne Plus Ultra.

John Ickler.....St. Paul, Minn.
Subject—The Tyranny of Public Opinion.

John A. Kemp, (excused).....Meredith.
Subject—Influence of Christianity on Civilization.

Robert J. Landon.....Schenectady.
Subject—Life Work.

Robert T. S. Lowell, Jr.....Schenectady.
Subject—The Deification of Vice.

David Mulfelder.....Ballston.
Subject—Influence of Circumstances.

Lucas G. Tuttle, (excused).....Sodus.
Subject—Language an Index of National Character.

The Hon. John Welsh, LL. D., Ex-Minister to England, Honorary Chancellor of Union University, then delivered the address. The subject, "The Uncertainty as to the Results of Education" was dealt with in a very practical and able manner. The speech has been published in full. After the address degrees were conferred upon twenty-five graduates. Upon the stage sat three Regents of the University of the State of New York, Chancellor E. C. Benedict, LL. D., Hon. David Murray, Ph. D., LL. D., and Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, the latter of whom, in response to a call from President Potter, spoke very ably upon Union College and its founders. The most pleasant and stirring feature of our commencement is the beautiful "Song to Old Union" in which her congregated sons always join with full hearts and glad voices. How true to our feelings on such occasions are the verses:

Could our praises throng on the waves of song,
Like an Orient fleet gem-bringing,
We would bear to thee the argosy,
And crown thee with pearls of singing.

It was never sung with more enthusiasm than at this time when the graduates on the stage struck up for the third time the chorus:

Then here's to thee, the brave and free,
Old Union smiling o'er us;
And for many a day, as thy walls grow grey,
May they ring with thy children's chorus!

Next came the presentation of prizes, when the exercises were closed by the benedic-

tion. In the evening the President's reception at Memorial Hall was thronged beyond all precedent and was a brilliant affair. The Senior class Hop at the gymnasium began soon after with equally large attendance. The "light, fantastic toe" was tripped and darksome rambles indulged in, *and so forth*, till long after midnight. Thus ended the college year of '80. May her memory be green.

The list of prizes awarded and honorary degrees conferred is as follows.

HONORARY DEGREES:

LL. D.—Rt. Rev. William C. Doane; Rev. Dr. Anson J. Upson.

D. D.—Rev. Wendell Prime, N. Y. *Observer*; Rev. James Y. Mitchell, Lancaster, Penn.; Rev. Cortland Whitehead, Bethlehem, Penn.

Ph. D.—Rev. John V. C. Nellis, Gilbertsville, N. Y.; Prof. S. E. Smith, Delhi, N. Y.

A. M.—W. O. Stillman, Saratoga; Stephen H. Bishop, Poughkeepsie; Prof. P. L. Armand de Pothier, Albany.

PRIZES:

Warner Cup, (for highest standing and moral deportment) awarded by officers of the college—Robert J. Landon, Schenectady.

Ingham Essay—Robert C. Alexander, Charlton, N. Y. Honorable mention, Richard D. Anable, Springfield, Mass.

Clark Essay—First, John V. L. Pruyn, Albany; second, Robert T. S. Lowell, Jr., Schenectady.

Junior and Sophomore Oratory—Juniors: First, Franklin E. Abbott, Brunswick, N. Y.; second, William R. Williams, Aiken, S. C. Sophomores: First, G. A. P. Codwise, Grantville, Mass.; second, Edmund E. Ford, Schenectady.

Allen Essays—First, John V. L. Pruyn, Albany; second, Miles W. Vosburgh, Albany; third, Isaac G. Burnett, San Francisco.

Blatchford Oratorical Medals—First, Robert C. Alexander, Charlton, N. Y.; second, John Ickler, St. Paul, Minn.

Wolfe Prizes in Art—For proficiency in free-hand drawing, first, A. H. Dougherty; second, R. J. Landon; for improvement, first, R. J. Landon, second, D. F. Glover.

LOCAL.

—Gen. Arthur is a Psi Upsilon.

—Garfield, of Williams, and Arthur, of Union.

—Who is the Fresh with the hundred dollar walk?

