

# The Concordiensis.

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No. 9.

## THE CONCORDIENSIS,

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## Eighty-Seventh Commencement.

THE commencement exercises began Sunday evening, June 22d, with the preaching of the Baccalaureate sermon by the Rev. K. C. Anderson, of Troy, N. Y., in the First Reformed church. This discourse was thoroughly appreciated by all and was pronounced a most eloquent effort.

At three o'clock Monday afternoon the senior class marched in a body from the chapel to the College grove, where the following program was carried out:

Music.

Singing of Co-ca-che-lunk by the class.

Ivy Oration, . . . . . G. F. Allison.

Music.

Ivy Poem, . . . . . C. A. Kitts.

The class then sang "It was My Last Cigar."

Pipe Oration, . . . . . J. Stoller.

The College Pipe of Peace was then passed to slow music. Pipes and tobacco were handed around, and the exercises, which had proved very enjoyable, came to a close with the singing of the "Terrace Song" and the "Song to Old Union."

In the evening, at the First Reformed church, the Class Day exercises took place. Promptly at 8 o'clock Parlatti's Orchestra rendered some very beautiful music, after which the president, Pickens Neagle, welcomed those present, and then introduced the following gentlemen:

Orator, . . . . . W. A. Moore.

Poet, . . . . . J. B. Hutchison.

Music.

Historian, . . . . . Dow Beekman.

Prophet, . . . . . F. Dixon Hall.

Addresser, . . . . . Daniel Naylor, Jr.

Music.

Tuesday opened a beautiful day. Although the number of alumni present was less than in previous years, they made up in their enthusiasm for the welfare of the College what they lacked in numbers. The election of a trustee in place of Thomas H. Fearey, of Albany, whose term of office had expired, was the first business to be transacted. It was half-past three o'clock before the tellers had finished the counting of the votes. They then announced as the result of the ballot that Dr. Alexander, of New York, had received 748 votes, and Judge Hooper C. Van Vorst, of New York, 356 votes. The Alumni then proceeded in a body to Memorial Hall.

Judge Yates, '54, was chosen to preside and in the course of his remarks referred to the rather informal lunch which had been provided.

Prof. Wells called upon the oldest graduate present, the Rev. J. R. Boyd, D.D., '22. Dr. Boyd said that "out of our class of seventy-seven men only five are now living. This is the second visit I have paid the College since my graduation—the first ten years ago—but my failure to come oftener has been owing to my ill-health."

John H. Burtis rose to the call for '54, and after speaking for some time, moved that a committee of five be appointed by Judge Yates, himself to be chairman, to provide a banquet for next year, and to solicit subscriptions from the graduates for that purpose.

Hon. Le Mott W. Rhodes, of Troy, a trustee, apol-

ogized for the lunch and spoke of the financial difficulties of the College.

A number of graduates, amid much enthusiasm, spoke briefly of the bright future of the College, and called upon the alumni to assist Union in regaining that position to which her reputation, her faculty, and her alumni entitled her.

The song of "Old Union" was then sung by the alumni, standing, and after the giving of the college cry, the alumni meeting came to an end. A large number accompanied the members of the class of '54 to the chapel, where they listened to a very able address by Judge Bennett, '54, of Chicago, and the following poem by the Rev. E. W. Rice, of Philadelphia:

TRICENNIAL DAY.—1854-1884.

"Thirty years have passed," they say,  
Though it was but yesterday  
Boys, with swelling pride we bore  
Mystic parchments from yon door.  
We are young: the morning sun  
Lights the race we've just begun.  
Life's a Rip Van Winkle dream;  
Actors seldom what they seem;  
Strange, these lads with heads of gray;  
"Lawyers, Doctors," do you say?  
"Clergy, Judges," grave and wise?  
Nay; they're boys; you fool my eyes!  
Call the roll. Where eighty trod,  
Part are here and part with God.  
With shattered ranks, on we tread,  
Weaving chaplets for the dead.  
In the thickest of the fight,  
One by one we drop from sight.  
Fierce the combat, right with wrong.  
On, ye valiant, swell our throng:  
Riches, honor, place and fame  
Are but rattles round one's name;  
Life is earnest, life is grand,  
When for truth and God we stand.  
Times are changing: gold is god;  
Schools must pander to its nod.  
Classic culture; what a waste;  
Lighter learning suits the taste;  
Wealth for show, and greed for gain,  
Skill in tricks: such graces reign.  
Price of stocks in Greek sounds queer,  
"Puts and Calls" at Latin sneer,  
Gossip wails through Syriac,  
Fashion dies in Arabic.  
Sterling virtue shames such day,  
Truest worth is flung away.  
Honored men who trained our youth,  
Higher good and grander truth  
Pointed out from Ida's peak,

Pearls on Zion's hill to seek,  
And if humble in the strife,  
Virtue, worth exalt our life.

Sons of genius: men of brains,  
Ruled these halls, where science reigns;  
Few remain; the more above,  
Green forever in our love.  
Mark the two from foreign clime,  
How they made their lives sublime.\*

He who measured depths in space,  
Weighed the worlds on worlds which grace  
Starry gardens in the sky;  
Counts he now the worlds on high? †  
Crowned, thou Christian scholar rare,  
King supreme in Attic chair,  
Mighty time-worlds he outlined,  
God's creative week defined. ‡

Blessings on thee, man of might,  
Master in the rule of right,  
Versed in science of the mind,  
Royal thinker of thy kind. ||

Speak ye, gray and ivied walls,  
Ringing once with trumpet calls  
Of persuasive silver tongue;  
Linger yet some tones that flung  
Soothing strains on bitter tears,  
Sunlit hope on darkest fears?

Noble, manly, genial face,  
Giant mind with childlike grace,  
Prince and Nestor in thy art,  
Reading secrets of the heart.  
Taught by thee, rare, happy lot,  
Glorious teacher, kingly Nott. ††

\* William M. Gillespie, Prof. of Civil Engineering and Adj. Prof. Math.  
Elias Peissner, Prof. Modern Langs.

† Isaac W. Jackson, LL.D., Prof. of Math.

‡ Tayler Lewis, LL.D., Prof. Greek Lang. and Lit.

|| Lawrens P. Hickok, D.D., V. P. and Prof. Mor. Phil.

†† Eliphalet Nott, D.D., LL.D., President, 1804-1866.

The prize speaking of the juniors and sophomores took place in the evening. Owing to a heavy shower of rain which had fallen early in the evening the church was comfortably filled. After the music the following sophomores and juniors contested for the prizes:

SOPHOMORES.

Edwin C. Angle, Schenectady,	Political Reform.
James J. Franklin, Jr., Albany,	Irish Character.
J. L. R. Pratt, Kansas City, Mo.,	Knight Errantry.
	Music.

JUNIORS.

Wallace Foote, Port Henry,	The Rising of Poland.
Wm. C. Mills, Jr., Gloversville,	"Chinese" Gordon.
Charles S. Stanton, Albany,	The Legacy of Chivalry.
	Music.

On Wednesday morning at ten o'clock came the

commencement exercises, for four years looked forward to by the class of '84. The exercises opened with music by Parlatti's orchestra, which was followed by the singing of the 117th Psalm by the audience. The Rev. Dr. Payne and all present then joined in the recitation of the Lord's Prayer. After the salutatory by Wilber M. Judd, of Jewett, the following seniors delivered orations:

John S. Bishop, Lyons,	An Unsolved National Problem.
John F. Delaney, Albany,	Wendell Phillips.
James G. Greene, Clyde,	The Problem of the Pole.
Fred. Dixon Hall, Antwerp,	The Iconoclasts.
Andrew McFarlane, Albany,	The Irish Question.
Pickens Neagle, Washington, D. C.,	To the Victors Belong the Spoils.
Harry V. N. Philip, New York,	Marathon.

James J. Kemp, of Ballsville, Va.; Herbert G. Porcher, Salt Lake City, Utah, and William G. Woolford, Princess Anne, Md., were appointed to the commencement stage, but were excused.

Dr. Potter then introduced Professor Coppeé, of Lehigh University, who delivered the Chancellor's address. This address, on the subject of health, was rich in thought and abounded in suggestions which it would be well for every one who heard it to heed.

#### DEGREES CONFERRED.

At the close of the address the graduating class marched upon the stage and honorary degrees were conferred as follows: A. B. upon members of the graduating class; LL.D., D. S. Merrill, United States Consul at Jerusalem, and the Hon. Samuel Hand, of Albany; D.D., the Rev. William Elliot Griffis, pastor of the First Reformed church of Schenectady, the Rev. K. C. Anderson, of Troy, and the Rev. Edwin W. Rice, of Philadelphia.

