

THE
CONCORDIENSIS.

UNION COLLEGE.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y.

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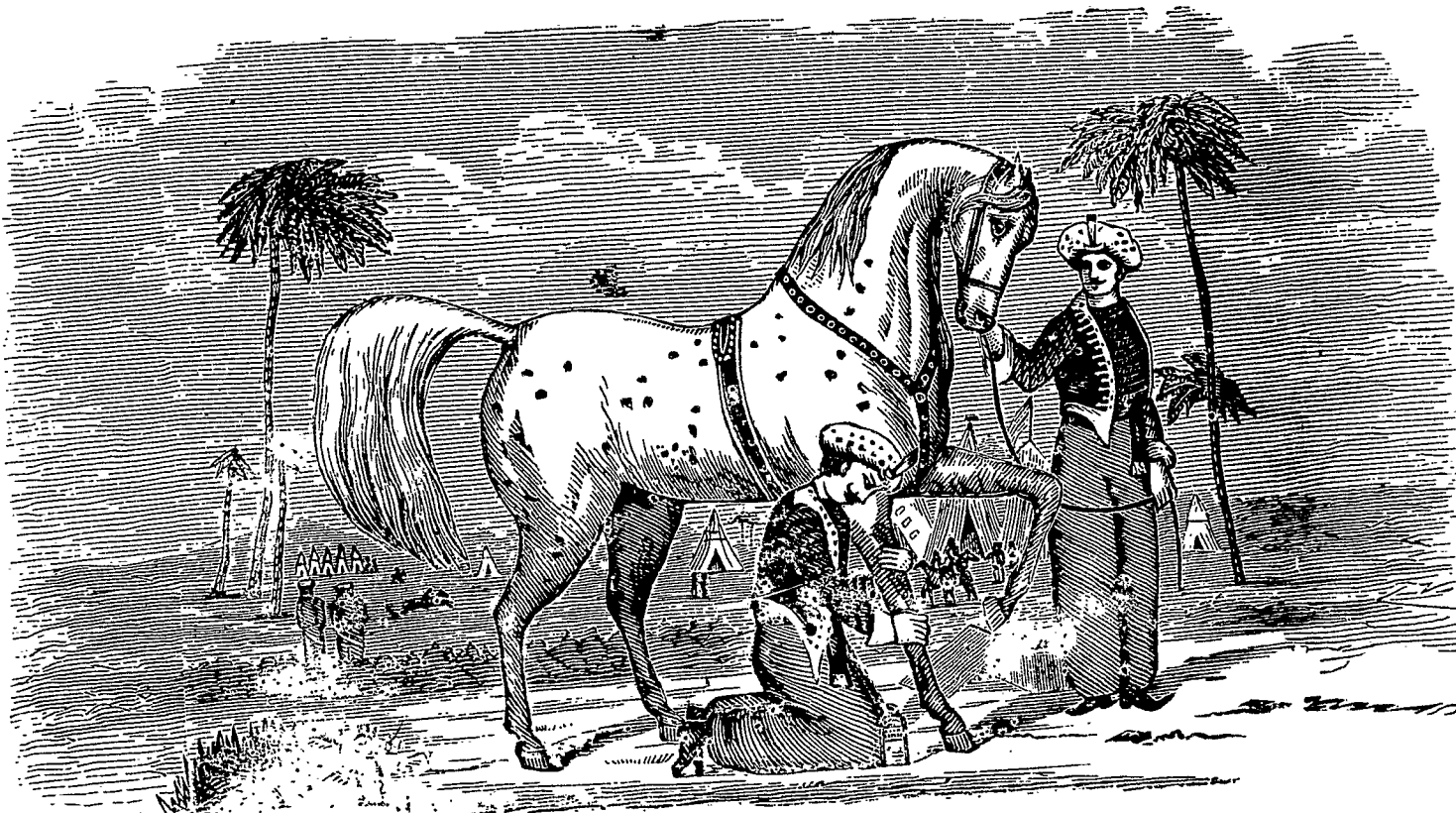


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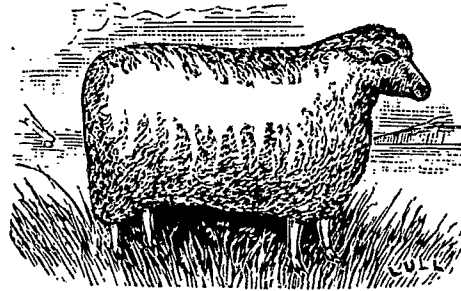
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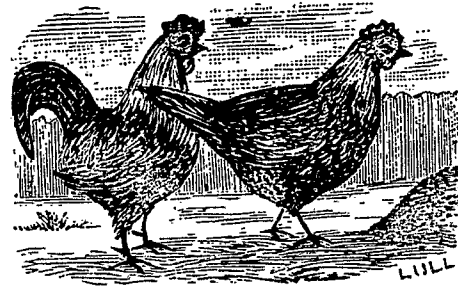
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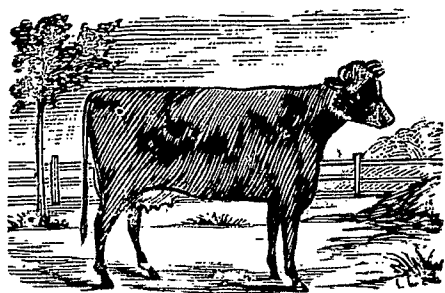


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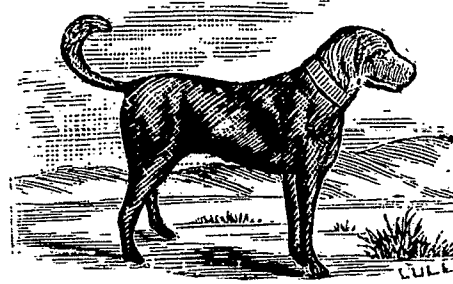
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VOL. X.

UNION COLLEGE, MARCH 20, 1887.

No. 6.

The Hudson.

SUNSET sheds her golden light,
O'er the northern forests bright,
Where the mountains hoary heads
Look down in the somber shades,
On rough and rugged cliffs that rise,
Towering toward the summer skies;
Feathery forests reaching up
To many a high hill's sturdy top;
Nestling flowers gemmed with dew
Peeping from the leaves' green hue,
Sparkling with a diamond's gleam,
Unravelling the sun's bright beam;
Its brilliancy is bright and clear
Rivalled alone by beauty's tear.

In this beauteous Eden spot,
In a cool delightful grot,
Bubbles forth a crystal spring,
Pure as is the swan's white wing;
The overhanging lily's face
May its beauteous likeness trace;
The dull gray of the aged rock,
Proof 'gainst wintry torrent's shock,
Is softened to the easiest seat,
By gray grown mosses long and sweet.
No sound breaks the silence long
Save the twittering wild bird's song,

Trickling thence a tiny rill,
From the spring winds down the hill,
Bounds into a darksome glen,
Tumbles out and on again,
Stops, resting in a tiny pool
Of pure water dark and cool,
Where noontide sun his brilliant face
Can on the mirrored water trace

The little rill which stopped to rest,
In the clear pool's shining breast
Moves on to the opposite brink,
And plunging forward seems to sink,
Beneath the all-receiving earth
Which just before had given it birth;
Winding through a long dark way
Again beholds the light of day,
Enlarged unto a brooklets size
As now it views the azure skies.