—Who says that George E. is off? 'Tis false! 'tis false!

—Seventy-nine men and Phi Betes in great abundance.

—We are glad to hear that Prof. Webster's health is much better.

—"Doctor, couldn't you have kept away from the bar in the first place?"

—Professor Webster and his party are digging fish(?)-worms at Eastport, Maine.

—Did any one call O, Gee, and did he hear them away down at the University of Virginia?

—It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a man to pony Professor Price.

—Kaiser and Baby were here at commencement and fully sustained their reputation by throwing torpedoes.

—"Why don't you kneel in church?" "Oh, I don't know. I guess though, it's because it makes me feel *on kneesy* (*uneasy*)."

—One of the professors recently remarked that Tutor Davis while here made all the friends that he will be likely to meet in heaven.

—Garfield is President of the Delta Upsilon Fraternity, and F. W. Moore, '81, is vice-president. Moore ought to give us a "set up."

—The conceit of certain of the Freshmen is unbearable. Two of these worthies actually intend to take Hebrew with the next Senior class.

—When the Union College nine were returning from their defeat at Albany, our inveterate punster remarked that they were evidently *Sadducees* (*Sad U. C.'s*).

—A Soph writes home: "I have been pretty sick, but am *picking up* again." The unsuspecting parents rejoice that their darling boy is able to go out on the "*pick-up*."

—A friend of ours at the college says: "I don't write for one age but for all ages." Verily in 6080, men will pity our ignorance in having failed to appreciate so great a writer.

—What is the difference between a stranded vessel and a profligate student who is expelled?

—The one is a wrecked ship, the other a shipped wreck.

—The editors for the ensuing year are R. A. Wood, J. J. Henning, Henry Schlosser, of the Senior class; E. E. Ford, A. S. Wright, Charles Temple of the Junior class and W. K. Gilbert and W. O. Lewis, of the Sophomore class. R. A. Wood has been elected chief-editor by the new board.

THE SOCIETIES.

The anniversary exercises of the literary and theological societies were well attended. The addresses were generally of an excellent character. We regret that we are unable to publish any extracts. Our space allows us only to announce the speakers and their themes.

Philomathean Society, June 15—Valedictorian, J. M. Mc Master, who spoke ably on "*Our Country*." Respondent, H. G. Glenn; subject, "*Anglo-Saxon Progress*."

Adelphic Society, June 16—Valedictorian, F. P. S. Crane; subject, "*The Survival of the Fittest*." Respondent, W. R. Winans, who spoke on "*Preparation and its Results*."

Theological Society, June 21—Valedictorian, J. D. Craig; subject, "*Liberty and Religion*." Respondent, W. M. White; subject, "*Arnold's Light of Asia*."

LOCAL NOTES.

It is proposed to publish a history of the Reformed Dutch Church of Schenectady, from 1680 to 1880, by Professor Jonathan Pearson, of Union College. Prof. Pearson is eminently qualified for such a work.

Commencement day was lovely and the most comfortable for years.

On the commencement stage sat the venerable clergyman, Rev. Staats Van Santvoord, who is the oldest Union graduate living, class 1809, and who has just celebrated his 90th birth-day.

The *Gazette* reporter is versatile. Of the Sophomore-Junior orations he says one was delivered in a "strong, steady, forcible manner;" the next had "strong points;" another was spoken in a "steady, deliberate manner;" another was "forcibly delivered;" another was "forcibly delivered;" another "in a very forcible manner." Good. Wonder if the orations were all alike.

Theodore Irwin, Esq., of Oswego, gave \$1,000 to the College Library just before commencement.

The prospect of a large Freshman class next year is good. Eighteen have already passed excellent examinations; only seven had entered last year at this time.

Mr. L. G. Tuttle, of the graduating class, has secured a position in the Troy Business College where he will soon assume his duties.

Mr. F. H. Colcock, 77, Attorney and Counsellor of Law, Lawtonville, S. C., is spending a few weeks in our midst.

A Senior had just fallen asleep in church when he was awakened by the sexton who made the following excuse: "Beg pardon, sir, but *kid-napping* is not allowed here."

