

# THE CONCORDIENSIS.

VOL. IV.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y., MARCH, 1881.

No. 6.

## THE CONCORDIENSIS.

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

### EDITORS:

JOHN J. HENNING, '81. EDITOR IN CHIEF.  
ROBERT A. WOOD, '81. G. G. LELAND, '81.  
C. TEMPLE, '82. A. S. WRIGHT, '82. E. E. FORD, '82  
W. M. GILBERT, '83. W. O. LEWIS, '83.  
ARTHUR S. WRIGHT, Business Manager.

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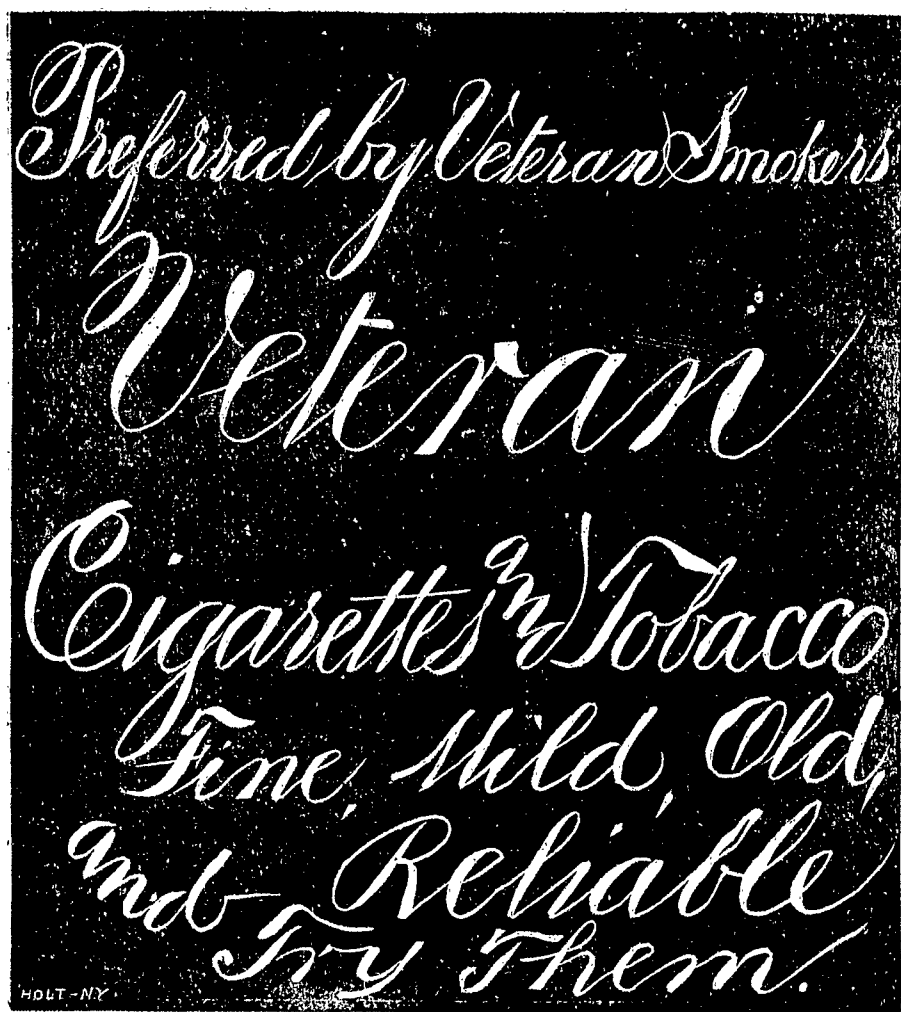
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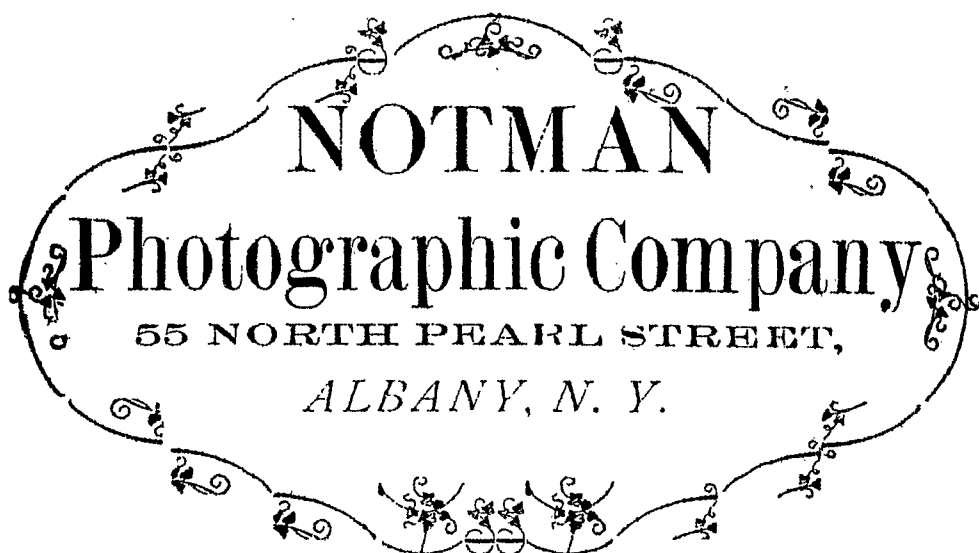
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## LITERARY.

### POEM.

Delivered Before the Alumni Association of the North-West at  
Chicago, Ill., January 11th, '81, by George M. McConnell '52

We will not think to-night how near  
To twenty, thirty years lie slain  
Between each stately "Senior Year"  
And this brief hour, when, gathered here,  
We dream youth's dreams again.

Across their shadowed waste of cares  
A light from Union's walls is thrown—  
A light no storm of life impairs—  
And yet a softened light that wears  
A pathos all its own.

We tread the terrace grasses lush  
When spring-tide all our pulses thrills,  
And watch, at evening's tender hush,  
The trailing sunset banners flush  
The gateway in the hills.

We hear the bells half-muffled peal  
When winter snows lie thick and deep,  
And while we see the breath congeal  
We groan to think we cannot steal  
Another hour to sleep.

We hear the merry fiddle ring,  
And merry footsteps beat the floor  
In old North College vacant wing  
And smile to see *mute foot and string*  
When *Nott* walks through the door.

Alas! these are but memory's brides—  
We only dimly dream again  
Of youth's mad pranks and stingless glees—  
And wonder if the feathered tribes  
Roost now as high as then.

And yet no "wealth of Ind" could buy  
These memories of our youth-tide's flood,  
Though we recall it but to sigh  
That boys *and* girls have drifted by  
That "hey-dey of the blood."

Though we may pass our full four-score,  
Not even then can be forgot  
That ever hospitable door—  
Or three-wheeled chaise that always bore  
The venerable *Nott*.

Who learned of him the task achieved  
By starting from the very ground;  
No half-way smatter was received—  
"Perception" was at once "perceived"  
To be no empty sound.

Who held the lists of argument  
With him must wield a trenchant blade;  
Who vied in charities, was spent,—  
Who tried to cheat him, *might* repent,—  
Scholars *can, sometimes*, trade.

Great hearted, catholic old man!  
Thy mind was rich in garnered truth;  
Thy soul with sympathy o'erran,  
Holding alike in loving span  
Gray age and wayward youth!

Now an enchanted garden's maze  
Blooms fresh and sweet on memory's track,  
And down its pliant, winding ways  
A sturdy little figure strays;—  
Ah! dear old "*Captain Jack*."

Who says that "figures" make hearts cold?  
We better know, because we knew  
The very king of "figures"—bold  
As Bayard, yet a hundred-fold  
More tender, warm, and true.