Within the bosom of the ground
Had it numerous fountains found,
Combining with them one and all
Hastens onward out of thrall.
Rippling forward through the sedge
Finds a high cliff's dizzy edge,
Breaks into a silver spray
In contrast to the rocks cold gray,
And having heavenly colors made
Falls far a beautiful cascade.

Tumbling on o'er aged rocks
Which its rippling laughter mocks,
Darting past the pine trees tall,
Breaking in beauteous waterfall;
Sinking into forest deep,
Leaping down a hill's long steep,
Uniting its clear water cool
With many another crystal pool,
It quickly grows to river's size
Bursting all the narrow ties
Which bound it when a rivulet,
And round its narrow limits set.
With woods and open fields it blends
The beauties of its thousand bends,
With all the glories that can be
In high and lowland scenery.

Now man in vigor of his might,
Dams in its course its hasty flight,
Makes it a humble servant strong
To work for him the whole day long.
Untired there, it sweeps on then
Through the busy haunts of men,
Marts of thousand nations throng
Up and down its current strong;
Treasures untold safely ride
On its steady flowing tide.

Clouds on Catskill's summits wild
Have often wept and often smiled,—
Have wept to make thy glorious flood
Deeper, grander and more broad,
Have smiled upon thy breast to see
Long and bright prosperity,

Not fairer is the rosy cheek
Upon the face of maiden meek,
Than tints which rosy fingered dawn
Have on the stream's fair bosom drawn.

The gloomy battlements do frown
From above the hillsides brown,
Natural ramparts made to guard
Inland 'gainst oppression hard.

Oh Grandest Highlands on your crests
On your rugged hillsides' breasts
Ever beauteous sights there be
The most imposing scenery!

Below the noble stream grows wide,
Extending far from side to side
In mimicry of ocean's tide;
An inland lake surprised we see
At Haverstraw and Tappan Zee;
Then hurrying southward in thy course
Rushing to the sea,
To the roaring billows hoarse
Beating a rough harmony.
Past the grand old Palisades
Proof against the torrents' raids
Keeping thy o'erwhelming hand

From the calm sequestered land.
The noble bluffs for miles look down
And darkly on the river frown.
And across the wide expanse
Happy homes arrest our glance
To nature's beauties, on his part
Man has added every art.

The River blithely flowing south
Blends with the ocean at its mouth,
On the left Art's cosy shades
On the right grim Palisades;
Extremes of beauty made to blend
In its every softening bend.

Flowing onward wide and still
Lowland takes the place of hill,
Piles of brick and mortar high
Rise toward the smoky sky,
Rivals of Egypt's pyramid,
Or Babel's tower in cloud wreaths hid.
Queen of western cities great
Which stands a sentinel at the gate
Which is always passed by thee
E'er thou minglist with the sea.

At thy very portal stands
Freedom with uplifted hands,
Welcoming from foreign lands,
To liberty's all sacred strands
Down trodden people; the oppressed
Are given freedom, home and rest.
Liberty's high uplifted light
Is seen out on the billows bright,
Beckons weary wanderers in
Who dark adversity have seen.
The statue also says to thee
"Mingle thy waters with the sea
Free from thy encroaching shore,
Be unrestrained forevermore."

Oh Mighty River thou hast been
An untold treasure unto men!
On thy breast forever floats,
A mighty multitude of boats;
Thou for thyself a crown hast made
And it at Ocean's feet hast laid.
The lofty structures here of man,
The massive bridge's noble span,
Which widely o'er the waters frown
Are each a jewel in thy crown.
From inland far thou roll'st thy tide
To the ocean wild and wide.
Oh Hudson, thou indeed art queen
Of all the streams by mortals seen!

C. A. M.

A Bicycle Episode.

I CLOSED with considerable emphasis the law book, over which for the last two hours I had been poring, and having assured myself by a glance from my office window that there could be no pleasanter afternoon for a ride, I hastened to don my bicycle suit. A few moments later I carefully aided my rub-

ber shod steed down the piazza steps, over the curbstone and into the village street. As no one was observing me I attempted and, as was not always the case, succeeded in making a "hubmount," and turned swiftly down the South road.

There were several reasons why I took that direction on this particular afternoon, I shall not attempt to give them in the order of their importance. The South road for about a mile out of the village was smooth and level, a perfect paradise for bicyclists, and I very often took my usual afternoon ride in that direction. The road for a considerable distance was bordered by rows of maple and elm trees whose changing foliage during those early October days was a constant source of rare enjoyment.

But my thoughts as I sped along that afternoon over the rustling leaves were not of the level road free from all obstructions to bicycle travel, nor of the delicately tinted and ever changing foliage above me, but of a being that according to Irving has caused man more perplexity than "ghosts, goblins and the whole race of witches put together" namely:—a woman. For that morning there had passed my office, in a village cart, a young woman, or perhaps I should say, a girl of singular beauty. An elderly gentleman whose venerable appearance was patriarchal, and who I had since learned was her father, accompanied her. I had stared at them with a curiosity which had largely developed in the two years I had spent in this village where the appearance of strangers was a somewhat unusual event.

Novelists usually set out to give us in detail the charms of their heroines, as if beauty consisted in so much hair, such a hue of eye or tint of complexion, or such a cast of feature or in a combination of these, and was not an indefinable spiritual something appealing

alone to our æsthetic nature. The face upon which I had looked that morning from my window was one toward which, no matter where we might have seen it, we would have been impelled to give a second glance.

The crisp morning air had given a delicate glow to her oval cheeks and the breeze fanned back masses of dark brown hair from her broad smooth brow. Her delicately chiseled features were pure Grecian, and her eyes, although at that distance I could not determine their exact hue, were large and lustrous.

So much I mentally noted down in the few moments that she was in sight, and I found out at the end of those few moments that I had unconsciously formed a determination to find out, who these strangers were, and if possible, form their acquaintance.

One of the few things that could truthfully be said in favor of my law practice at that time was that it afforded me unbounded leisure, and hence this vision of beauty had no sooner passed than I hied me to the Post-Office where I could depend upon finding some of the eminently respectable loungers who frequented that news center, and who were perfectly willing to "stand and deliver" the gossip of the entire neighborhood. By a few adroitly put questions I learned that the young lady's name was Alice Brenton, that the old gentleman with her was her father, that her mother had died several years ago, and that she and her father had the day before returned to their summer home, a cottage two miles down the South road. All this was natural enough except that it was no longer summer and it seemed a little strange that any one should wait until autumn before moving out of the city. My garrulous informer went on to state that there was something very peculiar about her father; that he never spoke more than a few words to any one, always wore a pre-occupied air,

had no business, never remained long in any place, and had not visibly changed in appearance since when twenty years before he brought his young wife to their newly built cottage on the South road. Sometimes they spent their summers there, of late they had not. They had no friends and but very few acquaintances among the people of the village, who for this reason alone disliked them most heartily. From the man who took charge of the cottage during the winter they could learn nothing concerning Mr. Brenton's business, or if he had any, nor of his whereabouts when not staying at the cottage.

