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POETRY.

SUMMER SONG.

The sun is down, the sky is clear,
 The slow moon rises full,
 And fan the hill-side far and near,
 Night breezes soft and cool.
 Oh lads and lasses, where ye lurk,
 Come forth and sing with me ;
 The summer day was made for work,
 The summer night for glee ;
 Then raise the choral song,
 And swell it loud and long,
 The summer day was made for work,
 The summer night for glee.

What care we now that winter pale,
 Frowns on us from afar,
 And all this verdure soon must fail
 Before his rising star ?
 We'll pluck such stores from summer's sheaves
 Our cheeks with health will glow,
 How deep soe'er the withered leaves
 Grim winter hides with snow.
 We'll-raise a choral song,
 And swell it loud and long,
 How deep soe'er the withered leaves
 Grim winter hides with snow.

ZOR '83.

HISTORY.

SENIOR CLASS EXERCISES.

BAYARD WHITEHORNE.

*Mr. President, Brothers of the Class
 of '82, Ladies and Gentlemen :*

It was on the 18th day of September, 1878, that a gallant band of forty Freshmen entered the classic walls of Old Union. The day was a glori-

ous one, filling one with that freshness only to be attained on a bright autumn morning ; and well it might, for on that day was ushered into College the noblest class that ever entered Union.

One of the first severe blows to our college aspirations was a ghastly head protruding from the top window of North Section, South College ; it was O. G. Browne, uttering with an accent of which he alone was capable, those awful words, " Oh Frash ! Oh Frash ! " But if our courage was shaken during the day, what must it have been at night, when all of '79, '80 and '81 came to our rooms, as if they were public halls, merely to find out as they said what sort of orators we had, and also to get suitable persons to fill vacancies in the Glee Club. For the latter Jimmy Adair was unanimously chosen by the committee on account of his exquisite rendering of that remarkably pathetic song, " Old Grimes is dead, that poor old man. " The finest of our orators was found to be Joe White ; in fact he became so possessed with his own merits that he determined to be an actor, and finally obtained a position in Mrs. Scott Siddon's troupe.

The chief event of first term was the rush. Even now I recall the work we did, the class meetings, the committees, but most of all the scenes enacted. The rush was set for a certain Friday morning, and any one who was in Chapel that day saw every Freshman's head bowed devotedly, as if in prayer, but had he looked carefully he would have no-

ticed cravats and collars disappearing in pockets. We were preparing for the conflict. Some of our men in their haste to get out of Chapel, forgot to let Prex go out first, the consequence was that Prex proved himself to be the strongest Freshman of us all, for, unaided but undaunted, he triumphantly carried off two canes. One of our men mistaking the Doctor for a wicked Soph, commenced to pound him, but he soon found out his mistake and concluded that he had very urgent business elsewhere. But we were not to be cowed by this; for learning that should we rush outside of College hours we would not be disturbed by the higher powers, at 4 P. M., on the 15th of October, we assembled in the rear of South College, and being furnished with a cane marched to the Campus. There we were immediately assaulted on all sides by the yelling, hooting Sophs. The conflict waxed fierce from South College to the garden, into which the Sophs succeeded in forcing us. But at this juncture a Junior, fearing that the garden would be injured, snatched the cane and ran with it to the woods where he succeeded in hiding it. So after twenty minutes of hard fighting the rush was declared a tie; the Sophs had a slight advantage in numbers, but we had considerable advantage in pluck. Then what a scene on the campus after the rush! Why this raging of the Sophs, this tearing of hair and clothes? Why this haranguing of the crowd by '81's immortal trio? Their last chance of winning a

cane has gone. To console themselves for this loss they published mighty pieces in the local papers, setting forth in long meter their trials and tribulations.

On March 4th, the end of second term Fresh, we celebrated our safe passage through Algebra by that time-honored institution, familiarly known as cremation. Everything was propitious and at the hour of midnight we commenced to parade the streets with banners flying and dazzling lights that reflected strangely on our weird costumes of sheets and hideous masks. The Sophs gave us a long blast of chin music and tin horns as we started; but they soon quieted down, and we marched in peace through several streets, while the townies followed us, attracted like moths by the light. About 1:30 A. M., we reached the funeral pyre in the woods, and laying on the deceased, applied the torch. As soon as the oratorical part of the ceremony had commenced the Sophs appeared in numbers and made untiring efforts to get up a row. At this time also, one of '81's shining lights desired to reach the fire. He succeeded in reaching it through our lines, and he succeeded in being helped out again; but the latter feat consumed about one-quarter the time of the former. On account of this aerial flight Billy got very angry, but at last he quieted down and joined the band of musicians who were hovering around us. When the flames had begun to wane, we took a hasty glance at the ashes of Bourdon and proceeded to the

room of our honored preceptor in Algebra, Mr. Chas. Jones Colcock. In front of his room we sang several choice selections and called loudly for a speech, but this learned man of mathematics was either slumbering or was not an orator, or perchance he felt insulted at being hailed in so boisterous a manner. At any rate we got no speech; so we separated for our rooms, foot-sore indeed, but with bounding hearts as we thought of the grand parade, the flaming fire against the white snow, the hooting, yelling Sophs, and the proud, defiant looks of our boys which seemed to say, "come on thou direst foe, Oh! bloody Soph! and we will make you curse the day that you interfered with the lawful sports of the Freshmen."

At the end of third term we received the sad intelligence that Tutor Colcock was going to leave. This news fell with great weight on us all, for we had just completed the task of wading through Geometry and Trigonometry to the time of "that will do."

At the beginning of our Sophomore year we visited the Freshmen in their cribs, and found one man whose deeds should be immortalized; when told to sing, he replied that he was sorry but he had not learned that art; he was next called on for a speech, but unfortunately he had not studied oratory; when asked if he could whistle, he said that he had never been able to do so in public; we at last found only one thing that he could do, that was, he performed the very difficult feat of walking

around his table to the tune of "the elephant now goes 'round.'"

The rush between '82 and '83 occurred on the 14th of October, 1879. As soon as the Professor who presided at chapel that day had finished an unusually pathetic rendering of his prayer, there was a general rush for the door. The cane was handed to the Fresh by a Junior and thereupon the conflict became fierce. Both classes struggled valiantly from the chapel to North College and back on to the campus again. The contest was doubtful and desperate, but towards the close our boys had decidedly the advantage, and after one hour and fifteen minutes of hard fighting, Hargrave succeeded in wresting the cane from the surging crowd and gave it to Drowne, who ran away with it, closely followed by a few Freshman and several of our inveterate enemies, the Juniors. But being hard-pressed he entered the first house to which he could gain access; this proved to be a policeman's mansion; but Johnnie besought the officer to protect him saying that the Juniors intended to kill him, and while the worthy cop went to the front door in search of the Juniors, Johnnie skipped out of the back door and secreted the cane in a safe place, from which it was removed by our worthy class president. The cane was sawed up, each man received a piece, and now we all keep our little blocks of wood as mementoes of our past triumph. We can make a boast that very few classes ever could, '82 has never lost a cane.

A member of '83 once expressed a desire to hunt snipe, and some of our men on hearing this, kindly volunteered to conduct him to the abode of the birds; so one night they set out equipped with a bag and several candles. When they had arrived at a suitable place, they explained to astonished Fresh the use of these strange implements of war. He was to place the lighted candle at the mouth of the bag and wait until some snipe should enter it, when he was immediately to appear on the scene and secure his prey; the rest of the party in the meantime were to scour the woods and drive the birds in the direction of the light. Our fellows returned to college, leaving the Freshman to watch for snipe, but as far as we could learn the only thing that entered the bag that night were the rays from the candle, or perchance the Freshie himself, for on this point he is silent.

The next event of interest was the class supper, which occurred at Amsterdam the fourth of February, 1881. On the appointed date we assembled at the Wemple House, and from thence proceeded in search of amusement, some going to a Church sociable, others to a fair, while still others attended a ball and were soon whirling through the mazes of the dance with Amsterdam's fair damsels. At 12 o'clock we sat down to the banquet, and it is needless to say that each man did full justice to the bill of fare. After all the hungry souls had been satisfied, Pollard, our worthy toast master, gave out the

toasts, which were happily responded to and caused unbounded merriment. Some of the fellows showed themselves to be masters of their subjects; for instance, Murray, in responding to "the equestrian of '82," showed that he knew all about Harper and Bohn as well as all the other aids to the human intellect. Griswold, too, in responding to "Our Mashers," proved that he had had much experience in that line. Altogether the supper was a joyous occasion and will long be remembered by the loyal sons of '82.

At the beginning of our Senior year we introduced the Oxford hat, which was destined to become a sort of combination instrument, for it has been turned into a book-shelf, a writing-desk, a kite, and some of the under-classmen say that it forms an excellent stall for ponies; however, of this we cannot be expected to testify. When this much-abused hat was imported it was thought to be an ornament worthy of adorning the heads of dignified Seniors, but it has fallen low and been subjected to the vilest puns and to a great amount of abuse.

Throughout our college course we have, like Sammy Tilden, instituted many and great reforms. Our first great work was reforming the Fresh, which we succeeded in doing admirably. We did not participate in the next great task as a class, but some of our men were the chief actors in it; the task to which I refer was the reformation of the stone-walk leading from South College to the Blue Gate; this was, indeed, a reformation, as

the stones were removed and boards placed in their stead.

As a class we have been unusually quiet and diligent, and have set an example which all under-classmen might be proud to imitate.

PROPHECY.

SENIOR CLASS EXERCISES.

BY A. S. WRIGHT.

On a balmy afternoon in May, your prophet reclines on the green sward 'neath that tree in Captain Jack's garden, sacred to the memory of that good man. Nature is in one of her happiest moods and "the brook which bounds through Union's grounds" seems to fairly laugh in joyous glee.

