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LITERARY.

ON THE MARGIN OF AN UNKNOWN SEA.

The morning dew in the rising sun,
Between the blue of the sea and skies,
Reflected back from the water's brink
The golden rays to the maiden's eyes.

She sat alone in her little boat
And looked far out on the "unknown sea,"
And sweetly said, as she floated on,
"I wonder what is beyond for me?"

He, too, alone in a little bark
Was moving quietly near the shore;
His bark was good and his arm was strong,
And he longed to voyage the waters o'er.
How rough the journey he could not tell,
Nor yet how far to the other shore,
But knew too well, on the "unknown sea,"
The storms would rise and the billows roar.

And yet he lifted his drooping eyes
To steer his course o'er the sea alone,
But caught a view of the other boat
That drifted quietly toward his own.

He watched her pluck from the waters deep
A breaking bud and a lily fair;
And gently place, with enchanting skill,
Amid the folds of her chestnut hair.

And then he knew as she dropped her hands,
And looked again on the waters wide,
That she had thought and was thinking now
Of the stormy way to the other side.

"Oh, why," thought he, as he caught a glimpse
Of her rosy cheek as she looked once more,
"Can she not come into this, my bark,
And sail with me to the other shore?"

"In sunny days, when the wind is fair,
The time will speed with her merry song,
And when the clouds and the darkness come,
She'll cheer the way as we journey on.

"And should the storm in its fury rise,
And billows roar on the angry sea,
My heart would laugh at the threat'ning waves
With her so near to encourage me."

He softly sang as he near her drew,
And rowed his boat by the side of her own,
Then, smiling, said, as he grasped her hand,
"Now, why should each of us row alone?"

She hung her head as he spoke again,
And whispered more than he thought before,
Until the hue of the blushing cheek
Withdrew his eye from the other shore.

A moment more and an empty boat
The answer heralded away to me,
And *two* I saw from the "margin" start,
Together to travel the "unknown sea."

—MATHETES, '81.

[Written for the CONCORDIENSIS.]

HAPPY AS A QUEEN.

"Happy as a Queen" is a very pleasant fallacy of childhood drawn from fairy stories, in which queens and princesses are always living in clover and are the guardian angels of the unfortunate. But, alas, how very different is the reality in regard to the lives and experience of queens as we find them in the world!

And the present moment is a very opportune one in which to pass them in review and learn how different is their real from their fancied history. And to commence with the most noted lady on the list, let us gaze a moment at Queen Victoria. For the first time since the death of Prince Albert she has consented to proceed in state from Buckingham Palace to Westminster to open the Parliament with the brilliancy of the olden time. This, it is said, has been done in violence to her own feelings and simply to show to England her sympathy with Disraeli and her determination to support him. Since the death of the husband whom she adored she has had no heart in her political duties, and has withdrawn from them with an obstinacy that has at times been ann y-

ing to a nation that has persisted in seeing the royal crown through a widow's weeds. The face of Queen Victoria is ever sad and gloomy, and is seldom lightened up with a smile except she hears pronounced the name of him with whom all her early love and happiness were committed to the tomb. She at least is not as happy as the traditional queen of story.

Her neighbor, the Queen of Belgium, has been a hopeless mourner for years. All her happiness was wound up in an only son and heir, who at the age of ten was ruthlessly snatched from her bosom just as he was budding into the most promising boyhood. When the lad took cherub's wings and fled away all her happiness followed him and her bright and cheerful countenance became pale and downcast, while her rich hair quickly began to bleach with mental suffering. Since that period she is seen but little at Brussels. She shuns the court, is careless in her attire and given to a species of lethargy of the heart only broken in upon when she goes to console "*Poor Carlotta*," of sad Mexican history, who lost her reason by the same bullet that reached her husband's heart on that sad day at Queretaro, when so many bright hopes of the young pair were crushed.

Queen Sophia of Holland, recently deceased, led a sad life between a husband that treated her with indifference and a son that was not worthy of her. She found her pleasure in books and study and became the friend of prominent men of letters of various nationalities. Some of these, as our historian Motley, she invited to take up their residence at her court that she might have around her an intelligent and critical society to make amends for the stupidity and worldly dissipation of her husband's surroundings.

The lady who now bears the imperial crown of Russia is, according to the journals of the day, on her way home from the warm coast of southern France, where she has

been tarrying for awhile in the vain hope that the gentle breezes of the land of the olive, the orange and the lemon might restore her to health. But she has more than physical ills to contend with, and has now about given up the struggle against the indifference or neglect of her imperial husband, whom she has not seen for months and who seemed ready to let her die alone in a strange land. In mid-winter, therefore, she hastens to her northern palace to die among her children, well knowing that another than she has for some time worn the real imperial crown. For awhile she concealed the wounded breast by wearing on it the portrait of her husband, but it simply covered the wound; nothing can ever heal it. Happy as a Queen, indeed!

Some months ago, while driving through the streets of Rome, there passed us quickly a plain carriage bearing no appearance of royalty and containing a gentle and beautiful lady whom we scarcely had time to discover was the loving and beloved Margarita, Queen of Italy. We have said "beloved," that is of all Italy, except of him from whom she has the right to claim exclusive love. Her sorrow that she does not possess the heart of the King of Italy has struck her very soul and she is pining away into disease. Near the borders of the Mediterranean she is now seeking the balm of life in the fresh sea breezes; it is clear, however, that she is sealed as the victim of incurable consumption. But she still retains her beauty and is dying gracefully. Her garments are mostly of pinken hue which covers the paleness of her face, and her rich black hair is usually adorned with purple flowers, which are her favorites.

And what a sad story is that of the late Spanish Queens! Two have been struck by death simply as they were extending their arms to touch the crown. The Duchess of Aosta fled from Madrid in the night followed by the cries of a maddened crowd, and she reached Italy to die of exhaustion and terror.

