

THE
CONCORDIENSIS.

UNION COLLEGE.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y.

Vol. X.

June, 1887.

No. 9.

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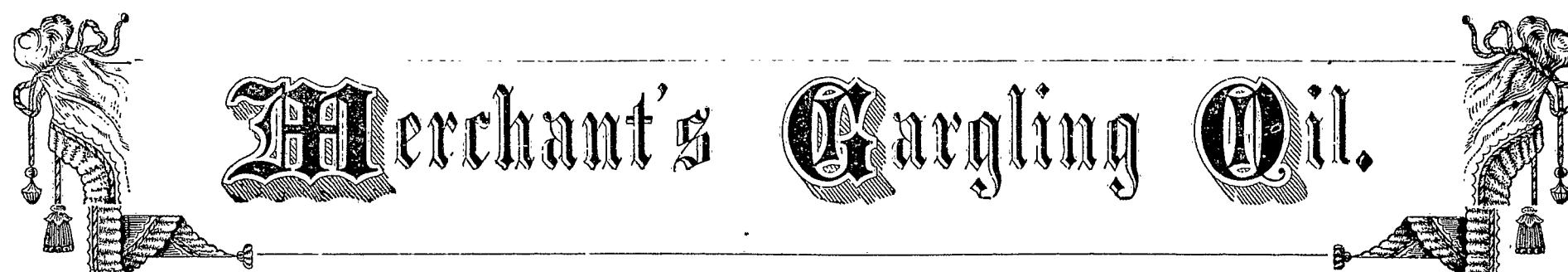
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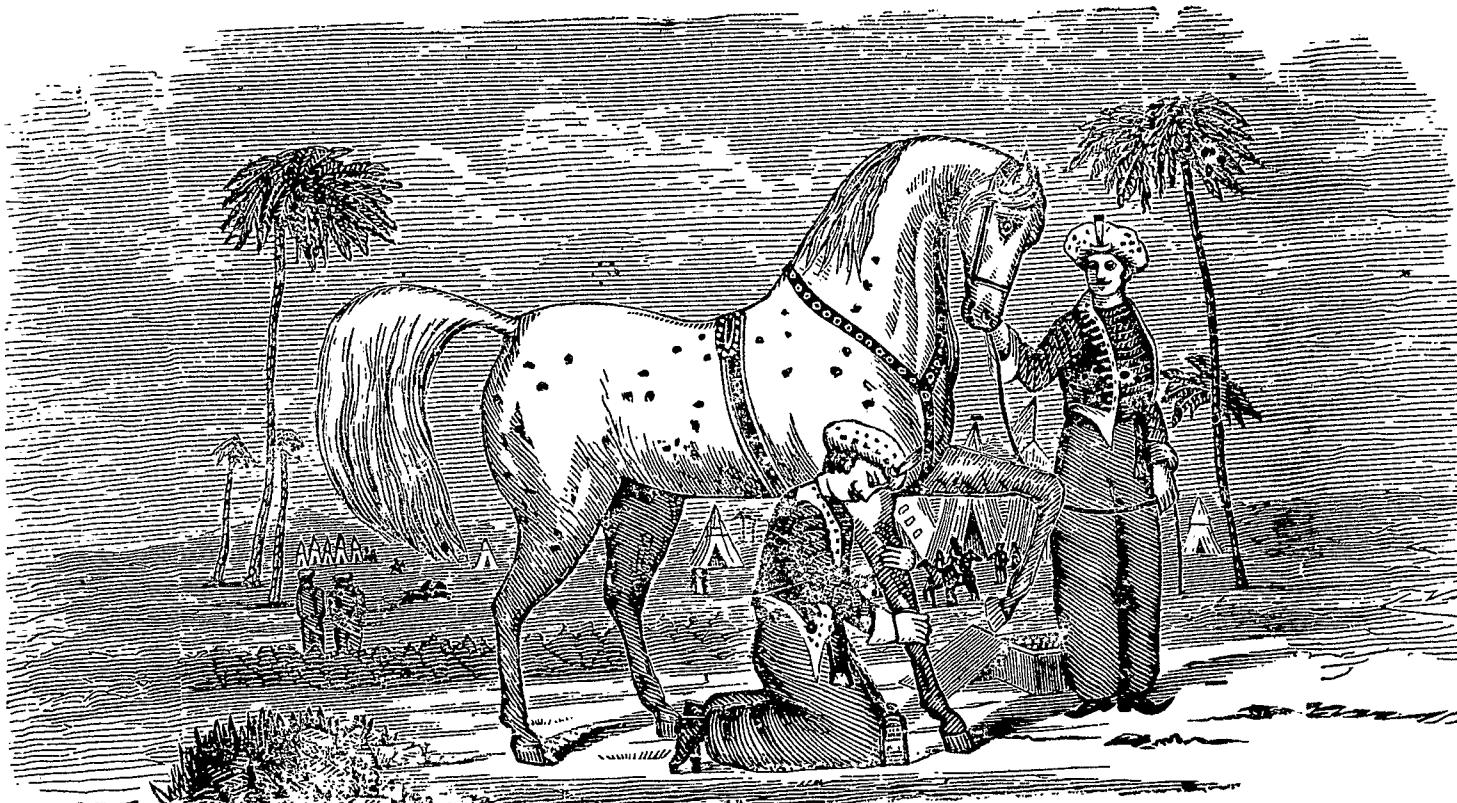
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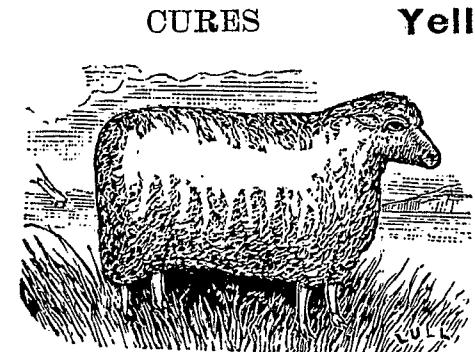
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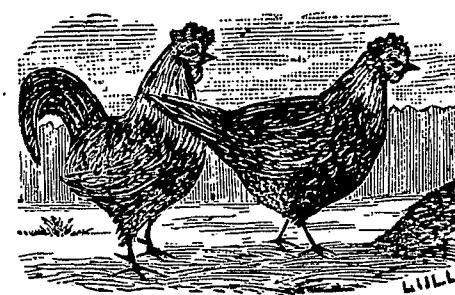
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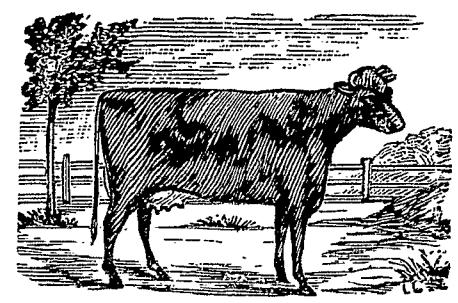
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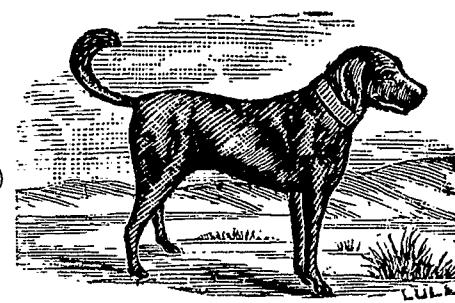
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THE CONCORDIENSIS.

VOL. X.

UNION COLLEGE, JUNE 20, 1887.

No. 9.

Class Day Oration.

(E. M. HAWKES.)

THE same dissatisfied aspiration for achievement, which for centuries has been active, to-day forms the controlling purpose of men. It assumes the forms—thirst for knowledge, again hope of literary renown, desire for political power, greed for money, love of pleasure. Science, philosophy, mercantile pursuits, and other professions have each their followers. Against opposition and disappointment they press on over every obstacle, renewing their fainting courage by the promise of the prize to be attained, and so height after height is passed until they reach the longed-for summit.

We aspire for success; yet, when once attained, that which from afar appeared so vital to our existence has forever lost its savor.

Wealth allures youth. Desire for its attainment becomes the guiding rein to all his aspirations, turns him hither and thither through paths now of honor and again of dishonor, curbs every opposing sentiment of his nature to increase his speed towards the desired goal. The prize is reached. Wealth, that in anticipation had been tens, he realizes as hundreds, yet it brings not the promised blessings. He has given all to this attainment, but how gladly would he now give up his golden treasures to exchange places with the comrade long since outdone in the worship of Mammon.

He sees this former companion blessed by the love of his family, eager in kindness

towards his fellow-men, honored by all; sees his happy face—an index that life without wealth need not be a failure. He looks back over their earlier lives, where he has trampled under foot all that might have led to the others present enjoyment, where his friend has spurned the practices that have brought him wealth. He is dissatisfied, unhappy. Even the glitter of his gold adds to his wretchedness, as it brings many recollections he would gladly forget. And so in other fields. The past has had its Goethe and its Byron, pre-eminent in mind, in position, in wealth, and in fame; but their lives were the more wretched and withered because of their greatness.

Surely then money, knowledge, fame are not success. Reason and experience attest that human nature has grander parts and a higher destiny. The ambition, whose promptings in men take such different forms, springs from within. It is implanted by God, and God never gave the race this ambition without supplying the means of satisfying it. Success is not meant for the fortunate few, it is within the reach of all. Wealth, knowledge and fame exist external to the man himself, they can not satisfy an inner craving. A personal end alone can constitute success; and personality finds its highest realization in character. Success is character. To this all other ends must give way and as from day to day our characters become stronger, as we can review our decision at this or that crisis, can see where we have strengthened virtue at the expense of less worthy aims, we need

have no fear that we are leading an unprofitable existence.

For eighteen centuries such a life has been man's highest ideal and from this spring has flowed humanity's greatest blessings. Those who have made Him their model during life have disregarded pain and pleasure in comparison with self-approbation, and to-day their influence moulds the sentiment of the civilized world.

Scoff as we will, there is not one of us who does not honor the man like Addison, who summoned to his death bed his wayward pupil and said, "I have sent for you that you may see how a Christian can die."

The success or failure of any life can be surely determined only at its end, but we should not live as though that end were indefinitely in the future. The degree of success depends upon the present of to-day, of to-morrow, and of each day to come. With us then the all important question is, What can we to-day be? And, if our aim be to do right, if we stimulate generous and noble aspirations, if our lives foster the growth of humanity, whatever may be the world's verdict, we shall know that we are successful.

Pipe Oration.

(E. W. MILLER.)

FELLOW-CLASSMATES, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: There seemed a touch of humor in the fate which bestowed upon the speaker the doubtful honor of Pipe Oratorship, in as much as, his acquaintance with pipes was begun and ended in those festive days, when ecstatic pleasure attended the witnessing of the perilous flight of the filmy soap-bubble. And if to-day I were to blow other bubbles, as buoyant with hope, as bright with the rainbow tints of success, and as sensitive to the slightest breath of adversity, I might justly claim your pardon.

But the pipes which we to-day hold, have other significance. They are not those in which so often incense has been burned at the shrine of jovial good-fellowship, and which with their proper accessories have so often spread throughout the company that "warm champagney, old particular, brandy-punchee feeling"; when the interval between the toast and the song was delightfully spent in an atmosphere, a trifle thick perhaps, but nevertheless, stimulating to wit and merriment.

Nor are these the pipes which in moments of solitude have calmed us to meditative thought; or, lotus like, soothed us to blissful reverie; nor yet those pipes which with their accompanying beer have served to so muddle the present theology and philosophy of Germany. But the solemn ceremony which we to-day perform is in deference to a custom more old and more sacred than any I have mentioned. A custom upon whose observance has hung the fate of countless lives and the destinies of nations.

