

The Concordiensis.

Vol. V.

SCHENECTADY N. Y., NOVEMBER, 1881.

No. 2

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—E. C. MURRAY, '82.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT—A. T. C. HAMLIN, '83.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT— $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{E. W. GREENE, '82.} \\ \text{G. F. ALLISON, '84.} \\ \text{J. F. DELANEY, '84.} \end{array} \right.$

BASE BALL COLUMN—A. T. C. HAMLIN, '83.

PERSONAL DEPARTMENT—W. K. GILCHRIST, '83.

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BUSINESS MANAGER—JNO. R. BRIDGE, '83.

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Literary.

"SAM." *

BY JAMES A. GARFIELD.

Delivered before the Adelpic Union Exhibition on Wednesday evening, July 19th, 1855. and published in the *Williams Quarterly* of Sept., 1855.

'Twas noon of night, and by his flickering lamp
That gloated o'er his dingy room and damp,
With glassy eye and haggard face there sat
A disappointed, worn-out Democrat.
His eloquence all wasted—plans all failed,
His spurious coin fast to the counter nailed.
Deception's self was now at length deceived,
His lies political, no more believed.

At length he rose in haste, "I have it now,"
(A smile of joy lit up his darkened brow,)
"The people cast me off, I'll raise a storm,
I'll stir the nation with the cry 'reform,'
I'll tell them treason floats on every breeze,
And danger whispers in the sighing trees.
I'll call them gallant heroes, patriots, braves,
Defenders of their homes, their fathers' graves,
Me, they shall call the nation's Saviour then,—
Then gold and office shall be mine again."
He gathered round him many of his kind,
Waste lumber, by all parties left behind.
They sat that night in council, and at morn,
When all the stars grew dim, then "Sam" was born.

The alarm was sounded; over hill and dale
It flew upon the wings of every gale,
The granite mountains heard it and the plains
Of the wild West caught the awakening strains.
Freedom in peril! the great crisis comes!
Arouse ye millions; beat the signal drums!
Vengeance upon the mercenary brood
Of papal minions, pouring like a flood
Over fair Freedom's land, the Freeman's home!
Behold the swarming thousands as they come!
From lip to lip the startling rumor flies,
With ears erect and wide distended eyes,
All eager listen to the growing tale,
Which gains new terrors from each passing gale.
The sturdy yeoman, in his midnight dream,
Saw the red flag of war, the sabre's gleam,
Heard the loud death-shriek, saw the assassin's
stroke,
The cities wrapped in midnight flame and smoke.
The pious layman saw in visions dire,
Th' Inquisitorial track, the martyr's fire.

The cry was raised, the people's voice went forth,
From Sacramento's sands to the far north,

Sam's army mustered, bold to war they go,
To fight, how manfully! their phantom foe.

War, to the knife, they cry, on Popery!
No foreigner oppressed shall hither flee.
Drive back the poor to homeless misery,
Who left the tyrant's land beyond the sea.

The storm grew darker; like a foaming tide
That drinks the mountain torrents in from either
side,
So grew the people's wrath, which, with resistless
force,
Swept down all party lines in its swift course,
And tossing on the foam-capped waves were seen
The struggling forms of what had lately been
Whigs, Democrats, Barnburners, Silver Greys,
Exploded fragments, all of other days.

Sam's aspirations grew; he longed to gain
Nebraska's wood-crowned height and Kansas' plain,
The rolling prairie, broad and wild and free,
An ocean of sweet flowers, a waving sea
Of verdure spread; from out its hallowed soil
He'd wring vile gold, bought by the bondman's toil.

Unhappy Sam! that was his fatal day,
When 'gainst the slave his power he did array;
When on the hands outstretched imploring aid,
He would have bound the chains himself had made.
Freemen then saw beneath his robes of light,
A fiend incarnate from the realms of night.
That was the rock on which the millions dashed,
And as a wave to foaming fury lashed
Thunders its rage against the rock-bound shore,
Then rolls away and with a sullen roar
Seeks its deep ocean caves; his gathered band
Poured murmuring away, and on the strand
Left him, in all his vileness there to lie,
Where yet he gasps, refusing still to die.

[* "Sam" was a nickname given to the American, or Know-Nothing, party, which was very popular at that time, and under whose auspices Fillmore ran for President. This party was opposed to all foreign influence and especially bitter against Roman Catholics. It is probable that the name "Sam" originated from *Uncle Sam*, because the party was distinctively American. One of their mottoes was, "Put none but Americans on guard."—LIT. ED.]

EXTRACT FROM THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

WRITTEN BY JAMES A. GARFIELD IN THE WILLIAMS
QUARTERLY OF SEPTEMBER, 1855.

"He that writes
Or makes a feast, more certainly invites
His judges than his friends; there's not a guest
But will find something wanting, or ill-drest."

As the establishment of the Grecian

Gymnasium called into more vigorous exercise the powers of the athlete, so does the existence of a College magazine invite students to think, and arrange their thoughts for the perusal of others. It proposes a kind of intellectual tournament, where we may learn to hurl the lance, and wield the sword, and thus prepare for the conflict of life. It shall be our aim to keep the lists still open and the arena clear, that the knights of the quill may learn to handle the weapons of thought, and thus be ready for sterner duties. We shall also endeavor to decorate the arena with all the flowers that our *own gardens* afford, and thus render the place more pleasant and inviting. We should remember, however, that it is no honor or profit merely to *appear* in the arena, but the wreath is for those who *contend*.

* * * * *

Courteous reader, we invite you to sit down with us at our table. Please lay aside the arbitrary and formal etiquette of society, and let us enjoy a familiar chat. "Strange time of night," say you, "for a chat;" but "midnight hath many tongues," and as Fleming says, "on this oily midnight my spirit revels and is glad." So let us enjoy it. How deep and quiet the slumber of all around us!

We feel the silence, nay, we almost *hear* it. Look at those distant mountain-peaks as they lie there like a slumbering caravan! The quiet village is sleeping sweetly in the bosom of the hills, and the full moon is pouring down a flood of softest radiance,

and clothing hill-top and tree in silvery sheen. Did you see Venus as she went behind the mountain an hour ago, holding before her beaming face that thin veil of cloud, and hastening away at the moon's approach? How coyly she has behaved since the evening of April 18th, when the impertinent moon clasped her in his arms, and held the struggling beauty till she broke away from his embrace and fled behind the mountain! They become more estranged every evening: But, doubtless, like lovers, they'll be reconciled again ere long.

* * * * *

No wonder the poet has called it "calm night that broodeth thoughts." At such an hour as this it were desecration to hide oneself in a cloud of learned dust, to give the mind up to the barbarous technicalities of science, and keep up the tread-mill tramp of College duty. No--forget them, and let reflection and busy memory take their places. Let the scenes of days long past come up before us, and let us commune with the friends of other years. Ah, the companions of our childhood stand around us, but after one look of affection they hasten away, some to their grave-yard homes, and some into the wide, cold world.