Forgive us that we catch the gleam  
Of bright gilt buttons through the years,  
Thy cherished foibles only *seem*  
To make the substance of our dream;  
We *smile* to choke our tears.

With Hebrew texts our ears are filled,  
In *Lewis's* translations given,  
Whose trenchant English sought to build  
A surer faith, and always thrilled  
With lofty hope of heaven.

Lo! o'er the hills a shadowy train—  
Alert *Gillespie* in the van;  
Drag the surveyor's jingling chain,  
And learn, at once, how free from stain  
The simple "Gentleman."

Far south war's thunders, peal on peal,  
The deeds of Freedom's knighthood tell;  
We see the shattered squadrons reel,  
We hear the shuddering clash of steel  
Where gallant *Peissner* fell!

One yet remains age can not gloom,  
Since honest hearts time's steps beguile;  
No chymic fires e'er lit his room  
But pale before the ruddy bloom  
Of *Pearson's* roseate smile.

One more we warmly greet to-night,  
Though white the locks that once were black,  
A *Guide* who always leads aright,  
A *Friend* whom all men trust at sight—  
Brave-hearted, dear "*Old Jack*."

'Twas "Old Jack Foster" years ago,  
Ere time dropped snows above his brow,  
Because *we loved him then*, you know;  
To-day we love him more, and so  
'Tis "Old Jack Foster" now.

Ah! well we knew, in days long gone,  
His kindly heart, his strong, clear sense,  
His vision keen that pounced upon  
All surreptitious "ponies" drawn  
To help us "o'er the fence."

His sterling worth, his hate of wrong,  
His ripened wisdom's gathered stores—  
We know them well—have known them long—  
O! Alma Mater, brave and strong,  
Thank God, he still is yours!

O! reverend company, in sooth  
Your young successors can not see  
A fame more fixed in lasting truth  
Than to inspire in coming youth  
A love like ours for thee!

O! Union, as thy gray old walls  
Sit thronged upon thy terraced hills,  
Above where shining Mohawk crawls,  
Above the noisy railway's brawls,  
Serene and calm and still;

So o'er the tumult of our lives  
Thy memory shines serenely clear,  
Above the "carking care" that strives  
To bind our souls in sordid gyves,  
A thought forever dear.

## BANQUET OF THE UNION COLLEGE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION OF THE NORTHWEST.

The Ninth Annual Banquet of the Union College Alumni Association of the Northwest, was held at the Grand Pacific Hotel in Chicago, on the evening of January 11th, 1881. There were present of the Alumni:

Henry S. Austin, Chicago, class of '31; Prof. John Foster, LL. D., Union College, '35; Theron Pardee, Esq., Chicago, '38; Hon. Chas. B. Lawrence, LL. D., Chicago, '41; Wm. H. Wood, Esq., Chicago, '44; Ira Nichols, Esq., Chicago, '45; Hon. Wm. H. King, LL. D., Chicago, '46; Hon. John T. Wentworth, Racine, Wis., '46; Azie Banta, Esq., Fox Lake, Wis., '46; Joshua Stover, Esq., Milwaukee, Wis., '48; Geo. K. Dauchy, Esq., Chicago, '48; Rev. Clinton Locke, Chicago, '49; Jos. B. Redfield, Esq., Chicago, '52; Geo. M. McConnell, Esq., Chicago, '52; Thaddeus P. Seeley, M. D., Chicago, '52; Hon. John I. Bennett, Chicago, '54; Hon. Alex. Wilson, Mineral Springs, Wis., '54; Erwin Baker, Esq., Oscaloosa, Ia., '54; Albert L. King, Esq., Chicago, '54; Hon. E. C. Whitford, Madison, Wis., '55; Moses M. Ham, Esq., Dubuque, Ia., '55; Hon. Wm. G. Donnan, Ind., Ia., '56; Prof. G. W. Hough, Chicago, '56; Hon. J. S. Stacey, Anamosa, Ia., '57; Hon. George W. Lawton, Lawton, Mich., '57; Franc B. Wilkie, Esq., Chicago, '57; Warren Wilkes, Esq., Chicago, '57; Hon. T. C. Whitesides, Chicago, '58; Jas. A. Cowler, Esq., Chicago, '58; O. C. Steenberg, Esq., Fon du Lac, Wis., '61; Hon. Chas. L. Easton, '63; Phineas L. Lamb, Esq., '64; Albert H. Veeder, Esq., '65; L. G. Holley, Esq., '66; A. W. Paige, Esq., '66; Herbert B. Johnson, Esq., '67; Eugene K. Herrick, Esq., '68; H. H. C. Miller, Esq., '68; J. Bayard Backus, Esq., '74, Chicago; and also a number of invited guests.

A blessing was invoked by the Rev. Clinton Locke. The Alumni Glee Club, led by the venerable H. S. Austin of the class of '31, then sang "Fair Union."

President King announced that he had sent the following telegram to the President and Faculty of Union College:

CHICAGO, Jan. 11, 1881.

To the President and Faculty of Union College, Schenectady, N. Y.

The Union College Alumni of the North-west are now in session at the Grand Pacific Hotel, Chicago. Our grand old Professor Foster, LL. D., has made a capital speech. We send greetings to our beloved Alma Mater. God bless Old Union.

WILLIAM H. KING, President.

President King said, "We have quite a number of poets among us, Alumni of the College and members of the Association. There are three poems written for this occasion, two of them by Alumni, who are unable to



meet with us. I will first call for the reading of the one whose author is present."

Geo. M. McConnell, Esq., of the class of '52, then read his poem, which will be found elsewhere.

After the poem had been enjoyably disposed of President King, arising, said:

We are honored in our meeting to-night with the presence of that noble old soul, Prof. Foster. As we know, he has a very happy faculty in making speeches himself, and especially delights in hearing others speak, sometimes, apparently, when they are ill at ease in so doing. We have often pitied young gentlemen who have appeared in his recitations unprepared. He has been familiar with the college since 1836, having been one of the faculty since that time—forty-five years. We now call upon him to speak to his "old boys" on the past and present of Union College.

[Prof. Foster's address will be published in our next issue.]

A. H. Veeder, Esq., of the class of '65, then read letters of regret from the Hon. H. L. Marvin, of Fort Worth, Texas; the Hon. E. Dwight Thatcher, of Lawrence, Kansas; the Hon. Charles Hunsicker, recently elected to Congress in Kansas; ex-Governor Hartranft, of Pennsylvania; Ezra A. Craig, of New Orleans; David Murray, Secretary of the University of the State of New York; the Rev. Horatio N. Powers, of Bridgeport, Conn.; H. R. Pierson; John W. Carey, of Milwaukee; ex-Governor Austin Blair, of Michigan; Daniel P. Hadley, of Beloit, Wis., and others.

The following was read from the Vice President-elect of the United States:

NEW YORK, Jan. 10, 1881.

It will be impossible for me to attend the Union College Alumni Association on Tuesday. Convey my fraternal greetings to all my brethren.

CHESTER A. ARTHUR.

The following is a full list of those sending regrets, arranged by classes:

'31—D. N. Burnham, Esq., Chicago; Rev. Daniel T. Conde, Beloit, Wis. '35—Prof. Jonathan Pearson, Union College. '36—Samuel Goodale, Columbus, Neb. '37—George W. Underwood, Esq., Hinsdale, Mich. '38—C. M. Davison, Esq., Banker, Detroit, Mich.; A. M.

