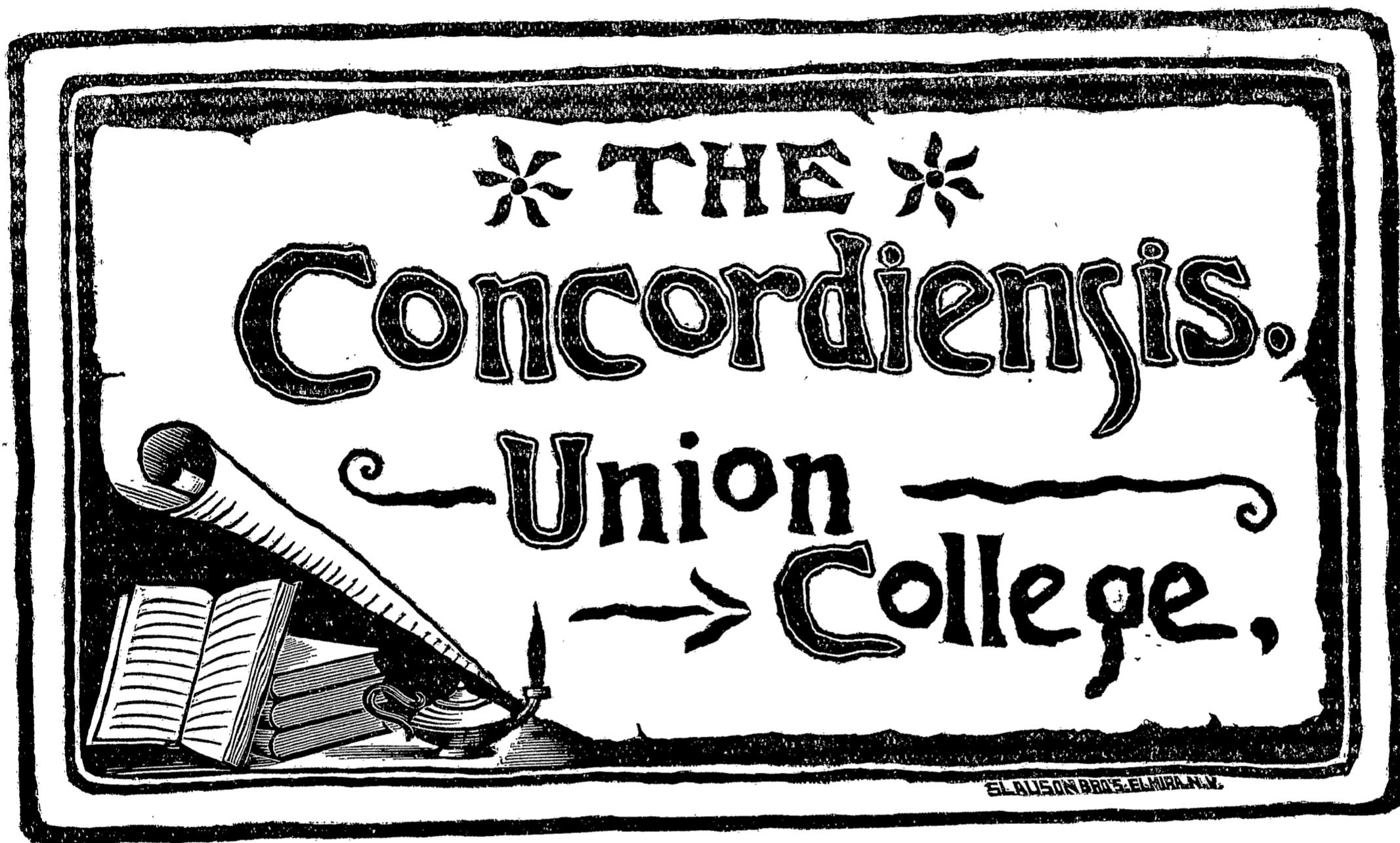




COMMENCEMENT NUMBER.



SCHENECTADY, N. Y.



CONTENTS

| | | | | |
|---|-------------|---------------------------|---------|-----|
| LITERARY— | | Class Poem—J. L. Simpson, | - - - | 157 |
| Baccalaureate Sermon—Dr. Tunis S. Hamlin, | - - - - 144 | EDITORIAL, | - - - - | 137 |
| Pleasant Memories and Vain Regrets—Ward McLean, | - - - - 148 | Salutatory, | - - - - | 159 |
| Class Address—Leroy L. Cameron, | - - - - 149 | Commencement, | - - - - | 159 |
| Class Prophecy—Ed. S. Hunsicker, | - - - - 150 | The Gravel Walks, | - - - - | 159 |
| Ivy Poem—J. L. Simpson, | - - - - 152 | Additions to the Faculty, | - - - - | 159 |
| Class Oration—Decline of Art—J. H. Hanson, | - - - - 153 | The Chancellor's Address, | - - - - | 160 |
| Class History—Michael Nolan, Jr., | - - - - 154 | Blatchford Prize, | - - - - | 160 |
| | | LOCAL— | | |
| | | The Commencement, | - - - - | 160 |
| | | NECROLOGY, | - - - - | 162 |

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THE CONCORDIENSIS.

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No. 9.

BACCALAUREATE.

STEWARDSHIP OF ONE'S SELF.

The design of this parable is to show that the smallness of an endowment does not excuse one for neglecting to improve it. The one talent man, as well as the five talent, received a trust proportionate to his ability. He did not have as much capital, but he was not capable of handling as much. Nor was he required to produce as much. A return upon *one* talent was all that was asked of him. He was condemned, not because he failed to hand back ten, or four, but *two*. Or, rather, because he failed to hand back *any* interest, or proceeds whatever. He would not have been held to the same *rate of increase* as his fellow-stewards, for a small capital cannot command the same opportunities as a large. Men buy real estate in a growing part of a city, hold it five or ten years and make a fortune; and the world praises their foresight and shrewdness; it may be justly, tho' their neighbors were quite as wise, lacking only the capital with which to buy and hold. "The rich man's *wealth* is his strong city," but "the destruction of the poor is their poverty." They must buy flour by the pound, coal by the bushel, clothing on credit, all at the highest price and on the hardest terms. Still the duties of prudence and economy rest upon the poor as heavily as upon the rich; as heavily, not more so, tho' we are always talking economy to the poor and liberality to the rich. Both are alike stewards, and "it is required in stewards that a man be found faithful." Not that the steward on daily wages do what the steward should who has five million dollars, or half a million, or a quarter, but that each be conscientious in using what he has. "Unto whomsoever much is given of him shall much be required"; this our Lord says will be his standard of judgment at

the last; and he says we recognize the propriety of it universally; "to whom *men* have committed much, of him they will ask the more." "If there be first a willing mind," not to give only, but to accept our stewardships and live accordingly, then "it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not." This obviously just principle pervades the entire divine government. When it is asked to sum up the law of God, this is his answer: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all *thy* soul, and with all *thy* mind, and with all *thy* strength." You and I are not expected to love with the powers of a Paul, or a John, a Luther or a Milton, but with *all* our own powers. The child's unintelligent, clinging affection is quite as precious to us as the wiser and more critical affection of maturity. And on the other hand it is harder to find the child cold and distant than to find the man so. We expect from each what each is adapted to give; and the shock is quite as great to miss simple confidence on the one hand as deliberate regard on the other. So God will have from each of us *all* the love *our* hearts can give; but he will never blame us, much less condemn us, because our natural capacity for love is small. That capacity is *his gift*; the full use of it is *our stewardship*; and for this only can we be held responsible. To have five talents or one talent is not our concern; but only to improve what we have from God's hand.

Now there are three standards of use set forth in the parable. The first is simply not to destroy or waste; to be able to say, when an accounting is required: "Lo, here thou hast that is thine." In other words, simply not to be a prodigal. In fact, this is a stage below that of the one-talent servant, for *he* did not take his Lord's money, use it in business, keep all the

profit and hand back the bare talent at last. He returned the identical coin, which had not been touched meanwhile. If he made no profit for his master, he made none for himself. But below this is the absolute waste of what is entrusted to the steward. So the prodigal son spent his substance in riotous living. He very soon had nothing for himself or anyone else. And at the other extreme is the faithful and wise use of one's endowment, which will enable him to say at the last: "Lord, thy five talents have become ten, thy two talents four."

Now it is not of money exclusively, nor indeed especially, that I desire to speak this evening. Stewardship is by no means limited to property. It embraces equally time, opportunity, talent of every sort. If you are a poor man in good health, that health is as much your talent as your rich neighbor's money is his. If you are a person of leisure, time is your particular endowment, and you are bound to ask concerning each hour whether it is put at interest or buried in the earth. If you have learning, the question is at whose service you are holding it, your own, or your Lord's. If you have a voice to sing; a hand to charm music out of keys or strings; an eye to discern beauty and skill to create it; the question of judgment is whether your master and your fellow-men are reaping any benefit from your voice and hand and eye, or whether you feel at liberty to use them entirely for your own pleasure. If you have inherited or acquired refinement, pleasing address, elegant manners, you will be called to say at the last whether you used them simply to make yourself popular, or also to turn that popularity to account for human welfare, getting near men to guide and comfort them, and above all to point them to it. If you have personal beauty, that most transient yet coveted charm, and which wins its way everywhere to human hearts, be sure the Lord will require at last whether you have used it merely to gain admiration and feed yourself on flattery, or to clothe a heart of love, and through your exemplification of Jesus to win men to him. Such things as these are to seldom thought of as "talents" within the meaning of the parable; we too seldom feel that our stewardship touches

them at all. Yet how superior they are to money! How much more evidently "talents" within the Lord's meaning! How much more widely distributed, indeed universally! How much less skill it takes to use them, and reap their benefits! How much more certain the return!

