

# The Concordiensis.

Vol. V.

SCHENECTADY N. Y., OCTOBER, 1881.

No. 1

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF,	- - - - -	E. C. MURRAY, '82.
LITERARY DEPARTMENT,	- - - - -	A. T. C. HAMLIN, '83.
LOCAL DEPARTMENT,	- - - - -	{ E. W. GREENE, '82. G. F. ALLISON, '84. J. F. DELANEY, '84.
BASE BALL COLUMN,	- - - - -	A. T. C. HAMLIN, '83.
PERSONAL DEPARTMENT,	- - - - -	W. K. GILCHRIST, '83.
EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT, EXTRANEAE DEPARTMENT, COLLEGENSIA DEPARTMENT,	} - - - - -	J. E. RANSELL, '82.
BUSINESS MANAGER,	- - - - -	D. D. ADDISON,

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## Literary.

### CHILDHOOD.

BY LUTHER JAMES EMERSON.

Again I stretch me on the new mown hay,  
That gives its fragrance to the shade of elms ;  
I watch the shadows on the mountains play,  
From freighted clouds that fill the airy realms.

I watch, as I was wont to when a boy,  
And hear the hum of insects thro' the air ;  
I feel the thrill of that once thoughtless joy,  
Creep thro' my life to make its lodging there.

And yet, how changed; for that sweet joy that laughed  
With innocence, and sang its random glee,  
Makes harsher tones, as if its life were daft  
With something coarser than it used to be.

Alas ! am I no longer that free child  
That lay upon my elbows and my hips,  
And dreamed till in the mystic dream I smiled  
And pressed the honeyed clover to my lips ?

Why is it, that I cannot wholly feel  
That simple love ; and why does time estrange  
Me from my youth ; and why do shadows steal  
Across my life with such a fitful change ?

I try to think that I am but the youth,  
Upon whose cheeks the summer zephyrs played ;  
And say, against my older self and truth,  
That boyhood and its fancies do not fade.

But ah ! the chirping crickets in the grass  
Pipe sadder melody unto my ears ;  
And cawing crows that o'er the ledges pass,  
Make hoarser sounds than in my early years.

Tell me, O restless heart ! and break the spell  
That weaves these phantom fancies on the brain ;  
Are these the unsubstantial dreams that dwell  
In man, or do I meet with truth again ?

E'en so, my tongue hath lost the simple art  
To make the long stemmed dandelions curl ;  
And those brown eyes that looked into my heart—  
O, where are they ;—and Amy, that fair girl ?

A bonnie lass she was, with golden hair ;  
And oft the buttercups by yonder brook  
We culled, and while I wove them here with care,  
She read me pretty tales from an old book—

Of belted knights, and Arthur, a great king ;  
And ancient castles with their gilded tow'rs ;  
And armor bright that once was wont to ring,  
Where wine and women filled delicious hours.

Which, when she read, my fancy seemed to rise  
For oft she dropt upon some silver rhyme  
That danced upon her tongue and in her eyes,  
Till I was but a knight of olden time.

And once, ha, ha ! we played that ancient game  
Of knight and lady, parting by this tree ;  
I kissed her ruby lips and breathed her name,  
While she did laugh and clap her hands at me.

Again, with bright-eyed daisies in my hands  
I read the fortunes of her future state ;  
How she should travel through all foreign lands,  
And be a lady with the good and great.

She smiled bewitchingly, sweet Amy did,  
To see my belt and mimic sword of lath ;  
But when I said "adieu," her face she hid,  
Nor could I kiss her running down the path.

Once I had thought of love with glories rife,  
As is yon mountain dressed in living green ;  
That I should walk with her in fuller life,  
And realize the dream that once had been.

Ah, well ! I stood above her grave to-day ;  
Her epitaph is dimmed by wasting years,  
And lichens cling upon the marble gray,  
Where I have lately left my truest tears.

The wind is rising and the shadows fly  
Across the headland of the foamy lake ;  
And dark clouds thicken in the northern sky,  
And I my meditative farewell take.

UNION COLLEGE, July 10, 1881.

### YOUNG MEN AND POLITICS.

Politics and the allurements of gambling have nearly the same fascination. In each the ambitious see a wonderful mirage and only experience teaches that it is not a reality. The boss runs his machine, the gambler his bank ; they present equal chances of success—for ruining a young man. This may seem an odious comparison, but the management of our great parties proves its truth. Elections are but national games of bluff between party leaders. The stakes are the "spoils" of office with which political trumps are obtained for a new deal. It is true that now and then an unscrupulous man, who is cool-headed and has the nerve to do, attains, by these means, to a dazzling eminence ; but the majority

find, at the end of a life of worry and delusive hopes, only the bitter dregs of disappointment.

The average young American, when he begins to dabble in politics, immediately becomes, in his own opinion, a modern Titan. He disdainfully regards mankind in general; and the way seems, to him, perfectly clear to the legislative halls or even the White House. All qualms of conscience are choked down while doing the dirty work of some third-rate politician; and he has no idea of the cat's sensation when the monkey burned her paw. He reasons that the little wrong he may do will be lost in the great good that will result to mankind "in the sweet by and by." It is then, however, that he sometimes comprehends he has been only a tool in the hands of men more cunning than he, but he is, alas, too old a dog to learn new tricks.

Politics, in its popular sense, is our Nation's curse; and some of our wisest men, who look beyond the present, predict a bloody crisis unless there is a radical change in the administration of our government. All parties have a common motto: "To the victors belong the spoils," and modern-day politicians—principally adventurers attracted by the glitter of spoils—have supplanted the Statesman.

That a reform is needed, no one can deny; and a real reform must necessarily have a small beginning and be up-hill work. Earnest men are needed, who must not only have

the courage to oppose the puppets of machines by support and vote, but also to give plain and intelligent reasons-why. The training of our young college men especially fits them to become champions of such a cause; though the class whose aid is needed may think it a strange duty which summons them to fight against the corrupted politics of the day—a field where one's character, innocent or guilty, is dragged in the mud. Yet Wendell Phillips recently said: "I urge on college-bred men that, as a class, they fail in republican duty when they allow others to lead in the agitation of the great social questions which are stirring the age." No great work was ever accomplished without corresponding sacrifices, and the greater they are, the greater is likely to be the result. The fate of Socrates is not to be feared, yet his glory may be an incentive. Barefoot and half-clothed, enduring all manner of privations, he made the most powerful men of his state tremble; and the influence of his words brought exile, or the same potion of hemlock, to those who succeeded so unjustly in convicting him.