Gardner, Esq., St. Louis, Mo.; Prof. A. L. Pritchard, Tarrytown, N. Y. '39—Hon. Austin Blair, Jackson, Mich. '40—Rev. James M. Magoffin, Dexter, Mich. '42—Hon. Clarkson N. Potter, New York city; John W. Carey, Esq., Milwaukee, Wis. '43—Hon. John E. Mann, Milwaukee, Wis.; Prof. W. Lamoroux, Union College; W. H. Wood, Esq., Chicago; Prof. Phillip Phelps, Holland, Mich.; Levi Alden, Esq., Editor, Madison, Wis.; James W. Dennison, Esq., Dennison, Ia. '45—R. N. Austin, Esq., Milwaukee, Wis.; Abner Davison, Esq., Davenport, Ia.; Hon. E. P. Allis, Milwaukee, Wis. '46—Rev. C. M. Waldron, Hillsdale, Mich.; Henry R. Pierson, Esq., Albany, N. Y.; Rev. George Darling, Wanpaw, Wis.; Platt Potter, Esq., Schenectady, N. Y. '47—Hon. B. H. McClellan, Galena, Ills. '48—Hon. Chester A. Arthur, New York city. '49—E. A. Johnson, Esq., St. Paul, Minn. '50—Rev. H. N. Powers, Bridgeport, Conn.; E. D. Helms, M. D., Quincy, Ills. '51—James H. Vail, Esq., De Soto, Mo. '52—Hon. David Murray, Albany, N. Y.; Emmet D. Craig, Esq., New Orleans; P. M. Doolittle, Esq., North Branch; Silas B. Brownell, Esq., New York city. '53—O. C. Madwag, Esq., Sioux City, Ia.; Rev. James Frothingham, Manchester, Ia.; Hon. John F. Hartranft, Philadelphia, Pa. '54—Isaac Pendleton, Esq., Sioux City, Ia.; Rev. Daniel Marvin, Jr., Cleveland, N. Y.; Hon. Miles Beach, New York city; Hon. Ormango Allen, Austin, Minn.; D. M. Westfall, Esq., Cambridge, N. Y.; Hon. O. W. Chapman, Binghamton, N. Y.; Rev. E. W. Rice, Philadelphia, Pa.; Prof. P. G. Valentine, M. D., St. Louis, Mo.; A. W. Stut, Esq., Banker, Council Bluffs, Ia.; Peter Ferbeck, M. D., Gloversville, N. Y.; John V. Rice, Esq., Chester, Pa.; W. D. Murphy, Esq., Albany, N. Y. '55—Hiram Scofield, Esq., Washington, Ia.; Hon. Solon O. Thatcher, Lawrence, Kansas; Hon. P. Sidney Post, Galesburg, Ill. '56—T. Dwight Thatcher, Editor, Lawrence, Kansas; Egbert Phelps, Esq., Joliet, Ill. '57—W. W. Wood, Esq., Belvidere, Ill. '58—Prof. A. J. Daniels, Grand Rapids, Mich.; N. C. Griffin, Esq., Fond du Lac, Wis.; Charles D. Lawton, Esq., Marquette, Mich.; Prof. E. A. Strong, Grand Rapids, Mich. '59—Rev. Samuel B. Jackson, Janesville, Wis. '60—Rev. G. P. Nichols, Milwaukee, Wis. '61—H. L. Marvin, Esq., Fort Worth, Texas; D. J. Schuyler, Esq., Chicago. '62—E. O. Noble, Esq., Montezuma, Ind.; E. T. Slocum, Esq., Detroit, Mich.; Prof. B. F. Wright, St. Paul, Minn.; Levi A. Lapham, Esq., Joliet, Ill. '63—H. E. Phelps, Esq., Marshfield, Mo.; A. W. Atwood, Editor, Philadelphia, Pa.; Prof. R. A. Harkness, Garden Grove, Ia.; R. E. Aylesworth, M. D., Roseville, Ill. '64—D. S. Crumb, Esq., Bloomfield, Mo.; P. H. Bartholomew, Esq., Indianapolis, Ind.; Samuel F. Hunt, Cincinnati, O. '65—D. Flower, M. D., Monticello, Wis.; Frank Felton, Des Moines, Ia. '67—W. S. Ide, Banker, Columbus, O.; Hon. J. H. Austin, Junction City, Kansas.

After the reading and announcement of regrets, the Alumni Glee Club sang "The Terrace."

The Rev. Clinton Locke, upon the request of the President, read the following poem, written by Egbert Phelps, Esq., of the class of '56:

GROWING OLD.

We are growing older, brothers!  
Year by year the knowledge comes

With a solemn force upon us,  
 Like the sound of muffled drums.  
 Year by year the past grows brighter,  
 And the length'ning shadows grow  
 That rob the fleeting present  
 Of our boyhood's radiant glow.  
 Day by day with hastening footsteps,  
 Draws the fateful future near,  
 With its goal that bounds the journey  
 From the cradle to the bier.  
 And the eye is ever straining,  
 Through the undissolving gloom,  
 O'er the stream whose turbid waters  
 Kiss the portals of the tomb,  
 Vainly seeking for some token  
 From that distant, shadowy shore,  
 Whence alone Hope's shining beacon  
 Streams the murky waters o'er.  
 More and more care's brooding pinion  
 Shrouds the radiance of the sun  
 That in boyhood beamed so brightly  
 On life's journey just begun.  
 Yet life, with all its meanings,  
 Grows broader day by day,  
 As the lengthening path grows wide  
 On our onward-hastening way.  
 And the silver chords draw closer,  
 With the years' unceasing flow,  
 That bind the hearts together  
 That were comrades long ago.  
 And the memories aye grow brighter,  
 With the whitening beard and hair,  
 Of the scenes of mirth and pleasure  
 Ere the soul had tasted care.  
 One by one the links are dropping  
 From the golden chain of yore,  
 As our comrades pass before us,  
 To the dark and silent shore,  
 Bearing with them to the cloud-land  
 Each some record of our past—  
 We no more may read together  
 Till our summons comes at last.  
 Rest their ashes! hearts are tender  
 To the memory of the dead;  
 We shall ne'er forget them, dreaming  
 Of the golden seasons fled.  
 Yet the circle ever widens,  
 As the young and joyous come  
 To fill the vacant places  
 And renew life's ceaseless hum.  
 So to-night let mirth and pleasure  
 Rule the board where brothers meet,  
 And the dead and living gather  
 In a soul-communion sweet—  
 Where the present and the absent  
 In spirit swell the song  
 That recalls the old-time measures  
 That to boyhood's days belong.

The reading of the poem was followed by the singing of the college song, "Co-ca-che-lunk chelaly."

President King then called upon J. Bayard Backus to read a poem written by E. D. Helms, M. D., of the class of '50.

Upon request of the author the poem has since been withdrawn; and hence does not here appear.

The President here announced that there was no programme for the evening, that

he would call upon the Alumni for extemporaneous speeches not to exceed five minutes in length; that Alumni present residing out of the city of Chicago, would be expected to do the talking. He would first call upon the Hon. W. G. Donnan, of Iowa, of the class of '55.

Mr. Donnan said:

• MR. CHAIRMAN:—It isn't fair! You metropolitan gentlemen arrange a fine program, including some great attraction, such as the attendance of our distinguished guest, and then send out to we fellows on the frontier to come in and help you enjoy the feast. To get here in time you pull us out of bed at 2 o'clock in the morning, when the thermometer is at 32 degrees below zero, and after two or three hundred miles travel, you bring us to this magnificent hotel, fill us to repletion with the very best this grand metropolis of the great Northwest affords, then without a word of warning, you stand us up on end, and say, "*talk*, talk coherently, but by all means, if possible, *talk sense*."

