

THE CONCORDIENSIS.

VOL. II.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y., MARCH, 1879.

No. 6.

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SCHENECTADY, N. Y., MARCH, 1879.

No. 6.

THE CONCORDIENSIS.

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LITERARY.

LADY MACBETH

[Read before the Shakespearian Club, Feb. 7th, 1879,
by E. P. White.]

The character of Lady Macbeth, as represented in the play is a subject rather for remark than analysis. We do not find in her a multitude of conflicting impulses, there is not even alternation of purposes. If we were to discuss Macbeth we might trace his different tendencies, their relative strength or weakness, and the means by which those became ascendant, that ruined him. But in his awful consort there is no indecision. Her motives are one and indivisible. From the instant she reads her husband's letter, she seems settled and bent up in each corporal and incorporal agent to this terrible feat.

And yet we have no reason to think of her as already grown callous in crime; on the contrary we can imagine that her previous life had been of rigid morality, manifesting even some affectionateness. Nor was hers a coarse, insensate nature that did not realize the unprovoked treachery and ineffaceable blood-guiltiness of her horrible purpose. She was neither of these, but feeling acutely all dissuasive influences, she intrepidly throttled them. She needed only to catch a glimpse of the glittering prize before her, and with a nerve that nothing could tire or shake ran directly to attain it. The greatness of this character is, that possessing sensitive texture it had strength enough to resolve itself in-

stantly and so definitively that never after did there appear a suspicion of a shadow of a thought of any other course. Deliberation is not, as sometimes supposed, necessary for the strongest class of choices. The most significant determinations are made instantaneously, because they are so natural that no doubt arises. Lady Macbeth's was one of this kind, the legitimate result of previous reveries, desires, imaginations. When the unexpected crisis came it found her prepared to take the step with full understanding. The questions that distract her husband's heart, whose workings she sees as through a lens set in his breast, she had settled long before. Additional murders were acquiesced in, as if premeditated from the first. New horrors could not daunt her. She quailed neither before man, nor ghost, nor devil.

Lady Macbeth believed in spiritual agencies. Hers was the unpardonable sin. When she learns of Duncan's coming to the castle, and the opportunity for murder presents itself, straightway with self-imprecations that it makes one shiver to read, she invokes the wicked spirits' aid to fix her in her damnable designs, to eternally exclude repentance. That prayer was answered. Swarming from the black confines of space, they came and henceforth possessed her. Look no more for the human, she lives in another world.

What sort of woman is it that looking the matter clearly in the face, can call for spiritual perdition and so stick to it? Logical, penetrative, fatalistic, superstitious, ambitious! Logical, thinking clearly and acting directly upon her conclusions; penetrative, having deeply explored the springs of human action with Scotch acumen; fatalistic, accepting the past as irretrievable, expecting the future as unavoidable; superstitious, believing in the witches' metaphysical aid, remarking that the raven himself is hoarse that croaks Duncan's fatal arrival, in her last days afraid to sleep without a light continually be-

side her; ambitious, she was nothing but ambition—its feminine personification to warn all time. With this character, thus given over to the powers of darkness, she persevered to the end in a consummate manner, demanding our admiration. I say admiration, for was it not better than to weakly fail?

Her words instigating Macbeth are not words whose falsity she herself realizes, but thinks sufficient to convince him. She believes what she says. To her thinking he *would* be more a man to do the murder. Failure was out of the question as far as she was concerned. If Macbeth could have screwed his courage to the sticking point as she did, they would *not* have failed. The plot was simple and sure enough. She probably did not know at first of Banquo's share in the prophecy. But if Macbeth had not betrayed himself, suspicion could hardly have fastened upon them, for then her somnambulism would not have occurred. Her swooning was not a sham, and yet it was not natural. It was produced for effect, and shows the strength of her emotional nature, which, when liberated by her will, could suspend the physical functions.

But how are we to interpret the sleep-walking scene? Has not the iron will at last been bent? We think not. If we examine carefully we find no evidence of repentance. It is the body only breaking down under divine wrath. The heart is unrelenting. She would the damned spot were out, not because its presence fills her with remorse, but lest it betray her to the world. She hates her little hand for its unsweetness, not its guilt. She commits the murder again in her sleep without compunction. She chides Macbeth as contemptuously as ever. Has any pity stirred yet for her victim when she says, "Yet who would have thought the old man had so much blood in him?" All these are the words of a woman still impenitent. Her

heart is indeed sorely changed, but this is the work, not of her own will but of another and higher. It is an unyielding heart overborne by the crime it has committed, exhibiting the strongest possible phase of the power a murderer's guilt exerts upon him. Nothing of the horrid load contributed by his own volition, but all the weight imposed by God. If, instead, there were confession, or even self-accusation, if she had only broken down in tears and groans and curses, if we had seen her writhe in hopeless damnation, calling on rocks and mountains to fall upon and crush her, that would be comparatively peaceful to this awful strain of agony, the agony of a rebellious soul being overwhelmed by outraged law.

There is a battle in her breast, not of herself, but between the legions of the powers of the air. She has given over her soul to Satan and abides by the transfer. In him is her defence. But with her master and his imps the spirit of Truth and Justice now engages, to prove whether or not God reigns and retributes. Slowly right is triumphing, and slowly Lady Macbeth is dying forever. It seems that she is incapable of repenting. The compact for her soul was made so firm that she cannot will to break it. She must sink under the contempt of Supreme Goodness, which shall sometime break the proud spirit of the arch-fiend himself. Her fatal and stoical philosophy perseveres throughout, "What's done cannot be undone." There is no mention of an hereafter. That is unnecessary. She is already troubled by thickcoming fancies. Her punishment is present. The dunkest smoke of hell enveloped her even when she prayed for it. Strike, then, O, suicidal hand, and let the women cry. For she is dead, nay, she died long since.

Let us not, however, dismiss this miserable woman without speaking a word in palliation. So far as we may, let us throw over her glaring faults the cloak of charity.

Husband and wife both deserve the praise of complete fidelity to each other. Lady Macbeth was true to her husband. She was even unselfish. Although her elevation was implied in his, there is not a word referring to her personal promotion. All she talks about is her husband's greatness. For her own advancement she would hardly have made the venture.

