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LITERARY.

THE DIFFERENCE.

'84.

The sun was peeping o'er the hill
When slyly as a mouse, and still,
A Freshman stopped to agitate
The whereabouts of College gate.
He trembled as he gazed around,
He shuddered when he heard a sound,
And sadly turned his weary feet
The awful, solemn Profs. to meet.

'83.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through the streets of town there passed
A Sophomore with lofty pate,
Approaching slowly College gate.
He turned and howled and gazed around
And yelled a most unearthly sound,
And loving darkness more than light,
He waited for the coming night.

'82.

The sun had half his journey run,
(An emblem of the coming one),
As up the hill with rapid gate,
A Junior made for College gate
He *thought* a yell but was too proud,
Too dignified to yell aloud,
So searched the halls and campus round,
Till he a jolly crowd had found.

'81.

As evening zephyrs strewed around
The Autumn leaves upon the ground,
A Senior smiling, all elate,
Rejoiced to see the College gate.
It seemed like coming home again
To meet the Profs. and all the men,
And with the boys sing loud a song,
And greet the friends that passed along.

MATHETES, '81.

GRECIAN ELOQUENCE.

FIRST BLATCHFORD PRIZE ORATION BY R. C. ALEXANDER.

Around the history of ancient Greece there gathers and lingers a fascinating interest. A strange, romantic charm clings to every incident relating to that marvelous race. The history of their wonderful development, their deeds of valor, and their triumphs of genius, reads almost like a fairy tale. Their gods seem wreathed in grandeur so majestic that we can hardly believe them but the creatures of human fancy. Their heroes appear to us almost more than mortal. Their poets and their philosophers, their rulers and their law-givers, have acquired for themselves immortal glory, and for the land which bore them the admiration of the world.

But it is her oratory, more than all else, which has given to Greece her royal dignity and renown. Greece was a nation of orators. The Greeks recognized, as did no other nation of antiquity, the mysterious power of eloquence, and cultivated its arts more persistently. The monuments of their oratory testify to their unrivalled success. Even today, with the gulf of centuries rolling between us and them, and their language unfamiliar to our ears, their mighty sentences come down to us with an irresistible charm.

Twenty-two centuries have passed since the stammering son of the mechanic left the pebbly seashore to take his place as the first orator of Greece, yet we feel the thunder of his eloquence with the same thrill of sympathy, as when from the rock-cut Bema he denounced the Macedonian, or wrested the crown from the grasp of his rival.

Many orators have risen and been forgotten since the smooth-tongued Pericles was wont to harangue the Athenians, yet his accents still flow in a current as melodious and as overwhelming as when they swept the rocks from his pathway and bore him on to

his coveted goal. Rude and unenlightened as they were, unskilled as they were in modern arts and refinements, yet as orators the world has ever given them the foremost rank.

Even Cicero was content only to reflect the light shed by his Grecian masters, and to deck the "mistress of the world" in the borrowed plumage of Greece.

Nor is this wonderful. Born, as they were, in the very cradle of liberty and possessing absolute freedom of speech—with a language the most finished and expressive ever placed at the disposal of man—with minds fitted by nature and by culture for the study of eloquence as a profession—under a constitution which made that study an almost indispensable condition to political preferment—it would have been strange indeed, if, under all these fostering circumstances, the Greek mind had *not* evolved some of the grandest productions of oratorical genius.

The power wielded by the Grecian orator is almost incalculable. His was the mystic art which gave him "solely sovereign sway and masterdom." He was the master-spirit of the age. He had but to cast in the popular scale the weight of his appeal, and the fickle balance yielded at once to the pressure. At his command, battles were lost and won, coalitions formed and broken, governments reared and destroyed. Did a tyrant trample upon his people's freedom, crushing out their rights and hopes? His winning eloquence could regain from his fickle subjects, not only forgiveness, but approbation and applause. Their subjection became in their eyes, their glory; their chains, their ornaments. Did a general lead an unwilling people out to foreign war, and follow them back, defeated and dispirited? He had but to mount the rostrum to restore courage to the timid, hope to the despairing, victory to the vanquished. All the land

bowed in reverence at the shrine of eloquence—felt its mysterious power, and honored its fortunate possessor.

Of the earliest manifestations of eloquence in Greece we have but little definite knowledge. Away back in the age of myth and fable, the blind poet sang in strains of matchless beauty the lofty harangues of his heroes, as around the council fires of the Greeks, the hoary Nestor, the king-like Agamemnon, and the impetuous Achilles discoursed eloquence worthy of their stirring theme,—but it was reserved for a later age, and for the genius of Pericles and Lysias to harmonize the discordant elements and make oratory the crowning glory of Greece.

Pericles was a politician. To him oratory was not the end, but the means. He added to the force of argument unsurpassed beauty of expression. His style was as varied as the occasion. He could rouse at his will, the wild tumult of war amid a peaceful populace, or melt an army to tears over the graves of their fallen comrades.

This was the golden age of Grecian oratory. It was the age of Gorgias, of Antiphon, and Lycurgus. Then the gifted Isocrates by his thrilling eloquence swayed at his pleasure the Athenian people, while Isaleus awoke thunders of applause by his bold forensic appeals.

Orators of lesser worth kept alive the flame, which at a later day, beneath the magic touch of Aeschines and Demosthenes, burst forth anew, fanned into a brighter light by the progress of civilization. These two rivals, the aristocrat and the plebeian, were the brightest, although the setting lights of Grecian eloquence. Although differing widely in their aims, together they present almost every requisite of the perfect orator. Demosthenes added to the power of his eloquence, public confidence in his patriotism and integrity. Aeschines openly sold his country to the enemy, and pros-

tituted his noble talents to mercenary ends. The style of the former was vehement, stirring, abrupt: of the latter pathetic, insinuating, artificial. The one relied upon the strength of truth, the other upon his power to deceive. Either would have his name renowned, the coincidence made it immortal.

