

# THE CONCORDIENSIS.

VOL. III.

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## THE CONCORDIENSIS.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGIATE YEAR  
BY THE STUDENTS OF  
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## LITERARY.

### THE FADING YEAR.

October settles softly o'er the land—  
A precious thought that blends e'en grief with  
cheer—  
The hills and woods flushed with its presence stand  
Though hushed with sorrow for the dying year.  
In perfect calm the peaceful mornings dawn,  
That flash not o'er the east light's fiercer rays,  
But ponder deeply o'er the summer gone,  
And gild the earth with light of other days.  
Long lingers in the air night's pleasing chill,  
And long the dew upon the fading grass;  
Nor do oppressive heats their places fill  
When later hours, advancing, bid them pass;  
For mid-day suns have lost their brazen glare,  
And faint horizons quiver not with heat,  
But azure hazes dim the hill-tops, where  
Appear so softly earth and sky to meet.  
As if the o'er-ripe fruit of heavenly vines  
Had lent their blooms to fringe these autumn skies,  
And touch with perfect ripeness earth that shines  
Already with the hues of paradise.  
Each wind that starts with sudden, transient blasts  
Fans to a redder flame the autumn woods,  
And, in a mood of aimless effort, casts  
A scarlet shower upon the lazy floods.  
But naught arises through the livelong day  
To break the sacred spell October weaves;  
And when the sun-light steals from earth away  
Enchanting moonbeams light the withering leaves,  
Then to the sight the glowing colors fail—  
The sobered landscape charms with other mien,  
For, like the lovely face hid by the veil,  
It witches still e'en though but dimly seen.  
And every charm that brooding sadness wreathes,  
Combined with beauty, rests on field and hill;  
The shadowed wood a song of sorrow breathes,  
And silver dew's their silent tears distil.

Then is wild Nature slowly given up  
 To all the earnest pathos of the hour,  
 For even while she lifts the festive cup  
 She hears her requiem sighed from every bower.  
 The leaf that falls beneath the pure moon's ray,  
 And rustles o'er the path towards its tomb,  
 Seems whispering to itself a plaintive lay  
 That mourns its soon-departed summer bloom.  
 The lonely fruit left shriveling on the bough,  
 Caressed no more by leaf or summer's breath,  
 Gives melancholy testimony how  
 The fairest bloom may meet the chilliest death.  
 But, O, the calm that lulls the autumn night!  
 Despite the shadows coming tempests throw—  
 The wild bird, resting in its southern flight;  
 The air just tempered with the breath of snow—  
 Its hours are burdened with the deepest peace;  
 The moonlight, blending with the atmosphere,  
 Transforms it to a gleaming fairy fleece,  
 That decks the land with glory far and near.  
 Let winter bring the weird, inspiring night,  
 With whitened plains, that sparkle to the moon,  
 And winds that from the north pole take their flight,  
 And rouse the forest-harps to wildest tune;  
 And spring the night that shields with gentle care  
 Each tender bud that earth begins to show,  
 And summer bring the night that fills the air  
 With full-leaved murmurings when breezes blow.  
 Though each of these is giv'n a pow'r as deep  
 As ever lends a charm to earthly things,  
 They never hold the holy calms that keep  
 The perfect night celestial autumn brings.  
 And O! methinks a higher, nobler life  
 Beats in the pulses of this autumn-time,  
 A sacred pow'r so free from selfish strife,  
 'Twas never born within an earthly clime.  
 For though its race draws near eternal close,  
 And sterner grows death's grasp from day to day,  
 It still, around, the rarest treasure throws,  
 For other lives when it has passed away.  
 O, God-like impulse! whatsoe'er thou art  
 That makest e'en the dying sweetly smile!  
 Send forth thy presence to each human heart,  
 And all the gathered woes of months beguile!  
 Within this season gloom should not be found,  
 Each life should seek the purer lights that shine,  
 And bring against the next year's shadowed round  
 A soul made radiant by those beams divine.  
 For 'tis the time within the circling year  
 That lifts earth's kingdom nearer to its king,

And bathes it for a moment in the clear,  
 Unsullied rays the lights of heaven fling.

The time when after unremitting care  
 And earnest labor in earth's vineyard wide,  
 The old year comes with gray and streaming hair  
 To bring again the talent multiplied.

And ere departing from its trial here,  
 To wear the crown by faithful toilings won,  
 It bows, a moment, low with reverent ear,  
 To catch the Master's freely giv'n "Well done."

### ✓ OUR COLLEGE GROUNDS.

He who feels the true force of the lines,  
 "To him, who in the love of Nature, holds  
 Communion with her visible forms, she speaks  
 A various language,"

must certainly appreciate the college walk, the campus, the grove, the garden, the far-extending view of the Mohawk valley, with its green fields and woods, its hills and dales, a thousand times more beautiful than the finest production of any human artist. Only a few weeks ago those stately trees, shading our walk to and from college, were clothed in their autumn best. Can it be that any student or stranger has passed them by unnoticed? Can anyone turn an unwilling ear to their singings and sighings? Alas for him who never stops to listen to those faint whisperings of the leaves, telling one another how they love to toss and frolic in the wind and how they never fear an ill while mother trunk furnishes them with strength to brave the storm.

Where shall we find a place for strolling more beautiful than our extensive grove? Here human hand has not interfered with nature's work. The winding path which leads to the college-brook, "more bright than the Delphic water"; the rippling of the water; the mimic waterfalls, laughing as they go; the abrupt, wild ravine with its projecting rocks, all look so inviting, and with magic spell again and again tempt us to forget our work and stroll through this garden of nature. Here and there the wonderful statues

graven by nature's finger and inflaming our souls with the love of the beautiful, cause us to stand still with admiration.

