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L I T E R A R Y .

NATURE'S LESSON.

There's wild enchantment in the bugle call,
The headlong rush for glory o'er the dead;
But who could not, where autumn leaflets fall,
Forever pause and bow the reverent head!

'Tis Nature's evening hour, and ere the prayer
With which she bids her children all good night,
She sings to them a sweetly soothing air
That e'en for man is full of heav'nly light.

Behold the leaf! It falls from yonder tree,
In proudest tint, to seek its long repose;
Across the sunbeams falling silently
It 'round the world its gold reflect'd throws.

Oh! even thus the righteous man should fall
From Life's poor mortal bough when death is nigh;
E'en thus with glowing ripeness outshine all
Who are as yet not called upon to die.

There's strange solicitation 'mid the throng
That seeks its pleasure in the thoroughfare;
But who could not list away to the song
That sweetly preludes Nature's evening prayer.

ZOR, '83.

"MONUMENTS."

All ages live in history. No age of the past has failed to produce some monument that reminds us of its existence. How wonderful are the thoughts stirred up within us when we look upon the pyramids and labyrinths of Egypt! How well does the sight of Bunker Hill monument remind us of the mighty struggle for national existence which once took place upon that summit. But while these are remembrances of the past, there is one monument which marks every age, and is more lasting than the very rocks

--one which time, yes, we may say eternity, alone can obscure. This is Thought.

What does an age possess that is more durable or beautiful than its Thought? All other things may pass away, but as thought has its foundation in the soul of man it can never be destroyed.

A Gettysburg or a Bunker Hill monument may crumble into dust and pass from the minds of men, but Patrick Henry's "Give me liberty or give me death," will never be forgotten. This will live in history and tell the story of those brave men who, with Liberty and Justice inscribed upon their banner, met death face to face, to preserve their independence.

Cæsar and all his age have long since passed away; but in those memorable words, "Veni, Vidi, Vici," their character is indelibly written.

Homer and Virgil have both left precious memorials which fill us with admiration for the age in which they lived. How could an epic poem so full of grandeur as that of Homer, or one so graceful as that of Virgil, fail to make a deep and lasting impression on every true and honest heart? Attempts to rob the ancients of the admiration bestowed upon these precious gems have been without success. They are the classics still, and are destined to stand out pre-eminently in the galaxy of thought.

Alongside of these memorials, however, stands a lofty and majestic tower, erected centuries after by Milton. These three great pioneers of thought were beautifully compared by Dryden, when he said:

"Three poets in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy and England did adorn;
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed,
The next in majesty, in both the last;
The force of Nature could no further go,
To make a third she joined the other two."

What a majestic monument was that erected by Milton's thoughts! From the depths of the infernal regions it rises before you in

one stupendous column until, piercing the clouds with its top, it enters the presence of God Himself. Built of the melody of the soul, it can never be destroyed until the soul is taken from its abode on earth and ushered into heaven. How small and simple a spectacle do the pyramids of Egypt present when placed beside this monument! Time will crumble those to dust and will but add beauty and grandeur to this.

But we must turn from this beautiful picture to meet the well-known truth that so few minds have been successful in acquiring a position beyond oblivion's grasp. This, however, should not discourage any one. We should remember that the mountain range derives its beauty not so much from its mighty elevation as from its irregular, lofty peaks, and the beauty and grandeur displayed at its base.

Then, if our minds refuse to soar to such lofty heights, let us be content to do a useful work well.

'82.

VALUES OF NOVEL-READING.

It is a well-known fact, established by experiment and observation, that general reading judiciously carried on, gives an education whose base is sure, comprehensive and practical.

This fact has strong probability for the reason that reading brings us into direct contact with all departments of human knowledge and imagination and with the events of the past and present, and discloses the possibilities and probabilities of the future.

Many novels are in reality history; but history so vividly presented that the mind having once grasped, seldom loses its hold. From its very nature, such history includes and perpetuates minor matters, instructive and charming to the reader, which have no place in an ordinary recital of events. Facts

and incidents of a private or local nature are interwoven by the author, so that the reader obtains a better understanding from the "Novel" than from some larger but more national history.

Again, they are a kind of travel, imaginative it is true, but none the less novel and agreeable. Places where great men have performed great feats of arms, where nature has shown itself in grand, ever-changing scenery, where man's art and genius are displayed in noble architecture, are described with such skill, that we obtain views unrivaled by those of observation.

Napoleon's success was in a great measure due to his correct judgment of character. He knew which of his officers were capable of surmounting difficulties and placed such in positions of high trust. Knowledge of human nature is, then, a power. It comes first from personal contact with men, and secondly from study of them. Novels contain this second source. They set forth human actions and passions together with motives. History and man repeat themselves. He who has seen causes and effects delineated in the "Novel," can apply cause to effect and effect to cause in actual life. He is better able to judge of man and can tell what probable course of action another under certain circumstances will pursue, and the motives for such course.

We derive culture and refinement from this class of reading. We turn away from the hideousness of vice and first admire and then love the beauty of virtue. We take generosity, virtue and all that is noble for our ideal and shape our thought, feeling and action accordingly. No one will deny the power of association. Many novels are the productions of the finest minds, and when we read them we really associate with the mind which produced them.

Like oases in a weary desert, "Novels" are places of rest and refreshment. Like an elix-

ir of life they recuperate man's vital energy and renew the sources of strength. When weary with the monotonous duties and cares of life, they come in to remove all thought of self and the present, to absorb and carry us into new worlds of thought and feeling. We live another life. We mingle in new scenes and among strange characters. We share the triumphs, the joys and the sorrows of other men and women. We awake again to renewed life and activity, clear in mind and strong in body from a sense of rest. We have had a needful change. "Variety" has again proved itself to be "the spice of life."

H. S.

NOBILITY OF LABOR.

Labor! the very word pictures toil before us in its various phases. To many a cowardly, sinking heart it is a picture of care and unpleasant duty; and indeed, only efforts toward a fixed and worthy end deserve the name "noble;" and he who, all unselfish in his sacrifices, all ungrudging in his toil, labors on only for the benefit of his fellow-men, sheds the pure light of nobility over labor. The one sees the gray, damp mist of dawn; the other the bright, clear, mist-dispelling sunlight of the morning.

