

# THE CONCORDIENSIS.

VOL. IV.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y., FEBRUARY, 1881.

No. 5.

## THE CONCORDIENSIS.

PUBLISHED ON THE 15th OF EACH MONTH DURING THE  
COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF  
UNION UNIVERSITY.

### EDITORS:

ROBERT A. WOOD, '81, EDITOR IN CHIEF.  
J. J. HENNING, '81. H. SCHLOSSER, '81.  
C. TEMPLE, '82. A. S. WRIGHT, '82. E. E. FORD, '82.  
W. M. GILBERT, '83. W. O. LEWIS, '83.  
ARTHUR S. WRIGHT, Business Manager.

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One Dollar per Year, in advance. Single copies, Ten Cents.

### ADVERTISING RATES:

Business Notice, per issue,	- - - - -	\$ 75
" " " year,	- - - - -	5 00
Square, per issue,	- - - - -	1 00
" " " year,	- - - - -	8 00
Quarter page, per year,	- - - - -	15 00
Half page, per year,	- - - - -	25 00

Address,

THE CONCORDIENSIS,  
Box 481, Schenectady, N. Y.

The CONCORDIENSIS will be found on sale at Barkhyte's, State St., and  
at Wright's College Book Store.

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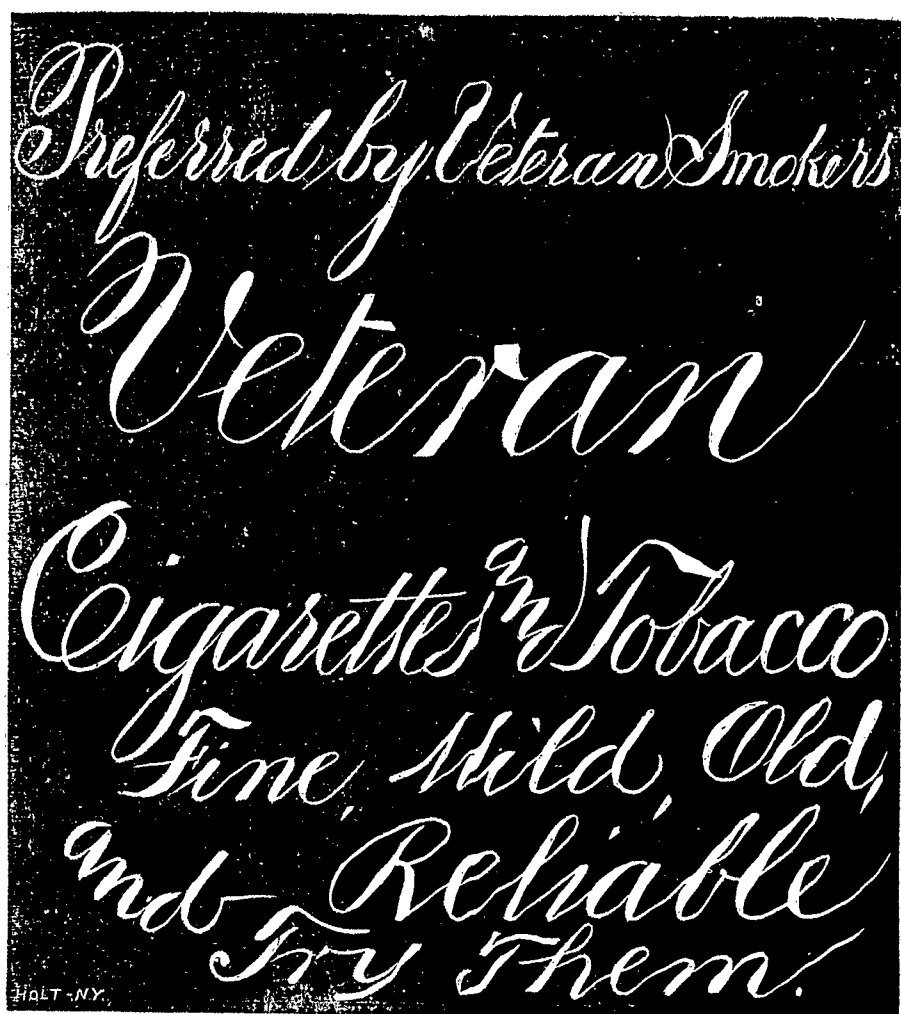
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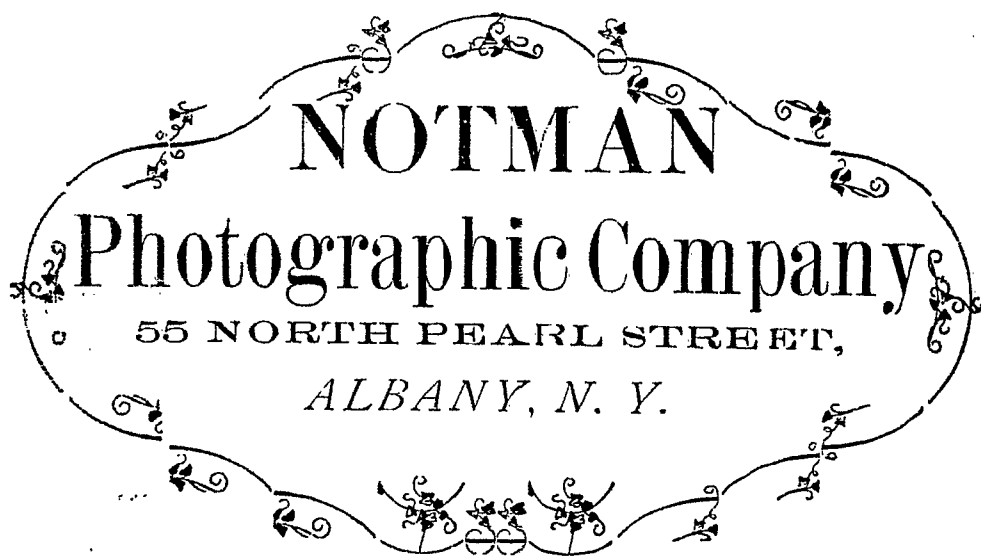


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### LITERARY.

#### CHARACTER.

"Good name in man and woman  
Is the immediate jewel of their souls."

Character is the present intellectual, social, and moral condition of an individual. It includes his present acquisitions and habits, together with his possible future attainments. It comprehends the particular man, with a nature peculiarly his own which marks him as individually distinct from other men.