There was one touch of humanity even after her abandonment to the infernals. Love for her father was not wholly violated. "Had he not resembled my father, I had done't." But that saved her from actual murder.

We must also acquit Lady Macbeth of first suggesting Duncan's taking-off. That, it is shown in the last scene of the first act, belonged to Macbeth.

She had been bereaved of her children. For she says she once knew what it was to love them, and Macduff says that at this time she had none. Why may we not, in charity, suppose that this childlessness contributed to her bitter desperation?

At the worst she only yielded to temptation as have we all. It was her misfortune that that sin hopelessly involved her soul's destruction. Alas! that we may not hope that

"After life's fitful fever, *she* sleeps well."

A LITERARY MYSTERY.

Who wrote the letters of Junius? Who was the political censor who, for five years, kept Britain's potentates crouching beneath the lash of his invisible hand? During a century the question has been asked and repeated, but never satisfactorily answered. Such an answer would solve one of the most profound historical mysteries which have ever perplexed the minds of men.

A glance at the history of England during the period from 1767 to 1772 will show the crisis which brought Junius so prominently

before the world. The country was groaning beneath an enormous national debt. A weak and supercilious king occupied the throne. Grafton, a ruined and profligate nobleman, controlled the nation's finances. A series of corrupt and ambitious ministries, weak and obsequious parliaments, had well-nigh succeeded in undermining that majestic fabric, the English constitution. Faction and discontent were rife throughout the whole dominion.

It was under these circumstances that a series of letters appeared in the columns of the *Public Advertiser*, the current newspaper of the day. They were addressed to various public officials and were signed by "Junius." Their effect was electrical and instantaneous. Their classic purity of diction, their perspicuity of argument, and their bitterness of satire, rapidly acquired for them a popularity to which no political essays had ever before attained. Enveloped in the cloud of a fictitious name, Junius hurled forth his terrible invectives with unsparing malignity. Cabinet, parliament, even the king himself, were openly attacked and held up to universal scorn. His writings always suggested more than they revealed, insinuated more than they charged. In the field of controversy he held undisputed sway. Those who ventured to enter the lists against him retired discomfited before the cutting sarcasm of the Great Unknown.

It is wonderful how long and how effectively Junius evaded discovery. Hosts of enemies were busy plotting his destruction. The emissaries of the king and cabinet sought to take revenge upon their unknown assailant. Johnson, Garrick, and the political writers of the day united to crush him, but in vain. Every attempt to discover his identity only provoked another scathing philippic, hurling his venomous shafts with undiminished energy and uttering defiance to detection. Threats, bribes and insinuations

were alike ineffectual to draw him from his concealment. His visor was never raised.

For five years he continued to maintain his position as state-satirist, and then, meteor-like, vanished as suddenly as he had appeared, leaving a glory without a possessor, a reputation without a name.

Of the character of Junius we must judge only by his works. He seems to be actuated only by motives of integrity and genuine patriotism. His theme is throughout the vindication of popular liberty. It is true he was a severe satirist. Yet he does not seem to be malevolent or ungenerous. Like Juvenal, his severity is called forth only by the intense abhorrence which he felt for tyranny and corruption in all its forms. He advocated the freedom of the press, and upheld the rights of the people. He had a profound contempt for royalty, and he first demonstrated the fallacy of the maxim that "the king can do no wrong."

The authorship of Junius is yet an unsolved enigma. Many have claimed, or at least tacitly admitted the right to that distinction, but no claimant has yet succeeded in satisfying the public mind of his identity. Burke, Chatham, Gibbon, Boyd, and scores of others have, at different times, been awarded the honor, while a recent author, a graduate of our own college, has published an elaborate argument, in which he has firmly convinced himself, if not his readers, that Junius was no other than the notorious Tom Paine. Of recent years Sir Philip Francis has been generally admitted to be the author of the letters, "upon evidence," says Macaulay, "strong enough to convict a murderer." The Franciscan authorship, however, has been greatly disputed. The arguments offered in his behalf are, indeed, ingenious, the coincidences remarkable, but the letters of Junius show a knowledge of law and philosophy, a maturity of thought and expression, which a mere youth, as Francis then was, could never

have attained, while his acknowledged writings, even in maturer age, utterly fail to approach the fierce eloquence of Junius.

The mystery will probably never be solved. Junius is dead, his persecutors are dead, his works only remain. To his readers to-day the closing words of his last letter come with more striking truthfulness, "I speak," he says, "from a recess which no human curiosity can ever penetrate. I am the sole depository of my own secret, and it shall perish with me."

R. C.

GEOMETRY OF LIFE.

Life is not a *line* of fancy,
Having length and nothing more;
'Tis an *angle*, wide embracing,
Bounded by the "Golden Shore."

Life is not a mighty *circle*,
Full of self and self alone;
'Tis a *supplement*, the rather,
Of a grand eternal home.

Life is not a *plane* unbounded,
Clear and smooth, with surface bright;
'Tis a *prism* full of corners,
Sharp and cutting left and right.

Life is not a *cone* of fortune,
True, symmetrical, and fair;
'Tis a *pyramid* with edges,
Rough and pointed—man beware!

Life is not a *sphere* of pleasure,
Rolling on in endless peace;
'Tis a *frustum*, 'tis a *sector*,
'Time has cut it—life must cease. '81.

VIRTUE.

Virtue hath a beauty which
Reflects thro' every mirror of the face
Love's type of innocence;
But beauty unattended
By this sweet vestal light, determines few
Attractions in itself. E.

EDITORIAL.

FROM the fact that the classes have taken no action with reference to electing a new board of editors at present, we conclude it to be the unanimous opinion that the Senior

class should continue their management throughout the year. On careful consideration we think it to be the wisest plan. Although there are some points in favor of electing a new board in the spring, yet if experience and training are worth anything we think the Senior class should always be represented on the paper, and especially during the last term when the issues should be the best. For private reasons some of us would have preferred to relinquish our duties as editors, but are willing to remain as long as we can perform them satisfactorily to the College. We thank the classes for their continued confidence.

