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SCHENECTADY, N.Y.



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THE

CONCORDIENSIS.

VOL. XII.

UNION COLLEGE, MAY, 1889.

No. 8.

Vesuvius at Night.

Hot noon of an August day! Five hungry Americans at the Pompeii railway station! Hotel du Soleil, Hotel Diomede, which? Of the first Baedeker says: "Chiefly frequented by artists and highly spoken of; the landlord procures guides for Vesuvius." That decides us. We take a cab as it is very dusty. The driver is a unique specimen—big, fat, dirty, small-eyed, large-cheeked, his face a perfect pumpkin for expression. He abuses his poor jaded little beast and proves himself during the two days we hire him to be what his appearance indicates—a mere animal. Our artist hotel is a two-storied brick structure, whitewashed inside and outside and situated within a few rods of the amphitheatre of Pompeii. A good dinner and we are ready for a start. Six shaggy, long-eared, short-tailed ponies are led into the court. We choose our steeds, examine our girths, swing into the saddle and with a shout from the crowd are off on a run. What a clatter! What stud! What sport! Our course runs along the wall of the great city of the dead. It has cast a strange spell over our boyhood imagination. We would fain enter and walk through those silent streets paved with lava, we would peer into the mansions of the great and the humble homes of the poor, we would poetize in the house of Glaucus and moralize in the temple of Apollo. But we have other work on hand now. These beasts are contrary, these saddles uncomfortable, the heat oppressive. Besides, the people are gazing at us and who would be laughed at even by a crowd of rascally Italians? Let us gallantly charge Vesuvius and moralize under more favorable conditions. Suddenly a halt is called. '88 is an expert bicyclist but not a horseman. His steed *will* trot instead of galloping and his saddle is a veritable instrument of torture, proba-

bly purloined from some Neapolitan Inquisition museum. He says he is going back. We remonstrate. He persists. Like Napoleon, we point to the volcano and tell him, "forty centuries look down upon him;" he is inexorable. Finally a compromise is effected through a change of horses and we proceed. Groves of all tropical fruits abound. Nature smiles, fairly laughs. It is hard to realize that over these very fields Vesuvius once dropped its thick, dark shroud. History repeats itself. Who knows what strange freak that great monster may take into his head some day? There is really no dependence to be placed on volcanoes. They do things at such unpropitious times. They smoke away quietly for a thousand years, or perhaps "swear off" altogether, establish a reputation for peace and quiet, and then suddenly do something so rash and uncalled for as altogether to destroy their good name in the community. It is astonishing how trustful human nature is. Not to speak of several fits of uncontrollable rage in the past and some very violent turns of late, Vesuvius is always sputtering and fuming away, a dissatisfied, ugly old grumbler, and yet people continue to be friendly with him. As for us we would build our thatch and raise our vine among neighbors more congenial. A two-hour's ride brings us to a long village whose name we don't recall. We make a great fuss in riding into town. All ply the whips some yell. Not that anyone desires to be undignified, but our guide is a very boisterous fellow and we are unwittingly led on. With flourish of trumpets we draw up before a small inn where certain preparations are to be made for the ascent, and are surrounded by a crowd. Boisterousness has its reward. Had we ridden quietly into town we should have missed one of those picturesque street scenes which are among

the pleasantest souvenirs of travel in Italy. What a motley throng! Women with babies in their arms, and women without babies and babies without women. A score and more of dark-skinned boys with teeth and eyes for a Murillo. One grabs your bridle, another your stirrup. One offers you grapes, another wines. All beg for charity. Twenty ragged rascals pleading with tongue and eye and gesture for a sou! We throw one on the pavement and there is a scramble. Another, and another! Survival of the fittest, my lads! A mother presents her babe to be kissed for a sou; '89 finds the sou. Really, this smacks of the serio-comic; we had better go. All being ready the guide mounts; leans over his saddle and bawls in the pony's ears something which sounds like "Ounce!" Six small boys seize as many tails and bawl, "Ounce!" The crowd takes up the refrain and bawl, "Ounce!"—we are off. So are the small boys. We gallop; they gallop. We cry, "Ounce," and gallop faster; they echo the cry, cling to the tails and gallop with us. We increase our pace, we fairly fly over the ground but ever behind us we hear that fiendish "Ounce! Ounce! Ounce!" We slacken speed, we remonstrate, threaten, abuse; in return they offer us grapes and smiles. It is only after threatening revolver and scalping knife that we succeed with them, and two persevere to the end.

The grade now becomes heavy. Vegetation disappears—nothing but scattered clumps of grass finding food upon such a soil. We had hoped to see the sun set from the summit but already it is sinking beyond fair Capri and it is dark ere the foot of the cone is reached. Here we leave our ponies in charge of the persevering lad. The cone is very steep and the climbing exceedingly difficult owing to the looseness and depth of the pulverized cinders and ashes. By picking one's way, however, it is possible to find solid blocks of slag offering firmer foothold. As one ascends, the gases and vapors escape more and more freely and the cinders become warmer and warmer. Very suggestive all this. We are hot and tired as, after an hour and a quarter of hard climbing, we reach the rim of the crater. I might add, we are a little—only a little—excited. We haven't quite gotten our bearings

yet. Our eyes aren't accustomed to this sepulchral light nor our respiratory organs to carbonic acid and sulphuretted hydrogen gases. We aren't quite sure as to how near we ought to approach to the crater, nor quite at rest about the giant's intention and ability to shoot his guns in the right direction. There is, however, little time to reflect—the mighty battery is at work. We look down into that midnight blackness and lo! a gaping red mouth is opening. The flames leap forth from some subterranean conflagration. The earth trembles. Then crack! crack! crack! crash! a myriad molten rocks are hurled with frightful velocity from those ugly jaws. Then follow volumes of cinders and ashes all aflame from the reflected light of the molten lava; then darker clouds of volcanic sand right athwart the face of the full moon and midst it all the thud! thud! thud! of the falling scoriae.

For a few moments all is quiet at the surface, but deep down in the bowels of the mountain one hears a dull rumbling and roaring. Now 'tis Hephaistos with the mighty Cyclops forging Zeus' thunderbolts; now ten thousand Titans clash in deadly combat with ten thousand other sons of Earth and Sky; now Kronos and his followers are breaking down the triple walls of Tartarus. All demons of earth and hell are holding revel! What mad tumult! What tremendous force! Heaven's artillery transferred to the bosom of earth. Then the rushing of a mighty wind. A wild chariot race! Wheels striking! Horses falling! Chariots breaking! Reckless confusion, turmoil, disaster, death! On they come toward the goal. A monstrous Silurian wins the race, then a Devonian, then a thousand others leap into the air two or three hundreds of feet above our heads and fall back hissing and groaning into the great black pit.

The action of the volcano is intermittent. After a heavy discharge, the mouth puffs clouds of ashes and cinders with an occasional incandescent rock and after an interval of from five to ten minutes belches forth a great volley. Is it not dangerous to stand so near? No, not if one keeps to the windward side. However, a man can not be called over-timorous, if, at a particularly violent eruption, he cries, "Look out!" Our guide did so and we didn't reprove him.

At the time of the great eruption of '72, twenty persons who were enjoying the spectacle, were overtaken by the flood of lava and perished. "At the same time, amidst terrific thunderings, the crater poured forth huge volumes of smoke mingled with red-hot stones and lava to a height of four thousand feet, whilst clouds of ashes, rising to double that height, were carried by the wind as far as Cosenza, a distance of one hundred and forty miles." Since 1875 the mountain has entered upon a new period of activity.

The effect upon one is altogether unique. On the one hand, this vast dark shadow-land, a veritable realm of lost spirits; on the other, the wide Campanian plain, flooded with the light of an August moon. Within the crater, tremendous, awful force, war, tumult; without it, restful, quiet.