Character differentiates from reputation inasmuch as character is what an individual is, and reputation is what other men think him to be. Character is the man himself, while reputation is the garb with which he is clothed. The desire to secure honor is a noble emulation. Its acquisition calls into life the nobler feelings of the soul. It adds force to character and strengthens manhood. To establish a noble character this should be kept in mind:

"To thine ownself be true,  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

"To thine ownself be true," is the key to a noble character. If a man is true to his

own manhood he will be true to all. His fellow-men will trust and confide in him. On all occasions manhood should be asserted and the admonitions of conscience obeyed; thus laying the foundation of a noble character. A noble nature is not without its merit. It is invaluable to an individual. Even should the world fail to recognize true worth, (but it will not,) the individual is conscious of the purity of his motives and of his own rectitude. This in itself is a power. Conscious rectitude is its own reward. For what is better calculated to inspire one than to feel he stands a man among men? It is of infinite value to every man that he keep constantly in mind the fact that no one can debase him but himself. Slander may be breathed upon him, falsehood alleged against him, injustice meted out to him, but he is invulnerable to all these. These can never rob him of his manhood, but when proved false they rather fortify his character. For a time they may blast his reputation and even crush his hopes, but his character remains as pure and spotless as he himself has made it. Men may denounce him, they may set up his failings as the butt of their cupidity and wit, but if he is true to himself nothing can harm him. It is impossible for men to deprive him of the knowledge of himself. He knows the purity of his motives, the integrity of his character, and the generosity of his nature. While these are left him he remains unharmed.

Another thing to be borne in mind is that moderate self-confidence is the foundation of

true manliness of character. Without this estimation it is impossible for an individual to know whether to do or leave undone a certain task. This is the source from whence have issued some of the noblest enterprises of the world's history. Nothing great was ever accomplished without a proper estimation of self. This quality only becomes objectionable when it is permitted to preponderate over better feelings—when it culminates in egotism. Then there is no quality so detested as it. The vain man may be endured, the foolish man forgiven, the selfish man humored, but the proud egotist is ever odious.

True manliness of character should be the height of every man's ambition. Wealth, position and affluence are objects worthy of honorable pursuit, but they are not worth the sacrifice of character. They perish with the hand that won them. Character lives on after the thing which gave it birth has crumbled into dust. Character never dies. We are an imitative people. The spirit of the past influences largely the present. The characters of our predecessors are indelibly stamped on us. Our life is replete with their doings and observances.

"Be just, and fear not,  
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
Thy God's and truth's; then if thou fall'st,  
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr."

C. A. H. '83.

#### GREAT EVENTS.

The greatest event of an age is its great thinker. Compared with this all other events are small and unimportant, from the building of a Babel tower to the founding of American Republics.

As all great movements, by nature deep, are by nature calm, so is the impulse of a great man, and his effects upon other men. He requires ages and centuries in which to exert his full influence and power, and it takes centuries more for the great level ocean to sweep over his landmark. Aristotle ruled

the world by his philosophy; but the impulse of Alexander spent itself in the short space of a lifetime,—and there are men whose influence extends through the awful lapse of twenty years. It has been well written, "though our clock strikes when there is a change from hour to hour, no hammer in the horologe of time peals forth through the universe to proclaim a change from era to era."

Our age has been rich in noted men; indeed, we surpass every age that has preceded us. This fact arises from two potent causes, quite recent and quite wonderful. The first and foremost is the invention of the art of printing.

The Press is a power entirely modern in its character and workings, and has wielded more influence and achieved more benefits than any one instrument in the history of the world. It opens a rich and glowing field for the exercise of the mental powers. It offers glittering rewards for the exertions of talent and genius. It is a glorious arena for the noblest contests, both spiritual and intellectual.

It furnishes an outlet for the expression of all thought and opinion; and it is the medium through which are made known the vast and varied movements of the world—the mixed intercourse of nations, the intricate labyrinth of Parliamentary proceedings, the social and political, civil and military transactions of the universe. It is a sanctuary in which are preserved the great masterpieces of the human intellect, and the great remnants of the world's genius. It is a Golgotha filled with all the learning of the past, a store-house glittering with all the speculations of the present, a prophet shadowing forth the visions of the future.

By its influence a new era has dawned upon the earth, a new empire has been founded in the minds of men. The nations of earth make tremendous strides in civilization;



power and glory. Knowledge and learning exert all their strength and diffuse all their splendour. We are living in an age, the greatest and grandest in the annals of human affairs,—a country the most prosperous and blessed that the sun has ever shone upon; an age and a century triumphant with the achievements of steam and navigation,—glowing with the richest gems of poetry, history and philosophy, adorned with the decorations of every art, enriched with the researches of every science, immortalized by the genius of literature. And whenever and wherever we see these great images, these glorified reflections of the Divine Creator shining, wherever we see this sublime treasury of knowledge and enjoyment progressing, there we know civilization spreads her dominion, and progress wheels her triumphal car. Rightly governed, the press is the bulwark of a nation's strength and the palladium of a nation's safety. Guard it with a vestal fidelity, for if it fall, there fall, in one common ruin, the government of the country and the liberties of the people.

The second great event of our time, and one world-wide in its effects, is the French Revolution, the great outburst of popular fury, that rolled, and blazed and destroyed in the wild extremes of democracy, and "from its horrid hair shakes pestilence and war." And close upon this a world revolution has followed, more peaceful in its character, but far mightier in its effects.

The signs of the times are plain enough, and he who runs may read them. They are written in characters of living fire upon every thought and action of our age. Vast social and political changes are being made; old institutions and old ideas are being swept away. Kings and emperors are trembling on their thrones and are threatened with destruction in the deluge of new thought.

The people have been stirred up from the

lowest depths by the French Revolution; nations have been aroused from the lethargy of ages; and the Fabric of the Past is tottering to its foundations. Never in the history of the world was there so great a thought laboring in the minds of men, and never since the introduction of christianity was there so distracted and divided an age. Great reforms are at work. Vast machinery has been put in execution; and civilization moves forward with giant strides. These changes have their practical illustration in the great movements which, for the last half a century, have been agitating the powers of earth,—the civil wars in Italy, Democracy in England, the late war and wild confusion of politics in America, Communism in France, Socialism in Germany, and even Nihilism in the old iron despotism of Russia.

The ages of superstition, it is generally conceded, are behind us. The day of Feudalism, of ignorance and oppression is long since past, and the day of science, of civilization and knowledge has fairly dawned; a brighter sun rolls triumphant through our heavens. In times such as these, the spirit of Progress rushes with incredible speed through the cycles of civilization and glory, and the antiquated splendor of monarchical ages is comprised within a few short periods of democratic ascendancy.