Then followed the dark age of Grecian eloquence, of Grecian literature, of Grecian independence. The land of Polymnia became the scene of civil strife and barbarian tyranny. The temples which had rung with the accents of orators, were desecrated by the vandal hand of the stranger. The language which they had built up and beautified, perished from the earth. But is this the end? Is the destiny of Greece yet fulfilled? Has the influence of her ancient orators been forever lost? The answer comes rolling forth from the tomb of ages—echoed and reinforced by millions of the living present, reverberating far down the avenues of the future which hope spreads open to our view, and that answer is one unanimous, No! Fondly have nations cherished the hope that the land, in whose history they had a common pride, will yet regain her former eminence, that the ground consecrated by so many triumphs of tongue and pen, will yet be the scene of the grandest renaissance the world ever saw. No! the soul of Grecian genius can never die, the eloquence of her sages of old can never perish: while that little realm, struggling for existence amid the waters of the Mediterranean, retains the honored name of *Greece*,—while the winged words of her orators remain embalmed in that language, which Time has robbed of none of its melody and power—while a single monument stands on that classic soil to recall the inspiring memories of the past,—there is hope,—hope for the future of the land which has given to the world those mighty orators of old.

FREEDOM IN AMERICA.

JUNIOR FIRST PRIZE ORATION, BY F. E.
ABBOTT.

Whatever man's position may be in life he has within him a love of freedom, a freedom that secures not only personal liberty, but one that leaves the mind to free thought, the hand to free action, and the soul to free worship.

It was this love of freedom that induced our forefathers to flee from oppression and seek refuge amid the wilds of America. It was this that stimulated those brave hearts on board the Mayflower to endure the hardships of a long and hazardous voyage. Impelled by this love of freedom the first settlers of this land bravely fought and bled till they sundered the chain that bound them to England's throne and made themselves free and independent.

It was then that our nation began the golden era of its existence. The warm sunny rays of peace and prosperity shone over the land and men, warned by the past and cheered by the future, looked forward with bright hopes to the coming years.

But the first century had not passed when our nation in the bloom of youth and thrifty progress found itself hampered by the bonds of slavery. Her old and noble patriots forgetting their own love for freedom forged the chain that should again hold America in bondage.

They in their dealings with human beings as a branch of commerce prepared a war challenge for this, our generation, and for four long years a noble army of martyrs fought fiercely and fell bravely.

At last the victory was won and the country saved. The pen that signed the emancipation in the hand of Lincoln—like a magic wand in the hand of Liberty—struck the shackles from four million slaves, and our national ensign, though shred by bullets and

stained with blood, waved triumphantly over a free people.

Well may we feel proud that our broad and beautiful land, reaching from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Lakes to the Gulf, has not within its vast boundaries a single man in bondage and that we are living under a form of government unparalleled for civil and religious liberty and independent of every foreign power.

These are the chief ends for which the veterans and heroes fought in the two great struggles of our country and we inherit the blessings of their achievements.

Our freedom is our birthright; broad is our land and free as the wind that sweeps from one ocean to the other. And this our birthright and inheritance which our fathers purchased with their blood, we offer to all and willingly share with all.

What wonder then that every white winged vessel which leaves the Old World bears its band of emigrants and exiles, looking forward toward the promises of the West, the glory of the sun set—seeking a new home, a freer land, a brighter sky.

The emigrants of to-day do not bear the banners of Castile and Aragon. The Oriflamme of France does not float over their heads, nor does the meteor flag of England lead them onward now; but in the western sky float the banners of the Almighty emblazoning them in purple and gold and inscribed thereon in letters of living light is the sacred word of Liberty.

But though the great enemies of freedom have been vanquished, and the storm-cloud of battle has passed away, still there are among us enemies that are growing in strength. Crime in many forms lurks among the people, its stifling influence pervades our free atmosphere; it dauntlessly despises honor, defies justice, and continually grows more daring in its works.

Opposition to public schools is arising

with attempts to sectarianize or destroy them. Sectional dissensions yet threaten our prosperity. The antagonism of class still disgraces our professions of general equality.

Politics have become corrupt. Universal suffrage drags the great uneducated masses to our elections. The ballot box is stuffed by ignorant voters. Millions of negroes, irresponsible as the brutes, were at once allowed to vote. The illiterate alien who comes to our shores soon takes on the garb of a citizen, though totally unqualified to fulfill a citizen's duties.

These uneducated people are but tools in the hands of crafty politicians. Thus incompetent and base men seize our public offices and our public life has become synonymous with knavery.

It is right that the negro should be a free man and a voter. It is right that the foreigner should become a citizen, but it is not right that any man should be allowed to deposit a ballot before he is able to read it.

Popular ignorance is gnawing at the vitals of our government and this is no less threatening than was the scarlet soldiery that once swarmed from British shores or the first gun that thundered over Fort Sumter.

But we hope soon to see creeping up in the horizon of the future the dawn of a better day, when crime shall writhe at the feet of justice; when public schools shall be every where cherished; when universal suffrage shall mean universal education; when the better elements of the people shall be united in one overwhelming majority and right make might, then shall we realize the blessings of true freedom.

May ours be the era that shall witness that day in all its noon-tide splendor and ours the privilege to leave to coming generations a heritage of freedom and law and religion and truth more glorious than the world has ever known.

May we see the American banner planted first and highest among the standards of nations and with its glittering emblem show to all mankind that this is indisputably and preeminently the land of the free.

EDITORIAL.

IN RE.

With this issue of the CONCORDIENSIS a new Board of Editors assumes the management. In taking charge of the paper we fully appreciate that we have a difficult task before us to maintain the standard of the paper up to that of former years, and now particularly so because none of the staff have ever had any former experience in their present task. We can only assure our readers that we shall endeavor to the best of our ability to conduct the paper in such a manner that it will be an honor to the college and a credit to ourselves; and to this end we ask you to lend us a helping hand, both to elevate the literary standard of the paper and to enlarge its circulation.

We shall strive to publish all matters of interest connected with the college and the students, and, believing as we do, that the true sphere of a college paper is that of a strictly news paper, and not that of a public and college censor, we shall make our local columns our leading feature; yet, while not lending our columns to party and personal strife, we shall feel at perfect liberty to defend our fellow students against wrongs and unjust charges from whatever source arising, and to censure them when their actions render them deserving of it.

We earnestly solicit assistance in making our columns replete with all that may tend to increase the interest felt in the paper. To those who would enquire how they may aid the paper, our one reply is "write for it." If you feel the genius of an Addison swelling beneath your breast, our Literary columns

afford room to give utterance to your thoughts. If the spirit of poetry rankles within you, by all means drive it out through the medium of the CONCORDIENSIS. At any rate, many little college happenings will fall to your notice which in all likelihood the editors would fail to discover, and herein you can aid us greatly. Please call the attention of one of the staff of the paper to any such occurrences, and you will not only receive our thanks, but will materially assist your paper—not ours—the CONCORDIENSIS.

