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THE CONCORDIENSIS.

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LITERARY.

WHEN THE MAIL COMES IN.

How eager and anxious the busy throng,
They jostle and push as they crowd along;
Some hoping, some fearing,
Some weeping, some cheering,
All bound for the post when the mail comes in.

The merchant approaches with hurrying tread,
Nor heeds little bare-foot's entreaty for bread;
A check he's expecting,
Some plan he's projecting,
This hastens his step when the mail comes in.

The maiden comes next with her love-lit eye,
Reflecting her joy to the passers-by;
No doubt do I see,
For she's certain that he
Can never forget when the mail comes in.

A poor lonely widow is nearing me now,
With hope in her eye spite the care on her brow;
Her burden seems lighter,
The heavens grow brighter,
As she thinks of her boy when the mail comes in.

With tottering frame comes the gray-haired sire,
Fond hope of the news his step doth inspire;
For calmly reflecting,
And daily expecting,
He longs for the hour when the mail comes in.

With half-hidden face, in the emblems of woe,
The orphan comes sadly with step that is slow;
Some new blow is pending,
Her heart-strings are rending,
And, oh, how she sighs when the mail comes in.

Thus watching the eager and anxious throng,
I study each face as it hurries along;
The joy and pain reading,
The love and fear heeding,
And, anon, join the throng when the mail comes in.

—G. W.

TOMBS.

The burial ceremonies and customs of a people are often their most distinctive features. From the immense pyramids of the ancient Egyptians to the lofty resting place in the open air of the dead Indian, there is almost no nation known to ancient or modern times which has not had its peculiar style of burial, and left, in monuments to the dead, the stamp of its character upon the face of time. It is of some of these tombs that we purpose to speak from personal observation.

Of the tombs in and about Jerusalem, the most interesting to Christians is, of course, the Holy Sepulchre. This has a church built over it and a handsome wooden chapel immediately over the cave. The entrance, which is small, leads into a chamber called the Chapel of the Angel. There is a stone on which the Angel is said to have sat when he appeared to the disciples on the first Easter day. From this another small door cut in the original rock admits to the tomb. A chamber about seven feet long, six wide and ten high contains the tomb, which is covered with marble to prevent pilgrims from chipping the stone, and fills the whole length and half the breadth of the chamber. The tomb is used as an altar on solemn occasions. Above hang five rows of lamps, each row maintained by one of the eastern Christian sects.

The tomb of the Virgin Mary lies in the valley of Jehoshaphat. A flight of stones cut in the rock, on each side of which are tombs of the parents of the Virgin, leads down into a chapel. On one side of this is a tomb almost the fac-simile of the Holy Sepulchre. Both of these tombs are objects of great reverence, not only to Christians but to the Mohammedans, who rule the country.

The tombs of the Kings, lately discovered to the north of Jerusalem, form a curious example of patient and skillful excavation of solid rock. A low door leads into a square

room, and from this two doors lead into others like it, the latter communicating with two more, making five rooms in all. On the sides of these, graves have been cut, some being mere shelves, while others are more pretentious and evidently intended for persons of distinction. One of the latter has been opened, but clumsily, so that no important discoveries were made. As the excavation progresses more information will probably be collected. There is no reason for calling them "tombs of the Kings" except in some one's fertile imagination.

We cannot undertake to speak of the Pyramids as tombs, since the discussions concerning their character and purpose are so widely known. Information concerning them is within everyone's reach.

Near the site fixed by Dr. Schliemann for that of ancient Troy two modes of burial may be observed contrasted, one called Greek and the other Trojan. The Greek method was to lay a foundation of stone upon which the ashes of the dead were strewn, and then a huge mound of earth was erected above. The dead Trojan was placed sitting in a large earthen jar, which was laid on its side and a stone slab placed over the mouth. Within the jar were placed money and various images and miniature vessels of earthenware. A mound of the Greek style and a grave-yard of the Trojan style are within a few minutes walk of each other at Thymbra. The Greek heroes slain in the Trojan war were laid under mounds, which are pointed out and named to this day.

The catacombs found in different places in Italy and Sicily may be typified by those of Rome and Syracuse.

The catacombs of St. Sebastian outside the walls of Rome are entered from the church of the same name. A guide conducts us underground and through the narrow winding ways dug out of the earth. Along the sides shelves are dug for graves, and at intervals we find a larger space, apparently a family

vault. A solemn silence reigns in these abodes of death. The darkness is more awful than the darkest night. Even the tapers only illumine a small space and make the blackness beyond more impenetrable. We follow the guide without knowing where we go, and an involuntary sigh of relief escapes as we emerge from the damp darkness into the cheerful light.

The catacombs of Syracuse differ from those of Rome in that the passages lead from chamber to chamber, where not only the sides but the floor is filled with graves. Wells from the surface let down light and make these catacombs less frightful than those of Rome.

But surely a more unique way of disposing of human remains than that of the Capuchin monks can hardly be found. At Rome the bodies of deceased monks are allowed to rest for three years in earth brought from Jerusalem, and the skeletons are then exhumed and the bones disposed in fanciful figures on the walls and ceiling of the vault. Imagine flowers formed from the fingers and toes of defunct monks while their larger bones help to make a pleasing border to this bed of flowers.

The Campo-Santo of Pisa is enclosed by a wall, or rather building, since it has a roof. The ground inside is earth from Jerusalem. The walls of the building are frescoed, the most remarkable paintings representing Purgatory, Hell and the Last Judgment. The tortures of the damned are portrayed in grotesque and hideous paintings which only a mind under the influence of Middle-age superstition could conceive. These frescoes are horrible to see and impossible to describe with justice. There is a beautiful statue in this Campo-Santo, which shows three totally different expressions, as it is seen from in front or from either side.

The Campo-Santo of Genoa is more attractive than that of Pisa, as well as much

larger. It is built in the same way and around the walls are groups of statuary in memory of the dead, some of which are most beautiful idealizations of the departed and their friends. Of all the various modes of burying and remembering the dead, which we have seen, the Campo-Santo of Genoa, with its noble monuments, full of pathetic and touching sadness and grace and beauty, appeals most to our sense of what is fitting in a place of burial, and of the tender recollection of the departed by mourning relatives and friends.

W. O. L., '83.

THE ISLE OF WOMAN.

BY SALAMAN GALLAVAR, LL. X.

Is it true that "Familiarity breeds contempt?" Is it true that "Distance lends enchantment to the view?" Is it a fact that the excellencies of seminary-life are sometimes called defects? In viewing a landscape does it make any difference which end of the telescope you hold to the eye? Try the experiment and judge for yourself. Turn the instrument in this direction and reverse it at pleasure while I describe the scene.