IF THE College Nine are to make their intended tour to play the western colleges of this State, we advise them to make arrangements as early as possible. Already the President and Faculty of Dartmouth have granted a leave of absence to their Nine of one week. Our Nine should be given at least three or four days, inasmuch as but one trip can be made consistently with the state of our finances, and these colleges must be contended with on consecutive days. Challenges should be sent and the times of the games appointed early to prevent any arrangements which might conflict. The Nine are doing good work in the way of training. Let action be taken promptly and all promises well.

WE HAVE long wondered why the introduction of our Chapel speakers is not accompanied by an announcement of the subjects of their orations. If the Professor in charge only knew the severe mental strain which we suffer in trying to detect what some of our orators are driving at, he would surely feel for us. Some of the orations appear to have several and various subjects, others no subject at all. May be it is none of our business, and indeed we think it is not when we begin

to write for ourselves, so convenient is it to get up an oration on nothing, or everything in general. But on some future day it may be ours to talk with some definite object in view, and as the destinies of a nation *may* yet hang upon the lips of these embryo orators, we submit that they should become habituated to an announcement of a subject to which they must confine themselves, or face the consequent criticism.

WE WOULD like respectfully to ask what the Latin element of this college has done that it must be frozen out? There is no doubt that a cold, bracing atmosphere is better for the brain than a heated one, but then it is not so easy to manage your book with mittens on. It is no unusual occurrence for the boys to take turns at shaking down the stove, during the recitation, not with the hope of extracting any heat from it, but merely to keep their blood in circulation. The stove, we are pleased to note, is a base burner. How grand an idea to print its virtues upon it! We should never, otherwise, have recognized them. All of the students, with one exception, we believe, have been sick with colds. The one, not thus favored hails from the North Pole, and has been heard to remark that it always makes him homesick when he enters that room. The professor is confined to his house now for the third time, and we do not fear to assert that his illness is owing to the indiscreet removal of his hat during recitation.

THE REMARK is often made by students that they have a great deal to say on the subject under consideration, but cannot express themselves clearly and with force. It will generally be found that these students are the very persons who make little or no use of the advantages offered to them. They never think of writing for the paper. The literary societies never see them, and the es-

says they are compelled to write are considered a great bore. One of the most fluent speakers and writers we ever knew was a man who devoted one hour each day to writing. It is not possible for all to be Websters or Clays, Irvings or Hawthornes, yet very great improvement might be made by constant practice. Now, if ever, our country needs *men*, not only of thought, but of ability to express their ideas, and thus be felt in the affairs of the Nation. It is the duty of our College to furnish just such men as these. A thorough drill and study of the classics is certainly one of the very best preparations one can have for a life of this kind. To be able to stand up boldly for the right fearing neither the opposition of party friends, nor the slander of political opponents is indeed grand and noble, and well worth the effort. It remains with us to keep up the reputation for sending forth statesmen which Union has gained, and to be an honor to our country.

A BAD feature of Union College are the small animosities that flourish there. So far as our observation extends, we are probably not much worse in this respect than other colleges of the same size, but we certainly fail of the more generous spirit prevailing in the largest Universities. We believe that the latter have radical evils which we have not, but in the "live and let live" principle we may well emulate them. Our college is cut up into about a dozen distinct cliques, and the men not connected with these from natural antagonism continue the bad blood throughout the college. Class-spirit is not to blame, as we believe there is only a reasonable amount present. Neither do societies as societies produce discord. It depends upon the disposition of the men who compose them, and they, in our opinion, are no more clannish than the rest. The remedy lies with every individual in putting aside his private enmities. A fine preparation for

life it is for us to live here four years, suspecting and hating even our classmates. A man with such a narrow spirit can never make a wide circle of friends, never acquire influence, never have much enjoyment. Every one who perceives his own interest will avoid harboring spite and contempt, if for no higher reason than simply because they are corrosive of all that is amiable and successful in himself. There are a few men in college—a precious few, bless them—who are universally liked, and these are just the men who cherish no bitterness towards anybody. If we would share their happy fortune, we must be philosophical enough to everlook considerable unpleasantness, and we must not let offence come to anyone by us. But the era of good fellowship will not dawn upon us while there remain greedy ambition, envy and treachery. For the sake of everything noble and good let us banish this detestable selfishness, and show that among us young men the examples of generous souls have not lost their sweet influence.

ON WEDNESDAY, the 5th inst., the Senior class visited Albany for the purpose of studying the astronomical instruments at Dudley Observatory, and making practical, as far as possible, the work of the present term in Astronomy. The day was the only pleasant one in the week and everyone seemed to feel the influence which a fair look at the sun exerts over mortals who rarely view it. The morning was spent chiefly in the new Capitol. Here more than anywhere else could each special inclination find interest, from the engineer who studies the grand stair case, the artist who is entranced by the frescoing and carving, even to the modest orator who humbly aspires to a seat in the Senate chamber. We have taken up the account of the day in the order in which it was spent, despite the fact that this brings the main object of the trip last. So the next in order of business was a visit to the studio.

Owing to the courtesy of Dr. Potter in telegraphing Mr. E. D. Palmer that this class would be in his city on that day, Mr. Palmer very kindly offered to give the class an hour's lecture in his studio. We beg the gentleman's pardon if he objects to the word lecture; for certainly we have had very few in our course that were of greater interest or more instructive than the hour's talk which he gave us. Our words are not suited to give the very favorable impression which his pleasant courtesy and happy manner of imparting information left upon the class. We sincerely hope he may meet the class during the term in the capacity which our catalogue assigns him. Seventy-nine will give him a most hearty welcome.

From the studio to dinner, and then to the observatory. The trip up there formed a pleasing contrast to our reception. We do not think that branch of the University is situated in the most eligible place one could think, but the manner in which Prof. Boss and his assistant, Mr. O. H. Landreth, received and entertained us fully atoned for the risk of a broken neck in climbing that hill. We are aware that these two gentlemen are pressed with work, yet their time was completely devoted to the class; and coming as the day did at nearly the close of the term, we couldn't have spent time more valuably. It gives us pleasure to become better acquainted with Prof. Boss. Is he not to meet the class next term? We hope so. It isn't necessary to give our opinions of Mr. Landreth. Most of the class know him and comment isn't needed.

