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The Concordiensis.

COMMENCEMENT.

THE CONCORDIENSIS.

VOL. IV.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y., JUNE, 1884.

NO. 9.

THE CONCORDIENSIS.

PUBLISHED ON THE 15th OF EACH MONTH DURING THE COLLEGiate YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF UNION UNIVERSITY.

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C. TEMPLE, '82. A. S. WRIGHT, '82. E. E. FORD, '82

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ARTHUR S. WRIGHT, Business Manager.

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CONTENTS.

LITERARY.		
Class Poem	- - - - -	119
Class Day Oration	- - - - -	121
History of Class of '81	- - - - -	122
Prophecy	- - - - -	127
EDITORIALS.		131
THE CONCORDIENSIS	- - - - -	132
Boating at Union	- - - - -	132
The Senate	- - - - -	133
Oxford Cap for '82	- - - - -	133
Mathematical Prizes	- - - - -	133
The Class of '81	- - - - -	134
Base Ball	- - - - -	134
Our Surplus Fund	- - - - -	134
LOCAL.		135
Scene in Entrance Examination Room	- - - - -	136
The Literary Societies	- - - - -	136
Commencement Notes	- - - - -	136
Awarding of Prizes	- - - - -	137
'81 and THE CONCORDIENSIS	- - - - -	137
Base Ball	- - - - -	137
Editors' Supper	- - - - -	138
Does Education make Gentlemen	- - - - -	138
Alumni Association	- - - - -	139
Deaths in Alumni of Union College	- - - - -	139
Commencement Exercises	- - - - -	139
Sophomore-Junior Prize Oratory	- - - - -	140
PERSONAL.		140
EXCHANGES.		140

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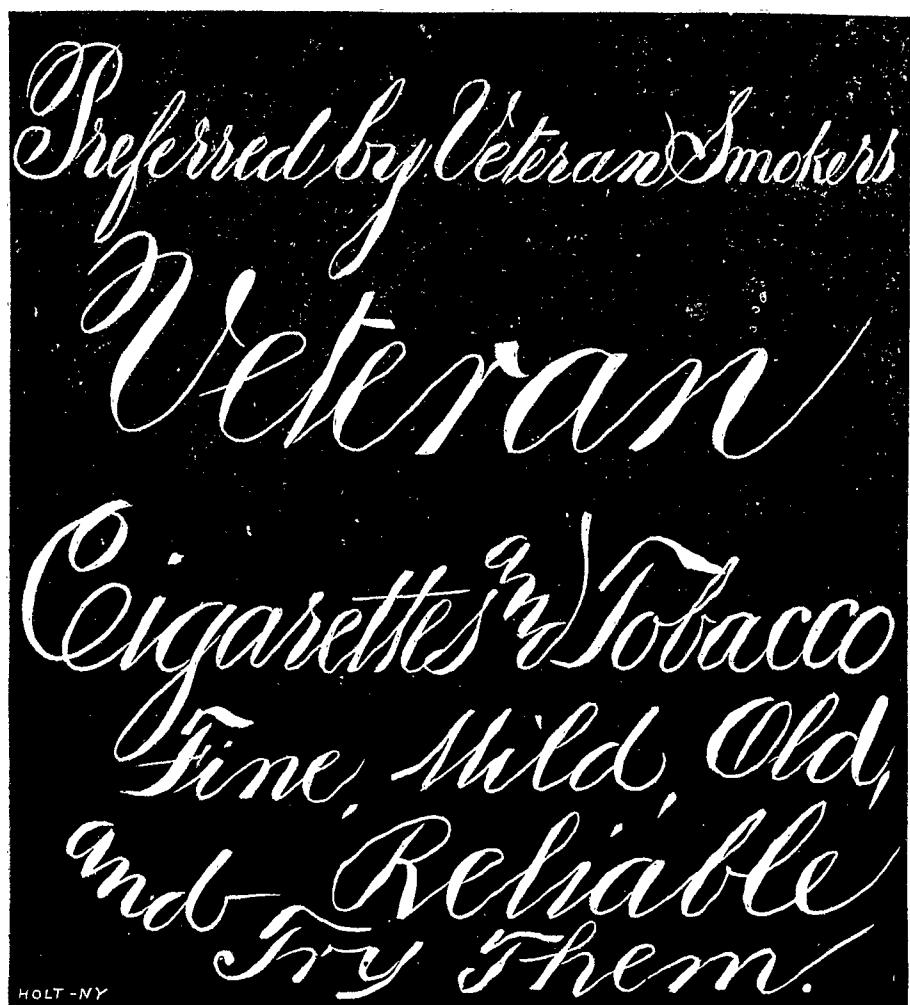
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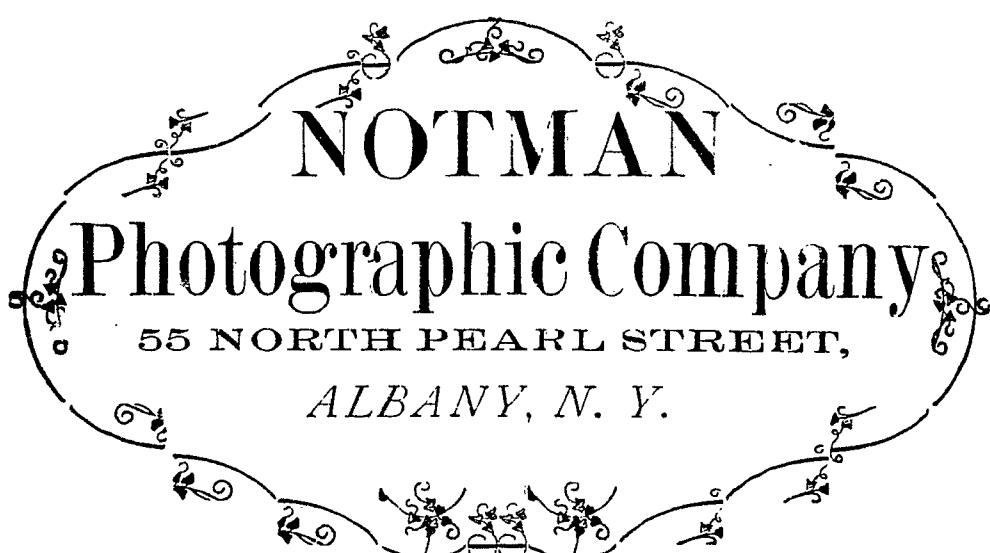
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CLASS POEM.

BY W. R. WINANS.

A story is told by the muses,
At least they have told it to me,
That mortals are sometimes invested
With wonderful powers to see.
They tell me that somehow and somewhere,
There's something, to others unknown,
Possessed by the mystical muses
And given to poets alone.

Well pleased with a tale so delightful,
And happy that they should tell me,
I made it my business and pleasure
Quite often the muses to see.
They seemed to be friendly and willing
And many a story they told,
And spoke of this mystical something
So often I soon became bold.

One eve, when the sun was declining,
And twilight was lovely and long,
When birds in the tree-tops were mating,
And sealing their love with a song;
I cautiously begged of the muses
This gift to bestow upon me,
That I, with this magical vision,
Some wonderful picture might see.

I paused and awaited an answer,
When suddenly day was as night;

But soon it grew clearer and brighter,
Till all the dark places were light.
And as it grew brighter and clearer,
And Nature put Silence to sleep,
A picture of life and of action
Seemed over my vision to sweep.

E'en now I behold it before me—
'Tis strange that you cannot see too,
But surely you will in a moment,
When I have explained it to you—
A beautiful, fond, aged mother—
You see her? she sits on the hill—
A happy young man is beside her
Awaiting her bidding and will.

A home, and the playthings of boyhood
All scattered around on the floor,
A mountain to climb, and beyond it
An ocean of limitless shore.
The picture is there, I can see it—
The mother, the boy and the home,
Life's mountain to climb to the summit,
Eternity's ocean unknown.

The playthings are tattered and broken,
They're mostly a slate and some books,
A battered tin horn and a—something—
A "hobby"—"horse" judging from looks,
A battle axe up in the corner,
Two figures—an 8 and a 1,
A bat and a ball by the table,
And under the bedstead a gun.

The home is a garden of beauty,
Surrounded with elms and with pines,
A scene for the fondest remembrance,
When life to its evening declines.
The mother is silvered and wrinkled,
Well upwards a century old,
Her charms are her children, her wisdom,
Her worth let the ages unfold.

And now as she sits in her rocker,
A tear like a pearl in each eye,
One more of her many fond children
She's bidding a loving good-bye.
Her son by her side is impatient,
He longs in the world to be free,
He's tired of books and of playthings,
A man and a hero he'd be.

He catches a glimpse of the mountain,
But thinks 'twill be nothing but fun,
For all of the way to the bottom
And half to the top he can run.
That wrinkled old hand on his shoulder
Lies heavy, he's anxious to go;
He's whirling his cap on his fingers,
His face with delight is aglow.

At length the last word has been spoken,
He turns to bid mother adieu,
When suddenly, as in a moment,
The whole of the past is in view.
He sees in the day that is ebbing,
Is ebbing so swiftly away,
With step like the noiseless to-morrow,
With hopes of a lovelier day ;

He sees the emotions of pleasure
That sparkle in every eye,
And 'round them, like tendrils of ivy,
Are clinging his thoughts as they fly.
He lingers, he muses, he whispers,
And softly I hear him to say :—

“ When out in the world and the tumult,
From home and the loved ones away,

“ Oh, then, I will miss the dear faces
That greet me with welcoming cheer,
Tho' oft I may linger to listen,
I'll fail the old voices to hear.
The trees will continue to blossom,
The grass will continue to grow,
The birds will sing on in the tree-tops,
The brook will continue to flow.

“ The bell will ring on as it used to,
Though rung by a different hand,
The clock will still signal the hour,
But summon a different band.
The ball will rebound in the diamond,
Though played by a different nine,
The classes will ‘tug’ with each other
The ‘knot’ to pull over the line.

“ The cows will lie down in the pasture,
The Freshmen will mar their repose,
The Sophs will exult o'er the tonic,
As into the goblet it flows.
The Juniors will boast of their leisure
And dignity (only in name),
The Seniors will seem to be learned,
And picture a castle of fame.

“ The ‘Rah’ and the cheer and the ‘Hikah’
Will follow the sport and the fun,
But never with just the same echo
As rang from the loud '81.
The trees will grow tall on the campus,
But sure as their shadows increase,
The memory of me will grow fainter,
Until the faint throbbing shall cease.

“ New forms will bend o'er the table
Where often I puzzled my brain ;
New eyes will peer out of the window
And brighten the glittering pane.
My opposite's chair will be taken,
My own will be vacant no more,
Who sat in the one or the other
Will be but a question of yore.

“ New flushes of joy and affection,
New eyes full of fire and fun,
Will glow as they meet on the sidewalk
And sparkle as dew in the sun.
New songs will be sung in the moonlight,
New voices will vibrate the air,
And sweetly arouse from their slumbers
The aged, the young and the fair.