Many centuries ago before the planets were fixed in their orbits they frequently used to fall out and quarrel with each other after the fashion of vicious and naughty children in all ages. And once when Mars and Jupiter were running a race, their sister Earth got in the way. Whereupon Mars, who was always a quick-tempered fellow, flew mad and struck his sister a savage blow upon her right ear thereby knocking off two small pieces of flesh both of which lodged in the cavity of the injured ear. The wound bled profusely; and the blood likewise poured into the same hollow till it was full; and the two pieces of flesh floated on the surface. Years afterwards when matters had become more settled, people from the neighboring highlands took possession of these two fragments of Miss Earth's acoustic organ, nam-

ing the upper or northern, the Isle of Man; and the southern, the Isle of Woman; and the surrounding element they called the Irish Sea, as by its nature it was emblematic of the lively and at the same time ferocious disposition of the Irish nation. The Isle of Woman! a difficult, a delicate and delusive subject to describe or handle. And though this paper is concerned with this spot and with no other on Miss Earth's body, it shall treat it gently and touch it with care. Perhaps the better way will be merely to point towards it and tell what is upon it without touching it at all.

Well, then it is situated midway between Dublin and Liverpool and so constantly encircled by a wreath of fog as never to be discovered or visited save only by those who are predestinated. On the center of this gem of the sea, on high ground sloping evenly in every direction to the water's edge is established a Seminary of Anthropology, designed to educate young women for the order of Deaconess in the church. The irrepressible activity of the gentler sex demands that this office be restored. And the founders and friends of the institution confidently believe and assert that there is no other place in the wide world so well fitted as this for her training. The landscape charming, the climate salubrious, the society Utopian, the buildings commodious, what more can be desired? It is true the library is not large, but it is choice. No novels except histories and Sunday school books are allowed a place on the shelves. Poets, of course, are refused admission to the sacred alcoves. How the histrionic Shakespeare, the profane Burns, and the lewd Byron ever managed to get in is a deep mystery. Several thousand Greek, Latin, German, French, Italian and Hebrew Fathers and a countless multitude of other nationalities whom it is not worth while to mention are here embalmed and buried.

Though these venerable worthies are rare-

ly consulted, they, nevertheless, exert a decidedly literary influence by their silent presence. The student instinctively approaches departed greatness, with reverential awe, with noiseless step and bated breath, leaving behind the follies and frivolities of human life. It is a rule of the Seminary that a novice shall not brag of her attainments, nor be puffed up with self conceit till she has devoured and digested at least fifty tomes provided by these noble Ancients. This regulation keeps the madcaps in order and makes them more humble than Uriah Heep ever was. Humble! Why they are just humility itself, clothed in meekness. The patient lambs will even submit without a murmur to that relic of the dark ages, the lecture system of instruction. This they do from first to last; and they learn to do more. Before finishing the course, they will sit down on a bare board, in a vile Boeotian atmosphere and actually regale themselves with a mess of dry, stale, disconnected facts and dates with apparently as keen a relish as a buxom country maid would display in eating a handful of cherries. A daily feast they regard it, and as a general thing their enthusiasm for the professors who furnish such wholesome diet grows stronger and stouter till at graduation it knows no bounds. On that occasion each succeeding class as it goes forth into the world deifies the Senior Professor and canonizes the rest. The love then manifested for Dr. Calvin Lion, the head and heart of the institution, surpasses belief. A touch from his hand, though in itself as expressionless as a limpsy velvet rag, is sufficient then to send the tears trickling down many a fair face. This emotion is not so much to be wondered at, considering the transcendent genius of Dr. Lion, a man of great prominence in the church and possessing among thinkers a world-wide fame and influence. If the readers and hearers of this paper have never

heard of him before it simply argues themselves unknown. Unlike mountains and similar conspicuous objects, the more remote he is the larger does he appear. By untiring industry he has reared for himself a monument more enduring than marble or brass. For years his pen has been busy writing great books greatly to be studied and admired and praised but not criticised. So David Critic put up your sling. Forbear to exercise your gifts in his direction. Fling no pebbles at the mighty and majestic author lest you provoke his wrath. Irritate him not lest he take a sweet morsel of a sin and rolling it under his tongue he consign you in thought to the same stern keeper to whom Saint Paul committed Alexander the Coppersmith. It needs make no difference to you if Doctor Lion has a few peculiarities not very prepossessing. You ought to emulate his example in trying to correct your faults and supply your defects. He has a provokingly stiff neck, throwing the head backward and turning the face upward, thus rendering it next to impossible for him to see those who sit at his feet to catch the words of wisdom as they fall from his lips. This unrelenting stiffness causes him a deal of trouble and mortification. The citizens, ignorant of what ails him, call him proud because he never nods to them in passing. But the charge is false as all his disciples will be glad to testify. Pride has no place in his heart. On the contrary, though imbued with a strong desire to know folks, yet laboring under such an unbending disadvantage, what progress can he make? As a partial remedy he has gone to the expense of having a mirror so adjusted on a stand before him as to exhibit by a little manipulation the image of the class; by which means he succeeds in learning the faces of half a dozen young ladies in three years. Certainly a notable triumph for him. Another peculiarity is an inordinate fondness for chemical experiments.

It is the delight of his life to illustrate every topic by chemistry. To humor the caprice, some forty or fifty bottles containing as many different substances are spread out within reach of his hand and in plain sight of the class. Does a scholar or rather a dunce fail to recognize at a glance the chemicals and trace their possible combinations, woe betide her. The master at once mixes her a dose not invariably comfortable to swallow. Does she lack the gumption to take or the capacity to hold, the metaphysician regards the case as only the more desperate. He puffed and blowed and snorted so porpoisely one day at Miss Pelagius just because she could not stomach a certain original mixture that all her companions were alarmed, fearing she might die in convulsions. But as good luck or St. Vitus decreed she finally calmed down and recovered, having been more scared than hurt. One other peculiarity which merits notice is Doctor Lion's tender compassion for near-sighted pupils. No doubt the reason for this predilection is that they seem more like his own offspring, who are all thus affected or afflicted.

[To be Continued.]

EDITORIAL.

WE REGRET to announce the resignation of Messrs. E. C. Johnson and W. E. VanEps, two of the three editors from the Junior class. We understand that Mr. Johnson is not in the best of health. Mr. VanEps excuses himself on the ground of having too much to do, being engaged in matters outside of college. We thank these gentlemen most heartily for what they have done, and are very glad that our relations with one another have been so pleasant.

IT IS A curious but very deplorable fact that so many things at college are run by cliques and societies. We never have an

election but we see a great amount of wire-pulling and the you-scratch-my-back-and-I'll-scratch-yours method going on. Now, we would not be misunderstood, and so we'll say right here that we believe in cliques and societies and in possessing and standing by a friend; and in fact we think very little of a man who doesn't. But let us be reasonable in this matter. The interests of the college in general are just as much the interests of each one of us individually. It is evident that if our Athletic Association, if Base Ball, if the college paper, if any college organization whatever is a success, we will receive greater satisfaction than if in our narrow way we elect a friend to an office, simply because he is a friend and not because he is the best man for the position. Do we not very often defeat the very object for which the organization exists by failing to vote for the right man? What matters it who he be if he advance our interest by advancing the interests of some college organization? We are apt to deceive ourselves by thinking that the best possible thing for us to do is to elect our friend and defeat our enemy. If our object is to benefit ourselves or our society, our wisest plan is to elect the man, whether friend or enemy, best qualified for the place, for, as already said, the honor of the success of an organization is greater than the mere honor of office.

