

THE CONCORDIENSIS.

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THE CONCORDIENSIS:

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

THE STUDENTS OF UNION COLLEGE.

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We desire our friends to send us contributions, items of interest and information concerning Alumni.

All business letters should be addressed to the Business Editor.

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EDITORIAL.

WE are pleased to notice the increasing interest taken in music among the students. It has been the misfortune of our College in the past to have no musical organization, and consequently no system in the musical attempts. The formation of the "Union College Musical Association" has remedied this trouble, in part at least, and can do so entirely if those at the head will exhibit a little more "push" in the management. There is undoubtedly material enough for a glee club and an orchestra that would be a credit to the College, and it is just as true that this material is useless without proper training. We do not wish to find fault or to indulge in unpleasant prophecies, but still it seems evident that unless a better system and more life is in-

fused into the work the present musical attempt will be a failure.

THE annoyance and disturbance experienced in some of our classes by students coming in late would be avoided if each professor would dismiss his class a few minutes before the bell. It is impossible for students having recitations during consecutive hours to be promptly in their places if they are kept until the last minute, especially when the campus must be crossed to reach the recitation-room. As fault has been found with several students on this account, we hope that those professors who are responsible for this state of affairs will see to it that the cause of censure is removed.

THE failure of students to contribute to the columns of their college paper, we infer from several of our exchanges, is not a characteristic peculiar to the students of Union. Often, it is true, when solicited to "write something," the student in reply to his question concerning the nature of the desired contribution receives the unsatisfactory answer, "Oh, write anything." Now, in making this appeal we will endeavor to be more explicit. In the first place, a college paper is supposed to be published in the interest especially of the students. A board of editors is chosen, not so much for the purpose of filling the paper with their opinions and productions as for the purpose of selecting and arranging contributions which may be received from those interested in its success. It would be a comparatively

easy matter to edit a college journal if each student would make it a point to contribute regularly to its columns. In this way, too, a much more interesting and readable paper would be had, while no more than justice would be done the editors, as it is hardly fair to expect them to do the amount of work required in addition to their regular college duties. We do not wish, so much, articles of the heavy order, as those of a lighter and more vivacious style, which is better adapted to the modern college journal.

There are many who are acquainted with incidents more or less intimately connected with college life, which with comparatively little trouble might be put into the form of an interesting narrative or story. Our columns are also open for the discussion of matters concerning the college, providing that such discussions are carried on in a proper spirit, and with the further understanding that the board is to use its discretion concerning the publication of any matter which may be contributed.

An undoubted stumbling-block in the way of some who would otherwise lend their aid, is their antipathy to being known as the authors of rejected articles. This, however, can be easily removed. We are willing to examine any article sent us for publication, whether it has a signature or not, providing that in case of its acceptance we may have the means of identifying its author. The writer may accompany his contribution with his name contained in a sealed envelope, which will not be opened unless the article is accepted. In case of rejection, notice will be given by means of the bulletin-board or through our local columns, when we will await the pleasure of the writer in regard to the disposal of his manuscript.

E. W. Miller belongs to '87 instead of '88 as stated last month.

WE have before us two books to which we would call attention: "Wit, Wisdom and Humor of Jean Paul Richter," edited by Giles P. Hawley; and "Some Recollections of a Blameless Life," edited by I. B. Price.

The object of the first can be best stated by quoting from the preface: "The works of Jean Paul Richter are very little read in America. To the majority, even of educated men, he is only a famous name. . . . The compiler of this volume believes that there are many well-informed people who cannot find time for the laborious task of reading this voluminous author, and yet who would gladly know more about a man whose fame has spread so widely through the world, and whose works are conceded to be *classic*. . . . These selections are gathered from 'Fruit, Flower, and Thorn Pieces,' 'Titan,' 'Hesperus,' etc." That this edition supplies a popular demand is evidenced by the fact that it is issued in the Standard Library Series, uniform in style with Shakespeare, Milton, Longfellow, Irving, etc

Prof. Hawley is to be congratulated upon his happy selections, and skillful arrangement of the subjects treated by so intricate an author, as well as upon the success with which his laborious work has been crowned. ✓ "Some Recollections of a Blameless Life" is a memoir of the late Rev. Joseph R. Davis, of the class of '76. Mr. Davis was born in Neath, Pa., August 11, 1853, and died at the place of his birth January 15, 1883. While in college he became a member of the Delta Upsilon fraternity, but allowed no society matter to mar his kind feelings for classmates, nor to interfere with the performance of college duties. "The material for this memoir," as is stated in the introduction, "has been gathered from those who knew Mr. Davis intimately," and is printed in the form in which it was furnished, a

Prof. Price was unable, on account of ill health, to put the amount of work upon it which he had intended.