#### PRIZES AWARDED.

The following were the recipients of the prizes:

Warner prize, for general excellence, a silver cup, James G. Greene, of Clyde.

The report of the committee appointed to award the prizes to the successful competitors on the junior and sophomore stages was read by the Rev. E. L. Toy, of Schenectady. The prizes were money. The first junior prize was awarded to Wallace Foote, of Port Henry; William C. Mill, of Gloversville, second; honorable mention, Charles S. Stanton, of Albany. Sophomores: James J. Franklin, Jr., of Albany, first; Edwin C. Angle, of Schenectady, second.

The Clark essay prizes, consisting of books, were awarded, first to C. Eggleston, of Gloversville; second

to J. T. Morey. The report was read by John V. L. Pruyn, of Albany.

Dow Beekman, of Middleburgh, received the first Allen prize for essays; R. B. McCown, of Darlington, S. C., the second, and James Stoller, of Johnstown, third. The prizes consist of money. The report was read by Judge Danforth, of Middleburgh.

The Ingham essay prize of money was awarded to Dow Beekman, of Middleburgh. The report was read by the Rev. Mr. Snively, of Troy.

The Blatchford oratorical medals were taken, first by John F. Delaney, of Albany, and second by H. V. N. Philip, of New York city; honorable mention, Andrew McFarlane, of Albany.

Previous to the presentation of prizes the song of "Old Union" was sung with fine effect. The exercises closed with the benediction pronounced by Dr. Harrison, of Troy.

#### THE RECEPTION.

Dr. and Mrs. Potter held the usual reception at 8 o'clock in Memorial Hall, to which all were invited. But owing to the escape of gas the reception was brought to a sudden close about 9 o'clock, as it was considered dangerous to remain longer in the building. Those who intended to participate in the ball proceeded at once to Washburne Memorial Hall. About seventy-five couples were in attendance, but on account of the coolness of the evening all danced with pleasure. It was not until late in the morning that '84's commencement ball came to an end.

#### IVY POEM.

BY CHARLES A. KITTS.

COME, classmates, all, let joy abound,  
For we are soon to sever;  
We'll let the pipe of peace go round  
Ere we part, perhaps forever.

We're now to leave those sacred halls,  
Although we fain would linger;  
Leave campus, garden, those gray walls,  
Where wisdom lifts her finger.

The golden chain of friendship bright,  
Which links our hearts together,  
Before we part we'll bind more tight,  
That it may hold us, ever.

Draw hither now at friendship's shrine,  
Her living emblem bringing,  
And plant the sacred ivy vine  
With happy voices ringing.

We'll cleave the sod close to the side  
Of our dear *alma mater*;

With fondest hopes as its roots we hide,  
That our vine may soon grow greater.

We 'll hallow then its earthy bed,  
The rich mold softly pressing,  
And leave it where bright heaven will shed  
In pearly drops its blessing.

And as its tendrils to those walls  
Shall cling, much grace bestowing,  
So may our love for these dear halls  
Be ever warmly glowing.

And when above this ivy vine  
The stars are shining brightly,  
Or when the pale moon's silver sheen  
Falls on its leaves so lightly.

Then may kind Fortune upon us shed  
Rich gifts with fondest blessing,  
As through life's mazy paths we tread,  
With varied footsteps pressing.

And as we leave this classic spot,  
Our faces homeward turning,  
May no dark cloud our friendship blot,  
Or quench its fires now burning.

And when Time's shadows o'er us fall,  
And life's bright sun is setting,  
While far away we hear a call,  
This world the while forgetting.

Oh! then this emblem yet will twine  
Will speak of life immortal,  
Beyond the veil at Heaven's shrine,  
Within her shining portal.

This day fond memory takes me back  
To childhood's happy hours,  
As out o'er life's unbeaten track,  
I gazed on fairest flowers.

A world lay spread beneath my feet,  
With pathways far and near,  
Each leading on to joys more sweet  
And pleasures yet more dear.

When, truly, ignorance was bliss,  
More bright, more sunny still  
Than all the love of that or this  
That ere the mind could fill.

Gladly I looked out o'er the field,  
My childhood's vision bound,  
Gladly I ran, my soul to yield,  
To pleasure's merry sound.

My waking thoughts were day dreams bright,  
Tinged with a roseate hue,  
As only fancy in her flight  
Spreads out to childhood's view.

How happy then the hours that passed,  
No clouds shadowed my mind,  
Life's brilliant sun his radiance cast,  
And each with silver lined.

But soon this witching scene did change  
To one of grander view:  
Of wider and more varied range,  
While over me it threw

Bewitching charms to lead me on,  
In paths unseen before,  
Where pleasure moved amid a throng  
Unnumbered as sands on shore.

I gazed around, intent on what  
This vision did portray;  
And, lo! at this enchanting spot  
My childhood passed away.

And youth, bright youth, I did behold  
Come springing, fresh and gay,  
While slowly up a curtain rolled  
Where, op'ning far away,

Were vistas winding on, 'mid scenes  
Of wondrous beauty bright,  
And hope immortal shed her beams,  
Like dazzling rays of light.

As one entranced, I stood and gazed,  
My soul with rapture thrilled,  
Till this bright scene my vision dazed,  
My bounding pulses stilled.

Then when a footstep, soft and light,  
I heard — it sounded near —  
I turned and saw, like star of night,  
A beauteous form appear.

A glow upon her features played,  
Her eyes were without compare,  
A crown of glory her head arrayed,  
With rubies rich and rare.

"My son!" she cried, "what holds thee here?  
Depart! Yon mountain climb.  
Its craggy base thou shouldst not fear;  
Go! scale its peaks sublime."

My soul then inspiration caught,  
I bowed at wisdom's shrine,  
And leaving other joys, I sought  
The riches of her mine.

Glimpses of wisdom, glory, fame,  
Did my young heart inspire,  
Kindling within the soul and frame  
Sparks of immortal fire.

Then when with joy on her I gazed —  
Old Union great and grand —  
I'll ne'er forget the hopes it raised,  
When counted one of her band.

\* \* \* \* \*

Four years have quickly passed away —  
Our college course is run.  
It will not do for us to stay  
Where victory has been won.

But let us forth to newer fields,  
And seek amid the strife  
Such fame as honest labor yields  
To crown a worthy life.

### PIPE OF PEACE ORATION.

BY JAMES STOLLER.

THERE was a time when these regions, now the seat of an effete civilization, were the home of a noble race of men. They were the children of the primeval forest, and they lived together in a simplicity and freedom beside which the boasted democracy of modern times is a mockery. These noble men, ever disposed to settle their differences by peaceful arbitration, and not as in these degenerate times by the red hand of war, were accustomed to assemble together in peace councils, and in token of friendship and affection light the calumet and smoke the pipe of peace. A simple and beautiful custom it was—one consonant with the guileless and childlike character of the people with whom it originated. It is a happy thing that this custom at least has been preserved, that in the fragrant fumes of the peace-pipe college students can scatter to the winds their differences as did those worthy men of old. And it is to be hoped that this custom may not be permitted to fall into disuse, that the students of American colleges may perpetuate a custom distinctively American in origin, and exclusively American in observance. But it must be confessed there are some doubts as to whether this is to be the case. For there seems to be a growing disposition on the part of college authorities to open college doors to both sexes, and when this time shall have come surely the custom we to-day observe will be in danger of falling into disuse. For shall the fair lips of the girl graduate be polluted by the noisome fumes of a noxious weed? We can readily imagine how a quarter of a century hence the classes of Union College will be rent and torn by the discussion of this question.

But after all, this custom is observed far more on account of its picturesque character than because it has any of the significance which those old warriors attached to it. For it is not generally true that college classmates entertain for one another other feelings than those of friendliness and good will. To be sure, the class election of the freshman year may occasion some acrimony and subsequently, now and then, there may be slight and temporary departures from the general good feeling, but, as a rule, long before the four years have rolled by all these petty differences are

forgotten, and a generous, fraternal feeling binds classmates together in unbroken friendship. And is it not the gladly-given testimony of every college man that nowhere in life are friendships formed so genuine, so heartfelt and true as those made in college days? And that these friendships are permanent, that they are cherished amid the absorbing interests of active life—is not this attested by the pleasure with which college men assemble together in class-reunion and on alumni-day? There is something almost touching in the honest, sincere, almost boyish pleasure with which strong men, bearing the burdens and responsibilities of life, come back to their *alma mater* and greet the friends of their college days.