Our Declaration of Independence indicted George III, for sending "hither swarms of officers to harass our people and eat out their substance." To-day, compare the old Roman and the United States Senator. The one was a patron followed by his clientele; the other is a boss followed by a dependant crowd of office-seekers.

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History, we are told, continually repeats itself. Are future historians to write of the rise and fall of our republic? It greatly depends on the young men who are to be our coming statesmen. There must be fewer politicians and more *men* of Charles Sumner's stamp. When he was nominated to the office of United States Senator, he said: "If by walking across my office, I could secure the senatorship, I would not take a step;" and when elected, he refused a public demonstration, lest it might be construed as an evidence of personal triumph. He agreed with Plato, that the state in which the rulers are most reluctant to govern, is the best and most quietly governed. J. R. BRIDGE, '83.

### Editorial.

THE CONCORDIENSIS extends a hand of welcome to the wanderers returned from their summer jaunts, and to those who for the first time have entered old Union's classic shades. Indeed, she has put on a new dress for the joyful occasion. And now another year under new auspices lies before her. Will it be one of success or will it witness our failure? This depends partly on the editors, chiefly on those who should patronize us. We have done our best to make our first attempt attractive. With a large number of subscribers to back us, we will continue our efforts, and improve, we hope, with each issue; embarrassed by lack of support, all of our endeavors will be of no avail. The

change of form will, we expect, be generally acceptable, for it makes the book much more convenient for handling, carrying, mailing and binding. We also give the names of the editors appended to their respective departments, for the convenience of those having business with us.

THE RECENT calamity which has befallen our country in the assassination of our President, has done much to open our eyes to the fact that however sound our Constitution may be, however good our laws, however wise and sagacious our rulers—all cannot avail to bring peace and prosperity to the country, while bribery and corruption undermine and rot the very foundations of the government.

And now while throughout the nation press and people cry "Reform! Reform!" we too take up the refrain. For where can reform be better begun than in our colleges, and to whom can warning better come than to our future ministers, teachers and statesmen?

This then is the time for raising our voices aloud against a heinous sin which is prevalent in nearly all of our colleges, and which is immeasurably destructive to their usefulness, and to the mental and moral growth of their students. We refer to the custom among students of using translations, palming off "cribbed" exercises and essays, writing out recitations and examinations on slips of paper, consulting text books during recitations, etc.,

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etc., everything included under the popular name "ponying."

Now it is a curious phase in human nature, that an individual or a community, by long continuance in almost any custom, however pernicious or sinful, may come to regard it as perfectly harmless and proper. And so in Union College to-day, men of what the world in general calls strictest integrity and highest honor, men of strong religious principles, men who would gasp with astonishment and indignation at hearing themselves called thieves and liars--such men as these day by day resort to the vilest tricks to rob their classmates and best friends of those positions for which the latter have perhaps honestly worked through years of severest toil. Does this seem overdrawn? Let any student take a list of his class and mark those whom he knows to be guilty of such practices, and he will find among the number some of the noblest men, some of the most active in christian work. We have heard from a student of the Princeton Theological Seminary that even there such practices are prevalent; and we are scarcely surprised, for there are always men in college studying for the ministry, who think nothing whatever of "ponying." Some men soothe their consciences by saying that they are not working for position, but merely to keep up with the class, and that their "ponying" therefore injures the standing of no one; as if a lie or theft were not dishonorable nor dishonest if only it harmed none but oneself.

Can we wonder at the frauds in our government constantly brought to light, the rapid growth of the spoils-system, and the general corruption of our political parties, when the schools of our statesmen are schools of fraud? Can we wonder at the systematic cheating carried on in our business houses, the deplorable state of morals in society, and the low standard of religion in our churches, when the flower of our youth are trained to look upon the basest deceit as perfectly legitimate, and to make a laughing-stock of honesty? A man's college life is to a great extent an epitome of his whole future career. The habits he there forms, the views he there holds are apt to cling to him through life. The student who leads the prayer meeting on Sunday, and opens his book in Monday's recitation, will become the business man who prays devoutly one day, and cheats conscientiously all the rest of the week. The student who gains his position on the prize-stage with a "cribbed" oration, will as a politician sneak into office by bribery and intrigue.

But there is another point of view from which to regard these practices. They are a curse not only to our moral, but also to our intellectual character. We do not come to college to acquire a certain amount of information, but to train our minds by acquiring correct habits of study and thought. Now if our method in college be fundamentally faulty, if we leave with bad habits of study formed and our mental powers dis-

torted, our course has been worse than a failure.

We may have more to say on this subject in our next issue, but for the present, we hope "a word to the wise is enough."

ON OUR return to college this fall, we found several long-needed improvements; but some great evils still remain. The authorities had evidently opened their eyes to the true state of affairs and attempted to right them. For this attempt we heartily praise them; but still are forced to say that the most important effort is a sad failure. We refer to the elaborate structures connected with the sewerage system, prepared at great expense last year. They are far worse than the old ones, if such a thing were possible, and are almost entirely useless.

As to another attempted reform, too, a word is necessary. Bathrooms were built last year at each college, but for all the good they are likely to do for some time to come, they may as well have been untouched, for neither is yet equipped for use. And as the gymnasium in being remodelled last year, had its bath removed, the boys are now deprived entirely of that greatest essential to cleanliness and comfort.

Attempt at reform is highly commendable, even if it ends in failure; but what shall we say when the abuse remains unnoticed? The delightful (?) stone walk from the Blue Gate to the North College still remains, and already is the enterprising Soph cal-

culating how much time it will take so many men to dig up so many stones of such weight, roll them thirty feet and pitch them over an embankment. This disgrace to the college was spoken of in a long editorial last year, but thus far has been totally disregarded by the authorities; and yet the outlay of a few dollars would remove the whole trouble.

After so much carping it gives us much pleasure to praise one thing in real earnest. We refer to the building now in course of erection behind Memorial Hall. To those who do not know its objects it may be interesting to learn that one of them is to afford to the students, remaining in town all summer, employment in arranging the college library therein. It seems that in accordance with the universal law of circulation, our library must make periodical changes. This one will be the ninth in the memory of our librarian. The Washburne Memorial Hall will also contain, beside the library, a reading room where books may be obtained every day in the week, and three commodious recitation rooms.

WE ARE heartily pleased to say that the disgraceful scenes which our chapel has so long witnessed in the first few weeks of every college year—sometimes even during worship, or rather the faint attempt at worship—have this year been discontinued. This is partly, we think, due to the reaction which is now taking place in the minds of many of the



students in regard to such matters; and still more, perhaps, to the prompt and vigorous measures of the Faculty. Whatever be the cause, the result is highly commendable. *Now* we go to chapel to worship, and not to see what fun is going on. The organ and choir, too, render the services far more enjoyable.

