

THE CONCORDIENSIS.

VOL. III.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y., JANUARY, 1880.

No. 4.

THE CONCORDIENSIS.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGIATE YEAR
BY THE STUDENTS OF
UNION UNIVERSITY.

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TERMS:

One Dollar per Year, in advance. Single copies, Ten Cents.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Square, per issue, - - - - -	\$1 00
" " year, - - - - -	7 00
Business Notice, per issue, - - - - -	75
" " " year, - - - - -	5 00
Half page, per year, - - - - -	25 00
Quarter page, per year, - - - - -	15 00

Address,

THE CONCORDIENSIS,
Box 481, Schenectady, N. Y.

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LITERARY.

THE WATCHER.

Midnight is past; broad silence falls
O'er campus and o'er college walls.
The neighb'ring town in slumber dreams;
But still from many a window gleams,
Here on the hill, the ray that tells
Where yet the wakeful student dwells,
O'er pages touched with less of light,
The deeper wears the weary night.

Profoundly dark is all without these walls,
The black horizon seems approached so near
The outstretched arm might reach it; overhead,
A double darkness rests; not one small star
Casts from the heav'ns its silent, loving glance;
Shut from the world and shut from Heav'n, we seem
Cut off from man, cut off from God—alone.
But now the banded shadows break apart,
And, gaining form and life, appears o'erhead
A holy face—a face in which shine out
The blended virtues of all mother-hearts.
The eye is full of tender sympathy,
That conjures quickly up those vanished days,
When oft an eye like that beguiled the griefs
Of checkered infancy; those magic lips
Are like the lips that parted oft in smiles
To see the antics of the joyous child.
And yet an inwrought sadness lingers there,
As if those eyes had dimmed with floods of tears,
Because Death's hand did pluck some little flow'r
That filled them once with soft and blushing light;
And over all there rests so true a look
Of fondest yearning none can see that face
And not remember, chance not long ago,
He saw some mother watching for her child,
And though her heart, with hope deferred, was sick
She braved all doubts and fears and ever watched.
All hope, all fear, all joy, all sorrow meet
In that one face and mingle deep with love.
The lips are parted; clearly falls a voice:—

"O men, with passions fierce, ambitions wild,
And eyes fixed on a goal beyond that gulf
Which passed exiles you from the Land of Peace—
List to the voice of one whose watch has been
Beside the couch of death since Man was born:
Mine eyes are haunted with the constant sight
Of Death; mine ears are sickened with the gasps
Of parting souls; my days and nights are merged
In one long grievous watch o'er dying Man—
And this has made me wise beyond myself.

That creature born with Self its only God
Is born to die—to lose all sensuous shape
Of being; doomed to fall again to dust,
Unworthy higher place; that creature finds
The most of Death which most for Self exists;
And in the measure Self becomes its God,
In that same measure Death o'errules its life;
So men receive their judgement at the last.
What is Man's life? A gust of summer wind!
An echo in the night that faint and far
Fails e'en to rouse the scarcely sleeping babe!
Scarce born ere dead, and yet, O men! ye toil,
A time, to build grand palaces, as if
Your hours were years, your years were centuries;
Then, shortly, at the upraised hand of Death,
Go forward in the darkness lost to sight
Of earthly eye forever; but ye reap
That which ye sow; hence if ye sow to Self,
The harvest like your fleeting selves shall be.
But if ye sow the golden seeds of Love—
Kind deeds tow'rd fellow-men—your harvest fields
Shall ripen 'neath a sun that never sets
Celestial grain, your strength forevermore;
For Love alone, of all that mortals know,
Shall never pass away; its precious coin
Is current in Eternity; the soul,
Shod but with Love, can cross the bitter stream
Of Death, nor taste its waters; yet too weak
Are human minds to grasp the simple truth.
Time, like a steed with swiftest lightning shod,
Bears Man from birth to death; the infant eye
Scarce opens ere its palsied lids are closed
Forever. Thus, except for happy chance,
Oft mighty truths remain unseen of men,
That seen and understood, perchance, had changed
The lives of mortals into better things.

My watch has been with thee, O struggling man!
I've marked thy trials, seen thy joys, thy griefs,
And known thee at thy best and at thy worst;
Thy noblest, wisest, are but very babes
In virtue and in wisdom. But the day
Approaches of a deeper, truer life
For all the earth; the task shall soon be learned

That countless centuries have tried to teach;
And men shall know at last that when they strike
A brother man in rage, they strike their God
And bring upon themselves the centred wrath
Of all the angered universe; but when
They take a brother's hand in helping love,
They do that thing at which the Heavens bow
And shake from trees of Paradise the fruit
That tasted, fills the soul with deathless peace."

ZOR, '83.

WE MET BY CHANCE.

Many of our students must have noticed that fine old gentleman strolling about the college grounds for a long time on Thanksgiving Day. Everything about him looked so strong and complacent that no wonder several reports were circulated as to his position, that he was the ex-president of—— college, that he was one of our revered poets, that he was that noble American sculptor from the neighboring city of A——. But this last surmise was contradicted by some who had visited the sculptor's studio, and who said there was, indeed, a striking resemblance in the massive but athletic frame, pure complexion, snowy beard and life-problem-solved expression of them both, but that our visitor was at least ten years the artist's senior.

I think I was the only one who had the honor of conversing with this gentleman while he lingered among us. I had wandered back a long distance from the dormitories and stood on the upper side of the farthest bridge, watching the brook exult over the sullen discomfiture of the early snow-fall. My thoughts had started from the remark a companion had made to me on the same spot that he would some day have such a brook bounding through his own grounds, and had run on thence I do not know how long. I was living in the future, when a hand was laid upon my shoulder. But the touch was so eloquent that I understood it, and did not look up until the spell, which had held me,

gradually broke itself. Then I turned and found the old gentleman gazing into the stream as dreamily as I had gazed. When I moved, his head slowly rose, he left off leaning on the bridge, and presently took his eyes from the water and fixed them on me. For all that the look was so dreamy I knew it searched me through and through. Beneath this passing cloud of disposition was something in him which would have fallen off from me if I had not been honest. Perhaps I was under partial magnetic control. I had no desire to check his gaze. I remember only a phase of delicious frankness. He raised his hand from my shoulder and passing it within my arm, drew me along the path through the grove with the same recondite affectionateness which I now remember to have felt from the first. Returning by degrees from reverie to reflection, from reflection to conscious observation, he came at length to relate substantially the following story. I can account for such confidence only by supposing that he detected and understood the intense sympathy with which I listened to him.