Revolving in my mind what I had heard, and wondering if I would be so fortunate as to see Miss Brenton if I rode by her cottage, I sped along down the South road. Just before it reached the cottage, the road which had hitherto been level turned down a long and rather steep hill. Midway down the hill the road turned abruptly to the left, and as there was a dense wood upon that side, one could see only half way down the incline. When I had reached the top of this hill I took my feet off the pedals and coasted, as I had often done on going down this hill before. I went along very nicely, acquiring greater momentum at every rod, until I came to the bend in the road. Leaning in and watching carefully the track I was taking, I had just made the turn when a sudden noise caused me to raise my eyes, and I beheld Miss Brenton in her village cart alone, and but a few rods ahead of me. The powerful down horse which she drove was evidently not accustomed to such silent apparitions as bicyclists, his ears were erect, his eyes staring and his nostrils dilated; he attempted to turn first this way and then that, but was prevented by the skill of his driver who kept him within the road and urged him on by a vigorous use of her whip. Her lips were

firmly set, and every vestige of color had fled from her face.

I took in the situation at a glance, felt frantically for the flying pedals, and put the brake down firmly. No sooner had the brake touched the wheel than I left the saddle of my bicycle like a stone from a catapult. I reached out my arms to mother earth and embraced her frantically. For one moment which seemed an eternity, I experienced the terrible sensation that accompanies falling. I had seen a heap of rough stones in the gutter and expected to strike them. I felt that my time had come. With a vividness that cannot be described, every event of my life passed before me in one mad swirl and tumult. Long forgotten events, strains of music, faces of early companions, the unintelligible jargon or foreigners, the incidents of my life at college and at the professional school, all rushed before my mind in startling distinctness. Events that I had witnessed several times or subjects concerning which I had often thought appeared in relief against the back-ground of less frequent impressions. Then followed sudden flashes of light, which were as quickly displaced by utter blackness.

II.

The first impressions that smote upon my re-awakening consciousness were the notes of a bird, and as I languidly opened my eyes I beheld, at the opposite end of the room in which I lay, a canary, his little throat swelling and quivering with melody, while the slanting rays of the low sun flooded his cage with light.

Turning my head slightly, with the first consciousness of pain, I met the gaze of Miss Brenton and the village physician, and saw hope and then assurance displace the anxiety written upon their faces. Mr. Brenton with his accustomed pre-occupied air was pacing silently to and fro at the other side of the

room, and did even raise his eyes as the doctor said to me in a cheerful tone: "You came off very fortunate from what might have been a serious accident, but I believe that aside from a slight cut upon your arm and a few shallow scalp wounds you have escaped uninjured."

As he spoke I looked down and noticed that the left sleeve of my coat had been slit open and that my arm was bandaged just below the elbow, raising my other hand I ascertained that my head, together with the bandages which encircled it in various directions, was actually as large as it felt.

Miss Brenton then, at my request, told me how I came to be there. After my fall, seeing that I was stunned, she hurried back to her home, and returning accompanied by the coachman, had taken me thither, and then as I had shown no signs of returning consciousness, she had driven off at once for the village physician whom she fortunately met but a short distance from the cottage. After the arrival of the doctor, I had remained considerably over an hour in an unconscious state, and he in the meantime had dressed the slight wounds which I had received.

In answer to an inquiring look from me she added with a smile, that my bicycle, displaying unmistakable symptoms of contusion, had been brought from the scene of disaster, and was then languishing upon the front piazza.

Late that evening I rode back with the doctor to my lodgings, although Mr. Brenton had pressed me to remain until the morning. On the following afternoon Miss Brenton stopped to inquire of my condition, and I surprised her by answering her inquiry in person. She expressed wonder that I had so far recovered as to be walking about already, and shaking her whip (she was riding) with a frown over the ears of the horse

she had driven the day before, she added that "Prince" was the culprit to whom the blame for this unfortunate occurrence belonged.

After a few moments chat, in which I abjured all faith in the power of first impressions, and expressed the hope that our further acquaintance might be as pleasant as our meeting had been embarrassing, she slacked her reign upon her horse which had become restless and cantered off, remarking with a mischievous smile as she turned her horse—that the turban style of head-dress which my bandages formed was extremely becoming to me,—a sentiment to which, I confess, I could not conscientiously subscribe.

III.

In the course of a very few weeks "Prince" became fully reconciled to the appearance and society of my bicycle, and many were the hours that his graceful rider and I passed together exploring the country roads in all directions. Our meetings, at first, were not prearranged but nevertheless occurred with a certainty and regularity which would seem to indicate a definite design.

During the mornings I studied with an avidity which surprised me; the law books to which I had hitherto turned with a sigh seemed to have undergone some radical change, and to have become moderately interesting. I confess that at times my thoughts did evince a tendency to wander which I did not altogether restrain. Life took on a more cheerful aspect; I looked on every man who passed my office as a prospective client.

One morning in November Mr. Brenton's coachman handed me a note, and saying that he believed it did not require an answer, went away. It was from Miss Brenton, and had evidently been written in haste. It stated that her father had not been aware of our meetings until some one had informed him

upon the preceding day, and that he thereupon forbade her to see me again. They would leave for the city on the morning train. Would I meet her that evening at eight on a certain drive in their grounds?

A great many elaborate air castles collapsed as I folded that letter. I had not known that her father was ignorant of our frequent meetings, although I had wondered that she never had asked me to come in with her when we had reached her home, and had declined my aid in dismounting, saying that the coachman was in waiting and would assist her.

IV.

Somewhat before eight o'clock that evening I was pacing nervously back and forward in the elm-bordered drive at the left of the Brenton cottage. The moon nearly full was high over head. The leaves rustling at my feet, and the naked tree-tops writhing in the wind caused me to shiver involuntarily although the night was mild. I consulted my watch from time to time, and watched eagerly a door which opened toward the drive.

At length it opened partly, emitting a narrow ray of light which lay like a broadening path across the lawn; then the door was as suddenly closed, and I heard a rustle in leaves that carpeted the path which led to the point where I was standing.

She gave a little start as I moved to meet her and said as I drew her arm through mine and turned down the drive "I knew that you would come."

I shall not tell you what was said as we walked slowly to and fro along the drive checkered with alternate light and shadow, or stood beside the trunk of some old elm whose great arms were gesturing wildly as if in expostulation with the winds that had stripped him of his garments. Let it suffice

to say that she told me, as she had not offered to do before, something of her past life.