“ All this I shall miss in the future,
As memory shall tell it to me,

And more shall I miss, for in memory
There's more than the present can see.
I'll miss the long walks in the valley
In search of the first blooming flower ;
I'll miss, as the twilight declineth,
The songs of the evening hour.

“ I'll miss in my walks a companion,
I'll miss from my chamber a chum,
I'll miss from the class-room a teacher
Where often together we've come.
I'll miss the clear ring for the chapel,
I'll miss the loud tread on the stair ;
I'll miss from the campus the ‘Colonel’,
I'll miss the low whispers of prayer.

“ What I'll miss, O Goddess, sweet Memory,
No matter, but listen, I pray,
And tell me, will any one miss me,
Yes, miss me when I am away ?
Will any one think of me kindly ?
Or any my name ever say ?
Oh, tell me, will any one miss me,
Yes, miss me when I am away ?

“ When sparkles the dew in the morning,
When blazes the sun in his height,
Or when in the cool summer evening
The warblers sing out their good-night,
Oh, then will not some one remember
The grasp and the touch of my hand,
And think of when we were together
United by love's golden band ?

“ Oh, sing to me, Goddess, an answer,
In measures that tune to my heart
And borne on the zephyrs of evening
Some word of the future impart.
But whisper, sweet Memory, speak gently,
Yet answer me quickly, I pray,
And tell me, will any one miss me,
Yes, miss me when I am away ?

“ But why, in the misty to-morrow,
When all that now is will be new,
Should any one stop for a moment
To think of one passed from his view ?
As rolleth the wave from the pebble,
That waters of ocean enfold,
Thus what I have done, though forgotten,
Has on to eternity rolled.”

He turned and looked up at the mountain,
And lingered and gazed at it long,
Then bounded away for the summit
Inspired with singing this song :—

All hail to the future that's calling us on,
And welcome the opening day,
A kindly adieu in the tears we have shed,
To the days that are passing away.

The summit is high and the mountain is steep,
But laurels are waving in air
And sparkle, as gems from Olympian heights,
For all who will take of them there.

So on with a will to the struggle and toil,
With breezes of fortune around,
Forgetting the past in the glory to come,
When labor with fruitage is crowned.

Then mountains and valleys and rivers and seas,
And arches of heavenly hue,

Extending in beauty through every clime,
And looking the centuries through,
Shall echo the praise of the mother we love,
And honor ascribe to her son,
When all of past is forgotten and gone,
Excepting the deeds he has done.

CLASS DAY ORATION, (JUNE 21, 1881.)

VOCATIONS.

BY H. H. TAYLOR.

"Men must know that in this theatre of man's life it remaineth only to God and angels to be lookers-on."—Bacon. The curse of angered Deity, "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread," so emphatically pronounced on our first parents, rests to-day with the same force on their descendants. The air, which at the creation echoed only the harmony of nature, and the plaudit of the Almighty, now is burdened with the incessant whirr of machinery and the clinking of hard-earned gold. Nature is at enmity with us, and with thorn and thistle and the unceasing conflict of the elements, baffles the energy of the toiler. The earth, with zealous care, guards her embosomed treasures, and man must wrest them from her keeping with implements of his own making.

All the cycles of poets, painters, and philosophers attest the necessity and dignity of toil, by representing their highest ideals, in the performance or as the result of some great work. Mythology with all its sensual glamour and fanciful imagery, is full of action. It makes of its heroes gods, because of their great deeds; and by so doing indicates that action is the essence of their divinity.

Paradoxical as it may seem, even idleness is effort; and the truth of the well-worn old adage, "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," is proved by the great army of drones infesting the busy hive of humanity. They are busy undoing the work of industrious, law-abiding citizens, and by their acts alone make their presence felt.

Inaction is impossible. From the faintest flutter of the tiniest ephemera, to the almost inconceivable revolutions of the exterior planets, all is action. Nothing is the same to-day as it was yesterday or will be to-morrow. Everything is in a state of change: a ceaseless action and re-action of cause and effect.

One of the greatest of German poets says: "Rest is only changing work." But, while

we recognize the necessity and prevalence of labor, we find those who have no allotted part in the work of life; men without vocations. If you ask the cause of their ill success, the invariable answer is, "Luck is against us." "We are willing to work, but we can find nothing to do." Oftentimes such lives begin with the brightest prospects, endowed by nature with all seeming advantages, their future success seems fully assured; but the turning of their life's pages reveals the sad reality. The spoils and triumph of the victor are not for them. They sit through life with folded hands and see its prizes vanish, borne away in the grasp of others, by nature, far inferior to themselves. A cloud of oblivion falls around them as they go down to their graves, "unwept, unhonored and unsung." Their faults we can but mitigate; their misfortunes we can but pity; but we must shun their footsteps as marking the checkered and devious course of a wasted life.

In direct contrast to this class are the men with too many vocations. There are so many points toward which their guns are directed, that they seldom effect a breach in the wall. There is an old saying that "A Jack of all trades is master of none," and its truth is self-evident. Natural powers must not be diffused. Patient, continued effort in one particular calling alone can give success. As Don Quixote thought he could have made beautiful bird cages and toothpicks, if his brain had not been so full of chivalrous ideas; so many other persons would achieve an easy success in their callings if they were not distracted by rival ambitions.

Except a few great geniuses, history identifies each of her chosen objects with some one achievement. You think of Milton, and inseparable is the thought of the *Paradise Lost*; of Harvey, and every heart-beat sounds his name; of Morse, and the electric current is almost seen to fly along its iron path.

The saddest confession that can fall from human lips is this—"I have mistaken my calling." The weight of woe and useless regret it conveys can not but sadden the lightest heart. Very true are these words of Sidney Smith: "If you choose to represent the various parts in life by holes in a table of different shapes—some circular, some triangular, some square, some oblong, and the persons acting these parts by bits of wood of similar shapes, we shall generally find that the triangular person has got into the

square hole, the oblong into the triangular, while the square person has squeezed himself into the round hole." The reason why so many men have failed in life is that they have not found their true vocations. There are poets plodding behind the plough; men, whose brains are teeming with the germs of some great invention, serving in some petty clerkship; and even many students of law, medicine and theology, whose thoughts are far away in different fields. Men, who as farmers, tradesmen or mechanics, might have attained honorable distinction, are seen to fail utterly in a professional career. Conscious of their unfitness, they struggle on, out of harmony with life, till death brings them release. The hands which the "Rod of Empire might have swayed" leave no record of their being, save the unread poem, the unsalable picture or the useless invention.

In reading history we find that even the names of some men were like the sounding of the trumpet. Can we doubt that Pompey had found his true vocation when he said, "If I but stamp upon the ground in Italy an army will appear?" Was not Edmund Burke the right man in the right place when conducting the trial of Warren Hastings? Who can gainsay the fitness of Gladstone's title "The grandest man of his time," as he stands calm and composed before the English Parliament and protests against the inhuman, encroaching policy of Great Britain? They have all found what Archimedes sought, "The right place for their lever."

One of the first questions asked each of us was "What are you going to do when you are a man?" And to-day that question is repeated with added emphasis and significance—what are you going to do now that you are men? Adam found his vocation without much difficulty, but we his descendants are not so fortunate. One, noted for his keen observation says: "Be what nature intended you for and you will succeed: be anything else and you will be ten thousand times worse than nothing." If nature's express intention in each individual case could only be clearly comprehended, regret and failure would be avoided. But, alas! man left in darkness must follow his own inclinations, and not infrequently finds that they have led him astray. It is related of Hercules that "Whether he sat or stood, whatever he did he conquered." So we, no matter what our vocation, shall succeed, if in it we conquer.

We live in an age of mighty competition. Every door is barred and opened only to the golden key of ceaseless work. "Whatever our hands find to do, we must do it with our might." Better fill the lowest calling well than, by over-estimating our talents, make our failures more conspicuous. "There is no one," says a Roman cardinal, "whom fortune does not visit once in his life, but if she finds him idle and inattentive, she goes in at the door and out through the window." Watts was not the first boy who saw a teakettle boil; Newton was not the first observer of a falling apple; nor was Franklin the first witness of a thunderstorm. They were only quick enough to seize and apply the thought.

The golden opportunity will come to each one of us; only like the sculptor of old, our eyes must watch for the bright vision, and our hands be ready to grasp the mallet and chisel, that with patient stroke and sharp incision, we may bring out the beauty of the perfect statue. What are *we* going to do? Shall *we* accomplish any great work? Will our Alma Mater have reason to be proud of the class of '81? The future alone can answer these questions. Whether it will be that "What the child admired, the youth endeavored, and the man acquired," we know not; but may the coming years find each one of us fulfilling the high calling and vocation of an honest, upright manhood; and may the verdict on the life of each be this: "He hath done what he could."

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF EIGHTY-ONE.

BY FREDERICK W. CAMERON.

It has been said that "no history can write its own beginning." This may have been true when the statement was first made, but in the history of '81 it is different. We can go back to Adam and work up to the present or we can go from the present back.

I had intended to trace the lineage of some of our members, but as they objected, I will not give them away. I will say right here, however, to prevent misunderstanding, that Devlin did not descend from the tempter of Eve, as his name would indicate, and as many have supposed. On the contrary, he is a direct descendant of St. Patrick, who was death on snakes.

Old Mother Shipton, in 1448, foresaw the event which is taking place now. She prophesied that

"The world unto an end shall come
In eighteen hundred and eighty one."

She foresaw that a great event would be solemnized, and she could think of nothing that would approach it nearer than the general collapse of all earthly things. There are to be forty-two men thrown upon the world to be supported. They are all handsome, cultivated, and will shine in any society,—all they want is to be carefully treated and furnished with plenty of money. This was what the old lady saw in the distance; and her prophecy is about to be fulfilled.

But to return to our history.

In the year 1876 there was held a country fair at Philadelphia ostensibly to show all our fat cattle, big pumpkins, and long grasses. The real object, however, of the large gathering of our produce at this place was to create a famine in the land, that the officers in charge might reap large profit from the sale of garnered stores. This was a political scheme. There was to be an election that fall, and it was expected to influence the people greatly to vote for the party in power, since that party controlled the provisions of the nation.

This great scheme failed. The great statesman who headed the opposition ticket saw the game and telegraphed (in cipher, in order that the enemy would not be able to read it) to his supporters, not to be led into the snare. This broke up the scheme and gave rise to the trouble in later years of the explanation of the cipher dispatches. The election took place. The Democratic nominee was elected, but, on account of private reasons, he appointed his friend Mr. Hayes to his place and confined his own attention to railroad investments.

The fashions were very different when '81 entered Union than they are now. In 1877, instead of luxurious dresses containing fifty or more yards, the beautiful pull-back was worn, which not only saved a great deal of cloth, but also showed off the form to a better advantage. The men wore hats which had the shape of a coal scuttle, and were economical, making that article of apparel serve for both purposes. The coats were shortened, the trousers tightened—all for the purpose of saving money, for everybody said times were hard. Everything was reduced in price. Beer, which had been sold for five cents per glass, commanded only three cents a schooner, and all other necessities of life came down accordingly.

