

THE
CONCORDIENSIS.

UNION COLLEGE.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE.		PAGE.
LITERARY :		EDITORIAL :	
The Pantheist's Prayer, (Poem)	85	Thoughts of the Term,	94
That Cameo Pin,	85	Hobart's Opinion	95
After Heine, (Poem)	89	The Debate by the Adelpics,	95
The Author of "Home, Sweet Home,"	89	Support for the Nine,	95
Reminiscence,	90	Making Up Back Work,	96
Daniel Webster's Brother,	91	COLLEGE NEWS :	
LIBRARY NOTES :		List of United States Senators Among our Alumni,	96
A Review,	92	Critique	96
Method in Investigation,	92	A Word to R. P. I.	98
How to Preserve the Results of Reading,	92	Local,	98
Reference Lists and Aids to Readers,	93	Personal,	100
College Library,	93	Necrology,	100
Communication,	93	GENERAL NOTES :	
		The College World,	100

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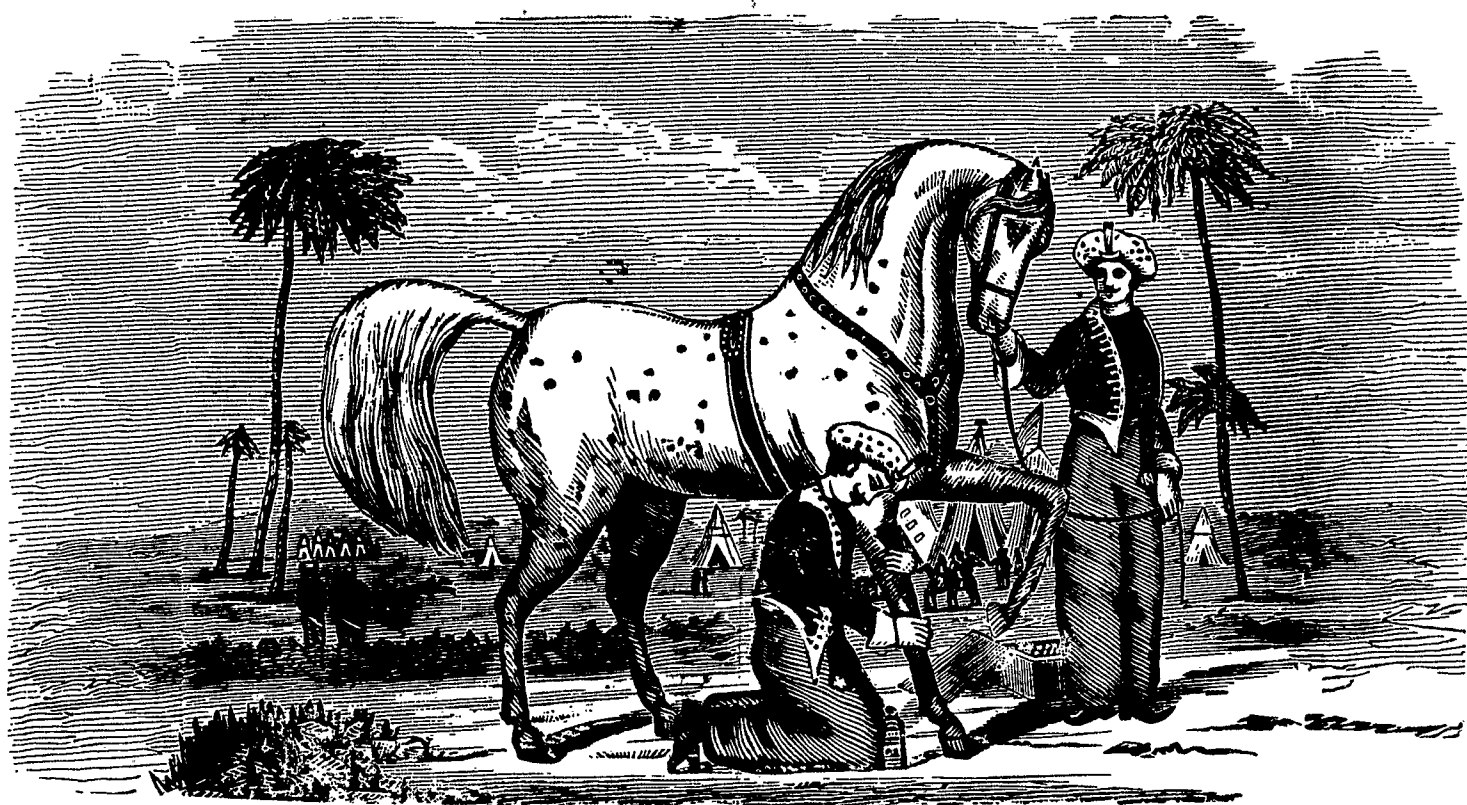


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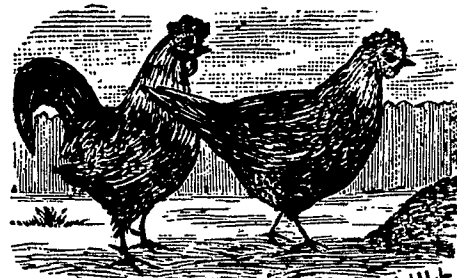
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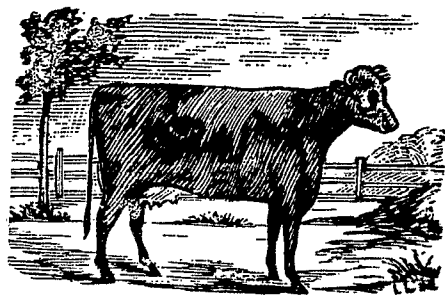


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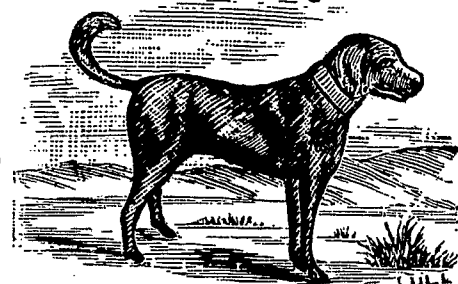
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THE CONCORDIENSIS.

VOL. X.

UNION COLLEGE, APRIL 20, 1887.

No. 7.

The Pantheist's Prayer.

O THOU great universe, which art
The only God—the God in all—
We share in thy divinity.
We voice thy praises in our speech;
Thy life grows conscious in our lives,
And sinks with us into repose.
Our finite minds may never hope
To grasp the absolute, nor form
Conceptions of thy gracious power.
Thy attributes of thought and form
Are all that thou to us hast shown
Of that infinitude with which,
Thou fillest all of earth and heaven.
Thy uncreated substance spreads
Past thought's bold pinion's wildest flight.
The myriad forms of earth and air,
The denizens of sea and grove,
All sense may know or thought conceive
Are forms of thy unbounded life.
Thy power upholds each ponderous orb
That swings in space about its sun,
And out on its returnless course
With headlong speed, the comet hurls,
Pours from its steep the cataract,
Poises the flower upon its stem,
Sustains existence everywhere.