Four new members were added to the Faculty at the last meeting of the Board of Trustees: Rev. Geo. W. Dean, D. D., Professor of Latin; Rev. E. C. Lawrence, Professor of History; Wendell Lamoroux, Professor of English; N. L. Reed, *Tutor of English*. The Rev. Dr. Dean was formerly Prof. of Latin in Racine College. He has the reputation of being a fine scholar—he is certainly a pleasant and courteous gentleman to meet. Of his success as an instructor we know little. Whether or not he will by his thoroughness, tact and energy as a teacher, keep rank with our other professors, time will discover. We trust he will, and extend to him cordial wishes of success. Rev. Mr. Lawrence has already been Tutor of Mathematics with some degree of success. The two latter-named persons are sufficiently well known hereabouts to render further remarks unnecessary.

Some malcontents in college, who professed to represent the Athletic Association of Union, but whose mulishness was the means of breaking up the association, arranged a contest with Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute which took place in Troy, June 5th. Some of our best athletes entered and some did not. However, it will be seen that our men won 9 out of 13 events. Some of the records were good, Rosenberg's, in putting the 16-pound shot being the best ever made by an amateur. Handsome gold medals were awarded. The following is a brief of the events: One hundred yard dash, won by Mc Nulty, of Union, in 10 seconds; 1 mile walk, won by Estecourt, of Union, in 9 minutes, 12 seconds; putting 16-pound shot, Rosenberg, of R. P. I., 40 feet, $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches; 220 yards dash and half mile run, walk over for Mc Nulty, of Union; running broad jump, Vanderveer, of Union, 19 feet, $3\frac{1}{2}$

inches; 1 mile run, won by Vanderveer, of Union, in 5 minutes, $10\frac{1}{2}$ seconds; throwing 16-pound hammer, Rosenberg, of R. P. I., 81 feet and $\frac{3}{4}$ inch; quarter mile run, won by Drowne, of Union, in 59 seconds; running high jump, Rosenberg, of R. P. I., 5 feet, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches; throwing base ball, Ferris, of R. P. I., 344 feet; 5 mile run, won by Vanderveer, of Union, in 33 minutes, 11 seconds; standing broad jump, McNulty, of Union, 9 feet, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches; tug of war, won by R. P. I., in 5 minutes, the winning team comprising Messrs. Young, Powers, Bissell, Rosenberg, Grove and Covode.

Hikah! Every student will be glad to hear the splendid success which attended Mountain's first attempt on a professional team. We take this from the *Troy Times* of July 20th:

A Mountain fell upon the Chicagos yesterday and they were overwhelmed. The Troys tried an experiment and it was crowned with most gratifying success in the face of very discouraging circumstances. Mountain, the Union College pitcher, occupied the centre of the diamond, Straub, the "lucky Dutchman," caught, and the Chicagos were beaten by the Troys for the first time this season. It was a well-earned victory, obtained by the most terrific batting ever witnessed upon the Troy grounds, and was snatched from the jaws of what appeared at the beginning of the ninth inning to be certain defeat. Mountain was much more effective than was anticipated, and his pitching proved that with proper support behind the bat he would make a valuable acquisition to any nine. His delivery is peculiar and he pitches a very swift ball with a slight curve. He is a good batter, a fine base runner and demeans himself in a gentlemanly manner both on and off the field.

QUERIES.

The CONCORDIENSIS, as our readers have probably noticed, is of a curious turn of mind; yet all we ever ask for is the truth. Some simple-minded questions have excited great indignation in the breasts of certain distinguished persons—good evidence that the truth is distasteful to said persons. Enough.

I. What right had Mr. J. V. L. P., to know a day or two beforehand that the Allen prize was to be awarded him? This prize is awarded by a committee, who are not to know who are the authors of the essays consigned to them; nor is anybody to know until the seal is broken at commencement. Yet Mr. J. V. L. P., did know, for he told of it, and his friends did come on from Albany with the most elaborate and costly display of flowers. Who told him?