"Just fifty years ago I stood where you stand. I was a Sophomore in U—College. But that was before yonder buildings were erected. This hill I remember as a favorite walk, and as the scene of a duel I happened to witness between two Virginians. The college, in my day, was what your old professors now call West College. Beside it and close under my window flowed the great Erie canal, and where the city school-children now romp and shout the dignified academic used leisurely to pace up and down, back and forth.

"I was a country boy, fresh from a farm. My father before me had studied Latin and Greek, and my mother, also, was educated. But their attention had been directed much more to giving us children strong thoughts and deep morals, than to cultivating super-

ficial manners. I am no longer surprised or indignant that, therefore, my society was not courted by fashionable collegians. My consequent mortification did not, however, long prevent me from observing that mixed with much affectation they had many qualities worthy of my emulation, and I resolved to be as fine a gentleman as any of them.

"Meanwhile I was cut off from society which now I began to desire. In my case, it was the absence of Eve that made me pluck from the tree of knowledge. I read eagerly, as few of you do now, 'Cicero, and Epictetus, and Plutarch, and Polybius'—'truth, eloquence, courage, constancy.' I travelled far in the pale realms of reason, even to the temple of pure religion, and dwelt long in the summer-land of song. I philosophized upon the development of civilization, and discovered how the arbitrary claims of good society come to have binding force, and that it justly exacts a refinement in etiquette out of all proportion to the amount of thought it expends on other subjects. Many a night I would carry on these thoughts leaning out of my window over the canal. It was right pretty to watch the oncoming and receding boats, meeting or passing one another, and turning out of sight. Sometimes a packet would come dashing along, and when the passengers heard the students singing under the trees, and saw the many-lighted halls, they would have the galloping horses held up that they might float silently along until the headway of the boat had borne them out of hearing.

"About my only acquaintance was with people who passed on the boats. I might indeed have had a room on the opposite side of the college overlooking the street; where lived certain favored young ladies,—favored both by frequent but unsatisfactory communication with young gentlemen across the way, and curiously enough by an unusual number of young-lady callers. I might have

engaged in this harmless flirtation, but I preferred more distant relations such as I held with the passengers over the great waterway. It was among these, I first saw a full-blown, beautiful woman. She was standing upon the deck of a westward bound packet, probably two or three and twenty, large and queenly. Her full glance caught mine, hung for a moment, while the rich color heightened on her cheek, and then fell. Afterwards I thought of her many times and wondered if she were not going to join her betrothed in the wilderness of western New York.

"Another day at sunset a boat passed gaily by, and standing in the stair case at the stern was a slight young lady with a face intensely alive in every feature. As she rejoiced in the glory of the scene her happiness was so evident I could not but smile in sympathy. She recognized my mood without being offended, and when I tossed down a rose, gleefully clapped her little hands while it was falling, caught it and pinned it on her bosom. Ah! those were happy days in college, too quickly ended. If I were at home my wife perhaps would show you the same rose faded. She might even tell you its history. If her failing strength permitted, for we are growing old, my wife could teach you probably as much philosophy as any of your professors. She has been my imagination; and her intuitions are well-nigh infallible.

"Incidents like these and others more commonplace—that is with commoner people, but perhaps such passages with common people are the most romantic—showed me I had the same nature with thousands of my fellow beings, and I might some day taste that most intoxicating pleasure, power over human souls.

"But college days did end, and I sought my fortune elsewhere. Long before I left college the ambition I had felt to be a gentleman had been satisfied and lost in other ambitions outside of myself. I went forth

to work for others and upon others, to engage in that transcendent battle where soul leaps up and grapples soul, to embark in a business where we handle not goods nor bills, but human hopes, and loves, and destinies. This—this is life! I have succeeded, for I have been true to myself. I have not meddled with any man's individuality, nor have I agitated any heart for my own pleasure or reputation. Yet when I go home, I shall find a city-full who love me and follow my lead. I have come back to this spot to spend my Thanksgiving day, because here I received the influx of those forces which have since operated to my own happiness and my brothers'. Young man," he said, and I shall never forget the lingering sweetness of that tone, "my heart has cleaved to yours this afternoon. I believe your life will be like mine."

We had drifted down-town and I left my venerable friend at his hotel. He departed the same night, having invited me to his home. I shall go soon to visit him for my desire to know his wonderful wife is hardly less than to meet himself. But whether I see him again or not I shall remember him as the noblest man I have ever met.

E. P. W.

INCIPIENT PROFANITY.

In choosing a subject on which to write we usually take something which is of great interest to us. This is natural, for it is universally believed that "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Now the subject I have chosen, though lying very near my heart, will in all probability not be a popular one. Questions that deal with the shortcomings or bad habits of society seldom are popular, but shall they be overlooked on that account? Shall the gaping wound remain open because of the pain which the stitches necessary to sew it up will cause? Shall the patient remain sick

because the medicine is bitter? Or shall we blame the physician for forcing upon us the nauseating compound? Rather should we as sensible beings, bravely bear the prickings of the needle that the wound may be healed, manfully shut our eyes to the fact that the medicine is bitter, and thank the physician for causing us to take against our will, that which he sees is necessary to our well being.

I think it is a fact which no one will deny, that next to the sense of sight that of hearing is the most prized. In the human race this sense is so delicate, and responds so accurately so the vibrations that affect it, that nothing is better calculated to communicate pleasurable emotions to the soul. And yet how often we could wish we had no ears! We can shut our eyes to a sight that would be painful to us, we can forbear to touch that which would burn or otherwise wound us, but close our ears to that which cuts us to the quick we can not.

In speaking in this way I have no reference to the pain inflicted by the cries of a fellow-being in anguish, for this only stimulates us to find out and provide means to allay the suffering; or to that caused by some one next door learning to play a flute or violin, for in this case we see a laudable desire to know how to play, and we put up with the harsh discords now, because we know that it may one day be in the power of this same performer to charm us by the sweetness of his melody. But I speak of the pain inflicted upon persons of refined and delicate dispositions by the improper, vulgar, or wicked expressions with which the men of our day are only too apt to interlard their conversation, especially on some sudden irritation. If this were confined to the lower classes it would be bad enough, but when it is so common in what is known as good society it calls loudly for reform. How often must the sensitive and pure minded woman,

if she performs any active part in life, be disgusted, sickened, by the words and expressions, which she is daily and hourly called upon to hear! And though many men do know enough to restrain themselves when in the presence of ladies, they seem to think that they are free to use any language they will when out of the reach of feminine ears. Is this to be a gentleman? May not a word unfit for the ears of woman disgust a man? Have the angels no interest in the conversation of mortals? or is the Great Omnipresent so far away that an impure word does not catch his ear and cause a look of loving sorrow on his face?

