

UNION COLLEGE.

THE CONCORDIENSI

VOL. IX. COMMENCEMENT NUMBER. No. 8.

THE CONCORDIENSI.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y.

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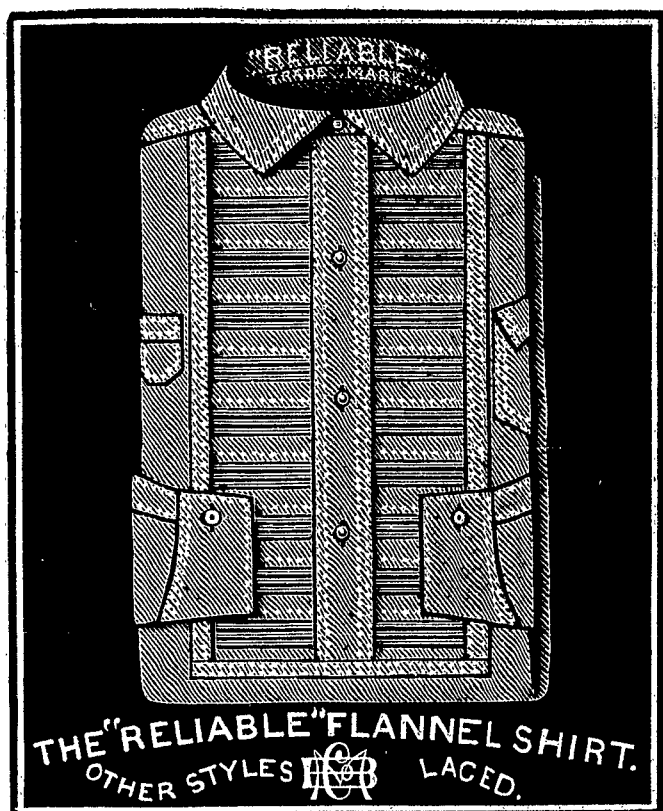
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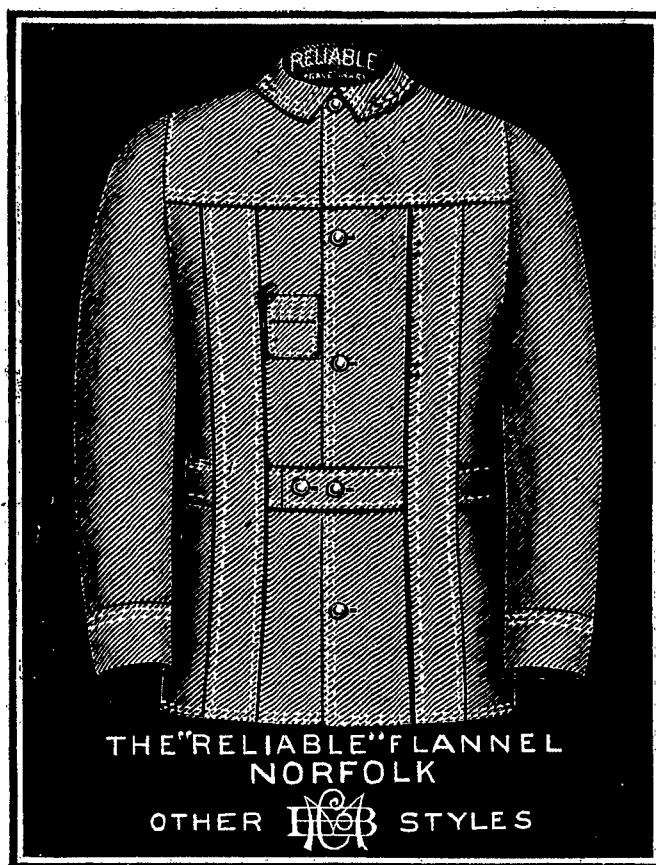
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Commencement Exercises.

Commencement exercises began Sunday evening, June 20, with the baccalaureate sermon, by the Rev. Dr. Ormiston, of New York. The sermon, characteristic of Dr. Ormiston, was plain, forcible and practical. At times, it seemed to the audience that the speaker was trying simply to amuse them; but the good Doctor had his point always in view, and made his applications more than strong by his humorous satire.

Monday afternoon, at three o'clock, the grove exercises were held, under the large elm in Jackson's garden. About ten o'clock Monday morning, it was ascertained that both the Pipe Orator and the Ivy Orator were unable to be present at the exercises. For a time it looked as if there would be no programme to carry out,

but with that ability which Eighty-six possessed to carry out everything which they undertook the exercises were made a success. President Allen introduced W. P. Landon as Pipe Orator, and from the fact that while only a few hours were given for preparation the orator rather eclipsed similar efforts of former classes, Mr. Landon is deserving of no little credit. H. J. Cole took the place of E. W. Courtright as Ivy Orator, and did honor to himself and the class. E. E. Veeder read a fine Ivy Poem, which we print elsewhere. Music was furnished by Parlati's orchestra. The class introduced two new features in the way of printed slips of college songs and a class song rendered by a quartette, consisting of Messrs. Culver, Foote, Voorhees and Randall.

Class exercises were held Monday evening, at eight o'clock, at the First Reformed church. President Allen gave the address of welcome and then introduced the orator of the evening, Mr. D. B. Kinne, Jr. The oration was upon England's great statesman, Gladstone, and fully did justice to the subject. The effort was a fine one, and the oration was pervaded throughout with the same solid good sense which has always characterized him as a student. G. S. Dorwin read the class history, and kept the audience in good humor and attention until he had finished. Following this came the class poem by F. S. Randall.

T. C. Lawler, with his characteristic originality, made a little departure from the old time-worn method of procuring a prophecy. He neither consulted witches nor dreamed it—he simply prophesied. There were some close hits, but the prophecy while sharp and applicable was quite free from the mean flings which often appear in such productions. E. S. C. Harris delivered the address in his old-time,

forcible way, and with a very creditable effort closed the evening's entertainment.

