

THE CONCORDIENSIS.

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Editorial.

AGAIN the CONCORDIENSIS greets its readers. With the beginning of a new year, we desire to make an effort for improvement, and to this end we ask the active support of our constituents. During the recent months we have been assailed by almost constant complaints; but the complainants did not consider that they were somewhat at fault. Our contemporaries have many manuscripts to select from; here, we have none. The average student seems to think that editors are to make up this deficiency. He forgets that editors have as much collegiate work as the average student. There are many men in college to-day who are able to write for the paper. If they do not because they have no time, then let them not blame the editors. If they have the time, and do not write, then they should not complain of the articles. This paper is a representative of the students, and is so considered and criticized. It is not supposed to be the work of the editor.

If the students, therefore, wish a paper which will compare with contemporaries, let them reflect that they must exhibit some interest. We know our sins are many, but the load has been left entirely on our shoulders, and the reward for bearing the burden has been continued fault finding.

WE ASK our readers' pardon for being so late with this issue of the paper. The editors were not back at work until the 8th, and, of course, everything had to be done after that time. In the future we are determined to be out by the 15th. The delay has also been partly caused by waiting for a new press. Mr. Burrows, the printer, has just put up a No. 3 Universal, capable of printing four pages at once. He is now prepared to do any fine work which the students may desire.

It is with pleasure that we read a notice in the *Star* stating that *an alumnus* had established a salutatory prize in commemoration of his father. Our prizes are very few, and an addition to their number is gladly welcomed. While we discountenance the pursuit of knowledge for any other consideration than a desire to possess it for itself, we know that many are influenced by other considerations. For these inducements are beneficial in inciting

them onward until a point is reached where they forget the incitement and see only the good in itself.

AN ARTICLE appeared, some time since, in one of the city papers to the effect that the Philomathean Debating Society was fast dying, and that no meetings had been held this year. This statement, made with so much assurance, mingled with sarcasm, must have caused indignation and sadness among the friends and Alumni of the society. But we should like to know from what source the information was obtained. Nothing could have been more false. The slur of maliciousness would seem to indicate that it originated in the fertile brain of the writer, or at least that he was too ready, on any authority whatsoever, to publish such intelligence. At all events, people should know whereof they write, and the fabrications of this kind would never get abroad.

We notice this, not that any enormous injury has been done, but because we think those interested should be told the truth of the matter. The facts are as follows:

For some years past, the society has been in an unfortunate condition, resulting from reasons which need not be enumerated. But for the last two years, men, inspired with zeal, have been struggling to upbuild the

fallen structure on its old foundation of influence and superiority. The success has been great. The "Old Halls" have again re-echoed with carefully prepared speeches. The seats have again been filled with ardent members. The library has been increased, and the glow of work goes on rapidly. The prospects are, that, at a time not far distant, the former standard will be reached.

Notwithstanding the statement made in the article referred to, meetings have been held regularly, with few exceptions, since the beginning of the present college year. So, we hope no such report will be again circulated, and that this state of affairs will better satisfy the friends of this, the oldest and most time-honored of our college debating societies.

IN conformity with the wishes of donors, President Potter offered to furnish rooms in the new building for the religious work of the college and for the students' reading-room, should they desire it and the trustees approve it. The president thinks, however, that the rooms now used for religious work, being in the college building will render the old arrangement for that purpose more convenient to a larger number of students. He offers still to furnish a reading-room, if it can be obtained. We

hope the students will apply for this room, as it will be much more comfortable than the cold one now occupied. For the reading-room it is proposed to have the second one from the library, in the south wing. This being near the library, will be a convenience which has long been needed and wished for. Then, if the library is opened every day, there will be that pleasure and profit in obtaining books which ought to be allowed every student in college. The reading room then would be the place most sought after by every man.

There has not been that interest in the Christian work of the college this year which was shown last. This work, which is voluntary with every man, should not be overlooked. The classes, for several years back, have had weekly meetings, and the under-class men ought now certainly to follow the example. The room for the meetings is even now comfortable, and if a little energy is shown, a furnished room in the new building can probably be secured. There is nothing more beneficial to a college than a good moral tone, and this is furthered by quiet religious meetings.

A MEETING of the college men was held on the 18th of December, and a committee appointed to consider the advisability of having a fair for the

benefit of the base ball club. It is well known what a success the fair was last winter, and we hope that, with the co-operation of the ladies, it can again be made a success. It is proposed to hold it after the Lenten season, and to conduct it in somewhat the same manner as last year. Mr. Benedict, '84, has undertaken to superintend the dramatic part of the week; and, together with a few of his amateur friends, hopes to furnish "fun for the million." The manager has written to the New York colleges with regard to the revival of the New York State Inter-Collegiate Base Ball Association, and has received favorable answers from several. Union has certainly done her share in the base ball arena in the past, and, with one voice, we beg the "Varsity" to press forward again to the battle, and sustain her former record. Every student who is able should patronize the fair at least one evening, and have the satisfaction of helping along the "nine."

WE noticed an article in one of our exchanges, some time ago, lecturing another college paper for its unjust criticisms. The offense taken was a just one, when one or two of our college papers set themselves up as immaculate models, before whom all must bow down and worship. You must not so scorn the feeble efforts

of your brethren, most noble sirs! With meek condescension, we would beg you to have mercy upon us.

It is not often that a class becomes so zealous in the study of metaphysics that they desire to pursue an elective course in it as an extra study. Such a thing has happened, however, and about fifteen Seniors, or more than one-half the regular class, are devoting extra work to Mill's system, under the guidance of Prof. Webster. After a term's work in the Hamiltonian philosophy, this course is designed to give the student an unprejudiced view of both systems. It is a compliment to the professor who can awaken such an interest in what is usually considered a dry study; but it is no less a credit to the ability of the class that are desirous of pursuing such a course.