* * * * *

But thought reaches on to where life broadens and deepens into Eternal Life, and the waiting spirit stands, as it were, on the confines of the spirit-land, longing to catch one echo of the heavenly music, or one glance at the celestial songsters. Could we but

retain all the glimpses of a higher life, and gather up the spirit-voices and yearnings of soul which an hour such as this gives us, we would possess a casket of priceless jewels. Do you not feel, dear reader, that the machine-like routine of College duty robs you of many a pearl? We would say nothing against performing the labor required of us, no—perform it faithfully, but let it be done for our own being's highest good, and not for the empty name it will give us. We deprecate that spirit which tries to affect a cloistered stoicism, and which, for the sake of rigid precision and bookish reputation, would neglect the flowers of the heart, the simple outgushing affections of the soul. We would have in the scholar, the heart of a child and the mind of a man. He should go forth like a noble river which, though it upholds the stout ship, yet also bears the fragile lily upon its bosom. In order, then, that the fountains of feeling may not be dried up, let him enjoy the frequent hour of meditation, the ramble by the river or on the mountain side where the cloud shadows come trooping down, and he will keep up an acquaintance with himself, and be refreshed by these communings with nature.

CHARGE OF THE TIGHT BRIGADE.

By JAMES A. GARFIELD.

Published in the *Williams Quarterly* of Dec., 1855.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All toward the Freshman's room,
Rushed the half-hundred.
Into the Freshman's room
Rushed the half-hundred,

For up came the news that
Freshmen had blundered.
"Forward the Tight Brigade!"
"Take the beer," — — — said;
Into the Freshman's room
Rushed the half-hundred,

Bottles to right of them,
Bottles to left of them,
Bottles in front of them
Fizzled and sundered;
Ent'ring with shout and yell,
Boldly they drank and well,
They caught the Tartar then,
Oh, what a perfect sell!
Sold—the half-hundred.

Grinned all with dentals bare,
Swung all their caps in air,
Uncorking bottles there,
Watching the Freshmen, while
Every one wondered:
Plunged in tobacco smoke,
With many a desperate stroke,
Dozens of bottles broke,
Then they came back, but not,
Not the half-hundred.

Bottles to right of them,
Bottles to left of them,
Bottles behind them
Emptied and sundered.
Returning with roar and yell,
Down many a Sophomore fell,
Those that had drank so well,
Drank of the Ipecac.
Back from the Freshman's cell
All that was left of them,
Left of half-hundred.

When can their memory fade?
Oh, what a fuss they made!
Nobody wondered.
Think of the fuss they made,
Hail to the Tight Brigade,
Noble half-hundred.

EXTRACTS FROM "THE PROVINCE OF HISTORY."

By JAMES A. GARFIELD.

Published in the *Williams Quarterly* of June, 1856.

History is not a multitude of isolated facts; it is severe logic. Some one has said and justly too, that "the present and future stand almost in the relation of cause and effect.

Events, influences and incidents in the one, contribute largely to make the other what it ultimately becomes."

In order to arrive at the legitimate conclusion of this great logic, the premises must be well understood and each step clearly defined. For this purpose let us take a nearer view of society, as composed of individuals. There are, perhaps, two influences that tend to mould the character and life of every man. The first we may call his *Individuality*—that which distinguishes him from every other man and under all circumstances, makes him peculiarly himself. It knows no time—no place—no climate; but is as God made it—an innate force—an inborn tendency. This natural proclivity for some particular course of thought, feeling or action, is what God has enstamped on every intelligent being. It makes one fiery and impetuous, another cool and deliberate—this one, affable and affectionate—that, stern and unapproachable—this, an enthusiastic admirer of the beautiful—the grand and the sublime—that, a lover of the "passionless abstractions" of mathematics—here, a poet and a philosopher—there, a statesman and an orator.

The second influence, and the one which somewhat modifies this *Individuality*, we denominate *Circumstance*. The government under which a man lives—the religious opinions around him—the state of literature and the arts—the grade of society to which he belongs—the climate—his peculiar

surroundings in childhood and youth—all tend to modify his character. Among these the *will* is supreme in selecting those influences and motives which the reason approves, and in cultivating, restraining and harmonizing the native powers of the mind. These two forces in the constitution of society, have been appropriately compared to the two forces that govern the Solar System.

In the motion of the planet we discover the compounded influence of the attraction of a central body, or system of bodies, regulated by the laws of gravitation, and by a force of projection, which seems to have been impressed immediately by the Creator. In the moral progress also of each individual through his social existence, we observe a compounded agency of two forces; the influence exercised upon the individual by his social relations; and the original force of character; the former of which is regulated by the general laws of the moral world; the latter is peculiar to the individual as the immediate gift of God. The moral agent is thus sent into society impressed with a certain power of intellect or measure of temperament, which may be regarded as his force of projection, and is then left to be influenced by the action of the social system of which he has been constituted a member. And as in the Solar System there are disturbing forces that cause irregularities of motion, so in the social, sin has entered and

marred the harmony which otherwise would have been complete.

* * * * *

The World's History is a Divine Poem of which the history of every nation is a canto and of every man a word. Its strains have been pealing along down the centuries, and though there have been mingled the discords of roaring cannon and dying men, yet to the Christian, Philosopher and Historian—the humble listener—there has been a divine melody running through the song which speaks of hope and halcyon days to come. The record of every orphan's sigh—of every widow's prayer—of every noble deed—of every honest heart-throb for the right—is swelling that gentle strain; and when at last the great end is attained—when the lost image of God is restored to the human soul, when the choral anthem can be pealed forth without a discordant note, then will angels join in the chorus and all the sons of God again "shout for joy."

MEMORY.

By JAMES A. GARFIELD.

Published in the *Williams Quarterly* of March, 1856.

'Tis beauteous night; the stars look brightly down
Upon the earth decked in her robe of snow.
No light gleams at the windows save my own,
Which gives its cheer to midnight and to me.
And now, with noiseless step sweet Memory comes,
And leads me gently through her twilight realms.
What Poet's tuneful lyre has ever sung,
Or delicatest pencil e'er portrayed
The enchanted, shadowy land where Memory dwells?
It has its valleys, cheerless, lone and drear,
Dark shaded by the mournful cypress tree,
And yet its sunlit mountain tops are bathed
In Heaven's own blue. Upon its craggy cliffs,
Robed in the dreamy light of distant years,
Are clustered joys serene of other days;

Upon its gently-sloping hillsides bend
The weeping willows o'er the sacred dust
Of dear departed ones; yet, in that land,
Where'er our footstep falls upon the shore,
They that were sleeping, rise from out the dust
Of death's long silent years and round us stand
As erst they did before the prison tomb
Received their clay within its voiceless halls.
The heavens that bend above that land, are hung
With clouds of various hues; some dark and chill,
Surcharged with sorrow, cast their sombre shade
Upon the sunny, joyous land below.
Others are floating through the dreamy air,
White as the falling snow, their margins tinged
With gold and crimson hues; their shadows fall
Upon the flowery meads and sunny slopes,
Soft as the shadow of an angel's wing.
When the rough battle of the day is done,
And evening's peace falls gently on the heart,
I bound away across the noisy years,
Unto the utmost verge of Memory's land,
Where earth and sky in dreamy distance meet.
And Memory dim with dark Oblivion joins,
Where woke the first remembered sounds, that fell
Upon the ear in childhood's early morn.
And wandering thence, along the rolling years
I see the shadow of my former self,
Gliding from childhood up to man's estate.
The path of youth winds down through many a vale,
And on the brink of many a dread abyss,
From out whose darkness comes no ray of light,
Save that a phantom dances o'er the gulf,
And beckons toward the verge. Again the path
Leads o'er a summit where the sunbeams fall.
And thus, in light and shade, sunshine and gloom,
Sorrow and joy, this life-path leads along.

Editorial.