The world calls innate genius that power which enables one man to rise above another; but it is quiet, persistent effort, steady perseverance, and sturdy devotion to the one end that has brought, at last, the crown of laurel and made the victory the sweeter by reason of the toil. Such labor is truly noble; it is noble in itself; it is noble in its final accomplishment.

Labor is heaven's great ordinance for human improvement. Should, then, the divine decree be trampled under foot? Should men set up the finite and defy the infinite law? Yet men are seeking and for ages have sought to subvert the will of God. Do not men toil? They do toil indeed, but most of

them because they must; a degrading necessity they call it. They see not the noble men who make the labor of their hands but an instrument for good; the men by whose means the wheels of industry are set in motion and the fields are made to blossom and yield their increase. They seek only an escape from the hated bondage. They fulfil the great law of labor in the letter but break it in the spirit; fulfil it with the muscle but break it with the mind. They find no nobility in labor. They degrade humanity.

When labor is used for unworthy purposes its nobility is darkened, as the beauty and glory of nature when night throws her black mantle over the world. Labor has been used as a ready tool of oppression; it has taken the food from the very mouth of the poor to load the table of the rich. But the old order of things is passing away; a new age is fast approaching. Are you ashamed of your dingy workshop or do you grow weary in the dusty field? Are you ashamed of your rough hands hardened with honorable service? Do not be! Your workshop is brighter than many a palace; your field is not reddened with the blood of your fellow-men; your hand, hard though it be, can clasp with sincerity and honesty the hand of any of your fellow-men.

That man should shun labor and refuse to see what nobility of character it brings, is not so surprising when we scan the page of history. The long chronicle of the tyranny of religion over thought; the trail of blood left upon its page by the helpless and down-trodden serf; the crack of the lash upon the back of the slave, tell too plainly how labor has been degraded; how the few have triumphed at the expense of the misery of the many; how, as civilization improves and humanity progresses, labor is finding its true place among the nations, till the day shall come when the laborer, whether it be in the field, the workshop, or counting-house, shall

be the true nobleman, and to labor will be the noblest thing that man can do. Labor is working out its destiny. The world is full of the rumors of its doing. Europe is on the brink of disruption and anarchy and its thrones are about to fall forever in ruins. Labor is rising to its true position; it is becoming what God meant it should be—that which brightens, ennobles and leavens the world, and makes life the sweeter by reason of its power.

The scientists have fought in the hard battle with nature until they have come forth the victors, and the heavens have ceased to be a mystery and the depths of the earth have yielded their hidden things. They have fought till the creature stands in awe and reverently bows his head before the power and might and greatness of the Creator; and will fight till labor becomes a work of love; till they see the great Worker of the Universe in all His true power and might, and men will be but too glad to follow cheerfully where He leads.

S. H. W.

EDITORIAL.

THE MARCH of improvement has at length reached Old Union. Some of the old trees on Union street have been cut down and new ones planted in their stead. A row of posts has been planted parallel to the old fence, and it is rumored that a wire fence will replace the unsightly wooden palings. (The "Colonel" has a good force under his command and will not need any aid in pulling down the old fence.) Moreover, if the necessary money can be obtained, a bath-room and appurtenances will be fitted up, back of each college. We have been informed that the estimated cost of the improvements is \$2,000, of which \$600 has been appropriated. We understand that Doctor Potter and Major MacMurray are the guiding spirits in

these improvements. May the good work prosper.

Now mark how one improvement creates a demand for others. One suggests that the pasture be laid out as a park. Another offers the modest proposal that the colleges be heated by steam. But he reaches the height of radicalism who proposes that new college buildings be added to the new bath-rooms. This is too much. We can endure when we are bidden to wash and be clean, for society demands a certain degree of cleanliness. But shall the profane hand of the destroyer touch these hallowed walls? Shall one brick be taken away from the three feet of masonry and stucco that surround us? Shall we exchange our present dark and stuffy cells for well lighted and ventilated rooms? Shall we allow health and comfort to be forced upon us at such a cost? Perish the thought! We want to live in rooms that students have lived in for seventy-five years, and not in rooms that are healthful and comfortable. We want to pay twenty dollars a year for coal and oil, and not to be heated by steam and lighted by gas. We want to throw old stoves down the stairs and to stumble in the dark over buckets conveniently placed on the topmost step. We do not want any light in the sections. We positively will not be carried in elevators to the upper stories. We warn the Freshman who originated this scheme—for no one but a Freshman could show such lack of veneration for the things that are and have been—that he is ahead of his age. It is only these mushroom colleges, not worthy of the name of colleges, that have fine buildings. Old Union attests by these buildings her ancient lineage. As long as she has any pride in her age, so long will she jealously guard each sacred brick.

IN NO college in the country, probably, is there greater unanimity between the Faculty and students than at Union. The reason for

this seems to be that the different professors treat the students under them as men, and not as schoolboys; and that they are willing to believe them to be gentlemen until they find out that they are not. By their readiness to give assistance in any way, their strict attention to duty, and their impartiality, they have gained the respect and love of every man in college. Since this is the case, it is with great regret that we see the new Professor in Latin deviating from the course pursued by the rest of the Faculty, and acting in such a manner as must result in his becoming very unpopular. The classical division of the class of '82, we will guarantee, has as good a reputation for gentlemanly demeanor in the recitation rooms as any class that ever entered Union, and the Rev. Professor should have made sure that it was a class of "scoundrels," "blackguards," and "miserable fellows," before he ventured to apply such epithets in his room. A pretty pass things have come to when, because one man turns the key in a door, the rest must be called blackguards and scoundrels. A pretty state of things certainly, when, because a gentleman knocks at the recitation room door and asks to see a friend, he must bear to be told that he is a very impudent fellow, and that his name will be reported to the Dean and Faculty. A very pretty state indeed, when even the meek Freshmen are so disgusted by the new Professor's partiality and cutting criticisms that they are compelled to give vent to their feelings in hisses and groans. On all sides the complaints are loud and the dissatisfaction deep. We hope, for the sake of peace and harmony, that the Professor will change his style of dealing with the men under him. We can assure him that the Junior class will not again sit still and hear such language applied to them as he used a short time ago, and though we counsel forbearance, there are times when forbearance ceases to be a virtue. We know very well that in every

class there are some who do not feel called upon to act as gentlemen, either in recitation rooms or out; but it is not fair that a whole class should be blamed for the actions of two or three of its members. We hope that every class will treat Doctor Dean with all the respect due to him as a gentleman and a Professor, and we also hope that the Doctor will do all in his power to regain the good will and opinion of his classes.

