

THE CONCORDIENSIS.

VOL. XIV.

UNION COLLEGE, JUNE 15, 1891.

No. 17.

LITERARY.

ALONG THE HUDSON.

THE fifth city along the Hudson, and the last landing of the day boats before Albany is reached, is Hudson, five miles above Catskill, and on the opposite side of the river. This city, the county seat of Columbia county, is one of the oldest in the state, having been incorporated in 1785. The city has two large iron furnaces, abundant ore being secured in the vicinity and extensive manufactories of clothing, machinery, stoves, guns, etc.

Opposite Hudson is the village of Athens, with a population of 1,700. Extensive mud flats lie between Hudson and Athens, and the two channels, one on either side of these flats are so shallow as to scarcely allow the passage of the large steamers. In the Athens channel occurred probably the most serious wreck which ever took place in the waters of the Hudson. On the night of April 7, 1845, the steamer *Swallow*, a night boat plying between New York and Troy, struck the rocks at this place and was sunk. The boat, entire cargo and seventeen lives were lost.

The distance of thirty miles between Hudson and Albany is the most uninteresting part. The low lands extending back from each bank of the river is used principally for agricultural purposes, of which fruit-growing is, perhaps, the most important. The monotony of scenery is broken by the several pretty villages and numerous ice houses dotting the banks. Coxsackie, New Baltimore and Coeymans are on the west side, while Stockport, Stuyvesant and Castleton adorn the east bank. Stuyvesant, formerly called

Kinderhook, is of historic interest as the birth place of Martin VanBuren, seventh President of the United States. Mr. Van Buren was, without doubt, one of the brightest men that New York has ever produced, though his origin was the humblest. An incident is related showing how his wit saved his own, and perhaps his country's, reputation at a foreign court. While minister to England he was one day in conversation with a member of the royal family, who after tracing his own ancestry back through several generations of royal blood, asked Mr. Van Buren to trace *his* ancestry. Without the least embarrassment Mr. VanBuren replied that he could trace his ancestry back through generation after generation clear back to *Kinderhook*. The answer seemed perfectly satisfactory, and the American minister retained his popularity.

The last ten miles is the most tedious part of a trip up the Hudson. The shallow water compels the large steamers to run very slow, and one generally feels more like sleeping than looking for points of interest. On coming suddenly around a bend in the river we behold in the distance an immense building apparently rising from the midst of a village on the hillside. This building is the new capitol at Albany, and though it appears to be quite near we are still five miles from our landing place. These five miles are soon passed over, and at ten minutes past six in the evening we arrive at the Hamilton street pier, Albany.

We have endeavored in these articles to point out some of the interesting features of a trip up the historic old Hudson. We have succeeded in pointing out *some*, but hundreds more remain. If you will but make a trip during the coming season we will be more than pleased to point out any objects of interest, and we guarantee that you will not in the least regret it.

'91.

HOME, SWEET HOME, and UNION COLLEGE.

THE author of Home, Sweet Home, was a Union man. John Howard Payne was born in New York city on the 9th day of June, 1791. The present month, therefore, is the centennial of his birth. He early showed a fondness for the stage, though his father, a noted schoolmaster, entirely disapproved his inclination. At an early age, while employed in a counting house, he published a weekly paper called the *Thespian Mirror*. A friend, Mr. John E. Seaman, recognizing its merits, sent him as a student to Union College. Human nature was the same in the ancient days of the institution as it is now. Mr. Payne was not a hard worker. He loved pleasure. He was less absorbed by the study of his text books than the perusal of current literature and association with jovial companions. On the way to college Mr. Payne lingered by the wayside and squandered his substance in riotous living, contracting quite a large "tavern debt," and dissipating in sundry other mild ways. Mr. Seaman, his benefactor, wrote to the Rev. Dr. Nott concerning him.