More than two centuries ago, before the gloom-inspiring city below us disfigured the face of this fair valley, when this lovely spot was but a tangled wilderness, and the tree which now waves over us its mighty arms, was but a sapling to be bent down by the red deer in his flight from the hunter; then, there here "lived and loved" (with Platonic moderation) "and labored" (when they could not possibly avoid it) a peculiar race of men. Barbarous and cruel we think them, and doubtless they were, but certain it is that those inhabiting this valley at a time preceding the fatal date of 1690 were blessed with a fore-sight which is not vouched-safe to us of to-day.

What else than a premonition of the proverbial inertia of Schenectady's city-fathers, of a certain architectural wonder lately de-

molished, and of its present water-system—what else think you could have induced the Indians to burn this city? What other reason could they have had for seeking to strangle this city in its infancy, other than a laudable desire to save it from the errors of its maturer years?

Be that as it may, the custom which we to-day observe, deep in its significance and unique in its poetic sentiment, we have derived from the Red Man.

About many a council-fire, where the flickering light has played upon the dusky faces of mighty chiefs, the observance of this custom has sealed the peace, which with its attending prosperity, has blessed a score of nations. At its conclusion the war-hatchet has been buried, old feuds forgotten, and the grim chiefs in mutual peace and goodwill have returned to their tribes, free from fear of ambush or massacre.

The ceremony which we now perform has similar import. Since college life has its struggles, its contests of brain and brawn, it would be strange if interests did not sometimes clash, and if there were not friction occasionally between sharp contestants. If a man arouses *no enmity* during his college course he must be either a nonentity, or too intellectually and morally pliant to offer any resistance. Let it be said to the honor of our class, that it has never been "run" by any little clique of men, to the blotting out of the individuality of its members.

If we have not always been harmonious, it is because we have had the courage of our opinions, and because our personality has not suffered, as is often urged, by our mingling so freely together, and pursuing the same courses of study.

With the objects which aroused them, our feelings of emnity or jealousy have passed

away, and if these objects as we now look back at them seem petty and insignificant, so much the less worthy of remembrance are the ill-feelings which were aroused by them.

A pledge, let us hope, of our future unanimity was given us in the vote lately taken upon Christian Evidences. In the unity there shown we, at once, paid a just tribute to our instructor and reflected credit upon ourselves. May such unity characterize our choices in the future, may the worthiest motives always sway our wills and control our actions, so shall misunderstanding and jealousy cease, and perfect harmony characterize our future contact as a class.

Fellow-classmates, the last senior term and, more especially, these closing scenes are the fifth act of the drama of our college life, the closing chapter of a four year's romance. And now that "the play is done," and the prompter's finger is upon the bell that shall ring down, forever, the curtain, let us hope that the entanglements of the drama's plot have been all unravelled, that poetic and moral justice has been accorded to its characters, and that in perfect peace and mutual understanding we may clasp hands as the curtain falls.

Unlike the conventional drama the knaves among us, if there be any, have not yet all come to grief, nor have the worthy but unfortunate youths been yet overwhelmed with unexpected happiness. The "happy forever after" of the romances of our childhood does not conclude the final chapter of the story of our college life, for this is but the first volume of a series. Yet the past four years have given quite ample opportunity for our mental and moral specific gravity to assert itself, and for us to become stratified accordingly. Could each of us obtain the opinion of himself held by his classmates and his instruc-

tors, I think we could deduce therefrom an approximately true prediction of our future careers.

While I have spoken of this occasion as a closing one, it is a *commencement* in other senses than that originally intended. We have here but been "scoring" for our places in the race of life! The final "Go" that shall announce the start in this long race is forming upon the starter's lips. The spectators rise from their seats and strain their eyes to see who has the lead as the racers break away from the starting line.

Yet, attach as much interest as we may to it, this is but the start, and there is no assurance that those who have gained first places in the "scoring" will hold the lead to the "finish."

True, they are already that much nearer the goal, but in this race, their "bottom," their staying qualities are of more account than a little advantage at the start. It is no 100 yard dash where the start is everything, but a race of thirty or forty years, where every faculty shall have opportunity for its fullest development and most effective work.

Social position, influential friends, or fortunate opportunities may help some of us to first places during the first ten years of the race, but the succeeding twenty or thirty years will determine who of us possess those sterling qualities which make opportunities, and win social position and influence. Time will reverse many a hastily given verdict, correct many a long cherished opinion.

Such, fellow-classmates, are the prospects which lie before us in the epoch upon whose threshold we to-day stand. As we take a lingering look over the last four years, let us refuse to see in them anything that shall mar the pleasure or disturb the harmony of our future contact as a class. But with fraternal

love and perfect concord may we go forth from these halls; a little phalanx, standing shoulder to shoulder, proud to bear the name, and loyal to the interests of our Alma Mater.

Ivy Poem.

M. C. HOWE.

The writer vainly tried his thoughts to shape
Into poetic form, but still they took
Forms most fantastic. Like mischievous apes,
They grinned, and leered, and dodged in every nook.
And cranny of his brain, till, with a look
Of wild despair, he threw his pencil down;
And cried, with voice as hoarse as any rook,
"Could I but write this poem, all I own
I'd give to the Old Nick himself, or any one."

When suddenly his room door opened wide,
But noiselessly it swung upon its hinge,
And there a horrid shape was by his side,
A shape, whose very aspect made him cringe
All dressed in red with voice that made him twinge
"I come," he spoke with courteous smile and bow,
"I come up here from the eternal singe,
To do you good. And if you'll me allow
I'll take your bargain that you made with me just now.

I'll furnish you with theme, and words, and all,
For such a bargain as wise Faustus made.
On whom but me can you at this time call
To help you out, by making such a trade?"
"Done," cries the poet. Ere the sound doth fade
On the ear, Mephistopheles begins:

"From England many nobles came
When Philip shook the Oiflamme.
And Richard of the Lion-heart
Went forth to do his knightly part,
In battling for the dear Lord's tomb,
From Essex, Wessex, do they come.
And some from far Northumberland
To join the bold crusader's band.
And brave as any in that host
Came good Sir Hubert of the Post.
'Tis true he was a younger son
But in that mighty band was none
Of nobler lineage than he,
Save of the King's own family.
Now his own Edith made him swear.
He'd bring her some of that plant rare
And not yet known in England fair
Tho' found in la belle, France; I mean
Our loved plant, the ivy green.
In many a battle bold was he
Until at last by Fate's decree,
At Arsouf wounded, he set sail
For England, and the southern gale
To Cyprus wafted him ere long.
And there he suffered cruel and long,
Within a holy monastery
He stayed until recovery,
But when the fever left at last,
His nobler part, mind, with it had passed,
The monks had planted every twig
Of Ivy he had brought. Quite big
They now had grown. And he had sense

Enough to tend his loved plants.
 Upon the monastery's wall
 The ivy clambered, hiding all
 Uncouthness. Till it chanced one day
 A storm tore tendrils all away.
 Then Hubert oft in vain essayed
 To repair the wreck the wind had made
 But on the crumbling walls he finds
 Scant foothold, as he vainly binds
 His ivy up. Its gratitude
 It shows by warding from him rude
 And sudden death. It him sustains
 From harshly dashing out his brains
 Upon the stones beneath, but still
 Senseless he lies, without the will
 Or power to rise. The brothers kind
 Within the wall bring back his mind,
 And now quite joyfully they find
 That he is Hubert of the Post,
 The knight who rode in Richard's host
 For to his senses he has come
 And, in a palmer's garb, for home
 He sails to England's loved shore
 To greet his land and friends once more.
 He reached his Edith's home and there
 Unwedded lives she, yet as fair
 As when he left.

The ivy green

He shows. And bells close all the scene
 And ring the marriage of our hero true.

Thus came the plant we honor here to-day
 Within our mother-country's bounds. So runs
 The Legend. After passing many a day
 The Puritan's fair daughters, lovely ones
 Carried the plant as toward the Western suns
 For liberty the fathers fled in haste,
 Taking nought but Bibles and their guns
 Upon the ocean's wild and restless waste,
 The foes and perils of a country new they faced.

The poet wakened with a start at last
 His lamp was burning low. And as he shakes
 The slumber from his eye, he downward cast
 Them on some written pages. Up he takes
 Them. Then his heartfelt joy from his lips break ;
 'Tis done. And in my sleep. Well, by the Gods
 I'm glad ! But what a dream I've had great smoke !
 I thought Old Nick himself my fancy prods.
 Will he hold me to the trade with such huge odds ?

So if in aught this effort fails to please,
 Its source consider. Grant me mercy due
 To one, who from his own brain could not squeeze
 On this auspicious day, by classmates true.
 The poem that he ought to read to you.
 The ivy we are planting here to-day,
 Into the light and joy of Heaven's own blue
 Arises in its beauty day by day,
 So may our '87 its royal worth display.

From Union's old gray walls we classmates come
 To show the wor'd what lies in us to do
 What lessons we have learned in college home.
 And most of all that we've learned to be true
 To one another and to college too,
 "For it doth follow as the night the day"
 If to ourselves we're true, we cannot do
 Or act to others any other way,
 But must to each associate our truth display.

And as from out the mold thus day by day
 The ivy rises into beauty, joy, and light
 So may we from old Union's walls of gray
 Go forth to battle for the cause of right;
 So that when comes to each the eternal night,
 We each may hear "well done" from lips divine,
 And may we each adorn our Mater bright,
 As do the ivy's tendrils where they twine
 Around the ugly, letting only beauty shine.

Prophecy.

BY N. J. GULICK.

If any member of a college class is unfortunate, it is he who is asked by his classmates to prophesy. All agree that prophets are called and that the age of calling them is past. But after spending four years together in preparation for life's work and standing upon the very threshold of diffusing our influence among all men, there arises an irrepressible desire to conjecture in regard to the future if we can know nothing more. We are not likely to see ourselves as others see us and therefore necessity demands that some humble victim be selected from the class, whose power of imagination runs high and who is ready if need be to endure persecution for the revelation which has been made to him for the good of his classmates.

Being simply the medium through which this knowledge of the future of '87 is communicated, I am neither responsible for any disappointment which may pain the heart of some anxious listener nor for any thrill of rapture that may overcome the faint hearted. You are to hear in plain words the circumstances under which the revelation was made and also in simple detail the words of prophecy.

I shall never forget the day when these strange words of prophecy were made known to me. It was one of the ideal days in the latter part of May. Phoebus was urging his horses on to the meridian height of their daily journey with no obstruction to his way only now and then a silver patch of cloud.

