

THE CONCORDIENSIS.

VOL. IV.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y., DECEMBER, 1880.

No. 3.

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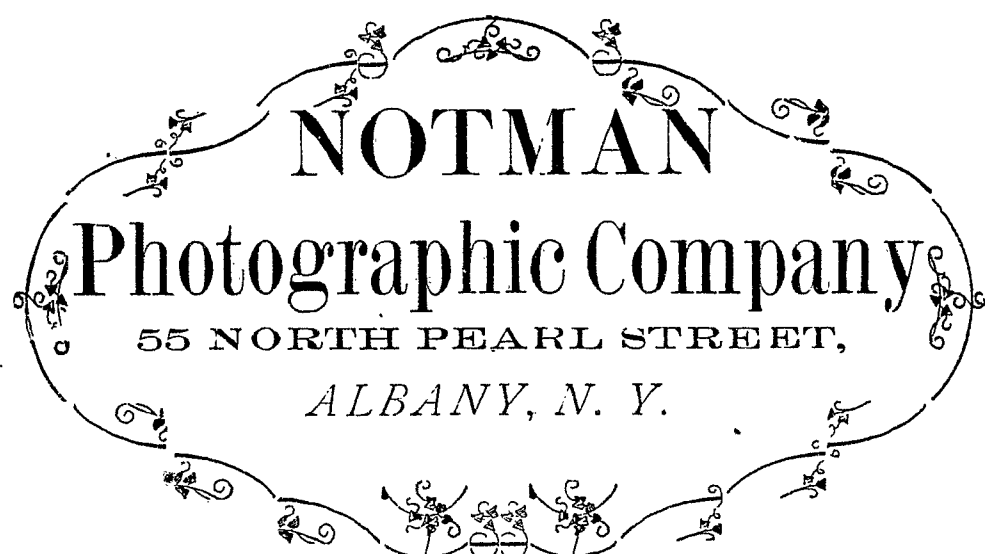
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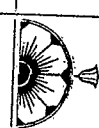
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L I T E R A R Y .

Written for the CONCORDIENSIS.

A SUMMER IDYL.

'Twas in those valleys, wild but sweet,
Removed from aches and ills,
Called in our city parlance quaint
The Adirondack Hills,
Which rest in such profusion
To the northward in our State,
Where lies the sweet locality
Of the tale I now relate:—
The season, if I recollect,
Was late in hot July,
The time of day was morning,
The dinner hour was nigh.
The persons, three; the sexes, two:
A boy, the others girls,
One sweet and short, one sweet and tall,
Both montagues, as curls.
The boy, of him I will not speak;
Yet, lest his feelings hurt,
I'll simply say he wore dark clothes
And eke a flannel shirt.
No fairer girls ere started out
With lucky youth together:
'Twas luck indeed that they should go
Unmindful of the weather.
Yet go they did, ragged up to kill,
And, like all maidens do,
In meditation, berries too,
Beguiled the morning through.
The pleased young man brought up the rear
With sacques upon his arm,
And told a story, now and then,
His chief and only charm.
But like all things, e'en *this* must end,
For, when they'd ceased to roam,
The trio found it raining hard
While they were far from home.

Unconsciously they'd spent some time
 Beside a little spring,
 And watched the black portentous clouds
 Roll up, like anything.
 Ye Gods! A draught of H₂O.,
 Although not "something warm"
 Contributed to brace them up
 To bide the coming storm.
 For nothing else could now be done
 But turn and face about,
 And tramp the weary miles again
 With bearing bold and stout.
 Could pluck do more? Ah! no, forsooth,
 Were maidens ere so brave
 As they set out with kindling eyes
 Their clean starched clothes to save.
 Now as before, the giddy youth
 Came strutting on behind,
 Clenched hands in trousers' pockets,
 Lost in admiration blind.
 Ane as he walked this adage thought,
 (Like to the old Sage Rollo,)
 Misfortunes never singly come,
 At least they're apt to follow.
 What! By the holy poker!
 Why did his nerves so shake?
 Ah! Then he saw; the tallest sylph
 Had stepped upon a snake.
 But half recovered from his fright,
 (A scream—you know—alarms,)
 He looked, and thought, she now prepared
 To jump into his arms.
 Yielding, yet half afraid,
 He longed to sound a truce,
 And hesitated—but's relieved,—
 "Despatch him, quick—you goose."
 The crisis o'er he went to work,
 Picked up the largest stones
 And strove to slay the ugly beast
 By "breaking of his bones."
 Alas! Our best endeavors fail,
 What botches do we make,—
 A graceful twist—a sinewy curve—
 And,—exit, Mr. Snake.
 It's generally conceded now
 By critics great and small,
 That female pluck and maiden grit,
 Will leave for good and all,
 At any cause, immense or slight,
 If *man* is near—you know—
 In fact I think the sex agree
 Exhaustion's "apropos."

I know, at least, that for this once,
 Exception did not rule.
 "In fact I know not *when* it has
 Since I've left home and school."
 The maidens fair no longer led.
 Full was their woeful cup,
 When youngster nerved by their sad state,
 Essayed to hold them up.
 Ah! now kind Pity draw the veil
 As closely as you can;
 Good Hevings! What an attitude
 For any single man.
 One on each shoulder, on each arm
 In ecstasy he bore;
 Oh! when did gallant Lochinvar
 In palmiest days do more,
 And when did ever arid plain,
 With drought and dryness curst
 Desire water more than he?
 "Black Heavens! Do your worst."
 It seemed as if the elements
 Had heard; for there came down
 Great buckets full, and even tubs—
 In quantities to drown.
 Yet tho' there was this bad effect,
 A good one came as well,
 For at this added weight of woes
 Upon his chest there fell
 Two lovely, shapely, female heads,
 (The next you'll find concise),
 "This, I should blush to murmur"
 Quoth the youth—"strikes me as nice."
 (Reader, if thus you're ever fixed
 In summer holidays,
 Don't shirk your bounden duty,
 For *this* is work that pays.
 The Book, you recollect, enjoins
 At any cost or labor,
 To help, assist, and also says
 That you must love your neighbor.)
 The youth who was of course, a boy,
 Who did as he was taught,
 Remembered this, but had not time
 To carry out the thought.
 For, as I've said before, good things
 Must end, and this as well.
 It seemed to him but second's time
 They heard the dinner bell.
 With awful pining and regret
 He felt his bliss was through,
 And now—your interest expires—
 The walk—my story too.