"Master John H. Payne left here the beginning of June, for Schenectady, but he has, till lately, forgotten the place of his destination. His vanity has led him to make himself conspicuous everywhere but at col-

lege." The epistle was written in the latter part of July. Mr. Seaman proceeds to say: "If, sir, you can reclaim this youth and by any means whatever supplant a love of pleasure by a love of study, you will confer a very high obligation on his friends and render an essential service to his country; for talents like his, if properly directed, will do much good in arresting the dreadful evils which await us from the increasing and deso-

lating defects of democracy. As an editor of a paper he would be placed in a situation to become eminently useful to his country as well as immediately serviceable in assisting his father in the support of a numerous and worthy family."

Mr. Payne certainly possessed a great literary genius, and after the novelty of his new life at the college wore away, he being more active and energetic than otherwise, accomplished a great deal as a student and as a writer. He edited and published

the college periodical of the day, the *Pastime*, and made the paper a success. In one of his first editorials he says: "Instruction is not the object of this work. The editor has not presumption enough to aim at the improvement of readers who are older and wiser than himself. It is intended for a PASTIME to those who can laugh at the levities of youth. If it chance, at any time, to brighten the gloomy hour, to chase the



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"An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain."

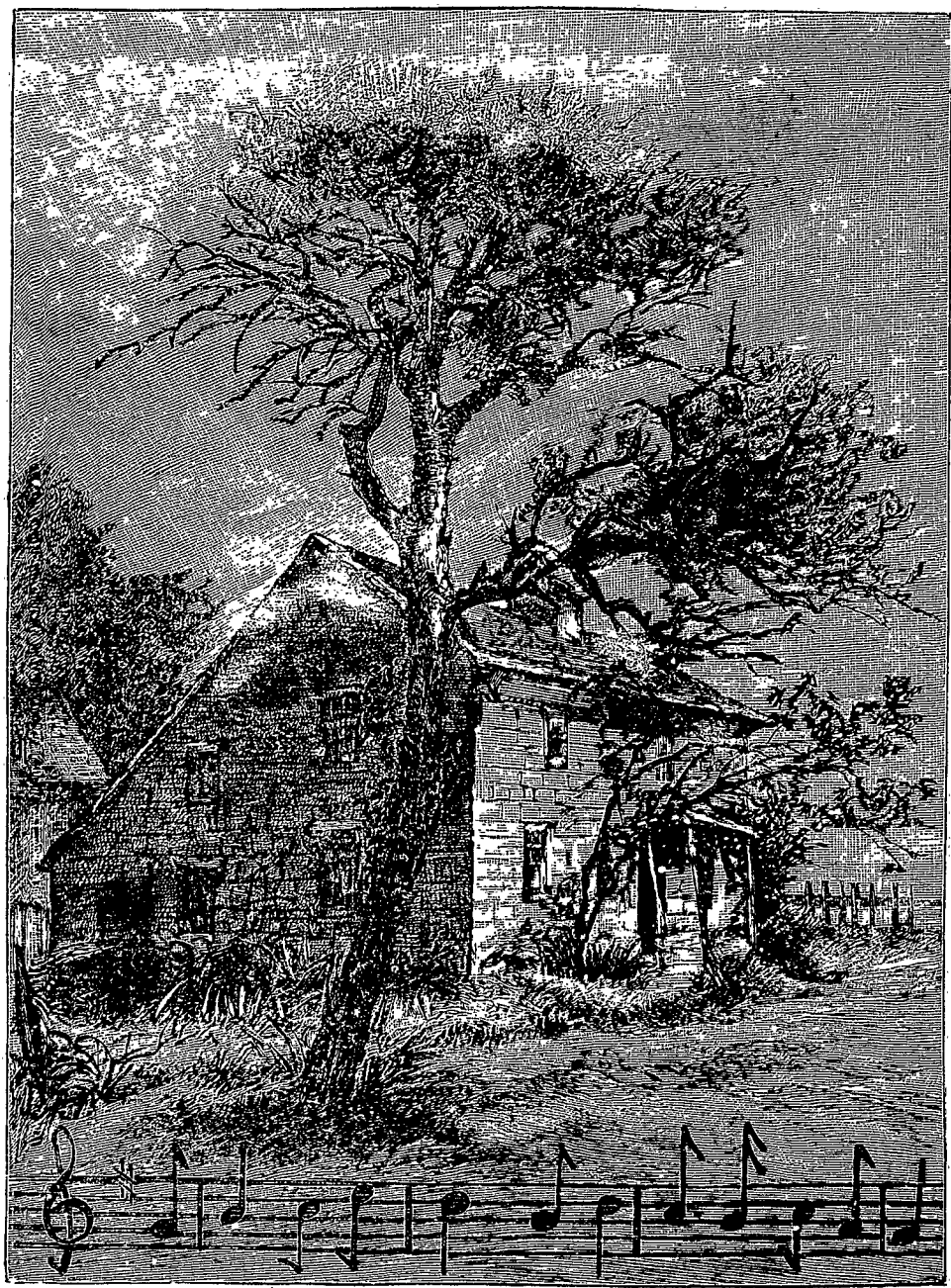
spleen, or drive away the ennui, he aspires to nothing more. Mankind are not long together in this world, and they should naturally strive to make each other happy. He that plucks the thorns from the path of life does his fellow creatures more service than he who strews the path with roses." His turn of mind seemed to be happily adapted to his office. He loved to read the literature of the day and the productions of living writers, as well as, and probably better, than to pour over the mystical pages of ancient authors. And while he attended to the latter work as a duty, he never neglected the other—they were his only "pastime." "What is classical learning," he says, "unaided by modern literature?"