WHATEVER Dr. McCosh chooses to speak upon, his utterances are always keen and interesting. He has lately condemned the plan of giving so much time and money to athletics. The New York *Herald*, the champion of pugilists, oarsmen, etc., cast, editorially, those old remarks about "consumptive looking students" upon him. The doctor's stand, however, must have the support of all thinking men. He did not intend to discountenance physical exercise itself, but the excess to

which it is carried in the large colleges. Men come to college to study, presumably, and time given to prepare for public contests is time lost to them. A certain amount of exercise is necessary, but the excessive development of the body is marked by loss of intellectual activity. We are, for our part, pleased with the doctor's crusade, and hope that the time is not far off when men will not go to college to cultivate their muscle, as that can be accomplished at home, if desired.

WE refer with reluctance to the mistakes of last issue, only to promise that another such a typographical mess shall not be issued under the name of CONCORDENSIS.

THE NEW YEAR.

Old time, the harvester of fates,
Hath garnered him another sheaf;
Some flowers of joy, some weeds of grief
Hath carried back through memory's gates

The buds of hope that never blew.
The fruits of love that ripened not,
The embryo schemes that thought begot
But which no dawn of birthday knew.

And lighter burthens from our backs,
Clasped in his aged, skinny hands,
He takes, whilst thought arrested stands
And gazes on his fleeting tracks.

Ere long within those rosy gates,
Grow lesser to our lingering view
The things of old, and to the new
Hope turns her face and smiling waits.

But from the pictures of the past
Why cannot we our future trace?

Why ever any phantoms chase
And reach no happy goal at last?

Blind hope is sure to lead astray.
Her whispered promises belie
O curtain of futurity,
That I might tear thy film away!

Then would I hope if hope were just,
But if a hapless fate were mine,
'Neath fortunes frown forbear to pine
And fall a man if fall I must.

A MODEL INSTANCE.

A NOVEL IN SIX CHAPTERS, BY JESSE
JAMES HOWLS, JR.

CHAP. I.

THE BETROTHAL.

A winter's night had just begun to enwrap with its veil of sombre hue the city of New York. The fluttering flakes of snow, tumbling head over heels through the air were rapidly covering every visible object, not even neglecting the steps of a certain dark looking house upon Sixth avenue. It was a peculiar house, rather of the Angelo style of architecture, with blood red curtains at its windows, giving it without the appearance of a pirate's lair. But lair or no lair, it is here our story begins. In the spacious front parlor of the above mansion Imogene Tightlacer, a beautiful girl of some seventeen summers and a few late springs, reclined in a Patent Invalid chair. This young lady possessed two aspirants for her hand; one, Icabob Coldheart, was her father's choice, a stern cold man many years her senior, and for whom she

had never entertained any affection stronger than respect. The other, Cecil Silverspoon, was a young man of most engaging manners, whom she had loved at first sight and her love was reciprocated, although he had never openly declared his passion.

As she sat there she was indeed a fair, frail flower. Her sweet little mouth was puckered by a protruding tooth-pick, one end of which was held fast in the crevice of her front teeth. Her delicate hand played with the tail of her favorite Black and Tan. The liquid eyes incessantly sought the family clock, over which hung the notice "My daughter retires at ten o'clock." The lips of the young girl moved, "eight o'clock and he is not here! what could have happened to him? To-night's the night methinks I shall learn from his lips what I have for a long time read in his eyes. My own C——." She ceased for a step sounded on the porch without.

The bell rang, and in due time, having deposited his beaver upon the hall table, Cecil Silverspoon, the dashing boy of the ball-room, was ushered into her presence. With burning pathos depicted in every feature of his face, he gained her side and all the passionate outpouring fire of his love obtained relief in these words: "Imogene, dearest, noblest of women I love you; since the time I

first saw you at Widow Brown's Phantom party, I have thought of nought else but of you. You have haunted me in dreams and have been my guardian-angel in my hours of wakefulness. My heart pours out to you Imogene, the tender effusions of a meek and confiding nature. Yes, I love you and you alone. Tell me darling, will you be my little wife?"

A suggestive snicker was his only answer and at once those two trembling forms clung in mute embrace, so tight that the fair one's ribs cracked with the violent exercise, causing the dog under the table to prick up his ears and utter a mournful howl of sympathy.

Reader let us withdraw from this touching scene, leaving them entwined in each others arms, held as it were, in a trance by the ecstasy of pure love. Never were the poets words more fully realized, "what is love? Two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one."

CHAP. II.

"How uncertain are the joys of life."

It was the morning following the night just recorded that Cecil Silverspoon sat in the chair of a tonsorial department on Broadway, undergoing the delightful pleasure of a clean shave. He looked the perfect picture of health and happiness and as the tonsorial artist gazed upon

that fair brow he little thought that it was soon to be distorted by a terrible misery. The shave done, but not paid for, our hero stepped forth upon the street just in time to hail a passing newsboy and obtain a morning paper. He glanced over its sheets, suddenly his gaze became riveted, his face whitened, he staggered, reeled and fell headlong into a peanut stand.

Upon the front page he had read the following "We learn that Miss Imogene Tightlacer, the daughter of one of our most respected citizens, has become the heiress of an immense fortune left her by an old uncle, whom every one supposed died some years ago a pauper. We extend our sincere congratulations to Miss Tightlacer on her sudden acquisition of fortune, and trust that she may live long to enjoy it."

CHAP. III.