FINIS.

Unconsciously they'd spent some time
 Beside a little spring,
 And watched the black portentous clouds
 Roll up, like anything.
 Ye Gods! A draught of H_2O ,
 Although not "something warm"
 Contributed to brace them up
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FINIS.

A CHANGING WORLD.

It is a trite but no less true remark that this is a changing world. We see in our own limited experience countless facts to illustrate the truth of this assertion, and also meet with examples in every page of history. The fickleness of the world is present to our minds not only when we concentrate all our endeavors to accomplish some great end, but also in the everyday business of life. The feelings and disposition of every individual change as he advances in years, and the man of to-day is not the man of to-morrow. The setting sun recedes from view in the west knowing not what condition of affairs will be illumined by its morning rays. Although upon one day a certain effect may follow a certain operating cause, yet oftentimes upon the next we find it happens differently.

He who wishes that his knowledge should keep pace with the world must study these daily changes. The man of intelligence peruses the pages of history and biography not merely to gratify an idle and insatiable curiosity,—by a recital of wars, and revolutions, and bloodshed,—but to study man in every situation in which he is placed, to see the motives that actuate him in every undertaking, and from observation of these to form rules for the government of his own conduct. To him the historic and biographic page are replete with both interest and instruction, since the mind cannot engage in a more elevated, interesting and instructing study than that of its own powers and operations.

A slight perusal of history will refute the poet's assertion that "Man is the same in every age." The same sun now shines on us that shone on the world six thousand years ago, but over different scenes; the world has changed and with it the character of man. Nations have risen, flourished and passed away. Kings have reigned and fallen. The ocean has become a continent; the wildwood a city; and the city a desolate waste.

The kingdoms of the old world furnish us with many examples of the changes time is continually producing. Italy, a land favored with the best of heaven's gifts, where the flag of Liberty was first unfurled, where the arts and sciences once flourished at their greatest height; Italy, whose blue-arched sky and hills, and groves have often been the poet's theme, was laid waste by the barbarous hordes of the North.

Rome, that mighty city of old which stood invincible, the pride of her state and the Queen of the World, has now resigned her sceptre. That city, which could once number within her walls four millions of souls, contains now a population of but a few paltry thousands. Through those streets where myriads of soldiery once paraded in all the pride and glory of triumph, now a few peasants roam. No Cæsar's triumphs now command the poet's song, no Arcadian groves now echo to the sound of music,—but tales of by-gone days are subjects daily on the lips of her few remaining citizens.

Athens no longer hears the sweet flowing words of silver-tongued orators. No longer do her fleets sail forth bearing civilization to barbarian shores. No longer does she retain her place as the centre of the art and learning of the universe. Her orators are dead. Her fleets have long since succumbed to waves and storms. Her rhetoricians have forgotten their learning. Once the great headlight of the world, now she is known only in her former splendor.

The thousand brazen gates of Thebes have crumbled into dust. That city, once so populous, is now but a lurking place for the serpent; and the hoots of the owl are heard where formerly were the sounds of many voices.

Examples without number might be adduced to illustrate this same truth, but it is unnecessary. They present themselves on every hand, on every page of history. It is not

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the face of nature which alone has changed, —the character of man has undergone the same alteration. The days of chivalry are o'er, when barons and knights did their devoirs well for love and ladies bright.

But while so many of the fairest portions of the globe have been laid desolate by time, others have risen to fill their places. Those nations of the East, which for ages held a monopoly in the arts and sciences, have now resigned their claims.

While we view the inhabitants of the old world rising to the very acme of perfection in every species of literature, while we view them extending their conquests to nations abroad, we ever see them hemmed in by the sea. They could push their way over the frozen peaks of the Alps, they could overcome every obstacle which presented itself on land; —but upon the boundless, unfathomable ocean they could not go.

But times have changed. The discovery of the mariner's compass gave a new impetus to discovery and the new world presented itself. It afforded a refuge for the overcrowded multitudes of the old world, a refuge near enough to be affected by the arts and sciences and advancing civilization of Europe, but far enough away to be alienated from the mother rule. Thus sprang up a new country and a cosmopolitan people. Thus has arisen a new power in the world, and a new people have become known in literature and in the sciences. Yet here even will decay and ruin come and the glories of America will be known only through the song of the bard. Yet nation after nation will rise, fall and pass away, and new peoples will in turn spring up but only to meet the fate of those gone before. Thus will it ever be, change upon change, until the time when the sun shall have forgotten to shine and the planets shall no longer know their orbits,—thus even unto the end.

CHURCH AND STATE.

Since the earliest times the Church and State have been two very distinct and separate fields in which men have lived and labored. Each demands the brightest talent and the most earnest effort from educated men.

The successful issue of the latter depends very materially upon the way in which the former is governed.

The Ship of State is vast and complex and demands workmen who thoroughly understand her nature, her building, and the proper use of all her functions. Upon her proper construction depends the success or failure of her voyage.

Politics, the science of government, or that part of ethics which treats of the regulation or government of a nation or state, has a very extensive and important meaning, and those who display the most wisdom and tact in administration should be the leaders in this important sphere.

Ignorance can not be tolerated in any of its branches.

In proportion as we are led and governed by educated and wise men our success as a nation will be enhanced and our happiness extended.

Who, then, are our educated men? Are they not those who have passed through a course of intellectual discipline, who have made the best use of a liberal education and who have gathered the most profound knowledge from books and from experience?

Are they not our ministers who for years have labored for the welfare of individuals and the world at large, men who are capable of swaying the minds of multitudes, who command the respect, honor and love of the world?

Are not they our leaders and hence the most fit to direct our Ship of State?

We must first consider what we mean by a minister. A minister is one who has been called of God to work in his particular field;

to labor for the salvation of souls; to enlighten men in the knowledge of divine truth and to proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ.

Now the field of religion is far different from the field of politics.

In the early days of our country's history men, as a class, were less able to think for themselves or to govern themselves. The minister was the one educated man; the most influential man, not only in the church, but also in matters relating to the State.

He could advise his people without becoming contaminated with the evil influences which now infest our politics.

Religion and Politics in those days were not so widely separated as they are to-day. Then the will of the people was for the highest good. All labored for the best interests not of their respective factions, but of the country at large.