Our editor and student could not, however, give up his early love for the stage. After a successful, though uncompleted course at Union, he went to New York and made his debut as an actor in the Park theatre, in the character of "Young Norval." After visiting other American cities he left his home, however, to seek in a foreign land that reward which genius seldom received in its own. He appeared at Drury Lane theatre, London, in June, 1813, and for nearly 20 years thereafter he pursued a career of varied success in England as actor, manager and playwright. Besides translating and adapting French plays, he produced a num-

ber of plays and operas. His English opera, *Clari, the Maid of Milan*, contains the song which has become dear to all English speaking people. In 1832 Mr. Payne returned to New York and engaged in minor literary and dramatic work, and nine years later he was appointed American consul at Tunis, which office he held at the time of his death in 1852.

It is said that one whom history records

as a great philosopher, left home early in youth and wandered through the world in search of happiness. The seeker hunted far and near,—in courts and palaces, and in the abodes of the lowly. But did he find it? Not for himself. Contentment dwelt there—even in the palaces—for others, but not for him. He returned, well advanced in years, and found, too late, that he had left happiness under the thatched roof of his father's cottage,—at



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"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

the side of the ancient hearthstone. It is in the home that contentment reigns supreme. The spirit of *Home, Sweet Home*, would seem to show that its author was imbued with this idea. He was a wanderer in a foreign land. While strolling one day among the abodes of some Italian peasants he heard a woman singing a sweet and tender air. The song made an instantaneous impression upon his mind. He thought of his early days, and of the pleasures of his home and college life,

and he there wrote the song which has had such a marvelous history. Everyone knows how swiftly it was wafted over the world. "Prima donnas have lavished upon it the resources of art; mothers have crooned it over the cradle, and homesick wanderers have poured out their souls in its plaintive strains."

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere."

"An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
Oh give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gaily, that came at my call—
Give me them,—and the peace of mind, dearer than all."

The song expresses a great truth; it gives an inspiration. It is an inspiration in itself. And, whatever praise may be spoken of the song, or whatever glory has been allotted to the author, we may yet feel, with what would seem to be a little excusable vanity, that while the memory of the home of his boyhood produced pictures that aided his imagination, and while, in a large part, his incentive came from a love of his native land, the author of *Home, Sweet Home* found his real inspiration in a remembrance of those days—the most pleasant of his life—which were spent within the halls of the ancient college on the Mohawk.