September eighteenth, 1877, sixty-five men

with helmet hats and white ties entered this town on foot. They came from all parts of the country. Some came via the tow-path, others via railroad ties. They had a little money when they arrived, but fearing they might be robbed, they deposited it with a banker called Wiencke and took certain round chips, called checks, which would be redeemed in merchandise when presented at the counter. And here I might add for the reputation of the banker, that every check was duly honored.

The college buildings were not difficult to find, but to avoid a mistake there was a large light-house in course of erection, or rather the remains of a pyramid were being repaired for that purpose. The exact date of the laying of the foundation of south college is not known ; but from inscriptions in some of the rooms, it is estimated that it was laid about fifty years before Noah took to the sea for a profession. The old fence, since destroyed and replaced by wire, was constructed from the debris of the ark.

On the hill each of the new comers was welcomed by a noisy lot of fellows calling themselves Sophs, and we thought of them as Iago did of wine :

"If thou had'st no other name,
I would call thee devil."

And they answered the description of devils—that is, they had horns and were cloven-hoofed. That they had horns was evident from the racket they made, and the way they clove in the section doors proved them to be cloven-footed. The Sophs were very much pleased to observe our bashful demeanor and were anxious that we should understand that they were not fresh. We all knew that we were smart—had not the least doubt of it. The little "townie" who so surprised one of our class by calling him "fresh," the day he arrived, was buried the following Sunday.

Our first day in college was not a pleasant one. We longed for night to come down and shelter us ; but when "Night's sable goddess, from her ebon throne in rayless majesty stretched forth her leaden sceptre" we found it was not over a "slumbering world." If we wished for night, we prayed for light. We suffered incalculable torture for a few days, until we found that the Sophs were not bullet proof, and after laying in a stock of ammunition we were let alone,—but not until we had been placed on the table and made our speech, sung our song, and danced a jig. Six of these jolly Sophs were given

permanent leave of absence for not exactly trying to beard the lion in his den, for Job never was guilty of having a beard, but for breaking into the menagerie and roiling the Campbell.

There used to be a custom in college of having a cane rush, but that has passed away. When we were Freshmen, long, long ago, that custom was in vogue. Since then a class has entered college entirely devoid of any ambition to tear clothes, break limbs, and have a good time generally. This class are all prim, prudent, progressive boys—but '80 were progressive enough, and the way they made progress in the cane fight surprised us. We had that wonderful whopper from Ballston, who was equal to twenty-nine men and a bull for strength, being judged by the amount he ate. The pride of this man lost us the cane, for being deprived of all his uniform except one shoe, he retired to black the aforesaid shoe, and thus our cane was gone. It wasn't much of a cane, anyway. It only cost fifteen cents. The '80 men shouted and kicked as if they had obtained something valuable, but we laughed to think how we had sold them.

There was one man on the hill who struck terror into the heart of every Freshman. He always wore an overcoat, winter and summer, and yet he was always Chilly.

Our first entrance into number four to recite algebra would be recorded by the *Herald* as "passed Hell Gate, bound south." The gruff voice of Whitey made us tremble; but the meek Poppy and gentle Billy were ready to soothe our ruffled spirits after a contest with the demons.

The summer vacation after the Freshman year was not adapted to growing purposes; nevertheless Abbott came back with an auburn mustache, King with sable siders, and even Lansing sported a growth of hair on his massive cheek. It was well understood that our Sophomore year should be devoted to riot and bloodshed. In electing our class officers it was necessary to have men who would lead us through thick and thin, men who were afraid of no danger and ready for any fray. Hence we placed Fancher at our head, well knowing that his fierce demeanor and ferocious impetuosity would strike awe into the breasts of the Freshmen. Next to him we placed that man whose voice, not like distant, but near thunder, startles the bravest man and makes him think of the final trump. McFalls was selected more particularly for economical considerations, as the

halo of light which always surrounds his beaming countenance would, in any midnight excursion, make torches and lanterns entirely superfluous. With these men as leaders the only wonder was that any vestige remained of '82.

We had several cane rushes during our Sophomore year, and always followed out the motto, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." The first rush was with the Prex. Won by Prex, time 3 seconds. Second rush with the Prex, won by Prex, time $2\frac{1}{2}$ seconds. Canes giving out and Prex improving with practice, he was declared winner with the best time on record. We next rushed with '79, '80, and '82, white men and Indians, Prex sending his regrets, being out of town. Again we were defeated, being frightened by the report of firearms from Benedict's verandah. We thought a military company had responded to the appealing cry of our suffering opponents, but when it was ascertained that this reinforcement of the enemy consisted of a lady determined to protect the soil of her father at any cost, we were still more alarmed and fled like the horse which she drives in such a daring manner through our streets. This was our last rush. We now turned our attention to more important matters.

Some of the Freshmen were being spoiled from lack of attention. We conceived and carried into execution that plan which is now so universally adopted of salting the Freshmen in chapel. Such quantities of salt were needed for this process that special arrangements had to be made by the class with the Onondaga Salt Company to furnish us at the wholesale price. The Freshmen received with becoming humility the salt bath which was showered upon them, and after carrying away in their eyes and hair large quantities of the saline mineral, there still remained a great deal on the floor, and "of the fragments that remained twelve baskets were gathered up" and devoted to the use of the faculty.

The high board fence made a beautiful fire which we all enjoyed, although the hose companies seemed disappointed that we were not burning with Prexy's fence and expressed a wish that we might sometime enjoy a climate where a linen duster would be in style all the year round.

The putting to bed of '82's Big Baby brought on a suit for one thousand dollars. The court thought this too big a price for so little fun, and so squelched the case.

Our college work was performed as well

as possible, considering our more important duties of overseeing the Freshmen and providing work for Colonel Pickett and his assistants. Analytics taught us how to describe an ellipse with neither cord nor compass, requiring only a knowledge of the alphabet. In Descriptive we were taught that two parallel lines will meet; and this would have been believed by the class had not Carhart informed the professor that railroad tracks never approached each other. Carhart has studied up the subject and is now laying tracks on the Central road. Second term Sophomore the smart men took Conics and learned all about the early history of Schenectady, while the other fellows took Calculus and became further acquainted with the power of applying the alphabet to geometrical problems. Our military drill and rifle practice occupied a good share of the time. Only those who were fortunate enough to have an impediment in their speech or a friend in the medical profession were excused. The manner in which the ground was plowed up and the trees barked show plainly the vicinity of the rifle range.

In the fine arts we were taught the graceful art of milking. We also learned at the same time that no dependence can be placed on a kicking animal. We studied the habits of each occupant of the pasture, so that to hear a student commenting in this manner upon the bovines was not unusual: "That is a good milker, while that mooley there that looks so innocent is a treacherous devil. She broke my wash pitcher last night after I had milked it full." We always kept a sharp lookout while engaged in the practice of milking, and our powers of perception and of hearing were so intensified that one member of our own class frequently appeared to us as large and ferocious as the red-headed cop on cremation night. We also had the pleasure of organizing a vigilance committee and banishing from the grounds the college policeman, or rather escorted him to the gate, forced an apology from him for interfering with our innocent sports, and then permitted him to return and witness the burning of the furniture of No. 5.

This was the last of our foolish pranks. We were about to enter upon the role of upper classmen. When we reflected that our course was half completed our dignity was increased ten fold. We were careful not to be seen in company with a Freshman, but cultivated the acquaintance of the Seniors. Our vacation was spent in improving our

personal appearance. Those who could never boast the slightest trace of a beard in days gone by, now endeavored to raise a full beard. Our respected president returned from a pedestrian trip in the Adirondacks with a mustache which he said had "mashed" all the "girlie-girlies" of the north. He certainly did have a strange appearance. For a few days after Dick's return it was a common query in college, "Have you seen Dick's mustache?" and the answer invariably came back, "No; have you?"

Chapel orations were expected from us, and the amount of labor wasted and jaw muscle exerted in gesticulating and orating in order to convince the handful of Sophomores and bewildered Freshmen that "geometrically speaking man is a triangle;" or that "sympathy and love give inspiration to thought," was never appreciated, for more than half of us were non-sustained the first term.

Our first class-supper was held at Amsterdam and did more toward making our class notorious than anything which we have ever done. All the newspapers of the surrounding country announced the fact that a class of college boys had enjoyed a supper with no wine on the table. This item was read by a gentleman residing in a far-off hamlet of the north, and he determined that his son should leave Lafayette and enter Union. And that is how we obtained notoriety and our class poet. Which of the two is of the most value can best be estimated after we have heard the poem. Another valuable acquisition to our class was that of a man who had his degree before joining the class, at least he signed his name A. M.—Vedder. Suspended from his watch chain there was a key resembling that of the Phi Beta Kappa, but instead of these letters those of Alpha Omega were inscribed on it. It was whispered about that this man was already a graduate of some university and a member of some very secret society. He was also said to be a member of the legal profession, and when he donned his senior beaver—which not only covered his noble forehead but also considerably overlapped his delicate ears—he received all the attention and respect due to a justice of the peace.

Base ball received considerable attention during our junior year, and '81, as usual, furnished the most prominent players, and the victories achieved by the nine, making them the champion college nine of the state, was greatly due to their efforts.

The political excitement caused by the presidential election last fall spread with wonderful rapidity throughout the college. The Democratic candidate was the favorite, as he was a namesake of our class treasurer. Clubs were formed which were for the purpose of appropriating a certain amount of the election fund for oil, torches and capes, and making night hideous. The Republican club was originated and fostered by '81's greatest politician and perpetual agitator. He obtained all the money and aspired to the military honor of commanding his staff. This was denied him on account of his near-sightedness, having marched his men more than once right against Wiencke's door, when he should have turned down Centre street. The Democratic club, presided over by Howard (Clarkson N.) (who, by the way, never attended a meeting,) made but one parade alone, but united with the Arthur club to go over to Albany and get a supper. After a march of eight miles over the cobble stones and steep streets of Albany, they returned without having had a morsel to eat, perfectly sober, at five o'clock in the morning. That was the last consolidated parade of the season. Both clubs decided that if anybody should walk through the streets at midnight with leaky torches on their shoulders and with empty stomachs, they who were to be benefitted by the result should perform the labor. Then the clubs disbanded.

Two of our class stumped it last fall. One of these, the president of the Arthur club, was listened to with the greatest attention by the good people of Quaker street. The Democratic majority in that place was greater this year than ever before. The other orator, noted for his elegant and forcible language, made a great sensation in the town in which he spoke. The people were so pleased and became so excited over his vivid description of the bold manner in which Garfield jumped into the turbulent waters of the raging canal and rescued from drowning the ungrateful man who was trying to defraud him of his deserved election, the Democratic candidate, W. S. H., that, there being no bouquets, they threw books, canes, and whatever they could lay their hands on, at poor Joe, who, mistaking their kind intentions, retreated in great disorder and gave up the idea of following stump speaking as a profession. Davis is going to enter the ministry.

