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THE
CONCORDIENSIS.

VOL. III.

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No. 1.

THE CONCORDIENSIS.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGIATE YEAR
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LITERARY.

FOR THE CONCORDIENSIS.

ONLY AT SECOND-HAND ?

"*Ex noto fictum carmen.*"—Hor. A. P. 240.

I.

Those earlier men that owned our earth,
When land, and sky, and seas were newer,
Had they by eldest's right of birth,
Sea stronger, greener land, sky bluer ?
Had what they spoke or drew more worth ?
For bards and painters then were fewer.

II.

Their daisy, oak and rose were new;
Fresh runnels down their valleys babbled;
New were red lips, true eyes, bright dew;
All dells, all shores had not been rabbled;
Nor yet the rhyming lovers' crew,
Tree-bark and casement-pane had scrabbled.

III.

Feelings sprang fresh to them, and thought,
Fresh things were hope, trust, faith, endeavor;
All things were new whereon men wrought,
And so they had the lead forever.
To move the world their frank hearts sought,
Not even where to set their lever.

IV.

All utterance, like thought, was young;
And, when these yearning two were mated,
What shapes of airy life were flung
Before the world, as yet unsated !
Life was in hand, life was in tongue,
Life in whatever they created.

V.

Must then the world to us be stale ?
Ah ! must we be but after-comers ?
Must wilted green and sunshine pale
Smirch over all our springs and summers ?
To those free lords of song and tale,
Must we be only tricked-out mummers ?

VI.

Oh, no ! was ever life-blood cold ?
Was wit e'er dull, if mirth was in it ?

Or when will blushing love be old?
 Or thrill of bobolink, or linnet?
 Are all our blossoms touched with mould?
 Lurks not fresh bloom where we may win it?

VII.

Yes! life and strength forever can;
 Life springs afresh through endless ages.
 Nor on our true work falls a ban
 That it must halt at shortened stages.
 Throw man into it! Man, draws man,
 In canvass, stone, or written pages.

MUSIC.

No one, who recalls the complete and sudden trepidation into which he has been thrown by some sharp and violent sound; the difficulty with which he has fixed his attention on any subject in the presence of a persistent and distracting noise; the irresistible influence exercised over him by a particular tune; or the soothing effect of the nurse's lullaby on the restless child, can fail to recognize a most intimate connection between inarticulate sounds and those fundamental feelings or conditions of the body from which the more definite emotions of the mind or soul spring.

As these instances imply, sound, pure and simple in itself, influences first the genius and through that the species or the more definite phases of our feelings; while sounds framed into words affect our senses indirectly through the mind influencing our feelings in a more definite manner by calling up some particular object and so suggesting a train of thought.

The art of arranging and selecting combinations of sounds so as to appeal most effectually to the feelings, called music, depends on melody, harmony and rhythm. Melody is a series of tunes which please the ear by their succession and variation. In the selection of notes sounds may be generally classified as musical and unmusical; "musical sounds being those which produce a continuous vibration, the musical value of which can be determined; while unmusical or noisy sounds

are those whose continuation is too short or too sharp to have their vibrations estimated, or those which consist of a mixture of discordant vibrations." Although the extreme limits of the vibrations which the human ear can receive are from 16 to 48,000 a second, still the limits within which sounds are received with perfect ease by the ear, and are feasible for production—either by the voice or musical instrument—are very small comparatively, and from these small limits the notes ordinarily used in musical composition are selected. Harmony is an agreeable combination of sounds heard at the same instant. Experiment has found that notes to be concordant must have their vibrations in certain definite ratios, in accordance with which ratios the musical scale is arranged. Rhythm is the measure of time or movement by regularly receiving impulses or accents. Rhythm seems almost to be the essence of music, and the various notes and chords in music but dresses for it. What would indicate this is the tendency that has always existed in the human mind to associate beautiful and harmonious action or motion with music—such as the music of the spheres—which probably arises from the graceful effect produced on bodily motion by rhythm—as in dancing or marching. And in the early war-songs of primitive nations—the gems of all music—time, at first, was the sole element. It would be useless, except for a profound physicist or musical genius, to discuss more fully "the theory of the nature of music."

We will now take up the second part of our subject—the effects of music—which is more open to the ordinary individual.

As music appeals to those feelings which are universal, common to all men, it cannot fail to have an important effect on mankind at large. The effects of music on the individual have probably been so often recognized by every one that a very minute description would seem almost trite. We need,

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therefore, only remind ourselves of how often we have grown sad while listening to some mournful tune, or boisterous while listening to a jolly one; how often in the presence of some national air we have felt our nerves thrill; or how irresistibly our bodies have accommodated their motion to the measures of a waltz, and the graceful movement thus acquired; or how almost comically we can scarcely avoid marching with stately step to the martial music of some wheezing hand-organ on the street corner, around which are gathered a group of gaping, yelling children.

Music developes all those inexpressible faculties which have, in common with such arts as painting and sculpture, a refining influence; it serves as an antidote for the absorbing effects of the business of the ordinary routine of life, which tend to make one too matter-of-fact, too realistic, and thus while it diverts the attention of the over-taxed business man and gives him enjoyment, it indirectly affects his whole nature.

We all know the important part music plays in society; from the grand ball in the palace to the break-down in the cabin, in drawing people together and promoting friendship. Nor can we fail to acknowledge the great benefits derived from music as an amusement, whether in the grand concert or the homely singing in the humble household. In the history of religion which springs so much from the emotional part of our nature, music has always played an important part, from the days of the psalmist down to the solemn, stirring hymns of the covenanters and a rousing hymn of a camp meeting, which carries away everybody in its pious frenzy.