"He clearly saw his duty"

Seven o'clock found our hero pacing restlessly up and down his apartments. Could that be the gay Cecil whom we saw issue from the barber shop that morning? A changed man he was indeed, his hair disordered, his face bearing upon it a heavy sorrow. Instead of the elastic step there was now a nervous stride.

"Lost—lost to me forever!" he cried, "possessed of fortune she will care little for a comparatively poor

man. Oh money, money, thou curse to man and woman! But now my mind is made up, although I sacrifice all that is worth living for on earth, I will be generous and release her from an engagement which she must now think odious."

He went to his desk, wrote the words "Our union is now impossible; I release you" upon a sheet of paper, folded it and gave it to a messenger to deliver. Little he thought at the time, of the grief which that note would bring to Imogene; but then all lovers are more or less selfish. Cecil now began to prepare for going out. He exchanged the clothes and hat which had suffered badly in the contact with the peanut stand, for more respectable looking wearing apparel, nor did he forget to slip a vicious looking derringer into his vest pocket. Thus equipped he sallied forth. "I will be a millionaire or a pauper by midnight," he muttered between his teeth and forthwith bent his way to a well known gambling house, dealt cold hands with a friend for two hours and a half, and arose from the table a ruined man.

His brain was in a whirl, he staggered; some remarked that he was drunk, but they erred for he was only paralyzed. Having once gained the street the fresh air revived him and he began to gaze calmly at his situation.

He was without a cent in the world, something must be done at once. For several years he had been an amateur actor of great repute and thinking that by taking advantage of his natural talent he might at least keep his immaculate form from the poor house, he resolved then and there to go upon the stage.

How well he succeeded in his new vocation we will soon learn.

CHAP. IV.

"Frailty, thy name is woman."

The next day the whole world was agog over the mysterious disappearance of Cecil Silverspoon. The best detectives that the city afforded were on his track, but no clue could be found. He had vanished like thin air. Meanwhile a terrific storm had been raging in the breast of Imogene.

His note, which she had read a dozen times before comprehending its full meaning, had cast a gloom over her bright young life.

At first she was resolved to explain to her lover that, riches or no riches, she was still true to him, but on second thought this humiliation was more than the highminded girl could bear. All the pride of that sensitive nature rebelled against ever admitting him again into her presence. In a word she was stung to the quick. Was Icabob Coldheart, pleased with

the turn affairs had taken? Yes he rejoiced with exceeding joy.

He saw that his opportunity had come, so he pressed his suit with utmost vigor, and poor Imogene piqued and driven to despair was forced to accept him.

Icabob Coldheart now wore a triumphant smile upon his face. In two weeks they were married. No one recognized the red-headed man with a patch over his left eye who intently gazed upon the scene from the gallery. It was our friend Cecil Silverspoon.

CHAP. V.

"Strange things do happen in this world."

Five years have gone by since the events of our last chapter. Our scene now opens in Chicago.

It was a beautiful November night, that the *elite* had gathered in the Grand Opera House to witness the performance of "The Two Orphans."

It was the occasion of the appearance of the celebrated actor Cecil Fergusona, in the *role* of Pierre, the cripple, supported by Kate Claxton as the blind girl.

With a flourish of base drums and cymbals, the curtain rose and the scene opened before the eager house.

The appearance of Fergusona excited a round of enthusiastic applause, to which he smilingly bowed his

acknowledgments. Reader, you and I would have recognized at once in Ferguson our hero, Silverspoon.

He had not uttered many words before a singular disturbance took place in the body of the house.

A lady, clothed in widow's weeds, sprang to her feet, gasping out: "Those voice! that eyes! Yes, 'tis he!" and, with a piercing shriek, fell fainting to the floor.

Voices from the gallery cried, "Put her out;" "choke her off," etc., but were soon hushed by the efficient efforts of the police. The lady was carried out by her friends, and the play went on, but throughout the whole of the evening, it was evident that Ferguson had been greatly affected by this little episode.

His acting lacked energy, and his face showed that a deep anxiety lay upon his mind, and frequently he was obliged to resort to a small pocket flask, in order to keep up his strength and courage.

The curtain down for good, Cecil sought his manager, and begged him for a two days' release from his engagement. After a stormy scene, in which considerable stage furniture was damaged, he obtained his request, and departed from the theater in better spirits.

The beautiful Imogene, for she it was who had recognized him so suddenly in the early part of the even-

ing, he determined should be found within those two days, even if it cost him the whole of a dollar.

That night our hero dreamt of fire, water and a small dog.

Let us see if these things had any connection with the occurrences of the next day.

CHAP. VI.

"Amor omnia vincit."

The next morning Cecil arose at an early hour, swallowed a hurried breakfast, and sauntered to the street, resolved to begin the search immediately for the whereabouts of his lost darling.

He had not gone far before a little dog came trotting past him. It was the identical dog that was mentioned in the first chapter of our story. Our hero recognized it, and a brilliant thought struck him. If he were to follow it, might not the animal bring him to the residence of Imogene?

He resolved to try the experiment. The dog, perhaps divining the purpose of the man, now set out on a brisk run, Cecil following in his wake, with coat-tails floating out behind in the cool morning breeze.

On went the dog; on went Cecil. Faster went the dog; faster went Cecil.

People were rudely jostled, in his unceremonious haste. At last, after a run of half an hour, he saw the ani-

mal hop up the steps of a certain red brick house. He made a note of its position, and then retired to the nearest lamp-post, to regain his wind and meditate on the situation.

While thus occupied, he heard the scream of a woman, and glancing in the direction of his darling's abode, he saw flames issuing from one of its windows. Firemen and engines now came dashing up the street, but Cecil was the man for the emergency.