Since her mother's death, which had occurred when Alica was but a child, her father had engaged in no business and had spent his time in travel, staying at the most but a few months at any one place. He had been passionately fond of his wife and had never regained that power of mind and buoyancy of temperament which had formerly characterized him. He had become a spiritualist and held, as he believed, almost constant communication with the spirit of his wife. This explained his pre-occupation. Alice had become the sole link that bound him to the world of material realities, in a peculiar sense he lived for her alone. He had personally directed her education; their wandering life and the fewness of their acquaintances had debarred her almost entirely from any society other than his own. He was morbidly jealous of any time or attention which she might bestow upon any one else. She enjoyed greater freedom when at their cottage than at any of the many other places that they frequented, and hence the occasions which had led to, and developed our acquaintance. Her father, who the day before had accidentally become aware of our meetings, believing that he saw in me a dangerous rival for his daughter's affections had decided to leave the cottage at once, and without intimating his discovery to Alice had spoken of their departure upon the following day. She had attempted to dissuade him and thus had further awakened his suspicions, when he abruptly forbade her to meet me again and intimated that they would sail for Liverpool in the course of a few weeks.

At this point she paused near the path by which she had come, and asked the time, saying that she feared her father would note her long absence. She started visibly at the

hour I mentioned and turning her face toward me she extended her hand and said in a voice that seemed constrained, "I must go now."

The moonlight fell upon her upturned face lending it a new beauty, her hand trembled as I took it in mine. With the thought of losing her forever the conviction flashed upon me that I loved this girl as I had never loved before. Almost unconsciously I had become attached to her until now, the thought of life without her gave me an unspeakable pang.

I could not resist, I caught her in my arms, told her in words impassioned rather than eloquent, that I loved her more than I could ever love another, that I would wait years for her if necessary, would follow her to Europe if I might but hope—I paused,—In answer she lifted her head and raised her eyes to mine and the glad assent written therein rendered words unnecessary. I kissed her upturned lips which quivered with an unsaid, yes; and would have then formed some plan for our communication in the future, but she suddenly broke from my arms and turning ran swiftly up the path, and before I could overtake her was hidden by the dense shrubbery.

V.

I stood still for a moment and then, with a dim consciousness that I was treading the earth, retraced my steps to the village. I went to my office and seating myself before my open grate, wherein that morning a fire had been kindled, I indulged in a series of blissful dreams in which the reader could have no interest. It was late when I went over to my lodgings, and later when I rose upon the next morning.

On the following day I received a letter from Alice in which I learned that she and her father were to sail within a week, and that if I directed a letter to her at Liverpool,

it would reach her. And so begun our correspondence.

With her, in thought, I have walked the dim aisles of old cathedrals, visited the repositories of the accumulated art of centuries, have lingered about spots of legendary or historic interest, climbed Alpine heights and descended to the placid lakes of sunny Italy. With her in imagination I have stood within the walls of the Colliseum, and beneath the shadow of Pompey's pillar, have traced,—— but my office-boy has just entered and laid beside me my mail, in which I notice particularly, a plump envelope bearing the postmark, Florence. I think that you will at once grant that the immediate perusal of this letter is of vastly more importance than the continuation of this story.

A Spring Song.

Deep in the green of springtime's groves,
Neath elms that bend their branches low,
On this the young year's blandest day
A wondrous whisper wanders slow.

Each leaflet to each other says,
"God greets," and clasps its hands in mirth;
A sacred peace both deep and sweet
Is breathed by all who tread the earth.

And as each leaf and flower and shrub,
Waves in the splendor of the spring,
My very soul sways in the breath
Of peace, that streams through everything.

A Letter from Mexico.

THROUGH the kindness of Prof. Truax we publish the following extract from a letter written by Prof. Wells:

I am so full of matters at home when I write to you, that I can scarcely find time or place for anything else.

But now a few words in regard to our experience thus far: We had a very fine trip from Havana part of the way; but when within fifteen hours sail of Vera Cruz, were

caught in a heavy *Norther* and tossed about violently for some three days unable to make any progress; this made our sea-voyage last about a week or more, instead of three or four days. We fled from Vera Cruz as soon as we could on account of its bad reputation and vile air; it is indeed a veritable pest-hole, and the hot-bed of yellow fever.

As soon as we began the ascent from the *Hot Lands*; the atmosphere became clear and pure but very cold under the influence of that terrible blizzard of which we hear and read in the States. It is warmer now, here in the City of Mexico the air and the skies are delightful. The city itself lies in a valley and the drainage is very bad, so that there is much that is offensive, but we have succeeded in obtaining very acceptable quarters a little up one side with plenty of sunshine and fairly good air, so that we have no reason to complain. I caught a very severe cold in Pueblo where we remained for five days, but I am now better, and am beginning to work. I have been somewhat among our missions, and am most warmly received by Dr. Butler and the other mission workers. Such visits to them are so rare that I find myself very welcome as a semi-official visitor to those who are our workers with the accredited certificate of our chief secretary Rev. Dr. Reid.

—It is probable that many of the students and visitors at the college have noticed the characters upon the dome of Memorial hall and wondered what was their import. The inscription which is in Hebrew, was selected and wrought into the slate work by Prof. Taylor Lewis, and illustrates that great scholar's life principle. The motto is as follows:

The time is short.
The work is short.
The reward is great.
The master is pressing.

LIBRARY NOTES.

All communications, inquiries, suggestions, &c., concerning this department, should be addressed to H. C. Mandeville, P. O. Box 480, and if of sufficient importance will be published or answered in these columns.

ON THE LOVE OF READING.

[CONTRIBUTED.]

HAPPY is the man who inherits a love of reading. To whom a library, is a palace of delights, and the very titles of the volumes in it, convey pleasant possibilities. The soul who "cares for none of these things," sees in the long rows of books, only the realization of one thought, "to the making of books there is no end, and much study (though this they rarely know from experience) is a weariness of the flesh;" while to the other, they are caskets full of treasure, to be had for the opening. The one, is content to dwell in a narrow room, surrounded with closed doors, which he has no curiosity to open, while to the other, they lead into an immense world of wonder and delight. The man who loves to read, has triumphed over all ordinary loneliness and ennui. Whatever may be his social position, he has the entree to a splendid society of the selected nobility of generations, among whom he may move with ease, and choose whom he will, as his companion. So wide is the variety, so vast the number, that from the lowest to the highest, "there is bread enough and to spare." If it be true that we are partly educated by our associations, and that education is a gradual process, then the intelligent appreciation of one good book, (by which, we mean roughly, any book of which the tendency is to develop, or even to charm the heart and mind towards virtue,) is an upward step towards what is best and noblest. No one denies the charm of a congenial companionship, and very few deny its rarity, or at best, its short duration, but the book lover can gather his friends around him at any time, he can summon them across time and space, and if something is

lost for want of the magnetism of the living breathing humanity, yet much is gained, since he may have, without delay or interruption, his author's clearest thought, or most exact result of his investigations or discoveries. The reader need never see his favorite poet in his hours of weakness, he can take him in his highest and most glowing mood. We have been speaking chiefly of the man in whom the love of reading is innate. There are, however, some things in this world, of such value and necessity, that if the desire for them is not born in us by nature, should be put into us by grace. A love of good books, can be acquired and developed like any other taste, like the taste for nature, for instance, or athletic sport, or society or business, or lastly the often sedulously cultivated taste for bad and trashy literature. Character is a living being, which can grow, or be stunted, can be lost, and thank God, can be restored again, it can be broadened or contracted, and since in a certain sense, character is the man himself, it must be immensely influenced by its associations and companions. Books like men are companions, and like them, must be chosen wisely; and this reminds us of the dark side of the picture, the shadow with the light.