A word to Union's Alumni before we close. We would call your attention to the interest you feel in the college, and to the fact that the college paper is the best medium of information as to all that relates to your Alma Mater. A good subscription list is an invaluable aid to any paper, and the CONCORDIENSIS stands in need of aid and encouragement from all.

A GREAT deal of comment has been caused by the June number of the CONCORDIENSIS. That the editorials were ill-advised all seem to agree: as to whether the facts were such as to warrant the charges made, there is a diversity of opinion. It is a well known fact that nearly, if not all of the editors, had nothing whatever to do with it, and if any blame is to be attached to any one, let not all of the editors come in for a share.

EVERY one will regret the retirement of Mr. David H. Mc Falls from the management of the base ball nine. Mr. Mc Falls won great praise last year for his good will and courtesy and excellent management of base ball matters, and not only evinced a desire to treat all gentlemanly and to make our nine a success, but also proved the wish by the deed. Although it was the unanimous wish of his class that he should continue to act, he felt that his regular college

work would fully occupy his time and refused to accept the office again. It is hoped that Mr. Davis, the Senior director, and his excellent associates, will meet with equally good success.

AT LAST there seems to be some prospect of getting rid of the yearly nuisance and disgrace of a "cane-rush." All honor to the two classes, which have had the sense to see that the time when the community looked upon such things with approbation has passed, and have also had the manliness to carry out their good resolutions in spite of the opposition of some whose bump of combativeness seems largely developed. There are, of course, those who will growl and say that Union is going to the dogs when such a time-honored institution as the cane-rush is allowed to go out of use, but the case seems to us to be just this. We all love our country, her constitution and form of government, and would hazard our lives, if need be, in defence of them, but does that necessarily include that we should cherish the party animosity and the peculations of dishonest officials which this form of government seems to foster? Not for a moment. Just so with Old Union. We love her grey old walls, we love her traditions, we love and revere the great army of her sons who have gone forth into the world to make it better and wiser for their lives, but we do not—can not—countenance the petty indignities which the Sophomore seems to think it is his prerogative to inflict upon the Freshman.

As to the reputation of the college suffering from the two lower classes being too "cowardly" and "pusillanimous" to take part in a cane-rush, let us ask: Would the college be benefited, or injured, by the wide circulation of a full and impartial account of the "argument" between '82 and '83 with its ludicrous police-court finale, or of the little affair in chapel the other morn-

ing in which bags of salt played so important a part?

To the sneering remark that the two classes were overawed by the circular of the Faculty we would say that this is not the case. A majority of the men in each class had determined beforehand not to take part in a rush, and the action of the Faculty only confirmed them in their resolve.

We are sorry that the same stand in respect to "setting up" Freshmen was not taken by the Sophomore class. Only two or three years ago the use of the pistol lost to Union some of her most promising sons, and this year the affair came near being repeated. While severely condemning the action of the Freshmen, we hope it will result in the breaking up of this midnight visiting.

Boys, devote your surplus energy to something which will add to the reputation and honor of our Alma Mater. Instead of tearing each other to pieces on the campus, pick your crews, patch up your boats, and use your muscle to drive them to the front in some well-contested race. Keep up our base ball nine that did such good work last year, and not only hold the pennant it won against all comers, but add others to it. Let us hear from you in the oratorical contests which take place from time to time between the different colleges of the country. In every contest, mental and physical, let the name of Union have a prominent place, but never let it be connected with reports of rowdyism and bullying. If we could only look at these matters with the eyes of graduates or outsiders, we should see that many of the results of so-called college-spirit are detrimental to the best interests of our Alma Mater.

WE WOULD respectfully call the attention of the proper authorities to the condition of the sanitary arrangements of the college.

We have long wondered how it was that so little attention was paid to this matter, and supposed it was a lack of funds that prevented proper provision being made for necessary cleanliness and decency, but as more is continually spent in other directions this cannot be the case. With the fatal results at Princeton so fresh in mind it seems strange that the Faculty or trustees do not do something to prevent such an occurrence at Union. Instead of this they seem to challenge malaria and contagion to face the bracing air of our campus. The iron screens standing behind the colleges are a disgrace to modern civilization only surpassed by the heaps where ashes, sweepings, slops, refuse,—everything in fact that is cleaned from the recitation rooms and dormitories—rot and swelter and exhale their poisonous odors from the beginning to the end of the collegiate year. Then, too, the w. c. arrangement is the worst it has ever been our lot to witness, and should at once be overhauled and made fit for the use of respectable men.

We know that this is an unpleasant subject to touch upon, but it is of vital importance to the health and prosperity of our college and so we feel that it is the duty of the CONCORDIENSIS to call attention to it. It may be that the proper authorities are not aware of the existing state of things, and will take some action in the matter when they do. If not the sanitary officers of the city should see that such changes are made as they might deem necessary.

Now that another college year has opened with the advent of a new class, it will not be out of place to speak a word in behalf of our literary societies. We suppose no one will deny the usefulness of such societies.—useful to all, but especially so to those who intend entering one of the learned professions.

Young collegians are expected to be able to speak on any subject when called upon

It is therefore very important that they be able not only to clothe their thoughts in fitting language, but be able to give utterance to them in a forcible manner.

This end can be accomplished by anyone who has the perseverance to practice in debate. Their usefulness being established, it becomes the duty of every young man to identify himself with one. There are two such societies in college in active operation. In connection with each is a large library. Each has been in existence for a long period of time, and many men now in legislative halls have been connected with them. The membership of each ought to be increased. Gentlemen of the Sophomore and Freshmen classes, who have not as yet joined either, hasten to do so. Let your voices be heard in the debates, and share with us the advantages to be derived therefrom.

ANOTHER year has rolled around and another Senior election has been held. The election passed off with, perhaps, less ill-feeling than usual, but left one riddle to be solved. The question as to whether blank votes are to be counted in deciding if a person has a majority or not, has always been a disputed one. We hold that Mr. Lyon was fairly elected Prophet on the first ballot, receiving twenty votes to nineteen for Mr. Johnson, and three blanks. Precedent in the elections of '81 can be cited to show both that a majority was required, as in Freshman year, and that a plurality elected, as in last spring's election of CONCORDIENSIS editors. Justice would seem to demand that the office be given to Mr. Lyon. All knew that there were but the two candidates, and if then a person voted a blank it showed very clearly that he had no choice between the two men, and so the votes of the remainder ought to decide. It would be just as correct to count as voting blank all who were absent or not voting, as to throw over an

election because the leading candidate did not have a majority over opponents and blanks. Mr. Johnson is a worthy man and would undoubtedly make a good prophet, and we know that if he comes to the conclusion that Mr. Lyon was elected, as we think he will on further consideration, he will not stand in his way. While aware that parliamentary authorities are divided on this point, yet we think that justice demands the throwing out altogether of blank votes.