In a book which is rather out of date and unpopular in modern society we are told: "Let your communications be yea, yea, and nay, nay, for whatsoever is more than this cometh of evil." Now though we may never expect that conversation will ever be characterized by any such laconic brevity as this, yet still I think we may learn from it that unnecessary adjectives, though perhaps in no respect wrong in themselves, may lead to profanity.

We judge a man by his conversation. How many times have men before high in our respect fallen in our estimation by using some single vulgar word! How many times have we been disgusted by streams of profanity heard in the street, and yet did we ever consider that that differs from the words we use so freely only in degree, not in kind? Let us then be careful of our language. We know not to what it may lead us. Let us consider it a duty we owe each other to abstain from all such expressions as may offend the most sensitive ear. Let us think of the influence we exercise over others, younger or in humbler positions than ourselves. We can no more cease to exert influence upon those around us than we can escape from our shadow; and as the brighter the sunlight the more clearly will the shadow be defined,

so the more we walk in the sunshine of the world's smiles, the more beneficial or the more baneful will be the influence we exert.

Let us then in our youth "take heed to our ways that we offend not with our tongue," for the habit, a slender sapling which we may rend asunder now with ease, may become a giant of the forest, which shall one day hold us in a treacherous embrace from which there shall be no escape; the rippling brook which we can now cross at a bound may become the rushing torrent which shall with resistless force bear us onward to destruction. Let us now so train the sapling that it may, in the summer of our age, form a shelter for our head; and so guide and restrain the babbling brook that when it swells into a flood by the snows and storms of the winter of life it may only the more rapidly and surely bear us onward to the haven of eternal rest.

'80.

THE MAIDEN OF UNAI AND HER TWO LOVERS.*

BY WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS, A. M., AUTHOR
OF "THE MIKADO'S EMPIRE."

Long, long ago, when the people of Unai lived in houses resting on platforms built out in the Ikuta river, there were two lovers who sought the hand of the same maiden. One youth was her neighbor, and named Mubara. The other was one Chinu, from the neighboring province of Idzumi. They were as twins in height, face and figure, and of the same age. Not only did they both come at the same hour of the evening to woo her, but when the maid looked afterward up-

on their gifts, they were the same. Both loved her with the same love.

What availed it, then, that the sweet-maid thought to accept the one who loved the more, for both loved alike? Sick at heart and pining with a divided passion, the maiden would meet them at her cottage-gate, neither accepting the gift of either, nor responding to the affection manifested in ten thousand different ways.

Month after month thus passed away, when at length the parents of the maiden, ashamed of their daughter's unseemly conduct, summoned the two lovers into their presence on the platform of the house in front of which the river flowed. On its current a lone waterfowl was sailing gaily.

"Draw your bows," said the parents, "whoever shall pierce the bird shall have our daughter."

The lovers twain drew bow at the same instant, and forth sped two arrows parallel, and point to point. One struck the head, one the tail of the bird.

The long contest was still undecided. Neither was the better marksman.

Lovesick and heartsick, the maiden uttered a cry and flung herself headlong into the stream. Father and mother cried out in grief, but the two lovers plunged in together to rescue her. One caught her by the hand, the other by the foot, and in the swift current all three perished together.

With many tears and lamentations, the bodies were drawn out of the water and arranged for burial side by side. Into their own native soil were laid the maiden and the lover from her own coast. With him, in a large bamboo case were laid ceremonial garments, hat and silk sash with quiver and long sword. The parents of the stranger youth having laden a junk with Idzumi earth brought it to Unai and laid their son in it, but buried no robes or arms with him. And there between, with a lover on each side, slept the maiden of Unai.

* The original of this very ancient Japanese romance, which is founded on facts, may be read in one of the Japanese classics, entitled "Yamato Monogatari," written in the tenth century. Tradition ascribes its authorship to Kuasan, the 41st Mikado, who reigned 985-986 A. D. The story was first translated in full by Mr. Basil Chamberlain, of the British Legation at Tokio. The version here given is from a condensed popular edition of the story, such as are sold for a few cents in Japan.—W. E. G.

Some time afterward a traveler passing the night in the neighborhood of the tomb heard the sound of fighting. Finally, falling asleep, he saw the bloody form of a wounded man who knelt before him and begged the use of his sword, saying he was persecuted by an enemy. Though much frightened the traveler lent him his sword. Awakening soon after he thought it all a dream, but on looking for his sword he found it missing, and the sound of clashing swords and the cries of combatants reached his ear. Soon after the spectre appeared who handed back the sword with thanks, saying he had slain the foe that had oppressed him for many years. He then began the story of his life and hopeless love, how he had been buried in his home-soil, but without robe and arms, while his rival had both; how his enemy with arms had persecuted him; how finally, having refrained from conflict in life, he had with the borrowed sword won victory, and laid his enemy low. "Henceforth," said he, "I shall always watch over your safety." So saying the day beginning already to dawn and the light to break, the shade faded into thin air, and the traveler was alone.

When the morning was fully come, he looked at his sword and found it bloody. Pondering on the strange story he went out and visited the triple tomb and there from the foot of the grave ran a tiny stream of blood.

Centuries have passed away since the maiden of Unai was laid to sleep with her lovers. A thousand times have the pine trees borne their weight of snow, a thousand times have the cherry trees bloomed and drifted their petals to earth. A myriad of moons have waxed and waned, and the generations of the stork and the tortoise number more than ten. The River Ikuta has nearly dried up and passed away, yet still green and flower-fed is the grave of the maiden of Unai. Never a traveler passes by but turns

aside to look. Lovers come from afar to worship here, to pray for true love's union, or to deck anew the triple tomb. Nor do the rustic folk of the country-side cease to grieve, and many a pair of lovers still plight their vows here. The piled-up stones that mark the sacred spot, renewed from generation to generation, will keep alive her memory, until the sailing white clouds shall forever vanish from the sky.

ROCK OF AGES.

