

THE CONCORDIENSIS

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Editorial.

WE would be very glad if all those who are indebted to the CONCORDIENSIS would settle with the editors now as soon as possible, so that we can square up all accounts for the incoming board.

ALL who wish to fill out the year's file of papers for binding can procure them from the Chief Editor or the Business Manager. The year's issue, when bound makes a very neat volume which every student would naturally prize in after times, particularly for the *locals*. Mr. Teller, the college binder, does a very good job and at medium prices.

THE Seniors have enjoyed the work in Architecture this term. Prof. Staley has given the regular series of Stereoptican views accompanied with his usual interesting lectures. Having visited many of the places and studied the Architectural forms which he shows, he seems to take pleasure in the work. The

Prof. is still, we are sorry to say, suffering from rheumatism, which we hope the returning warm weather will drive away.

'83 will soon be on the long roll of Alumni. These gray walls, college associations, the recitation room and the campus are all nearly in the past and the battle of life is now to begin; an old story, but still one for deep reflection. The question is, what are we, one and all to do in the great world before us? Generations are passing away and positions of honor and trust will soon be ready for us to fill. How many hundred have stood upon the same threshold with as bright anticipations as ours and have yet made their life a failure? Our fortune is in our own hands. We are now men, men in age and thought, let us then, like men go forward to the battle and with the guiding hand of wisdom, justice and honesty assume our positions in the great arena.

A tennis court adorns the campus. We are glad to see an interest shown in any athletic sports, especially in those which add life and spirit to leisure hours. Now that a boat club has been successfully organized why not renew the practice of the shells on the river? The Mohawk affords a beautiful course

for rowing and certainly there are plenty of men who can take the matter in hand and make it a success.

THE *Garnet* has at last made its appearance. The editors deserve much credit for the neatness and general make up of the entire book. A most striking feature, and what is certainly an improvement is the substantial binding, an imitation of leather. This gives the book much more value, as heretofore the covers have been so thin as to be of very little protection. Leading features are photographs of Hon. Clarkson N. Potter, Profs. Price and Perkins; a short sketch of the "Organization and Early History" of Union College, by Prof. Wells and a wonderfully clever (?) tragedy, entitled "Macbeth." This last is a new field of literature not often indulged in by Union students, yet certainly in this case is a success. The "Song of Old Union," too, appears still grander nestled among "Old Union's" surroundings. The Satires are very bold and bad and although striking some too hard are yet well selected. The CONCORDIENSIS would like to answer "Facts for Investigations" but they are riddles not to be answered in this generation. The "Colonel's Soliloquy" deserves mention as being characteristic of him. The cuts are nearly

all new and the printing is in blue ink. The book contains one hundred and four pages of matter, with the addition of thirty pages of advertisements. Upon the whole, '84's *Garnet* deserves commendation, but with justice we certainly cannot praise its contents as much as those of last year's issue. Mr. Burrows, the printer, has made a good job and the printing shows careful handiwork.

THE new building, now almost finished, is entitled the Power's Memorial Building. On the corner near the central porch is to be inscribed the name of Thomas H. Powers. The building is a memorial of both father and son of that name. The inscription on the corner stone is to distinguish the main building from the centre library hall which, with the consent of the donor has been added by parishioners and friends as a memorial of the late Rev. Dr. Washburn, of Calvary Church, New York. It is expected that his portrait, by his friend, the celebrated artist Huntington painted for the panel over the large fireplace in the new library hall, will be unveiled on commencement morning, before proceeding to the exercises. There will be a brief service at which Dr. Washburn's friend and eulogist, Dr. Storrs, of the Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn, will participate. Dr.

Storrs, as chancellor for the year has suggested, among other topics, the importance, influence and up-building of libraries.

THE Seniors are to have their ball this year in the new memorial building. The ball proper will be in the new library hall, but the rooms of both wings will be open and used as dressing rooms, for the refreshments and for *private* dancing and *chatting*. The class of '83 may congratulate themselves on having such a commodious and delightful place for their festivities. Each room is to be temporarily supplied with gas, and the colonnade to be kept open for promenading. The ball committee is making every preparation to further the success of the plans. The grounds between the centre building and the new building are to be laid off nicely so that it will be no difficulty for ladies and gentlemen to pass immediately from the President's reception to the ball room. It is to be hoped that with these arrangements there will not be the usual crowding and inconvenience heretofore attendant upon commencement balls.

THIS month completes the regular numbers of the CONCORDIENSIS. The Commencement issue is the only one after this. The latter

we wish to make this year as full as possible. It will contain the entire exercises of class day with short notes on the Adelphic and Philomathean exercises, the prize speaking, &c. The "local" column will have every thing of interest which may happen during commencement week and the latter part of the term. We wish, also, to give the completed list of the class games. The paper will have from 35 to 40 pages of solid reading matter and all for 20 cents. The editors will make it a point to remain here until the papers of all subscribers are mailed to them. Do not forget to fill out your year's volume, but subscribe for the Commencement Number.

IN our last issue we had something to say about the election of editors for next year. Whether that will have any influence we do not know. Ever since the paper has been in our hands we have tried to better its condition. We examine the publications of sister colleges, smaller and of less note than Old Union and we are ashamed to admit that many of them display much more literary ability than our own. The question is why cannot we issue a first class paper? There are many difficulties to contend with but we are thoroughly convinced after a year's work on the CONCORDIENSIS that a high stand-

ard can be readily reached with proper energy on the part of, not only the editors, but the entire body of students. Let no man stand off and complain of the paper, criticizing the negligence, &c., of editors, but let each man recognize that the paper should be an exponent of the college and not of the editorial board alone. Be careful then in choosing your next board, put in men whom you know are able to write and to work faithfully, and if such a board is thoroughly organized before the end of the year they can come back next fall and begin in earnest. An addition has been made to the paper this year and the editor has had no trouble in finding plenty of matter. If this is so then why not run a semi-monthly, a thing which we think can easily be done. The chief drawback would be the trouble in paying for such an issue, but that can certainly be accomplished. Another objection made is that the students are not able to buy a semi-monthly. We believe that every student in college would be more willing to support a paper thus giving news fresh and not a month old as now. Come forward then every man and make your paper represent Old Union's literary ability, which she is fully able to sustain in a more worthy manner. In several, colleges supporting the best papers, the editors

are excused from regular literary work. This is a great advantage, especially to those who have the chief positions, since much extra time is required. We hope some such move will be made here another year for the benefit of the editors, who then will have an inducement to send out a more creditable paper.