Coleridge describes three classes of readers, one like a sieve which lets everything pass entirely through it, one like a jelly-bag, which only retained what is worthless, and one like the sponge, which absorbs and retains, enlarging and beautifying in the process. The cheapness of the work as well as of the best literature, has given ample scope to the jelly-bag reader. He too, has the entree of a distinguished society, distinguished for the unhappy degradation of

genius, the baseness and depravity of evil minds, whose brilliancy has in it no life giving warmth, and whose whole tendency is downward and destructive,—terribly so, when we consider the cumulative power of a bad book.

The taste for good literature is one which "grows with what it feeds upon," and it is in youth that its strong roots should deeply strike, in the breathing space for instance, before the college student goes out into the world. It may be long, in the turmoil of a busy life, before the leisure is made in which he can indulge his delight in books, but it is a great gain to have laid a firm foundation, on which without delay to build the superstructure. What a man *really* thinks desirable and love-worthy he will seek, and will generally succeed in getting, or at least in loving. There is a suggestion in the answer of the young Gascon who was asked if "he could play the violin," and who replied that "he did not know, as he had never tried."

OUGHT BOOKS TO CIRCULATE.

IT is to be acknowledged that with the present somewhat limited accommodation for readers that the library would be of greater immediate benefit if its volumes were allowed to circulate. But ought not the future to be considered in the discussion of this question. Now with proper accommodations there can be no place where the student would be more free from distraction and annoyance and where he could do more effective work than in the library building. And the question is whether it is better to bridge over the present difficulties by allowing circulation than to make the necessity of improvement more and more apparent as the need for library increases. During the coming term the main room will be warm enough for use and the needed quiet room will be found. If the spacious main room

were heated there could be no objection made on the above score at any time and it is with the expectation of this result that the present system is continued. It will be noticed that the colleges using the circulating system [cited in the communication in the last number] are those in which the students are obliged to scatter after recitation and where it would be manifestly unjust to require a loss of time in the travel to and from the students homes each time they wished to consult the library. With us having the dormitory system it is different, for it only requires a few moments to reach the library. In regard to the reading at odd moments it is believed that readers soon become accustomed to husbanding their spare time and to spending it in much more systematic and beneficial work at the library. Under the present system all books are always at the library and are sure to be found there, thus giving no possibility of disappointment. The library consists principally of reference works and those books which would be most liable to circulate are contained in the society libraries and are free to circulation among members of either society. It was only after careful consideration of these and other facts that the library committee adopted the present system and the wisdom of their choice can be attested by those who have given it a trial and the future will demonstrate it most effectually.

DUPLICATES.

ANY one who will inspect a list of some six hundred duplicate volumes that the library owns will find among them many books that he would be glad to secure. These are being exchanged with other librarians and the chance to secure valuable books at low prices will not be long open. To anyone who has the slightest desire to have a library of his own, an inspection of the list would materially encourage its prospects.

THE CONCORDIENSIS.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

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EDITORIAL.

"WHERE are the nine?" The report of the Minstrel show published elsewhere in this issue is encouraging, and fosters the hope that the ball nine will have a liberal fund; but something more than this is necessary—we need players. That muscle has been, and is being developed, no one who attended the show will question; but who are training for base ball?

IT is said that we can not talk with a man without discovering whether he is a "college man;" and that we cannot continue the conversation long without feeling that we can

name his college. It would probably be difficult to describe the peculiar marks characterizing a man as from Williams, Amherst, Hamilton or Union and it is an interesting study for the students of an institution to determine them. Certain it is that most alumni are sure that their *Alma Mater* is the best college and possibly this may suggest its name.

IN another part of this issue we publish the names of those who have spoken in chapel during the present term, and the subjects of their orations. Compulsory attendance on the mornings for orations has secured a large audience; and seldom has so much interest been evinced by all the classes.

The literary merit in most cases was evidence of faithful work in the department of English; but in the delivery there was much room for improvement. It is often said that oratory is a thing of the past, and it seems to be so regarded in our curriculum. Many colleges make the department of oratory equal in importance to any other department; but, as the amount of our other work does not leave much time for speaking, we are obliged to do it, if at all, in our leisure; and the best means are the literary societies.

THE discussion by several college papers concerning an inter-collegiate convention of the editors, deserved attention. The *Rochester Campus* thinks "it is a matter of surprise that no such movement has yet been inaugurated."

It is true that the literary merit of a paper must depend mainly upon the abilities of its editors, but its general management could be better carried on by knowing how other papers are run. By means of such conventions the editors would gain general knowl-

edge about colleges, and thus be prepared to write about the systems and methods of their own institution. The editors could compare notes and return with enough material to make a good paper for a year and glad from meeting their contemporaries. The Central Inter-Collegiate Press Association has been formed by the following institutions: Lafayette, Lehigh, Muhlenburg, Franklin, Marshall, Swarthmore, Ogontz, Geneva and Haverford.

THE method of instruction now used in Political Economy has many advantages. Freedom for questions and discussions not only gives every member of the class an opportunity for presenting his own views to the criticism of the other members, but also gives him their views of the same and other subjects. Thus each member gets the benefit of the reading and thinking of the whole class. Especially is this method desirable in Political Economy, because everyone, when he begins the study, is affected by popular notions which need to be modified and, some of them, eradicated. These privileges may be abused by irrelevant questions and verbose nonsense, used for the express purpose of killing time, or by the frivolous conduct of those not interested in the subject; but it is believed that none of these will occur in class because no one under sixteen is admitted.

SOME time ago the Faculty decided to introduce the system of a student conference committee into the government of the college, and notified the students, who thereupon elected the committees. The scheme was approved by all and it was thought that the initiation had been taken toward doing away with all differences of opinion between the

students and Faculty. But the committee has not been heard from lately and perhaps has a quiet existence, but we are not aware of it. The *Amherst Olio*, '88, gives the constitution of "the senate" and shows plainly the powers and duties of the senators. We suggest to the Faculty that they consider the advisability of granting a like constitution defining the power and duty of the conference committee and making it a body with a fixed plan of work. We do not think that any member of the committee would be surprised if any suggestion or plan he should present were vetoed. We do not know the exact *raison d'être* of our committee nor of how much good their services are to us, but if we had a fixed constitution, we would be able to count on the certain fairness or unfairness of the decisions made in this committee meeting. We do not ask this consideration of the Amherst Senate's constitution and the granting of the like to us in the spirit of the Barons demanding the Magna Charta, but in the hope that the conference committee may sooner come to its full usefulness and be spared the time wasted in acquiring experience spent by the Amherst senate.

