

THE CONCORDIENSIS.

VOL. I.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y., MAY, 1878.

No. 7.

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SCHENECTADY, N. Y., MAY, 1878.

No. 7.

L I T E R A R Y .

SKIPPING ROPE.

Two little maidens skipping rope in time,
That the simple movement of my simple rhyme,
Such a perfect cadence of unmingled bliss,
That its swinging haunts me, makes me utter this.

Loving playmates are they, not a jealous care,
Their feet strike in measure, their hearts beat together,
Each is thinking on the other, if they think at all,
For they seem as in a dream, and their minds in thrall.

Moving o'er the pavement, one must take the lead,
They from self so lifted, neither gives it heed,
While the two half circles keep swaying full at ease,
As a grape vine droops and surges on a languid breeze.

See the ropes come over, so lagging, limp and lazy
That they pause before they fall, move again with hesita-
tion,

And the step is half-regretful, albeit quite forgetful,
Loth are they to weaken this dominion of the soul.

Let them pass into the vista, we would not undo the spell;
Soon enough comes rude awakening, may it never these
befall;

Glide from dreamland into Heaven, in young love and
purity,

Rise and fall in empyrean in unending ecstasy ! P.

THE GENIUS OF WORK.

The student of humanity becomes early im-
pressed with the reverence—nay, even wor-
ship, with which men regard genius. Nothing
demands such universal homage. Nothing
places its possessor on so proud an eminence
and leads him so confidently to believe that
his name shall remain, growing more and
more distinct as each recurring tide of time
washes something from the crust of jealousy
and misapprehension which obscures it. Few

ever lift the veil and seek the origin of this
wonderful power or the laws which govern
its action. The indolent who admire and
the ambitious who would rival unite in ac-
knowledging the talent inborn, while the
great mass of all look to the man of genius
as the incarnation of a power almost divine.

From the endowment which produces the
most brilliant results in every domain of hu-
man effort, to cumbrous, wearying work, the
step seems great. But is it? Granted that apti-
tude for certain pursuits is natural. Even
then have those powers which bring immor-
tal fame been developed without labor?
From the blacksmith's son who overcame his
stammering by haranguing the stormy sea and
there learned, with an eloquence as resistless
as the blast which lashed its waves, to sway
the Athenian people, to Webster, preparing
on the heights of Quebec a peroration which
should entrance the senate by its beauty,
have the orators of all ages been men of work.
Work makes firm the pedestal on which
Genius is to stand. The world sees nothing
of the inner toiling of minds which are or
will be great. Hid from public gaze the
labor goes on which carves an endless re-
nown. Only when the mighty power of pro-
longed effort is manifested, the nations start
in wonder and exclaim, divine !

Why, then, should not more rise above the
servile drudgery of toil? Are not untold
numbers straining nerve and brain that they
may only live? Yes; but many of these are
contented to be simply parts in some great
system of machinery. They labor with an
ambition little above that of the horse which

works beside them, or are satisfied to remain in limits hardly wider than those of the engine which turns their lathes. But what of the other and higher class of workers, those who are ambitious and thoughtful? Says Carlyle, "Blessed is he who has found his work." There lies their need. Influenced by mistaken estimates of the respectability of labor in different spheres, they have, without regard to natural ability, chosen some business which society is pleased to consider especially honorable. How many without prejudice study carefully their aptness for and honestly count their chances of success in any of the learned professions before entering them? Because men imagine that greater distinction attends the practicing a profession they seem to prefer a diploma from some school of Divinity, Law or Medicine without the prospect of ever gaining a reputation, to the fame of a Stephenson or a Morse.

Let, then, the young man in choosing his occupation for life remember that all labor is honorable, and that there is no gradation in the dignity of work. Then let him turn from text books and study the volume of his own powers and capacities. To every one has been given parts which, if developed and perfected, will enable him to excel in the domain for which they fit him. Our individuality affirms this.

Self-knowledge points the way to the temple of Fame, and labor, aided by a firm purpose and pure heart, may then win the proudest laurels the fair temple holds. * *

SEARCHING FOR TRUTH.