A brief family history is furnished by the father of Mr. Davis. From his room-mate, Mr. Samuel W. Buck, of Towanda, Pa., we quote the following: "It is seldom there are seen combined in the same individual with natural capabilities the virtues of industry, temperance, worthy ambition, perseverance, truthfulness and Christian zeal in so eminent a degree as exhibited in the character and brief life of J. R. Davis."

Prof. Whitehorne writes: "I remember how, after a few weeks, when the freshmen had shaken themselves, and their individual capacities had been made manifest to all, whenever a difficulty of translation or construction made it necessary to pause for inquiry and investigation, the eyes of every member of the class would turn for a solution of the puzzle to the quiet, steady-looking youth who sat so apparently unmoved. With all this quiet sobriety of demeanor, he exhibited on occasion an unexpected faculty of humor." The Professor in his characteristic manner relates how Davis settled the dominie who had been sent by the President to examine the class in Greek.

We regret that our space will not allow us to give a more extended review of this little book, but we would earnestly advise every student of Union to peruse it carefully, as he cannot fail to be benefited thereby.

A telegram from the Chinese embassy announces that Chow-Chow has been bombarded by the French, and that a large army of Chinese laundrymen, under the command of Li-Like-Theduce is garrisoned at Too-Lung. This is regarded as an unnecessary precaution, as Admiral Jonnifrenche says that he has no intention of attacking Too-Lung, but will concentrate his efforts on Jus-Tlung-Enuff.

A TRIP TO THE HELDERBERGS.

"WELL, Jillicks, I'm tired," said my companion, addressing me by a name common to us both and laying his hand on my shoulder, as we trudged along behind the rest of the party.

"Same here," was my reply. "And if we don't reach the foot of the Ladder soon you'll have to look for another bedfellow to-night, old man."

We were ambitious to see the Helderbergs. Accordingly eight of us started one Friday afternoon, intending to walk there that day, and to take in the scenery and return on the morrow. None of us were used to walking; so it is not strange that, after walking about ten miles and the mountains seeming just as far off as ever, the above dialogue took place. One of our number had ingloriously deserted us, before we had gone half a dozen miles, for a place beside a farmer in an old red buckboard, and, giving us a pitying smile, rode off in great state.

"Pete* doesn't know the way, and I'll bet that's the last we'll see of him," said Bob as the buckboard vanished over a neighboring hill. The bet was good, for, although we did come across a little piece of paper in the middle of the road, on which was scribbled:

"Good-bye,

"PETE,"

we saw nothing more of him that day. It was dark before we reached the foot of the Ladder; and, tired as we were, it seemed almost impossible to climb it. This Indian Ladder is nothing more than a road running straight up the side of the mountain, perhaps a mile in length, and bordered on one side by a steep wall of rocks and on the other by a precipice which, of course, deepens as the road ascends. The name comes from an old legend that the Indians used to scale

* Derived from "*peter*": meaning "to cave," "to play out."

the fringe of perpendicular rocks on the extreme top by means of the trunk of an old tree. The identical place is still ascended and descended by an ordinary ladder, but the name is applied to both it and the roadway. Reaching the summit, we turned and beheld, away across the darkness which filled the gulf now lying beneath us, the electric lights of Albany as they glowed and flickered in the distance.

"No, I can't keep you," said the woman at the first large farm house where we asked for lodging, "but maybe you can find accommodations at a house a little farther on. There's a hotel about a mile and a half from here, too." But we were refused at the next house, and the distance to the hotel had now grown to be two miles, and 'cross-lots at that!