Let us then think well of this matter. We are persuaded that if we act on the suggestion, and, laying aside all private animosities, work unitedly for the interests of our Alma Mater, we shall be agreeably surprised at our success.

THE ACCUMULATION of iron and stone, situated between North and South Colleges, anonymous yet having many names, is truly a wonderful thing and a mystery forever. From the day that the student comes to college as Freshman until he leaves as Senior

his all-inventive imagination is almost daily occupied in the endeavor to determine the character and the object of its existence. What is it? Why is it? These are the questions which present themselves to every reasonable admirer of the utility and architectural skill of this massive edifice. But we would convey a wrong impression were we to lead our readers to infer that these questions have never been answered. The subject of our consideration is not so enigmatical as to baffle all attempts at explanation. Various and interesting are the many theories which have been proposed in order to account for its existence. Some will have it that it is a monument built for the same purpose and much on the same plan as the ancient Egyptian pyramids. Too much cannot be said in favor of this theory for its supporters have many strong arguments on their side, and then, too, its sobriquet, "Memorial," would go to show that the founder had some such end in view. Another theory is that it is a model of an enormous cheese-box. The objection to this view is that it gives only one-half of the required information. The most fertile imagination would find difficulty in excogitating any good reason why a college should build a model cheese-box, and why it need be so large and expensive. We therefore regard this theory as wholly untenable. Others again have thought that they recognized in this pile of stone an attempt to reproduce the Grecian theatre. If this were so it would reflect great credit upon its author, for it would manifest his untiring zeal to facilitate instruction in architecture and Greek tragedies. The entire lack of appurtenances indispensable to such an institution compel us to reject this theory also. There is, however, yet another and one to which we greatly incline. This theory was advanced by a certain '79 man while in his Senior year. Four long years were spent in producing and perfecting it. The substance

of it is as follows: Soon after the creation when the waters had separated and dry land appeared, it was found necessary to bind the two hemispheres together lest they float away. Accordingly a strong iron bolt of considerable size was made in an oriental foundry; and a hole having the diameter equal to that of the bolt was drilled through this planet of ours, into which the iron bolt was duly inserted. This wonderful edifice of ours is a head of the bolt. Our antipodes have another somewhere in China, and the two are positively the only structures of their kind. This is a very plausible explanation and we will continue to hold to it, until we hear of a better. We are very anxious to learn the truth in the matter and we would gladly offer some reward for a theory which would best account for all the facts, if we had any expectation of ever hearing of one; but we have not, for this was done last year, yet without success.

OUR readers will probably have noticed that the CONCORDIENSIS has of late made its appearance with a mutability which was most remarkable. Sometimes it was in season, sometimes out of season; but more frequently the latter. This was due to various and sundry causes which would take long to explain and would be best left unexplained. We crave indulgence for past offenses, and assure our friends that they will find the paper appear more promptly hereafter, and that on or about the 15th of each month.

ON MONDAY, March 1, 1880, Maria, "queen of the broom," completed the eighteenth year of her stay among us. Always pleasant, always ready to do a favor, she has become a universal favorite. From her few earnings she is always ready to lend the needy student a few dollars to keep him agoing until his "ship comes in." Alumni, who have graduated within the past eighteen years

will remember her well, and for their benefit we will say that she has had her pictures taken, which are on sale at Powers' of this city. Maria is both philosopher and theologian, and you need but start her on any subject in order to hear her talk as if she were wound up. She is the Freshman's protecting genius, and woe to the upper classman who abuses him in her presence. Does anything happen to him without the possibility of her intervention, she may be heard to remark: "Poor devil, I am sorry for him." In short, next to Col. Pickett, Maria is the most good-natured old soul that we have ever met.

THE relations at college are such that students, after having been together for awhile, become almost a by-word for informal, free and easy conversation and familiarity. This is one of the many things that, when college days become a thing of the past, makes them so pleasant to look back upon and so dear to remember. But there is a tendency on the part of some to indulge in an intimacy too personal for the continuance of the best friendship and such as is not allowed by etiquette even in the home circle.

This typical fellow goes into a brother student's room, and if, perchance, he finds him combing his hair or blacking his boots, he immediately begins a series of questions to ascertain, if possible, whither he is going. If the first answer is not specific enough or leads to a new series, the questioning is continued until the brother student is forced to tell something he does not want to tell, or tells the man what is not true, or intimates what would justly and properly have been the first answer, "It is none of your business."

This same "boor" will walk slowly around the room, gaze into every open drawer or trunk, closely inspect all mailable matter, read more over your shoulder from your book than he will allow you to read while he

is in the room, and will learn at least the title and first sentence of your essay, if you are writing one; or if it be a letter will know whether it is to mother, sister, or somebody else's sister, at least if he does not it will not be his fault. He will, however, keep quiet and listen if a friend or relative comes in for a pleasure call, a friendly chat or a little business; in the meantime, perhaps, amusing himself by smoothing out a few leaves of your diary which is lying on the table. Such is a description of the fellow-student whom in after years we are *not* likely to remember. Almost involuntarily we exclaim, "Would that we had never known him!" but on a moment's reflection, thinking that we have judged him unkindly, we modify our statement and say, "Would that there were none such!" Yes, indeed, would that there were none!

UNION COLLEGE is particularly fortunate with regard to its corps of Professors. After the student has been here long enough in order to get well acquainted with them, he invariably asks: "Where is there another such Faculty?" He does not believe that any other college can possibly have one so good. Now we would not go so far as this, but we know whereof we speak when we say that there isn't a better anywhere. This may seem an extravagant statement to an outsider, but it can be easily substantiated. We do not at all doubt that some will read this with contempt; others will pass it calmly by and simply remark that we show our ignorance. The alumni of many years ago will in all probability say, "O, yes; when we were in college Old Union had a grand Faculty, but she has deteriorated, sadly deteriorated. In that day, ours was a far-famed Faculty; but the most of them are gone, and consequently we have lost our interest. A few, it is true, are left, but the most have been replaced by men of no very great rep-

utation." But though they have not the reputation of our former professors, have they, therefore, no reputation? Is it a rule that those are necessarily the best instructors who are most widely known? "But," they will say, "how are we to know whether or not they are men of ability unless they make a stir and thus give us an opportunity of hearing of them through the press?" We answer, "Do you not hear a great deal of some of them? Has your love for your Alma Mater—that mother who cared for you during the most critical period of your life, and to whose training you undoubtedly owe very much of your success—grown so cold that you cannot spare the time to inquire after her and learn what she is doing? Does filial piety mean nothing, that you should never ask if she be needy and require your aid? We ask you to come and see what we are doing, and ascertain the quality of the work that is to-day done at Union, and then judge for yourselves whether the 'old college has deteriorated or not.'" To some of the alumni these remarks do not at all apply for they have done nobly, but to very many they do apply most forcibly. We would simply add in conclusion that we as students love our Alma Mater, and if we, to-day, thought that we could ever forget her, ever be dead to her interests or neglect to lend a ready hand whenever she should require our aid, it would make us peculiarly sad. Should that ever be the case may the students of that day remind us of our vow to support her.