MUCH has been said and written about the elevating effect of music. That it is elevating is universally conceded; and many people wonder at the discomfort which it often produces upon them. They are anything but soothed or elevated by it. But if they stop to consider that much of what they have been accustomed to call music lacks most of the qualities which pertain to it in its true meaning, this discomfort is explained.

The primary meaning of music is what is melodious, pleasing to the ear. It requires a cultivated taste to appreciate the great masters, although there are perhaps few who do not enjoy their music; but everybody has in him a sense of what is simply melodious and what is merely noise. This sense should be acknowledged and manifested by facing down brainless finger-athletics on the piano—probably the most frequent means of torture—and discordant violin scraping. But worse than all are the attempts of would-be musicians to sing. We are now in a state akin to agony, therefrom. All our hopes for a quiet, studious, perhaps somnolent afternoon, and all our good resolutions for the future are swallowed up in an impotent, rebellious rage against these degraders of a noble art. Is it not strange that those whose only merit lies in their strength of lungs, and whose ignorance of the rudiments of harmony is perfectly evident, possess the idea that their warbling would be phenomenal with sufficient practice; indeed, they

usually think that perfection is already attained and that they are granting a favor to their unhappy auditors. To think of the deliberations of the editors of this learned sheet being rudely disturbed by such frightful bellowings! We are ignorant as to how many such men there are in college, but know of one, at least, and suspect a few more.

But why continue? We see by your incredulous faces that you are innocent. Our preaching is vain. It applies to nobody—absolutely nobody.

THE present term has been remarkable for the extreme good order prevailing in and about the college, and for the perfect harmony that seems to exist between the different classes. Our students seem at last to realize that they are here to cultivate their minds, and not to display any boorishness that may be inherent in their natures. There also seems to be less display of those asinine qualities, as they are called by one of our distinguished Professors, usually exhibited in the class rooms when some little thing occurs out of the regular order, or when one of the Professor's jokes is repeated for the thousand and first time. While to-day Union ranks well up with other colleges in respect to the order maintained, we hope to see the day when she will lead all the others in this respect, a position which she ought to assume from the Christian spirit that has always pervaded her management, and from the union here of all religious sects and creeds who accept Christ as the Divine Mediator.

The only exception now existing to the prevailing good order is chargeable to the Senior class. They seem to have treated one of our oldest and best Professors in a most shameful manner, and to have taken advantage of the infirmities of age. While they must certainly feel ashamed of their actions, yet as a class they do not seem to desist. It

would be well if the gentlemen (as they should be, not as they are,) of the Senior class would deign to follow the example of the lower classes and not think that their seniority allows them to ride over everyone and everything. They should at least respect themselves, and we doubt if those who do not respect as kind and obliging men as compose our Faculty can really respect themselves. Gentlemen, consider your position and make yourselves a good example for the other classes, and do not make the name of '81 synonymous with bullying and disorder.

WE understand the usual Senior vacation instead of coming between the Winter and Spring terms, is by a new college law, postponed until the 1st of June.

This strikes us as being unfortunate. There will be many inconveniences, if not positive evils connected with such a change. A vacation coming so near the close of the college year seems unnecessary.

The majority of the members of the class will go to their homes and thus the class will be scattered at a time when they should be making preparations for commencement. The probabilities are that when once scattered they will not all return to participate in the exercises of that important day. Those who expect to make an appearance on the stage need to be here the whole time up to commencement day drilling under some one of the professors.

All connected with the college, whether as instructor, trustee or student should and undoubtedly do take pride in the thought that Union sent forth the champion college nine of the state last spring. We expect her to do the same this year. Now the majority of the games were played in the month of June. It will probably be the same this year. Three important members of the nine are also members of the Senior class. A vacation at that time will necessitate their

absence from college. They will not feel like remaining here to fulfill their base ball engagements.

Moreover, the Senior class, as a class, take great interest in all college sports, and will thus be deprived of a great deal of enjoyment. We trust some compromise will be made not so seriously infringing on the custom of preceding years.

ALTHOUGH a member of the Senior class, and proud of that distinction, still we cannot acquiesce in any ungentlemanly conduct on the part of its members. We think we show our loyalty by not only approving what is right, but condemning what is wrong.

The recent conduct of some members of the class is deserving of the condemnation of every right-minded student. We refer to the disorder which was rampant in the English class at one of the late recitations. Such conduct becomes boys rather than Seniors. It was decreed by the Faculty that a portion of the class should take the study of English words one day per week. There is no excuse for such conduct. The Prof. treats the members of the class in a gentlemanly manner. It is but right that he should receive such treatment in return. The study is a useful one, and the Prof. endeavors and certainly does make it interesting to those who give him their attention. We are sure it is done from no spirit of malice. We trust there will be no more of it in the future.

THE following editorial may not meet with the approval of all our readers. We write from no desire of finding fault, but merely stating what is our candid belief, through the columns of a free, untrammelled college paper.

We live in a period of change. It is evident to all that there have been some important changes made in our college laws. Some

of these changes were greatly needed. With regard to others there is room for doubt. We take exception to one. We know not with whom the transfer of the Clark prize from the Senior to the Junior class originated. We suppose the question received mature deliberation. We consider the measure unjust. We see no reason why the said prize should be taken from us. The present Senior class has worked as hard as any class which has preceded it. Its members have been attentive and respectful in the class room.

They have made thorough and satisfactory progress in all departments of college work. The truth of this must be admitted by every unprejudiced person. In return the members of the Senior class deserve encouragement and reward. We do not ask for more than the preceding classes have received, but only our just due. The prizes available to Seniors, and, in fact, lower classmen, are few when compared with those given in most colleges. It is true, if a change is desirable, one class must necessarily be deprived of the prize. Why was the change not made to take effect with last year's Senior class, numbering only thirty? Why is it inaugurated this year to the advantage of a Junior class numbering but thirty-seven, and the disadvantage of the largest Senior class that has been in college for years?