Out where the setting sun kisses with its rosy rays the rugged rocks of our western mountain ranges, we may observe man searching with pickax, shovel and sieve for precious grains of gold among the worthless mass of sand. And these busy laborers are but a miniature of humanity since the time when man had no past. When God had put the

finishing touches to the universe and had set all things in order by his divine fiat; when the angelic host rung Heaven's echoes with their adoring Alleluias, and the nightly-shining lamps with the all-beholding sun had flashed out their effulgence across the immense expanse of space; when the earth was fresh with flowers, and its beasts were roving free, then did God place man within this mystery without a guide-book or a precedent. To him all was new—himself, the world about him, the world above him, and the world afar beyond. But he sits not down in sad complaints and murmurs at these great unknowns; within his dusty form the All-creator had implanted a mind with which to penetrate the secrets of these mysteries and discover their hidden cause and nature. And what Adam began has been continued down by father and son throughout the long-descended, far-extended human family. From the hour when Adam opened his wondering eyes upon the untried novelties about him, mankind has been searching for golden nuggets of truth amid the thick strata of inexperience, superstition, bigotry and direct falsehood. The working of the vein, What is man? has been the life-work of sages from the beginning to the latest days, and we have been awed by the truths which the picks of reason and revelation have discovered. Natural philosophy, too, has worked its mine and has dug out many curious lumps of truth. And the inquisitive telescope has gone further and has gazed boldly right into the face of the sun, seeking what nuggets there are there. After working through great error, it thinks it has found the great luminator's pedigree and kin.

But when we come to the world far beyond the gold lies imbedded in rocks so unyielding that human tools are blunted. Yet here divine revelation and the Spirit of God have furnished instruments with which we rend the rocks and extract therefrom most glorious and most awful truths.

In all this search much has been done and much more remains. Truth still must be sifted out of error; and it is the duty of every true-hearted, live man to apply himself to this work. The rattle and squeak of the wheels of government grate on men's feelings and the people are crying out, Oil, oil! Some truth exists that will lubricate the axles and cause them to run on smoothly: for if all truth were known and applied not a jar would be felt, not an unmusical sound heard. Society is divided against itself. Envy complains against haughtiness and seeks to destroy her, to become even more over-bearing than her adversary, while haughtiness grows more haughty and looks with disdain on all below her. The truth has been found that will unite these factions and give them a common interest, but we need to learn how to teach it. New and effective methods of teaching men and influencing their minds are needed. The world stands waiting and eager to welcome any truth that may be brought forward.

This it is, principally, that brings men lasting honor. The world holds in grateful recollection those who have educed from obscurity some bright light that can cast even a faint radiance upon any path of usefulness. Those who live only for themselves and the age in which their lots are cast, die to their own grief only, and if after-times recall them it is to rail at their baseness; but those true spirits who, inconsiderate of self-interest, inquire into the needs of mankind and seek out and set before the world some new truth in regard to them whereby they may be supplied, are crowned with the coronets of living honor, though in their life-time thorns composed their crowns. If a man may but live long enough to search out and find one new truth, then he may contentedly "wrap the drapery of his couch about him and lay him down to pleasant dreams," confident of a place of high respect.

Much truth yet lies undiscovered and waiting for the patient pick of unselfish thought,

and when all the golden grains shall have been extracted and the last error exposed, then, no other things considered, will be an eminently fit hour for time to close, that men may go hence to richer and inexhaustible fields to search for more glorious or more terrible truths through all eternity. H.

PARODY ON THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

With ringlets dry and uncombed,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A student sat o'er a table, bent,
And thus to himself he said:—
Greek! Greek! Greek!
It's Greek and Latin and Greek.
And still, with a voice both hollow and deep,
He sighed o'er Latin and Greek.

Greek, Greek, Greek,
Till the brain begins to swim;
Greek and Latin and Greek,
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Case, construction and rule,
Rule, construction and case,
Till over the Latin I breath a sigh,
And hurl the Greek from my face.

Greek, Greek, Greek,
In the dull December light;
Greek and Latin and Greek,
When the weather is warm and bright,
While out in the woods and shade,
The Scientific's climb,
As if to twit with their merry shout
This classic course of mine.

Greek, Greek, Greek!
"Euphonic changes and stem?"
Greek and Latin and Greek;
"It's used with subjunctive, when?"
Rule, construction and case,
Case, construction and rule,
Till the heart is sick and the brain benumbed
With Greek and Latin and school.

Oh, but to hear the sound
Of good old English again
Instead of all this foreign brogue
Like parrots in a pen;—
For only one short term
To study as in the past,
Before I knew what Greek is like,
Or in "uts" and "quums" stuck fast.

Oh, but for one short hour,
A respite however brief;
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief.
A little weeping would ease my heart
And help me hope to seek;
But tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders my Latin and Greek.

With ringlets dry and uncombed,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A student sat o'er a table bent,
And this to himself he said,
He had tried to his heart's content,
Like Adam and Eve, of the fruit
What others had said was so sweet,
And found it as bitter as soot.

THE CONCORDIENSIS.

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EDITORIAL.

Recent articles in the *Nation*, one editorial, the other from Harvard, discussing the late Inter-collegiate orations, call for a word.

The former condemns college exercises in "demonstrative oratory"—the formal delivery by memory from manuscript—and the latter hastens to exculpate Harvard from the charge of requiring such exercises from its students.