Our lives are like the vaporous forms
That rise from ocean's broad expanse.
We come from thee, thee still we are,
To thee at length do we return.
Awhile a form distinct is ours,
We hover o'er thy restless waves,
Reflect the sun in varied hues,
Unbraid the plaited strands of light,
Are rolled and tossed by shifting winds;
Until in glad return again
We melt as rain into the sea;
We blend our lives with thy great life,
And find oblivion's sweet release.

Instinct with life and tireless power,
All nature one glad anthem chants
Of unity. There can be naught
Of jarring discord in a realm
Where king and subject, law and state,
Are one. To our dim vision, good
And evil seem to grapple here
In conflict evermore: war strews
The earth with whitening bones, and lades
The air with oaths of vengeful wrath,
Or wrings from orphaned grief the wail
Of hopeless anguish; till the soul
Of fabled Cain incarnate seems
In jealous hate to rule the race.
Even Nature, with a grudging hand
From stores that time could ne'er exhaust,
Reluctant yields her hidden powers,

When races have grown old and died.
Gaunt Famine glares with hollow eyes
Where Pestilence her scourge has laid;
And flood and flame indifferent raze
The dens of Vice or Justice's halls,
Wealth grinds beneath his iron heel
The helpless masses of the poor,
And takes from squalid misery
The gold to build his palace walls.
The countless hordes of sea and wood
Plot mutual slaughter, feeding life
With life; till man the final link
In this destruction's chain, binds back
To earth, in wanton slaughter, all
The forms of life that cross his path.
These seeming evils meet our eyes
Which way we turn, and clamor for
A swift redress—in vain.

But could
We rise in beings height to where
Our lengthened vision could o'er-look
The scheme of the great universe,
We should behold thy laws benign
Which rule in wondrous harmony
What else had seemed chaotic chance,
Should trace thy purposes of love
That underlie apparent wrath.
Should find the clear solution of
Life's dark enigma—sought so long
In vain. Our listening ears would catch
The rhythmic swells and cadences
That form the music of the spheres,
And our rapt souls be thrilled with joy
Ineffable. And seeing thee
In all, ourselves in thee, thy power
And love controlling all, a calm
Content would doubt and fear displace:
And we as parts divine of one
Stupendous whole would seek to gain
In wisdom our divinest end,
And bloom in thee the crowning flower
Of this great universe.

That Cameo Pin.

DOWN in the library of the Capuchinian
monastery, yesterday, I found the
queerest bit of parchment. It was mouldy
with age, part of it rotted off and on the re-
mainder the writing was so faint I could not
make much of it; but judge for yourself.
“And my best friend, George Holinshed,
shoved across the marble-topped table in the

salon of one of Rome's grand old piles a slip of paper on which was what appeared to be a translation from some old manuscript.

"Vezenio was a wonderful magician..... he had made for himself a jewel..... snake. But he magically..... six times one could use it..... And the fiend tempted him..... girl. Seven times he used..... had possession of him..... lost."

"I make as little of it as you do. It sounds like great nonsense. Have you heard from Clara lately?" "No, I wish she would write.".....

My friend is a very intellectual man, but is full of odd fancies. He declares the truest words Shakespeare ever wrote to be "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy." One of his oddest fancies is that some influence emanating from the soul of one departed lingers around his clothing and private articles. He says that he himself has felt this subtle personality in reading the books of old dead authors. For this reason he likes to wander around in old libraries. The sweetest perfume to his nostrils is the scent of old parchments and black letter books. I like rather to visit the old jewelry and curiosity shops while we are here in Rome on our post graduate tour in Europe.

Old Gonzalez keeps a bric-a-brac shop about half way down from our hotel on the Via Del Populo, where I spend many a half hour looking at the old medallions and golden filagree work belonging, once, perhaps, to some old dead Cæsar, or hung upon the snowy bosom of some chaste Aurelia or fair Fulvia. Gonzalez is always showing me something new, or rather old, which he offers at a bargain (?) but, alas! my purse is limited and many of his best bargains are not for me.

On the day following the one on which occurred the conversation, a fragment of which has been given above, George and I started each to his own amusement. What enjoyment it is to loiter around these broad old streets, feeling no cares, no coming exams, as though life were all one summer holiday. That morning old Gonzalez had a rare bargain "Most splendid, Signore, and at the least price," and his voluble Tuscan rolled along in the usual assortment of glowing phrases. I was really surprised when I saw the piece of jewelry. He had never shown me anything half so lovely before. Encircled in a hoop of gold, formed in the likeness of a snake with its tail in its mouth, emblem of eternity which the Romans borrowed from the Egyptians, was a cameo which words cannot describe. The stone was cut into the likeness of one of those ideal Italian maiden faces who smile, in the pictures, down from some balcony on their dark-eyed lovers. The face was perfect, so perfect that one cared not for the absence of color; and really the price did seem insignificant when compared with the beauty of the workmanship. What better present for the approaching wedding of my friend? So I said, "That's rather too much to ask, Gonzalez, but, if you will throw in that little gold chain I was admiring yesterday, I'll take it." "Si, Signore." As he was doing them up, I turned idly to the window and saw, or thought I saw, the very original of the face on the cameo flit by; the same large, lustrous eye fringed by long black lashes, the same creamy pallor, and her hair was Titian's gold. The next instant I saw my friend across the street, with an eager look on his face, hurrying along in the direction the owner of the face had taken. Snatching up my purchase I dashed across the street and locked my arm in his, "Whither away so fast?" With-

out answering he asked, "Did you see that perfect face? 'Vera incessu patuit dea.' "Now don't go into ecstasy over some red-haired contadina." Just then the object of our remarks flashed back a half-coquettish glance from those glorious eyes and turning a corner disappeared from our admiring gaze. "An invitation, by Jove! Come on, Harry. I will find where she lives." And dragging me, not so very loath, along, he turned down the little by-street just in time to see our divinity step into a little cottage we had passed a dozen times and had always supposed from its general air of neglect to be uninhabited, except by ghosts of departed Romans. To-day, however, the little house wore quite a different aspect, curtains at the windows, flowers on the balcony; and, as we passed, the object of our quest came out with an amphora such as Horace sealed his wine in, "Consule Tullo," evidently to water the plants and to give those two strangers another chance of admiring her. As we passed she favored George with a smile so glorious, had I been impressionable, I would have been over ears in love with her. We almost unconsciously removed our hats, which courtesy she acknowledged by plucking a rose and dropping it gently at our feet. George after a gallant salute, at which the fair unknown withdrew blushing, picked up the flower and fastened it in his button-hole. As she leaned over the balcony I was still more struck with her likeness to the face on the cameo, and also with what I had not noticed on the jewel, an indefinable evil expression as though a malevolent spirit looked through that fair mask.

II.

At dinner that evening George said he thought he would stay in Rome another week or so, as there were a few places of interest

yet to see. I was perfectly willing as I wished so find out more about the owner of the cameo face. For the next week I saw little of my friend and never again did I catch a glimpse of that wonderful pair of eyes that haunted my dreams.

