

Incomplete

# THE CONCORDIENSIS.

VOL. XIV.

UNION COLLEGE, OCTOBER 4, 1890.

No. 1.

## CHANCELLOR'S ADDRESS.

MR PRESIDENT, GENTLEMEN OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES, GENTLEMEN OF THE CLASS OF '90; LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

*Dux famina facti*—the leader of the expedition was a woman. It was with these words that the greatest of the Latin poets, two thousand years ago, certified the capacity of women for high achievement. We, the loyal sons of Old Union, may well gather here, prolonging the eulogium. Summer after summer, when the year is most winning, a woman, forever young, forever fair, forever an inspiration, bids her children a mother's whole-hearted welcome to the old home. They return to this happy valley to be re-tied to her apron-strings, each from the expedition on which he went forth with her equipment and her blessing—this one searching for the holy grail; that one for the golden fleece. They count it joy to be back again, and to testify that whatever success they may have achieved is due to her, and whatever failure is due to themselves. And so gathering about the maternal knee, each of us fondly exclaims: O queen, live forever! Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all. *Dux famina facti*—the leader of the expedition was a woman.

At any Commencement it would have gratified and honored me to discharge this function. But the circumstances of to-day are more than commonly full of exhilaration. This venerable institution has entered upon her golden age. Her past may have been a trifle insecure in places, but her present is radiant with an ever-increasing prosperity, with the assurance that her future will be as to-day, but much more abundant. The new

President was evidently made for Union, and has only to persevere as he has begun in order that the coming historian of the higher education may be pleasantly puzzled to determine whether to name Dr. Webster the Eliphalet Nott of these latter days, or Dr. Nott the Harrison Webster of the former ones. I have alluded to the deep pleasure with which I responded to my mother's summons to speak for her. Be assured that hand in hand with the pleasure goes the sense of responsibility. What shall one of '60's men say to '90's men? What of the night? What of the light? What the caution? What the encouragement? I have been out of college thirty years. Not yet has the circle been squared. Not yet has a perpetual motion machine been placed on the market. Not yet has the origin of evil been explained to the general satisfaction. Not yet has "the mystery hid under Egypt's pyramid" been unveiled. Not yet has Congress passed an international copyright bill. Nevertheless in spite of much that baffles and not a little that saddens in the wide, wide world, '60 not yet has hung the harp of hope upon the willows of despair. We still look forward and not backward. We count life not only as worth living, but as better worth living to-day than ever before. We hold fast to a rational optimism which enables us confidently to appeal from the valley and the shadow to the delectable mountains and the perfect day.

Young gentlemen of the graduating class, you are about to exchange the still air of delightful studies for the exceedingly vocal atmosphere of life's not altogether delightful battle-field. I may well aim, then, to deliver a practical message, and I shall venture to ask you to consider for a little the duty of

46350

verification. In 1874, General John A. Dix, at that time Governor of New York, delivered the Chancellor's address here at Union. In closing he urged the graduates never to quote from the Latin without consulting the original. Permit me in passing to second the admonition of that scholarly soldier-statesman. One of the raciest of the old stories shows what harrowing snares lie in wait for the feet of those who fail to verify even their English quotations. It was an after-dinner speaker—he possibly had been dining not wisely but too bibulously—whose jumbled quotation ran:

O, woman, in our hours of ease,  
Uncertain, coy and hard to please,  
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,  
We first endure, then pity, then embrace!

It is not, however, my purpose to dwell upon the importance of accuracy of quotation, but to turn to some of the more serious phases of the duty of verification. Let me entreat you to verify men and things, beginning with yourselves. If you would know the truth, you must verify; you must know it if you would be essentially free; and you must be free if your manhood is to attain its full stature and you are to do your best work in that government of the people which is the government of freemen. You cannot begin too soon nor too thoroughly to verify yourselves. The highest usefulness, the most conspicuous success, are largely conditioned upon an exact self knowledge. If God has called you to do anything first rate, be sure you obey the call. It is better to be a first-rate tinker, than another rate doctor of divinity, for the supply of material of any rate except the first in all fields of activity invariably is great, while there never is a proportionate demand for it. Discover your weaknesses, that you may guard against them; your aptitudes, that you may strengthen them; your limitations, that you may respect them; and above all be true to yourselves at any risk of being stigmatized as bumpkins.