Certainly the class of '84 has no need, in any literal sense, to observe the ceremony of the peace-pipe, for the members of this class, now on the eve of separation from one another, have no differences to settle before they go, no animosities to be healed. That rock of offence, the class election of the senior year, was the occasion of no ill feeling in the class of '84. For who of us does not remember, and for whom will it not always be a pleasure to remember, that evening last February in Amsterdam, when the members of this class resolved as with one voice to lay aside all differences, to cast out all factional spirit, all ungenerous rivalry, and to stand together in the bonds of friendship and fraternity?

But let us, classmates, out of respect to this good old custom, and in order that we may do our part to perpetuate it, smoke together to-day the pipe of peace. And as its fumes are dissipated on this woodland air, so may there fade from our minds even the memory of every ungenerous feeling we may have entertained for one another.

### GOD'S POOR.

CROWDED into rooms, small and unhealthy,  
A couple live, the husband's parents, too,  
Who, with his children all too well foresee  
The father's death and, helpless, naught can do.  
Oh, who may try to tell what they endure,  
For these are God's own poor.

The father helpless through his fell disease,  
The mother washing wears her life away,  
Providing scant, coarse food, but winter's breeze  
Had almost brought despair, when Charity  
Stretched forth her cold, hard hand. What does man more  
When dealing with God's poor.

With some slight help the mother bravely toiled,  
And kept them all alive till warmer air  
Helped cheer her. "Mother Mary," oft she prayed,

But soon this witching scene did change  
To one of grander view:  
Of wider and more varied range,  
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forgotten, and mates together the gladly-gone nowhere in heartfelt and that they are cherished life—is no college meeting alumni-day the honest, strong men of life, comrades and friends of time.

Certainly sense, to of the membership from before the rock of of was the occasion. For who could it not always last February this class differences erous rivalry friendship. But let old custom perpetuated. And as its so may the of every u for one an

CROWD A co Who, with The father Oh, who m For these: The father The mother Providing Had aln Stretched When dea With some And ke Helped ch

"For my poor hungry children wilt thou care?  
I have done what I could; help, I implore,  
Help thou God's poor."

Soon Mary of Seven Sorrows sent down death  
To bring to her a child, a blighted flower  
Which had fared hard and quick upon this earth.

It closed its eyes, to wake soon in a bower  
Of the glorious beauty on the eternal shore,  
The home of all God's poor.

With anxious heart the mother nursed her child,  
With weary hands and aching head she watched,  
But vainly; for at dawn a wail — shrill, wild —  
Told how sore her life was desolated.  
Her's was the mourning of that deep despair,  
Well known among God's poor.

At length her pent up grief found utterance  
In broken speech. "Mother of God, is this just?  
Why must *we* strive and starve amid abundance?  
Through want and cold and sickness still we trust,  
And learn at last to scorn Almighty power.  
God pities not the poor.

"For Eve's first sin we are all doomed to toil,  
But must the heart, the *soul*, be wrung for sweat  
To pay the price of bread? I have borne all,  
And suffered patiently and long. But yet  
The Lord will not my babe, my joy, restore;  
How can he love the poor?"

Anon she calmer grew. "Jesus, crucified!  
Thy mother mourned Thee dead. Then help my faith  
In sorrow's storm. Now mother, glorified!  
Keep thou thy child and mine; yes, keep them both!"  
Worn out, she slept and saw her babe secure  
In Heaven; no more among God's poor.

Be ours that life of humble charity,  
Which speaks from a great swelling heart of love,  
And works in helpful deeds its heartfelt pity,  
Ever making men better while we live.  
Of that glad welcome we may well be sure:  
Ye did it to My poor.

*John B. Hutchison.*

#### HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF '84,

BY DOW BEEKMAN.

THE assertion that "history repeats itself" is certainly untrue in our case, for all the events in the career of the class of '84 are without parallel. We are the only class of 1884 that the world has ever seen. It is true that your historian of to-day may be somewhat prejudiced, for it is best that a writer's heroes be under the ground; but we owe it to future ages to give a correct chronicle of what has happened within the last four years.

When we entered the "classic shades" of Old

Union, to drink deep of the Pierian spring, we were sixty-five in number. We were probably as gallant and as green a class as ever entered college,—that is looking at it from this distance. We were conscientious, studious and steady, and every man thought that all life was worth living for was to lead his class; but as we advanced in mathematics, we found that it was contrary to the law of numbers that sixty-five men should all be first.

Our freshman life opened with all the vicissitudes of that stormy period. A salt fight in the sacred precincts of the chapel, table gymnastics, "set ups" and general indignities followed in rapid and disagreeable succession. The first man of '84 to gain distinction for his bravery was Arthur Harold Kasimir Jervis, our "red plumed" knight. In all the changing scenes of that time he stands as the central figure. The sophomores had planned, in the classical language of the college, to "put him on the table." When the eventful hour arrived, all the heroic in his nature glowed about his radiant head. The sophs were storming the portals of his palace, but Jervis' motto was "A freshman's room is his castle, and death to the sophomore who attacks it." With his venerable derringer in hand, he fortified himself behind a pile of trunks, the relics with which he was sent from his paternal abode, and when the sophs endeavored to force an entrance, he deliberately fired three shots with murderous intent, and inflicted mortal injuries upon the door. His noble spirit then relented, or perhaps he became frightened and leaped from his window, and sought refuge for the night in the Carley House.

The feelings of a freshman class when they first enter college, have never been analyzed. Attempts have been made everywhere and by everybody, from the nursery to the department of zoology. Their confidence, their timidity, their knowledge, their ignorance, their monumental brass and their dodging shyness constitute a strange mixture of human nature.

To give the details of all the occurrences, plans, incidents and hopes of our freshman year would take from the present moment to the day when Schenectady shall have a new depot,—a small eternity.

From the beginning, several members of our class have manifested an extreme fondness for the beautiful, entertaining and confiding maidens of this ancient city. In this bare fact there is nothing wonderful, for it shows my classmates' appreciation of the truly good and lovely. Undoubtedly, by this time, vows of everlasting fidelity have been exchanged by many. "Everlasting," to the young lady, signifies "lifelong," but to

the student it means—about two months. I am glad that my pen has to record only the events that end with a sad, sweet farewell, for if I could, with our far-seeing prophet, look beyond the curtain of the future, I fear that I might see disappointment on many a fair damsel's cheek. Such things have been known in this city and in this college. Already one of our class has received a postal card bearing the mournful wail, "———thy vows are traced in sand." Whether she referred to the sands of time, or to the sands of Scotia, I do not know.

One of the things a man will always remember is his first marriage, and another of those things is his first banquet. Eating is one of the chief pursuits of man from his infancy, but his first banquet is a revelation. It is eating on an extended scale. One of the first definitions of a banquet that occurs to me is an occasion when we see how much we can eat and drink for our money, at the risk of lifelong dyspepsia. This definition covers our first Amsterdam supper. It was opened like the one to which Charles Dudley Warner refers to, "not with a prayer, but with a corkscrew."

With sophomore year came an undisguised consciousness of greater importance. At that period in a student's life, he seems possessed of the idea that all violence is legitimate, and that all foolishness is wise. He is the incarnation of bravery when impressing his authority upon the unsophisticated freshman. He will give you any information you desire upon any subject within the range of knowledge, except his text book. He is a cross between a prairie cow boy and an encyclopedia Britannica. When contemplating him in the former character, the beautiful lines of a Western poet seem to apply especially to him:

"I'm a buzzard from the Brazos on a tear.  
Hear me toot!  
I'm a lifter of the flowing locks of hair.  
Hear me hoot!"

When we were freshmen, we suffered much, we had "been in perils often." We must have vengeance and on the principle of proxy, we as sophomores inflicted it upon the class below us. Many of you who have not studied morals or casuistry may be in doubt as to the justice of such treatment, but if you had gone through college, all would be plain. As a matter of consolation to doting fathers and mothers, I would say that when their sons come to college fresh from the teachings of home, they take high moral grounds, but when they have attained the ferocity of sophomores, they consider such sentiments unmanly, and long for a diet of blood. As sophomores, we rolled the tide of

civilization back to the dark ages, and had all the horrors of a cane rush. But here, to protect the reputation of the college, to save the blushes of the innocent, and to spare the feelings of those unaccustomed to gore, I draw the veil. Such scenes should only engage the pen of some hardened epic poet or the delirious pencil of a Dorè.