Here, at last, we can philosophize. The volcano is a voice from the dead past. It is the one living thing which has participated in and survived the vandalism of the middle ages. It has never forgotten those troublous times, never adjusted itself to its environment. In a quiet age, it is ever turbulent. Would it but grumble, that were not inappropriate; there is a deep undercurrent of discontent with church and state in Italy. But why those violent outbreaks suggesting to us the times of the Orsini and the Colonnas. The days of midnight raid have gone by. They will never, can never, return.

Far down by the bay the mists are lowering; the multitudinous lights of Castellamare and Torre Annunziata are gradually being extinguished; the world will soon be as silent as Pompeii and Herculaneum. We wonder how many of those sleepers have seen Vesuvius at night. Probably very few. The average Italian, who, with the pickaxe, wins bread for hungry mouths, is not of a poetical turn of mind. He, too, has failed to adjust himself to his surroundings. The Forum at Rome is for him a place in which to earn two francs a day digging dirt; St. Peter's, a big building which holds a crowd; the Arch of Constantine, a sad waste of building material. He breathes the very atmosphere of art and history, and yet grovels in the mire. He lives in the past and yet is not of it.

We could have stayed all night with pleasure, but the air grew cold and we thought best to descend. About fifty feet below the edge of the crater the guide stopped and pointed to a vent hole. He held our hand that we might peer into it, then borrowed our umbrella, fastened a piece of paper to the end of it and held it over the hole. The paper was all aflame in an instant; so was the umbrella. We are satisfied; the air which issues from the interior of volcanoes is hot—we have established that fact upon an experimental basis. Umbrellas are cheap in Italy.

The cone is steep, the gradient being about 35 degrees. The surface is covered with loose ashes so that one sinks to the ankles at every step. We had toiled laboriously up this plane; we *shot* down it. The writer can still see far down the mountain three clouds of dust moving with frightful speed, representing '86, '88 and '89 in a desperate foot-race, while above him comes our friend, the honored District Attorney of Her Majesty Victoria, vainly struggling in the clutches of the guide, who is bound that he too shall run and is crying at the top of his voice, "Venez, papa! Venez, papa! Venez, papa!"

Our steeds were eager for the home trip. They fairly fretted for a race and as soon as we reached good roads we gave them free rein. We soon lost our guide, lost our way, lost one another, lost everything save our exuberant spirits and that one small boy clinging firmly to the tail of his favorite steed. What a glorious ride that was! Moonlight, a strangely beautiful, picturesque region, bracing night air, highly-wrought imaginations! On we raced through sleeping villages, along lonely country roads, past caravans of slowly-moving, heavily-laden wagons, till finally we skirted the walls of Pompeii and turned into the court yard of Hotel du Soleil.

Tired, sleepy, hungry, thirsty, dirty! All that and more, self-satisfied. That morning our younger men dreamed dreams. '86 saw a spirit gladiatorial combat in the amphitheatre opposite and a dance of the Furies about a great cauldron in a deep, dark chasm; '88 sat at a wine banquet in the house of a Pompeian nobleman, Strada

di Mercurio; and '89 witnessed a base-ball match, All America against Chicago, in the Temple of Jupiter.

A. S. WRIGHT.

In the Coal Mine.

THE CONCORDIENSIS came in possession of an article by a well-known author and Union graduate, which, because of its excellence, we reprint below. The article appeared originally in a Pennsylvania paper.

I am at present staying at Pittston, Penn., one of the largest mining towns of the Lackawanna and Susquehanna coal fields, and the principal base of operations of the Pennsylvania Coal Co.

Having expressed a wish the other day, to investigate the mysteries and wonders of the regions "underneath the ground," I accordingly found myself, on the following morning through the courtesy of the Company's officials, at Port Griffith, one extremity of the Pennsylvania Coal Co's gravity railroad and one of the suburban villages of Pittston, about two miles below the central portion of the latter place, on the Susquehanna river.

I stood facing a mine car railroad which ran by me and entered a rectangular opening in the earth, a few feet below at an inclination somewhat steeper than that of an ordinary house roof. On going to the mouth of this opening and peering down into the darkness I saw, at what appeared to me an almost infinite distance, the faint twinkle of a light. I asked my companion, one of the foremen having charge of the mine, who was to accompany me, where the light was that I had seen, and learned that it was a lamp at the foot of the slope which is nearly a quarter of a mile in length.

By this time the car which was to convey us into the underground world made its appearance and stood waiting before us. It was a mere platform on wheels attached to the end of a wire rope which passed up into the engine house and was unwound from a huge revolving drum turned by a stationary steam engine. Standing there, in the early morning, looking upon that black opening into the solid earth, significant of things

strange and awful, on the frightfully steep descent of the narrow railway which plunged into it, and on the flimsy-looking contrivance by which we were to be ushered into its mysterious precincts, I appreciated, as I never had before, the feelings of Mr. Winkle, just before that famous duel, when he begged his friend Snodgrass, not to call a policeman. In fact, I was just on the point of assuring my companion that, rather than trouble him to such an extent, I would content myself with looking at the outside surroundings, when he handed me a lighted lamp bearing a strong resemblance to a miniature coffee pot, with the wick protruding from its spout, and, taking his place on the car, made room for me by his side. So, with a strange misgiving I seated myself and prepared for the worst. He cried, "slack off" to some one, the engineer, I suppose, and we started; I asked him, in as unconcerned a tone as I could possibly command, what the effect would probably be if the rope to which the car was attached should break, and he answered in a still more unconcerned manner that we would, in all probability, go to the bottom in an indefinitely short space of time and that, having arrived there, the programme for the future would depend very much on the history of our past lives.

And then he went on to relate a very pleasant little anecdote of how, not long before, some half dozen miners had started from the head of the slope in a coal car and, when about one third of the way down, the rope broke in two, the car descended to the foot with a frightful velocity and all were killed save one, who was so badly injured that life to him is a constant torture. Strange as it may seem, this little story did not tend to exert the most soothing effect on my nervous system, and I grasped the side of the car convulsively several times, thinking that the rope had parted, for the constant downward motion, together with the excessive noise made in so narrow a passage, and the close proximity of the walls on either side, tended to strengthen the illusion that we were traveling at a very high rate of speed. On arriving at the foot of the slope my companion was called away to attend to some important work in a distant part of the mine and I was turned over to the care of a

small boy who was to take me to the end of the "long heading," where we were to meet a person named Sandy, a sort of sub-foreman, who would show me around. The boy drove a mule which drew cars back and forth in this heading, and, while we were waiting for enough cars to arrive to complete his number, I seated myself on a rude wooden bench and looked around me. My eyes soon became accustomed to the darkness, which was only partially dispelled by the feeble light of the miniature coffee pots, and I found myself in a place from twenty to thirty feet wide, ten or twelve feet high, and extending directly onward from the foot of the slope some five or six rods to where it separated into two passages, one opening into the right, the other to the left, and both having tracks laid along them for the mine cars. There were a half dozen men and boys sitting and standing around, waiting for cars, all with little lamps fastened to the front of their caps, and dressed in suits of which the original color had long been lost beneath the thick coating of grease and coal dirt which covered them. They answered readily the various questions which I asked, but with little regard, as I afterward learned, to the exact truth of their statements.