LOCAL.

—Fine weather, but getting colder.

—Professor Dean is very popular with his Latin classes.

—The Freshmen have bought a football. Good Freshmen!

—Cows were feeding on the campus lately. We hope this will not be allowed to continue.

—Senior in Geology:—"The different strata."—(applause amid which Senior sits down).

—T. Irwin, Jr., of '84, met with an accident in the gymnasium which laid him up for several days.

—A member of '84 went into Mr. Barhyte's book-store the other day, and asked for Virgil's "Georgics and Backlogs."

—The Freshman class numbers 63. 26 have entered as classical students; 21, as scientific; 13, as engineering; 2, as eclectic.

—The first meeting of '84 was held in the cemetery so that it could not be broken up by '83. Wise Freshmen! Wise beyond their years.

—Class in Logic: Prof.—"Mr. X.; what is the corresponding abstract for the concrete *chair*?" "I don't know, sir, unless it is charitable."

—One of the Freshmen when he came to register found that he could not spell Presbyterian, so he coolly wrote Episcopal, which he could spell.

—Drowne, '82, ran in the recent games of the Orion R. and A. Association in New York, winning first prize in the quarter mile dash. Time 56¼ seconds.

—D. D. Addison, of '83, fell in the gymnasium and hurt himself severely. He was in bed for several days, but is now up and about, and a constant attendant in the gymnasium.

—The class elections of '82 resulted as follows: President, Hargrave; Vice President, Phyfe; Secretary, J. M. Adair; Treasurer, W. B. Reid; Base-Ball Director, J. J. Drowne.

—Class in Rhetoric:

Professor—"Would you say *beautiful*?"

Soph.—(hesitatingly), "No, sir."

Prof.—"What would you say?"

Soph.—(desperately), "*More* beautiful."

—The following are the Sophomore class officers for the ensuing year: President, J. B. W. Lansing; Vice President, F. F. Bennett; Secretary, J. B. McCauley; Treasurer, J. Cantine, Jr.; B. B. Director, C. H. Clute.

—Let all our readers patronize those who advertise in the CONCORDIENSIS, and by doing so you will not only deal with worthy men and get your money's worth, but will also help build up the influence of the paper.

—To all our readers who visit Albany, we would recommend the Globe hotel as an excellent stopping place. The table is well supplied, the rooms large and pleasant, and the attendance satisfactory—and all this for \$2.00 per day.

—The Freshman class have elected the following officers: President, J. E. Bacon, Jr.; Vice-President, J. B. Hutchison; Secretary, G. W. Fairgrieve; Treasurer, G. E. Fisher; Historian, D. Beekman; B. B. Director, D. Naylor, Jr.

—It was very amusing to see one of the Freshmen kicking himself around the campus the other day in the futile attempt to convert himself into a football. The result was anything but satisfactory to the frantic youth as his bruised legs testify.

—Optics:

Prof. Foster—"Mr. L., if I is the angle of incidence, what do you call R?"

Mr. L. hesitates. Half a dozen Seniors in various parts of the room whisper "*refraction*."

L.—"Oh! The angle of *rarefaction*."

—The Delta Phi Society camped on Lake George this summer as it has done for several years past. The camp was large, conveniently situated, and provided with everything necessary to thorough enjoyment, and the boys declare that they had "an immense time."

—Professor Dean keeps his class in good humor. The other day a Sophomore came across the words "*cautoris Tigelli*," and translated the proper name "Tigellus." The Professor objected, "because," he said, "it wouldn't do to knock the eye (I) out of a singer."

—The Sophomore and Freshmen classes drill three times a week under the eye of Major Mc Murray. Each class forms a company, officered by members of the class. The present officers are appointed temporarily. The regular officers will be appointed in about a month.

—Isn't there a fellow in college who will kindly take the poor Freshman to call on the young lady who is so anxious (?) to see him?

—Prof.—"How do you like Professor Whitehorne's reading in chapel, Mr. Y.?"

Y.—"I like it very much, sir, he has such a splendid voice."

Prof.—"Then why don't you come and hear him, Mr. Y.?"

—A Union Freshman and a Rochester Freshman were comparing colleges.

Union Fresh.—"Well, at any rate, you haven't any Kappa Alphas on your Faculty, we have as many as half a dozen at Union."

Rochester Fresh.—"Kappa Alpha: what's that?"

Union Fresh.—"Why, that scholarship key they give at colleges."

—The Senior class numbers forty-four men in actual attendance. The Juniors have thirty-eight and Sophomores forty-three. The Freshmen loom up with sixty-three, making a total of one hundred eighty-eight now here with a few men delayed by sickness who will probably return. Besides the "Fresh," only one new man has entered, Mr. L. A. Coffeen, '83. Texas and Utah have representatives in '84, and the South Carolinians number a dozen in that class alone, or about twenty-five altogether.

SENIOR CLASS ELECTION.

The following is a list of officers elected at a recent meeting of the Senior class, the major portion being elected by acclamation: President, Charles D. Meneely; Vice President, Edward I. Devlin; Secretary, W. C. Marselius; Treasurer, Hancock Neagle; Historian, Fred. W. Cameron; Addresser, James R. Gibson; Orator, Herbert H. Taylor; Poet, L. C. Dickinson; Prophet, Edward C. Johnson; Grand Marshal, E. T. E. Lansing; Base Ball Director, Joseph P. Da-

vis. A nice point of order was raised in connection with the election of the Prophet. The ballot resulted as follows: J. P. Lyon, 20; E. C. Johnson, 19; Blank, 3. The chair ruled "no choice." The decision was appealed from and, as is generally the case, the chair was sustained. The second ballot resulted in Mr. Johnson's election. Let our young parliamentarians wrestle with this point. The society representation is as follows: Kappa Alpha, Sigma Phi, Delta Phi, Chi Phi, one each; Delta Upsilon (anti-secret) one.

DON'T RUSH.