The brightness of the day and the birds that were stretching their little throats with song among the branches of a large elm that towers up past my window, drew me out into the sunshine. I sauntered out toward the college woods there to while away an hour before the twelve-o'clock lecture on international law. By some means I was attracted to the gentle slope where stands the familiar and much-abused idol. I sat me down and was soon lost in a reverie of conjecture as to the meaning of such a strange looking image. I pictured to myself its home in some foreign clime, the multitudes falling prostrate before it while it grinned with satisfaction at their worship. My mind was just taking a metaphysical turn by attempting to form the idea of which such a looking object could be the embodiment, when suddenly the bell called me to the lecture room. I picked out an easy chair with a smooth bottom and placed it near the wall there to rest my weary head. I had taken down a few notes from the lecture when the Professor digressed to make a few supplementary remarks. My eyes were heavy, and I thought it an opportunity to rest them for just a moment or so. But no sooner were they closed than the Professor's voice grew husky and all sound gradually died away. I seemed, however, to hear the sound of music at a distance, and lo! there appeared to me an innumerable company of immortals. I dared not move, my throat was as dry as a fiery furnace, and my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth. The music ceased and one stepped forth from the company, holding a small lad by the hand. She was a maiden of about thirty and five or more and passing fair. I ventured to look about me to steal a glance at some of the rest of the company, but to my disappointment they had flown. Observing that we

were alone with the exception of the lad, I attempted to collect myself. Before I could speak she broke forth with, "Speak, O young man, whatsoever thou wilt." As she looked somehow strangely familiar, I managed to overcome my diffidence and asked who the lad might be. "In him," said she, "you behold the next President of Union College." I further inquired who the innumerable company robed in black might be. "We," said she, "were once the chosen friends of your fathers, but your fathers passed away at commencement time and we saw them no more. By choice we have become the messengers of the god before whose image you now sit, and who watches night and day over Union's sons. The god whom we serve has seen the devotion of eighty-seven, how at their command many of eighty-eight practiced a cold embrace about the stony neck of this image. We are thus sent to grant to the noble class of eighty-seven any boon which they may ask." "One thing, O venerable maiden, do I desire; show me if thou canst the class of eighty-seven twenty years hence." "If thou will go with me in spirit you may behold for your class their individual spheres of life as you request." "Gladly would I accept your offer but it is nearly time for the lecture." "Be not concerned," she replied, "there will be no lecture to-day. The professor has gone to New York again to look after his valuable investment." It immediately grew light about us and there appeared horses and chariot bright as the sun. Young "prex" grasped the reins with the strength of a giant. My! thought I, if you handle the faculty of Union College like that they will make it hot for you! But we were soon speeding through the air with the swiftness of the wind. We soon ascended from among the clouds to a spot near the entrance to a good sized circus-tent.

We evidently were unseen, for I asked the ticket agent if the performance had begun, and he paid no attention to me. At first I was somewhat embarrassed by my companion leading the way to a conspicuous place near the ring. The ring-master had just appeared and was explaining the prominent features of the performance. He dwelt long upon their talented clown who was soon to appear and whose book of songs and fun could be bought of their agent during the performance for the small sum of ten cents. The voice of the ring-master was almost deafening, but somehow had a familiar sound. With a crack of his whip and one unearthly yell, he came over near us as a mule came into the ring. I looked a second time to be sure that I was not mistaken, but I was not; the ring-master was none other than Johnson. The appearance of the clown took my attention for a few moments. His hair which was black as coal, stood on end. He bowed and waved his hand in return to the thundering applause from the audience. The ring-master announced to the audience that the clown, Professor Chas. Ashton, was to run a mile in three minutes while it took the mule four. At the crack of the whip the clown seized the mule by the tail, and with a little help from the hind extremities of the mule actually made the distance one minute sooner than the mule. I certainly should not have known Ashton, so bedaubed was his face with paint. The frightened cry of a small child drew my eyes to a perfect nest of children. I was moved with pity for the poor father. There seemed to be as many as seven or eight children, and he apparently had the care of them all. I called the attention of my guide to the wretched father. "Yes," said she, "he is indeed miserable, and that lady with the poodle in her lap is his

wife; but don't you know him?" "Those dark eyes remind me for all the world of Hawks." "Correct; that is Hawks. He practiced medicine for a few years in the East, but finally went West and married. He took some private lessons in elocution while in Schenectady, and as his profession did not give him a sufficient income, he took up elocution as a profession. Johnson and Ashton have been in the show business most of the time since they took their lady friends one rainy afternoon to see Irwin Bros' show. Johnson thought some of being a minister, but he finds better opportunity to use his powerful lungs in this profession. Ashton could not be separated from Johnson, and since he has earned the title of "professor" he seems to be satisfied.

It was but a few seconds before I found myself walking with my guide through a public cemetery. The gloomy lakes and sparkling fountains surrounded by gently waving foliage, caused me to remark that it was the most beautiful spot I had ever visited. But as we passed along the shady walk, I was moved by the sight of a lonesome looking man with long beard, sitting by the side of a newly-made grave. There were some dozen headstones just the same. Being curious to know the meaning of this, I read on the nearest stone, "Sarah A., wife number one of John Van Voast;" and on the second stone, "Mary Jane, wife number five of John Van Voast." Glancing hastily over the remainder, I found that they had all been wives of John Van Voast. "What, pray," said I to my guide, "means this?" "The man whom you see sitting there is John Van Voast of the class of eighty-seven. About five years after graduation, he came to Salt Lake City. He is now one of the prominent officials in the Mormon church. Besides these dozen

wives whom he has lost, he has yet some twenty-five living." "Well, well!" said I, "is it possible! He is the last man I should have looked for here."

Passing into one of the great cities of the West, we met a band of Indians. Riding ahead of the band was a white man, although dressed and painted in Indian fashion. His superior dress indicated that he was chief. Coming closer to him, to my great surprise I recognized Buell. The explanation is a short one: He went West to fight Indians, was taken captive, sentenced to be tortured; but the chief's daughter dazzled by his brass buttons, saves his life. The chief being old and feeble, the brave young white marries his daughter and becomes chief of the tribe. He spends much of his time telling the young braves how he used to scalp the Profs. in college without their knowing it. The fact is, since he has taught his adopted people some of his approved methods, a large army is required on the frontier to keep the Indians from getting on to civilization too rapidly.

McMurray I found in a city a little farther north. Shortly after commencement, he took all that Schenectady held dear to him and established a home for himself in the west. He has two sons in Union who are walking in the same old ways of their father.

We soon came to the great metropolis of the West. Wandering along the shore of Lake Michigan, my eyes fell upon one whom I should know at the ends of the earth. His characteristic smile was the same as of college days, and yet he appeared in a thoughtful mood. A beautiful woman hung coaxingly upon his arm and urged him with the oft-repeated words, "Come away, Alden, don't be so foolish. But he drew her to him with the response, "I tell you it is possible

to make this a salt-water lake, and I'll wheel salt for twenty years more but that I will stop this freshness around Chicago." I could hardly believe that such a promising fellow as Bennett could have continued to suffer under such a strange delusion for these twenty years.

On one of the oldest streets of the city, I read with difficulty on a weather-beaten sign, "An Asylum for Dogs, Dr. Henry A. Kurth, Superintendent." "How strange!" said I to my guide, "Kurth always said that if he ever got able he would put a stop to the cruel custom of dragging delicate little dogs around by a brass chain." "Yes," said she, "Kurth has been known for ten years as a great reformer. He has delivered within the past five years no less than five hundred pet-dogs from the cruel hands of Schenectady maidens."

I was expecting to find Phillips somewhere in the West, and so kept a sharp lookout. But I found him in such a different place from what I thought to! I perceived that we were near Italian quarters, where as many as five hundred were encamped in a village of temporary shanties. I believed that my eyes deceived me when I saw "Phil" stirring a mess in a large kettle back of one of the shanties. Shortly a fair-looking Italian woman, stepping over several tawny babies, came and threw into the kettle an armful of cabbage-leaves and onions, while "Phil" kept stirring and at the same time adding a little more salt to the soup. But this picture is too full of disappointment to look longer upon. "Phil" accepted a call to a Western college as professor of civil engineering. But while working at his profession on a public works near the college, he was wounded by Cupid's arrow, and chose rather to be a father in an Italian shanty than to dwell in college

halls. O Cupid, truly thou art no respector of persons.

It was with greater disappointment that I looked into the home of Jaycox. He waited two years to graduate with eighty-seven, and we all expected him to be an honor to the class. He preached for several years, but was finally captivated by a christian scientist, a widow with six small children. After the marriage he retired from preaching, but I doubt whether his most intimate friend would have known him as I saw him in his home. His wife compelled him to wear a mother-hubbard all the time and a pink sun-bonnet when he took the children out on the street. In this garb the children thought him the nurse girl and were not afraid of him. Just one thing reminded me of Jaycox; in his mouth was the same old pipe I always saw him smoke, the only reminder of his youthful strength. I could have wept over the lot of poor Jaycox, had he not appeared so perfectly happy. My guide motioned me to follow, and I soon saw that we were at the entrance to a large theatre. I could hardly keep from speaking to a pleasant-looking, red-cheeked gentleman at the door with his hand full of tickets. "Is it possible," said I, "that Vroman has changed so little—but why is he here?" "By choice," replied my guide. "He is a professed woman-hater, but has secured this position that he may simply see them." "I feared that weakness would become chronic. I presume it all came from the little girls chasing him on the street when he was a boy in college. His pretty smooth cheeks just made life miserable for him during his stay in Schenectady." But the sound of music drew us into the theatre. The curtain rose and the play began, it was the old play "Romeo and Juliet," but the great display of fashion, the flutter of fans, and the brightness of the lights impressed

me that there was some star actor connected with the play. My interest in the play culminated with the second scene of act two, when I discovered that it was Cameron taking the part of Romeo. So touching was the acting that I could stay no longer, and asked my guide if we hadn't better pass out where it was not so close.

We next crossed the Ohio and passed down into the state of Tennessee. A good-sized brick building met our eyes, and as we drew near I noticed several groups of colored girls enjoying the shade of the large trees in front of the building. We approached them unseen, but I overheard one of them remark, "I think Mr. Redfield is too nice for anything." "Redfield?" said I. "Yes," said my guide, "Redfield is principle of this female academy, and George Furbeck is professor of calisthenics. Redfield worked some time here as civil engineer, but at length entered the home-mission work and at once sent for George Furbeck to assist him. The name of Miller I found as a household word. He had been writing poetry for many years, and now for the first time his writings were given to the world in bound form. They consisted of three large volumes entitled respectively, "Maidens," "Matrimony" and "Misery." The first volume consisting of his earlier writings, was somewhat sentimental, but the other volumes were more metaphysical.

I shall never forget a tender scene too sacred for mortal eyes to look upon, which I beheld near a cottage nestling among the trees. A thin, delicate young man was kneeling imploringly at the feet of a tired but beautiful looking maiden. As soon as I heard the youth say, "O Miss Huyck, promise to be mine forever. It will be all right for I have asked my mother," I knew that it was Mather Howe. Just coming out of the college door, I beheld the tall long form of

"Billy" Huyck. He approached the couple cautiously, and laying his hand upon the young man's shoulder, said tenderly, "Now Mather, you run home and I will speak to your father about this matter." I was informed by the guide that this was Billy's only child. She was a beautiful girl, looked and acted much like her father. "Billy" had invented a support for the spine and since then had lived retired.

You will not be more surprised than I was when I tell you that I found one of the promising men of eighty-seven in Sing Sing. His great piety had secured for him a position where he might labor for the good of his fellows. Yes, with the meekness of "Moses" George DeForost was doing duty as Chaplain in Sing Sing prison. But before I could draw a sigh, we had passed from this scene of so many unfortunates to a sight hardly less pitiful. On a street corner in a great city stood one of the world's unfortunates, for he had lost both of his arms. A crowd of children and curious persons had been drawn about him by the solemn notes of an accordeon which he played with his feet. The chorus of the crowd was heard now and then as he finished some touching love song or performed some little feat, such as chewing a handful of nails or running a long pin into his side to feel for his heart. "Can this be Radliff, the electrician of college days?" said I, "Yes," said my guide, "he continued to experiment with electricity until while trying to get a spark from a belt at a knitting mill near the college, he lost both his arms and has since been earning his living as a street musician.

It was with considerable interest that we entered the state senate. A heated discussion was going on, and yet not a single word could I understand. No less than a dozen persons

were on their feet all talking at once, and throwing their hands wildly into the air. Upon examining the whole body I could find only one male senator, and he slept sweetly until one of the women hit him a clip with her hand. As he rubbed his eyes and slowly arose, a stillness came over the house and every voice was hushed. He had not spoken a dozen words before I recognized McMillen. "Ladies," said he, "you are making too great haste with this business. I fear that you will overdo." How natural, thought I, "Mac" is just as careful not to overdo as he was twenty years ago. I learned that he had been chosen for this position because of his popularity with the ladies and as a sort of moderator to check feminine legislation.