"And when we all shall have our 'Dips,'
In shining sheets of tin,
Let no one, with irreverent lips,
Against thee dare to sin."

INTER-COLLEGIATE LEAGUE.

There has been much talk, for the past two years, of a Base Ball League between the colleges of this State. Unquestionably

such an organization would be productive of good results. It would lead to inter-college acquaintance and good will, besides affording a good deal of amusement and healthy excitement to the students of each college. We are, therefore, very glad to announce that the project begins to take an active form. Nearly all the colleges, Hamilton, Cornell, Syracuse, Hobart, Madison, and Rochester have responded favorably to Manager McFalls, and a convention will meet at Syracuse March 12th, to perfect the organization and make out a schedule of games.

Our Nine have business before them. Every legitimate effort must be made to bring the pennant to Union. If our club is a good one they must bear in mind that good clubs must be met and *beaten*. We guarantee the encouragement and co-operation of our students, provided that the Nine do their part faithfully. Let the training be more regular and thorough. *Let every thought of dissent or insubordination be put aside*. Hard work and harmony will bring about results of which Union College will not be ashamed.

SLANGOGRAPHY.

It may interest our readers to learn something of the slang words and phrases used at other colleges. For research into this subject we are indebted to the *Acta Columbiana* which has published a series of articles on it. We will mention the most important.

The author—Richard Grant Black—says that at Cornell the word *pony* has a different meaning from that at most colleges, signifying *crib* or other unlawful aid at examinations or recitations. At Union, *pony* has both significations and is made to carry a good deal. A Union man *rides* his *pony*, or *horse*, in his room, *rides* it into class room and *rides* through, if he is not so unfortunate as to be unsaddled. At Williams and Bowdoin only,

the pony is known as a *fakir*. At Yale it is a *skin*—a term employed at Union to denote the ordinary dead-beat.

In refusing to attend recitation or chapel we *bolt* with Michigan University—perhaps oftener. But at Columbia they prefer to *slope*; at Harvard and Williams, to *cut*; and at some Western “institutions,” to *skate*.

At Union a man is *hauled up* by his professor, and when he makes a brilliant recitation, invariably *rowls* and rakes in the consequent *ten-spot*. At Harvard he *squirts* or, more commonly, *rushes*. At some colleges he *howls* or *screams*. At Williams he *rakes an X*.

With us to fail in an attempted recitation is a *slunk*; to sit nobly in one's seat when hauled up is a *dead slunk*. The latter at West Point is *fess*; at Wesleyan, *smash*; at several Southern colleges, *burst*. *Fizzle* is our term for a poor recitation.

Hard study at Union and Princeton is *poling*; at Harvard (according to the *Crimson*), the “consummation devoutly to be wished” is the result of *grinding* or *digging*. At Williams it is *grubbing*.

We call a student who fawns and hangs around professors, *soups* or *bootlicks*. Some colleges have *bootlegs*.

Snab is the most common name for unmarried females, but is not used at Union. The more youthful portion of the tender sex among us—we mean in Schenectady—are referred to as *fair maids of Dorp*, or *quail*. The *Athenæum* proposes that the “bucolic maidens of rural Williams” be hereafter known as *rose-buds*.

The collegiate rowdy at Harvard is a *scrub*; at Columbia, *ploot*, *prune* or a *plum*. At Yale he is a *slum*. We call him what he is—an *ass*.

Harvard “don't *haze* Freshmen any more.” Neither do we. '79 was the last class that did that successfully. But they still *devil* a *Pleb* at West Point, and at Brown they *soap* him—because he needs it. We still *put him on the table* and listen to the affecting tale of

his pedigree and childhood, to his best declamation or speech and to his nursery songs.

At Union nearly every Freshman is required to *set up* at some appointed time during the first term—*i. e.*, to furnish divers potatoes and edibles for the upper classmen. All occasions of festivity among us are *set-ups*.

String-out is a word recently adopted at Union. It relates to that peculiar lengthening out of student groups on their way to chapel which causes them to enter at intervals of about two seconds. This prevents the beginning of the exercises and enables those in the rear to catch up. A very few men have been known to form a line from Lafayette street to the college, all marching to the tune of *String-out! String-out!* A noble institution!

A student suspended from college is *bounced*; expelled, he gets the *G. B.*—*grand bounce*.

A student's room is his *ranche*. A general, grand racket is a *jamboree*.

We *come down* in recitation or chapel in the place of applause, and there is no fiction about that, either. In delivering orations we *howl*. In fine, we do everything which is appropriate to student life, work and play, laugh and sing, morally and experimentally certain that

"Old Union is a jolly home,
We'll love her still where'er we roam;
The very songs we used to sing
'Mid Memory's echoes long shall ring."

LOCAL.

—The *Czar* has returned!

—Who is the homeliest man in College?

—Where is the Dutchman who has gone wild over his *zwei lager*?

—An unusual sight on the campus--Students playing ball on the 27th of February.

—The Union College Catalogue is out. It has been expurgated of many of its petty

misrepresentations and discrepancies; but many yet remain.

—The successful man—He who knows something of everything, and everything of something.

—Fancher has decided to go on the Nine again. Another point scored. Look out for a *three-bagger*.

—The editors of the *Garnet* report progress. This publication, it is reported, is to be an unusually good one.

—"Don't put your feet on the table; members of Congress do so, but you're not a member of Congress."—*P. L.*

—Williams college claims to have a Freshman Brass Band. Undoubtedly, for there are few colleges that have not.

—Little Mac is out at last. From his movements we judge the Freshmen will soon have to sweat over their guns.

—Prof., meeting student on the campus—"What! drunk again to-night?"

Student—"Yes—hic—so am I."

—If any person questions the value of stimulants for inspiring eloquence, let him call some Friday night at North middle.

—The room formerly occupied by the College Library is being refitted with shelves and desks for the Museum of Mineralogy.

—The following is Eighty-two's version of the chorus of Eighty-one's Class song:

"Hurrah! Hurrah, for Eighty-one!
The Divil 'a cane they've ever won."

—A certain Senior interprets the expression "A merciful man will be merciful to his beast" as meaning that he will be merciful to his *pony*.