Freshmen don't rush. You have a larger class than the Sophomores and how bad you would feel if beaten. So, don't rush. Some of you have but one suit of clothes, and it would be too bad to spoil those beautiful blue uniforms which have served through the preparatory school and are intended to serve through the college course. Don't rush.

You have been salted as no other class has been and although you retaliated and showed considerable spunk you did well not to let the Sophs provoke you into a rush.

The faculty say that you must not rush, and surely the faculty ought to know. Don't rush.

To be sure cane-rushing is an old custom, having been in vogue for many years, but you are better able to judge of right and wrong than your predecessors. You are of a progressive age. Don't rush.

Spend the money you would invest in a cane for revolvers and take target practice, but don't rush. If any one calls on you after sun set get behind a two-inch door and shoot at him; but don't rush.

When you become Sophs you will appreciate the position you now take in not rushing. You will honor a class who will not rush, and, although there will probably never be another like you, you can rejoice in being in the right. When '85 enters college they will be allowed to carry canes as, you never rush, you know.

Be model boys, Freshmen. Be the pride of Old Union, and when you go out into the world you will be fitted for missionaries and will be sent from this land of uncivilized sports to a place inhabited by a people who have an appetite for men who have never been toughened by hard usage.

Be good boys, Freshmen, and whatever you do, don't rush.

FIELD SPORTS.

The games held Friday afternoon, October 15th, 1880, on the campus, resulted as follows:

150 yards dash, handicap, trial heat. Wood, '81, Drowne, '82, and Anable, '81, started. The race was run quite strongly, and was closely contested. Anable finished ahead, with Wood a good second, just ahead of Drowne.

The next event was a trial heat in the tug of war between '81 and '84, which was won by '81 with a seven minute struggle.

In the second trial heat in the 150 yards race, Hamlin and Timmerman, '83, and Hinds, '82, were entered. The contestants were very evenly matched and finished within a yard of each other, Hamlin winning, Hinds second. This heat was not, however, run as well as the first.

The trial heat in the tug of war between '82 and '83 followed, and was won by '83 very easily in three minutes.

In the final heat in running race, only winners of trial heats were started. Anable, '81, although starting eight yards behind Hamlin, finished the 150 yards with a good lead. No time was taken.

The final heat in the tug of war between '81 and '83 was the most exciting event, and the teams were evenly matched. The struggle was sharp, severe and long, and, although '83 gained the advantage on the start, yet it was only after 9 minutes and 58 seconds that the end was reached with the stalwart Sophomores ahead.

The prizes were silver cups and were well worth the labor, and, let us add, were worthily won.

'81 was never before defeated in a tug of war, and perhaps did not have as effective a team on the rope as could have been selected from the class, yet '83 had a magnificent team and Mr. Coffeen is one of the best anchor men to be found.

UNION COLLEGE ARTHUR CLUB.

The above named club was organized September 22d, with the following officers: President, Robert A. Wood, '81; Vice Presidents, H. H. Taylor, '81, H. R. Pierson, Jr., '82, F. W. McClellan, '83, G. Frank Parsons, '84; Corresponding Sec'y, John J. Drowne, '82; Recording Sec'y, William B. Reed, '82; Treasurer, Frank Burton, '83; Musical Director, Charles D. Meneely, '81; Assistant Musical Director, William P. Williams, '81;

Executive Committee, R. A. Wood, '81, I. W. Wiswall, '81, A. S. Wright, '82, F. F. Bennett, '83, C. C. Hale, '84.

MILITARY OFFICERS.

Captain, Frank E. Abbott, '81; 1st Lieutenant, Frank W. Moore, '81; 2d Lieutenant, Henry R. Fancher, '81; Sergeants, R. S. Lyon, '81, W. Gifford, '82, John G. Peoli, '82, A. A. McMurray, '82; Corporals, L. R. Hargrave, '82, S. H. Watkins, '82, C. H. Clute, '83, J. R. Bridge, '83, L. A. Coffeen, '83, H. C. Wood, '83; Military Staff, R. A. Wood, C. N. Anable, F. S. Bloss, A. V. Campbell, J. P. Davis, L. C. Dickinson, J. R. Gibson, J. J. Henning, W. B. Landreth, J. P. Lyon, S. P. McClellan, D. H. McFalls, H. Neagle, H. Schlosser, J. Still, H. H. Taylor, A. M. Vedder, W. F. Watkins, I. W. Wiswall.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted;

Whereas, We, students of Union College, fully recognize our duty towards our country and her institutions, purchased by the blood of our forefathers, and costing the life's sacrifice of that one who cherished malice toward none and charity for all; and

Whereas, We also recognize in the Republican Party the friend of education, culture, and all moral progress, the party whose policy has saved our country from destruction by civil feud, brought freedom to four million souls, and advanced us to a commercial position second to none in the world; therefore it is

Resolved, That we give our undivided support to the Republican Party;

Resolved, That in James A. Garfield and Chester A. Arthur we find examples of probity, honor and statesmanship, a proof of what may be achieved through individual effort;

Resolved, That we organize a Campaign Club to be called in honor of our distinguished alumnus, "The Union College Arthur Club"; and it is also

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to Gen. Arthur and be published.

The Club has a membership of over one hundred, a large proportion of whom are voters. The uniform consists of a white polo cap with gold band, and a white cape, faced with red for the company and blue for the staff. The Club has already appeared twice on parade and made an effective display. In addition to the members of the faculty, Hon. Chester A. Arthur, Hon. Geo. West and Hon. John H. Starin have been elected honorary members. The following letter was received by the Club from Gen. Arthur:

STATE OF NEW YORK, REPUBLICAN STATE)
COMMITTEE, FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL,)
NEW YORK, Oct. 2, 1880. }

MY DEAR SIR: I beg leave to acknowledge your letter of Sept. 28 inclosing copy of resolutions adopted, and informing me of my election as an honorary member

of the Union College Arthur Club. I trust you will have the kindness to express to the members of that organization my very high appreciation of the honor thus conferred, and of the undeserved compliment which has been paid me by its name. I congratulate you upon your numbers, and I have taken the liberty of ordering 100 of each campaign document issued by this committee sent to your club—including a "campaign sketch" of myself, and an engraving. I am glad to infer from the organization of your Club and from its strength, that now, as in my time, the Union curriculum encourages the germination of stalwart Republicanism; and I sincerely hope she may graduate no young Democrats until, as Gen. Grant recently wrote me, "we can have two national parties, every member of which can cast their ballots as their judgment dictates, without fear of molestation or ostracism, and have them honestly counted; parties not differing in opinion as to whether we are a nation, but as to policy to secure the greatest good to the greatest number of its citizens." I remain, very faithfully yours,

C. A. ARTHUR.

R. A. Wood, Esq., President of Union College Arthur Club.

UNION COLLEGE HANCOCK AND ENGLISH CLUB.