The surprise which every one felt when it was found Schenectady had gone Republican was dispelled when the manner in which

Major MacMurray bulldozed the inspectors of the third ward was made known.

After the presidential question was settled one of greater importance in the political history of '81 presented itself. It was the same which has occupied the attention of congress so long—whether the majority or minority should rule. After a great deal of child's play on the part of the bolters, who would attend neither class meeting nor class supper, the breach was healed and harmony restored.

The old saying that the senior year is devoted to making love and winning hearts is not strictly true. Hearts, certainly, are trumps, but there are many darker cards to be played. Geology, optics and metaphysics were not the things to fall in love with. It required pol(l)-arization to penetrate the upper crust of metaphysics. Doctor Darling convinced us all that we were Idealists and that the one idea of the class was that "pony-ing is perfectly right and should be continued." But Professor Staley in astronomy taught us that those who ponied should be stuck; or, as he expressed it "*aut disce, aut discede.*" This broke up our idealism and came near breaking up the class. Butler's analogy was not the farce it was represented to be, for Doctor Potter met us twice a day and examined us thoroughly in it. The third term, instead of being a grand lay-off, has counted in our general average, and recitations were held regularly.

For all the many college duties demanded of us this year, we have not entirely neglected the ladies. One of our class has gone to Mexico a married man. He has the best wishes of his less fortunate brothers, and the cradle presented by the class. Each man has engagements enough to start a respectable family in Utah.

The faculty are not exactly included in the class of '81, but they have had considerable to do with our welfare during our sojourn here. Doctor Potter has kept his name with that of Union attached before the public as heroically as ever. For convenience sake it has been proposed to change the name of Union to The Pottery. When men of wealth come to Schenectady the good doctor takes them up into a high place and shows them the world, all of which they can have if they will only give the college a check. They always give. When the hammer is heard resounding from Memorial Hall all the students put on their Sunday clothes and sally out to see who has arrived, for when work is

resumed by Col. Pickett in that building it is a sure sign that somebody has come.

The professors have improved very much by their association with us. They perhaps have been oblivious to the influence we have exerted upon them, but anybody can see that they are more meek than they were when we appeared before them for examination for entrance.

A figure dressed in a butternut coat, cut long; a pair of trousers, cut short, and an old white hat pushed on the back of his head, walks, whistling, of a Sunday to the barber shop. But, generally speaking, Perkins has improved. His blue cape with the long silver buckles attached is in the museum bearing the label, "Maurice's Jacket." He believes in free trade, but is not willing to trade off his clay stump for the finest meerschaum in college. He is said to keep rats out of his house by leaving poison in the kitchen labeled with the formula for cheese.

Prof. Staley covers as much chair as ever, I admit, but has left off sea-bathing at Ocean Grove.

Professor Webster is as long, lank and limber as ever, and the only improvement he has made is in the change of his manner of wearing his hair. He has had it cut once since '77.

Whitey's voice is no more gruff, but musical; and Professor Wells now stops talking once a week to take breath.

The professors have labored hard to cultivate our minds, and have succeeded as well as could be expected from the material they had to work upon. We shall always remember them as good, earnest men, and respect them as gentlemen and scholars.

The end that Mother Shipton prophesied and which this audience have been wishing for, for half an hour, is fast approaching. As Leland says, "The Czar is dead." Conkling, and Me, Too, are "on the town," and '81 has run its course.

PROPHECY.

BY J. P. LYON.

This is an age of invention. From the steamboat to the locomotive, and from that to the telegraph was but a step. Since man made a servant of electricity and compelled even the lightning to do his bidding, we have had the electric light, the telephone, the phonograph, the audiphone, the microphone, and, most wonderful of all, the photographophone. This machine was invented

in 1890 and shortly after its appearance your prophet called upon the inventor who explained its workings as follows:

In a receptacle about $\frac{1}{8} \times 5 \times 6$ inches in size, and lined with a very delicate, pliable membrane, is placed a cabinet picture. The membrane acts as a physiognomist and by fitting itself closely to every feature of the person whose picture occupies the space is able to read his past, present and future. By the application of electricity and by the use of an innumerable number of wires (whose workings it would take too long to explain), the readings of the membrane are imprinted upon tinfoil as lines of varying length, and by a phonographic attachment are spoken to the audience. Knowing the wonderful powers of the machine, and being desirous of learning what fate had wrought out for the members of '81 in the past ten years, your prophet carried with him the cabinet pictures of his fellow graduates and by inserting each in turn, or in case two or three fellows had been intimate, inserting their's together, heard the photographone reveal their history, from which he has selected the following.

The first picture we inserted was Abbott's, and this is what we heard. Abbott is one of whom the poet writes,

"Swans sing before they die : 'twere no bad thing
Should certain persons die before they sing."

Before he came to college he sang in his church choir; while here he sang at the Methodist and Presbyterian churches, in the college glee club, in his own section, on the campus, and in fact wherever he was he sang. Always happy, light-hearted and free, he sang from house to house after graduation, a traveling minstrel. Sang his way across the continent, across the Pacific, across Asia, and part of Europe, and now holds the position of Royal Executioner in Germany where he sings criminals to death.

Anable's picture followed. Court pined for a business life. He said that he had had enough of study, and just intended to forget all about his Greek and Metaphysics and devote himself to a mercantile career. He was willing to begin at the lowest round of the ladder, but longed to work his way up, to rank among the merchant princes of the country, to roll in wealth, and to be celebrated for the splendor of his equipage and the magnificence of his entertainments. In part, his ambition is gratified, for Court is now a merchant—an itinerant merchant who travels from door to door and endeavors to impress

upon people the necessity of buying a copy of the revision.

Bloss. Freddy was a searcher after first causes. He loved to look deeply into mysterious things and examine all minute details. In fact, he was just fitted for a scientist—chose microscopy as his branch, and now travels from college to college, like Prof. A. A. Stan, lecturing to the students, and giving microscopic exhibitions of his wonderful living protozoa.

The next on the list was Cameron. Cammy was by all odds the most modest man in the class. His blushes were as profuse and becoming as those of a school-girl. Of course he must enter a field where modesty would command a premium, and after considerable thought he resolved to be a lightning-rod agent, and is now responsible for more swearing than any other man in the class.

Campbell. Al. was a deep thinker and acute mathematical reasoner. His favorite problem was something like this: "If you add two and three to make five, then if you subtract the two from the five you will have three left. Is that right, professor?" He could solve this and similar problems with the greatest accuracy; so after Tutor Lawrence resigned his position of teacher of Freshman mathematics, Al. was called to fill it and is now doing so to the entire satisfaction of the Fresh.

Carhart. Of fierce and fiery temper, Chummy delighted in war and carnage. Roaming from country to country with restless and impatient haste, he finally visited Arabia. One day, while riding across the desert, he was attacked by Bedouins, but fought with such desperate valor that even the swarthy-skinned sons of Arabia were forced to admire him, and invited him to join their band. He accepted the invitation and soon rose to the position of chief under the title of Oh Perry.

Davis, Wiswall, McFalls. Politics, politics, politics. From first term Freshman to third term Senior, they took a course in pohling—class politics. They intended to make the subject a life study and finally to fill the respective positions of President and Vice-President of the United States, and Speaker of the House of Representatives. But when these schemes were tried upon the public they failed to work; and, disappointed and discouraged by successive defeats, the trio had the good sense to abandon their eastern political aspirations, and at Fort Laramie

the sign of Davis, Wiswall, McFalls, Indian Agency, attracts the eye of the traveler and tells him that the schemes which would not work on the white man are being tried on the red.

Dickinson. Dick's fate is the only sad one that it is my painful duty to record. In the summer of 1881 he fell in love. He neither deliberately walked in, nor carelessly slid in, nor laughingly skipped in; but he literally fell in, head over heels, and without the least attempt at resistance. Now, to fall in love, is a very serious affair--especially if one is so small and unprotected as Dick. But he was really helpless—immediately married, and now occupies the mournful position of supporter of a family.

Fancher. Fanch. was noted for his beautiful mustache and his heavy head of hair. Every one said that he would be a minister, that his air of solemn seriousness was just suited to a minister, and that he must be a minister. But everyone was mistaken. The corset business had the most powerful attractions for him, and embarking in it with success he is now a wealthy and honored manufacturer in one of the most flourishing towns in this state.

Gaillard. Handsome, chivalric, courteous, Gilly was a great favorite of the ladies. He spent several successive seasons at a popular summer resort, where he was considered a great catch. But, sickened by the follies and vanities of the world, he retired from the public gaze, and Gilly's Hermitage is now one of the principal objects of interest to visitors to the Blue Ridge Mountains of North Carolina.

Gibson, Henning and Darling. While in college, these men were constant companions, and, like a dog and his tail, wherever one was you might be sure the other was not far off. They were all of a religious turn of mind, were regular in their attendance at church and Sunday-school (when they were sure their girls would be there), and were really very exemplary young men. After graduation, they did as they had done before—hung together. Not being successful in the various kinds of business they undertook, they went west, where they were lost to the world for some years. When discovered, it seemed that they were occupying their true spheres in life; for Darling was pastor, Henning treasurer, and Gib. traveling missionary of the triumvirate free love community.

Glen. Glen was really the child of the class. He was so small, so helpless, and so

altogether infantile that the boys felt sorry for the poor little fellow and endured a great many of his boyish pranks on account of his size. Notwithstanding his dwarfish proportions, he was ambitious, and determined to be a link in the chain of great men which circles the globe. He chose politics as his field, made stump speeches, became a real agitator, and to-day the names of Kearney and Glen strike terror to the hearts of all peace-loving Californians.

Johnson and Devlin. The two men who for four years strove for the leadership of the class, continued the battle after graduation. If in one day's paper appeared an eloquent sermon by Johnson, in the next was published an excellent essay by Devlin. If Devlin was elected a member of one honorary society, Johnson was chosen by its rival. In fact it was the old story—the lion and the unicorn fighting for the crown. But the struggle finally grew so hot that one country could not hold them both; so one obtained an appointment as American minister to the Sandwich Islands, while the other went to England where he was appointed the royal historiographer.

King. Charley came from the cranberry bogs of New Jersey, took great pride in his personal appearance, and spent the greater part of his time in college in raising a crop of luxuriant but very unbecoming side whiskers. He was imbued with a belief in unseen spirits and is now a travelling spiritualistic medium.

Landreth. With spectacles balanced on the bridge of his nose, and a perplexed expression on his face, Landreth sits on the head of an old keg and by the light of a tall oil dip endeavors to thread his needle in order that he may darn his stockings, while he hums to himself the well-known song, "I'm a jolly old bach."

Lansing. "Tall and divinely fair." Ed. so developed his muscles and beautified his form by exercise in the gym., that he became a perfect Hercules. In 1885 he went to Paris where he posed as Atlas bearing the world on his shoulders, and while standing as a model for sculptors and painters, amused them by interesting talks on the Lansing family in Herkimer county.