Justice to the Juniors at last! The authorities that be have wisely and justly ordained that Juniors shall receive a portion of the annual prizes for essays. For this act we tender them the hearty thanks of the Junior class, not, however, that we think it any favor done us otherwise than a just award that has heretofore been denied to the Junior class of this college. But; while thanking these authorities, we would say a word for the class of '81. Every other Senior class, as is well known, has received the Clark Essay prizes now to be awarded to us, and it seems hardly fair to make such a large, scholarly class as '81 the first and only sufferer. The only sufferer, I say, because we are to get

the *Clark* prizes *this* year and the accustomed Senior prizes in due time, while '81 received no compensation last year for this present deprivation. Would it not be a good idea to have a special prize for '81 to recompense for this grievous loss?

A JUNIOR.

LOCAL.

- Perry smokes cubebs.
- Did you go home to vote?
- First snow-fall, October 24th.
- Prof. Ball's dancing school is in session again.
- "Jimmy, how does small-pox affect vaccination spots?"
- Hemphill, '83, and Garrett, '84, have returned to college.
- A Freshman complains that some one broke the "transit" over his door.
- Examinations for conditions were held Nov. 6th, and will be held again Dec. 4th.
- The Seniors are indulging in pyrotechnics in the class room. Now, gentlemen —!
- The Clark essay prize has been transferred to the Junior class. The Seniors do not like it.
- Hurrah for Albany refreshments! Three cheers for the Capital Citys!! Thanks to Draper!!!
- The Glee Club continues to saunter out in the country every week and electrify rustic audiences.
- The Geological Museum of Union has been enriched by a rare and unique fossil of the Racine formation.
- In addition to the Colonel and Moses as important functionaries of the college, we now have Little Moses.
- Since the last issue of the CONCORDIENSIS it has become painfully evident that the Doctor runs the class in Metaphysics.
- Prof. Dean has a class in Hebrew once a week. Five students find time and inclination to saunter through the language.
- South Carolina went Democratic although Tom didn't go home, but staid in Dorp to write a new history of the Augustan age.

—One of the Freshmen says he does not write his French exercises in the French characters but in English. Good boy, Fresh.

—The latest discovery in Optics was made by Mr. M. It is properly called optical declination and proceeds thus: spectre, spectra, spectrum.

—Now that the subjects for Commencement Essays have been announced, the library shelves will be overhauled for works on English history.

—Mr. F. W. Moore, '81, and Mr. R. S. Lyon, '81, went as delegates from the Union Chapter to the recent Delta Upsilon convention at Amherst, Mass.

—One of the Freshmen had so severe an attack of home-sickness not long ago, that he was obliged to take a strong dose of salts and paregoric and go to bed.

—It seems to be necessary to call the attention of the Freshmen to the fact that this paper is not the "*Concordance*." They will greatly oblige us by giving it its proper name.

—The Senior studies this term embrace a variety of subjects: Geology, Metaphysics, Optics, French, German, Hebrew, English, Roads and Railroads, Quaternions, Acoustics and History.

—Recitation in Optics:

Mr. Lyon—"Professor, Mr. M. and I have been excused from all recitations to-morrow."

Prof. F.—"I—I hope there will be no more of this lyiu' [Lyon]."

—The Schenectady Republicans fired a salute in honor of the political victory, on Nov. 3d. The lone cannon was left unguarded for a while, during which it was spiked by enterprising Democrats.

—The Freshmen being unnoticed by the Sophomores are obliged to resort to practicing their nefarious arts upon their own class mates. They beard the lion in his den, —and the lion fires them out.

—Recitation in Geology:

Prof.—"Mr. V., what is the difference between a coal-seam and a metaliferous vein?"

Mr. V.—"Well, the former is in a very uncomfortable [inconformable] position and the—"

—We would call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Mr. A. G. Graves, Jr., of Albany. His system of dancing is universal, and his instruction most thorough and profitable. We hope any of our readers

who desire to "brush up" in dancing will give Mr. Graves a call.

—Prof. Dean will speedily lose the good opinion which the students had formed of him, if he continues to treat them like 15-year-old schoolboys. Other Professors treat their classes like men, whether in praise or blame.

—Soph., giving outline of a novel—"The hero was dumb from his birth, but finally recovered his speech and turned out to be a Baronet."

Second Soph.—"Did he have a very fine voice?"

—The new rows of trees in front of the colleges and colonnades will add to the beauty of the grounds, in the course of time. Moreover, the improvements in progress afford a prospect of increased comfort, in the near future.

—Class in Geology, stand up.

Prof.—"Mr. N., distinguish between a coal marsh and a forest marsh."

Mr. N.—"A coal marsh is a coal marsh and a forest marsh is a forest marsh."

Prof.—"Correct."

—Physical exercise in place of drill, is now to be taken in evening doses, the gymnasium being open for that purpose from 7:30 to 9 P. M. on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday. On Wednesday and Friday "Vande" will be in attendance in the afternoon.

—A Soph. in Rhetoric was told to correct the metaphor in "He was swamped in the meshes of his argument." The sentence was regenerated as "He was losted in the element of his argument." That Soph. is about to publish a book on the subject.

—The Delta Phi Society will hold a convention with the Delta Chapter, Columbia College, Nov. 18th, 1880, the 54th anniversary of its foundation. Messrs. Robert A. Wood, '81, Fred. W. Cameron, '81, and John G. Peoli, '82, will represent the Alpha Chapter.

—Professor in Metaphysics—"Mr. M., can you conceive of one end of a stick without the other end also being present to your mind?"

Mr. M.—"No, sir; unless it's a round stick." Audible smiles pervade the room.

—The rooms of the Freshmen and Sophomores are adorned now with Springfield rifles. Are they meditating armed conflicts? —or did the Major distribute them in hopes to have the plaster of the rooms knocked

down by private practice in the execution of the manual?

—The time approacheth when the gay and festive student wandereth down to the flirtation assemblages, called church fairs by the vulgar, and smileth on ye Dorpian maiden, buyeth a ten cent chance, returneth home, vowing he will ne'er go again,—and goeth the very next night.