Apart from the effects produced by the momentary play of the nerves, there are others, which, produced by association, affect us even more powerfully. Ready instances of this occur in the fondness of emigrants for

the instruments and tunes of their native land; and from the fact that in the Crimean war the pipers of the Scotch regiments were prohibited from playing "Annie Laurie," as the men died by scores from the yearning home-sickness produced by its familiar sound.

Nor does music affect mankind only. For every physical structure there is a certain note, called the key-note, which by being repeatedly struck may cause the whole structure to totter and at last to be destroyed or disintegrated.

The great and improving influence of music is now beginning to be appreciated and music is an important factor in public education. And we may look for great modifications in the life of future generations from this cause. '80.

✓

THE JEWS AND THEIR HISTORY.

It is my purpose to speak of a people who are at once the most ancient and the most extraordinary in the annals of mankind; a people who ever have been and still are celebrated for their energy and mental vigor; a people whose authentic history can be traced back for nearly forty centuries and brings us in connection with the famous nations of antiquity—the Egyptians, Assyrians, Macedonians and Romans. But where are these? They have disappeared as if dashed to pieces like a potter's vessel. The Jews, however, are still extant. In spite of the demoralizing influences to which they have been exposed in their dispersions and persecutions of two thousand years they continue a separate race. They still cling to their old customs and prejudices, their traditions and hopes, and are still marked by those peculiar features which distinguish the lineal descendants of Abraham, the Father of the Faithful.

The Jewish race sprang into existence in the dawn of history, and from that time to this their life has been one of perpetual movement, and their history abounds in

ever changing scenes. Behold them in the depths of servitude busied in the erection of treasure-vaults and tombs for the Pharaohs of Egypt. Behold them receiving their heaven-sent polity amid the thunders of Sinai. Now we gaze with amazement at their varied fortunes during their national existence in the land of their inheritance; at their captivities and restorations, their victories and defeats, and their personal exploits more romantic and thrilling than those of the knights of Arthur or the paladins of Charlemagne. Since the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, Jews are found everywhere. In every region of the civilized world, among people of every language, in Europe, Asia, Africa and America, Jews are dispersed. They are found, not merely as travellers come to see the country, and then to leave it, nor as men of business come to conduct certain transactions of traffic, and then return to their own home. They have no home anywhere; they possess none of those features whether of territory or government, which give nationality and unity to other people. Everywhere they are found to be residents; everywhere they are felt to be strangers.

But during all their wanderings the Jews never neglected their mental culture, a principle that had been instilled in them since the time of Moses. While the Roman empire was sinking into decay and the northern barbarians who poured from the wilds of Germany thought of nothing except war and plunder, the Jewish schools at Babylon and Pumbeditha flourished in extraordinary renown. While the whole of Europe was enveloped in the almost impenetrable darkness of the Middle Ages, and it seemed as though all traces of intellectual progress had disappeared and the inhabitants of Europe were relapsing into the barbarism of their Gothic sires, it was the Jew who kept alive the smouldering embers of learning. They were

the first to found medical schools in Italy, colleges in Spain, and Hebrew lecture rooms at Oxford.

But while they were engaged in these pursuits to the benefit of mankind, what was the state of popular feeling towards this singular people? Does it not make us burn with shame to hear the truth? "Paganism has made itself drunk with their blood, Popery has kindled and rejoiced over the fires which consumed them; and Mohametanism has chased and smitten them with untiring hate." Though they strove to perform their duty as subjects, to obey the laws, to become attached to the country of their adoption, to become Englishmen in England, Frenchmen in France, yet they were always the objects of a peculiar hatred. Deprived of civil rights, compelled to live in a separate community and marked by a distinct dress; tortured by scorn and contempt, by ridiculous and monstrous accusations and trials; sold as serfs and chattels by German emperors; plundered by lawless barons like Font de Bœuf; mobbed and butchered by enraged burghers and peasants on the charge of poisoning streams and causing epidemics, the Jews present a picture of unutterable woe, such as has never been witnessed elsewhere in human history. Volumes might be filled with the details of the hypocritical and ferocious outrages committed against them. Every country shared in the guilt, but the darkest page in the tragedy of torture, robbery and blood is that of the Inquisition in Spain. "In the Archbishopric of Seville alone in the space of thirty-seven years between imprisonment, confiscation, banishment, torture and death, one hundred thousand Jews received what the Papal historian calls the just sentence of heretics." But at the end of the fifteenth century our fair republic arose and shamed the rest of the world into humanity by extending to the Jews the hand of equality and brotherhood. Since that time

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their condition has steadily improved and now, in the nineteenth century, we see them in England, France and Germany directing the destinies of Europe.

And let us hope that the world will soon cast aside that unchristian feeling of contempt and hatred of the Middle Ages which we still see lingering in our midst, and will yet acknowledge the gratitude it owes to the descendants of Abraham. May the Jews receive the reward due to their untailing activity and enterprise and the innumerable benefits they have bestowed on their hitherto ungrateful fellow men. G. B. L.

A MOTHER'S MESSAGE.

