BURIAL
OF THE
New York Free Academy,
CORNER LEXINGTON AV. & 23d ST.,
Monday Evening, April 30th, 1866, 11, P. M.
AND
CHRISTENING
OF THE
COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

Committee of Arrangements.

Senior Class.
H. NEWTON,
S. CAHEN,
A. HERSHFIELD.

Sophomore Class
C. S. WELLES,
F. W. ANGEL,
J. A. PARKER.

Freshman Class
E. M. SHEPARD,
J. B. GRANT,
C. W. GOULD.

Clionian Society.
J. C. HALLOCK, Jr.
C. O. KIMBALL,
R. R. BOWKER.

Phrenceanian Society.
R. GORDON, Jr.
C. M. HIBBARD,
T. K. CRUSE.

Glee Club.
H. F. CHAPMAN,
H. MOTTEI,
M. R. KNOWLTON.
Order of Exercises.

The funeral procession will start from Reservoir Park at 10:30 o'clock, P. M., in the following order:

- Band
- Master of Ceremonies
- Committee of Arrangements, in hollow square, inclosing orator, prophet and poet
- Grave-Diggers
- Grand Undertaker
- Undertakers

Mourners
Glee Club
Senior Class
Members of the Junior Class
Sophomore Class
Freshman Class

On arrival at the grounds, via 42d Street, 5th Avenue and 23d Street, there will be the following exercises:

**Dead March.**

**Dirge.**

Funeral Oration, ...................... Kenton Saulnier

**Burning of the Corpse.**

**Integer Vite.**

**Burial of the Ashes.**

**Dirge.**

12, P. M.
CHORUS.
Christening of the Babe.

POEM........................................E. Morse Shepard.

SONG.
Air:—Old Hundred.
There is a time for joy to reign,
For sorrow also there's the same;
Then here let no one either shun,
But harmonize them both in one.
Your sorrow show by digging deep,
By eyes bloodshot for want of sleep;
But then let joy your bosoms swell,
To think she's gone where good folks dwell.

PROPHECY........................................A. Heishfield.

SONG.
Air:—Tramp, Tramp, Tramp.
We have buried 'neath the sod
Our Alma Mater's bones;
And in our eyes has stood the parting tear,
But now we'll jolly be,
And cease our dismal groans,
And drown our sorrows in good lager-bier.

Chorus:—Tramp, tramp, tramp,
The boys came marching,
Mourning for th' Academy defunct,
And our torches shed their light
Through the darkness of the night,
Though 'neath her reign we'd fizzled and we'd flunked.

Though demerits fell like rain,
And expulsions gloomy form
Loomed up on the horizon dark and drear,
Yet well we loved the bark,
That bore us through the storm,
And we felt a gloomy joy mixed up with fear.—Chorus.

Hail the college now new-born!
Our cry shall ever be,
May she, as a bright and shining light, aye shine,
A beacon for all mirth,
As well as solid worth,
The glory and the pride of all the land!—Chorus.
CHORUS

Gleanings of the Stage

SONG

There is a kind of joy to reckon

of 10 for 10, of 10 for 10.

Master of Ceremonies and Grand Marshal,
HENRY NEWTON.

Grand Undertaker:—ERNEST F. EURICH.

W. G. SIMMONS, R. MCADAM, HUGH LEE,
WALTER HOWE, J. A. PARKER, R. B. MCMASTER,
STEPHEN KELLY, NEILSON OLCOTT, S. A. GOLDSCHMIDT,
W. HENRY CLARK, H. P. WILDS,
C. B. NEWTON, S. W. VAN SCHAICK.

Pall Bearers.
G. A. BAKER, W. W. CLAY,
S. H. ELLIOTT, F. W. ANGEL,
T. K. CRUSE, F. L. UNDERHILL,
A. W. CONOVER, A. Z. A. MACKIE.

Sponsor.
R. R. BOWKER.

Senior Marshal. Junior Marshal.
MR. BRINKERHOFF. MR. ARKENBURGH.

Sophomore Marshal. Freshman Marshal.
MR. BRAGDON. MR. GOULD.