TRACY H. ROBERTSON, '91.

—The following schedule of games has been adopted by the N. Y. S. I Foot Ball Association. Only one game, instead of two, will be played between each of the competing teams: At Schenectady—Syracuse, Nov. 11; Hamilton, Nov. 26. At Rochester—Union, Nov. 14; Colgate, Nov. 26. At Syracuse—Rochester, Nov. 21; Colgate, Nov. 14. At Utica—Rochester, Nov. 7; Syracuse, Oct. 30. At Hamilton—Union, Oct. 31; Hamilton, Oct. 24.

BASE BALL.

UNION, 12; SCHENECTADY, 7.

The game played in the forenoon on Decoration day with a nine representing the city, was fairly well played, but attracted only a small crowd of spectators. The contest was close up to the fourth inning, but then the 'Varsity, by good batting, coupled with a number of costly errors by their opponents, gained seven runs. Only seven innings were played owing to the lateness of the hour and the fact that the 'Varsity had another game to play in the afternoon. Brookins pitched the first two innings for Union, and was then relieved by Babcock, who pitched the remainder of the game, and did it well. Pryor and Bradt did very good work as the battery for Schenectady. The score:

UNION.	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Babcock, 2b, p.....	4	1	0	1	13	0
Little, 2b, s. s.....	4	3	1	2	0	0
Brookins, p, 3b.....	4	1	2	0	2	0
N. Daley, r. f.....	4	0	0	0	0	0
Tallman, c. f.....	4	2	2	0	0	0
Thatcher, l. f.....	3	2	0	1	1	0
Sullivan, c.....	1	2	1	14	1	1
G. Daley, 3b, s. s.....	3	0	0	0	1	1
Smith, 1b.....	4	1	2	3	0	0
Total.....	31	12	8	21	18	2
SCHENECTADY.	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hathaway, 2b.....	3	0	0	2	4	1
Wyman, r. f.....	2	2	0	0	0	0
DeKeiter, 1b.....	3	1	1	9	0	0
Trisselt, 3b.....	3	0	1	0	1	2
Rheinhardt, l. f.....	4	1	1	0	0	0
McGue, s. s.....	2	1	1	0	1	2
Clarey, c. f.....	4	0	1	0	0	0
Bradt, p.....	4	0	0	0	5	0
Pryor, c.....	1	2	0	7	2	1
Total.....	21	7	5	18	13*	6

BY INNINGS.

Union.....	0	0	1	7	0	4	—12
Schenectady.....	0	0	1	0	3	1	—7

Earned runs—Union, 2; Schenectady 1. Two-base hits—Little, N. Daley, Smith, Wyman. Double play—Sullivan. Struck out—By Brookins, 3; by Babcock, 12; by Bradt, 4. Wild pitches—Brookins, 1; Bradt, 1. Umpire—McAlpine.

UNION, 4; PAULYS, 5.

At half-past three in the afternoon (May 30) the 'Varsity started in for their second

game of the day, before the largest crowd of the season. The Pauly's, of Albany, a professional team, were their opponents, and they proved to be one of the best teams that Union has met this year. The game was intensely exciting from beginning to end, and was by far the most interesting game that has been played on the campus this year. The fielding was at times exceedingly sharp, and the battery work on both sides was very good. The catching of Sullivan, who had also caught in the morning game, was especially noteworthy. The 'Varsity very nearly succeeded in tying the score in the ninth inning, when by a timely two-base hit of Sullivan's, followed by a hit by Smith, two runs were brought in, but before another man could cross the plate the third man had been put out, and the game was lost. The score follows:

UNION.	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Babcock	5	0	0	2	3	3
Little	3	2	1	3	2	1
Brookins	4	0	1	0	12	0
N. Daley	4	0	0	0	0	0
Tallman	3	0	0	0	0	0
Thatcher	4	1	0	0	0	0
Sullivan	3	1	1	10	2	0
G. Daley	4	0	1	1	2	1
Smith	4	0	2	9	1	1
Total	34	4	6	*25	22	6