—Prof. Staley and Major Mac Murray entertained the students and some of their friends on Monday evening, the 15th inst. by exhibiting stereopticon pictures in the chapel. Some of the pictures were particularly fine, the one of Alpine glacier being of particular interest to the students of Geology.

—The college authorities have decided that the boys be put through the ordeal of vaccination. There is danger of small pox reaching old Dorp, as it is raging in outlying towns. The Faculty thus wisely prepare for all possible contingencies. It is not that it will break out in college, nevertheless, precaution is wise.

—A Freshman attempted to "pass up" his Geometry the other day, and failed. When he went home the tutor who fitted him for college said: "How was it you did not get through? I thought I crammed you thoroughly." "Well, you see," said Freshie, "the fact was, you crammed me so tight I couldn't get it out."

—Essays were due Nov. 15th on the following subjects:

Sophomores—Civil Service Reform; its Benefits and Evils.

Juniors—Causes and Means of Success in American Politics.

Seniors—Causes favoring and opposing a Republican spirit in our people.

—The class in Quaternions is said to be the first ever formed in America. Prof. Webster says that only at Union and at John Hopkins University can the science be taught on this side of the Atlantic. Prof. Price is an enthusiast in the subject, and thinks that the day may come when Quaternions shall supercede Algebra and Geometry in the common schools.

—Rev. Narayan Sheshadri, a converted Brahmin, gave a very interesting lecture to the students in chapel, on the morning of the 12th inst. He gave a short account of the Hindoo religion. The gentleman made a very favorable impression on all who heard him, and showed himself to be a thorough

scholar and a man of superior intelligence. He went from here to visit Hamilton College, Auburn Theological Seminary, etc.

—Although the Freshman class is devoid of pluck, yet it has one member who is not deficient in this regard. A daring Junior recently borrowed his chair; and the Freshman on missing the article immediately ascended to the Junior's room, pulled him out of the chair, mopped the floor with him awhile, and then sat upon him. Not content with this, a few evenings after, he organized a small force and put the *poor Junior to bed*.

—"Professor, why won't cast-iron weld?"

"That's too thin, sir!" answered the Professor, perceiving the object of a long string of questions which had been put to him. "Proceed with the lesson." At the close of the recitation the young man went to the Professor and earnestly pursued his investigations. "Now what is there in thinness which would make cast-iron incapable of welding? Is it because —"

Abashed by the broad smile which illuminated the Prof.'s features he hastily departed, and this great question remains unsettled.

—Day after election. Prof. Price to class in Mechanics:—"We have learned from what we have gone over this term, that when two forces act in different directions their resultant is neither the one nor the other of these forces, but something between the two. Now during most of the term, so far, the two forces, Politics and Mechanics, have been pulling in different directions, somewhat to the disadvantage of the Mechanics. I hope that now, however, the force Politics has been brought to an equilibrium, so that we shall be able to confine our attention to the other."

—The students were much edified a few days ago by the attempts of a mouse to acquire some of the knowledge so bountifully disseminated in one of the class rooms. He made his first appearance upon a strip of wood projecting from the wall near the ceiling. Abashed by his reception, he soon tried to leave his conspicuous position for his home in the wall. But, alas! no way of escape could be found. He dashed wildly back and forth across his narrow path and finally fell to the floor. But even there the walls were all entire. No hole could he find. After observing his movements with great interest for some time, the class was aroused by a call to arms. "Expel the invader!" And then followed a scene which no pen can describe. Confusion reigned supreme. For a

time the enemy was victorious. The class was rapidly being used up. "Overturn the stove," desperately shouted a brave fellow. But as this was about to be done, a shout of victory arose from the general! Behold, the foe was no more! By a skillful flank movement he had been brought to bay and overpowered—a victim to his inordinate love of knowledge. His fate will be a warning to students to restrain all such morbid desires.

His body was borne with songs of triumph to the ash-heap, and quiet was restored. Shortly after the class was reinforced by two cats and it now feels confident in its strength against all future invasions, and longs for war.

COMMENCEMENT ESSAYS, 1881.

The subjects for the Commencement Essays are as follows:

INGHAM, for Seniors connected with the College at least two years; subjects—"England's Relation to Slavery;" "Is Whittier a Poet?" Essays must contain over 4,000 words.

ALLEN, for Seniors; prizes—thirty, twenty-five and fifteen dollars; subject at choice of the writer. Essays must contain between 2,500 and 3,000 words.

CLARK, for Juniors; two prizes; subjects—"Cromwell as Lord Protector;" "What Qualities form the Power of Macaulay's Essay on Warren Hastings?" Essays must contain between 2,500 and 3,000 words.

All Essays must be handed in by May 31st, 1881.

ADELPHIC SOCIETY.

The following officers were elected by the Adelpic Society for the fall term:

J. Philbrick Davis, President; D. H. McFalls, Vice President; W. A. Waddell, Treasurer; John R. Bridge, Secretary; John M. Adair, Librarian; H. C. Hinds, Ass't Librarian; L. L. Hargraves, Ass't Librarian; C. Sumner King, Curator.

The Society proposes to returnish Adelpic Hall, and has issued the following letter to the Alumni:

HALL OF THE ADELPHIC SOCIETY, }
UNION COLLEGE, Nov. 13th, 1880. }

DEAR SIR:

At a recent meeting of the Society, it was decided to thoroughly renovate and refurbish the rooms. As this will incur an expense not easily met by the active members,

it has been deemed advisable to solicit aid from the Alumni. Knowing the interest which many of them take in the present welfare and future success of our Society, and trusting that this interest is shared by you, we appeal to you for such contribution as you may deem proper.

Awaiting a favorable reply, we remain,

Very respectfully,

H. R. FANCHER,

W. H. PHYFE,

J. R. BRIDGE,

Committee.

THE CANE RUSH.