Suddenly the old tree, the brook, the flowers, the winding paths vanish, and in their stead is a vast chamber—one more magnificent than the wildest flights of the imagination ever pictured. Walls of purest Parian marble rise to meet clouds whose ever changing hues rival in beauty the finest of Staly's sunsets. The floor seems like "a sea of liquid pearl" scattered o'er "with dust of powdered stars." Music almost divine so sweet and sad is it, fills the place. A myriad delicate flowers breathe their sa-beau aroma. In the centre is a fountain whose waters now clear as crystal, now rainbow hued, fall with a gentle patter into the limpid pool below. At the right,

two columns of burnished gold, inlaid with rare jewels support a marble arch upon whose front a master hand has wrought out the idea of the founders of our Alma Mater; for there with clasped hands in token of union and equality, stand a king and serf, a proud master and one of Afric's humble sons. All about, carved from a flesh-colored stone, are statues of Union's great men—her Seward, her Dr. Nott, her Arthur. Every step reveals new beauties. Here the walls separate and disclose the grandeur of an Alpine scene; there lies a lake whose crystal waters mirror the overhanging cliff with its clinging evergreens; beyond is a field of wild flowers where fountains play 'midst bowers of perpetual shade.

Between each two of the statues are placed five golden volumes supported by pillars of topaz and sapphire, of agate and onyx and chrysolite. From the corner of each volume hangs by a silver chord a luminous globe of opaque quartz. The semi-circular niche in which the volumes are placed seems one solid mass of amethyst or jasper, or it may be of carbuncle beautifully streaked with threads of manganese and copper, platinum and gold. Amazed, dumbfounded, yet curious, your prophet approaches the nearest volume. Upon a gem in the centre of its golden cover is engraved "Biography of the Class of 1795, Union College;" wild with hope he turns to the next and read "Biography of the Class of 1796." His heart gives a great bound; yes, these are class

histories and if the good angel of '82 has but done its duty, the prophet's task will be an easy one. Recess after recess, each with its golden volumes is passed until one is reached incomparably more beautiful than the others. The background seems like a great hollow diamond sending forth its myriad jets of fire to dazzle the beholder. In the centre, upon a pillar of alabaster, lies a book whose beauty palls description. Your prophet approaches; a design in rare rubies tells him it is the coveted treasure; he unloosens the clasp of pearl, turns the delicate leaves and finds the history of his classmates; sometimes written, sometimes revealed by a picture whose characters seem to be real living persons.

Upon the first page under the date A. D. 1900, is the name J. M. Adair, A. M.

In college it was "Old Grimes, A. M." The history of the title "Old Grimes" all know. The A. M. was affixed because when Jimmie arose on a Saturday morning in the old Adelphic hall, to make a speech, everyone prepared for a nap, knowing he was good for the remainder of the forenoon. But I digress; all the spirit hand had written was, "Principal of the Ox Bow Academy—salary \$1200 per year." I turn the leaf and behold a public square in one of our western cities literally packed by a mob bent on razing to the ground the home of an unpopular politician. Suddenly there appears on a balcony one whose commanding figure hushes the multitude

into silence. Calmly and proudly he addresses them, and when he finishes by telling them to go to their home they disperse as quietly as if they had been attending some religious service. That man was our classmate, Edward C. Whitmyer.

The next scene is a happy one. In his home, near the Hudson, our worthy President, A. A. McMurray, sits smoking, two little urchins on his knees are toying with side whiskers of which Mac. used to say, "it seems as though they never will start." Near by are a boy and girl of about ten playing checkers, while the twins, Mary and Jane, are practicing a new duet at the piano. Albert A. McMurray, Jr., and John are at Union and will succeed their father in the box business. Our old friend, John Peoli, bearded and browned from foreign travel, sits near, relating his adventures. He is on his way to his stock ranch in Texas to settle permanently and is pleading that Samuel McMurray, the oldest son, may go with him. Sammy is the boy who won the cup which Mac., the sly dog, persuaded the class to offer for the first boy of '82.

COFFEEN.

Coff. went west "to rise with the country." He soon made \$50,000 by a fortunate investment, and with it—that is with what remained after election—he went to Congress. He is there familiarly known as "Jumbo, our lean member from the West."

FORD.

In the fall of '84, Ford stumped the State for the Republicans, speak-

ing in all the principal cities, from Scotia to Rotterdam. The Rotterdam *Sun*, commenting on his speech said, "the speaker was too deep for us, but his delivery was quite charming." During this trip the drum-major of the brass band accompanying the speaker fell sick and Ford, in spite of his dislike for notoriety, was persuaded to carry the baton. He had found his forte and is now drum-major of the Slabville Centre Cornet Band.

WHITEHORNE.

Whitey took naturally to the laboratory. He is now professor of chemistry in the most famous of Ohio's eight hundred and ninety-nine universities. He has recently lost his fourth wife, but remains hopeful and happy, and may often be heard humming as he delves into nature's mysteries, "oh, do not be discouraged" and "still there's more to follow."

WALSH.

He is proprietor of a summer hotel in the Adirondacks. With thirteen children, a wife, mother-in-law and grandmother, he is always sure of a full house. But he often says that if he had another chance he'd play it alone and keep bachelor's hall. He often wishes his class-mates would visit him, but that will be impossible 'till he changes the character of his house; it's a temperance hotel now.

PIERSON.

Our old Grand Marshal, handsome as ever, sits in an elegantly furnished office in conversation with a friend.

"You see," says Harry, "the Governor said I must go to college." Well, the first three years was a perfect grind, but the last year we had a regular berry. After graduation, I settled down to the stern realities of life, and, let me tell you, the responsibility of a business life is simply terrible. From half-past ten A. M. till one P. M. I am always at my office. Actually the only pleasure I take in life is when, with my family, I take a three months' trip to the mountains or the shore. "Poor Harry," thought I as I turned away, you've had a hard life.

POLLARD—*Rector of the First Episcopalian Church, at Seneca Falls.*

In 1881, Seneca Falls consisted of two stores, a blacksmith shop and nine dwellings. When the boys left for Union College the village looked deserted. To-day it is a thriving town and its Episcopal church is largely attended. Polly's characteristics are a capacity for deep thinking, and an angelic disposition, as indicated by his placid smile.

VAN WAGENEN.

"A home on the ocean wave," was Stick's favorite college song. In 1885 he fitted a whaler and announced his intention of finding that long-lost north pole. He passed Spitzbergen bound nor-nor-west and has never been seen since. There are two theories concerning his fate; one is that some dyspeptic polar bear desiring to diet for a time, has made a meal of him; the other, that his companions, disgusted at not finding

what they sought, have, as a practical joke on future exploring parties, planted Stick where the north pole ought to be.

The next is an advertisement in the *Tribune*. Podunk Female Academy; new patent banister; chewing gum twenty per cent. discount; situation excellent; near enough to the north pole so that there is abundance of out-door exercise in skating, riding down the hill, etc., and far enough from civilization so that the gossip of the outside world never reaches it. Elopements a thing unheard of. The principal is eminently qualified for the position, having made a study of female character from his youth.

Address for terms, S. H. Watkins, Podunk, Brier Creek County, Montana.

THOMPSON.

Being class treasurer, Thompson had a good start in life and is now at the head of a large dry good house in Buffalo. He is as honest as his neighbors, and is what they would call down east—a right smart yankee with an eye open to the main chance.

FAY AND ELDER.

Three years together at the Classical Institute, four in College and three in the Theological, graduation day at last came. Ed., with mournful countenance says to Tom, "oh Tom, how can I leave thee!" Tom answers tragically, "don't Ed., don't;" and leave him he did not. They may be seen any day, with Oxford caps and gowns, preaching

the gospel to the unregenerate sinners on the island of Eustatius.

Behold, a colored people's camp meeting! A fine, portly looking gentleman is just closing what seems to have been a very affecting address. Some are shouting, amen! while others are moaning and sobbing. It is very affecting, but your prophet can do nothing but laugh, for this Methodist exhorter is none other than Doc. Flower.

I turn the page. In a brilliantly lighted ball-room a score of dusky warriors, with as many maidens are "tripping the light fantastic." The bowie knife and tomahawk have given place to eye-glasses and dress-coats, through the influence of the host of the evening—our class-mate Frank Hall Wright, now big medicine man of the Choctaws. As he sits relating to a circle of admirers blood curdling adventures of his college days, I cannot help thinking that were a certain lady of Dorp present she would say, "ah, Mr. Wright, you haven't changed at all, have you? you are still just like a harp struck by lightning."

TEMPLE.

After graduating, Charlie was engaged to fill the new chair of music at Union. He began reform at once. He cut the throat of the "bulldog on the bank," sat upon the "barrel of rum" and as for the "grand old seat of stone," he utterly demolished it. Devoting himself to the cultivation of a true musical taste, he met with entire success, but still maintains that he can never organize the

equal of '82's famous Freshman glee club.

VAN BUREN.

Van is a physician in Indianapolis. He is regularly employed by all persons whose step-mother's or rich uncles are taken sick. He stipulates that if the patient lives he is to secure no pay. This fact is significant inasmuch as he is now a rich man.

PRATT AND GREEN.

Not long after commencement, '82, there was a double wedding in which the above-named participated. Green doubted the expediency of so much haste, but Pratt said, "put not off till to-morrow what you can do to-day; our beavers and white kids are now ready, soon the style will change. Green answered, "Pratt, you're my guardian angel" and the thing was settled. They are now at the head of the Saratoga bar, live in good style and drive blooded steeds. They know how to manage them too, having had experience with horses since they first entered college.

GRISWOLD.

He is a D. D. in Cleveland, Ohio. He draws immense crowds, but whether they come to hear, or to see the minister, is hard to say. He is quite a curiosity. Bernhardt has been growing so thin during the last twenty years that a clothes line gives her ample shade for an afternoon promenade, but Gris. is delicate compared with her. He is like too many sermons all length and no breadth. His friends say he must overcome

his antipathy for strong drink and take beer, or the bier will take him.

DROWNE AND PHYFE.

They are joint owners of the grand central theatre in Chicago. Johnny dotes on high tragedy but Walty is still passionately fond of a minstrel show. Walty showed his shrewdness by marrying rich and Johnny his by not marrying at all. When asked why he takes not to himself one of the gentle sex he scornfully answers, "go to! go to! in Sophomore year in Union College I made up my mind that women are but base deceivers and twenty years' experience has but confirmed my conviction."

