

THE CONCORDIENSIS.

VOL. XIV.

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No. 7.

LITERARY.

WHICH LAND IS THE BEST?

When all of the battles are lost and won,
The last word spoken, the argument done,
Which, which is the best land under the sun?

The question is pondered by you and me,
As gayly we're sailing this summer sea,
But as to the answer we disagree.

"O, the very best land," says the German, "is mine!"
And his heart beats quick, and his moist eyes shine,
As he fondly sings, "*Die Wacht am Rhein*."

But the Frenchman jeers at the German's praise,
While a tribute to France you hear him raise,
In the fervent strains of the *Marseillaise*.

At the Frenchman's boasting, the Scotchman cries:
"What land so bonny beneath the skies
As the land where the great Sir Walter lies?"

Then a Muscovite voice is heard declare:
"Were my fellow creatures but wise and fair,
They'd dote, to a man, on the Russian bear."

The Irishman answers, with scornful smile:
"Go over the universe, mile by mile,
And you'll find no land like the Emerald Isle."

The Englishman comments, in accents bland:
"I'm thinking there's only one civilized land,
And Britain's its name, you must understand."

The Yankee rising with deep emotion
Exclaims: "I'm firmly set in the notion
My Eagle's the gem of land or ocean."

So, after the battles are lost and won,
The last word spoken, the argument done,
Which, which is the best land under the sun?

The question is pondered by you and me,
As gayly we're sailing this summer sea,
And, on second thinking, we all agree!

We are not divided, saving in name;
In essence each choice is really the same,
It springs from a common, ineffable flame!

Whatever our race, wherever we roam,
The spot that is dearest to each is home,
The toast drank deepest, is Home, sweet Home!

WM. H. McELROY, Union '60.
From *University Magazine*.

ÆSTHETIC STYLE.

Of all the "gim-cracks" that were ever devised,
Invented, suggested, rehashed, or revised,
By fancy or fashion, to rig out the girls,
Modern "Bangs" "take the cake," whether straight
or in curls.

A few years ago 't was another "contraption,"
That set 'em all crazy and hence was the caption—
'T was a kink in the spine of just forty degrees,
Handed down from the classical ladies of Greece.

The next "thingum-bob" was a regular stunner,
The Texan sombrero, of which, was fore-runner,
But these were as broad as the sidewalk to gutter,
And when worn on the head were "too-utterly-utter."

But right on the heels of this Amazon flat,
Came a cute little "gew-gaw," a mite of a hat,
Of a color to match with complexion and gown,
And which covered one-sixtieth part of the crown.

Just now there's a medley of most every kind,
The "turn-ups before," and the "turn-ups behind;"
Brims broad, and brims narrow, to suit every people,
With crowns either low, or as high as a steeple.

The last "craze" is perched on the top of each shoulder,
Suggestive of "angel-wings" to the beholder—
The outlines of which are so graceful and airy,
Give the wearer a pose and the charm of a fairy.

I am weighed down with grief, and my heart nearly
smothers,
When I think of the fate of our ancient grand-mothers,
Doomed to live without Bangs, Grecian-bends, or a
hat—
That shuts off the view, like the sombrero flat.

Just to think of their horrid "sky-scrapers," instead
Of that fairy-like patch on the top of the head!
Or encasing their arms in a "mutton-leg" sleeve,
Instead of tight kids.—Ah! who would not grieve;

When I think of these glories of which they were de-
prived,
I wonder they ever were half so long-lived,
Or had so much sense, as they seem to have had,
Without knowing Oscar Wild, its "we-ally" too sad!

Æsthetically yours,
PHILANDER SQUIBBS.