—The Freshie counts the days,
And calls them all by name,
And smacks his lips and says,
"Next term I'll have a cane."

—"He doesn't know enough about Greek to find the place in a pony," is a Soph's description of a fellow-Soph's ignorance in regard to Greek.

—Our representative from Sing Sing informs us that they never wear the stars and stripes down there, but they wear the stripes and are made to see stars.

—A certain student from the sea shore gets so hungry for fish that strains like the following burst from his mouth: "Oh, for a codfish! Oh, codfish and potatoes!"

—The Glee Club is getting a good start and promises to do well. A quartette sang

at the home-entertainment, and a double quartette has sung at Rynex Corners.

—Professor of Latin—"Give a sentence containing a Dative of advantage."

Fresh.—"*Equus est mihi*—I have a horse."

Prof.—"That seems to be a decided *disadvantage* in your case."

—Professor Neil, of Amherst College, preached in Dr. Darling's pulpit on Sunday, March 7th. The sermon was an unusually good one. His text was: "My God shall supply all your need."

—Student coming home from Pinafore with a lady. Lady—"I think Joseph looks just swell in those *white pants*."

Student (absent minded)—"So do his sis—hem—yes, very."—*Ex.*

—Physiology. Soph—"Prof., isn't the muscle of the under jaw the strongest in the body?"

"Well, judging from the use it has in some people, I should say it is."

—A certain Sophomore is decidedly opposed to "ponying" in the class and studying during chapel prayers; he says that he would rather go into heaven unsustained than into hades with a "ten-spot."

—Mr. W. A. Silliman set sail for Germany on Monday, March 15, in order to spend two years at the German universities. Mr. Silliman expects to take the degree Ph. D. He has our best wishes for his success.

—A "Soph" who has been visiting his sweetheart, after staying with her more than a week, writes to his room-mate, "Dear Chum,—I expected to have been with you before this, but how can I leave!"

—We are pleased to see W. F. Watkins, '81, back with us and looking so well. His comparatively short stay in N. Y. city has cured his eyes, as he believes, and he can read and study almost as well as ever.

—Babies squalling,
Newsboys bawling,
Clothes all mud and dripping with the rain,
Boot-blacks bawling,
Gatemen calling,
Oh, the bliss and comfort, waiting for the train.

—C——, '82, wants to know who *Ditto* is. He says: "In looking over a list of authors and their works, I noticed that *Ditto's* name occurred more often than that of any other writer, and yet the cyclopædia doesn't say a word about him."

—In compensation for the valuable legal services of Clarkson N. Potter to Union

College the trustees have devoted \$5,000 of the Nott Trust Fund to found a scholarship in his name. Mr. Potter's liberality to his *Alma Mater* is well known.

—Rev. T. G. Darling, D. D., pastor of the First Presbyterian church in this city, has obtained a leave of absence in order to visit his home in the West Indies. The Doctor hasn't been home for ten years, and undoubtedly is anticipating a very pleasant time.

—Fresh.: "I found some beautiful flowers in the woods to-day, but I can't think of their name. It isn't Trailing Arbutus."

Junior (who has been studying Zoology): "Is it Lamellibranchiata?"

Fresh.: "Yes—I remember now—that's it."

—A Sophomore was contending with a Freshman that, literally speaking, twice infinity is greater than once infinity. "I tell you," exclaimed the Freshman triumphantly, "it was only this morning that the professor of Mathematics said that *infinity* under any and all circumstances is *infinitesimal*."

—A Freshman friend of ours says, "It is nothing but the greatest empty-headedness that leads a Sophomore to think he is a *h— of a fellow* because he has been in College a year." And he pities the "conceit of a man who, having spent four years in College, thinks he has accomplished any great thing." Yea, verily.

—Class in English. Prof.—"Mr. C——, what is a distinctive feature of the descendants of the Danes and the Saxons?"

Mr. C.—"A Love of mari—marital adventure." [Uproar.]

Prof.—"That is more French than Saxon."

Mr. C. (confusedly)—"Oh, I mean *maritime* adventure."

—The well-known article, "Husband's magnesia," was the subject of a joke a few days ago on an innocent Freshman.

Freshie to druggist—"Have you any magnesia?"

"Husband's, sir?" asked the druggist.

"Oh, no!" meekly replied the Freshman, "I've just entered College."

—Physiology. Prof.—"It is hard to tell just what is the function of the spleen. It does not seem to be necessary for life. This was tested by taking the spleen out of a cat, and it was found that the cat went right on living; and the spleen was cut up and given to the cat and she ate it."

Juno—"Prof., did the spleen go right back to its place again?"

—Junior translating from William Tell, "*Wo waer die sel'ge Insel aufzufinden?*" begins, "Whoa would——"

Prof.—"No, no, that isn't right. Try again."

Student—"Whoa——"

Prof.—"Now don't you see how foolish that is? We have no *horse* here."

—The Senior class held a meeting on Thursday, Feb'y 26, and decided to have a class-supper at the Windsor Hotel, in Albany, on the evening of the last day of this term. Mr. F. P. S. Crane was chosen toast-master. As the Engineers graduate in the Spring, this will probably be the last time that the class meet as a whole, and all are anticipating a grand, good time.

—The late Wm. M. Gillespie, Professor of Civil Engineering from 1845 to 1868, had the degree of LL. D. conferred on him twice in one summer, by two different colleges, and, at least so the story runs, not knowing how to dispose of the double honor in an ordinary way, called upon Mathematics for help. With the assistance of this old friend he promptly proceeded to "reduce the equation" and signed himself L.₄ D.₂

—Some of the boys while singing College songs at one of the Sociables, broke down on the following lines:

"When Captain Jack shall see his plants
In bloom a few times more,
The boys who sport our altered pants,
Shall knock at Union's door;
And when the Tutes have let them in,
Old Terrace, thou shalt see
Them sitting where their dads have been,
And singing over thee."

Stand by your prerogatives, fellows, and don't be squeamish.

—Prof. Lewis Boss, Director of Dudley Observatory, is the author of an important astronomical work just published by the Government. Prof. Boss was formerly Assistant Astronomer of the U. S. Northern Boundary Commission. The book is a large, handsome volume on "The Declination of Fixed Stars employed in Latitude Work with the Zenith Telescope, * * * and a Catalogue of Five Hundred Stars for the Mean Epoch of 1875."

—Many of the clergymen, who have graduated from Union, think, and rightly as it seems to us, that every one of their profession has heard of Dr. Tayler Lewis, and has read his works. The following took place some time ago: A——, meeting his clerical friend, M——, says:

"Brother M——, have you read Dr. Lewis' version of the Book of Job?"

M——: "Who is Dr. Lewis?"

Some time after in telling of this conversation, A—— remarked, that he expected to hear M—— ask him next who Job was.