It strikes most persons experienced in these matters that both of these high parties are

greatly in the wrong. It is true that oratory previously prepared in manuscript and rehearsal does not immediately and completely fit the student for "thinking on his legs," for self-possession amid the interruptions of "free debate." But how many of all the College graduates are in the least likely to engage in those political or popular discussions which are liable to sudden challenge? Not five in a hundred; while all the ministers, all the lecturers, all the teachers in conventions; as a general thing, the lawyers before judge or jury and generally even the political orators themselves; all are left to pursue their discourse undisturbed. They are actually practising "demonstrative oratory," only in different degrees. Evidently, even the five in a hundred should be attended to and should receive college training in free debate. So too, profitably no doubt might all the rest, but not necessarily; and most assuredly not to the interruption of regular, careful preparation in thought, diction and delivery. Save us from the free debaters who have never earned their right to freedom by obedience to intellectual discipline and laws!

Both parties in the *Nation* disapprove the themes selected by Inter-collegiate orators as vague and producing hazy thinkers; such themes as *Principle*, *The Ideal Man*. Here they are right; but complexity and excessive difficulty in themes are as harmful as vagueness, and these qualities mark the subjects offered by the editor as substitutes. What reasonable reflections can a Senior give us on *The Silver Question*? None but those he has stolen. Only a few such themes, those having local illustration in his neighborhood (for instance, *The Civil Service*), can exercise him profitably, and these not completely so. The true objects of discussion are those which permit or demand the students' own observation and reflection, and, from their comparative simplicity, allow clear and thorough treatment and estimate of values. The proper handling of those themes in their proper time—in studenthood—is the

very best discipline for handling financial, social, national problems when the time for these shall come. To-morrow's work displacing to-day's throws both into confusion. There is most wholesome intellectual development in a well-directed essay on the *Nature and Effects of Music, Parlor Society and Mental Progress*, even on *Base-ball Playing*. The last theme mentioned, no reflecting person needs be told, may legitimately occupy the physician, educator, physiologist, artist; thus limiting in no wise the aspiring *Sophomoric* genius, but still feeding it with food convenient for it. Leaving the Academy without any special training in observation or reflection, with crammed capacity and stunted faculty, the student will need directions in these discussions, will need a recall to the natural mental processes which he despises for their very simplicity, but this judicious direction will all the sooner make the young thinker a law unto himself. He will never reach his best condition, whether in free debate, demonstrative oratory, or any other form of rhetorical expression, without painful employment of the pen, and on themes strictly appropriate to his nascent strength.

OUR EXPECTATIONS regarding Dr. Coppee were well founded. His lectures to the Seniors, which have also been open to all, have been exceedingly entertaining and profitable. Profound, scholarly, and eloquent, he holds his hearers with irresistible force. Quite a large number of the cultured ladies and gentlemen of the city have attended these lectures so that they had to be delivered in the Chapel. Dr. Coppee is a natural reader, possessing a clear, rich, musical voice and entering into the spirit of the author with scholarly appreciation. The readings given by him at the Chapel of the Presbyterian church in the interest of the Athletic Association were a complete success. The audience was fine. We cannot enter into the merits of the reading, but in behalf of the

Athletic Association we extend to the Dr. most cordial thanks.

THE MANNER in which the press of the country distort and pervert the truth concerning college life and college students is at once irritating and amusing. Some time ago, prompted by the ungentlemanly conduct of a few men in College, we made editorial reference to the practice of crying "Heads out" at persons passing South College. Most exaggerated reports of this have made their way all over the country. Our students are denounced as barbarians. A New York sensational paper—as we have been told by an observing editor of an exchange—has made the matter a subject of illustration. As an instance of how a story

"*Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo,*"

we clip the following from a New Orleans paper:

"The students of South Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., must be a wild crowd. They station a companion at a window looking into the street, and as a lady-passer is announced, this sentinel shouts, "Heads out!" and with a simultaneous yell, half a dozen curly pates are stretched out of every window. The professors are furious, and counsel the ladies to avoid Union College while the mania lasts. But the ladies say they are interested in mania, and can never desert the Union."

IT MAY NOT be out of place to say a word with regard to the management of THE CONCORDIENSIS during the coming year. To the members of '79 and '80 it will be unnecessary to mention the difficulties which attended its starting and have embarrassed its progress. A change of departments after they have once been assigned, is, of course, detrimental; a change of editors more so. An undue amount of the work under such circumstances will necessarily devolve upon two or three of the staff. Mistakes, especially in the business

management, have arisen from one person's making and another's concluding transactions.