A week after that eventful day of the buying of the cameo, as we were at the table, I spoke of my lucky bargain and showed the stone to George. Then for the first time I noticed an initial V. on the snake's head. My friend seemed very much interested in the jewel and asked me what I intended doing with it. "It is to be a present to a certain young lady friend of mine on her wedding-day." "It is none of my business, but who is the young lady?" "Well, I think it some of your business, as it is your future wife, Miss Arnot." As I said this the fine features of my friend crimsoned and he started as though struck. "Oh!" he said with an effort, "Dear little Clara, Harry will you let me take the stone till that wedding occurs?" I was more surprised at his manner than at the strangeness of his request, which would certainly warrant considerable astonishment; but, knowing him to be a man of strange moods, I said carelessly, "Yes, if you wish. Give it to your future wife yourself, but let her know it came from me, so that Clara clarissima et carissima will not think I have forgotten her."

During the following week I saw still less of George and when I did see him, he seemed pale and with an eager feverish look in his eyes I did not like, but, in answer to my repeated inquiries, he declared he was well. "Had Clara written him an unkind letter?" "No, he had not heard from her for a long time." "Why?" "Well he had not written." I knew something was wrong but could do nothing as he would not leave Rome.

One day, just two weeks from the buying of the cameo, as I was walking down that little by-street on which lived, shall I confess it? the only woman I ever loved or can love. I saw a picturesque looking young man in the dress of an Italian sailor come out of that little house and kissing his hand to the window with a jaunty grace, he passed me. I hurried up hoping to catch a sight of my divinity, and, with my eyes turned toward the balcony, ran into my friend who was coming up the street. His face was distorted with passion, his hands worked convulsively, his eyes looked like a murderer's. The shock of our sudden meeting seemed to sober him and he made no resistance when I locked arms with him and led him away from the cottage. We walked about a block when suddenly he broke out, "Did you see that young sailor? Six times have I seen him with my Teresa in his arms." He knew more than I, that her name was Teresa. But *his* Teresa! "What business have your calling her yours?" I asked, "and how could you see her in that fellows arms? Clara is the only one you have any right to call yours." What more I would have poured forth I do not know; but he stopped me with, "Harry, let us leave Rome to-night, now." But now I was the unwilling one.

III.

The next morning about ten o'clock, we were late risers, I heard a cry awful enough to chill a man's blood, which seemed to come from George's room. I rushed up the stairs, burst open the door to his room. There on the bed lay my friend with that cameo on his heart, his right hand clutching it as though he were trying to pluck it off but could not, his left extended as though to ward off something, which threatened to oppress him, and such a look in his eyes as I hope I may never see again, a look as of a

dammed soul. I am a man of strong nerves, but the room seemed full of a horrid presence. Mustering all my courage, I snatched the cameo from his breast, the pallor and calm of death instantly succeeded the excited look on his face. Just then, through the chambers reverberated the sound of the great antique knocker on the old palazzo's door. Hardly knowing what I did, but feeling somehow as though help were at hand, I staggered down the stairs, undid the chain, slid back the bolt, and let in a party of three; Miss Arnot, her mother, and her brother, a young Oxford student. "Why, you look ill. What is the matter?" exclaimed Miss Arnot. "George—up-stairs"—I gasped, and strong man as I was fainted.

When I came to, I saw George bending over me and, clasping my arms around his neck, I cried like a child. As he lifted his noble head I saw tears in his eyes. "It was Clara's love and will that saved me," George said a few days later, "she called me back from death and worse than death. The dear little girl worried so about me when she had not heard from me for more than a month, and she had a dream which made her believe I was in trouble; so off she started straight for Rome. What a miserable whelp I was to such a darling! Thank God, she need never know of my folly." George is all over his infatuation now. He and Clara are on their wedding trip. And I?—well, I am wandering around trying to get rid of this dull pain. The world is not half as bright as it was. I passed the little house the day before I left Rome and it had resumed its former desolate appearance. A spider had spun a great net across its doorway, the windows were curtained only with webs and dust. I asked an old woman across the way about the house. She shuddered, crossed herself, and croaked, "They say Il

Diavelo lives there, Signore." I dropped some coins into her outstretched, wrinkled claw, and escaped from that influence, leaving Rome the next day.

But once did I attempt the magic power of the cameo. Then I wished to see whom the reader knows. I was, suddenly, in a graveyard standing over a grave. As I gazed my glance penetrated through the clods that lay above the coffin. There at the bottom lay a snake coiled round a heap of mouldering dust. And as I gazed, half-fascinated, the likeness of that glorious face came out, in place of the dead mold, a tiny drop of blood upon the dainty fulness of the nether-lip, a mocking expression in those eyes of liquid number. Above me, as I stood, there grew a cloud. Increasing, it took form, a misshapen hand with crooked claws came forth. I felt as though the last drop of my blood was being drained by vampires. I snatched the cameo from my breast. It was a bright June morning.

IV.

In the Benedictine monastery at Monte Casino among the old black-letter books, I found one purporting to be a translation from a manuscript of the 13th century. In it was the following :—

"Vezeño was a wonderful magician. By his magic arts he had made for himself a jewel, a cameo set in a snake. But he magically contrived it so that for six times one could use it to see what he wished, and the fiend tempted him in the likeness of a lovely girl. Seven times he used it through his jealousy and the fiend had possession of him so that his soul was utterly lost."

Then followed a description of the jewel which tallied exactly with the one in my possession, which any one who doubts this story can see by calling at No. 13 Strand, London.

After Heine.

O my little maiden, little German maiden,
In the quaint old village down by the sea,
All my soul with love for thee is laden
And can but sing the old song,
Yet new to you and me :

"Ich liebe dich,
Ich liebe dich,
Ach, mein liebes Mädchen
Liebst du mich?"

In my inmost life thy lovely form is shrined
All my thoughts are of thee, of thee alone
Around me thou hast thy loveliness entwined
And through all my being,
Love, runs an undertone :—

"Ich liebe dich,
Ich liebe dich,
Ach, mein liebes Mädchen
Liebst du mich?"

The Author of "Home, Sweet Home."

"O sweet historian of the heart,
To thee our love and our allegiance,
For thy allegiance to the poet's art."

A LAW of our nature makes it necessary that we feel more than we express or know. Indeed the essential things, the things that lie near the heart and actuate the energies, are little talked of or written about. Some relations, scenes, events, always awaken a kindred feeling in every disposition. Some way we know that those around us have a susceptibility just like our own, that joy, sorrow, hope, fear occupy the same place in every bosom, and thus that the individual heart is the universal heart ; yet, seldom has a writer been able to sound a note that echoes and re-echoes in every soul, and never has one done it more successfully than John Howard Payne when he wrote *Home, sweet home*. Its first sound was recognized as the music of the universal heart, the music that all had felt a thousand times but that no one had expressed. It was the expression of a sentiment that every one had felt was his own ; and the words were as well suited to all lips as the feeling was to all hearts.