WALLER—*Principal of Union Classical Institute.*

He is as yet unmarried but seven Dorpian school girls have in solemn consultation decided that in all probability he will be "mashed" on a certain preceptress in the intermediate before Christmas, 1901. He is familiarly called "the philosopher," and his favorite theme is Seneca Falls, the heart of the world. He weighs two hundred and ten pounds, carries the same benignant smile as of old, but has reduced his pace from fifteen to ten steps per minute.

That most magnificent specimen of modern architecture, the new Capitol at Albany, is before me. Two middle-aged men are in conversation. "You see, Rosy, this building was completed in May, 1896, but in June of that year the entire central part gave way. The result was nineteen

Senators and forty-six Assemblymen killed, sixty-five deadlocks in one session. There was a great outcry and the sentiment of the country was there is but one man capable of undertaking so great a work, and that man is Wm. Boardman Reed. "But what are you doing Rosy?" "Well, I'm silent partner with Sawyer in the *Cherry Valley Gazette*; and between you and me I intend to make this a stepping-stone to the Assembly. I'm also proprietor of a photograph gallery and a saw-mill. Then he gave one of his old-time little chuckles and passed a cigar case filled with choicest Havanas.

Upon the opposite page is the name, Jos. E. Ransdell. He is United States Senator from Louisiana and a statesman of whom his Alma Mater may well be proud. He is said to be the first Southern Democrat in the Senate who hasn't denied that "Niggers have souls."

FAIRGRIEVE.

Over the entrance to a fine building in upper New York is this sign; "James R. Fairgrieve, stabulum conditium" (which in plain English means livery stable). Jim puts on the style. Vanderbilt himself with his two billions of dollars drives no finer team than Jim's Livy and Antigone. He has a passion for classic studs. One easy-going nag is called Alcestis, a beautiful shetland pony the Iliad, and an unmanageable brute which tries the patience of all, Thucydides. Jim often gets in a tight place, but his native audacity and a good pony always carry him through

In the summer of '82, two strangers purchased a sheep farm near a quiet village in southern California. One was bearded, the other beardless; one prosaic matter of fact, the other not so; one called once a week at the village post for the mail of Luther Hargrave, the other each day received letters directed to Herbert D. Hinds, and sent in return sweet-scented notes to Miss Arabella Simpkins. Twenty years have passed. Luther is married and is considered the soundest man, financially and intellectually in his county. Herby, still unmarried, may be seen any pleasant day, with a harp in his hand and a sunflower in his buttonhole, wandering on his field, humming some well-worn love ditty. It is sad, but Herby would be æsthetic.

YOUMANS.

Rhett is owner and captain of a palatial Mississippi steamboat. He takes his meals in bed, reads in bed, is shaved in bed. On pleasant days his valet hoists him by means of an easy chair and a windlass to the deck, where he smokes or flirts with the ladies, who are always wondering "if this is the day our lovely captain will appear on deck; for he is so nice, and so charming and so polite, and isn't it singular he never has married." Rhett is happy and says it's a doggone easy life.

CODWISE.

In the fall of '81 Cod's class held an election. Among other officers to be elected was a poet. Now the men of '82 having, every one, been

great mashers, were particularly anxious, not only to have a poetical poet, (many class poets are not) but a witty poet and one capable of saying those little sentimental nothings calculated to awaken tender feelings in the hearts of the maidens of Schenectady and put every body in good humor with the class. There was much discussion as to the best man. Gris. was poetical and sentimental but not witty; Flower was witty and sentimental but not poetical. Cod. had all three qualifications and was elected. The poem was a great success. Every one praised it until Cod's head was fairly turned. Cod. said, "I had expected to be United States Senator from Massachusetts, but now I'll be a poet, a Tennyson, a Longfellow. As a result, at the head of the poetical department of a leading New York paper stands the name of George Alfred Paul Codwise.

MURRAY.

All '82 men remember Eph's bill in the Union College Senate, entitled "an act establishing an experimental farm in South Carolina for the cultivation of jute. The bill was killed, but Murray never once gave up the idea. He wrote and talked about it till he aroused interest in the matter; the farm was established and he appointed manager. To day he is a wealthy manufacturer of ladies' jute chignons.

LEWIN.

Poor Billy is gone. He was stricken with a disease called punning. It was not the first attack. He had one

while in college that lasted four years. But this was a severe one—eighteen atrocious puns one morning before breakfast. The eighteenth one strangled him and they laid him in the cold, cold ground and on his tombstone wrote simply, "Billy the punster, died on the eighteenth."

Before me is a large, square room, literally packed with books and papers. The single occupant, his hair disheveled, his coat thrown back, seems lost in thought over a book which bears the title, "Practical Solution of the Orbit of the Solar System. by W. A. Waddell," A. B., C. E., L. M., X. Y., H. O. As I look over the shelves I discover, among other books of which he is the author, "Waddell's Unabridged Dictionary," "Development of the Theory of Quaternions," "Cyclopedia of Universal Knowledge," twenty-six volumes, and "Intellectual Development of the World." As the clock strikes five, A. M., he rises, puts on his Oxford cap and sallies forth, muttering as he goes, "this assumption of a precessional and a mutational influence upon an interior mass of undoubted fluidity, surrounded by heterogeneous material, must not, shall not go unchallenged.

Upon the last page are the lost lights of '82. There is that rascally Beattie and the ever blissful Couch and Evans, Liph Wright, Gifford, Sylvester and all that gallant band who helped us fight our Freshman battles. Opposite their names the spirit hand had written, "these unworthy sons put their hand to the

plow, but when those stern overseers, called the Faculty, saw how much these workmen relied upon their horses, they forthwith order that the poor jaded beasts be turned into those pastures where the grasshopper abideth. These ploughmen, being deprived of their horses, soon grew weary and turned back; and the place of their sojourning is unknown to this day. With a sigh the volume is closed, its clasp of pearl is fastened. The contents had not been as pleasant as its surroundings were beautiful; but thus, 'tis ever, stern hard truth, is covered over with the mantle of beauty which our fancy weaves.

Turning to leave the beautiful grotto, it suddenly fades from sight and your prophet awakes to find the sun gone down and the evening shadows fast gathering. Happily, what he had seen remained firmly fixed in his mind and this prophecy is an exact copy of the golden volume.

Perchance, some may even doubt the existence of this wonderful chamber, may consider this prophecy but the foolish fancy of a disordered mind. Be charitable, we pray you; if you cannot believe as we do, you can at least pardon us for not wishing to dispel the charm which hangs about our Alma Mater. Can you wonder that we draw bright pictures? We love her gray old walls, we love her legends of by-gone days, we are proud of the many noble sons who do her honor. We would if we could make the proudest monuments which

our fancy erects in her honor, realities. Yet she needs them not. Nobler monuments has she than these. Marble and granite may crumble to dust but the fond memories of our Alma Mater which her children cherish shall live forever.

ADDRESS.

SENIOR CLASS EXERCISES.

BY J. R. FAIRGRIEVE.

We are assembled here to-day under circumstances of peculiar interest, for, while there have been many occasions similar to the present, none has had the same value to us. The casual observer may see only a band of youths emerging from the precincts of college walls to join the rushing crowds upon the world's highways. But we who are within the charmed circle of performers, see much beside. The scenes of four happy years rise up before us, with a rush of mingled emotions. Among the number of our class-mates we see the forms of those who have travelled with us part of the journey, but have fallen by the wayside. As Æneas and Achates went up to view the bustling city of Carthage, enveloped by the goddess-mother, in an obscuring cloud, and beheld the pictures of struggles past and the wonders of the growing town, so we stand wrapped in the veil of pensive sentiment, studying the pictures of pre-

vious battles and scanning the rising temples of the world in which our lot is henceforth to be cast.

We have reached that time around which cluster the richest memories of the past, and it is cheering to look back over the way we travelled and to revive the reminiscences of those scenes which have afforded us so much delight. We are now to bid adieu to yon classic halls, hallowed by the most endearing associations, to part with professor and class-mates with whom we have spent many a delightful hour, to enter upon the unknown vicissitudes of the future, to be wafted onward in the voyage of life by the gentle winds of heaven or to meet the buffetings of the angry storm. Our feelings to-day are well expressed in those beautiful lines of the poet :

“How sweetly roll'd over the morning of life,
How free from vexation, from sorrow and strife,
Kind nature presented rich scenes to our view,
And every scene she presented was new,
But soon was the morning of life clouded o'er,
And its charming serenity lost ;
Too soon were we forced to abandon the shore,
And on ocean's rude billows be tossed.”

The four years just passed is but the gateway to the broad field that lies beyond. As we stand at the entrance and look upon the many paths and by-ways, we are amazed by their multiplicity and strongly realize the fact that we have reached a crisis in our lives. Now is the time for us to pause and consider our purposes, to decide in what way we can best serve ourselves, our fellow-men and our God. It is not my intention to suggest in what manner one should gov-

ern his life, nor how success can be attained. Each one must make his own choice, must find his own path and must work out his own destiny. Yet in our passing thoughts we do not always give full consideration to many principles which are essential to success.

We have to make one choice in life and abide by its result, have one chief object in view and exert every energy to attain it. Avoid inconstancy, “unstable as water, thou shalt not succeed,” is a proverb that has much in it. A young man possessing one of the brightest and most active of intellects but without a fixed purpose, is like a ship which starts out from its sheltered harbor without a rudder. For a while it may baffle dangers but is finally wrecked upon hidden rocks or sunk in the trough of the sea.

It is necessary to consider thoroughly before making a choice in life. One person is adapted to one profession or branch of business, another to another. Each is the best judge of his own inclination and capacity, and in this, the most important determination of a man's life, he should repel the interference of others, disregard the promptings of ease and expediency and seek diligently until he finds a career in which all his powers of mind and body, heart and soul, can find harmonious and ennobling exercise. Carlyle is said to have spent three days in prayer and fasting before he chose the course in which he achieved enduring fame. Each one of us must

undergo his "temptation in the wilderness," and happy he who refuses to fall down and worship the devil in any of his forms. Thus it is in all human enterprise. Therefore, first find your vocation and avoid all enmity, jealousy and unnecessary opposition toward others as they are wholly destructive in their nature.