A peep into a little lonely hovel in an unfrequented place revealed an unexpected sight. A man just in the prime of life sat alone looking into the fire. Several cats were playing about the room, but he noticed nothing until one of the cats jumped upon his lap. The familiar sound of his voice as he talked to the cat, led me to listen. My astonishment was beyond description, when I discovered that it was Very perpetrating one of his old jokes upon the cat. It seemed that he had been married and his wife had just lived upon his jokes for many years, until one day he got off a new one. It overcame her so that she never revived. Since the death of his wife he lives alone lest a similar fate might befall some one else.

A shudder passed over me as I found myself at the entrance to an insane asylum. I dreaded to enter, but I suppressed my timidity upon seeing the smiling countenance of Bridge. He looked as sane and happy as in college days. I soon learned that he was chief physician of the institution, and that he had achieved great success in treating insanity.

His method of treatment was a very peculiar one. He called it the "pull-the-wool-over-their-eyes method." It would be difficult to explain to you just how he treats his patients, for it is a rare gift with which Dr. Bridge is endowed, and must be seen to be understood. He says that the application of the treatment to insane persons suggested itself to him from experiment in college. The whole discovery was the result of his simple logic, that if the method was successful upon the Profs. whom much learning had made mad, why would it not be upon these whom something else had made mad? We followed the keeper to the cell of an incurable. I could hardly believe my eyes as I was told that there was all that was left of Ransdell. His form was stooped and emaciated, his black hair and pretty mustache were as white as wool, and was that Ransdell once called the handsomest man in the class, and the one upon whom so much depended? The story is an old one. He won many hearts but the chosen one deserted him at last for the first freshman who knelt at her feet and called her the most beautiful of women; the stroke was too great and reason had been hopelessly dethroned. From childhood the patient had suffered from the delusion that he was carrying the whole world upon his shoulders, and after the final stroke his suffering was increased by the belief that he must live a thousand years in purgatory with the whole company of his intended mothers-in-law.

I drew a sigh of relief as I found myself entering the studio of the most celebrated painter of the times. I turned my eyes from the portraits that seemed looking at me from every side, to a bony little man who was just putting the finishing touches upon a portrait which I recognized by the part of the hair as Dewey. "Why," said I, "is this artist

bestowing so much labor upon that portrait?" "Because," replied she, "the original is a rare specimen. The present century will probably produce nothing like him." "But does the artist in no way remind you of any member of eighty-seven?" I scanned him from head to foot, and remarked that his bald head and the size of his feet reminded me of Marvin. "Yes; that is the historian of eighty-seven. His feet proved too strong for his delicate little body, and he has wasted away to mere baldness and feet."

After leaving the last place familiar scenes began to break upon my vision. I perceived that we had reached Schenectady. While wondering who could have remained here, I found myself in the class-room where the modern languages used to be taught. Perched upon a high stool behind the old desk, I saw "Rabbi" Pepper. The whole class were busy with their pencils while the Rabbi translated. Examining their text books I saw that they were just taking down the translation of the most *important* words as it made their books more useful to succeeding classes. I learned that "Pep" had been called to the chair of modern languages because of the scientific skill he had shown in tutoring the class of eighty-seven in the same. I next hastened to the plain old room which I always feared most and yet loved best, but a strange voice discoursing upon a chorus in "Antigone" indicated to me that the much-beloved old Dean had finished his work. I inquired particularly for the Prof. who, it was reported, wanted to graduate with eighty-seven, but my guide only shook her head. I felt great interest to know what had become of the Professor of Metaphysics, but I only saw him as through a mist standing at midnight on one foot upon a cold oil-cloth. In one hand he held a little tin cup

over a smoking lamp, in the other a bottle of soothing syrup, then the band began to play.

I next ventured to ask if any one had thrown a handful of dust upon the trustees as they had passed away, but sad was it to learn that not a one had yet crossed the river Styx. My explorations about the college were abruptly cut off by my guide and young "prex" suddenly changing into thin air, and I was aroused by hearing the Professor say, "Yes, gentlemen, you will be examined upon these lectures." Upon collecting myself I found that about all I had to show for the lecture was the words of this prophecy.

Class Poem.

N your travels o'er the country,
In your wanderings far away,
Have you seen a poor class poet
Try to write his little lay?

Has your heart been moved to pity
By some mendicant in Rome?
Have you felt a gleam of sorrow
For the modern tramp at home?

If you ever feel compassion
Towards suffering fellow men,
I implore a single portion
For the poor class poet - when,

Just before his graduation,
Takes he up his unused pen,
And in lines of faulty rhythm,
Sings of pleasures that has been.

How he longs for inspiration!
If his muse in fetters would bind
Some sweet thoughts, and thus give quiet,
To the weird wanderings of his mind,

Then, the now disconsolate bard
Would sing his song with highest glee;
Then, from the fullness of his soul
Would come the things that are to be.

He the poets, old and modern,
Reads in hopes of inspiration;
But for him have they no pity,
Not a check for his distraction.

Hard he studies all the poets,
Shakespeare, Byron, Burns and Poe;
He contemplates, e'en the lesser,
Scans their pages high and low.

O these futile, useless efforts;
From the magic Eighty-Seven,
Poet, seize thy inspiration,
And voice the winds of heaven.

We a band of classmates are,
And this our parting ditty;
Some of us are very wise,
And some of us are witty;
Some of us don't take cold tea—
'Tis they who need your pity.

In the four years that are gone,
In our daily communion.
We a band of brothers are,
The sons of dear Old Union.

How that name thrills every heart
Which learns to love its old grey walls.
How we dread the coming hour
That us shall part from its wide halls.

Fondly ever shall we treasure
All those incidents of pleasure
That have higher made our labor
In the pathway of our duties;
Fondly ever shall we harbor
Those dear pictures, nature's beauties,
That surround our Alma Mater
Clasping her in sweet embrace.

As Freshmen, we a sturdy band
Withstood the taunts of silly Sophs;
Whenever they came hand to hand
We caused them to repent their scoffs.
The pasture through, we chased the cows,
Our empty pails with milk to fill;
Then, O that joy of college life,
A grand old set-up on the Hill

As Sophomores, we were bold and true.
'Frosh' from their tables sung to us,
And climbed the grim old idol too;
Prof. Staley then to quell the fuss.
A barbed-wire fence he struggled through;
And lucky they who saw him first,
And stopped not then to say adieu.

Juniors, we a happy lot,
No cares or aught to fret us;
Smiles for every lovely maid,
That by good fortune met us.
Hebrew, we in class-room spoke,
Talked nonsense to the maidens;
But Junior year though sweet to taste,
Had bitter in its essence.
And at its close we quaffed it up
In 'six-spots' and 'N Sos.'

Then came along our Senior year,
A craze it brought for high silk hats,
For mental science, love sincere;
The morning hours we spent in chats,
On chapel customs way down East;
And though we could not acquiesce,
We deemed these talks a mental feast.
At once we learned to wear the guise,
Of learning's blest possessors;
We showed the way to erring ones,
And counseled the professors.

We now must think of other things,
Our time is quickly flying;
The future bright with many hopes
Is waiting for our trying.

We speak of joys ; if sorrows come,
We'll meet them uncomplaining ;
We seek no flitting phantoms which
Are harmful in the gaining,

To thee, O Alma Mater dear,
We cling in one long last embrace ;
To stranger halls, we go to seek,
In life's routine, our working place.

May we carry thy blessing wise,
A starry goal for human eyes ;
May we ever look back to thee,
With thankful heart and conscience free.

Class Address.

BY ALDEN LEWIS BENNETT.

CLASSMATES AND FRIENDS: As your addresser is called upon to take part in the exercises of this evening he feels that he has been the victim of a strange series of circumstances. The classmate [Marvin] to whom we have just listened has consumed a portion of our time symmetrical with the frailty of his constitution. From the threatening glances of the prophet, who in frenzied zeal awaits an opportunity to unfold to us the visions of a Senior vacation, your addresser fears that unless his words shall be very few, a dismal future will be revealed to him.

Those of us familiar with the brief and irrelevant manner in which these our classmates are accustomed to respond to a professor's question, will be doubtless surprised when we fully realize their flow of words tonight.

Classmates, on this last occasion when we as a class shall come before the people of Schenectady, we must be truthful. We must claim for the brothers who address us no greater power than that which they have always manifested. We must conclude that the memories of college life, the golden chord of friendship which binds together the members of our class, and the bright hopes in which our fancy permits us to indulge, have proved an inspiration sufficient to make the dumb speak.

Your addresser has been perplexed in his efforts to choose a theme for this occasion. During the year he has faithfully attended the Friday morning rhetoricals, hoping that somewhere, in the chain of human knowledge, there would be left for him one untouched link.

He has been disappointed. The members of the Junior class, fresh from the study of political economy, have again and again uttered in our hearing familiar words and doctrines which had, as many times before, kept the members of our class from the reasonable enjoyment of their mid-day meal.

Junior orators, by a single word or brief sentence, have torn down institutions which man, aided by the Divine Hand, has struggled for ages to establish. In their beautiful imagery they have placed within the easy reach of humanity a state of society for which the world may be ready in a thousand years. Those of the class fortunate enough to receive the sustaining six in logic have compelled the world to accept theories which none but an unnatural mind could contrive. We believe that the fame of the great orators of Greece and Rome, the glory of the grand speakers who have moulded English and American history, will be outshone by the lights of eighty-eight.

With feelings of disappointment less bitter only than those which he experiences when refused a second piece of pie, he turned sadly away from the realm usurped by another class. Having the utmost confidence in the inability of his own classmates, he has approached their fields of research.

Again he has been deceived. There is no height in morality to which his classmates in their flights of eloquence have not soared. There is no depth in philosophy, which their minds have not fathomed.

But, classmates, we care not to-night for the learning which has been the object of our four years' search. Like that crew of the mythical Argo, we have been seeking a golden fleece. None of us, save perhaps our prophet, will venture to call himself a second Jason, a winner of the sacred prize.

Like all typical college men, we are followers of the great Athenian teacher. We lay claim to wisdom, but ours is the wisdom of Socrates, a knowledge of our own ignorance. Whether, like our historian, we wear the Phi Beta Kappa or have upon our chain the key of Nu Sigma Gamma, will perhaps require a careful observation to disclose. Whether the badge which adorns our breast is a Blatchford or a prize taken at some athletic contest, will be revealed only by the pen of a class historian, or by a close study of the lettering. If during the four years, now so bright in our memory, we have but laid the foundations for future intellectual development, the duty of our Alma Mater to us has been fulfilled and the completion of our college education has brought with it a satisfaction of our reasonable expectations.

As members of the intellectual world, we worship at the shrine of knowledge. As individuals in the moral world we have a higher duty.

When, then, we contemplate the value of a college education to us, we must regard not only that intelligence with which it crowns us, but that higher gift of wisdom with which we are to crown the worlds. Brothers in eighty-seven, your addresser frankly tells you to-night that he believes the principles of morality to be firmly seated in the bosoms of his classmates. All of us have not employed our hearts and voices in the work of the College Young Men's Christian Association, the grandest and mightiest

force to-day at work in American colleges. Some of us have, perhaps, too often sought the inspiration which a few hours at the Hotel Germania may afford. But beneath all we have a common sympathy. We love the right and we trust that when, some years hence, fewer in numbers than now, and more feeble in body, we shall come back to meet for a great recitation, it will be found that the members of our class shall have been faithful to life's great trust.

As members of the class of eighty-seven we are joined in sympathy with hundreds of young men who are at this time graduating from the colleges of our land. Because Union College is our mother we enjoy feelings which sons of other institutions may not have. Harvard and Yale may boast of their hundreds of students. Other institutions may gain the attention of the world by securing great endowments.