Then, there is the garden—Captain Jack's garden—our garden. If it be admitted that Nature aided by human skill can create more beautifully than when left to herself, then, surely, it is so here. Who can picture a garden more beautiful? Those labyrinthian walks seem to be without end or beginning, while the rustic bridges and creeping vines lend them a peculiar charm. And those secluded grass-plots surrounded by trees, large and of dense foliage, seem to be a realization of Fancy's picture of solitude itself. The old Elm, once so dear to those who are no more, but whose influence is as lasting as time itself, and the memory of whom finds place in many hearts—how can we pass it carelessly by? The Spring, too, containing the sweetest water in all the city, begs a passing recognition. But who can adequately describe scenes so supremely beautiful? What artist could have painted trees in such dazzling splendor as were to be seen in the Doctor's garden a few weeks ago? One must see them and feast upon them in order truly to appreciate. The soul grows hungry as it is fed. The maples, those pyramids of fire, and the dark evergreens in the back-ground, touched on this side and that by elms of beautiful yellow, have caught and riveted masy a strolling eye. In a few days more everything will be transformed. At every breath of wind these blushing leaves are falling to the ground and, rustling merrily, are bedecking the earth with their dying forms. What is there in this which sends such a chill over us? Everything seems happy and gay to the last, yes, even more gay while dying than in its youthful fragrance of spring, or its luxuriant growth of summer. Almost before we are aware of it these holiday trees will be bare and dreary, and in place of their autumnal whispers will be

heard those sad and low whinings for their lost foliage. The long, cruel winter is at our threshold. Mother Earth, regardless of her many children, is about to wrap herself in her white mantle and sleep until a milder season shall awaken her into renewed activity. Nature's story is so simple and so expressive as to require no great skill to interpret it. Childhood, manhood, old age and death are all pictured for us with unerring distinctness. The question naturally arises: Shall we, like Nature's children in the autumn of our life grow happier, more useful, more beautiful each day? Then all hail College Grounds! Hail, old Grove, and Garden, and Walks! In old age we will bless you for those rich draughts of beauty which inspired our youth and bettered our manhood. And when, at last, our hand and our eye become unsteady, and memory refuses to serve us as of old, yet one picture, indelibly impressed upon our minds in our youth, will remain clear and vivid—the picture of "Our College Grounds." '80.

#### THE TRUE VALUE OF POPULARITY.

We can think of no position in active life more painful, more truly miserable, than that in which a man has no one to love him, no one to praise him, no one even to pity him or to care for him. Directly opposite to this would be the widely popular man. Yet he may come far short of happiness.

Popularity means friends. Friends may lead to public notice, thence to position, office and wealth; but if this be the only advantage of popularity and it be used for self-emolument alone, what true value will it be to him or to any one else? Will he not be accumulating more to answer for and be laying up wrath against the day of wrath? Yet he is a popular man! We can see but one true value of popularity and that is as a means of benefiting mankind.

Every minister ought to wish to be popular, for thereby he can do great good; but if he preach to gain popularity and if he make that an end to be attained and a means of self-glorification; if he say pleasant things to tickle the people's ears and compromise with sin instead of preaching the whole truth, by these very acts he loses the true value of his popularity and begins to endanger his own soul and wrong the people. Much the same holds true in every station of life.

The popular statesman can have more influence in framing laws and doing good to the people than a dozen unpopular men; but if he has such a narrow, contracted soul that he uses his popularity simply to fill his pocket and revel in vain glory, he fails to accomplish the good possible and thus of reaping the true value of his popularity. Look at George Washington and see the true value of his popularity. Follow Daniel Webster through his efforts to preserve the Union and see its true value there. Behold Abraham Lincoln with his intense zeal for his country and his untiring labors for the people, and see again its true value. On the other hand look at Jefferson Davis and *fail* to see *any true* value of popularity.

Call up your literary men. The value of Chaucer's and Wycliffe's popularity was not that they sold more books and received greater honor, but that it made their books more readily and generally accepted, and thus the people were benefited and the language grew.

Become familiar with Burke, Schiller, Irving, Everett, Bryant, and tell the true value of their popularity.

Look until you are blind and can you find any true value in the popularity of Voltaire or Thos. Paine? Did they benefit the people by teaching them to disregard God and neglect their own souls? When Voltaire on his death bed, said to his doctor, "I am forsaken by God and man. I will give you

the half of what I am worth if you will give me six months' life," did he find that there was any true value in his popularity?

Is there any true value in Robert Ingersoll's popularity to-day, in deluding the people, quieting their guilty consciences, and lulling them to sleep on the brink of Hell? Or in his last moments will his popularity make more certain whether "the rustle of wings" in the death silence is that of angels or of winged demons sent from the darkness below?

On the other hand look at the scores of noble christian lives left on record, and at the living Murphy, Cook, and Moody; and behold there the true value of popularity.

Let, then, the student, the man of letters, the statesman,—let *all* have the noble aspiration to be popular, but from Bishop to President and down to student and plow-boy let none seek popularity for its own sake, or to gain wealth and station, but remember that its true value is to benefit mankind:

'81.

### ✓ THE INFLUENCE OF FASHION.

It is curious but sad to think that many who have the means of being most free, live in the most foolish subjection. Far sadder, however, is it to know that even some men of great genius, leaders in statecraft, in religion, in every profession and station have acknowledged allegiance to an inexorable monster, whom they have named fashion. In all other matters they are radical, sensible men, but at this shrine they sedulously worship. Why is this so? Who can resolve the enigma? If you have never done so, then separate yourself, for a few moments, from your fellow-men; sit in some garret-window and observe passers-by. Look at that swell going down street! See how he twirls his cane—Do you see his exuberant burnsides and waxed moustache? He was at college once, but has long ago fizzled out.



Since then his father has set him up in business, but all in vain. Now he studies law, and he will probably be admitted to the bar sometime. He moves in the best society, and rightly, for he is a man of *blue* blood. He is wealthy, and from a long and wealthy line of ancestors, can he trace his lineage, therefore, he is a man to be honored and respected by all. Fashion demands it. Look again! A fair maiden is tripping along the walk. Scan not so closely the roses on her cheek, for they have a dusty appearance and are only temporary. Poor thing! How her feet are pinched, and her whole form is twisted out of its natural shape, in obedience to the stern commands of fashion. Ah yes, fashion, could you but once be seized, this cruelty of yours would be punished as a capital offense. Now visit a fashionable church if you please, and hear fashionable sermons and music. Insipid, do you say? Fashion says "it is just charming." And when you have seen how men and women will work and stint themselves in order to keep in fashion; how they will contract debts, and in consequence, come to great grief and trouble, but never become wise enough to live within their means in spite of fashion; when you have seen this and a thousand other freaks of fashion, then tell me, how much influence, how much power this tyrant has. Does she not rule the world?