Leland. Tom had one failing; he could make the most outrageous puns of any man in the class, and yet in such an unconscious way that the boys could not help being amused. For awhile he endeavored to fill the position left vacant on the Burlington

Hawkeye by Bob Burdette. But the citizens would not stand his written jokes, so he left town, emigrated to Polynesia, where he is now trying to shed light on the benighted heathen souls.

Lomasney. Tim surprised even his warmest friends. He entered the law with a vigor that presaged success. But as he became acquainted with the various devices used by lawyers to accomplish their ends, he grew disgusted and at one time contemplated retreat. But on reconsideration, he resolved that instead of resorting to tricks, lies and other legal quibbles to win his case, he would always act in a just and honorable manner, and to-day is known in his own city by the name of "the honest lawyer."

Lyon, R. S. Rip was evidently cut out for an actor. Quiet, sedate, yet tragic, he stalked around with stately tread and placid mien. Being greatly stage-struck, he went to New York and enlisted as a candidate for dramatic honors. After taking several leading parts, such as bringing in tables, chairs, etc., he was put in the cast and is now making a decided hit as the ghost in Hamlet.

Marselius. No one in college ever heard Marselius talk. He had a certain intuitive knowledge that his talking was to be confined to a limited number of years, and like a sensible man, resolved not to waste his breath discussing class politics and base ball, but to prudently reserve it until he could utilize it. After graduation he carefully looked over the list of professions and trades, but was satisfied with none until he thought of the glorious career of an auctioneer and has already talked several people into an early grave.

MacClellan. Sammy loved the seashore above all things. He delighted to disport in the briny waters and to teach the young ladies how to swim. One day while bathing he was smitten with the sight of the most beautiful damsel he had ever seen, and after that went daily in hopes of getting another look at the fair one. Occasionally he would see her at a distance but before he could get near enough for an introduction, some cruel wave would sweep him to the shore. But, never despairing, he went every day until the end of the season and appeared early again the next spring and by his constant attendance he acquired such a love for old ocean with its ever-varying moods, that he finally resolved to live there, and to-day, still intent upon the search, he is bathing-master at a popular summer resort.

Meneely. The habits Dick acquired while in college obtained such complete mastery over him that after he entered the law he was unable to shake them off, and from four o'clock in the morning until eight in the evening he toiled incessantly at his books. Day after day, week after week, from sunny morn 'til dewy eve, he toiled, until, utterly broken down, he was obliged to go to Europe for his health, and is now endeavoring by complete rest to repair the ravages made by work.

Moore. When Pod's picture was inserted, the machine refused to work, and after waiting in vain for a response we took out the card, when lo! the picture of our worthy captain was changed into a base ball and a halo.

Neagle. In September, 1881, Neagle entered West Point and while there rendered himself famous by discovering the perpetrators of the Whittaker outrage. In 1885 he was sent West to fight the redskins and succeeded so well that he now holds the rank of colonel and is the best Indian fighter on the frontier.

Potter. After Potter had had several years of experience with the world, he became patriotic, and was filled with chagrin at the fizzle of 1881, called the World's Fair. So he set on foot another like enterprise, entered into it heart and soul, and is now president of the International Exhibition of Industry and Arts which will be held in 1893 in New York city.

Sawyer. Always wide awake, full of wit, fun loving, bright, active and smart, he entered the field where his talents could have full sway, and as end man in the San Francisco minstrels has no rival in story telling and joke cracking.

Schlosser. Harry's love for athletics is well-known. Every afternoon he could be seen in the gym. or on the race track. After trying the professions of minister and dancing master, he obtained a position in a circus, and now excites the admiration of all beholders by his daring feats on the flying trapeze.

Still. A famous one-hand catch which Still made in the game between the Seniors and Fresh. (which latter class, by the way, has more pure unadulterated gall than any other class in our remembrance) almost persuaded him to enter the base ball arena, but he finally settled down to a steady, industrious life and now upholds the nation's honor on the floor of the U. S. Senate.

Taylor. During the summer of 1881, while

Gummy was at home, he was forcibly struck by the fame of Beecher and Talmage, entered a theological seminary, became a candidate for ministerial honors, and is now the greatest revivalist in the City of Churches.

Tullidge. One scene from the life of this man will suffice. It is in 1888, after the fashionable English craze—æsthetics—is prevalent in the country. Gawge, with long, disheveled locks, neglected dress and a longing look in his eye, sits on an antique chair before a simple sunflower and while lost in admiration, repeats slowly to himself, "Oh; this is quite altogether *too, TOO*—"

VanEpps. "He sails the ocean blue." Although Van was too honest to pony, and had not time to pohl, yet he found plenty of time to sail. In fact he was always on the sale; in summer in a sailboat, in winter on an iceboat, and when the weather was too stormy for genuine navigation, he would attend an auction sale. He sailed from entrance to graduation, good natured and lazy, and is now captain of a fishing smack on the banks of Newfoundland.

Watkins. Although Wilbur intended to take holy orders, yet he could swear like a pirate. He could say such awful things as "Oh! Laws" and "Mosey-Mose" without a blush. But after commencement he reformed and as he had a great desire to devote his life to the church, he obtained the position left vacant by the death of Sexton Brown of Trinity, and now is in the church from morning to night.

Williams. Billy had an idea that he owned all of this world and part of the next; but when he had tried life for a few years, he learned that he must work for even his share of this world's goods. As college professors command such an enormous price for their services (especially in Union), he came back here, obtained the chair of Metaphysics, and devotes most of his time to practically illustrating his belief in the Ego.

White. White immediately entered upon the career of a journalist. He rose from the position of printer's devil to that of reporter on the Grafton *Leader*; then underwent all the dangers of war correspondent for the Deadwood *Bugle*, and now edits the Bloomington *Monthly Bloomer*.

Winans. Billy's nature fitted him for but one occupation—he must be a raging, ranting destroyer. So he went to Russia, joined the Nihilists, and practiced bomb-throwing and mine-making. The Czar, not wishing to execute an American citizen, sent him back to

this country; but still imbued with a desire to destroy as much as possible the peace of society, he opened a roller-skating rink and is now teaching the young fiends who infest our sidewalks and render miserable the life of all elderly people.

Wood. The dizzy masher. As a real la-de-dah boy, Bobby had no equal. With pants cut on the bias, a little natty cane, and shiny silk hat, he loved to promenade before the admiring gaze of the young ladies, imagining himself a perfect Beau Brummell. Robert knew of but one occupation in which he could be near the fair ones, so he obtained a position as collar cutter in Troy, and soon rendered himself famous for his fascinating way of saying "ta-ta," and the elegant bows he made the collar girls.

May your prophet be pardoned, if without reference to his machine he endeavors to foretell the future of old Union. The saplings which extend from the blue gate to the end of the terrace have grown to tall majestic elms, which furnish a delightful shade for the student. Memorial Hall still occupies its present position. The Washburne Hall is completed according to its original plan, and forms one of Union's most beautiful structures. But the old gray walls, rendered famous in the song of Old Union, are long since gone, and in their place rise beautiful buildings of sandstone, whose architecture is superior to that of any other college buildings in this country. The recitation rooms are large, well heated and well ventilated, while the dormitories are fitted up with every modern improvement, furnishing pleasant and elegant homes to the students. Large endowments have been made, new professorships founded, and our dear old college ranks among the first in the land. Military drill, our only farce, has been abolished forever. The christian gentleman who now occupies the presidential chair, retains that position. Prof. Staley, grown grey in the service of his Alma Mater, is still the firm friend of every student who does his duty. Here, too, are others ripened, not wasted, by age—Profs. Price, Webster, Alexander, Perkins and others. One, however, is not, for when he was full of years and ripe for heaven, the great Father removed Prof. John Foster to that land of "eternal sunshine where shadows never come;" for it lies beyond the grave and the shadows fall this side.

EDITORIALS.

THE wheel of time has brought us around to a sad moment in our lives--to the time when we must sever the ties which bind us to "Old Union" as students. While we regret the closing of our college career, more especially do we regret the severing of our editorial connection with THE CONCORDIENSIS. Our connection with the paper has been a pleasant one to us. There have been many difficulties to contend with during the year, but these have been external and have tended only to make the board stronger. The greatest good feeling and unanimity has prevailed among the members of the board. We take this opportunity of thanking our fellow editors for the courtesy and forbearance which they have ever shown us. The board of editors hand THE CONCORDIENSIS to the charge of their successors, encumbered with no debt. The financial success is due almost wholly to the business tact and energy of the business manager Mr. A. S. Wright. He devoted much time and labor in the performance of his duties. We thank our supporters in the various classes for their kind words and hearty support. We beg our critics to cherish a more charitable spirit, and at the same time one more befitting college men, as we have found such persons the least animated with true college spirit. We extend our best wishes to our successors, and wish them as great prosperity as the present board has experienced.

WE regret our inability to present the poem by our class poet, Mr. L. C. Dickinson. It will be published in the first issue of next year. His poem was received with great favor by the class and the large audience assembled to listen to the class-day exercises. We present a class poem written by Mr. Winans, and we here thank him for the privilege of inserting it in our columns.

WITH this issue close the labors of the present staff of editors. Before we lay down the editorial quill, we desire to say a word in behalf of our successors. That the several classes have elected men well fitted for their duties, will be apparent on reading the names below; and should the future fulfill the promise of the present, THE CONCORDIENSIS will see one of its most prosperous years. We bespeak for the incoming board, the hearty support of the Alumni and undergraduates, for without this the paper cannot be a success.

At a meeting of the editors-elect, Mr. Ephraim C. Murray, '82, was unanimously elected editor-in-chief. The departments were subsequently assigned as follows: Collegensia and Exchange, J. E. Ransdell, '82; Literary, A. T. C. Hamlin, '83; Local, E. W. Greene, '82, and J. F. Delaney, '84; Personal, W. K. Gilchrist, '83; Extranea, G. F. Allison, '84. The difficult and engrossing office of business manager was bestowed upon Mr. D. D. Addison, '83, who is well fitted for his duties.

In accordance with the suggestion in the last issue, Mr. Hamlin was elected by his class for two years, in order that some person conversant with the workings of the paper might be a member of the following board. It has also been decided to print the name of each department with the name of its editor, and thus appeal to his pride to maintain a high standard.

To our successors we would say that while the work is laborious, it brings with it a reward to those who are faithful in the discharge of their duties, namely, improvement. There is need of earnest workers, and we sincerely hope that the next board will strive to place THE CONCORDIENSIS at the head of college papers.

WE owe an apology to our readers for devoting so much space to the class-day

exercises. The reasons for so doing seem sufficient. Many of our readers in the lower classes left for home immediately after examinations. We know they would like to read what was said on that occasion, as they all take a deep interest in college matters. Then again, we present them for the purpose of preservation.