Yet it is a striking comment on the real value of money that we usually think of *it* only in connection with this parable. And even more striking still that when the Lord wished to speak of the whole matter of stewardship, he found no better illustration than the talents. As Solomon had said centuries before, "Money answereth all things." We express *almost* all values in terms of dollars. The worship of money is indeed both vulgar and wicked; but not less so is the contempt of it. It is the world's medium of exchange; the measure wherein, by common consent, we express the estimate in which we hold our choicest treasures. Its acquisition is the master-motive of the world. Those who are indifferent to it for its own sake, want it for what it will do for them, and enable them to do for others. Those who willingly forego its enjoyments and advantages, still are anxious to make provision for their children's having them after they are gone.

Now this very fact of the universal desire for and appreciation of money goes far to secure a right stewardship of it. Carried to an extreme, indeed, it defeats that stewardship, for it makes men misers, refusing to acknowledge that there is any claim upon their property, human or divine, beyond their own. But this side of that extreme it is entirely healthful. It fixes attention upon property. It secures a high estimation of it. It makes the handling of it solemn business, for which even the trivial feel that they must some day render an account. And herein there is a reasonable degree of fidelity in this form of stewardship. We deplore that so many men hold and manage their money selfishly; that so much less is given than the needs of humanity and religion require. We figure out that this cause or that gets only a half cent a year from each man and woman and child. And it is possible in this way to make a very melancholy showing, and conclude everybody

stingy and selfish. But such is not the fact. The cases are legion. They are all supported, most of them liberally. The generous people are numberless. Money flows by into a multitude of treasuries. And there is other stewardship of money than giving it away. Its wise use is as imperative. The good of ourselves and our households must be subserved by it. Look over the world, and you will see a multitude of five and two talent servants who, as far as *money* goes, are laboring conscientiously to get usury for their Lord.

Let us turn now from this to a far wider and more important stewardship—from money to ourselves. The question I raise at this time is not what is our standard of well-doing as to money, but as to *ourselves*. Take the total that makes up our personality, physical, mental, moral, natural endowments and acquired powers. What do we regard as our duty here? How do we feel that we ought to handle ourselves in view of our stewardship from God?

The three standards still prevail, waste, retention, improvement. How many of us are wasting ourselves; not our money, but *ourselves*. The beautiful innocence of childhood is gone. We say, and truly enough, that it is impossible to keep it intact amid the struggles and temptations of life. But there is surely no need to throw it away. We are not compelled to rub the bloom of the peach violently, even though handling must needs somewhat impair it. We are not bound to blunt the sensibility of youth by wanton indulgence in impure speech, unclean reading, salacious thoughts. We may not be able to guard the heart against all intrusion, but we need not throw open every door and let unclean beasts riot within. Yet how commonly we do just that. And when the Lord comes and requires this talent of positive purity, it is gone. We not only have failed to improve it; we have squandered it. We are not even able to say: "Lo, here thou hast that is thine."

So of very much else that makes up our original endowment. Take health, for example; a blessing that, as we truly say, we never prize until we have lost it. Of course, we can not always be well. Sickness comes in the order of nature. The bodily powers are not immortal;

they wear out. If nothing fatal overtakes us sooner, we die at last of old age. Yet how few die thus! Omitting all victims of accidents and contagions and epidemics, how few keep their bodily powers as long and as efficient as they might! How few of us here this morning, should the Lord come and ask an account of our physical endowment, would be able even to say, "Lo, here thou hast that is thine." We have wasted our bodies. We have squandered health. We have been self-indulgent in food and drink, in sleep and labor and pleasure. We are not the men and women physically that we ought to be at our age. We have not the substratum of bodily vigor on which all our other activity and usefulness are conditioned. We may have been economical of our money, but we have been prodigal of our bodies.

So, too, of our mental powers. God gave us strong minds; one fine logical accumen, another brilliant imagination, another accurate taste. We have fed our minds on garbage, not to say on poison. Their nerve is gone. Their muscle is flabby. The work we ask of them they can not do. We complain that we do not perceive the great truths of God as they are presented to us; that we *can not* believe this or that. It is true we can not; not because of any innate defect, however, but because we have wasted our powers. We have so long indulged our minds with the trivial that they have lost aptitude for the momentous. We have kept them laughing so persistently that now nothing looks serious. Should the master require an accounting, we would have to say: "There is no interest, and our capital is largely gone."

So just once more of the centre of personalty, *the will*. What a majestic power this is, as God bestows it! What steam is to the locomotive; what the rudder is to the ship; what the sun is to the solar system; all this, and more, the will is to the man. Kept, trained, nurtured, developed, it makes one easily master of himself and largely master of his environment; frittered away, it leaves one a chip on the ocean's tides. And it is so easily wasted! as easily as health, as easily as money! Allow yourself to go on undecided, letting the will have the poise. Indulge yourself in fickleness, never

really knowing what you want, nor why, and how soon you'll be "a reed shaken by the wind!" "I can't reform," says the drunkard; true; he has squandered his will. "I can't work," says the vagabond; true again; the bones and sinews are all sound, but the motive power, the will has been all wasted. "I can't accept it," says the dying sinner who has just been tenderly pointed to the waiting Saviour. Alas! true once more; the emotions are painfully stirred; the mind clearly perceives the need of the supply, but the will is gone; there is not enough power to left to stretch out the hand for the pardon Jesus offers. And the man who has been prodigal of this rarest treasure of his being stands at last amid heaven's bounties. This it is to *waste ourselves*.

Now we must not fail to note that here the middle course can not be taken. As to *ourselves*, simple retention is impossible. There is either advance or retrogression. Our money we may lay away, or bury in the ground, and years afterward recover it unchanged. But *we* are changing daily. We are either better or worse than we were a year ago, or ten years. Our bodies are less efficient vehicles for our souls, or more efficient. Our minds are less capable of grasping great truths, or more capable. Our wills are weaker or stronger. We *can not* remain stationery. The plant is either growing or dying: and so are we. No matter when we are called to account, we can never say *of ourselves*, "I return just what was entrusted to me; I have neither made nor lost; lo, here thou hast that is thine."

Yet this is precisely what those are expecting to do who deny all stewardship of themselves as they do all need of Christ, and, "Well, I have not wasted my powers or my opportunities; I have never been a prodigal; my original endowment is intact; if I have no investment to present to the Lord, I have no loss to lament; I have never made any claim to be more faithful than others; I have never chosen Jesus as my Lord; but I have tried to do about right as a man among men, and I think I can face the judgment undismayed."

Ah, beloved, but where is your increase? Where the usury of *yourself*? Has the Master

no right to require this? If you *could* return yourself to him just as you came forth, would that be enough? If you *could* produce yourself at the accounting as the servant in the parable did the buried coin, could it accept just that? Would *you* in similar circumstances? With all the money and labor and care you are spending upon your child, would you be satisfied if at 20 years of age he remained just what he was at six? Haven't you a *right* to interest on your investment? And has not God the same right? Is there anything that will satisfy your conscience except ten talents in place of five, four in place of two?

And how strange that we should confess this obligation in everything else more readily than in religion! We would not ask a friend even to loan us his money without interest. We are uneasy if a day passes in which we are not learning something. We take ourselves to task if we squander a dollar, or an hour; if we allow one garment to be moth eaten, one loaf of bread to mold. Yet in religion, if we are not actual spendthrifts we are content. If we have not utterly thrown away our spiritual inheritance we go on unconcerned. Remember, the servant who could say *what we can not*, "Lo, here thou hast what is thine," was cast into the outer darkness. Only those who presented their capital with interest entered into the joy of their Lord.

Young gentlemen of the graduating class: Whatever other thought you may have about the education you have been acquiring in your four years here at college, I beg you not to forget, in relation to it, your stewardship toward God. You have been preparing yourselves for life work; and amid the sorrows of parting and the joys of a period of labor well finished, this joy is supreme, that you have to-night certain tangible, valuable, conscious acquisitions. You are looking forward to using them in the task of making for yourselves a place and a name in the world. You are happy to-night in having this equipment for making money in business, or for pursuing your profession. With the beautiful and noble enthusiasm of youth, you are thinking what an impression your education will enable you to make upon your generation. All this is

well. I only entreat you to add to it the thought of your stewardship toward God. And stewardship not of your education alone or chiefly, but of yourselves; of that manhood in which your education is a large, though by no means, the only factor. That you have been through college may give you a temporary and factitious importance in the eyes of some people; but you will soon learn, if you do not know already, that it can never insure success in life. It gives you, indeed, a great advantage; not the advantage of having a little more knowledge of language and science and mathematics than the the majority of your fellow-men possess; this counts for little; but the advantage of having trained minds and disciplined wills; of being able to *command* your powers and put them to such service as you choose. You have a stronger and nobler *manhood*, if you have been faithful in your college course, than you could have had otherwise. And this is the real, I might almost say, the *only* real thing. This, rightly used, means success. You ought to make more money than others. You ought to reap larger rewards in medicine, at the bar, upon the press, in public life. You ought to be more influential and honored ministers of religion. You should find more happiness and more prosperity in life because of your four years within the walls of Old Union. You have earned this reward; it is justly yours.