- "Rock of ages, cleft for me,"
Thoughtlessly the maiden sung,
Fell the words unconsciously
From her girlish, guileless tongue,
Sang as little children sing;
Fell the words like light leaves down
On the current of the tune—
- "Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."
Felt her soul no need to hide;
Sweet the song as song could be,
And she had no thought beside.
All the words unheedingly
Fell from lips untouched by care,
Dreaming not they each might be
On some other lips a prayer—
- "Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."
- "Rock of ages, cleft for me,"
'Twas a woman sung them now,
Sung them slow and wearily—
Wan hand on her aching brow,
Rose the song as storm-tossed bird
Beats with weary wing the air;
Every note with sorrow stirred,
Every syllable a prayer—
- "Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."
- "Rock of ages, cleft for me,"
Lips grown aged sung the hymn,
Trustingly and tenderly;
Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim—
- "Let me hide myself in thee."
Trembling though the voice and low,
Ran the sweet strain peacefully
Like a river in its flow.
Sung as only they can sing
Who behold the promised rest—

“Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee.”
 “Rock of ages, cleft for me,”
 Sung above a coffin lid;
 Underneath all restfully,
 All life's joy and sorrow hid.
 Never more, O storm-tossed soul,
 Never more from wind and tide,
 Never more from billows roll
 Wilt thou ever need to hide!
 Could the sightless, sunken eyes,
 Closed beneath the soft white hair;
 Could the mute and stiffened lips
 Move again in pleading prayer,
 Still, aye, still the words would be:
 “Let me hide myself in thee.”

—SELECTED.

EDITORIAL.

IT IS REPORTED that we are to have another drill-master this term. And yet, this is not a military school, nor do we think it ever likely to be. No one, we think, has come to Union College with the intention of here learning the science of war. We are a peaceful people. We do not believe in war. The old farmer exactly expresses our opinion in the lines:

“Ez fer war, I call it murder—
 Thar you hev it, plain an' flat;
 I don't want to go no furdur
 Than my Testyment fer that.
 God hez sed so plump and fairly,
 It's ez long ez it is broad,
 An' you've got to git up airly
 Ef you want to take in God.”

Let those who like it, drill. There are many reasons why it should not be made obligatory, and these reasons have frequently appeared in these columns. Many students *can't afford* to purchase uniforms, especially when the quality of the goods is poor and the price is high; neither can they afford to waste their time in marching up and down the campus, when ten minutes exercise in the gymnasium is worth more than a whole hour's drilling. Are we to lose our birth-rights, simply because we are students? Do

we, as soon as we enter college, become subjects of Germany that we should spend four years in the habiliments of war? We would then beg of the “powers that be” to let drill be optional; and if enough volunteers be found to make drill a success, we will gladly call it a grand good thing.

THE poem entitled “Rock of Ages,” and published in another part of this number, has attracted much attention of late. At the request of one of our readers, we publish it in full. If any of our readers can tell us who is its author, and the time of its composition we shall be pleased to receive such communication. If the poem pleases our readers in general as much as it has us it will not be out of place in our columns. We have heard it recited by both Miss Couthoui and Mrs. Scott Siddons, and shall be glad to hear it read well at any time.

THE class of '83 is truly a noble class. Always ready (?) to support any good enterprise. Astonishing as it may seem, yet 'tis true, that a whole third of the class support the CONCORDIENSIS; and it is greatly to their credit that this third comprises all those of slender means. Of course, it is reasonable and right that those students who pay their own way and for want of means hardly know if they shall ever graduate, should stand by the paper; but we do not and cannot expect those of ample means to buy a paper. Yes, we are proud of you, '83. If you only continue in the good work you will some day be very grateful alumni and with lavish hand will supply every want of your dear (?) Alma Mater.

WE CAN'T in any way understand how anybody with even the slightest claim to honesty and consistency can week after week assume such a pious mien in prayer meetings, and then during the week act as if he had never seen or heard of such a place. We re-

fer especially to those men who, taking an active part in the christian work of the college, pony in their classes at every opportunity. This contemptible hypocrisy is truly intolerable. We do not now speak of the wrong of ponying in itself, for every one, no matter what he says, knows and believes it to be wrong; but how can any one, guilty of such gross inconsistencies, be so barefaced as to make such grandiloquent and would-be devout prayers, as we have the pleasure of listening to from time to time. It may be a source of great comfort to these gentlemen to know that their influence is a decided injury to the college, and that many, even of those who do not take an active part, would thank them if they kept their seats, or never showed their heads inside of the door. Let them remember that "acts speak louder than words." We sincerely hope that there will be a thorough reform in this direction. The evil is not a recent but an old one, and has taken deep root. If any one has never stopped to consider this inconsistency in his life, it would be sensible in him to do so very soon. Let the new year usher in a change in this matter. We only ask you, boys, to be consistent. If you make professions, then hold to them; if not, we have nothing more to say.

MUCH is being said at present concerning the lecture-system in American colleges. Wherever this system is adopted, text-books are for the most part done away with and lectures take their place. It is a fact, well known among students, that one never knows how much he can do, until he is hard pressed; and it is quite evident that one's capabilities are never taxed to the utmost in simply listening to lectures. If the end of a college education were the acquirement of knowledge and not principally the training of the mind, a question might perhaps arise concerning the superiority of the two methods,

but as it is, the weakness of the lecture-system is at once manifest. A student at a college where this system of teaching is used speaks of it as follows:

"We go into lectures, if we can't get anyone to answer to our names at roll-call, and sit there like sticks, trying to absorb knowledge and also to keep awake. In some instances, where the professor changes his tone occasionally, we take a few notes, but these are never studied up until the end of the term. And then they are crammed into the head only to be forgotten when examination is over, instead of being worked up into the mind so as to form a vital part of it. And this is not the student's fault entirely, for he cannot get the thread of the subject until several lectures have been given. And there is little incentive to work when one's standing is measured by the final examination which may be easily crammed through or ridden over. Carelessness in lectures begets heedlessness in recitations. Then the whole mind becomes lazy, and careless ways of thinking and acting are the result. Such a result is exactly the opposite of what a college course should do for one. Instead of rousing one to practical, careful, systematic study by which alone one can succeed in life, it leaves one in a lax and flabby state from which no good can come."

By means of the lecture-system the work of both professors and students is greatly simplified. The former from year to year thunders the same lecture at his class, while the latter bargains with the upper-classmen for their old lecture-books. A truly noble system, which bears the aspirant for knowledge, in his delightful ease, on its pinions, and without any great exertion on his part, firmly plants him on the rock of sound learning! O glorious reform! Welcome, welcome to our college halls! All hard work is abolished, and it might almost be said of students at college that

"They scarcely know that labor is the penalty of sin,
E'en as the lilies of the field, they neither toil nor spin."