Nearly every obstacle which could attend an editorial enterprise has been met, and it gives pleasure to say that they have been so far overcome that the paper is on a safe financial basis. The labor attending its publication next year shouldn't be nearly as great as that of the present. As '79 and '80 have borne the burden of starting it, we think it but right that they should continue as Seniors and Juniors. When a college supports but one periodical, it should, surely, be in the hands of the upper classes. When the graduating class had charge of the *College Magazine*, the next two classes below them very properly conducted the other publication, but while we are thankful for the support that THE CONCORDIENSIS has received, we would question the expediency of attempting to support more than one journal at present. It is in no way prejudicial to the coming Sophomore class for the classes which now have charge of the paper to continue it next year. On the contrary, it will only establish it more firmly and make its success less problematic when it comes to them; and they will have it as long as their predecessors have. We hope the upper classes will take this subject into consideration, and have it decided before the end of the term, that there may be no delay at the beginning of next year.

INTER-COLLEGIATE ATHLETICS.

The third field meeting of the Association was held at Mott Haven, May 18th. The fine weather, the large concourse of spectators, the large representation of colleges, all united to make the affair an enjoyable one and a complete success. There were entries from Columbia, Princeton, University of Pennsylvania, Union, College of the City of New York, Lehigh, Dartmouth, Harvard, and others.

Princeton carried off seven first prizes, Columbia seven, Union one, University of Pennsylvania one, College of the City of New York one. The first two had a great many entries and in some of the contests were the only competitors. The various contests were won as follows: Standing broad leap, F. Larkin, of Princeton, distance, 9 ft., 11½ inches; one mile walk, Chas. Eldridge, of Columbia, in 7 min., 38¾ sec.; putting the 16 lb. shot, F. Larkin, distance, 32 ft., 11½ in.; running high leap, J. P. Conover, of Columbia, distance, 5 ft., 6½ in.; half mile run, A. J. Burton, of Columbia, in 2 min., 8¼ sec.; pole vaulting, C. Fabrigon, of College of the City of New York, clearing 9 ft.; hundred yard dash, H. H. Lee, of University of Pennsylvania, in 10¼ sec.; running broad leap, J. P. Conover, distance, 19 ft., 2½ in.; quarter mile run, A. J. Burton, of Columbia, in 54½ sec.; standing high leap, F. Larkin, of Princeton, height, 4 ft., 3¾ in.; two hundred and twenty yards dash, W. J. McNulty, of Union; two mile walk, C. Eldridge, of Columbia, in 16 min., 33 sec.; hurdle race (120 yds.), J. W. Pryor, of Columbia, in 21⅝ sec.; throwing hammer, F. Larkin, of Princeton, who threw 76 ft., 9 inches.

Although some of us may be disappointed we have no reason to be at all discouraged when we consider the large number of entries as compared with our own. McNulty deserves the greatest credit for the plucky manner in which he held out against great odds. The arrangement of the events was very unfavorable. We believe it is without precedent where a long race like the half mile run goes before the 100 and 220 yards dash. The putting of the shot was a very close contest, McNulty coming within 8 inches of the winning mark. He won his heat easily in the 100 yards dash. In the final heat the start was bad, and McNulty got the worst of it. He gained, however, on Lee to the finish. On the 220 yards race Lee fouled Waller and Waller fouled McNulty, where-

upon they were ordered by the judges to run again. Waller, of Columbia, was too exhausted to run again and Lee *wouldn't*. *Why* he wouldn't is a question. Some people think he didn't dare to. We have learned some good lessons from this contest and let us make good use of them. Let us keep up a lively athletic spirit at Union, send a larger representation next year, and we believe we shall do ourselves honor.

LOCAL.

FRESHMAN BANQUET.

The following twenty lines contain twenty-four different names of the class of '81.

In-Kline-d one night to have a feast,
The Carpenter prepared a Shead,
The Sawyer stripped the clumsy Wood,
The Waller ceiled it overhead.

The Abbot served the Gar(y) sauce,
The Potter baked the Miller fish,
And, Lansing off the Campbell's hump,
Prepared A-very saucy dish.

The Gardner brought his Darling in,
The King his Young-love led about;
An-able man, with jealous heart,
Tried hard to cut the Gardner out.

A Lyon, coming from the Glenn,
Usurped a place upon the floor,
Then seized himself the Darling fair,
And, feasting, roared aloud for Moore.

The Garrison was mustered out
To crush to earth the Lyon's will,
At once the faces all grew White;—
The feast was o'er and all was Still.

— F. W. Moore is captain of the Freshman nine.

— Three Juniors have been taking a "lay off" on measles.

— Dr. Foster has been ill, but we are glad to see him out again.

— The Freshmen are again happy. The cows have returned to the pasture.

— Mr. Egbert P. Lansing has been elected Addressor for the Senior Class Day.

— Twenty-five of the graduates from the Law Department were college graduates.

— The widely famed Hutchinson Family gave a good concert in Union Hall May 9th.

— It costs only two dollars to join the U. C. Rifle Association. The targets are up.