Tuesday the trustee meeting and Alumni banquet took place. Among the respondents at the banquet were Rev. George Alexander, D. D., Hon. Benj. A. Willis and *Eli Perkins* (Melville Landon). In the evening the prize speaking contests took place. The orations were all of a high order and were a great improvement on last year's. The following were the speakers:

SOPHOMORES.

James Edward Brennan, Albany, subject: "Centralization in Government"; Frank Dudley Lewis, Amsterdam, subject: "The Red Man and the White"; Hubert Carpenter Mandeville, Elmira, subject: "Whence the Barbarians?"

JUNIORS.

Alden Lewis Bennett, Hyde Park, Ill., subject: "The Light of Athenian History"; Mather Craine Howe, Schenectady, subject: "A Vexed Question"; Albert Henry Pepper, Schenectady, subject: "Stealing as a Fine Art"; Francis Xavier Ransdell, Providence, La., subject: "Future of the American Negro."

Following this came the extemporaneous contest. The general subject announced some time in advance was: "The Labor Question," and the exact question announced just before the first junior speaker was: "Are the Present Labor Organizations a Benefit to the Working-man?" The speakers are limited to ten in number and to six minutes for delivery. The following spoke in order determined by lot: Edward Madison Cameron, Albany; William Pierce Landon, Schenectady; Irving Peake Johnson, Schenectady; John Edgar Winne, Castleton; Philip Henry Cole, Red Hook; Nelson Manning Redfield, Rochester, and Francis Xavier Ransdell, Providence, La. The contest resulted more favorably than was expected, for the speeches were all good and there was not a single break in delivery.

COMMENCEMENT DAY

was ushered in by a dismal rain which continued all day. Notwithstanding the bad weather the First Reformed church was well filled at ten

o'clock, and the exercises were then carried out. The speakers were: Edwin Charles Angle, Schenectady, subject: "Anglo Saxon Supremacy"; Howard Judson Cole, Albany, subject: "Epochs of Progress"; William Pierce Landon, Schenectady, subject: "Make Haste Slowly"; John Edwin Ostrander, Slingerlands, subject: "Heroes and Heroism"; Frederick Stephen Randall, Stafford, subject: "The National Outlook. The Valedictory was given by Elmer Ellsworth Veeder, Schenectady.

Following the orations came the Chancellor's address by U. S. Senator Warner Miller. The address on "Positions and Duties of Educated Men in a Republic" was particularly fine, and has since been issued in pamphlet form as an addition to educational literature.

Honorary degrees conferred were: LL. D., Hon. Warner Miller, '60; Herkimer, and John Ira Bennett, '54, Chicago, Ill. D. D., Rev. Staley B. Rossiter, '65, N. Y. City, Rev. Tennis S. Hamlin, '67, Washington, D. C., and James Norton Crocker, '49, Saratoga, N. Y. Ph. D., Cady Staley, '65. A. M., Daniel S. Lamont, '72, Washington, D. C.

The prizes were awarded as follows:

Warner Prize, E. E. Veeder, Schenectady.

Ingham Prize, E. C. Angle, Schenectady.

Allen Prizes, first, W. F. La Monte, Richmondville; second, E. C. Angle, Schenectady; third, E. E. Veeder, Schenectady.

Clark (Junior) first, I. P. Johnson, Schenectady; second, A. L. Bennett, Hyde Park, Ill.

Pendleton Latin Prize, P. H. Cole, Red Hook.

Veeder Extemporaneous Prize, P. H. Cole, Red Hook.

Junior Oratorical Prizes, first, F. X. Ransdell, Providence, La.; second, M. C. Howe, Schenectady.

Sophomore Oratorical, first, H. C. Mandeville, Elmira; second, J. E. Brennan, Albany.

Blatchford, first, W. P. Landon, Schenectady; second, F. S. Randall, Stafford. Honorable mention, E. E. Veeder, Schenectady.

Nine Freshmen have registered.

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Class Oration—Gladstone.

Fifty years ago, when I was in the Foreign office, said Gladstone, in a recent speech. Fifty years in public life! What changes have taken place in government, in thought, and in men in that time.

In reviewing the work of a man who has been active during such a period, and who has become and remained the greatest leader of his time against all opposition of crown and class, we must expect to find inconsistencies.

The words and deeds of one occasion never supply an effectual test of character. We must consider a life as a whole, and relate the change of plan and purpose to the natural effect of growth and accomplishment. A man who is not willing or able to take a different view of great questions as he reaches a different stage of action cannot keep abreast of the times. Even if he have some grand purpose to accomplish he will at best become but an able fanatic. He will blindly follow one course, now falling short, now striking away beyond; frequently defeating his own ends because of the inopportuneness of his movement.

If, on the other hand, he be content with comfortable contemplation of the glories of his grandfathers, he will become a conservative, opposed to all change all progress. Because this or that method has served a certain purpose and afforded a degree of prosperity in the past, he will say "Let there be no change." He fears every step ahead lest it bring disruption or violent revolution. He lives in and on the past and is blind to the fact that time makes changes.

Gladstone is alike removed from both these classes, and yet combines certain features of both. His prominence to-day is due to his ability to abandon old positions and establish himself in new ones, so far in advance that retreat is impossible or unnecessary, and at the same time he is a conservative in reform. His plans are not wild and visionary but essentially practical and adapted to the time and occasion.

We find him at one time the defender of the Church in Ireland, and again the successful champion of disestablishment. Now a con-

servative of pronounced type and later a liberal of the liberals, going so far in advance of the ideas and comprehensions of the ultra liberal leaders that they cry out in alarm and disavow adherence to such radicalism.

Gladstone then does not owe his eminence to partisanship; party feeling demands the prostration of the reason and the will. It is as dogmatical and damnatory as the Athenasian creed. It has the narrowness of a sect and the exclusiveness of a caste." The strict partisan must believe in the infallibility of his leaders and the mortal errors of his opponents. He must defend his party when wrong and attack the opposite even when right.