#### THE 'VARSITY FOR 1881-82.

The Faculty have settled the fact, that the University nine must be strictly composed of college men. We are to have no more of the element that existed in last year's nine. It was poor policy. For, after all, the nine was not a success, either in business management (?) or in ball playing. Well, things are to be different.

Now that there is a prize for the best class nine, there ought to be more base ball enthusiasm than before, and there is more. We can see no reason why the nine should not be more of a success than it was last year. It is true the loss of Mountain is a heavy one. He pitched and won many a good game. But there are two men looking for his place, and ready to do hard gymnasium work to fit themselves for it. And the rest of the men are in earnest, and will work hard for the success of the nine. Besides, the present nine, unlike that of last year, has the hearty support of the Faculty, and there is much in that. All in all, the outlook is bright. But whether it suffers defeat or wins victories, the nine will be one that will represent the college, and its victories and defeats will be honorable.

### Local.

—How do you like our new dress?

—Adriance, formerly of '82, is in '83.

—A Soph speaks of a one-wheeled bicycle.

—1st Fresh—"Rah for '85!" 2d Fresh—"What's that?"

—Where is the Freshman foot ball? It is time it appeared.

—Query at Senior class election: "Who is the ball nine?"

—There are two hundred and twenty students in actual attendance.

—Col. Pickett has occupied his present position twenty-one years.

—The Freshmen appointed a committee to see the deacon of the Faculty.

—A Senior says that sugar is in the feminine gender, because it is sweet.

—Dufresne has purchased a transit of W. & L. E. Gurley, at a cost of \$275.00.

—Senior in Optics—"When a ray of light is broken, Professor, is it a Bus Ray?"

—A Senior, returning a week late, was accosted by Prof. Staley as the late Mr. P—.

—The Sophs have followed the example of the Seniors, and adopted the Oxford hat.

—A Fresh speaks of a *quadrilateral triangle*, in his Geometry examination. Passed up, of course.

—A Junior wrote a letter to his best girl, and read it over to see if he had *admitted* anything.

—A Fresh being asked, "What is an equilateral triangle," replies, "A triangle with four sides."

—J. R. Van Ness, of Cornell, and J. Stoller, of Syracuse University, have entered the Junior class.

—Prof. (to Fresh on examination) —What is a broken line?

Fresh.—It is a *crooked straight line*.

—Junior translating Latin: "Qui dedit ergo tribus patris aconita. Who gave poison to his three fathers."

—The Sophomores have accepted a challenge from the Sophomores at Hamilton College to play a game of base ball.

—A Junior surveying, is told that his base line is the distance between two mile stones. Junior asks, "How far is that?"

—A Freshman on entrance examination translated the Greek word *paiontes* (ΠΑΙΟΝΤΕΣ) "the Greeks played on the piano."

—We were promised new bath rooms, but we did not expect shower baths in exactly the manner that we have them now.

—1st Fresh—"Have you a Davies' Bourdon?"

2d Fresh—"I have W-'s."

1st Fresh—"Is it just as good?"

—Prof. (to Senior in Acoustics):  
—Mr. C. What is a reed-pipe?

C.—A reed-pipe is a thin *metallic piece of wood* attached to an organ pipe.

—1st Senior in Metaphysics: "Professor, I have been hungry without knowing it."

Prof. "How do you know you were hungry then?"

—Sr. (to Prof. experimenting in Acoustics)—Can you play a tune on that instrument? Prof: Probably you can, as you seem to be a very smart young man.

—A Freshman on examination is asked whether to depart is active or passive? Fresh says it is passive. "Why?" "Because it means to depart, to pass away."

—The following is the University nine for 1881-'82: Fairgrieve, '82; Ford, '82; Naylor, '84; McElwaine, '83; Delaney, '84; McCauley, '85; Anable, '85; Porcher, '84; McMurray, '82.

—The officers of the Philomathean Society for this term are: President,

S. H. Watkins; Vice-President, E. R. Youmans; Secretary, W. S. Royal; Treasurer, J. R. Harding; Librarian, D. D. Addison.

—The University nine ought either to enter the Eastern League of College Clubs, or make an effort to revive the New York Association that flourished in '79. The latter plan is certainly feasible.

—The following are officers of the Adelpic Society: President, E. C. Fay; Vice-President, T. D. Elder; Secretary, J. G. Green; Treasurer, W. K. Gilchrist; Curator, J. W. Higson; Advocate, A. E. Carmichael.

—Since the Seniors have adopted the Oxford cap, we are reminded of the following, which appeared in the *Argus* sometime ago: "An Oxford cap resembles an eclipsed dry moon surmounted by a hearse panel and a band of black thread."

—We regret that the new ball grounds are not to be enclosed. While there are many reasons why this should not be done, yet the experience of the past proves that without enclosed grounds base ball can never be made a success financially here.

—The room formerly occupied by the Gillespie club is now used as a Latin recitation room by Prof. Ashmore. The desk has been moved to the side of the room and the old benches have been replaced by chairs, so that it is now one of the most pleasant recitation rooms in the college.

—Work on the Washburne Memorial Building is progressing rapidly. The foundation is completed and the brick-layers are at work. The statement that according to contract the building was to be completed before the next commencement is denied by the foreman in charge. Mr. Frank Lyon, Jr., of New York, has the contract.

—The officers of the Senior class, are: President, A. A. McMurray;

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Vice President, T. D. Elder; Secretary, E. Rhett Youmans; Treasurer, E. Thompson; B. B. Director, A. V. Pratt; Orator, H. C. Hinds; Prophet, A. S. Wright; Poet, G. A. P. Codwise; Addressor, J. H. Fairgrieve; Historian, B. Whitehorne; Grand Marshal, H. R. Pierson.

—The committee appointed from the Senior class to confer with Dr. Potter in regard to the reading room, report that he is much in favor of restoring their former privileges; and to this end will present a petition to the proper authorities, at a meeting to be held about Oct. 10. The committee consisted of Messrs. Adair, Hinds and Waddell.

—We understand that the Young Men's Christian Association is to give a grand entertainment to the students of the college on Nov. 3rd or thereabouts. Printed invitations will be issued and about four hundred ladies and gentlemen will be present. There will be an address, music and refreshments—a feast for mind and body. Altogether it promises to be a jolly occasion.