As the loaded cars began to arrive from the interior, the scene became one of noise and confusion, plentifully interspersed with oaths of the most startling originality, directed mainly at the mules which drew the cars. These animals, I learned, often stay in the mines, for years without ever once seeing the daylight, and become so familiar with miles of the passage that they can find their way through them at any time in total darkness. I was informed, at last, that the "trip" was ready which was to carry me to Sandy, and as I climbed into one of the miniature cars, I heard a little black-faced imp say in an undertone to my driver, "Give 'im a ride on the lightin' express, Jimmy!" Jimmy evidently accepted this unwise counsel, for, no sooner were we well started than he proceeded to administer to the mule which was drawing us, a most unmerciful whipping, which caused that animal to start off at a furious pace, increasing in arithmetical ratio as we proceeded. I grasped the side of the car with one hand, and endeavored

to hold my lamp with the other, but the involuntary movements of my body, caused by the irregular oscillations of the car, induced me finally, although with no direct intention on my part of doing so, to drop the lamp, which was soon extinguished on the bottom of the car, and hang on as though for dear life. And that awful boy proceeded to curse and lash his mule with still greater vehemence and blew out his own light for the purpose, as I have always thought, of enjoying still more hugely my mental and bodily confusion and my apparent concern for the safety of my life and limbs. And so we thundered on. I say thundered, for one who has not had experience can form no adequate idea of the deafening noise made by a trip of these cars moving rapidly through so narrow a passage, where the sound, having such limited means of escape, bounds directly back from the closely surrounding walls to one's ears. I was really frightened. The total darkness, together with the awful din, and the thought of unknown dangers to which we were hurrying at such a furious rate, did not tend in the least to allay my fears. There came a violent crash at last and the car in which I was sitting overturned and threw me sprawling into a pool of dirty water, not hurt, but badly frightened. I picked myself up just as the boy concluded a volley of oaths, and inquired of him as to the cause of our somewhat sudden detention. He replied that one of the mule's ears had caught in the roof and jerked him back suddenly against the foremost car, but that there would be a light there soon and we would fix things all right. I heard a rumbling in the distance and there soon approached us, from the opposite direction, a boy with a trip of loaded cars which he stopped on a siding a little way ahead, and came and gave us lights and helped us on with our cars.

I was not particularly anxious to take another ride on the "lightin' express" but being determined to see it through at all hazards, I took my place in the car again and we proceeded on our journey; not so fast as before, but still fast enough to fully satisfy me. We came, after a long ride, to the end of the heading, where we found Sandy, a good-natured looking Scotchman, sitting on an empty powder keg holding a safety

lamp in his hand and smoking a clay pipe. My *compagnon de voyage* explained to him that I was a "greenhorn" come to see the mines, and Sandy invited me to take a seat on another empty powder keg near by and said that as soon as he had smoked his pipeful, he would show me around.

While we were sitting there I gathered from him the following facts relative to mining coal: When it has been decided, from a series of geological observations, drilling &c., which of three ordinary methods, shaft, tunnel or slope, will be the most practicable for conveying the coal to the surface, the opening is driven until the under surface of the vein of coal is reached, the working vein in this region being from ten to fourteen feet in thickness. From this point passages, or "headings," are driven, usually two, in opposite directions, as far as is practicable or necessary. But as the rise and fall of the strata beneath the surface is nearly as varied as that at the surface, and since the same principle must be followed in building underground railways that is followed in building those on the surface, the heading must necessarily have frequent and often sharp curves in order to keep the level of the stratum which it follows. At distances of fifteen or twenty feet, along that side of the heading from which a passage would slope upward, openings called "chambers" are made at right angles to the heading, usually about twenty-four feet wide, and are driven directly up the slope.

These chambers often become so long that it is more profitable to drive a new heading along their upper extremities and open from this a new series of chambers, a trackway being laid through one of the old chambers down which the loaded cars draw the light ones up, for it is still necessary to draw cars to and from the foot of the shaft or slope on the original heading, since that alone is on the same level. If, however, it is desired to take coal from that side of the heading which is below its level, a slope must be driven down the desired distance, a new heading opened parallel to the original one, and chambers driven up from the new one to the old. In this case the loaded cars must be drawn

up to the old heading by a stationery steam engine for reasons which are obvious.

At last, Sandy, having knocked the ashes from his pipe and put it in his pocket, we set out on our tour of exploration. Walking back through the heading a little way, we came to a door opening from its upper side which we pushed open, and passing through, stood in what is called the "air-way." This is a passage driven parallel to and simultaneously with the heading at a distance of ten or fifteen feet from it along its whole length, with entrances from one to the other at the foot of each chamber. The air, coming in at the shaft or slope, is obliged to travel to the furthest extremity of the heading, since the openings between the heading and air-way are all closed, excepting the last one, through which it is allowed to pass up into the airway and back through that, to the shaft or slope, circulating through the chambers on its return trip. Many ingenious and complicated methods are resorted to for supplying pure air under varied and peculiar circumstances, for this is one of the most important features of mining engineering, without which the foul and explosive gases could not be dispersed and men could not work.

We passed from this airway directly into one of the chambers, up the entire length of which a wooden track had been laid. A mule was drawing an empty car up to the head of this chamber, there to be loaded with coal and allowed to run back down to the heading by force of gravity. Passing up the chamber I noticed, at regular intervals along each side, openings of eight or ten feet in width, which I learned connected this chamber with the parallel ones on either side, and were made to allow a free circulation of air as well as to obtain the coal. By this means the system of chambers is formed into wide, parallel passages crossing them at right angles, thus leaving pillars of coal, of a square or rectangular horizontal section, to support the roof.

Having reached the upper end of the chamber, which is called the "face" or the "breast," we stood for a while watching the miners drill holes into the coal and their laborers load that into the car which was already blasted down and broken

in pieces. Two miners generally engage a chamber and are paid either by the number of tons or the number of car loads of coal they send from it. They, in turn, hire laborers to break and load the blasted coal and run it down to the heading, for it would be altogether beneath a miner's dignity to do these things for himself, even if he had sufficient time. The miner generally comes in early in the morning and, if he have ordinary luck, will blast enough coal in four or five hours to keep his laborers busy the remainder of the day. The miner usually makes from two to five dollars per day and his laborers from one to two.

One of the holes had been drilled sufficiently deep while we were standing there, and the powder had been inserted ready to blast. We beat a hasty retreat through an entrance into the next chamber, the miners cried "fire," at the tops of their voices and ran. There was a dull, heavy noise, followed by a crash when the explosion came, the waves of air caused by the report and confined by the surrounding walls, beating on one's ears with a peculiarly unpleasant sensation. After having passed along the heads of several of this series of chambers by means of the entrances which connected them, and watched the progress of the work in each, we came down one of them and out on the original heading again. When Sandy mentioned this fact, however, I was obliged to take it on faith, for my ideas of latitude and longitude had become sadly confused during my progress through the chambers. We walked back through the heading a considerable distance and then passed off into a kind of branch heading which had been unused for a number of years. Having gone a little way in this Sandy bade me set my lamp down and follow him. I did so, and stumbled along by the feeble light on his safety lamp, to the head of an old chamber. Here he stopped and held the lamp about the height of his head, when immediately the space inside the wire gauge was filled with a pale blue flame. Sandy told me that it was the inflammable gas or fire damp which had been the cause of so many accidents to miners, and when he remarked that there was enough gas there to blow that whole part of the mine into fragments, I followed him without the

least hesitation back to the foot of the chamber. As we passed through this old heading I noticed that everything around us was covered with a coating of a damp, sticky substance of a reddish color, and learned that some two or three years before the mine had taken fire from some unknown cause and the method of turning a running stream into it filling it with water had to be resorted to to extinguish so extensive a conflagration. Many months were required to pump the water out and it was then found that the chemical action of the minerals with the water had deposited this residue on every surface the water had touched. Passing along into a very old portion of the mine, we stopped a moment to listen, and heard, in every direction around us a succession of quick, sharp noises, like the snapping of dry twigs. Sandy explained that this was due to the enormous weight of the roof crushing gradually the pillars and wall of coal beneath it. This "working" forebodes an extensive fall, which often extends up to the earth's surface, but continues for days and weeks and often months before the fall takes place.