Success will depend not only on our aspirations but also upon our diligence and application. High anticipation, when rightly directed is in itself a power. It has an inspiring, energizing, commanding influence, and is the unseen, yet potent force in human effort. Nevertheless the goal of our ambition must be striven for with determination and enthusiasm. Nerved with the hope of victory we must run our race with the steady patience by which victory is decreed.

In the matter of money-making a single remark may be made. Every one desires enough of this world's riches to make life enjoyable, and it is a commendable ambition. Without considering the unprincipled monopolist, who by his rascality pours money into his coffers through oppression of the poor laborer, we find in every day life, one steadily accumulating a comfortable fortune, another, who has equal chances, barely able to exist. The question naturally arises, Why is one man richer than another? Because he is more industrious, more persevering, more sagacious. It is the power of endurance, the quickness of apprehension, the calmness of judgment,

which enable him to seize the opportunities that others lose. All who would acquire a respectable competency must especially observe habits of promptness and punctuality.

Above all be independent. Have a disregard for that public opinion which often withholds the reward from true merit and gives it to the undeserving. True distinction can be gained in no department of human enterprise or toil without independence and earnestness and it has not a rapid growth. Rapid growth seldom brings with it lasting success. The one who brings himself conspicuously before the public, may to-day receive the cheers of the populace and to-morrow their jeers and hisses.

Men are wanted who can endure adversity and prosperity with equal fortitude. Who hold to the right unflinchingly, whether it meets with fortune's smile or frown. Men whose purity of purpose is so strongly marked upon their actions that they cannot be mistaken, and whose motto is right for the sake of right.

We, the members of the class of '82, are now to separate. We have met for the last time as a united body. Our daily meetings in classroom and elsewhere are now things of the past. To-day we may look for the last time upon the familiar faces of our class-mates, yet, these, with the many pleasant associations they carry with them, will ever be impressed upon our memory, and, however the allotments of Providence may differ in regard to us, there will remain one warm spot in our

hearts for past pleasures and benefits, and an ardent hope for the continued success and prosperity of our beloved Alma Mater.



SALUTATORY.

GRADUATING STAGE.

BY W. A. WADDELL.

As, at the beginning of a battle, those young knights who had won their spurs since the last great contest were wont to salute, while advancing to the front, the chieftains and all the assembled host, so we, who are now about to test our worth in that great struggle of right and wrong called life, salute you in whose presence we stand.

We salute you, the President of our college, as its ruler and representative. Long may our loved Alma Mater, over which you preside, go on increasing in numbers, strength and standing. Long may the labors of those who work for its advancement be blessed, till every son of Old Union is proud that he is enrolled among its Alumni.

We salute you, the Trustees of this college, to whose wise care and foresight is due under Providence its safety and efficiency. We greet you not only as men high in the councils of our Alma Mater, but yet more heartily because you who have stood as we stand now, college boys in the last scene of the college drama, know

what hopes and aspirations fill our breasts to-day, and because, through all the successes of life, you have never forgotten the thoughts and feelings of your youth but have come back to see in us your boyish hopes reappearing, and to catch from those to whom life is of the future, a thrill of the pleasure of anticipation.

We welcome you, our instructors to this the closing of the pleasant relations of four years. Many successive classes have gone out from your care. By many have their greetings been spoken. But no one has voiced a welcome for a class more loyal in its love and respect for you. Day by day since first we met we have been learning to know you better and to better appreciate your interest in us. You have ever taught us that success is not to be measured in fame but in work well done. We appreciate this, the best of your instruction, and whatever may be our fate in life our best work will be due to your exertions, while no remissness on your part will be found to partially excuse failure. In the future may our lives show the truth of this teaching and the success of your pupils show that your work is well done and that the thanks and welcome of to-day are spoken from hearts feeling and meaning them.

To some assembled here, who have sons or brothers about to enter the lists of life, words of greeting are scarce necessary. From our earliest years you have watched our growth and development. At every advancing step you have aided and

counciled us. At every triumph your congratulations have been the most wished for because the most heartfelt. Well do you remember the time four years ago when we left you to try the temptations of a college life. Throughout the intervening years the thought of greeting you here has strengthened and restrained us, so that, though we are not the boys who left you then, the greeting of to-day, which, pure and unselfish as your love for us, goes straight from our hearts to yours, differs not from that farewell in truth and affection.

I wish you to join us in greeting these others, to whom that parting was an introduction. Who, when we had left home behind, gave us a warm welcome, making us feel that though in a strange land we were not friendless. We welcome you, our friends of this old city, to these exercises, knowing well that your hearts, which were so full of kindness to us in '78, will feel the depth and sincerity of the gratitude and greeting which our lips are inadequate to express.

To you and to all others, friends of childhood and of our later years, Alumni of this college who see reenacted the scenes of your own youth, strangers to us and to this city whom accident or curiosity has brought here to-day, we give hearty, earnest greeting.

Classmates our preparation is over. As we halt for a moment before entering the life struggle, let me welcome you to this goal of your college

course, which, when reached, seems only a milestone in the course of life. Many such milestones we will find hereafter, and be welcomed to them by those near and dear to us. But at none will warmer, more unselfish friends receive us. Future triumphs will be seen and recognized by few; but here, friends of childhood and youth, the councillors, instructors and Alumni of your Alma Mater, your classmates so long comrades but now about to leave you, salute you. In the name of our common memories of campus and class-room, private friendship and class loyalty, welcome, thrice welcome here; and In your name, greeting, heartfelt and earnest, to all within these walls.



CLASS ORATION.

SENIOR CLASS EXERCISES.

HERBERT C. HINDS.

SUBJECT :—SWEET ARE THE USES OF ADVERSITY.

To expand the hidden forces of his nature and develop the even organic powers of his being, should be the governing principle of every man's life. Nature is wise in giving us aspirations and even wiser in giving us the means of perfecting them. Through them the soul reveals its better and brighter self. History teaches us that the means of final success are patience, prudence and perseverance. Adversity may be a hard school-mistress, but she is gen-

erally found the best. We learn far more wisdom from failure than from success. We often learn what will do by observing what will not do. The very greatest things — great thoughts, inventions, discoveries — have been nurtured in hardship, pondered over in sorrow and established with difficulty. It is the men born in poverty, cradled in adversity who have ascended the heights to which many have aspired and few have attained. They only who push forward, descend into the valley of humiliation, and plod up the weary slope, can ever expect to reach the summit and enjoy the richly earned treasure. Strength is seldom born in the lap of luxury, but more frequently out in the battles of life. "The purest ore is produced from the hottest furnace and the brightest thunderbolt is elicited from the darkest storm."

Disappointment is a part of heaven's plan. Every heart-beat signals the death of some earthly hope. Will the clouds of life finally hide its sun or will they only give a beautiful sunset to our lives? Is all to end in despair? Will not good come from our very disappointments and be found even in the bitterness of adversity? Man is not altogether a creature of circumstances. Great minds are not subject to the fates, they rather rule them, they are lords of the may, not slaves of the must. There is a power of will within man, and a higher power above him, that direct him onward and upward, turning his obstacles into elements of strength.

False is that philosophy which teaches that the brightness of life is dimmed by the uses of adversity. Noble natures are strengthened by the trifling reverses of life. The humiliation of adversity ennobles them and prepares them for the truest victories in the end. The weak and hesitating may fall prostrate under the rod of disappointment, but souls possessing exalted purposes will, sooner or later vindicate their claims.

"Sweet," indeed, "are the uses of adversity." They reveal to us our powers and call forth our energies. Hindrances nurture hardihood of spirit. Obstacles, when surmounted, give one a higher position than could be attained on an unobstructed path. What is often accounted adversity is, when met with courage, only a blessing, inasmuch as it calls into vigorous action the hardier muscles and sinews of the inner man. If there be real worth in the character, like sweet herbs, it will give forth its finest fragrance when pressed. "Crosses are the ladders that lead to heaven."

It has often been truly said, that defeat tries the general more than victory. Washington lost far more battles than he ever won, yet he succeeded in the end. Wellington's military genius was perfected by encounter with adversity which only served to nerve his resolution and develop his great qualities as a man and a general.

Our literature teems with instances expository of our assertion. The

misfortune of our great poets has been the good fortune of literature. The birth-place of Don Quixotte and the Pilgrim's Progress was dungeon. Dryden wrote for bread, Butler for a grave and Cowper, the sandal-tree of sacred poetry, poured fourth his sweetest measures under the heaviest strokes of adversity. So with Dante, the wandering exile.

"Led through a sad variety of woe," became a shining land-mark in the world's literature. As we read Paradise Lost we are led to exclaim, "Sweet are the uses of adversity." What a precious monument was this erected by Milton's thought. From the depths of the infernal regions it rises before you in a stupendous column, until piercing the clouds it enters the presence of God himself. Built of the melody of the soul! it can never be destroyed until the soul be taken from its abode on earth and ushered into heaven. Homer and Milton said, "Let there be light, and there was light." The *homo sum* of Terence, though a slave, thrilled a Roman theatre, and Tasso, too poor to purchase a candle, became one of the greatest lights of Italian literature. Such are great in spite of adversity. The genius of Shakespeare was christened by a satirical ballad, in the ceremony Sir Thomas Lucy, standing by as Godfather. But for this he might have been a country attorney. Now, as the idol of English literature, he sings,

"Sweet are the uses of adversity ;
Which, like a toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in her head."