—During the long summer vacation the college gymnasium has been improved to a great extent. The old dressing and bath rooms has been taken out and new ones placed on the lower floor in their stead, making the gymnasium considerably larger; while the swing poles and ladders have been so placed as to make practice for running and walking a possible thing. A new floor of matched stuff has been laid, a great improvement as far as Commencement hops are concerned.

—The Union College Senate is now in good working order, and promises to be a grand success. The members have entered into the business with enthusiasm, and are making surprising progress in the novel work. There are nineteen standing committees, and many of them are now busily

engaged with important bills. The committees are as follows:

	<i>Chairmen</i>
1. Privileges, Elections and Rules,	Mr. Ransdell
2. Foreign Relations, - - -	Mr. Murray
3. Finance, - - -	Mr. A. S. Wright
4. Appropriations, - - -	Mr. Pollard
5. Commerce, - - -	Mr. Waddell
6. Manufactures, - - -	Mr. Waller
7. Agriculture, - - -	Mr. Hargrave
8. Military and Naval Affairs, -	Mr. Pierson
9. Judiciary and Revision of Laws, -	Mr. Reed
10. Post Offices and Post Roads, -	Mr. Youmans
11. Public Lands, - - -	Mr. Ford
12. Pensions and Claims, - - -	Mr. Hinds
13. Indian Affairs, - - -	Mr. F. H. Wright
14. Territories and Dist. of Col., -	Mr. Watkins
15. Patents, - - -	Mr. Codwise
16. Railroads, Mines and Mining, -	Mr. McMurray
17. Education and Labor, - - -	Mr. Temple
18. Civil Service and Contingent Expn's,	Mr. Fairgrieve
19. Engrossed Bills, - - -	Mr. Fay
House of Representatives, Messrs. Waddell, Murray, Ransdell, McMurray and A. S. Wright.	

—The following have entered the Freshman class thus far: T. G. Addison, A. S. Anable, F. Bailey, G. W. Barhydt, A. E. Barrett, A. B. Bishop, F. Bond, F. E. Bradley, S. M. Brauw, F. Bull, P. Cady, C. W. Codwise, S. B. Coffin, J. L. Countermine, F. E. Crane, T. J. Delaney, J. B. Duffie, G. W. Ebaugh, A. C. Egelston, W. Foote, E. Fowler, R. W. Franklin, R. H. Gibbes, H. D. Griswold, B. S. Guion, A. L. Halsey, J. H. Hassett, O. B. Hawkhurst, E. D. Hobbs, Jr., H. W. Hoffman, J. S. Hoy, W. Hutchinson, A. M. Hynson, W. A. Jaycox, D. A. Lansing, J. P. Marsh, J. H. S. McCarthy, J. A. McCauley, T. L. McClumpha, P. C. Mills, Jr., E. Mitchell, F. Moore, J. T. Morey, F. N. Moulton, W. H. Munsell, D. L. Parsons, E. T. Perkins, H. H. Phelps, W. F. Richards, W. H. Robinson, F. M. Severson, S. A. Smith, N. B. Spalding, C. D. Sprigg, C. S. Stanton, C. M. Stewart, M. M. Sweetland, E. Terrill, G. W. VanVranken, W. H. Vaughn, R. J. Wands, E. J. Wheeler, J. A. Yates, Schermerhorn, and Langdon.

## Base Ball.

The base ball element has certainly received a decided impulse through the instrumentality of Chauncey O. Yates. This gentleman has presented a handsome cup to be contested for by the several class nines. In order that the conditions be fully understood, we insert the following copy:

"The cup shall be placed in the college library in care of the treasurer.

"No person shall play in the class nine who is not a member of the class. All questions as to class membership shall be decided by the Registrar of the college.

"A series of games for the cup shall consist of two games by each class against each of the three other classes. The class winning the greatest number of games shall be entitled to have a suitable record of its victory engraved on the cup, which record shall consist of class number and the year in which the series was won.

"The committee of arrangements for the championship games shall consist of five men; one man selected by each class and one by these four.

"All questions not provided for in these conditions, or in the playing rules adopted by the committee of arrangements, shall be decided by a committee of three, not connected with the college, appointed by C. O. Yates.

"The above named committee shall hold their position one year, which year shall be the same as the collegiate year.

"The donor reserves the right to make any changes in the above conditions which may be found necessary."

The committee appointed for the ensuing year consists of Messrs. Wm. H. Peckham, T. Lou Barhydt, and J. F. Schoolcraft.

The cup is an elegant prize. Around its base is inscribed the words, "Class Trophy."

The struggle, which no doubt will

be determined, has already commenced. On the afternoon of Sept. 30th, the Seniors and Juniors met on the campus to settle the question of superiority. The Juniors had the game from the start, and the result was so certain as to rob the game of some of its interest. Owing to darkness the game was called at the end of the seventh inning. Following is the score:

JUNIORS.					
	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Addison, l. f.....	2	0	1	0	0
Lloyd, 2d b.....	4	3	1	4	1
Ray, c.....	3	2	3	2	5
McElwain, p.....	3	1	0	5	1
Hamlin, 3d b.....	1	1	2	1	0
Sloan, 1st b.....	3	0	14	0	2
Adams, r. f.....	1	0	0	0	0
Van Ness, s. s.....	0	0	0	1	1
McCauley, c. f.....	3	0	0	0	0
Total.....	20	7	21	13	10

  

SENIORS.					
	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
McMurray, 2d b.....	1	1	1	3	1
Fairgrieve, c.....	2	0	4	1	2
Wright, A. S., 1st b.....	2	0	13	0	1
Whitehorne, s. s.....	0	0	1	3	2
Wright, F., p.....	0	0	2	2	3
Waller, 3d b.....	0	0	0	0	3
Thompson, r. f.....	0	0	0	0	1
Coffeen, c. f.....	1	1	0	0	0
Hinds, l. f.....	2	1	0	0	2
Total.....	8	3	21	9	15

Two base hits—McCauley and Hinds.

Three base hits—McCauley.

Balls called—McElwain, 78; Wright, 49; Whitehorne, 69.

Strikes called—McElwain, 16; Wright, 9; Whitehorne, 11.

Umpire—Chas. Vanderveer.

Scorer—W. W. Bellinger, '83.

By Innings.....	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	
Juniors.....	5	3	0	2	3	4	3	20
Seniors.....	0	0	0	1	0	3	4	8

On the following afternoon the victorious Juniors met the Freshmen, but this time came to grief. Either they were too much elated, or, what is more probable, the Freshmen were the better players; at any rate, Eighty-five carried off the laurels. The Juniors having played the day before were not in their best condition. Ray's hands were so badly swollen that, at the end of the third inning, Hamlin had to take his place behind the bat. On the whole, it was a finely played game. The Freshmen are to be congratulated that they have so fine a nine.