Whenever a financial depression settles over our land, many a business man becomes careworn. It requires all his energies to make the two ends meet. His thoughts are so busily employed with his business, that the merry laugh of a child, the many happy faces of home, nature with its singing birds and fragrant flowers, no longer make an impression upon him. He cannot be happy—and why? The cause of all this mischief is again that grim tyrant—fashion. The man hasn't lived within his means, and when unexpectedly the "hard times" made themselves

felt, he falls headlong into bankruptcy. Fashion smiles a scornful smile. Having brought him to the very brink of ruin, she now defies him. She dares him to reduce his expenses and live a plain life. She throws her threats in his face, threats most terrible to him, that she will exclude him from all refined society. And what society? It is one governed by this same fashion. It forbids its members to recognize a man of shabby clothes. It forbids manual labor of every kind. It requires men to respect ancestry, to associate with a scoundrel, provided he be of noble birth. It requires that the most immoral men be admitted to good society; It disregards all character, all ability; it looks only to riches, to pedigree. But what does it avail? Is it necessary to belong to this society in order to enjoy the company of good, of intellectual men? Do all geniuses belong here? On the contrary, it has been found that men of the greatest intellect, are the most independent. Look at Diogenes, look at the great Socrates. Come down to our own time and look at Abraham Lincoln, Henry Clay. Look at men in your own town, of your own immediate acquaintance and see who are the most worthy of respect. Then why should Americans be so foolish? Let England draw her huge partition walls between banker and merchant, between laborer and mechanic, but let *us* respect the *true* and *good* and *great* alone.

'80.

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### EDITORIAL.

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IT WILL PERHAPS be seen by the readers of THE CONCORDIENSIS that the paper is under somewhat different management. The long delay on the part of the class in electing editors to fill the places of those who did not return to college this term, necessitated the appointment of a chief *pro tem*. He, of course, was lord and master of the last issue. We

admit that there was some interference on our part, but none which was not warranted by the sayings and actions of the managing editor. Since the gentleman professed to have no interest in the paper, urged on by the other editors, we considered it our duty to investigate matters, and if, in so doing, we trod upon forbidden ground, we are sorry for it. The gentleman deserves credit for the interest which, contrary to his own words and the fear of the other editors, he took as well as the general tone of the paper. To take up and refute the bitter and untrue remarks made with regard to the class election would be as foolish as it was in the first place to publish them. We say it would be foolish, for the students know them to be untrue and friends and alumni will not understand the merits of the case.

With regard to the paper we would say that we desire that it be no party paper. Let it represent every party alike. Let a general interest be taken by *all* parties. Unless an interest is taken both by students and alumni, and unless Seniors from year to year leave their subscriptions on graduating and thus make up a permanent list of subscribers, the paper is not likely to continue. If the editors have to spend all their energies and a great part of their time in order to make the paper a financial success, they cannot, in addition to their regular college work do their level best in the literary departments. But we have, as yet, no just cause for despondency. The future looks brighter than ever. If we only work unitedly we are sure to succeed. "*Potentia est in Concordia.*"

J

WE TRUST that the secret societies are already preparing to publish their annual *Garnet*, so that there will be unnecessary delay when the time comes to give it to the public. Last year's delay was inexcusable. There seemed to be no legitimate head to the Beard of editors. One editor carried home

with him the money from the advertisements and stayed away a month, while two of the editors were, to say the least, not on intimate terms, owing to some quarrel dating back to their Freshman year. The only redeeming feature of the management is that no debt has been left, the last installment of *one dollar and sixty cents* having been paid to the printer a few weeks ago.

✓

WE DO NOT see what excuse certain students can have for acting as they did a few nights ago. A whole window, sash and all, was destroyed in No. 5, and the pump at South College mysteriously disappeared. For whom was this insult intended? Viewed from any standpoint, it was a most foolish affair; for, if it was intended, which we hope it was not, as a direct insult to any member of the Faculty, the field of action was far too general to be so understood; on the other hand, if it was simply rowdyism, it was a most despicable act and will be so considered by all sensible students. What pleasure can any one have in adding to the labors of the Colonel, who is always busy, but still finds time to do any one a favor. We are glad that the number of those who take part in such things is small. We earnestly appeal to all to do what they can in discouraging such practices—practices for which even the fraud known as "College honor" can offer no excuse.

✓

THE 45th annual convention of the Delta Upsilon Fraternity convened with the Union Chapter in this city on Oct. 22 and 23.

The two days of meeting were devoted to business sessions, three being held on Wednesday and two on Thursday, and the reports given show the Fraternity to be in a very flourishing condition both financially and as regards rank taken by its members in the various colleges. Wednesday night the convention held its banquet at the

Givens hotel where the jollifications were kept up till a late hour, and on Thursday evening were held the public exercises in the First Presbyterian church. The President of the Fraternity, Pres. W. C. Russel of Cornell University was unable to attend but sent a letter to the convention, which was read, expressing his regrets at not being able to be present, and wishing the Fraternity success in its endeavors.

The orator of the evening was Rev. W. E. Griffis, who for thirty minutes entertained his hearers with a well written and ably delivered oration upon "The Masterwork of Civilization." Mr. Homer Greene, Union, '76, was the poet and did great credit to himself in both subject matter and delivery of a very interesting poem, entitled "Under the Statue." The story detailed the sights of every day life with its bright and dark sides as seen by a bronze statue of a soldier in a park, and related to a lawyer who sought shelter and rest beneath its shade. Love was the prevailing topic and the author took occasion to make frequent mention of the passion in the course of his charming poem.

The evening's entertainment was enlivened with music by Austin's 10th Regt. Band. After the exercises the convention attended a reception at the residence of the Hon. J. S. Landon where the delegates were presented to the fair daughters of Dorp and passed a very pleasant two hours of social intercourse. At twelve o'clock dancing began and was kept up till the small hours of the morning. On Friday the delegates left the city and visited Albany and its points of attraction. One feature of the trip was the singing of College and Fraternity songs in the assembly room of the new Capitol.

President Robbins, of Colby University, and the Hon. J. S. Landon were made honorary members of the Fraternity.

WE HAVE before us the catalogue of Breslau University, giving the different schools

and professors. No students' names are included. It is entirely in Latin, and is entitled: "*Index Scholarum in Universitate Litterarum Vratislaviensis per Hiemem Anni MDCCC-LXXIX-LXXX a die XV mensis Octobris habendarum.*" It occupies twenty-two pages of paper like the old-fashioned letter paper. The first nine pages are closely printed, containing six chapters of criticisms upon certain Latin authors—the personal notes of one of the professors, as a specimen of his lectures, *probably*.

Then comes the different Faculties of the University. First we have the Evangelical Theologians numbering eight: then the Catholics, numbering six. The Law Departments contains nine professors and the Medical thirty-three. In the school of Philosophy there are forty-six professors; while there are four "*Lectores Linguarum.*"

The libraries and collections, open to the students, follow next in order; and we venture to say that no American institution of sound learning can offer advantages of a similar character. Besides the usual collections appertaining to an educational institution Breslau University and City present for inspection and use libraries of arts, medicine, theology and law, galleries of paintings and sculpture, a botanical garden, musea of valuable objects of antiquity, and collections and instruments illustrative of the natural sciences.