— A Junior vents his feelings by calling a man the "brightest luminary in all fooldom."

— Prof. Leconte's Geology is to be substituted as a text book in the place of Prof. Dana's.

— Says a Scientific to his classmate: "I like that word *anachronism* better than *archaism*, 'though they mean the same."

— Lightning struck South College in a recent storm, but passed harmlessly down the rods. It shook things some, nevertheless.

— President Potter has offered a reward of \$500 for the apprehension and conviction of the murderer of the lamented V. B. Brockleman, '76.

— The men elected to the Phi Betta Kappa Society from the Senior class are Alexander Duane, A. V. S. Wallace, and A. B. Morehouse.

— We have one tremendously smart Professor. Out of some nineteen jokes which he has attempted we don't recollect one that was witty.

— An upper classman upon seeing the sign "Marriages and Parties supplied," in New York, the other day, was heard saying to himself: "Yes; I'll take one marriage, if you please."

— Either a Tutor or a Freshman (rumor says the former) describes the Centaur as a being possessed of the head of a lion, the body of a goat, and the tail of a dragon. Rather "rusty," indeed.

— A new departure was made last term in having the best essays from each class presented on the chapel stage. The first Senior essay was written by Alexander Duane, the

first Junior by E. P. White, and the first Sophomore by R. C. Alexander.

— The College nine are Maxon, '78, (Captain,) Holmes, '78, Fancher, '81, Taylor, '81, Rogers, '80, Moore, '81, Shead, '81, Ravenel, '80, and Meneeley, '81. They are to play the Hamilton nine soon, but the day for the game is not definitely fixed.

— Prof. Wm. Wells sailed for Europe on the 11th of May. He is to join his wife and daughter in Rome where they are now sojourning. From this city they will make a tour of the Continent, crossing the Alps, visiting Vienna and Berlin, and intend to reach the Paris Exposition in August whence they will return home in September. We wish them a pleasant trip.

— The following gentlemen from the Senior class have received appointments for the commencement stage: Alexander Duane, A. V. S. Wallace, A. B. Morehouse, Seymour Van Santvoord, L. Vanderveer, R. G. O'Neale, W. D. Maxon, Fletcher Vosburgh, J. E. Bold, and W. E. Johnson. Messrs. Duane and Wallace will deliver the Latin and Greek orations.

— Union College needs gas lights over the campus and a jet each in the halls of the college buildings. So the Schenectady Star says and we agree with it.—*Amsterdam Democrat*. "So say we all of us." What a grand time our friend across the way would have breaking gas lamps.

— The trial for appointments to the Junior and Sophomore prize stages will occur on Saturday, June 1st. Aspirants for forensic honors will do well to begin early. No man can go on the stage who has any condition for any reason whatever.

— Lieut. Best has offered a prize of \$10 to the best shot in the Senior and Junior classes. Practice trials will take place under the supervision of Lieut. Best, the Seniors shooting on Tuesdays, and the Juniors on Thursdays. The best two shots from each of these classes

will be selected for the final contest to occur about the 20th day of June.

— The annual commencement exercises of the Albany Law School were held at Tweddle Hall, May 20th.

— Boys, if you want the best five cent cigar in the city just call at Baum's R. R. cigar store. He has them. We know for we've sampled the article.

— In the early English drama the "Devil was raised" to assist in the programme. But it is hard to conceive whence this prominent actor got his cloven hoof and horns. Doubtless most of our readers have heard of the wicked (*mirabile dictu*) professor of Natural History who, on dying, took his course to Hades. The Devil met him and expressed his intention of eating him. The professor eyed his majesty with wonted coolness and, when he saw the cloven hoof and horns, exclaimed: "*Graminivorous.*" *Diabolus evanescit*.

— We are glad to mention the College views taken by Notman. They are superior in point of clearness and finish to any we have seen. The bird's eye view from Maxon's elevator would give one who had never seen the College buildings a better idea of the place and surroundings than any amount of description aided by partial views could possibly give. The nearer views of North and South Colleges, Memorial Hall, South Colonnade, etc., are true to life. The one of the walk from the Blue Gate down Union St. is especially fine. The Seniors' class picture is the best we have ever seen on the hill. The College views—thirteen in number, may be seen at the room of F. Vosburgh, 73 Middle Section, N. C., who, we believe, has charge of the sale of them.

— A game of base ball was played on our grounds May 18, between the Freshmen and the Freshman nine of Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. As the score would indicate, the game was a very poor one. Our men made

13 runs and the Polytechnics 19. The game was unsatisfactory from the fact that neither side had their regular nine, the Polytechnics having at least three men who played on their Freshmen nine last year, and our nine taking a Sophomore as a substitute. The Polytechnics refuse to play another game for the very evident reason that they are afraid of getting beaten.