The beautiful Mercedes, the child of but eighteen summers, had scarcely lived long enough to learn the simple lesson of young love when she was snatched from the side of her boy husband and, beautiful as a marble statue, was laid away in the grim vaults of the Escorial. And now Marie Christina of Austria steps in to take her place and put on a crown of thorns. For scarcely had she assumed the bridal robes before her trials commenced. At the very first drive taken in a carriage alone with her husband they were startled at the report of a pistol which sent a ball whizzing by her brow that was intended for her husband's heart. Her nerves are so shattered by the fright that she may possibly become an incurable epileptic, and now fears to leave her palace walls or have her husband go, lest death might be somewhere lurking for a royal victim.

But of all sad and inconsolable mothers of the hour, who can be a greater sufferer than the Empress Eugenie of France? She is the very type of a *Mater Dolorosa*. She has lost her throne, her husband and her son—her last hope and support. How fearfully the dagger of the savage that killed her boy in Zululand now rankles and festers in her poor heart! It has also robbed her of her matchless beauty—for even this has vanished under her mental agony. Her face is pale and sunken, and her rich hair is whitening apace. The only joy now left to her on earth is the keenest of sorrow. She wishes to bury every earthly hope on that fatal spot where her boy fell in deadly conflict with the cruel foe, and she is now preparing to make a pilgrimage to the spot that to her will be a shrine. On the anniversary of the ill fated day when his life-blood was eagerly absorbed by African soil, she will stand there and again moisten it with a flood of tears inconsolable and inexhaustible, until her very life will there be buried awaiting the day when her body shall be given to the tomb. Was ever woman hurled more violently and ruth-

lessly from the glory of a brilliant throne, surrounded with the brightest hopes, than this poor sorrowing Queen and mother? After this brief *resume* of queenly sorrow, who will again be induced to exclaim, Happy as a Queen?

SONG OF '81.

Air :—"My Maryland."

[Written for the Class, by WILLIAM R. WINANS, '81]

Come on, ye boys, with merry hearts,
Let all unite in singing;
We'll raise a song to all that's true,
And start the music ringing.

Cho.—Hurrah! Hurrah for Eighty-One!


Hurrah! Hurrah for Union!

May future days resound the praise
Of Eighty-One and Union.

Minerva long our praise has won,
And in her name we glory;

But here's to fun and Eighty-One,
And not to classic story:—Cho.

Awake to mirth right merrily,
Ere time and distance sever;
For College days, with all their glee,
Will soon be gone forever.—Cho.

 Then rally, boys, and weave the cord
That makes us each a brother;
Entwine it 'round the gray old walls,
And bind it to each other.—Cho.

EDITORIAL.

WE HAVE before us a neat catalogue of the class of '66, published at their decennial reunion and containing much of interest not only to the class but to the general reader. It compares the present condition of the college with that of ten years ago, and describes the various changes which have taken place in the interim. It notices also the changes which have occurred in the Faculty, and bestows a fitting eulogy upon those honored professors who have departed and whose names all of Old Union's sons hold in grateful remembrance. Then follows a history of the class, giving a brief sketch of the career

of each member subsequent to his graduation, his profession, address, matrimonial condition or prospects, etc., and interspersed here and there with good-natured hits and spicy allusions, which must have been well appreciated by those to whom the scenes were familiar.

We think the idea a good one and one which every class would do well to adopt, although we speak more especially to that class which must so shortly bid adieu to their four years home. We notice that the catalogue of '66 is incomplete. Several names are reported "not heard from," while in the case of many others few facts have been ascertained. It is this defect that we would guard against in our class and it is the necessity of continuing our intimate college relations that we would demonstrate.

We underestimate entirely, while in college, the strength of the ties which bind the members of the same class one to another, and it is only in later life that classmates begin to realize how much they are to one another, and look back with regretful longing upon the scenes and companions of their college days. Such is the invariable testimony of the graduates of long ago, as with silvered locks and tottering tread they revisit their Alma Mater and eagerly enquire for their classmates from whom they have been so long separated.

What we call "class feeling" is not a mere transitory emotion, not a smouldering spark which glows for four years and then goes out forever. There is a "class feeling" deeper and more lasting than that which manifests itself in cane rushes, in hazing expeditions, and in the frantic yelling of the name of their class upon every possible occasion. True loyalty to class means more than all these, although these are its natural expressions. True class loyalty far outreaches the short time we recite together in college. There is magic in the name of the year that marks our graduation which will never lose its charm.

It is a tenacious cord, invisible, but none the less real, which not only binds the class together in one organic whole, but, like an electric wire, conveys to all the ever varying currents which affect the individual. As a mere instance of the universality of this sentiment, let us call up that historic sixty who first assembled in chapel on Sept. 20th, 1876. Since that day we have grown gradually smaller and beautifully less. We have seen the destroyer in our midst, who devoured seven and with his fierce bellows filled the rest of us with terrible alarm. We have seen one after another drop from our number and fall by the wayside—but forgotten? No! Not a man of the class but has enquired concerning the fate of his comrades. Not one but rejoices in their success or sympathizes with their misfortunes. Nor do we realize here in college the completeness of the separation which must inevitably follow commencement day. We would not indulge in gloomy reflections, but the improbability of our ever meeting again, all of us, after commencement is apparent to all. For nearly four years we have associated with one another, meeting daily in the recitation room, in class meeting, and in social gatherings, but in another year we will be scattered to the four winds of the earth, and unless some means of inter-communication be established we will be as lost to one another as the tribes of the house of Israel.

We here present our plan of communication as a gratuitous suggestion to the class, which will amply fulfil our object if it elicits a better one. Our idea is as follows: Let the class appoint one of their number—one who takes an interest in class matters and would take a little trouble for the sake of his class—as a kind of corresponding secretary, and then let each and every man in the class swear by all the infernal deities to address a letter to this scribe every year at commencement time, giving therein his place of residence, his business, family arrangements, &c.,

in short any information which might interest his classmates. After the foregoing ceremony the aforesaid duly appointed scribe shall swear an oath equally inviolable to communicate to every member the annual history of the whole class. Thus every man would know where to meet a friend and if after ten years we see fit to publish a decennial catalogue it could be done with accuracy and ease. This system of correspondence should embrace not only the graduating members, but all who have been at any time connected with the class. It is very desirable that we know something of each other after graduation. If any man of the class goes to State prison the rest of us want to know it and use his case “to point a moral or adorn a tale.” If any one of us is allured into matrimony we want to send our congratulations and solemnly vote the class spoon to his earliest descendant. If anybody should die (as some of us perhaps may, some time, not being individually immortal, although we *are* as a class), we want to draw up resolutions of respect to his memory and adopt his children.