In my preference for treating history philosophically, instead of detailing the mere events, I might record what an effect the cane rush had upon us and upon the age in which we live. Its results were far reaching, as our tailors will declare, and deserve great attention, but space will not permit. It is of no importance whether Hutchison ran away with the cane and hid it between two feather beds, or that Foote, '85, wept hot tears of defeat, or that Professor Webster tried to stop us and could not. Furthermore, it is uninteresting and useless to give the details of the tearing up, or, rather, "removal" of the college stone walk, and how the stones crashed into a thousand pieces, and what a noise there was, and how at the dead of night we awakened the President and professors and interrupted their dreams of victories in trustee elections, and how we sped over the terrace at the approach of the "powers that be," and how desolate the scene looked the following morning, and how angry the professors were, all to no purpose, and how the empty treasury vaults groaned at the destruction of property, and how we walked in the mud the remainder of the winter for our pains. Out of respect for the college, we will not allude to the probation notices, which resulted in nothing except some innocent swearing. Now in speaking thus of the said powers that be, we intend no disrespect to our superiors; but they have their joke on us in the class-room, and we have ours on them upon the stage.

If we believe the college rhyme,

"In junior year we take our ease,  
Smoke our pipes and sing our glees."

During that year I came to the conclusion that that stanza was simply a taunting, ironical joke in disguise, maliciously gotten, in one of his diabolical, poetical moods, by Prof. Whitehorse.

At that stage of a man's course, he begins to rectify his mistakes and take on some resemblance to a human being with human traits and faculties. He begins to realize for what purpose he is in college. Junior year passed peacefully away, but its history would not be complete without a notice of the decadence of Prof. Perkins' old blue cape, so long familiar to the "oldest inhabitant." For a long time it had been,

"Prof. Perkins and his old blue cape, now and forever one and inseparable." Contemporaneous with the shedding of the cape, appeared that elephant-ear-shaped hat. A close examination has convinced us that the old cape was remodelled into that latter-day hat.

During senior year, there have been fewer things worthy of mention, for events which were of great moment, during the past years of our course, dwindle into insignificance now. This year, however, has witnessed many pleasures, among which was our Senate Banquet at *Amsterdam*. Here, I may remark that Hall had grown so pious that he referred to that place as "*Amstergosh*." As we were the first class, as freshmen, to have a banquet, so we were the first class whose senior officers have given a banquet, making a total of four like occasions. It may, therefore, be concluded, that as we are a class of good livers, we are a class of wondrous good nature. This is true.

In athletics, '84 has distinguished herself. Naylor on the first, and Porcher on the second base, have been the mainstays of the 'Varsity nine, and aided us to win the championship in the inter-class games last year. Philips and Heatly won the medals over all other classes on the race course, although some funds were lost, according to a false interpretation of the law of probabilities, at the inter-collegiate games in New York City. We will, however, always point with pride to these men.

In all the events, experiences and tales of college life, the outside world never hear of a student's reformation—that is rare—or his hours of close study, which some people think still rarer, or his moments of gloom. The pleasure and glitter alone are seen. It is my sad duty to darken the page of our history with a record of sorrow. Amid all our triumphs, our joys and our delightful memories, let not our dead be forgotten; we will pay them at least the tribute of remembrance. Four of those who entered Union with us have left us and gone to their eternal home. When almost at the threshold of our course, the kind and genial Harry Miller breathed his last in a lonely dormitory room, hundreds of miles from his loving kindred, not only our class, but the entire college carried saddened countenances and bursting hearts. As we stood for the last time around the silent coffin of our departed classmate who would have been our companion for four years, we felt a startling realization that bright hopes were not proof against the arrows of death. While we are upon the eve of graduation, he sleeps beneath the palmettos of his native state. Ben-

net was the next to follow; he whose strong and stalwart frame seemed made never to succumb to the attacks of disease. Farther along in his course, and after we all had become attached to his manly qualities, Frank Parsons' young life was cut short while yet his ambitions were unfulfilled. His modest mien and his acts of friendship will be long remembered. The last was Vermilye, gentleman, friend, scholar, Christian, noble example. But a month ago we followed him to his grave and laid him beneath the flowers of spring. May the earth rest lightly over them all.

Within the last four years we have occasionally seen articles in the newspapers which has led us to believe that there has been some disagreement, some *unpleasantness* between the President and faculty of this institution. I dislike to chronicle this fact, but as Historian I must "be just and fear not." In fact, to be more positive, I think I might be justified in saying that there has been a fight between the President and faculty, something of the nature of that between the fabled Kilkenny cats. What terrible liberties brash reporters have taken with our dear old *alma mater*! The class of '84 have stood aloof and let the "heathen rage," and as far as I can learn, we are the only party that has come out of the difficulty with honor. The disaffection has served one good purpose; it has been a source of conversation far better than the weather, and has supplied a first question to every man who has met with a student from Union College for the past three years. Lest by observations of this kind I should drop a remark that would cause the reassembling of the New York Legislature, I will draw the subject to a close, leaving every one to think I am on his side.

Great changes have taken place in the Faculty during our course. Dr. Dean came, and left us; Mr. Lawrence severed his connection with the college; Maj. McMurray, called by the despisers of the day of small things, "Little Mac," is, "though lost to sight, still to memory dear." Every one lamented the illness which separated Prof. Price from the classes so devoted to him as an able instructor and as a generous gentleman. Prof. Webster filled a large place in the hearts of '84, and the circumstances which led to his withdrawal from college were sincerely lamented by all. Prof. Alexander, so universally esteemed, was lost to us senior year, when his services were held in the highest appreciation; within a few days, the resignation of our distinguished President has been received. He leaves many monuments of his services to the college. We wish him abundant success in his new field of

labor, and a long life of honor and usefulness. May he be to Hobart what the illustrious Dr. Nott was to Union.

Our college career closes under the most pleasant conditions. It may especially be said of the class of '84, "They leave their *alma mater* not only as classmates, but as devoted friends." Four years of constant intercourse have cemented an enduring friendship, and although we are glad to graduate, and are perhaps eager to follow the beckoning hand of fame or fortune; nevertheless, when we bid one another farewell, we will feel a lingering regret that we must part.

Without class egotism, I may say that many of my class have given unmistakable promise of a most successful future, both from the constitution of their minds and from their personal qualities. If I may trespass upon the province of our esteemed and gifted prophet, I would predict that many who have played the part of mimic statesmen in our class senate, will act the real part upon the broad stage of our nation's service. Some will be illustrious at the bar, some famous in the pulpit, some benefactors of their race in medicine, and others will prove worthy in the other honorable walks of life.

Fellow classmates, you have honored me as your Historian, and I pledge you my word to-night that when you shall have attained the lofty positions which I think the future has in reserve for you, no pen will be so happy and so ready to give the record of your noble deeds and lives as the one that has written your college history.

#### PROPHECY.

NIGHT had fallen upon the vast forest. The wind surged and roared through the leafy arches with fearful fury. Almost incessantly the lightning blazed forth, revealing each brief instant the rocky ground and the sturdy trees swaying as if in the very agony of despair. Then would follow the booming roar of the thunder as it reverberated from rock to rock, from crag to crag. Rain began to fall—at first in scattering drops, then with a steady downpour. And in the midst of all this wrack and riot of the elements, your Prophet, always timid by nature, was so much terrified as to be certain of but one thing, viz.: that he was hopelessly lost in the howling wilderness and in the midst of an extremely energetic storm. He saw strange shapes lurking behind the trees, and his ears seemed to hear, between the peals of thunder, unearthly sounds, like the moans and complainings of those in pain.

Suddenly he sees the faint glimmer of a light, very dim, yet burning steadily and always visible when not overpowered by the blue, steely, glare of the lightning. A glad hope that he has discovered the cabin of a mountaineer or the camp of a hunter springs up in the heart of the drenched, bewildered, and altogether uncomfortable Prophet. He plunges along in the direction whence the light seems to emanate, his rugged path blazing with light one instant and shrouded in Egyptian darkness the next. At length, after much stumbling and many encounters with the hard, unfeeling trees, he stands before a rude door, through the chinks of which the light still shines dimly. He knocks; a deep voice answers, "Enter!" The Prophet obeys, and stands in what appears to be a cavern. Facing the outer entrance is seated an old man with flowing hair and snowy beard. He is clad in a robe of black, and upon his head is a peculiar cap. Upon his knee he holds a ponderous volume bound with brass. Several similar books lay upon a table by his side. He looked like a pious hermit, yet no sign of cross or breviary was visible. A solitary taper burned with a bluish flame upon the table beside him, but it was unnecessary, for a wierd, unearthly light, something like the reflected blaze of a furnace filled the cavern. A smell as of burning sulphur was plainly distinguishable. Behind the seat of the hermit was what appeared to be the opening of a still deeper cavern, and there the Prophet fancied that he saw sparks arising and heard faint and indistinguishable sounds.