The beautiful sentiments, so finely expressed in the rythmical lines of my classmate [Egbert Phelps,] to which you have just listened, ought to stand a sufficient response on this occasion for the entire class of '56. I can hardly do less, however, in response to your call, than to express the extreme pleasure it affords me to be among you to-night; to again strike hands in old-time friendship, to recall our old associations, and especially to meet and to greet our venerable and venerated Prof. Foster. I am almost ashamed to acknowledge that this is the first time I have been able to meet with this Association. My absence, however, has been for good cause, yet, just now, I feel like assuring you, as in our college days we used to assure the Faculty regarding our delinquencies—"it shan't occur again."

[The speaker here referred to college reminiscences, and narrated an incident relative to his own examination before Prof. F., which seemed to amuse the audience, and not less the Prof. himself.]

Now, before I sit down, will you pardon a suggestion? Where are the ladies to-night? Would it not materially enhance the pleasure of these occasions, if our wives and daughters were present? (this being loudly cheered). Then let us hereafter invite them to join us, that they may grace with their

presence and heighten our joys by participating with us in our future re-unions.

Another word. It is said of England's latest king, during his last illness, when his condition was supposed to be somewhat improved, several of his courtiers congratulated him and expressed the hope that he might yet live and reign many years. To which he responded, that he would be willing to live and reign ten years longer, for the *sake of the country*. Now, that which may have been either simplicity, egotism, or grim humor, on the part of old William IV., would be only sincere and earnest prayer on ours, as applied to our dear old Prof. here, that he may live and remain at Alma Mater, not one only, but several decades, to lead out into intellectual life the minds of additional thousands of youth, preparing them for beneficent and controlling influence.

The President said there were several alumni from Wisconsin present, and called upon Joshua Stark, of the class of '48.

Remarks of Joshua Stark:

MR. CHAIRMAN:—It is the first time in many years that I have met any of the graduates of the old college in social re-union. Yet, though long separated from the institution and from its associations, and though the period of my college life was very brief, too brief indeed for me to form extended acquaintance or strong attachments, I revert with sincere interest and pleasure to the months which it was my privilege to pass under the guidance and instruction of our Alma Mater. And when your invitation came to me, bearing the assurance that this meeting of Alumni would be graced by the presence of the honored gentleman to whom we have listened with so much pleasure to-night, I could not resist the desire to be with you and to look once more upon those features indelibly fixed upon memory.

Of all the professors of Old Union, under whose instruction I sat, Professor Foster, living and present with us, and Professor Jackson, gone to his rest, impressed me as a student most strongly. Sitting here and listening to the voice of Prof. Foster, as I used to sit and listen in the recitation hall of North College, I am vividly reminded of the past. I seem to be again in my gallery seat taking notes of his lectures upon physics (which I still have, well preserved,) and enjoying his clear and lucid statement, and the quiet wit with which he was wont to relieve the dry details of his theme.

But, Mr. Chairman, I am neither prepared nor in a mood for making a speech at this time, and will only add that this meeting with so many of the graduates of Union College, and especially with our honored guest Prof. Foster, has been a great pleasure to me, and I shall hope to be with you at many future gatherings of the Alumni.

The President said the Alumni would be pleased to hear from his classmate, Judge Wentworth.

Mr. Wentworth said:

MR. PRESIDENT:—In view of the lateness of the hour, and after the many interesting remarks, it occurs to me that the brief time we shall remain together this evening might with much propriety be taken up with poetry and song, especially with song, as that takes us back along the track of the years, and we are seated, in the calm, still night, upon the Terrace, while our voices float out upon the quiet evening air. If the remaining moments were thus employed, I should be relieved from making a short speech. I was in hopes that the poetry and singing would have been allowed to continue until the time for closing these exercises had fully come; but the Fates, in the person of brother King, decreed otherwise.

You remember, as the recitation hour was drawing to a close, how anxious we were that the other fellow, over on the other side, should prolong his recitation, or that the Professor should feel inclined to make a few timely suggestions concerning the lesson, until the hour had expired; not that we were unprepared to recite, Oh, no, but we would rather wait until next day. I might cut it short here and say "unprepared." But that would not surprise Professor Foster; he has heard that before in the recitation room—from the other fellows—and if I am not mistaken, I have heard you, Mr. President, say so, but not often, I admit. You generally found something to say *about* each lesson as it came along. I will not say the word now, the Professor and these brethren present will determine that by the time I get through.

I don't rise in the presence of our Professor, to-night, with as much fear and trembling as I once did. No blackboard embellished with diagrams and formulas confronts me. I care little whether my bill be max. or otherwise. It troubles me not; in fact I don't fear our Professor at all. I think we have him at vantage to-night, he will not



order us to sit, and as long as we can keep brother King quiet we will be permitted to talk as long as we please. Our President seldom seats a man, if there is any part of a speech left in him.

I am mindful of the announcement made by the President, that the speeches must be *short*. Such announcement was entirely agreeable to my feelings. There is no place for long speeches at this hour, even if they were appropriate on such an occasion as this at any hour.

I might revert to college life, whose scenes memory brings back, and dwell upon it for hours; but I will not. With such life—its sunshine and its shadow, we are all acquainted, and each can recall its scenes and incidents with more vividness than I can portray them.

My brother on my right remarked that a certain matter pertaining to college affairs, which before had been a little dark and misty, had been made clear by the remarks of the Professor. I too was considerably enlightened by what the Professor said upon one subject—the marking system. He stated, I think, that he was not satisfied with his own marking. The remark perhaps was not particularly noteworthy. It was what any instructor might very properly make. But my wonder is, why the esteemed Professor had not discovered and announced it sooner. Long, long ago, while a student, I was of the same opinion that the Professor is now, but was not aware of the coincidence. But I am happy to know that after these long years we are in perfect accord upon that subject. He was not satisfied with his marking—neither was I. When my brother King called upon me, he placed a title to my name; to which I object. I came here to meet these friends as a student; to mingle again with them in college scenes long ago enacted; to recall in memory, those who acted with us, and live again for one brief hour, the student's happy life. I might retort upon our worthy President, and my esteemed classmate, and call him Doctor King, but I won't. No, we have no occasion here to-night for Governors, or Generals, or Judges or even Doctors. We simply represent a band of brothers, who have drank at the same fountain of learning; who have sat at the feet of that noble class of men and scholars who composed the Faculty of Union College, from whose influence exerted, upon us in our youth, we can never free ourselves. That influence has in a greater or

less degree entered into and done much to form our characters. We may well rejoice that we were once the pupils of Nott. And even the beloved Professor, who is with us to-night, can unite with us in such rejoicing, as he too was a pupil of that grand man. Not only to Dr. Nott are we indebted for the intellectual training we received at Union, but to each and all under whose *fostering* care we were placed.

Of the members of the Faculty, as it was when I was in college, only two remain—Professor Pearson, and he who now sits before us, the honest and honored Professor Foster, whom we all learned to love; not alone for his intellectual traits of character, which stand out so clear and distinct in our minds; but for his honest, pains-taking efforts to do each and every student under his charge the greatest possible good; and fortunate indeed was that young man who seconded those efforts of his teacher.

During our college life we may not have secured all the benefits within our reach. Indeed, we may think now that if we had put a proper estimate upon the advantages and opportunities afforded us, and such as we would place upon them now, we would have been more richly rewarded. But I don't believe there is a son of old Union here to-night, or elsewhere, who does not feel profoundly grateful for what *Alma Mater*, through her instructors, has done for him. But I must obey our President's command and pause.

President King said there were yet other Alumni present from Iowa, and Judge Stacey was called upon and said:

MR. PRESIDENT:—It was always one of the anxieties of my college life to get *passed*, and especially in those studies in which we recited to our venerable and beloved Prof., who is with us to-night. It was no easy task, for his part of the work was well and thoroughly done. And now some of us find it fully as difficult a task to get you to *pass* us on this occasion.