—They were two Juniors and it was at a fair in a neighboring village. One had 20 cents and the other had 25 cents, and ice cream was just 10 cents a plate. Each wanted to treat the same lady with cream. 20 cents would just do it. The opportunity soon came. The fair-one came around with some 5 cent chances and met the Juniors face to face. Twenty-five Cents seeing his opportunity agreed to take a 5-ct. chance if Twenty Cents would. Of course he didn't refuse,—but, alas! fifteen cents wouldn't get two plates of cream, and he had to go home early and a little sick from the effects of ice-cream.

—The World's fair of 1879 was held at Sydney, New South Wales, the principal city of Australia. Exhibits were there from all parts of the world, including those from the largest and best known cigarette and tobacco manufacturers. Notwithstanding the many varieties of German, Russian, French, English and American cigarettes and tobaccos on exhibition, the display of cigarettes, Vanity Fair tobacco, etc., made by W. S. Kimball & Co., of this city, was awarded the first prize by the commissioners. A cablegram from Sydney yesterday announced this fact. This is a triumph for Rochester and its manufacturing industries. Six first prizes have heretofore been won by Kimball & Co. at great exhibitions, this making the seventh. —*Rochester Democrat and Chronicle*.

—At a meeting of the Base Ball Association Junior Manager D. H. McFalls was elected to represent us at the Syracuse convention, March 12th. A Constitution for the League was drawn up which he was instructed to present to the convention for adoption. From it we quote the "Provisions for the Code of Rules":

Art. I—A League ball.

Art. II—A round bat.

Art. III—A series of games so arranged that they may be played consecutively.

Art. IV—Half the gate money to go to each club.

Art. V—One game to be played on the grounds of each of the other clubs.

Art. VI—The Pennant to cost not less than fifty dollars and to be given to the club that wins the most games. In case of a tie the game to be played off.

Art. VIII—The "League" rules to be declared the rules of the Association, provided they do not conflict with any rules adopted by this Association.

— An unexpected array of talent was displayed in the entertainment given by the students in one of the *College Halls* on Saturday evening, Feb. 28. It was under the direction of the B. B. Association. With a single exception it was a complete success and should lead to something on a bigger scale in our neighboring cities and towns. The audience consisting of a hundred or more students and Profs. seemed delighted. The orchestra of eight pieces was excellent; the minstrelsy and dancing the best we have ever seen from amateurs. The singing of the quartette deserves special mention. "Rock Me in the Cradle of the Deep" and "Bonnie Jean" were good selections and well rendered. And that medley about "I love, I love," you know, was just beautiful. Brace up, boys, and give us some more, at Union Hall, say. Or, how would it do to give another entertainment on the Hill, open to the ladies and public generally? We'll warrant a good house.

SIGMA PHI.

The fifty-third convention of the Union Chapter of the Sigma Phi fraternity was held at the Society Hall on the evening of March 4th. Delegates were present from Hamilton, Williams, Hobart, the Universaties of Vermont and Michigan. The meeting was presided over by our venerable professor, Dr. John Foster. An application made by Cornell for the formation of a chapter was rejected. After the transaction of regular business all repaired to Anthony Hall where they had a grand banquet. Among the members present on the occasions were Chas. E. Fitch, of the Rochester *Democrat*; Elihu Root, Wm. H. DeLancy and Major Douglas Campbell, of N. Y. City; Rufus H. King, of Albany.

MEDICAL COLLEGE.

The forty-fifth Commencement of the Medical Department of Union University was celebrated in Martin Hall Opera House, Albany, on Wednesday evening, March 3rd. The graduating class numbered forty-six members. The affair was greeted by a large and enthusiastic audience. The youthful Esculapians were at their best. Excellent music was furnished by the Parlatti orchestra. Among the distinguished Union College graduates and professors who occupied seats

on the stage we notice the names of President E. N. Potter, D. D., LL. D.; Prof. Harrison E. Webster, A. M.; Prof. Maurice Perkins, A. M., M. D.; Prof. David Murray ('52), LL. D., Ex-Superintendent of Public Instruction in Japan; Judge Amasa J. Parker ('25), LL. D.; Isaac G. Collins ('55), A. M., M. D.; Dr. F. L. R. Chapin, and many others.

After an essay by Mr. Gordon H. Race and a valedictory address by Mr. T. D. Worden, degrees were conferred by President Potter. Honors were then given for the best Theses to Clinton B. Herrick, T. D. Worden, and in Surgical Clinics were awarded to David Fleichman, first, and to M. L. Rhein, second. The annual Commencement address was delivered by Dr. David Murray. The *Albany Argus* says:

"The annual address of Prof. Murray was an able and exhaustive discourse on the duties, trials and expectations of the physician, and was replete with practical suggestions of a deep and sensitive nature, touching upon the daily walks and vicissitudes of the doctor. Prof. Murray handled the subject on the occasion with a delicate discrimination and appreciation of the qualities of true refinement, and his remarks were characterized by a critical acuteness which was very happily brought into requisition in interpreting the humor or pathos of his subject, and which gave additional force and liveliness to his comments. It was throughout a dignified and exceptionally able paper, and it is regretted that on account of the crowded condition of our columns this morning, that it does not appear in full."

A banquet at the Delavan House closed the festivities. At the annual re-union of the Alumni in the afternoon the regular address was made by Prof. J. S. Mosher, and Dr. F. L. R. Chapin (Union, '47) was elected President of the Association for the coming year.

EXCHANGES.

—We have generally liked the *Ariel*. We should be sorry to learn anything which would impair our good opinion of its fairness or ability. The last number contains a long, irrelevant editorial in reply to our article on the lecture system. It concludes that our "author was not true to his convictions." Now, really, why shouldn't he be? We think he was. He certainly knows a great deal about the University of Minnesota. Now comes the *College Review* accusing some un-named paper of stealing editorials. What has this to do with the *Ariel*? Nothing, it would seem. But speaking of the CONCORDIENSIS the *Review* says: "We clip the following good ironic thrust at the lecture system in colleges. (It is not the CONCORDIENSIS that contains the plagiaristic

article elsewhere referred to.)" Verily, this looks *peculiar*. We have not looked the matter up to verify our suspicion, but the coincidence is striking. Be patient, brother *Ariel*, your fine arguments may yet be answered.

—The *Cornell Era* is well edited. We agree most heartily with it in reference to the base ball association:

"We sincerely hope that whatever is done at Syracuse will be done unanimously and with the best feeling. When so little is at stake as there is in college sports, we cannot afford to act in an ungentlemanly manner, or like professional players. The object of intercollegiate games is to increase the interest in the sports, and give an opportunity of becoming acquainted with other colleges. Bitterness of feeling towards other institutions is too frequently a characteristic of students, and this should be diminished rather than increased by an intercollegiate association."

—The *Rockford Seminary Magazine* is a model of female enterprise. "A Medley of Love Songs" shows its authoress extremely well acquainted with the subject. It was *all-good*. How we wish we knew so much about it. We cannot account for our blunder. Will the gentle editors accept our apology? Your kindness to us was undeserved. Your assumed "age" had brought more asperity, we should think. We cannot, would not believe you more than eighteen.