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Addison, l. f.....	2	0	1	0	0
Lloyd, 2d b.....	4	3	1	4	1
Ray, c.....	3	2	3	2	5
McElwain, p.....	3	1	0	5	1
Hamlin, 3d b.....	1	1	2	1	0
Sloan, 1st b.....	3	0	14	0	2
Adams, r. f.....	1	0	0	0	0
Van Ness, s. s.....	0	0	0	1	1
McCauley, c. f.....	3	0	0	0	0
Total.....	20	7	21	13	10

SENIORS.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
McMurray, 2d b.....	1	1	1	3	1
Fairgrieve, c.....	2	0	4	1	2
Wright, A. S., 1st b.....	2	0	13	0	1
Whitehorne, s. s.....	0	0	1	3	2
Wright, F., p.....	0	0	2	2	3
Waller, 3d b.....	0	0	0	0	3
Thompson, r. f.....	0	0	0	0	1
Coffeen, c. f.....	1	1	0	0	0
Hinds, l. f.....	2	1	0	0	2
Total.....	8	3	21	9	15

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Seniors.....	0	0	0	1	0	3	4	8

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Addison, l. f.....	0	1	0	0	0
Lloyd, 2d b.....	0	0	1	1	0
McElwain, p.....	0	1	0	9	2
Hamlin, 3d b.....	0	0	6	6	1
McCauley, c. f.....	0	0	0	0	0
Sloan, 1st b.....	1	1	8	0	2
Ray, c.....	2	0	9	3	5
Adams, r. f.....	2	0	0	0	0
Van Ness, s. s.....	0	0	0	2	3
Total.....	5	3	24	21	13

FRESHMEN.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
McCauley, c.....	3	2	12	3	2
Anable, p.....	2	1	1	14	2
Stanton, 1st b.....	1	1	11	0	4
Moulton, l. f.....	1	0	0	1	1
Wands, 3d b.....	0	0	0	0	0
Hobbs, s. s.....	0	0	1	3	1
Delaney, 2d b.....	0	0	2	1	3
Langdon, c. f.....	0	0	0	0	0
Munsell, r. f.....	0	0	0	0	0
Total.....	7	4	27	22	13

Three base hits—Anable, 2.  
 Two base hits—Adams.  
 Balls called—Anable, 79; McElwain, 73.  
 Strikes called—Anable, 27; McElwain, 10.  
 Time of game—Two hours.  
 Umpire—Chas. Vanderveer.  
 Scorers—Bellinger, '83; Foote, '85.

Score by innings.....	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Juniors .....	0	0	2	0	2	0	0	0	1
Freshmen .....	2	0	4	0	0	0	1	0	0

Every afternoon the campus is filled with players practicing for the class nines. Already much hidden talent has come to light and we are certain that when the spring opens, "Old Union" will have many men worthy to uphold her honor on the diamond.

Inasmuch as the base ball matters last year were left in a deplorable condition, the new management begin the year with many unpaid bills on hand. That these bills must be paid, no one for a moment denies; and to this end every exertion must be made. An orchestra composed of students has been formed, and work has already been commenced in preparation for an entertainment to be given in Union Hall and other public places, commencing early in November. We all enjoyed the games last year, and while we regret that we are not in a better financial condition, yet it is the duty of every student to do everything in his power to

help pay these debts, both by giving all the aid he can, and by purchasing tickets for the entertainment when it shall be given. Let us all lend a helping hand, and not leave all the work to the few men who take an active part in the entertainment.

## Personal.

'46. Rev. Alexander Dixon, D. D., the author of "All About Jesus" and other works, is living quietly in his suburban home near Lansingburgh.

'60. Warner Miller was elected in July U. S. Senator for New York in place of Hon. Thomas C. Platt.

'77. Holman is with the Glens Falls Insurance Company as an Adjuster.

'78. Hayward is Principal of the Leavenworth Institute at Wolcott, N. Y.

'79. Goodrich is in the Albany Law School.

Dingman is now practicing law in Albany.

Gregory has recently been admitted to the bar. His headquarters are in Albany.

'80. Alexander is in Col. Robinson's law office in Elmira.

Bishop is studying law in Poughkeepsie.

VanSantvoort has left the law and is in a New York broker's office.

Dixon is teaching in the Cohoes High School.

Pruyn is in the Albany Law School.

'81. Gibson, Darling, Henning, Still and Schlosser are in the Princeton Theological Seminary.

Davis is in the Rutgers Theological Seminary at New Brunswick, N. J.

Gary is at home in South Carolina, and is still in very poor health.

Cameron is in the Law School.

Meneely spent the summer in Europe, and is now on his way home.

Wood is in the office of the Secretary of State in Albany.

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JUNIORS.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Addison, l. f.....	0	1	0	0	0
Lloyd, 2d b.....	0	0	1	1	0
McElwain, p.....	0	1	0	9	2
Hamlin, 3d b.....	0	0	6	6	1
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Wood is in the office of the Secretary of State in Albany.

✓ Anable is back as Tutor in Mathematics.

Devlin is in the Regent's office at Albany.

Taylor is studying law in New York.

VanEps has gone to New York to study law.

✓ '82. E. N. Wright is in the Albany Medical College.

Kingsley is in the Albany Normal School.

Evans is studying (?) law at Edgefield, C. H., S. C.

✓ '83. Timmerman is in the Albany Medical College.

✓ **DEATH OF JUDGE WM. W. CAMPBELL.**

Judge Wm. W. Campbell died at his home in Cherry Valley, Sept. 7th, in the 75th year of his age. Few men in the State were better known by his contemporaries or held in higher esteem. (His life was as honorable as it was protracted, and his name will be given a prominent place in the historical annals of the State. He was a man of rare intellectual endowments, and as pure and exemplary in his social relations as he was conscientious and patriotic in his public life.) Judge Campbell studied in Union College, from which he was graduated in 1827. In 1849 he was elected Judge of the Supreme Court of New York city. In the fall of 1857 he was elected Judge of the Supreme Court of the State of N. Y. for the Sixth Judicial District. Judge Campbell was the author of "Annals of Tryon County," 1831; new edition, revised, entitled "Border Warfare of New York," 1849; a third edition was published the early part of the present year. He was also author of "Life and Writings of Dewitt Clinton;" "Life of Mrs. Grant, Missionary to Persia;" "Sketches of Robin Hood and Capt. Kidd." He was a frequent contributor to magazines and periodical literature, his writings being principally historical sketches, especially of New York State.