Further on the massive pillars of coal had been literally crushed to fragments beneath the weight of the sinking roof, and great masses of slaty rock had fallen down and lay piled in high irregular hills, up and over which we clambered with the greatest difficulty, often dragging our bodies through apertures just large enough to admit them, left between the fallen rock and the roof, or between the rocks themselves. After half an hour or so of clambering through this confused wilderness of fallen rock which presented scenery at once startling and picturesque, we came to the place where the fire during the conflagration had hollowed out a sort of parabolic dome in the roof, some thirty or forty feet high and about fifty or sixty feet square at the base. Lighted up with the blaze of a burning newspaper, the scene became very striking and beautiful. I saw here a large flat stone weighing perhaps several tons, that would have gladdened the heart of a geologist, for its surface was literally covered with the most beautiful and perfect specimens of fern and other leaves and figures that I have ever seen.

Not far from it I saw painted in large white letters on the sloping side of an immense piece of fallen rock, "Hulmbold's Buchu" and "Centaur Liniment," with their accompanying trademarks. I was rather surprised, to say the least, to find that the daring advertisers had penetrated even to these regions of darkness and unearthly mystery, but when my guide informed me that it was the work of a witty member of the engineering corps who had been in there surveying a few days before, I subsided. We now left the fallen portion of the mine, and after a very long walk, during which I saw some of the beautiful snow white fungous substance, softer than the softest fleece, that grow upon the decaying wood, we came to a heading along which a trip of loaded cars was passing, and which Sandy told me led to No. 6 shaft.

We here met a person whom my companion addressed as Billy—a queer looking Welshman, with crooked legs and a long hooked nose, who, had it not been for the kindly gleam of his blue eyes which were the only parts of his face uncovered with lamp smoke and coal black, and the absence of a caudal appendage, would have made a most excellent impersonation of the evil one.

Sandy turned me over to him, saying that Billy would take me out by the shaft while he would go back to the slope and attend to some work. My present companion was not so talkative as my former one had been, and I found the long walk to the foot of the shaft quite wearisome. When we arrived we found the safety carriage at the foot, and stepping on it, ascended without delay.

A wooden partition extends down the whole depth of the shaft, dividing it into two equal parts, down one of which the empty carriage is descending while the loaded carriage is ascending through the other. One of these carriages is usually a patent safety carriage. The ordinary carriage is merely a wooden platform with vertical posts at the middle of its sides, united by a cross-beam, at the top of which is attached the wire ropes. Grooves in the outer sides of the vertical posts fit tongues extending down the entire depths of the shaft along which they slide for steadiness. The safety carriage

differs from this in having an iron roof to afford protection from falling objects, and iron dogs which are arranged so as to clutch firmly the wooden guides or tongues of the shaft in case the rope or machinery should break, thus holding the carriage in its place, no matter how far from the top or the bottom of the shaft it may be. Coming at last to the surface, it was some time before my eyes became sufficiently accustomed to the full glare of the noon-day sun to see objects distinctly.

Stepping from the carriage I stood on an elevation from which I took a broad view of the beautiful Wyoming Valley, from the junction of the Lackawanna and Susquehanna on the north, the historic village of Wyoming, clustered about its gray stone monument on the south; and the mountain range growing blue in its winding distance and fading slowly into dreamy haze. I thought I had never seen this world of ours look one half so beautiful as it did then, contrasting so strongly in its charms of light and life, with the deathlike blackness and stillness from which I had just emerged. I stood a few moments watching the men run the cars from the carriage as they arrived at the top of the shaft along a high trestle to the breaker, a huge wooden building containing great iron-toothed revolving cylinders, which crush the coal as it passes through them, afterward to be run successively through coarse and fine screens, thus giving us our different grades, and then dumped into the shipping cars. I found my clothes in a sad condition, literally covered with lamp oil, coal dirt and yellow mud, and my hands and face completely coated with the same, but this was nothing compared with my admiration of myself upon assuring myself that I had been "down in a coal mine."

HOMER GREENE.

A Plea for the Classics.

We are continually hearing arguments regarding the desirability of studying Latin and Greek.

The question is so often asked "Why do students waste so much time in the study of the Classics when they might be learning something that will be of use to them after they have en-

tered upon the duties of life? It is not required of them that they should write or speak either of these languages."

Does it not seem possible to answer this oft repeated question and defend the study of the Classics? I think so. In the first place they are better fitted to develop the mind, for that is the aim of all study, because they are dead languages. The nations to which they belong, the customs, the political prejudices have long passed away, and for that reason they can be studied without the familiar knowledge of the people, the similarity of customs, and the political prejudice which would naturally attend the study of a modern language.

A sentence in Latin or Greek has been aptly likened to a nut having a hard shell, demanding great labor to get at the kernel. A sentence like this causes on the part of the student great thought, and that is the solution of the problem.

The task of understanding a modern language is made comparatively easy by the familiar sound of the words and the accustomed flow of thought. But this is not so in a dead language where each word is not at once made clear by association, where it is necessary to have constant reference to a Lexicon, and thus pick out from an array of meanings, the one that best expresses the thought of the author. It is also necessary to have a good understanding of the subject of the writer, of the history and politics and geography of the time. All of these make the obstacle to overcome more difficult, and the larger the obstacle which has been overcome, the stronger the mind of the one who has conquered.

It is as often said that the time spent in studying the ancient languages might be spent to better advantage on ones own tongue, that we will place in the hands of a student two books, one English, the other Greek, and given equal lessons in each one, will find that in nearly every case the Greek is better understood in its full meaning than the English. And why? Because the English is run through so swiftly that little is gathered. But the Greek being unfamiliar and difficult, is gone through with so slowly and laboriously that a deeper impression is gained.

By reason of the political parties being dead, the principles can be discussed without prejudice,

or without awaking the interests or passions of modern life. This enables the student to study carefully and without bigotry, and gives in after-life the absence of memorandums, which so often distinguishes classically educated men. In the second place the study of the classics is a benefit, because they are languages; they are not a special branch of knowledge, but they are the literature of nations. They, more than any other study, give to the student a refinement of speech, and the close study of the old masters in prose and poetry gives great power of expression. There are, to be sure, men in nearly all the professions, in the Senate, at the bar, authors, who are noted for the vigour of their language and for the clearness of their utterances, who have never opened a Greek or Latin book; but infinitely broader is the advantage of a classical education than the ability to express clearly and in neat language ones thoughts; the question is will not the study of Latin and Greek quicken the intellectual powers more than a study which may on the face seem more useful.

It would seem as if the student is not only profiting by the hard work necessary to get at the meaning of a sentence in a language entirely new, but he is being continually benefitted by their reasoning, seeing where their arguments have proved false, and where they have proved more wise than any which have since been advanced.

The great benefit claimed by the study of mathematics is that they quicken the reasoning powers, and mathematicians are apt to say that language does not fill the requirement. But if a student conscientiously works through his course in the Classics, he is able to push his principles to just results. While immense amounts of algebra and calculus can be stored up without calling the reasoning powers into action, for they may be gained by quickness of observation.

"But," some one asks, "granted that the students do come out with their reasoning powers so fully developed, does it compensate them for the loss of the accurate knowledge of some science which they might have gained if they had spent their time in the study of some more practical subject?" And in reply to this we say

that accurate knowledge is not a test of education so much as it is an outcome of it; but education is that which develops a man's faculties and fits him with a mind well balanced, to bear the heat and toil of his life work. It is the aim of all educational institutions to turn out men, not strong in one subject only, and weak in all other branches of knowledge, but men with minds well trained and able to grasp all the vexed questions of the time.