We would like to know also how the scientific student succeeds as a professional man, whether the most adroit equestrian of the class rides through life as easily as he did through college, and a thousand other things which would come out in the annual bulletin. We recommend some such arrangement to the present Senior class, because it has been, to a great degree free from those internal divisions and personal animosities which have unfortunately characterized many recent classes, and even were it not so, a few years would allay the bitterest feeling and close the widest estrangement.

“Tantum avi longinqua valet mutare vetustas.”

We hope the suggestion will not pass unheeded, and trust the class will take some speedy action toward the perpetuation of the friendly intercourse which has made our college days so pleasant.

FEW COLLEGES, if any in this country have a chemical laboratory superior to ours. It has all the necessary apparatus and appurtenances and is one of the institutions of Union College eminently calculated, not for show, but for business. It is one of several that has a good manager. Prof. Perkins ranks high among the practical chemists of the state. Although he has assistants yet a large share of the laboratory work is under his personal supervision. It is gratifying that these advantages are made use of by so many. The laboratory is fuller this term than it has been some for time before. Nearly every desk is taken. This is sensible. Few of us get any great good from simply memorizing the dry details of Chemistry. Many of us have little need of them. But if, for any reason whatever, we desire to *learn* Chemistry we must practice what we "poll." In this way our shapeless ideas of various combinations and processes became living facts which commend themselves to our interest and understanding.

It is very gratifying to all who are interested in college sports (and where is the student who is not?) to see the business-like way in which the nine are training in the gymnasium. A vigorous exercise of an hour daily cannot but put the men in excellent condition for the coming campaign. An entertainment is to be given in Union Hall and it is hoped that every student will do all that he can to make it a success. Men who are willing to give their time and labor, no mean items where the regular college work makes such a demand upon one's time as it does at Union, most certainly ought to be supported. Every student, without exception, will want to see the games next spring, and every one will want to see the boys do well. If the playing should prove a failure there will be many ready to criticize and complain, and as usually happens those will do so most who

have done least to its support. Let every one then feel an interest and remember that success does not lie in the hands of the directors and the nine alone.

MR. NOTMAN, the class photographer of '80, has advised the class to have their pictures taken this term. It is a very wise suggestion in a great many ways. The pictures, Mr. Notman claims, will be better because he will have more time to put on them, expecting to be pressed with work next term; and since everyone will wish to see his photos finished up as well as possible he ought to take advantage of this opportunity. There is another and very important reason why this matter should be attended to now, and that is, in order that we may have ample time to make exchanges with all the members of the class. When we have once separated it will be very difficult to exchange with one another. Some of last year's class are still owing pictures; and on account of the propensity for roaming which men have immediately upon leaving college, a great uncertainty prevails as to their whereabouts. The class of '80, we feel assured, will not, as some of '79 did last year, after having made a bargain with Mr. Notman, go to some other photographer. We do not think it at all necessary to dwell on this point. There is too much manliness, too much unity in the class for any such duplicity. We hope, then, that every one without an exception will have pictures to exchange. Surely everyone who can afford to smoke, to give set-ups, to bet, and to go to entertainments, by practicing *abstinence*, as Mr. Perry would say, can also well afford to undergo this small expense both for his own sake and for the sake of his class. One thing is certain, he will never regret it.

WHILE at other colleges they are questioning the feasibility of having a hare and

hound race we have an association at Union. On Saturday, Jan. 17, the members set about having a good time. A long-continued blowing of horns (instruments as indispensable as books to every loyal son of "Old Union") made it evident to all that something was brewing. The hares had a ten minutes start of the hounds and led off at a brisk pace. All participating had been training for some time in the gymnasium and bade fair to endure a long continued hunt. After a few hours hunt the panting hounds, and the snuffing hares rendezvoused at the gymnasium. They were then treated to a grand sleigh ride, and in the evening to a banquet at the Carley house. Altogether it was a very enjoyable affair, and every one desired to see it repeated. Consequently an association was formed. It is to be hoped that the unusually great interest manifested in athletics this year will not abate, and that we have a hunt whenever

"A sonthernly and a cloudy sky
Proclaim it a hunting morning."

WE GIVE vent, in another column to a youthful evanescence because we think it will do the author good to see his efforts in print, *not* because we regard it in any way as an expression of either the ability or the spirit of '83. We had no idea of offending those of the Freshmen who have given the CONCORDIENSIS a liberal support; nor those whose only reason for not supporting it is lack of means. If we did offend them—which we have little reason to believe—we are sorry and can only say it was entirely foreign to our purpose. We regard the CONCORDIENSIS as a *College* institution. Every class should take pride in supporting it both by contributions and subscriptions. It was for the purpose of arousing some such feeling of class pride in the "dead beats" that we addressed them as a class. But they are not *peculiar* to '83. Every class in a greater or less degree, is bedraggled by just such a con-

temptible class of men—men generous and alive only in the regard of their own selfish ends, but dead to every common interest of the college and warmed by not even a last, lingering spark of class honor.

WE GIVE below a list of college war cries, taken from the *Acta*. There seems to be a misunderstanding concerning Union's cry as given by the *Acta*, it is: 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! U-n-i-o-n! N-o-i-n-u! This may have been Union's cry many years ago, but it is entirely new to us. We much prefer our cry as given below. These cries are interesting as they are in a great measure representative of the life and enthusiasm which prevails at the different colleges. For instance: what a dreamy, slow-go-easy yell the college of the city of New York has! Compare with this the cry of Amherst or Dartmouth. There is no going to sleep about *them*. Every college man knows how much better prepared he is for any enterprise, for any midnight deed of daring, or for participating in any game or play which may bring honor to his own college, after he has united with fifty or a hundred men in giving vent to his feelings in several enthusiastic cheers. In fact there is nothing like a war cry. It works miracles; and then too there is music in it, although it takes a well-trained ear to appreciate it. But we will not go into a discussion of its benefits and evils, we say evils, for although we know nothing of them yet the inmates (police) of the asylum on Wall St., (some of whom, by the way, are quite dangerous and should not be permitted to roam at large), claim that *they* do. Armed in their uncivilized way, with a club; hostile to all the arts, especially to music; never making an appearance when students are out in a body, but ever hovering around some lonely little Freshman, ready to devour him, if he but attempt a yell, which, with his piping voice, can be nothing more than a faint screech, inaudible at the distance of a few

feet. These, these are they who discountenance all war cries, and recognize a great evil in them. Shall we therefore discontinue them? Nevermore. We would rather invite all the colleges mentioned below to have a re-union at Schenectady and make it musical for them.