WE were delighted at the great demand for copies of our first issue, and regret that we had not enough to satisfy all. We publish a greater number of copies of the present issue, and hope that it will give as much satisfaction, and find as ready circulation as the first. All appeared highly pleased with the new form, but some made a complaint which we had expected, that the paper contained less reading matter than former ones. This, however, is by no means so, and they have made the error by not

noticing that it is thicker than in the preceding form, that it has a much smaller margin, and that the printing is closer, there being less space between the lines. We have made our literary department considerably smaller, except in this present issue, but have introduced a regular base ball column, and will increase our editorials and locals—all welcome changes, we know.

OUR readers will notice that the literary department of this issue is very full, and that the articles are by one man; but when they see the name of the author, they will lament with us that lack of space forbids the publication of the entire articles from which these extracts are taken.

Not thirty years ago, Garfield was a college boy enjoying the golden period of life, and we doubt whether he was happier when honors crowded upon him, than when he rambled around Greylock or studied under the instructors he loved so well. It must be interesting to every college boy to know something of his character when he was preparing for the conflict of life, something of the ambition and enthusiasm he had when standing where they now stand. The most graphic descriptions cannot so well portray his qualities as these few extracts taken from the *Williams Quarterly* when he himself was an editor. It is through the kindness of Prof. Charles Halsey that we are enabled to put these compositions of Garfield before our readers. Copies of the *Williams Quarterly* of 1855-56,

when Garfield was one of its editors and when he contributed most largely to it, are very rare, and Prof. Halsey is to be congratulated on having preserved the numbers of that year.

We cannot wonder that the people loved the man who in youth cherished thoughts so pure as those given in these pieces. The end was the ripened grain of the seeds of promise, for through all his years of political life, Garfield kept that spotless integrity which characterized him in college.

IN OUR last we spoke of several changes about the college buildings and grounds, and suggested some others badly needed. Now we wish to commend some, and very strenuously to advise another, in the Faculty themselves. We may congratulate ourselves on once more having a regular Latin professor, and a good one. During their course '82 has been under four instructors in this branch, and although nearly all were competent and liked, yet the class was greatly disorganized by the frequent change. The department of mathematics also has been greatly reinforced by two excellent new tutors.

But there is one direction in which no change has been made and in which there is the greatest need of improvement. There is one branch in which our regular college course is decidedly deficient, is in fact almost a complete failure—that of composition and oratory. Were it not for our senate, debating societies, prize-stages, etc., our men would graduate

with very little more culture in this direction than they possessed when they entered. It is true we have good instruction in rhetoric and logic, but without constant practice in writing and speaking, this theoretical knowledge is of little use and soon forgotten. And how much practice do we get? In Freshman year, one essay; in Sophomore, two declamations and two essays a term; in Junior, the same with two chapel orations a year; and in Senior, two essays a term and two chapel orations a year.

If carefully attended to, and thoroughly done, this exercise would be little enough, but how are these few duties performed? The professor, for his part, devotes two hours a week to declaimers and one to the rehearsal of chapel orations, one hour a week to each of the three upper classes. How much time, or rather how little, he has for criticising essays, may be inferred from the fact that about half of them are never looked at! Men have recovered several of their old essays that have never been touched at all. We are not writing a tirade against our worthy instructor, for we think the fault is by no means his. It is folly to expect a man that is already fearfully overworked, to take charge of a department that should occupy all of his time and attention.

And how much time do the students devote to these exercises? Frequently we hear some one say, "Well, I have to declaim next hour, so I guess I'd better hunt up some piece to learn."

Now, when we remember that in the declamation room the professor barely has time to see how well the student has prepared his speech and to offer a few simple suggestions, we may readily imagine how little good this man has derived from his task. Then again, we know of several instances, and in fact think the habit general, of men reciting the same piece each time, or perhaps alternating with two or three, through their whole course. As for essays, we cannot expect men to take much pains with a composition that may probably never be looked at again by anyone. Nor can we blame the students very much for their carelessness in these matters, for if no care is taken with their training, they are not apt to be very attentive themselves.

All who have tried for prize-stages know what training in oratory ought to be. The aspirant for the stage first scribbles off a rough draft of his oration. Then by going over it carefully many times, he reduces it in size to a fraction of the first form, clothes his ideas in good rhetoric, and binds them all in a logical whole. After this he has it criticised by a competent person, and writes it over again. After he has spoken it over to himself until it is perfectly familiar, he takes it out in the woods, and with some friend for a critic, he strives to acquire a full and correct enunciation and an easy, graceful delivery. And finally he rehearses several times in the church before a professor. One month of such exercise is worth more

than four years of our usual routine.

For years now our course in this branch has been laughed at as a perfect farce, and we cannot understand how the proper authorities can let the abuse exist, especially as this is acknowledged by all to be one of the most important parts in a student's training. May the next improvement be in this direction and another year find a different state of affairs existing.

AS THE weather becomes more inclement and the students are obliged to abandon the campus and turn to the gymnasium for their daily exercise, the lack of needful apparatus becomes very apparent. It is some time since anything has been added to the "gym.," and the wear and tear from several scores of students has greatly reduced the equipments. The necessity of daily exercise cannot be over-estimated; without it no student can do good work. The day of sickly graduates is past, and it is generally recognized that the soundest mind without a sound body to support it, is almost useless. The German student begins and pursues at the same time his physical and intellectual development; and what country can boast more erudite scholars or more proficient athletes? The English students at Eton and Rugby, Oxford and Cambridge, lay the foundations of those sturdy constitutions which mark them as a race. Wellington said that it was England's foot-ball fields that made England's soldiers.

We do not wish our college turned into an athletic school, but we do wish the students to take sufficient exercise to keep their health and enable them to pursue their studies with zest and vigor. Therefore, we would urge upon the Faculty to extend the facilities, which at present are somewhat curtailed. At a comparatively small expense, the "gym." could be made all that one could desire. There is a pressing need of a few pairs of Indian clubs, while a "horse" (not the kind the students use ordinarily), and "shoulder-ropes" belong to every complete gymnasium. None of these are expensive, and the first and last can be obtained for a trifling sum. That the Faculty and trustees acknowledge the necessity of proper exercise is evident from the regulation compelling every student to drill or take physical culture three hours a week. Their improvements in the building are heartily appreciated and we hope they will complete what has been so well begun.

Base Ball.

THE BASE BALL ASSOCIATION.

In pursuance of the wish of the directors, a meeting was called of those students who were interested in base ball. The meeting was largely attended. The object is to bind the students in an association in order that they may have direct participation in and control of base ball matters and not leave the entire responsibility upon the directors. A constitution was read by McMurray, '82, and adopted unanimously. The

officers are to be a President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer. The Senior director is to be the President of the association and to accompany the nine in their trips. He is to submit all challenges, both those received and those intended to be sent, to the association, and to take no action thereon without the consent of the association. The treasurer is to report the condition of the finances at each meeting. This report is necessarily brief but the matter will be again referred to, when our space is greater. After a committee had been appointed to confer with the Faculty in regard to fencing the new grounds, the meeting was adjourned. The work of obtaining subscribers is now being carried on, and we hope that all the students will at once become members.

YATES CHAMPIONSHIP CUP.