Fastening his keen, piercing eyes upon his visitor, the hermit said, "Young man, I have anticipated your coming—your visit was foreseen. Anxiety preys upon you because of your class. You would fain know of their future—of their coming struggles and triumphs, victories and defeats."

Then the Prophet answered: "Good sir, most venerable hermit, you have struck it the first time."

"Listen then, O, young man, and you shall hear what is written." Thus having spoken, he opened the volume which he held upon his knee and read as follows:

It is the year 1899. This fair city which we see clothed in its summer garb of green is surely Schenectady. You may recognize it by the fantastic odors floating through the air, by the dust-laden breezes, by the swarms of old, yet ever young, maidens who patrol its streets at dewy eve, by the venerable depot, which persistently refuses to collapse. The merry hum of

(Continued on page 150)





HAIR. (color.)		BEARD.	MOUSTACHE.	SMOKE.	"CHEW."	DRINK.	FAVORIT' AUTHOR	FAVORITE POET	KNOWN AS.	FUTURE P. O. AD- DRESS.	ACCOMPLISHMENTS.
Black.		None.	Yes.	Yes.	No.	Soda.	Thackeray.	Longfellow.	George.	53 E. 4th street, Oswego, N. Y.	Wanting.
Light.		No.	No.	No.	No.	No.	J. G. Holland.	J. G. Saxe.	.....	Worcester, Ot- sego Co., N. Y.	Infinitesimal.
A beauti- ful blonde.	Bluen- dent	The lion, noth- ing more.	Hardly.	Don't care if I do.	Everything but the weed	Not behind the bar, otherwise always.	"Old Sleutch!"	L. J. Emerson.	Dennis.	Canandaigua, N. Y.	A too-too baritone. Too mod- est to enter into particulars.
Bald.		Siders.	No.	Once a day	.....	Not since freshman year.	McFarlane, '84.	Benedict, '84.	Beek.	Schenectady, N. Y.	\$1,000 reward for good tenor voice.
Light.		Siders.	No.	Yes.	No.	Always.	Scott.	Longfellow.	J. S.	Lyons Wayne Co., N. Y.	Unknown.
Brown.		Full.	Yea.	No.	No.	No.	Lytton.	Byron.	Sherm.	Schenectady, N. Y.	Too numerous to mention.
Brown.		Possible.	Time.	No.	Food.	Like a fish.	Anonymous.	"Lammy."	Guy.	Denver, Col.	Mashing propensities.
Sky-blue scarlet.		Somewhat.	I don't know positively.	Yes.	No.	No.	Daniel DeFoe.	Bryant.	Zen.	(liable to change) Potsdam, N. Y.	"Music hath charms," etc.
Black.	Light.	No.	Yes.	No.	No.	Yes—tea.	Mrs. Prentiss.	McFarlane.	Will Dailey.	Schenectady, N. Y.	Can get away with 3 square meals a day.
Brown.		Siders.	Yes.	No.	No.	Yes.	Scott.	Longfellow.	Jimmie.	Clyde, N. Y.	Too numerous to mention.
Black.		O.	O.	Never.	No.	Cold tea.	Lytton.	Tennyson.	Dick.	Antwerp, Jeffer- son Co., N. Y.	Undiscovered.
Brown.		Black.	Whitish.	Yes.	No.	Never.	Capt. Jack.	Hutchie.	Heat.	Schenectady, N. Y.	Quietness.
Brown.		None.	Slight.	No.	No.	No.	Dickens.	Lytton.	Hig.	Salt Lake City, Utah.	Smiles and pictures.
Brown.		Convening.	Minus.	No.	Victuals.	High Rock.	Geo. MacDonald	Mrs. E. B. Browning.	Hutchie	222 Eckford st., Brooklyn.	Singing and artistic profanity.
Red, i. e., golden.		None.	None.	Lone Jack	No.	Why, of course.	Hoyle.	Tennyson.	Reddie.	Ballywhacky, McCue.	Billiards, boxing and B. B. managing.
Brown.	C.								Jerry.	Schenectady, N. Y.	Flunking. ?
Brown.		No.	No.	Occasion- ally.	At meal time	No.	Emerson.	Tennyson.	Kitts.	Oswego, N. Y.	"A new way to pay old debts."
Brown.		No.	?	Occasion- ally.	No.	Seldom.	Thackeray.	Dante.	Steve.	Mexico.	Modesty forbids.
Brown.	Light.	Not yet.	No.	Occasion- ally.	No.	Like a fish.	Lytton.	Byron.	Brown.	Darlington, S. C.	Warble, warble, warble.
Brown.		No.	No.	No.	No.	No.	Dumas.	Shakspeare.	Jack.	Schenectady, N. Y.	Singing, billiards and boxing.
Dark brown.		No.	Hoped for.	No.	No.	No.	George Eliot.	Edgar A. Poe.	Mac.	Albany, N. Y.	Presidential aspirations.
Brown.		Full.	Yes.	No.	No.	No.	Mark Twain.	"Sweet Singer of Michigan."	Doc.	Carmel, Putnam Co., N. Y.	None to speak of.
Brown.		No.	No.	No.	No.	No.	Shakspeare.	Longfellow.	Doc.	Schenectady, N. Y.	Mashing.
Black.	Light.	Black.	O! Yes.	Yes.	No.	Well.	Scott.	Longfellow.	Dannie.	Schenectady, N. Y.	Nihil memoratu dignus.
Brown.		Siders.	In embryo.	Seldom.	Never.	Milk nightly.	W. G. Simms.	Milton.	Pick.	The Great West.	Singing and the fair sex.
Brown.		None.	Yes.	No.	No.	No.	Scott.	Milton.	Porch or Shay.	Epis'l Gen. Theo. Seminary, N. Y.	Innumerable.
Black.	Dark.	Siders.	No.	No.	No.	Soda.	Dickens.	.....	Zack.	60 S. Ferry st., Albany, N. Y.	Wiencking.
Dark brown.		Side boards.	None; one coming.	No.	No.	No.	Scott.	Shakspeare.	.....	Give it up.	Dazzling.
Dark brown.		Siders.	Yes.	Yes.	No.	No.	Thackeray.	Longfellow.	.....	Johnstown, N. Y.	None.
Dark brown.		None.	Did.	Yes.	No.	No.	Macaulay.	Scott.	Temp.	14 Lancaster st., Albany, N. Y.	Adjusting engineering instru- ments.
Variable.	Cruel w.	In embryo.	Encouraging	Beg par- don.	Words.	Lacteal fluid.	Mrs. Van Auker	J. J. Kemp, '84	Van.	Voorheesville, Albany Co., N. Y.	Futura esse.
Dark.	V.	.....	.....	Occasion- ally.	No.	No.	Scott.	.....	Billy, or Ramy.	Schuylerville, Sara. Co., N. Y.	Smiles and ten spots.
Dark.		Heavy.	Moderate.	A mild ci- gar.	Steak.	Lemonade.	J. Jesse Howles, Jr.	Hutchinson.	Billy.	Princess Anne, Md.	Music—Harp (Jews), organ and other instruments.
Brown.		No.	Yes, some.	No.	No.	No.	Dickens.	Shakspeare.	Harry.	Schenectady, N. Y.	Too numerous to mention.

## BANQUET OF THE CLASS OF '54.

ON Tuesday evening Memorial Hall was the scene of a very happy gathering. It was the triennial reunion of the class of '54. Some had not seen their old classmates for 30 years. Many were the laughable incidents of college life which were recalled and retold with added zest. Prof. Foster presided and called on his old scholars to tell the story of their lives, and in a humorous way insinuated that they had not forgotten their old tricks in wanting the professor to *talk*. The following were present and spoke: J. J. Bennett, Jno. D. Hall, A. L. King, Dr. Benton Burtis, P. Furbeck, Prosper Miller, Dr. E. Nott, D. Westfall, D. Waterbury, A. A. Gates, C. D. Nott, E. W. Rice, A. Wilson, W. D. Murphy, Woodward. Letters of regret were read from the members of the class who were unable to attend, while those present spoke sadly of their deceased classmates. It was very late when this pleasant meeting broke up, all feeling that for a few hours they had been college boys again.

Class '64 enjoyed their reunion at the house of the Hon. E. W. Paige on the same evening.

Class '83 sat down to a banquet at the Givens Hotel, fifteen strong, and like old graduates narrated their first experiences in "buffeting the waves of adversity, etc."