"Great Scott!" murmured Billy as he limped along behind, "if the distance to that hotel keeps on increasing at this rate, we'd better turn and go the other way." However, we trudged along, with Billy bringing up the rear, and giving occasionally a kind of a despairing yell to know where we were and how much farther it was; and the last we heard of him, just before reaching our destination, was a doleful wail as he passed a cemetery, consoling himself with the fact that he could stop there and rest if he couldn't find the hotel. The perpetration of this ghastly joke was the only mean thing Billy did on the whole trip, and, considering the physical state he was in, I am inclined to forgive him even for that.

But the long lane had its turn, and we were soon seated around a blazing wood fire, and shortly after attacked a supper of steak, warmed-up potatoes, biscuits and honey, and pancakes. Talk about ascending the Ladder! It wasn't half so exciting as the race between us and the woman who wielded the pancake griddle. She came out ahead, how-

ever, for, although we had sworn to astonish anyone rash enough to feed us, we found out that our capacity *was* limited, while the woman seemed used to the business and seemed able to produce pancakes in a geometrical ratio *ad infinitum*.

The next morning in addition to a keen wind the air was full of driving snow, and the prospect of a tramp around the mountains and then sixteen miles home was anything but encouraging. However, another encounter with the pancakes and coffee put us in better spirits, and during a lull in the storm we started back towards the Ladder. Despite the storm, on arriving at the edge of the range we obtained a view exceptionally fine. Standing as we did in a notch which extended into the range perhaps half a mile, the autumn-tinted foliage of the trees on either side of the notch was shown up to great advantage. Then, too, a contrast heightened the effect; for on one side was the solid tint of bright yellow of the white birch, while on the other was the russet-brown, and the red and gold of the beech and maple. Below us lay the country, dotted with little villages and farm houses, the railroad marked simply by an indistinct dark line, and away in the distance, just visible on the horizon, lay the capital city.

Descending the ledge of rocks by the real Ladder, we made our way along the crooked and difficult path at the foot of the ledge. The scores of names cut, written and painted on the rocks provoked from the wise man of the party the saying, "Fools' names, etc.," but it was only the lack of proper material which prevented us all from becoming fools too.

Then the caves. We wanted to see the caves, the stalactites, the stalagmites, the bats, and possibly we might find some eyeless fish! So, procuring a boy for a guide, we started caveward. When the guide

stopped before a jagged hole in the surface rock we hardly knew whether we wanted to see caves or not. But we must see them at all events; so, dropping down into the dark orifice one by one, we started to explore the tortuous passage. Some of the way we walked, some of the way crept, and finally had to crawl. "Where in the old Harry are your stalactites, stalagmites and bats?" growled Billy as he bumped his shin on a projecting rock and then kicked the man ahead of him because he didn't go faster; and the humbug was so complete and evident that echo for once was ashamed to answer "where?" But of course the larger cave would be better. So we painfully crawled down the steep rocks to reach it, filling our eyes with dirt and plastering ourselves with mud only to be disappointed and to find that we had to climb back again. I have now only the remembrance of a little larger cave, a smoother floor and a few gentle "cuss" words expressive of our disappointment.

Now for Knowersville, dinner, and then Old Dorp! The descent of the mountain was quite exciting and furnished a good deal of fun and gave us a new idea of rapid transit. The path—or rather an apology for a path, for we soon lost it—lay right down through a dense wood. As we started on a trot, and as the ground was covered with wet, slippery leaves, we found no difficulty in *descending*, even if it was on that part of the pantaloons which receives the most polish, but we found this kind of transit was quite incompatible with comfort. But we reached the bottom without any broken bones or suspenders, and gained the hotel at Knowersville just in time to escape a snow squall. We had no more than taken off our overcoats, and were standing around the fire, when in sauntered Pete, the prodigal. The first astonished and then bland smile that

overspread his countenance on seeing us, and the way in which he described the "biggest racket you ever heard of," proved that Pete still survived in spite of his separation from us. He had come to the place on the day previous, thinking we would follow, stay there over night and go to the mountains in the morning.