Union College stands almost alone in the possession of a richness unknown to all of these. The friendly relation of professor to student is a prize of which we may well be proud.

The gruff voice which at this moment calls you a scatter-brain, in the next instant assures you of a heart to which you may appeal for help and sympathy. The cold smile which looks down scornfully upon you from a professor's chair, in social intercourse is turned into an expression of kindly interest.

Every loyal alumnus of Union college desires to see her halls filled. We trust that no one in the long list of her graduates would have Union's classes so large that the present relation between faculty and student would be impossible.

We are fastened by another chord to the scenes of our College life. The generous hospitality which we have enjoyed in the

home circles of old Dorp, as we go out in the different parts of our land, will inspire us to do for others what has here been done for us. Words, weak in themselves, employed by feeble tongue, fail utterly to express the measure of our gratitude toward those who have made our college life happy. We thank you, dear people of Schenectady, for the gentle words and kind deeds which you have strewn, as fragrant flowers, along our pathway. We assure you that when we are gone, when our names are no more remembered in your households, and new faces brighten under the influences which have caused ours to smile, we shall still cling to you in loving remembrance.

My brothers, as we go out from under the walls of Old Union, may it be to enter, under Divine guidance, upon lives of fidelity to ourselves, our friends, our country and our God.

Class History.

BY C. A. MARVIN.

CLASSMATES AND FRIENDS: When a class calls on one of its members to write its history they know not what they ask. To give a just and adequate account of the achievements of the class of eighty-seven would require the pen of a Prescott or a Bancroft. No ordinary mind has large enough calibre to grasp the whole idea of the effect of our class upon its individual members, the college and the world. So pardon any omissions you may see by considering how numerous the incidents are that demand chronicle and how limited the space is in which to record them.

Wednesday morning, September 19th, 1883, dawned bright and beautiful. The walls of "Old Union" shed a bright light on the faces of the crowd of one hundred and sixty students who gathered before the chapel

door. From majestic Memorial Hall to the more sombre dormitories and colonades were heard the echo and re-echo of glad voices. The haughty Senior relaxed his stern face to greet old friends until the boy took the place of Senior manliness. The genial Junior was then so kind and pleasant to the unsophisticated. The Sophomore too was there, the only thing that to us marred the beautiful picture. His brazen throat screamed in our ears the elegant but unappreciated epithet of Frosh! Frosh!! And finally fifty gentle freshmen uncomplaining, unacquainted stood around like Micawber waiting for something to turn up. Some men verdant from the fields of the country and others were bubbling over with city freshness. All together we were as green as the campus we trod. We were on the lookout from the first for a dose of salt from the heartless sophomores. Days went on and we began to think that '86 did not dare to salt us. But on Tuesday morning September 25th we were ruefully disappointed, for when we issued from the chapel we were met with a perfect avalanche of salt which made us beat a hasty retreat. It was not until Prexy Potter dashed into the shower and raised his voice above the storm that it subsided. Tutor Anable came into recitation room that morning with his mouth bleeding and it was rumored that he was struck by a bag of salt and it was conceded that Sophomore S. was the cause of it. All this week the tables in our rooms could tell, if they could speak, the horrible stories of our torture. But '86's glory did not last forever for five days later they were beaten at base ball by the very "Frosh" they affected to hold so in contempt. But still we were saluted by Frosh, Frosh, everywhere. Class officers were elected and their set-up was duly enjoyed. Immediately after that feast we repaired to Prof. Ashmore's house to ser-

enade him. We serenaded but he did not appear.

The state election of 1883 had to be duly celebrated and none could do it as well as eighty-seven. We paid the night watchman fifty cents to let us alone and then appropriated for said fifty cents enough college wood and timber to make a pile fifteen feet high. We then augmented this by seven and a half gallons of kerosene, then set it on fire. Then to give tone to the occasion we added the harmonies of forty-two fish-horns. It was the transcendent bonfire of our course. For miles around the soft strain of our melodies fell on the ears of the admiring people.

There is nothing a man depends on more to sustain life than eating. Eating has been one of the features of our class and the grandest effect was attained when we held our class supper at the Windsor Hotel in Albany Feb. 20th, 1884. Need we say it was a success? It was more. It was a grand celebration. Cremation followed with all its joys and sorrows. Long or—or Bennett could tell you of the deeds of valor done. Any of us can tell you how we lost our wood and tar and were compelled to consign Tutor Anable's algebra the bane of three classes to a sickly flickering flame. We were the first class to cremate the tutor's book and since our time it has become a custom which is religiously followed.

This freshman year passed quietly by but just here excuse a diversion for the benefit of Jaycox whom we welcomed into our class at the beginning of senior year. We clip the following from '85's class history of which class "Jay" was formerly a member. In recounting freshman deeds it says. "Would you suppose that because a sophomore pointed out the dignified Prof. Wells that

Doc. Jaycox would give him his trunk check and order him to get his trunk." Jay might have done that as a member of '85 but never as an '87 man.

When we returned again we did our duty by the succeeding class. One freshman became so dear to us that he had to be idolized. But Prof. Staley was opposed to heathen worship and so told four of those he considered most heathenish that they might go home for a vacation and the faculty would let them know when the said honorable body believed their health was sufficiently recruited to return. Whether he thought the air was too damp for us that evening I have never been able to learn. All I know about it is that the boys did not appreciate his kindness and thought they would risk it to stay. They stayed. They persuaded the faculty that they were not so much heathen as they were credited and that their health was not in need of any special treatment. This affair was a great benefit to the college for it was a useful and necessary lesson to the freshmen, and the sophomores learned something by it as well. We might add that on each anniversary of that night the idol has received a new suit. The first suit was bright vermillion. (It is said to be the color always used by '89 whether at Wiencke's or elsewhere.) The next was one of those uncertain colors, a sort of a drab, purple, brick color. You can judge for yourself by going back of Power's Hall and viewing his majesty.

Then '88 cremated and a powerful cremation it was. '87 lent the power in the form of eighty dozens of aged incubator eggs which we had stored up for that occasion. The rest of the year passed quietly and nothing but our rapid progress in class work could be noted. Though there were many

minor victories too numerous to mention, I can only add that some of them were in our favor and some were not.

Long had we looked for the halcyon days of Junior year. They came but without the halcyon. We had fondly looked for those blissful hours of peace and repose implied in those ancient but very deceptive verses. "In Junior year we take our ease, we smoke our pipes and sing our glees" As for the ease of those days it seemed as though Prof. Wright had been imported on purpose to torture our minds with the subtle mysteries of Mechanics. Prof. Whitehorne was as hard as ever in Greek and in Latin Prof. Ashmore was all the more exacting; and just to mention the name of Prof. Truax sent a thrill of agony through every man in eighty-seven. Everybody knows that he will give a class work enough for four, junior year or not. Don't talk to us about the ease of Junior year, we have been through it. As for the pleasure of smoking not enough men in '87 smoke to make that pleasure a success and as for singing not a man in the class can sing except Jaycox and Bridge. Bereft of all these joys of Junior year, eighty-seven had no other diversion but to study the beautiful. Many cultivated their æsthetic tastes to an abnormal development.

Young ladies of Dorp, to you eighty-seven vows a tribute for you have given to us the opportunity for that elevating study. For the class and Ashton, I speak in recognizing our debt. We are grateful.

It is by the special request of the eighty-seven engineers that for them I thank Prof. Wright for bolting their examination in Mechanics, Junior year. They know full well that it was an unaccustomed relenting on his part and hence are all the more gratified.

Senior year comes on apace. Now we can look back and see our progress. From the embrionic state of verdant freshness to the stern manliness of senior year. What a change! Dignified, calm and collected seniors who are supposed to be cultured. We are too modest to say anything about that. We trust you have all read the Schenectady *Union* and *Star*. We have entrusted ourselves to their unbiased criticism and are willing to stand by the result.

It is needless to draw comparisons to show the height of our standing as a class and to show the failure of other classes to come up to our standard. We have reached the high water mark and it remains for future classes to break our record. In athletics we have not been so noted, but we can point with pride to Hawkes and Ashton. While in base ball Johnson has been the old stand by. Whether that hippodrome, the base ball nine, will show next season or not we cannot tell, but DeForest says it is *positively* his last appearance. Bennett's recent achievements in the national game must not be omitted. Go on "Bennie" and you will soon displace Kelly of the Boston's.

Somebody has said that there was no enterprize in eighty-seven. The fact of the matter is there has not been so enterprizing a class for ages. No less than five of the ex-members of the class have chosen life partners, and we are unable to make any statement as to the present members. We all remember Riley, the little Choctaw Indian. Well, he has married a lady with money out in Missouri. Then there is the unassuming Sweet. He was only with us a short time, but he imbibed enough of our enterprize to get married inside of a year. Then there is Flanders, married, happy and has a fat position too at the Capitol in Albany.

Dudley Campbell too, right here in Schenectady. But who would have thought that Billy Van Wie would have been among the first to enter the bonds of holy matrimony? What shall we expect next? Perhaps it will be Kurth or Vrooman. I am not an expert in prophecy. Gulick here will probably tell you it will be Bridge or Bennett. But in my humble opinion McMurray could tell you more than any other man excepting perhaps Ashton who is loaded with enough gossip to sink a community. But speaking of enterprise I really think that more than half of the class would have been married before Commencement if it were not contrary to college rules. We wish a long and happy life to that immortal five and may their shadows never become less. We regret that we cannot make the annual joke on the old depot though there is still an opportunity to say something about the horse railway, and there is a chance for improvement on the electric light. But we let these rest in peace. Nor would we disturb that sacred relic of by-gone times, Prof. Perkins' military looking cape, for legend says it is very old. But still it makes its appearance every year none the worse for the destructive ongoings of time. Future historians may be able to tell of its decease.

But classmates, while we are still together, there are other things that demand our attention besides our pleasure. Death has entered our midst and shame be on us if we fail to pay the tribute we owe to the departed. The memory of Prof. Price is dear to every heart in eighty-seven. We were the last class to enjoy his instruction. Stricken down in the midst of his labors with us; we felt his loss most keenly. To know him was to love him. We deeply mourn his loss. Prof. Hawley too, has been among us and departed. We knew him well enough to

know his kind and genial heart and at his death we felt we had lost a steadfast friend.

But even the sacred circle of our class has been entered. Even the strength of youth has not been spared. Abram Van Benthuyzen's bright young life, even at the very door of marriage, was cut short by the hand of fate. We all knew well his genial smile and quiet unobtrusive way. We knew him as a gentleman, a classmate, a friend.

Even on this glad day for us a new sadness comes upon us. Our joy is turned into gloom. To-day stern death has removed from us one whom we greatly revered and loved. Prof. Pearson was indeed dear to every heart. Sadness comes when we would otherwise be most joyful. We can only pay him our tribute of love. May Providence console those to whom the departed ones were dear. We shall ever hold their memory sacred.

To-night we have met for the last time as a class in Union College, and 'ere we part, let us recall all we owe to each other, all we owe to the faculty, all we owe to the college; and in our gratitude to Old Union we can indeed say and do feel convinced that the "fairest prize" we can obtain "is the 'dip' of our Alma Mater," and the crown she wears, a pure white crown of pearls, is the love of her children reinforced again by the deep-seated affection in the hearts of eighty-seven.

A Piece of Gossip.

It is said that Dr. Alexander was once engaged to a daughter of Ex-Gov. Robinson. Dr. Alexander was at that time pastor of the East Avenue Presbyterian church of Schenectady. Miss R. did not like Schenectady and would not consent to come there to live unless, she said, it was as the wife of the president of Union College. The presidency had then been offered to the Doctor and had been declined. The engagement was finally dissolved by mutual consent.

Individuality in Society.