But we must not suppose that because Gladstone has neither been the strict adherent of a party nor the persistent advocate of doctrines that he once defended that he has not had a purpose in his career. For the past twenty years he has ever been the champion of one cause, he has ever had in view one grand object, namely, the elevation of the Irish people, the righting of wrongs of centuries duration. Failing in a measure to accomplish all he desired, he has again and again been called by the English people as the one man in the United Kingdom able to make plans for the peaceable and permanent settlement of the relations with Ireland. He educates the people and leads them step by step, advancing ever to broader plans and more liberal policy. As more and more progress is made in the march he adapts the policy of government to the advance in position.

Herein lies the main-spring of his life. This characteristic fits him to be a leader for so long a period. Bound in by the lines of party or blindly attaching himself to one and only one method of solving the problem, one failure would have ended his career. But not so. His plans to-day are in contradiction to those he formed ten years ago. He has been great enough to see that the exigencies of the case warranted the change, and the adherence of millions of Englishmen attests the wisdom of his judgment. Blind infatuation say his enemies. The most unaccountable delusion in the annals

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of history! But can this be? Can not the judgment of the masses in the course of a generation be trusted? We think so. The English speaking people the world over think so. They say that he is a mere rhetorician. Then rhetoric must mean leadership, statesmanship, Gladstone's success in life, his position at the head of progress and liberality in the world is due to himself. He has been not only unpopular with the Crown and aristocracy in general, but is positively disfavored and opposed by them. Nowhere in history can we find a greater example of what a man can accomplish.

Gladstone's name needs no monument to be remembered. A scholar, an orator, a statesman, he stands to-day without title, preferring to be remembered as the great Commoner. Great indeed has he been in the Commons. Defeated in the Ministry, he returns to the Opposition Benches to the discomfiture of his enemies. Defeated in his plans because too advanced, he returns only to adopt a policy more liberal, more revolutionary, and comes nearer and nearer to success. By his marvellous power he compels the Crown to dissolve Parliament and submit his policy to the people, and though his plans for aiding Ireland may not succeed in his day, he will ever be remembered as the advocate of right and the defender of the weak against the strong.

To us now actually to start in life on our own resources, Gladstone's career affords an object lesson of peculiar cogency. Our plans and views of life are not what they were four years ago, and in four years time they must have changed again, or we shall be in a fair way to be left behind in life. Public thought on all questions changes with every year. To lead in the contest, to keep a place even, we must be able to detect the change in sentiment, and instead of standing to wait for the wave to strike us we must meet and guide it. The time has passed when the name of a party or sect or creed can give a man success. The world must progress, and if we are to lead in the march of advancement we must change before circumstances. That which to-day seems to be the best course may next year or the next prove to be entirely in error.

Look at the Irish question from the standpoint of an Irishman, said Gladstone. This means be liberal, be fair-minded.

Avoid fanaticism, avoid senseless conservatism. They are equally a waste of power. Be liberals of the liberals when necessary, be conservative when conservatism means opposition to rashness. Then, with convictions founded on good judgment, have courage to stand for them, to fight for them against any opposition, and success is assured.

Ivy Poem.

ELMER E. VEEDER.

COME classmates all and gather round
Beneath these shady bowers,
To while away in joy and mirth
The short and fleeting hours.
Ere now the bond that binds our hearts
For other scenes yearning,
Is broken from the "old gray walls,"
These sacred halls of learning.

Bring forth the ancient Pipe of Peace,
That relic old and rusty,
And quaff the nectar from its bowl,
With youthful lungs and lusty;
And as the darkened clouds of smoke
On airy wings are flown,
So from our hearts, by friendship's breath,
Let clouds of wreath be blown.

The ivy from some distant vale
We've hither brought to-day,
Where, clinging to some lordly oak,
It held unbidden sway;
And struck its tendrils, dark and strong,
Deep in the oaken side,
And winds that swept the forest boughs
It bowed to, yet defied.

But now the scene is changed about,
The stately vine lies low,
For the ruthless hand of Eighty-six
Hath willed it should be so.
The vine that once so proudly grew
Lies struggling now with death,
And roots that ne'er the sunlight knew
Are parched by its heated breath.

Yet not to die did we bring thee here
From thy distant forest home,
A better fate is in store, we hope,

Since thou hast hither come.
With spade and pick we'll cleave the earth
At our Alma Mater's side,
And deep in the dark and fertile ground
Thy roots again we'll hide.

Thy branches ne'er again shall twine
About the forest tree,
We'll bind thee to these "old gray walls,"
Thou shalt no more be free;
Until with habits formed anew,
With fibres stronger grown,
Thy tendrils, used to softer things,
Can pierce the heart of stone.

Here sheltered from the stormy blast,
And winter's frosty breath,
Revived by the spring-time rains
Which life brings out of death,
Refreshed by the sparkling drops
Of Heaven's pearly dew,
And nourished by the summer sun
Thy strength thou'lt soon renew.

Then as the years go rolling by,
And tempests thee befall,
With new-born vigor in thy veins
Thou wilt withstand them all;
Thy grasp upon these massive walls
Shall take a firmer hold,
Each storm shall find thee more prepared,
More resolute and bold.

Classmates, in this simple story,
From life of our ivy vine,
Do you not without much effort
See a semblance there to thine?
Like it we have been transplanted
From our homes and boyish glees,
To this place where wisdom lingers,
Learned to pierce her mysteries.

In youth's days we roamed with freedom
Whereso'er we choose to go,
Troubled not by dreams of wisdom,
Wisdom's cares we did not know.
When those dreams came stealing o'er us
Soon they took material form,
And the cares that haunt their footsteps
Chased away this childish morn.

Laid aside mere childhood's pleasures,
Study's cares came in their stead,
Into wisdom's boundless treasures
Deep and deeper now we sped;
Till from home and home's affections,
From the scenes to youth most dear,
Under wisdom's stern correction
Life anew began we here.