TWO LETTERS CONCERNING FITZHUGH LUDLOW

IN a recent issue of this paper there appeared an article by an old alumnus, containing recollections of Fitzhugh Ludlow; this was written in connection with the *fac simile*, which appeared at the same time, of the "Song to Old Union," as it was written by Fitzhugh Ludlow over thirty years ago. We have lately received two letters from old alumni of the college, containing some more facts about his life and habits, and knowing that they will be interesting to our readers we herewith present both of the letters. We will be glad at any time to hear and to print any further interesting information which any one can send us concerning this greatest of Old Union's song-writers. The writer, Union '53, of the first letter says: "I first knew him (Fitzhugh), at Poughkeepsie at 'College Hill' school, where he was preparing for college. He was then about sixteen years old, and was already noted as a 'born genius,' remarkable as a wit, a poet, and a conversationalist. He was at that time of irreproachable character, very pure-souled and high-minded, earnestly religious, and of a blameless life. As a great favorite in society he received a vast amount of flattery, which began even before he went to college to exert rather a bad effect on him. He went first, if I recollect aright, to Princeton College, but did not remain there very long, before he came to Schenectady and entered Union. He was not at all a close student while in college. He was, however, a rather good scholar in the classics, having great aptitude for languages; but mathematics he could not tolerate, they were his 'bete noir.' Toward the latter part of his college course he grew rather dissipated, and indulged somewhat recklessly in experiments with opium and hasheesh. Out of the latter, however, grew his book, which he wrote with great rapidity, notwithstanding its fine qualities of

language and description. He wrote eight large foolscap pages daily, in a room right over the room I occupied in north college, and each day, after the afternoon chapel, he would read them over to some five or six of his companions, to whom they were marvelously interesting. I saw but little and knew but little of Fitz. after he left college. His marriage proved unhappy and short-lived, ending, if I remember aright, in his wife procuring a divorce from him.

I think Fitzhugh, after he left college, continued the use of narcotics and stimulants to a harmful degree, and died a physical wreck at a comparatively early age. Fitzhugh was extremely generous by nature. Everything he had belonged also to his friends — they might borrow, without asking, any of his belongings and he never demurred. On the other hand, what was their's was his. His overcoat, overshoes, *et cetera*, were at the convenience of his friends unasked, so were their's at his convenience. He had no idea of *meum* and *teum*. He was also very generous in his praise — loved to note talent and excellencies of any kind in his friends, and yield them full measure of commendation. Fitz. was, when I first knew him, the brightest and most lovable boy I ever met. Had he gone on as he started he might have achieved almost any eminence in literature as an essayist, and have proven himself also a poet of no mean repute. Flattery, I think, first began to turn his head, and love of pleasure, to which persons of his poetic temperament are too prone to succumb, overmastered the unquestionable power of his genius." Here ends this letter containing these interesting yet sad memories of the brilliant Fitzhugh Ludlow.

I think it would be acceptable to your readers to have a succinct account of Fitzhugh Ludlow's life. His father was a Congregational clergyman, once mobbed in New York City for his activity in the anti-slavery

cause, a good man and beyond the average as a preacher. He was for a long time thereafter the pastor of the First Congregational church in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and in that town Fitzhugh (1837) and his only sister were born.

Fitzhugh's early training was in Bartlett's Academy. He then went to Princeton College, but on the burning of Nassau Hall came to Union as a Junior. At that time, in spite of his undesirable social standing, he was not altogether attractive in appearance, tall, thin, near-sighted, spectaced, odd in dress, and, as one might say, gawky and green. His ways were not as the boy's ways in sport and frolic, but he was very fond of society wherever he found it and so long as he was an undergraduate sought his pleasures in the conversation and the music of his friends. He was always truthful, upright, often indiscreet (like his father before him) and diligent in those studies which interested him. The studies which required some knowledge of mathematics did not interest him, and he barely passed in such studies; as a consequence his standing as a student was generally low.

I do not think that his classmates of 1856 took any special notice of him until his third term Senior, when he wrote the "Terrace Song" and the "Song to Old Union," and even then not a great deal, because he was reckoned such an out of the way sort of a chap.

He had the valedictory in 1865, because of a poem that pleased Dr. Nott. I do not know that this has ever been printed.