BY ALDEN L. BENNETT

HUMAN society has been progressive. Lofty conceptions of life which none but a Platonic mind could grasp in the centuries of antiquity have become the common property of millions. Where the old philosophers walked with uncertain step, we may tread confidently trusting that we are upon established truth.

Life has assumed grander aspects with succeeding centuries. In spite of all the dark spots in history, in spite of the existence of evil in the record of humanity, the world has been growing better. The foundations of society have become firmly settled. The super-structure has arisen with an appearance of stability as well as of beauty and grandeur.

Each age has contributed something toward this magnificent Temple of Civilization. Here is erected a gigantic pillar, destined to stand unchanged for eternity. There, perhaps, is an elaborate work of art, beautiful and inspiring, but destined to have only a temporal place in the gallery of history.

At no time has the progress of civilization been more marked than during the present age. Without unjust pride may the people of the past century feel that they have exerted upon the world's progress a greater influence than any preceding century.

The inventions of modern science have revolutionized the world. The railroad has annihilated distance. The daily newspaper, aided by the telegraph, enables us to discuss at to-day's morning meal the great events which happened throughout the world yesterday.

The familiar proverb which makes necessity the mother of invention, is not true in the world to-day. Science anticipates necessity. Although the present locomotive promises long to satisfy the needs of civilization,

science is now at work in search of another mode of transportation. Inventors no longer consume their time in efforts to supply long felt wants of humanity. Modern enterprise is more often engaged in creating wants heretofore unknown.

In the story of science there is, we believe, an instructive lesson for the observing mind. There must have been a potent cause for the rapid transformations in modern society. The logical mind of man is not satisfied with the suggestion of chance as the fountain from which has flowed the new life of the world. But we do find in the history of the past few centuries a force sufficient to render possible the deeds of modern science?

We call attention to the growth of the individual in relation to society and ask if in this we may not hope to find the solution of our problem.

In the early stages of human history, the individual was merged in the tribe, the clan, the horde. Individuality was sacrificed to the clamors of the majority. In the first attempts at organized society, the only individuality known was that of the king or chief. For centuries political philosophy, in practice and perhaps in theory also, supported the doctrine that the individual was made for the state.

Human slavery in some form has existed in nearly every important nation in history, in most cases only to be abandoned at the dawn of a more advanced state of society. The regard paid to human life has increased with successive ages. Bestowal of political and religious liberty are the last steps toward a complete recognition of the rights of the individual.

Individuality is clearly, thus, the result of historical development. That it has been a potent factor in the progress of society, is suggested by the fact that in those nations

where individuality is lacking, advanced civilization has not become extensive. Asia, under the influence of pantheistic religions, is buried in deep slumber. The development of individuality among her millions is the only hope of the mother-continent.

Christianity has already begun the transformation of Asiatic society. Because the Christian religion is grounded upon a full recognition of the rights and possibilities of the individual, may we predict for her success in this great undertaking.

Again, in those nations where individuality is the chief element in society, the grandest state of civilization has been reached. No nation has allowed to its individual citizens greater liberty than has our American union. In no nation has a more satisfactory state of society existed.

Socialism and Communism are plants brought to us from foreign soil. They may, perhaps, take root, their growth may continue for a time, but whenever, by the spread of their doctrine, they shall attempt to change the order of merit in American society, just as at the sowing of the dragon's teeth by Theban Cadmus, there shall spring up men armed in body and in soul to protect American principles.

Individualism is the source of our national strength. In the complete development of it, lies the promise of a perfect social system.

In the grand painting of history, individuality is the coloring which, by a master-stroke of the Divine Artist's brush, has turned darkness into light, class into order, ancient society into modern.

It is the magic force which touched to deathlike forms of civilization will infuse into them a radiant glow of life.

It is the divinely entrusted power by which man is to raise himself highest from the brute and nearest to his Maker.

Charge to the Senior Class,

Closing the Baccalaureate Sermon delivered at the M. E. Church, on the evening of June 19, 1887, by the Rev. T. G. Darling, D. D.

GENTLEMEN OF THE GRADUATING CLASS: To some extent at least you are in a position to test the solemn truth of what I have been preaching. Under like influences and the stimulus of similar generous pursuits there has been something in you, back of conditions and instruction, which has determined for each a peculiar development and growth of character. Each grown most in the line of that which his heart has cherished, lost most in that which he did not care to hold. Character and habit have mutually fixed each other deeper in your personality and you are probably more of your old self than when you came here. What you brought with you you have with interest; habits confirmed whether of industry or of shirking work when possible, whether in holy ambitions or in purposes too selfish to reach beyond your coffins, the things which find a very small grave an impassable barrier to God's presence. You have gone through the mill, but where God has not wrought spiritual regeneration that which is ground is simply that which you put in, only finer, whether flour of wheat or tares. The five loaves and few small fishes brought from home may have multiplied under Alma Mater's generous care, but they have the flavor still of the same bread and fish.

The man, if any such there be, who preferred honors to honor, and marks to the wholesome cleanliness and manliness of transparent truth is going out with a higher opinion of the value of trickery and policy; and the man who under like temptations has kept truth and self-respect virgin is going out to stand for a stronger manhood and to realize, before he gets through with God, the blessedness of Coleridge's good, great man in having secured the * * "three firm friends more sure than day and night, Himself, his Maker and the angel Death."

You have come to a point where God and humanity justly ask for some accounting of your stewardship, and your ability and wil-

lingness to aid them; a serious point in your career, for the road you now take probably determines that which you shall travel eternally, and whether as the friend or foe of God and man. Fashion whose friendship is as truly at enmity with the dignity of manhood and the seriousness of moral purpose as Scripture says, the world's friendship is enmity with God, will no doubt surround this hour which should be one of self examination and consecration to your life's work with frivolous and dissipating influence, but I pray you in the name of humanity, and of Him who died for it and you, to pause and to take stock of yourselves, and see what in you has increased by your four years of getting, and what has about died out of your being by neglect.

This hour should be related to the purpose for which God made you men and sent you into life. Toward this hour your own industry, the efforts of instructors, the good wishes of friends, the prayers and it may be the toils and sacrifices and tears of parents have been speeding you. You have reaped easily where others sowed with pain, you have entered into the labors of other men the large results of whose devotion to learning are the immortal legacy of our common scholarship. 'Standing on the shoulders of these giants' yours has been the privilege of seeing afar into the mysteries of truth. And now my brother, give an account of thy stewardship. What have you and what are you before God as the ripe result of all this large provision? In a little longer you must stand for your final examination, for which there is no "cramming," it is either in you or lost beyond conditions; in a little you must reach for God's honest degree which carries with it always its face value, without fraud or favor, and it is a degree in character, and in spiritual things, and despite the hope and flush of youth, no man can tell how near he is to passing or to eternal failure.

You are going out into a world not spiritual, into an intensely material competition and the spiritual man is apt to lay behind in the things on which the worm feeds sweetly and the clod at last embraces as congenial. He is tempted to believe that the seen and material is real and the unseen and spiritual

visionary, and to choose what looms large to the earthly sense. Study the fable of the dog who saw the larger image in the water and dropped his bone to seize the shadow, only study the fable with spiritual discernment. Remember, I pray you, that in the final adjustment of God who is spiritual, the first may be last and the last first. Remember, I pray you, that the Samson who let his spiritual powers sleep in the world's unfriendly lap, thinking at will to wake and smite God's foes, will wake to find his spiritual vision and his strength departed, and doom himself to grind with slaves and be the blind sport of fools. Remember, I pray you, as the eye of the sailor grows quick in searching for the land he longs for, and of the astronomer in searching for the star, so will the eye of him who keeps his spirit pure be quick to see and rest in God.

Have care then of the heart out of which are issues of life or death. Not more surely does the patient chipping of the chisel fashion the marble to the ideal in the sculptor's mind, than do your spiritual preferences and choices mould you to the likeness you must wear eternally. Choice must soon pass into character, and character soon become eternal in heaven or in the realm of endless woe.

Standing on the threshold of such eternal possibilities in the name of all who love you and in God's dear name, I bid you, God speed. Freighted with treasures of learning and of hope, God speed you on your eternal voyage. May you make it under the favoring breath of prayer with honor and with profit unto God and man, and find at last in peace and sweet content the happy harbor of God's saints. It is no hard Master who says to you to-night, Occupy till I come. It is he who saith, Be thou faithful unto death and I will give you a crown of life. To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame and am set down with my Father in his throne.

God grant I pray, that that be not one of the things taken from you, and may the Lord bless you and keep you; the Lord make his face shine upon you and be gracious unto you; the Lord lift up his countenance upon you and give you peace. Amen.

THE CONCORDIENSIS.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

THE STUDENTS OF UNION COLLEGE.

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We desire our friends to send us contributions, items of interest and information concerning Alumni.

All business letters should be addressed to the Business Editor.

Entered at the Postoffice, Schenectady, N. Y., as second-class matter.

Printed at the Union Printing House, Schenectady, N. Y.

EDITORIAL.

WITH the usual events of college life, the year is past, the members of '87 have become alumni and with this issue the editors from that class therefore bow and retire. College is a miniature world as complete as the world into which the graduating class is about to enter and the passage from the former to the latter is not, as is often imagined, any great transition. Indeed many of the modifying conditions of actual life are unknown in college. Here all are on the one level and under the one name of *student*; whereas the minister, the lawyer and the

physician is each distinct on account of professional lives. Here we have mingled more intimately than men usually do and thus had an opportunity of learning, among many other things, how to deal with our fellows. College life is essentially a formation period giving definite forms to ambitions and determining destinies. He who in college has been successful, in the broad sense of the word, may reasonably expect to be successful anywhere.

THE marking system is doubtless useful and desirable at Union, otherwise it would have become obsolete here as it has in many other institutions. By the system now in use the student only knows that he has a certain grade; first grade, indicating from 9 to 10 inclusive, tells him that he has a respectable standing; but of his relative peace it tells him absolutely nothing, as half of the class often receive that in a study. Thus it cannot be said that the system is used to stimulate rivalry, as those men who are rivals all have equal grades.

The system is used to determine who shall be Commencement orators. Are oratory and scholarship so intimately connected that it follows that the students receiving the highest marks are the best speakers? If not, why are they chosen as the orators of the class?

Twelve or fifteen men move along shoulder to shoulder, no one knowing who is ahead, but each one hoping because of his good examination papers that he himself is, until the orators are appointed. Then the Professors' estimate of a student is found to be quite different from the estimate of his classmate, and why he did not make the stage is a problem for him to figure on during his Senior vacation. Possibly a numerical mistake was made in reckoning his general

average for the course ; but the student is not allowed to see his marks at the office. Why not ? What harm can come from his seeing them at the end of his course ?

ON the many events and plans for the consideration of the students comments have from time to time been made in these columns; but on the theme that has been a subject of conversation during the year, a theme alike interesting to Alumni and students, we have as yet said nothing, we refer to a President. Since a petition for the immediate election of a president has been circulated among under graduates and unanimously signed by them, it seems appropriate that we should state here some of the reasons why the students think a President should be elected now.

1. Because, while excellent work has been done in all the departments within the college, there is outside work that no one but a president can attend to.

2. Because many people who have read about the factions several years ago erroneously surmise, from the fact that we have no president, that there are differences still existing.

3. Because Alumni and students feel that a president is needed and will not be satisfied until one is elected.

TWO useful lessons have been learned in base ball. The first lesson is that successful playing must be begun in the gymnasium; the second that no one can play any of the nine positions equally well or in any one position without practice.

ABOUT two weeks before commencement a notice was posted informing the seniors that unless they came to the office and paid fifty cents extra for having the

name drafted on the diploma, it would simply be written in. This is something new, so new as to be surprising. In the past "four dollars for diploma" has covered the drafting of the name; and levying this tax without any explanation of its use, and at a time when the class was scattered, and some members of it far away, to say the least, caused much dissatisfaction. Some members slowly paid the fifty cents, those who were away had no say in the matter, while others ordered that the name be simply written in. So that of the diplomas given this year some are more valuable than others, there being fifty cents difference in their face values.