And with it is joined inseparably a more solemn stewardship. You are men of five talents. You have youth, strength, acquirements, and above all a trained manhood. You ought to be in little danger from the grosser vices. It is too shameful that an educated man should be a drunkard or a sensualist. But even you may be self-centred; asking only "How can I coin my manhood into money, or transmit it into pleasure?" To do that is to bury all your five talents deep in the earth. I feel sure you will not do it. I feel sure you will use yourselves generously in the spirit of a broad humanity and a divine love. Then, when the day of accounting comes, you will not say sullenly: "Lo, thou hast thine own," but joyfully, "Behold, I have doubled all my endowment in using it faithfully for thee, my Lord.

REV. TUNIS E. HAMLIN, D. D.

Pleasant Memories and Vain Regrets.

(With Purpose, Precept and Prediction.)

THE SONG OF AN ALUMNUS.

BY WARD MC LEAN, '43.

Tune: "Would I were a Boy Again."

Written when visiting Union Union College at Commencement in '84, and read at a reception given to President Harrison E. Webster at a reception at the Psi Upsilon Club House, in New York, May 18, '89.

Furnished to CONCORDIENSIS by request.

(May the Administration of President Webster inaugurate an era in Undergraduate Life which will illustrate the minimum of occasion for Vain Regret. Then will our Alma Mater truly fulfill her mission, and therefore deserve and enjoy the highest prosperity.—W. McL.)

O, would I could my youth renew,
My college days live o'er again,
My opportunities review,
Recall the scenes, the halls, the men.
Recall the scenes, the halls, the men.
I'd shun a thousand things unwise,
A thousand misspent hours improve;
Those trampled pearls I'd highly prize,
I'd stand for right, and wrong reprove.
O, would I could my youth renew,
My college days live o'er again,
My college days live o'er again.

Could Time's sun-dial backward go,
And I again my life begin,
Knowing life's end as now I know,
How great the prize to lose or win,
How great the prize to lose or win.
I'd yet a thousand joys re-taste,
A thousand sweets of "Old Lang Syne";
But ne'er a precious moment waste,
And every foolish thing resign.
But ne'er a precious moment waste,
And every foolish thing resign,
And every foolish thing resign.

But since the Past cannot return,
Since squandered time 's forever lost,
For its return 'tis vain to yearn,
Or to recover back its cost.
Then wisely I'll the present use,
Improve the time that may remain;
I'll not one jeweled hour abuse;—
So all my future may be gain.
Then wisely I'll the future use,
Improve the time that may remain,
Improve the time that may remain.

"Unto himself" since "no man lives,"
And each his brother's good should seek,
'Gainst force which my example gives,
I fain would have my precept speak,
I fain would have my precept speak.
Let college students then have care

That *foresight* is in exercise ;
 And let them earnestly beware
 Lest *hindsight* have the better eyes.
 O, would I could my youth renew,
 My college days live o'er again,
 My college days live o'er again.

Class Address.

In an emergency, a poet without a theme, a minstrel without a muse, a singer without a song, are no more to be pitied than an addresser without an address. And this evening, friends and classmates, I am a most worthy object of your tenderest sympathies and compassions.

I would be silent to-night had not the occasion *compelled* me to speak, and just as Anthony, who was a "plain, blunt man," but who loved his friend, was so powerfully moved at Cæsar's funeral, so I—without "wit, words or worth, action or utterance"—on a more vivacious occasion, am prompted to show forth something of my feelings. I would that I could turn to you the troubled days of my senior vacation and bid them speak for me. They would put a tongue in every one of those thousand fruitless efforts of mine to write an address that would enliven up your spirits and move even the disordered cobble stones of this ancient city, to give place for an asphalt pavement.

The cruel hand of time presses heavily on us at this commencement day. With saddened heart and tearful eye we receive the unwelcome summons that bids us from a happy life to a world of care. For four years, with common interests, disappointments and pleasures we have shared each other's lives, and while the spirit of "the past will live around us," in the future still the reality of those happy days of association and intimacy is fled and gone forever. We will often long to hear Old Union's halls once more ringing with our cheerful songs, and to see her grey walls once more vibrating with our lively fun. But for us they are ever silent; graver sounds and sterner sights await us in the stormy, troubled world. Those strong bands that have bound our little fleet so closely together while in this peaceful harbor of training and discipline, must now be loosed, and each of

us must brave life's high seas of usefulness and activity—alone.

The parting is indeed with sorrow, and yet the conditions under which we separate are most cheerful. Unlike the launching of frail ships on the perilous ocean, our departure on the tempest-tossed sea of life is with preparation and equipment, and like mighty ocean vessels with tried rudders and perfect helms, we take up our life's journey with the full assurance that with the engineering arm and watchful eye we will gain our desired port in safety.

But we are not now to rest upon our oars while waiting for the approaching storms. This hour is determining our future course in life and establishing our eternal destiny. It is an hour for which we have long been working, instructors striving, parents praying. An hour full of hopes, rich in prospects, abundant in opportunities, and one upon the decisions of which depend the quality of our lives, the nature of our success, the character of our renown and the extent of our usefulness to our fellowmen, our country and our God. Life at this critical moment is, to us, impressive in its grandeur, startling in its realities, fearful in its responsibilities, and it calls for all our achieved ability to direct and govern its mighty forces away from the enticing whirlpools of wastefulness and evil into the channels of highest usefulness and of greatest good. The best part of our lives has by no means been spent; it has in reality just begun. The boundaries of our past success have been limited by the book and class-room, but the possibilities of our future are illimitable and without end. There are unrivaled principles in profession, unknown truths in commerce, undiscovered laws in political government, hidden treasures in society and morality, all of which are waiting in countless numbers for someone to reveal them to the needy, anxious world. Before and round about us there are myriads of voices urgently calling for honest, thoughtful, broadminded, educated men, men who will, in their chosen departments, give their life and labor to the cause of truth and right. May humanity's fingers of ridicule and scorn never be defiantly pointed to one of us while it is said "he heard my anxious cries but

heeded not." With aspirations perfect, ambitions noble, motives pure, may we be decided, in life's great work, to give our heart and hand to the most needy cause, thoughtless of our present reward, and looking only for the end to crown our work.

Our old watchword—" *Finis Coronat Opus* "—"The End Crowns the Work," will never lose its stores of truth. As a class motto its verity has been beautifully displayed with "Eighty-nine," and now at the end of our college race we all come forth to claim that grand token of ability and achievement—and well we might exclaim—

A prize as fair
As a god may wear
Is a dip from our Alma Mater.

But the end will crown our work in life as surely as it has our achievements in college—but it is for us to say what that end shall be. Whether, when it comes to us in the midnight hour of our life, the bells which usher our souls into the spirit world above, shall tell of deeds of kindness done to our fellow men and battles won in life's dire conflicts, or whether they shall only ring out the fall of another soul lost in the mazes of an idle, wasteful life, will be forever determined by the quality and extent of our life's labor. This all-important fact should sink most deeply into our hearts to-night. Our future will be what we make it. We are the architects of our own characters and the finishers of our own fortunes, and what we sow we must expect to reap. The beauty and grandeur of our crown of reward at the end of life will be but the reflections of our life's perseverance and labor.

Let us not forget while grappling with the hardships and difficulties of business or profession, that any and every life is a failure which does not recognize the end and object for which it was created. Let us keep most distinctly in mind, no matter how all absorbing are the duties of our active life, no matter how all infatigating are the pleasures of the world, let us remember man's highest nature, his noblest and chiefest end; let us live for Him who owns our life and who crowns our death. Let us hold under the severest subjection the body, with all

its selfishness and degrading passions, the mind, with all its waywardness and ignoble thoughts, the soul, with all its corruption and excessive evils; for if left unguarded, body, mind and soul will lose their sublime capabilities and gradually drift into eternal dishonor, but if disciplined and nurtured they will rise higher and higher till surrounded by everlasting glory and fame. Let us from this age glowing with the examples and achievements of great men, and from this hour, golden with opportunities and brilliant with prospects, fashion our highest ideals and determine to make the world and humanity better for our having lived. And let us remember while waiting for the end to crown our life's work, that—

"Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends!
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good, great man? three treasures—love and light,
And calm thought, regular as an infant's breath;
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night—
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death."

LEROY L. CAMERON.

Class Prophecy.

Your prophet not being privileged by time in its unchecked course, to devote the passing hours in making use of his stilus with the dexterity and digit manipulation of some hoary haired prophet of long ago, asks indulgence from you, lest in your wrath, you hurl the weapon of contempt at him.

Thus the necessary qualifications for a prophet are numerous indeed. He must possess clairvoyant powers, peregrinating capacities and a thick epidermis.

And now, as the prophet stands before you the "observed of all observers," he is in sooth the most prominent man in the place. As he leaves by the back door after he has concluded his prophecy in a peroration that glowed and scintillated in exuberant redundancy, he is cognizant that he has a host of enemies; for he has enunciated many pitiful tales in his expatiation.

Yea verily, a prophet is likened into an umpire, vast in his vastness when fired for the contest, small in his smallness when faced by the mob.

And now, as the intoxicating melodies of your prophet's musical voice have been the cause of the pitter patter of hurrying feet to this most glorious place, and as the gay, bubbling and often trickling laughter of the coy maiden, together with the vociferous, guffawing of the boisterous youth, add to the joyous joyousness of joyosity, bursting forth in a hundred different ways, strike the tympanum of my auricular appendages, I pull myself together in a vain attempt at elucidation. But to begin at the beginning. Upon leaving the classic walls of "Old Union" and after turning my back to Dorp, I entered upon the duties of life. My first pursuit in life was the study of law, and after a few years of hard labor I managed to scrape together a few dollars, and being of a restless disposition I determined to set out and look up the boys.