The above named Club has just been organized with a fair membership and the requisite enthusiasm. We are unable to give a full list of officers owing to the lateness of their organization; but among the officers we notice Mr. E. I. Devlin, '81, President; Mr. E. R. Youmans, '82, Secretary; Mr. H. G. Glenn, '81, Chairman of Executive Committee; Mr. E. T. E. Lansing, '81, Captain; Messrs. S. G. Gaillard, '81, and D. S. Flower, '82, Lieutenants. The Club is fully equipped and presents a fine appearance on parade and at drill. The membership of the Club is between sixty and seventy.

FRESHMAN CLASS.

The following gentlemen are on the roll of the Freshman Class:

T. E. Adams, G. F. Allison, J. E. Bacon, Jr., E. S. Barney, D. Beekman, F. V. Bennett, S. E. Bishop, C. W. Boyd, C. Burhaus, M. C. Butler, Jr., B. G. Chisolm, C. A. Cockroft, J. Cohen, W. N. P. Daily, J. F. Delaney, I. P. Estcourt, G. W. Fairgrieve, F. S. Ferguson, G. E. Fisher, C. E. Franklin, A. K. Friot, L. R. Garnsey, E. L. Garrett, C. D. Gibson, J. G. Greene, C. C. Hale, F. D. Hall, J. A. Heatly, J. W. Higson, C. H. Hill, J. B. Hutchinson, T. Irwin, Jr., A. H. K. Jervis, J. J. Kemp, C. A. Kitts, S. Leo, R. B. McCown, J. McEncroe, D. S. Merritt, H. L. Miller, H. V. Mynderse, D. Naylor, Jr., P. Neagle, G. F. Parsons, H.

V. N. Philip, H. G. Porcher, J. R. Powell, Jr., F. W. Ray, F. Z. Rooker, W. S. Royall, C. W. Stryker, L. C. Talley, E. A. H. Tays, J. W. Tays, Jr., C. B. Templeton, F. S. Titus, L. Van Auken, A. P. Vermilye, R. S. Wells, E. Winne, W. G. Woolford, H. C. Young.

Messrs. L. A. Coffeen and H. F. De Puy have entered the Sophomore class.

LOCAL BRIEFS.

Kitts, '84, has an attack of the malarial fever.

Plug hats and Seniors are synonymous terms. Wiswall and Wood swung out first.

Senior D. wants to know where he can rent a plug hat for the year. Can't some '83 man lend him his Freshman beaver?

Query: Does Dr. Darling run the class in Metaphysics, or does the class run the Doctor?

Two new additions to the Senior class recently arrived. Their present lodgings are in the garret over Prof. Webster's museum.

Bennett, '83, our solitary Delta Kappa Epsilon, is off at a society convention.

At the large parade in this city on the 21st, the U. C. Arthur Club turned out 25 staff officers and 60 torches.

W. J. Sweet, '80, came down from Ballston to parade with the boys on the 21st inst.

A. H. Dougherty, '80, is in town taking a post graduate course. He has devoted himself during the summer to crayon work and has shown us some remarkably fine portraits of his own execution.

Prof. L'Amoreaux's class in French. Senior, translating *Le pauvre est egal an riche devant Dieu*, renders the phrase in his characteristic style: "The small boy is richer than the Devil."

Prof. Lawrence has a class in history of those Seniors and Juniors not desiring to take drill.

The gymnasium is being used every evening for drill by the campaign companies.

Freshman No. 1 to No. 2: "I hear the CONCORDIENSIS is going to ram the Freshmen." No. 2 to No. 1: "Is that so? I'll be one to go and see about it." Come on Freshies.

It is rumored that the class of '84 will soon appear with canes, beavers and Phi Beta Kappa keys. '83, where are you?

Look out for the CONCORDIENSIS on the 15th of every month after this.

Take care, 84! The cider mill is a dangerous place for you to visit. Trap doors and cider will lay up most any one.

Alexander, '80, was in attendance at the field sports.

PERSONAL.

'38. McCaule is practicing law at Bath, Steuben Co., N. Y.

'44. Gen. Frederick Townsend is Adjutant General to Gov. Cornell.

'47. Hon. Gabe Bouck is re-nominated for Congress from the 6th Wisconsin district.

Rev. D. Tully has been pastor of the West Presbyterian church at Oswego ever since his graduation.

'54. Judge Yates is counsel to the Insurance Department. A good thing,—and a good man.

'55. Hon. Wm. H. Steele will return to the Assembly from Oswego Co.

'58. Hon. Geo. C. Hazelton has been re-nominated for Congress for the third time in the 3rd Wisconsin district.

'60. Hon. Warner Miller will return to Congress from the 22nd New York district.

'61. Hon. John M. Bailey, of Albany, was re-nominated for Congress as an anti-Smyth Republican, but has since withdrawn.

Chas. E. Smith is editor of the Philadelphia Press.

'70. C. A. Peake has a large law practice at Yonkers.

'76. J. R. Doris is studying Theology at Princeton.

Jas. Taylor is running a dry goods store at Atchinson, Kansas, and becoming one of the solid men of the place.

'77. De Treville and Fisher are professors in Claffin College, Columbia, S. C.

Aikin is studying law in the city attorney's office, Troy, N. Y.

Frederick J. Bassett is assistant at St. Paul's church, Albany.

'78. Bold is at the General Theological Seminary in New York.

R. G. O'Neale is practicing law in the office of Simon & Barker, Charleston, S. C.

John J. O'Hara has taken to himself a wife. Well, John was always enterprising.

Culver is in the Medical Department of the University.

Howe is at Cherokee, Kas., and subscribes for the CONCORDIENSIS. We wish every other graduate would do the same.

'79. Conway and Dingman are in the Law Department of the University.

Reed is attending the Auburn Theological Seminary.

Perry is studying law at Charleston, S. C.

Muller is at Princeton Theological Seminary.

Parsons is in Texas, but he can't stand being so far from home, so is coming back.

'80. Anderson is now located at Port Henry, N. Y., but expects to return in the winter for a course in the laboratory.

Alexander is in the law school at Albany.