UNION—'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! U-n-i-o-n! Hi-kah! Hi-kah! Hi-kah!
 AMHERST—'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! Am-her-st-i-a!
 DARTMOUTH—'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! Wah-hoo-wah!
 YALE—'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! [*sharply.*]
 COLUMBIA—Hurray! Hurray! Hurray! C-o-l-u-m-b-i-a!
 CORNELL—Cor-Cor-Cor-nell! I yell! Cor-NELL!
 HARVARD—'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! [*with a strong, full sound.*]
 PRINCETON—'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! S-s-s-t! Boom! A-h-h-h!
 PENN. UNIV.—'Oo-rah! 'Oo-rah! 'Oo-rah! Penn-syl-vani-a!
 WESLEYAN—'Rah! 'Rah! Wes-ley-AN!
 BOWDOIN—'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! B-o-w-d-o-i-n!
 BROWN—'Rah! 'Rah-rah! 'Rah-rah! 'Rah-rah! Ti-ger!
 COL. OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK—'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! C! C! N! Y!
 HAMILTON—Ham-il-ton! Z-z-zip-rah-boom!
 RACINE—'Ra-'Ra-'Ra-CINE!
 RUTGERS—'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! Bow-wow-wow!
 TRINITY—Trin-i-ty! Trin-i-ty! [*ad libitum.*]
 WILLIAMS—'Rah! Rah! Rah! Will-yums! Yams! Yums!
 UNIV. OF NEW YORK—N! Y! U! S-s-s-t! Boom-m! Ah-h-h!

WE THINK that the order of appointments for rhetorical exercises is open to criticism. For example, men whose names begin with the first letters of the alphabet, have an essay and an oration to hand in, and a declamation to speak all about the same time, and that the very first part of the term. A little common sense could be used to great advantage in this, as well as in other matters.

SOME of the papers will have it that Union College is leaning toward either Episcopacy or Presbyterianism. Nothing could be more absurd. Though Presbyterians are the more numerous in the faculty, it is a gross injustice to them to suppose that they are anxious or even willing to use their influence in any narrow denominational way. Our President's broad church views are too well known to need any comment. Those who wish to know his exact position should read his inaugural address. There need be no

fears; Union College will continue to be in the future what she has been in the past, "the representative institution of the principles of christian unity."

THE BOOK OF THE CHRONICLES OF A - T E E .

CHAP. I.

1. Now it came to pass that there was prosperity within the Temple of Wisdom which is called Yun-yon.

2. And it was so that a great and mighty High Priest ruled within the Temple and he was called the Mo-gul. And behold he had certain other priests under him who ministered unto the youth who came up to learn wisdom at the Temple.

3. (Now there was strife between the Mo-gul and the priests, which should be greater, and they loved him not,

4. But the Mogul prevailed, and it was so that he said unto one, Go, and he goeth, and to another, Come, and he cometh. For he was great.)

5. And it came to pass that a goodly company of youth did come up to the Temple of Yun-yon to learn wisdom. And they called them A-tee.

6. (Now the Temple was upon an hill.)

7. And when the company of youth did come at the gate of the Temple, they knocked, and the great Mo-gul bestirred himself and came and looked forth upon the assembly of young men.

8. And he opened his mouth and spake, saying, Who are ye who knock at Yun-yon's gate? And they answered and said, Lo, we are young men who would pass through the Temple.

9. Then spake the Mo-gul again and said, And have ye the shekels? And they answered him, Yea, and they showed him the shekels.

10. And the Mo-gul said, It is well, enter ye in. (For he saw they were comely and

wise withal, moreover, they had the shekels.)

11. And they entered the gate.

12. Now there are through the Temple of Wisdom two paths in which the youth are wont to walk. And it was so that one was smooth and pleasant, and it was broad also so that many of the youth went in thereat. Howbeit they gat not much wisdom by the way.

13. Now this smooth and easy course was called the Sci-ens, and those who went that course pohled little.

14. Howbeit, there was another course through the Temple which was steep and difficult, but it led up to the shrine of Wisdom. Now this path was hard, and behold there were many projecting roots, called Greek, over which many stumbled and fell. And this course was called the Klah-seek. It was narrow and steep and few there were who could enter in thereat.

15. Moreover, there grew along this path, a deadly plant called Poppy, of which the Klah-seeks were constrained to eat. And it was nauseous, so that many sickened and died.

16. And also many other difficulties beset their path, so that many fell by the wayside, and were trodden under foot. But the Klah-seeks pohled much and gat great wisdom.

17. Howbeit, the Sci-ens pohled little, but disported themselves by the way with certain hearts and spades. And they ate set-ups and drank much, so that they became drunken and cried Hi-kah and A-tee.

18. (But of the Poppy they drank not, but their drink was of Veenk-ee,) and they waxed mirthful by the way, but they learned not much wisdom.

19. Now the two paths ran side by side. And there was yet another course called the Gen-gee. In ran beside the Sci-ens and was greatly like unto it. Howbeit they pohled more than did the Sci-ens.

20. And for four years the three paths ran

side by side. And as the Klah-seeks pohled and gat wisdom it came to pass after a time that the roots grew less, and the Poppy withered and died. So the Klah-seeks rejoiced greatly in their hearts, and said Hi-kah, for they loved not the Poppy.

21. Moreover, it was so that many both of the Klah-seeks and of the Sci-ens behaved them unseemly, so that the Mo-gul did with violence remove them and cast them out of the Temple.