**MEMORIAL SERVICES COMMEMORATING THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD.**

On Monday, Sept. 26th, the college chapel was thronged with students and the professors with their families, assembled to express their sorrow for the death of our late beloved President. "Thy will be done" was first sung by the students' choir; after which were read a lesson from I Cor. XV by President Potter, and appropriate prayers by Dr. Payne. After the singing of "God moves in a mysterious way," a copy of the following telegram to President Arthur was read:

*To President C. A. Arthur—from Alma Mater:—*

Kindly convey to Mrs. Garfield on behalf of trustees, Alumni, faculty and students of Union College the expression of our sincerest sympathy. Constant prayers are with you in the arduous duties devolved upon you, which you will ably and conscientiously discharge,

ELIPHALET N. POTTER.

Judge J. S. Landon then arose and said:

The trustees of the college unite with the faculty and students in their expression of mourning and affection for our murdered President. Words cannot express the universal sadness. He was our chosen ruler. The hopes that were centered in him, death has both magnified and blasted. He was shot down by an assassin, an assassin so mean and miserable that vengeance is exasperated and baffled. Death held aloof for a time, mocking us through weary weeks of anxious hope and ever growing sympathy. Long before it came, love for the man was added to respect for the ruler. And now it is not alone the President who dies, but the brother of the people, and a people too, whom civilization, not a nation, bounds. Mankind takes him to its heart. No grave was ever closed amidst such a universal wail of sorrow.



Tradition, legend, tune and song,  
Shall many an age that wail prolong.

Other men may stand higher in the history of the world, but to this generation that weeps as he is this day laid away in his grave, there will be no other historic name so much like that of a father or a brother loved and lost, as is the name of Garfield. The sad event has one compensation. By his life and death the nation gains an ideal of human excellence. The example of his life, exalted and refined as it will be by our love and charity, will add another to the forces which adorn and dignify human nature.

It is natural to turn to the man whom the Constitution designates as the successor of the murdered President. He is an alumnus of this college, prepared in part for his high station by his education here. Those who know him best affirm that he is thoroughly equal to the occasion. It is wise to accustom ourselves to the reflection, that ours is a government of a written constitution, and no matter who is President, he must administer the government in accordance with its terms, and so administered the government is safe, that the vast amount of personal detail surrounding an administration is usually interesting, but not usually important. But the responsibility is great. As the new President comes to it under circumstances so mournful and embarrassing, surely this college will sympathize with him as with one of her own children, will trust him confidently, and judge him kindly. The ideal Garfield cannot be replaced. But we will not doubt that the nation which mourns him so tenderly is fortunate that the true friend, the honorable and gallant gentleman, our alumnus, Chester A. Arthur, succeeds him.

Rev. George Alexander then delivered the following address:

We are here, young gentlemen, to take our places in that vast assemblage

which to-day surrounds the coffin of our dead President. I shall not attempt at this hour to voice the general sorrow. That is far more eloquently spoken by the Sabbath stillness that is breathed around us. I shall not lift the bloody mantle and seek to point the public lessons of this great tragedy. I desire simply to remember that I am speaking familiarly to a group of college men about a college man, who amid the din and bustle of a checkered life retained the tastes, the boyish feelings and general enthusiasm of his college days.

Twenty-five years ago he was looking out upon life from the standpoint which you now occupy—looking out upon that unexplored country, which, when viewed from Academic halls, is so often a land of fancies and dreams. To-day two continents hush their voices and drape themselves in mourning, while loving hands carry him to his burial. The world has watched and prayed at his bedside, and the world weeps to-day at his grave. The faults and frailties which he shared with our common humanity are forgotten. He has been canonized by death, and his memory will be the sacred and inalienable heritage of a great people. Account for it as we will, we are conscious that a new force has entered into our lives. There is scarcely a man throughout the length and breadth of this broadland, who can to-day think upon that form soon to mingle with its kindred dust, without finding everything good in him uplifted, everything evil rebuked and condemned.

In such a career as this there must be some things which the young scholars of America may well ponder. The story of his life would be less significant if his influence and eminence had been the result of extraordinary natural gifts or extraordinary advantages. But they were not. He came from the ranks of the poor and lowly. He entered upon life with no

genius but a genius for hard work, no friends but the friends which his own manly worth won for him. Thirty years ago he knocked at the doors of a college, and asked the privilege of paying for his instruction by sweeping the halls and building fires. He obtained the privilege and did the work well. That incident was typical of his entire career. He was never afraid or ashamed of honest toil. He sought eminence by seeking fitness for eminence, and he sought fitness for great things by doing with his might the thing that lay next to his hand. There was nothing superficial, nothing of pretence or shame in either his character or his culture. In every element of his nature he was genuine. Men could not but confide in the accuracy of his knowledge, the soundness of his judgment, and the honesty of his purposes. He had no occasion to seek after place, for places were always seeking after him. He had no temptation to push his fortune by the tricks of the charlatan, for he was constantly being pushed by the accumulating momentum of his own acquirements. The method of his life was determined while he was yet within college walls, for there, in the language of the instructor whom he most revered, "he did for himself what it is the object of a college to enable every young man to do—he made himself a man." Yes, he made himself a man; and having made himself a man he gave himself to his country.

You have noticed with what peculiar tenderness and pathos these two words have been uttered during these dark days, "*Our President*;" and well might they be, for through all his active life he has been saying "My Country." In those days when wives and mothers looked with tear-lensed eyes for news from the battle, he gave himself to his country, and went forth in the vigor of early manhood to brave the perils of the tented field. An orator, he gave his voice

to his country wherever there was a good cause to be defended, or a wrong to be rebuked and condemned. A statesman, he gave his thought and labor to his country through seventeen years of legislative experience. When called to the place of highest service, he gave himself to his country with a more complete consecration. He knew the nature of the ordeal through which patriotism called him to pass; and when the fatal blow fell, he was not blind to its significance. One of the most pathetic incidents in his pathetic story, is that which, we are told, occurred when he had finished that letter to his aged mother. With trembling hand he wrote upon a slip of paper underneath, the words "*Strangulatus pro Republica*." He realized that he was being offered as a vicarious sacrifice, and saw an inglorious death made glorious by the object for which he suffered.