The steep and weary road to learning, with its discouraging height, its dark precipices, into which those who were too feeble to sustain themselves, fell, the tutors and professors in the by-ways, ready at any moment to destroy the traveller, who, in his laziness, has taken to horse—this desolate road which our forefathers had to climb, now runs along a smooth and lovely plain. On either side refreshing shade-trees adorn the way. Nearly all its travellers may be seen riding along with gladsome hearts and happy smiles, some few are coached. Their faces are not wrinkled by determination, for no care-worn souls are they. Surely the millennium for students has come.

NOW THAT we have again settled down to hard work, we wish to call the attention of the students to the gymnasium. There it stands with room enough for all, inviting you to spend a few minutes in it every day. There is no extra charge, as at other colleges, though it probably is as well furnished as any gymnasium in the country. It would be foolish to plead lack of time as a reason for not attending, for it is evident that with a moderate amount of exercise a man will do more work and in less time than without any exercise whatever.

BY SOME new arrangement the Seniors have readings and criticisms in English Classics, together with essays on subjects assigned, under Prof. Alexander this term. The object of the study is to cultivate a taste for the reading of the best English authors and to stimulate the mind to independent thought. We are glad once more to be under the instruction of the Professor. His talks, his continued good nature, his entire fairness and thorough scholarship, readily win for him the confidence of all with whom he comes in contact. Those who remember

how he made us "toe the mark" in the early part of our course, will now thank him that we *were not* permitted to skim over our work, as alumni have frequently told us they did, under their professors, in years gone by.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[A reasonable space will be devoted to this department, contributions to which are solicited. The Editors are not responsible for any sentiment herein expressed. All contributions must be accompanied by the name of the author, which, however, is not necessarily published.]

Mr. Editor:

It is an understood thing that the class of '80, at least the greater part, intend to have their photographic work done by Mr. Notman, of Albany. And it is to be hoped that a manlier spirit will be exhibited this year than was last. If you will permit me, I would like to call the class' notice to a very important though long neglected part of this work.

In some of our American colleges it has been a custom to present the institutions with albums containing the pictures of every member of the graduating class. Very noticeably has this been the case at Harvard. To some extent it has been the case at Cornell by the classes of '72 and '73, and at Union down to '61.

The album would cost less than twenty dollars, I think, and the additional expense to each member would be so small that I see no reason why '80 should not resurrect the custom. When the thing is done the college has a fine volume added to its library. Will the Seniors consider the matter? C. A. M.

Mr. Editor:

The subjects for the Ingham and Clarke essays were announced to the Senior class late last term. I was rather surprised at the *amount* of information given in connection with them. It consisted of this: Essays are to contain from two thousand, five hundred to five thousand words and are due May 20.

This may be explanation enough for some who are well posted in Union College matters, but for those who are a little slow in getting hold of things or who are new comers here, I think it quite insufficient.

Would it not be advisable to give some information about the donors of these prizes, and as to who constitute the judges of our attempts? Would it be asking too much to have these things with whatever else might aid use in our work given us? C. A. M.

LOCAL.

—Hard at work again.

—Who says drill is optional?

—Have you ever tried Wood Bros.' laundry?

—What is meant by "Autocracy," anyway?

—Who is going into the advanced class in Optics?

—Political economy is taught by Prof. Perkins this term.

—Inquisitive Fresh.: "Will they mark us in drill for not having a uniform?"

—We should very much like to know how many *first scenes* there are in Macbeth.

—We are glad to hear that Darling, '81, and Holla, '83, are coming back this term.

—A Freshman reciting in Geometry begins: "Let A B C D be a *circumcised* polygon."

—Let the Secretary of the Glee Club learn how to spell "laboratory" or quit publishing.

—Prof. Wells addressed the German M. E. Sunday School in German on Christmas night.

—The Freshman in the Latin class who thinks that "Mule" comes from "Mulier," must be a Jack.

—Prof. Wells has an article in the National Repository on "The Woman Question in France."

—Mr. Wallace has gone to the Auburn Theological Seminary, and Mr. Reed has taken charge of the Y. M. C. A.

—Lectures under Dr. Potter, and recitations under Prof. L'Amoreaux; solid work; no "skinning out"; no ponying.

—Someone has offered us the following conundrum: "What can you expect of a man who is forever either a fool or a knave?"

—Which of all the vowels is the happiest? I, because it is always in bliss; while E is in hell and all the rest are in purgatory.—Scissors.

—Some one of the Seniors is evidently committing the "fallacy of many questions" in President Potter's lectures on Moral Philosophy.

—A certain Freshman remarks that he has so far controlled his fear for savages that he, to-day, can look the Indians (Sophomores) in the eye without wincing.

—Freshman whistling at the table—Senior says to him: "Here, Freshie, stop your whistling; haven't you any manners?"

Freshman: "Well, pass up the *hash* then."

—Poor Fresh, preparing for examinations: "Say, boys, what is the first of the nine hills of Rome?"

Eclectic of '79: "Why, Mount Vesuvius, of course."

—Isn't it time for some of our Seniors to invest in dog flesh? It would be too bad if our Professor in Alchemy could not get off his old dog joke on some member of the class of '80.

—A Senior said to a Freshman the other day, "See here, Fresh; they tell me you're a great lunatic."

Indifferent Freshman: "Well—I suppose so—It's natural you know."

—Where is the Freshman who stayed so long Sunday night that "Juliet," becoming sleepy, walked to the window and remarked, "I think we shall have a beautiful sunrise?"

Come, Freshie, is it true? Up, defend yourself!

—We have been informed that in the account of the fall games, published in the November number of the CONCORDIENSIS, a mistake occurred. In the race "go-as-you-please," Mr. I. G. Burnett, who won it, made *eight miles in fifty-six minutes*.

—We regret to state that Tutor Lawrence is not with us this term. He was here just long enough, to have become a universal favorite. Prof. Price take his classes. We are sorry to see so much extra work fall to the lot of the already busy Professor.

—The student who smoked forty-seven cigarettes between Friday night and Monday morning, drank twelve cups of coffee and

fifteen glasses of something else, and then took a bottle of soothing syrup, six pills, three seidlitz powders and half a bottle of pain-killer because he didn't feel well, isn't here this term.