PAULYS.	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Kirkpatrick, 1b	5	2	2	18	1	0
G. Linden, c	5	2	1	4	2	0
J. Linden, 3b	4	0	2	1	4	3
Schissler, 2b	3	0	0	2	1	2
Fayles, s. s.	4	0	1	0	2	0
Pritchard, l. f.	3	0	0	1	0	0
Lash, p.	3	0	0	1	8	0
Creed, c. f.	2	0	0	0	0	0
Total	33	5	7	27	18	6

*DeKeiter hit twice by batted ball.

BY INNINGS.

Union	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	2—4
Paulys	1	0	2	0	0	0	1	0	1—5

Earned runs—Union, 1; Paulys, 1. Two-base hits—Sullivan, Kirkpatrick, J. Linden, 2. Double plays—Little to Babcock; Kirkpatrick to J. Linden. Struck out—By Brookins, 9; by Lash, 5. Passed balls—Sullivan, 1. Wild pitches—Brookins, 1. Umpire—Lamb.

UNION, 5; RIDGEFIELDS, 19.

After the well played game on Decoration day it was expected that Union would put up a good game against her old opponents from Albany on the 4th of June, but the game was very poorly played on both sides. Ridgefield won very easily. It is a strange fact that when Union meets Ridgefield, either at base ball or foot ball, the former always seems to put up the worst game of which she is capable. The only features of the game worth recording were the heavy batting of the visitors, and the exceedingly poor playing done by Union's representatives, both outfielders and infielders. The score, as nearly correct as was possible to make it under the circumstances, follows:

RIDGEFIELDS.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
McDonald, s. s.	2	2	2	1	1
Cox, c.	2	2	6	6	1
Smith, l. f.	1	2	1	0	0
Batchelder, 1b	3	2	7	0	0
Hall, c. f.	3	1	0	0	0
Walsh 3b	2	0	1	2	0
Rogers, 2b	1	2	3	0	3
Wells, r. f.	3	1	1	0	0
Tabiner, p.	2	0	0	0	1
Total	19	12	21	9	6

UNION.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Babcock, 2b, p, 1b	1	0	5	1	0
Little, s. s.	0	1	0	2	1
Smith, 1b	0	0	5	0	1
Tallman, c. f, 2b	1	1	1	0	1
Sullivan, c.	2	1	7	1	2
Brookins, p, 2b, 1b	0	0	0	5	0
N. Daley, r. f.	0	0	0	0	1
G. Daley, 3b	0	0	1	2	5
Thatcher, l. f.	1	2	1	1	0
McAlpine, c. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Total	5	5	*20	12	11

*Rogers out, hit by batted ball.

BY INNINGS.

Ridgefields	1	2	4	5	1	5	1—19
Union	0	2	0	1	2	0	0—5

Home Runs—Batchelder. Two-base hits—Little, Smith. Double plays—Thatcher to Babcock. Bases on called balls—Ridgefields, 6; Union 3. Bases on hit by pitched balls—Ridgefields, 4; Union, 1. Struck out—By Tobin, 9; Brookins, 4; Babcock 1. Passed balls—Cox, 1; Sullivan 4. Wild pitches—Tobin, 1; Brookins, 2. Time of game, two hours. Umpire—E. A. Lamb, '93.

THE CONCORDIENSIS.

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EDITORIAL.