We think of him on the terrible field of Chicamåuga riding through a storm of bullets to turn the tide of doubtful battle. If he had fallen in that strife, he would doubtless have said with his latest breath, "'Tis sweet and becoming for country to die." But for him a nobler destiny was reserved. Eighteen years from that day we see him breathing out his life beside the moaning sea, with the bullet of the assassin in his back. Do I err in calling this a noble destiny? We think of what by his sufferings and death he has accomplished. He has subdued the animosity of his bitterest foes. He has stilled for a time the violence of partizan strife. He has cemented together the fragments of a nation distracted by twenty years of conflict and suspicion, so that the soldiers who fought at his side and the soldiers who fought in his front, now mingle their tears at his sepulcher. He has broken down the barriers of inveterate national prejudice, and made us feel that all mankind are our kindred, since they have been baptized by the tears of our common sorrow. With the thought

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of such achievements before us, we turn again to that bedside beside the darkling sea and say, with a deeper meaning than the heathen author could have intended, "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*"

But my friends it is with peculiar interest and gratitude we remember that he held another title more honorable than that of orator or statesman or soldier or patriot. He was a christian. It was his faith in God that gave character to his culture and to his patriotism. I recall three scenes in his life which indicate the quality of his religion. I see a group of boisterous students after a day of mirth, camping on the summit of Greylock, and as the hour for retiring comes on, one from that number quietly remarks: "Boys, it is my custom at this hour always to read a portion from God's word;" and bringing out his bible, James A. Garfield read from the words of that God whom he trusted. I think of him on that dark morning which some of you here to-day will remember, that dark morning when Lincoln had fallen and strong men's hearts were failing because of fear. I see him standing in the midst of a raging mob in the city of New York and saying: "Fellow citizens, clouds and darkness are around about him, justice and judgment are the habitation of his throne, righteousness and truth go before him. Fellow citizens, God reigns and the Government still lives." I think of him after the fatal blow was struck, when informed that the wound was probably mortal, quietly saying: "God's will be done, I am ready to die." Boldness in testifying his allegiance to the Lord whom he served, calm trust in an overruling Providence in the hour of darkness and trial, quiet submission to the will of God when face to face with the king of terrors—these were the prominent features of that religious faith, which guided him in action and enabled him to display such fortitude during those weeks of terrible

suffering. So as we to-day think of him, losing sight of all earthly glory and greatness, we hear a voice from Heaven saying: "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord. Yea, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." His works do follow him into the realms of immortality whither he has gone, for

"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
Was not spoken of the soul."

"Being dead he yet speaketh." You and I, young gentlemen, should be better, truer men by reason of the things that he speaketh. Do not tell me that the age of heroism is past. The world moves on apace; and there are grander days before us than ever yet have been. With ten thousand voices the world is calling for men, strong men, honest men, brave men, men who—in the language of him we mourn—"dare to face the devil and to his face tell him that he is a devil." There are great things to be done for humanity—and for God. Yes, and great things to be suffered. It is no primrose path that leads to such laurels as rest on the bier of our dead President. It is the way of the cross, the way the martyrs trod. There are blood marks on it and tear stains. So it has always been, so it must continue to be till the reign of righteousness and truth is established in the earth.

Right forever on the scaffold,  
Wrong forever on the throne;  
But that scaffold sways the future,  
And behind the dim unknown  
Standeth God within the shadow,  
Keeping watch above His own.

Prof. Halsey of the Classical Institute, a classmate of Garfield at Williams, being then called upon, gave many deeply interesting reminiscences of Garfield's college life; after which were read the resolutions drawn up by a committee composed of representatives from the four classes. It is significant that this committee was partly made up of Southerners:

At a meeting of the students of Union College, convened Friday,

September 23, '81, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Almighty to take from our county its beloved President in the prime of his age and usefulness; be it

*Resolved*, That we, the students of Union College, do hereby express our sincere sorrow at his death, and do recognize that in his loss our nation has suffered a grievous calamity.

*Resolved*, That we believe President Garfield to have been a most wise and beneficent Chief Magistrate, and that during his short and peaceful rule the nation's weal was ever his first care, and that had he lived his administration would have been among the brightest in the history of the American Republic.

*Resolved*, That we do hereby tender our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved family.

*Resolved*, That these resolutions be published and a copy sent to Mrs. Garfield.

JOS. E. RANSDELL,	} Com.
S. H. WATKINS,	
A. W. RAY,	
H. V. N. PHILIP,	
EVERET FOWLER,	

The following resolutions were passed at a special meeting of the Union Chapter of the Delta Upsilon Fraternity, held upon receiving the news of the death of the President:

WHEREAS, For eighty days the people of these United States have watched with fear, anxiety and hope the sick bed of a dying President, with the same attentiveness with which a child watches that of a dying father; and

WHEREAS, On the night of the nineteenth of September the nation was sunk in slumber to awaken in the morning to the realization of their worst fears, of the rejection of their prayers sent up to God in all the anguish of deepest affliction; and

WHEREAS, The grief of the nation

extends throughout all grades of society, and all classes publicly manifest their appreciation of the loss we as a nation have sustained; and

WHEREAS, James A. Garfield was a member of the Delta Upsilon Fraternity, and was one year ago its President; we, the Union Chapter of said Fraternity, do

*Resolve*, That though the whole nation mourns the death of our highest Executive, and all are in the highest degree sensible of their loss; still we as a society feel an additional weight of grief in the loss of one who held so high a place among us. We, however,

*Resolve*, That in accordance with the christian faith in an Almighty God so firmly adhered to by our beloved brother, and exemplified by the life of Christ on earth—we will bow our heads to that God and say, "Thy will be done." And we also

*Resolve*, That in the life of him who has left us, we recognize the virtues which made him worthy of the sorrow his death occasions, which may be pointed out to all as worthy of the highest emulation, and which especially endeared him to his wife and children and aged mother, with whom we deeply sympathize in their great affliction. And further do we

*Resolve*, That the halls and badges of this society be draped in mourning as a token of respect for the dead.

After a prayer by Rev. W. E. Griffis, the solemn services were concluded with the benediction by President Potter.

"Fair maid, than others more artless,  
Thou lov'st not the world's empty show,  
Thou lovest the beauties of nature,  
The flowers and the soft fleecy snow."

"Oh, yes, truly spoke," quoth the maiden,  
"I love not the world; but of old  
I so loved the flowers, that I chose one  
For my motto in life,—marigold."

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## Exchanges.

The *Dartmouth* of Sept. 30th shows great inattention to proof reading, and a decided tendency to slang. "When ten years from now the Freshman class brings out a cane and shouts '94,' we haven't the slightest doubt but what '94' will be on deck, even though the wisdom of the world declares it foolish." Under *Communications* it contains a capital article on base ball, urging the earnest cooperation of every one who plays at all, so that there may be a large number to choose from, and the *nine* not dependant on any one man. The "*Necrology of '80-'81*," and "*Memoranda Alumnorum*" show careful attention and research and might be imitated with advantage by other college papers.