It is well "to see ourselves as others see us," since our neighbors are apt to appraise us at about our true value. Yet, bear in mind that others may be mistaken as to your significance. You remember Disraeli's first speech in the House of Commons. He had for an audience only such incentives to eloquence as inattention, indifference, contempt, somnolence. But resolutely declining to see himself as others saw him—a common-place young man in whom there was no force—the future Lord Beaconsfield sat down exclaiming, "The time will come when you will hear me." The essential thing is not to see yourselves as others see you, still less as self-conceit or self-love sees you, but to see yourself as you really are. Give every plus and every minus of your personal equations their due, your besetting sins and not less, your besetting virtues. Do this not only for your own sake, but also for the sake of the public comfort. The fact that numberless wrong men get into right places goes far to account for the gloomy, jaded look so often seen on the face of humanity. Possibly there would not be so much room at the top of all vocations were it not that there are so many persons below in each that have no business there at all. So do not include self-knowledge among the elective studies of your post-graduate course. Every man of you has an individuality which differentiates him from his fellows, and if he neglects to develop himself along its lines he blights his career, he wrongs his own soul.

You may remind me that what I am commending to you is the old familiar *Γνώθι σεαυτόν*, writ large. So it is. But even as a thing of beauty is a joy forever, so that great fundamental admonition is always seasonable, salient, exigent. New occasions teach not only new duties but the fresh application of authenticated precepts; and it seems to me that it is eminently desirable at this time, for your country's sake as well as your own, to

revive and emphasize. Know thyself. For if this republic is to achieve all that we think and feel and yearn for, all that inflames our imagination, all that brings the tears to our eyes as we discourse on Fourth of July of Manifest Destiny, then the coming generations must be more serviceable to the common weal, more serviceable, because more public-spirited, than the generations which they succeed. I speak of the coming generations, but I am thinking of the class of '90. My brethren, political progress by evolution is more logical and less costly than political progress by revolution. Strive for the former by being worthy of your splendid birthright as American citizens, and begin your labor of loyalty by verifying your relations to the State. Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free—shall make you the sort of freemen on whom the country can depend.

And so I pass to speak of your duty to the Commonwealth. What is the popular want in the United States to-day? Not good ministers, nor good lawyers, nor good doctors, nor good merchants, nor good exponents of any of the arts or sciences, but good citizens. That is the great popular want—citizens who take a personal, unselfish, unceasing, resolute interest in public affairs. Verify and convince yourselves that this is so. The quota of that kind of citizens is never full, while, save in time of war, no provision is made under our government system for filling the ranks by draft. We all assent to the proposition, that who would be free, themselves must strike the blow; but the practice of too many of us amends the words, so that they read—who would be free, themselves must fold their hands and resign themselves to a masterly inactivity tempered by pensive reflections touching the dirt which adheres to politics. It was but a few weeks ago, that one of the most illustrious of Americans, speaking out of ample knowledge, as-

serted in so many words that the metropolis of this western hemisphere was the worst governed city of the world. And yet thousands of the citizens of that proud and mighty capital—including, I fear, some Union College alumni—while conceding the truth of this most grave indictment, would be compelled to confess, if brought to judgment, that pretty much all they had done for the purification and elevation of municipal politics was of a piece with the campaign which the heroine of the nursery rhyme waged against an unamiable cow:

There was an old woman said, How  
Shall I soften the heart of this cow?

I will sit on the stile,  
And continue to smile,

Which may soften the heart of this cow.