Let us not be idle spectators of this great struggle. Let us be actors in the grand contest. He who shrinks from the battle is no true man and he who lingers in the rear deserves the epithet of a coward.

Other ages and other nations have passed through similar revolutions. Labor and action are the only true existence. These and these only have produced the civilizations and accomplished the revolutions of the globe. They are the fundamental principles the very necessity of our being, and alone survive "the wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds."

Cast your eye, for a moment, over the map of the past, fraught with the teachings of philosophy, and shining in the glories of dominion. Look upon the empires that rose and blazed and fell. Why does Genius weep over the desolation of ancient grandeur? Why does history muse over the ruins of the "fallen dynasties?" Why does the world turn with feelings of awe and admiration to the shores of the Mediterranean? It is because Liberty first echoed across its waters; it is because civilization spread along its shores; it is because refinement and culture first flourished in those fertile regions. It is because there rose the cities from which have sprung the wisdom and the glory, the power and the freedom of the western world; it is because there lie the nations that once bore the weight of empire and wielded the sceptre of dominion, within whose walls were once collected the knowledge and learning of the world, and through whose marts and market-places once flowed the tide of trade, industry and wealth. It is, above all, because here democratic vigor, asserting its might and its majesty, pierced through the primeval forests of central Europe, and spread the white sails of civilization over the blue waters of the Atlantic;—and launched across the gulf of ages the ark that was destined to bear the glad tidings of Religion and Liberty throughout the wastes of the eastern and the solitudes of the western world. What made Athens "the eye of Greece, mother of arts and eloquence," bearing in her hand the palm of painting and sculpture, and her brow wreathed with the chaplet of literary fame? What erected Rome into empire, awarding to her genius the sceptre of legislation, and crowning her head with the diadem of universal dominion, leaving her, amid ruins and desolation, the landmark of the world's genius, a mental monument of human wisdom? What but those seminaries of learning and wise public institutions that informed

their youth with the principles of actions, strengthened their minds by early application, and inculcated into their souls the love of liberty? What but that same democratic vigor, infusing their policy and pervading their counsels, that overcame every obstacle and crushed all opposition, humbling the power of the Cæsars and breaking the iron crown of the feudal tyrants as "westward the course of empire takes its way?" What but those immortal minds, the mighty departed, "those dead but sceptred sovereigns who still rule over spirits from their urns," who adorned their age by their genius and learning, immortalized their country by their greatness and glory, and left to the world the models of art and the masterpieces of composition?

"Peace" says Segur, "is the dream of the philosopher; war is the history of the human race." The French Revolution, amid much that was bad, effected much that was good. After every action, there is a re-action; from every evil there results some benefit. Man must be tried in the crucible of experience before he will listen to the teachings of the wise; and youth too often rushes with headlong impetuosity into the arms of a phantom glory. In this great struggle the ends of destiny were being accomplished, and the hand of a God was almost visibly seen moving throughout. It was a revolution the grandest in the annals of modern times,—a revolution which involved the destinies of the human race, whose influence will extend through a succession of ages, and whose effects are still felt at every fireside and in every home of christendom. It was the great uprising of the human mind against temporal power and spiritual persecution. It overturned the prejudices and superstitions of ages, and founded an empire upon the basis of liberty, fraternity and equality.

The Encyclopædists had worked a revolution in the minds of men, grander than any

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ever achieved by the sword. Voltaire had thundered against the Vatican and had gone down to his grave after a long and a brave fight against the abuses of religion. The enlarged, liberal teachings of Rousseau and Raynæ in regard to liberty were on every tongue. The propagation of virtue, the establishment of freedom, the diffusion of knowledge were uppermost in the hearts and brains of all men.

There is a time when forbearance ceases to be a virtue. The people of France had been ground down into the dust for centuries beneath the heel of an iron oppression. The bitterest cup ever drained by mortal lips had been drained to the last dregs by theirs. Nothing in history or fiction,—not even the tale of Farinata in the regions of everlasting ice—could equal the horrors and atrocities of that despotism. The storm must burst, its fury had been gathering for ages; and the clouds that lowered upon the horizon were filled with death and destruction. The world was about to see that the reign of wickedness and vice was not eternal; that “though man proposes, God disposes;” and the veil which human folly attempts to weave before the face of an omnipotent God is always torn asunder and discloses the truth in all its naked purity.

Such, then, have been the two great events of the nineteenth century, and from these future generations will date a new era of prosperity and civilization. J. E. B. '84.

#### REMINISCENCES OF COLLEGE LIFE.

College life probably does not change very much, at least as regards its essential features, although its surroundings may be somewhat modified. Twelve or fifteen years ago at Old Union the antediluvian bridge across the Mohawk at the western end of the town, and the chapel foundations on the campus were objects of unfailing interest and curiosity, the former to collegians, who were ac-

customed to relieve the tedium of study by a stroll down to the river side, and the latter to young ladies from the city who were not unfrequently seen wending their way in the direction of Jackson's garden, and gazing with inquiring looks towards the venerable walls which have since blossomed forth into the stately Alumni Hall. Doubtless promenading of like sort continues although many changes have been made along the customary route. There were, however, within the period covered by these reminiscences certain disturbing influences, which it is to be hoped will never again break in upon and destroy the even tenor of college life. War meetings held in the chapel, zouave drill on the campus, processions, bonfires, the enlistment of friends and their departure for the field of battle, news from the front, whether joyous or sad, occasioned profound excitement. In the years near the close of the war men who had seen service and bore the scars of battle were among the students. Toughened by hardship and yet in the prime of young manhood, their influence was felt unmistakably by the callow striplings with whom they were thrown in contact. Serious work was not neglected in those days, nor were diversions of one sort or another unknown. It was not always safe, however, for men in the upper classes to assume that all freshmen were tender and unsophisticated. Sophomoric dignity sometimes failed to carry the day, and upon one occasion even lofty Juniors when attempting to “rush” the Freshmen, met their match, and were tumbled promiscuously into the snow. By dint of strength of stomach a member of the freshman class in 1866 or 1867 nearly put a stop to the practice of “smoking out,” he certainly turned the tables upon his would-be tormentors so completely that several of them were compelled by reason of gastric disturbance to desist from their attempt and on account of the experience thus obtained,