The Pulpit and the Press were able to cooperate for this end and thus secure the greatest blessings to the people.

Politics of to-day are very different. Although they need the influence of every enlightened man, the question arises on account of their nature. Will a minister by becoming active in politics lessen his dignity and that of his office, in the sight of men, and weaken his influence over their better natures and thus hinder his attaining his true object, the salvation of men?

If there were not educated men in different spheres of life, who were equally capable of leading the people and of presenting to their minds the true issues of politics—if we had not acknowledged leaders, whose characters are untarnished, and who enjoy the highest respect and confidence of the people and who in every way are conducting the affairs of State to the satisfaction of all; it might be the duty of the minister to consider the matter very carefully.

The minister, to be successful, must have

the love and confidence of his people. He is in a position apart from the world; he must be in the world, but not of it. He must keep his character free from the contamination of everything in the least suspicious.

He has before him a mixed congregation. To take a partisan stand in politics and labor for the promotion of one party to the detriment of the other, he must confess himself to be in sympathy with one part of his people and not with the other, and by so doing he will fail to exert his true influence spiritually upon that part of his people; for where there is not sympathy, there can not be influence for good.

The life-work of a minister is to satisfy the soul of man out of the rich treasures of divine truth, and when he knowingly places himself in a position which will hinder his attaining that end, he does injustice to himself and to his calling, and will signally fail.

Political instruction remains for men who are fitted to educate others in that direction, and although of great importance to the world, it falls short of the high aim and ambition of a true minister.

A minister who temporarily leaves his pulpit and takes his position upon a political stump lowers his dignity in the sight of the men whom he wishes most to influence in divine things and thus loosens his hold upon them. He leaves his own cause undefended, becomes less active, and by so doing he gives a positive advantage to the adversary.

He endeavors to instruct in a field which other men have made their life-study. By these we do not mean professional politicians who make political trickery their instrument, but the leading, educated men of our country, men who are better able to state the truths of politics than a minister whose education has been in another direction.

Ministers, in order to exert the greatest influence, should be united in every word and work, and when they discuss, or rather,

publicly work in a political campaign, being of different views, they must necessarily work in direct opposition to each other, and each one thinking himself in the right will uphold and sanction his own party issues and oppose those of the other.

The world is ever ready to take advantage of such occasions, and is not the most charitable judge of the acts and motives of men.

But the question arises, should the minister look calmly upon the vice and corruption in the government and not lift his voice in defence of law and right? Should he, on account of his divine calling, feel deprived of expressing his own views when important issues are at stake, and when the flood-gates of wickedness seem to have been opened wide in the political world?

We answer. By no means should he remain inactive. As any other citizen, he has a right to act in defence of truth and justice.

To look for theology in politics, is looking for the living among the dead. Yet a minister should preach politics to that extent to which he can promote the preservation and improvement of the morals of a people; but as long as there are men capable of defending the safety, peace and prosperity of a nation; of defending its rights against foreign control or conquest, and of protecting its citizens in their rights, a minister has no right, or rather, should not use his right to the management of a political party, the advancement of candidates to office, the artful manœuvres to secure the success of public measures or party schemes, or to dabble in political affairs.

J. B. W. L.

THE LOVE OF APPROBATION. ITS EFFECTS ON THE GENERAL CHARACTER.

There is nothing more general among men than the love of applause. The mighty delight to hear the bards chant their renown,

the rich to see the groveling sycophant cringing before them, the learned never tire of hearing their own works praised and even the lowest mechanic vaunts his brawny muscles to the gaping crowd.

All mankind possess the quality, the only difference being in the effects which it has on different individuals. To some it is a spur inciting them to higher thoughts and nobler deeds; to others, a stumbling block in their way to success, they taking more thought that their words and deeds may please the public, than for the final and permanent results of their speeches and actions.

We admire the man, who, led on by the approbation of the good and learned, aspires to success, virtue and honest renown. To such a one, this love of praise is a beacon, guiding him safely "o'er life's stormy ocean wave" into the haven of eternal happiness.

But how different is the man, influenced merely by the verdict of the common herd, not appreciating the distinction between the flattery showered on him by the knavish and illiterate, and that honest praise which a good discriminating man bestows on noble deeds! The wit, tickled by the laughter of the mob, converts himself into a buffoon; the grave and concise lawyer, throwing aside dignity, adopts the spread-eagle style, and soars away into flights of bombastic eloquence; and still more lamentable is it when the minister of God, forgetting that simplicity which lent a charm and power to his discourse descends

"To gaze at his own splendor, and exalt,
Absurdly, not his office, but himself."

How contemptible is he who, when he is able from the powers of his mind to be independent of the sneers and approbation of the crowd, stoops to little acts to obtain that applause which his genius should demand!

In woman especially does the passion for praise exist, either for good or for bad. A laudable quality it is when a woman, longing for the approbation of her family and

virtuous neighbors, fills her allotted sphere in life with grace, good nature and zeal, bearing her crosses with unruffled temper, smoothing for all the rough pathway of life, and scattering roses along her every footstep.

But when woman's head is filled with no idea but that of outshining with brilliant costume and conversational chit-chat those as silly as herself; when her ambition is, not to shine in those qualities which are really laudable, but to dazzle the eyes of giddy belles and foolish fops; then is this love of praise, or rather of flattery truly lamentable. Such women seek more those pleasures that are superficial than the joys that are real and substantial; the cultivating of the outward appearance rather than the adorning of the mind and soul. And so has many a pure and honest girl, with a sound mind, warm heart, and good impulses, drifted into the condition of a mere shallow society butterfly. It is Virgil's old story of Camilla, who, beating back all other foes, at last spies a Trojan with resplendent armor, after whom she flies, and so the powerful Amazon falls a victim to her passion for dress

E. C. M. '82.

NIGHT.

A PARODY—RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE CLASS OF '83.

Gently falls the dewy night
Through the twilight shadows stealing,
Skipping through the fading light
Go the tutors homeward reeling.
In the Freshman's lowly room,
Study done, the coal-fire tended,
Sweetly sleeping in the gloom,
Rests the Freshmen, strength expended.
Sophomore up! The day is done;
Up now! ere the night has flown.
O'er the world in stillness sleeping
Hover, Sophs, your vigils keeping!
Ready hands here find a task
Into Freshmen's rooms a breaking.
Up! the night brings on the mask!
Up! ere comes the morrow's waking.
Sophomores, at the midnight hour
Heed no Freshman's cry or screaming;

Break, oh break ye in the door—

Fresh is surely just now dreaming.