IT is to be regretted that after such a brilliant record in the "diamond," Union has not been able this year to make a full "Varsity nine." The cause, of course, is evident, namely, the lack of a good pitcher. We were peculiarly fortunate last year and in Mr. Anable's absence we cannot too fully appreciate the loss. Union's "Varsity" has built up a high reputation during the last few years and now, just when she had risen to that height it seems a great pity not to be able to sustain it. Already have the managers received challenges from several leading colleges and other nines, but have had to refuse. Although this fact is evident still we need not regret it so much after all. It does not injure our reputation to withdraw a year from the arena. The series of class games now going on have developed great interest and with so much practice by such a large number of men certainly a good pitcher will develop by next year, and we can have in all

respects a stronger nine for the field. Then the old reputation can be fully sustained without a stain on our escutcheon. The managers are striving to hire a pitcher, and if so, perhaps the Varsity will yet come in the field.

AS the portrait of Dr. Washburne is to be unveiled in the new library hall immediately before the Commencement Exercises, why should not the Commencement be held in the Alumni Memorial Hall? It seems to us that it would require but little expenditure of time and trouble to fit the Alumni Memorial Hall for this purpose. Amherst, Harvard, Oxford and Cambridge, all have their commemoration or Memorial Halls for Commencement Exercises and do not have to beg or borrow a place. As Union has a hall of her own large enough, if fitted up, why can it not be prepared for use? It certainly would be a great convenience for all to have the exercises on the hill and, we think, pleasant for our friends from the city. We offer this as a suggestion, with the remark that no time is as good as the present.

MUCH matter has been crowded out of this issue. The Athletic will appear in the Commencement Number, with full scores of all games played during the season.

VIOLET.

BY LUTHER JAMES EMERSON.

Sweet violet,
 I owe a debt
 To thy frail set
 Of purple-mated hues;
 The wood land shade
 Where thou hast made
 Thy choice is oft to man unknown,
 And hid from twilight dews,
 Thou smil't in single love, alone.

In this dim shade
 Where sunbeams fade,—
 Like vestal maid
 In some old cloistered hall,—
 Thou hear'st the chimes
 Of mystic rhymes
 That murmur on each gentle breeze
 And smil'st and liv'st in all
 True bliss, beneath these mighty trees.

O sweet, shy face!
 O lowly grace!
 Sight cannot trace
 In thee the prouder weed;
 Bid me but stay
 Beneath this spray
 Of spreading hazel, seldom found,
 Where boastful man may read
 His life from humble life around.

Truth hems thee round;
 No secret ground
 Hath flower found
 So chaste, to deck her mould;
 And if rude eyes
 Should thee surprise,
 How do'st thou, fairy, arch and shy,
 With modest mien unfold
 Life's tale, as soft as maiden's sigh.

Here, all unseen,
 Where grasses screen
 Thy blue and green

Unblemished beauty o'er.

Lo! I observe
 The sweet reserve,
 Nor crave the show of greater things,—
 Content to dream once more
 Her love in thy low order sings.

In thy low sphere,
 My vulgar ear
 May never hear
 Thy grateful hymn to heav'n;
 Nor guess, nor tell,
 Thro' leafy dell
 What gentle mission thou dost bear;
 Yet blest, if God hath given,
 That voice so rough may call thee fair.

With breath of spring,
 When wood-doves sing,
 Thou com'st to bring
 Thy marvel of new life;
 Symbol that God,
 Above death's sod,
 Shall raise—from this corruption—mine,
 From flesh of sin and strife
 And death—shall raise me up divine.

A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD STORY.

They've told the same old story, boys,
 A thousand times or more,
 And yet to us 'tis new as if
 'Twere never told before.

"The time is nigh for parting, boys,
 From Union's classic hall,"
 How like a hollow, heartless form
 These words for many fall!

Old, old indeed, the language, boys,
 But still, to me and you,
 Each word of that short sentence gives
 A meaning strangely new.

The village matron, may be, boys,
 Will toss her pretty head,

And take us off with words as tart
As ever female said.

"Just hearken to the students, girls!

"I hear the yearly rant

"Those Seniors raise, as only can

"Such as incline to cant.

"They'll antic round Old Union, girls,

"And 'Classic Hall' her o'er

"Where Webster's Dictionary flows

"In torrents, bridged no more.

"They'll squander all their talents, girls,

"And, senseless, gambol still;

"Then pay with soft, but cashless, coo

"Their washerwoman's bill.

"Don't let them ring your fingers, girls,

"With sly, seductive tongue;

"They'll never be contented till

"Your very hearts are wrung.

"I do not say 'tis wrong, dear girls,

"Though by it hearts are cleft;

"But oh! however right you seem

"You'll find at last you're left."

Thus, 'chance she'll prattle on, dear boys,

Because the wise, the good,

With extra sensibilities,

Are oft misunderstood.

ZOR, '83.

A NUISANCE IN PETTI-COATS.

A certain distinguished foreigner, when lately traveling through our country, remarked "how easily the American people stand nuisances!" and it is a wonder that the old grumbletonian Herbert Spencer, when he showed us the many faults of our free government

and their consequences, did not enumerate as a bad result of Democracy the sad truth contained in the above quotation.

Nuisances are indeed very plentiful with us in America and the reason of our indifference or good nature or whatever our foreign friend would call it, in regard to them may very probably arise from the fact that they are so numerous that we are getting used to them.

In order to illustrate the above quoted truthful observation and at the same time to bring before your notice a very common nuisance and one all the more aggravating because there is no way of getting rid of it, let me present to you a species of female, which, for want of any other unblasphemous name, we will call The Strong Minded woman. She is a female of course but what a female! A cross between Susan B. Anthony and Lydia E. Pinkham, with a flavor of the camp meeting sister, and occasionally you find one possessing a few instincts of the lady.

She generally has education and is not without brains. She pretends she knows everything and has a most disagreeable way of parading her knowledge on all occasions.

She gives you her opinions when you don't want them and was never known to mind her own business.