Undoing his necktie, and tossing off his paper collar, with reckless indifference to its destruction, he darted to the rescue. Imogene was seen at a window in the fourth story, crying loudly for help. A stream of water in the mouth soon quieted her, however. In thundering tones, he asked her if she could swim. "You bet," she cried, and forthwith Cecil ordered all the streams from the engines to be directed to the window. "Strike out!" he yelled, and the crowd, in amazement, saw the girl swim placidly down the stream of water and alight safely upon the ground.

Others followed, until the whole house was emptied. Cecil was the hero of the hour. At the next meeting of the citizens' fire committee, he was unanimously awarded the Fireman's Rescue Medal.

Meanwhile our hero had clasped our heroine to his palpitating bosom.

"Mine—mine at last" he cried and then in softer accents he whispered "whose pidgy are 'ou!"

"Yours forever, Cecil," she murmured in cooing tones, laying her little head upon his shoulder, and her lustrous eyes spoke volumes. There in sight of a thousand vulgar eyes they clung in sweet embrace.

Little cared they for what society would say of such a scene; they scorned the base insinuations of the cruel world. Two hearts were thus united, two souls filled "chuck full to the brim" with bliss.

Gentle reader, if such you be, let us leave these two young lovers rejoicing in their great happiness. Their simple story so touching in its pathos affords us indeed, a Model Instance.

FINIS.

SOMETHING WRONG.

'Twas on a January day,
When snow and wind set all a-fog,
As slow, I wound my shiv'ring way
I heard this dialogue:

EGO.

"What ails you, Muse? Where is the tune,
You thrummed, of old, so ceaselessly,
The while you sang about the moon,
And lovers 'neath a greenwood tree?"

MUSE.

"Ah! Love is dead; the moonbeams fall
In vain o'er leaf and whispering bough.
Ah, love is dead! her silent pall
O'er shades my heart and lyre-string now."

EGO.

"What ails you, pray? Where is the strain,
So frolicsome, you once did boast?"

The song you sang with might and main,
So loud in praise of speech and toast?"

MUSE.

"Ah, Hospitality is old!
His battered bowl is seldom filled;
And with his touch so stiff and cold
My songful soul is chilled."

EGO.

"What ails you, lass? Where is the blast,
You bugled forth with patriot flame,
When from our army, lightning fast,
The news of vict'ry came?"

MUSE.

"Oh! love of country flickers low,
While love of lucre flashes, clear;
How can my patriot numbers flow,
When no one cares to hear?"

EGO.

"What ails you? speak! Where is the chord.
You softly woke in days of yore,
When Christian Faith and God's dear Word,
Had stirred your spirits core?"

MUSE.

"Ah! Faith is but a false, false light,
That shifts and shines, and shines and shifts,
And never guides my feet aright,
As, phantom-like, it scuds and drifts."

EGO.

"What ails you, maid? Where is the song,
You often sang in days gone by
The hope that Heaven's radiant throng
Receive the good who die?"

MUSE.

My song has ended in a sigh,
My hope has sobbed away its breath;
I trust no more, that hosts on high,
Will greet me after death."

EGO. [aside].

"I do believe, our hapless muse
Is pestered with a fit of blues;
Else, he who tells what ails her, fickle,
Shall be rewarded with a nickel."

ZOR, '83.

WHAT BOOKS TO READ.

Models and records of all patents obtained in this country are preserved in the Patent Office at Washington. This is done so that a newly received principle may be compared with those already patented; and if there is any great similarity between the old and the new, the new is rejected. It is strange to see how many aspirant inventors have their ideas, new to them, returned unpatented on the ground of infringement on old patents. Thus in the mechanical and scientific world it is seen how old ideas, long ago considered in all their bearings, present themselves as new and are originated again in the brains of men. Just so it is in the intellectual world. Men every day originate thoughts which often before have been written in masterly works. Though they know their thoughts have been developed by others, they seem to deem it necessary to immortalize themselves by appearing in print. This fact undoubtedly helps to account for the vast numbers of books yearly published, since we find many of them mere re-statements of old thoughts, which re-statements are greatly inferior to the antecedents.

Standing in the midst of a large library, one would rightly feel full of bewilderment and despair, if it was not remembered that the sum and

substance of the countless pages is contained in a few.

The really vital books for one to read are a trifling proportion of the whole. So then to know the best that has been thought and said, Carlyle's advice must be followed: "Books, like human souls, must actually be divided into what we may call sheep and goats—the latter to be put inexorably on the left hand of the judge, much to be avoided and if possible ignored by all sane creatures." It is waste of time and study to read inferior repetitions, mere patched up second-hand thoughts; and since people, especially college students, can read comparatively few books those which are read shall be "the life blood of a master spirit." Our standard works last for all time. They are just as powerful for good in one as in another age. Life is too short for experimental reading. Our books should be those which have been read, re-read and sanctioned by intellectuality. We should go straight to the pure mountain stream, not to the river where the pure is mingled with the accumulated sediment of poorer minds.

—Scene in Descriptive—In the projection of the earth on the plane of the equator, where would the point of light be? Dr. J.—"The North Star." Sensation in class.

Local.

—Prof. Webster spent the holidays with his children and relatives.

The Seniors will read *Macbeth* with Prof Alexander this term.

—Only fifteen students remained in college during the holidays.

—In Latin examination: Soph. translates—"Demissus homo," "sent from home."

—A Soph. defines a premise as "something drawn from a conclusion."

—Several of the students were down with the measles during the holidays.

—The first recitation in astronomy by the Seniors proved to be a slaughter of the ignorants.