IT is quite generally known among the students that there has lately been a chapter of the Sigma Xi society established at Union. This society which was founded in 1886 at Cornell university has already chapters in a number of the colleges and universities of the Eastern and Middle states and is being rapidly extended among the best institutions of the country. Its rapid growth during the last year is evidence of the need of such a society, and a pledge of the standing which it is soon to take among collegiate honorary societies. In its general character the society is comparable to Phi Beta Kappa. It is, however, a scientific and engineering society, and only students in those courses are eligible for regular membership. Since scientific and engineering courses have become so general among the colleges of this country there has been felt a need of some society which should have for its object the recognition of superior attainment of students in these courses and the furtherance of scientific study and investigation. The above are among the objects of the Sigma Xi Society members of the

faculty and the fourth of the students of the classes in the scientific and engineering courses who stand highest are eligible to membership. Men who have already distinguished themselves in scientific research or invention may be elected honorary members. There is little or nothing secret in the character of the society. Its badge of membership is a gold key composed of the two letters Sigma and Xi superimposed one upon the other. One half of the members to be elected during the latter part of Junior year, the remainder during Senior year. The following are the founders of the chapter at Union: From the faculty, Professors Brown, Truax and Wright. From the senior class, Buel, Cameron, Dewey, Miller, Pepper, Phillips, Vrooman. Since organization there have been elected from the faculty: Professors Perkins and Wells, and from the Junior class, Scofield and Barrally.

THE Business Manager has presented each of the Senior Editors and himself with a beautiful gold-headed ebony cane purchased with the profits from this paper during the year. The Editor-in-Chief and Senior Literary Editor desire to express their appreciation of Mr. McMillen's able and faithful business management. To those who have read the *Concordiensis* and given it their support, we all join to tender thanks, and assure them that an able and efficient board will have charge of the paper next year. It will be composed as follows:

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Class Day Exercises.

THE Grove Exercises were held in Jackson's garden, Tuesday 21st. The sky was cloudless and the garden with its rich varieties of flowers and shrubs beneath the old elms was at its best. Complete arrangements had been made by the committee, and at 2:30, under the elm that has become historic, the class of '87 lay carelessly, their friends occupied seats provided for the occasion, while Doring's orchestra poured forth joyful strains. The class sung "Co-co-che-lunk," after which the President, C. B. McMurray, introduced the Pipe Orator, Mr. E. W. Miller. While Mr. Miller was speaking pipes and tobacco were distributed and the vanishing smoke was supposed to be a fit emblem of any animosities then to be dispelled. After the "Terrace Song" by the class, Mr. M. C. Howe read the Ivy Poem and was followed by F. X. Ransdell who delivered the Ivy Oration. The song "There is a Tavern in the Town" ended the programme, and the class adjourned to Memorial Hall to plant the Ivy.

In the evening the M. E. church was filled at an early hour; and at 7:30 the sweet notes of Doring's orchestra told the audience of the delights before them. The exercises showed much more care in preparation than those of the afternoon. The Oration and Prophecy were of special merit. The programme was as follows:

President's Address, C. B. McMurray; Oration, E. M. Hawkes; Poem, A. E. Phillips; History, C. A. Marvin; Address, A. L. Bennett; Prophecy, N. J. Gulick. Though A. E. Phillips is the class poet, he composed only part of it; he being called from the city, it was finished and read by H. McMillen.

The Class Day committee were E. W. Miller, W. A. Jaycox and K. C. Radliff.

Alumni Day.

THE past week is memorable in the history of Union. During the year, Mr. W. P. Landon has been devoting all his time to awakening an interest in Alumni by bringing before them the needs of the college. Due to Mr. Landon's work it has long been expected that the Alumni meeting would be of unusual interest and on Tuesday was realized all that had been anticipated. The college chapel was crowded with enthusiastic Alumni from all parts of the country, the Western Alumni Association having a large representation.

The meeting was called to order at 11:30, Mr. J. A. DeRemer being elected chairman and John L. Swits secretary. In a few minutes, however, Mr. DeRemer was elected a permanent trustee and his place as chairman was taken by Mr. A. J. Thomson.

The Hon. Warner Miller was elected Alumni trustee in place of D. C. Robinson, of Elmira.

The Rev. Dr. Wortman and Dr. Furbeck appeared as a committee from the board of permanent trustees and announced that Hon. Platt Potter, Joseph Fuller, Gen. Fred. Townsend and Rev. Dr. Reese had resigned their positions as trustees and that in their places had been elected John A. DeRemer, of Schenectady; Wm. H. King, of Chicago; Clark Brooks, of New York, and Lemon Thomson, of Albany.

Soon after 1:30 o'clock the Alumni went to Memorial hall and there partook of a splendid collation prepared by Clark, of Albany. The great improvement in this important feature of the day over what it was in past years was fully appreciated. The Rev. Dr. Edwin W. Rice, '54, of Philadelphia, Pa., presided and acted as toastmaster, and a blessing was asked by the Rev. Andrew V. V. Raymond, of Albany.

At 2:30 o'clock, Dr. Rice rapped to order and after the glee club had sung the "Song to Old Union," Mr. William P. Landon was called on to say something concerning the Alumni. Mr. Landon said that it was only of late that the Alumni have known the college is in need of money. "The college is weak," continued Mr. Landon "but her case is by no means hopeless. She has struck bottom and is convalescing.

At the close of his address Mr. Landon was heartily applauded, and then President Landon was called on. He said: "I said a year ago that the college had passed its lowest ebb and that henceforth it would rise, and that sometime the college would be rich. The experience of a year has confirmed me in this belief. During the three years of my administration, Union college has passed through its dark days. The college has a great deal of property at Huuter's Point. Part of it is improved. It is burdened by a debt and taxation that exceeds \$300,000. The improved property suffers from that incumbrance and yet is worth a great deal more than that sum. Our unincumbered property there consists of 1,400 vacant lots. We have to pay taxes on that, the interest on our debts and support our establishment here. Now the property at Hunters Point was enveloped in a trust and we have extricated it. We have not sold the property yet because the market has not been right. But I believe that Dr. Nott's prediction of 30 years ago is about to be realized. The time is coming when New Yorkers will want this property. We don't want to sell these lots, and yet we can't hold them unless a system of improvement is carried out, and this system has been begun. We want to build and we can make Hunters Point the city of the poor.

Speeches were also made by the Hon. Warner Miller, Judge Bennett of Chicago and Mr. Cady, of Dubuque, Iowa. Mr. Miller said he would do all he could for the college. He was heartily applauded.

Mr. Lemon Thomson, the recently elected trustee from Albany, offered to give \$5,000 toward \$100,000. Then it was decided that a committee of five, with the Hon. Warner Miller at the head, should be appointed to endeavor to raise the money the college needs. Adjournment was taken and the trustees went back to their meeting.

Upon the reassembling of the trustees, Judge Landon presented his resignation of the presidency and suggested that his place be taken by Professor Whitehorne.

The following resolution was adopted by the board of trustees after Judge Landon had decided to resign:

Resolved, Approving the administration of President Landon, we request him to withdraw his resignation, and trust that the early election of a permanent president will shortly relieve him of the burdens of his office.

Judge Landon thereupon acceded to the request of the board.

Clark Brooks, of New York, was chosen secretary of the board of trustees.

Mr. Arthur S. Wright, was made assistant professor of Modern Languages.

PRIZE SPEAKING.

Tuesday evening was given to oratorical contests. The many orations showed hard study and careful preparation. Not one who did not acquit himself with credit. The sophomore contestants were E. T. Carroll, subject, "The Moral Influence of Wealth;" J. H. Hanson, "A Retrograde Course;" M. Nolan, Jr., "A Student's Duty To-day;" Max. M. Smith, "Nature's Teachings."

The junior contestants were C. W. Blessing, subject, "Independent Thinkers;" P. H.

Cole, "Encouragement—False and True;" J. E. Winne, "Theoretical versus Practical Men."

The contestants for the Veeder prize for extemporaneous speaking, open to all classes, had studied on the general subject Monopolies. Prof. Truax announced between the sophomore and junior speaking that the special subject was "Is National Development Impossible without the Creation of Monopoly." The contestants were in following order: I. P. Johnson, '87; F. X. Ransdell, '87; A. R. Conover, '89; W. A. Jaycox, '87; N. J. Gulick, '87; H. C. Mandeville, '88; J. E. Winne, '88; and J. C. Knox, '90.

Commencement.

COMMENCEMENT, always an important event to one class, has this year been interesting to many classes, and is worthy of being the ninetieth. Many Alumni of different parts of the country returned to their Alma Mater to renew old and cherished recollections, and, it is hoped, to renew the institution itself.

At ten o'clock the visiting Alumni, the Faculty, the graduates and the under graduates formed a procession and marched from the M. E. church parlor around to the main entrance. After music by Doring's orchestra the audience sang the 117th Psalm. Prayer was then offered by the Rev. Dr. Backus. The orators and their subjects were as follows:

"The Puritans," Charles Hamilton Ashton.

"Individuality in Society," Alden Lewis Bennett.

"The Cave and the Shadows," George Warren Furbeck.

"Dante's Divine Comedy," Mather Craine Howe.

"Scientific Zealots," Irving Peake Johnson

"Political Justice," Charles Arthur Marvin.

"Existence versus Life," Edward Waite Miller.

"Character a Slow Growth," Albert Henry Pepper.

* "The European Outlook," Dow Vroman.

Valedictory—"True Loyalty," John Charles Van Voast.

The orations were meritorious and argued well for the work the college is now doing, and especially of Prof. Truax's department.

The chancellor's address by Hon. Richard L. Hand, '58 was received with deep interest. Following the chancellor's address was music. The candidates for the degree of A. B. and C. E. went upon the stage and Professor Whitehorne made a short address in Latin, then presented John C. Van Voast with a diploma, thus making Mr. Van Voast the representative of the class.

The following honorary degrees were conferred: LL. D., Professor Henry Whitehorne, dean of the faculty of Union college; Levi C. Lane, '51, president Cooper Medical college, San Francisco, Cal.; the Hon. Richard L. Hand, '58, Elizabethtown, N. Y.; D. D., the Rev. Thomas Fraser, '42, professor Systematic Theology, San Francisco, Cal., the Rev. A. V. V. Raymond, '75, Albany. Ph. D. Professor O. P. Steves, '62, principal State Normal School, Trenton, N. J.; Professor Samuel B. Howe, Schenectady. A. B., F. Burdett Warring, Poughkeepsie.

The prizes were awarded as follows:

The Warner silver cup for high moral standing, was presented by Dr. Whitehorne to John C. Van Voast.

The Ingham prize to I. P. Johnson.

The Allan Essay prizes, as follows: first, E. W. Miller; second, F. X. Ransdell; third, Irving P. Johnson.

The Clark Essay Prizes, as follows: first, Mr. P. H. Cole; second, Mr. H. C. Mandeville.

*Excused

The Eleanor Vedder prizes, first, for excellence in the study of the Philippics of Demosthenes and a historical essay on the times in which he lived, to P. H. Cole; and second, excellence in advanced electricity, to K. C. Radliff.

The first Junior Oratorical prize, to P. H. Cole, the second, to J. E. Winne; the first Sophomore Oratorical prize to M. Nolan Jr., the second, to E. T. Carroll.

Special honors, I. P. Johnson, for excellence in Mental and Moral Philosophy; E. M. Cameron, in English; and K. C. Radliff in Physics.

The Military prizes, awarded by Lieut. Benham, first to H. T. Mosher, second, to Clarence Johnson.