Helplessly we stood and wondered
'Mid the taunts and sneers of "Sophs,"
Shamefully we flunked and blundered
In reciting to the "Profs";
Till our hearts grew faint and sickly,
Like the ivy at our feet,
Difficulties came so thickly
They seemed more than we could meet.

Overcome by toil, appalling,
All around us, one by one,
Comrades from our ranks were falling,
As each new term was begun.
And of all the class which gathered,
And gave promises so bright,
Only we who here assemble
Are victorious in the fight.

During four long years we've struggled
With our Latin and our Greek,
Mathematics we have smuggled,
French and German we can speak.
We are versed in mental science,
And in morals we are pat,
To Atheists we bid defiance,
All the Profs. will tell you that.

Ere the first bright rays of morning
Tinged the eastern sky with red,
From the belfry came the warning,
We must leave our downy bed;
Then our way to prayers we wended,
With our eyes half filled with sleep,
With the morning air was blended
Well—the words we will not speak.

But now these irksome scenes are over,
And our troubles are forgot,
In the brightness of the future
We can see no darkened spot.
As we leave these halls which treasure
Such fond memories of the past,
We recall with keenest pleasure
Scenes which time has buried fast.

Now to wisdom's ways accorded,
In her paths we gladly tread,
The restraints she once afforded,
We no longer feel nor dread.
As the vine, by careful training,
Learns to climb these walls of stone.
We have learned by much restraining
To climb up knowledge's steep alone.

As the ivy in its growing
Clings with grace unto these wall,
So our hearts with love now glowing,
Shall cling unto these sacred halls.
As the stars, the while caressing,

On this vine their soft light shed,
So may fortune pour her blessing
As life's mazy paths we tread.

When the sun of life is setting,
And its shadows o'er us fall,
And this world the while forgetting
Far away we hear a call;
Then this vine shall yet be twining,
Of immortal life shall tell,
Where the gates of Heaven shining
Cast o'er souls their glorious spell.

Prize Oration—Make Haste Slowly.

W. P. LANDON.

The problem of life must be solved by every young man. What shall he do? The majority of men are absorbed in the mere act of living, and think, not of the future and its possibilities, but only of the pains and pleasures of the present. They work and eat and sleep, unmoved by high ideas, and are nothing but machines, directed by the engineer Selfishness. There are men, however, whose hearts throb with sympathy as they meet on all sides human weakness beseeching support, human suffering crying for alleviation, ignorance waiting for instruction, and sin in its perverseness rejecting salvation. By these voices they are called to do their utmost for their fellow-men. Life is short, they must not be idle. Mistakes waste much time. Some men at the outset of their careers take the wrong road and do not discover their error until they stand shuddering on the very brink of a yawning chasm, and then have wasted too much of their lives to search for the road that leads over the bridge to the bright future beyond. Wishing to begin well, the young man examines himself carefully to see what are his particular talents, and consults great men to learn what they consider a well spent life. He asks the rich man, if wealth; the orator, if persuasive eloquence; the statesman, if control over the destinies of nations, bring in their last days tranquility of soul. They all teach him the same lesson. You have ability of some kind; you may be able only to dig a ditch, or perhaps you can penetrate the deepest mysteries of the human soul; but, whether you succeed or fail in your

calling, you will be happy in your last days only in so far as you have done what you could to help your fellow-men. However diverse may be the lives of the men whom he questions, yet in their advice to him there is unbroken agreement. Deeply impressed by this unanimity, he resolves not only to work hard during the period of preparation for his profession; but in active practice to labor less for the money he receives than for self-improvement, that he may honor the calling that he has chosen: for not until late in life do men who are guided by lofty aims receive pay in money for their early labors.

While he is training in quiet obscurity for the race of life, he sees young men passing by him, and, as they turn and cast upon him a jeering smile, he is almost goaded into following after them; but they have started too soon, and even now before his eyes begin to totter and fall, exhausted by their premature efforts: some to rise no more; others to start again, and again to fall; some few, however, though crestfallen, to strengthen well their limbs by many trials, and finally to endure the great strain; but all are delayed by their untimely haste. From these failures he becomes the more determined that he will not be hasty; but, at times, wearied by his continuous toil without any apparent results, almost in despair, he doubts whether he has not made a fatal mistake. While he falters he thinks of his God, of the small space that he himself occupies in this boundless universe, and of the command of his Creator to so use his powers as to fulfill the end of his existence. Taking new courage, he plods on. Wrapped up in his purpose, he bends all his energies toward its accomplishment; and, as the magician's wand turned everything into gold, so all his experience contributes toward his education. Study and reflection are filling that arsenal, his brain, with an equipment for future action.

The period for action now begins. No longer a youth, as he thinks of his labor, which has as yet borne no fruit; of his struggles to suppress his anger at the sneers of some and the still more exasperating sympathy of others; as he feels the power within him and chafes under

his self-imposed restraint, he pants with breathless eagerness to use his long-gathered strength. He is not concerned about opportunities for carrying out his ideas; an earnest, capable man can make his own opportunities. He does not need to wait; he has his materials on which, his tools with which, and his purpose for which to work; but above all he has confidence in himself. His success is assured; and so is that of any other man who is willing to take just a little more pains than his fellow-competitors. It is the legitimate result of this silent, persistent, mighty preparation. Here in the United States is such preparation the rarest, and therefore the most needed. In no other country do men so rapidly rise into prominence; attract attention for awhile; and then, as soon as the fair bubble of appearances bursts, sink into obscurity. In no other country are young men so tempted to give up unremunerative work for lucrative positions; and in no other country are such high prizes of both wealth and station held out to those who resist these temptations, pass their early lives in hard study without reward, and do not begin public action until thoroughly prepared.