The Chapel service was ended and the sedate old Seniors were gathering their books together preparatory to following the receding Juniors from the Chapel, when from the outside was heard a fearful roar followed by the cry, "The Rush!" "The Rush!" We hesitated, thinking it must be a "ram," for certainly the meek little Freshmen would not have the daring to face the valiant (?) Sophs. But no! Louder and louder grew the cries, and throwing aside our books we rushed to the door. What a sight met our eyes! On the Campus before us was progressing one of the finest "Rushes" in the annals of the College. But it would be useless to attempt to describe it. We can only say to those of you who have seen previous "Rushes," bring them up again before your eyes, magnified a thousand times, and you have the "Rush" of '83 and 4 pictured to perfection. To those of you who have never seen a "Rush," we say, imagine a crowd of men equally divided, fighting for a huge cane, while surrounding them at a greater or less distance according to the valor of the individuals, (in the case of '83 it was at a greater distance), was another crowd yelling at the top of their voices. We never realized before what lots of work '83 could do in the way of "blow." It is truly marvelous. As for the Freshmen they were for the most part too scared even to talk. However, if at the start the majority were a little terrified, there were, even at that early stage of the game, individual instances of great daring. One instance in particular attracted our attention. A small Freshman, weighing not more than 190 pounds, rushed boldly up to a huge Sophomore of at least 90 pounds, avoirdupois, seized him, hurled him to the ground and sat down on him. Ah! it was a glorious deed and nobly done. Surely, '84 never realized the sterling stuff of

which it was composed or it never would have delayed the Rush as long as it had. But such bravery was not alone confined to '84; '83 also had its warriors. One of these, who was especially noticeable from his emphatic protest that "twan't fair to tear clothes," rushed up behind a Freshman, seized his cap and retreated unharmed with his trophy. By this time the participants had all regained their courage and the battle began to rage in good earnest. The contest was about equal. '83 surpassed in numbers, '84 in strength and experience, and they were about evenly matched in pluck (?). The fight while crossing the Campus was about the same as in all such contests, neither party gaining apparently. But when North College was reached, the fight waxed the hottest. The desertions while crossing the Campus had been many, the nice little Freshmen fearing they would get their clothes torn, and the good little Sophomores fearing to miss a recitation, (which would have been truly terrible.) However, when they reached North College, we looked over the men and mentally thanked our stars that all the babies had dropped out and we would now see a good "Rush." And so we did for a few minutes, until a few Sophs thought they would defend the section doors and the Freshmen happened to think of the same thing and they followed the Sophs in the sections. They never came back. Well, thought we, there are certainly only good solid men left now, and as there is no fear of any more desertions we will run around to the pump and get a drink. We accordingly did so and hastened back, to find that all the others who were there when we left had gone to hunt up their classmates, and Coffeen and Ferguson alone of all that illustrious throng were left to fight for the honor of their classes. We shut our eyes and groaned that class spirit had fallen so low that only two could be found who would fight for their classes through thick and thin. When we opened our eyes again Ferguson's heel was disappearing in the door of north section. We turned and caught a glimpse of Coffeen's coat-tail as it receded from view around the corner of the College,—and the cane lay unprotected on the walk. * * * *

Just then we were awakened by a noise outside our door. We rubbed our eyes and listened, and this is what we heard: "I say now, Freshman, you had better put up that cane. There's no use of creating ill-feeling between the classes by having a Rush; but you know it's contrary to college custom for Freshmen

to carry canes, and you don't want to break up the old customs, do you?" We pulled the quilts up around us and thought: "Well, the only improbable point in the dream is whether they would have pluck to start a 'Rush' in the first place; and, to tell the truth, it's very improbable."

PERSONAL.

In looking over the College catalogue the other day we noticed that the names of all those who graduated from Union in the first few classes, were marked with the star which indicates that they have passed away from this world, and, it may be, are now wearing the starry crowns of those who, having fought a good fight, have finished their course and received their reward. Below we give the names of most of those now living who graduated from 1809 to 1822. As far as we can learn, the oldest living graduate is Samuel B. Ludlow, of the class of '09. Mr. Ludlow has enjoyed a long and prosperous career in the practice of law, and is now spending the few remaining years of his life at Oswego, N. Y.

'10. The only representative of the class of '10 is Gen. Wm. K. Fuller, who is also a lawyer. One would not suppose that the law was a profession conducive to longevity, yet here we have the two oldest living graduates of that profession.

'11. Rev. Staats Van Santvoord, D. D., is still living at New Baltimore.

'12. This class has a representative in Rev. Calvin Yale, of Martinsburgh, N. Y.

'13. Derrick Knickerbocker, M. D., is residing at Rochester, N. Y., and

—Rev. Donald C. McLaren, D. D., at Geneva. This class graduated two men who obtained distinction in the U. S. navy. We refer to Admiral Samuel L. Breese, who died in 1870, and Commodore John J. Young, who died in 1875.

From '13 to '17 there are no living representatives so far as we can find.

'18. Rev. David Brigham is living at Bridgewater, Mass.

—Rev. Sewall Harding, at Auburndale, Mass.

—Alfred A. Holley is a prosperous merchant at Stamford, Conn. The class of '18 is remarkable for having graduated two men

who afterwards became Bishops in the Episcopal church, viz: Bishop Doane, of New Jersey, and Bishop Alonzo Potter, of Pennsylvania.

'19. From this class we have the names of several still living.

—Rufus Blakeman, who is a physician and surgeon at Greenfield Hill, Conn.

—Col. John B. Duane, of our own city.

—Daniel Goodwin, lawyer, Detroit, Mich.

—Rev. Job F. Halsey, D. D., Norristown, Penn.

—Isaac Hills, lawyer, Rochester, N. Y.

'20. Geo. Curtis, still living, in Schenectady.

—Rev. Lauren P. Hickock, D. D., LL. D., some time President of Union, is enjoying a ripe old age at Amherst, Mass. The class of '20 was the one in which graduated Doctor Tayler Lewis, of revered memory.

'21. Hiram Gray, LL. D., has risen to the bench by his great abilities and sterling worth, and though not now engaged in active duty is still known as Judge Gray.

—Rev. Abraham Messler, D. D., is at Somerville, N. J.

—Prof. John W. Nevin, D. D., LL. D., is in the Lutheran Theological Seminary at Lancaster, Pa.

—Philo T. Ruggles is engaged in the practice of law in New York.

'29. Hon. L. B. Dunham, attorney and counselor at law in Maquoketa, Iowa, is hale and hearty. Not only has he a large and lucrative practice, but he is also Vice-President of Exchange Bank of Maquoketa.