The Blatchford Oratorical medals, first to A. L. Bennett, second to G. W. Furbeck.

President Landon referred feelingly to the death of Professor Pearson. Benediction was pronounced by the Rev. Dr. Wortman, and commencement exercises were at an end.

LOCAL.

Seven men have registered for the class of '91.

The class of '87 graduated 28 men, E. W. Courtright of '86 included.

Prof. Wells gave the Seniors a pleasant reception on the evening of May 27th.

The class of '77 had a re-union in Powers Memorial hall at which a large attendance was present. Mr. F. A. DePuy was elected president for the next decade.

The literary exercises of the Adelphic society occurred in the First Baptist church, Tuesday evening, June 14. The oration was delivered by Lewis A. Case, '78. W. A. Jaycox, '87 was valedictorian and H. C. Mandeville of '88 was respondent.

Nothing pleased the students so much as to see our beloved dean receive the degree of LL. D.

The professor of Psychology and Ethics has spent considerable time in New York studying the beautiful and pondering man's matrimonial obligations to the state. Having gathered sufficient data before him, he has decided that there are conditions under which the "tangling alliances," in accordance with reason and free will, are preferable to mere "amicable relations."

The base ball season of '89 proved disastrous to the Union nine, as far as the state college championship was concerned. We won but two games of the series as follows: at Hamilton, May 18, 13 to 11, and Rochester on our campus, June 4, 12 to 10. Our defeats were: at Hobart, May 17, 15 to 2; at Syracuse, May 19, 18 to 6; at Rochester May 20, 19 to 2; at home, May 21, with Hobart 24 to 11; with Hamilton, May 30, 9 to 8.

The reception given by Judge and Mrs. Landon the evening of Commencement Day, was a most enjoyable gathering. The cordial welcome of the hosts gave happiness to all. It was largely attended. After the reception, came the ball at the State Armory. It was tastefully decorated, and the many beaming faces and beautifully dressed ladies made it a most pleasing sight to the looker-on. While those who participated in the light-tripping-pleasure will long remember it as a brilliant affair. The attendance was very large. Music was by Doring and refreshments by Clark. The Commencement of eighty-seven was a success in every way, and the class feel justly proud of it, and heartily thank the faculty, the college officials, alumni and friends for the efficient aid received.

The Alumni Endowment.

In pursuance of the Resolution of the Alumni of Union college Hon. Warner Miller, Hon. John J. Bennett, Rev. E. W. Rice, D. D., Hon. John A. DeRemer and Dr. Stimson, were appointed upon the committee, Senator Miller being chairman.

The committee completed their organization, on Monday the 27th. They appointed the remaining members of the committee, the appointees being from all classes and sections of the United States and consists of one hundred members. A form of notification of the members appointed was adopted, and Judge Bennett was appointed to formulate a draft of a fuller statement to them and the Alumni.

The Alumni will be appealed to to raise a permanent endowment fund of \$300,000 which is to be used solely to pay salaries and other current expenses. The statement will show that all the property at Schenectady remaining substantially as they were thirty years ago, are unencumbered and worth \$650,000, but yield no income; and that the Hunter's Point property can not and ought not to be relied upon for the support of the college further than as a security for the trust funds which are secured upon it. When progress warrants it, the committee of 100 will be convened, and the final report will be made to the Alumni at next commencement. The movement is well organized and if pushed with energy will yield the amount contemplated.

Personal.

✓87—Mr. James A. Long came to Commencement to witness the graduation of his class. His classmates are glad to learn of his success in his profession, that of law.

—John Burr, also was here. He is now engaged in business in Brooklyn.

✓ A. E. Phillips, has accepted the call to the professorship of C. E. in Purdue Univ. Ind.

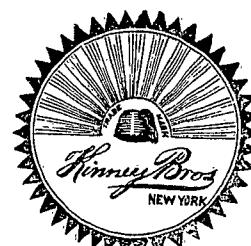
Necrology.

✓ PROF. JONATHAN PEARSON, died June 20, 1887 at his residence, No. 189 Union street. His health had been poor for several months. Professor Pearson was born in 1813, in Chichester, N. H. When 18 years of age he came to Schenectady. He entered Union in 1832 and was graduated with honor in 1835. The year following he was appointed tutor, and in 1839 he was made assistant professor of Chemistry and Natural Philosophy. In 1849 he was elected professor of Natural History, and in 1873 he was transferred to the department of Agriculture and Botany. In 1854 he was chosen Treasurer of the College and held the office until a few years ago. For many years he had charge of arranging the General Catalogue of the College. Caleb Pearson the father of Professor Pearson served in the Revolutionary War. He also held the office of Librarian. Prof. Pearson severed his active connection with the faculty about six years ago and resigned the treasuryship four years ago.

Professor Pearson was a descendant of Caleb Pearson, an English carpenter who settled in the town of Rowley, Essex county, Mass., in 1643, and became the first manufacturer of cloth in the infant colony. His descent can be traced through seven generations. His father removed to Schenectady in 1831. His death was caused by a stroke of paralysis of long standing.

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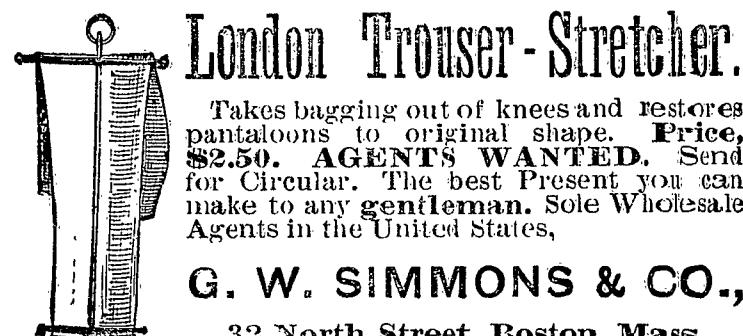
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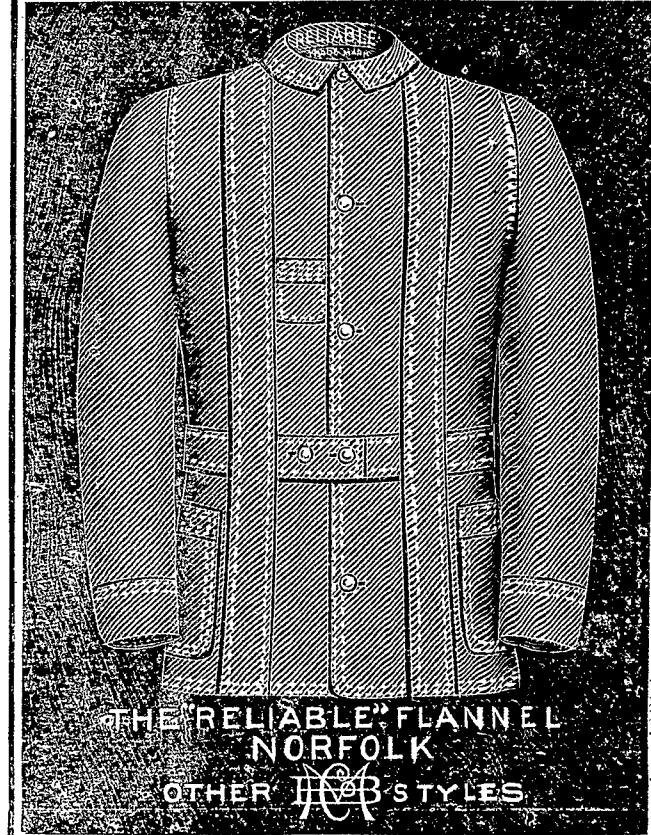
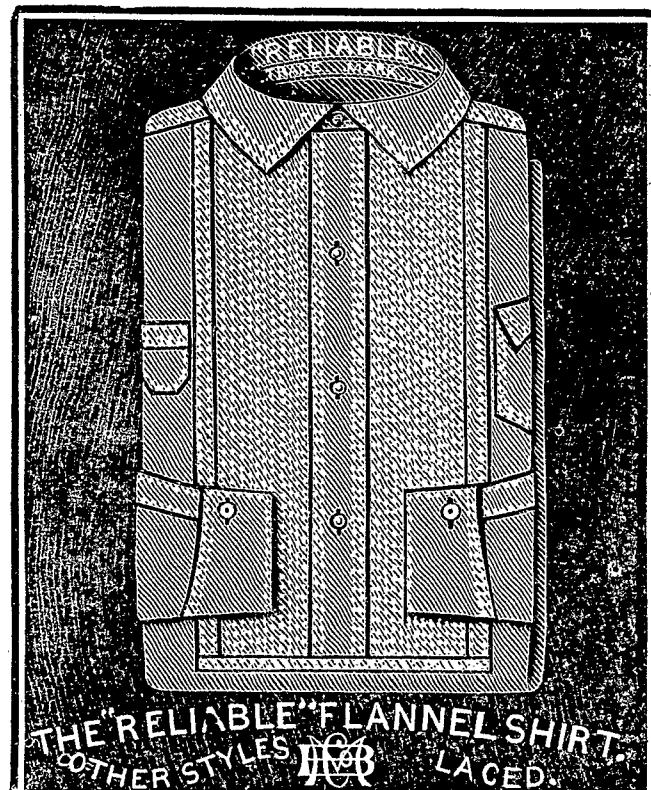
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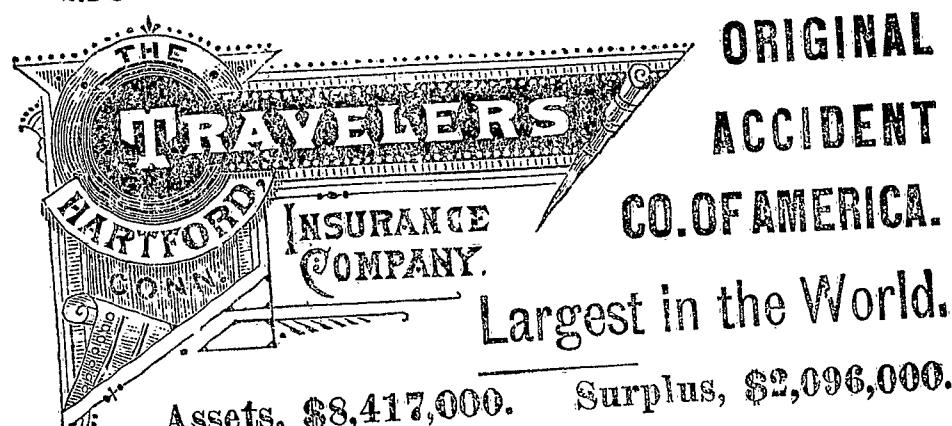
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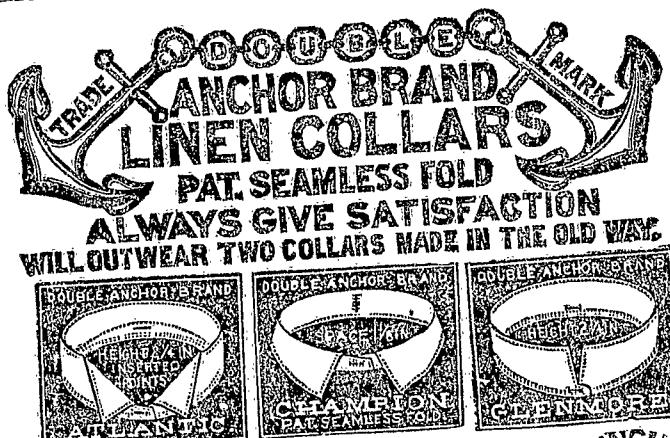
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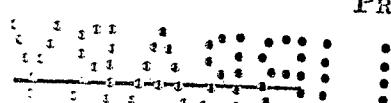
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