After graduation, he obtained a place in a school at Waterville, N. Y. He was not successful as a teacher and resigned his place at the close of the first term. In his naive manner, he said that the reason was that he tried to treat his pupils like ladies and gentlemen. If a girl dropped her handkerchief, he was prompt to pick it up and restore it to the

owner, and the youths did not understand that sort of politeness. So dropping of the handkerchiefs etc., became a steady thing, a sort of amusement for the giddy girls. He then returned to Schenectady and spent the next two terms there, rooming as he could find accommodations among the K. A.'s. He had already made trials of tobacco, and of hasheesh, but had found few converts to the latter. I can recollect some experiences which happened in his Senior year, but now he gave himself up to writing his experiences and visions, and his admirers encouraged him to persevere. He was to be more than a second De Quincey and the profits of the book he was to write would enrich him. Outside of the college he had like encouragements and he assured his friends that Putnam's Monthly, then in its prime, would be glad to have him as a contributor. The Harpers printed his book and gave him ten per cent royalty. It was like a gold mine to his imagination. A thousand copies will be \$100, ten thousand, \$1,000 and who knows where the sale will end? Look at the sale of De Quincey! Alas! I doubt if the first thousand were accounted for.

Nevertheless, he was thereby introduced to the publishers of New York. The Harpers accepted other writings, novelettes, etc., and until his death he earned what money he got from his pen. His most ambitious work was "The Heart of the Continent" a description of what he saw in the far west with the artist, Bierstadt as a companion.

Ludlow married in 1859 a charming woman, but somehow there were chinks within the lute, and she got a divorce and soon after married Bierstadt. I do not know the story. After the divorce, the end was rapid. He published a book on "The Opium Habit," founded on his personal experience. His health was gone, and in the vain hope of regaining it, he visited Switzerland, died there in 1870, and was buried in Geneva.

A more lovable boy I never knew, but for all that he was never admitted to confidences that required discretion, at least by his prudent friends. A more loving boy I never knew, prompt, willing, anxious to render any sort of comfort and sympathy in his power to his friend in affliction or to rejoice with him in exaltation.

I think from what I know of his father, also a lovable man, that both Fitzhugh's faults and his virtues were inherited. The spirit of the father that resisted the mob in New York were exemplified in the son who refused to follow the advice of well-meaning friends. Headstrong, I believe they call it; but surely, no gentler men were ever known to all appearance than the father and son. No sort of insult could have ever forced either into a fight, or, if in, could have made either surrender.

Ludlow's name is very dear to me through many years of close companionship. I was a little his senior in age, but so long as his life lasted we were never estranged in friendship.

One fault omitted, I think he would have lived to have made a great mark among the men of letters of this century.

'56.

THE VALUE OF ORATORICAL CULTURE.

PROBABLY no living lecturer has addressed more college students from the platform than that genial humorist, "Eli Perkins," beneath whose irresistible pleasantry there is generally much solid food for sober thought. Himself a college man (Union, '61), he most delights in talking to college students, and his lectures in college chapels and towns are perennially popular.

In one of Eli's most successful lectures, called "The Philosophy of Wit," he defines oratory as the "brass band accompaniment to a man's thoughts," and ridicules the entire idea of oratorical culture in American colleges.

To any who have listened to Eli's lectures, this seems the hughest joke in his repertory. He himself employs every art of the orator that he is able to command, uses imitative tones, every variety of modulation, facial expression and gesture, and having by these means succeeded in making himself agreeable for the space of two hours, he suddenly declares, to the great surprise of all his auditors, that oratorical aids are not of the least value in the world, that the actors' elaborate studies to secure a just elocution are labor wasted—all is sophomoric—the only thing essential to good speaking, even before the largest audience, is good thought, and quiet, conservative tones and manner.

Eli's arguments and examples are in the end such strong supports of the cause of good oratory and of the best oratorical training that one cannot for a moment suppose them to be seriously used, except in condemnation of false oratory, that is to say, in the very highest praise of the true kind.

He delivers the symbols that make up our alphabet with such modulation and gesture as almost to make them the vehicle of profound sense, and thereby shows how great is power of elocution when it can almost clothe meaningless sounds with thought and feeling.

He speaks his paradox to his dog in cold, intellectual tones, and it produces no effect. He delivers it then with emotional tones of the orator and the beast howls in sympathy. This proves nothing except the range of the influence of emotional utterance and the wisdom of cultivating it.

Eli triumphantly declares that the lover wins his sweetheart, not by proclaiming his passion in the resonant voice and with the sweeping gestures of the orator, but by taking her upon his arm, leading her into the conservatory and there whispering a few magic words upon the pan of her ear. We are left to infer that when Eli, in the exciting times of political campaigns would win an

audience of several thousand people to favor his views and to vote for his candidate, his method is to take them by the arm into an adjoining greenhouse and to murmur upon their tympan gentlest words of adoration for his nominee until they swear to be his at the polls.