“WORDS are things and a small drop of ink, falling like dew upon a thought, produces that which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think.” So says Byron, and these inspiring words have led us to believe that perhaps by a few words we can make, not millions, nor thousands, but just a few of our readers do some thinking. If words are such precious things, surely they ought to be used aright, and surely the persons who should know, and who should make, the proper use of words, are the students of our higher educational institutions. But the students of our college, and the case is undoubtedly the same with other colleges, oftentimes make the greatest misuse of words. In the first place attention is called to the grammar, or rather the lack of grammar, that is almost universally prevalent among the undergraduates of the college. Such phrases as “it’s me,” “who did you go

with,” “he runs so slow,” and the like, are to some extent pardonable inasmuch as very often our best writers and speakers make use of such expressions, some even claiming that they, and others similar, have become idiomatic and are therefore, if not strictly correct, at least permissible, but these errors in speech are barely perceptible among the many extremely ungrammatical sentences which one can hear at almost any time in and around the college grounds. For proof of this, sit through a ball game with your ears open, and you cannot but hear from the lips of intelligent looking students expressions like the following: “He had’nt ought to have missed that.” “They can’t never win.” “They done that in the last game.” “Him and Dick play pretty good,” and so one might go on and almost fill pages with examples. It may appear almost incredible to outsiders that such mistakes are made continually by college men, but to one who is at all familiar with the students, and who is at all noticeable of such things, it is only a too well known fact. It is not that the men do not know better, for they would not think of making such errors in writing, nor would they fail to recognize at once such grammatical mistakes were they to see them in print. It is only a careless and loose way of speaking that seems, for some inexplicable reason, to be in use among young men who can and who do, when they think the occasion requires, speak the English language fluently and correctly. A little care exercised by the delinquents is all that is needed to reform this abuse which is now so prevalent. These are some of the misuses of words which, merely from an intelligent standpoint, ought to be corrected; but there are other misuses of words, the correction of which should appeal very strongly to our moral and religious instincts. How many of us each day break the third commandment? It is not, perhaps, a pleasant ques-

tion to ask or to answer, nor is it pleasant to speak of the vulgar and low expressions which one sometimes hears from the mouths of young men who "profess and call themselves Christians." Neither blasphemy nor the use of impure words is the act of a true gentleman, and if you would command the respect and esteem of your friends keep your lips free from any taint of either of these evils. Finally so choose and use your words that no regret can ever follow their utterance. As this discussion began with a quotation, so will it end with a quotation, which truly contains food for reflection. "Words can wound deeper than swords, yet there is no calamity which right words will not begin to redress."

* * *

OWING to the same old reason, namely, a lack of sufficient competition, it has been thought advisable not to award all of the prizes that were offered by this paper some time ago. It is a great pleasure, however, to state that Mr. Briggs, of the Senior class, has, by his interesting articles on the Hudson river, fairly earned, and will receive, one of the prizes of \$15. There must be some way of arousing the literary talent which is lying dormant among the undergraduates of this institution, but the offering of prizes does not seem to be the proper way, and some other method should be tried in the future, for it does not take much of a prophet to foretell that with the increase of student contributions this paper will very greatly increase in interest.

* * *

IT SEEMS as if the students ought to make some public announcement of their appreciation for those alumni who, during the past year, have so very ably helped them in a financial way with their several undertakings, and so the CONCORDIENSIS takes this occasion to thank those alumni most heartily for their

kindness, and to tell them that, among among the students at least, the most loyal alumnus is he who takes the most active interest in the doings of the undergraduates of the college. As a rule the alumni have been very kind and cordial in their reception of the student with the subscription list, be it in the interests of foot ball, base ball, or even of the Commencement ball, and in a number of cases it was a positive pleasure to meet these alumni and hear them talk and question about their Alma Mater. In another place the names of the subscribers to the Commencement ball are given, and it may be a pleasure to these men to know that by their help the ball this year, if the promises hold good, will be the finest one that has ever been given under the auspices of Union college students.

AND SO IT DIED OUT.

Time—Midnight.

Scene—The College Grounds. A small heap of wood piled in the background. In the foreground a son of Alma Mater and Amicus, his friend, in conversation.

Amicus—"D'you think they'll come?"

S. of A. M. (confidently)—"I'm sure. I've seen each singly.

"They all expressed most violent indignation.
'Tis true of each, the spite was much divided;
Some blamed the class, and some the men elected
To bring before the world the College *Garnet*;
And some one man alone, and some another,
But all agree to say that blame's deserving
Somewhere, on something, for the fact's disgraceful.
Hush! Here they come. I see them on the terrace."