On the afternoon of October 10th, the third game in this series was played by the Seniors and Sophomores. Contrary to expectation, the Seniors played a fine game and made the fact apparent that, if they possessed a good catcher, their nine would be one of the best in college. Obtaining a small lead at the beginning they slowly increased it until it seemed certain that Eighty-two would at least win one game. Hope nearly deserted the Sophomores, but in the fourth inning they made up their loss and gained a lead which they retained until the end. All in all it was one of the most interesting games of the series. The game was called at the end of the fifth inning on account of darkness. Following is the score:

SENIORS.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Ford, c.....	2	1	3	0	3
McMurray, s. s.....	0	0	0	3	2
Fairgrieve, 2d b.....	0	0	1	1	1
Wright A. S., 1st b.....	0	0	7	0	1
Pierson, 3d b.....	1	0	3	1	2
Hinds, l. f.....	1	0	0	0	0
Wright F., c. f.....	0	0	1	0	1
Whitehorne, p.....	0	0	0	3	2
Thompson, r. f.....	0	0	0	0	0
Total.....	4	1	15	8	18

SOPHOMORES.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Naylon, c.....	0	0	6	2	2
Fairgrieve, 1st b.....	0	0	7	0	4
Delaney, p.....	1	0	0	9	0
Porcher, 2d b.....	1	0	0	1	0
Neagle, 3d b.....	1	0	0	0	1
Clark, s. s.....	1	0	0	0	0
Jervis, l. f.....	0	0	1	0	0
Barney, c. f.....	1	0	0	0	0
Estcourt, r. f.....	0	0	1	0	0
Total.....	5	0	15	12	7

Umpire—C. Vanderveer.

Scorer—W. W. Bellinger.

SCORE BY INNINGS.....	1	2	3	4	5
SENIORS.....	1	1	1	1	0
SOPHOMORES.....	0	0	0	5	0

The struggle has been closed this fall, to be renewed in the spring. The last game was between the Seniors and Freshmen, and took place on the afternoon of the 19th. Eighty-two has now played one-half of her games and unfortunately has won none. The Seniors cannot excel in everything, and they probably carry off the cup in some other than the base ball course. The game was well played and the Seniors held the Freshmen down better than was anticipated. Only five innings were played. Following is the score:

SENIORS.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Ford, c.....	1	1	4	3	2
McMurray, s. s.....	2	0	0	1	1
Fairgrieve, 2d b.....	0	0	2	3	4
Wright A. S., 1st b.....	2	1	8	0	1
Hinds, l. f.....	0	0	0	0	1
Pierson, 3d b.....	0	0	0	0	3
Whitehorne, p.....	0	0	1	5	3
Wright F., c. f.....	0	0	0	0	0
Thompson, r. f.....	0	0	0	0	0
Total..	5	2	15	12	15
FRESHMEN.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
McCauley, c.....	1	1	9	5	0
Anable, p.....	3	0	0	10	0
Haslett, 1st b.....	2	0	5	0	1
Perkins, c. f.....	1	1	0	0	1
Stanton, 2d b.....	1	0	1	0	3
Addison, s. s.....	0	0	0	1	2
Delaney, l. f.....	0	1	0	0	1
Wands, 3d b.....	0	0	0	0	1
Codwise, r. f.....	1	1	0	0	0
Total.....	9	4	15	16	9

Two base hits—McCauley.

Time of game—1 hour and 45 minutes.

Umpire—C. W. Vanderveer.

Scorers—Bellinger, '83; Franklin, '85.

SCORE BY INNINGS.....	1	2	3	4	5
SENIORS.....	3	0	0	0	2
FRESHMEN.....	3	1	3	2	0

officers are to be a President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer. The Senior director is to be the President of the association and to accompany the nine in their trips. He is to submit all challenges, both those received and those intended to be sent, to the association, and to take no action thereon without the consent of the association. The treasurer is to report the condition of the finances at each meeting. This report is necessarily brief but the matter will be again referred to, when our space is greater. After a committee had been appointed to confer with the Faculty in regard to fencing the new grounds, the meeting was adjourned. The work of obtaining subscribers is now being carried on, and we hope that all the students will at once become members.

YATES CHAMPIONSHIP CUP.

On the afternoon of October 10th, the third game in this series was played by the Seniors and Sophomores. Contrary to expectation, the Seniors played a fine game and made the fact apparent that, if they possessed a good catcher, their nine would be one of the best in college. Obtaining a small lead at the beginning they slowly increased it until it seemed certain that Eighty-two would at least win one game. Hope nearly deserted the Sophomores, but in the fourth inning they made up their loss and gained a lead which they retained until the end. All in all it was one of the most interesting games of the series. The game was called at the end of the fifth inning on account of darkness. Following is the score:

SENIORS.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Ford, c.....	2	1	3	0	3
McMurray, s. s.....	0	0	0	3	2
Fairgrieve, 2d b.....	0	0	1	1	1
Wright A. S., 1st b.....	0	0	7	0	1
Pierson, 3d b.....	1	0	3	1	2
Hinds, l. f.....	1	0	0	0	0
Wright F., c. f.....	0	0	1	0	1
Whitehorne, p.....	0	0	0	3	2
Thompson, r. f.....	0	0	0	0	0
Total.....	4	1	15	8	13

SOPHOMORES.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Naylon, c.....	0	0	6	2	2
Fairgrieve, 1st b.....	0	0	7	0	4
Delaney, p.....	1	0	0	9	0
Porcher, 2d b.....	1	0	0	1	0
Neagle, 3d b.....	1	0	0	0	1
Clark, s. s.....	1	0	0	0	0
Jervis, l. f.....	0	0	1	0	0
Barney, c. f.....	1	0	0	0	0
Estcourt, r. f.....	0	0	1	0	0
Total.....	5	0	15	12	7

Umpire—C. Vanderveer.

Scorer—W. W. Bellinger.

SCORE BY INNINGS.....	1	2	3	4	5	—
SENIORS.....	1	1	1	1	0	4
SOPHOMORES.....	0	0	0	5	0	5

The struggle has been closed this fall, to be renewed in the spring. The last game was between the Seniors and Freshmen, and took place on the afternoon of the 19th. Eighty-two has now played one-half of her games and unfortunately has won none. The Seniors cannot excel in everything, and they probably carry off the cup in some other than the base ball course. The game was well played and the Seniors held the Freshmen down better than was anticipated. Only five innings were played. Following is the score:

SENIORS.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Ford, c.....	1	1	1	3	2
McMurray, s. s.....	2	0	0	1	1
Fairgrieve, 2d b.....	0	0	2	3	4
Wright A. S., 1st b.....	2	1	8	0	1
Hinds, l. f.....	0	0	0	0	1
Pierson, 3d b.....	0	0	0	0	3
Whitehorne, p.....	0	0	1	5	3
Wright F., c. f.....	0	0	0	0	0
Thompson, r. f.....	0	0	0	0	0
Total.....	5	2	15	12	15
FRESHMEN.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
McCauley, c.....	1	1	9	5	0
Anable, p.....	3	0	0	10	0
Haslett, 1st b.....	2	0	5	0	1
Perkins, c. f.....	1	1	0	0	1
Stanton, 2d b.....	1	0	1	0	3
Addison, s. s.....	0	0	0	1	2
Delaney, l. f.....	0	1	0	0	1
Wands, 3d b.....	0	0	0	0	1
Codwise, r. f.....	1	1	0	0	0
Total.....	9	4	15	16	9

Two base hits—McCauley.

Time of game—1 hour and 45 minutes.

Umpire—C. W. Vanderveer.

Scorers—Bellinger, '83; Franklin, '85.