—Two good sayings:

"To become great in any profession, three things are requisite—nature, study and practice."

"The more and the greater life's difficulties are the more honorable it is to carry off the victory."

—"Well, J——, I am glad to see you. What are you doing this winter?"

"Oh, I'm running a shooting gallery."

"*A shooting gallery!* [Amazed] Why, I thought you were teaching."

"So I am, teaching young i—"

"Oh, for heaven's sake, J——, stop."

And he graduated in '79.

—A large Bible in the college library bears the date of Nuremburg, 1478, which makes it 402 years old. It is printed in Latin. Another book in the theological department is over 500 years old—the writings of Cyril, Basil and Chrysostom. We will anticipate some enterprising Freshman by hinting that the latter book was *not* printed.

—Conversation in recitation room. First student, "Say, A——, what did you get in rhetorical exercises last term?"

"Oh, I got ——; I should never have had so much if I had spoken in Chapel."

Second student, "What did *you* get?"

"Why, I got the very same mark, and I shouldn't have had that if I had written more than one essay."

—A Senior having his eyes doctored during the vacation, exercised them until he could converge at an angle of ninety degrees. Does this mean that he can look around a corner, and can it be possible that the Seniors are so afraid of leap-year that they must train their eyes to look around stair cases and street corners? Oh, '80, '80! How we pity them! Two leap years in one college course! The first must have taught them a lesson.

—Rapid strides have been made in the advancement of the "evolution theory." Some one has lately found a primeval boot jack belonging, it is supposed, to the Eocene Tertiary. With great labor and care the discoverer has succeeded in tracing this creature, in its successive development, through the Miocene and Pliocene Tertiary and the Quaternary, and now confidently declares

that he recognizes its descendants in the boot blacks of to-day.

—Lowell (Sigma Phi), Anable (Kappa Alpha), Craig (Alpha Delta Phi), McNulty (Psi Upsilon), and Dixon (Delta Phi) compose the editorial staff of this year's *Garnet*. Work is begun and it is expected that this publication will appear earlier than usual. At the request of the above mentioned gentlemen, we will say that whatever items, likely to prove of interest, may be handed to them will be gratefully received.

—A stereopticon entertainment was given to the First Presbyterian Sunday School, on Friday, Jan. 2d, by Professors Price and Staley. The entertainment was a complete success. The audience made a very pleasant trip (imaginary) up the Rhine, through Paris, London and Edinburgh, and also in this country over the Rocky Mountains. Everywhere the scenes were grand and are not likely to be forgotten. Professors Wells and Staley gave a similar entertainment in the State Street M. E. Church about two weeks before.

THE ALUMNI OF THE NORTH-WEST.

At a meeting, in December last, of the Union College Alumni Association of the North-west, at the office of Hon. Wm. H. King, in Chicago, Ill., the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President, Hon. Wm. H. King, LL. D.; first Vice-President, Hon. Charles B. Lawrence, LL. D.; second Vice-President, Rev. Clinton Locke, D. D.; third Vice-President, Franc B. Wilkie; Secretary, Gideon L. Barber; Treasurer, Israel Holmes.

It was resolved that Section 1 of Article IV of the Constitution be amended so as to read as follows:

The regular annual meeting of this Association shall be held on the second Tuesday of January in each and every year.

A committee of five was appointed to make arrangements for the annual dinner on the second Tuesday of January, 1880, consisting of Hon. Wm. H. King, LL. D., Rev. Clinton Locke, D. D., Franc B. Wilkie, John I. Bennett, and J. Bayard Backus.

On motion the president appointed a committee to draft resolutions expressive of the feelings of the Association in regard to the death of the late Hon. Sidney Breese and Stephen A. Goodwin, which committee consists of Hon. Charles B. Lawrence, LL. D.,

John I. Bennett, Gideon Laning Barber, Charles L. Easton, Henry S. Austin, Francis B. Wilkie and Herbert B. Johnson.

DELTA UPSILON CAMP.

During the past summer some of the boys from the Madison and the Brown chapters of Delta Upsilon camped on a Government island in Lake George. Later the rights of the island were permanently secured and a "Delta Upsilon Camping Association" formed.

The officers of this Association are: Pres., Mark C. Allen, Madison, '79; Vice-Pres., W. G. Partridge, Madison, '78; Secretary and Treasurer, C. E. Hughes, Brown, '81.

The island, which the boys have named "Delta Upsilon Island," is near Bolton, and within a mile of the Alpha Delta Phi camp and several of the most prominent summer resorts. Permanent buildings will probably be put up next summer. The Association is open to the whole Fraternity.

TENTH ANNIVERSARY.

The East Avenue Presbyterian church of this city celebrated its tenth anniversary on Sunday, Jan. 18. Of the fifty churches belonging to the presbytery of Albany, this, with one exception, is the youngest, while of the pastors, none, with one exception, has retained his charge so long. The pastor, Rev. Geo. Alexander ('66), delivered a short address, talking to his congregation, as a friend to his friends, in that quiet, conversational way. He said that he had felt, as every pastor must feel who has long preached in one pulpit that for some in his congregation, he had done all that he could. For ten years they had heard him preach to, and plead with them, and if they were not yet moved to change their course, he could not now move them. They had become so used to his way of thinking and of presenting things, that, as soon as he began his sermon, they could already tell how he was coming out, and could quietly go to sleep, knowing that he would come out all right. He added, that, when he first came there, ten years ago, he was a mere stripling and that there was some hope of making something out of him.

Although Mr. Alexander undoubtedly believes and often feels that on account of familiarity with his mode of thinking there are some hearts which he cannot reach, yet

we believe that no one else thinks so. Every one who knows him knows, too, that he has an almost endless way of presenting things. We only regret that the time is so soon coming, when, on leaving college, we shall be deprived of the privilege of listening to him.

ALUMNI BANQUET IN CHICAGO.