—During the holidays, Prof. Webster visited New York, Washington and several other cities.

Soph., translating Horace—"Sit mihi mensa tripes"—"Sit me on a three-legged table."

—The engineers have taken up a new study—Stereotomy—the science of cutting solids into figures or sections.

—To those who are not acquainted in the city and who remained on the hill during the holidays, "Old Dorp" offers few attractions.

—Those who enjoyed roast turkey at home during the holidays find it hard work to settle down to boarding-house fare.

—Committees have been appointed by both the Adelpic and Philomathean societies, to make arrangements for a joint debate.

—The fifty-seventh annual convention and banquet of the Kappa Alpha Society took place at Delmonico's, New York, on Thursday, January 4th, '83.

—At a general college meeting, held December 18th, the following committee was appointed to determine the advisability of holding another college fair, viz.: Burton, '83; Addison, '83; Wood, '83; Lansing, '83; Van Ness, '83; Gilchrist, '83; Clark, '84; Guion, '84. They are to confer with the ladies to obtain their co-operation.

—At a meeting of the Christian Union of the college, held Wednesday, the 17th inst., a committee was appointed to collect money for singing books. The committee have been at work, and have been so far very successful. Some endeavor should be made now to have music in the meetings. Where is the organ which was in chapel last year? Would it be too much for the college to help us out in this matter? It is the business of the committee to make inquiry on the subject.

—The laboratory is well patronized this term. Prof. Perkins finds an able assistant in Whitehorne, '82. Bayard's genial manners make him to be very much liked by those who work with him. It is amusing to hear the great number of questions which are put to him by the boys when loafing in the lab. The *jaw-breaking* names in which an answer is made, generally appalls the questioner, and, after digesting the name of one salt or acid, he retires satisfied.

—A Freshman said that his examination draft had so many "French curves" that he could not make it. P. S.—He hired it made.

—Rev. Mr. Maxon, who occupied Prof. Alexander's chair during the latter's absence, was the recipient of a handsome present from the Sophomore Class, on the evening of December 20th. The present, a piece of Rogers' statuary, "Going for the Doctor," was tendered by Mr. Cady, with a speech on behalf of the class. Mr. Maxon responded in a few well chosen remarks.

—Professor in German—"What case is that noun, Mr. —?" Student—"Accusative." Prof.—"No." Student—"Dative." Prof.—"No." Student—"I mean gen-gen-genitive." Prof.—"Well, you are a hard case."

—Scene, recitation room on a cold morning. Prof.—"Gentlemen, the room is rather cold, but I will try to make it warm enough for you."

—Professor (in astronomy)—"In regard to the projection, you would have to study description for a couple of months." Senior (feelingly)—"Yes, a couple o' terms."

Where are those Junior legislators who were so enthusiastic in regard to forming a House of Representatives? Still, in the order of business in the Senate, the Chairman reads: "Messages from the House," and there is no response.

—The Senior class are greatly enjoying their work in Butler, under the supervision of Dr. Potter, who makes a very entertaining and instructive teacher.

—Prof. Price's little boy has been dangerously ill with membranous

croup, but we are glad to state that he is doing finely now, and is entirely out of danger.

—Now is the time (mercury at frezo) when the student has cold chills when he thinks of bathing, and the old saying, "cleanliness is next to godliness," is forgotten.

—Agents for the *American Cyclo-pedia* have been at work among the students, but we have not heard with what success.

—J. Harry Shannon, the boy orator, appeared before an assembly of college students, in chapel, during the latter part of last term. It seemed to be the general opinion of his hearers that his oratory and eloquence are greatly over estimated. In regard to his memory, he is rightly considered a prodigy.

—Dr. Potter and Prof. Ashmore hear their recitations in the new building. The rooms are large, well ventilated, and well lighted. The library hall, when completed, will be an elegant room for the purpose.

—We gladly welcome Prof. Alexander back to his accustomed place. The professor has been traveling in Scotland, England, France and Italy for a few months. We missed his genial countenance and engaging manner; but, no doubt, while his absence was a loss to us, it was a gladly welcomed vacation to one who is so busily engaged.

—The Philomathean Society held its regular term election on Saturday, January 13th. The following are the officers: President, Bellinger, '83; Vice President, Dent, '83; Librarian, Allison, '84, Treasurer, Benedict, '84; Secretary, Duffy, '85; Curator, Blessing, '86.

—There will probably be a class in Hebrew this term under the instruction of Rev. Mr. Maxon.

—A donation has been offered to buy some new apparatus for the gymnasium. We hope our efficient instructor in gymnastics will make a wise selection and supply the very apparent needs.

—We have not seen the "nine" in the gymnasium yet. The practice was greatly beneficial last year, and we hope soon to see the Captain and his men out in full force.

—At a meeting of the Freshmen class, on Thursday, January 11th, two committees were appointed—one to arrange for a class supper, and another to choose a class cut for the Garnet.

—At Class meeting of '85, on Wednesday, January 10th, a committee was appointed to arrange for a class supper.

—The following officers were elected in the Adelpic, on Saturday, January 13th: President, Neagle, '84; Vice President, Judd, '84; Treasurer, Adams, '83; Secretary, Mitchell, '85; Librarian, Cantine, '83; Curator, Allen, '86.

—Prof. Alexander has the Senate this term. He was surprised to see the *large amount* of work done last season.

—The fair will not take place until after Lent, as that season begins earlier than usual this year.

—An agreeable change from the cold recitation rooms to the steam-heated ones of the new building.

—Ray, '83, has had the measles, but is now all right.