II. Was the oration on "*Nihilism*" the same or essentially the same that was delivered on the class stage of '79? The prevailing opinion is that it was. If otherwise, the professed author will only do himself justice by making an explanation in the next CONCORDIENSIS.

III. Did the new Professor in English influence the committee in awarding the Sophomore oratorical prizes? Major Mapes, of that committee, says he did; that the first prize had already been awarded when said Prof. appeared before the committee saying such a decision would be dissatisfactory (or something of the sort) to the Faculty, but if the prizes were confined to the first three names on the program, all would be well; whereupon a member of the committee changed his vote and the first prize was transferred from Mr. Watkins to Mr. Codwise. Major Mapes, we believe, is ready to make affidavit. Is it true?

IV. It was the custom of President Nott to labor personally with young men in college in order to keep them from immoral pursuits, and to correspond earnestly with parents with regard to the moral conduct of their children. There are students in college now whose lives are becoming corrupted by evil habits of which their parents know nothing. In what degree is our President imitating Dr. Nott in these matters? Answer, somebody.

V. The friends of "Old Union" should be animated by but one purpose in common; to maintain its reputation, increase its scholarship, and uphold its President alike through good and evil reports.—*Evening Star*.

What induces the local editor of the *Star* to make this statement? An apparently fair statement. "Reputation" is an ambiguous word. But does the Editor know that to elevate the reputation and scholarship of Union College, and to uphold its President are propositions entirely irreconcilable, contradictory? Go and ask the grey-haired Professors, the young Professors, the students. Are not men whose ability and integrity are established, who are splendidly maintaining the scholarship of Union College, who know all the workings of the college—are not these men the most competent judges? If not, who are?

—The Commencement at Princeton was confined to the formal graduation exercises—oration and conferring of degrees. All festivities were given up at the request of the Trustees, and honorary and competitive orations were postponed till next fall.

BASE BALL.

The championship of the New York State Intercollegiate Base Ball Association has been clearly won by Union. All acknowledge that. Yet the pennant is not awarded. The Treasurer, a Rochester man, while allowing our claims to be just, declined to give up the money for the pennant on an order of the President without the assent of the Executive Committee. Accordingly, President Taylor called a meeting at Syracuse. None of the committee attended and there the matter stands. Union has acted squarely and won the championship, while the other colleges in this State sit by and refuse to make any movement towards doing what they know to be right. Such action on their part is dishonorable and we cannot help thinking they will yet endeavor to rectify the matter. Do they have any complaints to make against Union's course of action? If so, why did they not meet at Syracuse and give utterance to their grievances? We appeal to the colleges of New York for justice. We trust that most of them have assumed their present attitude through neglect, rather than intentionally. We hope the Association will be perpetuated, and we assure our sister colleges that whenever Union shall be beaten she will not be the last one to do entire justice to the champions. The following is a complete schedule of all the championship games:

CLUB.	Union.	Rochester.	Hamilton.	Cornell.	Madison.	Syracuse.	WON.
Union,.....	-	1	2	1	2	2	8
Rochester,.....	1	-	1	1	1	2	6
Hamilton,.....	0	1	-	1	2	2	6
Cornell,.....	1	1	1	-	1	1	6
Madison,.....	0	1	0	1	-	1	5
Syracuse,.....	0	0	0	1	1	-	3
Lost,.....	2	4	4	5	7	8	2

UNION VS. MADISON.

The last championship game was played on the campus May 27th, between Union and the Daley's (principally,) of West Troy. They were poorly substituted by two or three men from Madison University, and hence did not play as good a game as the full Daley nine had done a year ago. Moore, as usual, did tremendous work at the bat,

making a home run. The victory fell to Union by a score of 9 to 6.