One more gastronomical feat and we were ready for the return. Billy, wearied with his extra exertions and being sore-footed, decided to take the train for Albany and then home; and Pete, considering the fact that he had walked a long (?) distance that morning, decided that he would go with Billy. This left only six to walk home, and at twenty minutes to three we started to accomplish the nine, ten, eleven or twelve remaining miles. Of course the distance seemed good twelve miles, but really it must have been at least eleven, for it took us just three hours to reach Schenectady, and we made hardly a stop and kept up a good stiff four-miles-an-hour gait. We found little satisfaction on the road in inquiring the remaining distance. One man told us it was four miles, and after walking about half a mile we were told that it was five! Contrary to our expectations, the return trip was not at all tedious, and we reached Old Dorp in time for supper, having traveled in a day and a half about forty miles—a trip the remembrances of which are too pleasant to be soon forgotten.

"Trust men and they will trust you," said Ralph Waldo Emerson. "Trust men and they will bust you," says an ordinary, everyday business man.—*Dartmouth.*

A Minnesota editor calls a rival journalist "a sizzle-souled, insinuating whiffet." A cyclone of culture has evidently swept through that section of the country; or perhaps it is only a tornado of thought.

THE LEAF.

A LITERAL TRANSLATION OF "LA FEUILLE," BY AR-
NAULT.

POOR, withered leaf,
From thy stem detached,
Mercilessly by the rude wind snatched
From off thy parent bough;
During the rest of thy lifetime brief
Whither wanderest thou?

"Whither I go I cannot tell;
An evil fate hath me befell;
The sturdy oak where I long had clung
By the tempest's stroke to the earth was flung.
Since that sad day my returnless way
I ceaselessly journey along.
From the gentle south wind no rest I find;
I am hurled by the north wind strong;
In forest and plain I've alternately lain,
Seeking my final rest;
From valley to mountain, o'er river and fountain,
I am tossed, now east, then west.
Without fear or complaint, though by rude constraint,
I go whither all else goes;
Whither go the blossoms and leaves of the rose,
And the laurel leaves which the Grecian weaves
For the brow of his brave heroes." E. W. M.

LOCAL.

Thanksgiving soon.

Jokes on turkey now in order.

Isn't it time to talk about a fair?

Sworn off on the skating rink yet?

D. U.'s will be represented on *The Garnet* this year.

No poems on "beautiful snow" have as yet been received.

First examination for conditions held Saturday, October 24.

Freshman D. has again been detected carrying a cane. Come, '87, brace up!

With sufficient practice the choir might ac—, we mean attain, considerable proficiency.

Prof. Ashmore occupies the President's house; "Moses" and wife keeping house for him.

Prof. Price has for the past few weeks heard his classes at his residence on Union street.

What becomes of the illustrated papers and magazines belonging to the reading-room?

Prof. Lamoroux delivered a lecture on "The Art of Observation," Friday, October 17.

A notice containing the names of those having more than fifteen chapel absences was posted recently.

Those not receiving their papers promptly will please notify the business manager as soon as possible.

In our report, last month, of the Senior class election, Bailey as prophet was inadvertently omitted.

A few have not paid their subscriptions yet. Pay up as soon as possible, and save us the trouble and annoyance of dunning.

Students are agitating the question of a lecture course to raise much-needed money for the benefit of the Base Ball Association.

Prof. in Geology: "Mr. B., what do you understand by a *ver'ebate*?" Mr. B. (confidently): "An animal that suckles its young."

The hours for drilling have been changed from Monday, Wednesday and Thursday to Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday from 2 to 3 P. M.

Several pedestrian parties have visited the Indian Ladder of late. It is a most enjoyable walk, and the scenery amply repays for the undertaking.

Our sanctum is in N. C., N. S., ground floor, front room. Contributions for the "CONCORDIE" may be left here at any time, or sent through the mail.

Allen, '86, represented the New York Beta Chapter of the Phi Delta Theta fraternity in the national convention held at Nashville, Tenn., on the 13th and 14th inst.

The U. C. Y. M. C. A., in connection with the one "down town," is about to give a course of lectures. We feel that it is a good thing to have this society among us; and as those engaged to fill the appointments of this course are all first-class, we hope our students will show their good-will by attending as many of the entertainments as possible.

Juniors have commenced review in mechanics.

Prof. Staley is superintending the construction of the city sewers.