Far, oh, far from home and loved ones,
To a college far away
Has my boy his journey taken,
Long and many months to stay.
While he waited on the threshold,
While my arms were 'round him fast,
While he lingered yet a moment
Ere he said good-bye, the last,
Then it was I asked him softly,
(Then it was he answered, "Yes,")
If he would not soon and often
Write to her who loves him best.
But the weary moments linger,
And the shadows come and go,
And to me in vain the autumn
Sparkles in the evening glow;
For the time is growing longer
That I wait the coming joy
Of the dear and welcome letter
From my loved but absent boy.
If he knew how much I love him,
(Mother's love can't all be told,);
If he knew how much I miss him
From the humble, quiet fold;
If he knew how much of comfort
He alone could give to me;
If he knew how bright the future
He could make appear to me;
Of his time for fun and study
Would not mother have a part?
Surely he would send a letter,
And make glad her loving heart.

Tell him then his mother's waiting;

Tell her love as best you can;

Tell him he can write to mother

As her BOY, yet be a MAN. MATHETES, '80.

EDITORIAL.

SALUTATORY. ✓

THE CONCORDIENSIS is now entering upon its third year in spite of numerous prophecies of an early death. It was no rash remark on the part of then an underclass-man, "I'll bet you that that paper 'kicks' before the year is out." I say that it was a perfectly natural thing to say, for if ever active measures were taken to keep life down to its lowest point it was done in the case of the Oliver-Twist-like CONCORDIENSIS. The students and alumni were determined that the paper could die for all they cared, yet the child is alive and kicking, and most emphatically cries out for *more* nourishment than the broth-like support that it has been fed upon. These remarks may seem entirely uncalled for, but the fact remains that there never was a college paper so weakly backed up by the alumni and students as the representative of Union. By very hard and capital work the editors of last year succeeded in putting it on a footing that compared very favorably, to say the least, with any college paper in the country. Yet it is plain on the face of things that this state of affairs can not continue. In the first place the chance of finding such a staff of editors who have the time and ability requisite to run the paper on their own account is very uncertain. In the second place it is not at all desirable that the paper should be the production of a few of the students. A college paper should be the index of tho't of the whole college. Its columns should be open to all the students, and the students should, in turn, make use of the privilege, not only for practice in writing, but to help make the paper interesting. We thank the

few who subscribed last year and earnestly hope that they will continue their support. We will try to make the paper as interesting and as attractive as possible, but to do this we must have the support of the alumni and students—tangible support in the shape of contributions and subscriptions.

Now THAT we are having such magnificent Indian summer weather it is to be hoped that the students will do something with their sports. We doubt if there is a college in the country where less interest is taken in base ball or boating. With a good three-mile course and three good shells the boys have done nothing at boating, but have stood by with their arms folded and seen their boats going to rack and ruin at the hands of the inexperienced, clumsy townies; not having enough interest even to put a lock on the boat house. We have the finest base ball ground of any college in the country, yet we don't have half the matches the other colleges do. We have plenty of good material but are too lazy to find it and work it up. Something should be done about this.

✓ WE WOULD like to remind the members of the several classes that it is against the rules of the college for any student to mark, deface or otherwise injure, or remove from the reading room any book, paper, magazine or other publication. Very often important articles have been taken away, *thoughtlessly, of course*, causing great annoyance to the authorities in charge. As the students are all gentlemen, a word to the wise will be presumably sufficient.

J IT MUST be pretty well known by this time that all efforts to retain Dr. Lowell in our faculty have proven unavailing. With deep regret do we part with him. Those of us especially will feel his loss who, under his instruction last year, were looking forward

with great pleasure and impatience to a more advanced course this year. His scholarship was of such a high order, his love of the classics so devoted, his appreciation of their beauties, both of thought and diction, so just, his ear for their endless harmony and rhythm so keen that even the dullest and most indifferent pupil could hardly fail to catch something of the spirit of his master. Nor was Dr. Lowell's interest in the scholars less. Determined that each and everyone should enjoy the study and make marked progress in it, he was always ready to give any assistance possible, outside of recitation hour. But there are in every class a certain few who possess neither the spirit of gentleman nor scholars, but make up for the mental by "undue physical activity." To such Dr. Lowell's culture did not extend, his dignified, gentlemanly manner was distasteful to them. These may be glad that he has gone; all others will mourn his loss.

Dr. Lowell was an ornament to the faculty. As a poet, novelist and entertaining storyteller his reputation is national. As a scholar and linguist he stands deservedly high; indeed, in his own department of Latin, we doubt if he has his superior in this country. Now that he has withdrawn from his active duties, we shall expect more from his pen, which the critics all say has not been as prolific as it ought to have been.

✓ THE SENIOR class are taking up metaphysics with Dr. Darling and find it a most interesting study. The subject, naturally obscure and difficult, is made most interesting and easy by the Professor's practical examples and illustrations. No one can consistently hold the view that the external world is only a mental modification after Dr. Darling's question, "Did you ever in coming down to breakfast and seeing a beefsteak on the table and, if you were hungry, go away without eating it because you thought it only a men-

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tal modification?" Two or three pages of Hamilton will be made perfectly clear by some such bringing of the question down to every day life. The study can be made the most profitable one in the whole course, if the students will only attend to it all the time.