UNION.	R	I B	T B	P O	A	E
Moore, m.....	2	3	6	1	0	0
Mountain, p.....	0	2	2	0	10	2
Rogers, 1st b.....	1	1	1	9	0	1
Taylor, 3d b.....	1	0	0	2	3	1
Ahern, c.....	1	0	0	12	2	1
McElwain r.....	1	2	2	1	0	1
Fairgrieve, l.....	1	0	0	0	0	0
Fancher, s s.....	1	0	0	0	0	1
Beattie, 2d b.....	1	1	1	2	2	1
	9	9	12	27	17	8

MADISON.	R	I B	T B	P O	A	E
Barber, 1st b.....	0	0	0	11	0	4
Morrison, l.....	0	0	0	3	2	1
Dinnon, 2d b.....	1	2	2	1	3	1
Grose, c.....	0	0	0	2	1	0
Byron, p.....	1	1	1	0	7	1
Lawlor, 3d b.....	2	1	1	9	1	0
Drake, r.....	1	2	2	0	0	0
Feary, s s.....	1	0	0	0	4	1
Cleveland, m.....	0	0	0	0	0	0
	6	6	6	27	18	8

By Innings.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
UNION.....	2	0	0	3	0	2	1	1	0
MADISON.....	0	1	2	0	0	1	0	2	0

D. Muhlfelder, umpire.

UNION VS. ALBANY.

The next game, between the Albany professionals and Union at Albany, May 29th, was characterized by heavy batting on both sides and loose fielding on the college side. The following is the score by innings:

UNION.....	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
ALBANY.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	3

The second game with the Albanys, however, was a much finer exhibition and had it not been for the passed balls of our usually excellent catcher in the 2nd innings would have resulted in an easy victory for Union over the redoubtable Albans. A consultation of the base-hit and error columns will make this evident. The college men far out-batted, and, with the single exception above noted, out-fielded them. Moore, Mountain and Ahern batted superbly, while Beattie and Ford did fine work in the field, the latter putting out 7 men without an error. Ford has not made an error on the campus this year, and has played four games with professionals without an error. A noble record. Rogers and Taylor played their usual reliable, steady game.

UNION.	A	B	R	I	B	T	B	P	O	A	E
Moore, c f.	4	2	3	5	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
Mountain, p.	5	2	1	3	0	8	1				
Rogers, 1st b.	5	1	0	0	7	1	0				
Taylor, 3d b.	5	1	1	1	2	1	2				
Ahern, c.	5	0	2	4	4	7	3				
Fairgrieve, 1f.	4	0	0	0	1	0	0				
Mc Elwain, r f.	4	1	1	1	0	0	0				
Beattie, s s.	4	1	0	0	2	3	1				
Ford, 2d b.	4	0	0	0	7	0	0				
	40	8	8	14	24	20	7				
ALBANY'S.	A	B	R	I	B	T	B	P	O	A	E
Tobin, 1st b.	2	2	1	2	8	0	3				
Morrissey, 3d b.	4	0	1	2	2	4	1				
Fulmer, 2nd b.	3	2	0	0	4	2	3				
Farrell, 1f.	4	3	3	3	0	1	1				
Nelson, c f.	4	1	2	3	0	0	0				
Say, s s.	3	0	0	0	2	6	1				
Dorgan, c.	4	1	0	0	11	0	0				
Rocap, r f.	4	0	0	0	0	0	0				
Mullen, p.	3	1	0	0	0	8	1				
	31	10	7	10	27	21	10				
By Innings.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
UNION.....	0	1	3	0	0	2	0	0	2	8	
ALBANY'S.....	2	5	0	1	1	0	1	0	—	10	

Left on base—Albany's 2, Union 7. Passed balls—Dorgan 2, Ahern 10. Double plays—Beattie to Ford 1, Ford 1, Say to Morrissey 1, Say to Fulmer 1. Three-base hits—Mountain 1. Two-base hits—Moore 2, Ahern 2, Tobin 1, Morrissey 1, Nelson 1. First base on errors—Albany's 5, Union 9. Earned runs—Albany's 1, Union 3. First base on called balls—Albany's 5, Union 2. Struck out—Union 7, Albany's 8. Umpire—Dayid Muhlfelder, Union. Time of game—2 hours, 25 minutes.