## THE COLLEGE PRESIDENCY.

AFTER the acceptance by the board of trustees of President Potter's resignation, Judge Landon was elected without a dissenting vote to the presidency *ad interim* of Union College. Judge Landon, as representing the views of the majority of the trustees, will address a letter to President Potter acknowledging the remarkable success and labors of his administration. The complimentary resolutions presented by the majority and which their leader stated could justly be made much stronger, were passed unanimously. The following is President Potter's resignation:

GRANADA, Spain, May 1, 1884.

To the Hon. Judson S. Landon, LL.D., Chairman of the Committee on Finance and Education, and to S. B. Brownell, Esq., Sec., etc., etc., for the Board of Trustees of Union College:

GENTLEMEN—Early in August, 1871, I began my administration as President of Union College. In connection with my inauguration the needs of the college were urgently set before me. Progress in some directions has been prevented by the revival of college trouble. But in view of what has been achieved, I conclude that I am now at liberty to retire from this arduous presidency. Under all the circumstances I have felt it my duty to accept the call received to congenial labors else-

where. I have done my utmost for the institution. I shall always be deeply interested in its welfare.

Let me place on record together with this resignation my thanks for the unanimity with which my efforts were seconded during ten years of this administration, and for the support of the majority which I have since enjoyed. I can (D. V.) complete what remains for me to do in this thirteenth year of my presidency, by the first of August next, when this resignation is to take effect.

Respectfully yours,

ELIPHALET NOTT POTTER.

## RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

AT a special meeting of Nu Chapter of Beta Theta Pi, held Saturday, May 31, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Death has entered our circle and removed a loyal and beloved brother, and

WHEREAS, It is fitting that we, whose intimate relations with the deceased enabled us to know and appreciate his worthy character, should pay tribute to his memory, therefore be it

*Resolved*, That in the death of Andrew P. Vermilye we have lost a friend, endeared to us not only by the ties of our brotherhood, but by his amiable disposition, his moral and intellectual worth, and his exemplary Christian life, and

*Resolved*, That we sincerely sympathize with the parents and friends of our late brother in their bereavement, and

*Resolved*, That we attend the funeral in a body, and that we wear the badge of mourning of our fraternity for one month and

*Resolved*, That these resolutions be published in the city, college and fraternity press, and that a copy be presented to the family.

W. H. ROBINSON,

F. E. CRANE,

A. B. BISHOP,

Committee.

'88.

THE following named have already registered: Wm. L. Kennedy, Jr., '88, Johnstown, Fulton county, N. Y.; James M. DeLong, '88, Elizabethtown, Essex county, N. Y.; Frank J. Davis, '88, Stanfordville, Dutchess county, N. Y.; Joseph McIntyre, '88, West Troy, Albany county, N. Y.; Frank H. Silvernail, '88, Valatia, Columbia county, N. Y.; Lester B. Smith, '87, Rochester, Monroe county, N. Y.; Robert Earl, '87, Herkimer, Herkimer county, N. Y.; Tompkins W. Charles, '88, Albany, N. Y.; W. R. Lewis, '88, Amsterdam, N. Y.

Third term always brings a wonderful change to a student's life. From the hard work and dreary days of winter, he is transported to more pleasant scenes when the days are bright and the work less exacting. Base ball takes the lead of all the sports, but the tennis court, wheel, foot-ball and canoe are by no means neglected.

(Continued from page 145)

the spindle may be heard in what was once the college buildings, and the cheese-box has become a quarry for iron and for fine stone, yea, for variegated marbles and for spotted tiles. The idol alone remains unchanged, a grim monument of Union's departed greatness and faded glory.

A short but solid man, wearing a smile of ineffable sweetness, is shown into your room. He presents a slip of pasteboard; upon it is written

W. N. P. DAILEY,

representing Parsons & Co., publishers. And so Dailey has become a book-agent, not one of those almost intolerable bores, a mere canvasser, but a miscreant called a "general agent," who goes about from school to school, from college to college, importuning young men to prey upon society as book-agents during the summer vacation. Look again at the card—it reads "Parsons & Co." The Parsons is none other than

D. L. PARSONS,

knight of the flowing burnsidcs. The Co. is the old man, —ton, father-in-law of the festive Dwight. He married her for her money; she married him for that "too perfectly lovely beard."

BARNEY

has joined the Quakers, where he may wear his hat at all times in peace. He is as prosperous and as sharp at a trade as ever. How could Barney be otherwise?

Upon the bill-boards of the city see a familiar name. "Positively last appearance of the talented young actor,

R. R. BENEDICT,

in his great success, "Macbeth." "Dennis," who gave great promise as a poet and dramatist, has become an actor. He does better now, but the words of Dickens will give some idea of his reception at the first. "Was there a great sensation?" "Why, yes; there were certainly a peck of orange peel."

In the office of the new and elegant hotel, of which the Ancient City is justly proud, behold that scion of nobility, that embodiment of all greatness, the hotel clerk. See how he lords it over the porters and bell-boys. He gives the man in dudish attire first floor front. He sends the man in granger-like garments to fifth floor back. How well he understands his business! His name is

CHAS. COCKROFT.

The musical ring of the bell-punch makes us realize the astounding fact that Schenectady has a street railway. Who is the man who makes the aforesaid

musical jingle, who punches from a yellow trip-slip for a 5c. fare, etc? Surely it is

W. M. JUDD,

the "Jerry" of long ago. O, Jerry! that it should come to this.

On the streets we see a man of aldermanic dimensions, having about him an air of success and quiet contentment. It is

VAN AUKEN,

the prosperous architect, the smell of whose pipe can be both seen and heard, yea, even by telephone.

M'ENCROE

is not the Mayor yet, but plays his part as a simple contractor. He is the self-appointed censor of the manners and customs of the day.

In the busy, hard-working and successful physician you would never think of finding the

MYNDERSE

whom you used to know, but it is he.

Then the Prophet spake, saying: "Tell me, O, hermit, why do so many of these men remain in Schenectady?" Then the hermit answered: "Nature is impartial in her distribution of gifts. If she makes a man remarkable in any respect, she leaves him deficient in some other. Thus one may be strong at poker or billiards, yet most weak in recitation. He may work the boys for all his cigars and yet fail to pay the washer-woman. So these young men, sharp in other respects, have their weak point. It is their failure to leave Schenectady." Thus he spake and, turning the pages of the book, he read again:

Behold the newly made elder of the Mormon church. Mark his irresistible smile. No man ever had a grin like the grin of that man. It is surely

HIGSON.

The number of his wives is scandalously large. Won't them on his smile. In order to support so large a family, he finds it necessary to exercise to the utmost his tendency for saving money.

DELANEY

went West immediately after graduating and engaged in stock-raising. He stays West. He is quite successful at raising stock and has much mammon of unrighteousness withal.

WELLS,

sometimes called "Rayme" and sometimes "Billy," tills the ancestral acres at Schuylerville. If in disposing of the produce of his grange he makes a poor trade or is swindled by the nefarious middle-men, he consoles himself with the reflection that "it did n't say anything about it in the book."

## MOORE AND CLARK

are editors and proprietors of one of the great metropolitan dailies. The politics of that paper are red-hot, straight, out and out Republican, of the old St. Lawrence county type, yet the editors are free from prejudice, for in a recent issue appeared a leader commending the appointment of the Hon.

## R. B. M'COWN

as minister to England, McCown being one of the leading Democrats.

## HILL AND HALE,

bankers and brokers of Cleveland. Office hours from 11 A. M. to 1 P. M. Work all done by confidential clerks. Nice easy time. Hill also sometimes takes a hand in politics and is great on working a ward caucus.

## KEMP

runs a large, elegantly-equipped livery stable. He is a great sport and bets wildly, but luckily, on all the races. "Count" was ever a great admirer of horse-flesh, and his stable bears witness to his good judgment. He likes nothing better than to go on a tear with the boys and, when about two-thirds full, always converses in French.

## ALLISON

manufactures knit goods in the city of Oswego. Hosiery a specialty. George is famous as an athlete, having won the six-day championship over all the Os. Mcs. and Los. of creation. Moreover, the children of the tribe of Bunco watch with eager interest for his occasional visits to the metropolis.

## HUTCHISON,

who was studying for the ministry, became a missionary to the South Sea islands. But his Salvation Army tactics followed him even there; he *would* flirt with the native girls. On one of his expeditions he sought to travel under the name of another missionary. This, together with certain other transactions, caused J. B. to become so disliked that his health demanded a speedy return to America. The temptation to use other men's names was still too strong and was the means of "Hutch's" being sent up for a term of years. He tends bar now, a task for which his smartness and agility fit him in a remarkable degree.