THE STRANGE actions of a certain biped in the vicinity of the Blue Gate have of late been exciting considerable comment. He is evidently possessed of the demon of unrest. He paces up and down the street, and seems to be in a state of extraordinary mental perturbation. One of his eyes is always watch-

ing for somebody to come down the College walk. We say *one* of his eyes, for his two optics appear to act upon a perfectly independent basis, having long since dissolved partnership. He has often been seen to draw an immense club and to brandish it about his head in a manner terrible to behold. At frequent and regular intervals he gives vent to certain ejaculations which give evidence of great internal agitation. The object of his maledictions is generally an indefinite "it." He does not, however, confine himself entirely to the condemnation of the innocent little pronoun, but at times his comprehensive epithets are made to embrace the whole college of students collectively and individually, consigning the institution with all its belongings and appendages to the cellar of Tartarus. His anathemas are forcible and epigrammatic, his vocabulary limitless. His speech shows a versatility of language, a conciseness of expression and a fluency of delivery which is truly marvelous.

Various causes have been assigned to account for his chronic state of agitation. Some say that his clothes do not fit him. Others believe that his forcible expressions and frenzied gesticulations are due merely to his exuberance of animal spirits, possibly with more or less vegetable spirits held in solution. But it is our opinion that his disorder lies in the region designated by Homer as the diaphragm, not below it, however, as some have suggested, but above it, in the organ believed to be the seat of the emotions. The latest developments have completely solved the mystery. It appears that he is a member of the "Metropolitan" police. It appears, further, that a recent article in these columns, in complimenting the police force, made casual reference to the golden tinge which usually characterizes the hirsute appendages of the said police. And this errant specimen, the auburn color of whose tresses is a little more diluted than those of his fel-

low cops, has monopolized the term used, as peculiarly and exclusively his own, and his distorted imagination has interpreted the innocent expression as disparaging to himself.

His actions can now be readily explained. He is thirsting for revenge. That neuter pronoun "it," which is the object of so much profanity, stands for our chief editor, and it is for *his* approach that the outraged cop is so eagerly looking. He desires an audience with the editor, to convince him, probably, by the *argumentum baculinum*, that his dignity and efficiency as an officer are not dependent upon the shade of his capillary filaments.

His constant presence about the College gate, as well as his incessant flow of irreverence has become a decided nuisance, and we think some Freshman should be deputized to go and shoo him away, or, if he should hesitate to depart, to move immediately upon his works, and confiscate his arms and insignia of office, in order that the chief editor of THE CONCORDIENSIS may once more regain his wonted and necessary sleep.

QUERIES.

It is the determination of THE CONCORDIENSIS to be fully up with its contemporaries in the quality of its subject matter, and so we follow the lead of the *N. Y. World*, and present in this issue a series of questions. To the competitor giving the greatest number of correct answers we offer an heirloom of the College in the shape of "Day's Art of Discourse." A glance will testify to its antiquity. To the second best competitor we shall give an elegantly bound copy of the "Laws of Union College." As a third prize we offer an artistically finished picture of the Board of Editors. We hope no one will wilfully misrepresent any of the questions in order to obtain this last premium. The judges are to be chosen from the ablest of our Faculty, who are to be assisted by several Freshmen, if their services can be secured.

All communications must be sent to P. O. Box 258, and must enclose a postage stamp. Here are the questions:

1. Who upset the bench in Prof. Foster's room March 7th, 1879?
2. What is the meaning of the Greek "verb" *electron*?
3. Who was the designer of the plates in Foster's Electricity, and what punishment is severe enough for him?
4. To whom does (our) (their) gymnasium belong, College or Town?
5. Who wrote these lines:
 "There was a young man in North Middle,
 Who played by the hour on a fiddle;
 And the stories they tell,
 Say he went straight to—well,
 Where the rosin burns him and his fiddle."
6. Why is it that two paste-board covers cost \$2?
7. To what use will Memorial Hall be put? (If no one answers this question it will not be counted, as it is too hard for the ordinary man.)
8. What becomes of our essays, and is the rumor true that they are sold to Scribner for original productions?
9. Who is Octavia?
10. What Sophomore inquired how often a triennial catalogue is published?
11. What man in College has for a favorite color *green*?
12. How many changes from the printed course of study do the College authorities make each year?
13. What is the best remedy for spring fever?
14. What are reserved seats in a recitation room, and why are they so valuable?
15. How many men does it take to make a base ball *nine*?

P.'S F. ;

OR

WHAT WILL BE DONE WITH IT?

The "it" in the foregoing query stands for the multilateral building located on our campus, midway between the eastern extremities

of the North and South College buildings. I deem it necessary to describe it thus in detail because, not having been formally christened up to date, none of the names hitherto applied to it will be accepted by all parties interested as scientifically accurate. Its foundation, which stood alone for two complete geological epochs, was called "Fort Gillespie." When the superstructure was ready for the roof the whole was termed "The Cheese Box." The framework of the dome was known as the "Rat Trap," and now irreverent people liken the edifice, in its present stage of construction, to the ordinary day laborer's cup-capped dinner-pail. It has received the names "Memorial Hall," "Central Building," "New Library," etc., etc., from different sources, for different reasons, and the matter of its naming is still in progress. Some have proposed to use it as a chapel, but, as the authorities dispose, such proposals serve only to temporarily relieve the overburdened mind of the party who *cares* about what use will be made of the building. The Colonel has proposed a use for it which would relieve from duty two apartments in the buildings, now frequently occupied, but he evidently considers the matter from an interested standpoint and hence his views are unimportant. It has already been used a little. At the '77 Alumni dinner its nearly circular form furnished the ground-work for Ex-Governor Hoffman's joke about his being quite at home there *in a ring*. But this building has cost more than one hundred thousand dollars, and that's a mighty expensive setting for as grim a joke as that was. By a pendulum suspended from the centre of the dome it has been ascertained that the earth revolves, but that fact we had pretty decently impressed upon us before we entered college, so the "Grand Central Arrangement" can't have been built exclusively to bring that out, *unless* the projectors and forwarders of the scheme of its erection