—First young lady—"Mr. A. must be a fine scholar; for he wears a five-beat watch key."

Second young lady—"Five-beat watch key? What's that?"

First young lady—"Why, you know, the five that beat get keys. Though I believe there are generally six of them. Should think they'd call 'em six beats." Fact.

—It is not that my mark is low
That makes the silent tear to flow;
'Tis not for this I mourn my luck;
I only weep because I'm stuck.

Professor (holding up specimens)—
"Now, which of these is which;"

Prompt student—"Yes, sir."

Prof.—"You don't understand the question. I asked which is which?"

Prompt student—"Oh; beg pardon. The one in your left hand."

—A locomotive is called she, because it draws the mails.

—Prof. Price has been seriously ill, but, we are glad to say, is now recovering. Prof. Staley and Mr. Anable have taken his classes.

—Du Puy, '83, sprained his ankle, and was confined to his room for several days.

—Jackson, '86, who has been out of college on account of sickness, resumed his studies this week.

Winter comes, and now the breezes
Blow among the lifeless trees;
Now the Fresh old Newcomb mazes,
Now the Soph. no longer hazes;
But, oh, Junior, what engages
All your thoughts, and so crazes
You to look upon the Senior so!

Ah! we guess the thoughts and faces,
Which so leave their direful traces;
'Tis because the Junior gazes;
Watches it in all its phases.
Yes, he hopes and yearns and wishes;
Nay, he feels his very bliss is

Watching a comrade's face.

Personals.

✓'12. A. V. W. Van Vechten, of New York, has given to Union College a salutatory prize, to be made permanent, in honor of his father, who graduated in 1812.

✓'30. Henry James, the philosopher and theologian, recently died at his home in Boston. Mr. James, after graduation, entered Princeton Theological Seminary. (Here however, becoming imbued with certain liberal notions in regard to the Bible and its teachings, turned his attention to the enunciation of his own views of theology and has given us many volumes of valuable information.) He leaves two sons, Henry James, Jr. the novelist and Prof. William James of Harvard College.

✓'33. Anson Bingham entered Amherst College, in which he was a contemporary of Henry Ward Beecher, although not in the same class with him. He was transferred to Union College, where he graduated in 1833. As a lawyer, Mr. Bingham was actively engaged in the Anti-Rent controversy and before the Court of Appeals, for the tenants, made one of the ablest arguments ever delivered on that branch of law. He devoted the latter part of his life to composing law books in which he has given much valuable information concerning real estate, landlords and tenants and kindred subjects. (Anson Bingham was an indefatigable and pains-taking student and a finished lawyer.)

✓'38. In a trip to New York, we recently met Father Walworth, who said he was a Delta Phi of Union. graduated in 1838. The Father is an ardent advocate of temperance, and during his conversation dilated

upon the evils of intemperance and his plans for combating it in Albany, where he now resides.)

✓'73. Rev. J. D. Countermine was installed as pastor of the Sixth Presbyterian church of Albany. (Mr. Countermine was a faithful, hard-working student. He preaches without notes and with a due sense of his responsibility fills the duty of his position.)

✓'80. Frank P. S. Crane, of Middletown N. Y., Jan. 2d, 1883 was married to Louise, daughter of Henry Rosa, of Schenectady.

'84. C. B. Templeton is still improving in health but we are sorry to hear that he will not return this year.

✓'84. Fisher is teaching in Minnesota.

'85. We regret to announce the departure of Arthur S. Anable, who was always so ready to employ his time both in musical and athletic affairs for the best interest of "Old Union."

'85. We understand that J. A. Yates is to leave College and enter business.

✓'82. L. A. Coffeen is Professor of Natural Sciences in Ogdensburg Academy.

✓'82. F. D. Van Wagenen is a real estate agent.

✓'79. Alonzo C. Dingman, who is practicing law at Minden, Montgomery county was recently married.

✓'78. Seth E. Lasher is a lawyer at Bethlehem Centre.

Collegensia

—Columbia has the glee club fever.

—Cambridge has only 835 Freshmen this year.—*Ex.*

—The passing mark at Harvard is 40.—*Ex.*

—The salary of the law professors at Columbia is \$7,500.

—Edinburgh University has 2,237 students

Cambridge has dropped Greek from the list of required studies. One more step in human progress.

—Columbia College has 1,494 students, the largest number in any American college.

—Harvard has the largest college library in the United States. It contains 185,000 volumes.

—Of the 1,058 students in the Universities of Switzerland, only 113 study theology and 158 law. The growing tendency to avoid these professions is noticeable in all the Universities of Europe.

—President Elliott says that the lowest sum for which a student can spend a year at Harvard is \$650, and if he wants to live with a fair degree of comfort, he ought to have \$1,300.

—Trinity College is to have a new president, and the prospects are that it will assume a more prominent position among New England Colleges.—*Cornell Sun.*

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Extranea.

—They say when a pretty Irish girl is stolen away it is supposed that some boycotter.—*Ex.*

—Enterprising Sunday School Teacher:—"Frank have you been baptised?" Frank:—"Yes'm, last winter, but they said it didn't take."—*Tech.*

—Forewarned is forearmed. "Why didn't you tell me you two girls were going. A fellow can't drive a span of skittish horses with his teeth."—*Yale Record*.

—If you want a man to linger in your room "let him talk about himself?" if you want him to "dust" just "talk about yourself."—*Dickinsonian*.

—A Senior (reciting psychology outside) "The unification of the apparent dualism of things can be prognosticated by the sentient susceptibilities appertaining to the convergent lines of evident dam-foolishness."