And we claim another point which shows the classical study to be superior to other studies as an educational instrument; namely the greatness of those writers who have made the languages. When parents begin to educate a child, one of the first things they do, or ought to do, is to select books which will not lower the tone of its mind, but will tend to elevate its character. It has been said that "the society of the best and greatest men is the most powerful educator down to the end of life." Where can be found men better fitted to act as the educators of the young, than the great classical writers. For in the first place we can look at the beauty of the form of their writings. They were written when writers were few, when the material on which to write was very costly, and consequently when there was far more listening to, than reading of their works. On account of this they had to be far more careful in the writing than authors of the present day, for although people will read a book that is not written in a pleasing style, they will not listen to it. And it would seem almost impossible to bring together, for study in the modern languages, as many books which combine beauty of style and general excellence of matter as can be found among the Classics.

So why abolish the study of the Classics which has been so satisfactory for ages, and when it has so many advantages over other studies in the education of the mind? When they contain the works of men, which, for beauty of style and clearness and purity of expression, have never been surpassed. Do not abolish the study of the ancient languages, but if there is any way by which the study can be made of greater advantage, let us seek it, increasing rather than decreasing the importance and benefit of the study of Latin and Greek.

R. C.

Hard Luck.

I'm disgusted with girls and all their whims,
Though I am called "a ladies' man,"
But if you had been treated the way I've been,
You would say the same thing, Dan.
You saw how that dark-eyed girl snubbed me,
At my sister's luncheon to-day.
And you were much puzzled and could not see
Why she treated me that way.

Now last Thursday I had an engagement,
To meet a friend of mine;
With whom I had made an appointment,
To be in the depot at nine.
Well, I entered the depot that morning,
And had walked but a few paces,
When I noticed the clock was not going
And—one of the sweetest faces.

With eyes just as brown as they could be, Dan,
Though I thought they looked much distressed,
And thinking it became a gentleman,
To her side my way I pressed;
And knowing it was just about nine,
I said: "You'll excuse me, I pray,
But I thought you might wish to know the time
And the clock has stopped to-day."

The great brown eyes flashed into mine,
A look that meant more than anger;
And she said: "If I had not known it was nine,
I should not have asked a stranger."
Then she drew her watch from her dainty, pink belt
And wished me a haughty "Good-day."
While I, more crushed than I ever had felt,
Wished that clock was miles away."

I met her at my sister's to-day,
And she would not notice me, Dan.
But I'm not in love with her, anyway,
That is—I don't think I am.
I think I like girls best who have blue eyes;
They never are haughty, nor frown;
And, yet, before me there will arise
A face—and the eyes are—brown.

M. L. F.

Sine Qua Non.

Ah, do not tell me of her charms,
I know her beauty well,
I know her lips are red and warm,
Her eyes my praise compel.
I care not for such passing gifts,
My heart, they could not win
I do not scorn my Katie's lips,
But ah, she has no ti 'n'!

The brightest, fairest cheek may pale,
With passing by of years,
Of eye the light and gladness fail,
Its lustre dimmed with tears,
Of beauty th' reign too soon is past;
Love's fires, as they begin,
I would should burn on to the last;
How can they with no ti 'n'?

C.

JAM
L. L.
F. E.
E. T.
H. C.
B. C.
H. T.
J. W.
G. F.
C. H.

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THE CONCORDIENSIS.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
STUDENTS OF UNION COLLEGE.

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EDITORIAL.

THE conduct of many of the students during the Hamilton-Union game at Ridgefield, was surprisingly ungentlemanly. The attempting to "break up" the opposing nines if persevered in, will give us, no enviable reputation for *rowdyism*. It is not *smart* but rude, and such conduct on the part of college men toward college men, deserve nothing but censure.

* * *

THE friends and Alumni of Union were startled some days since by an announcement in the Associated Press, that the College had had a judgement filed against it by Long Island City, to the amount of some three hundred thousand dollars. Feeling that such a report, widely circulated, would tend to hurt the college, we would say in explanation, that the matter in question is an old one. The debt is largely one of interest on municipal improvements which the college is able to pay but objects to the amount, hence the suit in which Union was the

plaintiff. The case, decided against the College in the state courts, has, we understand, been carried before the United States Supreme Court.

* * *

UNION'S prospects for next year are very flattering indeed. The awakening of the Alumni of the College throughout the country, and the formation of graduate associations in strong centres have done much to draw once more the attention of the world to Alma Mater. Then too, the impression that Dr. Webster is making upon the country of being the man that he is—earnest, able, energetic and good—is fast rekindling the flame in favor of Old Union. As the present volume of the CONCORDIENSIS draws to a close, we feel that the prophecy of its first number will, ere long, be fulfilled and that the next editor will find a brighter field of labor, in that the hopes of the present will have been realized.

* * *

THE gloomy faces and depressed spirits of the Union men at the Inter-collegiate games recently held, told the story of their deep disappointment, or rather chagrin. Hardly a man was there, who did not go to Albany in high glee, expecting to see Union carry off her share of the honors. When the painful fact came to be realized, that our share would be an exceedingly small one at the most, the first impulse was to find some one on whom to lay the blame. The facilities for practice cannot be accounted guilty nor can our trainer, Prof. Van Derveer; both excel those of any college in the league. The fault, and it is a serious one, lies with the students themselves. The authorship of the aphorism, "Suretyship is the precursor of ruin," made an old Greek forever famous. The truth of the maxim has frequently been brought before the minds of the Union students of to-day. We always manage, by stretching our imaginations, to get ourselves upon a high pinnacle, only to wake up on a sudden and find our lofty structure prone upon the ground. How could it be otherwise? It was simply a pyramid standing on its apex. Ere another season comes around, let us have a base ball nine and an athletic association with much more practice and far less vain confidence.

COLLEGE NEWS.

Our Alumni in California.

While on the Pacific Coast last winter, Professor Wells, as a labor of love, visited all the Alumni of Union in any way within his reach, and especially called on all in and near San Francisco.

The result was that they kindly returned this attention in the issuance of a call to give him a reception and a banquet before his departure. The replies to this invitation were warm and hearty as will be seen by some of them which we give below:

SACRAMENTO, March 6th, 1889.

*W. W. Griswold, M. D. and Wm. Britton,
Esq., San Francisco.*

Gentlemen: Your kind favor of the 1st inst, inviting me to join you in a reunion and banquet to be given by the sons of "Old Union" on Tuesday evening, March 12th, in compliment to Professor Wells, is received.

It is unnecessary for me to assure you that it would afford me great pleasure to be present and enjoy with you the festivities of such an occasion. Grand old Dr. Nott! ("Old Prex" as we used to familiarly call him;) and grander still "Old Union" herself! I revere the memory of both for the good that they have wrought.

It is possible that the Legislature will adjourn sine die on Saturday next, and if so, I shall most certainly be present and enjoy with you the festivities of the occasion; but I fear we will not adjourn until next week Saturday, in which event, I regret to say, I shall be unable to attend.

Desiring to be remembered to all and hoping that you will have a most happy reunion, I remain,

Fraternally Yours,
C. H. HEACOCK.

BERKLEY, March 5, 1889.

Dr. W. W. Griswold,

DEAR SIR: Your note of the 1st inst is just received. I hasten to say that it will give me great pleasure to meet Prof. Wells and the sons of "Old Union" on Tuesday evening, March 12th.

Yours Very Truly,
W. WILKINSON.

OAKLAND, March 7, 1889.