were very foolish. On second thought, though, it *may* have been built for that. But, if it was, it was a clean waste of part of the money at least. Down to the last man we would have amended our creeds with a clause on the earth's revolution for five dollars apiece, cash in hand. The whole expense of such a course (counting alumni, undergraduates and all parties concerned) would not have exceeded thirty thousand dollars, and the extra seventy thousand might have been invested in Japanese gods, Brazilian bird-skins, and stuffed monkeys and other *useful* articles of the same general character. Some thoughtless persons are so unwise as to suppose it impossible to heat the building in winter, when completed. Nothing is impossible—"Labor omnia vincit." It must be admitted that stoves, without external aid, could not heat it, but it is only the unscientific mind that places entire reliance upon such mechanical, everyday contrivances. With the galaxy of scientists that our faculty-roll presents we ought not to recoil from the solution of any problem, however intricate. A suggestion as to one general method of heating it may be found in the foot of the flag staff that adorns the approach to this regal edifice, and this was the work of undergraduates. Here is my plan: Build a screen of masonry, seventy or eighty feet high, all around it to shelter it from the bleak winds that sweep across our campus. Cover the lower floor or fill the cellar with stoves—better both; then continue the floor of the second gallery across, shutting off the upper third and dome from the necessity of being heated. I would do this even at the expense of losing the pretty little multi-colored, punctured, glass, make-believe stars in the dome. To be sure this would leave only the first gallery habitable, but space isn't what we are after—we are striving to ascertain the best means of *heating* the building. The stoves on the first floor would keep off from it all men

but the stokers, but those who might use the library (supposing we devoted the first gallery to this use,) could, at a comparatively slight cost, be enabled to enter it from the exterior by an ingenious arrangement of step-ladders, fire-escapes, etc. The sheltering wall around it would make an artificial light necessary at all times, but, having fixed the heating all right, the matter of lighting will easily yield up its difficulties if the same interested attention be devoted to it. It *must* be used—nobody can afford to put a hundred thousand dollars in anything and then not use it. To get it into shape may take the remainder of a million, but what of that? It can be obtained by judicious retrenchment, cutting off scholarships, "clipping" the professors' salaries, etc. If not, let Cornelius be *asked directly* for the amount, if he can't take any of the hints already given him. The gorgeous edifice is bound to be used, anyway. If no more money were expended on it, and it should crumble to ruins, still it might be utilized to draw morals from—as some skeptics have already begun to do. If the intervals between the windows on the first floor follow the example set them by one of their number, last summer, in cracking and moving about, the whole affair may, some day or night, illustrate a principle in mechanics, accompanying the illustration with a noise resembling that produced by the falling of some heavy body. That is the best use of it that has thus far been suggested to me. I will quit right here.

RANDOM.

LOCAL.

—I want to be an Alumnus,
And with the Alumni stand,
A Phi Bete on my watch chain,
A Dip. within my hand.

—The Freshmen are to have a class cane.

—A large number of zoological specimens, collected in Africa, have lately arrived and been added to the Museum.

—Look out for canes!

—The Fresh will cremate.

—The Seniors are to have Architecture under Prof. Staley, next term.

—Musical entertainment at the Court House April 17th.

—Some Freshman thinks Bourdon was written by Jeff. Davis

—Seniors have Astronomy at 11 A. M., and *Gastronomy* at 12:15 P. M.

—The Juniors conclude they are not heavy enough for a "tug of war."

—Seven Seniors (classical) are studying French with Prof. L'Amoreaux.

—The Inter-Collegiate Regatta will take place July 9th, at Saratoga Lake.

—The Senior vacation will begin Monday, March 24, and will last three weeks.

—The "tug of war," in the gymnasium, is all the rage now. '81 wears the belt.

—"Skates sharpened on a *emry wheel!*" is one of the enterprising signs of Dorp.

—The annual re-union of the Sigma Phi Society took place at Givens' Hotel, March 4th.

—Most of the Seniors, if not all, will have their class photographs taken by Notman & Co., Albany.

—The term is almost over, and the guileless Freshman rolls uneasily in his sleep and mutters "cane, plug-hat."

—The man who says the chapel is warm enough ought to be suspended over that one register, and left to freeze to death.

—The Annual College Catalogue is to be out soon. Some changes are to appear in the established curriculum, we hear.

—The fellow who said the shape of a kiss was "a lip-tickle" lacked experience. We know it to be *suc-ular* from actual experiment.

—A Senior says that if a man has ever seen a grasshopper and knows how many legs it has, he can pass up *geology* without any trouble.

—We are glad to see Tutor Davis on the streets again. He is fast regaining his strength and will soon be able to take his classes.

—A group of students. A professor approaching. "Hist! boys," says one of the group excitedly, "don't talk so loud, for I'm here on *probity*."

—"Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" Ask the Senior who wanted to see a piece of paper change into any color he might wish. The Freshmen are not so far ahead, after all.

—Mrs. H. M. Smith's Concert Troupe was here Feb. 24th, and the Swedish Lady Quartette Feb. 27th. Both concerts were of an exceptional character.

—Dr. Coppee will be here at the opening of next term. He is to teach Philology to the Seniors. We assure the Doctor that his return will be welcomed.

—Some of our military Fresh have introduced a species of "Cavalry Tactics" into the recitation rooms. The *horses* are very small and are guided with one hand.

—The Union College Chess Club have received and accepted a challenge from the University of Pennsylvania. In the game with Cornell, Union seems to have the advantage.

—Professor Jeffrey has been unable to meet the Seniors on the last two Tuesday evenings, but the time was pleasantly spent with College songs and refreshments hospitably furnished by Dr. Potter.

—Juniors are reading a French play, by Feuillet, under Prof. L'Amoreaux. The Professor has a very pleasant way of teaching, and all are agreed that they are gaining great profit from his instruction.

—An invitation has been received from the Columbia College Boat Club to participate in their annual Winter Athletic Games, April 4th, at Gilmore's Garden. These sports are open to students from any college.

—Before many days we expect to witness the annual parade of plug hats and imposing canes. The embryo generals should remember the fate of Pyrrhus, one of the most famous captains of antiquity, who was *killed* by a tile thrown upon him by a woman.—*Gazette*.

—Dr. Lowell, we regret to say, is unwell, so as to be confined to his house. He is troubled with erysipelas and with a limb which was broken a few years ago by being thrown from a wagon—a sad accident, being the occasion of his daughter's death. We sympathize with the Doctor and hope for his speedy recovery.