She will talk you to death if you

give her a chance and always has an original scheme concerning some topic of the day. She belongs to all the female organizations in town and contributes to various religious and temperance journals. But here I am trying to define her or something very like it, when I know that the only definition of her is that she is undefinable. Now that we know so much about her, let us visit the lioness in her den or rather at her home. Strong minded women they say are plentiful in New England, so let us seek out one of her many beautiful towns and stroll into its shady streets. We shall not have to go far, I wager, before we see the object of our journey on the lawn in front of her house. She is acting this morning as a sort of overseer, for, scattered about are numerous workmen engaged in "fixing up the place." The lightning man is putting up an apparatus which is about as useful as it is ornamental; a painter is daubing up the front of the house with a coat of brown; a grafter is trying to make connections so that a plum tree will, in the course of ten years, bear half a dozen pears; and a carpenter is building a new front fence. Our lady friend, whom we will call Mrs. Smith, so that we may be sure to know her, is giving directions right and left to them. She tells the grafter he is surely killing the tree and immediately

shows him how to proceed. She tells the carpenter he is a poor workman and is slow as time. The painter she tells, is not fit to white-wash a corn-crib, while the lightning-rod man is called a bungler and a rogue, which perhaps he is, but at all events he gets mad and says, "look here, if you know more about fixing this rod than I do, you can finish the job yourself." With that he leaves the roof but he gets a piece of her mind before he reaches the gate. She now turns again her attention to the remaining men and makes them so infuriated that when noon comes the grafter has purposely killed the tree; out of spite the carpenter has fixed the posts of the fence so that when spring comes the whole thing will be thrown out of shape and the painter has his revenge by waiting for a favorable opportunity till she is near the foot of his ladder and then spills half the contents of his pail all over her new gingham. This last puts her in no very pleasant humor, so that when her husband comes home for dinner soon after, she finds him a convenient object against which to hurl the irritating missiles of her ill-temper.

Before dinner is more than half over, however, she has got tired of calling him a blockhead for employing such a worthless lot of workmen and now she launches forth on her pet theme, "Woman's Rights."

"Why is it," she says, "that the American woman is thus downtrodden and deprived of her lawful rights? Why is it that we cannot have a little liberty?" Here her husband, at the other end of the table, thanks his stars that woman's liberty is not greater than it already is. "Why is it," she continues,—but here a hungry wasp strolls through the open window and thinking that baby's proboscis is a tempting morsel lights thereon, and at once the youngest scion of that noble house sets up a yell which puts a stop to his mother's oration. In the mean time Smith, well-meaning man that he is, has endeavored to kill the insect while in the very act of stinging, with the lettuce spoon, but fails and in failing knocks the baby with the force of the blow nearly out of his chair.

Mrs. Smith, not having seen the wasp and thinking that her husband has been *administering punishment* (*maliciously*) to his youngest, dashes to the rescue with designs upon poor Smith's hair. As she goes she steps upon the little dog's tail and he, quick as a flash, bites one of the other children in the leg, who in turn sets up a howl, accompanied now by a full chorus of five small voices. Confusion runs riot and Smith inwardly curses his luck for ever having married such a woman, and wonders if he hasn't sufficient grounds

for a divorce. At length dinner is over and he loses no time in getting out of the house, but just as he reaches the gate his wife sticks her head out of a third story window and tells him in firm accents that he just wants to come home at tea-time prepared to stay home the whole evening, as she must attend the Temperance Meeting at half-past seven.

Smith utters a groan and hurries away.

Oh, if there is a man on the face of the earth who deserves the sympathy of every man, woman and child, it is he who has had the misfortune to marry a strong-minded woman!!

At three o'clock she goes out to see some of her neighbors and give them points on the Mormon Problem.

We will not follow her into every house she visits, just to note with what degree of joy each lady hails the moment of her departure or to ascertain how how great an annoyance she was in each case, but be content to abide by the general truth that a disagreeable subject, treated by a disagreeable woman in a disagreeable way is at least likely to be disagreeable.

Half past four finds her on her way to her Shakespeare club.

Here again she airs her opinions very freely and relishes the very idea

of a dispute. If one of the members makes a statement, ten chances to one she is contradicted. If another quotes from the "dear son of memory, great heir of fame," she is at once taken to task for not having quoted properly. Two-thirds of the members agree that she is a great nuisance while the rest are afraid to express their opinions.

No action has ever been taken to put her out and so she has continued to make the meetings unpleasant to the majority ever since the organization started. When tea time approaches she wends her way homeward and finds her husband already there with a resigned look on his face.

During tea she tells him again by way of a gentle reminder that he must stay home and put the children to bed. Smith wishes that there were no such things as children and thinks of the good times down at Brown's house that night, which he has got to miss, all on account of his confounded wife.

Now let us proceed with Mrs. Smith to the Temperance Union. Here her usefulness is manifest, for her energy and gift of gab are always in great demand and besides she has with her many of the same species as herself. There are some members, of course, of that Union who can't abide her and who some-

times make it very warm for her, still she always manages to come out at the top of the heap.

This is the place for her, where she really does good and where her disagreeable traits are not so annoying to her friends. If every woman of her nature could be put in some such place permanently, only giving her time to run out to get her meals, I say if such a thing were possible, the strong-minded woman would indeed be a blessing to us, whereas, situated as she is to-day, possessing too much liberty, she is very far from being one.

We will not follow our friend through the long meeting, nor pay particular attention to the brilliant speech she delivered on moving that a committee should be appointed to investigate the alleged awful intemperance of the State Assembly. We will simply see her safely home and then leave this particular specimen to consider somewhat briefly the strong-minded woman in general. Besides the facility of being too willing to impart information and of opening her mouth too continuously and disagreeably on all occasions, as somewhat dimly illustrated in our Mrs. Smith, the strong-minded woman generally possesses a characteristic common to Americans, but developed in a remarkable degree, which we call "cheek."

She does not evidently agree with Shakespeare, that "borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry," or if she does she never acts in accordance with her own convictions. Imagine then the state of mind that her immediate neighbors are always in, for she will borrow anything from your piano or camel-hair shawl to a loaf bread.

I know a lady living to-day in the town of C——, a very moderate type of this species of woman, and a woman of good breeding and education, who was about to give a dinner party and knowing that a lady friend of her's possessed a gardener who made a good salad, she sent for him at two o'clock in the afternoon without even asking permission of his mistress and kept him working the remainder of the day in her own kitchen. And what did the friend do or say concerning this piece of "cheek" you may ask? Nothing, absolutely nothing, but coming from the source it did she took it in as a matter of course, whereas, had any of her other friends done such a thing there would have been a row in the camp in a twinkling of an eye.

Why, one of these females would think no more of borrowing your false teeth or tooth-brush, as far as the cheek required for such an act is concerned than they would a spoonful of baking powder.

Why people will put up with more from them than from others is a question, indeed, for the philosophers. The men universally detest and shun this nuisance in petticoats. It often happens that in some of these women we find the favorite pastime of hailing passers-by and parleying with them as long as they will wait to hear her. In order to avoid being cross-examined in the open air they are often seen to cross the street just before reaching the house and to pass it on the other side.

But even this little stratagem she often overcomes and finds little difficulty in making herself heard the extra distance.

Now what do this woman's female friends think of her? They are not by any means as unanimous in their feelings as the men are.

The following division will be found to hold good in most cases. We will divide them into thirds, and nearly one third will be found to be perfectly independent women, not to be domineered by her in the least and always ready to fight out with her when the occasion demands it; another third are toadies, they agree with her in everything, laugh when she laughs, echo her sayings, quote her as authority and in short hold her up as a model. They name their children after her and resort to many other devices whereby they may reach the highest place in her esteem.