—Prof. H. E. Webster, of the department of National History, left Union on his annual Zoological tour, May 25. His party this year consists of himself, C. E. Culver, '78; H. Dey Ermand, '78; and J. E. Benedict, '81. They intend to spend the summer on the New Jersey coast somewhere between Great Egg and Little Egg Harbors, and the work will consist, mainly, of Marine Zoology and Ornithology, the Prof. and Mr. Culver devoting themselves especially to the former, while Mr. Benedict and Mr. Dey Ermand attend to the latter branch of the work. Doubtless others will join the party later in the season. No other University in this country gives so good an opportunity for the study of Natural History, even when a high tuition is charged. Since this is nothing in the present case, those who are able to avail themselves of the opportunity and do not make a great mistake.

—The lecture by Henry Ward Beecher, on "The Wastes and Burdens of Life," given under the auspices of the Adelphic was well attended and gave universal pleasure. Mr. Beecher was announced to speak on "The Reign of the Common People," but as this lecture was new, and in delivering it he was confined to manuscript, he preferred to make the change above mentioned, and the audience had no cause to regret it. For more than an hour and a half he commanded the closest attention while impressing those truths which need no argument, so directly do they appeal to our judgment. Though accounted the most gifted orator of the day, his Schenectady audience will remember him rather for the simple manner in which he treated

his subject and the amount of thought which it contained, than for flashes of wit and bursts of eloquence.

—One day, lately, a party of four Schenectady *belles* visited the College woods, intending to spend an hour looking for trailing arbutus, etc. As they drove along in front of the campus and then up the North College road, they enjoyed themselves, looking at the "fine young fellows" who were playing ball, and the beautiful woods for which our College is noted, and doubtless their minds were filled with anticipations of a very pleasant time. But they were doomed to disappointment. Having reached a point somewhere beyond Prof. Pearson's residence, scarcely had the last young lady alighted when the horses in some manner became frightened and dashed down the road at a terrific rate. The coachman was unable to stop them, the carriage was soon left in the rear badly damaged, and the terrified animals continued on to Union Street. The fright which followed and so suddenly terminated the anticipated pleasure of the afternoon, is almost beyond description. It is said that one of the young ladies became so infinitely small that she went through an opening in the stone wall only *six inches* in width! Incredible as this may seem it is asserted to be a fact. It is too bad that no students were in the vicinity to assist these unfortunate creatures. They solemnly declared that they would *never* come on "the hill" again. It is to be hoped, however, that they will reverse their rash determination.

EXCHANGES.

—Gymnastic interest is at a low ebb at the Northwestern, according to the *Vidette*. We should think it would be if the students have to pay extra every time they wish to exercise.

—The *Washington Jeffersonian* starts in under a new staff of editors with the April issue. Their first paper appears in good shape. We wish them success.

—The *Dickinsonian* with its College picture on its face is quite a readable paper. We notice, however, a lack of College-editorial matter, its articles under this head being mostly devoted to outside matters. A writer discusses the question "Does it pay to go abroad?" and sums up by saying that it "depends entirely on circumstances, on the habits and tastes of the individual student, on the character of the work he proposes to accomplish, on the vocation in after life to be pursued and on the meaning attached to the word 'pay'."

—The *Oberlin Review* is a weighty sheet, and about the largest of our exchanges. Its literary articles are well written. Its men have no senior vacation, but are in hopes of securing one hereafter; we hope they may. It seems from its columns that Rev. Joseph Cook has lately favored them with his instructive presence, remaining two days or more, and lecturing both in the city and in the College chapel. From the numerous notices in the *De Rebus Temporis* department his coming seems to have been an event long to be remembered, as properly it might.

—The *Maryland Collegian* with its motto, "*Est nulla via in via virtuti*," lies before us. In unique college form—an eight page folded paper—it contains an abundance of matter, which, if all written by the students, indicates a literary atmosphere about St. John's College. We scarce had patience to read the articles because of the bad printing.

—The *Student Life* comes to us from the great West. It is as yet somewhat of a novice in number, and needs to learn that journalism should cater to the whims of its patrons, and these whims do not desire exhaustive treatises two pages and a half in length. Otherwise it is a very respectable sheet. Its first article, "To Die—To Sleep,"

is a pretty little poem. The second is a new branch of a much-ridden subject, "Success in trade." It very sensibly advocates higher education for merchantile pursuits, as a distinct science, than is commonly considered sufficient. Writer thinks this would put our country's commercial interest on a more solid basis. Its Board of Editors represents the four classes, with a reporter from Mary Institute—a neighboring girls' school.