What other stanzas could we not write about, presuming that every reader did not

know them. Yet these are almost as familiar as the home itself. The author was born in New York city in 1792, and the man was more wonderful than his ; for, while a boy of 13 engaged in a merchantile house, he secretly edited a weekly paper, *The Thespian Mirror*. Entering Union College in 1805 his restless, ambitious spirit seemed imprisoned by a fixed curriculum, and during his two years at Union he issued 25 numbers of a periodical called *The Pastime*. On account of the bankruptcy of his father the support of the family became incumbent on him and having already evinced dramatic ability he decided to go on the stage.

At Park Theatre, New York, he made his debut Feb. 24, 1809, as Young Norval ; and so successful was he that soon afterward he appeared in Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other large leading cities. He sailed for England in 1813 and made his first appearance on the other side of the water at Drury Lane Theatre, London, as Master Payne, the American Roscius.

Notwithstanding the liberal patronage he received, his lack of financial abilities kept him ever in pecuniary embarrassment. Besides many plays adopted from the French he produced original ones, including *Brutus*, *Therese*, *Virginias*, *Charles II.* In 1826-27, he edited in London a periodical called the *Opera Glass*, and in 1832 returned to America. He was appointed American Consul at Tunis in 1841, was re-called in 1845 and re-appointed in 1851.

He died April 10, 1852, and far from the home of which he sang, in the cemetery of St. George, Tunis, a monument tells the passing stranger, where the author's ashes mingle with the dust. A bust of Payne may be seen in Prospect Park, Brooklyn.

Among his fugitive writings *Our Neglected Poets* and an account of East Hampton are

considered the best. Home, sweet home, occurs in his play *Clari or Maid of Milan* and was adapted to an old Sicilian melody.

It was computed that over 100,000 copies had been sold by 1832 ; but it can never share the fate of most popular songs.

Reminiscence.

I myself must mix with action,
Lest I wither by despair.—Tennyson.

ALUMNI tell us that the time of graduation was an epoch in their lives. The boy of the primary school looks forward to the academy, the lad at the academy, with eyes half opened and a longing heart, whistles the college song and envies the college air of a Freshman ; the Freshman's whole ambition is to receive a dip, and seldom do the enlightened understandings of the upper classmen desire anything more. Graduation is a tap on the shoulder and tends to make us look backward rather than ahead. Whether this is universally true, I know not, but certainly it was in the case of my hero, who shall be "nameless here and evermore."

Bidding adieu to alma mater he returned home, but alas ! while he had always longed for his vacation, and his few weeks at home always seemed too short, now he was not satisfied there. Severed from all his college friends, wanting his former excitement and without anything at which to busy himself, he actually grew homesick at home. He thought of the law, then of medicine, and in his sober moods, of the ministry ; but, not fixing on any of these, he took to travelling, for what purpose has to this day been a mystery. While crossing the waters, of a bright morning he watched the blue smoke as it gradually lost itself in the sky of a deeper blue, while he unconsciously whistled, "It was my last cigar." His thoughts ever dwelt on past scenes and events, perhaps

because his actual experience had more weight than an impalpable future and therefore drew his thoughts in that direction. Past years cast no shadows on the years to come. Finding himself a stranger in a strange land, he was brought face to face with men of other tongues, but they with their strange customs were only suggestive of certain men he had seen years before in his native land; the classic churches clad with training ivy simply reminded him of the little church at home; the pure stream spouting from the cliff or purling by the Switzer's dwelling brought vividly to mind the little brook to which he used to creep so silently for a trout; and under the grandest Italian sky, the bright stars peeping through the blue curtain of heaven were to him the two blue eyes he had once worshipped. He spent several years abroad, but saw nothing new, and, either from a weariness of travelling or a desire to see something old, he returned to his own country.

It was at Coney Island, and at that hour when the sun seems larger as it comes down to "sup with the ocean." He was carelessly walking along the strand, and in fancy living his life over again—again he was a boy—again he was in college—staid out late at night—again he flunked! Just at that moment his attention was drawn to a child playing in the sand and his reverie was broken. As he drew nearer and nearer the child, it seemed more and more remarkable. Its countenance was familiar, yet he had never seen the child before. Those thin, curling lips, that peculiarly chiseled nose, the flash of those black eyes, all familiar; whose child could it be? While he was playing with the child, a lady approached, her gait and form—alas! he knew her still better. It was she! it was his college girl! She had married a short time after he left college, and this child was her first born.

Daniel Webster's Brother.

WHEN Daniel Webster, who was the youngest of a large family, was half through his college course he determined that Ezekiel his brother next older should be educated also. Ezekiel entered college the year after his famous brother was graduated, and Daniel undertook to support him there by teaching in Fryeburgh for thirty dollars per month. All the money that he could save from his salary was handed over to his brother who it will further appear was sometimes sadly in need of it. The young ladies about Fryeburgh seem to have had a tendency to fall in love with the sad-eyed, dark, and handsome youth, for in a letter to a friend the young Webster makes this physiological proposition: "If there should be a new edition of human nature, I think it would be found expedient to give girls stronger ribs, and a thicker covering for the heart. I say a plague to the girls if they can't keep their little beaters at home."

Ezekiel writes to him from college:—

"Money, Daniel, money. As I was walking down to the office after a letter, I happened to find one cent which is the only money I have had since the second day after I came on. It is a fact, Dan, that I was called on for a dollar, where I owed it, and have borrowed it four times since to pay those I borrowed of.

Yours without money,
"EZEKIEL."

In reply Daniel writes:—

"I have now by me two cents in lawful federal currency; next week I will send them if they be all. They will buy you a pipe; with a pipe you can smoke; smoking inspires wisdom; wisdom is allied to fortitude; from fortitude it is but one step to stoicism; and stoicism never pants for this world's goods. So perhaps my two cents may put you quite at ease about cash. Write me; tell me your necessities, and anything else you can think of to amuse me. Be a good child; mind your books and strive to learn.

"DANIEL."

Ezekiel finally was graduated and still helped by his brother became one of the first lawyers in New Hampshire, when in his fiftieth year, in the prime of great powers, and solid usefulness he fell dead in a court room while arguing a case.

LIBRARY NOTES.

All communications, inquiries, suggestions, &c., concerning this department, should be addressed to H. C. Mandeville, P. O. Box 430, and if of sufficient importance will be published or answered in these columns.

A REVIEW.

DURING the year now nearing its end, it can be truly said that the library has been of practical use to a large number of students. When we consider that during the collegiate year, there is : 1. A total of some 300 essays and 140 orations written in the college. 2. That from the English and other departments of the college, there is constant reference to the library. 3. That the seniors are largely required to use it in their study in the English department. 4. That there are 8 prizes, which necessitate the use of the library and for these prizes, there is a total of about 45 men competing. 5. That with each graduating class there are 10 commencement themes to be prepared. 6. That the engineers make constant use of the library in the preparation of their theses. 7. That each week of the term there are two debates in the respective societies, which should bring an average of 12 men per week to its use. 8. That throughout the year there are various public debates and other exercises, and the usual amount of private investigation and study. We can see that the library has a large field for usefulness among the students and that its work in the college is no small one. The work of the library is constantly broadening, and the students are finding it both a useful and necessary part of their course. If this department in any degree contributes to the growth of interest in the library and gives any information that is beneficial to readers and students, it will have accomplished its object.