The other third are on the fence. They are just as bad as the toadies, when in her presence, but when not they are ready to agree with the first or second third, whichever they happen to be among.

They are ready, as the spirit moves them, at any moment to sing her praise or to proclaim her many faults.

Thus we see the feeling of both sexes toward this woman, friends she has, to be sure, but they are mostly so in name only, and unless we can call her a friend, she may have to go very far out of her own family circle to find one who esteems her for her own sake.

And why, we may ask, does this woman so rarely fall from her position? What is it that carries her through repeated rumblings, that make her oblivious to the coldness of some or deaf to the unpleasant remarks of others. She never feels hurt, such trifles strike her but she sheds them as readily as a duck does water. What is it that brings her forth fresh as a daisy from the united attacks of her enemies, and more fully impressed with the greatness of her own importance than ever? It is something we all possess in a greater or less degree, but like a piece of Limburger cheese a little of it goes a great way.

Conceit is what keeps her above

the surface. "Money makes the mare go," but conceit in this case does the business.

You can't make a conceited person see his own faults nor does he care much what others think of him, and so it is with this woman, conceit forms a protecting sheathe about her and renders opaque all mirrors which would enable her to see herself as others see her.

Try to squelch this woman if you can, or in the language of the world try to "sit on her," you will fail nine times out of ten. Have you ever, while in bathing, endeavored to sit upon an apple or similar object riding on the water's surface, if you have, can you not remember that just as you were bearing it in triumph to the bottom, it suddenly slipped and rose to the surface where it swam again as buoyantly as ever? Well this serves to somewhat meagerly illustrate the result of any attempt to sit on a strong-minded woman.

We have no means at present for protection against this nuisance, but that does not prevent us from trying to acquire them. Let all the people who are at present afflicted, unite their efforts and get a law established to the effect that the strong-minded woman is as disagreeable as any other nuisance and should, therefore, be dealt with accordingly. Then let

the law be carried out in every case and there is no doubt but what they will be relieved from further annoyance.

This may seem to some a little hard on these highly developed species of the gentle sex, but before passing judgment they should bear in mind the old truism, that "desperate cases require desperate remedies," and also some of my readers may think that I am going far out of my way to malign this woman.

Now in order to vindicate the few ideas I have set forth in the course of these remarks and to prove to their own satisfaction that they are greatly mistaken, may I ask them to go and live next door to a strong-minded woman or as many of them as can marry one and if at the end of, say two years, they don't agree with me in everything I have said of her in this article, I will at once give up all my claims to the crown of Russia and be forever content to remain, "yours for health,"

JESSE JAMES HOWLS, JR.,
Late Secretary to the beautiful and
æsthetic *Lydia E. Pinkham*.

WHEN THE FRESH MARCH OUT TO DRILL.

*Lines found in the Portfolio of a College
Widow.*

Now the robins from the southland
In the swaying branches sing;
And the dreamy, smoky mountain-tops
Bespeak the reign of spring;

And the timid flowers are peeping
In the valley, on the hill;
And the campus is enlivened
By the Freshmen in the drill.

There's a great big Fresh, like Jumbo.
Then gradually they come
To a Fresh as small as piggy
Who went crying "wee, wee" home:
But the same undaunted spirit
Every manly breast doth fill
When the Freshmen seize their muskets
And go bravely forth to drill.

Oh, their plump, unrazored faces
Are so boyish and so fair.
And their every manœuvre
Is so subtle and *bizarre*
That although they are not cruel
Yet, alas, how dead they kill
When they don that stunning uniform
And amble out to drill.

What a look of proud defiance.
What a firm and martial gait,
And the line of gleaming muskets
Is so regular and straight;
It reminds me of a rail-fence
On a huckleberry hill,
When the sun smiles on the campus
And the Fresh march out to drill.

That handsome one's an officer,
I saw him smile and nod,
As past where I was standing
He went marching with his squad:
How it made my heart to flutter
And my breast with pride to thrill
That an officer should notice me
While marching in the drill.

But his squad, so fierce and warlike.
Almost makes me quake with fear;
Two ranks with four men in a rank
And one man in the rear—
Now a sudden thought has struck me.
'Twould be mean, perhaps, but still

I've a mind to nab that odd one—
They don't need him in the drill.

March along, O guileless Freshmen,
While you play your warlike parts
Little reck you how your pathway
Is bestrewed with broken hearts,
While you're innocent be happy
And of pleasure drink your fill;
There's harder work before you
Than you're having in the drill.

For methinks, and as I think it
I can scarce restrain a sob,
Soon you'll all be grizzly Seniors
And be looking for a job;
And along the way there'll meet you
Less of good I fear than ill,
And you'll find life far more irksome
Than this tramping in the drill.

ONE SUMMER.

One afternoon, as I was seated in my cozy little study with Metaphysics in hand, my thoughts reverted to the summer of 18— which I spent at a quiet little hotel situated in the Blue Ridge mountains.

Returning home after a year of hard work at college, I deemed it necessary to make a little trip to the mountains to recuperate and to enjoy the fresh bracing air of these regions, and in looking around I noticed the name of a little place called Saluda. Being struck with its pretty name I decided to go there at once, so, packing up a few articles I set off one morning and arrived at my destination in the afternoon com-

pletely covered with dust and cinders

Stepping out upon the platform of the depot, I was very much impressed by the grandeur of the mountains and the beauty of the scenery. It seemed like some charmed retreat surrounded on all sides with mountains clothed in the verdure of early summer. Glancing around I saw in the distance some half dozen cottages perched upon the mountain sides and only a few steps up the immediate mountain I saw the hotel situated among the green trees.

Following the winding path I soon reached the steps of the hotel and perceived that I had, indeed, chosen a lovely spot to spend the summer. Hearing music whilst I was sitting on the piazza one evening, I threw away my cigar and upon entering the parlor I found quite a bevy of ladies and gentlemen listening to a young lady singing.

Questioning mine host he informed me that she was a young lady who had but lately returned from Germany where she had been studying music. Of course I desired introduction and was soon presented to her. I was immediately struck by the sweet, womanly face that I saw before me. She was not exactly pretty but full of that unknown attraction which we see in some faces and which unconsciously draws us nearer to the possessor.

Light brown eyes which seemed to show the depths of her soul, glanced at you from under slightly arched eyebrows; a mouth perfect in its symmetry and a straight nose, indicating character, completes the description of her face. Her wavy, brown hair was made up in a simple knot which shewed off a small yet perfect head, and a simple muslin dress set off to advantage the outlines of her pliable and graceful figures.