The whole history of poetry is but the record of suffering. It is said that the nightingale when she sings leans her breast against a thorn. So with the poet. The deeper his suffering, the sweeter his song. Prosperity may teach him how to rhyme, but never to sing. Nor the poet alone. He, whoever he may be, "who has never known ill-fortune, never knew himself or his own virtue." What then is success? What are the uses of adversity? Do we yet understand their full meaning? Is Dives, in his robes of purple and fine linen, to be envied above the beggar at his gate? Which will come off victorious? The world's frown may be heaven's smile. Sorrows here may be joy beyond. Our path-way may be over-cast with clouds, "ready to blacken on some saddened eye, and hurl its bolts on some defenseless head." Our souls may be surrounded by the tempests of life, and yet we may obtain a realization of our fond hopes and expectations, and find at last a peaceful rest in the presence of the Son of righteousness. There are many smitten with afflictions, yet the uses of adversity shall be sweet to them. Heaven will tenderly lift them to itself when earth rejects them, and will reward their toiling with a crown. The dark hours of the night will vanish. The darkest moments of their lives will only reveal unknown stars in the galaxy of their virtues.

"Old Union," June 24, 1882.



IVY ORATION.

SENIOR CLASS EXERCISES.

S. H. WATKINS.

We look at man in his infancy, in the cradle of civilization, and find him swayed by his passions and feelings. As yet the great depths of knowledge has not been sounded. Thought ruled neither individuals nor society, sentiment was sovereign.

Through the influence of the noble sentiment for remembering the past, people of all races and times have erected memorials. It is to these that we owe much of our knowledge of times that otherwise must have remained a perfect blank to men forever.

That the human intellect possesses the faculty of memory does not suffice; something visible and tangible is sought—something that may serve as a reminder, a monument for years to come.

Back, back along the way of ever-advancing civilization are set up the great land-marks of the nations. Some brilliant victory won; some memorable life lost; some telling event for public or private weal, each has its memorial.

India honored her deities and dead with monuments that have outlasted the rise and fall of nations and withstood the destruction of time and the elements.

In Egypt the grand and growing stream of wisdom and power left its

narrow course, and, like the deified Nile, overflowed its banks, giving to the world, when the great flood passed on, those magnificent memorials to Egypt's power and glory, which have been the wonder and study of all the people. They did, indeed, build for time and their works have shown to succeeding ages the greatness and superiority of their learning.

Step into the full light of Grecian civilization from the darkness and shadow of former times. Linger but a moment within that land of grace and beauty, subject to all the influences of its perfected art. Can we wonder that there we find this sentiment in man's nature fully developed? Surrounded by the perfect handiwork of God and man, the memorial sentiment became one of the distinguishing characteristics of the Greeks. Everything receives its trophy.

Cross into Italy. Triumphal arches and columns, tablets and tombs tell of the same sentiment alive in that world-conquering empire. In this 19th century we visit the Imperial City and stand face to face with those lasting marks of grandeur. In imagination we raise the fallen columns, fill in the gaps made by the devastations of time and man, and picture all the glory of that greatest of past civilizations. Those monuments have served their purpose.

Change of government, change of society, times and events that have thoroughly revolutionized the world, have in no wise affected this one

sentiment common to the human race.

The vista of the ages presents a wonderful picture which without the great monumental land-marks would be as imperfect as a master-piece when merely outlined.

This age is called "matter of fact." The progress of science shows the disposition of all people to get at facts; it shows further an advance in knowledge, an increased power in man of thought and research.

The last century has been marked by its gifts to all branches of science and in the general improvement. America has been second to no country.

Yet withal, we as a people, have not lost that ennobling sentiment bequeathed to us by former ages. Our gathering here to-day is a speaking proof of this. There is in truth an end to all things. Time brought us together as a body of students to work toward common ends and time has at length decreed that our class relations be broken—broken in fact but not in memory. After four years of work and pleasure together, having shared common victories and endured common losses, we have met to plant this living memorial of the *Class of '82*. Our college life is over, a time to which we will look back as to the most pleasant period of our lives. We have here had such opportunities as will never come to us again, *a fact* which, as it grows upon us from year to year, must increase our love for our *Alma Mater*.

In all our intercourse as students

and class-mates the closest friendship has existed. May that friendship never be broken, but be rather strengthened by the planting of our *Class Ivy*, the token in itself of friendship.

We have here a class memorial that will keep pace with the years in its growth. Time will but add strength and beauty that it may better serve to remind us when we all, I trust, meet here again, of the pleasant incidents in the chapter of our history now closed. Like as we plant here the ivy of memory of our class, let us plant in our hearts the ivy of love for "Old Union."



HONORIAD.

I.

"A story I'm to tell you
About the ins and outs
Of our four years at college,
Their joys and hopes and doubts."

2.

And I will quote the poets as they enter this mind
of mine,
And I will make them stand out while I appear to
shine;
For while I may be an original of poetry that's
not so,
Hence I of former poetry will crop and reap and
mow.

3.

I will put a lyric couplet against a moral ode,
Or a lampoon against a sonnet, as I am in the
mode,
Hexameter, pentameter, elegy or mime,
Anyway or anything so I can get a rhyme.

4.

In the hamlets at the bottom of the tedious hill of
knowledge,
There are many eager youths prepared to enter
college ;
Some have entered many students, some have en-
tered few,
But none have entered a better class than that of
'82.

5.

Some have gone to Harvard, some have gone to
Yale,
Some have gone to Williams, that college of the
vale,
Some have gone to Amherst, other to Cornell,
But "Union" is the best, as its graduates can tell.

6.

Our glorious Old Union! our memory recalls
Its trees, its fields, its woods, its flowers, its paths,
its ponds, its halls,
Its "grand old seat of stone," and the brook that
wanders free,
"Where'er we roam, oh dear old home, our
thoughts will turn to thee,"

7.

We may stir the smouldering embers on far Aus-
tralia's shore,
Or wander by the ocean and hear its breakers roar ;
In Europe, Asia, Africa wherever we may dwell,
"Fond thoughts and sighs will often rise at mem-
ory's magic spell."

8.

We'll think as we look back upon our boyhood's
day
(As now, being men, we've got beyond our May)
Of those dear old times when we ne'er once did
pine
For our admirable teachers in days of "auld lang
syne."

9.

We'll think of all our frolics, of all our glee and
fun,
We'll think of all the parties, we'll think of many
a sun
That has set and risen again while on "light fan-
tastic toe"
We've whirled the time to music, so thrilling, soft
and slow.

10.

Then there was a bracing evening, when going
forth to skate,
We gazed on twinkling stars—those stars so filled
with fate.
Now we gently glide along, then suddenly hear a
sigh
And see the happy heart in the reflected light of the
eye

11.

We will think of happier hours when beneath the
silver moon
We have floated down the river in the flowery
month of June ;
"We've wandered East, we've wandered West,
through many a weary way,—
But never, never can forget the dreams of life's
young day."

12.

And as in these far off places my eyes go to and
fro,
When thinking of these times in the beautiful
evening's glow,
I will say, as I see the moonlight smiling over me,
Do you shine as brightly as ever on the "fair" of
Schenectady.

13.

Do you shine as you always used to on that ex-
quisite old river?—
The beautiful, lovely Mohawk, with its waves like
unto silver,—
Its dozens of little islands, its weeping willows
hanging o'er
Those delightful little spots, as we rowed along the
shore?

14.

We'll think of this old town, its buildings and its hills,
 Its people and its depot, its dear old cider mills,
 We'll think of our professors, their saying and their actions,
 Of each one's oddities, his faults and his attractions.

15.

And first of all in tracing our mind's most natural bent,
 Our thoughts will turn with pleasure to our honored President
 Who sternly checks our rushes by appearing on the scene,
 And routing the frightened Freshmen from off the college green.

16.

His efforts for the college we cannot but admire,
 He travels East, he travels West with zeal that does not tire ;
 He gathers checks and moneys and handsome buildings rise
 As witness that his purposes are great and good and wise.

17.

Then there's our dear old "Jack" of the class of '35,
 Who teaches you physics and which you just survive,
 Who makes his little puns as you slowly plod along,
 And whom we teased because we pleased, but boys 'twas very wrong.

18.

Many a year has showered its frosts upon his honored head,
 But still he's hale and hearty as the day that he was wed,
 Although he counts many years as the Julian calendar goes,
 Still he's young in heart and feeling, as everybody knows.

19.

And as we've looked upon him with his quick and lively walk,
 And as we've heard in the class-room his wise and learned talk,
 We'll always recollect him with a sweetly reverend mind,
 Thinking how he trod life's pathway, so good and true and kind.

20.

We'll think of gruff, but kind "Whitey," the teacher of our Greek,
 Of how he used to look on us, we were quickly very meek.
 We will know how he sits on Freshmen, 'cause he used to sit on us
 When we came on in a body with such a roar and fuss.

21.

He will look on you, Freshie, with his eye so cold and grim,
 While you shiver in a corner with your eye so hot and dim,
 But he will smile and lighten up if he sees you are well-meant,
 As he sends you to your seat with a "Thank-you, that's sufficient."

22.

Then there's Professor Staley, of the Faculty, the Dean,
 Outspoken, quick, abrupt and at a joke right keen,
 He has done a deal of work for the profit of the college
 In its engineering, architecture and general system of knowledge.

23.

We'll think of dear old "Webb," so loved and lank and tall,
 Who taught us natural history and goodness knows what all ;
 Who talked on politics, religion, things in general
 And gathered animalcules from Maine way off to Senegal.

24.

He is the one to whom we went in all our woes
and troubles,
And when he looked them over they would disap-
pear like bubbles ;
When we were in a tough place he'd lend a help-
ing hand
And safely guide us over until we stood on land.

25.

There is Professor Perkins, of the faculty the wit,
The students will go in his room and sit, and sit,
and sit,
While he'll stand behind his desk, one foot behind
the other,
Tell the same old jokes and stories, as they smile
at one another.

26.

He teaches to us Chemistry of which he has the
monopoly,
Also a branch of Philosophy—Political Economy;
The former teaches us about the composition of
matter,
A proper division of this thing is taught us by the
latter.

27.

We can imagine Price with his hair so dark and
long,
Who is at Mathematics so learned and clear and
strong,
Who really is as gay and merry as a lark,
But don't be too down-hearted, he will make you
toe the mark.

28.

There is Professor Alick, who gives a course in
English,
Rhetoric or Logic, whichever you distinguish ;
He's clergyman, philanthropist and scholar, all
combined,—
And ever wishes to promote the welfare of man-
kind.

29.