Wherever a number of "Old Union's" boys get together, they are always sure to have a good time. An old war-horse can no more be pacified at the sound of the drum, or an inveterate dancer refrain from beating time at the sawing of a fiddle, than Union boys can help enjoying themselves when they meet. It matters not where or under what circumstances they meet, that magic word, *Union*, immediately dispels all estrangement, and each soul involuntarily cries out, "We are brothers!" Some of these boys in the West have just had a glorious old reunion and dinner at the Grand Pacific Hotel, in Chicago. It seems to us that we can now see the merry twinkle of the eye and feel the hearty shake of the hand, as these brothers once again meet; in order to "revive the olden time." We imagine that for those few hours no worldly cares invaded the sacred realm of their thoughts. On every such occasion scenes of hall and campus, classes and professors, chums and classmates pass before one's imagination like a panorama. Every scene is as vivid as if real. After dinner, the singing of the college song "*Lauriger Horatius*" broke up the formality of the evening. A dispatch was sent to the President and Faculty of Union College, sending greeting and "wishing their Alma Mater another century of prosperity and usefulness." Letters of regret were read from Dr. E. N. Potter, Judge J. S. Landon, of the New York Supreme Court, Judge Platt Potter, Hon. Amasa J. Parker, Jr., Dr. Wm. Wells, and a host of others.

Resolutions were adopted relative to the memory of the late Judge Sidney Breese, of the class of '18, the late Stephen A. Goodwin, '28, Frank Phelps, '54, one of the editors of the *Burlington Hawkeye*, and Thaddeus R. Austin, '63.

Resolutions were brought forward by Mr. F. B. Wilkie, '57, in which a method was suggested enabling the Alumni of the Northwest, who cannot attend the annual commencements, to vote for trustees.

Singing was next in order, and the Alumni

joined in "*Gaudeamus igitur, juvenes dum sumus.*" The "Terrace Song" was also sung. Then came reminiscences of college days, and impromptu speeches by several of the Alumni, which were well appreciated. Thus the jollifications were kept up until midnight when the company dispersed, each one, no doubt, more persuaded than ever that

"Old Union is a jolly home;
We love her still where e'er we roam."

EXCHANGES.

—We send New Year's greeting to all exchanges. Chaos and confusion reign supreme in our sanctum; dust covers the table; with much ransacking a few December exchanges are found. Our resolution is made: We are to have our paper out in the beginning of the month; we are not going to fill our paper with extracts from college magazines, etc.; we are to furnish, not to borrow. For this purpose we invite correspondents to send us communications on all collegiate subjects.

—We do not favor the project of an inter-collegiate press association. We fail to see in what respect our individual interests could be advanced; in what way college magazines and newspapers would be increased in influence by a convention. An association that supplies no real want would in some respects be a drawback to many papers. It would die with the enthusiasm which gave it birth. The colleges, which now have papers, just sustain them, and we think the support of convention would probably have to come from the Alumni. While we oppose the press association, yet we would like to meet our brother editors in a friendly way and have a social chat. College papers can best make their reputation and bring honor to their institutions by representing all the various elements with which they are connected and by maintaining a high literary work.

—The *Rockford Seminary Magazine*, a new monthly, published by the Pierian Union,

comes to us with a request to exchange, which we grant with pleasure. It begins with a fair prospect of success. Its editorials are ably written, and the locals are interesting.

—The *Harvard Advocate* comes to us not burdened with heavy literary matter. The topics chosen are such as interest the students and are treated in a manner at once brilliant, fresh and charming. From the tone of the *Advocate* we would imply that the labor of editors of the *Harvard Echo*, who are at present unknown, could have been employed to a better advantage in assisting the already established papers.

AFTER THE GAME.

A Senior nursing his first mustache,
A Vassar maiden on the "mash."

Quoth he, to chaff her, "I've heard they row,
Play base ball, swim and bend the bow;
But, really now, I'd like to know
If they play foot ball at Vassar?"

He smole a smile that was sharp and keen,
She blushed a blush that was hardly seen
And thought him just a little mean
Thus trying to surpass her.

But she blushed straightway a deeper red,
While the sunlight played on her golden head;
With an artful look in her eye, she said,
Gazing modestly on the ground,—

"'Tis awful rough to tackle and run,
And one's complexion is spoiled by the sun,
But once and awhile, for the sake of the fun,
At Vassar we do touch down."

The Senior nor left, nor fled his place,
But "tackled" her gently about the waist,
She whispered "held," with a winning grace,
And then touched down for safety.

—*Princetonian*.

—The *Southern Collegian* says:

We regret to see a tendency in some of our Northern exchanges to descend to politics. For instance, the *Hamilton Lit.* published one of the most vile and senseless attacks on the South we have ever read. Two or three papers have nominated Grant for a third term, and express themselves in terms appropriate only to extreme partizans. Such an inclination on the part of college editors is truly lamentable, and we do hope that it will

be crushed in its inception. Let college publications supply the needs of the college world, and let outside matters alone. This is the only route to success.

"Descend to politics" is suggestive. Still we think there is much in politics which requires the highest quality of brain and character. But we are somewhat surprised that the *Collegian* uses the phrase, inasmuch as the Southern people, if we are to credit the *Atlanta Constitution*, "descend to politics" and sectionalism more than they rise to literature. It is well known that Mr. Paul H. Hayne, the only distinguished poet of the South, is about to move North because good literature is so little appreciated where he is. But be consistent, Mr. *Collegian*, even in speech. In the sentence in which you employ the terms "vile and senseless" you incorporate the very worst species of political partizanship which you feign to condemn. If, in speaking about "the only route to success," you insinuate that the *Hamilton Lit.* is not a first-class publication we reply that your opinion differs from that of most folks. Talk sense, or else "crush yourself in your inception."

—The fling at Middlebury College and its students by the *University Press* (Madison, Wis.) is as cheap as it is insolent and sacrilegious. If its author knew considerable more and lived a little nearer the center of civilization he would, we venture to believe, cease this sort of writing and learn that Middlebury is a classical college which, for its thorough course of training, deserves and receives the respect of the best educated people.

PERSONAL.

'11. John D. Clute died Nov. 9, 1879, in the 86th year of his age.

'17. Rev. Adiel Sherwood, D. D., died Aug. 18, 1879. We gather the following from *The Central Baptist*: He was born at Fort Edward, Washington Co., N. Y., Oct. 3, 1791. He graduated at Union College and at Andover Theological Seminary.

Soon after his graduation at the latter place he went to Georgia and preached for four years in Liberty Co., and the vicinity. In 1836 he was elected to the professorship of Learned Languages and Biblical Literature in Columbian College, Washington, D. C., and was also appointed general agent of that college. In 1837 Dr. Sherwood returned to Georgia and accepted the professorship of Sacred Literature and Moral Philosophy in Merar University. He was the first president of Shurtleff College, Ga. From 1846 to 1849 Dr. Sherwood was president of the Masonic College at Lexington, Mo. He lived to be nearly eighty years of age, and was a Baptist minister for sixty-eight years.