METHOD IN INVESTIGATION.

IN looking up a subject in the library, the best results can be obtained by preserving some definite method of search and not by a

hap-hazard and loose overhauling of the catalogues and indexes. Begin with the card catalogue and note down any references found there, next take the catalogues of the Boston Athenaeum and Brooklyn Mercantile and make further note of any additional references, then exhaust the encyclopedias and the periodicals by using Poole's Index and its bound supplements and you will then have a fairly complete set of references, and what is better a method that will apply in all cases. All that is taught in college amounts to very little, that is of practical benefit except as an index to the volume of facts, and a self-reliant, accurate and methodical knowledge of the means of getting at those facts from the *original* is invaluable. The college course tends to much, to give students undue confidence in text-books and it is only by getting familiar with the source of the text-books, that one can learn the means of keeping up with the knowledge of the day. The time *was* when the library was very much like a museum, and an occasional visitor looked with curious eyes at the backs of the ancient books. The time *is* when the librarian is a teacher in the highest sense and the reader uses the books as a workman among his tools.

HOW TO PRESERVE THE RESULTS OF READING.

CHARLES LAMB once said, in his quaint and delightful way, that he wished to ask a "grace before reading" more than a "grace before dinner." And if one can make his mind capable of retaining what he reads, reading well deserves any praise that even Lamb can give it. The best rule for making the mind preserve information and quotations, is to force, if necessary, a profound interest in the theme or book being read. And

the best way to secure this interest is by communicating with others any ideas or thoughts suggested by your reading. This is the especial function of the debating societies. No one is so likely to remember what he reads as he who reads with the purpose of communicating his information under the opposition of debate. If one indicates the important, more important and most important passages in a book, (of course one must own the book) even if it be only by one or two or three lines in the margin, and if one then makes it *an inflexible rule to commit to memory all the three line passages*, will very soon find that his annotated volume are in his head. Mark errors in the same way on the *inside* margin of the page. Turn down the leaf at the top of the page for choicest passages. Buy cheap and portable editions on which a pencil can be used without sacrilege. A book thus gone through is *yours* in every respect. Now for reading volumes that you do not own or for library reading. Make notes on slips of common paper. Put only one subject on one slip of paper. Passages you think applicable to quote, write lengthwise of the paper. These are the best passages. Now arrange these slips in some such way as explained in issue 5, page 56, and you will always have the valuable parts of your reading at your control. "Read not the Times; read the Eternities," cried Thoreau, but it is essential to read the Times also. Read the magazines carefully and note as above and you will have the latest and in many cases the best information to be obtained.

REFERENCE LISTS AND AIDS TO READERS.

TO all who, in good faith, will leave at the library for the editor of these notes or who communicate by mail, an indication of the subjects on which their investigations fall, we will endeavor to post them either with reference lists on that subject, or with the

means of securing such lists for themselves. This offer is made with the desire that no one shall have cause for not using the library. We will also keep those who wish, informed as to any new matter which may be discovered on their subject.

COLLEGE LIBRARY.

THE Plan of the Library recently displayed on the Library-office door enables any student to find at once for himself the book he may desire.

In the Plan, every case on the Floor and the Galleries is presented, with its number and its faces (lettered A and B) and also with contents indicated; the cases themselves being fully labeled.

If the student does not know the Class of the book desired, he can find it in the Guide to the Library lying on the office-table and may then refer to the Plan.

The student's search for his book through a whole (limited) class has its advantage in acquainting him with other material in its kind and often suggesting profitable inquiry.

COMMUNICATION.

EDITOR LIBRARY NOTES: Although it is a debatable question whether or not the library should allow its books to circulate; it is surely to be acknowledged that it should open its doors at all available hours. It has been rumored that the library committee thought of opening for a few hours on Sunday afternoon and I write this to urge that this be adopted. With the number of periodicals now in the library and with the large number of books that are proper matter for Sunday reading, it would be certain to afford a pleasing and beneficial means of spending a Sabbath afternoon. The experiment of opening, Saturday afternoon, has certainly been a success and argues well for the allowance of further privileges. With proper care the reading and conduct of those attending could be prevented from being in any way a sacrilege to the day. C.

THE CONCORDIENSIS.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

THE STUDENTS OF UNION COLLEGE.

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All business letters should be addressed to the Business Editor.

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EDITORIAL.

THE dawn of third term is delightful alike to Senior and Freshman; to the latter a cane has become a wand of authority over a class that is to be; to the Senior the warm, spring days make a stove pipe an object of comfort and of beauty. The Juniors and Sophomores feel like "moving up one." In accordance with a rule mentioned elsewhere in this issue the Seniors have passed up all their back work, and thus their time is free for the doings of the present term. With them the ending of the term does not mean the beginning of another; but the mutation

of school and college life is over; and whatever may be said of the past, all have a bright anticipation of the future.

Now, while we are under college rules and interested in college matters, but at the same time looking out on our future occupations and professions, it is fitting that we consider our responsibility and duty to our alma mater. The first thought that naturally strikes us is that in some sense we always belong to Union college. A college does not signify simply the four classes that are students, but all the classes that have ever graduated. In the minds of others a man can no more separate himself from his college than from his family. Generally speaking, our scholarship will be gauged by the standard used here, if the standard is high our diplomas will mean something. Our knowledge of what the college now is and is doing should inspire loyalty; and its relation to us should keep alive an interest in its standards and its welfare.

The success of a college publication depends perhaps as much upon the alumni as upon the undergraduates. Every alumnus is naturally interested in his fellow students, he reads with avidity everything concerning them. Indeed the college publication is almost the only means he has of learning about the present condition of the college, and of the men he knew in college. The editors give information concerning college affairs; but information about alumni must be given by alumni, because the editors have no other means of getting information about men who graduated ten or fifteen years ago. If classes when they graduate would bear this in mind, if they would remember that they can expect items of interest from others if they give items, then our paper would be useful and interesting to every one who has memories of a life at Union.

WE notice in the last issue of the *Hobart Herald* that Hobart agrees with us in condemning the action of Cornell in withholding the 100 yards medal from its lawful owner, Mr. Turnbull, of Union. We are aware of no better expression than that employed by the *Herald* in characterizing Cornell's action as "contemptibly small." We hope to hear expressions from other colleges on this matter; and at the same time we wish to thank Hobart for the prompt notice of our protest; and, while she does not agree with us in the Hamilton matter, we feel sure that the students of Hobart try to be fair in whatever decision they make.

THE public debate held in chapel, March 19, was well attended and it is therefore unnecessary for us to comment on the debate itself. The benefits of such debates over debates in the halls of the societies are realized by the speakers themselves and by those not debating. Knowing that there is an interest in the debate the speakers give time to careful preparation. They are brought face to face with an audience, and feel, not that they are learning to speak, but that they are speaking, that they should be careful both in thought and in expression. Many students leave college with no more practice in public speaking than when they entered; often the first attempt is on the prize stage.