Nor is this any exaggeration. German Universities do not, like most American colleges, publish catalogues which, from one end to the other, are series of fairy tales and legends put forth to beguile the passing tourist in the search for knowledge.

We should bear in mind, however, with charity towards all, that American colleges, for the most part, correspond to the German gymnasia, the feeders of the universities; and that, as we have no universities in the full sense of the term, it is pardonable in our colleges to *aim* to supply *all* the requisites of a *liberal* education.

WE WISH to say a word about the practice that many men have of leaving chapel Saturday mornings just before the speaking begins. No sooner are the short devotional exercises finished than half or two-thirds of those present feel called upon to go out. Why they should do so we have never been able to discover. Certainly we do not like the custom. Not only is it an insult to the speakers but it tends to lower the character of our rhetorical performances. Complaint is often made that oratory does not receive attention enough at Union. We ask, whose fault is it? Do the students half way meet the efforts which are put forth for them in this direction? What possible incentive, for example, can there be for the average student to go through the really great amount of labor necessary to produce a fine speech if he has to deliver it to well-nigh empty benches. At any rate, if orations are ill-written and poorly delivered—which all are not, however—those students have no right to complain who do not show a more earnest desire to keep alive the spirit of oratory, which with strange inconsistency they lament, is fast dying out among us. A word on this subject is sufficient. Not that anyone cares particularly for the presence of those who leave, but we venture to suggest that they could learn a great deal and get many valuable hints by remaining. We look to the upper classmen to see that the ideas here offered are carried out, and trust that we shall not be disappointed.

MEASURES have been taken to institute a joint debate between the Adelpic and Philomathean Societies. The Philomaths have recently awakened from their lethargy and are using every effort to overtake their active rival. The debate ought to be a success. We recommend that it be held in the college chapel and that the public be invited. This

is the way they do at many other colleges, and there is no good reason why we should not do so here. By the way, those who do not attend either of these societies are losing one of the most valuable disciplines in the whole college course.

### BASE BALL.

Last year Union College made a brilliant record in the diamond. The nine was made up of men of muscle and skill. Out of fifteen matches played only two were lost, and both clubs who defeated us had little time for boasting owing to the "crusher" which each received in return. So we claim a victory over every club that met us. Our antagonists were among the best amateur teams in Central or Eastern New York. Syracuse University, Hamilton College, the Fort Edward Stars, the Ballstons, the Daleys of Troy, the Alerts of Schenectady, the Amsterdams, Albany Law College, Troy Polytechnic Institute, etc., all succumbed to the strong batting and moderately good fielding of the Union boys.

Basing our hopes upon this record connected with the fact that all but two of the players remain on the nine, we naturally expected and do expect great things of our club this year. *Mirabile dictu* (considering the exceptionally fine weather of this fall) only one game has been played. Matters have progressed slowly. Well, thus grind the mills of the gods. There may have been sufficient cause. The game referred to was with the Stars, of Fort Edward. 'Tis a short story. Defeated, 9 to 4.

The elements of our discomfiture were:

First. Undue advantage gained by the Stars in playing on their own grounds, which are none of the best and extremely unfavorable to strangers. They owed us the re-



turn game and it should have been played here.

Secondly. The use of a dead ball. This was unavoidable in the present case but should be avoided in the future. Our men are remarkably strong batters and know how to handle a hard ball. We should insist on playing by *league rules*.

Thirdly. Change of catcher. We have no doubt Mr. Ahern did his best or that the position of the sun rendered his task a very difficult one, but there can be no good excuse for his dropping two easy flies, and his throwing was certainly a failure. Gentlemen, we have a catcher who, notwithstanding the talk of some fault-finders, has never yet failed us. Keep Mr. Beattie in his position. We'll risk *him*.

Fourthly. The absence of our best outfielder and one of our strongest hitters—Mr. Moore. Business is business, and while we presume we would have done as did the last named gentleman under like circumstances, we trust this absence will be the exception and not become epidemic.

In addition it is to be remarked that neither of the new players succeeded in making a base hit. We must acknowledge that two of the old players did no better. But the reputation of the latter is established. It was their day "off." It *remains* for the former to establish theirs, and we trust they will do it. Coach up your weak points.

Notwithstanding the extreme coldness of the day the fielding of our men was excellent. All did well, while Taylor and Rogers, having more chances, did themselves proud.

We have pointed out some obstacles in the way of our success. We try to state the facts. Our advice is gratuitous and submitted respectfully. It is a strange combination of circumstances that defeats a club who score a total of nine base hits to their opponents' five, and nine errors to their twelve. The score is appended:

## STARS.

|                     | Position. | Times at Bat. | Runs. | 1st Base Hits. | Total Base Hits. | Put out. | Assisted. | Errors. |
|---------------------|-----------|---------------|-------|----------------|------------------|----------|-----------|---------|
| Ryan, . . . . .     | 3         | 5             | 0     | 0              | 0                | 0        | 2         | 2       |
| Parish, . . . . .   | R         | 5             | 0     | 0              | 0                | 0        | 0         | 0       |
| Russel, . . . . .   | C         | 5             | 2     | 1              | 1                | 14       | 3         | 3       |
| Goodfellow, . . . . | P         | 5             | 1     | 1              | 1                | 0        | 13        | 2       |
| Mullory, . . . . .  | SS        | 4             | 1     | 0              | 0                | 0        | 0         | 4       |
| Mahan, . . . . .    | L         | 4             | 1     | 1              | 1                | 2        | 0         | 0       |
| Tibbs, . . . . .    | M         | 4             | 2     | 0              | 0                | 0        | 0         | 0       |
| Goodfellow, J. . .  | 2         | 4             | 1     | 1              | 1                | 3        | 1         | 0       |
| Lennon, . . . . .   | 1         | 4             | 1     | 1              | 1                | 8        | 0         | 1       |
| Total, . . . . .    |           | 40            | 9     | 5              | 5                | 27       | 19        | 12      |