22. And they passed out the back door of the Temple of Yun-yon, and the foot of the Mo-gul followed them, and behold it was large.

23. And there was much gnashing of teeth without the gate, and they greatly reviled the Mo-gul. But the Mo-gul feared not, for he was great.

CHAP. II.

1. Now it came to pass in the fourth year, and the sixth month and the twenty-third day of the month that the great Mo-gul and the other of the priests called the Klah-seeks and the Sci-ens and the Gen-gees together in a great synagogue. And multitudes flocked thither from all the region round about.

2. And the Mo-gul sat high upon a throne, and the priests sat at his feet. Howbeit, they respected not the Mo-gul.

3. Now came forth the youth and spake each strange words of wisdom which the multitudes understood not, yet did the multitude clap their hands and made a joyful noise.

4. Now the Klah-seeks spake more wisely than did the Sci-ens, for they had pohled.

5. But the Gen-gees spake not.

6. It came to pass after all had spoken that the great Mo-gul summoned the Klah-seeks and the Sci-ens before his throne, that he might bestow upon them their proper rewards. Now the reward of the Klah-seeks was an A-bee.

7. Sobeit the Klah-seeks approached and received every man his A-bee. And they were glad.

8. Moreover the Sci-ens came up also before the throne of the great Mo-gul. And the Klah-seeks supposed that the Sci-ens should have received less, but behold, they likewise received every man an A-bee

9. Certain also of the Gen-gees approached with the Sci-ens and received also an A-bee.

10. Then the Klah-seeks waxed exceeding wroth and said one to another, he hath a devil, and one said Tam-mit.

11. And they murmured, saying, lo, these many years have we toiled up the steep path and pohled and poured the shekels into thy treasury, while these have taken the easy course and have pohled little, but disported themselves with the hearts and spades. Moreover they have stumbled not upon the Greek roots, nor drank of the Poppy, and behold they have received the A-bee even as we.

12. But the Mo-gul opened his mouth and spake saying, go to, now, hast thou not that which is thy due? I will do with these even as it pleaseth me. Take that thine is, and go thy way, for the last shall be first, and the first last.

13. Then were the Klah-seeks silent, but their rage was great and they said with one accord, Tam-mit.

14. Then the Sci-ens carried away their A-bees and behold as they passed by the Klah-seeks, they thrust their tongues into their cheeks (and their cheek was great) and put their thumbs to their noses. And they mocked the Klah-seeks, and said, go to.

15. And the Klah-seeks said again, Tam-mit.

16. Now the rest of the acts of the Mo-gul, how he lived and died, and slept with his fathers, and the acts of the priests and scribes and the history of the temple Yun-yon, lo are they not written in the second book of the Chronicles of Nemo the Scribe?

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

Ed. Concordensis :—

We ask permission through your columns to reply to an article in your last issue criticising the actions of the class of '83 toward the *Concordensis*. In the first place, it is our duty to stand up for our class; for if we do not who will? The article, we think, was uncalled for and to say the least, unjust. '83 may not have acted entirely as they should in the matter, but was that any reason for you to do as you did? do their actions excuse you at all? Have they no rights or privileges no interests at stake because they are *Freshies*? We can, and do stand the blunt and will throughout the year and take our share the rest of our course, if needs be, but all unnecessary rebukes from a *College paper* will be met with prompt and determined resistance.

We will ask you *Dear Concordensis* to give us the names or, at least the no. of subscribers to *Our* paper, from each class, we mean all those who purchase one or more copies each month, and allow all to compare for themselves, and we are content. We would remind you of one thing that, the lavish way in which you use your and the superfluous amount of sarcasm calls forth the just remark from all

"They are young yet"

We will excuse you this time by saying, If you did this to increase the list of subscribers from our class,—you entirely failed in the attempt.

If for censure, you succeeded grandly but in the future remember, there are others who have interest in the *College paper* except yourselves, Others with wishes to gratify, and interest to consult—and should be used

as Men and more than all, Other students at
Old Union except '83.

[What a gem of literature is this! At first sight we thought Lord Macaulay had revived to pounce upon us. We can reply to it only by way of eulogy. It will be seen that the author has the irresistible logic of Macaulay as displayed in the sentence "We will excuse you this time by saying, etc., — — you *entirely failed in the attempt.*" What a transcendent relation of cause and effect! There will be noticed also the perspicuity for which Macaulay's writings are remarkable. Who can fail to perceive the meaning of the last paragraph, for instance? But it cannot be Macaulay, for that renowned essayist has not the grammatical and rhetorical *finish* of our author. As a polemic Macaulay was less courteous. What could be more delicately graceful and polite than "We will excuse you," in the light of so much injury. *That* completely floored us. We have here the elegance of Scott, but Scott was not so concise. Our author is solid, condensed, brief. He drives us to the inevitable conclusion almost before we have time to get there. His ideas of sarcasm are good. He evinces great discretion in the poetical quotation—

"They are young yet."

What a fine sense of the "eternal fitness of things!" In fine, we can only say that he has all the excellent qualities of Monsieur Taine without any of his faults. But who is he? The subscription says—'83. Now mark our words. So much smartness cannot long be confined within the narrow limits of a college. In our opinion *it* will graduate before "our course" is wholly run.—Ed.]

LOCAL.

—The Union College *Sinking Fund*—that devoted to Memorial Hall.

—It is hard to keep the "White Elephant's" feet warm this cold weather.

—It is to be regretted that Mr. McMurray has resigned his position on the University Nine.

—A member of '83 wants to know if each Freshman is compelled to burn his Bourdon at the cremation.

—Fresh.: "Brandy is good enough in its place.

2nd Fresh.: "That is in the barrel, I suppose."

—"Abe" Lincoln on a bust! See Memorial Hall.

—A bust of Bishop Williams, of Connecticut, formerly a clergyman of this city, has been placed in Memorial Hall.

—A scientific Senior astonished the world the other day with the remarkable statement that the Julian Calendar was instituted by *Julian*.

—Sending college presidents as ambassador to foreign countries is a good idea. It shows a delicate appreciation of the wants of constituents.