—French class—Prof. L.: "M. H., *ven diez-vous votre chapeau hier?*" Mr. H.: "Oui." Prof.: "Ah! *dites la verite, dites la verite.*"

Mr. H. (excitedly returning to English): "Why, didn't you ask me if I went to Chapel yesterday?" Marks of appreciation from the class.

—The late Tayler Lewis, of Union College, wrote a work of great value, which in part revolutionized the current Biblical teaching on "Six Days of Creation," when it first appeared some twenty years ago. Robert Carter & Brothers are about to bring out a new edition.—*N. Y. Times*.

—We believe in a good joke, but even a good joke may be spoiled by too much usage. Such is the case with one which for the past few weeks has made its way into nearly every newspaper in the land anywhere from three to fifty times. Now we think this is *ridiculous* and have stoically resolved never to refer to it. "Never?" No, *never!* "What, never?" Well, *hardly ever*.

—He generally frequents our room about the time of the issue of the paper, and "just looks over" the contents, but last month he actually produced ten cents and took off a copy. The shock was too much for our already over-taxed system—We swooned. We are now convalescent, and hope to fully recover, but let the individual beware how he repeats the offense.

—Jevons' logic: "Mr. W., explain how it is that what we have proved of one isosceles triangle we conclude to be true of all, no matter what their size may be." "Why, we prove certain things of one, and by a process of imperfect induction infer them of all." "Yes, but what right have you to so infer?" "Well, I guess that must be where the 'imperfect induction' comes in."

—"Will the Fresh bury Bourdon, or will Bourdon bury the Fresh?" somebody asks. We reply that although Bourdon will bury a considerable number of Fresh (who have not had a *berry* of Bourdon), yet as a class they have resolved to *burn it* with appropriate ceremonies. The following officers have been chosen to grace the occasion: Orator, W. J. Pollard; Poet, R. E. Morgan; Chaplain, A. S. Wright; Marshal, E. H. Adriance.

—The following lines are actually inscribed on the tombstone of a Senior of 187—"He was afflicted with analogy—Butler's Analogy at Union College; and he fell down—*dead*. Yes, *dead*, ye right reverend and wrong reverend Seniors; DEAD, ye stony-hearted profs.; DEAD, ye men and women in whose breasts still glows the spark of

charity, and thousands upon thousands more of America's promising youths are dying and will die from the effects of just such atrocious maladies."

—A Senior reading in our last issue the poem relating to the "guileless Vassar maid" denounces it as false. He says he was there and he didn't flee "with a wild, weird shriek," but

"With 're-garter' this," the Senior said
Unto the guileless, blushing maid,
Reckoning she would be undone,
"Where's your 're-garter' carried on?"
Then she, with coy and timid grace,
Said, looking away into empty space,
"Permission, dear old Vassar begs,
To say they're 'carried on' our—closet pegs."

—*The Garnet*, the yearly publication of the secret societies, will appear, we are assured, some time in April. We have good reason to expect it will excel any previous issue. We warn the managers to avoid the ridiculous mistakes which were made last year in printing the names of students. We wish the editors all success in the undertaking. The catalogue will embrace all the departments of the University—a good idea. The editors are chosen from the Senior Class as follows: F. F. Chisolm, Sigma Phi; J. L. Perry, Psi Upsilon; A. C. Dingman, Delta Phi; W. B. Roper, Alpha Delta Phi; F. S. Bloss, Kappa Alpha.

—It is not perhaps generally known to our readers and we must apologize for not mentioning before that the Philomathean is now in good running order, that regular meetings have been held for some time, and, in short, that there has been a strong revival of interest in this time-honored institution. Visitors are invited to the weekly debates, with which many have expressed themselves well pleased. The officers of the Society are as follows: W. W. Childs, President; J. D. Parsons, Vice President; R. T. S. Lowell, Treasurer; F. C. Avery, Secretary; R. Youmans, Curator. The Philomath has our best wishes for its prosperity.

—While so much is being said about education for women at Harvard we would say that privileges similar to those which Harvard is about to bestow have for some time been granted to young ladies in this city by Union College professors. During the fore part of the present year a class of twenty-five young ladies pursued the study of Geology under Tutor Ballart and Prof. Webster. The account which Prof. Webster gave of their progress was very pleasing and compared

favorably with the record of the students. We understand that the same class intend to take up Metaphysics and other high branches. Who says we have not co-education? And then, some of fair ones drink long, deep draughts of Astronomy with—ah, yes! Don't you believe it? I guess you don't recollect the shape of the lunar orbit.

—A concert is to be given at the Court House on the evening of April 17th, under the auspices of the Base Ball Association. The concert promises to be superior to anything in its line which has yet been given. It will be under the immediate supervision of Prof. J. Albert Jeffrey, whose playing on the piano will alone be worth the price of admission. Lieut. Best has kindly consented to play the violin, while other features will be singing by the Union College Quintette and a chorus of voices from the Musical Association. We trust a strong effort will be made to bring out a large audience to this excellent entertainment. The admission fee will be fifty cents. The Base Ball Association desire to express thanks to Doctor and Mrs. Potter for the active part they are taking to make the affair a success.

—Good for the Mohawks! In the athletic tournament at Rand's Hall, Troy, March 10, the team of the Mohawk Boat Club, of this city, were victorious in the tug of war against teams of the Cohoes, Troy and Mutual (Albany) Clubs. We were interested in this contest as *five* of the eight men who pulled on the Mohawk team were Union College students—Heatly, Wiswall, McNulty, Gibson and Adriance. We were surprised that the Mutuals so far forgot what was courteous as to let go uncontradicted the false report in the Albany papers that the Mohawks had spikes in their shoes. *They* were probably surprised that a team composed mostly of young college students should walk away with the Champion Amateur Boat Club of America. The *Mutual* game seems to be to *win* or *kick*. The College boys expressed unqualified satisfaction at their cordial reception by the Troy Club. We would add that a very friendly relation exists between the students and the Mohawks.

GOSSIP ON THE HIGHER PLANE.

Respectfully dedicated to students of Analytical Geometry.