## UNION.

|                     | Position. | Times at Bat. | Runs. | 1st Base Hits. | Total base hits. | Put out. | Assisted. | Errors. |
|---------------------|-----------|---------------|-------|----------------|------------------|----------|-----------|---------|
| Mountain, . . . .   | P         | 5             | 1     | 1              | 1                | 1        | 12        | 2       |
| Rogers, . . . . .   | 1         | 5             | 1     | 3              | 3                | 16       | 1         | 0       |
| Ahern, . . . . .    | C         | 5             | 0     | 1              | 2                | 6        | 5         | 1       |
| Beattie, . . . . .  | SS        | 5             | 0     | 0              | 0                | 0        | 0         | 1       |
| Fairgrieve, . . . . | L         | 5             | 0     | 0              | 0                | 1        | 0         | 0       |
| Taylor, . . . . .   | 3         | 4             | 0     | 1              | 2                | 2        | 4         | 2       |
| Ford, . . . . .     | 2         | 4             | 0     | 1              | 1                | 0        | 1         | 1       |
| McMurray, . . . .   | R         | 3             | 1     | 0              | 0                | 0        | 0         | 1       |
| Macaulay, . . . .   | M         | 4             | 1     | 0              | 0                | 1        | 0         | 1       |
| Total, . . . . .    |           | 40            | 4     | 7              | 9                | 27       | 23        | 9       |

## BY INNINGS.

|                  | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 |
|------------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| STARS, . . . . . | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 4 | 0 | 1 |
| UNION, . . . . . | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 2 |

Earned runs, Union 1; two base hits, Taylor 1, Ahern 1; 1st base on balls, Union 1, Stars 2; passed balls, Ahern 9, Russel 5; wild pitches, Mountain 3, Goodfellow 1; left on bases, Union 6, Stars 1.

Empire, Mr. Muhlfelder.

Time of game, two hours and fifteen minutes.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

[A reasonable space will be devoted to this department, contributions to which are solicited. The Editors are not responsible for any sentiment herein expressed. All contributions must be accompanied by the name of the author, which, however, is not necessarily published.]

Mr. Editor:—

One of the Seniors displays a very melancholy face nowadays. Indeed, it is feared he will expire in one of his fits, and all this because a man voted in the recent election who had been in college nearly four years, had taken studies with the class, and had his name on the official class list.

Notwithstanding all this the above mentioned peculiarly constituted misanthropic individual would allow a man to vote who had been in the class but a little over a year, whose name had been dropped from the list, whose only desire for voting was to cast one vote for his friends, and whose only pretext for so doing was the fact that he was taking one study with the class. We notice, also, that his enthusiasm for geology has since died out.

BETA.

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### LOCAL.

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—"Hallo! Got the mumps?"

—Gone are the leaves, and the birds and the flowers;  
Swiftly are flying the minutes and hours.

—The fellow that helped drive the cow into South Section was served just right.

—Prof. Alexander lectured on "Chaucer" before the Ladies' Literary Society on Nov. 15th.

—Miss Wells, daughter of Prof. Wells, is at Syracuse University and expects to graduate in two years.

—W. C. Marselius, '81, was inspector of election at Scotia. They were sure of at least one honest man.

—A Sophomore offering to see a lady safely home, received the answer, "I prefer to get my pills by the box."

—"Is that snow? Thunder-ye-say! Let it snow a *heap*! I'd like to take a *luk-at-it*."—  
Fresh from Charleston, S. C.

—The tug of War between '81 and '82, the two big teams, resulted in a glorious victory for the former. Hurrah for '81!

—Prof. O. S. Fowler says that many a young man may go through college and not know how to drive a horse. Well, not very many.

—If that Soph who goes every evening to the 6:30 train west should "poll" about that time he might sleep more peacefully at night.

—Where does Colonel get his pumps? The business manager of THE CONCORDIENSIS ought to find out and get his advertisement. Let him return the patronage.

—The Juniors are now reading Chaucer with Prof. Alexander. This, they think, is a pleasant change from that dry and rather confused text book on the English language.

*Perhaps* through accident the names of two of the Senior class officers were omitted from the last issue—that of Mr. J. A. Kemp as Historian, and Mr. W. E. Anderson as Grand Marshal.

—Mechanics, classical division:

Prof.: "Why is it that, when the whole class goes to the board at once, all get 'ten-spots'?"

Classical: "It is explained by the principle of the sympathetic pendulum."

—A former editor of THE CONCORDIENSIS is of the opinion that the paper is not up to the standard. Without doubt. Yet if the gentleman is unable to secure a re-election, he can at least give us the benefit of his pen. We are really anxious to restore the paper to its former quality.

—Prof. L'Amoreaux is very successful in conducting his several French classes. His method of instruction embraces both the reading and speaking of the language. More ought to avail themselves of this privilege. The Professor is very obliging and arranges his hours to suit all.

—Pres. Potter will deliver a lecture in the Memorial Presbyterian Church, Troy, on the evening of Dec. 18. Subject: "Long Winter Evenings and Books." Prof. Wells will also deliver a lecture, Jan. 29th, at the same place, on "The Present Religious Aspect in Italy."

—Five students were fined \$3.00 apiece by the police justice of the "ranch" for running down to see the "depot." As an offset, and to the eternal shame of our students (about which the wretches don't seem to

care a flip,) seven street-lamps were "obliterated" soon after. As these lamps cost \$7.00 apiece, boys, look out for another assessment.

—Scene, a student confidentially speaking with his girl after church:

Prof.: "Well, A——, are you going down?"

Student: "No, sir; I am going up."

Prof.: "It seems to me that you're about gone up now."

—English Class:

Prof.: "Sir Thomas More was chancellor of Henry VIII; at what time did he reign, Mr. W?"

W: "About the time of More, I should judge."

Prof.: "That will do."

—Scene, two Freshmen:

1st Fresh.: "What is the matter with your cheek, M——?"

2nd Fresh.: "O, I was bitten by the bedbugs, last night."

1st Fresh.: "Why? you have the mumps."

2nd Fresh.: "Have I? Well, that's *too* bad. What *shall* I do?"

—She was well-dressed and evidently wealthy. She waltzed around Memorial Hall in a manner that showed she was *some*. Gazing intently at the beautiful oil painting of Galileo's retraction before Pope Urban VIII, she asked: "Sir, is that *statue* considered to be a very fine one?"

—When the Freshman goes to sleep,  
Then the bugs begin to creep,  
And around his anxious pate,  
Many a bedbug meets its fate.  
And the way they chew his feet,  
Makes him dream the Sophs to meet.  
But he still in town remains,  
And a college-room disdains.