—The latest invention among the Seniors is a rapid transit from the Chapel to Dr. Potter's recitation room, in order to secure reserved seats.

—The latest advertisement of a certain "hash" house on Liberty street is a big black dog that goes and sits on the sidewalk in front of the gate.

—The officers of the "Hare and Hound Association" are: Pres., W. J. McNulty; Vice-Pres., F. P. S. Crane; Sec., J. P. Lyon; Treas., J. G. Peoli.

—Hon. John Welsh, lately United States Minister to England, has been invited to deliver the annual Chancellor's oration at our next commencement.

—Why not have foot-ball this spring? Why not, Freshmen? If you purchase a ball you will be doing no more than each of the other classes has done in its turn.

—After the Juniors finished their Mechanics and before the examination took place, about a week or more was spent in experiments and lectures by Profs. Foster, Staley and Price.

—The College Nine is training regularly in the gymnasium on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoons. But we have not seen them all together yet. Some of them have been unwell.

—The Assistant Librarian has made application to join an Arctic expedition. He feels sure that if he survives till the 1st of

April he will be unable longer to endure so warm a climate.

—Four new steam radiators have been placed in the upper gallery of the Library. These are to remind the Librarian constantly of his miserable condition. He might otherwise forget he is freezing.

—Prof. Price recently gave the Gillespie Club an interesting lecture on electricity finely illustrated with experiments. Prof. Price is at home in such work and enjoys imparting information to others.

—*The CONCORDIENSIS asks its readers in the College to do it the favor of patronizing those who advertise in its columns. If you want the best goods, the best work, the best attention, go to these friends of the College paper.*

—The following are the officers of the Gillespie Club: President, E. S. Godfrey; Vice Pres., R. A. Wood; Gen. Sec., D. F. Glover; Rec. Sec., W. B. Reed; Treas., P. E. Carhart; Curator, W. J. Sweet.

—Prof. in Chemistry: "Mr. K., where is acetic acid found?"

"In alcohol, sir."

"Anywhere else? did you ever drink any?"

"Why, yes, it is found in all kinds of liquors, isn't it?"

—The officers of the Adelphic Society are J. J. Henning, President; J. P. Davis, Vice President; H. C. Hines, Secretary; R. C. Alexander, Treasurer; P. E. Carhardt, Engrossing Clerk; C. S. King, Advocate; I. Wiswall, Curator,

—A voice from the third-story window descending down below, "Be quiet down there, and stop throwing stones against my window."

"Why, what's the matter; afraid it will scare your horse?"

—Dr. George W. Dean, formerly professor in Racine College, and an alumni of Columbia College, N. Y., will give instruction in Latin Literature, and in New Testament Greek, etc., as elective or voluntary work, after March 24, 1880.

—German class.—Prof.: "If a child inherits an estate from his father it is called a 'patrimony;' what is it called when inherited from the mother?"

Mr. L.: "A Matrimony."

It many mean that sometimes.

—Senior, in Ethics (rising).

Prof., "Now, gentlemen, here is a case of ignorance"—Senior "bolts" henceforth.

2nd scene—"Is walking by man an instinct?"

2nd Senior, "Is it in a fish, Prof.?"

--A Junior while out calling a few evenings ago could not understand what the ladies were laughing at until he perceived that instead of his handkerchief he was making use of a *sock*. He says that henceforth he will not keep his *nosier* and *hosiery* together.

—The United States Government has appointed Prof. Henry Coppee, professor of English Literature and Lecturer on History in Union College, a member of the commission to test and examine the fineness and weight of the coins reserved by the several mints during 1879.--*Morning Gazette*.

—Mr. Tripp has some very fine stereoscopic views of the college grounds, at the Laboratory. The views of "The College as seen from the Gate," and "The College Walk up Union Street," are remarkably good. All his views are well worth their price, and students who neglect to buy them will some day certainly regret it.

—A Soph. on being told by a young lady that she would give him no rest until he would consent to write in her album, wrote as follows:

"As a jewel, yea, of finest gold,
Is in a swine's foul snout,
So is fair woman," saith a proverb old,
"Who discretion is without."

He has received no more applications to write in albums.

—A gentleman from the Sunny South who has been sent to while his leisure time at college, because he is forever in the way on the plantation, and coming from a district

where all time is reckoned from two distinct periods of the year, cotton-planting and cotton-picking, gives it as his bona fide opinion, that Good Friday comes on Sunday this year.

—The College Library will be open until further notice on Monday and Friday afternoons from half-past two till night. As yet students are not allowed within the alcoves, excepting in the department of general reference. This unfortunate, but obviously necessary restriction will be done away with as soon as the cases can be furnished with doors. These doors are to be of wire screen similar to those of the State Library at Albany.

—The most double-breasted, unmitigated fraud going—or rather not going—is the steam-heating contrivance in the Big Cheese Box, *alias* Central Building, *alias* Alumni and Memorial Hall, *alias* "P.'s F.," *alias* Library, *ad libitum*. Tons of coal are weekly consumed and yet the Librarian and his assistants are daily subjected to a temperature that would make a tallow-fatted Esquimaux weep for an ice-house.

—The College Glee Club has been re-organized. An accomplished musician from Troy, N.Y., has been secured as an instructor, and everything bids fair to make the institution a success. The following is the list of members:

F. P. S. Crane, '80,	W. P. Williams, '81,
Geo. E. Dixon, '80,	J. Still, '81,
A. H. Dougherty, '80,	A. Campbell, '81,
H. Schlosser, '81,	F. E. Abbott, '81,
C. D. Meneely, '81,	G. G. Leland, '81,
Mr. Muller,	C. Temple, '82,
G. V. P. Lansing, '83,	F. W. McClellan, '83,
J. B. W. Lansing, '83.	

—From a recent debate on the influence of wealth and education:

"I'll show him his mistake in—in the—right—off."

"We'll go right back, *right straight back*, WAY BACK. Look at Adam and what has come from him."

Opponent—"Where did Adam get his education?"

"Adam, sir, was educated by the great Professor and Ruler of the Universe in the school of Nature."

Second voice—"And Adam hadn't money enough to get a new suit of clothes."