or on other high moral grounds the practice fell into disrepute. Amongst college pranks the Samsonian feat of carrying off gates was, perhaps, the most popular in spite of "Captain Jack's" remark to the effect that it was "un-intellectual." Judging from the Captain's manner on a certain occasion it was perhaps a customary "intellectual amusement" on the part of the class in astronomy to bore him with the question as to whether the Mississippi river really runs up hill. But in the matter of "boring" he had an advantage for there were in those times students who hated Calculus although they did not dislike the professor in charge of the class. Regarding the subject as a burden and a weariness, they sought by ingenious devices to get along without study. The arts of signalling across the room and of folding and concealing memoranda were made the subject of diligent research, sufficient almost to conquer Calculus itself. The boldest trick, however, was practiced by an envied few who sat so close to the Captain's desk as to be able to put upon the step of the platform, almost beneath his feet, an open book, from which by means of an occasional glance, they might be able to make a fair show of reciting. These practices were discussed not only conversationally, but in connection with the marking system they formed the subject of an interesting debate at a meeting of the Adelpic Society. It was plain that there were students in college who thought that they could succeed as well and enjoy more without hard "poling." It was not pleasant, however, to get caught. Translating Latin by means of a leaf from a "pony" is easy so long as one is not asked to construe word by word. Forgetfulness of this fact led to a "scene" in one of Professor Stanton's classes. A student had been reading with marked fluency and emphasis, rolling off sonorous Ciceronian periods with an elegance and finish betokening great classical taste and

intimate familiarity with the somewhat peculiar style of the author in question, but the brilliant recitation was cut short—never to go again—by a request to "construe the passage." Discomfiture and a sweaty look came over the face that had but a moment before borne evidence of great self-satisfaction and elation.

A movement somewhat out of the ordinary line of college doings was the establishment of a temperance organization supported mostly by students, although the meetings were held in a hall rented for the purpose in the city. This institution was quite popular but, if "the speech of people" was to be credited, sociability rather than temperance was uppermost. There was also a somewhat incredible story current to the effect that in the South College a few roystering spirits had formed a society, the chief feature in which was the initiation, this ceremony in brief being to make the candidate stupidly drunk and to lay him out on a plank and hold a wake over his remains. The only fact patent to the general public that would make this tale seem true was the fate of several reputed members of this society who were "rusticated" or otherwise severely admonished.

There was considerable musical talent in the college in those days. We do not now refer to the Fish-horn Brigade who made night hideous until the authorities interposed by means of a Confiscation Act, but to the players upon the violin, the guitar, the flute, the jewsharp and the mouth organ who, most skillfully, were wont to give the last excruciating twinge to the aching brain of the plodding student as he patiently consumed the midnight oil. Athletes there were, fellows who could do the "grape-vine twist" on the horizontal bar, or throw somersaults backwards or forwards with wonderful suppleness and agility. Orators too, who about commencement time filled



the woods and fields back of the colleges with great bellowing sounds; debaters always ready upon any and all sides of the question, whose eloquence and incomprehensibility made them, to say the least, formidable rivals of Mr. Pratt, the great American traveller, and whose uproarious vehemence more than once attracted the hurried footsteps of some representative of college authority who came rushing in under the impression, apparently, that the next thing in order would be the reading of the riot act; embryo politicians, who knew how to pull the wires so as to control the election of the card-committee as well as of the orator of the day: poets there were, and artists, and wits, men of literary tastes and men of fashion. It would be strange indeed if there were no rascals in the lot, and yet taken as a class the students with all their whims and pranks were well-disposed and honorable.

Unnumbered recollections besides those here recorded might still further extend these notes already lengthened out beyond the original purpose: we think of the wind whistling across the campus, and around the corner of the North College, "the coldest spot in Schenectady county;" we bring to mind the familiar din from the boiler-shops just across the college pasture; we dream of the glistening Mohawk, the distant hills and the Ancient Dutch City sleeping peacefully, but for the present must cut short these reminiscences.

#### UNION COLLEGE.

DECEMBER 24th, 1880.

'Tis Christmas eve! Around the classic walls  
I hear the sweeping shadows of the night,  
But silence thro' "Old Union's" dark, dumb halls,  
Reigns deep; no shout, no echo of delight  
Breaks on the ear; like birds of happy flight,  
That steal,—when Autumn's later days have come,—  
Away on noiseless wings, so from my sight,  
Have all my fellows winged their passage home,  
O blest, thrice blest this hallowed eve to them;  
While I by my low casement watch the beams,

Of a bright star, like that of Bethlehem,  
On which the shepherds gazed in holy dreams,  
And tune, with love and hope, my muse to sing  
The humble advent of an heav'nly king.

DECEMBER 31st, 1880.

Again I stand upon the coast of time,  
And muse on mortal change. Again I hear,  
From yon gray, lichened dome, her midnight chime,  
And write the number of another year,  
I close that volume of the past, and say,  
None but sweet memories have entered there;  
No malice burns out this dim dying day  
*But love, and love's kind offerings I bear.*  
The shimm'ring star-beams dance upon the trees,  
The city lights burn low, the winds are still:  
While E. and youthful Zor, and Mathetes,  
Keep up the beacon-lights on this old hill,  
And wait, where soon familiar feet shall fall,  
And wish, with ample hearts, good cheer to all.

LUTHER EMERSON.

#### EDITORIALS.

THE COLLEGE authorities have at last revoked their decision with regard to the transfer of the Clark prize to the Juniors and it will remain to be competed for, this year at least, by the Seniors. Similar prizes will, however, be awarded to the best Junior essays on, we presume, the same subjects. This will render the transfer of the prize to the Junior class hereafter more equitable and just. The subjects this year for the Clark prizes are: 1. Cromwell as Lord Protector; 2. What qualities form the power of Macaulay's essay on Warren Hastings. Essays must contain between 2,500 and 3,000 words.

THE work of the Seniors this term under Dr. Potter has been very pleasant indeed and has not been broken into by ulterior causes as formerly. The class has finished Butler's Analogy and are now engaged on Peabody's Moral Philosophy.

THE Chancellorship of the University of the State of New York, which has been

vacant for some little time, since the death of Erastus C. Benedict, LL.D., has been filled by the election of Henry R. Pierson by the Board of Regents at their last annual meeting. Mr. Pierson has always been very prominently identified with Union and indeed graduated here some thirty-five years ago, and is a member of the Board of Trustees. He is very prominent in both business, political and educational circles, having been for a long time a director of the N. Y. C. and H. R. R. R., and for many years a Regent of the University. He was formerly a member of the State Senate from Brooklyn and afterwards in the Assembly from Albany, where he now resides. Rev. Dr. Murray, the Secretary of the Regents, is also a Union man.