—The following pretty verses come from the *Record*:

ROSES AND LILIES.

Roses and lilies growing together,
All in a garden a-blooming with posies;
But who is there can tell me whether
The lilies are fairer or whether the roses.
The lilies are Rosie's, the roses are Lily's,
Rose planted the lilies and Lily the roses;
But there's not so lovely a rose in the trellis
As Lily, no lily so fair as fair Rose is.
I love them both, and can I choose illy?
One I must choose, which no one discloses;
If I choose Rose my rose is a lily,
If I choose Lily my lily a rose is.
Roses and lilies growing together,
All in a garden a-blooming with posies;
Love, O, Love, will you tell me whether
Bright Lily is dearer, or whether fair Rose is.

—The *Hamilton Lit.* is certainly the handsomest, and, we think, the best magazine on our table. The February number makes an excellent contrast between the lives and works of Bryant and Poe. We hardly see how Hamilton can claim the champion base ball nine of the State, so long as there was no association or schedule of games. Hamilton beat Syracuse; so did we. Union tried to get a game with Cornell, but couldn't; Hamilton was beaten by Cornell. Hamilton

won a game from Union, and Union one from them. Now, every Hamilton man knows how that game was won from us. He knows, too, that their Nine accepted a challenge to play on the following Friday, and that they *backed right out* of it when the day came. Never mind, "Old Hamilton," you treated us *nicely* otherwise, and time will decide our controversy.

—The February number of the *Rochester Campus* is, as usual, good. The article entitled *Goethe's Faust* is one calculated to awaken an interest in the study of that great drama. We read with pleasure the leading poem, "My Old Coat." We beg leave, however, to differ from the writer of the article entitled *Marks*. We admit that the "Marking Sytem" is imperfect. The objections offered are valid; and had the writer proposed a more perfect system, he would have deserved the thanks of students and professors everywhere. To simply do away with the "Marking System" without substituting something in its place would, in our opinion, bring about a sad state of affairs; it would be, "jumping from the frying-pan into the fire."

PERSONAL.

The annual re-union and dinner of the members of the Sigma Phi Society resident in Geneva, N. Y., was held not long since, in that city at the Union Square Hotel. The society was founded at Union College in 1827. The following sons of Old Union were present; Chas. T. Cromwell, '27, the only surviving founder of the brotherhood; Judge Gilbert M. Speir, '32; S. V. R. Cooper, '50; Major Douglas Campbell, '60; Frank Thompson, '63; Assistant Attorney-General, E. W. Paige, '64. Letters of regret were read from the following Union men: Gen. Frederick Townsend, '44; Congressman Einstein, '61.

'10. Wm. K. Fuller is resident of this city and is enjoying a ripe old age. He is one of the oldest survivors of Union's graduates.

'25. Francis Norton Mann, of the class of 1825, died at Troy, N. Y., Feb. 8, 1880. He was born in Milton, Saratoga county, June 19, 1802. He overcame many discouragements in obtaining an education, and prepared for college at the Lansingburgh Academy and in college entered the Junior year. He was the author while in college of the analysis of Kame's Elements of Criticism, so well remembered by every student under

Dr. Nott. He studied law at Rochester, and with Daniel Cady, of Johnstown, and was admitted to the bar in 1828. He never pursued a general practice of the law but engaged rather in real estate speculations which have resulted in the acquisition of a large fortune. He was a member of the Board of Aldermen and of Supervisors in Troy, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the county, and Mayor of Troy.

'43. D. B. Hagar from Salem, Mass., writes: "I am happy to add my name to your list of subscribers. It is many years since I said 'good bye' to Old Union, but I have never ceased to feel a deep interest in her welfare. You have my best wishes for the prosperity of the CONCORDIENSIS. The number which you sent me impresses me very favorably."

'48. Rev. Chas. A. Taylor, tutor in Union College in 1849, is preaching in Brooklyn.

'49. Eugenio A. Johnson is a Civil Engineer in St. Paul, Minn.

'49. F. W. Seward, Ex-Assistant Secretary of State, is writing a life of his father, Wm. H. Seward ('20).

'52. David Murray, Ph. D., LL. D., has accepted the invitation to deliver a course of lectures in Union College on Oriental Civilization. From 1853 to 1863. Dr. Murray was principal of the Albany Academy, and from 1863 to 1873 professor in Rutgers' College. In 1873 he accepted the invitation of the Japanese government to act as Superintendent of Educational Affairs, and Adviser to the Department of Education of the Empire for a term of three years, and subsequently for a second term of three years. From this appointment he has lately returned to this country.

At the time of the Centennial Exhibition the Japanese government sent Dr. Murray to America as a special commissioner to collect educational information, and purchase material illustrative of education. His reports to the Japanese government were translated and widely circulated.

The *Tokio Times*, the leading foreign paper in Japan, in a notice of Dr. Murray's departure, says: "During his extended residence here, Dr. Murray enjoyed a degree of regard, and held a position of influence which has been surpassed by no foreigner of any nationality."

At his farewell audience, the Emperor bestowed on him the Decoration of the Order of Merit, with the most cordial expressions of favor.

Since his return to America, Dr. Murray has been elected one of the Regents of the State of New York.

On the death of John H. Raymond, LL. D., ('32), president of Vassar College, Dr. Murray was a prominent candidate for that office.

'52. Robert N. McLaren is U. S. Marshal in St. Paul, Minn.

'53. Wm. C. Whitford is State Superintendent of Public Instruction in Milton, Wis.

'54. Hon. B. H. Williams is State Senator from 31st district, N. Y.

'55. W. H. Steele is a member of Assembly from Oswego Co., N. Y.

'55. Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D. D., editor of the *Rocky Mountains Presbyterian*, delivered a lecture in the First Presbyterian church of this city on Friday, Feb. 13th. His subject was "The Religious Aspect of the Great West."

'56. Chas. H. S. Williams was drowned December 27th, while skating. The deceased was a lawyer of acknowledged ability and leaves a large circle of friends.

'60. Weston Flint is librarian in the U. S. Patent Office, Washington, D. C. In a recent letter to us, he says: "I have not crossed the campus since I left in 1860, having spent three years in Ohio, several in St. Louis, in editorial duties, and nearly four years in China as Consul. Yet I have not lost my love for the old Alma Mater and hope at the meeting of our class this year to be present."

'69. Dr. W. L. Pearson has been elected Secretary of the Medical Society of this city.

'76. Rev. James R. Truax has resigned his charge as pastor of the M. E. Church and will engage in business in New York city. It is understood that his withdrawal, which was owing to bad health, is only temporary.

'80. Howard Bell paid us a short visit on Feb. 26. He is studying medicine in New York city.