It is a neat little artifice, however, you have adopted to clear yourself of the responsibility of calling upon us and keep the *letter* of your promise. In the happy ingenuity displayed in this we discover the secret of your eminence in social and professional life.

But I can hardly see the justice of imposing all the speech-making upon those outside the city. I know there are occasions

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when reports from the back districts are anxiously looked for, (a voice—about election time,) and they are sometimes important. Yet, it seems to me, we outsiders have as much right to hear from you to-night, as you from us. You must remember in all your glorying in your greatness as a city, we helped make you what you are. You could hardly have risen to your present importance without the patronage of the back districts, so I warn you to be careful how you treat us, their representatives.

I had intended that our friend Donnan should do the talking for Iowa to-night. He is an older resident of the State than I am. He came west ahead of me, and has kept ahead of me ever since. (Donnan—but you'll catch up with me pretty soon). He has had the honor to represent our State in Congress, and I know he can us well here to-night.

He has told you of the difficulties of getting here, with the thermometer thirty degrees below zero, but I assure him the thermometers where I live beat his by eight degrees at least, so you can judge how great our interest is in these annual gatherings, and that notwithstanding all this frigidity of the weather, I am glad I came here where warm hearts are beating in sympathy and love for our Alma Mater. A rare treat it is we enjoy hearing our venerable friend, (Prof. F.,) refer to so much of the history of Union College, more or less known to each of us, though extending through more than forty years. What a history and what a part our good friend has had in moulding the course of the many who have gone forth from that grand old college to the various duties of life! And who can measure the extent of his influence upon the history of our country, through those upon whom he has left the moulding influence of his teaching? It is pleasant thus to live over our earlier days. I think it has made me feel younger, and quickened my love for our grand old college, and that I shall be glad to meet with you at our future annual reunions.

But, Mr President, lest some one will suspect I had a speech to make, I close.

The President called upon M. M. Ham, of Dubuque, Iowa, class of '55, who said this was the first of the reunions he had attended, and he was very glad indeed he was present, and was certain that hereafter he should give them the benefit of his presence, how-

ever valuable that might be to their success. He had to-night met old friends whom he had not seen since he left college, and nearly every man present, whom he had not known personally, he knew by reputation, and it was to him emphatically, and in all senses of the word, a re-union of old friends, a gathering of a circle that had been broken for many years. Especially was it pleasant to meet here Professor Foster, the veritable "Jack Foster," for whom he had always entertained the highest admiration. He could heartily endorse all that had been said in his praise to-night. Since he had left college he had learned by experience and observation, as well as by his recollections of student life, and it all confirmed his belief that Jack was the best teacher he had ever known; by this he meant the man who was able to compel the scholar to study; and then draw out from him all he knew on the subject, and perhaps a good deal more than he knew. Professor Foster was a man for whom he entertained great respect, and not the less so that he used to make him "pole up" a good deal, and frequently when he did not want to, either.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN NEXT ISSUE.]

## CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, March 1, 1881.

*To the Concordiensis:*

During the past few months, the attention of college men in this city has been repeatedly attracted to accounts in the daily papers of the annual re-unions of the various Alumni Associations in New York. We have read of the Yale graduates and their social meetings; of Harvard men and their yearly jollification; of Amherst Alumni, and their celebration. Even pious Princeton has had a "racket." But, we have yet to learn that any number of Old Union's Alumni have gathered together for any purpose, social or political, to gratify their college pride,

by publicly proclaiming their allegiance to the institution that mentally equipped them for their subsequent career, or to take measures that might inure to the benefit and renown of their once beloved Alma Mater.

If there were any reasonable excuse for such apathy, we might bear with patience the by no means complimentary allusions of college men to our college spirit, or rather lack of spirit. If the roll of Union's graduates in New York city exhibited such a poverty of materials in all that goes to make up a distinguished and interesting assemblage that an occasional re-union would be a comparative burlesque—we might, like Cordelia, "love and be silent."

But this is far from being the case. The custodians of Union's honor in this city represent the brains of the bar, the best skill of the laboratories, the eloquence of the pulpit and the most dignified and powerful elements in our commercial life. To directly charge any one of these men with lukewarmness toward the old college and the memory of Dr. Nott, would, I am sure, elicit a spirited and indignant denial. They still retain, amid the whirl of events and excitements of metropolitan life, fond recollections of chapel and campus, of professors and friends; and only need the summons in order to appear *en masse*, to give evidence of their regard, and to renew once more the associations of other days.

It is not the fault of the graduates here that we have no alumni association. There are hundreds of them ready and eager to contribute in any way in their power toward the organization of such a body. But they require some one to take the initiative.

Properly, that one should be the President of the College, or some one whom he might designate. At any rate, a call to a meeting should bear the weight of authority to secure attention from men whose affairs compel

them to economize in time.

If Dr. Potter were to start the ball rolling, success would certainly attend the effort, and surely any near-sighted man could see what the consequence of such a movement would be—a renewed college feeling among graduates and students, the re-establishment of Union's popularity, and a decided impetus to the general movement for her prosperity.

R.

### EDITORIALS.

WE crave the indulgence of the readers of the CONCORDIENSIS. On account of various causes, which have been unavoidable, the present issue puts in an appearance a few days late. The account of the Alumni meeting in Chicago should be read by all, as we all should feel interested in the doings of the Sons of "Old Union." We trust the members of the various classes will do all in their power to help sustain the CONCORDIENSIS. It is only with their assistance that it can be carried on successfully. You can render assistance in two ways, first by buying not a single copy but several. The next way in which you can assist us is by contributing to the columns of the paper. Surely there are men enough in college, of good literary attainments, who could furnish some able and interesting articles. Let the articles be written on some live subject. Let them be to the point and short, as "brevity is the soul of wit." A long article, though really excellent, is seldom read, and thus the paper is often judged, or misjudged, by those who have not read it. "Variety is the spice of life" and also of a paper, therefore let each and every one contribute to the columns of the CONCORDIENSIS. Let each one keep a look-out for personal and local items, and hand them in to some member of the board. By thus taking an interest in the paper there

is no reason why it should not attain even greater success in the future than in the past.

It is with feelings of deep regret that we are called upon to mention the retirement of one of our number—Mr. Henry Schlosser. From the beginning of the collegiate year, Mr. Schlosser has had charge of the Literary Department of the CONCORDIENSIS, and by his able management of that department has frequently elicited commendation from the college journals throughout the country. His work has always been well done, and by his interest in everything connected with the paper, and by his hearty co-operation he has done much to strengthen the hands of the editor-in-chief. His kind and courteous bearing has won the respect and esteem of his fellow editors, and they deplore greatly that circumstances led to his retiring from the board. A diligent student and a true gentleman, Mr. Schlosser carries with him the best wishes of his associates. Mr. G. G. Leland has been elected by the Senior class to fill the vacancy.

We would call the attention of those of our metropolitan alumni in whose hands this issue may chance to fall, to the correspondence with regard to the formation of an Alumni Association in New York city. It is surprising that one should not have been established half a century ago. That it would operate to the benefit of the college is plainly apparent, besides renewing the friendly feelings and intercourse of the individual graduates. Our New York alumni are earnest enough for the welfare of the college, but they sadly need a leader. There should be some one to put a shoulder to the wheel and sing out, "come on boys," and the thing would be a success.

In our next issue we will present to our readers the address of Prof. John Foster, at Chicago, and all of our alumni who desire

to read it should embrace the opportunity to subscribe for their college paper. Cannot our Northwestern Alumni spare a dollar apiece for news from their Alma Mater?