Hon. F. M. Pixley having made a fierce attack on education, declaring "it is from the uneducated that come our best, most gifted, most useful men; it is from the country bogs, from shops and counters, from common schools that come the men of mind and action," the *Berkeleyan* takes issue with him in one of the ablest articles we have read for a long time. We clip the following, which was adduced in the line of statistics:

"Men noted in American literature, (barring the preachers):

College Graduates—Noah Webster, George P. Marsh, F. A. March, W. D. Whitney, R. A. Dana, A. H. Stephens, R. W. Emerson, H. D. Thoreau, C. D. Warner, J. R. Lowell, O. W. Holmes, W. C. Bryant, H. W. Longfellow, J. F. Cooper, N. Hawthorne, George Bancroft, W. H. Prescott, J. W. Draper, F. Parkman, J. L. Motley, J. R. Drake, C. F. Hoffman.

Non-graduates—Bayard Taylor, J. G. Whittier, W. Irving, Edgar A. Poe, Ben. Franklin, E. P. Whipple, E. C. Stedman, T. B. Aldrich, W. D. Howells.

Noted names in politics:

College Graduates—Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, John Jay, John Adams, J. Q. Adams, Aaron Burr, Daniel Webster, John C. Fremont, Edward Everett, Rufus Choate, Henry Lee, Charles Sumner, W. H. Seward, Alex. H. Stephens, Albert Gallatin, J. K. Polk, John C. Calhoun.—17.

Non-graduates—George Washington, Alex. Hamilton, Henry Clay, Thomas H. Benton, Andrew Jackson, A. Lincoln, Horace Greeley, Lewis Cass, S. A. Douglass.—9.

Of the twenty Presidents of the United States, the colleges claim eleven as their alumni, not including Grant, who graduated at West Point.

Of the fifteen Vice-Presidents, eight were college

graduates. Out of the seven Chief Justices, but two were without college diplomas. Of the Speakers of the House of Representatives, fourteen were graduates, one attended college for two years, and fourteen never went to college."

The *Notre Dame Scholastic* is one of our pleasantest exchanges. Its column on "*Art, Science and Literature*" is a very agreeable feature. The scientific notes, in No. 2 of this year, are teeming with instruction.

"In life's race one man has as good a chance as another. Vanderbilt was a poor sailor; Garfield was a canal boy; Grant, the son of a wood chopper; and should we make use of our gifts in the way God has ordained, we may become as great in our own sphere as others are great in theirs." Sound logic in that, boys. Chew and digest it.

[NOTE.—Exchanges will please address, Exchange Editor of CONCORDIENSIS, P. O. box 339, Schenectady, N. Y.]

## Extranea.

—"Tiny little letters  
On a little card,  
Help the jolly student  
Answer questions hard.

"So the little ponies,  
Glanced at on the sly,  
Make the naughty Freshmen  
Soph'mores by and by."—*Ex.*

—"There are two boating Associations here," wrote a Japanese student home, "called Yale and Harvard. When it rains the members read books."

—"Don't despise little things, my son. A wasp between a man's trousers and his leg will stir the innermost feelings of his breast more than a Fourth of July celebration.—*Ex.*

—"There is a feminine pianist in Illinois of the suggestive name of Stocking. She ought to marry the German violinist, Garter; then there would be—well, music of the elastic sort.—*Boston Times.*

—"A temperance paper advises people to drink spirituous liquors only

in such months as have a *w* in them. In this case we may expect to see a spelling reform immediately, and we shall see Januwary, Februwary, Jewne, Jewly, Awgust, etc., come into general use.—*Ex.*

—The Freshmen girls are a remarkably bright company, at least so says a Soph who boards with them, and in explanatlon of his opinion they say that one of them asked him, "Mr. D——, if you were riding on a donkey what kind of fruit would you suggest?" The Soph seeing no possible resemblance to anything in such a combination gives it up, when the fair maiden demurely answers, "a pear."—*Ex.*

—The lake that has the highest elevation of any in the world is Green Lake in Colorado. Its surface is 10,252 feet above the level of the sea. Pine forests surround it, and eternal snows deck the neighboring mountain tops. One of these, Gray's Peak, has an altitude of 14,341 feet. The water of Green Lake is as clear as crystal, and large rock masses and a petrified forest are distinctly visible at the bottom. The branches of the trees are of dazzling whiteness, as though cut in marble.—*Illustrated Catholic American.*

—"Walter," said one of our pork merchants to his sixteen-year-old hope, "I don't mind how short you have your coats cut, so long as they strike you somewhere below the shoulder blades; neither does it trouble me to see you choking yourself to death in a pair of tight pants. Nor am I much concerned in how many scarf pins you sport in one day or how large a bundle you carry to the laundry every twenty-four hours, Though the sight of your moustache in its feeble efforts for life, makes me faint, yet I can bear up even under that, but let me eyer catch you wearing your watch chain on the outside of your coat and you'll go to work in the store before you can say 'quite too utter,' do you hear me?"—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

## Collegensia.

*Harvard.*—A Latin play is talked of at Harvard for next year.

—The oldest existing literary society in the United States is at Yale.

—Miss Margaret Hicks is said to be the first lady who has adopted the profession of architecture. She was graduated recently from the course in architecture at Cornell University.

—The *Berkeleyan* laments apathy in athletics. So do we.

—There has been a fierce cane rush at Cornell. The battle raged for more than an hour, and has been the topic of much lively conversation.

—Amherst has adopted the novel plan of allowing the students to select from their number a committee, dubbed the *Senate*, to act as an advising council to the Faculty. The boys disapprove of it.

—Williams has a Freshman class numbering eighty, among whom are two sons of President Garfield. This is the largest class that has entered Williams since its establishment.

—At Yale, this year, the valedictorian was a Hebrew, the salutatorian a German, and the prize declaimer a Chinaman—but the pitcher of the base ball club was an American.

—Questions that agitate the Cornell man. Did Mr. Shinkel shinkel, or did Mr. Shinkel not shinkel? If Shinkel shinkeled, why did he shinkel? If Shinkel did not shinkel, who did shinkel? It is evident that some one did shinkel, and that no one but Mr. Shinkel could have shinkeled in so shinkless a manner; it is equally evident that if any one else did shinkel he could not have shinkeled like Shinkel Q. E. D. Moral: Never shinkel. If any Shinkel, son of a Shinkel, should shinkel like Shinkel shinkeled, he ought to have his head shinkeled.

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