"The Philosophy of Wit" will continue to excite boundless laughter and applause, and professors of elocution in our colleges will continue their efforts to produce other such gifted and successful orators as "Eli Perkins."
—*R. C. Alexander in New York Mail and Express.*

ALONG THE HUDSON.

Beautifully has the Hudson been called the "Rhine of America." Though one should traverse its waters an hundred times, he would be stupid who failed, even on the hundredth voyage, to observe some new point of interest. It is doubtful if the world contains another such an hundred and fifty miles of unbroken scenery with which is connected so much of historic, romantic and legendary interest as that of the Hudson between the Metropolis and Capitol of the Empire State.

Starting out of New York some beautiful June morning, seated on the deck of one of the elegant steamers of the Hudson River Day Line, the picture presented is as wonderful as it is varied.

The bay and harbor of New York presents the appearance of a seemingly endless procession of tugs, steamboats, lighters, tows, ferry boats and every manner of sailing craft imaginable. To the southward we behold the enchanting panorama in the New York harbor, and glancing over the great city we can easily see towering above the other buildings the spires and domes of many noted edifices, including Trinity Church spire, the Western Union Telegraph Company's Building, St. Paul's Church and the buildings of the *Tribune* and *Times*.

As our boat reaches the middle of the stream and we proceed a little farther up, fine views can be obtained of Jersey City, Hoboken, Stevens' Castle and the once famous Elysian Fields which thirty-five years ago were a noted resort for New Yorkers.

The picture which the Hudson here presents is almost bewildering, and it is probable that no body of water in the world presents such a maze of shipping unless it is the Thames in the vicinity of the great Metropolis of the world.

A little north of the Elysian Fields is Weehawken. This is noted as the place where the historic duel between Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton was fought. It is said that Hamilton died on a ledge of rocks, plainly seen from the river, which now forms a part of the site of the extensive freight and passenger terminus and offices of the West Shore railroad.

We have tried herein to present a picture something like a traveler would see on starting out of the New York harbor for a trip up the Hudson. In future articles we will endeavor to point out other places of interest seen along both banks of this noble river until he has reached the Capitol.

'91.

—President Carter, of Williams College, is a practical prohibitionist. Recently the town of Williamstown authorized the granting of two liquor licenses. But no saloons were opened, and it was found that the president of Williams had quietly bought the two licenses.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

—"Somewhere in this magnificent drama of life, which is now going forward, will be found room, and place, and work, for all the learned, the educated, and the talented."

—The Glee Club at Rutgers has discarded "swallow-tails," and will hereafter at its concerts appear in gowns and mortar-board caps, English student fashion.

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EDITORIAL.

UNION COLLEGE has always been a leader in the development of the higher education, its career having been almost a succession of "firsts." It was the first strictly non-sectarian college in the United States. It was the first college chartered by the Regents. It was the first to encourage the fraternity system, and the three oldest, and six of the ten oldest, as well as strongest, Greek Letter societies took their origin within Union's "gray old walls." President Nott's administration of sixty-two years is itself unique in college history. Union was the first to introduce the system of scientific education which was afterwards ably advocated by so many of its distinguished graduates, thirty-six of whom became college presidents. The essential features of this system, adopted, was the substitution of the modern languages, and an increased amount of mathematical and physical science, in

place of the Greek and Roman languages. The same system allowed, within certain limits, the selection of studies by the student, thus planting the germ of the modern optional system. The first course in civil engineering in any American college was organized at Union in 1845, by Prof. Gillespie, and has ever since been successfully maintained. That the old college is still abreast with the times, and prepared to meet all the requirements of modern scientific development, is evidenced by the recent establishment of courses in sanitary and electrical engineering. For the latter the widest facilities are at hand in the proximity of the Edison Electric Works in Schenectady, as well as the highest talent in electrical instruction and experience. A new nomenclature of degrees, as well as a re arrangement of courses, will go into effect with the beginning of next year.—*University Magazine.*