WHY is it that boating has degenerated to such an extent in Union? This is a question which agitates every student who takes an interest in such matters. There was a time when Union took an honorable position among other colleges in this field. Those days, however, seem passed, judging from the present stagnation in boating affairs here. The Mohawk affords excellent facilities for boating. The river is wide, and a good course extends in either direction; and, if we understand rightly, the current is not so strong as to seriously impede the onward progress of a boat. There is a boat-house, conveniently located, containing a gig and two shells, which cost several hundred dollars. At present these are only going to decay for want of use. A few short years ago Union sent forth a fine crew, but the field opened by them has been wholly abandoned. At that time the number of students was less than at the present time. We think, among two hundred students, there must be material enough from which to select a crew, which with practice would be able to enter the field against other college crews. The Alumni of the college came up nobly with their assistance at one time, and, no doubt, would do so again if a proper interest were manifested in the cause by the students. We are sure the president of the college would give his consent to those who desire to use the boats. Let as many as possible engage in this work on the river, and in time their efforts may result in Union sending forth a crew. We might remark here, that the boating interest is by no means

dead in other colleges, there being sixteen colleges sending forth crews this year.

IT GIVES us great pleasure as one of our last editorial labors to mention the re-establishment by the class of '82 of that time-honored institution "the Senate." Many of our readers among the alumni can doubtless remember when this was one of the most instructive and enjoyable institutions in college and they will certainly rejoice with us that there is a prospect of its again being so. The credit of reviving the Senate belongs to the class of '82 in general and Mr. J. E. Ransdell in particular. When the matter was broached to the Faculty it was received with particular favor, and a committee was appointed to meet the class committee and arrange the preliminaries. As a result the class met a few days before the end of the term and elected Prof. Alexander president, and immediately after the men were appointed to the states they are to represent. After appointing a committee to draft rules for the government of their deliberations, the Senate adjourned to meet at the call of the president as early in the fall as practicable. We congratulate the class on the success of their first effort and feel assured that they will carry the thing through, for besides having many men of great ability and scholarly attainments they have the energy and perseverance necessary to succeed in any undertaking.

THE class of '82 have again displayed their determination not to be servile imitators of other classes, but have struck out into a new path for themselves, and adopted the Oxford cap for college wear next year. Heretofore the badges of seniority have been limited to "plug" hats and white-handled canes, and we are glad of the new departure, and welcome to Union's classic precincts this offspring of the English universities.

THE inquiry is often heard, "Why does Union have no mathematical prizes?" It is a hard question to answer, unless it can be said that she has enough charges to answer in the bestowal of the prizes which she now offers. However, this is no excuse. Take up the catalogue of any other college and you will see among the different honors some pertaining to the mathematical department. Union is well known to have an "iron-clad" course in mathematics. The professors in charge of this course are relentless in forcing every man to do his duty. Should not these students have some incentive to excel beside the scourge of the marking system? Should they not have some higher ambition than to be "passed up?" It is often the case that the fine mathematical student is not a polished literary scholar. Is it not just that prizes should be given to those excelling in the mathematical course as well as to their brethren in the literary course? Surely in a college so well known for mathematicians, especially its engineers, some reward ought to be given to those who especially distinguish themselves.

Again, every man will be forced to do his own work, and we think it will increase the student's application. At least, it will be an incentive to do original work. The experiment would cost but a few dollars, and if not successful, could be discontinued.

We call the faculty's attention to this, hoping that they will not slight it, but give it, at least, serious consideration.

'81 HAS at last terminated its four years of study and with its roll of parchment has stepped down and out. But '81 does not leave college without feelings of regret. Our associations with the faculty have been friendly and pleasant, and we feel that we have been made better men, both intellectually and morally, by our contact with them. Our associations with each other have formed

many bonds of close friendship which will never be broken. We feel that we can grasp each other's hands and extend our confidences as to a brother. We have made friends with all, and enemies with none. We leave behind us in the lower classes many whom we have learned to respect and love. Our whole course has been one of mingled work and pleasure. We have committed our lessons well, and have taken high rank as a class, yet we have found time to turn a moment from our studies and enjoy all the pleasures of youth. We feel glad that we can now go forth into the world as men and take our places in the ranks of the great army of Progress, yet we are sorry to sever the bonds which have connected us so long with our professors and with each other. As we go forth to find new attractions and form new bonds of friendship, there will ever remain within us a fond recollection of the many happy days of our college life. As we take our departure we can but give a God-speed to the faculty and a hearty handshake to our friends, and turn our faces manfully toward the world,—that vast region lying spread out before us, and through which our journey lies. Some of us will enter it with light and buoyant tread, others with faltering footsteps. May the Infinite Being who presides over our destinies guide us safely through life's journey, and finally lead us to the haven of rest. Good-bye, Old Union! good-bye, you massive walls, and terraces, and pleasant groves, and bounding brooks, good-bye!

WE think there was not as much interest manifested by the students in base ball this year as last. The season just completed has not been an entirely satisfactory one; in fact, it might be said to be decidedly the other way. We think a radical change should be made in the management of our base ball matters. During the present year the Senior director has had complete charge of all the

matters, financial and otherwise. No account has been rendered of the moneys received. The directors complain of the want of adequate support on the part of the boys. Students, like others, do not care to contribute money toward an object without a distinct understanding that it is to be used for that purpose. In order that the base ball interests may be conducted in a satisfactory and business-like manner, the Senior director should not have charge of the financial matters. There should be one who had complete charge of the finances, and who should be held responsible for the use of all moneys, and should be required to give in a report of the moneys received and for what purpose used. Furthermore, the chief director should not necessarily come from the Senior class, but let the man best fitted for the position, irrespective of the class, be selected. We do not think the plan of going outside the college for men is an advisable one. It has a bad effect, as we are led to neglect home talent and depend entirely on outside assistance. There is material in college from which to create a good nine, pitcher and catcher included. The talent is latent and needs only encouragement to become fully developed. The money used for the assistance could thus be used to greater advantage. Let a plan be proposed and adopted, and let each man feel as if he had a personal interest in the matter.

OWING to the liberal support of students and advertisers we find ourselves with quite a surplus of funds on hand—that is if students cancel their indebtedness to us as they undoubtedly will. The paper is a college enterprise and the editors had long ago determined to devote all money remaining, after meeting our obligations, to college purposes. After mature deliberation the board has decided to give the money for the furthering of base ball interests. Our plans are

not fully matured yet, but it is probable that a committee consisting of the editors will meet at the beginning of the year and arrange a series of games between the classes to be played in the fall and spring. A valuable cup will be the prize. Probably the cup will be placed in Memorial Hall and each year the victory of the successful nine be recorded upon it. It will thus form a permanent base ball record. The aim of the board is partly to keep up enthusiasm in the game and thus develop men for the University nine who will fill well the places of the men leaving this year and maintain the reputation which the nine now enjoys of being one of the best college nines in the country. Let every man practice during vacation and return in September prepared to do noble battle for his class.

LOCAL.

—'82 will probably adopt the Oxford hat.

—One of the Freshmen says Napoleon was born in 1885.

—A Freshman in French class called a little son a little sow.

—The gymnasium has lately been repaired to the extent of a new floor.

—There is a class in photography under the care of Major McMurray.

—The Philomathean has been refitted, and takes on quite a fine appearance.

—A Freshman says that Butler's Analogies is the hardest part of Trigonometry.

—“Curly” Mountain has received the position of pitcher on the Detroit professional nine.

—Rumor says there is to be a base ball ground laid out next fall in the rear of college grove.

—Rev. Mr. Parks' lectures on Self-Culture were listened to with good attention by the Senior class.

—Presentation of diplomas in Adelphic, Saturday, May 14th. This was also the last regular meeting.

—Rev. Phillips Brooks, on account of en-

gagements in the West, was unable to preach the Baccalaureate.

—A Senior recently put a notice on the bulletin board for a lost book, which he spelled Physiology.

—Dick Meneely sailed on the 25th for Europe. Pleasant trip, to you Dick, and wish we could be along.

—Prof. Irving Browne, of Albany law school, gave an interesting lecture on Humors of Shakesperean Criticism.

—The engineers of the graduating class have already obtained positions in different parts of this country and Mexico.

—Mac. says that the present Juniors did not elect an editor for two years and there's no reason why the Sophomores should.

—The prospect for a large Freshman class seems good, as a larger number than usual have attended the spring examinations.

—Prof. Webster has left for the sea shore. It is through his exertions that Union can boast the finest collection of annelida in the country.

—Thirteen members of the class of '81 received an average of nine and over for the four years. Show the class that will beat that record.

—A very exciting game of ball took place on the 9th, on the college campus, between the Senior and Freshmen nines, resulting in a victory for the former by 9 to 8.

—It would be interesting to give a statement of the support given the CONCORDIENSIS by the various classes. The present Senior class has been the most liberal.

—One of the members of the Senior class, the other day, remarked that he felt queer with his conditions off. Did not feel at home. Felt as though he had lost a friend.

—Prof. Staley entertained the Senior class and their friends, Monday evening, June 15, in college chapel, by showing pictures of the choicest architecture of modern times.

—A number of copies of famous pieces of art in plaster, have been placed in Memorial Hall. Among them are the Apollo Belvedere, Mercury of Hermes, Minerva and Moses.

—Dr. Coppee recently asked a member of the Junior class, “What is the greatest historical fact mentioned in the New Testament?” and received the answer, “The creation.”

—Rev. W. E. Griffis gave some very interesting lectures to the Senior class, on Japanese art. He illustrated with pictures, and invited the class to his house to examine some Japanese curiosities.

—We trust all those gentlemen who have gone home indebted to the CONCORDIENSIS will remember to pay on their return to college. All names will be transferred to the books of Mr. A. S. Wright.

—A member of the Senior class recently called at one of the stores for the purpose of purchasing a flower basket. The proprietor, mistaking him for a country lad, sent him to look at some bushel baskets. Of course, our Senior explained matters.

—Dr. Coppee, on account of illness, was compelled to forego his lecture on Shakespeare, much to the disappointment of his numerous friends here. He likewise was unable to examine Seniors and students in the studies they had under him.

—A gentleman of the Senior class recently asked Dr. Coppee if the President was justified in removing Gen. Merritt from the custom house. He told him he did not know anything about it; did not, in fact, know the *merits* of the case. Great applause.

—From Exchange.—A Junior from Union College boasted to a Vassar girl: "I have taken Trigonometry, Calculus and all the other branches of higher mathematics."

Vassar girl—"Did you study Quaternions?"

"No; I study Olney's."

Who was it?

—The second joint debate between the Philomathean and Adelphic societies took place June 3rd. The debaters were J. P. Davis, J. Drowne and C. Temple on the side of the Adelphic, and G. G. Leland, D. D. Addison and J. Bacon on the side of the Philomathean. The question was ably debated, and was finally decided in favor of the Adelphic. The committee consisted of Profs. Staley, Perkins, Wells, Howe and Alex. Thompson.

SCENE IN ENTRANCE EXAMINATION ROOM.

Dignified, but youthful scientific Senior presents diploma to our Greek Professor to sign. Professor, mistaking him for a Freshman with high school diploma, says, with his deep bass voice, "Well, well, let me look and I

will see what I can do for you." Senior unfolds diploma. Professor and listeners smile profusely. Senior does not feel well and retires to his room to survey himself in the mirror and satisfy himself that he does not after all look so green and to deliberate upon how little discernment these Professors have.