WE were much impressed by the demands of the foreign missionary cause as presented at a late chapel meeting by Mr. W. S. Wilder. This young man is spending his time in striving to awaken among college students an interest and enthusiasm in Foreign Missions. His success in the colleges which he has visited is a fitting response to his own devotion and earnestness and the magnitude of the cause which he is thus representing. At Oberlin College over one hundred and thirty students have decided, if possible, to enter the foreign missionary field.

Communication.

WHEN a poor youth who has for a long time received naught but slights from the world, is suddenly raised to a position of wealth and power, his mushroom growth is sure to make itself evident in some disagreeable manner. He is debarred from the privileges of good society because he misuses the position which he has thus gained. Always distinguished by a certain freshness or fancied superiority, he falls into the disregard of his fellow-men, and justly too.

This is about the attitude in which Cornell appears to us. Springing up in this mushroom style, having nothing but numbers from which to claim her assumed position, she lacks that quiet dignity and stability which characterizes Harvard, Yale and Princeton.

Cornell always reminded us of a great big boy, spoiled by his own conceit, not recognizing the rights of others simply through ignorance of what such rights are. We had the privilege the other day of perusing a Cornell *Sun*, the small daily published at that institution, and were much amused at the calm superiority with which it compared the aforesaid little sheet (10x14) to a New York daily, and the *Notre Dame Scholastic* to a country weekly. Good! And thus it ever is with Cornell. She is so impressed with her own importance that she is absolutely irrepressible.

Last year she ran or thought she was running the Inter-collegiate Field Day at Utica and hoodwinked the referee into giving the 100 yard dash to Cornell cheek although it had been won by Union speed. The State Convention very properly and by an almost unanimous vote (Cornell alone objecting) decided that the referee's decision was illegal, and gave the race to Mr. Turnbull of Union. Ye Gods! What cheek comes now! Let us quote from the mighty *Sun*.

"The representatives of the Cornell University Athletic Association do pass the following resolution: We declare said action of the New York State Inter-collegiate Association to be *unconstitutional* and to be therefore null and void." Very good! But again: "Therefore we *declare* that the Union college Athletic Association has laid itself liable to expulsion from the State Association." Excellent! Thanks, Cornell! Perhaps you would like to prosecute us or are you more magnanimous and was it only done to scare us? When were you constituted the supreme court of the colleges of New York state?

But seriously, is any self-respecting college obliged to permit this bully (pardon the phrase, but it eases our mind and expresses our sentiments) to ride over it? Union for one is not, and if Cornell is not brought to terms for her insolence toward the Association, we mistake the pluck of such institutions as Hamilton, Hobart, Rochester and Syracuse.

We have not a Freshman class of 300, but we hope that such men as we do possess have too much self-respect to submit to such pure unadulterated bullying, and we sincerely trust that every Cornellian may be made to feel that "fair Cayuga's waters" don't surround the state of New York. J.

The Minstrel Performance.

ON the evening of Washington's Birthday the long talked of minstrel performance for the benefit of the athletic and base ball interests of the college, was given. At 8 o'clock the orchestra consisting of: Furman, '89, piano; Simpson, '89, violin; Johnson, '90, cornet; Schwilk, '90, trombone; Brandmahl, '90, base-horn; Gibson, '91, violin; assisted by two members of the Citizens' Corp band started up the overture. The rise of the curtain disclosed twenty men in the circle, consisting principally of the college glee club

and the end men and interlocutor. The first part of the programme consisted of ten pieces; divided between the chorus, a quartette and solos; and was very well received. The stories of the endmen, together with their conundrums helped to keep the audience in a good humor and some of the sallies were very well received. The second part of the programme consisted of a trapeze performance by Charles W. Vandever, instructor of gymnastics, and Seelye W. Little, '88; and a horizontal bar exhibition by Mr. Vandever and Bates, '88, E. V. Pierson, '89, Turnbull, '89. The performers were frequently applauded especially in some of the more difficult parts of the trapeze performance. The gymnastics were followed by a Dutch character speech by Max Smith, '89, who was so well received and applauded that he was obliged to give an encore which was wholly extempore and was a description of what a German looker-on saw at a freshman "setting-up."

E. S. Hunsicker, '89, followed with a song and dance which was well received, and was followed by C. D. Kemp, '90, in a plantation dance which brought down the house, and Kemp was not allowed to stop until he was pretty well danced out. The comic sketch by Culver, '89 and Voorhees, '89, entitled "De Two Jacksings" was amusing and was evidently enjoyed by the audience. The farce with which the performance ended was good of its kind and those who took part, Marvin, '87, Very, '87, M. Smith, '89, Shaw, '89 and Carroll, '90, did their parts in a satisfactory manner, but the farce was too long and will probably not be played again. The orchestra played frequently through the performance and considering the fact that it was their first appearance, succeeded very well. Dewey, '87, led the chorus. The audience was a very fair sized one, and the box-office receipts were

very fair. The committee have made the following report: total receipts, \$170.13, total expenditures \$77.47, cash on hand \$92.66. Offers have been received from Ballston and Mechanicville and the performance will probably be given there the 15th and 16th of April, respectively.

LOCAL.

LONG AGO.

Alone he sat in a half lit room,
Dreaming of his flunks to come,
Dreaming of the cares of the Freshman's doom,
Dreaming of the dear girl at home.

But his dream is o'er—tramp, tramp, tramp,
And a tute, tute, tute with the horn,
And a rah, rah, rah, and a stamp, stamp, stamp,
The dream is o'er, Frosh 'tis morn!

Their voices were sweet, "Come Frosh, come along;
Come to a better section over here,
As we go along we'll cheer the way with song,
And we'll teach you how to walk upon your ear."

They led him to a room, to the "den,"
And when he saw the smoke the Freshman spoke,
And they put the Freshman on the table then,
With a jump, jump, jump to the pump, to the pump,
if you joke!

A Freshman you must be to learn the rest,
My pen can never, never tell you more;
How the Frosh made frowers of his vest—
The table went over when the light went out—and
Frosh upon the floor—and swore.

Have you enlisted?

Winter term ends March 31.

Professor (with *Garnet* in his hand and meaning in his face) "Where is Mr. Towne?"

On Friday, March 4, the first division of Sophomores delivered their orations in the chapel, before Prof. Truax.

It is said that a certain Freshman upon asking a young lady for a keep sake was presented with a beautiful *green* ribbon.

The *Garnet* of the class of '88 came out Wednesday, March 23. A more extensive notice will be given it in our next issue.

Foot-ball is being talked up; a separate association will be formed and the team will be put into training in the spring for the next season.

The Beta Theta Pi society will remove May 1st from 101 State street, where they have been the past five years, and take up new and elegant appartments in the Arcade.

Several members of '89 are making a practical use of their calculus in determining the value of an *infinitesimal*, which is reported as their grade in a recent German examination. They are "stuck."

In a report lately read before the Board of Health, Dr. Van Zandt stated that the sanitary condition of the college buildings and grounds is good and any practical improvement is impossible.

Professor (to class in New Testament, Greek) "Why is St. John's gospel the only one that mentions the miracle of turning water into wine?" Mr. H., "Perhaps the other apostles were temperance men."