✓

WE HAVE delayed a little in publishing our first number of THE CONCORDIENSIS in order to give a graphic account of the cane-rush, about the only interesting occurrence in the year, but '83 has decided not to have it. "We can't be fooling away our time on the campus; we've come here to study. It's a heathenish custom, anyway, this rush; let it die out." These sentiments do you proud, '83, in every sense of the word. Very clever idea to *say* that we mean to study. From all accounts it is altogether necessary that you should study, and study pretty well, if you want to be anything more than a sojourner here. Freshmen always are more or less bragadocio about their studies. But when they come to denominate the rush a heathenish practice it's putting their own juvenile and inexperienced view against the experience and wisdom of the upper-classmen. The custom of having an annual cane-rush prevails at almost all our colleges and that it hasn't died out before is a proof that there is some good in it. It is a manly play and exercise, and as such should be indulged in by the Freshmen, since it only comes once a year and never lasts more than half an hour. A student can't spend all his time in study and neglect all exercise, our professor will tell you that, and he has already started the boys writing on the old maxim, *Sana mens in corpore sano*, or words to that effect. If the Freshmen consider it a species of insubordination, we would say that, as such, it is infinitely milder and more honorable than the cowardly, ungentlemanly and childish displays in chapel every morning. In our opinion the rush is a

good thing and should be kept up, but whether it is or not we hope that there will be no more such disgraceful scenes in chapel which inevitably will and ought to color your record for the whole four years.

WE KNEW that something was brewing from the knots of students gathered on the campus discussing some topic of absorbing interest, accordingly we were not at all surprised to find stuck upon the bulletin board:

There will be a meeting of the Senior Class this P. M. to elect Officers for the ensuing year.

D. MUHLFELDER, President.

At the time and place the meeting was called, and proved to be not at all inferior to any of previous years in excitement and the making of fine points and nice distinctions. The first question discussed was whether one could vote who had entered with the class and had spent two terms with us and then had withdrawn to the more congenial occupation of taxidermicy, to begin the next year with '81, but his exclusive services being required in the Natural History department had forsaken all and followed Web. His name, however, remained on the lists. It was decided in the affirmative by a vote of 16 to 10. There was still another man to be identified with '80. No. 2 had entered and remained with us two years, when he left for N. S. At the end of the year he comes back and takes one study with us, but his name in his absence had been taken off the roll. Could he vote? No! by a large majority—16 to 10. *Fiat justitia*. Did either really have a right to vote? We think not. But these two votes could in no way impair the validity of the elections. The officers are: R. C. Alexander, Pres.; W. J. McNulty, Vice-Pres.; L. G. Tuttle, Sec.; J. G. Burnett, Treas.; F. S. Crane, Orator; J. M. McMaster, Addresser; R. J. Landon, Prophet; ———— Poet.

✓ A MYSTERY SOLVED.

Occasionally a notice appears on the bulletin board announcing a meeting of "The Theological Society." The Freshman sees it and with surprise and reverential awe turns away thinking that there is somewhere on Union's grounds a company of sober-sided, dignified, long-headed Seniors, and, possibly, Juniors, who have banded themselves together to search into the mysteries of revelation. The Sophomore reads it until he comes to the word "Theological," then remembering that he has seen it before, but knows nothing of its meaning here, passes on, thinking that theology is the last thing to occupy the mind of a true Sophomore. The Junior and Senior see it but have long ago come to the conclusion that the "Theologues" are a secluded, unknowable crowd and the society is the most secret in the college, for during their stay they have not learned when it was established, where it meets, how it is conducted, or for what it exists.

And so the mystery remains unsolved. Not, however, unsolvable.

Every college in the country has, or ought to have, a Christian association. Union has none. The Theological Society, however, takes its place, and is in reality the same thing, and does its work. The mystery, then, is solved, this is the Theological Society, and this is its work. "Only this and nothing more."

It was established years ago and its primary object was to discuss theological questions; but now besides the secret societies, there are two other societies for debating questions of all kinds, and as most of the "Theologues" belong to one or the other of these, a third seems to be unnecessary. Therefore, the Theological Society has been allowed to abandon all literary work. It does exist, however, but now, as said above, simply as a Christian association. As such it is gaining many new members and is in a prosperous condition.

Its name confounds the Freshman, frightens the Sophomore, convicts the Junior and shames the Senior; but this need be so no longer. Respect for its age and its old members is, perhaps, the only reason that its name is not changed. Let all remember, however, that it is simply the Christian association of Union College and that this is all it claims to be.

Meetings are held on call only, generally in the prayer room and after the prayer meeting, and are called only when there is business to transact.

All Christians in the college who are willing to do anything for the advancement of religion are invited to join, no matter of what class or society. Moreover, every Christian student ought to connect himself with the association and in this way, if he will not in any other, acknowledge his allegiance to Christ.

✓

THE ADELPHIC Society has again renewed its weekly meetings. Unusual activity is manifested this term by all. Although the Society lost many prominent members by the graduation of '79, yet the interest in the work is not diminished. Their spirit seems to rest on those who are left. Already a large number of new members have been initiated. The most promising feature of the Society is the interest manifested in the library. The shelves are not filled with Patent Office reports and books whose only value is in the material of which they are composed, but with the works of the best authors. A catalogue of the members of the Society since its institution in 1797 has been published in pamphlet form. It shows a total membership of nineteen hundred and eight.

The following officers were elected: F. P. S. Crane, President; A. H. Dougherty, Vice-Pres.; J. Kemp, Treas.; D. F. Glover, Advocate; J. J. Drowne, Rec. Sec'y; J. P. Davis, Librarian; J. Ickler, Curator.

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WE WOULD like to say a word about the Idol. This object, interesting to us as indicative of a rude civilization that existed centuries ago in a remote corner of the world, has recently been decorated in a most becoming manner. Time, money and labor have been expended upon it, in order to make it as it now stands a fitting ornament to the College Park. We regret to see that certain persons have already scribbled their names upon its time-worn back, *and other similar trash*. Don't do so any more, we beg of you.