We give below the fielding and batting averages of our players for all the college and professional games:

NAME.	Games played.	Percentage of chances accepted in fielding.	Percentage of single base-hits to times at bat.	Percentage of total base-hits to times at bat.
Moore, m.		.778	.358	.585
Mountain, p.	12	.897	.304	.465
Rogers, 1	12	.951	.232	.268
Taylor, 3.	12	.724	.204	.278
Ahern, c.	12	.822	.250	.327
Fairgrieve, 1.	12	.846	.084	.084
Ford, 2.....	11	.901	.159	.159
Fancher, r.	10	.714	.125	.125
Beattie, s s.	11	.744	.119	.119
Mc Elwain, sub.	4	.833	.188	.188

PERSONAL.

'19. Ex-Senator James A. Bayard, for some time a member of the class of 1819, died at his home in Wilmington, Delaware, on the night of Sunday, June 13. He was a U. S. Senator from 1851 to 1864 when he resigned, and from 1867 to 1869 when he surrendered his place to his son.

'11. Rev. Staats Van Santvoord recently celebrated the 90th anniversary of his birthday at New Baltimore. It was a day of great festivities and many friends were present. Mr. Van Santvoord paid his old college a visit during commencement this year. Driving up to the Registrar's office, he sent his son in to tell Prof. Pearson that there was a boy outside who wanted to enter college and therefore wished to see the Professor—an old boy indeed.

'25. Francis N. Mann, one of the wealthiest gentlemen in this section of this State, died at his residence in Troy, recently, aged 78 years. He was graduated at Union College in 1825, was thrice Mayor of Troy, Judge of the old Court of Common Pleas of Rensselaer county, and also held at different times important public offices. He leaves two sons and one daughter, the latter the wife of the Hon. Hamilton Fish, Jr. His elder son was a member of Assembly last year and is now Aide-de-Camp on Gov. Cornell's staff.

'28. Gen. Robert Toombs was chosen to deliver the Phi Sigma oration at the recent commencement of Mississippi University. The General in all probability had to put a restraint upon himself for he is inclined to express himself very forcibly. Immediately after the nomination of the Republican convention at Chicago, in a conversation with Gen. Gordon, he said: "I didn't know that the d—— fools had sense enough to nominate a man like him."

'48. The National Republican Convention at Chicago has seen fit to honor one of Union's sons, Gen. Chester A. Arthur, by nominating him for Vice-President of the United States. He entered the Sophomore class of Union College at the age of sixteen, graduating at 19 with high honors. He was a diligent and popular student and was recognized as a man of ability and promise. His standing in his class of 107 members was very high. He received the highest possible mark every term but one, and the average of his whole college course was 299 6-7 on a scale of 300. He was a member of the Psi Upsilon Fraternity, and has ever taken a deep interest in its welfare. After leaving college he entered upon the profession of law in which he has achieved signal success. He was formerly a partner of Erastus D. Culver and since 1871 has been leader of the firm Arthur, Phelps, Knevals & Ransom. He won a national reputation in the celebra-

ted Lemmon slave case. In 1861 he was made Engineer-in-chief by Gov. Morgan of this state and afterwards became Quartermaster-General on Gov. Morgan's staff. For seven years he was Collector of N. Y. For several years he has been one of the leaders of the Republican party in N. Y., and is now Chairman of the State Committee. His character is above reproach and is eminently fit to rank beside the noble qualities of that sterling son of Williams—James A. Garfield. It is singular that these men were educated at colleges so near together, and that both, in their youthful days taught school at the same place in Vermont. "With scholarly tastes and culture, Gen. Arthur combines quickness of perception, great administrative tact, and the instincts and bearing of a gentleman." He will be elected.

'50. Horatio Nelson Powers, D. D., has a beautiful poem in the June number of Scribner's entitled "Apple Blossoms":

* * * * *
Their ranks of creamy splendor pillow deep
The valley's soft repose;
On mossy walls, in meadow nooks, they heap
Surges of frosted rose.

* * * * *
Clusters of dimpled faces float between
The soft, caressing plumes,
And lovely creatures 'mong the branches lean,
Lulled by faint flower-born tunes.