WE present our readers this month with an article by a graduate of the class of '70 on "College Reminiscences." We wish very much we could obtain more contributions from our Alumni. We have not much fault to find with their support financially, but we should be pleased to have them send us frequently articles for publication.

OUR next issue will contain an account of the proceedings of the North-Western Alumni Association. We hope to make it complete and of much interest to our Alumni.

NO ONE denies, we venture to affirm, the propriety of having devotional exercises in the chapel in the morning. This is the best possible way of beginning a day's work. Young men may laugh and scoff at the idea, but they do so more from the desire of hearing themselves talk than from any real inherent opposition. The majority of them, being from christian homes, would even feel disappointed were there no services of this character. While feeling the importance of

these services, we doubt the wisdom of having them obligatory. We ask, is this the best possible plan? Is there not something in the idea repugnant to every mind which will counteract any good ordinarily connected with divine worship? The fact that it is compulsory is apt to lead young men to think it is a duty they owe to the college rules and regulations that they attend chapel services, and they are apt to forget it is a duty they owe to themselves and their God. They attend chapel more from the thought that they will be demerited if not present. The student on entering chapel looks to see if the professor is in his accustomed place with class list and pencil in hand ready to mark the absentees. If the professor does not appear he takes no comfort in the exercises, and he asks himself "what brought me around this morning? Am always sure to be absent when he is present, and present when he is absent."

It may be advanced that if the services were not compulsory the professor in charge might talk to empty seats. Surely the services ought not to be of such a character as to require compulsion to secure an attendance. Let them be made so attractive that the young men will not desire to remain away, but will gladly spare twenty minutes every morning. We think the introduction of a college choir would greatly add to the interest of the services. There is certainly musical talent enough in the college from which to select a good choir. This course is pursued in most other colleges, and with gratifying results. There is nothing which carries such hidden power as music. It calls into activity feelings which have long been dormant, and fills the mind with lofty purposes. We have read how Orpheus enchanted with music. Not only wild beasts, but rocks moved from their places to follow the sound. There is no question but that, the

results derived from music in such services are wholly beneficial. Were some such course adopted there would be no need of compulsion, for surely the moral life here is not so low that it would lead men to absent themselves entirely from chapel if left to their own free will in the matter.

We have but a word or two to say with regard to the conduct of students in chapel. There has been a noted improvement in this respect, towards which all the classes have contributed, but more especially the gentlemen of the Sophomore and Freshmen classes. We do not have to tax our memory to recall scenes enacted in chapel of a positively disgraceful character. In those days men went to chapel with no other purpose than to make all the noise they could. How much better is the behavior of the present time. There are a few, however, who devote their time and attention while in chapel to their lessons. To such we would say, "do not continue this; you may not care for the services, but show by your conduct that you are gentlemen, at least." We should aim to make a record while here upon which we need not look back with regret. A word more. There is a tendency on the part of the students and even some of the professors to leave chapel on Saturday mornings before the chapel orations are delivered. This is not as it should be. All should take an interest in these exercises. This action on the part of students and professors is certainly, to say the least, disrespectful to the professor in charge, and to the gentlemen about to speak.

### LOCAL.

- No January thaw.
- Jack Foster is back from the west.
- The annual Sigma Phi Convention will be held March 4th.
- A Sophomore translates "fiat justitia," "judgment has come."

—Examinations for conditions were held Feb'y 5th and will be, again, March 12th.

—The Senior class photographs will be taken by McDonald & Sterry, of Albany.

—A Freshman reading a French dissertation on the chamois talked of the "chimey." What did he mean?

—Pollux is badly treated by the Fresh. One says that he was the son of Priam, and another gives him the palm in pugilastic encounters.

—One of our most promising Atheists cooks his own meals, apropos of which a would-be witty youth remarks that he believes neither in God nor in boarding houses.

—The Junior who succeeds in putting on paper nothing but the name of his girl, when preparing his lesson in Calculus, can't understand why the Prof. tries to flunk him every day.

—Two members of the Freshman class, down town not long since, were stopped by a passing oil train. Mistaking the "nature of the baste" one of them wondered audibly "where all those boilers were going." Not answered.

—The North-Western Alumni Association of Union College, held its annual meeting and banquet at the Grand Pacific Hotel, Chicago, January 11th, 1881. We shall endeavor next month to give our readers a taste of the good things said and done there. Prof. Foster was there and of course was the life of the party.

—A farm, a grand piano and an election to congress or a chromo, are offered as prizes for the translation of the following sentences. None but Freshmen need apply:

Ne mater suam.  
Pugno pugnas pugnāt.  
Mea mater sus est mala.  
Equus in stabulo est sed non est.

—The Sophomore class is distinguishing itself in Rhetoric. Roger Bacon has been accused of writing the "Magnus Opus" and other Latin poetry. One says that the tribes of Guinea, located at the mouth of the Elbe, were driven into the sea, and conquered England. Another talks of Peter Lombard's Book of Four Sentences. And so on.

—Scene in Senior's room: Present two Juniors polling Greek and Senior writing to one of the fair sex. Enter Soph.:

Soph.—"M. what are you doing?"



Sen.—“Writing a sermon.”

Soph.—“Then I think I had better interrupt you while engaged in the Lord's business.”

Jun.—“Yes, that is always the work of the Devil.” Exit Soph.

—The following gentlemen were elected officers of the Gillespie Club for the present term: President, W. B. Landreth, '81; Vice President, W. B. Reed, '82; Treasurer, W. A. Waddell, '82; Secretary, Depuy, '83; Curator, J. C. Wright, '83. The Society was never in a more flourishing condition and is about to move into a new room in North Section, North College.

—The Adelphic-Philomathean debate will take place February 18th, in the chapel. The subject to be debated is “Resolved that the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots, was justifiable.” Messrs. Johnson, '81; Waddell, '82, and Ransdell, '82, of the Adelphic, will speak on the affirmative, and Messrs. Williams, '81; Waller, '82, and Murray, '82, of the Philomathean, on the negative. Undergraduates and citizens are cordially invited to be present. Four ushers will provide seats for ladies and gentlemen.

—The cigarettes of the Kinney Tobacco Co., successors to Kinney Brothers, 515 to 525 West Twenty-Second Street, New York, justly enjoy a higher reputation than any similar manufactures in this country. In the first place, only the finest natural rice paper is used by them, thus assuring the smoker against the injuries that attend the shellac, arsenic and other health-sapping sophistications that are found in the inferior papers used by other firms. The Kinney Tobacco Company make a great number of brands, to suit every shade of taste among cigarette smokers, and the appreciation in which these are held is amply attested by the fact that they are largely sold in every city in the World, and wherever their merits are known to the exclusion of all other makes. For a real delicious, sweet smoke, try their latest cigarette, the “Veteran.”