—The Adelpic Society has published a catalogue containing the names of its members from the time it was founded, (1797) to the present time. It contains "The Song to Old Union" beautifully set in college scenery which makes a handsome frontispiece. All Alumni and students who wish can obtain it

at cost price (25c) from the treasurer of the society, J. A. Kemp.

—Our readers should remember that they who advertise in the CONCORDIENSIS are specially entitled to our patronage. On their support the institution in which we are all interested principally depends. They deserve our patronage, and we hope our readers will give it to them, in preference to those who persistently refuse to aid us in any way.

—Some of the elections were given in our last number, but as the report was not full, and some change and addition took place after the locals were prepared for the press, we give a full report below:

Junior Class—Pres, Irving Wiswall; Vice-Pres., G. B. Tullidge; Sec'y, J. P. Davis; Treas., J. J. Henning; Base Ball Director, D. H. McFalls.

Sophomore Class—Pres., D. S. Fowler; Vice-Pres., W. A. Waddell; Sec'y, F. N. Wright; Treas., N. G. Evans; Base Ball Director, J. G. Peoli.

Freshman Class—Pres., F. W. McClellen; Vice-Pres., B. C. Sloan; Sec., J. B. Lansing; Treas., W. O. Lewis; Historian, J. R. Bridge; Base Ball Director, F. Burton.

Philomathean Society—Pres. J. M. McMaster; Vice-Pres., R. T. S. Lowell, Jr.; Sec., N. G. Evans; Treas., G. B. Tullidge; Librarian, F. B. Gary; Curator, W. W. Bellinger.

Gillespie Club—Pres., D. F. Glover; Vice-Pres., P. E. Corhart; Gen. Sec., E. S. Godfrey; Rec. Sec., W. B. Reed; Treas., R. A. Wood; Curator, W. J. Sweet.

Theological Society—Pres., A. H. Dougherty; Vice-Pres., D. F. Glover; Sec., W. R. Winans; Treas., C. E. Fay.

—It is a matter of pride to Rochester, N. Y., as well as to the firm directly interested, that yesterday, a cable dispatch was received stating that the French government had adopted the tobacco and cigarettes manufac-

tured by Wm. S. Kimball & Co., of that city. We should explain, perhaps, that all tobacco sold in France up to this time, has been manufactured by the government. Of late the demand for other makes has arisen, and the government, to meet it allowed English and American manufacturers to enter goods for competitive test with a view to the adoption of the best. The fact that Wm. S. Kimball & Co. have come out far ahead of all other manufacturers in both countries is unmistakable proof that their goods are the best the world produces. Their tobacco and cigarettes will henceforth be on sale in Paris as freely as in New York, but *no other* make, except the French, will be found there. In other words, the French government, on the report of its experts, declares the Vanity Fair tobacco and cigarettes of Wm. S. Kimball & Co. the best in the world.

#### CHESS.

The Union College Chess Club is doing robustly. It has just won a game from the University of Pennsylvania. Another game with the same University is as yet undecided. This is the second victory of the Club, as it has already beaten Cornell. The officers for this year are: Pres., S. M. Griswold; Vice-Pres., W. F. Watkins; Treas., W. J. McNulty; Sec., E. B. Waller.

#### LAW DEPARTMENT

The Albany Law School of Union University recently moved into their new and capacious building on State street. Exercises celebrating this event took place Monday evening, Nov. 10th, a large concourse of ladies and gentlemen being present. Judge Amasa J. Parker, (Union '25,) delivered an interesting historical address. Hon. Samuel Hand, (Union '51,) delivered memorial sketches of the late Justice W. F. Allen, LL. D., (Union, '26) and Prof. Isaac

Edwards, LL. D. He was followed by Hon. Chas. E. Smith, (Union, '61,) who performed a similar service for the late Ira Harris, LL. D., (Union '24,) and Amos Dean LL. D., (Union '26), all the gentlemen referred to having been formerly professors in the Law School and the last-named its founder. Mr. Smith characterized Amos Dean as the master professor and Ira Harris as the master judge.

#### \$5,000 REWARD.

As a sample of the police intelligence of this city we publish entire the following notice, recently stuck up on the big depot:

#### BOY LOST!

Missing from Schenectady about the 6th of next month 1779 a tall complexioned young man about five inches six feet of age height thirty-four years; had on; when last seen a pair of swallow tail sealskin trowsers with sausage stripe fashionable mutton chop waistcoat with cast iron trimmings double barreled frock coat with striped collar and tobacco lining water proof canvas boots with patent leather tops laced up at the soles. Is deaf and dumb of one eye and hard of hearing of the other is slightly pockmarked at the back of the head stoops upright when he walks crooked; a slight impediment in his looks and wears a gresion bend on his upper lip, whiskers cut off short inside was carrying an empty carpet box in each hand and a woolen bag in the other containing screw steamers, railway tunnels and blacking, was born before his younger brother his mother being present on the occasion.

Any one giving such information as will leave him where he is will be prosecuted as the law directs.

RED-HEAD POLISEMAN.

#### FIELD SPORTS.

The fall meeting of the Athletic Association was held Saturday, Oct. 18th, on the City fair grounds. There were few entries and the programme was much shorter than usual. Several of the races were sharply contested, especially the 220 yds. dash and the one hour race. First came the hundred yards dash, I. G. Burnett, '80, F. W. Moore, '81, and J. J. Drowne, '82, having entered. Considerable interest was manifested in this



race and Moore was the favorite. A fair start was obtained, but Drowne soon gained a good lead, which he held to the end, winning in 11 sec.; Moore came in second, Burnett making a poor third.

The mile race was open. Only two had entered, A. Ishkanyan and W. Dent, '83. They started off leisurely, neither trying for the lead during the first half-mile. On the last half, Ishkanyan gradually gained, finishing with a spurt, in 6.26 $\frac{3}{4}$ . This was poor time, but it was evident that the winner, judging from the manner in which he came in, could have made a much better record, if he had been pressed. We think that he should have made better time even if he had been the only runner. Every competitor should feel that the association, in offering a prize, is entitled to the best time he can make, since these records are the only means which the public has of estimating the ability of the students in athletics.

The next thing on the programme was the 220 yards dash. There were three entries: I. G. Burnett, '80, F. W. Moore, '81, J. J. Drowne, '82. Moore, having the inside position took the lead and won in 24 $\frac{1}{4}$  seconds. Drowne pressed him hard but could not succeed in passing. The result was a surprise to many, as the first place had generally been conceded to Drowne, after his winning the hundred yards dash.