'60. Conrad Sax Stark died at his residence at West Pittston, Penn., March 26, 1880. After graduation he read law in the office of Hon. W. G. Ward, in Scranton, and was admitted to the bar of Luzerne Co., on the 30th of August, 1864. He located at Pittston and at once entered upon a large and lucrative practice. The members of the Luzerne Co. bar convened March 27th to take action regarding his death. Many and fitting eulogies were pronounced by his brother lawyers. He was a good Christian. A short time before his death, he lost three children in two weeks. Speaking of this affliction to a friend he said, "Sometimes I feel rebellious, but then I see others suffering in some greater way, and at once feel I have very much for which to be thankful. Those gone do not need me, hence I want to live to comfort and provide for those here. Outside of this, I have no choice personally. But while I live, I propose to make the most of life possible." Surely we need more such lawyers.

'63. All honor to '63. She has planted, presented a bronze statue of Prof. Peissner

to Union College and has now furnished her Alma Mater a Trustee, Mr. Thos. H. Fearey, of Albany. Mr. Fearey has written us a pleasant letter from which we select the following:

There were but six members of the Class of 1863 at the presentation. The interest of many others had been proved by their contributions. The Class of 1863 *always* paid its debts. The money for the memorial bust was secured before it was ordered. Mr. Cary gave the order in person to Mr. Thompson when in Florence in 1878. We hope the alumni will ere long erect a suitable memorial to that dear old man, Prof. Tayler Lewis. I heard something said about it by an alumnus of 1860 and it is but a start that is needed. Those of 1863 present were Edward Cary, staff N. Y. Times; Thos. H. Fearey, shoe manufacturer; James Gibson Johnson, D. D., Congregational minister, Rutland, Vt.; Amasa J. Parker, Jr., lawyer, Albany, N. Y.; Rev. John Wright, Episcopal minister, Boston, Mass.; Gerrit D. Van Vranken, farmer and physician, Hampstead, L. I.

He adds:

A good healthy paper is a help in college: and you and your fellow editors are entitled to credit for what you have done. The successive numbers have increased in interest.

'79. Geo. E. Marks, who is in business at 575 Broadway, N. Y., paid us a pleasant visit.

Sprague will keep his school in Iowa.

E. P. White was here at commencement. Has been Tutor of Greek and Latin at Le Roy Academy, and expects to remain next year.

L. W. Beattie has been in town on his way to the Adirondacks. Has been at Princeton Theologique; will teach in New Jersey next year.

A. A. Browne and O. G. Browne came on from the University of Virginia. Have changed very little, except, perhaps, the former, who has been transfused into a ladies' man. Alass! A-lass! he cries. They expect to pursue the studies of law and medicine at the University of New Orleans next year.

E. P. Hoyt will continue his work at Drew Theological Seminary next year.

J. L. Perry came from South Carolina to visit Alma Mater and friends; is studying law; says Hutchinson, Roper and Childs have been teaching.

Heatly looks well; expects to teach again next season.

Conway is a lawyer (to be) in Argyle, N. Y.

Dingman studies law at Herkimer.

Waldron is in Michigan in business, Parsons at Albany and Adams at Cohoes. About 18 members of the class were here at commencement.