SCORE BY INNINGS.....	1	2	3	4	5	—
SENIORS.....	3	0	0	0	2	5
FRESHMEN.....	3	1	3	2	0	9

COMBINATION GAMES.

On the 21st an interesting game was played by combination nines. The Seniors and Sophs were arrayed against the Juniors and Freshmen. The nines were very evenly matched and the doubt as to the winners rendered the game more exciting. In the middle of the seventh inning the game was called on account of darkness, the result being based on the six innings played by both nines. As each nine had four runs, the game was declared a draw by Umpire Vanderveer and ordered to be played over. Following is the score:

SENIORS AND SOPHS.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Ford, '82, 1st b.....	0	0	7	0	0
Naylor, '84, c.....	1	1	8	1	3
McMurray, '82, s. s.....	0	1	1	2	0
Porcher, '84, c. f.....	0	0	0	0	0
Fairgrieve, '82, 2d b.....	1	0	2	1	1
Delaney, '84, p.....	0	0	0	8	3
Wright A. S., '82, l. f.....	0	0	0	1	0
Neagle, '84, 3d b.....	1	0	0	0	3
Hinds, '82, r. f.....	1	1	0	0	0
Total.....	4	3	18	13	10

JUNIORS AND FRESHMEN.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
McCauley J. A., '85, c.....	2	1	8	5	3
McElwain, '83, s. s.....	0	1	0	0	0
Anable, '85, p.....	0	0	2	7	1
Addison, '83, l. f.....	2	0	0	0	0
Stanton, '85, 1st b.....	0	0	5	0	1
Haslett, '85, r. f.....	0	0	0	0	0
McCauley, J. W. '83, c. f..	0	1	0	0	0
Hamlin, '83, 3d b.....	0	0	2	0	4
Lloyd, '83, 2d b.....	0	0	1	0	0
Total.....	4	3	18	12	8

Two base hits—McMurray.

Umpire—C. W. Vanderveer.

Scorers—Lewis, '83; Franklin, '85; Clark, '84.

SCORE BY INNINGS.....	1	2	3	4	5	6
SENIORS AND SOPHS.....	0	1	2	0	1	0
JUNIORS AND FRESHMEN.....	1	0	1	1	0	1

One week later the nines met again and the odd numbers were victorious. The fine playing and scarcity of errors on each side made it the most brilliant game this fall. Class feeling was shown by frequent cheers according as the play favored one side or the other. The Seniors and Sophs had several men left on third base. The day was raw and cloudy, and at the end of the seventh inning the game was called, the score being, at that time, 5 to 0 in favor of '83 and '85. The game was

a fitting end to this base ball season. The umpiring was highly commended for its promptness and impartiality. Following is the score.

JUNIORS AND FRESHMEN.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
McCauley, J. A., '85, 2d b.	0	0	1	0	0
McElwain, '83, p.....	1	0	1	11	0
Anable, '85, c.....	1	1	8	4	1
Sherwood, '83, r. f.....	1	1	0	0	0
Addison, '83, s. s.....	1	0	0	2	1
Hamlin, '83, 3d b.....	1	1	2	0	0
Stanton, '85, 1st b.....	0	1	9	0	1
Haslett, '85, c. f.....	0	0	0	0	0
McCauley, '83, l. f.....	0	0	0	0	0
Total.....	5	4	21	17	3

SENIORS AND SOPHS.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Ford, '82, 2d b.....	0	0	1	2	1
Naylor, '84, c.....	0	0	11	4	3
McMurray, '82, s. s.....	0	1	1	0	0
Porcher, '84, r. f.....	0	1	2	0	0
Fairgrieve, '82, l. f.....	0	0	0	0	2
Delaney, '84, p.....	0	0	0	5	1
Wright, A. S. '82, 1st b....	0	0	6	1	0
Whitehorne, '82, 3d b.....	0	0	0	0	0
Hinds, '82, c. f.....	0	0	0	0	1
Total.....	0	2	21	12	8

Umpire—Dr. Schoolcraft.

Scorer—W. O. Lewis.

Balls called—McElwain, 75; Delaney, 61.

Strikes called—McElwain, 18; Delaney, 20.

SCORE BY INNINGS.....	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
JUNIORS AND FRESHMEN.....	0	1	0	2	0	0	2
SENIORS AND SOPHS.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

FLY CATCHES.

—The Sigs and Kaps contested their superiority on the diamond. The Kaps were the victors. Score 23 to 21.

—"Vandy" has resigned the position of umpire. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown;" but more uneasy lies the head of a base ball umpire.

—The entertainment for the benefit of the university nine, will probably take place at Union Hall during the early part of next month.

—"Curly" Mountain, when last heard from, was with the Mastodon Minstrels, in Texas.

—Ford, '82, has been elected captain of the university nine.

—Franklin has been elected B. B. Director for the Freshman class in place of McCauley, who has resigned.

—The committee appointed to consult with the Faculty concerning the

COMBINATION GAMES.

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SENIORS AND SOPHS.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Ford, '82, 1st b.....	0	0	7	0	0
Naylon, '84, c.....	1	1	8	1	3
McMurray, '82, s. s.....	0	1	1	2	0
Porcher, '84, c. f.....	0	0	0	0	0
Fairgrieve, '82, 2d b.....	1	0	2	1	1
Delaney, '84, p.....	0	0	0	8	3
Wright A. S., '82, l. f.....	0	0	0	1	0
Neagle, '84, 3d b.....	1	0	0	0	3
Hinds, '82, r. f.....	1	1	0	0	0
Total.....	4	3	18	13	10

JUNIORS AND FRESHMEN.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
McCauley J. A., '85, c.....	2	1	8	5	3
McElwain, '83, s. s.....	0	1	0	0	0
Anable, '85, p.....	0	0	2	7	1
Addison, '83, l. f.....	2	0	0	0	0
Stanton, '85, 1st b.....	0	0	5	0	1
Haslett, '85, r. f.....	0	0	0	0	0
McCauley, J. W., '83, c. f.....	0	1	0	0	0
Hamlin, '83, 3d b.....	0	0	2	0	4
Lloyd, '83, 2d b.....	0	0	1	0	0
Total.....	4	3	18	12	8

Two base hits—McMurray.

Umpire—C. W. Vanderveer.

Scorers—Lewis, '83; Franklin, '85; Clark, '84.

SCORE BY INNINGS.....	1	2	3	4	5	6
SENIORS AND SOPHS.....	0	1	2	0	1	0
JUNIORS AND FRESHMEN.....	1	0	1	1	0	1

One week later the nines met again and the odd numbers were victorious. The fine playing and scarcity of errors on each side made it the most brilliant game this fall. Class feeling was shown by frequent cheers according as the play favored one side or the other. The Seniors and Sophs had several men left on third base. The day was raw and cloudy, and at the end of the seventh inning the game was called, the score being, at that time, 5 to 0 in favor of '83 and '85. The game was

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Anable, '85, c.....	1	1	8	4	1
Sherwood, '83, r. f.....	1	1	0	0	0
Addison, '83, s. s.....	1	0	0	2	1
Hamlin, '83, 3d b.....	1	1	2	0	0
Stanton, '85, 1st b.....	0	1	9	0	1
Haslett, '85, c. f.....	0	0	0	0	0
McCauley, '83, l. f.....	0	0	0	0	0
Total.....	5	4	21	17	3

SENIORS AND SOPHS.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Ford, '82, 2d b.....	0	0	1	2	1
Naylon, '84, c.....	0	0	11	4	3
McMurray, '82, s. s.....	0	1	1	0	0
Porcher, '84, r. f.....	0	1	2	0	0
Fairgrieve, '82, l. f.....	0	0	0	0	2
Delaney, '84, p.....	0	0	0	5	1
Wright, A. S., '82, 1st b.....	0	0	6	1	0
Whitehorne, '82, 3d b.....	0	0	0	0	0
Hinds, '82, c. f.....	0	0	0	0	1
Total.....	0	2	21	12	8

Umpire—Dr. Schoolcraft.