In the one mile walk, I. G. Burnett, '80, and J. P. Lyon were the only competitors. Burnett won, in 8.26 $\frac{1}{2}$ . This race was uninteresting, as the contestants were not evenly matched. Lyon walked pluckily, considering the great odds against which he had to contend.

The last on the programme was the one hour race, "go-as-you-please." This race was closely contested and at times exciting. Four pedestrians came to the scratch: I. W. Wiswall, '81, J. P. Davis, '81, W. Dent, '83, I. G. Burnett, '80. Wiswall, confident of

victory, led off at a brilliant pace, but was soon passed by Burnett, who kept the lead for four miles. At the end of the first mile Dent, being hopelessly distanced fell out. In the third mile Davis gained the second place. It was then evident that the struggle was between Burnett and Davis, as Wiswall's staying powers had apparently failed him. Neither contestant gained any decided advantage until the last 100 yards, when Burnett, by an energetic spurt succeeded in winning the race, having made 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  miles.

The games were under the supervision of Mr. C. W. VanDerveer, instructor in gymnastics. No labor was spared in making arrangements, and had the students heartily cooperated with him, the games, no doubt, would have proved a success. Judging from the attendance, it is evident that the students either have no confidence in the plan on which the association is conducted or the interest in field sports, like the boating interest, is a thing of the past.

[We venture to suggest, that, if the games were held in the college grove instead of at the fair grounds, lack of interest would be something which could not be complained of.—ED.]

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### EXCHANGES.

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In some of the exchanges, which we have before us, the articles make a reasonable demand upon the attention, but do not require laborious thought; they feed the mind while they afford it a considerable latitude of entertainment. Their composition shows such elegance and ability as to win our applause. In other papers we find most of the subjects treated in a somewhat tedious, prolonged and defective style, attributable to the haste with which they were written and the authors' own imperfect knowledge. While there is yet a third kind in which we find nothing but base ball, rowing and other ath-

letic exercises. These, together with a few stale jokes, make up the greater part of the paper. Now we do not wish to be understood that we would entirely exclude college sports. We believe that a paper or magazine, which professes to represent the true interests of an educational institution, should exhibit, by the discussion of those subjects which demand care, study and deep thought, the degree of intellectual development which has been attained. Any school-boy, after witnessing a game of base ball, a rowing match, or any other athletic sport, could, without doubt, write an article in every way superior to some of those which we have received. Our own paper is *not* our criterion. It wants pecuniary and literary support. We as editors will endeavor to make its pages interesting. We want every interest of the institution represented.

It is with a feeling of satisfaction that we put aside the two numbers of the *Athenæum*. The style is vigorous and natural. The fruits of careful and penetrating study are evident in the description of the trial of Edgar A. Poe. The writer has much sympathy for the unfortunate poet, and with earnestness shows how deliberate and unsparing were the misrepresentations after he had passed away. "The Pilgrim and the Cross," a poem, we admire for its artistic qualities and its power of expression.

The *Kenyon Advance* next claims our attention. It is magnificently dressed. Can it be that a paper of such a prepossessing external appearance contains nothing? No! There *is* something inside, but we are drowsy.

We take up the *Targum* with buoyant expectancy of a welcome treat, nor are we disappointed. "The Thousand Isles" is the title of a piece which imbues one with a camp-like feeling and stirs up an intense desire for Rapid Transit. The other subjects are probably the condensed opinions of some eminent writers and given with a view to

save time for the student who desires to appear well read.

The University of Michigan has just passed through a stirring time. Some five hundred students, forced by the police to obtain their mail one by one, became restive and indulged in a few jeers and groans. Whereupon the police unjustly assaulted, arrested and imprisoned ten students. The next evening a large number of students and townspeople assembled at the same place. This was a signal to call out the militia and a lot of ready-made policemen. The militia had orders to fire low if commanded. The militia marched down the street, charged with fixed bayonets and wounded several most seriously. The ready-made policemen were promised \$2 for every student arrested. The mayor of the town, whose feelings were hostile to the University, was the cause of the disturbance. The action of the police was condemned by the high-minded and impartial citizens. No one of the police making the arrests appeared against the students.

The *Hamilton Lit. Monthly* contains many good literary productions. Some are quite long, yet they are handled in such a masterly way as to claim our attention and admiration. "Swinburne's Debt to the Greek Drama" recalls to memory many famous Greek heroes and demi-gods. The author exhibits a careful and painstaking research.

We cannot but admire the good sense which the writer of "College Honors" in the *University Quarterly* displays. We have no Exchange which is more welcome to our table than it. Its aim is to be a college journal reflecting the ability of the students, whom it is designed to represent.

Ditson & Co. send us a choice package of new music. "The Dustman" will be welcome in many households, as will the "Little Bird" with its sweet carols, and also the more earnest "Never Again." These are three songs. With them comes the famous

march' the "Turkish Reveille," by Krug; "Can't stop Galop," by D'Albert; and an "Idylle," by the celebrated Joseffy, who is just now delighting our American audiences.

We quote the following from the *Burlington Hawkeye*: "In looking over the October number of THE CONCORDIENSIS we were pained to see that the old college of which we have so many pleasant memories, has deteriorated, like many others, until its students think more of base ball and cane rushes than of their intellectual advancement. That sports and rows are taking the place of study on the dear old hill is evident from the literary character of the paper."

"THE CONCORDIENSIS bemoans the lack of interest taken in athletic exercises," says the *Dartmouth*.

The opinion of the *Hawkeye* man bears no traces of an examination of the subjects treated in our last issue. We advise him to read the next paper more carefully. The literary matter of THE CONCORDIENSIS compares favorably with that of most of our exchanges. We confess there is room for improvement, but to say that our paper confines itself to the athletic department is *absurd*.

### PERSONAL.

[We request all friends of the College to contribute what "Personals" they can. Articles may be sent to "THE CONCORDIENSIS, Schenectady, N. Y."]

'17. Mr. George Dexter still resides in Albany. He has retired from business and enjoys a ripe old age.

'26. Rt. Rev. Horatio Potter, D. D., LL. D., Bishop of New York, will soon complete the 25th year of his bishopric. Valuable testimonials are to be presented.

'39. Hon. J. T. Headley, the eminent historian, is the author of "Life and Travels of General Grant," a volume of 800 pages, recently issued.

'46. Rev. C. W. Anable is located in the pleasant town of Springfield, Mass. He holds the pastorate of the First Baptist Church there.

'48. George A. Brandreth practices law in the classic town of Sing Sing.