—The *Yale Record* is manifestly and faithfully a college paper and moreover a Yale paper. In the last issue at hand we notice that each editorial interests itself with some matter that concerns its Alma Mater. Its articles are short, crisp and practical. But we query, do the editors write up the whole paper? Our sentiments may differ, but we think it meet that a portion be allowed the boys outside the Board, under the head of "Literary." The College seems congratulating itself on "the late magnificent gift of Dr. Porter," and says, "Fair visions of new electives and increased facilities in Art and Belles Letters already float in pleasing confusion before the undergraduate mind."

—The *Madisonensis* says it knows of no paper that will copy anything from THE CONCORDIENSIS, except the *N. Y. Illustrated Times*. And we know of no College editors who read the *N. Y. Illustrated Times* but the editors of the *Madisonensis*. Thanks are due them. The advice given by the *Vidette* was good, wasn't it?

—The "culchawed journalists of fair Hahvahd" do not believe in filling their paper with any literary stuff. Why should they when they have so available a supply of boat races and base ball matches to report and comment upon? The *Advocate* misrepresents us. We said we did not "profess" to be remarkable. No doubt the *Advocate* thinks it occupies a lofty position. We appreciate it. The only thing we *could* do when we read its criticism was to follow the example of the passengers, who were successively discharg-

ed from the cabin door into the arms of Mark Twain, clasp our hands to our stomach and exclaim, "Oh, my!"

—*Eureka!* The "Vassar Victim," which puzzled us so much, is the exchange editor of the *Harvard Advocate*. Now tell us that you feel proud of it. Do.

PERSONALS.

[Alumni and all interested in the interests of "Old Union" are invited and urged to contribute to this department, that it may be one of the most interesting columns of THE CONCORDIENSIS.—ED.]

'11. Sam'l A. Foot, a gentleman who made his influence felt for more than two generations as a lawyer, judge, legislator and writer, and who was probably the oldest member of the legal profession in this State, died at his home in Geneva, Saturday, at the ripe age of nearly eighty-eight years. His death was the result of an accident received about a week ago. Judge Foot was born in Watertown, on December 17, 1790. In 1805 he went to Albany, where his brother Ebenezer was an eminent lawyer and one of the four Attorney-Generals of the State. He went to Union College, where he was graduated in 1811. He began to read law in the office of James Thompson, then a noted lawyer, and completed his legal studies in his brother Ebenezer's office. His admission as an attorney was at the January Term, 1813, Chancellor Kent presiding at the examination. So rapidly did he rise in his profession that in 1817 he is found in the celebrated case of Jackson against Sebring (16 John., Pr. 515), pitted against Thos. Eddis Emmet, and what is more he won his case. His fee amounted to \$10,000. With this money he paid up all of the debts of his brother, who had died insolvent. In July, 1819, he was appointed District Attorney for Albany. Though far beyond the age of four score years, he was engaged, up to within two or three days ago, in professional duties, at times of an engrossing and important nature, which he continued to discharge with unabated ability. His name as counsel appears in almost every volume of the reports of this State from 1815 to the present time.

He was a constant contributor to many periodicals, and recently appeared, even at his advanced age, as a very formidable opponent of the redoubtable "Jere" Black's article on the Electoral Commission. Judge Foot was early in life a Democrat in politics. He then became a Whig, but on the formation of the Republican party he fell into its ranks, and did good service in the fight against slavery and Southern domination. He was consulted by President Lincoln, whose warm friend he was, on many occasions. Quite recently, too, he was consulted in the drafting of the Silver bill, which the present Congress has made a law. Only a short time since Judge Foot, in a communication extensively published, showed that according to the intention of those who drafted the bill, the Government bonds were to be paid in gold.

'18. John T. Cooper is a retired lawyer, in Albany.

'23. Rev. John Nott, D. D., died recently, at Fonda, N.Y. He was the son of Dr. Eliphaz Nott, so long President of this College. He acted as Tutor and Professor of Rhetoric in Union College for twenty-four years, from 1830 to 1854. He was a minister in the Reformed Church, having charges in Rotterdam, Auriesville, and other places. He was noted for preaching plain, practical sermons. Along the Valley of the Mohawk his memory will be held sacred by large numbers who valued his instruction and counsel.

'29. Geo. W. Eaton, D. D., is Professor in Madison University.

'38. A. Van Vechten is President of the Olcott Iron Co., of Albany.

'42. Hon. Clarkson N. Potter stands prominently before the country as leader in the investigation of election frauds in Louisiana and Florida—calculated to affect the title of President Hayes.

'46. Ex-Gov. John T. Hoffman sailed for Europe May 18th.

'61. Chas. E. Smith is editor of the Albany Evening Journal.

'63. Amasa J. Parker, Jr., is Col. 10th Regiment at Albany.

'64. D. M. Stimson is a physician of New York.

'66. W. H. T. Reynolds is an Albany physician.

'73. B. I. Stanton, son of the late Prof. F. Stanton, was graduated at the Albany Law School this Spring.