Scorer—W. O. Lewis.

Balls called—McElwain, 75; Delaney, 61.

Strikes called—McElwain, 18; Delaney, 20.

SCORE BY INNINGS.....	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
JUNIORS AND FRESHMEN.....	0	1	0	2	0	0	2
SENIORS AND SOPHS.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

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—"Vandy" has resigned the position of umpire. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown;" but more uneasy lies the head of a base ball umpire.

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—Franklin has been elected B. B. Director for the Freshman class in place of McCauley, who has resigned.

—The committee appointed to consult with the Faculty concerning the

fencing of the new grounds, have not yet taken any action.

—We extend our thanks to Messrs. Bellinger, Lewis and Franklin, thro' whose labors we are enabled to give a complete report of each game.

Local.

—Oxford caps are all the rage.

—Merritt, '84, has gone home on account of sickness.

—Only a few more days before Thanksgiving vacation.

—Stryker has left college, to the regret of his many friends.

—The college exchanges are now on file in the reading room.

—Where are the footballs? The Freshman class must do its duty.

—Junior: "Say, are we to have '*Oedipus Rex*' or '*Oedipus Tyrannus*'?"

—A Senior says that he knew the "law of conditions" before he studied Metaphysics.

—Prof. to Senior in Optics—"What do you call the point F?" Senior—"The virtuous focus."

—A Senior remarked the other day that he was going to take an *abolition*, (ablution).

—Major McMurray is at his post of duty again to the great delight of the Sophs and Freshmen.

—A Junior in Logic proves that a syllogism is invalid because it commits the fallacy of *vireverent* conclusion.

—A Sophomore in Rhetoric defines a loose sentence, as one in which you string in a lot of words and then say what you mean.

—Hemphill, who has been absent several weeks on account of sickness, is convalescing and expects soon to be among us again.

—Fresh: "How do you spell 'ruins'?" Senior: "Why, r-u-i-n-s, of course."

Fresh: "Well, this cussed book has it r-o-u-g-h-e-n-s."

—All are cordially invited to witness the proceedings of the Senate at any meeting, unless there be a special session with closed doors.

—A Freshman, seeing the notice on the bulletin of the Sophomore prayer meeting, remarked that he wondered if Sophomores knew how to pray.

—Senior, (reciting optics)—"When you look at an object and cannot see it, then you look through a piece of glass called microscope, and then you can see it."

—The Junior class officers are: President, J. G. Evans; Vice-President, W. W. Bellinger; Secretary, R. W. Dent; Treasurer, G. S. Hook; Historian, J. R. Bridge; B. B. Director, A. W. Ray,

—The Sophomore class officers are: President, S. E. Bishop; Vice President, R. S. Wells; Treasurer, E. S. Barney; Secretary, J. W. Higson; Historian, Dow Beekman; B. B. Director, A. H. K. Jervis.

—The Freshman class officers are: President, J. S. Hoy; Vice-President, W. H. Munsell; Treasurer, T. J. Delaney; Secretary, R. J. Wands; Historian, W. T. Foote, Jr.; B. B. Director, R. W. Franklin.

—Prof. in Descriptive Geometry, desiring to know the time, asked a student, "Has it gone four bells yet?" The Professor is a graduate of Annapolis Naval Academy and undoubtedly imagined himself on shipboard.

—A Junior, while endeavoring to sleep the other evening, was bothered by callers. Hearing a rap at his door, he shouted out, "Come in, and bring in the whole d—n section with you." The visitor proved to be a Professor.

—Prof. S., talking to an '81 man about faithful animals, points to a team at the door and says that one of

them has been in the service of the college for thirty years. The '81 man suggests that the horse be made emeritus professor of *drawing*.

—Prof. to Senior in Geology—“Mr. R., take the next point.” Senior (who has been up the night before making up past work in various studies)—“The question is, ‘does the mind ever sleep,’ and we first consider the phenomena of somnambulism.”

—The students who are to participate in the entertainment to be given for the benefit of the base ball association, are practicing frequently. The entertainment will occur towards the end of the present month and promises to be a very enjoyable affair.

—Freshman wants to make a “mash” at the Y. M. C. A. reception. He puts on his Sunday-go-to-meetings and is prepared for the conquest. But alas! his collar has been put on the wrong way and his name in indelible ink shines above the back of his coat. Freshmen should be dressed by a nurse.

—Among the modes of exercise resorted to by some of the students, is a very novel game, not very dissimilar to the “hare and hounds” chase, known as “cross-country runs.” Lead by Instructor Vanderveer, the participants take a fast run of five or six miles into the country, vaulting fences and jumping ditches. This exercise is indulged in nearly every day and as our readers will readily perceive, is highly beneficial.

—The reception tendered the Faculty and students of the college, on the evening of Thursday, Nov. 3d, was in every respect a grand success. The students responded to the invitations in great numbers, and the evening was passed delightfully by all. After refreshments had been served, the assemblage was favored with a fine musical programme prepared for the occasion. Much credit

is due to the association and ladies of Schenectady for their entertainment.

—The next joint debate between the Adelpic and Philomathean societies occurs in the college chapel on the evening of Thursday, December 8th. The subject for debate is, “Resolved that Ireland should have political independence.” The disputants are: For the affirmative, Messrs. S. H. Watkins, '82; W. O. Lewis, '83 and J. B. Lansing, '83, representing the Philomathean—for the negative, F. D. VanWagenen, '82; W. K. Gilchrist, '83, and Dow Beekman, '84, representing the Adelpic.

—The newly elected officers of the Sophomore class gave a “set up” to their classmates. After freely partaking of it, the participants marched through the streets of “Old Dorp,” making night hideous with their noise and calling down upon their heads the imprecations of many of the peaceful inhabitants. “Red-headed cops” were on hand to quell the disturbance, but as usual were useless. After having thoroughly exercised their vocal powers they retired to their respective rooms satisfied with the uproar they had created.

—An association has been formed to enable undergraduates to gain a knowledge of American history without interfering with their studies. This association meets a demand that has long been felt, and with Prof. Price as chairman, promises to be productive of great good. The meetings are held every two weeks, and at each meeting two essays and an address are delivered on points of interest in American history. At the last meeting (Oct. 25) the siege and surrender of Yorktown were ably discussed by Messrs. Waller, Gilbert and Lewis.

—The Students' Reading Room Association opened the new reading room in No. 5, Nov. 1st. The room is to be provided with periodicals from a fund of \$50, donated by Rev.

Walter G. Houghton, of Waterford, and a tax levied on the members of the Association. The Association is composed of students, and elects its own officers and directors, thus putting the control of the room entirely into the hands of the students. This is an entirely new experiment and therefore has met with much success and as a students' enterprise deserves the hearty support of every man in college. During the period in which the college was deprived of a reading room, the Philomathean society supplied the generally felt need. A reading room supplied with numerous periodicals was maintained until the Association opened their room. All praise is due the Philomathean for their generosity.