After a few commonplace words in the parlor I drew her arm in mine and we went out to join the promenaders on the porch.

Oh how distinctly I can remember those first few hours of our acquaintance! I can even now see her sweet smile and again her head bent downward as I uttered words that came swelling up from my heart. What I might have said I do not know, for suddenly I noticed that nearly everyone had retired, and as she perceived it almost at the same time we bent our steps into the hall. Following her there I merely had time to press her little hand and then she glided up the stairway, but paused on the landing and gave me an arch look and laughing smile.

Not feeling sleepy there was nothing for me to do but go out, smoke a cigar and think of this new acquaintance of mine whom I had just

met. Seating myself where I could see the silvery moonbeams chasing the shadows from the eaves of the porch I gave myself up to meditation and in all my thoughts her face was present. Do what I would I could not drive from my memory that arch look, for whenever I began to think of anything else my mind would soon revert to the tantalizing smile on the stairway. Musing thus I was aroused from my reveries by the landlord closing and bolting the doors, so I was obliged to seek repose for the night in my chamber.

The next morning whilst sitting on the porch I saw several young ladies going out for a stroll and to gather some of the lovely mountain laurels, and seeing my acquaintance of the night before with them, I asked permission to accompany her. This she granted with a smile and accepting the assistance of my arm we climbed several of the hills and succeeded in gathering quite a pretty bunch. Seating herself upon a large rock by one of the little mountain rills which came tripping and splashing down the mountain side, she began to arrange the beautiful flowers.

Seated at her feet I watched her busy fingers as they deftly grouped flowers and ferns together in pleasing contrast, and occupied thus she glanced up from under her long

lashes and caught my look of unfeigned admiration. Blushing slightly she continued her work in silence until it was finished and then she arose and we returned slowly to the hotel.

As she was going up to her room I asked for one of the sweet flowers which nestled on her bosom; detaching a small spray she gave it to me with a serious look but as I bent over the little gift and pressed it to my lips, she bounded up the stairway with the same look which she had given me the night before.

What was the meaning of that look? What hidden meaning lay behind that arch smile? Why did it haunt me so, were questions which I again and again asked myself without reaching any satisfactory conclusion.

Ah, who can foretell the impulses of the heart! I could not but see that I had fallen in love with her and the more I pondered over the peculiar smile the more hopeless I saw my case would be.

That wicked glance surely did not speak well for my cause, for it was full of mischief and roguishness. I could not bring myself to believe that she was a flirt, and then again I laid aside as foolish the promptings of my vanity; so, the only course which I had to pursue was to await patiently the development of future events.

In the course of the next few days I became much better acquainted with her and my first affection increased and deepened into a strong passion and I was happy only when with her.

In all the walks and strolls which we took together I felt so happy that I feared that I might break the mystic spell which enthralled my heart by avowing my love, for every time that I resolved to tell her of my love the tantalizing smile on the staircase presented itself and prevented me from accomplishing my desire.

However, one evening as we were sitting under the trees in the twilight I decided to put an end to the suspense by acknowledging my love and receiving her answer.

I had imprisoned her sweet dimpled hand and was just about to tell her how much I loved her, when she glanced up from under her long silken lashes and I saw the same arch look and wicked smile. It could not restrain my feelings now and in spite of a feeling of uneasiness my arm stole around her slender waist and my lips were about to press hers when——

Ah what is the matter? Why my metaphysics has dropped on the floor—it is four o'clock—why I do declare, I must have slept for nearly an hour and a half.

NEMO.

TO THE DANDELION.

Humble floweret oft disdained,
With admiration quite unfeigned
I sing thee.

Blest to the gentle showers
Of April, and the sunny hours
That bring thee.

Child first-born of mother spring,
Earliest, too, in perishing,
Indeed, I love thee;
And, in my memory and my heart,
Nor rose nor lily holds a part
Above thee.

To children, on the first mild day
Of spring, when on thy sunward way
Thou'rt pressing,
Or, farther 'round the season's curve,
As horologe thy white locks serve,
Thou art a blessing,

Little suns, the lawn adorning,
Making many a radiant morning
Peep above the grasses,
Soon your orbs will cease to burn,
From gold to grey your locks will turn
As life-time passes.

And thus (it is a hackneyed theme)
Is human life a spring-day dream,
A golden blossom;
But May must go and winter come
To call us to our common home,
Earth's mother bosom.

BISHOP, '85.

FRESHIE'S DILEMMA.

'Twas on a balmy summer eve,
When Freshie with his cane,
Meandered forth with lightsome heart
To see his Mary Jane.

His brand new suit of latest cut,
When once he got inside,

Fit "like der baber on der vall,"
Tight as his natural hide.

To his inamorata then
Full quickly did he hie,
To catch the accent of her tongue,
The glances of her eye.

She led him in the parlor;
From her lips he nectar sipped;
When—sitting down, a sound he heard,
Ah woe! those pants had ripped.

Poor Freshie's plight quite awful was,
His blood nigh ceased to flow,
He longed intensely to get out,
Alas! he dared not go.

The hours too slowly dragged along,
His tongue clave to his jaw;
Such 'havior on her Freshie's part
E'er yet she never saw.

The "wee sma'" hours drew on apace,
And Mary 'gan to cough,
When suddenly the lights went out,
The gas had been turned off.

To get a lamp then, quick did his
Inamorata flit,
"Now is my time," quote "Frosh" o'er-
And swiftly out he lit. [joyed,

A lesson from this little tale
Let every Freshman take;
Have your garment sewed, whate'er the
[style,
With thread that will not break.

M. E.

✓ G. FRANK PARSONS, A member of
the class of '84, Union College, died
April 23d, in the twentieth year of
his age.

(At a meeting of the class, held in

consequence, the following expression of their feeling was adopted:

Spared till near the close of his preparation for the active duties of life, everything seemed to promise a bright future to our classmate, whose sad death we now so deeply lament.

He was loved for a manly character and genial disposition. His early death has deprived us of an earnest and active member in whom we perceived abilities and attainments, which insured his success in after life.

May the recollection of his virtues soothe the heart of his afflicted relatives and cause them to dwell less painfully upon his untimely death.

GEO. F. ALLISON,
J. G. GREENE,
F. DIXON HALL,
F. Z. PARKER, *moderator*
CHAS. B. TEMPLETON,
Committee.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

At a special meeting of the Alpha Chapter of the Delta Phi society, held April 27, 1883, the following Preamble and Resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, God in his wisdom has seen fit to remove from our midst our beloved brother George Frank Parsons, be it

Resolved, That in his death the

Delta Phi loses a brother who, by his gentlemanly bearing, genial manners and loving disposition endeared himself to all who knew him.