Accordingly, I jumped on the first freight train that came along, and securing the most prominent looking brake on the car, I seated myself and started on my journey. I must perhaps, have been on the car about ten minutes when, on looking through the darkness, I discerned the figure of what was once a man, but now appeared a woe-begone specimen of humanity. With a "forget-me-not" look on his face and a tear in his eye, he reached out his hand and faintly murmured, "hello Pipe," Gentlemen, I instantly recognized that voice, that dear angelic voice, it was the astral voice of Dick Cameron. Gentleman Dick. I asked him where he had been and was surprised to learn that shortly after leaving college he had joined the Salvation Army, had married one of the sisters and had already risen to the rank of captain.

During his recital the conductor appeared and not being acquainted with that gentleman I shouted So-long-Dick, and made my escape. After wandering around for a few weeks I accidentally ran across Blessing. Frank went into the lecture field, holding forth to large and fashionable audiences composed chiefly of intelligent savages, upon the science of agriculture illustrating his lecture with the stool and pail, and a superannuated bull's eye watch that would do nothing but tick; to these discourses these

simple-minded children of nature listened with attentive ears, and came down with corn, peas, eggs, fall overcoats, stewed tripe, straw hats and stewed potatoes and other rural luxuries, which proved invaluable to the threadbare inhabitants. Thus we see Blessing obtained on "tick" what he had no cash to pay for. Yelling "So long" at him, I seized my grip and continued my perambulations, I soon ran over a man, and in his dying moments he confessed to me that Barstow was occupying the exalted position of clergyman. Barsty, he said, would have made a fortune in no time, if he had lived in the blessed era when the promise "Ask and ye shall receive," was fulfilled; so well was his disposition understood by his congregation, that they invariably left when he looked askant at them. This long speech ended the unfortunate's career, so dropping a tear I hastened on.

The next man I met was Snow, "Beautiful Snow," Jessie Calculus Coheimier Snow, he had invented the method of placing small cog-wheels in the back teeth, for the more perfect mastication of food. Bidding Snow good-bye I hastened to the next town. There I found Culver in a dying condition. After staying with him a few days I had the mournful satisfaction of closing one of his eyes. I say one, for the other persisted in staying open, and his interesting countenance, even in death, preserved that ineffable wink of intelligence, which so eminently characterized him among the living.

The next subject was a queer one, the poor unfortunate being Washburne. I really think he was the most abject specimen of humanity the world ever produced—this resplendent luminary, like the fourth of July, had his first quarter, like a ruined spendthrift his last quarter and like an omnibus his full and empty. Ye gods, how glad I was to make my escape. I next met Conover. Ladies and Gentlemen. This subject is involved in doubt and obscurity. I next met Professor Thomas W. Wright and found him to be the only authority we have for believing that such an individual exists. Kissing each good-bye I hurried on my travels. After a two days' journey I came upon Dorlon. Phil was the card manipulator in the side show and after loosing ten dollars on the queen, I said good-bye

and continued my journey. I then met Lewis. Ed had opened an insurance office shortly after leaving college but failing to secure a good livelihood, had gone into a museum where he was doing the song and dance act for the ossified man and bearded lady. I left him in his glory and blew on. I then met J. Howard Hanson. Shortly after leaving college Howard opened a law office, but as everybody knew as much as he did, he left this, and the last I heard of him he was peddling corn salve among the heathens in South America. Of Voorhees and Simpson I could ascertain nothing. About this time wearying of the east and learning that the rest of the boys had gone west, I stole a mule from a canal boat and securing a new outfit at a fire I proceeded on my journey.

As I was slowly riding over the mountainous part of Southern California, I met Harder. He informed me that he and Stoller had gone west together in the vain hope that from beneath the chaotic depths of this oblate spheroid they could find some fossiliferous remains that they could utilize in writing a book on the "Evolution of the earth and its inhabitants." But he went on to say that Stoller had been shot while endeavoring to elucidate to a borderer, that he had evolved from an ape and that the only reminiscence of him was an inscription on a tomb stone, as follows: Tute Stoller. The history of the individual is the epitome of the class to which it belongs.

Remarking that it was a very fitting one I put spurs to Bucephelus and on we sped.

I next met Flanigan, he was in the hospital suffering from consumption caused by excessive cigarette smoking. From him I learned that John Lycurgus Geheimer Whalen had picked up a pin in a jewelry store, for which act the state had kindly given him board and shelter for ten years to come. I next met Wait. Nelson in a moment of mental aberration opened a news stand in Chicago for the sale of this prophecy and the last I heard of him, he was doing quite well, he being the sole agent.

From authentic sources I learned that Furman started in as a teacher but as the scholars knew more than he did, he sent in his resignation, and subsequently became musical director of the organs in a side show.

Your prophet then turned his face toward home and during his homeward travels met Fairgrieve. Billy had passed an uneventful life his chief pursuit being the sale of hair oil.

Persuading Billy to accompany me, we came to view the classic walls of old Union. Arriving here we were much surprised to find that Mike Nolan was superintendent of the grounds and buildings; having succeeded George Clute. We were both pleased to learn from Mike that under the careful guidance of President Webster the college ranked with its old rivals Yale and Harvard.

And now ladies and gentlemen, and brothers of the class of '89,—trusting that your prophet has fulfilled the duties of his office up to the standard of your expectations he bids you farewell.

ED. S. HUNSICKER.

Ivy Poem.

Classmates all, come gather round,
Reclining each on grassy mound
 Beneath these grand old trees;
While wafted to these fairy bowers
Comes perfume sweet from fragrant flowers,
 Kissed by the summer breeze.

Lo! now the sun with glinting beams
Through verdant boughs in radiance streams,
 Herald of sweet content;
O, mighty Sol! do thou look down
With gracious smile, nor cast thy frown
 Upon this day's event.

How joyously the brooklet dances,
As on its way it ere advances
 Mid banks of emerald green;
Over the rocks and twigs and stones,
Murmuring low in gentle tones—
 To enhance the merry scene.

What does it signify? This day
When forth we come with spirits gay
 Unto this charming spot;
The orator his speech to say,
The poet, too, to read his lay
 Upon this green, grass plot.

What does it mean? This plant to place
In mother Earth's tight, warm embrace,
 And there to live or die.
'Tis but a symbol that to-day.

We cast all enmity away,
And live in harmony.

To-day contention has an end,
Each classmate is to each a friend,
Ay, more than friend, a brother;
We pledge anew with incense given,
From steaming pipes up into heaven,
Love for our common mother.

This tender little ivy vine
To Alma Mater we consign,
And her protecting care;
Within the shelter of her wing,
To the old grey walls will its tendrils cling,
And it grow in beauty there.

In after years when old and gray,
We our sons shall bring some day
To see this ivy vine;
'Twill be with pride that we shall say,
As back we look upon this day,
"The plant of Eighty-nine."

Till then will pass fully many a year,
Familiar faces disappear
Before Time's onward flight;
Full many a class will graduate,
And many ivy celebrate,
And many a speech recite.

And now, O, ivy fair, adieu,
When thou art distant from our view,
May strength and grace be thine;
Strength to resist the mighty storm,
Grace which beautifies the form,
O, child of Eighty-nine.

JOHN L. SIMPSON, '89.

The Decline of Art.

The characteristic sentiment of our XIXth century civilization is one of complacency. Walking upon a dizzy summit, breathing an atmosphere laden with masterly achievements in the realms of science, we look down the winding path of ascent with scorn—and above, into the infinite regions yet to be searched with defiance. We forget that decades, generations and centuries, as they come and go, are after all but as the tumblers in the circus. They, too, form a column, not only of men, but of man's achievements. Upon the shoulders of the XVIIIth century the XIXth has mounted.

It peers a little farther into the mysterious expanses before it than did its immediate predecessor—yet after all the stern fact still remains, that to the one as well as the other, the horizon issues the peremptory command—"Thus far and no farther shalt thou go!" Emerson has beautifully said that "an individual life is a succession of moods strung upon temperament"—so it is with the life of the race, but break the string and the precious beads are scattered upon Time's infinite ocean, whose flood tide never returns what the ebb has borne away. If then, with all our boasted independence, we are so *dependent*, surely it ill becomes us to arrogantly treat centuries long gone by. Ere we could enjoy the fruits of the present, some rugged, honest soul must have guided with patient hand the ploughshare—some beneficent Providence must have pronounced his gracious benediction of showers and sunshine. Let us rather act the part of the wise man, who, now and then, withdraws from the hurly-burly of life to cast the balance of his nobler self, and, if he finds a deficit, traces it to the cause that he may intelligently apply a remedy. Adopting this course, our own virtues will appear less—those of others greater. We shall find that in some things—in *one thing*—Art, or, rather, the Artistic sentiment, the despised past far outshines the glorious present. The cause of this fact will be the subject for our brief consideration.

First of all, then, our century is one of material progress and development. Alas! in the world's arena, in the battle-field of life, our ears are forever rent with the shout, "Down Eros! Up Mars!" from the vast throng of humanity as it rushes on to its glittering goal, the goal which when reached proves to be the fool's gold of falsehood, which crumbles under our touch, instead of the pure, unalloyed metal of Truth.