In this month of June all over our land are young men leaving the tender care of their Alma Mater to battle in this world, which is said to handle men so roughly. Shall we who have had the foundations for future action firmly laid erect super-structures of equal stability; or shall we build vast fabrics, that will for a time present an imposing appearance; and then, yielding to the first strong wind, bestrew the ground with ruins. The iron horse, in its swift course, brushes aside on a wintry day the lightly falling snow-flakes; but, as these seemingly mere trifles fall thick and fast, the movements of the monster become heavy; it puffs and snorts and shakes its mighty frame in its mad struggles against this now immovable mass, and so howling ignorance, in its apparently irresistible course, shall dash in vain against the bulwark formed by this same silent, persistent, mighty preparation.

The *base ball record* is best unpublished.

Class Poem.

F. S. RANDALL.

WHEN a poet writes a poem—
One that everybody reads—
We may make the supposition
He has everything he needs;
That he has in mind a subject,
Knows just what he wants to say,
That his muse when bidden help him
Will not, frightened, fly away.

When a poor, forlorn class-poet,
Just about commencement time,
Sits him down and in a frenzy
Tries to write his little rhyme
Do you think an inspiration
Comes in that sore time of need?
If you do you are mistaken,
You've the wrong idea, indeed.
He's a poor, misguided mortal,
And I'm half ashamed to say
He's the very worst example
Of all those who go astray.
He's another would-be dreamer,
And whenever he pursues
That divine and fair inspirer
Whom the poets call their muse,
He discovers to his sorrow
She will not her flight defer—
If she will not come unbidden
He can never go to her.

I have looked up all the poets,
Studied Shakespeare, Burns and Moore,
Read through Scott and Pope and Dryden,
Minor poets by the score,
And I know by heart "The Raven,"
Can repeat with dear delight
"Hail Columbia," "Yankee Doodle,"
"Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night;"
I am very well acquainted
Too, with Byron's wild, weird "Dream,"
But I'm sure I can't discover
Where a poet gets his theme.
Should I write about the future—
Make a few predictions mild—
I would overstep my limits
And the Prophet would get wild.
Should I turn glances backward
And our history unfold
I would then infringe on Dorwin
And he straightway would cry "hold."
Should I write of the professors,
Tell their jokes of great renown,
All the Sophs would hollo "chestnuts"
And the Freshmen would "come down."

Over all these limitations
 I had pondered long and late
 Till they lay upon my spirit
 With a heavy leaden weight.
 Would my muse not come and help me?
 Must I fail then after all?
 Would my Pegasus get weary
 In his winged course and fall?

Thus I mused just at the closing
 Of a bright, warm summer day,
 Sat and gazed across the landscape,
 Watched the sunset die away;
 Saw the shadow in the valley
 Growing deep and deeper still,
 Saw fair Luna's slender crescent
 Just above the western hill.
 Soon o'er all the ancient city
 Night's dark mantle softly fell,
 And from out a neighboring belfry
 Rang the hour-recording bell.
 Day was done—was done forever—
 And as night stole softly on
 Came the thronging recollections
 Of the four years past and gone.

How time looms up in the distance
 When we look ahead and see
 All the dim, uncertain future—
 Days that must unhappy be!
 How it shrinks almost to nothing
 When our glances back we cast
 O'er the well remembered pathway
 Of a bright and happy past!
 And our past? Ah! that is happy,
 For whate'er a student's lot
 He remembers only pleasure—
 All the sorrow is forgot.

Who can tell what aspirations
 Filled our breasts when first we came
 As a class to Alma Mater?
 On her roll-call stands each name.
 May the truthful, stern recorder
 Leave a glaring blank—unless
 She may write, in glowing letters,
 Underneath each name "Success!"

O my comrades! O ye members
 Of our own loved little band!
 Now we separate forever—
 And with hand clasped warm in hand
 Pledge we all life-long remembrance
 Of our by-gone college days.
 May the memory that lingers
 Stimulate in us the praise
 Of our gray old Alma Mater,
 Whose respected name we bear,

And whose spotless, stainless honor
 Guard we with a zealous care.
 May the unity that kept us
 In the past, be ever bent
 In the cause of right and freedom,
 Until strength and life are spent!
 May the class in which we glory,
 And which leaves forever now,
 Prove to be another laurel
 In Old Union's classic brow!

History of Eighty-six.

G. S. DORWIN.

Classmates, friends of Union and of '86:—
 When that most celebrated of Roman lawyers, Papinian, was required by the Emperor Caracalla to defend the murder which he had perpetrated upon his brother, Geta, as Nero had been defended by the philosopher Seneca, he answered: "It is easier to perpetrate the murder of a brother than to defend it." And he paid with his life for the glory of his answer. So it is easier to be elected historian than it is to record the events of the class. Not because there is nothing to record of '86, for what subject more fit for eloquence than a class whose merits, undertakings and victories for four years have been lauded to the skies. And it is made a much harder task when one's classmates come around and pleasantly persuade you to accept a treat, then with an earnestness so typical of the whole class, sweetly remark: "Please don't mention that little episode of Sophomore year, because my girl will be in the audience and I would not have her know of it for the world." He gratefully presses my hand as I assure him I will draw it as light as possible. But a history consists of facts, and to be complete should necessarily contain all and nothing but such facts. So classmate you have placed me upon a path from which I cannot depart, and should I mention things unpleasant, like Prof. Hoffman, my only plea is "It is my duty." Hence, as a duty to future ages, it is necessary to give a correct chronicle of what has happened within the last four years.

"Eighty-Six." What a flood of memories those words bring to our minds. Some we wish

to forget, and others, happy ones, when recounted to inexperienced under-classmen, are absorbed with such attention as assures their being incorporated in the mythical tales of "Old Union." On that pleasant September morning when first as a class we passed through the blue gate and silently stole around to chapel, subjected to the jeers of the Sophomores, there was something about those forty-five which impressed the other classes that

"Though in number we were few,
We would bear us bravely through,
Eighty-six would be an honor
To us all."

Many Sophomore seats were vacant that morning. We did not know why, and our courage rose very rapidly when Tutor Anable mildly but firmly seated that Southern terror, who had that pleasant little way of *whispering* frosh in about four different keys at once. But alas! How short that prayer was. How our hearts began to jump as a diabolical yell arose without, and as we were hustled through the door cries of "salt them" arose on all sides. Prex. Potter's white beaver seemed made purposely for a target. It was our savior. As he attempted to quell the row, salt bags flew around his head like moths around a flame. We longed for night to come down and shelter us, but what awaited us we knew not.