O'er Union's Senate he presides with purpose wise
and good ;
He places bills before us which are for the country
food.
But he has one sorry fault, when you are in his
clutch
And know your lesson, he makes you vain because
he smiles too much.

30.

At present Mr. Ashmore has the Latin classes,
He is very good, but easy, and everybody passes;
We've had so many teachers, their names we can-
not tell,
But we've never had another who equalled Dr.
Lowell.

31.

He has studied on the classics and on English all
his life,
He has pondered, thought and written, together
with his wife
Until there's nothing more of which the sails can
be unfurled,
Now he's writing books which are read by all the
world.

32.

There was Mr. L'Amoreau, of the college the spe-
cial agent,
Who gave out subjects for essays which really were
a pageant ;
Who taught us to be graceful and easy on the
stage,
To tune our voices to pathos, wit, oratory, rage.

33.

Then there is Mr. Lawrence who discourses upon
history,
French and English, Arabs, Turks and every sort
of mystery.
And our present master of drill, the little Major
Mac,
Who is very small but fiery, with his soldiers at his
back.

34.

We remember Tutor Anable, class of '81,
A Soph when we were Freshmen and always full
of fun ;
A literary athlete—his powers are very good—
To their cost the Freshmen know it in their Alge-
braic food.

35.

There's that fine man, Vandy, the keeper of the
gym,
Who teaches calisthenics, which we go at with a
vim ;
Who puts your hair on end and makes your blood
to freeze,
As he whizzes through the air on his wonderful
trapeze.

36.

There are four other teachers, of whom I've lost
the run,
Professors Coppee, Wells, Hollis, and the treasurer
Pierson ;
In languages, drawing, botany, literature, they
shine—
“Their genius cannot be enhanced by any words
of mine.”

37.

There is one other person of whom I've not spoken
yet,
Always a word of welcome whene'er with him we
met ;
Who's not a professor, tutor or preceptor of any
kind,
And yet in his life to the students is all of these
combined.

38.

He's had for many years to superintend all trades,
He fixes walks and windows when the students
make their raids,
Obe's always ready to do it and his name will be
eternal
Amongst the college students, our own beloved
Colonel.

39.

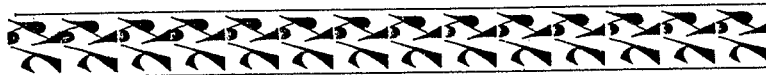
There is one other gentleman of whom I ought to
speak,
Without whom, indeed, this college would be
weak—
Our honored Mr. Jenkins, who gathers in the cash,
And returns for it reports which cut a mighty dash.

40.

Now that we're in the world how are we going to
act ?
Will we be men of ability, of judgment, sense and
tact ?
Men truly great and wise, and who have heaped
our treasure
By fair and honest means, truly measure for meas-
ure ?

41.

'82 will ne'er have a son whose deeds will cause a
blush,
But everyone'll be noble and true, in whom the
world will trust ;
So pardon me, O prophet, for taking that place of
thine
And may we remember our motto: *Εὐεργεῖα*
ψυχῆν πλάσσει.



EDITORIAL.

AT 8 o'clock in the evening, June 26th, the First Reformed church was filled with an appreciative audience which had assembled to listen to the contestants on the Junior and Sophomore stage. The music was furnished by Austin's orchestra, and every one consequently looked for a great treat ; but many expressions of disappointment were heard. The band, shut off in the consistory room

could not be heard with sufficient clearness, and the playing was not what was expected of so well known a company.

The under-classmen had followed the example of the Seniors in requesting that no flowers should be sent; and although the absence of these tokens detracted from the beauty and liveliness of the scene, yet the unusual quiet and attention made up for that deficiency.

The Sophs spoke first; and Dow Beekman, of Middleburg, opened with an oration on "Three Representative Americans." His three were Clay, Webster and Sumner. His composition was good and his delivery very fair. The most marked defects were a weakness of voice which rendered him rather indistinct at times, and the too free use of his head and face. We think he well deserved the second prize which was awarded him, although dissatisfaction was expressed by some that it was not conferred on Mr. Robt. R. Benedict of Canandaigua, the next speaker. The latter's subject was "Give the Chinese a chance," and he treated it with great power. His faults consisted in a few imperfections in the delivery, although this was marked by much grace and elegance. Mr. Benedict possesses a fine voice for an orator, but did not bring it out sufficiently. He did not show quite enough spirit for his theme and his voice therefore frequently sank too low. His manner at times was rather affected and he also moved his face too much.

Mr. Cornelius E. Franklin, of Albany, fairly won his first prize by one of the ablest efforts of the evening. His speech on "Modern Martyrs" was excellently composed, and contained some very eloquent passages, as for instance where he spoke of Lincoln and Garfield. His voice was strong and clear, and his modulation and emphasis very good, indeed. His carriage was rather awkward on first coming upon the stage, and this was his only bad defect.

The last of the Sophomore speakers, Mr. Jas. G. Green, of Clyde, spoke on "The Fate of Liberty." Mr. Green handled so trite a subject in too old-fashioned a manner to awaken much interest, and his voice was too low for good hearing. The speech wanted fire and he was obliged to keep a monotonous tone throughout. His composition was very good.

Mr. Dan. M. Countermine, of Schenectady, led for the Juniors on "Hope." This was a very good essay, but contained little of the fire of oratory, and was too tame and slow throughout.

Mr. Richard W. Dent, of Schenectady, had a remarkably well-written oration on "Our Country Free," but like several others, it was too trite a theme to arouse any great enthusiasm in speaker or audience, and thus lacked spirit. Mr. Dent's enunciation was excellent. He received the second prize.

Mr. A. T. C. Hamlin, of Winona, Minn., spoke on "Irish Rebellions," and made, what we regarded, the

ablest effort of the evening. His composition was exceedingly powerful, he displayed great oratorical fire and force without ranting, his enunciation was clear, his emphasis excellent, and his manner graceful. We did not at all agree with his sentiments and think these must have acted to his prejudice with the judges, for in no other way can we explain his not getting even the second prize.

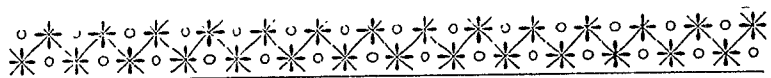
Mr. John R. Harding, of Washington, N. C., dealt with "The Colonization of the Colored People in Siberia" and treated the subject with much spirit, in fact he showed too much; for he was very forcible at some unimportant periods, and ranted at most of his strong points. His voice was clear and strong; and altogether his fiery utterance and spirited manner formed a pleasing contrast to the tameness of many of the others. He received the first Junior prize.

The last Junior orator was Mr. William O. Lewis, of Delhi. His speech was on the "Slander of Public Men." Mr. Lewis spoke too low for us to catch many of his words, and the whole speech was too slow, tame and indistinctly enunciated to attract attention. Mr. Lewis, however, is a good writer and we doubt not his composition was very fine.

DAMOCLES.

IN the natural order of things it now comes our turn to lay down the editorial pen and hand over the CON-

CORDIENSIS to our successors, but before doing so we desire to thank the Faculty, the students, our subscribers and all others who have in any way aided the CONCORDIENSIS during the past year. We have strived to make the CONCORDIENSIS what we consider it should be, not a paper filled with abstract metaphysical discussions, but a college newspaper. We have had some success, financially our success is due to the business management of Mr. Bridge, who has given much time and labor to the paper. With this short farewell we hand the CONCORDIENSIS, together with our blessing, to our successors, whom we should be glad to name, but as they are not all elected this is impossible.



COMMENCEMENT.

The commencement week this year was favored by a pleasant, mild temperature, while the attendance has never been better.

The exercises took place on Wednesday at 10 A. M. in the First Reformed church. That beautiful edifice, as usual to such occasions, was thronged by an audience from far and near, who felt a lively interest in the proceedings. The procession of president, faculty, trustees and students marched in the church to the music of Austin's military band—the members of which were in full uniform.

On the platform were seated President Potter, in his robes of office, the faculty and trustees of the college, and several guests of scholastic and other eminence.

The proceedings opened with introductory music by the band, which was stationed in the chapel of the church just adjoining, and diversified the exercises by other odes occasionally given, and invariably to excellent effect.

The 117th Psalm, to the tune of "Old Hundred," was sung by the assembly standing.

Prayer was then offered by Rev. Dr. Wortman, of Fort Plain, who asked the divine blessing upon the officers of the college and the graduating class. He closed with repeating the Lord's prayer, in which many joined.

President Potter, in respective order as printed on the programme, announced as follows:

Salutatory by William A. Waddell, of White Lake.

John M. Adair, of Ox Bow—"Relations of Great Men to Society."

Luther R. Hargrave, Madrid—"The Land Question in Ireland."

Herbert C. Hinds, East Greenwich—"The Historic Sense."

Ephraim C. Murray, Edisto Island, S. C., "Robert E. Lee."

William J. Pollard, Seneca Falls—"The rise of Islam."

Joseph E. Ransdell, Alexandria, La—"The new South."

Schureman H. Watkins, New York city—"Our Country's Claims upon her Scholars."

Edward C. Whitmeyer, Schenectady—"The Principles of the Left Centre."

Arthur S. Wright, Worcester—"The Mormon Problem."

This closed the orations at 12 M.; many of them having been received with liberal applause from the audience.

The following are the essayists of the class:

Albert E. Carmichael, South Sandlake.

John G. Peoli, Havana, Cuba.

G. Alfred Codwise, Grantville, Mass.

Walter H. Phyfe, Delhi.

Louis A. Coffeen, Potsdam.

Henry R. Pierson, Jr., Albany.

John J. Drowne, Jr., Plattsburgh.

Albert Pratt, Fort Edward.

Thomas D. Elder, Patersonville.

William B. Reed, Scotch Plains, N. J.

James R. Fairgrieve, Schenectady, Charles Temple, Schenectady.

Charles E. Fay, Northampton.

Edward Thomson, Jr., Johnsburgh.

Davidson S. Flower, Alexandria, La.

Wilson H. Van Buren, Mount Vision.

Edmund E. Ford, Schenectady.

Frederick D. Van Wagenen, Fulton.