—Some of the good people in town may have wondered what was the cause of the terrible racket which disturbed them in their slumbers Monday night. There is, or rather was, a stone walk within the college grounds which is said to have existed there for ages. Many are the men who have walked thereon; many are the men who have fallen thereon; many are the men who have cursed thereat, when the storms of winter were abroad and the cold stones were covered with slippery ice. The boys, placing themselves as public benefactors, resolved to remove this relic of former ages. The work was commenced and in a few moments the walk was removed, and thrown over the terrace. The carnage of that contest was dire, and long to be remembered. Soon "Prexie" appeared on the scene, and spoke in tones at the sound of which the warriors vanished like mist before the sun. Go look at the ruins, raise up your hands and weep!—*Schenectady Star*.

—It had become a settled belief that cane-rushes were for Union a thing of the past, and the Profs. were congratulating themselves on one evil dead. But they have found that

the dreadful evil was very much alive—only sleeping. Lulled into dangerous security by the meekness of the Fresh, the Sophs were rudely aroused Friday night, November 4th, by the rumor that the next morning the audacious Fresh were to raise aloft their rebellious standard, the cane, and give them fierce battle. Judging from the unusual number in chapel Saturday morning, the Profs would probably have thought there was a sudden religious awakening, were it not for the unique costumes of most of the worshipers. To the boys, the chapter of Proverbs seemed long and ill-timed. At its close the men dashed through the doors and the struggle began. The classes rushed together as though exhaustion was a thing not in the least to be feared. While they were yet in their strength, woe to the man whose clothing was in the hand of a determined enemy! The crowd surged in the direction of the "Blue Gate," first one class having the advantage and then the other. At times there would be a stand, which always evinced a sharp struggle around the cane. Soon the crisis would be over and there would be a short move onward. At the "Blue Gate" the fight was fierce, but finally the cane was taken by a Sophomore who made a leap over the terrace, followed by the crowd. From this time on, to the end of the rush, '84 retained possession of the cane. During the encounter a small piece of the cane was broken off by a Sophomore and hidden in Park Place chapel. Here it was discovered by a Freshman who preserved it as a trophy. After fifty minutes of continued fighting, the cane was taken by a Sophomore and concealed in his room. When the rush ended, it was to the pleasure of all, for every one was worn out and ready for a long rest. Some men proved their loyalty to their class by shedding tears, because they were held back by their friends on account of ex-

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haustion. Although some were nearly in the condition in which Adam found himself on the morn of creation, yet they would "gird up their loins" and re-enter the contest. The Freshmen fought nobly, and if they had been out in full force would have made a much longer resistance. They claim that about one-half of their men were absent. '84 is proud of her victory, and henceforth her class-cry will probably be louder than ever before.

Personal.

✓'56. Hon. B. H. Williams, of Buffalo, declines a re-nomination to the State Senate from the 31st district.

✓'57. B. Platt Carpenter, a former State Senator, now the County Judge of Dutchess county, is the chairman of the Republican State Committee.

✓'60. Charles E. Patterson, who ably represented the Troy city district in the Assembly last year, has been unanimously re-nominated.

✓'61. Hon. Addison W. Gates is a candidate for re-nomination to the Assembly from the 2d Assembly district of Wayne county.

✓'61. W. C. Warner is secretary and treasurer of the Bradford & Bordell Oil Co., Bradford, Pa.

✓'63. Eri B. Hulburt, D. D., has resigned the pastorate of the 4th Baptist church, Chicago, and accepted the chair of Church History in the Morgan Park Theological Seminary, Chicago.

✓'63. Amasa J. Parker, Jr., has been nominated by the Democrats of the 3d district of Albany county for Member of Assembly.

✓'63. W. S. Holloway has a large plantation near Henderson, Ky.

✓'64. John T. Andrews, 2d, who in one year's service in the late war rose from a private to the rank of Brevet-Major in the 129th N. Y. regiment, and now enjoys an enviable reputa-

tion as a lawyer, has received the Republican nomination for the Assembly in Yates county.

✓'71. Bishop is now in the manufacturing business. Until recently he has conducted a private academy in Poughkeepsie.

✓'78. Maxon is now assistant pastor at St. George's church, Schenectady.

'78. Duane has just hung out his shingle as M. D., in New York.

✓'79. Ben. Roper died of typhoid fever in Charleston, S. C., this summer.

✓'79. Hutchinson is private tutor in a family in Kentucky.

✓'79. Fred Chisolm holds the position of western agent for the Mining Record, and resides in Denver.

✓'79. Lamb Perry has been admitted to the bar in Columbia, S. C.

✓'80. Bronk is with Messrs. Arnoux, Ritch & Woodford, 31 Park Row, New York.

✓'81. Marselius is in the Albany Medical College.

✓'81. White is in the Albany Medical College.

✓'81. Sawyer is editing the *Living Issue*, a prohibition organ at Coopers-town.

✓'81. Tullidge is in the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania.

'81. Meneely has returned from Europe and has been among us again.

✓'81. "Tom" Leland is in the Registrar's office, Charleston, and is preparing to enter next year the Columbia, S. C., Theological Seminary.

—Union college has lately sustained the loss of three prominent trustees: Judge Campbell, of Cherry Valley, who passed away a few months since, the Rev. Dr. Halley of Albany, and William Tracey of New York, both of whom died recently. All three were devoted friends of the college.

Exchanges.

The first number of Vol. V., of the Union College CONCORDIENSIS has just been printed at the *Democrat* office. It greets its readers in a new form and one which will meet with universal approval. The width of the columns has been made less and the pages smaller, and it is now the same size as *Scribner's*. The table of contents shows some very interesting articles. The departments are well filled with interesting matter, and besides all this we have the memorial services on the death of President James A. Garfield, the speech of Judge J. S. Landon, a grand address by Rev. George Alexander, resolutions, &c., making it rank among the best, if not the best issue since the paper was started.

The editors are to be congratulated upon the success they have made of this, the initial number of the new volume.—*Amsterdam Daily Democrat*.

—The CONCORDIENSIS is a good specimen of a college paper. There is not an uninteresting article in the whole number, and we shall always look for its appearance with the assurance that there will be something in it worth the reading.—(Wesleyan) *College Argus*.

—The duty of the Exchange Editor is often pleasant, sometimes extremely unpleasant. It is our intention to be as fair as possible, praising and dispraising, as judgment dictates; and if we seem to commend some papers excessively and to criticise others too severely, we crave indulgence, for we are determined to speak our honest convictions freely and at all times.

—We are pleased to see before us the first number of *The Lehigh Burr*. The *Burr* is Lehigh's first venture in the line of a regular college paper, and from its present appearance we are inclined to predict for it a brilliant success. It is a 12-page monthly published by the three upper classes.

Its editorials are carefully written and contain more common sense than most college papers.

—The *Sunbeam* is a chatty little paper published by the Ontario Ladies' College of Whitby, Ontario. As a representative of the other sex it befits us to speak gallantly of our fair rivals for journalistic fame; but despite our chivalry we cannot refrain from saying that the ladies of the *Sunbeam* seem overdesirous of notoriety. To the *Dartmouth* they give "full leave to pick the *Sunbeam* to pieces;" and to the *Echo*, which, by the way, has been pining for exchanges, they say "the work of quenching our feeble '*Beam*' will occupy at least a month." No one wishes to quench your beam, fair ladies. We will welcome all the *Sunbeams* we can get, but pray let us have a little more maidenly reserve along with your flashes of wit and genius.