Bronk, a former member of the class and a Cornell '80 man, was admitted as attorney and counsellor at law at the September general term at Saratoga.

Ripton is in the glove business at Johnstown, but does not seem to devote all his time to it, for we hear he is married.

Ingram is practicing law at Manning, S. C. The climate there agrees with him better than that of Union did.

McNulty is engaged in engineering at Fort West, Texas, for the Pacific R. R. Improvement Company.

Rogers writes us from the Medical Department of the University of New York, to send him the CONCORDIENSIS regularly. Well done, Rogers. We hope that all our alumni will follow your example.

'81. Jas. S. Lawrence has taken Horace Greeley's advice and is now on the frontier engaged in shooting Indians and other such pastimes.

Avery is studying law at Seneca Falls.

'83. Tracy Walworth has been prevented from returning to his class by an attack of typhoid fever, but is now rapidly convalescing and will soon be among us again.

The editors would be pleased to receive contributions for this column from alumni or their friends. Address, Ed. Pers. Dep. CONCORDIENSIS, Schenectady.

OBITUARY.

The *Peoria Journal* of Sept. 8th contained a long account of the death of Levi Arnold Lapham. Entering Union in '60, he took the whole course in two years and graduated in

'62. He first taught school in Bureau Co., and in '63 entered a law office in Peoria. In June of the same year came the call for more troops, and he took so active a part in raising a company for the 139th regiment that he was made orderly sergeant. In October he was mustered out, and resumed his studies. In '65 he was admitted to the bar and has since then practiced in Peoria. We cannot help quoting the last few sentences of the account of his death. It is a noble tribute to one of Union's bravest sons:

He was thoroughly honest, and detested sham and conceit in every fibre of his nature. Generous and whole-souled, he was above all trickery or meanness, and nothing so stirred his righteous indignation as to detect it in others. He was pure as a woman. In his long residence here there is absolutely no evil thing in any shape ever imputed to him. * * His heart was as gentle as a child's, and he overflowed with charity and kind feeling. Such is the noble son whom they are now laying to rest beneath the green sward of Springdale, and so passes away, in the full flush of manly vigor, one of the noblest of Peoria's citizens."

R. Cambridge Livingston died at Anandale Sept. 17th. During his long and useful life he was counsel and secretary of the American Telegraph Co.; director of the Camden & Amboy R. R.; vice president of the International Oceanic Telegraph Co.; director of the United New Jersey R. R. Co.; of the Hoboken Land and Improvement Co., and of the Salisbury Ore Bed Co.; secretary and director of the Arcadia Coal Co.; trustee of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and of the General Theological Seminary; and vestryman of Trinity Church, New York.

The deaths are also announced of Rev. R. T. Searle, at Danvers, Mass. He graduated at Union in '35. Was a most profound scholar, and intimate friend of President Smith of Dartmouth College.

Ephraim Punderson, of the class of '24, at Cleveland, O., aged 79.

Russell Benedict, class of '22, Sept. 26th, in his 83d year.

Silas Hubbel Ashman, at Fall City, Neb., July 20th, aged 70.

Cyrus S. Clark, class of '28, prominent lumber manufacturer of Portland, Me., July 28th.

Rev. Wm. C. Wisner, class of '30, at Lockport, June 14th.

Ed. M. Barringer, of the class of '73, killed by stage coach accident in Switzerland, August 31st.

EXCHANGES.

—To be impartial we must carefully look over each Exchange as it comes to us; we cannot therefore make mention of but a few papers at once. We have before us the *Oberlin Review* of Sept. 25, a well printed, 12 page paper. Its first article, on Tennyson, gives us a good and well written article. We clip the following:

Tennyson speaks to more than the æsthetic sense of men. He is a teacher of the soul. Through lyric and elegy and epic gleams one pure and lofty purpose,—the elevation of man, through all that is best and noblest in him, his reason, his will and his affections. Sorrow, a chastening and spiritualizing power; faith, springing from the ashes of doubt and despair; life, blossoming from death to immortality; sin, the source of the world's woe and misery; prayer, the golden bond between God and man; these are some of the eternal truths and principles that he holds up in the crystal setting of poetic art for the world to read.

—The *Williams Athenæum* of Sept. 28 says:

What with Garfield as the Presidential standard bearer of the Republican party, President Chadbourne as chairman of the Massachusetts Republican Convention and a nominee for Presidential Elector-at-large, Prof. Perry on the Democratic stump, and recently "mentioned" for Lieutenant-Governor, Williams College is likely to be kept pretty prominently before the eyes of the people for some time to come.

It is certainly an honor for any College to have an alumnus nominated for the Presidency of the U. S.

The editorial on College decorum is pointed and well put, from which the following we hope will be read and followed by our own men:

It is not necessary for under-classmen to show to upper-classmen any reverence or respect which is not bounded by good common sense; and we might also say that it would be a good thing for the other students to remember that a class upon entering college is not the "most insignificant thing in the world;" but that if they conduct themselves as gentlemen they have all the rights of college students. Certainly nothing is to be added to Sophomore dignity by treating individual Freshmen in an inhuman manner.

—The *Amherst Student* prints this issue seven Administrative Rules of its College, among which we are glad to see the following:

2. The student should be studious, making the utmost improvement of his time and talents in regularly and diligently doing what the College assigns him.

3. As no student should be received as a member of a class, whose character is not good, or whose attainments are insufficient for the work of the class, so no student should be continued in a class for which, either in deportment or in scholarship, he is unfitted.

Base Ball at Amherst is the chief sport,

and one of the most popular instructors has secured a pennant for which Amherst will contest.

EXTRANEÆ.

—Three Japanese ladies are studying at Vassar.

—The first college paper was published at Dartmouth in 1800.

—Dartmouth has received from Mr. E. P. Cheney \$50,000, to endow a Cheney Professorship in Mathematics.—*Colby Echo*.

—The average age at which English students matriculate at Oxford is nineteen.—*Colby Echo*.

—The Boston University Law School presents courses of study three and five and seven years in duration, with appropriate examinations and degrees.

—Harvard has quickly followed Yale in opening its library on Sunday afternoons. The library now contains 247,420 volumes and 186,000 pamphlets.—*Colby Echo*.

—Columbia.—\$790 worth of prizes, etc., were given at the last commencement.—*Ex*.

—The great Mohammedan University at Cairo, in Egypt, has 10,000 students and 300 professors.—*Ex*.