'30. Rev. J. S. Easton died July 25, 1879, aged 72 years.

'32. Wm. P. Maulsby, a gentleman of high standing, resides at Westminster, Carroll Co., Maryland. He was at one time judge of the Supreme Court of the United States. During the late civil war he was in command of a Maryland regiment which fought on the side of the Union. He is a member of the board of trustees of The Hannah More Academy, a young ladies' seminary in Maryland.

'35. Hon. John Bigelow, editor of *New York Evening Post*, writes an article on "A Visit to the Republic of San Marino" for the February number of *Harper's Magazine*.

'39. Rev. Wm. F. Lockwood is rector of of St. Thomas' (Episcopal) parish in Baltimore Co., Maryland. He is also the principal of St. Thomas' Home School, a school for boys. His P. O. is Owings' Mills. It was a remarkable coincidence by which this gentleman performed, a few years ago, the marriage ceremony of a Mr. Post to a Miss Stump.

'41. Hon. Hamilton Harris recently delivered a lecture at Tweddle Hall, Albany, on "Politics and Literature." His treatment of the subject was very highly commended by the press.

'41. C. Sanford Mead died July 4, 1879, aged 61 years.

'43. Rev. Addison B. Atkins, D. D., is at present in Newark, N. J., without a charge. His last charge was in Yonkers, N. Y.

'48. Rev. Lawrence Low Comfort died during the latter part of July, 1879.

'51. Rev. A. McIntire has opened an academy for young ladies and gentlemen at Riverside, Conn., under very favorable cir-

cumstances. He has also been called to preach in a neighboring chapel.

'54. Frank Phelps, one of the editors of *The Burlington (Iowa) Hawkeye*, died (says an exchange of the *Hawkeye*, Dec. 3, 1879, aged 45 years. He was a son of S. S. Phelps, formerly Senator from Vermont. He was a bright writer, and had, at various times, been on the staff of Cincinnati and Chicago papers. He was a man of learning, spoke several languages fluently, and was somewhat of a poet, writing poetry with sprightliness and tolerable ability. He was a large-hearted, generous man, had a host of friends and was universally esteemed. He also stood high in the Masonic order, having attained to the thirty-second degree. He will be missed by a large circle of friends, while his loss to the *Hawkeye* and journalism at large will be seriously felt.

'55. Col. C. K. Peck, President of the Northwestern Transportation Co., died in Chicago, on Wednesday, Dec. 3, 1879, at the Grand Pacific Hotel. He had arrived there from St. Louis the previous Thursday. He was forty-eight years old, and had been a resident of Keokuk, Iowa, twenty-five years, and his business extended from St. Paul to New Orleans, and from St. Louis to the head of the Missouri, and he was well-known throughout the Northwest. His wife and daughter were with him in his last hours. The *Keokuk, Gate City* says: "Col. Peck was a graduate of Union College, at Schenectady, N. Y., the valedictorian of his class, and a gentleman of fine literary attainments and cultivated tastes and habits. He was of a genial, companionable nature, and his admirable social qualities rendered him extremely popular with all with whom he came in contact. He was also a prominent Mason, and was widely known in Masonic circles."

'68. L. Cornell Strong died at Tarrytown, N. Y., Dec. 17, 1879.

'68. Chas. Warner Howe died in Chicago, July 10, 1879.

'69. John McFadden is a lumber dealer at Santa Anna, Los Angeles Co., California.

'69. Edwin A. Kingsley married a graduate of Vassar College and resides in Syracuse, N. Y., where he is practicing law. He organized the Union College Alumni Association of central New York.

'69. Ezra B. Fancher is the principal of the High School in Seneca Falls, N. Y.

'69. Rev. Edward McKee is the pastor of the U. P. church of Unity, Marshasville, Ohio.

'69. Wm. P. McLaury, president of his class, is practicing medicine in Catskill, N. Y.

'69. A. D. Potts is engaged in farming and mining in Albemarle, N. C. A letter lately written to a friend here contained the following: "I have never met a member of the class except Loomis and Washington since leaving College. 'A rolling stone gathers no moss.' This is the result of ten years experience."

'69. Charles R. Pratt is a lawyer in Elmira, N. Y. He married some time during last April.

'75. Mr. Ballart has returned from Germany and will probably resume his position here as tutor in mathematics.

'75. It gives us pleasure to be able to say that Edward E. Whitehorne, M. D., has concluded to settle in Schenectady. He has established himself in a cosy little office on Union street, just below the bridge.

'79. White, Heatly, Hoyt, Beattie and VanPatten were in the city during holiday vacation.

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

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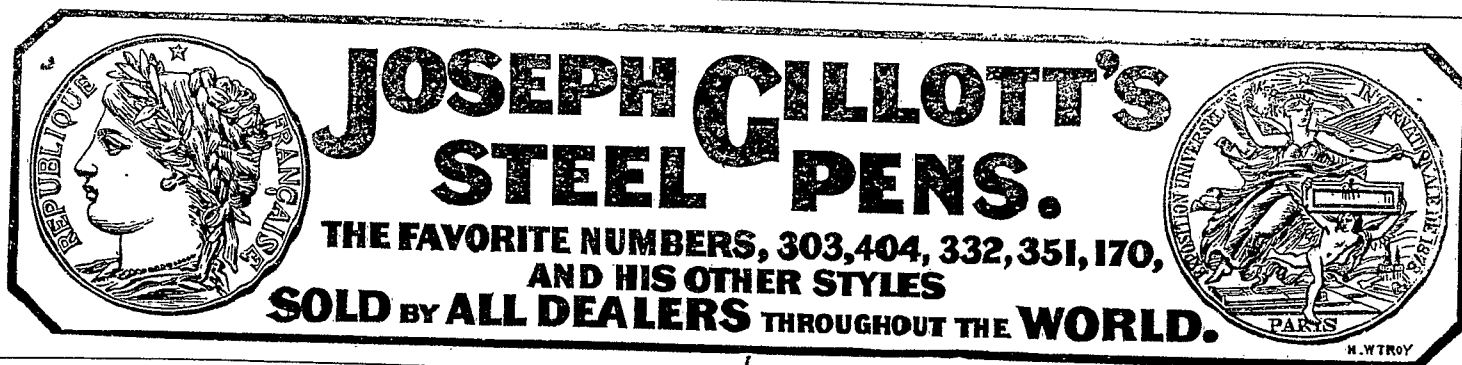
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