Elijah W. Greene, New Lebanon.

Elmer B. Waller, Seneca Falls.

Sheldon Griswold, Delhi.

Edward F. Walsh, Schenectady.

William M. Lewin, Upper Marlboro, Md.

Bayard Whitehorne, Schenectady.
Alfred A. McMurray, Lansing-
burgh.

Frank H. Wright, Boggy Depot,
Ind. Ter.

Edmund R. Youmans, Columbia,
S. C.

The Chancellor's address was then
given by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Little-
john, of Brooklyn.

The conferring of degrees then
followed, and in the order named :

LL.D.—Chester A. Arthur, pres-
ident of the United States; Rev.
Wm. A. V. V. Mabon, D.D., profes-
sor of theology in the New Bruns-
wick, N. J., seminary of the Re-
formed church of America.

D.D.—Revs. John R. Paxton,
Henry G. Sitterlee, New York city;
Rev. J. D. Hammond.

Ph. D.—Lewis Balch, M. D., Wil-
lis G. Tucker, M. D., Albert Vande-
veer, M. D., Samuel B. Ward, M.
D., all of Albany.

A. M.—Rev. William H. Hughes,
Schenectady.

A. B.—Jarvis L. Carter, New York.

THE PRIZES.

✓ Warner prize, for highest standing
and best moral deportment—Schure-
man H. Watkins, New York city.

Ingham essay prize—Charles Tem-
ple, Schenectady; honorable men-
tion, Joseph E. Ransdell, Alexan-
dria, La.

Oratorical prizes—Junior: 1st,
John R. Harding; 2d, Richard W.
Dent. Sophomores: 1st, Cornelius
Franklin; 2d, Dow Beekman.

Wolfe prizes in history—G. A. P.

Codwise, Jr., highest grade; Elijah
W. Greene, best essay.

Allen essay Prizes—1st, Chas.
Temple; 2d, James R. Fairgrieve;
3d, Wilson H. Van Buren.

Blatchford oratorical medals—1st,
Joseph E. Ransdell; 2d, Edward C.
Whitmeyer.

The exercises closed with the sing-
ing by the class and audience stand-
ing, "The song to Old Union:"

Let the Grecian dream of his sacred stream and
sing of the brave adorning
That Phoebus weaves from his laurel-leaves at the
golden gates of morning;
But the brook that bounds through Union's grounds
gleams bright as the Delphic water,
And a prize as fair as a god may wear is a dip
from our Alma Mater.

Chorus—Then here's to thee, the brave and free,
Old Union smiling o'er us;
And for many a day, as thy walls grow
gray,
May they ring with thy children's
chorus.



OBITUARY.

Again death has entered into our
midst, this time depriving the grad-
uating class of one of its members.
On the afternoon of June 23, Albert
E. Carmichael, of the Senior class
and Geo. W. Sherwood, of the Junior
class, decided to take a swim in the
Mohawk. Neither were expert swim-
mers and it is supposed that Car-
michael was seized with a cramp, for
he sank, rose to the surface and sank
again, before his friend, who did all
in his power to reach him, was able

to do so. The deceased was twenty-two years of age and has since been graduated with his class. He had been announced as one of the speakers before the Adelpic literary society for the very evening of his death—the exercises to be held in the college chapel. His sudden and tragic death cast a gloom over the class and the closing exercises of the college. A. E. Carmichael was the third in point of age of five brothers. The family home is at Sandlake, a short distance north of Troy, but he had resided for the past three years with his brother, B. F. Carmichael, the dentist, while receiving his collegiate instruction. He was a candidate for the degree of A. B. and also of C. E. was a member of the Delta Upsilon Fraternity and the Adelpic literary society. (By a vote of the Senior class, all class festivities including the class-day exercises and Commencement ball were omitted as a mark of respect to one who was universally loved and respected. The funeral services were held in the First Reformed church at 10 o'clock on Monday, the 26th, at which time the chapel was filled to overflowing. The Senior members of the Delta Upsilon Fraternity acted as pallbearers. The Senior class attended the funeral in a body. Most of the other students of the college were also present, as well as many members of the faculty. The funeral services were conducted by President Potter and Rev. Prof. Lawrence; each of whom read appropriate selections of scripture. Dr. Potter spoke

at some length of the lessons conveyed of the shortness of life, and of the blissful hopes of immortality. Closing prayers for the dead were made by Prof. Lawrence. An opportunity of viewing the remains was then given. Three choice floral tributes rested on the lid of the casket, which latter was suitably inscribed by a silver plate containing the name and age of the deceased. The remains were removed to the depot, and from thence taken to Sandlake, Rensselaer county, for interment. The coroner's inquest was held Monday afternoon at which time the following verdict was rendered: That the said Albert E. Carmichael came to his death by accidental drowning in the Mohawk river, near Sanders Island, while bathing, on the 23d day of June, 1882. A memorial service was held in the 1st Reformed church the afternoon of June 27, in place of the regular class-day exercises. The service was well attended. Professor Staley presided. A dirge by Austin's band was given. Before the close of the service the same band played with good effect the hymn "Nearer my God to Thee." An opening prayer was made by the Rev. Mr. Hoyt, of Ballston Centre. Professor Coppee then read a brief letter from President Potter, stating his inability to be present owing to other duties and his regret for the fact. An address of twenty minutes' duration was then made by Rev. Wm. Elliot Griffis, pastor of the church, which did full justice to the

solemn occasion. Sets of resolutions were presented, which areas follows:

At a meeting of the class of '82, called to take appropriate action concerning the death of our classmate Albert E. Carmichael, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Death, sudden and terrible, has, upon the eve of graduation, removed from us one whom four years of intimate association has endeared to us, therefore be it

Resolved, That we deeply mourn the loss of one who was ever a diligent student, a firm friend and a faithful member of the class.

Resolved, That all class festivities be omitted and that we wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That we tender to the friends of our departed brother our heartfelt sympathies. And be it further

Resolved, That these resolutions be published and copies be sent to the family.

F. D. VAN WAGENEN,
A. S. WRIGHT,
H. C. HINDS,
S. M. Griswold.
A. A. McMURRAY,

Committee.

Union College, June 24, 1882.

At a special meeting of the Delta Upsilon society, held at their rooms Saturday, June 24, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has seemed good to

an all-wise Providence that the angel of death should again visit us bringing a summons, startling in its abruptness, appalling in its season.

WHEREAS, It is but proper that we, in the grief and sorrow felt by us as individuals, should as a body render testimonials, humble though it may be, to the worth and character of our brother, therefore have we

Resolved, That in the death of Albert E. Carmichael, we recognize the loss of a true friend, bound to us by the many ties of a college career so nearly completed, endeared to us by lofty traits of character, generous impulses and the soundest principles; and further, have we

Resolved, That we extend our sincere sympathies to the relatives of our late brother in their sudden and terrible affliction, and also be it

Resolved, That we assume appropriate symbols of mourning for 30 days, that we attend the funeral in a body, that these resolutions be published and that copies be sent to the family of the deceased.

R. LANDON,
J. R. FAIRGRIEVE,
F. D. VAN WAGENEN.
Committee.

UNION COLLEGE, June 24, '82.

Resolutions adopted by the Adelpic Literary Society:

WHEREAS, Upon the eve of the Commencement exercises of our society, under circumstances peculiarly sad, death has taken our brother and

Valedictorian, Albert E. Carmichael,
be it

Resolved, That in him we lose one whose strict attention to duty, courteous demeanor and kindly disposition we shall ever remember.

Feeling that the death of one so loved by college associates must bring deepest grief to the hearts of his relatives, we tender them our earnest sympathy; and be it further

Resolved, That copies of the above be sent to his family, his college fraternity and the press.

A. S. WRIGHT,
J. M. ADAIR,
W. A. WADDELL.

Committee.)



ATHLETIC.

THE WESTERN TRIP.

On May 18th Union met Cornell on her own grounds. About 300 people were present. Our men won the toss and sent the home team to bat. The ground was very rough and was the cause of many errors. Victory seemed within our grasps and it was only by a costly error that the Cornellians carried the day. The following is the score:

CORNELL.

	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Woodward, 2d b,	0	1	1	3	4	3
Anderson, lf.,	0	0	0	2	1	1
Hall, cf.,	2	0	0	3	1	1
Halderman, ss.,	0	1	1	2	1	0
Chase, 1st b.,	2	0	0	8	0	0

Humphries, c.,	5	3	3	5	1	0
Avery, p.,	1	2	3	2	3	2
Cole, 3d b.,	1	2	2	1	4	2
Oline, rf.,	0	0	0	1	0	1
Total, - -	11	9	10	27	15	10

UNION.

	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
McElwain, cf.,	0	1	1	1	0	0
McCauley, c.,	1	2	2	8	3	2
Naylon, 1st b.,	1	2	2	6	0	1
Anable, p.,	2	1	2	3	10	1
Flower, rf.,	2	2	2	0	0	0
Fairgrieve, lf.,	2	1	1	1	0	1
McMurray, ss.,	1	1	1	2	2	2
Stanton, 3d b.,	0	1	1	2	0	2
Ford, 2d b.,	1	1	1	4	1	0
Total, - -	10	12	13	27	16	9

Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Cornell,	1	2	2	0	1	0	2	0	3—11
Union,	0	4	0	0	2	2	0	1	0—10

On the following day Union played Hobart, at Geneva. This proved our first victory and Hobart received an overwhelming defeat. As Hobart had defeated Cornell thirteen consecutive times, the Hobart men expected no difficulty in laying the Union men out. Following is the score:

UNION.

	R.	IB.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
McElwain, cf.,	1	0	0	0	0	0
McCauley, c.,	1	1	1	9	2	1
Naylon, 1st b.,	1	1	1	9	0	1
Anable, p.,	0	0	0	1	10	0
Fairgrieve, lf.,	1	0	0	3	0	0
Jarvis, rf.,	0	0	0	1	0	0
McMurray, ss.,	1	0	0	0	2	0
Stanton, 3d b.,	1	2	2	2	1	0
Ford, 2d b.,	1	1	1	2	1	1
Total, - -	7	5	5	27	16	3

HOBART.