Recollect that the Idol is an object of *value* to the antiquarian, the ethnologist and the student of history, while, at the same time, it is interesting to *us* as coming from a *buried city* recently unearthed in a far-distant land. It has passed through epochs of a nation's history of which no records exist and of which not one living soul to-day knoweth one jot or tittle. It is a monument of a departed and mysterious age—a binding link between the past and the present. We commend it to your earnest and thoughtful study, and trust, if it excites no interest in you, that you will at least preserve it for others, who do care for it and who will profit by the lessons it silently teaches and by the problems of history it so aptly suggests.

AFTER WE had gone to press the rush came off. It is not necessary for us to give any long account of it, as it has been very, if not too much discussed in the daily papers. It remains only for us to say that it was very closely contested, lasting over twice as long as any previous rush for several years. The Freshmen fought bravely, though the Sophomores finally got possession of the cane by carrying it down town and hurriedly putting it in a secret place. It is to be hoped that before the next rush some regulations may be adopted and the Freshmen know the goal.

While our views on the rush in general remain as in another editorial, we must, from

their part in the struggle, most emphatically retract any statement depreciating the pluck of '83.

LOCAL.

—'82 has three new members.

—Who is the black horse in '82?

—When will the library be open?

—Freshmen, where is your foot ball?

—Not much enthusiasm yet over base ball.

—'83 has a representative from Sing Sing.

—All the Senior elections were carried by a vote of 16 to 10.

—Van Wagenen and Van Buren from Amherst have entered '82.

—"Some Freshmen can't carry canes even the third term."—Soph.

—Familiar sight on the campus and in the cow pasture—Engineers.

—"If I wanted to carry a cane I'd carry one any way."—Freshman.

—Rope matting has been put on the chapel floor. No noise now (?)

—Let us have no "Moore Fresh" swinging canes on the campus.—Soph.

—W. B. Landreth, formerly of '80, after an absence of one year, enters '81.

—Three Schenectady ministers are now included in the college faculty.

—President Potter has secured a gift of a thousand dollars for the library.

—Not long ago, in Schenectady, seven marriages occurred in one day.

—Where is the Lieutenant? Who is the "Best" man in college now that he has gone?

—The Freshmen are trying to organize a glee club. There is plenty of material in the class.

—Rev. Mr. Lawrence, of the city, has taken the Freshmen in the place of Tutor Colcock.

—A freshman says that if another war should break out he would fight for his "pater patræ."

—If cleanliness is next to godliness the morals of a certain student of this college need looking after.

—Dr. Potter's article in the *Princeton Review* on "Music and Worship," has been published in pamphlet form.

—Junior, after Mechanics. "If a man drinks too much cider there is a resultant, that is, there is not 'equilibrium'."

—There are twenty-five Southerners now in college: two Seniors, seven Juniors, six Sophomores and ten Freshmen.

—Now is the time to enjoy the rich beauty of the college grounds. We are glad that our citizens realize this fact.

—The weather this term has been a good deal like the student's life. Some rain, a few hard dashes, but more sunshine than clouds.

—Schlosser, formerly of '79, having been teaching, and absent from college for over two years, now enters '81. Welcome to Schlosser.

—A Sophomore translated *Marc Ponticium* as meaning *The Sea of the Ocean*. He also rendered *The Ancient Mariner* by *The Old Fisherman*.

—Memorial Hall has been converted into a library. This building is indeed a handsome one and something of which we all should be proud.

—A Senior when asked by a Sophomore, the other day, if he would sell his Analytical Geometry, replied, "No, I'm going to keep all my books as a *memento*."

—Prof. Lowell resigned his position at too late a date for the Faculty to fill his place. Tutor Davis has taken the Sophomore Latin and Prof. Webster the Junior.

—It is amusing to see the Juniors and Seniors endeavoring to raise a crop of whiskers. Some of them look as though there had been an early frost before they left home.

—Not very brilliant are the *rays* of the Freshman star who held the lantern and the bag to catch the snipes the other night and

waited three hours at the mouth of the creek for the Sophs to drive them down.

—Two Freshies have been lain up for some time, one with a sore lip, the other with a bruised leg. Moral: Don't go near the cows, even if milk is a temptation.

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—The alumni, as well as the students, will be glad to learn that Prof. Perkins has had a wire screen put before his window to prevent the base ball from breaking the glass on which are the names of the students in chemistry for many years back.

—The following comes to us from a member of '79 concerning his classmate: "From the best authority I learn that — is in Zula Land practicing medicine. He claims that he can cure all '*panes*' with a sling, but has thereby put out many a '*light*.'"

—The Senior who finds himself among the officers and wants to get out because he's the only Society-man on the Class-Day stage, should have foreseen the result before he entered into the "paw me and I'll paw you" arrangement, and stuck by the Society-men.

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A great part of the Freshman class think this treatment has been brought about by fear, but let them keep on with their "cheek" and they may suddenly find that '82 demands at least a return of the courtesy and civility which it has offered.

—Just before the recent cane-rush a Senior was heard to remark, "Them Fresh tremble like aspen leaves." Put him out.

—A Sophomore being asked the other day what he thought of a Freshman rooming next door, replied: "Well, he is a good enough fellow of his kind, but then it is a very poor kind."

—A Freshman wants to know why these fellows are forever yelling '83, and what it means. On being informed by a kind-hearted classmate, he asks: "Why put it off so long?"

—Professor (in Algebra) to Freshman: "Mr. A., you may discuss the 'Four Forms'." Freshman fizzles and is unable to go on. Prof.: "Well perhaps you would rather leave off the dis."

—A steam boiler has recently been placed in the cellar of Memorial Hall, so that the building can now be easily heated. During the winter months, no doubt, the Hall will be a favorite resort for the students and all who desire to gain access to the now well arranged library.