(Enter a crowd of undergraduates in masks and long cloaks. Each carries a kerosene can in his hand and a log of wood over his shoulder. As each approaches he throws his billet on the pile of wood in the background and deluges it with the contents of the kerosene can.)

S. of A. M.

"Ha! Friends! Well met! I'm truly glad to see you.
We come to-night to express our disapproval
Of violation of unwritten custom,
Which calls each class the third year of its stay here
To bring before the world a publication,
A catalogue of college men and matters,
Named from our college, color, red,—the *Garnet*.
This year—how, by what means, we'll mention later;
The chain is snapt, the custom gross neglected,
Are we the stuff to bear such scandal tamely?

Undergraduates in deafening chorus—
"We're not."

S. of A. M.—Of course not.

"Here (pointing to the pile of wood) we heap our
bonfire,

And drench it with the fury of our anger
Poured" (indicating the empty kerosene can)

"from the vials of our indignation,
And light it with the torch of burning vengeance.

Here, on this pile thus by our scorn constructed,
We'll lay in effigy the class, whose members
Have so disgraced the college by their actions—
The Junior Class—."

(Signs of disapprobation in some of the
listeners, becoming more and more violent
as the orator continues. Certain of the un-
dergraduates little by little separate them-
selves from the rest of the crowd. At the
last words of the *S. of A. M.* one of this little
group comes forward and speaks excitedly in
a shrill voice:)

"Hold hard! We go no further!"

S. of A. M.—"Who's this who speaks so
loud?"

First of the Freshmen.—"The Freshmen!"
(With increasing earnestness.)

"Shall we desert the men who fought our battles?
Who guarded us from Sophomore grinds and buffets?
Who put us up to tricks for our cremation?
Who shouted for us at our base ball matches?
Who ever were our friends from the beginning?
Never."

(Prepare to depart in a body.)

S. of A. M.—"But I heard you have each
say singly,

You thought the Juniors chumps."

First of Freshmen.—"That is no matter.

As Freshmen we won't stay to see them
flouted."

(They all go away one after another until
there is no one left but Sophomores and
Seniors.) *Son of A. M.* (looks after them
regretfully).

"Well, that's too bad! But now at once
to business."

(Sophomores and Seniors join to light the
bonfire.)

"Here in a glowing heap we'll burn the image
Of each one of that craven crew whose duty
It was to edit on that board the *Garnet*."

Signs of great agitation on the part of
some of the remaining crowd. Chief of the
first Greek Letter society comes to the front.
He speaks in much excitement.

"Burn did you say? Burn up the speaking likeness
Of every member of the board of *Garnet*?
Burn up the image of our own sworn brother?"

S. of A. M.

"Is he not on the board? One of that board dishonored
By party strife, and laziness and hatred?

That board on which you each decided singly
To pour to-night your righteous indignation?"

Chief of First Greek Letter Fraternity.

"'Tis true the board is rotten. We have said so,
But not our brother. Oh, to burn our brother!
We cannot burn our b-b-b-brother,"

(Exit in floods of tears. Exeunt all the
members of the fraternities to which the
assistant editors of the *Garnet* belong.)

S. of A. M.—"They've gone. But sure
our cause is still a just one."

(Turning to the crowd, now much dimin-
ished in numbers).

You must agree that where wrong is committed,
It is not right even to shield our brothers,
But offer them a sacrifice to honor
And Alma Mater whose fair fame they've sullied.
'Tis well known in this world of compensations
That blame falls heaviest where the heads are highest.
The pine tree's crest invites the blasting lightning.
High rank 'mongst men calls notice to the possessor,
The chiefs must suffer where the low go scatheless;
Thus if your friends are highest on the *Garnet*,
Bitterest, and first of all, we'll make them suffer:
Unite, and now united, burn their likeness.