'76. Homer Green has just been graduated at the Law Department.

'77. Hawley is soon to take charge of a boarding school in Stamford, Conn.

EXTRANEAE.

— Use Marble Soap. — *Madisonensis*.

— It isn't always the man with the most nose who knows the most.

— Mr. Cyrus W. Field has given \$5,000 in the interest of boating at William's College.

— "Miss, could you ever love a beast?"

"Am I to consider that in the light of a proposal?" — *Ex*.

— Professor of Rhetoric to Sophomore— "What is sophism?" Sophomore—"To duck a freshman." — *Ex*.

— Harvard has beaten Princeton in two games at base ball, and Princeton has beaten Yale once. Look to your laurels Yale.

— Mathematics. Fresh. at board. Prof.

— "Mr. E., what have you got?" E. (innocently)— "I've got stuck!" — *Yale Record*.

— Tutor—"What kind of a monarchy was Sparta?" Student (equal to the emergency)— "Double monarchy, for the eldest son was twins." — *Ex*.

— In post office. Colored lady—"Washington, D. C. What does D. C. stand for?" Colored gent—"Daddy of his Country, I s'pose." — *Amherst Student*.

— Senior, just think of having a wife in the Junior class. What a horrible idea! Yet this thing occurred in the University of Minnesota. That is "co-education" with a vengeance.

— A distinguished Japanese traveler in this country writes home: "The chief branch of men here is rowing. The people have large boat-houses called 'Colleges,' and the principal of these are Yale and Harvard." — *Oberlin Review*.

— Why wouldn't oleomargerine do for a girl's name? — *Cin. Inquirer*. If we had a little girl, and hadn't any but-her, we would call her that. — *Richmond Independent*.

— Learned professors know about 30,000 words; children of two, from 200 to 750; ordinary people 9,000; book agents 9,980,999. When they learn the word "quit," their education will be complete. — *Student Life*.

— According to the *Advertiser*, "Dr. Hitchcock, of Amherst College, shows statistics of eleven New England colleges that there are proportionally less college-educated men now than in the early part of the century.

— If a cat doth meet a cat upon a garden wall, and if a cat doth greet a cat, O need they both to squall? Every Tommy has his Tabby waiting on the wall, and yet he welcomes her approach always with a yawl. And if a kitten wish to court upon the garden wall, why don't he sit and sweetly smile and not stand up and bawl; lift his precious back up high, and show his teeth and moan, as if 'twere colic more than love that made that fellow moan? — *Trinity Tablet*.

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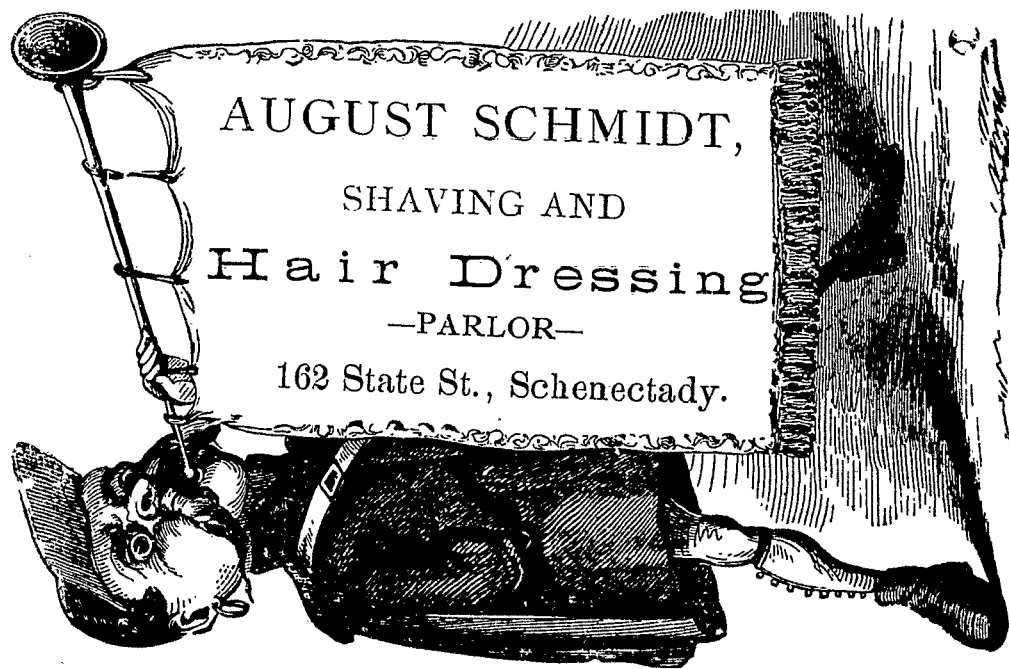
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