College will close for the Thanksgiving recess November 26 and reopen December 2.

The "gym" is in a more flourishing condition at present than it has been for several years.

The Senate is again in complete working order. A bill favoring our merchant marine was the last acted upon.

A fine crayon portrait, the work of L. M. King, '88, has been on exhibition for the past few days at Barney's on State street.

Considerable noise is made at times by cutting up kindling-wood in the sections. The law prohibiting this has become apparently obsolete.

Students who have attended the Popular-Course entertainments report, so far, general satisfaction. The Redpath company and Prof. Starr promise to be of unusual interest.

Prof. Hawley has at his room several copies of his book which he would be pleased to dispose of. Prof. Price's "Recollections of a Blameless Life" can be obtained at Barhyte's. Buy one.

Following are the subjects of essays handed in the 14th inst.: Seniors, "Co-education: Benefits and Evils"; Juniors, "Qualities of the True Statesman"; Sophomores, "Benefits of International Expositions."

The books for the Glee Club have been received and a few rehearsals have taken place. More interest, more frequent practice, and a better place than the chapel for rehearsals are necessary, however, to make the club a success.

The class in French was somewhat startled a few days ago by the explosion of a large fire-cracker just outside the window. No damage was done, although the atmosphere was suggestive of Fourth of July during the remainder of the hour.

The newspapers are busy selecting a president for us. One of them states that President Arthur has under consideration a prop-

osition offering him the position lately made vacant. That such is not the case, however, it is hardly necessary for us to state.

Now that out-door sports have come to an end, we shall expect to see more interest taken in the debating societies. The custom of holding a joint debate once a year might be improved by making it once a term. We are sure that all would be glad to see such a result brought about.

The Freshman class had their first social gathering on the evening of October 23, the occasion being the officers' set-up. They quietly assembled at the Y. M. C. A., where a lunch awaited them. After partaking of the repast, each imbibed the usual amount of lacteal fluid and called himself happy.

At a meeting called in the gym November 7, with Foote, '85, chairman, the following officers were elected for a Hare and Hounds Club: Courtright, '86, President; Hayes, '86, Vice President, Secretary and Treasurer; Instructor Vanderveer, Manager; Randall, '86, Whipper-in. Hares for first run: Little, '86, and Angle, '86.

Effusion of a skating-rink victim:

She went to the roller-skating rink
And put the sliders on;
A strap or two about her shoe,
And then she 's off and gone.
She slid, she slode; she glid, she glode;
Than she none could do better;
But at last the gentle maid was "throwed,"
For the roller-skates upset her.

Next.

At 10:30 P. M. on Tuesday, November 11, the members of the class of '86 might have been seen entering the Carley House, about to enjoy an evening's banquet at the expense of a favored (?) few, which few consisted of the officers of said class. The *menu* was excellent, and it is useless to say that the class did justice to the occasion. After supper the following were among the toasts responded to: Alma Mater, Landon; Absent Classmates, Perkins; Pleasures and Sorrows of the Skating Rink, Case; Dorpian Females, Hayes; Our Professors, Courtright; Our Editors, Randall; '86's Promenade, Dorwin; Our Set-Up, Wemple; '86, Skinner; after which the class adjourned to the "Hill," where a shin-roast was had at the expense of the college.

The fire in North College bath-room still continues to be an uncertainty. This is due to nothing but neglect; and could the superintendent of the buildings hear a few of the complimentary remarks addressed to him on this score he would obtain a more forcible view, from a student's standpoint, than we can give him here. Will Mr. Pickett see that the fire is kept up?

The ball to be given by the Junior class on the 24th inst promises to be a great success. The committee, composed of Messrs Dorwin, McIntyre, Cole, Pratt, Case, Skinner, Little and Woodbridge, has secured the skating rink and Parlatti's orchestra for the occasion, and are sparing no pains to make the affair as pleasant as possible, and one that will do honor to themselves and their class.

It is to be regretted that we have had no foot-ball matches to enliven the campus this fall. These games make college life more pleasant, preserve class spirit and break the monotony of morning recitations and afternoon loafing. The non-appearance of a new ball is the fault of the Freshmen, and if the fact that they have broken a fair and honorable custom is any consolation to them, why they are welcome to it.