THE LITERARY SOCIETIES.

The Adelphic society held its closing exercises in the chapel, Tuesday evening, June 14th. Mr. Henry Rufus Fancher, '81, of McGrawville, N. Y., delivered the valedictory, and Mr. Joseph Eugene Ransdell, '82, of Alexandria, La., was the respondent

At the Philomathean exercises the following evening, Mr. Henry Schlosser, '81, of Schenectady was valedictorian and Mr. Edmund Rhett Youmans, '82, of Columbia, S. C., was respondent.

The exercises of both societies were well attended and the speakers well deserved the tributes they received. The societies during the past year have been especially active, and the exercises showed plainly their effective work.

COMMENCEMENT NOTES.

'81, '81, '81!

115 votes at Alumni meeting.

'81 swings out eight Phi Beta Kappa keys.

The class of '61 banqueted Tuesday evening.

Eli Perkins was on hand for Commencement.

'81's hop was well attended and passed off pleasantly.

John A. DeRemer was elected president of the Phi Beta Kappa.

Doring's band did not giveas good satisfaction as their reputation warranted.

Anable scooped in over one hundred dollars worth of prizes, Devlin fifty dollars worth, Johnson forty, and VanEps and Wood thirty each.

Forty-one men graduated in the class of '81—24 classicals, 13 scientifics and 4 engineers. Edward C. Johnson, Frederick W. Cameron and Franklin E. Abbott lead their respective divisions. William B. Landreth took A. B. also, in addition to his C. E.

AWARDING OF PRIZES.

The following prizes were awarded commencement day:

Warner Cup.—For highest standing in performance of collegiate duties and in moral deportment—Edward Ignatius Devlin of Albany.

Ingham Prize.—Best essay of 4,000 words on assigned themes—Courtland Virginius Anable of Springfield, Mass.

Prize Speaking.—Best Junior and Sophomore orations—Juniors: 1st, Edward C. Whitmyer of Schenectady; 2d, Frank Hall Wright of Boggy Depot, Indian Territory. Sophomores: 1st, Julian V. P. Lansing of Schenectady; 2d, Daniel Delaney Addison of Washington, D. C.

Clark Essay Prizes.—1st, Courtland V. Anable; 2d, William Edgar Van Eps of Schenectady.

Allen Essay Prizes.—Best English essays of 2,500 words, by appointed essayists—1st, Robert Alvin Wood of Wolcott; 2d, William E. VanEps; 3d, Wilbur Fiske Watkins, Jr., of New York.

Blatchford Oratorical Medals.—1st, Edward Campbell Johnson of Schenectady; 2d, Courtland V. Anable.

Wolfe Art Prizes.—Proficiency—1st, Lester Coolidge Dickinson of Warrensburg; 2d, Charles Sumner King of Hammonton, N. J. Improvement—1st, Ripley Shurtliff Lyon of Schenectady; 2d, John James Henning of Argyle. Special prize by Mr. Dougherty for best collection of sketches, to Hancock Neagle of Columbia, S. C.

Military Prizes.—These numbered about twenty, the principal one of which was for best work in all departments of military work and for target practice at 200 yards. Awarded to Frederick Vernon Bennett of Minerva.

'81 AND THE CONCORDIENSIS.

The class of Eighty-one has had in all twelve representatives on the staff of this paper, three of whom have filled the chair of chief-editor. In our Sophomore year Messrs. William P. Williams and Frank C. Avery were chosen editors by the class. In our Junior year Edward C. Johnson, Lynn W. Hull and William R. Winans were chosen, but Mr. Hull left college and Mr. William E. VanEps took his place, and during the year Messrs. Johnson and VanEps resigned, their places being filled by the selection of Josiah Hill and William B. Landreth. For

the Senior year Robert A. Wood, John J. Henning and Henry Schlosser were elected, Mr. Wood being chosen editor-in-chief. Mr. Wood, in February, retired from his position as chief-editor and Mr. Schlosser succeeded him, who, however, soon resigned from the staff. Mr. George G. Leland was elected to fill the vacancy on the staff and Mr. Henning became chief-editor.

BASE BALL.

The Union College base ball nine has played creditably this season. The first game occurred before the nine was fully organized and during the absence of our regular catcher, and that they were defeated was no surprise. In the subsequent games they more than held their own. Hennessy's catching has been superb, while Mountain is the same old reliable pitcher whom neither amateurs nor professionals can hit. Our second game with Williams was splendidly played, few errors being recorded, and would doubtless have proved another Union victory had it not been that Hennessy was somewhat stove up and a new catcher, who had never faced Mountain before, was placed behind the bat. Our batting this season was good, although not so strong as last year. We have, however, played against better nines this year, and our opponents have had much better pitchers than the general run of those whom our nine have met before. Taylor was the only man to score a home run, which occurred in our first game with Williams. Mr. Moore, our captain, handled the nine well throughout the season, and retires from the diamond after four years' service with one of the best records ever obtained by a college player. The make-up of the nine for the season, was: Moore, '81, c. f. and captain; Hennessy, c.; Mountain, '84, p.; Naylon, '84, 1st b.; Ford, '82, 2d b.; Taylor, '81, 3d b.; McElwain, '83, s. s.; Fairgrieve, '82, l. f.; Flower, '82, r. f.; Addison, '83, substitute. Ahearn, '83, and Fancher, '81, also played, the former two games and the latter one. The changes from last year are Rogers, '80, Beattie, '82, and Ahearn, '83, left college, and Fancher, '81, retired. The new players are Hennessy, Naylon, '84, and Flower, '82, McElwain being last year's substitute.

The record of the games is as follows:

At Schenectady, May 11th:

Hamilton College, 17; Union College, 4.

At Schenectady, May 14th:

Union College, 14; Stars of Fort Edward, 10.

- At Williamstown, Mass., May 20th:
Union College, 13; Williams College, 2.
- At Amherst, Mass., May 21st:
Amherst College, 12; Union College, 4.
- At Fort Edward, N. Y., May 30th:
Union College, 10; Stars, 9.
- At Schenectady, N. Y., June 1st:
Union College, 9; Hamilton College, 0.
- At Schenectady, N. Y., June 3d.
Williams College, 5; Union College, 3.

Mr. D. H. McFalls, '81, managed the financial affairs of the nine with his wonted zeal and fidelity. It is only to be regretted that the students and townspeople did not fully appreciate his efforts to give Schenectady a series of first-class games. Mr. J. J. Drowne, '82, also did valuable work as assistant manager.

The strife for the class championship was a victory for '81. The class games resulted as follows: Freshmen 25, Sophomores 7; Seniors 19, Juniors 4; Seniors 9, Freshmen 8. During the last game, Mr. Taylor, catcher of the Senior nine and 3d baseman of the college nine, met with an accident, his collar bone being broken. He was all right commencement day, except that he still has to carry his arm in a sling.

EDITORS' SUPPER.

No one, we think, will begrudge the editors the pleasant supper that they enjoyed Monday night, the 23d inst. The board has done hard work for the paper, and we flatter ourselves, to some purpose. We have kept THE CONCORDIENSIS up to the standard. Financially, the paper has been better managed than ever before. Beginning the year without old debts to pay, and equally without any cash on hand, it has been the aim of the board of editors to settle the accounts of one month before the next became due, and generally that aim has been attained. The balance sheet for the year shows a goodly surplus after allowance is made for bad debts and unpaid subscriptions. Out of this surplus the board thought itself fairly entitled to a supper. The remainder will be devoted to the good of the college, as announced elsewhere.

The members of the board assembled at the Carley House at eleven o'clock. Mr. H. Schlosser was also present as the guest of the board. Shortly after eleven the supper was announced, and its discussions speedily begun. Why should we harrow the soul of the reader with a description of the feast? Suffice it to say, that the proprietor of the Carley House proved himself to be a good

caterer. The attentive reader of THE CONCORDIENSIS will understand what a flow of wit and wisdom gave relish to the banquet. *Il Pensero* was banished and *L'Allegro* made the watchword of the hour. And when the table was cleared and the cigars lit, we "cheered our souls" with song after song, and began the day with good omens of music and wit.

A business meeting was held on the spot, and then the feasters separated with hearty good-byes to each other as editors. We wish our successors may have as hearty accord as we have had, and as good a feast.

DOES EDUCATION MAKE GENTLEMEN?

We have at last come near reaching an answer to this much-mooted question. We came near arriving at the answer, by all means No! Our experience with the students of Williams college, both as guests and hosts, would lead us to answer in the affirmative; our acquaintance with Amherst men would still leave the question in doubt; while our experiences with the representatives of Hamilton college inclines us very strongly to the answer, No! But we remember that Mosier, Lewis, Kirtland and Evans represented Hamilton, and who would suspect that they were college men? When we were first visited by the Hamilton college base ball nine, they went away with no complaints. They acknowledged that they were gentlemanly treated. It perhaps arose from the fact that they won the game and carried home a hundred dollars of our money. We had no fault to find. We lost, but we were not kickers. We invited them to come again. They came. It rained slightly, but still the game began. Hamilton made bets and made runs. Union made errors and made bets. At the end of the sixth inning Hamilton had four runs to her credit and Union none. Mr. Whiteman, manager of the Hamilton nine, who was not one of the players, requested the umpire to note the time. It was not raining then any harder than at the start of the game. The umpire, in view of the lightness of the rain, did not recognize the request. Union scored two runs during the next inning, and Hamilton began the eighth inning by going out without making an additional run. By this time the manager of the visiting nine had invested about fifty dollars in bets. The light rain still continued, but he did not yet see the necessity of stopping the game, although he had request-

ed the umpire to note the time fully twenty minutes before. Union had scored two runs, tieing Hamilton, in the eighth inning, and Taylor was on third, with no one out. Then it was that A. J. Whiteman saw his money was gone and his nine beaten. Then it was he kicked. He reckoned without his host, however, for Mr. Muhlfelder, the umpire, is not accustomed to being bulldozed. No one on the Hamilton nine found the least fault about the rain till their manager kicked, and then they, of course, obeyed his orders. Mr. Muhlfelder allowed them five minutes in which to resume play, and at the end of that time declared the game forfeited to Union by a score of 9 to 0. The Hamilton men left the grounds in an extremely unenviable state of mind. Afterwards, the respective captains and managers came together and it was agreed to call the game a draw in case Hamilton returned and played the following week, which they did not do. Whiteman refused to permit the stakeholders to pay the stakes over to Union's backers, and by mutual agreement the matter was referred to the *Spirit of the Times*. The decision rendered was as follows: "Under the umpire's decision, which he had an unquestioned right to make, any stakeholder would have been justified in at once giving up stakes to the backers of Union. The subsequent agreement between the captains, although acquiesced in by the umpire, cannot set aside the fact that the game was actually won by Union, under the rules, and bets must go that way." Mr. Whiteman's plea was sickening, as also his cry of ungentlemanly treatment. The Hamilton boys were shown all the courtesy possible on both their visits here, but the manager plainly showed he was not the gentleman we had taken him for. A man who cares more for fifty dollars than for his honor, may be a fit student of Hamilton, but Union will permit no such men within her classic walls.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

The Alumni Association met Tuesday, June 21st, at 10 A. M. The following officers for the ensuing year were elected: President, Geo. F. Danforth, LL. D.; Vice-Presidents, Hon. John I. Bennett, Hon. O. W. Chapman, Hon. George G. Scott, Rev. A. F. Olmstead; Cor. Secretary, Alex. J. Thompson; Rec. Secretary, T. F. Featherstonhaugh; Librarian, Prof. I. B. Price; Treasurer, Prof. J. Pearson. The association elected Hon. La Mott W. Rhodes ('66), of Troy, N. Y., a

trustee of the college, vice R. H. McClellan, term expired.