Both sides of the question under discussion are brought before the hearer; he is urged to wish success first to one side, then to the other, and thus he unconsciously becomes a judge of the debate. The hearer gets all that the speakers have read and thought on the subject; and, whatever power in argument they possess, they must transmit some of it to the attentive listener. There is little danger that such debates will be held

too often; yet, if such should be the case, the public, and the members would lose interest in them.

SINCE our last issue the minstrel troop has disbanded and its place in raising funds for the nine been acceptably filled by a subscription paper. There has been some disappointment that the minstrel shows were abandoned; but it was undoubtedly for the best. We had only a fair audience in our own town, and ran a chance of losing the money we had by going elsewhere. The expense of 30 men is enormous and few shows with half that number can make it pay. That the subscription is more dignified as well as more certain than minstrel shows, needs no proof. It is the duty of those who send out the nine to support it. There is no man in college unable to give at least two dollars for this purpose, some can give much more. The committee have of course encountered some grumblers who hold that there is no nine worthy of support, yet we have never come out last in the inter-collegiate race. If Union grumbles at supporting her nine, what may those colleges do that have never taken above a third or fourth place? Cornell has six times the number of students to pick from that we have, and when we hope to defeat her we expect too much of our nine; and we should be satisfied with second or third place in the League.

Doubtless Union would do better if each player would do more work; but for nine men to continually practice alone is unpleasant, as well as unprofitable. Unless every man that can play comes out and helps the "Varsity" in its practice games, the blame is shifted from the nine to the students themselves. Perhaps some say they can't play. Very well, interest may still be shown. Nothing invigorates a player so much as the

cheer of a crowd when he shows improvement; and no exercise is better calculated to develop the voice and the lungs than the Union cheer. We think that the change from afternoon recitations has injured the college spirit, in this direction at least. Formerly the campus was filled every afternoon, now there is scarcely a "corporal's guard" to cheer the players.

BY the present arrangement, any Senior behind in a study at the end of second term can not graduate. While this we believe will have a salutary effect, it injures no one. Some time must be fixed at which seniors are required to have back work up and the only question is whether that time shall be at the end of second term or some time in third term. It may be urged that the third term is the easiest and that those who are behind can best make up their work then, or during Senior vacation; but this term is not a time for hard work.

It is hard to understand that a student who has been unable to keep up with his class will in the third term change his nature, and just when out-door sports and Commencement agitate the mind, manifest a disposition to study. Third term is not made easy for delinquents, neither is Senior vacation a special provision for them. Each term affords time for its own work; and essays and preparation for commencement, together with the term-work, will be found enough for third term Senior without any exercise in the work belonging to another term.

List of United States Senators Among Our Alumni.

- 1815—Nath'l P. Talmadge.
- 1816—Richard Stockton,
- 1818—Sidney Bruse.
- 1819—James A. Bayard.

1820—William H. Seward.

1824—Ira Harris.

1827—Preston King.

1827—James A. Bayard.

1828—Robert Toombs.

1833—Daniel Clark.

1847—Algenon Paddock.

1866—William H. Seward.

Critique.

THE last issue of the *Garnet* is before us and appears very attractive in its new binding. This variation from the usual form of binding is in our opinion a marked success compared with that of '86.

The *Garnet* is printed upon excellent paper and the typographical work throughout is faultless. The book contains about 150 pages, being somewhat larger than the issues for several years past. The number of its advertisements bears testimony to the enterprise and industry of the business manager. The arrangement of the matter of the *Garnet* is very convenient. The woodcuts although obtained from the same firm as those of last year are much superior to them both in design and execution.

Two of the Greek Letter Societies, Kappa Alpha and Sigma Phi, are not represented upon the board; this cannot but be a matter of regret to those who are interested in these, the first societies established at Union.

There are about ten more "society men" in college this year than last, while the number of "neutrals" is less by five.

The lists containing the names of the institutions at which the several fraternities have chapters and the dates of their establishment will be of interest to all, as indicating the comparative numerical strength of the different fraternities.

As a frontispiece in half of the *Garnet's* there appears a photograph of a part of the

college grounds. In this photograph, which is taken from a very fortunate position, we get glimpses of the Register's Office, the Laboratory, and the Washburne building, while in the centre Memorial Hall is shown to its greatest advantage.

While in many respects the last *Garnet* is superior to previous issues yet in literary merit it must be admitted it is not up to the average.

The class histories are considerably shorter than even those of last year, while it would appear, from the amount of space occupied, that Senior class history is but half as important as that of Freshman year, which would doubtless seem true from a Freshman's standpoint. But this however is not the historian's fault and we have no sympathy with the unprecedented means taken to shorten the Senior history.

Parts of the editorial are irresistibly amusing, on the whole, it is very much more funny than "The Freshman's Letter;" however, charity compels us to believe that the latter was not intended to be funny, as by no stupidity natural or acquired could one be led to mistake its miserable prattle for wit. We think that such an article as the latter is beneath the dignity of a college publication.

Following the secret and literary societies are the usual number of societies which we hope exist potentially in the students of the college, but whose actual existence is confined to the pages of the *Garnet*.

There are a few good hits among the class statistics, and a number of atrocities under the title of "elevations."

Some of the "Grinds" are very good, but many lack that evident applicability which alone can make them successful.

Among the "Grinds" and "Pickings" we notice, as every reader must have noticed, some things whose appearance in our college publication we cannot but regret.

It has often been said that the standards of morality at colleges are purely artificial, and it may as truly be added that the standards of etiquette or courtesy are equally artificial. This is shown not only by the much exaggerated "college ruffianism," but by the lack of respect which students manifest for each other and often for their instructors. Why conduct should be condoned in a student which would be condemned in a gentleman elsewhere we do not understand, and why in a college publication items are allowed to appear which would be excluded from a reputable newspaper is beyond our comprehension. If the culture of the next generation depends upon the students, of this it would seem that we shall have to undergo a marked change in more respects than one.

The reading matter of the *Garnet* closes with two poems, "A Legend" and "At Parting." The former is a well told story in blank verse, it is unpretentious and straightforward in narration, and is on the whole a graceful performance. The latter contains some good verses, but denies in the last verse an assertion made in the first without adducing sufficient reasons for the change of opinion.

We notice among those in full standing in the Senior class, and among the members of the Psi Upsilon fraternity a certain Mahany, of Buffalo. Attention is not called to the fact that his name appears neither on the Senior class list nor in the College catalogue. No mention is made of the fact that he was in college but a few weeks, seldom appeared in the class-rooms and is at present a regular member of the class of '88 at Harvard. This at first might seem to be another case of "duplex personality," but we presume that a more satisfactory explanation of this apparent paradox will be found in the records of one of the fraternities.

A Word to R. P. I.

EDITORS CONCORDIENSIS: There was a little notice in the *Troy Polytechnic* on the dispute between Cornell and Union which was very amusing since it displayed such an exhaustive knowledge of the subject.