Break, nor heed the college rule;

Leave that folly to the fool.

Come, the night is quickly going,

Sophomore, break, your spirit showing!

W.

EDITORIAL.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Hints for Home Reading. Edited by Lyman Abbott, New York: G. P. Putman's Sons, 1880.

This is a work intended to assist a person in the selection of appropriate books for home reading, and also affords valuable suggestions for the formation of libraries. It starts in with an introduction by Mr. Abbott and contains articles by Charles Dudley Warner, Edward Everett Hale and others. We would especially commend it to any who are pursuing a course of reading. It is but one of the many good things continually being issued from the press of the Messrs. Putman. It is published in board at 75 cents, cloth, \$1.

IT IS ANNOUNCED that the Seniors will be given the option of several studies next term. This is as it should be. Certainly not all the class will desire to wade through Butler's Analogy and similar studies and not be enabled to devote any attention to special subjects. Our embryo physicians in particular will want to take up chemical laboratory work for the next two terms and our would-be barristers have no great need to study the "Law of Love." Many various professions will be pursued by the different members of the class and they should be allowed at least some freedom in selecting such studies as will be of especial benefit to them hereafter. We hope, however, that the experiment of last fall will not be repeated. We certainly will not put much faith in the promises of the faculty if they act over again the

farce so successfully played by them with regard to optionals for Geology and Optics. If we are to have optionals, by all means let us have them, and do not hold out in front of us an *ignis fatuus*.

THE MAN that walked off with those Senior essays tucked in his little pocket keeps very dark about it. Nobody knows anything about it any way. Perhaps the party thinks he might find it warm even during the cold season. We feel just a little warm toward him ourselves. He has taken something that belongs to us.

We fail to see wherein any student finds the right to meddle with a Prof.'s private papers, or private papers in his keeping. It seems to us that this little steal is an insult to the Prof. in question, an insult to the members of the Senior class and an injury to the fair name of our college. We do not know the man who honored (?) himself in this matter and hence know not on whose toes we are treading. But we can assure him that he knows not the limits to which an honorable man can go in so-called "College Freaks" and that it would cause the *men* of the Senior class no unhappiness to see him justly punished.

WE ARE particularly unfortunate this year. We have no hobby to ride. Two years ago that chief mainstay of Schenectady civilization, the so-called red-headed policeman, was the chief topic for consideration. Last year affairs connected with the administration of the college received their full quota of attention. If we remember rightly, the subject of the establishment of a military despotism in the college called forth energetic editorials in days gone by. But of what avail were all these? The Schenectady cop still wears his auburn locks and the college still is administered by the same hands and, again, instruction in the arts of war still holds a

place in our curriculum. The spasmodic efforts of our predecessors seem to have been in vain. Shall we, too, ride a hobby, only to find that our out-cry availeth nothing? or shall we sit quietly in our sanctum and let the fleeting hours pass by without urging on some great reform? We are afraid we'll have to accept the latter alternative. Everything in and about the college seems to move along smoothly. Even the Latin room is no longer attacked by the hand of the ruthless invader. We are almost paralyzed by the lack of some theme for flaming editorials. Will not some of our readers take pity on our forlorn state and furnish a new subject for discussion?

WE must apologize for an error in our last issue. It occurred entirely through a mistake of the writer of the article as to the right name of the gentleman and through some inadvertence was overlooked in proof-reading. In our notice of the Adelpic Society we should have given the name of Mr. Joseph P. Davis as president.

THE idea of a debate between the Philomathean and Adelpic societies was agitated last year. The measure seemed to meet with the approval of both societies. A committee was appointed by each to make the necessary arrangements. The disputants, on the part of the Adelpic, were selected, but for some unaccountable reason the debate never took place. We have heard several of the members speak of reviving the question this year. We think it would be an excellent idea. Both societies have several able debaters enrolled as members. Let each select three or four of their best men, give them a good live question for debate, and sufficient time in which to prepare themselves. The Joint Committee should select three or four of the Professors to act as judges. We think if anything is going to be done with regard

to the matter it should be done immediately. The debate should be held in the college chapel or some public place, where it would be open to all the students and their friends. Such a course is pursued in some other colleges, and with great success. It would aid the two societies very materially. There would be created a spirit of ambition, and good natured emulation in each. Moreover it would tend to attract new members. There does not seem to be as much interest taken in these societies by the mass of the students as there should be. We need something to stir up the members to renewed activity, and create an interest among those who have not as yet identified themselves with a literary society. In connection with this subject of a joint debate, why would it not be a good idea to advance one step further in co-operation? As now constituted each society holds annual exercises in college chapel, during or preceding college commencement. The exercises are of a purely literary character, and are generally good. Why would it not be a good plan for the societies to hold their annual exercises together? We think the plan would be feasible. Let each society have the Valedictorian and Respondent in turn. Let the programme be made more varied so as to include orations, readings, music, joint debate or any other literary exercises, which may be deemed necessary to make the entertainment interesting and instructive. A great treat would thus be provided for the many friends of the students in town.

ONE OF the western college papers praises the CONCORDIENSIS for its boldness in striking at abuses. We hope we shall always maintain this reputation. Our paper is published by the students, for the students, and in the interest of the students. The editors are elected to represent their several classes and to see that the sentiment of those classes is faithfully expressed upon every subject of

interest. We mean to do our duty in this respect to the best of our ability, even though the task may sometimes be an unpleasant one. The Faculty show their good judgment by not interfering in any way with the publication, so that we feel perfectly free to write upon any subject we choose, and we shall continue to call attention to all grievances as long as any necessity for doing so remains.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Editor Concordiensis:—

Why is it that the engineers are a specially favored class at Union? As this is not a school of engineering, and the engineers form but a small proportion of the students, this seems to be a pertinent question if it can be shown that they are so favored.

When a classical student asks to be allowed to take Hebrew or Chemistry in place of Mathematics he is told that this is not a college to prepare men for particular vocations, but to give them a general foundation for their future studies. The consequence is that when he graduates he is no further advanced in his special study of Law, Divinity or Medicine than when he entered college. But with the engineers it is different. All through their course they are given only such studies as are directly of advantage to them, and when they graduate with the degree of C. E. they are ready to start out in a special line at once.