With the last issue of the CONCORDIENSIS Mr. Wood retired from the post of editor-in-chief and Mr. Schlosser was chosen in his place. Since then Mr. Schlosser has retired from the editorial staff, and Mr. Henning now assumes the role of chief editor.

### LOCAL.

—Our subscribers will confer a favor by remitting their subscriptions at once.

—Term ends March 31st.

—March came in like a lion.

—All watches in S. S., N. C., keep diurnal time.

—Garfield is President. Hurrah for Garfield!

—A Soph has taken to reading five cent *dime* novels.

—The annual Sigma Phi convention was held on the 4th of March.

—A relic-hunting Freshman carried off a loose piece of the Idol, and marked it, "stone from China."

—March 1st a lecture was delivered in Chapel, by the Faculty; subject—"Bolting;" audience—Freshman class.

—The engineers of the Senior class have finished their course. On the 3rd they were invited to supper at Prof. Staley's.

—The Adelphic-Philomathean joint debate took place in Chapel, March 11th. We shall give particulars in our next.

—Our exchange department has been somewhat deficient for the last few months on account of the indisposition of the editor in charge.

—We were informed the other day by a gentleman of the Sophomore class that the "Wesleyan" translation of the Bible was the foundation of the King James version.

—Senior class in Astronomy.

Prot.—"When will the tides be equal at New York?"

Sen.—"When New York is on the equator."



—One of the Juniors is so faithful a student that the effects of his hard work are exhibited in his ordinary occupations. Imagine his asking in an abstracted way for a "pony of beer!"

—The Sigma Phi fraternity held its 54th annual convention in this place, on the 4th of March. Among the prominent members present was Charles T. Cromwell, of New York city, the only surviving founder of the society.

—A Freshman was searching a dictionary, when enter unto him another, like unto him.  
2d. Fresh.—"What are you looking for?"

1st Fresh.—"*Encore*. I've looked all through the O's and I can't find it at all."

—Now that the other classes have had class suppers, we would recommend that the Sophomores follow their example. Class suppers are good things and we think Sophomore and Senior years the best time for them.

—Several of the Freshmen found their rooms "set up" when they returned from their class supper. Such tricks are most disgraceful to the perpetrators and we are glad to say that the majority of the undergraduates agree with us.

—F. E. Abbott, '81, is going to Dakota to work on the Northern Pacific railway. Good-bye, Abbott, we may not be able to recover your scalp, but we shall see that you are better avenged than Custer, if we have to do it ourselves.

—A man named Scott went through the college lately and gathered up all the old hats, which he promised to make as good as new for a dollar apiece. Nor Scott nor hat has been seen since. If he is ever caught around here he will not escape scot-free.

—Words of wisdom let fall by the Sophomores in English: America was discovered in 1620. The nobles of the 14th century lived too far from the railroads for frequent intercourse. John Wesley made a translation of the Bible in the 14th century.

—The most worthy Grand Mogul of the Albany Law School Chapter of the Delta O, who was recently "taken in" by the Union Chapter of that most grand and time-honored fraternity, is out on the war path with a stuffed club, looking for the man who took his \$3.90. The Law School Chapter, it is needless to state, has been disbanded, and the most diligent search fails to give any clue to the existence of the Union Chapter.

—What does our new monitor receive for his services?

—Why did the Freshman vigilance committee fail to connect?

—"Sophs" beware! "A chiel's amang ye takin' notes, and faith, he'll prent (tell) it."

—The Senior class, it being left optional with them, have decided to take their vacation at the end of this term.

—The Adelphic Society ought to feel proud of their hall now. It has been repapered and painted, the furniture upholstered and things generally "fixed up."

—A burly Junior with a huge bundle of washing, on entering a laundry, was asked: "Are you from the country?"

Junior indignantly.—"Why! I am a 'stoo-dent.'"

—One of the Seniors, the other day, in Astronomy made the bold assertion that the earth is the centre of the solar system, while attempting to prove that the solar system moves in space.

—We received a poetical rendering of the Freshman Class Supper, but owing to want of space, cannot publish it. We give a few verses to prove that '84 has the coming poet:

The Freshmen, a class supper found they must have,  
For of other classes they were bound, to follow the path;

So to Amsterdam, where other suppers had been,  
They determined they'd go, and leave their tin.

"Mine host Wemple," some one said;  
A supper was to give them, of milk and bread.  
Such a one, should be made to suffer;  
For he, evidently, was some confounded duffer.

\* \* \* \* \*

At the time appointed fourhty men of '84,  
Were waiting impatiently at the depot door  
For the train to come, which it did for once on time;  
And in short order, all on board did climb.

\* \* \* \* \*

After waiting for the train which, was two hours late,  
We arrived in Schenectady, at half past eight;  
Some, on pushing open their room doors,  
Found they'd been set up by the infernal Sophomores.  
Beat that if you can, Mathetes, E., or Zor!

#### FRESHMAN CLASS SUPPER.

The men of '84 have begun their college course in a very pleasant manner. The class supper was a success in every particular, and had a good result in creating a class feeling and common interest.

At 6:30 P. M., Feb'y 25, forty of the boys—about two-thirds of the class—gathered at the depot in expectation of the grandest event of the year. They took possession of

one car, which they had to themselves until they reached Amsterdam. Amusement was found at a church festival, where the girls received them with open arms, as it were. After "taking in" the town, at twelve o'clock the banquet tables were surrounded, and Toast-master Cornelius E. Franklin announced—"The enemy is before you, advance and conquer." And they conquered.

After supper all joined with hearty voices in the class song written by W. N. P. Dailey; following that were the following responses to the toasts which shone with talent, wit and humor: "Our Alma Mater," Dow Beekman; "The Class of '84," John E. Bacon, Jr.; "'84's Disciples of Dr. Anthon," Geo. E. Fisher; "The Faculty," Lewis S. Garnsey; "Union in Rebus Militaribus," Fred. S. Hall; "Our Absent Classmates," Arthur H. K. Jervis; "'84 on the Ball Field," John McEncroe; "The Charmers of 'Old Dorp,'" Fred. V. Bennett; "The Class Motto," Sherman E. Bishop; "Joys and Sorrows of Freshman Life," R. S. Wells; "Ye Gentle Sophs," Chas. A. Kitts; "Bright Visions of the Future," D. S. Merritt.

Among the impromptu speeches Mr. Butler distinguished himself in a response to the toast, "Despise not the day of Small Things," in which he cordially remarked "I'm little, but I'm loud."

"All went merry as a marriage bell," was the verdict of every one, and at seven o'clock in the morning they again boarded the train, loud in their praises of the supper, "mine host" Wemple and the "great and glorious class of '84."