'82. We are very sorry to state that R. E. Morgan has left college. While here Mr. Morgan has always conducted himself in a quiet, gentlemanly way. Upon coming here as Freshman last year, he immediately won many friends even in the upper classes—a somewhat unusual occurrence—and has ever since shown himself most worthy of their respect. He was an almost universal favorite among his own class-mates, and it is most sincerely hoped that he will return next year.

EXTRANEAE.

COLLEGE MEN.

THE TRINITY MAN.

The Trinity man is constructed on a strictly mediæval pattern. Everything about him is mediæval. He lives among vaulted domes, and trefoil skylights, and mullioned ventilators, and groined arches, and crypts and cloisters innumerable. He wakes in the morning with a dim religious light streaming into his dim religious room, gets up and prays in a dim religious chapel, recites to a dim religious tutor, who gives him a dim religious zero, ends up the day with a dim religious dinner, and goes off in the evening on a dim religious drunk. All of which comprises the entire college life of the mediæval Trinity man.

THE HARVARD MAN.

The Harvard man is a very presentable specimen. He has nice curly whiskers and beautifully cropped hair, a bran-new crimson ribbon on his hat, English-cut clothes, a striped ulster, and an eye-glass; and when he speaks he murmurs in a soft, melodious voice. In short, he seems a superior being gotten up regardless of expense.

There is much that is contradictory and paradoxical about the Harvard man. He will discourse mellifluously through the day on the subject of Sweetness and Light and the Demoralizing Tendencies of American Life, and then will spend the evening smashing glass in a variety theater. He is great in theories,—he has one ready for every occasion,—but when you get him down to practice, he is n't there. Too much trouble, really, you know! He can reform the world,—on paper,—but is too fond of his diurnal cigarette and siesta to pitch in and carry out his own ideas. He prefers to dream about it from a distance. In fine, he is a man who spends four years at college in filling his head with fancies that it takes him all the rest of his life to get rid of.

The Harvard man feels dead sure that he is in love with every pretty girl he meets. He is equally certain that she is hopelessly in love with him.

Taking him as a whole, however, and reckoning up all his failings, merits, virtues, and vices, there remains one thing that may be safely predicated of the Harvard man: he is always a gentleman.

THE VASSAR MAN.

The Vassar man is a woman. She is a woman who ruins all her prospects of marriage for the sake of a little French, less German, and a minus quantity of Latin. As near as I can make out, the Vassar woman was created chiefly to write little poems on tinted paper; to torture "classical" music out of grand pianos; to furnish paragraphs and jokes to the provincial papers, and to be adored by Yale Freshmen. The old man Vassar made a big mistake when he founded that Poughkeepsie ranch, for the ungrateful young dames who go there persistently ignore the very best thing that Matthew ever produced in his life—his beer.

THE YALE MAN.

The Yale man is no slouch. He was born to make things howl—and he does it. You never catch him lounging around on a Turkish rug, with his feet in a jar of rose-water, and a volume of Matthew Arnold in his paws. No sir! He ain't that kind of a cat! He doesn't want any theory in his! Give him something lively. When he goes out on a bat he don't care a continental hang whether he blows up a tutor or gets blown up himself, or whether he lands in Heaven or the station house—anything suits him if it only shakes things up.

The Yale man doesn't know very much, but he thinks he does, which answers the purpose just as well. When

he goes abroad he assumes a lofty look, and elevates his nose, and wraps the drapery of his thoughts about him, as it were, and acts as though he had got "dead wood" on the universe, and could give a few points to the Creator; but when you find him in his native lair, he is hospitable, jolly, and altogether amusing. Because then he is generally full of beer.

The Yale man can tell you very little about his academic studies—they do not insist on such things up there—but I defy any living man to stick him on "Schenck's Theory of Draw Poker." He plays a bluff game. He brags about his crew, his team, and his nine, long before the season commences; and after it is all over he will shout just as loud for a defeat as for a victory. In fact, louder.

The Yale man, take him all in all, is not exactly a Sunday school sort of youth, and you have an instinctive feeling that he would be much more in his element as a political "striker" than an orthodox theologian; yet, at the same time you cannot but respect his unshaken confidence in himself and in his college, and even admire his illimitable, impenetrable and stupendous cheek.

THE COLUMBIA MAN.

For genuine, unenthusiastic and incomprehensible insensibility, and lack of all human interest, the (typical) Columbia man carries off the immortal cake. He appears to be looking at life over the top of a tall starched collar, and through the medium of a block of ice. Nothing under the broad canopy of Heaven can excite him, or interest him, or disturb him. He was apparently born without emotions. The languor of the Harvard man is merely aesthetic laziness; that of the (typical) Columbia man is frigid indifference. If he succeeds in anything, he doesn't care; if he fails, he cares still less. If his friends are given to fun, he speaks of them as "awful bums, you know." If they study hard, his face assumes an expression of disgust, and he styles them "beastly grinds, you know." Nothing suits him and he doesn't care. This is the (typical) Columbia man. Our readers will be glad to learn that he is no longer in existence, having graduated in the class of '79. The genuine Columbia man is a different thing altogether.

THE COLUMBIA WOMAN.

?

—Acta Columbiana.

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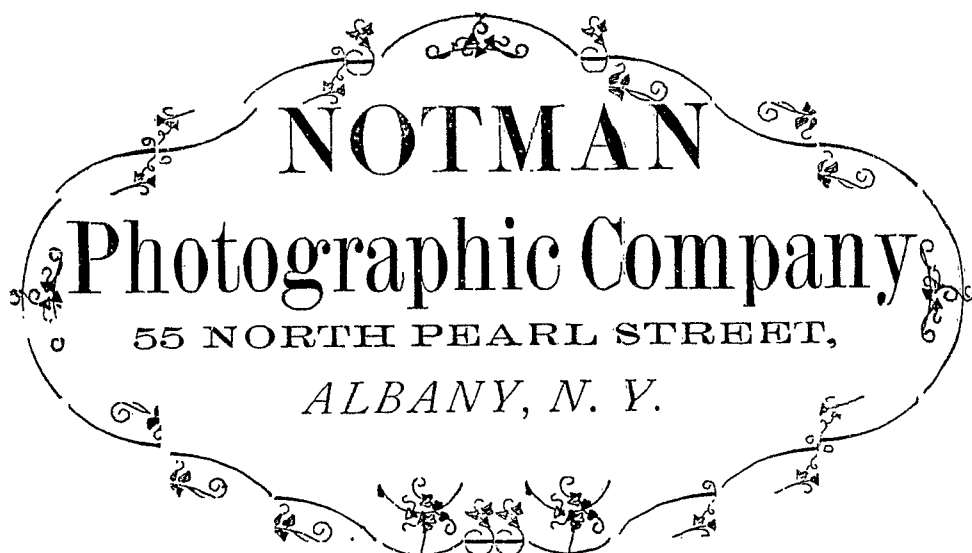
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