It is related of Dr. Bacchus, that while president of Hamilton college he, one night, came across a student in such a state of intoxication as to be unable to get to his room. The doctor accordingly picked up the unfortunate one, and proceeded to carry him to his apartments. The student, who, by the way, was a freshman, was not so far gone but that he was able to repeat some Latin lines which he had recited from Horace the preceding day, "*Quo me, Bacche, rapis tui plenum?*" The doctor was so pleased with the apt quotation that he let the erring one go without further punishment.

The little dog which so long disturbed the midnight quiet of S. C. has at last been silenced. The professor who so perseveringly endeavored to accomplish said act, through neglecting to refer the force of the bullet to the proper axis, or perhaps not taking into account the radius vector described by the dog in the time d , or maybe forgetting to

close his eyes in the act of firing, failed ingloriously. It was left for an ordinary student with a common shot-gun to act the part of public benefactor. We understand, however, that the professor bears no ill-will toward the student on account of his superior marksmanship.

For the edification of some who may not keep posted on the important news of the day we quote from the New York *Morning Journal* of October 26 as follows: "Miss Hattie Stewart, of Schenectady, N. Y., who claims to be the champion woman boxer of the United States, and who holds the Union College prize belt for being the handsomest girl in Schenectady, offers to box Miss Annie Lewis, of Euclid avenue, Cleveland, four, six or eight rounds. It is said that Miss Stewart knocked out a young gentleman of the Freshman class who spoke slightly of her on the Union College campus."

On Friday, the 14th inst., the first run at hare and hounds took place. The hares left the "gym" at 3 o'clock, and after the usual limit of five minutes the hounds, sixteen in number, started in pursuit. The course was about five miles, and lay straight north to Freeman's bridge, thence to the left toward Sanders' lake, across a marsh to the railroad bridge and then straight in. In the center of the marsh was a creek which the tricky hares had crossed in a boat, having previously laid scent for a short distance in a wrong direction. After a delay of about two minutes the hounds learned the trick, and had then no alternative but to wade through and follow on. The scent-bags being found on the railroad bridge, the dash was made for the "gym," Johnson, '87, coming in first, with Redfield, '87, and Hayes, '86, second. The hounds were two minutes behind the limit, but claim they would have gained had it not been for the trick.

"Mamma, where do the cows get their milk?" asked Willie, looking up from the foaming pan of milk which he had been intently regarding. "Where do you get your tears?" was the answer. After thoughtful silence he again broke out, "Mamma, do the cows have to be spanked?"—*Golden Days*.

PERSONAL.

Short visits have been made on the hill lately by Hon. George Richards, '40; Rev. Philip Furbeck, '54; W. E. Anderson, '81; F. D. Van Wagener, '82; H. V. N. Philip, '84; Flanders and Weston, formerly members of the class of '87.

V. J. H. Carter, '59, a prosperous farmer of Lexington, Ky., writes that he is "well located in the best country in the world—the celebrated blue-grass region of Kentucky, famous for its fair women, brave men, fine horses and short-horn cattle."

Rev. E. B. Walworth, D. D., class of '64, is chancellor of Ingham University, LeRoy, N. Y.

Prof. J. F. Genung, '70, now associate professor of English literature in Amherst College, wrote, a short time ago, a critical analysis of Tennyson's "In Memoriam." The work has attracted much attention, and has been republished in England by Macmillan. It has been well received, and has gained the appreciation of Tennyson himself.

'83. Hook has entered the law office of Yates & Cutler.

'84. McFarlane is teaching at West Albany.

'84. Leo is teaching in Altoona. Clinton county, N. Y.

'85. Wands is in the floricultural business at Albany.

'85. Fowler has just recovered from an attack of quinsy.

Layton, '85, of Hobart, has entered '86 at Union. Welcome!

'85. Addison was around visiting his old acquaintances about election time; same old Tommie.

Burrell, '85, and Hastings, '88, both of Hamilton, spent a short time at Union two weeks ago.

'86. Perkins and Wemple attended the class set-up.