Union has a custom both pleasant and unpleasant of what is known as "setting-up." The pleasantness or unpleasantness depends upon which class you are a member of. When night's sable goddess did stretch forth her leaden sceptre we found ourselves on the unpleasant side, and Freshmen could be heard singing, dancing and making speeches to '85 whenever there was a lull in the hubbub. When Cole boldly climbed the idol and delivered an oration to '85 in a clear and unwavering voice, we all thought that he was a courageous Freshman. The Sophs sneeringly informed us it was nothing more than cheek.

As a class we have been a unit. Every event in which we have figured in these short four years there has not been one man who has said "I will not follow the majority"; and at Algebra

cremation every man was in line. As the solemn procession wended its way through this ancient burgh the valient Fletcher struck terror to the heart of more than one Sophomore. We escaped the accustomed shower of eggs. Tom Foote, with his usual foresight, had discovered where they were hid. Duffy's door was wrecked, and Tom had the satisfaction of hurling 56 dozen of back-number eggs from the fourth story window. Our programme was completely carried out. Of course there were some sore heads and black eyes, and Veeder lost an ear which, I believe, was afterward picked up near the blue gate. Then came our Freshman supper. How well the scene comes back. Those long and heavily laden tables around which we ate, drank and smoked, listening to various toasts, tales and songs till night was far spent. It might be well to remark here that milk was *not* served from bottles by the waiters as was reported. No bottles were allowed. Groat argued that it was unbecoming to have even a punch bowl. Third term was ushered in with the parade by which we demonstrated our ability to wear tiles and swing canes. Freshman year soon passed away, carrying with it some of the pleasantest memories of our course.

One of the characteristics of great men is the facility with which they adapt themselves to the times by changing principles. As Freshmen we had suffered much, and argued against such barbarous customs. But as Sophomores we inserted a new plank in our class platform, which read: "Every dog has his day." Ours had come, and we flattered ourselves we initiated '87 in proper style. Freshmen could be seen all times of night stealing around dark corners bringing us refreshments. Any one of the class could find the cider mill blindfolded. At the salting Kinne became very excited. Not that it is usual with him, but he did, and the salt from his hand rained down upon the Freshmen like an avalaache. Prof. Staley evidently believed in moderation. He quickly had Bart by the shoulders, and in mild tones of authority asked: "Young man, what are you going to

do with that salt bag?" Kinney, not wishing any salt wasted, for that class required quite an amount, answered: "Going to salt those dog-goned Frosh," and suiting the action to the word the bag whistled by the good man's ear and distributed itself amongst the hayseed on the shoulders of a stalwart Freshman.

Prof. Chaplin came to us this term. We had heard much of his prowess. One night there was more noise going on up in north section than Chap thought agreeable to sleep. I suddenly felt myself swinging in the air. On collecting my scattered senses I beheld a tall, white-robed figure, heard a scramble down the stairs, and as the Prof. quietly ejected me I thought of that student who, upon receiving a suspension notice, telegraphed home "Fatted calf for one." We feared him for some time, but gradually as his big heart and good nature showed itself while he led us through the intricacies of calculus we learned to love and respect him, and when we heard he had remarked that '86 might not be a class of book-worms, but they had the stuff of which good and successful men were made, we shouted Chap. forever. By this time we had come to the conclusion that that free and independent spirit which characterized our ancestors was waning, and to remind the faculty that '86 was conservative, we used to take occasional bolts. Mingled with our conservatism was a love of politics, and on that morning when we heard that the candidate of the peoples' party would address the citizens of Schenectady from the rear of his car at 10 o'clock, why of course we must be there. But we recited to Prof. Wells at that hour. Should we take the chance of getting excused, or should we bolt? All was uncertainty, until Little with his happy way of solving all such problems, pinned upon the Prof's. door a placard, which read "Dear Billy. Gone to see Ben, '86."

The year rolled quickly by and we returned as upper-classmen. We were conscious of our new responsibilities. We buried our Sophomore desires for blood. We cultivated the society of the Seniors, and were never seen on the street with a Freshman. It would be well to omit the

fact that we had a Junior bonfire, at which Hayes delivered a toast to Prof. Staley. He explained the toast the next morning in chapel. Hayes was sick for some time after and lived on clam soup. We had a Junior ball. Pratt had prophesied great success. We were sure we had spent enough on arrangements. So was the class when it was assessed \$132 to make up the deficit. Lawler said he believed in the adage that "those who danced must pay the fiddler," but in his case it seemed a base mockery. Junior year we had led a happy existence, and we thought Senior year was to follow on. But alas! what an error. Hickok's principle that "A rational being should obey reason" has troubled our dreams. We learned fully that "A government is of the people, for the people and by the people." We came to the conclusion that Kant, Spencer, Spinoza, Hume, and a multitude of others, only concocted their diabolical theories for our especial discomfort. We longed to believe knowledge a mere phantasmagoria, and as Sheakspear has said—

"We are the stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded in sleep."