—The Delta Phi Society gave a reception to the Saratoga Cooking Club at Glen Mitchell, Friday evening, January 31st. Five of the boys went up in the afternoon. The remainder started on a later train, and, owing to a storm and a collision, did not arrive at Saratoga till the next morning about the time the merry-makers were returning. As a recompense to the young gentlemen who had been delayed, the ladies arranged a round of

gaiety that kept them from returning to their college duties until the following Tuesday. The Glen Mitchell party passed off pleasantly, the attendance, however, owing to the storm, being but about thirty couples. The refreshments provided by the Cooking Club were *par excellence*. The Delta Phi's avow themselves well pleased with their Saratoga trip, and say they never enjoyed themselves better in their lives.

—We offer as a specimen of English suitable for a primer, Spencer's definition of Evolution: “Evolution is a change from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite, coherent heterogeneity through continuous differentiations and integrations.” Prof. Tait translates as follows: “Evolution is a change from a nohowish untalkaboutable allaliveness to a somehowish and in general talkaboutable not-allaliveness by continuous something-elseifications and sticktogethurations.” For persons of stronger minds we recommend Mr. Kirkman's definition of change. We had no idea that change was such a simple process. “Change is a perichoretical synchry of pamparallagmatic and horoteroponeumatological differentiations and integrations.”

#### QUERIES FOR JUNIORS.

Are Amsterdam girls good looking?

Was that cat alive?

Did Grimes pay five or ten cents for that pack of cards?

Is waltzing conducive to a healthy moral condition?

Is it policy to pull an Amsterdam girl's locks?

Was a game of billiards on that third floor table worth ten cents?

Did the kiss in the corner pay?

Did the supper come just in time to save something?

Wasn't J. J. D. B. B. D. in his element?

Where was that piano?

Were the last two hours enjoyable to the colored manipulators of Giblets aux Bordeaux?

Did it pay to go to bed?

What is a man's condition when four overcoats; a trunk and student on top of him fail to arouse him?

Who killed that sparrow? Not I, says M—.

Does it pay to get on the last of a train of twenty cars and walk to the first to get your seat?

Did you see a Junior at church Sunday morning?



## THE JUNIOR CLASS SUPPER.

Like everything else undertaken by the class, this was a success. The boys assembled at the Schenectady depot at 6:40 P. M., to take the Amsterdam train. All were in a jolly mood, for Mechanics was a terror of the past, and the grand event of the junior year was in the near future. The train was on time for once, and the class was soon on the way. A census taken on the train soon showed that in spite of the illness of some of the men almost all were present.

The train soon reached Amsterdam, and the boys, after announcing their arrival by a college cheer, scattered in search of amusement. They found it in the shape of fairs, dances, private parties, and, last but not least, a collection of stuffed and *live* animals, in which one of the members made some discoveries in natural history.

At twelve o'clock all assembled and sat down to one of the bountiful repasts which Landlord Wemple so well knows how to provide. After doing ample justice to the good cheer, the toasting began, when the following toasts were wittily responded to by the gentlemen named: Union's distinguished men in politics, Arthur S. Wright; The Class of '82, Luther R. Hargrave; The Faculty, Fred D. Van Wagenen; The Equestrians of '82, E. C. Murray; Our Alma Mater, Jos. E. Ransdell; Our past difficulties and our future hopes, Herbert C. Hinds; Those who, though lost to sight, are still to memory dear, Robert E. Morgan; Our Mashers, Sheldon M. Griswold; '82's Editors, Edmund E. Ford; The beards embryo or otherwise, John J. Drowne; The way we live, John G. Peoli. Impromptu toasts followed, interspersed with singing, during which our friend Drowne gave us a solo, which was heartily encored, and our old class-mate, Sylvester, responded to a toast in a happy manner.

At four A. M. our toast master, W. J. Pollard, gave the signal for the class song, the composition of Chas. Temple, and the boys dispersed, the knowing ones, who had secured rooms in advance, to bed, but the others to pass the time in the parlors while waiting for the five o'clock train, which came at 8:45, long before which time the boys had adjourned to the depot where J. J. D. demonstrated his ability to keep the sleepy crowd good natured for a couple of hours. On the arrival of the train the class, with a cheer for their Amsterdam entertainers,

rushed on board and proceeded to pass the time, including a delay by accident, by singing college songs, and at 10 A. M. arrived at S., unanimously voting that they had spent a jolly night and would go again next year.

## PERSONAL.

[We would solicit aid from our Alumni in making our personal department as complete as possible. To that end we would ask that any items of interest concerning our Alumni be sent us.]

'20. Rev. George Mairs, one of our oldest living graduates, is quietly spending the evening of his life at his home in Argyle, N. Y., amid the scenes of his youth and his life's work. He takes great interest in the prosperity of his Alma Mater.

'36. Rev. Lupton W. Curtis is pastor of the Congregational church at Richmond, Mass. Mr. Curtis is a powerful and fervent speaker, greatly loved and respected by his people, whom he has served for many years.

'48. John A. MacFarland is principal of Washington Academy, Salem, N. Y., and has prepared many pupils for Old Union.

'68. The publication of Prof. Webster's two books on the marine fauna of the American coast, has been assumed by the State. His collection has already placed the Union College museum in the department of annelidæ beyond that of any institution in the country.

'70. Hon. William H. Clark is one of the participants in the Normal School broil in Cortland, where he edits the Cortland Standard. He is also a member of the Republican State Committee.

'74. G. W. Hoadley is the efficient principal of Fort Edward Union School.

'77. Joraleman has been joined in the bonds of matrimony to one of Eve's fair daughters. He is professor of Latin and Greek in Ives Seminary, Antwerp, N. Y.

'80. Anderson is back in Schenectady. He busies himself over engineering draughts and chemical laboratory work.

Landon when last heard from was in Rome doing the Catacombs, etc.

Lowell is in the banking business in San Francisco, Cal.

Muhlfelder resides in Albany, and, if rumor is true, contemplates becoming a limb of the law.

'81. Miller and Vedder, L. T., graduate in March from the Medical Department of Union University.

'82. Sylvester is studying law in Utica.

White is with the Scott-Siddons troupe and appeared with them the last week of January in Albany. He has been on the stage several months and bears the *nom de plume* of Harry Havens.