—During the Summer *the* Idol has had its face washed, its teeth picked, its head brushed, has put on new stockings, a clean collar, clean cuffs, one or two new rings, and has a new suit throughout trimmed with red, black, and gold and has taken a seat in the edge of the grove directly opposite the east door of Memorial hall. It evidently suits the boys very well, as some have already left it their cards.

—It took place in a Freshman's room. The Freshman was on the table making the speech which all Freshmen make, and answering the questions that all Freshmen answer. Soph.

(appointed to propound the questions): "Freshman, where's your algebra?" Freshman: "In my trunk." Soph. (a. t. p. t. q.): "Get it out." Voice from the crowd: "J—wants to examine him and can't do it without the book." Soph.: "Never mind, Freshie, you needn't get it; I aint particular." Vigorous applause by the audience.

—The unity that seemed to exist in the present Sophomore class during its Freshman year has changed to two divisions, each of about the same strength. Last year in every instance they elected their officers on the first ballot, but this year a meeting was called for the purpose of electing officers. After several ballots they adjourned without electing any officer except the B. B. director, Mr. J. G. Peoli being elected by acclamation. We were sorry to see that the best of feeling did not exist. We may, perhaps, account for the unity and good feeling of their Freshman year by the fact that they did not wish to trade horses while they were crossing a stream.

—It was a warm, close, Indian-summer day; the windows were open in the recitation room; the coal scuttle held open one door and the dust pan the other, when a poor drunken tramp staggered into the English class and addressed the Professor.

Tramp: "How do you do, sir?"

Sedate Prof.: "Go right out of here! Right out!"

Tramp continues to advance.

Prof., rising: "Go—right—out!"

Tramp: "Give me your hand first."

Prof.; "Yes;" but leads him to the door.

Tramp: "Wait, let me sit down a while and hear you talk, maybe you're a religious man."

This was too much for the Rev. Prof., to have "things spiritual and things temporal" mixed in that way, and turning the key in the door he took his seat amid a room full of explosive smiles.

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CHRONICLES OF THE CANE RUSH.

The saying "Many men of many minds" is proved by the different views which students take of hazing, cane rushes, etc. One view has already been expressed in our editorial columns. Some one else puts it thus :

Once a bloody feud arose between two very great and war-like tribes, and many times did they provoke each other to battle. These tribes were called the tribe of Sophs and the tribe of Fresh, and they did fight once a year. Now the cause of their great hatred was due to an insult which, in ancient times, the tribe of Sophs offered the tribe of Fresh. Whenever a warrior of the tribe of Fresh died he sought to impress it deeply upon the mind of his children never to forget these ancient insults, but to revenge them; and whenever an old warrior of the tribe of Sophs died he made his children swear that they would never give the tribe of Fresh a show.

These commandments were handed down from father to son. The older chiefs of the tribe of Fresh, who were better acquainted with these ancient wrongs and who, having seen many a bloody fray, were now too old themselves to engage in war, continually urged the young warriors to revenge themselves and their ancestors. Earnestly and eloquently did they appeal to them, telling them that they were as yet boys, and bidding them prove their valor and show themselves men. These chiefs pointed out to them the great prize which so distinguishes the warriors of all tribes, viz: A Cane.

When now the tribe of Fresh had in addition to these ancient, received some recent injuries, their black diaphragms were filled with wrath and they swore that the tribe of Sophs should rue their actions in a bloody war.

Now it came to pass that these tribes had a common king whom they greatly feared for

he was a mighty man and all power was given unto him. And when the war began and the war-whoop sounded and many bare heads gleamed in air, ready for the fray, this mighty man, king of men, did fall upon these warriors and, dispersing them as the sun disperses the dew, took away their prize.

And all the tribes praised this deed.

And in the following year when these tribes, according to their custom, did renew the fight, this mighty chieftain was nowhere seen. Then a great warrior said, "Surely he has become a cowardly man." And when now no mighty man was nigh whom these tribes might fear, they had a great battle. And when the war-cry resounded the warriors ran together, and when they were collected and had joined battle, many bare shoulders and shining locks were resplendent with the morning sun, while the flags bound about the waists of the warriors waved in the breeze. And the number of the wounded was great. And many great warriors bit the dust.

Then the wise men said "Why did not this king of men, having all power in his hands, stay the battle and thus cause his tribes to become more peaceful." And they quoted to him from Chaucer :

"Hau ye no mannes' heart and hau a berd?"

And these wise men wondered long at this action of the king of men, and they still wonder.

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COLLEGE SINGING.

Where is Old Union's musical association? Where the songs she used to sing in happy days gone by? Alas! Gone with her boys that have gone.

Her song-book now lies dusty on the shelf and even the terrace song has long since died away on the evening zephyrs. Why, I ask again, is this so? Certainly not be-

cause we have no singers, for Sabbath after Sabbath witnesses College boys in at least four different church choirs in the city, and many others remain in more humble positions. Last year '82 claimed to have a glee club, but we hear no more of it. Why has the interest in song died away? One reason may be because of the heavy work that each class has to carry and no night in the week is sufficiently free to be taken for practice. A greater reason may be because, if a crowd of tired students went to take a walk down town and "drive dull care away" with a song, a few ill-natured, dyspeptic sleepy-heads make a fuss and complaint in the city and the next night there is an extra police force walking the streets.

But the first excuse is not valid, for there is hardly a fellow in college who could not take one or two hours a week from study and spend it in song and be the better for it. It is the interest that is wanting more than the time.