Chief of the remaining Greek Letter so-
cieties (pompously).

We have decided in full convocation
That all the board are all alike most guilty.

The sin rests not on one or two together,
But on them all, and thus we are decided.

S. of A. M.—"Well, burn them all."

(A pause.)

Voice from crowd of Fraternity men.—"Oh, what's the good of it?"

S. of A. M.—"Such smoke clears best air
once by treason tainted,

Treason to Alma Mater thus dishonored.

Voice from crowd.—"The other fellows
would not do it. Why should we."

(They all go off one after another, and
leave none but neutrals behind.)

S. of A. M.—(Still undiscouraged).

"Now, neutrals, here's a glorious work before you,
You whom no party chains can ever shackle,
For not bound fast by brotherly requirements,
And not yet bitten by the love of office,
You, you alone are free to your own convictions,
You alone dare with me to pour dishonor
Upon the shame men cast on Alma Mater
By duty long neglected and avoided,
You dare to raise your voice to the confusion
Of coward shirks who hide behind their brothers,
And thus escape the scorn they richly merit,
Come, neutrals, we will do the work together."

(Treble chorus from two neutrals, all the
others having gone off with the freshmen
and the fraternity men). "We will, sire."

S. of A. M.

"Where's the torch? The board of *Garnet*
Shall smoke upon the blaze. Is the pile ready?"

First of the Neutrals, (after fruitless en-
deavors to start the conflagration).

"It is sire, but we fear us 'twill not kindle,
The vials, I'm afraid, were filled with water,
And the wood is green."

So ends the bonfire

Which righteous indignation justly kindled.

Alas the rage was water, and the wood was green.



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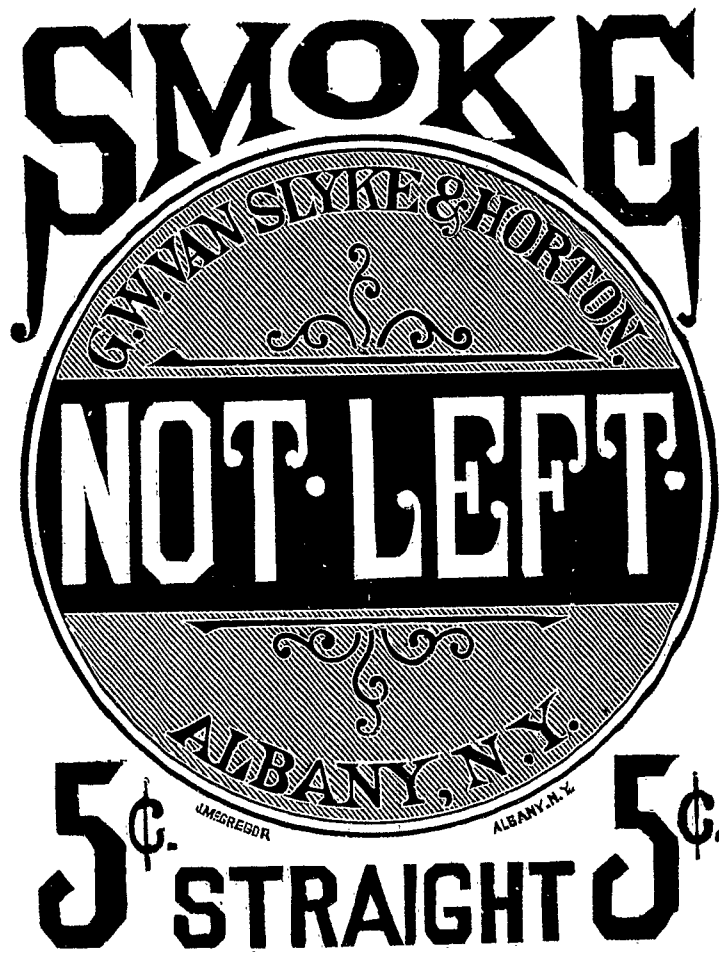
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