The dinner was held in Memorial Hall at two P. M., Edward C. Johnson responding to the toast to the class of '81. The attendance at the dinner was about two hundred and fifty.

ALUMNI OF UNION COLLEGE

Who have died during the year ending June 17th, 1881.

CLASS	NAMES.	RESIDENCE.
1812	Rev. Luther Halsey.....	Bloomingrove....
1814	Rev. Eliakim Phelps.....	Weehawken, N. J.
1814	Bryant Smith.....	Brookfield, Mass.
1816	Rev. Aaron D. Lane.....	Waterloo.....
1822	Russell Benedict.....	New York.....
1823	Benjamin Nott.....	Albany.....
1824	Rev. Ephraim Punderson..	Cleveland, O.....
1826	Jno. Sullivan Thorne, M. D.	Brooklyn
1827	Minthorne Tompkins.....	New York.....
1828	Nelson K. Wheeler.....	New York.....
1828	Cyrus S. Clark.....	Portland, Me.....
1830	George D. Beers.....	Ithaca
1830	Rev. Wm. C. Wisner.....	Lockport
1831	Lyman Sanford.....	Middleburgh
1832	Henry Mesier.....	Wappinger Falls..
1833	Rev. Jno. M. Scribner.....	Middleburgh
1835	Rev. Richard J. Searle.....	Danvers, Mass....
1835	Rev. Levi W. Graves	Rosston, Pa.....
1835	Rev. Silas H. Ashman.....	Fall City, Neb ..
1838	S. H. H. Parsons.....	Albany
1838	James Noxon.....	Syracuse
1839	John U. Pettit	Wabash, Ind.....
1840	Rev. Wm. K. Platt.....	Ludlowville
1841	Andrew J. Wilkin.....	Rochester
1851	Alfred P. Crafts, M. D....	Wolcott
1854	Rev. Dwight K. Bartlett....	Albany
1857	A. W. Palmer.....	Amenia
1857	Walton Duaue.....	Schenectady
1862	Leyi A. Lapham.....	Peoria, Ill.....
1862	Theodore L. Scott	Albany
1864	Geo. R. Barker, Hon.....	Germantown, Pa.
1867	Rev. O. D. S. Marcley.....	Bloomsburg, Pa...
1873	Edward M. Barringer.....	Schenectady
1877	George C. Bender.....	Albany

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

The Baccalaureate sermon was delivered Sunday evening, June 19th, by the Rev. Arthur Brooks, of New York city.

The prize speaking of the Juniors and Sophomores occurred Monday evening, June 20th, at 8 P. M., and the class day exercises of the graduating class the following evening.

During Tuesday occurred the Phi Beta Kappa meeting, Alumni meeting, Alumni dinner and the laying of the corner stone of the new library building.

Wednesday morning, at ten o'clock, the commencement exercises, proper, took place.

The following are the names of the speakers and their subjects:

LATIN SALUTATORY,	Edward I. Devlin.
THE NEMESIS OF TYRANNY,	Courtland V. Anable.
THE FRENCH REPUBLIC,	Fred'k W. Cameron.
THE POTENCY OF WILL,	Horatio G. Glen.
THE HARMONY OF THE SOUL,	Edward C. Johnson.
THE PROVIDENCE OF LAW,	Charles S. King.
FAITH, THE INSPIRATION OF PROGRESS,	Ripley S. Lyon.
SOUL,	Henry Schlosser.
THE ETHICS OF FEUDALISM,	Josiah Still (excused).
A SOCIAL PROBLEM,	George B. Tullidge.
MAN'S INFANCY,	William P. Williams.

The Chancellor's address was next delivered by Hon. Alex. H. Rice, LL. D., of Boston, Mass., after which followed the conferring of degrees and awarding of prizes.

The degree of LL. D. was conferred on Hon. Levi Parsons of Gloversville, N. Y., and on Franklin Carter, the new president of Williams College. The degree D. D. on the Rev. Mr. Johnston of Cohoes, and of Ph. D., on Dr. Geo. T. Stevens of New York. The degree of A. M. on Edwin Baker, '56, Clarence Cary, New York, Samuel Borrowe, N. Y.

The president's reception and the hop given by the graduating class occurred Wednesday evening.

SOPHOMORE-JUNIOR PRIZE ORATORY.

On the evening of Monday the 21st, the Juniors and Sophomores displayed their oratorical powers. It lies not within the compass of our ability to describe the eloquence of the several contestants. It is sufficient to say that the fair maids of "Dorp" appreciated the efforts by the bestowal of many and beautiful flowers upon each orator. At reasonable intervals, Doring's band, from Troy, discoursed sweet music to relieve the weariness of the audience. Whether the powerful arguments and polished rhetoric will produce a lasting effect is yet to be seen.

The following programme will fully justify all commendations.

SOPHOMORES.

CHARACTER, - Daniel D. Addison, Washington, D. C.
WORK, - William K. Gilchrist, Schenectady
MUSIC.

DISRAELI, - A. T. C. Hamlin, Winona, Minn.
POWER OF ORATORY, - G. V. P. Lansing, Schenectady
MUSIC.

JUNIORS.

TYPICAL MYTHOLOGY, Jas. R. Fairgrieve, Schenectady.
CHRIST AS A POLEMIC, Ephraim C. Murray, Edisto Island, S. C.
MUSIC.

THE INQUISITION, - Bayard Whitehorne, Schenectady.
HEREDITARY RULE, Edward C. Whitmyer, Schenectady
MUSIC.

CHINA IN AMERICA, - Arthur S. Wright, Worcester.
THE INDIAN PROBLEM, Frank H. Wright, Boggy Depot,
Indian Territory.

PERSONAL.

'77. G. W. Bender died recently in Albany. He belonged to the college crew at the inter-collegiate regatta of 1875 on Saratoga lake.

Wm. A. Holman and Miss Minnie L., daughter of A. Newton Locke, of Glens Falls, were married on the second of June. They have started for a brief tour through Michigan and Wisconsin. Seymour Van Santvoord ('78), was one of the ushers.

Theo. D. B. Frear is now in Durango, Col., a place only seven months old, but with a population of 3,000 and growing rapidly. He is working at his profession and is also in the real estate and mining brokerage business.

'33. Rev. Samuel M. Arthur died some time since. He was at one time president of Muskingum College, and filled various pastoral charges with great usefulness.

'61. Ex-Congressman Bailey has been appointed minister to Hamburg.

'79. F. VanDeusen was in town Commencement. He is now editor of the Glens Falls *Daily Times*.

EXCHANGES.

The exchange editor of the *Notre Dame Scholastic* is probably the exponent of the opinions of what he thinks a sane man. Ha, Ha! "The tone of our contemporary's remarks." What tone? "Cast iron." What cast iron? Alas! don't talk of "restraint," what restraint? We print his statement and reasons as the quintessence of all concentrated nothingness. Do we stagger him while his head swims, absorbed in mathematical calculations? We will change, and in our retorts of Catholic nonsense, backed by proper names that make the tongue thick to utter, try to affect thy ear. Oh! thou, who knowest not *the logic* and yet would fain substitute blarney. Change the curriculum, did you say? I suppose you would have next to Freshman, Greek, base ball Sunday afternoon, with a reference note, "We know that that is no infraction of the sanctity of the Sunday." The exchange editor thus far seems to be following the plan of the *N. Y. Sun*, to write up a difference or make one. The *N. Y. Sun* for years did not cease to fight, or be at a fight, and, as a trick in trade, it was a success. But the *Notre Dame Scholastic* (with faculty) has not a Mr. Dana to write for it.

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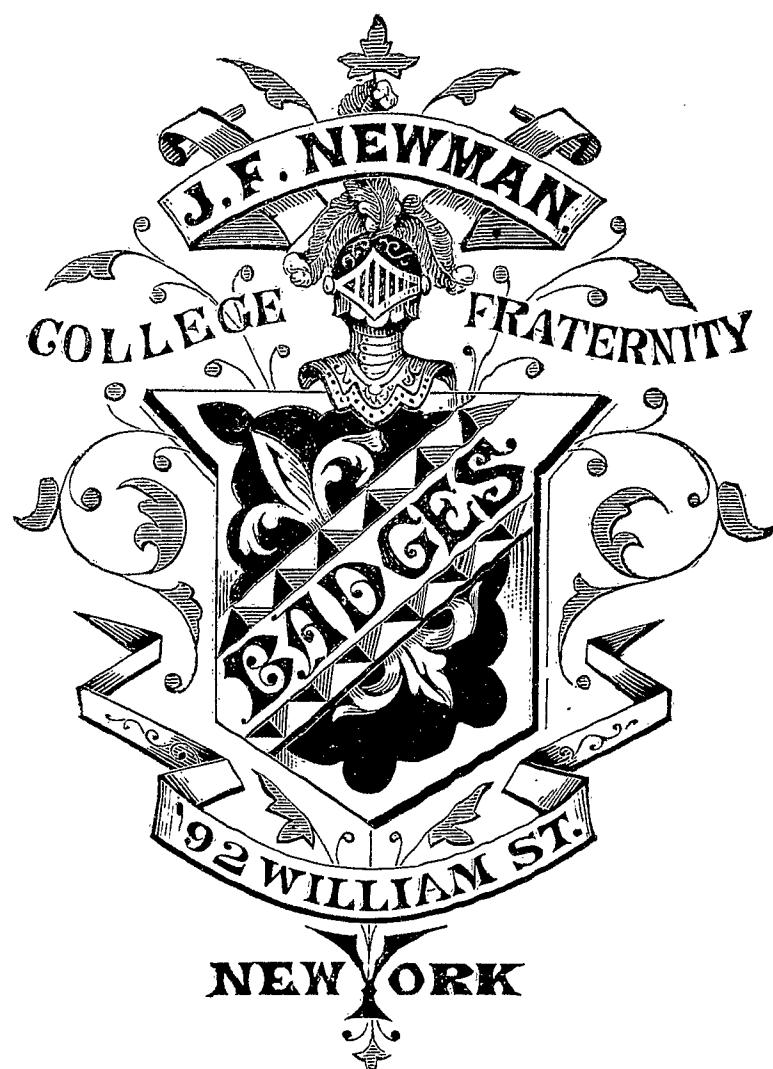
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