The highest of high-church clergymen, drawing a large salary, the pet of all the ladies, yet still unmarried, is

## WOOLFORD.

He is contributor to the leading reviews, and as a literary critic knows no superior.

The man is clad in the flannel shirt and high boots

of the engineer. He has a job on a Mexican railway. He is swearing with tremendous vigor at the swarm of unwashed Italians, over whom he rules as with a rod of iron. Who is the man of unlimited Italian profanity? It is

## CHISOLM,

than whom no man has broken more fair Mexican hearts, and for whom more than one unsuccessful Mexican rival is earnestly *looking*.

## KITTS'

well-known ability as a financier led him to become a Wall street operator and, when he had achieved some success in that direction, he was made Sunday-school superintendent. As night follows day, so does a hurried excursion to Europe via Canada follow a stock operator's promotion to S. S. Supt. Kitts may be an exception, but marvel not, O, young man, when you hear of this excursion.

All the concentrated sweetness of

## BISHOP, "S. E.'s,"

nature finds expression in the confectionery of which he is a famous manufacturer. His headquarters are in New York, but he has branches in several large cities and at all the summer resorts.

## LEO

has taken the vow of eternal celibacy and become a priest. A more conscientious priest, a more rigid disciplinarian, one who mortifies the flesh with its affections with more severity does not exist.

## BISHOP, J. S.

could not make money fast enough as an engineer, or else he could n't get a job, or something of that sort. At any rate, he became a speculator in live stock—one of those philanthropists who buys of the farmer his mosk skinny cow and then sells it as first-class beef for three times its first cost.

Clad in the silken robe of his office, the judge chews reflectively the end of his pen. His face wears a look of the most profound and well-nigh superhuman wisdom. He is hearing the case of the People vs. Jones, the illicit distiller. The counsel for the defendant is summing up, and as his voice rings loud and clear through the crowded court-room we know that but one man could ever make himself heard like that, and that man is

## NEAGLE.

Beside him at the bar sits his law partner,

## PORCHER.

Porcher & Neagle, ever one and inseparable, are together yet. The firm is well-known in the land and

has an enviable reputation for legal acumen and success. The judge referred to is

BEEKMAN.

"Beek's" promotion to the Supreme Court is only a matter of time.

MERRITT

is a poet of the transcendental type. His hair is long and flowing, and he looks upon the world through one of those solo eye-glasses. His verses are "quite too perfectly utter"—quite beyond the comprehension of ordinary mortals, and for that reason are well received.

The Prof. of German in one of the leading colleges is

STOLLER.

He began as a preacher, but has found his true calling as a professor.

The Senator from New York is

MACFARLANE.

This time "Mac" did not resign. Senator is too good a thing to be thrown away. His name will go howling down the ages as the great American apostle of free trade.

PRATT

has the largest and most popular photographic studio in the city. All great men and actresses—especially actresses—go to "Zach" to be photographed.

JERVIS

was evidently born to be a manager. He is now manager of the largest opera house in——. A. H. K. married a widow with five red-headed children, and in that family they need no candle, neither light of the sun.

NAYLON,

the successful business man, has just been elected to the Assembly, on the Independent ticket, a compliment to Dan's sturdy integrity and good sense.

Life for a young lawyer is mighty serious business. At least

GREEN

found it so. Therefore he eschewed the law and embarked in the drug business of his ancestors. The store has a side entrance for Sundays.

This man in dudish apparel, bearing in each hand a case of samples, is

PHILIP,

a mercantile tourist—a runner for a clothing house. "Trouserloons" furnished by his house are cut with all the latest curves—in the language of the diamond, with four curves and a wobble.

TEMPLETON

is connected with a life insurance company, one of those conscientious organizations which always find

that the deceased was slain by his sorrowing friends to get the insurance.

The house of Heatly & Co. is one of the largest dry-goods establishments in the world.

J. A. HEATLY

is the head of the firm.

Here we have the store of

TREADWELL MOORE,

the great man-milliner. The ladies go to the store quite as much to admire "Tweedy's" shape as to purchase means of personal adornment.

The hermit ceased and was about to close the book, when the Prophet answered and said: "Tell me, O, hermit, have you nothing to say about

HARRY YOUNG?

Is there nothing written concerning him?"

Then the hermit answered: "Verily, there is nothing written. Moreover, Harry might not wish you to prophesy concerning him. And I confess, O, young man, that he beats me."

With that the robe, the peculiar cap, the flowing hair and beard disappeared. The Prophet saw the horns, the sardonic smile, the snaky eye, the cloven hoof. There was a blaze of lurid light, a whisk of the barbed tail, and the scene upon which he had been gazing vanished. The Prophet was standing alone beneath the wide spreading pines. The gray dawn was breaking in the east.

F. DIXON HALL.

#### THE ADDRESS.

BY DANIEL NAYLON, JR.

FEW times in our lives are we more filled with that peculiar feeling, mingled with pleasure and discontent, than the circumstances of our situation places us in to-night. Pleasure for what we have already done, as well as for the bright promise of the future. Discontent in the serious consideration of the new responsibilities we are about to assume, and in search of the recognized results of experience and observation, as to the aims, directions and methods of future progress and endeavor.

The four years we have just passed have been spent in receiving admonition and preparation for the broad field we are now entering. Standing here to-night wrapped in pensive thought, what a wealth of romantic scenery is spread out before us! How various the methods of success! How diversified the callings of men! How tempting the prizes to be won in wealth

and honorable distinction, the stimulus to effort imparted by each new success! A career of bright promise opens before us, if we but adopt the essential of such a career, which is work. Men illustrious in every calling stand forth as inviting examples for us to follow. The great advancement of all ages have been made by working men.

The question that particularly interests us to night and presents itself prominently for our consideration is: What shall be our future course and object in life? Each one of us must select some definite object of pursuit and put his best work there, recognizing that he who attempts to master all subjects, though one may become respectable in all, can be accurate and successful in none.

The making of this selection is a matter of the greatest importance; since by its results we are supposed to abide for life. Each person is the best judge of his own inclination and capacity, and can best choose for himself the profession or branch of business for which he is best adapted. Every one of us may look upon wealth, and honor, and public usefulness as his present possession or his probable gain. He is a proprietor, either in possession or expectancy. The field of enterprise and usefulness stretches out in wide expanse before us. Now may it be said for us: "The soul of man createth his own destiny and power." No man can elevate himself above the multitude in any profession or calling in life without the labor proportionate to the elevation he seeks. No man can hope for success without his undivided and persistent devotion to the business or profession he has chosen. How can the influence of the example set by Washington be overestimated in giving a tone of unselfish devotion and integrity to our respective callings? Even then, standing on the threshold of a great future, his patriotic eye discerned the essentials upon which his country must rely for its future safety and progress. His councils, wise and true then, are equally so and as valuable to-night; and it is well for us, in considering the safety and well being of our future course, to remember from what materials its strength was derived, and to what principles it owes its permanence and must depend for its future safety. Success, in this nineteenth century, glowing with knowledge, the flowers of hope and happiness springing up on all sides, and the rich fruits of science and religion filling the garner of our land are sure to come to the man of determined purpose and perseverance. Horace well described the man of firm purpose when he said:

"The man of firm and noble soul,  
No factious clamours can control;  
No threatening tyrant's darkling brow  
Can swerve him from his just intent;  
Gales the warring waves which plough,  
By Auster on the billows spent,  
To curb the Adriatic Main,  
Would awe his fixed, determined mind in vain."

Excess in every form, inordinate selfishness, factious and unnatural desires, in fine, all unscrupulous speculation should be sacrificed upon the altar of benevolence. Let us have a strong regard for independence and discountenance public opinion, which too often rewards the undeserving. Let us place ourselves in harmony with the conscience and spirit of this enlightened age. Let us put our trust in the favor of courage and of truth, for courage and truth united constitute a mighty force. Let us spurn the idea of machinery in public life, of political jobbery and the advancement of unscrupulous issues. All such systems ought to be hateful in the sight of every self-respecting and independent American. Let us denounce all misconduct, for it is only by such a course the evils complained of are likely to be corrected and public life improved. On the other hand, let us give cordial recognition to good conduct, which helps to good government, and certainly will not weaken our hold on public confidence. Let us feel deeply how much of what we are and what we possess, we owe to our *Alma Mater*. She has indeed given us a soil which yields bounteously to the hand of industry. She has given to the world scholars, the achievements of whom we, to-night, delight to recall as eminent examples for our consideration. We can never pay the debt which is upon us; but by diligence, by perseverance, by the cultivation of every good principle and every good habit.