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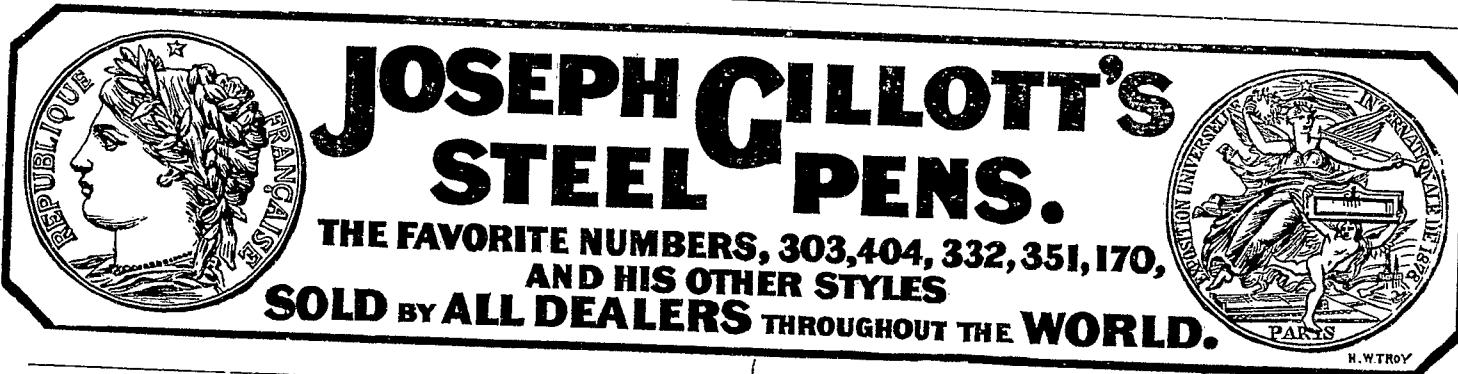
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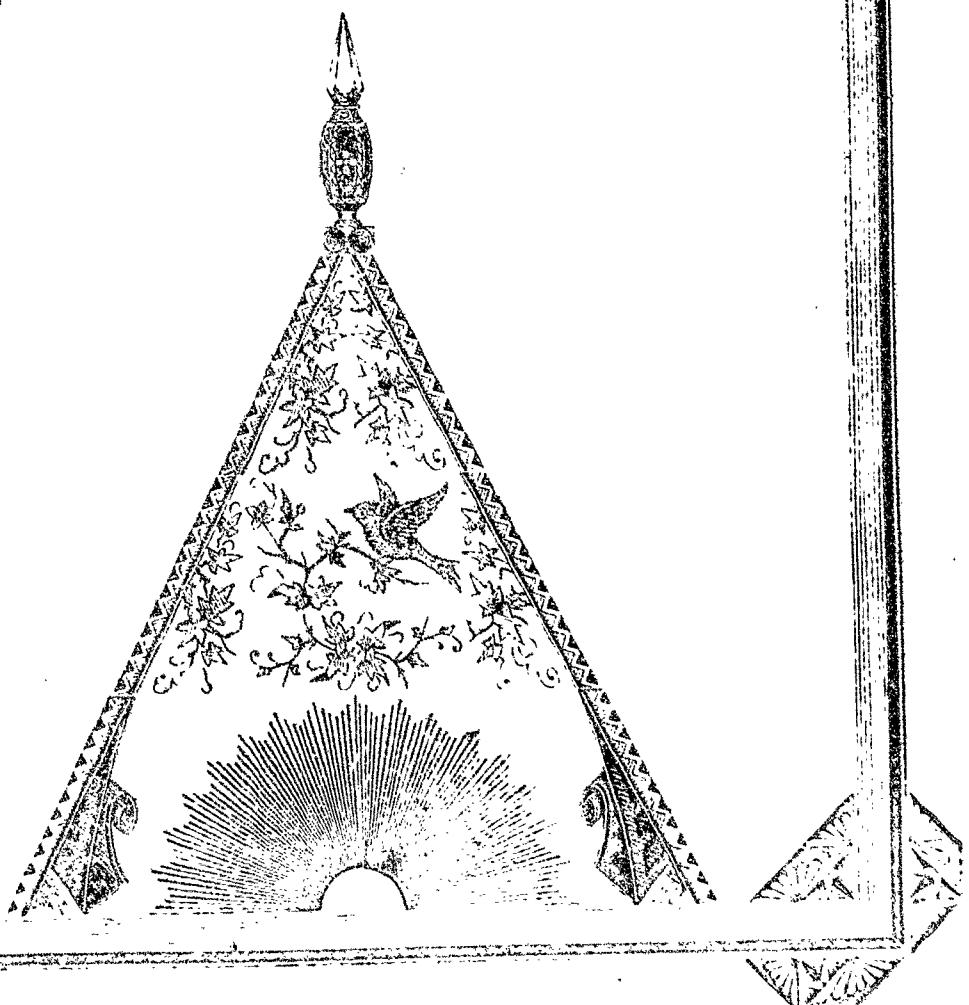
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