—An Irishman was indulging in the very intellectual occupation of sucking raw eggs and reading a news paper. By some mischance he contrived to bolt a live chicken. The poor bird chirruped as it went down his throat, and he very coolly said, "By the powers, my young friend, you spoke to late."

—One of the respected members of the faculty is reported to have answered that time-worn conundrum: "What is the making system?" by saying: "Only the Lord and one professor understood it; the Lord won't tell and the professor has forgot it."—*Ex.*

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—A bevy of children were telling their father what they got at school. The eldest: "Reading, spelling and definition." "And what do you get my little one?" said the father to a rosy cheeked little fellow, who was at that time slyly driving a tenpenny nail into the door panel. "Me? Oh, I gets readin' spellin' and spankin's."

—It was evening. Three of them were killing a cat. One of them held a lantern, another held the cat, and a third jammed a pistol into the cat's ear and fired, shooting the man in the hand who held the cat, and the one with the lantern was wounded in the arm. The cat left when it saw how matters stood, and that ill-feeling was being engendered.

—"I never saw a real prize fite, but I saw a fut-ball game. First, a man kiks the ball. Then the boys cach each other round the nex and roll in the mud. Then one man yells helld and they git up in a line and the men on the end they danse. Then the boys on the fens they laf. When a man runs with a ball they cach him and set on his neck. Then he goes home and another man takes his place. Then one man kiks the ball and the other side yells fowl. Then they sware. My brother Bill before the game said he was layin' for one of them damfreshmen. When he came down to the feeld in his sute the boys on the fens they yelled, 'it came up from New York on the breeze.' When he came home with his leg broke I asked him if he fixed the Freshman, and my sister's young man laffed and said not this eve, and Bill he kust."

—Junior, on the train to young mother with noisy baby—"I beg pardon, but can I be of assistance to you?"

Young mother—"No, thank you." (More squalling.) Junior—"You had better let me try, I think I can quiet it."

Young mothor, innocently—"No, I guess not, thank you; the poor little darling is hungry, that's all."—*Cornell Sun*.

Exchanges.

—The usual number of exchanges decorate our table. Some in form and general appearance rival our best periodicals; others are printed in the cheapest manner, evidently because it is the fashion. Some are written with care, and are prepared for a critical examination. Others are gotten up on the plan of dime literature, with flashy headings to catch the unwary Freshman, and have little else to claim attention. What is most needed to improve the character of college publications is more time and closer thought. There is no reason for believing that undergraduates are inferior to their predecessors. At all events, on them must fall the editorial work of twenty years hence. What, then, will be the state of affairs if college work be not faithfully done?

Journalism, as an auxiliary of the college curriculum, is certainly an established institution. The benefit, nay, the necessity of this adjunct in filling up the rounded whole of a college is becoming more apparent each year; but even the usual read-

er must realize that the enterprise is still in its infancy. Of the three hundred and fifty colleges in this country, not more than a dozen publish papers of the first rank.

In some colleges journalism is encouraged and supported by the authorities; in others the editors are pleading to have their labors recognized.

It is no easy task to present each month a readable paper. The labor required from each member of the board is much greater than the regular literary work of the curriculum, and should be accepted as a substitute. We are glad to learn that some colleges have made this advance, and earnestly pray that the rest may soon follow.

The recompense of "expressing one's opinions in readable print," as one of our cotemporaries has it, may be an inducement to youngsters to burn the midnight oil, but to those whose aim is improvement rather than parade the recompense of appearing in print is purely imaginary. The regular college work, when well done, leaves very little time for reading and exercise. Moreover, it is far better, mentally and morally, to prepare original work for the college paper than to "crib" essays and orations as regular work.

—The *Undergraduate* has received a good amount of care at home, and demands a careful perusal. The paper is not large, but has several pages of well written editorials of interest to college men. The "Reviews and Notices" are very good in their way,

but it would seem more appropriate to mark the department "*ads.*" The Exchange Department is ably and fearlessly written. Indeed, we are surprised that Middlebury has dared to throw down the gauntlet to the *Athenæum*, that daisy, that pink of recently attained perfection. Evidently the shaft reached a vulnerable spot in the attack on light literature. Those articles may be of local interest; but what other merit have they? Let some fertile brain, if it enjoys such matter, write a novlette in the same series on "The Three Fleas; or, What Excites You?"

The *Haverfordian* has missed the *Sunbeam* from its exchanges, and immediately the joys of life, alas, are too few for happiness. Hear the moan: "Why could we not have one little ray of light sent forth by the Ontario ladies?" Verily, the servants of Uncle Sam and the Queen wot not what misery they wrought in miscarrying the cheerful *Sunbeam*. Had we known sooner of the distress of our brother, he should have had part of our "ray," but only a part.

—We are glad to hear from our friends on the Pacific slope. There seems no prospect of any lull to the excitement at Berkeley. The *Occident* devotes three pages to denouncing secret societies. From the energy displayed, one would judge there is some ground for the extreme language used. Evidently societies are not popular at Berkeley.

We would like to hear from the other side.

--If illustrating is to become the style for college papers, may we not have the figures made more like some known species. Those mongrels, too erect for apes, and too limp, too imbecile, for the *genus homo*, should be labeled, that strangers may comprehend their significance. Yes, change those figures, even at the expense of sending the artists abroad for copies.

—The *Wheelman*, a tastefully arranged periodical devoted to cycles, contains several interesting stories, the moral of which seems to be that bicycles can scatter more romance along life's pathway than any similar engine; that bicycles are infallible remedies for poor health when all else fails. Doubtless the time will come when dominies will keep bicycles instead of venerable "one-horse chaises;" when argumentative deacons will roll along, with arms akimbo and hair streaming wildly in the wind, to the astonishment of all.