Fisher's "Principles of Theism" has probably called forth more pure Theism than was originally intended. But those trials are past. In athletics '86 has always taken the lead. Every year she has taken a majority of all field-day medals, and Landon adorns his manly form with medals for being the best college vaulter in the State. Time forbids us to recount the victories of the nine. I will not enter into individual history, but will pass over how Ostrander always told us just before recitation that he had not looked at the subject, and try and make us believe he had been *bad* the night before, when he had polled till the small hours. Neither will I say anything concerning Skinner's æsthetic knickerbockers, nor of the degree of excellency which Harris has attained as a wire-puller, nor the fact that for four years Randall has posed as a ghost, a midnight marauder. Each man in the class is looking for the good boys' cup since the Judge has proclaimed his determination to smoke. If a class vote were taken I think the

honor would probably be divided between Jackson and Kinne, with honorable mention for Angle. But since Angle has acquired the name of "Devil Fish" he would probably be left off the list. In one particular the class of '86, I think, is different from all or most college classes, different in a respect which shows the honorable principles of my brothers. Other historians have stood here and apologized for the crushed and bleeding hearts which their bewitching classmates have left behind, and for the vows of everlasting fidelity that end with a sweet, sad farewell. Don't imagine I intend to convey the idea that there will not be bleeding hearts, or that my classmates are not just as bewitching as other classes, for, like a temperance lecturer, as proof I have only to point to the five terrible examples before you. I have investigated the matter thoroughly and find every man still retains his avowed determination of bachelorhood. It may be that such determination was from causes detrimental to the men themselves. La Monte, I believe, was engaged before he came to college, but the girl died from the effects of too much letter writing. One other man came near breaking our unit rule. I say near—she said no instead of yes. We have had occasion to congratulate some who have left our ranks, but that was only after they had severed connection with '86. I will not take advantage of my position to inflict upon the faculty anything like the jokes and sittings-on that they have upon us. We learned fully Prof. Staley's motto, "*Aut disce, aut discede*," and hope he will always apply the first part to us as conscientiously as we now regret to be compelled in a sense to follow the last. Prof. Whitehorse's gruff voice which struck terror to our hearts as Freshmen now is musical to our ear, and I expect that many years hence, when we shall bring our sons to enter Old Union, we will go up in the Historical Society rooms and with pride pointing out an old faded straw hat, remark that our best friend on the faculty, Prof. Perkins, wore that hat for years and years. Many changes have taken place in faculty during our course. Some have left us and gone to other

fields of labor, where we wish them the utmost success, and others have come in their stead whom we have learned to love and respect. Although death has not thinned our ranks, yet twice have we been called upon to take a final leave of men to whom we had become devoted, and whose names will be held dear by '86 long after other things have been forgotten.

Classmates, we have assembled to-night for the last time in the character of a class,—a joyful event, which for four years we have anxiously awaited. And yet our joy is tinged with sorrow as we look into each familiar face; into the faces of those we love and respect as instructors, into the faces of other classmen, into the faces of those residents with whom we have been pleasantly associated, and remember that soon we must part. Four years of pleasant associations, sharing each others hardships, partaking of each others pleasures, have bound us with golden bands of friendship. All other associations are soon to be severed, yet time and vicissitudes cannot erase from the tablets of our minds the joyful memories of our college days. As we go forth from this, our once happy home, to seek our lot in life's great struggle, to fulfill the imperious law of our being, may we always bear ourselves as worthy sons of so glorious an Alma Mater.

Prophecy.

T. C. LAWLER.

The limited number of offices which the Senior class bestows on its deserving members are eagerly sought by many candidates. The class of '86 is no exception to this rule. For the various offices we have had many candidates. But there is one office which furnishes a striking exception to this rule, and that is the class prophet. With all due modesty your prophet can truly say, that the office "sought the man." To quote the words of my friend, the historian, at the meeting in which officers were selected: "Gentlemen, prophets are *born*, not made; the one necessary qualification for a successful prophet is imagination, and you all know that Lawler has by far the most vivid imagination of any man in the class." Of course it was very

gratifying for me to discover at that late day that I was a "born prophet," and the assurance relieved me in a great measure when I came to consider the magnitude of the work I had undertaken in attempting to foretell the destinies of the members of the class of '86.

The great difficulty in writing a prophecy is want of originality in the method of obtaining information in regard to coming events. Somnambulism, dreams, phonography, phronology, etc., are worn out and thread-bare. Your prophet has taken what to him seems to be the only reasonable course for a "born prophet" to take, and that is when he feels himself possessed of the prophetic power, to write as the power directs, the future of his fellow classmates. He has the all essential virtue of faith in himself; he utterly discards personal feelings, and gives himself entirely to the power which directs him to write as follows:

On pleasant spring morning in the year 1910, your prophet was aroused from a pleasant reverie by the stentorian voice of the brakeman of a N. Y. C. coach calling "Schenectady." Passing through the depot, the prophet boarded a street car, and in a few moments was riding up Union street in the direction of "the hill." There is very little change in the appearance of the streets until Quackenboss street is reached, and here the first improvement presents itself. The old pasture with its unsightly fence has given place to a beautiful park, in which are many fine buildings, which prove to be society chapter houses and professors' dwellings. The terrace has been graded so that the park meets the campus by a gentle slope. The original plan of the college buildings has been carried out, and the new dormitories extending on both sides of Powers Hall almost meet the old buildings and form a semi-circle facing the fine old campus. Memorial Hall is now utilized as the college chapel, as well as to contain paintings and works of art. The number of students is upwards of 600. The Honorable Grover Cleveland, after serving two terms as President of the United States, accepted the presidency of Union College, and is recognized as one of the sound-

est presidents in the land. The college is run on purely business principles, and shows the beneficial results. The secret of Cleveland's success is that *he* is president himself, and when he makes a move he does not allow the right of the faculty to "call for the papers."

The venerable professors, Foster, Pierson, Wells and Whitehorne, have long since been laid at rest, but their names are still held in grateful memory by those who had the benefit of their instructions.

Prof. Staley is still Dean of the Faculty, and it is needless to say that the engineers from Union rank those of all other institutions.

Prof. Perkins still presides over the Lab. His hair is somewhat whiter than in the old days, but he is hale and hearty yet. He has refused many flattering offers from different institutions of learning as well as from the Government, for his fame as a chemist is world-wide. He has never given up his old habit of championing the fellows when they are in trouble, and this probably accounts in a measure for his great popularity with the students.

Prof. Hoffman was undoubtedly master of all psychological studies. His faculties for acquiring knowledge of metaphysical subjects was enormous, and in this department he perhaps had no superior. Unfortunately for him he undertook a task that too much even for his intellect, and that was to learn and interpret correctly the rules and regulations of Union College. He went to Union in 1886, and one year and a half's study on these rules unsettled his reason. He is perfectly harmless, and may be seen any day wandering about the college grounds with a white-wash brush in his hand muttering words like these: "This is the *rule according to my interpretation*, at least this is the way they used to do down in the college I came from."