The classical student is compelled to take Mechanics in his Junior year. Everyone knows that this study is of no use whatever to a man who intends to become a Minister, Lawyer or Doctor, but it is said to be a good mental drill. Does any one believe that a man who knows the study is of no use to him will take such interest in it as that it will benefit him the least particle? Certainly not. He will "pony" and scamp it—anything to get through—no matter how well he does his other work.

If this study is so good for a drill why are not the engineers compelled to study Hebrew and the scientifics Mental Philosophy? Are they not just as good mental drill? Oh no! Of course it is only the classical students who have such poor intellects that they need drilling in studies of no earthly use to them. Pray what difference would it make to a

Minister whether or not he could tell the exact difference between quantity of motion and moment of inertia, or to a Lawyer whether or not he could figure out the exact path of a projectile?

If it be contended that the facts gathered from the study are valuable, we venture to assert that anyone could gather more facts from a week's reading some popular treatise on the subject—and in better shape to remember too—than from a term's study of formulas which are learned only to be recited and forgotten. As the curriculum is now not only are we obliged to take Mechanics but we get no chance to take German and French—studies of much more importance to a literary man—unless we take them extra. In fact we can't do this last, as the two studies come at the same hour.

We think that the classical students are hardly used in this matter, and we hope that the time will soon come when Union will adopt the more liberal policy of Harvard, Columbia and Cornell, of believing that by the time a man gets to be a Junior he knows what is good for him just as well as a faculty which understands nothing of the bent of his mind or his plans for the future.

'82.

Editors Concordiensis:—

We noticed in the Schenectady post office a conspicuous proclamation to the effect that "the postage on the *Concordiensis* is two cents," and that papers mailed without that amount of postage affixed would be detained. The P. M. does so at his peril, and we hope students will not allow themselves to be imposed upon, even to the extent of one cent, for the P. O. makes several cents on one issue of the paper.

It is very seldom that the *Concordiensis* exceeds the weight of two ounces, and requires an additional stamp, and students will do well to ascertain the weight of each issue before mailing. Occasionally the use of heavier paper by the printer brings the weight over two ounces, but the average issue falls much below. The November number weighed only an ounce and a half and no P. O. in the State but that of the Schenectady postmaster would have the cheek to demand more than the law requires. His scales need investigation.

* *

[We are under the impression that the Schenectady P. M. is all right in the matter. The copies of the *Concordiensis* in wrappers weigh about two and a quarter ounces, al-

though the last issue was probably a little lighter, and may not have weighed quite two ounces. As a general rule, however, two cents postage is required.—*Ed.*]

LOCAL.

—Good-bye till next term.

—The postage on the *CONCORDIENSIS* is two cents.

—Christmas holidays from December 23rd to January 4th.

—One of the Seniors is particularly fortunate. He knows his multiplication table by *intuition*.

—Examinations will be held Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, December 20th, 21st and 22nd.

—See the new advertisement of *Julius Saul, the great Clothier of Troy*. Don't fail to call and examine his goods.

—Winter has begun early. The snowfall just after Thanksgiving was heavier than any of last winter, excepting one.

—In our list of officers of the Adelpheic Society, published last month, we omitted to note that Mr. Jos. E. Ransdell was elected Advocate.

—Professor of Rhetoric—"If a man is charged with stealing, what is the presumption?"

Soph.—"That he stole before."

—What makes the boys love Lammy so?

Perchance the freshmen cry,
'Cause Lammy loves the boys, you know,
I hasten to reply.

(Adapted from ex.)

—Professor, illustrating the problem of the lights,—“Now, if you look down a railroad track the tracks appear finally to unite.”

Fresh.—“But they *don't*, do they, Professor?”

—What was the matter with that Fresh. who spent two minutes kicking on a Professor's door and wondering why his friend did not let him in? Did you get taken in finally, Fresh?

—Sophomore B. expects to be made an officer because the Major took him out of the ranks and gave him private instruction. Up to the present writing he has not received his commission.

—Apropos of elections, a Freshman wanted to know if the newly elected President of

the Philomathean Society would take his seat immediately, or wait until the 4th of March to be inaugurated.

—Grand Base Ball Minstrelsy this week Thursday evening.

—A Junior in logic the other day, as an illustration of Meditative Induction said, "Now, the fixed planets"—

From the Professor's face it was *plain* it was not a good illustration.

—Everybody is complaining of sore arms. —Dr. Pearson's vaccination seems to have been effectual. Even the editorial staff is afflicted—and then to think that Schenectady has had only three cases of small pox!

—Junior to Freshman before vacation— "There has been a meeting of the Faculty, and if you will go and see Prof. W. you can find out how long vacation will last."

Fresh—"Why, is the Professor a member of the Faculty?"

—Scene in Optics—Prof. Foster, discussing the section on spectacles, asks—"By what sort of eye is the double convex lens required?"

Mr. L. shouts, "Glass eye."

Merriment extraordinary.

—We recommend to our readers the barber-shop of Mr. Chas. F. Rieger, at No. 187 State street, (up stairs), for first-class workmanship, clean towels, etc., and general superiority over other shops in town. Patronize those who patronize us.

—The following have been elected officers of the Philomathean Society for next term:

President, G. G. Leland; Vice President, W. P. Williams; Treasurer, S. H. Watkins; Secretary, J. R. Harding; Librarian, E. R. Youmans; Curator, M. C. Butler, Jr.

—The subject of a ball for the benefit of the base-ball fund is being discussed and meets with general favor. The project is first class and we hope to see it carried out. With good management it can be made a successful affair, both socially and financially.

—The Garnet is supposed to be in preparation, at least some of the editors have been chosen. A movement is on foot to have '81 and '82 united in the publication of that interesting annual this year in order to make it a Junior publication hereafter. It is a good idea.

—Scene in German class room.

Prof.—"Mr. M. you may begin at the twenty-fifth line." Dead silence.

Prof. repeats command in a louder tone.

Still no answer. "Well, perhaps we had better leave him to his slumbers. Go on, Mr. P."