—The neatest appearing, most interesting paper that graces our exchange desk this month is *The College Speculum*, an 18-page quarterly published by the students of the Agricultural College, Lansing, Mich. This paper advocates a higher tone to college journals, and laments in strong terms the low slang, intelligible only to the initiated, which so often disgraces the pages of the college press. We would especially praise its editorials. They are to the point—every one of them—and interesting to outsiders as well as students—praise we would be slow to give to many of our exchanges. You have commenced a good work, brothers of the *Speculum*, and we hope to see it pushed with vigor.

—Other papers that we read with pleasure are the *Harvard Advocate*, *Amherst Student*, *Southern Collegian*, *Vassar Miscellany*, and *Hobart Herald*.

—On examining our exchanges this month we were struck by the appearance of *The College Argus*, a tri-monthly of Wesleyan College, Middletown, Conn. At a glance this

paper looks neat and its matter seems tastefully arranged, but on reading it we realize that appearances are sometimes deceptive. One of its editorials is selected at random from several similar ones. It begins: "We are *badly possessed of the root of all evil*." Perhaps Wesleyan rhetoricians can explain the meaning of that sentence, but we must confess it is beyond us. The editorial item goes on to say that a "man becomes more identified with his college by taking the college paper than by spending the 'vile lucre' for 'stews' or 'burning the midnight oil'." This sentiment is good, but we seriously object to the manner of expressing it. In the same editorial (a short one, by the way,) we find that "old Virgil's line *falls into memory* just here, '*non omnia possumus omnes*' * * *." We have never heard of anything *falling into* a man's memory; and as to the Latin we venture to say that at least half the readers of the *Argus* cannot translate the simple sentence just quoted; and as to the use of Latin in this, and of Latin and Greek also in other editorials, we believe that the best authorities consider it extremely bad taste, especially in newspapers.

Since writing the above, we have received the last issue of the *Argus*, which we are pleased to state is much better in many respects than that we have criticised.

SONG OF THE FRESHMEN.

"Who rushed up stairs with mighty tread,
Caused my faint heart to quake with dread,
And made me hide beneath the bed?

The Sophomores.

"Who made me choice orations speak,
Set up cigars and read the Greek,
Until my very voice grew weak?

The Sophomores.

"Who put me in my warm, warm cot,
Whether I wanted to or not,
And made me curse my hard, hard lot?

The Sophomores.

"Who are the cowards seeking fun,
Who make our 'nicest fellows' run?
Hazing us Freshmen, ten to one?

The Sophomores."

—*Princetonian*.

Extranea.

"His brow is stern, his aspect weird,
A pony in his hand,
Upon his lip a tiny beard,
The Soph is in the land."

—*Kansas Review*.

—Professor in physics to W.: "Have you ever electrified a body by squeezing?" Mr. W. blushes and sits down.
—*Ex*.

—"My son, said a tutor of doubtful morality, but severe aspect, putting his hand on the boy's shoulder, "I believe Satan has got a hold on you." "I believe so, too," replied the boy.
—*Ex*.

—A judge, the other day, gave a deep-dyed villain the alternative of graduating at Princeton or serving ten years in the penitentiary. The criminal took the pen.

—In the present congress thirty-four out of seventy-seven Senators, and one hundred and twenty-eight out of two hundred and ninety-three Representatives are college graduates.—*Berkeleyan*.

—Rather cheeky young man—"Yes, I would go to the concert if I knew how to get my face clean." Sympathetic young lady—"I'll tell you, J—, I have always found vinegar a good thing to clean brass with."
—*Ex*.

—"Never leave what you undertake until you can reach your arms around it and clinch your hands on the other side," says a recently published book for young men. Most excellent advice; but what if she screams.—*Echo*.

—While an Idaho girl was sitting under a tree waiting for her lover, a grizzly bear came along and approaching from behind began to hug her. But she thought it was Tom and so leaned back and enjoyed it heartily and murmured "tighter" and it broke the bear all up; and he went away and hid in the forest for three days to get over his shame.—*Ex*.

—"Etiquette" writes us to inquire if, in our opinion, it would be proper for him to support a young lady, if she were taken with a faint, even if he had not been introduced. Proper, young man! Certainly, prop her by all means.—*Ex.*

—At an Indiana college secret societies are prohibited. But the boys desiring to found a chapter there are trying the case in the courts. It will probably come out as it did in California, that popular sentiment and the courts will prove too much for the bigoted faculty.—*Ex.*

—A base ball boy tripped and fell and tore his clothes, while chasing a stray chicken in a neighbor's lot. He told his mother he had been sent to grass by a foul. She reached for home base and the youth went out on strikes, howling for the old man to act as umpire.

Collegensia.

—The United States has 358 colleges.

—The wealthiest university in the world is at Leyden, Holland, its real estate alone being worth \$4,000,000.

—There are 156 college papers published in the United States. Twenty-six states and two territories are represented.

—Cornell's library ranks fourth in college libraries. Harvard leads with 200,000; Yale, 100,000; Dartmouth, 50,000; Cornell, 40,000.

—The University of Georgia has 2,274 matriculates, of whom but 30 pay tuition. The institution has an income of \$40,000, and expects soon to abolish all charges to the youth of their State.

—Since Washington and Lee University received, in 1796, a gift of \$50,000 from Washington, its endowment fund has grown greatly. It has over \$431,500, the larger part of this sum coming from Northern men.—*Tribune.*

—Tuition fees of some of the leading colleges: Syracuse, \$60; Cornell, \$75; Bowdoin and Rochester, the same; Brown, \$85; Dartmouth, \$80; Williams, \$90; Amherst, \$100; Yale, \$150; Harvard, \$150; Ann Arbor, \$30; Union, \$120.

—In the *rush* at Lehigh the Sophomores were defeated, the battle giving rise to the following doggerel:

Into the mob of "Fresh"
Strode the out-numbered.
Freshmen to the right of them,
Freshmen to the left of them,
Freshmen in front of them,
Volleyed (oaths) and thundered;
Stormed at with hoot and yell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the mob of "Fresh"
Into the rush pell-mell,
Strode the out-numbered.
Honor the brave and bold!
Long shall the tale be told,
Yea, when their babes are old—
How they were "sold."

—The number of Freshmen at several of the colleges appears to be as follows; Harvard, 217; Yale, 227; Princeton, 150; Columbia, 186; Cornell, 119, including 17 young women; Pennsylvania University, 109; Amherst, 100; Lafayette, 95; Williams, 84; Union, 75; Dartmouth, 46; Syracuse, 45, including 6 young women; Bates, 41, including 6 young women; Pennsylvania, 33; New York University, 38; Bowdoin, 21; Lewisburg University, 19; Franklin and Marshall College, 18; Madison University, 25.

—The entering class at Yale is smaller than for some seasons past, and to this fact the *Courant* asks the tearful attention of those interesting idiots who maintain the theory that the success or failure of a college in the inter-collegiate athletics of a given season attracts or repels a large mass of floating Freshmen. According to this theory the class should be the largest that ever entered Yale, inasmuch as that college now for the first time simultaneously holds the leadership in boating, base-ball and football. At Yale Scientific School, however, whose contributions to athletics have perceptibly decreased of late years, the new class is unusually large.

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