Sad memories cluster about this parting day. We, the members of the class of '84, are now to sever our connection as a class. No longer will we be blest with the wise council, the kind words of encouragement, the well-timed warning, and the efficient help in difficulty of those esteemed professors, under whose guiding eye we have spent the last four years. Our daily meetings in class-room will be no more. Now we may look for the last time, perhaps, upon the familiar faces of our classmates with whom we have spent the happiest days of our lives; yet the many pleasant associations we have had will never be forgotten; and wherever our lot may lead us, there will ever be impressed upon our memory, the recollection of those happy days, a kind regard for each other, and an

earnest hope for the success and prosperity of our *alma mater*.

#### WENDELL PHILLIPS.

THE following oration, by John F. Delaney, of Albany, was delivered at the commencement, on Wednesday, and was accorded the first Blatchford prize of a gold medal:

After a busy life, long in years, nearly fifty of which were devoted to the cause and progress of humanity against oppression, not only here in his own country, but wherever it existed, Wendell Phillips is at rest. Since his death preachers have spoken his praise, great orators have honored his name, the press has testified to his services for man. I stand here to-day to call attention once more to this hero, Wendell Phillips; to point out the example of purity of purpose, of absolute unselfishness, which his life affords to every citizen of this republic, especially to the young men on whom the government of this country will soon devolve, on whom depends its future progress and development. It behooves us especially in these times of self-seeking, of inordinate selfish ambitions, both in business and in politics, to look upon the career of a great man who was self sacrificing, ambitious only to do good, who gave up all thoughts of honors or fame that he might devote himself entirely to the cause of the lowly and unfortunate. It is well that a man like Wendell Phillips should be spoken of often, that the lesson of his life may reach us all.

It was a chance incident that made Wendell Phillips the Apostle of Emancipation. He happened one day, now nearly fifty years ago, to witness in the streets of liberty-loving Boston a scene common enough in nearly every city of the North during the great slavery agitation. There had been an abolitionist meeting, and a howling mob had attacked it, insulting the noble women, beating the brave men who have come together to voice their condemnation of slavery, to agitate its suppression. Wendell Phillips was at that time a young lawyer of the greatest promise and with a young lawyer's ambition. But that riot converted him to the cause of the slave. He saw why the North supported slavery. The North was bribed. The manufacturer and the merchant were bribed. Mercenary motives directed public opinion and stilled all agitation that might disturb the trade which the North carried on with the South. Here then was a crying need for a censor of public opinion, and Wendell Phillips answered the demand. He put away all promising prospects of wealth, of fame, of political

position, and took his stand with Garrison, braving public opinion, courting social banishment. Henceforth he was an Abolitionist, and to that cause he devoted his great energies, his rousing eloquence, his fierce invective, and soon, in spite of his youth, his wonderful talents made him a leader in the agitation. The success that attended his labors was marvelous. A great orator, with a noble cause, whose eloquence enchanted all who heard him, the truth and justice of the claims he urged could not but be soon acknowledged. History tells how public opinion under the influence of men like Phillips underwent a change; how, after a terrible struggle, perished that institution which shackled the limbs of the slave, the souls of the masters, the Northern Brain. How much of the great result was due to Wendell Phillips no man can say. It is idle to speculate on such a subject. Enough to state that Phillips espoused the cause and toiled for it when to be an abolitionist was to be considered a social outcast, a public enemy, a traitor to the Constitution, and that he lived to see Lincoln proclaim Emancipation and the proclamation carried out. Thank God! this world has seen many noble men who have spoken and fought for the right. But most patriots have fought their own battles, encouraged in their struggle by the support of their countrymen. John Pym opposed the Stuarts, knowing that he voiced the feelings of progressive England. Daniel O'Connell spoke for Ireland, and Ireland worshipped him and Irish public opinion was with him. Washington fought for America, and America was behind him. All these men were great patriots, and their names to-day are loved and respected. Now surely Wendell Phillips was a hero, for he fought the battles of others, he spoke in behalf of a race with which he had nothing in common save humanity, and he carried on the struggle antagonized, not supported, by public opinion.

When the slave was freed, Wendell Phillips was in the prime of life, and his great work was done. But he did not, as did many a brave man who was his companion in the agitation, turn his attention to business or to politics now that the war was over. No; he still continued to speak in behalf of the wronged and oppressed, the victims of unjust systems and unequal laws, whoever and wherever they might be. His clients were the serfs of Russia, the peasants of Ireland, tortured by centuries of misrule. Till his death their cause he pleaded, and the progress which of late Russia and Ireland have seen was brought about only by indignant and aggressive reformers like him.

We do not hold to view Wendell Phillips as perfect. He had faults, but they were the faults of a brave, generous nature. He was, perhaps, violent in his advocacy of a cause which he had once espoused. He demanded peaceful disunion before the war, that the North might be separated from the slave States. Yet it was the Union that freed the slave. Few of us will agree with his views on Finance or Woman Suffrage. Yes, he was sometimes in the wrong. But he was always sincere in his opinion. His judgment might err, but it was profoundly honest. His moral integrity remains unsoiled; his purpose pure; his life was devoted with absolute unselfishness and with amazing results to the service of the country and of humanity. Now that the prejudices of the contest are over and the past is seen in the light of reason, of calm reflection, the South as well as the North acknowledges the worth, the nobility of Wendell Phillips, and the whole country to-day thanks God that this man lived and spoke.

To us, young men, the example of Wendell Phillips has peculiar force. It admonishes us not to live for ourselves alone, but for others, for the general good of the country. This is the need of the hour, that young men should, like Phillips, look at great national questions of morality or politics unhampered by local or party prejudice, and act in the courage of their opinions, though it be at the sacrifice of popularity, at the risk of public indignation. 'T is true the issues of to-day are not so momentous as those which met Wendell Phillips half a century ago; yet there are always important questions to be considered; the cause of man which possessed such sublimity but a generation ago, possesses still the same physical and spiritual worth. The world to-day needs, as much as it has ever needed, men of plain living and high thinking, men who have the power to discern the right amid all the wrappings of interest and all the seductions of ambitions. We cannot all be Wendell Phillipses; his great powers are given to but very few; great crises such as that in which he was placed come seldom. Yet we can honor him, and strive to be like him in devotion to duty, in love of justice, by making one of the objects of our life the advancement of the principle of equality, the welfare of the country and of humanity.

#### FORMER MEMBERS OF THE CLASS.

✓ **NO. E. BACON, JR.**, having left in the last term of sophomore year, entered the South Carolina Col-

lege at Columbia. There he was elected successively president, anniversary orator, and valedictorian of his literary society, and also editor-in-chief of the *S. C. Collegian*, a monthly magazine. He finished his course in June, '83, and now holds the position of sheriff to the Supreme Court of South Carolina, and has been commissioned by the Governor as lieutenant-colonel on his staff. He was president of the law class admitted before the Supreme Court at the spring term of '84, and is now junior partner in the firm of Bacon, Moore & Bacon, at Columbia, S. C.

✓ **C. W. Boyd** left college in the summer of '82. Next year he took a law course in the University of Virginia and during the following year studied law at Union, S. C. He was admitted to the bar at the last session of the Supreme Court, and is now engaged in practicing law at Union, S. C.

✓ **M. C. Butler, Jr.**, is now at West Point. He left college during sophomore year and went to a school at Highland Falls to prepare for West Point, which he entered in June, '83. He was recently selected as one of the performers in the exhibition drill in athletics before the board of visitors, and has passed successfully all his examinations.

✓ **George E. Fisher**, on his departure from college at the beginning of junior year, went to Minnesota, where he engaged in teaching. He now has a position on the Minneapolis *Spectator*, a weekly literary journal, where his brilliant talents appear in the well-written columns of that paper.

✓ **J. R. Powell, Jr.**, since leaving college has been teaching in the vicinity of Chatham, N. Y. At the expiration of the present school year he will commence the study of law.

✓ **Wm. S. Royall** entered the class '84, Wake Forest College on leaving here. During the past year he has been the senior editor of the magazine published there. For the next three years he will attend the Theological Seminary at Louisville, Ky., in preparation for missionary work in a foreign land.

✓ **E. A. H. Tays** left early in sophomore year on account of ill-health. He at once joined a party of engineers engaged in the location of the Mexican Central Railway. Last August he was appointed on the staff of the Topolorampo Road, in the State of Sinaloa, on the Pacific coast of Mexico. He is now engaged in developing a sugar plantation on the Rio Facto, in the State of Sinaloa, at which he hopes to make a fortune, (and should any member of the class of '84 ever find themselves adrift in those parts he will receive a hearty welcome from E. Tays.)