The Adelphic Literary society is holding an interesting meeting every Saturday morning. New life and vigor seems to have been infused into it. At a recent meeting \$25 were appropriated for the purchase of books. Is the Philomathean dead or only sleeping?

Junior (translating) and at same time gazing at the Professor)—"Now no joyful home will receive you, neither does a most excellent wife nor sweet children run to meet you to snatch kisses, &c."

Prof. (who is unmarried) "Too true, too true."

The following have already entered for the Vedder prize for extemporaneous speaking, Ransdell, Gulick, Jaycox, Miller, Pepper and Howe of the Senior class. Mandeville, Lewis and Winne of the Junior class, Conover and Nolan of the Sophomore and Kemp of the Freshman class.

The last hop given by the Junior class before Lent was held in the new Arcade hall, Feb. 18, on account of the condition of Wash-

burn building as affected by the bursting of the boiler. The hop was the most successful and to many the most pleasant of the series. Others will follow after Lent.

On account of the bursting of the boiler used in heating the Washburn building the recitations were held for two weeks in the old recitation rooms. The building was fit for use Monday, 14. The new boiler is 42 in. x 10 ft. and was made by the Erie Iron company.

In the *Garnet* just published the History of '87 appeared cut to about one-third of the manuscript which was handed in. Certainly the liberty taken with the manuscript is unprecedented and cannot be else than a slight to the class and to the historian and such it is considered. If there was too much of the history it would be no less than courtesy on the part of the management of the *Garnet* to return it to the writer for reduction. Any alterations would have been cheerfully made; but to reduce it to a half a page was entirely unnecessary. HISTORIAN, '87.

To the list of College Presidents published in the last issue, the following corrections and additions are made :

'85—Henry Anson Bultz, should be '58—Henry Anson Buttz.

'40—William Marbon. should be William Mabon.

'45—Edward B. Walsworth should be '44—Edward B. Walsworth.

'41—Aug. W. Cowles, D. D., Phi Beta Kappa, Pres. Female College, Elmira.

'47—William Thompson, D. D., has for 51 years been president of the Hartford Theological Seminary.

Orations are again held in the chapel. The first section spoke Feb. 25, and their names and subjects were as follows :

'87—Bennett, Christianity and its Foes.

- Ashton, Lack of Principle among Public Men.
- Cameron, Old Union.
- Buel, Glance at History
- '88—Barrally, Educated Labor.
- Blessing, Independent Thinking.
- Cole, Genius of Emerson as revealed in his essay on Nature.
- Coburn, Room at the Top.
- The second section came Friday, March 4.
- '87—Gulick, A Defective Prison System.
- Hawkes, Patronage and Success.
- Huyck, Capital Punishment.
- Jaycox, A Peep at the World Through a College Window.
- '88—Davis, Independence of Thought.
- DeLong, Machinery and the Laboring Classes.
- Cummings, Nationization of Land.
- Gilmour, Woman Suffrage.
- The third section came March 11, as follows:

- '87—Bridge, Social Problem.
- Johnson, Mind your Neighbors Business.
- Kurth, Jury System.
- Marvin, Should Capital Punishment be Abolished?
- McMillen, To American Workingmen.
- '88—King, Higher Education.
- Little, "A. B."
- Mandeville, An Answer to "A. B."
- McIntyre, Immigration.
- Lewis, Lincoln and Garfield.

Personal.

- ✓'78—Rev. A. V. S. Wallace is settled as pastor of the Presbyterian church at Greenbush.
- ✓'81—H. C. Hinds was recently installed pastor of the First Presbyterian church, at Amsterdam.

- ✓'84—W. N. P. Dailey, now of the Senior class at Hartford Theological Seminary, recently visited friends at Union.
- ✓John A. Heatley and H. V. Mynderse graduated from the Medical college March 16. Mr. Heatley was valedictorian of his class.
- ✓'85—A. C. Egelston has been admitted to the Bar and is practicing in Minneapolis, Minn. His address is No. 606 Lumber Exchange.
- ✓—McCarthy is teaching at Glens Falls.
- '86—F. S. Randall spent a few days in Schenectady a short time since.
- '87—Dow Vrooman is engaged by City Engineer Landreth in making a map of the city.
- ✓—Mahany was elected Phi Beta Kappa at Harvard, in the first eight of '88.
- '90—Hawkes, who has been sick during several weeks past has recovered and will return to college next term.

Necrology.

- ✓'43—Orlando F. Starkey, clergyman of the Episcopal church, died at Bridgeport, Conn., Jan. 31, 1887.
- ✓'49—Gen. Robert B. Potter, died at Newport, Feb. 19, 1887. He was a son of Alonzo Potter and grandson of Dr. Nott. Gen. Potter achieved distinction in the late Rebellion and Gen. Hancock said of him that he was one of the twelve best officers in the army.
- ✓'80—Robert Lowell, died at Chicago, March 17, 1887. Mr. Lowell held a position in a railroad company's office at Chicago.
- ✓'84—John F. Delaney died March 11, 1887. As a student Mr. Delaney was distinguished by his strength of opinion and his leader-

ship in the brainier matters of student life. In his Senior year he was the Editor-in-Chief of *The Concordiensis* and a review of the numbers of that volume [the seventh] give one the idea of a strength of opinion and a good ability for selection and arrangement of matter. At the Commencement of '84 he was awarded the first Blatchford Oratorical medal, the subject being Wendell Phillips. He was also one of the six men of his class who were elected members of the Phi Beta Kappa society.

The College World.

YALE—Lyons, '85, has made the longest throw and also the longest hit in the Inter-collegiate record. Distances being 385 ft., 2 in., and 450 feet respectively.—Average weight of the university crew is 178 lbs.—*Ex.*—As late as 1820 the common school geography and the practical arithmetic were used at Yale.—*Ex.*—HARVARD—It is said that the average price of rooms at Harvard is about \$145, at Yale less than \$90, at Princeton about \$60.—The Glee club, Banjo club and Pierian Sodality are to give a concert for the benefit of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens.—*Ex.*—The Phi Beta Kappa has made eight appointments from the Junior class.—Pres. Eliot of Harvard, Pres. McCosh of Princeton, and Pres. Gilman of Johns Hopkins University have rowed on their respective Varsity crews.—*Ex.*—PRINCETON—Faculty and students are agitating an extension of the curriculum.—The first regular salary paid to a President of Princeton was £50 and to a professor £40.—IN GENERAL—The new gymnasium at Vassar will cost \$20,000.—The different colleges of Pennsylvania held a State Inter-Collegiate Press Convention in Philadelphia last month.—Lafayette students celebrated Washington's birthday with a cane