—The Adelphic Society has chosen Mr. Henry Rufus Fancher, of McGrawville, N. Y., for Valedictorian, and Messrs. J. P. Sym, J. J. Henning and W. R. Winans, as Card Committee. W. A. Waddell, E. C. Johnson and J. E. Ransdell will represent the Adelphic in the joint debate with the Philomaths, expected to take place about the middle of February.

—Is this an example of Freshness?—A member of '84 wrote four letters, one on financial matters to his parents, one to his cousin, and two to lady friends. He directed four envelopes and sent the letters. Returns came in slowly, and finally amounted to this. The financial and cousinly letters went to the lady friends, while the letters intended for them went to the parents and the cousin. Grasp that Fresh. by the hand, and sympathize with him the next time you meet him.

PERSONAL.

'22 Samuel Fuller is a D. D. and Professor in the Theological Seminary at Middletown, Conn.

Hon. John Sanders, of Schenectady, graduated in this class.

Geo. W. Codwise, medical director in the U. S. Navy and father of George Alfred Paul of '82, is now living at Grantville, Mass.

'24. Rev. Chas. F. Johnson, D. D., is at Oswego, N. Y.

'28. Robert Toombs, so widely known throughout the Union, is now a prominent lawyer in Georgia.

'39. John K. Porter, who delivered the Chancellor's address here in '79, is the head of a large and successful law firm in New York and an ex-Judge of the Supreme Court.

'49. James S. Livingston, formerly an instructor at Green Bay, Wis., is visiting friends in Greenwich, N. Y.

'52. Rev. James Demarest, Jr., D. D., is the esteemed pastor of the Second Reformed Church in Kingston, N. Y.

'61. Geo. Robinson was lately on a visit to friends in this city. After leaving Union he graduated from Princeton Theological Seminary and was for some time in charge of a par-

ish in Pennsylvania. For the last three years he has been chaplain in a regiment of U. S. A. stationed in Dakota, and grows enthusiastic when describing the pleasures of his position and the glories of the "Great West."

'62. Ed. H. Ripley is in charge of the marble works at Rutland, Vt. During the war he was greatly admired for his bravery. He was the first man to plant the stars and stripes at Roanoke, and also one of the first to enter Richmond.

'77. Rev. Geo. Fairlee is preaching in Troy. He received the best call of any of the graduates of Auburn Theological Seminary in the class of '80.

Chadsey, Wallace and Reed represent the classes of '77, '78 and '79 of Union in Auburn.

'78. Holmes and Streeter were admitted as attorneys and counsellors at law before the General Term of the Supreme Court in Albany.

Paige has gone into partnership with Anthony Gould. Their office is 52 State St., Albany.

'79. Arthur J. Rodgers took his dip. at St. John's College, Fordham, and is now a tutor there.

Gregory is studying law with Parker & Countryman, Albany.

Conway was recently elected First Vice-President of the Albany Law School graduating class, and Alonso C. Dingman, Historian.

'80. Glover is teaching in Iowa.

'81. Lester is attending the Columbia Law School, New York.

EXCHANGES.

—The Williams *Athenæum* thinks that Dr. Chadbourne's services to President-elect Garfield will be rewarded by an appointment in the new Cabinet.

—The Rutgers *Targum*, of New Brunswick, N. J., has a well written, though lengthy article on "The Educational Value of the Study of English Literature."

—The *Nassau Literary Magazine* is well arranged and its productions show considerable thought and care. The magazine is conducted by the Senior class of Princeton.

—The *Acta Columbiana* comes to us regularly and is well managed save in its editorial department which, we should judge, has been

abandoned, its space being filled by local matters.

—The *College Index*, published by the students of Kalamazoo, Mich., comes out in a new dress. It is a good paper, remarkably cheap, and one of the most attractive among a host of exchanges.

—The *Ariel*, of Minnesota University, has been reading Victor Hugo's "Hunchback of Notre Dame" and Hawthorne's "Marble Faun" and records its impressions in the present issue. The reviews are somewhat lengthy, but so well and carefully written as to render a perusal of the books themselves almost unnecessary.

—The *Bates Student* says, "Three Sophomores ate twenty-eight apples each. We have no sympathy for the Sophs., but pity the man from whose orchard they were stolen." Whew! who ever thought before that Sophs. grew on apple trees! This is also the first instance on record of any members of that class being stolen.

—We have received the prospectus of a book of college poetry. The work is intended to embrace poems of especial merit selected from all the leading college publications and will no doubt be of great interest to all college men. It is an open question, however, as to whether such a book will meet with large enough sale to warrant the publication of a second edition. The book is expected to appear about Christmas.

—The *Tripod* of Evanston, Ill., gives a very interesting review of the present (46th) congress, from which we clip the following:

The present or forty-sixth Congress is composed of 293 representatives and 8 territorial delegates in the House, and 77 senators. Of these, 2 delegates, 34 senators and 128 representatives are college graduates. Using this Congress as a basis, the collegiate has five chances of becoming a senator out of the eleven offered to all classes struggling in the same direction. The chance for the House is about two-fifths in proportion. * * * The following statement will doubtless create some surprise: The eastern states have seven college graduates in the senate, the western states eleven and the southern states fourteen. It is due the east to say, however, that the majority of western collegiate senators were eastern men originally.

—We clip from our Oberlin exchange the following on "Base Ball:"

Base ball enthusiasm has reached its high-

est pitch. Never within the memory of the oldest students has there been so much interest manifested in the game as now. Nearly every class has not only *first its nine* but its second nine too, who vie with their more dexterous brothers in *enthusiasum*, if not in skill. Even the lean and wrinkled theologues have been allured from their lonely cells and musty *hebrew* by this fascinating amusement of the worldly minded, and now prance about the diamond field and dive into the dirt after "grounders" with as much zeal—though they do not appear to have "grown in grace," much since entering the Seminary,—as if they had never heard of such things as simplicity of moral action and vicarious atonement. If the enthusiasm continues to increase in the same geometrical ratio as it has done since the money was raised for fitting the new ground, we may soon expect to see a nine from our worthy Faculty with balls, bats and knee-breeches, filing into Cabinet Hall yard.

We print the above to show the interest taken in the great "Baby School" in matters pertaining to base ball, and not as a commentary on the spelling, capitalization, proof-reading, etc., of the editorial staff of the *Review*.