Material progress, I have said, characterizes the age, but above it an inexorable despot, ruling with an iron hand, sits Intellect. We would not dethrone the monarch, but we would limit his powers. He has made it possible for mortal ken to behold the majestic brightness of the Beautiful—instead, our eyes have been dazzled by the glimmer of that false El Dorado—the

Profitable. We have exchanged the permanently true for the transitorily false. Art is a broad term. It finds means for its expression in the statuary's chisel, the painter's brush and the poet's soul. It is altogether spiritual—the voice of God within us reaching out after and recognizing the expression of God without us. Milton may be called the embodiment of the art sentiment of his time, he tuned his lyre to heavenly music, he had ever before him a spiritual Ideal, yet Milton has become to the mass of people unknown save in name. Men have no time now for heroics. The hero-worshipper is the idealist. Our intellectual luminaries stand upon a higher pinnacle than did the bard of the XVIIth century. More beautiful sights are revealed to their eyes, more exquisite sounds are wafted to their ears. Yet with supreme presumption, with an utter want of reverence they cry, "These things are, but we know not whence they come!" Raphael, Michael Angelo and Titian can also be said to personify the higher life of their day. Yet it is impossible to reproduce them now. It is not because the genius is lacking—*it is* because the great ideas which underlay their work are for the present dormant. We care not whether our youth have learned to distinguish between the saint of Guido and the sinner of Murillo. We care less whether they are taught the great moral truths which both embody. Science, in attempting to harmonize itself with religion has, alas, too frequently crushed religion. We would not disparage the great facts of science, we would rather wonder at the lofty genius they unfold. We would accept the *theory* of Evolution, but let it not trespass on hallowed ground. Let science do its perfect work, but it must not deny or doubt the existence of that which it cannot test with its microscopes—the spiritual. If this tendency in it be not curbed, then Beauty and Truth, the foundations of morality, will be undermined.

Perhaps, after all, our view has been too pessimistic. We might indeed have spoken of the re-elevation of Art. Mr. Ruskin, some years ago, fought valiantly for Mr. Turner, and succeeded. Mr. Browning too, at first unread, condemned as a pedantic mystic, has at last gained a hearing, and men are finding a perennial fountain in his magnifi-

cent spirituality. Let us rather believe that our age is one of iconoclasm, in which men are engaged in tearing away the shallow forms which have attached themselves to Truth and Beauty, and if these be lost to our sight for the while, the assurance is ours that they will shine with added lustre in the coming day.

JAMES HOWARD HANSON.

History of '89.

The class of '89 holds a peculiar place in the history of Union College. Since the dark days of old Union are passed we may speak of them without reserve. When the class of '89 came here it seemed to bring ill-luck, for instead of getting a president, as all of us had expected, we were doomed to months of hope and doubt. Year followed year with affairs growing more lamentable, threatening clouds began to thicken around the good old college, but never did '89 lose hope or confidence in the ultimate success of Alma Mater.

In truth during the first three years of our course hope was a mania with us; it rose in our breasts every day; we felt instinctively that we would be in college to hail the advent of some hero as president, to cheer the dawn of Union's bright days. We knew that the college must be at the turning point in its cycle, just as we learned in our books of the earth in its course around the sun, when in the bleak days of December it reaches the farthest point in its orbit and turns and makes for the sunny days of June. And our fondest wishes were realized. Perhaps there were times when our zeal and despair made us act in a hasty manner. We do not purpose to defend all our conduct while in college. If we ever shocked the good sense of our friends we are sorry for it, and plead extreme provocation and youthful hot blood. At any rate we have what we desired—a President, and just the *one* of our choice. You will come across very perverse men in college, but the most perverse fellow that ever entered the blue gate would, if he had sufficient courage, slap Dr. Webster on the back and cry "Bully boy Prex." The very atmosphere of Union has changed. The history of the last year is so

different from that of the first three that the historian would fain treat of senior year alone. Confidence and contentment have been upon every face. Confidence in the man who is at the helm, and a firm belief in the future prosperity of the college already so auspiciously begun. Never were the hopes of Union brighter and success more assured than to-day. Nor is this said from an unfounded burst of enthusiasm, but from unmistakable signs and cold facts.

Now since all this is true it cannot be out of place, and if it is you should pardon a history which deals only with truth, if we recall some of the dark scenes that '89 passed through in anticipation of the glorious present. Darkest of all perhaps and most vivid in our memory is that January midnight march in '88 through the most blinding, the heaviest snowstorm, we verily believe, that ever struck the good old city of Schenectady. It seemed to typify the hazy condition of the college, while we represented the defenders of something or other, we knew not what, as we trudged along almost buried in snow. Nevertheless we managed to start a fire that night and yell ourselves hoarse in the vain expectation of awakening the sleepy delinquents miles and miles distant. Inasmuch as the traces of war have disappeared we may tell those who wonder what we are talking about that on that eventful day we were a little angry at a body of gentlemen, the Board of Trustees, for failing to elect a president. It was indeed a memorable day. In the afternoon was held the stormy mass meeting in Powers building. There gathered what seemed like a band of patriot rebels about to declare war on oppression. Neither the French States-General nor the Continental Congress in all their vehemence can be compared with the spirited body then assembled—for exactly what no one seemed to know. Huddled all together in Prof. Hoffman's room suspense and determination upon every face. With difficulty the chairman brought the indignant throng to some degree of order. Then without a motion to that effect we proceeded to take into consideration the affairs of Union College.

Up jumped one patriot of '89, the redoubtable, he only, the mathematical, ethical, astronomical,

geological Conover, whose patriotism gleamed from his eyes like the red hot glance of the tiger when it springs for its prey, whose entire bearing, whose straightened muscles bespoke intense feeling. "Unconditional immediate bolt," he cried. For a moment "All hushed was the billows commotion." Then from the turbulent mob forty men craved recognition from the chair. The chair motioned to the unconquerable Hunsicker, who was standing on the table over in the corner, his face flushed with the excitement of the occasion, his hair standing on end. "We have waited four years," he shouted, and pandemonium greeted the words, and everybody sang "We'll hang trustees on the sour apple tree." When quiet was again restored in that informal assembly the speech making went on fast and furious. Everybody agreed and yet few did agree. '89 took its full measure in debate. Up rose the staid and potent Hanson who spoke a few quiet words that set everybody thinking. Then still another the gallant Cully whose look was as fierce as when with the foot-ball tucked under his arm he has dashed down the field through opposing ranks who tried in vain to stop him.

Motions, now, began to be hurled at the chair. One piping freshman who was roosting upon the steam radiator caught the eye of the chairman and said in a tremulous voice which betokened his sense of responsibility: "Mr. Chairman, I move that we bounce the Board of Trustees and give them ten days notice." Another promising freshman who was not so rash demurred to this and moved to proceed to the election of a president of Union College. Still another freshman was about to make a motion when his head came in contact with an overshoe that happened to be flying across the room, and he was quietly informed by a burly sophomore that the next freshman who attempted to speak would be fired out the window. It was indeed a wonderful meeting. You must pardon its occupying so much space for it was the incident in '89's history which marks the crisis between the former time of hope and doubt and the following period of contentment and prosperity.

Let us now take a hasty glance at this first part

of '89's career, the first three years. It has its brightness as well as its gloom. We were probably the liveliest set of boys that ever entered Union College. And so like most boys we were constantly getting into scrapes. We cannot, however, record in this brief history the infinite number of scrapes, nor even the praiseworthy scenes in which '89 took part. It is our object merely to give an outline, to make prominent a few facts that will throw light upon the whole, and make clear the character, the general tone and disposition of the class amid its various relations, good, bad and indifferent, during four years at college.

We believed firmly in athletics. We believed that students could in no better way contribute to their manhood, to their best interest and future success than by developing sound, strong and manly bodies. Every class has its hobby. Some believe too much in books; some devote all their time to the girls; but we held to the pleasures of athletics. Accordingly our record has been brilliant. In foot ball, base ball, running and jumping we have been foremost.

We believed furthermore in '89. No split ever marred any of our pleasures. We were always ready for a lark together, too ready perhaps, never missed a class supper, nor withheld our enthusiastic support from anything which tended to exalt the fair fame of *Alma Mater*. All classes do this to a certain extent but what we desire to call attention to is the unique harmony which has ever characterized the class of '89. We have differed in our opinions as any intelligent body of persons having independent views must necessarily do, but still when the occasion for action came a subtle enthusiasm seemed to unite us.

Now a word for our distinguished (?) work in recitation room. The historian, in spite of threats, will blurt out the truth in this matter *i. e.* that the dizzy heights of 10 spots never had much fascination for the sober spirits of '89; at any rate we failed to climb so high, but, on the average, were content with the more modest level of 7 or 8.

Indeed some malicious persons have imputed another mark as the appropriate insignia of '89. We reject the innuendo with scorn and will ex-

plain how, by a curious coincidence, such a nefarious mark came to be associated with exceedingly studious and virtuous young men. It is the custom of the all-wise faculty, at the end of every term, to send to the parents or guardians of the students a little report indicating their standing in each study. Now if a student is so unfortunate as to pursue too zealously what has come to be the favorite avocation of some and has received in college parlance the somewhat misleading and ambiguous name of "sifting," the governor at home finds one or more queer marks on the report consisting of two letters, N. S. There has never been any mystery attached to these letters although we have heard of a Sophomore who persuaded the old gentleman that they stood for "None Superior." The correct interpretation, however, is "Not Sustained." Now it happened that when '89 was in college a year or more certain enterprising fellows among us determined to found another Greek letter fraternity at Union, where so many glorious ones had already arisen. Accordingly the Nu Sigs came into existence, or in full the Nu Sigma Gamma. About one-half of the members of '89 were Nu Sigs, and the aforesaid malicious persons maintained that Nu Sigma Gamma was nothing else than the N. S. Gang, while some termed it the north section guards. They were undoubtedly envious of the elegant key which could scarcely be distinguished from that of Phi Beta Kappa. The character of Nu Sigma Gamma was entirely original but it renounces, at least its former members renounce, any connection with the opprobrious marks N. S. The coincidence was accidental.