'48. Hon. Erastus Corning, of Albany, was a strong supporter of John Kelly in the recent elections. He is one of the largest iron manufacturers in the country.

'54. Hon. Austin A. Yates is again a candidate for County Judge in Schenectady county. His excellent administration of justice ought to secure him a re-election.

'55. Augustus Pomeroy Clark is teaching at Cazenovia.

'60. A. M. Dean is a lawyer at Seneca Falls. Success to him.

'60. P. V. S. Pruyn is a successful physician at Kinderhook, N. Y.

'65. Col. David C. Robinson, son of Gov. Robinson, was elected an Alumnus trustee last commencement.

'77. J. B. Washburn has been living in Tennessee. He expects to reside in Washington.

'77. J. C. Pennie is studying at the University of Breslau, Germany. He expects to return to America this winter.

'78. Leonard Paige is studying law in Albany. He also sings in St. John's Church, Troy.

'78. J. E. Bold is married and has been teaching. We hear that he is studying for the ministry.

'78. Chas. A. Marks is assistant pastor of St. Thomas church, West Philadelphia.

'78. E. N. Anable is studying law at the Columbia Law School.

'78. L. VanDerveer is studying Theology at New Brunswick, N. J.

'79. J. N. VanPatten is at the Albany Medical College.

'79. J. B. Conway is studying law at Argyle, Washington county.

'79. J. Heatly is teaching near Fishkill.

'79. A. A. Browne is a student of law at the University of Virginia. O. G. Browne studies medicine at the same place.

'79. Hayes (not the president,) is studying law in Albany, and kills his leisure hours by collecting debts. A good "idee."

'79. C. F. T. Beale is at Harvard.

'80. P. J. Ryan recently passed a successful examination for Cadet Engineer in the navy, at Annapolis, Md.

### EXTRANEAE.

—Columbia has 1,400 students.

—"*Funus una curabat.*" One funeral cured him.

—A bicycle club has been organized at Yale.

—At Lafayette a College Band has been organized.

—At Yale the Freshmen won first rush against the Sophomores.

—Wesleyan has just received \$50,000 for the endowment of a professor's chair.

—William and Mary College, founded in 1700, is soon to close for lack of support.

—Yale has a Freshman who is 18 years of age, four feet in height, and weighs only sixty pounds.

—A Freshman imperils his life by offering the following conundrum: What is the jolliest book in the Bible? Ans.: Levity-cus.

—At Oberlin a devotional exercise precedes each recitation. They must be an unprincipled and weak set out there to need so much prayer.

—Examiner of licentiate before the Presbytery of New Brunswick: "O, I forgot to examine you in chemistry. What is a cosine?"—*Princetonian*.

—A student of the Iowa University has recovered \$300 damages from the democratic judges of election, because they refused to let him vote there last October.

—The Chinese Encyclopedia is just out. It meets a long felt want; no family should be without it. It is published in Pekin, and has only 5,020 volumes. Price, \$7,500.—Ex.

—Dr. (in Metaphysics): "If a cannon should be fired in the Pacific Ocean, and there were no ears to hear it, would there be any sound?"

Senior: "No, but there would be a big racket."

Things aren't always what they seem  
Skim milk often sells for cream;  
Men on Sunday kneel in prayer,  
Then on Monday lie and swear.

Women, who, upon the street,  
Smile at every one they meet,  
Let their hearts turn cold as stone—  
Just as soon as they get home!

Boys, who wouldn't soil their hands  
In the country tilling lands,  
Sit and fish from morn till night,  
Then come home most awful tight.

Girls, who look so awful nice  
That we gaze upon them twice,  
Are made up from head to shins  
Of cotton, whalebone, pads and pins!

*Quincy Patriot.*



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Tobacco, Etc., Etc.  
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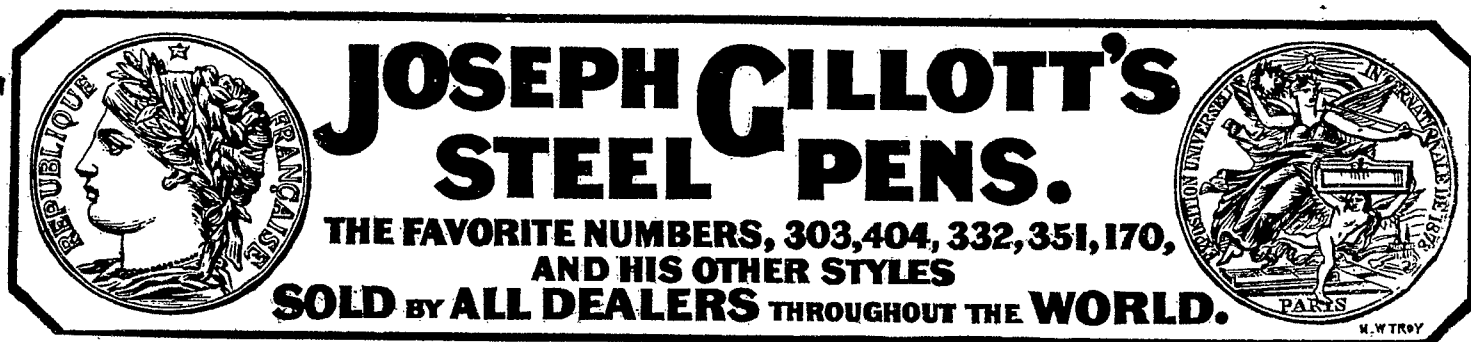
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|                         |   |           |                          |   |             |
|-------------------------|---|-----------|--------------------------|---|-------------|
| Oysters, Raw,           | - | 12 Cents. | Milk Toast,              | - | 10 Cents.   |
| " Stewed,               | - | 15 "      | Bread and Milk,          | - | 5 "         |
| " Fried,                | - | 25 "      | Bread and Butter,        | - | 3 "         |
| Beefsteak, or Ham and   |   |           | Sandwiches, (each)       | - | 3 "         |
| Eggs, with Potatoes,    |   |           | Crullers,                | - | Two for 3 " |
| Bread and Butter, and   |   |           | Eggs, boiled, poached,   |   |             |
| Coffee,                 | - | 25 "      | fried, scrambled, (each) | - | 3 "         |
| Baked Beans, per plate, | - | 6 "       | Coffee or Tea,           | - | 3 "         |
| Pot of Boston Baked     |   |           | Pie,                     | - | 5 "         |
| Beans—to order,         | - | 50 "      | Milk, per glass,         | - | 3 "         |
| Milk Sangaree,          | - | 5 "       |                          |   |             |

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