* * *

WELL, 1890 has disappeared and 1891 has fairly started on his twelve months' journey. Here's to the young man's very good health and may he have a very pleasant and prosperous trip. Last year was a pretty good sort of a year as years go now-a-days, but it is a thing of the past now and there is not much use in gazing back on the many possible "might-have-beens" of 1890. The year of 1890 has gone and nothing can call it back, "Le roi est mort, vive le roi!" 1891, we are very glad to see you, but we expect a good deal of you during your stay with us. There is that class of '91! Each member of that class wants to graduate this year, and so when next June comes you must not disappoint them and leave some of them behind gazing with longing eyes on the diplomas they didn't get. Give this small class of '91 a big commencement, with lots of honor and prizes awarded to each man, and you will never be forgotten by them. Then we would like to win the base ball pennant again next

spring, and, if it is not asking too much, we want the foot ball championship in the fall, though we want, for a change, more foot ball and less umpire and referee with their incidental flights of invective oratory. Finally, we desire most of all, during this year, the continued prosperity of Union College. These then are our hopes and wishes that we want fulfilled during your reign, 1891. If you please us by granting these favors, then, when your reign is over, although greeting each of your successors with a "Happy New Year," we shall ever remember you as the Happy Old Year of 1891.

* * *

WHY is it that so many of the men fail to attend the college meetings held by the students every two weeks? When the faculty allow us, every fortnight, a certain amount of time, taken out of our regular recitation time, in which to hold our student mass meetings, it is a privilege that we ought to accept with a great deal of heartiness. Not only is the chapel a very convenient place to hold these meetings, but the time at which we are allowed to hold them is also very convenient for us, being as it is immediately at the conclusion of the chapel exercises, at which all the students are supposed to be present. This does not necessitate the trouble of collecting the men together for they are already collected and they only have to wait before beginning the business of the meeting until the faculty have left the chapel. Now it would seem that every student ought to take a great deal of interest in these college meetings, much more even than in his own class meetings, but this is not the case with some. Regularly, just before a college meeting, a certain number of the men get up and leave, seemingly caring no more about what is to be done in regard to some base ball or foot ball matter, or other item of interest that is to engage the attention of the students, than they do as to the whereabouts of the man

who struck Billy Patterson. Most of the men who have thus brought down our reproaches upon them belong to one of the two lower classes, and their excuse is generally, "We have so much polling to do." To this lame excuse we would answer, either get up your lessons before hand as you ought to do, or else let them go and trust to your hitherto good (?) record to help you through this one day in every two weeks. Perhaps you think that the college meetings will be of no interest to you. Stay in once and see if this is so. If they do not happen to be interesting to you try and make them interesting. If you don't like the men who are nominated for some office get up and nominate someone else and if he is the best man he will probably get elected. If you have some plan or idea that would be of interest to the students don't be afraid to get up and state it. It is a fact, and a fact to be regretted, that the Juniors and Seniors do most of the talking at the college meetings, while the members of the two lower classes seem to think that they are prohibited from speaking *their* sentiments. This mistaken idea is not to be encouraged. Every man, Freshman or Senior, has an equal right as regards speaking in these meetings and we, for our part, would like in the future to hear more from the underclassmen. But even if you don't care to take an especially active part in these meetings, make it a point to attend every college meeting that is held during your college career and your standing among your fellow students will become higher and your chances for becoming an honor man in your studies will not be lowered by so doing.

* * *

Now that the foot ball season has passed so successfully, there comes the question of making the base ball season as successful. There is one thing absolutely necessary, viz: that the men go into the

"gym" for regular practice. The practice has already commenced and it is to be hoped that more men may make their appearance. The Freshmen have some good material which will be developed by the compulsory "gym" work they are now doing. All the positions on the nine are open to competition and every man has the same footing at the start, so that no one need despair of gaining a position from the fact that the position has been heretofore filled by someone now in college. If the aspirant can better fill the position it will be his. The time set for practice in throwing the ball is from two to three. The back stop will then be in position, and all the men are urged to take as much as possible of the practice. General exercise is from three to four, and class exercise from four to five. Every man should be present at one of these hours.