But there is an end to "everything under the sun," as Professor Wells said when he finished his lectures, and '89 has reached the end of its college life. Never again shall we jump at the sound of the old recitation bells, nor call any class work a bore. No more the soporific hour with the professor of Latin, after which it was our wont to go and take a nap. He is now in Europe; God bless the steamer. Rumor has it that he goes to recuperate his leg; Blessing has pulled it so vigorously all year. Poor *Meditah-bah!*

No more the Socratic discussions in Prof.

Hoffman's recitation. Let us go back to one of them for memory sake. The bell has struck, the boys are all snugly seated, the roll is called, and then the voice of Socrates rouses the fellows to a sense of duty. "Mr. Wait, what is your opinion of the relation of mind and matter?" After a pause Wait answers. Socrates corners him, and shows him that instead of being a Christian young gentleman he is a materialist but doesn't know it, and secretly agrees with Darwin and James Stollar that we are all descended from a monkey. Then he attacks Lewis; and Eddie is startled to find that he is more nearly allied to Bob Ingersoll than to any other person or creed. Now he tries Washburne, but it doesn't work. Bob and Dick Cameron are straight-laced, fighting orthodox men, nor can all the wiles of Hoffs's logic ensnare them for one moment into the forbidden ground.

So the debate goes on and when the hour is over, the fellows get up and leave with the sincere conviction that they don't know anything and never will; that there is nothing sure in this world—nothing whatever but a six spot in Ethics.

When the examinations in Ethics came we used to go in with a faint heart. Ten questions to answer, anyone of which would require an hour. But how long have we? Three quarters of an hour to answer those ten questions. Ten into forty-five is about four. Four minutes for an hour's work. But we have a man that can beat Prof. Hoffman in examinations in the person of the professor of English. To observe Prof. Truax carry on an examination, one would be seriously inclined to think that he was making experiments to discover the best mode of executing criminals. However, both give excellent results, and we must pass judgment in these cases only upon results.

Now to say farewell. The brightest days, the jolliest days, above all the freest and most tranquil days are now but memories, which will become more refreshing as the years glide by. Our dear old familiar haunts on the campus will soon be overrun with strangers. In the Gym, upon the diamond and tennis courts, where we have played in careless frolic with bosom friends, if we revisit in a few years we shall be stared at

as intruders. Nobody will know us, and like poor old Rip Van Winkle, when he came down from the mountain, even the dogs will bark at our heels. Where once we were hailed by everybody then no one will recognize us. Let us hope that when that time comes '89's historian can write a more earnest and nobler history of every member of our class.

M. NOLAN, JR.

Class Poem.

O, classmates all, the rolling years once more
Proclaim that we have reached the bound of four,
That soon those ancient college walls of grey
We leave, and each will take a different way,
And so with speech prepared we come to-night
To bid adieu and lasting friendship plight.

What shall I sing? My subject undefined,
A subject for myself I'll have to find.
I do not care the history to approach,
Nor yet upon the prophet's realm to encroach;
Therefore a tale I glean from ancient lore,
Which though re-formed has oft been told before.

O, gracious muse, impart thy aid divine
And guide aright these faltering feet of mine.

There is a legend that in ancient times
There lived a man 'neath genial Theban climes
Born of the gods, of them a progeny
In strength and might a human prodigy;
His father Zeus, omnipotent, supreme,
Held by the other gods in high esteem;
His mother, nobly born, was Alcimene,
A royal daughter and a princess, she.
While yet a child, he was by parents left
Out in a field, of every care bereft;
Left in the hope that, come as he did from heaven,
Celestial aid would soon to him be given.
He rescued, soon by kindly hands is borne
To palace halls from which he had been torn.
So did he grow in sinew large and great,
Until at last he'd nigh reached man's estate.
In feats of brawn he all his kind surpassed—
Alone he stood, for none with him were classed.
He, trained from his youth in all the archer's art,
Could wield the bow and send the winged dart
With nice precision and with aim exact,
No acquisition was there that he lacked.
A pupil apt in all respects was he,

With few bad traits; but once, unhappily,
 In angry mood his right arm's sturdy blow
 His tutor in the pangs of death laid low.
 From palace halls, he banished goes away
 Amid the scenes of rural life to stay.
 Among companions rude his strength is praised,
 At many a trial of might they stood amazed.
 In height he was, as is the poplar tall,
 Like to a giant towering over all.
 In beauty, too, he was without compare,
 His finely chiseled features lily-fair.
 In all the land of Greece there ne'er was seen
 A stronger youth than he was at eighteen.
 Oft to the woodland dense, from comrades gay,
 With weary feet he took his lonely way.
 And so it happened that on a summer's day
 When aimlessly he let his footsteps stray,
 His mind engrossed with care and thought profound,
 He finds himself on gently rising ground;
 And on this spot he sees the road divide—
 Which path to take is for him to decide.
 The one to the right unbending takes it route,
 The other to the left. He stands in doubt.
 Then suddenly to his astonished sight
 There come two maidens clad in raiment bright,
 The first of lofty stature, graceful mein,
 In all the realm of beauty was she queen.
 The other, with much ornament bedecked,
 Comes to the youth with eager feet direct.
 Without delay this latter silence breaks,
 And to him standing there these words she speaks:
 "I see you are in doubt, my youthful friend,
 "As to which path your footsteps you should bend;
 "I am your friend; if you but trust in me,
 "I'll point a road to ease and luxury.
 "No pain or trouble on this road you'll meet,
 "But everything with happiness replete;
 "On every side are pleasures to enjoy,
 "In which your fleeting hours you may employ.
 "No toilsome labor and no anxious care
 "Annoy the traveler on his journey there.
 "Now this way and now that the highway bends,
 "At every turn some new delight attends,
 "Through meadows green and oft through pleasant
 vale,
 "Where bursting buds the passer-by regale.
 "There runs hard by a brimming, babbling brook,
 "Which twists and turns through many a shady nook.
 "See, in the boughs the birds are sweetly singing;
 "Look! 'neath the feet the fragrant flowers are
 springing.
 "Now beauteous youth you have your choice to make,
 "Which of the roads do you prefer to take?"

When then she speaking ceased, the other came
 And spoke these words, addressing him by name:
 "List not to that vain woman's speech, I pray,

"For if you do you'll rue it much some day—
 "A round of pleasure she would have you lead.
 "Now let me counsel, and my precepts heed,
 "I do not promise make but to deceive,
 "Nor do I ever false assurance give.
 "Not smooth and level, but hard and steep the road
 "That leads through mountain heights to my abode.
 "No pleasing landscapes greets the traveler weary,
 "But rocky steeps—the prospects sad and dreary;
 "No blooming flowers are seen, nor is there heard
 "The merry trill or joyous note of bird.
 "No cooling winds or balmy breezes blow
 "Upon the harsh and rugged way below.
 "Both toil and trouble everywhere abound,
 "And care that eats the soul is also found.
 "But once the height is gained, the danger o'er,
 "An even, level path runs on before,
 "And leads to dwellings fair and mansions bright,
 "Where brightest dawn succeeds the former night.
 "Engrave this saying true upon the heart,
 "The highest prizes, which the gods impart,
 "Are given only those who close pursue
 "The path of Duty and keep her in view.
 "Now, guileless youth, while yet your choice is free,
 "List to reason's voice—be led by me."
 Thus spoke the woman, and the sequel shows
 The youth obeyed her and her pathway chose.

This legend, classmates all, to us applies;
 Before us, too, a road divided lies;
 Now at the point of juncture do we stand,
 From which two branches run on either hand.
 Turn to the left, a path of ease is spread;
 Turn to the right, a path of toil you'll tread.
 Press on, nor let the shades of carking care
 Your soul o'ercome when driven to deep despair.
 Though dark and drear the day at first may seem,
 Ere long will come the noon-day's ruddy beam.
 For him who travels on towards Duty's gates,
 A garland green of laurel leaves there waits.
 'Tis only in this way that we can gain
 The highest honor, and noble ends attain.
 'Tis not to self alone the debt is due,
 But to our Alma Mater, kind and true,
 Who for the years gone by has been our guide
 In wisdom's mazy track; and at our side
 Has walked through Learning's rich and verdant fields,
 And all the paths of truth which science yields.
 All that we are, all that we hope to be,
 We owe, O, Alma Mater dear, to thee.
 With strength to brave the storms of coming years,
 With faith to vanquish unbelieving fears,
 We lay with reverence upon thy shrine
 The aspirations fond of Eight-nine.

JOHN L. SIMPSON, '89.

THE CONCORDIENSIS.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
STUDENTS OF UNION COLLEGE.

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CHAS BURROWS, PRINTER AND BOOKBINDER, SCHENECTADY, N. Y.

EDITORIAL.

WITH this number the new board assume their duties upon this paper. THE CONCORDIENSIS comes to us happily energetic from its success of the past year; and evincing the journalistic ability of the retiring Editor-in-chief, Mr. Hanson.

THE CONCORDIENSIS will endeavor in the coming year to maintain the high standard of the past volume, and will change in no particular feature. It will be, in a certain sense, the official organ of the college, and will work for the interests of the college; but its special aim will be to stand at all times for the interests of the student body.

The literary work for the coming year will comprise a series of articles from Alumni of the highest standing and of recognized literary ability.