The second excuse is not valid. What if the town people do not appreciate a good chorus of manly voices pealing out melodious strains upon the evening air? Any student who has been at college one year knows better than to be guided in such matters by the judgment of the town. And besides there is plenty of room within the old gray walls and on the broad campus to start the air vibrating and to make Union's boys the pride of the city. Boys, throw away the old worn-out songs that you hear along the street; throw away your low bar-room songs that somewhere your ear in its desperation has caught; learn some good wholesome songs, meet together and sing them over and over again; learn new ones and seek those that are pure and you will find it a coveted, pleasing, refining pastime, and in years to come you will look back upon hours thus spent as the happiest of your college life.

EXCHANGES.

We enter upon our new duties with good will toward all. Criticism will be made wherever we think there is room for improvement. Our approval will not be given until the paper has been carefully read. It will be our endeavor to give everyone his due. A survey of the exchanges for the past month leaves a general impression of respectable mediocrity upon the mind.

We congratulate the *Colby Echo* for its neatness and handsome appearance, indicative of well-merited prosperity. The two Junior declamations on "The Spirit of the Age" and "Conservatism and Reform" are well written.

In perusing the columns of the *Harvard Advocate* we are impressed with the natural and lively style of a majority of the articles. It is the aim of the editors to give something interesting and pleasing not only to persons in the college but also to the alumni and friends of the college—a fact too often overlooked by most college editors. The suggestions given to ambitious students coincide with our views.

The *Oberlin Review* contains a good essay on "The Rigor of the Nature of Things." The handling of the subject shows great care and thought; in fact it is a strong protest against the sentimentalism of the age.

The *University Press* is welcome to our table. It leads off with a long article upon the "Latin Influence upon the English." The subject is handled in a masterly way and is highly instructive. The "Vindication of Xanthippe" strikes us with surprise. It seems absolutely impossible to us that an old, red-headed woman, a peevish, quarrelsome scold, can be proved to be a meek, mild and loving person 2250 years after death.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following: *Harvard Advocate*, *Dartmouth, Universi-*

ty Press, College Review, Oberlin Review, Colby Echo, Hillsdale Herald, Lafayette College Journal, N. Y. World, Hobart Herald, Seminary Guard, Tripod, Vidette.

PERSONAL.

'42. Clarkson N. Potter will probably be our next Lieutenant Governor.

'67. Henry C. Whiting, for some time profesor of Latin and modern languages in the preparatory department of Drew Seminary, and for more than three years following, professor of Greek and Latin in the Newark Conference Seminary, at Hackettstown, N. J., is now professor of Latin and modern languages at Dickinson College, Pa.

'69. Sidney A. Loomis, a prominent young lawyer in Little Falls, Herkimer Co., died suddenly a short time ago from an over-dose of chloral.

'74. C. J. Colcock has left Union. The report that he married a young lady of Philadelphia, during the vacation is entirely without foundation. He is living at home on a plantation.

'76. James R. Truax is preaching in Poultney, Vt.

'76. O. H. Landreth is married and is professor of Engineering in Vanderbilt University, Tenn.

'78. W. E. Johnson is at Berkeley Divinity School, Middletown, Conn.

'78. A. B. Moorhouse is in New York city, engaged in teaching.

'79 Reid & Van Deusen are among us, both at work classifying books in the library, and studying law in the city.

'79. O. G. Brown is studying at the University of Virginia.

'79. Silliman is back this year to pay special attention to Geology. He has come to the right place.

'79. E. P. White is professor of Greek and Latin at Le Roy.

'79. Lee W. Beattie is at Princeton Theological Seminary.

'79. Geo. E. Marks is practicing civil engineering, and has an office at 575 Broadway, N. Y.

'79. David Sprague is at Davenport engaged in teaching, and at the same time pursuing studies for Holy Orders.

'79. Muller returns to devote himself to language and literature, ancient and modern.

'80. J. V. L. Pruyn has returned from his Summer wanderings. He has, as he expresses it, had a very pleasant time "just poking along the coast of France, you know." His health seems to be much improved by the trip.

'80. T. C. Van Santvoord has been in New York all Summer studying history. He enters the Law School this Fall.

EXTRANEAE.

—Yale men are going to organize a bicycle club this fall.

—Columbia's prizes last commencement amounted to \$3,650.

—Cornell has a library of 40,000 volumes, yet not one work of fiction.

—An exchange says, "In the race for matrimony it is not always the girl who covers the most laps that wins."

—Janitor: "Here's the room you are to occupy." Fresh.: "Yes, I known I'm to sleep here; but—but—where's the school-house?"—*Hobart Herald*.

—At Oberlin tobacco and card playing are prohibited. Several in the preparatory department have been expelled for using tobacco. Attendance at family prayers is required, and each recitation opens with a short devotional exercise.

—Ode to my washer-woman: \$2.50.—*Ex.*

—There are 1400 Americans in German universities.

—There are about one hundred and twenty-five Chinese students in New England colleges.

—Strange that the scarlet fever should break out among the Bluestockings at Wellesley.—*Lampoon.*

—A Senior excused the untidy appearance of his room by saying that his "horse" got loose and kicked everything upside down.

—A TOAST.—Woman: The last and best of the series. If we may have her for a toast, we wouldn't ask for any *but her*.—*Ex.*

—A Freshman made a call yesterday. It cost him \$17. A queen full is a perfect landslide when there's only three tens to be disposed of.

—A young lady recently said to her lover: "You may be too late for the cars, but you can take a 'bus';" and the stupid fellow went to look for a "buss."