* * *

ANOTHER important factor in the success of the base ball season is the finances. A new scheme has just lately been decided upon by the students to raise the necessary money for base ball expenses. The idea is to give a grand production of the tuneful little opera of H. M. S. Pinafore. The members of the glee club and a few other students, whose voices are fitted for it, will constitute the male chorus, and also take some of the leading parts. The female parts will be taken by a number of the best singers among the young ladies in the city. The two or three leading male parts will probably be taken by certain men in the city who are recognized as accomplished actors and singers. This performance is bound to be a success from an artistic point of view, but nevertheless it needs the hearty support of everyone in college. Let every student, for the honor of Alma Mater and the success of the ball nine, constitute himself a committee of one to see that the opera house is crowded with spectators on both nights of the performance of

Pinafore. The opera will probably be given on the evenings of Feb. 5 and 6 at the Centre Street Opera House.

CREMATION.

THE annual cremation of Algebra occurred too late for notice in the last CONCORDIENSIS. This important event of Freshman year took place on the morning of Dec. 17th. For some time previous class spirit ran high. Both Sophomores and Freshmen thought themselves deeply wronged and prepared to avenge with blood the insults and indignities they had suffered.

The Freshmen were very cautious and secret in their movements and strove in every way to outwit the Sophomores. As the end of the term drew near and the time within which the Cremation must occur was narrowed down, the excitement increased and various conjectures were made concerning the exact date. Preparations were completed and about three o'clock in the morning the Freshmen began to gather in Memorial Hall which was to be their starting point. Here they dressed themselves to suit the occasion and awaited the arrival of the drum corps. Out of respect for the wishes of President Webster the march was confined to the college grounds. At the conclusion of the march the body was cremated with appropriate ceremonies and the two classes shook hands and parted as friends. The number of outsiders present was very small and the affair passed off quietly.

REVIEWS.

The Christmas number of the *Columbia Spectator* lies before us. It is a very interesting number. The literary work is original and varied. The number is made especially attractive by the many cuts that head the articles. The poetry is pleasant and witty. The "gags" are for the most part new. One article, a story entitled "The Night Before Christmas," is especially noticeable. It is

well written and very suggestive. The scenes and characters there depicted doubtless will be recognized by many a college man as being exceedingly realistic. Indeed the editors of the *Spectator* are to be congratulated on the production of so well written, so well illustrated and so entertaining a number.

The *Tuftsian* for Christmas is a credit to its editors. It is interesting from the beginning to the end. The editorials are thoughtful and well written. There is an abundance of literary work much of which, unlike that common in most college periodicals, is interesting to the outside world. Especially is this true of the articles entitled "Some Famous Literary Workshops." There are several pieces of poetry of some merit but which are of a rather more serious strain than that which is generally found in college papers. The paper as a whole is a thoughtful production and presents much literary ability.

HARVARD'S BETTER SELF.

The standard of conduct at Harvard is not only higher now than formerly, but it compares favorably with contemporary colleges. When a recent class took their Commencement dinner together at the Hotel Brunswick, barely a man was intoxicated in a class of over two hundred. Yet a Senior in a class of less than seventy-five, graduated this year at one of New England's most orthodox institutions, is authority for the statement that twenty-five of his classmates were drunk at the Commencement dinner. If the morality of colleges is to be estimated by a comparison of flagrant offences, proportioned to the number of students, Harvard will stand guiltless before many a sister school—From "Harvard's Better Self," by WILLIAM REED BIGELOW, in *New England Magazine* for December.

OF INTEREST TO STUDENTS.

—Benton of the Junior Class has returned to college after a long illness.

—Lay of the Senior class was called home by the sudden death of his mother.

—The candidates for the base ball nine are beginning to train in the gymnasium.

—Prof. L. J. Little, who has been confined to his home by sickness, is now much better.

—Several improvements have been made in the recitation rooms in the way of ventilation.

—Prof. A. S. Wright and wife rejoice in the advent of a bright little stranger. Many congratulations.

—The Alpha Delta Phi club of New York City, recently moved into its new quarters on 266 Madison Ave.

—The second district of Beta Theta Pi will hold their annual re-union and banquet with the Syracuse Chapter on Feb. 20.

—The Alumni Association of Albany and Northeastern New York, will hold their annual banquet at Albany, on Jan. 27.

—The Glee Club has been organized for the term and is practicing daily. A trip is contemplated some time during the term.