—A professor in the Medical Department has the misfortune to be cordially hated by a large number of the students. In recitation some time ago he said:

"Mr. V——, what is a dose of strychnine?"

"That depends," responded Mr. V——, "upon the condition and constitution of the patient."

"Well," said the Prof., "for instance suppose a—I was the patient."

Mr. V—— (with great zeal): "I'd give *you* about a *teaspoonful*." Great applause.

—It was not the student who returned late one night to the bosom of his *Alma Mater* singing,

"There's music in the air,

When the infant morn is—somewhere in this vicinity," but was another man—a dignified friend of ours—who came on the Hill in similar circumstances. Approaching Prof. Wells' residence he began to kick—not the door, but the hard stone wall. He thought he was at his own door. He kicked *hard* and until his boots threatened dissolution. "*Open—hic—up!*" he yelled; "*open up, you—hic—d——d Freshman.*"

—The Beta Beta Society which has held so high a position in Trinity College for the past thirty-seven years was merged into a Chapter of the Psi Upsilon Fraternity on Wednesday, Feb. 4th. Seventy of the Beta Beta men were initiated at the Beta Beta Hall, after which a banquet was served at the Allyn House, Hartford. One hundred and twenty-five Psi U Alumni and Undergraduates attended the ceremonies, and congratulatory telegrams were received from Ex-Gov. Andrews, Clarkson N. Potter, and other distinguished members of Psi U. S. P. McClellan, '81, was a delegate from the Theta Chapter.

JUNIOR CLASS SUPPER.

It was a success in every particular. In the first place, the boys felt their best, having finished their last examination in Mechanics on the morning of the same day, most of them scoring a 10. In the next place, the attendance was full, while some of '81's lost luminaries once more shone on the class. And last but by no means least, the supper itself was of the very highest order, and the reception given the class most comfortable and elegant. Add to this that the supper was that of the class of '81 and the success will be fully accounted for. In fact a more jolly social group of men could hardly be imagined than that which took the evening train for Amsterdam. Sleepy passengers began to open their eyes, and were given to know that though Schenectady might be dead Union College and the class of '81 were alive and meant to be heard from. "Old Union" received its full share of praises, and "dull care" was driven away by merry hearts and voices. Arrived at Amsterdam, "good host Wemple" was almost startled by the jolly, rollicking crowd that burst in upon him; but he was ready for them. His elegant parlors were brilliantly lighted and thrown open to all—and there most passed the early part of the evening, singing and playing cards. Now and then we caught a glimpse of a man mumbling over his toast in some sly corner, or talking over old matters with former classmates. Still some few, it must be confessed, were unaccountably and mysteriously absent. Eleven o'clock however brought all together in the banquet room where a most sumptuous feast awaited them. The bill of fare was so varied, we simply shall not describe it. Good as it was however it was fully equalled by the intellectual repast which followed. This consisted of the usual toasts and speeches, only that they were of unusual excellence. We give the list:

Toast Master, C. D. MENEELY.

Old Union,	E. C. Johnson.
The Fair Maids of Dorp,	F. E. Abbott.
College Associations,	H. R. Fancher.
Schenectady Guardians of the Law,			P. E. Carhardt.
Our Lost Luminaries,.....	S. V. Kline.
The Faculty,	E. T. E. Lansing.
Berries and Bones of our College Course,			F. W. Cameron.
The Crack Sluggers of the B. B. Nine,			H. H. Taylor.
The Class of '81,	President Wiswall.

In addition impromptu toasts were responded to by Messrs. McLalls, Leland, White, Winans, Davis, Watkins and others. Mr. Lansing being unavoidably absent, his toast was responded to by Mr. Tullidge.

As to the moral character of the entertainment, suffice it to say that nothing stronger than coffee was allowed on the table, and we doubt if ever there was a sounder set of men than those who put foot in Schenectady's depot the next morning at six o'clock.

Finally the class of '81 desire through the CONCORDIENSIS to return their thanks to the hospitable landlord, Mr. Wemple, for his generous treatment of them, and hope that he will receive, as he undoubtedly deserves, the patronage of U. C. boys in the future.

DR. UPSON'S SERMON.

The sermon on the "Day of Prayer for Colleges" was delivered by Rev. A. J. Upson, D. D., LL. D., in the college chapel. In the choice as well as in the treatment of his text, taken from Romans iii, 4, "Let God be true and every man a liar," he proved himself thoroughly acquainted with college life, especially with students' ways of thinking. With the simple assumption that there is a God, he proceeds, step by step, clearing the way for a more extended view of his subject, and showing how illogical many of the objections to the teachings of the bible are, and what presumption it is on the part of man, imperfect as he is, to refuse to accept the

teachings of God, a perfect being. Speaking of the bible, he says :

"What is here told of the past must be true, because God tells it; what is here told of the future must be true, because God foretells it. A man may refuse to obey God's commands, but if he does, he sets up his foolishness against God's wisdom. A man may deny the truth of what God has here recorded, but if he does he sets up his ignorance against God's omniscience. A man may scoff at what God tells him of the future; but if he does he sets up, at his peril, his own absolute ignorance of what the next minute may bring forth, against God's complete, universal knowledge."

The Dr. spoke at some length refuting the prevalent belief that the "intuitive convictions of the human reason" are faithful criteria of right and wrong, arguing that our reason is at best but confined to very narrow limits, and our knowledge most imperfect.

"The text teaches us plainly what we have shown to be almost self-evident, viz : That God is not to yield to the opinion of any man, yea, though all men should combine to affirm that they cannot and will not believe, the affirmations of God will still be true.

"Mists may rise and twist themselves completely around the great mountain until it seems to be wholly lost, but the clouds have only hid it from our eyes; the sunlight will soon uplift, unroll and scatter the mists till the great calm mountain stands revealed in all the repose of its truthful grandeur."