We would append a word with regard to the gentleman who for several years, up to about a year ago, occupied the Latin chair. Rev. Dr. R. T. S. Lowell is still residing in Schenectady and is absorbed in literary work. His latest works are two historical tales, one having its scenes and figures cast 180 years ago, and the other being a continuation of his "A Story or Two from an Old Dutch Town." His books all meet with a large demand and the Doctor can justly be called one of the popular authors of the day.

It is with deep regret that the Junior class finished their course of Mathematics under Prof. Price. The hardest mathematical work of their college course is now completed. The hearty interest and commendable patience the Professor has always taken in explaining every difficult point, and also in illustrating all mathematical applications, when possible, has won the affection and well-wishes of the whole class. He has had an unusual amount of work to perform this term; yet that constant untiring devotion of his faculties for the best interest of each one of the class has ever been present. He has aimed not only that each student should gain a thorough knowledge of the subject, but that his mind should obtain the highest discipline which the study affords. This ardent zeal for the welfare of the student is manifested not only in the recitation but in his private room; and in virtue of this the Junior class will not be quick to forget his services in their behalf, and will ever look back on the comparatively short course taken under him with complete satisfaction of their improvement in mind and a feeling of indebtedness to him.

#### OBITUARY.

The deaths of the following Alumni are announced:

'23. Judge Benjamin Nott, formerly of New York, who resided with his son in South Arlington avenue, East Orange, N. J.,

dropped dead on Monday afternoon in the drug store of S. L. Rumsey, in that place. He was eighty years of age. While a resident of Albany he was elected to the judiciary, and achieved considerable distinction. He was a son of the late Rev. Eliphalet Nott, president of Union College, and uncle of the present president of that institution, Eliphalet Nott Potter. He was a brother-in-law of Bishop Alonzo Potter, of New York, and Clarkson N. Potter. He studied law with President Van Buren, and for some years had been engaged in writing a work entitled, "Constitutional Ethics." The immediate cause of death was apoplexy.

'32. Henry Mesier at Wappingers Falls, January 26, 1881.

'33. J. M. Scribner, January 10, 1881, aged 75 years.

'35. Rev. Levi M. Graves at Rosston, Montgomery county, Penn., December 31, 1880.

'40. Rev. William K. Platt at Ludlowville, N. Y., October 30, 1880, aged 63 years.

'57. Ex-State Senator Abiah W. Palmer at Amenia, Dutchess Co., N. Y., January 10, 1881. He represented the Dutchess and Columbia district in the State Senate in 1868-9 and 1872-3.

#### COLLEGENSIA.

Dartmouth has decided to admit ladies.

The Seniors of Syracuse affect Grecian literature.

Columbia plays foot-ball according to the Rugby rules.

The Wabash College Library contains 18,300 volumes.

A new Philological Society has been formed at Harvard.

The instruction in Physics given at Cornell is the same to students in all courses.

At Amherst the students are compelled to attend church twice a day on Sunday.

Prof. Allen, of Cincinnati College, has been appointed professor of Philology at Yale.

Princeton piety is to have a stimulus in the shape of a new chapel which will cost \$80,000.

The University of Minnesota has an Oratorical Association numbering seventy-five members.

Eton College, Eng., has a factory in which the students may obtain a practical knowledge of tools.

The Cornell University Botanical Department has just received a donation of \$10,000 from the Hon. H. W. Sage, of Ithaca.

A number of Oxford, (Eng.) students have been suspended for locking up some of the Professors in one of the college buildings.

At Harvard the old recitation system in mathematics has given place to lectures, except in the prescribed courses in Algebra, Geometry and Trigonometry.

They have monitors at Rutgers, but if the students could have their own way they would soon abolish the system of being watched like little boys—and that, too, by one of their own number.

Cazenovia Seminary has the largest attendance this winter for three years, and during the past 12 months it has discharged \$40,000 of indebtedness through the sacrifice of her bond-holders and the gifts of her friends.

Bowdoin is in luck. A lady has just given \$5,000 to repair the foundation of Memorial Hall. Mr. Mackay, the San Francisco bonanza king, has given \$50,000 to found a scholarship, and a gentleman of Philadelphia has given another \$50,000.

Vassar has been presented with a scholarship fund of \$3,000 by Dr. Barringer, the scholarship to go to the best scholar in the graduating class who shall be a daughter of a physician, and shall offer herself as a competitor for a prize.

At a re-union of the Williams College Alumni at Cleveland lately, over 50 graduates attended, including Gen. Garfield, Gov. Bross, C. E. Fitch, of the Rochester *Democrat*, President Chadbourne and others. Gen. Garfield made a short speech.

They have the new marking system at Amherst, and it is pronounced a success. They are going to experiment still further and in another direction at the next commencement, for it has been decided to strike from the list of exercises the Valedictory and Salutatory.

George L. Ferris of the Senior class in Cornell University, while sliding down hill there the other evening, tried to turn out for a couple of girls, when his sled tipped over while going at great speed. His head was thrown against some object and he was made insensible. He has continued delirious most

of the time since, but it is believed he will recover.

At a large meeting of students held in Berlin, lately, to debate the best means for extending the anti-Jewish agitation, deputations from the universities at Gottingen, Leipzig, Kiel, Rostock and Halle were present. Fourteen hundred Berlin students and 1,022 Leipzig students and many others signed an anti-Jewish petition to Bismarck. The authorities have dismissed the agitator, Dr. Henricis, from the post of schoolmaster.

The Seniors at Brown are lamenting the cruel fate which compels them to bear the expense of the commencement dinner. They regard it as a serious affliction, and as the entreaties of previous classes have failed to move Providence to a special dispensation on their behalf, and in view of their slender purses, the members of '81 propose that the difficulty be met by assessing the Alumni—a plan generally adopted, and far preferable to burdening a few men with an unnecessary expense.

Endowments amounting to over \$50,000 have recently been secured by President Potter for Union College and scholarships established which will date from September 1, 1881. The administration of President Potter has been successful in a marked degree, for during it Union College has received in the shape of bequests and endowments no less than \$500,000, and the number of students increased from 80 to 200. This showing is exceedingly gratifying to President Potter's many friends in this city and vicinity. Our former citizen has proved himself to be in a broader sense a public benefactor, for he saved from impending disaster, and placed on a firm foundation through his individual efforts, a time-honored collegiate institution which includes in its roll of Alumni some of the most distinguished persons in the country.—Troy *Times*.

## EXCHANGES.

—The *University Herald* quotes us as calling it "one of our western exchanges." The *Herald* must be mistaken, for after a diligent search we can find in no issue of the CONCORDIENSIS any such reference.