—Student—"Remember, I owe you a grudge." Junior—"Well, then I needn't be at all alarmed, if you only wait and pay it with the rest of your bill."—*Ex.*

—Harvard has the latest novelty in a Chinese Professor. His name is Ko Kum-Huo. It is said that his instructions have to be given through an interpreter. Next!

—A religious Junior, one of the elect, wrote as one of his elective studies, "Prayers, 8:45 A. M., Chapel." Oh! he'll never be conditioned—in the better world.—*University Press.*

—A freshman asserts his divine rights to use "adventitious aid," by saying that the first instance of this kind of which we have any record was when Elijah was translated by horses.—*Ex.*

—Junior, parsing, "*Nihil* is a noun," Prof., "From what does it come?" Junior, "It does not come at all." Prof., quizzing, "Does it come from *nihilo*?" Junior, "No, sir; *ex nihilo nihil fit*."—*Ex.*

—At Dartmouth a college park is to be laid out by the volunteer labor of the students. Nine-tenths of them pledge themselves to take off their coats and go to work when called upon.—*Ex.*

—William H. Vanderbilt has just given \$100,000 for a gymnasium and the erection of a civil engineering and scientific hall on the grounds of Vanderbilt University, at Nashville, Tenn.—*College Review.*

—A Freshman being asked by a classmate to come to his house and enjoy a game of billiards on his private table, replied: "I have nothing against the game, but the associations are bad."—*Madisonensis.*

—Tutor: "Your writing is so wretched, sir, that I can't make anything out of it. How have you rendered *Cæsar's bonas leges*?" Freshman: "Why, 'the bony legs of Cæsar,' I believe, sir." Small earthquake.—*Ex.*

—There is a maid in this city,
Whose hand is exceedingly pretty;
I kissed it one night,
In the silver moonlight—
And the way that it slapped was a pity.
—*Yale Record.*

—And one of the professors when questioned in regard to the number of Freshmen quietly remarked, "The class is large, but there will be the same amount of mortality." "The mill of the gods grinds slowly," etc.

—Paterfamilies (to his eldest son who is at Yale): "George, these are uncommon good cigars, — I can't afford to smoke such expensive cigars as these." George (grandly): "Fill your case—fill your case, gov'nor!"

—Harvard has about 250 Freshmen, Yale 203, Cornell 125, Amherst 106, Dartmouth 84, Wellesley 95, Williams 70, Brown 60, Madison 37, Colby 36, Rochester 36, Hobart 26, Trinity 23, Hamilton 35, Princeton 110, La Fayette 73.

—The Freshman who, seeing his own name engraved in the local columns, immediately purchased ten copies to send home

to his friends, encouraged us. He will find his name there again.—*Dartmouth*. Go ye, Fresh, and do likewise.

—"Miss B.," said the Professor, "agreeably to the theory of an entire change in the constituent particles of the body, in seven years you will no longer be Miss B." "I really hope I shan't!" responded Miss B., with a sigh.—*Christ. Univ. Record*.

—A poetess weighing 160 pounds yearns "to twitter as a bird on some long spray." When she gets on a spray and begins to twitter, there is going to be an item for the local paper, unless the spray is as thick as an underground gas-pipe.—*Norristown Herald*.

—Scene at the rush:—Dignified Junior, "Say, Freshie, brace in here." Fresh, "Can't get in." Junior, "Go on or I'll——." Fresh, (feeling sure he wants no part in the battle,) "Can't get in." Fresh disappears in the crowd. Admiring constituents, "By George, ain't he plucky?"

—An Illinois Freshman has the reputation of having thus outwitted a pert Senior: "Do you know why our college is such a learned place?" Freshman: "Of course; the Freshmen all bring a little learning here, and as the Seniors never take any away, it naturally accumulates."—*Univ. Reporter*.

—We propound the following (no one but Harvard need send in a solution). If in nine years Cornell has reached her present height among American institutions of learning, what, at the present rate of advancement, will be her rank when she is—say, two hundred and fifty years old?—*Cornell Review*.

Ans. She will rank with the deserted Tower of Babel.—*Crimson*.

—The Faculty of Union take care of base ball interests as well as the students, and lately a committee of that body was appointed to see about fitting up a new and more convenient ground. How different this spirit from that of the Williams' Faculty, which, by the way, THE CONCORDIENSIS styles as

belonging to the tenth century.—*University Magazine*.

--A college exchange thus describes commencement:

The Senior blacks his boots
And elbows up his way,
Makes his little bow,
And says his little say;
Then he makes another,
And waits for his bouquet;
While the people clap their hands
And the band begins to play.

About so, isn't it?

—Vassar College is to have a \$10,000 elevator. The young ladies are not fond of stares.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.* And yet stairs in a college are "steps to learning," you know.—*Norr. Herald*. Yes, but Vassar goes in for elevating the sex by the most direct methods. It's hard on the girls, however, who prefer coming down the banister.—*Republican*. Not quite right yet. The elevator evidently is only to carry them up, and the banisters are left to come down on.—*Wittenbergen*.

—Only five colleges in the country have anything like a satisfactory endowment; these are: Columbia with \$5,000,000, Johns Hopkins University with \$3,000,000, Harvard, \$2,500,000, Cornell, \$2,000,000, Princeton, \$1,000,000. Less than half a dozen more have even tolerable-sized endowments: Tufts, \$750,000, Brown, \$720,000, Lafayette, \$600,000, Cincinnati University, \$500,000, Yale, \$300,000. So far as we can ascertain, no other College has an endowment exceeding \$450,000.

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Baked Beans, per plate, 6	"	Coffee or Tea, -	3 "
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