Resolved, That recognizing in his death the hand of Him whose chastisements are oftentimes His greatest mercies, we would invoke His blessing upon the family He has so deeply bereaved and extend to them our sympathies in their affliction.

Resolved, That we wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the CONCORDIENSIS and the Gloversville papers, and that a copy of the same be sent to the family of the deceased and to each of the associate Chapters.

A. W. RAY,
C. C. HALE,
C. H. HILL,
S. A. SMITH,
F. W. RAY,

Committee.

Local.

—Why is a hen?

—Don't lend money this term.

—Where is Major McMurray?

—The gentleman who recently graduated from the nursery into the laboratory should take pains not to give the fact away.

—Who is the "California Mick?"

—Who is the best pitcher in college?

—Junior J. asked, the other day, "Say, if you draw a straight line it won't look like a curve, will it?"

—A Senior lately asked what was the use of a *settee-board* in a boat.

—The closing exercises of the Adelphic Society will be held on Thursday evening, June 7th. The Valedictorian is A. B. Nash; Respondent, J. F. Delaney.

—If plumbago is used for drawing Mr. B., what kind of drawing is it? drawing cars, drawing bags in a lottery or what?

—A Soph went into the laboratory a few days ago and asked if he could obtain any "bi-sulphate of carbon di-oxide." This is a progressive age.

—WANTED.—Two large specimens of the canine family, commonly known as bull, to stifle the bleating of two members of '85 on the campus during the class games.

—CHALLENGE.—We, the undersigned, do hereby challenge any two men in college to sit with us at the poker table. Yours for traffic,
FULL-HAND,
JACK-POT.

—DIED.—Class of '85.—Upon the campus, on the 4th day of May, in the comfortable hope of a blissful immortality. Partners in distress, '83-'86.

—WANTED IMMEDIATELY.—A horse on calculus, a faithful animal is desired, which will at(ten)d to its work steadily in case of (six)ckness.

—A recent endeavor was made to persuade Mr. A. S. Anable, '85, to return for a few weeks, in order that we may play Harvard, Yale and other colleges. Our Senior director received a reply stating his inability to grant the request.

—We shall miss the wisdom and dignity (?) of '83.

—Breathes there a Junior with head so small,
Who never to himself doth call,—
"This is my own"—my honored class
And don't you forget that all others she'll surpass.

—Engage your June number of the CONCORDIENSIS which is to contain a full report of commencement exercises with sketches of all of the literary productions.

—A Junior told Prof. Coppee that Spencer was the author of Mother Goose, while another mentioned King Arthur and Knights of the Round Table as the intimate friends of Queen Elizabeth.

—We, with great pleasure notice that the ash piles back of the college have been removed and the spot cleaned and covered with sand. We hope it will be kept clean during the entire summer.

—The Sophs are thinking of adopting the white plugs and at a meeting held during the first of the term the following committee were appointed to canvass the class: McSorley, Bradley and Duffie. The result has not yet been heard. We would say, buy them by all means. They will make a most excellent thing with which you can polish a stove, use for a cuspidor or a receptacle for many minor objects.

—The managers of the different boarding houses and the wash-women are frequently seen on the hill. "Oh, I'll send it to you as soon as I get home."

—Prof. in Chemistry.—"Now, if you place your hand in steam at 100 degrees and water at 100, which will burn you the most?"

Soph P.—"Steam."

Prof.—"Why?"

Soph.—"Because it's hotter."

—It is said, on reliable authority, that if one shall go in the chapel one half hour before recitation he will find the back seats all taken for recitation next hour. Why is this? Are the Juniors so eager to recite?

—1st Fresh (pointing to gas tank back of the Laboratory), "What is that building, there?"

2d Fresh, "I think that must be an ice house."

—Judging from the appearance of the neck of a Freshman and also from every account, quite a pugilistic encounter took place back of North College on one of the balmy days of April. The watchword was "are you ready?" and being answered in the affirmative the struggle commenced. In these columns we cannot give an account of the contest, but from results we would advise contestants always to see that their adversary has closely pared finger nails.

—The following officers were elected by the Adelphic Society at their first meeting this term: J. F. Delaney, President; J. H. Veeder, Vice-President; F. Terrell, Secretary; J. W. Adams, Treasurer; F. Baily, Curator. Card Committee: J. W. Adams, J. Cantine, Jr., and J. R. Van Ness.

—South College has become quite an extensive navy yard, many of the inmates being engaged in constructing canoes.

—The Sophomores and Juniors who wish to compete for the prize stage have to speak in chapel on June 2d, when it will be decided who will form the stage.

—We have in college many men who are athletically inclined and we think we could be in the front ranks in sports, if opportunity was given. A field day once a year would be appreciated by all and add to the attractions here. It is only necessary for a few men, who are interested, to take the lead in this matter. All the funds necessary to its advancement could be procured by subscription. We ought to advance in this line and rank with other neighboring institutions.

—At a fair held in Union Hall, some time ago, it was requested that the students elect men from the different classes to be voted upon as the most popular in college. A college meeting was held and a committee appointed of one man from each of the classes to name two men for the balloting. Messrs. Perkins, '85 and '86 were the unfortunate men and accordingly their names were presented and voted upon, resulting in favor of Perkins, '86.

—Dr. Coppee, who occupies the chair of English Literature, was suddenly called to other duties which will detain him until the first of June. At his request Prof. Ashmore kindly consented to do his work. During the time of the Dr.'s stay here he delivered some very fine and instructive lectures on his familiar subject, which indicates his complete mastery of it.

—Where are the Sophomore's white tiles?

—Who stole a pair of valuable cuff button from North College? A thief.

—How many class meetings have the Freshmen had?

—A Freshman was lately heard to say he was going to play *solitaire by himself*.

—K. is too good looking to ask to be excused in a chemistry recitation.

—“What is a gas, Mr. C.?” “A gas is where the atoms are so far apart they wont stay together.”

—When B. was a little boy he learned his table of multiplication. Now he is a big boy he must learn his chemical formulation.

—James R. Fairgrieve, '82, recently made us a call while on his way to New York.

—Prof. Foster is now making his department very interesting and instructive by experiments. He occasionally takes a little electricity accidentally and desires others to receive the same benefit.

—Subjects for essays this term: Junior, “The Prevention (Moral, Social and Political) of war.”

Sophomores, “The Benefits and Evils of a Political Career in this Country.”

Freshmen, “The Perfect Orator.”

—A Soph being asked who Jesse James Howles was, said he did not know but took his English which contains a list of pseudonyms and looked for it. He did not find it of course. We hope and trust that it will be there some time however.

—G. stated in literature that Pope wrote Homer's Iliad.