Dr. Griswold,

DEAR SIR: Pardon me for not replying to your note of invitation to a re-union of alumni of Union College, before this. I shall be most happy to attend at the time specified.

I hope this gathering will be a means of organizing, in permanent form, those who look back with pride to former days passed in the honored halls of our Alma Mater.

Yours Truly,
J. B. MC CHESNEY.

Class of '57.

SANTA ROSA, CAL., Feb. 1st, 1889

W. W. Griswold, M. D.

MY DEAR SIR: Your favor extending invitation to join you at banquet of the Alumni of old Union College, came to hand yesterday. Your motive meets my hearty appreciation, and I will be with you on that joyous occasion, Providence permitting.

Yours as ever,
MARK L. McDONALD.

Class '59.

With this encouragement the Banquet was appointed to be held on the evening of March 12, at the Occidental, one of the finest Hotel in the city. The proceedings were published in one of the leading journals of San Francisco, and we copy them *verbatim* etc., below.

Among the college men that have helped to shape the fortunes of the Pacific Slope, none look back to the homes of their childhood, their early instructions, more than do those of that famous old college of the State of New York in the old Dutch town of Schenectady. Dr. Eliphalet Nott was in reality the founder of it and presided over it for about two generations of men, and then lived for years afterward in a state of second childhood until well nigh his centennial birthday.

He was famous as a practical instructor of successful men, and many of these turned their steps toward the Golden State in pursuit of wealth and fame. Many of them were successful and finally joined their interests with the

growing land of gold and wheat and luscious fruits. And still in quiet hours they look back to the scenes and ties of young manhood when they were wild and thoughtless, though generous hearted college boys, indulging in many a prank on teacher and comrades.

These loyal sons of Alma Mater were therefore very glad to welcome an old teacher among them, with his wealth of story of the old and new. Professor William Wells, for over a score of years one of the faculty of Union, found a most hearty reception and a welcome in the form of an alumni banquet at the Occidental Hotel. It was a distinguished company that greeted him, for what San Franciscan does not know of Levi C. Lane, M. D., and of Dr. Wilkinson of the State institution at Berkley, or of Principal McChesney of the schools of Oakland and others that might be named? They forgot not their boyish days of fun and frolic, and like nothing better than to pass in review many a day and perhaps many a night when they made the welkin ring with joyous college songs. Professor Wells, in a chatty story of old Union's haps and mishaps, opened the fountains of their memories, which poured forth many a tale of the olden time. Pleasant incidents were passed in quick review, and endless questions were asked as to the fate and career of various favorites among the faculty, or the boys, until the advanced hour bid the elderly men hie away their homes.

But they first resolved before so doing not to let this be the last meeting of the kind. They received with pleasure the grateful news of the success of the new President, Dr. Harrison E. Webster, and sent through Professor Wells the assurance of loyalty to the gray old halls that are now venerable in their sight.

They formed an Alumni Association for the State of California, composed of the gentlemen above mentioned, together with Mark McDonald of Santa Rosa, Isaac N. Thorne of this city, Dr. McLean of Oakland, Dr. Griswold of San Francisco, Lieutenant Hollis of the navy and Major Mc Murray of the army, Judge McAlister of this city and Lawyers Talcott, Swortfiguer and Britton of this city. These and others will be linked together with the Union

men throughout the State for the purpose of annual meetings.

After the adoption of a constitution and by-laws, and electing officers, the company adjourned, with expressions of pleasure at the reunion.

President Webster Before the Troy Conference—Introduced by Prof Wells—A Warm Reception and a Good Speech.

The Troy conference in session at Saratoga, towards the close of the first morning session, by the courtesy of the committee and the presiding Bishop Andrews, Prof. Wells was invited to the platform to say a few words to the conference regarding the present status of the college and the work of the Methodist representatives in its faculty, showing to the conference the advantages that it had enjoyed in this line for many years.

His real object was to introduce to the conference the new president of the college, Dr. Webster, who was then invited to the platform by the bishop and was received by the conference standing. Dr. Webster was in a very happy mood for the occasion and assured the clerical body that Union college was in a most emphatic sense a christian college without teaching dogmas, basing its biblical instructions on the broad platform of christian love and unity. He was careful to say that with the college there was no conflict between science and religion, and the latter was not specially defended because it was in no need of defence. His remarks were received with great enthusiasm, and he held quite a levee after the adjournment of the body for the morning. He met no less than ten graduates of the college in ministerial work in conference relations, and several gentlemen who have honorary degrees from her hands. In short he was soon made to feel at home among the members, and received the most cordial attention from the Union college men during the afternoon, at the close of which he returned feeling that he had a pleasant and profitable day among that large body of men who compose the Troy annual conference within whose bonds Union college has been situated for so many years.

Fraternity Greetings to President Webster.

The Psi Upsilon Club house, at No. 33 West Forty-second street, was on Saturday evening, May 18, owned in fee by the Theta, or Union Chapter, on the occasion of the reception extended by them to President Harrison E. Webster, of Union College. About thirty-five of the resident members of the Theta Chapter, as well as a few members invited from out of town, were present to honor the guest of the evening. Judge Hooper C. Van Vorst, on the part of the fraternity, welcomed Dr. Webster to their hospitality in a graceful address. He recalled the fact that Psi Upsilon, like most of the older Greek letter societies, derived its origin from Union College, and gave some enjoyable reminiscences of the society's early struggle to overcome the united opposition of the literary societies, and how the favor of President Nott was successfully invoked. The policy of Union had always, he said, been to foster rather than to suppress or destroy the Greek letter organizations, and time had justified the wisdom of this spirit of liberality. He congratulated the president upon the success of his administration, the happy outlook for the college, and the universal enthusiasm which his wise and vigorous course was inspiring into faculty, alumni and students.

PRESIDENT WEBSTER'S TALK.

Dr. Webster, in reply, expressed the gratification he felt in meeting with the alumni members of the Theta Chapter of Psi U., from whose annual convention in Rochester he had just come. Although himself a Zeta Psi, his relations with the Psi U.'s, as well as with one or two other fraternities, had been so intimate that he felt almost as one of them. He heartily approved of the college fraternities, and instead of regarding them as the emanation of the Evil One and their chief function and ambition the raising of the same, they were, in his opinion, a positive aid, not only to the student but also to the faculty in the maintenance of sound instruction and college order. So long as they kept to the high standard of conduct and scholarship which characterized the fraternities at Union, they would meet with nothing but encourage-

ment and liberal treatment at the hands of the faculty. The trustees had recently assigned to the Theta Chapter one of the most beautiful sites on the college campus for their chapter house, and he hoped the boys would obtain encouragement from the alumni of the chapter in completing their new chapter home.

THE PARENTAL THEORY OF COLLEGE GOVERNMENT.

Passing to the subject of college government in general, Dr. Webster said he was a firm believer in the parental system of college education which Dr. Nott had so successfully practiced. He did not believe that the duty of the professor to the pupil ended with the dismissal of the class, but that the faculty were personally responsible for the moral and physical development of the student as well as the intellectual.

With this system in view, large numbers were not desirable. The present teaching force at Union is larger and certainly as devoted and as effective as at any time in the history of the college; but the large numbers which fifty years ago thronged the college halls would now be an embarrassment and a misfortune. The reason is that in the old days students were allowed to remain whether they kept up their work with the class or not. Now, however, as soon as it is evident that a student will not or cannot do the work he is informed that he cannot with profit either to himself or his classmates remain with his class, and he is removed. "Unless the teaching force is still further increased," said Dr. Webster, "and the endowments increased proportionately, I do not want to see over 250 students in Union College, for to a larger number we cannot do full justice." This limit will apparently soon be reached. Last year's class was nearly double that of the preceding year, while a still larger next year is assured.