Quoth the Cissoid of Diocles
To the Conchoid of Nicomedes,
"Methinks the Witch of Agnesi
Loves the Lemniscate of Bernouilli."

Returned the Conchoid of Nicomedes
Unto the Cissoid of Diocles,
"You are right, my dear Ciss,
I have seen the two *kiss*."

"A beautiful couple," the Cissoid observed,
"You know both her *limbs* are decidedly curved,
And he, don't you think, my excellent Shelly,
Has an uncommonly prominent *belly*."

"To be sure," he agreed, "their figures don't mate,
Although he pretends to be quite figure-eight.
But were she, by gad, both handsome and rich,
I never would have a notorious Witch."

"Love is blind, dearest Curve, it cannot observe,
When the heart burns as really as does his of
Bernouilli.

May their *loci* run smooth," the Cissoid concluded,
"With curvilinear cooing forever deluded."

Well, long may they live in juxtaposition,
To brighten the path of the mathematician.
A toast to the Witch and the gallant Lemniscate,
Produce your equations, but don't differentiate!

EXCHANGES.

—The poem on "College Widows," which appeared in THE CONCORDIENSIS, was generally noted by the College press, and numerous clippings were made from it. Now comes *The Acta* with its version of the subject as follows:

Any snab? Well, you'd think so to see them!
Every girl was a regular belle;
All the tone of New Haven and Boston,
And other ones equally swell.
But one of them, Tom, was a stunner;
She brought down her game on the wing,
For in less than six hours, by Jingo,
She had every man on a string!

Pretty? Rather! Her teeth were like pearls, sir,
Peeping out between coralline bars;
And her eyes, when she smiled on a fellow,
Just twinkled like midnight cigars!
She captured our whole delegation,
A Trinity Junior (a swell),
Two cheeky sub-Freshmen from Harvard,
And a couple of Sophs from Cornell.

* * * * *

Such is life; here, I'll show you the locket
She gave me at parting; and Will
Has a bangle of hers in his pocket,
We keep them for memorabil.
As for me, though, I wasn't enraptured,
In spite of the rose-tint and pearl,
Far somehow, I'm never contented
With only a tenth of a girl.

And she's not very young, let me tell you;—
 Ten years since they shipped her from school;
 And I don't think she'll ever get married,
 She can't find a big enough fool.
 Her name? Miss Van Arsdel, of Brooklyn,
 You met her, you say, in July?
You're engaged to her, Tom? O, the dickens!
 Beg par—, I—well, hang it—good by!

—The March issue of the *Rochester Campus* assumes a new dress and presents a very neat appearance though perhaps we might criticise the quality of the particular cover sent us which was in an extremely dilapidated condition. However that is not in our province of criticism and we pass to its contents. "Parallel between Burke and Chatham" is well written but leaves one in a muddled condition after reading. The ideas are thrown together so promiscuously that it is difficult to follow the train of thought. Perhaps the best part of the paper is its local columns which are quite interesting.

—Among the best of our exchanges the *Targum* stands in the front rank, being pre-eminently a college paper and devoted to the interests of its students. The February number contains a second article upon its history as a college publication. K becomes worked up over the subject of college rebellions and in fact he states the matter very fairly and clearly. He divides the subject into three or four heads and claims first, that the students are almost always in the wrong while the Faculty are right. Secondly, he treats of the nature of the rebellion and finally tells the story in a nutshell by likening it to "one sheep leaps over the fence and all the others follow it." Thirdly, the students always miss their aim in such cases. They desire to escape from the exercise of arbitrary power and by the very rebellion they place themselves in the grasp of that power. And the moral of all this is, don't rebel. The editorials are well written and possess the charm of being to the point. We have only one fault to find, and that is, the issue does not contain the news that "Tuition is not free at Williams." This is evidently an oversight as all the rest of our exchanges contain that bit of news.

—We know about what to expect from the *Madisonensis*—several lengthy articles upon the outrage perpetrated upon certain students who were so rash as to vote at the last election, a tug at the strings of the Intercollegiate Literary Association harp; and a large number of personals and—advertisements—well we were not disappointed; we found them all and, moreover, that *was* all.

PERSONAL.

Prof. Alexander was Moderator of the Albany Presbytery, which met recently at Amsterdam.

'20. Rev. Geo. Mairs is a resident of Argyle, Washington Co., N. Y., and revisits his Alma Mater often. He was a room-mate of the late Dr. Tayler Lewis.

'24. Stephen Alexander, A. M., has long been a Professor of Astronomy in Princeton College.

'28. General Robert Toombs was interviewed a few days since in Georgia by the editor of the *Atlantic Independent*, to whom he said that in all his elections to the United States Senate and House of Representatives, he had never paid a dollar excepting for personal expenses. He had an income of \$40,000 a year and entertained Democrats and Whigs alike at home, and when travelling on political campaigns would stop with Democrats and Whigs alike. The General is very popular in Georgia, and, it is said could easily be elected Governor, but he says he would not take the office if elected unanimously. — *Harper's Weekly*.

'31. Henry F. Moffat died Dec. 20, 1878, at Blooming Grove, Orange Co., N. Y. He never became a professional man owing to poor health.

'36. Chas. M. Waring, a lawyer of Brooklyn, died Feb. 14, aged 52.

'40. Ulysses Turner, A. M., a lawyer of Versailles, Ky., died Jan. 19, 1879.

'44. Charles A. Joy, A. M., Ph.D., for seven years Professor of Chemistry in Union College, now holds a similar professorship in Columbia College.

'46. Richard A. Southwick, a lawyer, died in New York city, Feb. 8, 1879.

'48. Col. Henry L. King, of Albany, died in December, 1878. During his life he held many offices of trust and honor. He was a most liberal giver for all charitable objects, a warm-hearted, social and genial gentleman. Whatever may have been his inconsistencies in life, his death at mid-life will be to his friends

"The shroud to cover any faults,
 A light to make his glories shine."

'52. Judge C. M. Northrup, A. M., of Nebraska, died in Albany Feb. 5th.

'51. A. L. Loomis, M. D., is a Professor of Pathology and Practice of Medicine in the University of the City of New York.

'52. Emmet D. Craig, A. M., formerly United States Commissioner at New Orleans, is now practicing law in that city.