—The Freshman class has appointed a committee to attend to the management of class pictures.

—The general opinion is that the Yale cup lies between '83 and '84, the other classes plainly showing their weakness in the contest.

—The strength of '83 is something wonderful, considering her defeats heretofore. The Freshman nine is strong and only needs time to bring forth glorious results.

—Colonel Pickett makes his daily rounds, repairing broken windows and replacing stolen benches.

—Whoever owns the bedstead in the hall of North College, North Section, will save it by removing it.

—Why is a chairman always addressed as “the chair?”

Because there is a general desire to sit on him.

—WANTED—Five essays to make up my rhetorical work.

JIM SLOTHFULNESS.

—Why is it that so many Fresh have made efforts this term to raise beard? Truly many have tried, but few have succeeded.

—The canoe club has completed its organization by the election of the following officers: President, C. A. Kitts; Secretary, Everett Fowler; Treasurer, W. Foote; Commodore, Bayard Whitehorn. The club now has about twelve members. It is said that a number of them contemplate taking a trip down the Hudson to New York as soon as college closes.

—An unusually large number of beavers have made their appearance in the college this spring.

—Several minstrel shows visited Schenectady last month. The students patronized them in large numbers, influenced by the attraction which never fails to draw crowds to circusses and minstrels.

—“A companye of ladies, tweye and tweye.” “Well, Dr. L., what does the poet mean by ‘tweye and tweye’?” Dr. L.—“He means four and four.” “No, sir, that is not it, he means twenty-two.”

—Lawn-tennis is becoming very popular as a source of amusement, and we are proud of our tennis court upon the campus. It will add to the pleasure of college life.

—At the last class meeting of the Seniors, one of the class expressed his opinion that inasmuch as there was a good deal of business to be transacted they would probably have a very *contracted* meeting.

—The final examinations which the Sophomore engineers have to pass this term and the dates of examinations, are Algebra, May 5th; Geometry, May 19th; Trigonometry, June 2d, and Calculus at the end of the term.

—Professor in Calculus, speaking about the largest piece of land which could be inclosed with a given amount of fence, said that it would be a square.

1st Soph—“Could you not inclose more in a polygon?” Prof., “No, sir.”

2d Soph,—eager in the pursuit of mathematics, “You could inclose more in a hexagon, could you not, than a polygon?”

—A Freshman with an inflamed eye remarked that his tear aqueduct was injured.

Many of the Seniors and Juniors have purchased beavers on account of their cheapness.

—Owing to the excessive extraneous matter which had blown into the keyhole of the Latin Recitation room, Prof. Ashmore heard the Sophs in the chapel, April 27th.

—Prof. in English.—“What did girls’ education consist of in the time of Chaucer, Mr. C.?”

Mr. C.—(whose ideas on the subject are somewhat limited) “It consisted in handing out beer to customers, sir.”

—Up, from the pasture rich with
weed,
Clear, in the soft, cool April eve,
Two gaudy females came dressed
in red
With giddy hats upon the head.
Round about them cattle sweep
In pursuit of something for to eat,
Fair as angels of the lord
To eyes of the famished college
horde;
On that pleasant eve of this spring
time
The boys marched over the ter-
race to dine.
Over the terrace winding round,
One by one, into the pasture down,
————— silver
stars,
Forty bed-quilts with their crim-
son bars
Flapped in the evening wind,
The Dean of the faculty looked to
see what was to be seen.
Up rose the two fair damsels then,
Fresh with their eight years and
ten;
Boldest of all in Schenectady town;

One gazed at the flags the boys
 hung down,
 Under her giddy hat, left and
 right
 She glanced ; the bed-quilts met
 her sight,
 The boys leaned far out on the
 window sill
 And shook them with a royal will.
 "Shoot, if you must, those two
 red hats,
 But spare my bed-quilts for the
 slats."
 A shade of sadness, a blush of
 shame,
 Over the face of the maiden came;
 The nobler nature within her stir-
 red
 At that man's deed, at that man's
 word.
 "Who wishes a lock from my red
 head
 Must skip the gutter! come on!
 she said,"
 All the eve long through the pas-
 ture neat
 Sounded the tread of students'
 feet,
 And through the pasture the sun-
 set light
 Shown o'er the scene with a warm
 good night.
 The two maidens' work is o'er
 And the student goes on its raids.
 no more,
 Shame to the two! and let a tear
 be shed
 For their sakes and their false red
 heads.

Personals.

✓ '10. Gen. William K. Fuller, of
 Schenectady, is now the oldest living
 graduate of Union College.

Having completed the regular
 course of study in Schenectady Gram-
 mar School, he was admitted into

the Freshman class of Union College
 when but thirteen years of age. (The
 Faculty then consisted of Dr. Nott,
 the President, three Professors, and
 several tutors.

Union College was the present Un-
 ion School building, with dormitories
 extending along College Street to-
 wards Green Street. Between the
 College building and Green Street
 was a large College play-ground.
 Their principal game was somewhat
 of a rudimentary type of base-ball, a
 crooked stick was used as a bat and
 a ball made of yarn took the place of
 the common ball now used.

Foot ball was very similar to the
 present game although, then, of the
 rustic type.)

In 1814 Mr. Fuller was admitted
 to the bar as a lawyer. His success
 in acquiring so much of the "where-
 with" testifies of his ability as a bus-
 iness man.

(We need only state for the benefit
 of strangers, that he was the sole
 donor of the Schenectady City
 Hall.

Mr. Fuller now possesses some of
 the rarest pieces of old furniture that
 can be found anywhere. He has a
 piano probably one hundred and
 fifty years old, made in Germany by
 a brother of William B. Astor, which,
 as Mr. Fuller says, "Is finished more
 richly and sounds better than any
 now manufactured." The piano is
 only one of the many specimens of
 his rare collection.

We wish our old Alumni, at the
 unusual age of ninety, amid his many
 friends, may yet long enjoy his
 worldly accumulations.)

✓,30. Rev. Sylvester Woodbridge,
 D. D., died at San Francisco, Cal.,
 January 1st, 1883, in his 70th year.
 Was born in Sharon, Conn., June 15,
 1813, and graduated at Union Col-
 lege in 1830. He then completed
 his course in Auburn Theological

Seminary in two years and graduated from Princeton Seminary in 1833. Preaching on Long Island, in West Hampton and in Hempstead in 1849, at the time of the great exodus, he went to California and there organized the Presbyterian church, in Bernicia, and ministered for some years until he became editor of the *Occident*, in San Francisco. Dr. Woodbridge filled the vacant pulpit of Calvary Church with great success.

In 1876 he organized the church bearing his name and erected a neat edifice on the corner of Twentieth street where he continued as pastor until his death.