Many popular objections to the truths of the bible were taken up successively and discussed at length. All these were well met and by abundant illustrations it was shown not only that their contraries were tenable, but also that nothing else was. The principal objections mentioned by the Doctor were : 1. Men disbelieve some truths because they do not understand them. 2. The universal sinfulness of man is often denied because it is not consistent with the dignity of human nature. 3. Sin is too trifling, God is too benevolent; he will not punish us in a future word. 4. We do not believe in the atonement of Jesus Christ, because it is beneath our dignity to be "dragged into heaven at the chariot-wheels of another."

Although, as we have already said, all of these objections were most effectually re-

moved, yet we were especially pleased with the way in which the last two were answered and we cannot refrain from quoting some of it :

"We are asked, 'How can such a weak creature as man be worthy of eternal punishment; how can the sin of such a worthless creature be important enough to attract the attention of such a being as the infinite God?' * * * I can't find in this earth, in God's providence, in His dealings as I observe them, that unexceptionable kindness of which they speak. I do not find it in the foul tenement houses of the great cities; I can't see evidences of the unexceptionable kindness of my God in the flames of burning railway trains; I can't see it in the thunders of war, that do not altogether die away. It is a great mystery, I can't explain it, but the so-called kindness of God in this world is not so unexceptional as to permit me simply to put my trust in that for my salvation. But when I am told that sin is too trifling to be noticed by God, I must reply that there are no trifles in the universe. The inevitable consequences of every single act are so tremendous that nothing in human thought can be a trifle. Would you know what Christ thinks of sin, read the gospel narratives; go, look on Christ's agony in the garden, or see him dying on the cross. We should never call that for which He suffered, that salvation which He secured, a trifle. I may still be told that the instincts of nature cannot be overcome, the intuitions of nature revolt at future penalty. I can only in reply open this bible and read the words of the most loving, the kindest, tenderest being this world has ever seen, when He said, 'These shall go away into everlasting punishment.' I can only say, 'Let God be true and every man a liar'."

We are sorry that we cannot give our readers the sermon in full. We know not how many are readers of sermons, but whatever our beliefs, whatever our likes and dislikes, a discourse that appeals to our good sense should most certainly make a demand upon our attention.

EXCHANGES.

—The condition of affairs at Rutgers must be gloomy and foreboding. The Boating, Athletic and Dramatic Associations are going to ruin not only from want of money but because of the inactivity of the students. The Library has not sufficient books for the students and even some which are at the college cannot be used. The alumni manifest no interest in the financial condition of

the college, and they are sending too many of their sons to other colleges.

—The *Harvard Echo* has just come to hand. It deals with subjects of interest to students, and for a daily paper we think it a success. The articles are written in a bold, vigorous and entertaining style.

—The *Rambler*, of Illinois College, comes out strong for oral examinations in place of the written which they now have in every study. The Exchange Editor would make a crack preacher. We wish him success.

—The *Chronicle* has an essay on "Our Political Duties." A part of it we commend to the students of Union:

"To the shame of the American people the dignity of politics has become shockingly degraded among them, and the word that truly signifies what it should be every citizen's noblest ambition to understand and practice, is used almost as a synonym for demagogism. The government needs intelligent men who shall found a reasonable and durable system of American political philosophy. Let us qualify ourselves to entertain upon questions of Naturalization, Immigration, Pauperism, The Indian Policy, Penal Laws and many more, reasonable and just opinions and use our influence in enforcing them."

PERSONAL.

'20. Rev. Lauren P. Hicok, D. D., LL. D., ex-president of Union College, is residing at Amherst, Mass., and has recently published a new edition of his "System of Moral Science."

'30. Duncan L. Stuart, LL. D., died at his home in Scottsville, N. Y., on the 15th of January. He was adjunct Professor of Ancient Languages in Trinity College from 1833 to '37; Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy from 1837 to '41; Professor of Ancient Languages from 1841 to '56. Since 1856 he has been Emeritus Professor.

'42. In the month of January, 1880, Fredric Delano died at his home in Rochester, N. Y. The deceased was a lawyer by profession, and had lived in Rochester since 1846. He had been associated as a partner with the Hon. Lewis H. Morgan, with the late Calvin Huson, and during his later years with Don Alonzo Watson.

'43. Daniel B. Hagar, principal of the Normal School, at Salem, Mass., has been paying his Alma Mater a short visit.

'57. President Seelye of Smith College has been at New York city for medical treatment.

'66. Passed Assistant Engineer George H.

Kearney, U. S. N. A., is attached to the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Md., as instructor in the Engineering Department.

'69. Ernest V. Jackson is a lawyer in Wilkesbarre, Pa.

'69. Jas. R. Davidson is a physician in South Bethlehem, N. Y. He writes as follows: "I have a large practice, and am working hard. The world has used me well."

'69. Kenneth Clark is in the wholesale and retail furniture business in St. Paul, Minn. He says: "I am happy, contented and successful, much more so than I ever dared to hope."

'72. Wm. Hillis is practising law in Albany.

'75. Rev. Stanley D. Jewell is pastor of the Presbyterian church at Big Flats, Chemung county, N. Y.

'75. N. V. Franchot was married a short time ago to a young lady of Pennsylvania, and he is now in business in Olen, N. Y.

'75. Veeder is studying law in the University of Michigan.

'75. Gowenlock holds, in Australia, a position under the English government.

'76. The State Treasurer, Hon. N. D. Wendell, has appointed Wm. H. Smyth, of Albany, Deputy-Treasurer. The Albany papers, *Argus*, *Press* and *Evening Journal*, speak most favorably of the appointment. The appointment is said to have come to him unexpectedly and unsolicited, and without the knowledge of his father, Superintendent Smyth. The *Press* speaks of him as "a young gentleman of sterling worth."

'76. Fred. B. Streeter is practising medicine with his father at Saratoga.

'76. Peter C. Hoag is practicing medicine in New York city.

'77-'78. O. H. Rogers and Alexander Duane are studying medicine at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, in New York.

'79. Frank L. Snook is teaching at his home in Monticello, N. Y.

'80. W. J. Gibson has been elected one of the editors of the *Princeton Nassau Herald*.

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" Stewed,	15 "	Bread and Milk.	3 "
" Fried,	25 "	Bread and Butter,	5 "
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,	3 "
Beans—to order,	50 "	Milk, per glass,	5 "
Milk Sangaree,	5 "		

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