The only objection Deacon Pogram makes to such vehicles is, that it is cheaper to keep a coach and four. Cannot the *Wheelman* suggest to his neighbor that those machines should be put out at half the present price?

EDITORIAL.

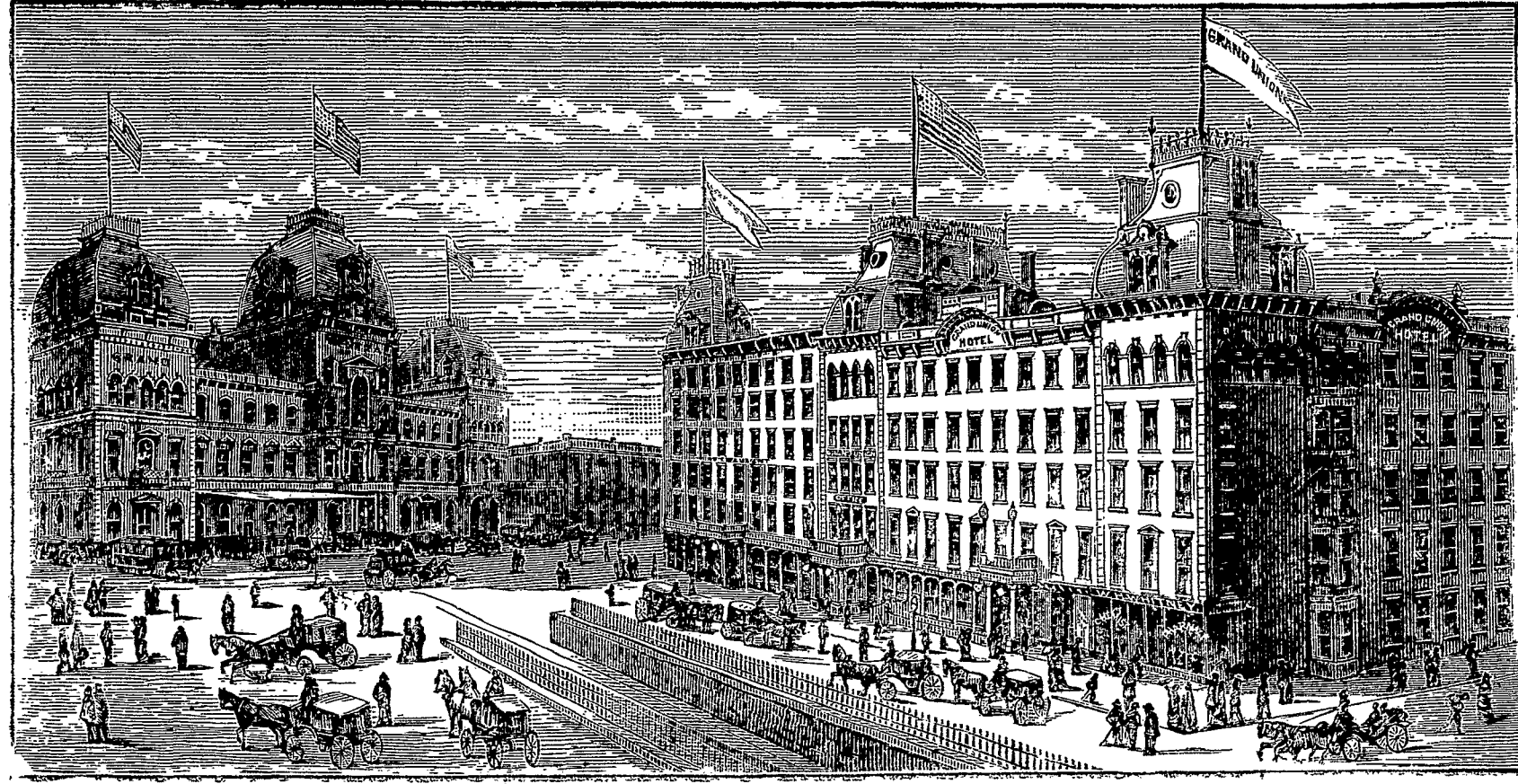
It is to be regretted that everything pertaining to music has died out. Our chapel choir is a thing of the past, while the glee club has faded into romance. Spring now comes, but Union's boys no longer gather on the terrace to sing their college glees. We are aware that the iron-clad course which we pursue is partly to blame for this, but it seems as though some time might be spared for these things which form the poetry of a man's college career. No one looks back on any moments with greater pleasure than on those during which he and some chums, forgetting the worry of college life, sang the old songs which thousands had sung before him. Everything tends to the practical in our life, but the minutes given to such pleasant recreation more than repay one. We to-day have in college many men who play different instruments, and play them well. We have enough to form an orchestra of more than average quality. We have enough singers to form an excellent glee club. With these materials are we to throw away all interest in musical affairs?

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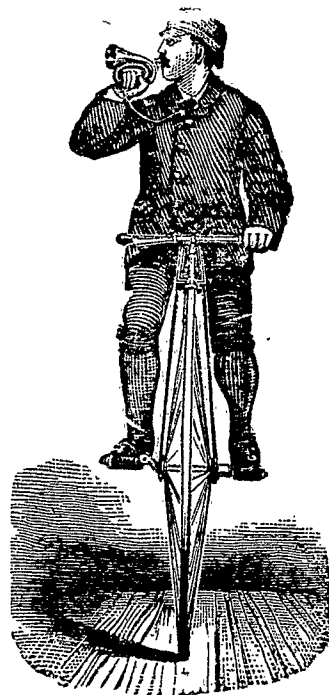
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