The engineering department of the past year has been so successful an experiment that it will be continued.

The lack of local news, a noticeable and yet irremediable fault, we think will be filled by the expected growth in numbers and the more active and popular condition of the college.

With the support of the students, both financial and personal, the board confidently hopes to make the paper worthy of the institution it represents.

* * *

UNION'S ninety-second Commencement is over. The first year under the new administration is finished; and from the large number of alumni present last week, nothing was heard but expressions of praise for President Webster and of joy and confidence in the future of the college.

The speech of the President at the Alumni dinner was noticeably solid and earnest. There were no glittering generalities; no prophecy of future possibilities; there was the cool and convincing expression, that if he stayed here, Union would have a solid, symmetrical and healthy growth, and that he expected and depended upon the alumni to help him. This is the kind of talk that carries conviction and confidence to men of practical minds and leaves an earnest belief with every well-wisher of the college that the policy of the college will be right and successful.

* * *

THERE was probably no one thing that served more to make the alumni feel at home than to find that they could still have their annual job at stone breaking. It is commendable and economical to put a lot of large slate on the drives and walks a few days before commencement instead of earlier in the term, as it obviates the necessity of hiring it broken and makes the visitor useful as well as otherwise.

* * *

THE appointment of Cole, '88, as tutor in English, and of Schofield, '88, as tutor in mathematics, meets the approval of all who have known these men in college. (Both are men of keen minds and have excellent knowledge of their departments, and both are men of excellent personal influence.)

IN THE Chancellor's address a recommendation was made to young men to study a certain time each day upon history. This idea is especially worthy of thought; for what is history but prophecy? A knowledge of it is an invaluable aid to the lawyer and clergyman. It is absolutely indispensable to the journalist and politician. And not alone the general history of great nations, but especially that of great men and peculiar occurrences; for from these can be gained a knowledge that will often be of more service than the best advice or most deliberate judgment.

The Chancellor's address from beginning to end was magnificent in its power of thought, brilliancy of rhetoric and finish of oratory, and will repay many a reading.

* * *

OWING to the inability of THE CONCORDIENSIS to obtain the manuscript of the oration taking the first Blatchford medal, it cannot be published in this number, but the copy will be obtained from Mr. Blessing, the winner of the prize, and published in the first number of the new year.

The Commencement.

GROVE EXERCISES.

The beautiful amphitheatre in Jackson's garden was well filled Monday afternoon with an audience composed mostly of women come to witness the first of the Commencement Exercises. The class reclined under the elm and laboriously puffed at the long pipes, while listening to the following program carried out by the ivy officers.

- Music.
- Songs by Class.
- Pipe Oration.....R. H. Washburne.
- Class Songs.
- Ivy Poem.....J. L. Simpson.
- Music.
- Ivy Oration.....A. R. Conover.
- Planting of Class Ivy.
- Music.

The music by Parlatti's famous orchestra was the best heard in years and was especially fine in the evening at the

CLASS DAY EXERCISES.

These were opened with a pleasing and thoughtful address by C. H. Flannigan of Albany, the president of the class of eighty-nine.

The oration was delivered by James Howard Hanson of Schenectady. It was remarkably well delivered and can be found published entire in this number.

Next was read the poem written by J. L. Simpson of Schenectady. Mr. Simpson was also the ivy poet, and both of his productions are printed elsewhere.

The history of the class was read by Michael Nolan Jr. of Schenectady, who gave the audience an account of the affairs that have made '89 so model a class.

The prophecy by E. S. Hunsicker of Norristown, Pa., was then read to a thoroughly amused audience and was followed by the classically written address of L. L. Cameron of Albany.

All of the class day productions will be found in this number.

ALUMNI DAY.

By nine o'clock on Tuesday morning the campus in front of the chapel began to be thronged by the happy groups of hand-shaking alumni; while further out on the campus, many were showing the undergraduates the remarkably rare occurrence of a Union man "muffing" a ball.

PHI BETA KAPPA.

At 9:15 the "Phi Betas" assembled, and besides refusing to elect any honorary members, appointed President Webster, Rev. W. D. Maxon and J. M. Carroll to represent them at Saratoga in the September convention. Their officers for the present year are John A. De Remer, president; Prof. John E. Sherwood, vice-president; E. P. White, corresponding secretary; Prof. Benj. O. Ripton, recording secretary and Horatio G. Glen, treasurer.

SIGMA XI.

Pickford and Stewart '90 were initiated and Washburn and Snow '89 and Prof. Stoller were elected members. Their officers for next year will be Prof. C. C. Brown, president; E. M. Cameron, vice-president; E. E. Pickford, recording secretary; Prof. J. R. Truax, corres-

ponding secretary and Prof. T. W. Wright, treasurer.

ALUMNI IN MEETING.

On motion of W. T. Clute, Dr. A. V. V. Raymond of Albany as president pro tem, called the alumni to order at 11 o'clock and when Secretary Clute call the roll, classes '29, '39, '49, '59, '69, '79 responded. Some very feeling eulogies were pronounced in regard to dead alumni; after which the following officers were elected. President, Dr. A. V. V. Raymond of Albany; Vice-President, Dr. Tunis L. Hamlin, Washington, Prof. Thos. Bunyan, Ballston, Wm. J. Kline, Amsterdam, and Prof. Jas. Heatley of Green Island; Recording Secretary, W. F. Clute, Schenectady; Corresponding Secretary, A. J. Thompson, Schenectady; Treasurer, Samuel P. McClellan, Troy. Several committees were also elected.

Some little strife was occasioned by the election of alumni trustees, but Wm. J. Kline, editor of the Amsterdam Democrat, was elected over Peter A. Furbeck and Prof. Jas. Heatly.

At the

TRUSTEE MEETING.

Little was done of outside interest, except the appointment of Philip H. Cole, '88, tutor in English and J. M. Schofield, '88, tutor in Mathematics.

OVER THE BANQUET

in the round building, President Webster presided, and while the eatables disappeared, Parlatti's orchestra produced enchanting music. The noise was of an excellent quality and was furnished in abundance principally by '88 and '89; these two classes attempting to drown each other out with class yell and song.

The first address was made by the President, who spoke of the formation of the important alumni associations during the past year and of the financial condition of the college. He told about the good condition of the Hunter Point property; of a \$5,000 gift from Hector C. Havemeyer, '61, of New York City; and of alumni subscriptions yielding a special income of \$4,175 annually. He also reported the prospect of a class next year numbering at least 50 and probably more. His talk was noticeable for its lack of glittering generalities and by its plain, earnest and confidence inspiring tone filled the hearts of the feasting alumni with a sure belief and trust in President Webster.

The President closed his address by reading a letter from Gen. Butterfield, '61, presenting a large engraving of one of nature's noblemen—Chester A. Arthur, '48. The portrait is an excellent one and was accepted by the Hon. Hooper C. Van Vorst. The remainder of the proceedings were presided over by Chas. Emory Smith, '61, the honorary chancellor; who on taking the chair stated that he was an exception to the tradition that a Union man is ready at a moment's notice to qualify any emergency. He then proceeded to show how mistaken his assertion was by making the brightest of toast-masters. The oldest graduate present was Hugh D. Banks, '29, who spoke during the course of the banquet.

PRIZE SPEAKING.

On Tuesday evening the prize contest occurred at the church, and from beginning to end was remarkably good; the Veeder contest especially being much better than heretofore. The first Sophomore speaker was Wm. A. McDonald of Gloversville, who handled his subject of "Education and Enterprise," with an excellent voice and graceful gesture.

Tracy H. Robertson of Elmira, next spoke upon "Philip Henry Sherian." Mr. Robertson has a good stage presence and spoke with convincing earnestness.

At this point Prof. Truax announced the special Veeder question. Resolved "That purity of the ballot would be obtained by the adoption of the Australian system."

The Junior speaking was opened by John I. Bennett of Chicago, who announced on the programme that "They buried him among the kings." His oration had to do with the two aristocracies, the one of blood, the other of brains. It was thoughtfully written and pleasingly delivered.

Wm. S. Cassidy of Mechanicville spoke of the "Strong Combination," of church, state and school. This broad subject was skillfully written up by Mr. Cassidy and his earnest delivery pleased the audience greatly.

"America's Poetry" was the theme chosen by Fritz E. Hawkes, of Elmira, who believes that a strong national poetry can move men to the purest and strongest national life.

Geo. C. Stewart of Perth, was the last speaker and handled his oration on the "Army of the Reserve," with powerful oratorical ability; claiming that a man's strength lies in his reserve power. On the

EXTEMPORANEOUS STAGE

the following spoke: Fritz E. Hawkes, '90. Chas. W. Culver, '89. Michael Nolan, '89. Frank Blessing, '89. Sidney J. Lochner, '90. Nelson W. Waite, '89 and Percy C. Meserve, '92.

The speeches were all good and were so recognized by the audience; especially that of Mr. Meserve, being repeatedly applauded long after the music had started. His remarkable stage presence and logical arguments being particularly noticeable from the fact that he was the only representative of the Freshman class upon the stage. The committee composed of E. D. Palmer, A. P. Strong and Frank W. McClellan reported that the choice had been narrowed to two men, Mr. Nolan of Schenectady and Mr. Meserve of Bath; and that while the line of difference was so very narrow that a vote of the audience was not likely to agree with the decision of the judges, that they awarded the prize of \$50 to Mr. Nolan.

THE END.

President Webster clad in his robes and cap, opened the last of the exercises at 10:30 on Wednesday morning after the procession had marched in to the strains of the matchless march from "Tanhauser" played by Parlatti's orchestra.