—The California legislature has made music a compulsory branch in all the public schools of the State.—*Ex*.

—James A. Garfield is a Delta U. from Williams College, Chester A. Arthur is a Psi T. from Union College.—*Ex*.

—A graduate of Harvard is about to issue a song book of all the colleges, and it will be for sale at all the principal universities.—*Ex*.

—Among the editors of the *Yale Literary*, appointed for the coming year, is a son of Secretary Evarts, the founder of the magazine.—*Ex*.

—A prize of six hundred dollars has been offered to the Princeton theological Senior who shall at the next commencement pass the best examination in specified studies.—*Ex*.

—The new library building which Mr. John Jacob Astor is building in addition to the present Astor Library, will hold 120,000 volumes. The old building has now nearly 200,000 volumes.

—Wesleyan University opens its fall term with its new President, Dr. Beach, and four new instructors, in Latin, Greek, Physical and Social Science.

—A schoolboy being asked by his teacher how he should flog him, replied: "If you please, sir, I should like to have it on the Italian system of penmanship—the heavy strokes upward and the downward ones light."

—A number of eastern colleges have recently received important endowments: Oberlin, \$11,000; Amherst, \$106,000; Ohio Wesleyan, \$75,000; Rochester, \$25,000; Syracuse University, \$30,000; Williams, \$20,000.—*Ex.*

—Dull scholars with thick heads will be glad to know that George Combe, the eminent phrenologist, hammered away at that immortal invention of Pythagoras—the multiplication table—for forty years, but never thoroughly learned it.

—German students know how to drink beer, to say the least. Witness the following: The University of Leipzig has about 3,500 students, each consuming about three gallons of beer a day. Students always smoke in class rooms till the professor enters.—*Ex.*

—Scene at Williams College: Junior, translating New Testament—"And the—an'—and the Lord said, Lord said unto—unto Moses." Here he hesitated and looked appealingly to a neighbor, who being also unprepared, whispered, "Skip it." Junior, going on—"And the Lord said unto Moses, skip it." Great consternation ensued.

—An English under-graduate at examination, on being told to repeat the parable of the Good Samaritan, thus did it: "A certain man journeyed from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves." Then he stopped. "Go on, sir," said the examiner. "And—" "And what?" "Go on, sir." "And the thieves sprang up and choked him!" triumphantly ended the youth.

—A Lancaster young lady playfully threw her arm around the waist of a lady friend, and a pair of scissors hanging therefrom severed an artery in her arm and she nearly bled to death. This accident should teach young ladies that throwing arms around the female waist is a dangerous piece of business that should be performed solely by the male sex. The latter are strong and brave, and don't mind having an artery severed now and then for the good of the cause.

—Dr. McCosh says that of 400 students under him in Philosophy, who have graduated at Princeton, only four graduated sceptics.

—Professor—"Which is the most delicate of the senses?" Senior—"The sense of touch." Professor—"Give an example." Senior—"My chum can feel his moustache, but no one can see it."

—Prof.—(after commenting on the Poor laws of England), "What do you think of them?"

New Student—(thoughtlessly), "They were very poor laws."—*Ex.*

—The Stewart endowments for the cathedral and schools at Garden City, amount to \$3,000,000. A fund will also be given to maintain these institutions.—*Ex.*

—A Sophomore, coming out of recitation the other day was heard to call a Freshman, "A jejune article of bucolic verdancy." Whereupon the Freshman ran up into the fourth story of North College, and putting his head out of the window, called the Soph, "A lambent, lop-eared, liver-nosed logger-headed old lubber," and threatened to jump down on him. The Soph, looking up and seeing the Freshman's foot projecting from the window, as if about to put the threat into execution, moved out from under its shadow, saying that he now knew where to recommend parties desiring first-class pile-driving. The Faculty are making herculean efforts to bring about an amicable adjustment.—*Ex.*

—We extract the following from an old magazine:

TEW THE PEPLE OF THIS TOUN.

i fust remark that washintun when he was tuck at the battel of williams Bridge a grate man is always run down. i dont suppose to be a grate man by no menes in no instants but eny purson wat sez that me and the widder Dibblee has komprermised me is an infernal li. I never had nothin to dew beyont naberly with misses Dibblee and that is a darned site more than parson Jones kin say Ile bet a hooky. Altho he serkulates I hev departed from the paths of vartue he lise and so duz everybody else. i defy eny one to say wot i hev did to her she kant tell herself Ile bet ten hundred thowsand dollers. Peple better mind thare own biznes or ile brake the fust mans back hu sez I orter marry widder dibblee. You li and so duz all wot redes this. You is a durty nasty set of skunks and its none of yewer affares wot me and the widder duz. I kin tell a good meny things about peple in this toun and i no something about everybody wot is redin this ritin. Yew are twiste as bad as I ever was. i no wot i did and Ile make sich exposures as will make the sun git black.

JOHN T. MORE.

—Dr. Harlow, of Detroit, taught Gen. Garfield elocution and penmanship, and Dr. C. C. Yemens played marbles with him when they were boys together.—*Ex.*

—The preacher murmured "Let us pray,"
She kneeled, as if impelled by duty,
But not a sentence did she say,
The irreligious little beauty.

Above the pew her roguish eyes
Peeped, conscious of my admiration,
And filled me with more paradise
Than any in the congregation.

I heard, with half attentive ear,
The sermon, soporific, stupid,
And though in church, my soul, I fear,
Was prostrate at the shrine of Cupid,
—*Selected.*

A VACATION REMINISCENCE.

It was only a chance acquaintance,
In a lonely country town,
She was only a farmer's daughter,
In a simple homespun gown.

But the eyes of that rustic maiden
And her face so fair to see,
And her form so trim and graceful
Have stolen a heart from me.

And I often sit and wonder,
As the days at twilight fade,
If the all-wise Fate of the future
My path with hers has laid.—*Ex.*

ATTENTION!

It is the earnest wish of the CONCORDIENSIS board that all the students confine their patronage to those firms who advertise with us. The receipts from our advertising columns are essential to the continuance of the paper and our advertisers will be very loth to continue their patronage unless they receive an appropriate portion of college trade. The advertising columns are not as full as they should be and we entreat your assistance in causing an increase. Tradesmen will be willing enough to advertise with us if they see they cannot get your trade otherwise, and so, we entreat you, when you are about to make a purchase of a dealer who does not advertise with us, to remember the CONCORDIENSIS.

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" 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 "
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