rush. After 25 minutes the upper classmen stopped it, deciding it was a draw.—Members of the Cornell Y. M. C. A., have subscribed \$45,000 for erecting a building.—The Seniors at Vassar claim to have been the recipients of over four hundred valentines.—The University of Michigan will celebrate its fiftieth anniversary this spring.—Prof. Helmuth of the New York Homœopathic Medical College delivers an annual Sunday lecture to the students. This lecture is eagerly sought for and enjoyed by them.—It is said that President Potter of Hobart College, is developing a scheme to make that institution a great Episcopal university.—Medical schools of the United States graduate about 4,000 each year.—*Ex.*—All Europe has fewer colleges than Illinois; and one of the European colleges has more students than all Illinois.—*Ex.* The 117 students who withdrew from the Roger Williams College (colored), at Nashville, Tenn., have returned. The President was sustained in his actions.—Garfield University will soon be established at Wachita, Kansas. The building and grounds will cost \$200,000, of which the town gives \$100,000 in order to have the university located there. This is a sample of Western liberality, and shows that the people of Wachita possess the characteristic "push" of the West. The University will be under the management of the Disciples of Christ.—*Ex.*—The Faculty of the University of the Pacific, having denied the students the privilege of expressing their opinions on college topics, the students have decided to suspend the publication of the *Pharos* indefinitely.—There are twenty persons whose gifts to colleges in this country aggregate over \$23,000,000. Three of these rich men, Stephen Girard, Johns Hopkins and Asa Parker, gave over \$14,000,000.—*The Pennsylvanian.*

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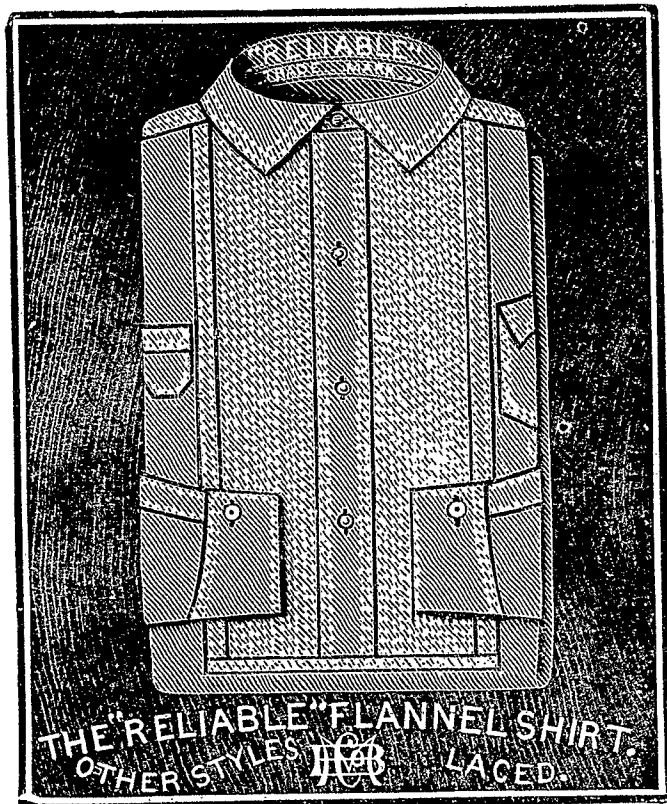
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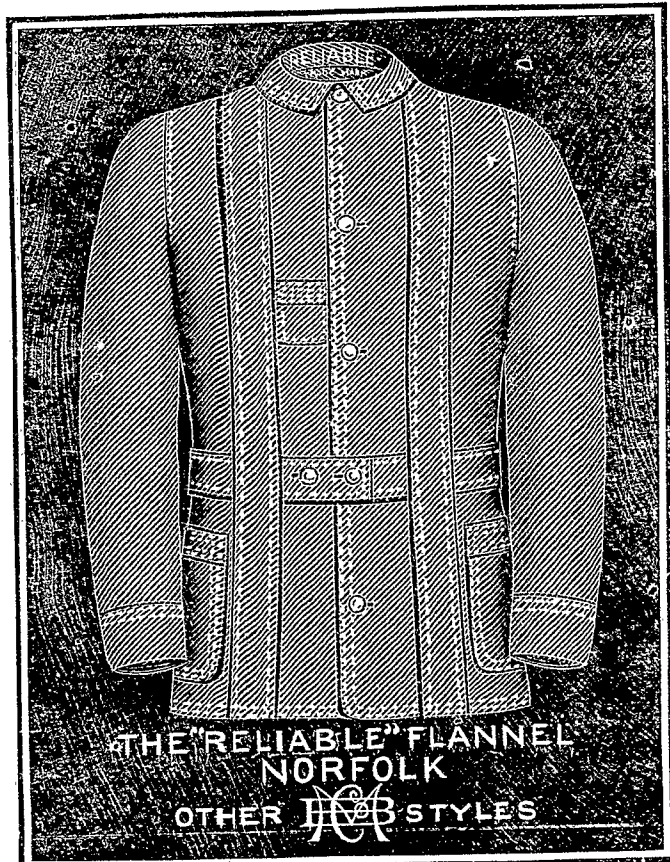
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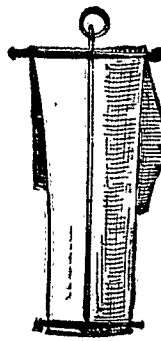
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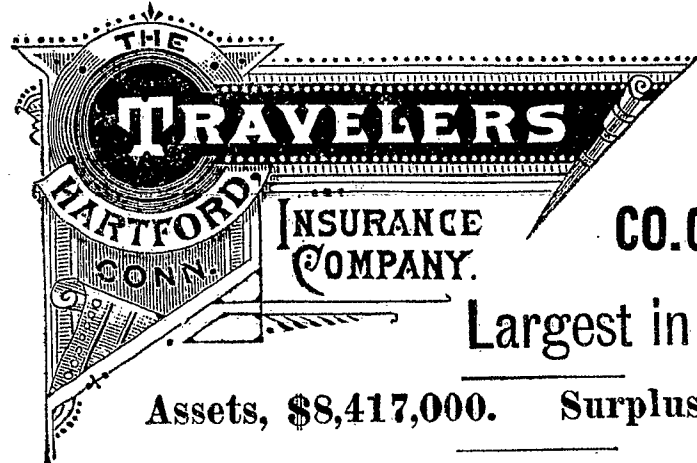
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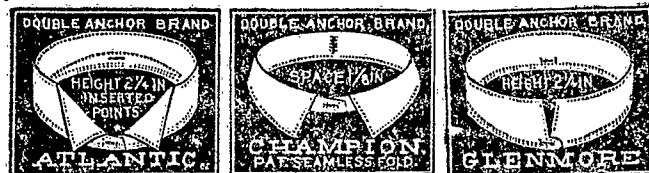
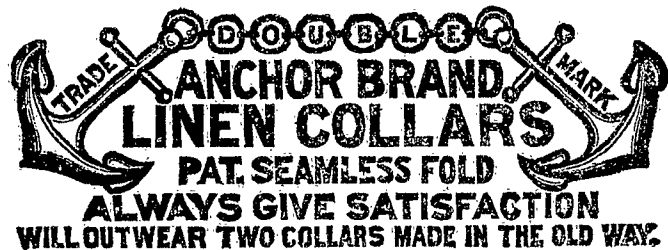
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