'31. Daniel Marvin is practicing law in New York.

'32. Hon. Jesse C. Smith is also a lawyer in Brooklyn.

'35. Rev. Levi Sternberg is settled at Ellsworth, Kansas. His son, W. A. Sternberg, is a student in the Albany Law School.

'36. Rev. John D. Welds is pastor of one of the Presbyterian churches in Brooklyn.

—Albert D. Robinson is in the law business at Washington.

'37. Rev. Daniel C. Frost is residing at Killingly, Conn. He has charge of the large and flourishing Congregational church at that place.

—Hon. L. A. Mackey, lawyer, Lock Haven.

'38. Rev. Edwin S. Wright, pastor of Presbyterian church at Ripley, N. Y.

'40. Rev. Wm. K. Platt died at Ludlowville, N. Y., Oct. 30, 1880.

'44. Hon. James H. Campbell is acquiring fame and wealth by the practice of law in Toledo, O.

'48. On the election of Gen. Chester A. Arthur, of the class of '48, to the Vice-Presidency, Doctor Potter telegraphed to him the congratulations of the Faculty and students upon his success, adding that every member of the Faculty, without exception, voted for him. The position of Vice-President this term will be one of exceptional responsibility, and the class of '48 may well be proud of the man upon whom such distinguished honor has been conferred.

'58. J. R. Tryon is a surgeon in the U. S. navy. At one time he was stationed in New York for three years.

'66. Matthew Bender is with Gould & Son, law publishers. Albany.

—H. C. Littlefield is President of the Albany Tennis Club.

'73. Swinburne is practicing law in Albany.

'75. Ballart has gone West, and has obtained a position as engineer on the Pacific R. R.

—Landreth is Professor in the Vanderbilt University at Nashville.

'77. J. B. Hubbs is preaching at Oneonta. —John A. Delehanty has been appointed Assistant District Attorney of Albany Co.

'79. E. P. White is, with Comstock, teaching at Leroy. He says he likes the work and is getting along well. With such energy and ability as he displayed while in college he is pretty sure to succeed in whatever he undertakes.

—Wm. A. Waldron has gone into the banking business at Hillsdale, Mich.

'80. J. D. Craig is studying medicine at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York city.

—Pruyn is with the law firm of Parker & Countryman, Albany.

—Landon sailed on Nov. 6th for Europe. He is to spend the winter in France and Italy.

—Muhlfelder is studying law in Albany.

'82. Beattie is teaching in Cornwall. It is rumored that his voice is failing from lack of exercise. The constant necessity of restraining his vocal attempts within the bounds of four narrow walls, has seriously impaired

the muscles of his larynx. He no longer needs to "disguise" his voice.

F. P. Johnson, '75, was recently elected Valedictorian, and C. M. Culver, Essayist, of the graduating class at the Medical College.

EXCHANGES.

—If we want to be well-informed with regard to what is going on in our country we must read the daily papers. Every student should keep posted, as far as he can, in college matters generally, and to one who thus wishes to avail himself of such an opportunity, we would suggest the *Monday World*, which in the future will collect and condense college news from all parts of the country. This is an interest which every student should feel bound to contribute toward. In addition to the column or two of College Reviews, it will also contain the Book Review. The *World* will be sent, postage paid, every Monday for one year for \$1.50.

—The first exchange before us is the *Berkeleyan*, "westward the course of empire takes its way," from the University of California. From the article entitled "Res in Verba," we would infer that the college was not considered christian by many of those who have lately been attacking it. Mr. McDonald has offered to found there a strictly christian college.

—The *Brunonian* is a neat appearing and well written paper. The article on Study, though a trite subject, is well handled to strengthen the writer's position that the marking system should be abolished. We would especially credit puns which show the editors' powers better than we could describe them. We note the following:

What kind of paper most resembles a sneeze? Tissue. —*Brunonian*.

The four Wards should be forwards on the foot-ball teams. —*Brunonian*

A burden that one chooses is not *felt*, unless he carries it too *fur*. —*Brunonian*.

Quite a difference, a Senior remarked, between beau-in' and Bowen. —*Brunonian*.

Who is the first dead-head on record? Leonidas, for he held a pass. —*Ex*.

A mathematical line is straight enough, but the lines in Geology are strata. —*Brunonian*.

QUERY - Can a musician *execute* a piece of music before he gets *the hang of it*? —*Brunonian*.

The new Rector at the Hall has twenty-five boarders. He daughter do well, the boys say. —*Brunonian*.

What would be the natural consequence if a man should become blind? He would begin to feel *sof*-eyes. —*Brunonian*.

Why is Gillott a dishonest man? Because he makes

people *steel* pens, and says they do *write*. —*Brunonian*.

"Is your watch a *lever*, Sam?" "Lever! I have to leave her at the watchmakers once a week for repairs." —*Brunonian*.

—The *Chronicle* from the University of Michigan, contains an article on the "Power of Beauty," which is not only well written but shows signs of thought and was evidently not written in a minute. Here we note the writer's good selection of words and clear expression. Can't the editorial department do more? The items of interest in the *Chronicle* are more numerous than those of any of our exchanges thus far.

—The *Spectator*, of Columbia, New York city chose editors evidently upon merit; from the following article we ourselves can take a hint:

A Freshman editor will soon have to be chosen for the *Spectator*, and we request all who wish to try for the position to send us their contributions, they being the chief guide in the selection of our successors. Not only must a man write well, but he should be also a ready writer, and the greater the number of his productions, provided always that quality is not lacking, the more likely will he be to obtain a place on the board. The same remark applies to members of the other classes, and we would add that we should be happy to receive sketches and cartoons from our artistic classmates' as well as articles and verses.

—We acknowledge the receipt of the following: The *Hobart Herald*, *Columbia Spectator*, *The Kenyon Advance*, *The College Argus*, *The Vidette*, *The Tripod*, *The Chronicle*, *The Brunonian*, *The Ariel Madisonensis*, *The Berkeleyan*.

We would earnestly solicit the exchanges regularly from those on our list and also kindly ask the exchange editors of all the colleges to send their papers to us in exchange for ours. Please address,

CONCORDIENSIS,

Schenectady, N. Y.