CHRISTIANITY THE BASIS OF COLLEGE TRAINING.

While Union was, and is, in its origin, in its history and in all its tendencies a non-sectarian college, it is just as positively a Christian college. The pure and simple religion of Jesus Christ is recognized as the basis of all the instruction. Nor is this incompatible with the

teaching of the most advanced science, for between Christianity and science there can be no conflict.

S. B. Brownell, the senior trustee of the college, admitted that he was not a frequent visitor at the club house, but testified to the usefulness of the Greek letter societies in the college economy. The question of their right to exist, he said, is no longer an open one, having long since been decided in the affirmative. They are a force which no college officer can afford to ignore.

"The dignity and responsibility of a college trustee," said Mr. Brownell, "is not generally appreciated, and is often too lightly esteemed. No man who has in his heart a true love for alma mater can conscientiously shrink from any duty which devolves upon him, either as trustee, professor or alumnus, and it is the duty of every Union man to vigorously support the officers of the college who are charged with the administration of its affairs, and to hold up the hands of the new president in his earnest efforts in behalf of the college."

Other speeches were made by Dr. James S. MacKie, '45; Edward L. Stevens, '55, and Prof. James R. Truax, of the college, and a poem was read by Ward McLean, '43. Letters were read from ex-Gov. A. H. Rice, of Massachusetts; the Rev. Dr. M. Van Rensselaer, Clark Brooks, Frederick W. Seward and others, including an interesting letter from the Rev. Samuel Goodale, D. D., of Nebraska, one of the founders of the society.

Besides the president there were present from the faculty Prof. J. R. Truax, Prof. T. W. Wright and Prof. A. S. Wright. Prof. Benjamin H. Ripton and Prof. Wendell Lamoroux are also members of the Theta Chapter, but were prevented from being present. Among the number in attendance were John T. Mygatt, to whose efforts the success of the event was principally due; the Rev. Henry A. Powell, of Brooklyn; E. W. Crittenden, William P. Chambers, John M. Rider, Herbert S. Wilbur, the Rev. W. A. Waddell, Samuel T. Freeman, Charles T. Haviland, H. R. Fancher, W. T. Foote, and Dr. F. H. Dillingham from the Bowdoin Chapter.

The Base Ball Trip.

The nine that left May 16th to play the other colleges in the New York State league, consisted of Mc Donald, pitcher and captain; Rhinehart, catcher; Pickford, first base; Lewis, second base; Mosher, third base; Little, short stop; Hunsicker, left field; Smith, centre and McQueen, right field; De Puy, substitute.

The first game was played with Rochester University on May 17th, and resulted in our defeat by a score of 23-16. We offer no excuse for this abominable score, save that Rhinehart was knocked out in second inning, thus making it necessary to put in a substitute battery. It is sufficient to say that it was the most dismal game that could have been devised to entertain the large number of college men assembled at Rochester attending the Psi Upsilon convention; and undoubtedly gave them a high appreciation of New York college ball games.

AT SYRACUSE.

The next morning at Syracuse, the college located there presented a good nine and a valuable umpire. He was so valuable to Syracuse that it was in vain for Mc Donald to split the plate; the Syracuse men got their base on balls nevertheless. Yet, notwithstanding this, the score at the beginning of the last half of the ninth inning stood 11 to 9 in favor of Union; but in this half the umpire's valuable qualities and three errors by Union let in three runs, and we were defeated 11-10. The game has been protested.

AT MADISON.

The following two days the nine was to have played at Hamilton and Madison Colleges; but both games were delayed by rain; and it was not until the morning of May 22nd that the game with Madison came off. Madison had won, up to this time, every game she had played; defeating Syracuse, Rochester and Hamilton. This was her fifth league game, and it was with great delight, if not some surprise, that word was received, that Union had won by a score of 5-6.

The features of this game were the excellent catching of Hunsicker, an unassisted double play by Lewis, and the strong work of the battery.

AT HAMILTON.

The joy over Madison's defeat in the morning was hardly subsided, when our wonder was

further increased by hearing that the game at Hamilton in the afternoon had been won by Union 11-7. This was the team that had defeated Syracuse 19-0; and the gaze of the Union men was once more directed toward first place in the league. The game was characterized by hard hitting by the Union men, every man who stepped to the plate, seeming to find the delusive Geer; while but three base hits were made by Hamilton from Mc Donald's pitching. Both games testified to the good qualities of the nine and showed a remarkable improvement in base running; the fellows running with a snap and coolness that often made scores.

THE ANNUAL FIELD DAY.

The field day this year took place on Friday, May 10th. As the Inter-collegiate tournament was to take place under the auspices of Union two weeks later, but little attention was given to this it, being arranged principally to decide upon what men to enter at the Intercollegiate. The following men won their events:

100 yard Dash, Stewart, '90, 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
 Hammer Throw, Culver, '89, 68 ft., 6 inches.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Mile Run, Furbeck, '92, 2 min., 27 sec.
 Putting the shot, McQueen, '92, 28 ft., 7 inches.
 220 yard Run, Stewart, '90.
 Running Broad Jump, Smith, '92, 17 ft., 4 inches.

The relay race between '90 and '92 was won by the Freshmen.

The tug-of-war between the Freshmen and Sophomores was won by '91 in a two minute pull.

The following attended the Psi Upsilon convention held with Rochester University on May 16th and 17th. Culver '89, Hawkes, De Puy, Mosher and Clute, '90, Robertson, '91, and Mosher, '92. Culver, Hawkes and Mosher acted as delegates from the Theta Chapter.

Locals.

- Can you graduate?
- What's the matter with the nine?
- Senior vacation after the twenty-ninth.
- Prize essays must be in by June first.
- There will be no college exercises Decoration Day.
- Quayle of Albany has received '89's order for commencement cards.

Besides a diploma tax of four dollars, eighty-nine pays a graduation fee of eight-fifty.

The campus, with all the college grounds, never presented a more charming aspect than at present.

The Junior assembly which was held in the Arcade Hall, May 10th, was a perfect success and reflected much credit upon '90's hop committee.

With the exceptions of chapel service and senior oratoricals, the college will be granted a recess Friday the 24th, on account of the inter-collegiate field-day.

The second concert, under the auspices of the Ladies' Musical Union of this city, was given in the college chapel the 16th inst, and was most successful in every particular.

Professor Brown, with the Senior, Junior and Sophomore engineers, made a trip to Round Lake early in the month, for the purpose of inspecting J. M. Powers' celebrated patent process of sewerage disposal which has recently been introduced into the drainage system of that place and they found it to be perfectly satisfactory. They also visited Mechanicville and examined the work which is in process on the Champlain Canal.

Union is well represented in the inter-collegiate field day which is held at Island Park, Friday the twenty-fourth, under her supervision, and may she figure conspicuously in the prizes. Following are the entries from Union:

Culver, '89,—100 yards, 120 and 220 Hurdle.
 Stewart, '90,—100 and 220 yards Run.
 McDonald, '90,—100 and 220 yards Run.
 Clute, '90,— $\frac{1}{4}$ and $\frac{1}{2}$ mile Run.
 Furbeck, '92,— $\frac{1}{2}$ mile Run.
 Trumbull, '92,— $\frac{1}{2}$ mile Run.
 Dugall, '92,— $\frac{1}{4}$ mile Run.
 Landon, '86,—Pole Vault, High Jump, Broad Jump and Putting Shot.
 Hills, '92,—Bicycle.
 Smith, '92.—Broad Jump.
 McQueen, '92,—Putting Shot.
 Vorhees, '89, Pickford, '90, Little, '91 and Daley '92,
 —Tennis.
 De Puy, '90,—Tug of war (Anchor.)

Personals.