'52. Mr. David Murray, formerly Professor of Mathematics at Rutgers College, N. J., and who for the last five or six years has occupied a position under the Japanese Government as Adviser to the Educational Department, left Yokohama for this country by way of India and Europe on the 23d of Jan. The Japanese testified their appreciation of Professor Murray's eminent services to the cause of education in their country by a present of one thousand dollars in money, many elegant gifts in bronze, porcelain and lacquer, and a series of dinners in his honor. The Emperor also conferred upon him the decoration of the Rising Sun of the Third Degree—a distinction seldom given to foreigners. Professor Murray's house in Tokio was not only a centre of useful educational influence but of a refined and delightful social life, and his departure will be sadly felt by a large circle of friends, both foreign and Japanese.—*Evening Post*.

'58. Rev. Ira G. Bidwell, late pastor of the First M. E. Church of Syracuse, N. Y., was born in Wilmington, Conn., Feb. 22, 1835, and died in Syracuse Dec. 25, 1878. After graduating from Union College he immediately united with the Troy Conference, and his rare ability was recognized by being stationed at State Street M. E. Church in the city of Troy. He was subsequently stationed at Lansingburgh, Albany, Providence, R. I., Worcester, Boston, and other places, coming finally to Syracuse, where he soon died at his post of duty among a people who had learned to honor and love him in the few weeks of his service among them. He was a man of deep piety and exceptional ability. His sermons, for solid and brilliant thought were rarely excelled.

'64. John H. Stewart, of Pennsylvania, has just been appointed United States Consul at Antwerp.

'76. Holt was in town recently. He is in business in Boston, we believe.

'76. Jagger has been traveling extensively and is now in business in Legrande, Oregon.

'76. Those who remember the abilities of Homer Greene will not be surprised to learn that he is winning exceptional distinction as

counselor at law. He has been acting as junior counsel in a great murder trial in Honesdale, Pa., and recently addressed the jury in a speech said to have been remarkable for its clear logic and eloquence.

EXTRANE A.

—First Soph.—“I guess I'll cut mathematics to-day.” Second Soph, (*eagerly*)—“Then let me take your cuffs, will you?”

—A philosophical senior describes a Soph's moustache as “not a tangible entity, but a mental concept.”—*Oberlin Review*.

—A Yale student to another who is unwell and in bed: “Well, old chap, are you sick?” “*Sic sum*,” was the quick response.

—Junior.—“You are not shaving right; I shave *down* instead of up.” Senior.—“I have no down, so I shave up.”—*College Olio*.

—The people of Detroit have subscribed \$60,000 to purchase a new telescope for the University of Michigan. It is to be the largest in the world.—*Ex*.

will turn it upside down and read this
fellow in the college who reads this paper
—Yet we'll bet a trade-dollar that every
—*Col. Spectator*.

—Burdette says the first game of poker on record was when Joshua razed Jericho and the inhabitants were sorry they stayed in.—*Ex*.

—A—kissed his girl the other night, and asked her if she felt his moustache. “Oh, no!” she said, “I felt a little *down* in the mouth.”

—Prof. (Meteorology): “The coldest place is in North America, several degrees from the pole. Where the hottest place is, I don't know—ah—I mean in *this* world!”—*Student*.

—“What's the difference,” asked the teacher in arithmetic, “between one yard and two yards?” “A fence,” said Tommy Beals. Then Tommy sat on the ruler fourteen times.—*Ex*.

—Junior (reading); "Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip." Prof.: "Will you explain that line, or give the modern equivalent." Junior: "Now, infidel, I have thee where the hair is short."—*Ex.*

—The following shows the force of habit: Prof. (to Senior reciting in Latin): "What number is *illa*?" M. (guessing): "Singular." Prof. (scornfully) "No." M. (confidently): "Plural." Prof.: "Yes, who told you?"

—Three little girls stopped near the billiard room the other day. One said, "I wish I could see in just the very least bit." "Why Mary," another said, "just hear the balls." "I don't care," was the reply, "I don't believe it's so awful, awful bad."—*Ex.*

—Young lady holding a kitten, to Freshman caller: "You've no idea, Mr. D.—, how well this kitten likes to be caressed." Freshman, with a killing look: "That's where his head's level." We might remark that that's where the Freshman's wasn't."—*Ex.*

—A Sophomore, of an investigating turn of mind, took the hydrogen sulphide apparatus in the laboratory for a spirometer, and undertook to blow it up. One blow was sufficient, and he remarked as he turned away that it was the loudest smelling spirometer he had ever struck, or else he had broken something.—*Ariel.*

—"Say, teacher," shouted a precious six-year old last Sunday, "which man in the Bible didn't have any father?" No reply from the astonished teacher. "Why Joshua the son of Nun." Pack. Quat. Hence it was that Josh didn't experience a daddy's affection in the shape of chastisement, but had the power himself of saying, "Sun, keep still."

—A dignified Senior while walking down Main street, a few days since, saw a young lady slip and fall. He rushed to assist her to rise, but was too late. "Ah!" said the Senior, "I thought I should have the pleas-

ure of picking you up." With a withering look the fair daughter of Brunswick replied "I don't pick up, sir."—*Orient.*

—We have a warm place in our affections for THE CONCORDIENSIS. Geniality is the trait which has long characterized this journal. It knows how to be dignified, which is not the case with some of our irascible contemporaries. It is so easy to write articles which are unjustly severe, that many need to be leavened with the leaven of the scribes of THE CONCORDIENSIS. Tarry with us, friend CONCORDIENSIS, for if our etymology is right, your name, like your works, is full of good will among College men.—*Kenyon Advance.*

—"The following is a sentence from a prayer by one of our professors: 'We pray for strength to stand up against those who stand up against those who stand up for thee.' We have solved it, and found it mathematically correct."—*Williams Atheneum.*

—Scene: A crowded railroad car. A venerable Harvard Professor and a stout citizeness, of Chelsea, with bundles:—

She (looking round in vain for a seat, and at last spying the V. H. P.)—Be ye a married man?

He (unconscious of the impending avalanche).—Yes, ma'am.

She.—Waal, then, I guess I'll jest take the liberty of sitting down on your knee.

Fact.—*Ex.*

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