—The term opens favorably notwithstanding the fact that there has been much sickness and several men have been detained on account of it.

—The coming attractions at the Centre Street Opera House will be Rose Coghlan in Peg Woffington, Jan. 19, and Cleveland's Minstrels, Jan. 20.

—B. C. Little, Editor-in-chief of THE CONCORDIENSIS, has been ill for the past week or two. Everyone will notice the improvement in this issue of THE CONCORDIENSIS.

Members of the upper classes will learn with regret that Lieut. H. H. Benham was wounded recently in an engagement with the Indians near Pine Ridge, South Dakota. It will be remembered that Lieut. Benham was military instructor in Union College for three years, and while in Schenectady made many friends. The wound which he received was a severe one but not dangerous.

PERSONAL.

'50. Lemon Thompson has made a third gift of two hundred dollars toward filling his alcove of Americana in the college library.

'76. The Historical Committee wishes the present addresses of the following members of the class: Ernest Veenfleit, C. E., H. Scott Allen, Edgar B. Van Buskirk, Wm. H. Smyth. Also addresses of friends or relatives of the following deceased members from whom we can get information in regard to them. Joao Joaquin Alves, C. E., Bertvz Brockelmann, C. E. Information may be addressed to the chairman of committee, F. M. Comstock, Le Roy, N. Y.

'89. John Simpson is doing local work on the Springfield (Mass.) *Union*.

'89. C. H. Flannigan and John Whalen have been in town recently.

'89. R. H. Washburne is private secretary to Joseph Cook, the lecture and business agent of "Our Day."

'90. Wm. J. Harder, W. S. Cassidy, N. D. Fish and F. L. Comstock were in the city recently renewing old acquaintances.

NOTICE.

Subscriptions to THE CONCORDIENSIS are now due. All those who have not yet paid their subscriptions will confer a great favor upon the management by doing so as soon as convenient. Address

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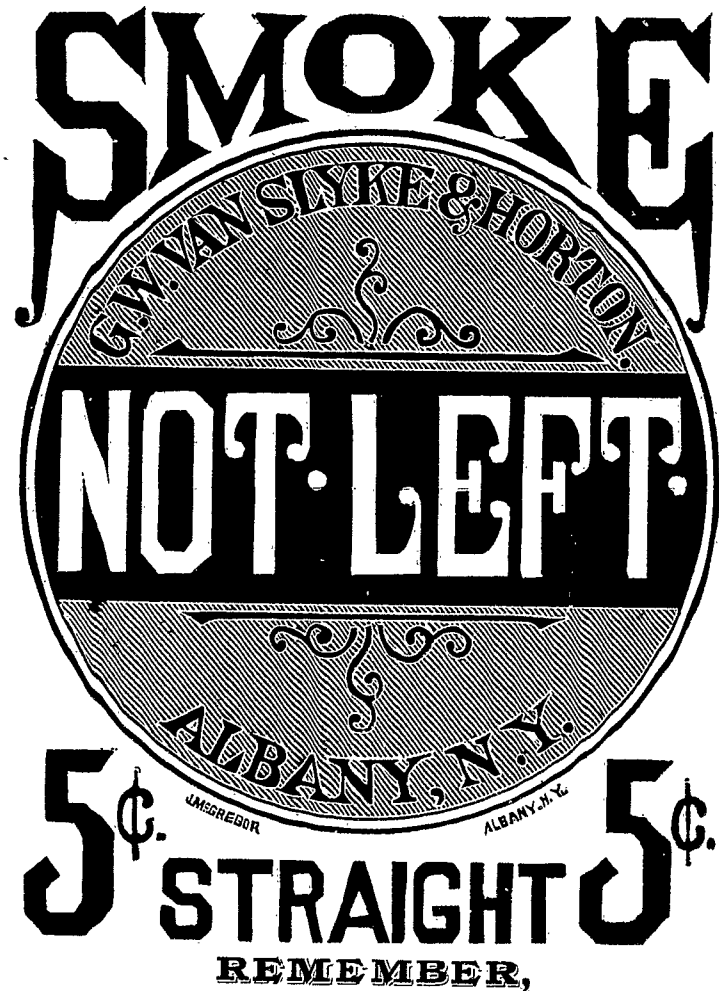
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