—Just as we go to press we hear in our sanctum the dulcet tones of St. Mary's *Muse* coming all the way from Raleigh, N. C. The *Muse* is a forty-two page magazine and presents a very fine typographical appearance. Although given somewhat to translations from the French and "to be continued's," it is on the whole very readable and will always be one of our most welcome visitors.

COLLEGIENSIA.

Sunday morning Chapel service has been abolished at Yale.

Johns Hopkins and Michigan Universities have no commencement oratory.

Cornell pays its Professors salaries which vary in amount from \$1,000 to \$2,250.

It is estimated that there are 10,000 Catholic students in their schools in this country.

Of the Freshmen who entered Syracuse University this year only seven were unconditioned.

Over nine-tenths of all the colleges and universities in the states are under Christian supervision.

Harvard and Princeton played their annual game of foot-ball last Saturday at the Polo grounds, New York, Princeton winning by two goals to one.

A Y. M. C. A. has been established at Syracuse University. The *Herald* has a neat little article on the subject holding out both warning and encouragement.

Amherst College has abolished term examinations for the present term, just to "see how it seems." Students will be obliged to stand a certain percentage during the year in order to advance.

Amherst is rejoicing over an addition to its Art Gallery, in the shape of a set of casts gathered from Mycenae, Olympia, Rome and Berlin. They are all copies of rare and valuable works of art.

Cornell is now talking of sending her crew to England next summer. It would cost them fifteen hundred or two thousand dollars and some of them feel confident that they could raise the amount.

Harvard students have been debating on "Woman Suffrage;" the point in question being, not whether women have a right to the ballot—that was admitted by both sides—but whether they are fitted to assume that right at present.

Cornell has decided to send a crew to Henly, (England) next year, not as a Champion College four, but as the crew that has probably the best right to claim that it is a representative of American College boating.

For the last eight months a new building to be used as a Gymnasium has been in course of erection at Williams, but according to a contributor to the *Athenaeum* it seems doubtful whether it will ever be finished and fitted up ready for occupancy.

The "Agamemnon" of Æschylus was recently rendered in original Greek by the students of Balliol College, Oxford. And now the students of Harvard are making preparations to present *Œdipus Rex* in the original, with as exact an imitation as possible of the theatre and chorus.

Rutgers foot-ball team met with a decided defeat in their contest with Princeton, which they graciously acknowledge; but according to the *Targum* it seems hardly fair to say they were beaten in their game with Columbia, the latter adopting a mode of playing not consistent with the character of fair dealing men and athletes, and their referee de-

ciding every point against their antagonists without regard to truth or justice.

Several of the Brunonians who felt a laudable desire to celebrate on election night are now paying involuntary visits to their respective paternal mansions. There they will have time to meditate on the constitutional by-laws that make the building of bonfires on the Campus, and the interfering with the servants in the discharge of their duty, a serious breach of college discipline.

Chrisman Hall, the new college for colored youth at Atlanta, has just been opened, and is already nearly filled with pupils. It has a president and five teachers, who are paid by the Freedman's Aid Society. Mrs. Chrisman of Topeka, gave \$10,000 for the establishment of the college, and the rest of the \$40,000 which it cost came from the Freedman's Aid Society, and from Bishop Haven's efforts to get private subscriptions.

Amherst College has concluded that its students are men, their ages averaging 22, and will, therefore, no longer subject them to discipline as boys. They will hereafter be held responsible for their work, but not for their personal conduct, unless it interferes with their duties. This has long been the rule in Germany Universities, but has never been fully tested in this country, though Harvard has to a limited extent adopted it.—*Ex.* Union adopted the same rule long ago.

The conditions on which depends the removal of the Western Reserve College from Hudson, Ohio, to Cleveland, are stated as follows: New buildings are to be erected in Cleveland, for which the sum of \$100,000 has been received. The endowment is to be increased by \$400,000 by a generous donor; the present property at Hudson will be retained, and work there continued in the form of a classical and literary institution for business education and a preparatory department of the larger institution.—*Ex.*

The *Madisonensis* makes an appeal for a fund to be used for the benefit of young men who have not the means to educate themselves. Madison has the foundation already laid, but that is not sufficient; it needs adding to if the monument is to be built strong and high. Who will help? They would also like to organize a regular military drill, but fear their enthusiasm would not be able to sustain it. "Union" might be induced to trade with them for a consideration.

Daily prayer meetings close the class-room exercises at Madison.

EXTRANEA.

—Rutgers College is one hundred and ten years old.

—Cornell has eighteen young ladies in its Freshman class.

—A Junior calls the examination a lively game of cribbage.—*Era.*

—Cats belong to no party—they're generally on the fence.—*Cornell Era.*

—Leonidas was one of the original dead-heads. He held the pass at Thermopylæ.—*Ex.*

—No puns allowed this year.—*Tuftonian.* Pun my honor, that's a Tuft command.—*Tri-pod.*

—"Faint heart ne'er won fair lady," says the Bible," quoth a young theologian recently.—*Ex.*

—Why does a sculptor die a harder death than other men? Because he makes faces and busts.—*Ex.*

—There are 170 colleges in the United States where both sexes are admitted as students.—*Ex.*

—Rutgers College has succeeded in getting Greek text books to which no printed translation exists.—*Ex.*

—Prof. Bell, of telephone celebrity, has been made a member of the faculty of Johns Hopkins University.—*Ex.*

—"Tis but a little faded flour," said the editor, when he absent-mindedly dropped his pen into the paste pot.—*Ex.*

—Life is a desert waste: to beguile the ennui of the journey across it, heaven gave us the kiss.—*S. Marechal.*

—A young lady who was just beginning to read Cæsar, translated the first sentence: "Every Gaul is divided into three halves."—*Ex.*

—If an untruth is only a day old it is called a lie; if it is a year old it is called a falsehood; but if it is a century old it is called a legend.—*Ex.*

—"Tis never too late to mend," is what the Princeton rusher exclaimed as he heard his jersey giving way under the iron grasp of a Yale man.—*Acta.*

—The foot-ball men of Princeton, Yale and Harvard propose to arrange, if possible, an all United States game with an all Canada team in the spring.—*Ex.*

—A Massachusetts boy about as high as the counter, came into a book store, recently, and asked for "a book for ten cents with a murder in it."—*Ex.*

—The cribbing, cramming days have come,
The saddest of the term,
Which draw the Senior from his fun,
And make the Freshman squirm.