	R.	IB.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Ayrault, 2d b.,	1	0	0	2	0	0
Bowman, ss.,	0	0	0	2	0	3
Prince, 1st b.,	0	1	1	7	0	3
E. P. Mullett, p.,	0	1	1	2	5	0
Tuttle, c.,	0	0	0	6	0	4
Van Rensselaer, 3d b.,	0	0	0	1	3	1
Murray, lf.,	0	1	1	1	1	2
Hinsdale, cf.,	0	0	0	3	1	0
J. B. Mullett, rf.,	0	0	0	0	0	0
Total, - -	1	3	3	24	10	13

By innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Union,	0	0	1	1	0	1	3	1	*—7
Hobart,	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0—1

Time of game—1 hour 45 minutes.

NOTES.

—Stanton led at the bat, making two base hits at critical moments.

—The Hobarts were out-batted, out-fielded and out-played at every point. Why Union did not beat Cornell is an enigma to Hobart.

—In the seventh inning Hobart had three men on bases and no men out. McCauley purposely dropped the 3d strike, touched the home plate, threw a man out at third, third baseman threw the ball to first, putting out the striker and completing the triplet.

In spite of the hard work of the two preceeding days, Union had the temerity to play the Syracuse Stars. The Stars contain four professional players and the efforts of Union were to keep down the score. At the end of the game it was found that they had kept the Stars down one run too much. Following is the score :

UNION COLLEGE.

	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
McElwain, cf.,	1	1	1	1	0	0
McCauley, c.,	1	2	3	8	5	2
Naylon, 1st b.,	1	1	1	12	0	2
Anable, p.,	1	2	2	1	12	2
Fairgrieve, lf.,	0	1	1	2	0	0
Jarvis, rf.	0	0	0	0	0	0
McMurray, ss.	1	1	1	0	0	0
Stanton, 3d b.,	0	0	0	1	2	1
Ford, 2d b.,	0	0	0	2	0	2
Total, - -	5	8	9	27	19	9

STARS.

	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Chester, 2d b.,	0	2	2	3	1	1
Casey, 3d b.,	0	1	1	4	1	0
Geer, lf.,	1	1	1	6	0	1
Seymour, ss.,	0	1	1	0	1	1
Dickinson, rf.,	1	2	2	0	0	1
Humphries, c.,	1	1	1	9	2	2
Chase, p.,	0	0	0	3	5	1
Forbes, lf.,	1	2	5	2	0	0
Brown, cf.,	0	0	0	0	0	0
Total, - -	4	10	13	27	10	7

The Union college nine met the Stars of Fort Edward on the latter's grounds, Saturday, May 27, and while they expected to win, they found the Stars a stronger nine than ever before, and by no means an easy nine to defeat. The following is the score :

STARS.

	R.	IB.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Total, - -	4	4	4	24	15	5

UNION.

	R.	IB.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Total, - -	6	6	6	27	18	7

According to agreement the Stars were to play a return game, but on account of rain the game was postponed and played at Fort Edward June 10th. The Fort Edward men were confident of winning and backed their opinion \$200 worth. Their only run was gained by a wild throw. The Fort Edward men now allow that the Union nine can play ball. Anable's pitching was excellent. Following is the score :

STARS.

	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Total, - .	1	0	0	24	12	5

UNION.

	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Total, - -	6	7	9	27	18	3

On the afternoon of Decoration day the nine played Williams on the campus. Partly on account of the day and partly from the expectation of a close game a larger crowd than had ever assembled to witness a base ball contest in this place was in attendance. The gate receipts amounted to over \$100. The game was called at 2:40 o'clock, Union winning the toss and taking the field. From the first the result became apparent and our nine not being obliged to exert themselves, did not play as well as in their previous games. Score :

UNION COLLEGE.

	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Total, - -	13	7	27	20	4

WILLIAMS COLLEGE.

	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Total, - -	5	7	24	24	11

The Union nine met a professional nine in the Troys, whom they played June 13th, in the presence of about 600 people, a large number being ladies. McCauley caught a fine game for Union and Flower did some pretty work in right field. McElwain made a difficult catch in centre. While Union played a strong game we believe they can and would have done better had they not been nervous, evidently thinking they had a big job on hand. The score :

UNION COLLEGE.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Total, - -	31	2	3	27	16	7

TROY.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Total, - -	37	3	8	27	23	4

The game between the Atlantics of Brooklyn and Union college nine, announced for Monday afternoon, the 19th, was postponed because of the rain until Tuesday, when several hundred people assembled to witness the game. The Atlantics won the toss and went to the field. In the first inning the college boys scored three runs by hard hitting and errors of the short stop. In this inning also, the Atlantics made one run, one of their men succeeding in reach-

According to agreement the Stars were to play a return game, but on account of rain the game was postponed and played at Fort Edward June 10th. The Fort Edward men were confident of winning and backed their opinion \$200 worth. Their only run was gained by a wild throw. The Fort Edward men now allow that the Union nine can play ball. Anable's pitching was excellent. Following is the score:

STARS.

	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Total,	-	.	I	O	O	24 12 5

UNION.

	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Total,	-	-	6	7	9	27 18 3

On the afternoon of Decoration day the nine played Williams on the campus. Partly on account of the day and partly from the expectation of a close game a larger crowd than had ever assembled to witness a base ball contest in this place was in attendance. The gate receipts amounted to over \$100. The game was called at 2:40 o'clock, Union winning the toss and taking the field. From the first the result became apparent and our nine not being obliged to exert themselves, did not play as well as in their previous games. Score:

UNION COLLEGE.

	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Total,	-	-	13	7	27 20 4

WILLIAMS COLLEGE.

	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Total,	-	-	5	7	24 24 11

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UNION COLLEGE.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Total,	-	-	31	2	3	27 16 7

TROY.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Total,	-	-	37	3	8	27 23 4

The game between the Atlantics of Brooklyn and Union college nine, announced for Monday afternoon, the 19th, was postponed because of the rain until Tuesday, when several hundred people assembled to witness the game. The Atlantics won the toss and went to the field. In the first inning the college boys scored three runs by hard hitting and errors of the short stop. In this inning also, the Atlantics made one run, one of their men succeeding in reach-

ing third base, when he came home on a passed ball. The remainder of the game was characterized by nothing except the hard hitting of the Union and the general looseness with which both sides played. The Atlantics could not hit Anable. McCauley and Naylon each made a two-base hit and Spencer made two-two-base hits for the visiting nine. Fairgrieve made some beautiful plays in the left field. Neither side were pleased with some of the decisions of the umpire, but it is due him to say that many of the plays were so close as to make it impossible to render universally satisfactory decisions. The following is the score :

ATLANTICS.

	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Total, - -	6	5	7	27	19	6

UNION.

	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Total, - -	7	12	14	27	16	6

THE YATES CUP.

Owing to the engagements of the University nine, the class championship was decided by games between the Juniors and Sophs, and Sophs vs. Freshmen. In the former the Juniors received an overwhelming defeat and in the latter the Sophs were as overwhelmingly defeated by the Freshmen, leaving the latter in possession of the cup.

LEGAL.

—The class of '82 has contained fifty-five members; it graduated thirty-seven and is the first class for many years in which no student in a regular course was "left" on graduating.

—The class has given eight editors to the CONCORDIENSIS—Messrs. Lewin and Hargrave, Sophomore year; Ford, Temple and D. S. Wright, Junior year, and the present Senior editors this year.

—The Junior class have elected Messrs Zellas Clark, Geo. E. Fisher and John Higson, as editors, Mr. Hamlin having been elected for two years, remains as a Senior editor.

—If any who have subscribed for this number fail to receive it they will please notify the editor with whom they left their order.

—At the adjourned meeting of the board of trustees, held in the chapel of the First Presbyterian church, June 28, the faculty who were opposed to the president were instructed to prepare their charges in legal form and present them before the board of trustees at a meeting to be held in Schenectady, July 19th.

UNION COLLEGE.

SCHENECTADY, June 27, '82.

Beloved Pupils of the Senior Class:

Having, at the earnest request of the family of our deceased brother

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Having, at the earnest request of the family of our deceased brother

in Alma Mater, your lamented classmate, anticipated my part in this memorial service by delivering the address at the funeral yesterday morning before they left the city with his beloved remains, my duty now is simply to convey to you through this communication my heartfelt sympathy and my affectionate aspirations for you one and all. In all life's pilgrimage may you realize that the Almighty God is indeed your refuge, and that underneath and all about you are the everlasting arms of his good providence and love. May you evermore have an abundant entrance through our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ into his upper and better and eternal kingdom.

Faithfully your friend,

ELIPHALET NOTT POTTER,
President.

IN MEMORY.

On Monday morning, his eighth year hardly completed, entered into Paradise, Russell, youngest and only surviving son of Hon. Samuel T. and Julia Jackson Benedict. Today, with sorrow as for the loss of our own, we carried his tender form to our God's-acre and laid it, as he asked one day that he might lie, close beside his little brother, who died three years ago.

The College Campus and the Garden where he loved to play and which now seem to have enclosed all his little life, he has left them only to gather fairer flowers and

walk by brighter waters, with the kindred gone before.

Dear little Russell! Everybody loved him with an uncommon love. His manliness, generosity, tenderness and intelligence gave assurance of a noble future for earth; and the prayer which his sweet lips said every night,

"I give my soul to Christ forever,"

has its richer fruition where Jesus said, "Their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven."

Union College, July 5, 1882.

PRESIDENT E. N. POTTER:—

My Dear Sir:—The President has deferred answering your telegram of the first instant in the hope that he might be able to send you a definite acceptance of your kind invitation to be present at the college during Commencement week. He now finds much to his regret that owing to the late adjournment of Congress and the unusual press of official business at this time, it is extremely doubtful his being able to attend. It is hardly necessary for me to assure you of his deep personal concern in the welfare and usefulness of the college and of his warm appreciation of the kindly interest you have evinced in his behalf.

Very truly yours,

FRED J. PHILLIPS,
Private Secretary.

Executive Mansion, {
WASHINGTON. }