In the first place what does a technical institute in Troy know about the action of the New York State *Inter-collegiate Athletic Association*.

Next what have the merits of the *Concordiensis* got to do with a *communication* in its columns from one who has no connection with the paper.

We are willing to rest the dispute on its merits before any candid judge; but we do not wish to put R. P. I. and Cornell on the same footing as opponents.

We really wish however that the former institution could keep from prying into that which does not concern it and of which it knows nothing.

For a refutation of their scurrilous article, I would refer them to the March issue of the *Hobart Herald*, and would in conclusion advise them to remember that he who 'throws mud' is sure to bedaub himself, while (though we acknowledge that from constant practice R. P. I. is an adept in the art) the chances are he will not dirty his opponents.

However you may feel toward us we envy not your reputation either in Troy or adjacent cities.

LOCAL.

GONE, CLEAR GONE.

Darling maiden, brown-eyed maiden,
Quaint and quiet, sweet, demure,
Brown eyes twinkling, red cheeks dimpling
How I wish I could immure
In the "round tower of my heart"
Thee my loved one, angel pure,
In my thoughts thou truly are
One divine.

Other dark eyes beam as brightly,
Other red lips dare me on,
Yet none other has a lover
Who is so completely won.
Oh! I love thee, thou canst prove me,
Wholly am I now thine own.
Thou canst ne'er refuse a heart
Fond as mine.

Spring?

Base Ball!

And Lawn Tennis!

Hard work for prizes.

Marvin, '87 has the measles.

Baker is at home suffering from a fever.

Candidates for base ball positions practice daily.

The Phi Delta Theta society have moved into 101 State street.

Tennis courts have all been rolled and are in a good condition.

Prof. to Junior—"What is the organ of respiration?" Mr. W., "the heart."

Tutor Stoller has returned from abroad and makes the recitations unusually interesting.

A new schedule of games has been arranged and the classes will soon be struggling for the Yates cup.

The minstrel show has been given up and the subscription paper is being circulated instead. The students are responding liberally.

The Seniors are talking up a Senior hop to occur soon. The Juniors have been talking of the same thing for some time, but little is yet done by either class to perfect arrangements.

Arthey, Carmichael and Rowley of '90 have left college; Hawkes and Brown of the same class are home on account of sickness; Merrill '89 has entered Syracuse and accepted a church in that vicinity; Scofield, '88 and Fish '89 have left, but will return in a year; Cameron '87 and Vrooman '87 have leave of absence for the term, and Very '87 has accepted a position as civil engineer.

Prof. Brown procured photographs and statistics of the landslide, near St. Johnsville, on the Central road, which wrecked the train, Monday night. They were obtained for *The Engineering News*.

Scene in Literary society:—Previous speaker interrumping the debater:—"Mr. Chairman I deny the allegation." Man beside him in a whisper, "Do you also defy the allegator?"

Prof. Wells has returned from his tour through Mexico and his health has evidently been benefitted by the trip. He has started a class in Spanish and will soon give some interesting and instructive public lectures.

An Implication—Prof. to Senior: "What are some of the obstacles to the study of Political Economy?" Student: "Well, everyone thinks that he knows as much about the subject as anybody else, and I don't know but what he is right."

We clip the following from an article on Union College in *Scribner's Monthly*, volume xii., No. 2:

The history of the literary societies is very rich in labor and reminiscence, and no small portion of it has been made by men who have since made their mark in the world. One of these societies actually antedates the college and was merged into it at its foundation, and their diplomas and certificates of membership are very highly prized by the holders.

Both of the literary societies are running full blast. Arrangements are being made for a joint debate to be held in the college chapel May 7. The Adelphics have decided to have public exercises at the end of the term, and have elected for valedictorian W. A. Jaycox; for respondent, H. C. Mandeville. Numerous cards will be sent out and an address will be made by a distinguished alumnus of the society.

Several members of the Sophomore class have received important notices from Lieut. Benham bearing the information that they were about to be suspended on account of neglect of drill. Something more potent than postal cards would be necessary to convince these members of '89 that military drill is more beneficial than physical culture.

In the College chapel during the latter part of last term the Adelphic Literary society debated the question: "Should the degree of A. B. be limited to classical students?" Johnson, Hawkes and Ashton were on the affirmative, while Jaycox, Ransdell and Mandeville sustained the cause of the scientific students. Question decided in favor of the negative. Other public debates will follow every three weeks and it is hoped that they may continue to be as successful as the first.

The fourth and fifth divisions of Seniors and Juniors delivered orations in chapel March 18 and 25 respectively. The men and subjects were as follows:

'87—Miller, Justice to John Brown.

—McMurray, A Prison Reform.

—Pepper, Should the Government Own the Telegraph?

—Phillips, Machinery, Its Relation to Civilization.

—Ransdell, American Landlordism.

'88—Richards, World Crowding.

—Scofield, The Land Question.

—Stevenson, The Fate of a Traitor.

—Towne, Shall we Have a Navy.

—Winne, Theoretical and Practical Men.

'87—Radliff, Joseph Henry.

—Redfield, National Perils.

—Van Voast, Gautama, the Founder of Buddhism.

—Vrooman, Influence of Climate on Man.

—Howe, Edgar Allan Poe.

'88—Bates, Bribery in Politics.

—Dillingham, Political Influence.

—Kennedy, Monopolies.

—Winans, A Plea for Capital Punishment.

On Monday, April 11 about noon, sixteen members of the class of '90 emerged from the door of north section, South College, arrayed with plug hats and rubber coats, also carrying huge canes and little paper bags with a suspicious odor. They were starting on their last journey of Freshman trouble, the annual parade. The line of march was as usual and the results were about as usual, except that the Freshmen were better prepared for a fight, and possibly came out a little ahead of the Sophomores.

Personal.

- ✓ '45—Robert Earle, Judge of the Court of Appeals, was honored by Columbia during her recent celebration.
- ✓ '85—A. B. Bishop, is principle of a school at Warsaw, N. Y. He and his wife are occasionally seen in Schenectady.
- Severson has been spending a few days in town.

Necrology.

- ✓ '34—Samuel B. Campbell, died at Castleton, March 23, 1887.
- ✓ '81—Joseph Davis, died at his home in Albany, Friday noon, April 15. While Mr. Davis was in college, he was considered reckless, yet on leaving college he immediately reformed and determined to study for the ministry. He graduated from the New York Theological Seminary in '84, and immediately secured a parish at South Bethlehem where he very soon gained the highest esteem of the community. On the resignation of the Rev. Dr. See of the Madison Avenue Reformed Church, at Albany, he was given a call by the mem-

bers of that church, which he accepted about a year ago. Although only thirty years of age, Mr. Davis has left a name that will long be remembered by his beloved community. He leaves a wife and one child

The College World.