(He was a man of ability and usefulness and his name will be associated with the earliest religious movements of California.)

✓'49. Rev. Allan McFarland died April 3d, 1883.

✓'55. Rev. Columbus Comforth died at Clyde January 31, 1883.

✓'58. Jeremiah Greene is a drug and crockery merchant at Clyde, N. Y. Was recently chosen as delegate to the general assembly of the Presbyterian church at Saratoga, N. Y.

✓'59. Rev. G. D. B. Miller is principal of St. Mark's school, also officiating rector of St. Mark's church, Salt Lake City,

✓'70. John H. Clark is principal of Lyons Union School, Lyons, N. Y.

✓'70. Jefferson W. Hoag is an enterprising lawyer at Wolcott and at last election was chosen as District Attorney, of Wayne County, N. Y.

✓'76. Edward Hayward is a very successful principal at Clyde High School.

'78. C. M. Culver, who has just returned from Europe, was the guest of Prof. Webster a few days.

✓'79. Lee Beattie is now a graduate of Princeton Theological Seminary but has not yet accepted a charge.

✓'81. Schlosser is now teaching.

✓'82. Edward C. Whitmyer is principal of Latin department at Canton University, Canton, N. Y.

'82. E. E. Ford will be in town during summer.

'82. Fay and Elder are on their way home to spend their vacation.

✓'82. Hinds is doing some missionary work in Canada.

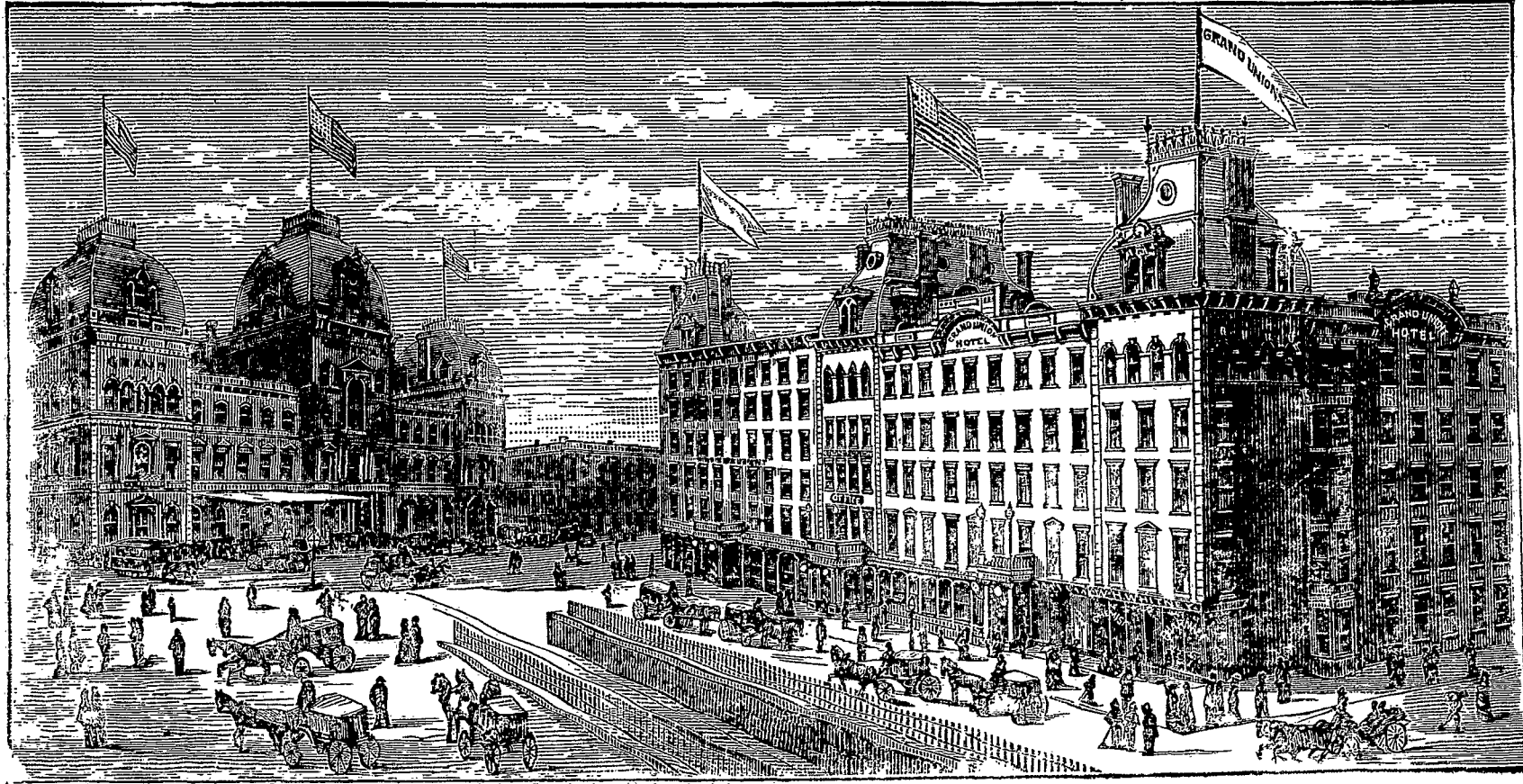
'84. George F. Parsons died April 23d, 1883.

(Again a Providential Hand has taken from the class of '84 one of its members. Three of our brothers have forever left '84 and are now at rest.

Bound together by class spirit, by sympathy for each other in trouble by our almost constant companionship in class room and on campus, it is indeed with suppressed emotion that we draft the accustomed resolutions and endeavor to show our affection for our departed class-mate.

As a companion, Frank was ever lively and pleasant, always ready to lend his assistance in every college enterprise. His politeness and genial manners won for him many friends and placed him in Schenectady's best society.

The news of his dangerous sickness was a surprise to us, his death a blow. Our warmest sympathies are with his family in their great bereavement.)



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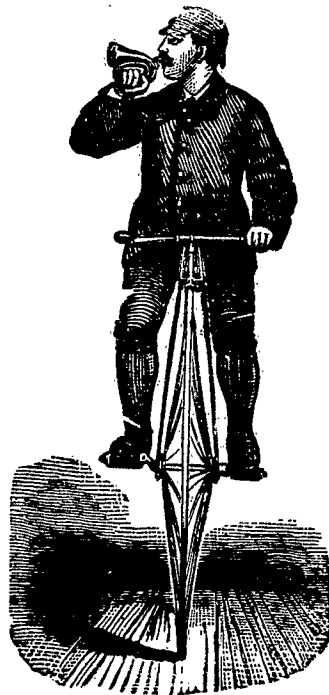
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