F. J. Mills, '86, University of Vermont, spent a few days at Union last week.

'86. Allen has returned from Nashville, Tenn., where he attended the convention of the $\Phi \Delta \Theta$ fraternity.

'87. Gonzales has gone to California to spend the winter.

O. H. Landreth, formerly instructor at Union, is now professor of civil engineering in Vanderbilt University.

LIBRARY RULES.

The following are the rules to be observed for the present in obtaining books from the library:

1. Until the library is catalogued, only such books as the librarian can easily find will be issued.
2. No student will be allowed in the library.
3. Books will be issued for a time not longer than two weeks.
4. Students will be required to pay a fine of five cents for every day that the book is retained over two weeks.
5. Students owing fines will not be allowed to take books from the library.
6. No student will be allowed to have more than two books out of the library at the same time.

J. PEARSON, Librarian.

PSYCHOLOGY.

A Junior of the Boston University gives her opinion of psychology in the following quotation:

Across the moorlands of the Not
We chase the gruesome When,
And hunt the Itness of the What
Through forests of the Then.

Into the inner consciousness
We track the crafty Where,
We spear the Ergo tough, and beard
The Ego in his lair.

With the lassoes of the brain we catch
The lances of the Was,
And in the copses of the Whence
We hear the Think-bees buzz

We climb the slippery Which-bank
To watch the Thusness roll,
And pause betimes in gnostic rhymes
To woo the Over-Soul.—*Ex.*

GENERAL COLLEGE NEWS.

London is the only large city in the Old World that does not possess a university.

School property in the South is valued at about \$6,000,000, against \$188,000,000 in the North.—*Ex.*

There are thirty-nine professorships in the University of Edinburgh, with salaries ranging from \$2,000 to \$10,000 a year.

The annual catalogue of Williams shows an attendance of 63 Seniors, 61 Juniors, 70 Sophomores, 58 Freshmen and 2 graduate students—a total of 254.

Considerable commotion has been raised in Cleveland, O., by an attempt on the part of the faculty of Adelbert College to crowd out female students and to prevent the admission of others.

The claim is made by Amherst that her gymnasium is second to none in the world. A regular course of gymnastics is obligatory, and it is shown by statistics that the health of Amherst students improves with each year of their course.

The grading system at Princeton has undergone radical changes. By the new system each class will be divided into six groups, not allowing more than one-tenth of the entire class in the first group, and not more than one-fifth in each remaining group.

Yale has begun her one hundred and eighty-fourth year with a Freshman class of 219. The entering class is thus smaller than usual, but it is well supplied with athletes, as indicated by its recent victories in foot-ball over the Amherst and Wesleyan Freshmen.

At Cornell the navy, foot-ball, base-ball and general athletic associations are to be consolidated under one general management, to be known as the Athletic Congress. The object is to secure a more economic use of the athletic funds. President White and several of the younger members of the faculty are said to have interested themselves in such a change.

The different religious denominations continue to show an increasing interest in collegiate education. In the spring of '83 the

Presbyterian Assembly constituted a "Board of Aid for Colleges and Academies." By the terms of benefaction all colleges aided must be under Presbyterian control. Up to April 30, 1884, contributions to the amount of \$29,000 had been received. The colleges aided as yet have been almost exclusively young and weak institutions in the far West.

CLIPPINGS.

Professor to class in surgery: "The right leg of the patient, as you see, is shorter than the left, in consequence of which he limps. Now, what would you do in a case of this kind?" Bright student: "Limp, too."—*Ex.*

O, bring me a map of the seat of war!
I hear the guns on the River Min!
I want to see where the missiles tore
Through far Foo-chow with a devil's din.

Just show me Ke-lung and Sinon-choo.
And where, O, where can be Kin-to-ching,
Chow-choo, Chang-chow, and where Cha-oo?
Is Hing-who far from old Yen-ping?
—*Phila. Press.*

The Freshman repeats:

"Early to bed and early to rise
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."

The Soph puts it:

"Late to bed and late to rise:
If I'm up to prayers it'll be a surprise."

The Junior writes home:

"Late to bed and early to rise
Is the only way to win that prize."

The Senior leans back and remarks:

"Early to bed and late to rise,
Is the proper thing for my weak eyes."
—*Bates Student.*

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