The *Oberlin Review* grew wild at our reference to Oberlin as the great "Baby School." Well, pray, what name is more appropriate to



an institution of learning where the students are fettered by the most stringent and obnoxious rules fanaticism can devise? While we doubt not that the powers that framed their college laws did it for the best, yet we know that the students of Eastern colleges need no such rules and would never submit to them. Perhaps, however, the Oberlin students are so debased as to render the maximum of restraint necessary. The *Review* also retorts by dubbing Union the "College of Refuge." That name is not half as good as the old one, "Botany Bay," which used to be applied to us. Good ground indeed for such a name for an institution where in six years back four men have been admitted who have "left" other colleges—only a third as many as we have expelled in the same time.

### EXTRANEAE.

—Her lips were like the leaves, he said,  
By Autumn's crimson tinted;  
Some people Autumn leaves preserve,  
By pressing them, she hinted.—*Ex.*

—There is one good thing about Sarah B.'s figure anyway. Very little goes to waist.—*Yale News.*

—There is every reason to suppose that many Englishmen are being Boered to death in South Africa.—*Ex.*

—A wicked Yale paper says Bernhardt's stockings were filled Christmas, one with a slate pencil and the other with a stick of candy.

—A toast to Oberlin: No late hours, no cigars, not even a cigarette, no buggy rides, no moonlight strolls, no serenades, no nothing.—*Advocate.*

—Prof. of Social Science—"What becomes of all the pins?" Mr. D.—"I suppose they go into the earth and come up as terrapins."—*Ex.*

—We have about come to the conclusion that, after all, there is no decorator who can compare with Old Jack Frost in getting up a frieze.—*Hobart Herald.*

—Enquirer—A college is a place where a young man is kept during the period he is sowing his wild oats, and thus relieves his family of the annoyance of having him about.—*Post.*

—Librarian (looking for lost sheep-bindings)—"One of Dickens' novels is missing, uncharged."

Student—"I've got one of Dickens' novels."

Librarian—"Yes, I know; you have *Kenilworth*." Class howls.—*Hobart Herald.*

—Scene at a co-educational school: He was a new student and evidently not settled for the term yet. He rang the bell, young lady appeared, of whom he very anxiously inquired, "Would you like to have a roommate?" He told the boys afterwards that he was excited, but did not see why the door should have been shut in his face.—*Transcript.*

### THE RIVAL.

FROM THE COLUMBIA SPECTATOR.

Thou think'st, fond lover, that her smiles  
Are only meant for thee,  
And thou art sure that from all wiles  
None are so free as she.

Thou think'st that thee alone she'd love,  
Though many came to woo;  
That eyes blue as the heaven above  
Could ne'er prove aught but true.

But know that those eyes daily beam  
On one more loved—alas!  
I fear that I've destroyed love's dream;  
Thy rival's but her glass.

F. B. H.

### A FATAL FLIRTATION.

Light a cigarette, Tom, and take that easy chair,  
And I'll tell you a little story, Tom, that will make your honor stare.

It's all about a girl, of course—her picture's over there;  
And don't you think she's pretty, Tom, with all that golden hair?

I met her last vacation, in a little country town,  
And at a country ball, Tom—and, yes, her name was Brown.

She said she lived in Brooklyn, and knew some friends of mine,

Who gave away completely our latest little "shine."

Ah, Tom! my heart beat faster as I saw her pass next day,  
For somehow, Tom, she touched me in a curious sort of way.

And then we went out walking, too, to get some flowers,  
we said,

But I got one little flower, Tom, and for that I lost my head.

Next day I called and told of the conquest she had made,  
And that I loved—but here she interrupted, and very coldly said:

"These very words you uttered, with eyes and face aglow,  
To my pretty sister Daisy, about a year ago."

—*Athenæum.*



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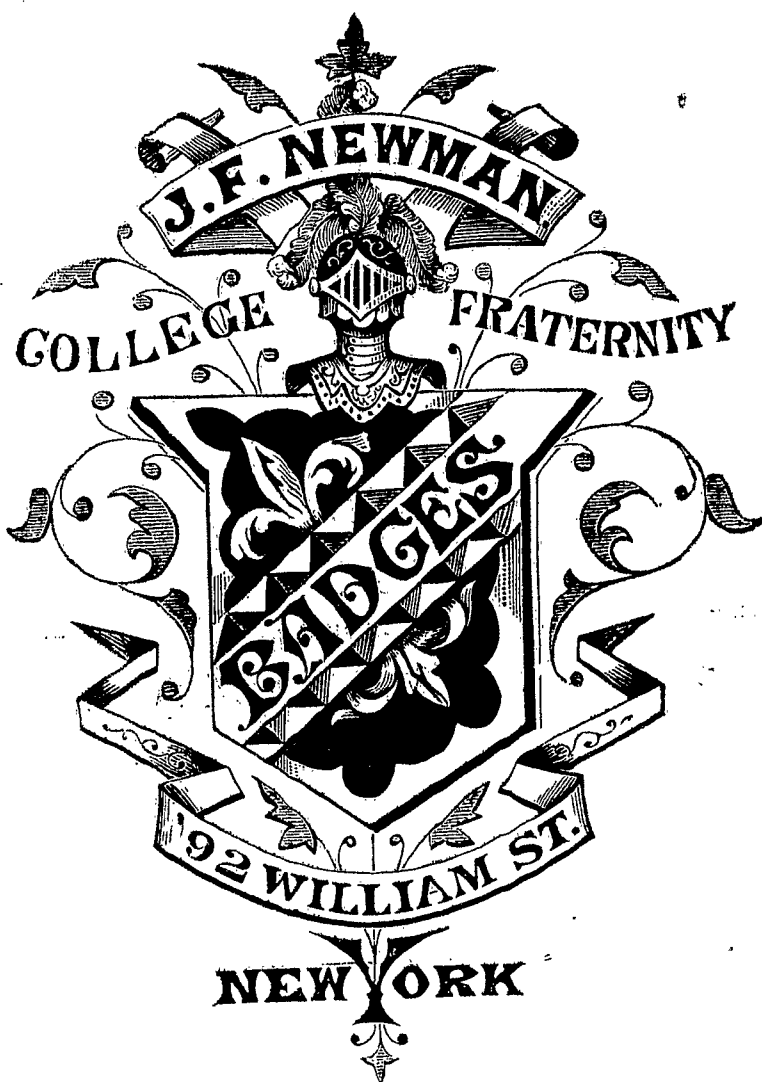
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