#### SENIOR CLASS BANQUET.

The long-looked-for banquet has come, has gone, and is now numbered in the annals of '81 as one of the most important events in her history. Notwithstanding the fact that a small portion of the class, for conscientious reasons (?) have felt the necessity of withdrawing and no longer participating in the councils of '81, the banquet was undertaken and carried through with splendid success. These difficulties have tended only to strengthen the ties which bind the hearts of the loyal men of '81. On the appointed evening, Thursday, Feb. 24th, the members of the class went over to Albany. The majority of them spent the early part of the evening in the Leland Opera House. Everything was in readiness, and the class surrounded the festive board, at the Delavan House,

about midnight. Seldom has it fallen to our lot to see a more happy or a more animated company of young men. Every one was in good humor with himself, and with the whole world. All were determined to have a good time, and they succeeded admirably. After doing justice to the really excellent repast provided, after the wants of the physical man were administered to, the intellectual man was feasted. This part of the exercises proved very interesting. Wit was the predominant feature of the speeches, and they were listened to with much satisfaction by the class. All agreed that a better selection of toasts and respondents could not have been made. All the speakers seemed to agree in the fact that '81 is destined to make Union famous. This seemed to be considered as a certain fact, as something which could not well be doubted. We can only allude to the toasts as space will not admit of a more extended notice. The toast-master, Alexander Campbell, opened these exercises by thanking the class in a few well chosen words for the honor they had conferred upon him. He introduced R. S. Lyon, who responded to the toast "Old Union," and our beloved college could not have found a more able advocate. He remarked that Union might well be proud with its roll of five thousand alumni, numbering among them such names as VanBuren, Seward, Wayland, Tayler Lewis, Jackson and Foster. He said our four years connection with Union was not a mere bargain of exchange. She has implanted in us those principles which will make us good citizens. She has endeavored to send us forth pure, noble-minded men. At this period telegrams of congratulation and regret at being unable to attend, were read by the chairman of the committee, E. I. Devlin, from Johnson, Avery, Lawrence and Latham, former members of the class. G. B. Tullidge was next called upon to respond to the toast "The Lillies of the Valley." His response was apt and witty and called forth much applause. After the rendering of a song by the class, Jos. P. Davis responded to the toast "Our Future." The "silver tongued" Joe waxed eloquent in portraying the future prospects of '81. He remarked that if we use the right means to right ends, our future would be more glorious than our past. While the future looks bright before us we must not rely on our mental powers alone, but be willing to work with a will. Set a definite purpose before us and let it be the polar star leading us on to victory. F.

E. Abbott next responded to the toast "The Memories of Dr. Nott." No man contributed so much to the aid and rise of Union College as the reverend Dr. Soon after delivering his famous sermon on the "Death of Hamilton," he accepted the unanimous call of the trustees to the presidency of Union. The graduating classes, previous to this period, were small, often numbering no more than four or five. Sixteen years after his administration had commenced, the graduating class numbered sixty-five, the famous class of 1820. The Dr. held his position for sixty-two years. The great work of his life was to prepare men for future usefulness. His usefulness reached beyond himself to future ages. As each one departs from his Alma Mater may he strive to leave as noble a name. A. D. Darling followed to the toast "Four Years in the Saddle." From his vivid description of ponies and various beasts of burden, we were led to believe that he had had personal experience in equestrian exercises. "A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse." His response called forth frequent and loud applause. G. G. Leland's response to "The Faculty," was made in a fitting and happy manner, as was also R. A. Wood's response to the toast "Our Consequences"—"A race of giants, learned and profound." D. H. McFalls responded to "Union in the Diamond," in his usual easy and pleasant manner. He gave a vivid description of the triumphs won by our nine in the base ball arena last season, and predicted for them fresh conquests the coming season. C. D. Meneely, the president of the class, then responded to the toast "Class of Eighty-one." He gave a short history of our four years, course, and predicted great things for us in the future. Let each *loyal* classmate ever cherish the name of eighty-one. His response received the hearty approbation of the class. The class then united in singing the class song, written for the occasion by our class poet, L. C. Dickinson. A few impromptu toasts were then given and responded to. "Woman—the Source of our Coming joys and Sorrows," L. C. Dickinson. "Scott, the Hatter to the College," I. W. Wiswall. "Our Absent Members," C. V. Anable. "Albany, the Old Dutch Town," F. W. Cameron. "Our Host," E. I. Devlin. One was given to "The Potters and the Notts." About four o'clock, A. M., the boys separated, some to the various hotels, others to remain and kill time until the train left for Schenectady. Everything passed off

without a jar, and the last "Class Banquet" of eighty-one will ever remain as a bright spot in our memory. The success of the banquet is due in a great measure, to the efficient management of the committee, consisting of E. I. Devlin, C. V. Anable and W. M. White.

### COLLEGENSIA.

The last commencement dinner at Harvard cost the College \$973.82.

Bowdoin has an unknown benefactor, whose gifts of money come unheralded, unsought, and unconditioned. Last year he sent \$10,000, and this year \$15,000.

The Columbia Law School has 456 students. Its growth has been very rapid. In 1860 it graduated 27, and in 1880, 175, making a gain of nearly 150 in twenty years.

At an oratorical prize-speaking at Trinity, Feb. 22nd, the first prize was awarded to Edward S. Beach, of Litchfield, and the second to Alfred P. Grint, of Hudson City, N. J.

Some of the Seniors at Harvard are so proud of their good looks that they refuse to be photographed. They do not believe in exposing their serene countenances to the vulgar gaze.

The Alumni Association of Lafayette College held its first annual reunion at Wilkesbarre recently. Of a membership of 120 a large proportion was present. The meeting was very enthusiastic.

A movement is on foot to establish a theological school on the Pacific coast. It is said that Dr. McDonald will give \$100,000. If anything comes of it San Francisco will probably be the seat of the institution.

The day of prayer for colleges was not observed at Columbia. The *Acta* wonders if it was because they are past praying for down there. From what we have always heard we should think there was no doubt about the matter.

Antagonism between the secret society and anti-secret society members of the senior class in Cornell University has led to a split in the class, the election of contesting class officers and a prospect of two programmes of class-day exercises.

Yale and Harvard are both growling about cold recitation rooms. They have wrapped the stoves up in blankets and done everything else they can to keep warm, but it is



of no avail, so now they purpose to utilize the janitors for fuel.

Alleghany College, Meadville, Pennsylvania, is in an uproar. Three young women have been suspended for refusing to remain in the Boarding Hall. The Senior class, composed of young men, have taken the ladies' part and absent themselves from recitations.—*Tribune*.

Columbia Sophomores have adopted the cap and gown for wear within academic precincts. The gown was abolished there some years since, we believe, by Faculty edict, on account of the facilities offered by flowing sleeves and skirt for the concealment of "illegitimate aids."

At Wesleyan, where attendance at chapel is compulsory, the behaviour is so bad that the *Argus* is calling out for some remedy. On Sunday afternoons the men go to sleep during service, or read Seaside novels, and if anything does not please them they deliberately insult the preacher.

Amherst is so poor that it cannot afford to keep its reading room decent. Imagine a rusty stove, broken racks, a ragged carpet, dingy walls and dirty windows, and you have a picture of the place. Then, too, there is little or nothing to read, so altogether it cannot be particularly inviting.

The College world in general, and the students of Harvard University in particular, will be rejoiced to hear that the *Lampoon* is to be revived. During its brief existence the *Lampoon* was eagerly sought for and read not only by the students, but by many outside the college, who enjoyed its original humor and fine caricatures. The editorial board will consist entirely of undergraduates. The subscription price will be \$1.50 per volume of ten numbers.

A meeting of the Alumni of the Washington and Lee University was held lately at the New York hotel, having for its object the formation of an association of the graduates resident in New York and the vicinity. There was a large attendance of Alumni and invited guests. After a business meeting for organization, resolutions were passed expressing the objects of the association, viz: to further the interests and to work for the better endowment of the University. After the business was settled, all partook of an elegant collation in another part of the hotel.

Feb. 22nd was a gala day at the University of Pennsylvania, the occasion being the installation of William Pepper, M. D., as Provost. The hall used on the occasion was crowded, and when Dr. Pepper stepped on the stage he was greeted with the University cry from the thousand students present. Gov. Hoyt presented Dr. Pepper to the audience in an admirable speech. The Vice Provost then delivered an address of welcome, after which the degree of LL. D. was conferred upon Gen. Garfield. It was also announced that Joseph Wharton intended giving \$100,000 to the University, to endow a school of finance and economy. Among the distinguished men present we notice the name of President Potter.