—We are glad to see that nearly every college of any standing has now a College paper, published by and for the benefit of her students.

Aside from the drill and in many respects effective training, a paper furnishes to the editors, and apart from the paper being an easy reliable medium of communicating college matter to the friends and patrons of the college, we believe the exchanges create a friendly feeling and interest, that would otherwise be difficult to secure between so many colleges as there are in our country to-day.

Any criticism that may be given ought not to cause any feeling or difference between the colleges, for we must remember that the

critic of the paper is the one responsible, and, while he is not one chosen from the Freshman class, he may in some unguarded moment give way to Freshman ideas by penning an article too hastily. We are very sorry to see the little quibble that has arisen between the exchange editors of the *Vidette*, of the North Western University at Evanston, Illinois, and the *Tripod* of the same place. If proximity be a cause, or some personal difference, the editors had better shake hands over the matter and in the future not mar the appearance of their otherwise inviting paper by such unbecoming language.

EXTRANEAE.

—Japan has one university and ten colleges.—*Ex.*

—Three Japanese ladies are in school at Vassar.—*Ex.*

—Dartmouth College has decided to admit females.—*Ex.*

—The "marking" system is to be abolished at Columbia.—*Ex.*

—Williams College rejoices in the formation of a College Bicycle Club.—*Ex.*

—In a recent rowing contest between Yale and Harvard, the former won easily in 24:27.—*Ex.*

—It is reported that Dr. Chadbourne will accept the chair of Natural History at Dartmouth.—*Ex.*

—There are 358 colleges in the United States, 250 of which have been established since 1850.—*Ex.*

—733 of the 2,930 graduates of Brown University, from 1769 to 1880, have become clergymen.—*Chronicle.*

—The cockswain of the Yale crew is a Chinaman, Mun Yew Chung by name. He weighs just 100 pounds.—*Ex.*

—The library at Dartmouth contains nearly 60,000 volumes, of which number 1,100 were received during the past year.—*Ex.*

—At the foot-ball convention it was decided finally to play eleven men on the team, instead of fifteen, as heretofore.—*Brunonian.*

—Yale, Harvard, Princeton and Columbia were represented in the convention of the inter-collegiate foot-ball association.—*Chronicle.*

—Student, fresh from college, to conductor—"I wish to get on the penultimate car." Conductor—"We have no peanut car; you can take the smoker."—*Tripod.*

—"My dear," said a sentimental maiden to her lover, "of what do these autumnal tints, this glowing baldric of the sky, this blazing garniture of the dying year, remind you?" "Pancakes," he promptly answered.

—"Two Republican students parading,
Two Republican maids promenading,
Two torches go out,
Two men face right about,
Two deserters the ranks are evading,"

—*Ex.* (But applicable to Union.)

—The following is the arrangement of the Association games: Columbia and Harvard, Nov. 6th, in New York; Harvard and Princeton, Nov. 13th, in New York; Harvard and Yale, Nov. 20th, in Boston; Princeton and Yale, Nov. 25th, in New York. The Columbia-Princeton, and Columbia-Yale games have not been arranged.—*Chronicle.*

—A Professor's definition of collegians:
Freshman—One at war with the Latin language; Sophomore—One that is as ignorant of Greek as an unborn babe; Junior—One that needs to be reminded that he has a forgotten grammar accumulating dust on some neglected shelf; Senior—One whose classics are to him the "*Terra Incognita*."—*Ex.*

—"Is your programme full, Miss Beetle-crusher?" asked a young man of a western dame who had just struggled out of the refreshment room with disappointment in her eye, and an order of dances in her hand. "Programme full?" said the daughter of the setting sun, "Waal, I guess not! I hain't had nothing but a piece of cake and an ice cream, an' that don't go far towards filling my programme, I can tell you!"

—A story is told of an American professor, whose specialty was entomology. Some of his students, wishing to test his knowledge, prepared a bug with great care, making it up of the wings, legs, etc., of the different insects. Carrying it to the Professor, they said: "Professor, here is a strange specimen that we have found. Can you classify it?" The Professor studied it a few moments, and then said quietly: "Gentlemen, this is a humbug."—*Ex.*

—In 242 years there have been twenty-two Presidents of Harvard, an average length of service of eleven years. President Edward

Holyoke was the longest time in office, thirty-two years; Cornelius Conway Felton the shortest, two years. The first graduate of Harvard who was President was Leonard Hoar, 1674-75, at which time the office was regarded as a "bed of thorns." Increase Mather was the first native American who became President. The first President was Henry Dunster, 1640-45, who was probably thirty years of age at the time of his appointment, but nothing definite as to his age is known. With that exception President Eliot is the youngest person ever elected to the Presidency.—*Ex.*

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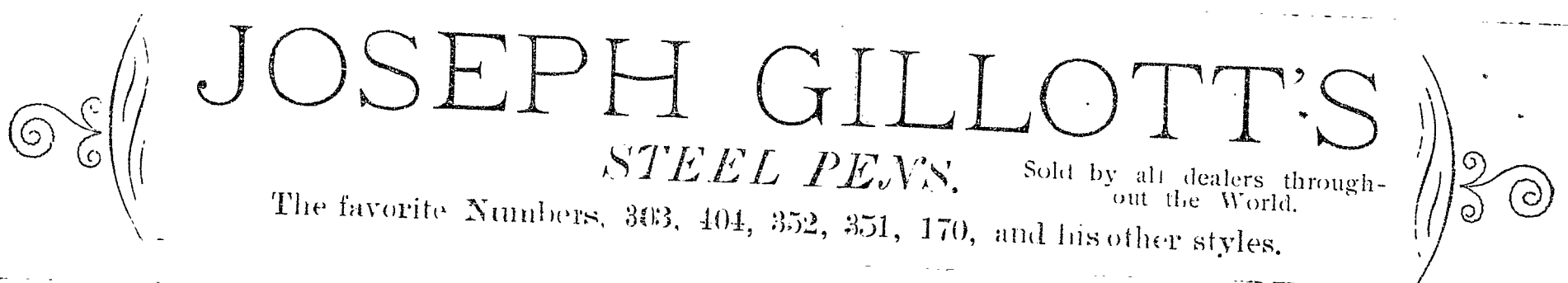
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