—*Era.*

—In a canvass of Vassar seniors all but one voted for Hancock and free-trade on chewing gum, and that one was for a protective tariff, because of a temporary filling in her wisdom teeth.—*Ex.*

—On receiving the prize in a foot race, the successful competitor said; "Gentlemen, I have won this cup by the use of my legs; I trust I may never lose the use of my legs by the use of this cup."

—Prof. Alexander Graham Bell, late of Boston University, has received the Volta Prize of the French Academy of \$10,000 for the invention of the telephone as "The best application of electricity."—*Ex.*

—The new incumbent of the chair of Latin at Yale College, Professor Tracy Peck, wants the Roman system of pronouncing Latin adopted there, and it will probably be done, beginning with the next class.—*Univ. Quarterly.*

—"How do you know that the men born a hundred years hence will die?" "All the men who have lived in the past are dead. All the men now living are dead, and therefore—." (Here he sat down amid general applause.)—*Ex.*

—"Why," said a lover to his mistress, "are you like that hinge?"—"Can't even guess."—"Because you are something to a door" (adore). She cut his acquaintance immediately, which, we surmise, considerably unhinged him.—*Ex.*

—Professor—"Can you multiply together concrete numbers?"

The class are uncertain.

Prof.—"What will be the product of five apples multiplied by six potatoes?"

Freshman, (triumphantly)—"Hash."

—Rev. J. H. Smith, who wrote "My Country 'tis of Thee," is still living at Newton, Mass. He is reported to have said that he wrote those verses on a dreary day, February, 1832, while at Andover Seminary, without any intention or ambition to create anything that should have a national reputation.—*Ex.*

--A Query:--

Little Jack Horner
Sat in the corner,
Devouring Limburger cheese,
He fastened his gripper
On a lively old skipper,
And said: "What the thunder are these?"

—"Never leave what you undertake until you can reach your arms around it and clinch your hands on the other side," says a recently published book for young men. "But what if she screams," suggests the Cleveland Leader. "Why let her scream; she's to blame for that"—*Ex.*

—There are eleven departments of study put down in the curriculum at Williams. The students lament the fact that a special professor is not appointed for each department. Thus there is no special professor for Natural History; English Literature is tacked on to the chair of Latin; and the professor of Astronomy teaches the modern Languages.—*Ex.*

—The Rutgers cur has a tin pan tied to its tail, or something else must be the matter with it, since it is making a terrible noise. Its canine growl is abroad in the land. There should be a pound or mode of extinguishment for "perps" of this breed. They are not dangerous, but only a nuisance.—*Acta.*—What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.

—A gang of witty Sophomores lately meeting one of their companions who is remarkable for his genteel manners, genial habits, and love of sporting a long, flowing beard, of which he was justly proud, "Good morning, Father Abraham," said one; "Good morning, Father Isaac," said another; "Good morning, Father Jacob," said a third. Mr. Longbeard drew himself up to his full manly proportions, and, stroking down his beard with evident gusto, while a roguish smile lit up his handsome physiognomy, answered emphatically, "I have not the honor of being either Abraham, Isaac, or Jacob, but I am Saul, the son of Sis, sent by him in quest of his braying quadrupeds. It is highly pleasing to find myself at last surrounded by them, thus obviating the necessity of further search or anxiety. My sorrowing father will be delighted on hearing the glad tidings. I am sure he will kill a fatted calf, and call his relations together, even to the tenth generation, saying, Rejoice with me, my friends, for my missing truants with elongated auriculars, that were lost, are found again and restored to my pasture."—*Notre Dame Scholastic.*

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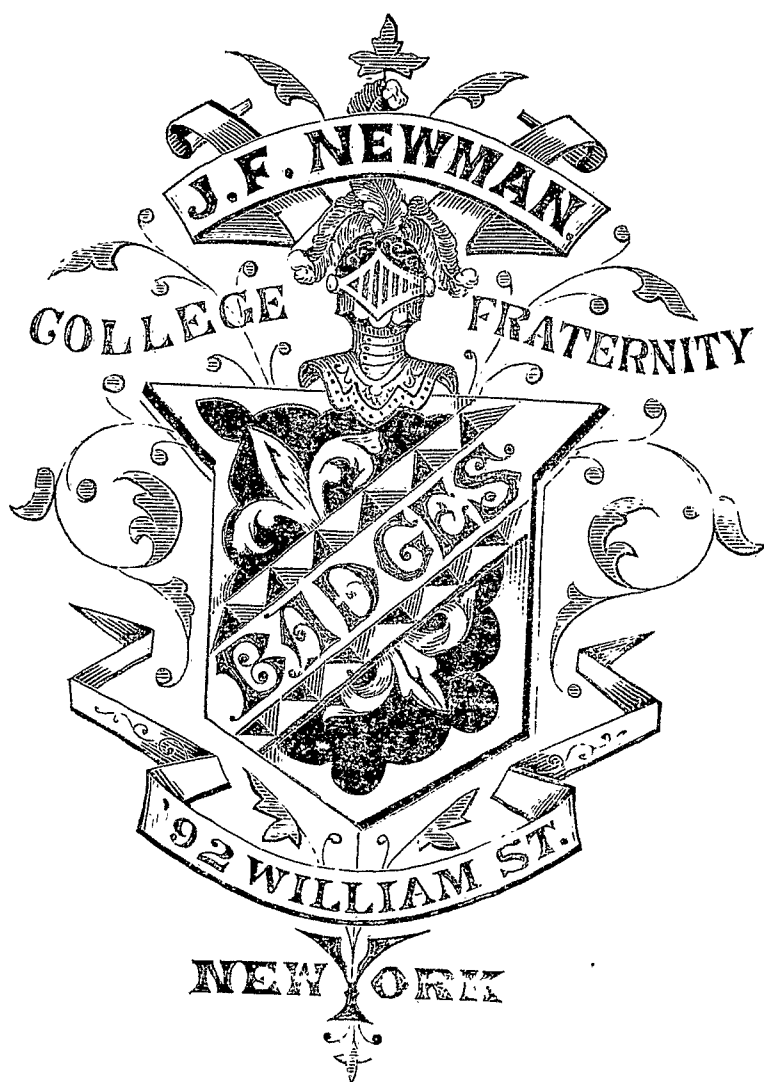
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