The \$100,000 for the new law school building was given to the College under the following circumstances: President Eliot, while walking along the street in Boston, met an old gentleman well known for his liberality towards the college. As they passed each other the old gentleman asked, seemingly in jest, "Well, what do you want now?" The President replied in the same tone, "A new law school." A few days after the President received an invitation to lunch. After taking lunch alone with his host, they sat talking about general college matters, until the subject of the law school was brought up. When asked what amount would be needed for a new building, the President named \$100,000. His host excused himself for a moment, but soon returned to the room with papers which gave \$100,000 to Harvard University for a new law school building.—*Crimson*.

## EXCHANGES.

The *Chronicle*, of the University of Michigan, comes out with an extra good number. It has several good editorials, full college notes, a couple of good literary articles and a sensible exchange column. We congratulate the retiring editors on having produced so good a paper and hope that the newly-elected editors will do as good and faithful work as their predecessors.

The *Haverfordian* is getting demoralized. Its article on "Cramming" is altogether beyond the comprehension of any ordinary man. Some of its sentences would puzzle even a Whitney to analyze. By the way—

we don't remember to have heard of the tense "had have been" before. It is used by the writer on "Cockney Poets," and if said writer will most kindly inform us by whom such tense was invented, and where authority can be found for it we shall be happy to adopt such an elegant and expressive phrase. The *Haverfordian*, like many college papers, confines its college notes to Yale, Princeton and University of Pennsylvania, in which, as in its exchange and local columns, it shows want of judgment and executive ability.

We are glad to see that the *Vox Academiæ* is able to hold its own in a little tilt, and if it only lives on through its baby-hood and arrives at years of discretion it may hope to make for itself a place among college journals. As a matter of kindly criticism we would advise the *Vox* to indulge less in italics. Italics are all very well in their way, but you can have too much of a good thing, as some one said the other day when a Sophomore snapped all the steels in her corset.

We are glad to welcome *The North Western* to our sanctum, and hope that it will go on improving till it becomes a first-class college paper. In this number the local column is capital, but the editorial department is meagre. Give more space to editorials and less to heavy matter and you will be more readable.

*Rouge et Noir*, published at Trinity College, Toronto, is a well appearing issue. "Arts and Divinity" is well written and just short enough to be pleasing.

We are glad to welcome among our exchanges the *Hartwick Seminary Monthly* and hope soon to see it secure a college charter.

#### EXTRANEÆ.

—Young Swell—"I should like to have my moustache dyed."

Polite Barber—"Certainly; did you bring it with you?"—*Ex.*

—Scene on Washington street.—Conceited Sophomore, sporting a cane and moustache. First small boy on opposite corner.—"What is it, Bob?" Second small boy.—"Give it up; gimme a stick till I kill it."

—A Freshman, slipping on a banana skin as he strolled along the broad, icy asphalt walk, exclaimed: "Thank Heaven I don't live in the tropics, where the ice would be covered with banana skins."—*Tablet.*

—"Jimmie, my boy, take these eggs to the store, and if you can't get a quarter bring them back." The boy went, as directed, and came back saying: "Father, it takes me to make a trade. They all wanted them at forty cents, but I screwed them down to twenty-five."—*Ex.*

—A Freshman sat down the first evening with simply a text-book and lexicon before him, but getting inextricably mixed up in long periodic sentences, he sent to the publishing house the following message: "For my mother's sake, send on the cavalry; we are entirely surrounded by the enemy, and shall be cut to pieces."—*Occident.*

—When a freshman went into the registrar's office to get his marks he was evidently astonished on being informed that he got G. in hygiene. "Hygiene," said he, "why I never studied hygiene."

"Yes, you did," was the response, "under Prof. Parsons."

"Oh!" said the freshman, and a smile of childish joy beamed from his countenance, "was that hygiene? I never knew what that was."—*Brunonian.*

—Professor, to Senior in electricity—"Are sparks of a long duration?" Senior, with a knowing look—"It depends on whether the old folks have gone to bed or not."—*Ex.*

—When Sarah Jane, the moral Miss, Declares "'tis very wrong to kiss," I really think that I see through it. The lady, fairly understood, Feels just as any Christian should— She'd rather suffer wrong than do it.

—*Harper's*

—The Front Gate—It was night. The sable goddess stretched her leaden sceptre over the silent, slumbering world, and they were still hanging on the old front gate. He had placed his arm around her graceful waist, and drew her closer to his throbbing breast to protect her from the falling dews of heaven. Her head was resting on his strong, manly shoulder, and the lovelight was shining in her lustrous eyes as bright as the headlight of a locomotive. He looked her earnestly in the eyes, and passionately murmured: "Jemima, is your folks had a mess of spring peas yet?"—*Clinonian.*

—At a meeting of the Alumni of Union, residing in Boston and vicinity, recently held at Boston, it was resolved to form a Union College Alumni Association. We trust that the Association will be successful.

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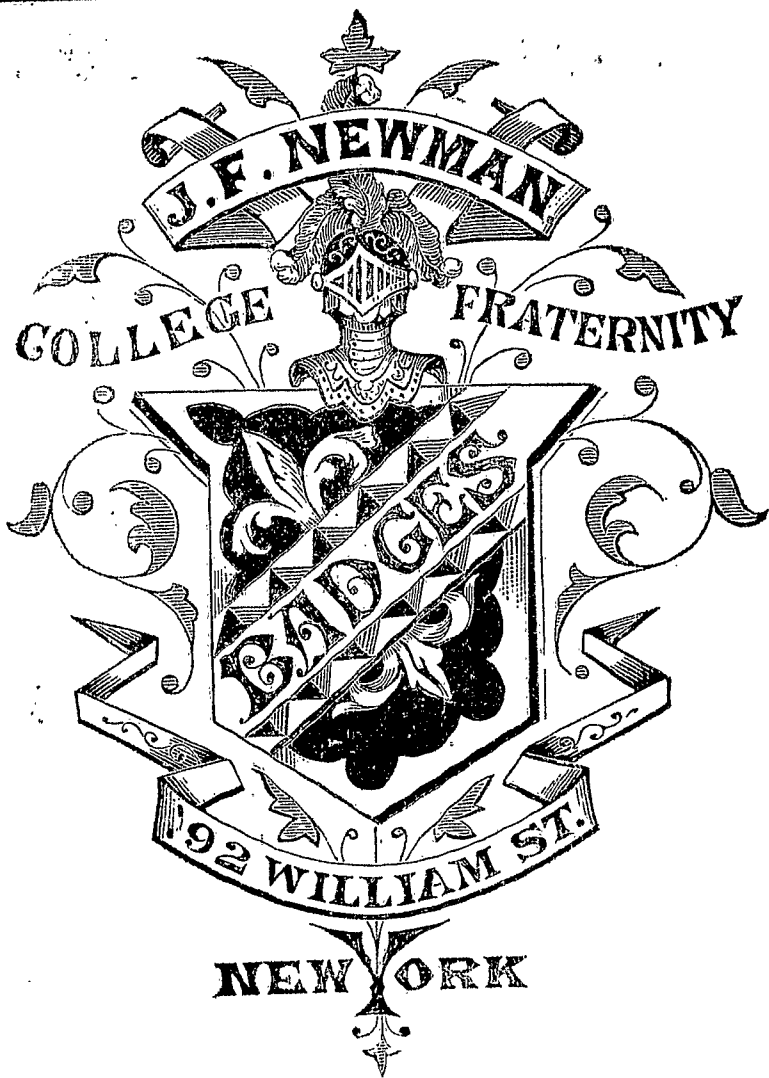
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