✓'61. Timothy Lightborn was born in England, but coming to this country when quite young, settled in Sanquah, Oneida Co., N. Y. Upon graduation, he returned to England and has been a very successful and prominent business man. He is a manufacturer of linen goods and paper, has been Mayor of Darwen, and has occupied many other official positions in his native land.

✓'76. Homer Greene, the well-known author, has a book in the press of Houghton, Miflin & Co., Boston, on "Coal and the Coal Mines."

'81. J. P. Lyons was married recently in Troy, and has taken up his residence in Tacoma, Washington.

'82. Roseboom is about to start with twenty-five others on a bicycle tour through Europe.

✓'82. Waddell, located in San Pedro, Cal., represents the Presbytery of Los Angeles at the General Assembly in New York, this year. He will attend Commencement.

✓'84. Hutchinson has abandoned the ministry and is now a commercial traveller.

✓'86. Ostrander occupies a good position in the State Engineer's office at Albany.

✓'86. Landon was recently admitted to the Bar of New York State.

'87. Pepper will spend the summer in France

✓'87. Bridge was recently admitted to the New York State Bar.

✓'87. Furman graduated last month from the Albany Medical College, and is now practising in a New York hospital.

'88. Mc Intyre will occupy, during the summer, the pulpit of the Presbyterian church at Chester, Warren Co.

Review.

Outing for June contains a remarkable account of "Yacht Voyages to Australia," by F. C. Sumichrast. The text is embellished with

handsome illustrations of celebrated Yachts.

An excellent fishing sketch, entitled "The Pleasures of Fly Fishing," by W. Holberton, appears in *Outing* for June. Daniel C. Beard, has furnished six spirited pen-and-ink drawings.

In *Outing* for June appears "The Care of Dogs," by D. Boulton Herrald. This article will be of great value to all lovers of dogs, for the mass of useful information it contains.

In *Outing* for June Alfred Balch discusses "Camping Outfits and Equipment." This article will be of great value to all who contemplate roughing it in the most comfortable way.

Boating is such a popular pastime, that Mr. C. Turner's article on "Pleasures and Pastimes on the Cam," which appears in *Outing* for June, will be eagerly read. The paper is richly illustrated from photographs, etchings, etc.

Outing for June contains a very good article on "Australian Cricket" by G. H. D. Gossip, which gives the reader an excellent idea of the strides colonial cricket has made of late years.

Outing for June is of great interest to the general reader. Among them are "June Days in the Saddle," by C. H. Crandall; "The Cruise of the Sybaris and Shaw-Shaw," by E. L. Chichester, and a cycling story by President Bates, entitled, "How O'Tulliver Bard won the Championship."

An article of practical value to ladies who contemplate a trip to Europe is "Ladies' Short Purse in Europe," by Horteur Hathaway, which appears in *Outing* for June.

Outing for June is a number to delight all lovers of outdoor literature. The leading article, "Yacht Voyages to Australia," by F. C. Sumichrast, describes passages made to that far-off country. Excellent illustrations embellish the article. Other principal article are "Sports, Pastime and Pleasures on the Cam," by C. Turner, richly illustrated; "The Pleasures of Fly Fishing," by W. Holberton, for which Daniel C. Beard has furnished pen-and-ink drawings; and the "Care of Dogs," by that well-known authority, D. Boulton Herrald. Lovers of the horse will read with pleasure "June Days in the Saddle," by C. H. Crandall. Cricketers will be interested in "Cricket in Australia," by G. H. D. Gossip. "Camping Outfits and Equipment," is an article of value to all who wish to spend a summer in the woods. "How O'Tulliver Bard won the Championship" will interest wheelmen. "The Bobolink," "The Scarlet Pimpernel," "One Day Upon the Hills," and "Boating," are poems of much merit. The Editorials embrace criticisms on Photography, Lawn Tennis and Yachting, while the Outing Club and other departments, as well as Records, contain much useful and timely information.

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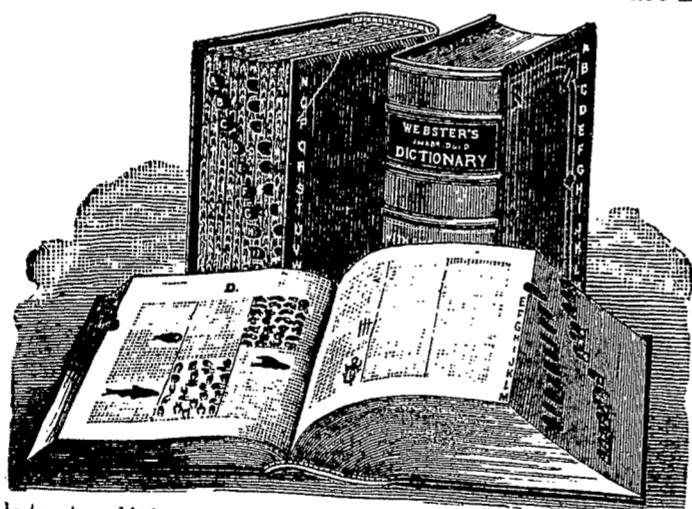
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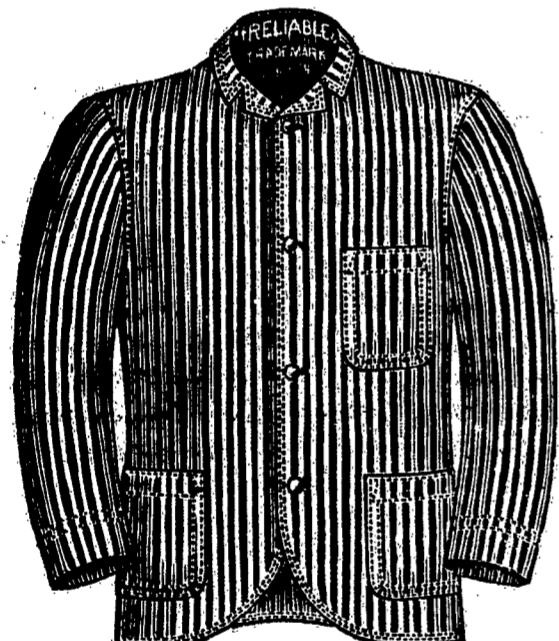
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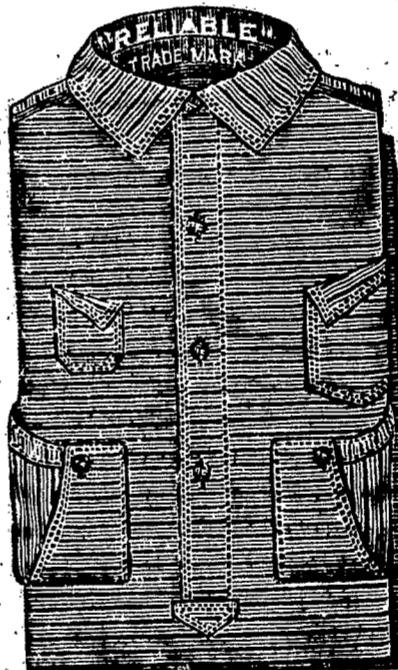
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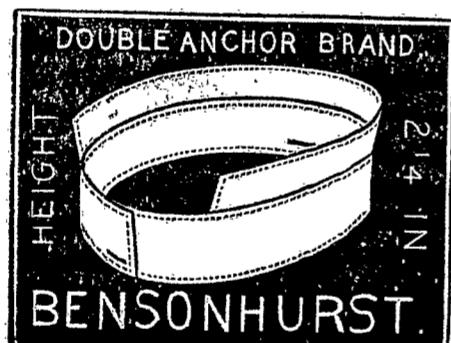
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