Prof. Ashmore never took very kindly to

teaching, and after many efforts he finally succeeded in marrying a rich old maid and retired from teaching. Poor fellow! He is said to have admitted a few years after his marriage that he would sooner teach Latin even to the class of '86 than to lead the life that he now does.

The department of English is still ably conducted by Prof. Truax, and Prof. De Puy makes *Caculus* and Descriptive a *pleasure* instead of a task to the Sophomores.

Tutor Stollar took warning by the sad fate of Prof. Hoffman, and in order to avoid a like result, by the advice of his physicians he gave up teaching, and at presents his whereabouts is unknown.

'86. ALLEN.—As to the class of '86, the prophet discovers that Allen fills the important position of President of Vassar College. Report has it that the college never had a more popular president.

ANGLE.—Ned. Angle studied law and very soon rose to a high position in that profession. Ned. was always sharp, and as a corporation lawyer he has few equals.

COLE.—Cole has had many ups and downs since his college days, but by the aid of his unlimited *side-face* he always managed "to bob up serenely." He is now a sewing machine agent.

COURTRIGHT.—Courtright studied law, but made up his mind that there was no money in it. So he gave his attention to farming, and is now one of the largest land owners in Ohio.

DORWIN.—Gustave Sylvin Dorwin attempted the study of law, but soon became disgusted with what he called the "crookedness of the profession. Hearing of the vacancy in the chair of Metaphysics at Union he applied for the position, and was eagerly accepted. His strong point is

"Evidences of Christianity," and in this department he deservedly ranks high. All his actions show the effect of his profound study of this subject, and his private life is almost saintly.

FELTHOUSEN.—It is with feelings of profound sorrow that the prophet is compelled to state that Felthousen went to the bad. Strong drink was the cause of it. He is now in an inebriate asylum and is pronounced incurable.

FOOTE AND WOODBRIDGE.—Foote and Woodbridge made a specialty of electrical engineering, and many and marvelous have been their inventions. They are recognized as two of the most prominent electricians in the country.

HARRIS.—Edwin Schuyler Colfax Harris went into politics. He never was a candidate for any office, but it is an acknowledged fact that he controls the State conventions, and he is dreaded by all his political opponents.

JACKSON.—Allen Jackson was admitted to the bar shortly after graduating from college. He has risen steadily until now he occupies an enviable place in the ranks of the legal fraternity.

KINNE.—The prophet would be loth to relate anything but success for D. Barton Kinne, Jr., and is pleased to find him Associate Judge of the Court of Appeals of New York State. He is a model judge, and his decisions are recognized as being the soundest and ablest of any judge on the bench.

LANDON.—Perhaps the most painful task which the prophet has undertaken is to relate the circumstances that led to the downfall of William P. Landon. During his college course it was always understood that he was to study for the ministry, and it was conceded by all that that was his vocation. But that king of evils, (to college men,) base ball, took complete possession of him, and the result was lament-

able. It was in his senior vacation at college and while on the base ball trip that the gambling fever attacked him, and from that time to the present he has steadily fallen. However he is a bright light in the sporting fraternity, and is editor and proprietor of "The Sporting Life."

LITTLE.—Livingston John Little has proved to be one of the lucky men of '86. He inherited a large fortune, and finding Rochester too small for him he removed to New York city. "Lit." was never known to do anything, and is simply a "man about town."

MOSHER.—J. Montgomery Mosher, called by his defamers the "gentleman who parts his name in the middle," is Supt. of the N. Y. State Lunatic Asylum. From the subordinate place which he held at the time of his graduation he, by careful application and attention to details, has risen to his present lucrative and honorable position. In addition to this he has won world-wide reputation as an author on the subject of "Brain disorders and their treatment."

RANDALL AND LA MONTE.—The inborn genius for poetry that Randall possessed while in college did not desert him in after life. His name is now a household word and his writings are familiar, not only in our own country, but also in foreign lands. With him is associated his old friend La Monte, who acts as his private secretary.

SKINNER.—Skinner cultivated a roving disposition even while in college. While not an out and out tramp, he has never gotten over his old proclivities, and spends most of his time tramping about the country. The "necessary" is supplied by his wife, who is wealthy.

VEEDER.—Of our old valedictorian, Elmer E. Veeder, rather a disappointing story is to be told. He taught for a few years, then studied law, and finally went to the far west, ostensibly to practice his profession. Unfortunately he

became enamored of cowboy life, and adopted that as his mode of living. Rather a strange proceedings for Veeder, but truth compels me to state the exact facts.

The last name on the class list of '86 has now been reached. Their futures have been laid bare to you, and have been recorded by the prophet spontaneously while under the prophetic power. It is discovered that the name of John E. Ostrander has been omitted. The prophet disclaims all accountability for this omission, and can only regret that even with his powers of prophecy he is unable to forecast the destiny of this subject. This task is clearly reserved for a higher power, and your prophet can only bow in humble acquiescence to this decree.

Locals.

Veeder, Landon and Angle of the graduating class were elected members of the Phi Beta Kappa society.

Professor Staley leaves to take the presidency of an engineering school in Ohio. The college loses an eminent instructor, and more than one luckless student will miss "Poof" when in trouble.

The Commencement ball was a great success, and even surpassed '85's grand event. The committee, Messrs. Jackson, Dorwin and Foote, are deserving of much praise for the very complete and elaborate arrangements made.

Eighty-six's class treasurer declared a dividend of \$2.50 per member at the close of Commencement. That's the kind of a class to belong to!

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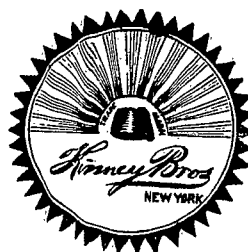
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