YALE—There were 25 candidates for the nine.—The new library is to be of stone and is to be situated on the campus between the art building and the present library, and will be connected with the latter.—At a recent concert of the Glee Club \$1,000 were realized.—HARVARD—The constitution of the Athletic Association permits no member of the University to witness any sports unless he be a member of the association.—George Washington was the first one who received the degree of LL. D., from Harvard.—EX.—PRINCETON—A college for women will be established at Princeton next year, Rev. J. H. McIlvain will be president of the college and a large portion of the instruction will be given by Princeton professors.—A new song book, "Songs of Princeton," is soon to be published.—A prize of \$1,500 is given to the Sophomore passing the best examination in the classics.—IN GENERAL.—In the first annual convention of the New England Collegiate Press Association, held Feb. 22, fourteen colleges were represented by 32 delegates. The objects of the association are principally social.—The number of colleges in the U. S. increases at the rate of fifteen every year.—EX.—Harvard, Princeton and Yale have 7 representatives each in Congress.—Cornell has received from ex-President White a magnificent library of 30,000 volumes.—The college paper having the largest circulation is said to be the *Dartmouth* with 1,100 copies per issue.—There are about 300 delegates in the National Anti-Secret Society Congress now in session at Chicago.—EX.—Williams has just received from a lady in New York a bequest of \$100,000.—Amherst is represented on the faculty of every college in New England.—EX.

THE CONCORDIENSIS.

NOTICES.

Frank Burton, of Gloversville, N. Y., kindly sends us the following :—Any one desiring back numbers of *The Concordiensis* for the purpose of keeping complete files, can obtain of me free upon request any of the following : viz., Nov. '81, Jan. '82, March '82, April '82, May '82, Jan. '83, May '83, Oct. '83, July '84, Oct. '84, Dec. '84 or Jan. '85. I also have a *Garnet* of 1880, which may be had upon application."

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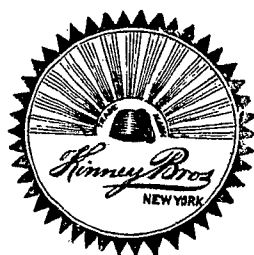
THAT enterprising magazine "Outing" seems to have outdone itself in the April number. Mr. Thomas Stevens' correspondence is unusually interesting ; the description of a carnival at Cologne is flowing over with humor; and the number is filled with numerous interesting sketches that render it an unusually welcome guest to the lover of sports and pastimes.

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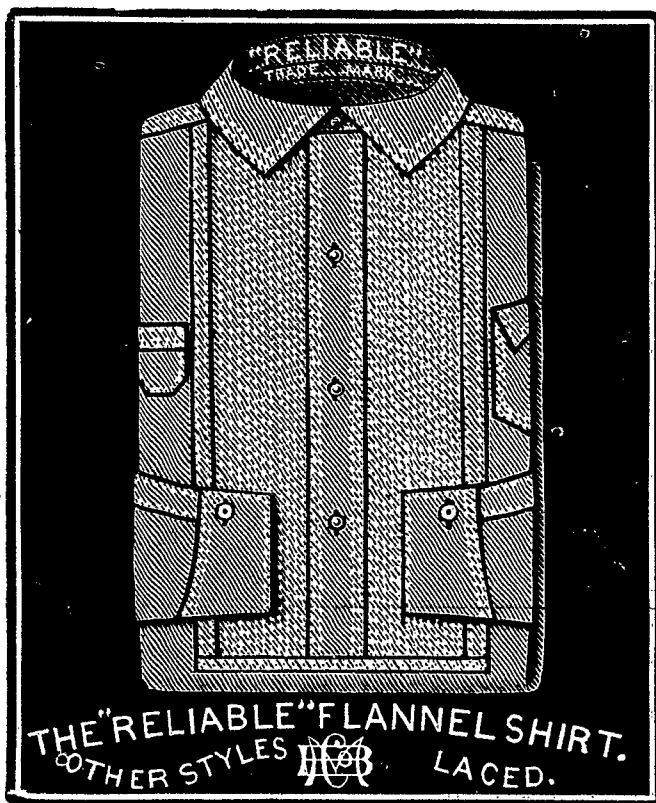
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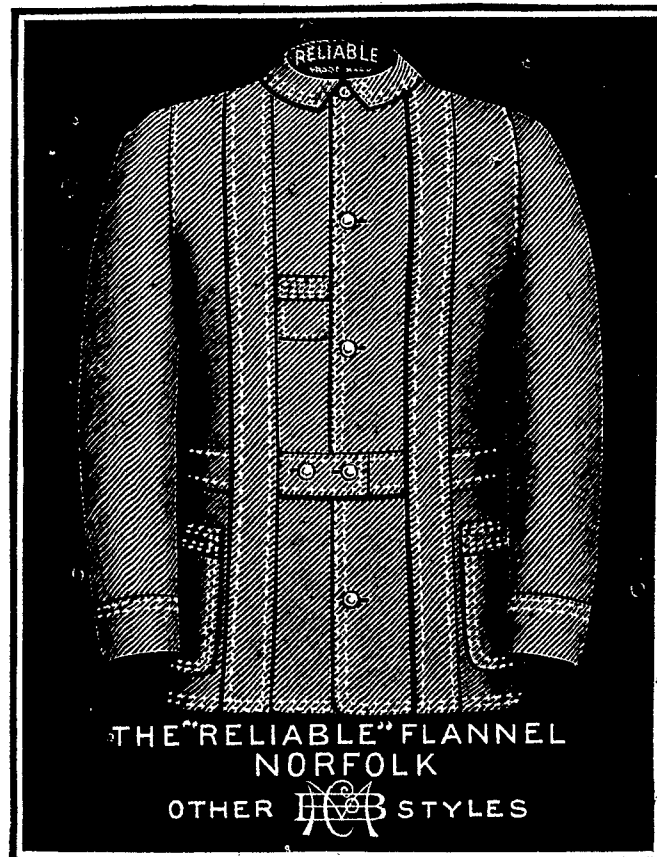
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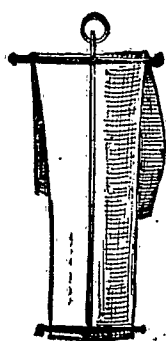
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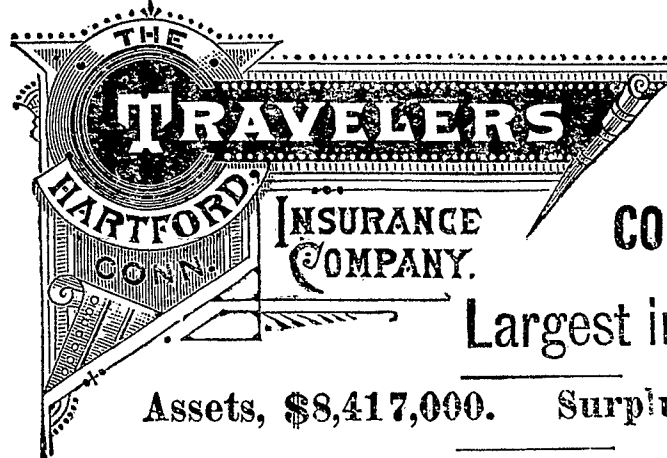
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