Lack of space forbids a synopsis of the orations, which, without exception, were brilliant and finely delivered. The one receiving the first Blatchford will be found published elsewhere. The orators and subjects were: Frank F. Blessing, Albany, "Light, Physical and Mental." Leroy L. Cameron, Albany, "Education in the Commercial World." Edward T. Carroll, Johnstown, "The Scholar—his Aim and Duty." Chas. W. Culver, Brooklyn, "Self Reliance," John M. Furman, Schenectady, "A Stronghold of Tyranny." Jas. H. Hanson, Schenectady, "The Modern Diana." Michael Nolan, Jr., Schenectady, "Hamilton's place in History." Robert H. Washburne, Cohoes, "To the Unknown God." Arthur M. Harder, Troy, "Is the English Nation maintaining its Supremacy?" John L. Simpson, Schenectady, "Practical Politics." Valedictory oration, Archie R. Conover, Pattersonville, "Puritan Pioneers."

After the orations the chancellor's address was given by Chas. Emory Smith, '61, editor of the Philadelphia Press, and a man distinguished in the journalistic profession. "Our Times not Degenerate," was the subject of this most brilliant, wittiest and most thoughtful address ever given on a similar occasion. It was delivered without notes and with perfect elocution.

After the address the audience arose and all sung, to the accompaniment of organ and orchestra, the "Song to Old Union," by Fitzhugh Ludlow, '56. Again and again were the "Here's to thee, the brave and free," renewed, swelling ever louder, as if "the boys," young and old, could not leave off, while eyes grew

misty and voices trembled from the depth of affection contained in the stirring song. Next the following honorary degrees were awarded in addition to the degrees of eighty-nine: A. M. to W. H. Baldwin, '55, F. H. Giddings, '77, S. C. Alexander, '80, H. C. Hinds, '82, E. W. Green, '82, James Cantine, '83, E. S. Barney, '84, John E. Ostrander, '85, E. T. Perkins, '85, W. F. La Monte, '86, J. M. Mosher, '86, E. S. Harris, '86, Andrew H. Smith, N. Y. A. B. to Joseph Price, Lieut. H. H. Benham, John F. Clute.

Ph. D. to W. A. Crawford, Washington, D. C., John H. Kidsie, Chicago, Ill., S. Lowell Elliott, Brooklyn.

D. D. to Rev. Henry A. Powell, Brooklyn, Rev. Franklin W. Bartlett, Williamstown, Mass., Rev. E. O. Bartlett, Providence, R. I.

LL. D. to Hon. Owen T. Coffin, Peekskill; Hon. S. K. Williams, Newark; Hon. Chas. Emory Smith, Philadelphia.

THE PRIZES AWARDED

Warner Prize, J. H. Hanson.

Ingham Prize, E. T. Carroll.

1st Allen, J. H. Hanson.

2nd Allen, John L. Simpson.

3rd Allen, A. R. Conover.

1st. Clark, Fred L. Carroll.

2nd, Geo. C. Stewart.

1st Sophomore oratorical, Wm. A. McDonald, 2nd, Tracy H. Robertson.

1st Junior, John I. Bennett, 2nd, Fritz E. Hawkes.

1st Military, Henry W. Preston, 2nd, G. F. Mosher.

Marksman's Cup, A. M. Banker.

1st Blatchford, F. H. Blessing, 2nd, J. H. Hanson.

Special honors were given to Nelson W. Waite in Chemistry, Jas. H. Hanson in English and Leroy L. Cameron in Physics.

The ball held in the evening was the most enjoyable given in years, the opera house being a great improvement on the armory. Parlatti's music was perfect, the floor was fine and everybody in attendance at the brilliant affair thoroughly enjoyed himself.

Necrology.

The following is a list of alumni deceased the past year, and contains many names of honor and popularity:

Alexander Adair, '55, Moscow, Idaho; Geo. W. Allen, '41, Milwaukee, Wis.; Edward P. Allis, '45, Milwaukee, Wis. [This man made a business failure early in life, and this made

him so suspicious that his caution became proverbial, and from then on he carried for his family life insurances of \$100,000.] James V. D. Ayres, '55, Catskill; Lyman K. Bass, '56, New York city; William Betts, '20, Jamaica; Lewis Bond, '22, Plainfield, N. J.; Frederick A. Carter, '56, Newark, N. J.; F. L. R. Chapin, '47, Glens Falls; Henry O. Cheseman, '43, Canandaigua; James C. Cook, '53, Albany; Daniel Dayton, '31, South Bend, Ind; Hugh S. Dickson, '30, Philadelphia, Pa.; Charles M. Elliot, '71, Green Island; Sidney T. Fairchild, '20, Cazanovia; Silas W. Ford, '75, Johnstown; David F. Gedney, '38, Goshen; Hiram W. Gilbert, '37, Binghamton; George Stuart Gregory, '79, Albany; W. W. Harsha, '43, Tecumseh, Neb.; Charles E. Hobby, '37, Phelps; James T. Jackson, '20, New York city; E. A. Johnson, '49, St. Paul, Minn.; Henry W. Lawrence, '74, Ballston; John A. E. Lee, '21, Richmond, Va.; James I. Lourie, '32, Greenwich; David C. Lyon, '42, St. Paul, Minn.; Gerard L. McKenzie, '58, New York city; Daniel C. Eicholes, '46, Chicago; John B. Peck, '69, Mount Holly, N. J.; Joshua Phelps, '36, Santa Barbara, Cal.; Hamilton W. Pierson, '43, Bergen; Samuel T. Ross, '48, New York city; Herman M. Schermerhorn, '82, Amesbury, Mass.; Max Schwerin, '70, Los Angeles, Cal.; Henry Shepherd, '24, Argyle; Jesse C. Smith, '32, Brooklyn; Jonathan E. Southwick, '47, New Baltimore; J. Thomas Spriggs, '48, Utica; Ansel E. Stevens, '40, Dayton, Ohio; Wm. Thompson, '27, Hartford, Conn.; Edward Tuckerman, '37, Amherst, Mass.; Giles F. Van Vechten, '31, Johnstown; James L. Veeder, '73, Johnstown; Henry F. Wadsworth, '36, Springfield, N. J.; Nelson K. Wheeler, '28, New York city; Sidney B. Worth, '39, New York city; Edwin S. Wright, '38, Amherst, Mass.

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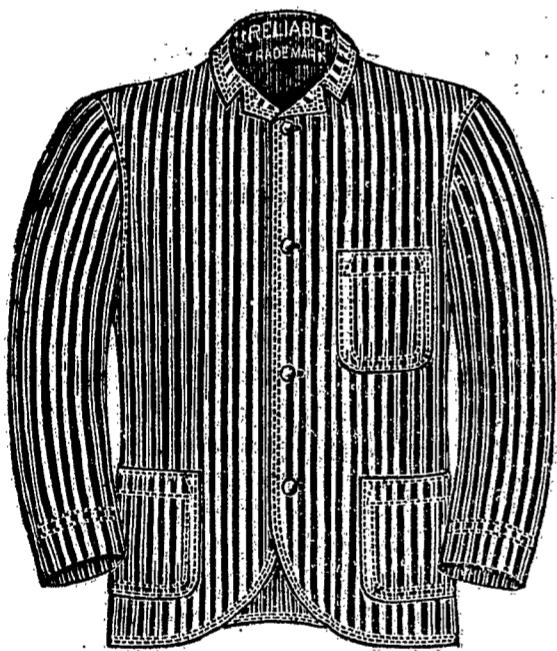
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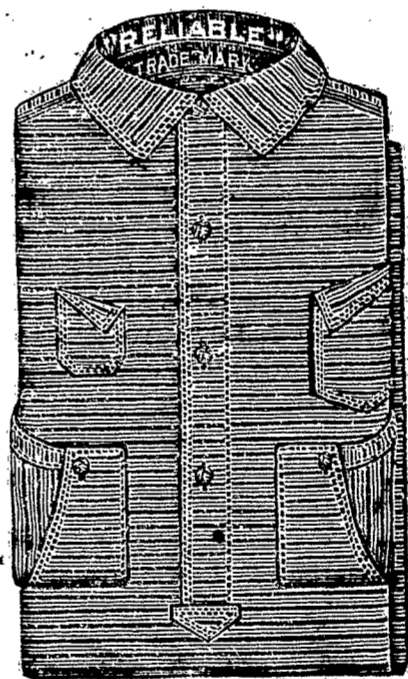
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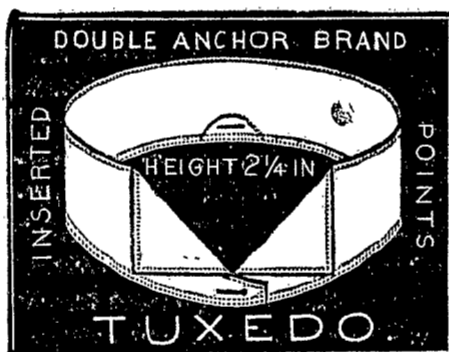
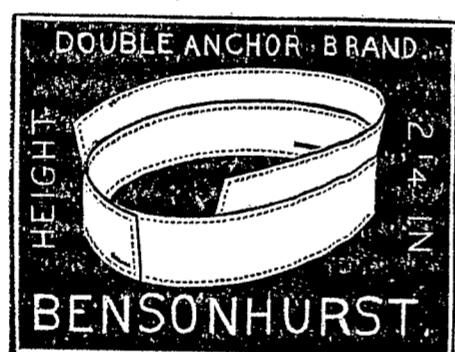
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