Class of '90, the smile method of reform is not war, and it certainly is not magnificent. Nor is the existence of this deplorable condition of things confined to any one city or to the municipalities of any one state. The evil is widespread. Every part of the country furnishes more or less shocking examples of government of corrupt rings by corrupt rings for corrupt rings, and accordingly no intelligent person can have been altogether surprised at finding that a trained and accomplished observer, writing in the June *Harper* of "The Best Governed City in the World," does not refer to any community of the best land the sun ever shone upon, but to one across the sea. Our proud bird of liberty is popularly supposed to spend all his time screaming with admiration as he surveys our flag and the Nation over which it waves. And all things considered, the facts that he does so attests that he is as discriminatingly appreciative as he is intensely patriotic—since, with all its faults, ours is the land "of every land the pride." Still we submit that if he could have any adequate conception of what passes for government in leading American cities, it is quite possible that the Eagle would modify his jubilant scream so that it

might easily be mistaken for a sigh. Oh! it is difficult sometimes to resist the conviction that we Americans love our country much better in the abstract than in the concrete. In the abstract we maintain with all ardor that suffrage is among the most precious of our rights. We style it variously the cornerstone of the Nation, our political birth-right, liberty's palladium, freedom's salvation, the bulwark of our institutions, the sure defense of the many against the few. Impressive terms, all. Nevertheless, in the concrete, suffrage is not so precious in our eyes but that repeaters and ballot-box stuffers flourish like a green bay tree—or say a green upas tree—without making havoc of our serenity. Not many years ago an election fraud was being investigated in a city not remote from Schenectady, and this interesting and significant fact was elicited: A person known familiarly as a ward heeler had been approached by a local political leader and cordially invited to cheat the voters at the ensuing election; the heeler, who would seem to have been a prudent person, was inclined to reject the proposal, reminding his "boss" that if he got caught it might go hard with him; whereupon the boss reassured him with the assertion that crookedness at the ballot-box was an offence which was very seldom punished in the State of New York. A good many of those that listen to me are familiar enough with politics to be perfectly well aware that the boss' assertion was true; and being true, what an exhaustive commentary it is upon the love passing the love of woman which the right of suffrage inspires in our patriotic breasts! The situation would be lamentable enough in all conscience's sake if reputable people, without exception, regarded it with shame and confusion of face; if there was a general disposition to deplore it, even if there was not public virtue enough to cure it. But, strange and revolting to say, it is in effect defended. "The Deca-

logue and the Golden Rule," said a prominent public man recently, "have no place in a political campaign." It is an atrocious utterance. The American who holds such a view indicts himself as an arch-enemy of his country who is entitled to outrank Benedict Arnold. Arnold plotted to betray only one stronghold; he, infinitely more dangerous, would sap the very foundations of the republic. He would fain teach his countrymen that there is no God, or at all events, that He does not reign and exact that His will be done on earth even as it is done in heaven—not during a political campaign. I am sure, class of '90, that when you come to ponder on these considerations you will not think it strange that I have laid such stress upon the verification of your relations to public affairs. "Patriotism," remarked Robert Hall, "is a blind and irrational impulse unless it is founded on a knowledge of the blessings we are called to secure and the privileges we propose to defend." Verify that yours may be that indispensable knowledge, indispensable if you are to render good and faithful service for the general welfare. "I require no guard but the affections of the people," said Washington, in declining an escort for his first inauguration. The country needs no other guard than that, but the affection must have the vigor and constancy of a master passion. Passive patriotism does not guard, but is among the foes to be guarded against. How inviting a field is American politics to the young man who goes forth from college to-day, dominated by pure patriotism and cherishing an honorable ambition for a career which shall be distinguished and full of good fruit! Peace has her victories no less renowned than war's, and in spite of her snowy wings and her soft eyes she breeds dangers to the State only less deplorable than those for which grim-visaged Mars is responsible. You are called upon to meet your obligations to your country in an era of pro-



found tranquillity. See to it that what passes for peace is not rather enervation, demoralization. The most acute of American critics reports that this is the twilight of the poets. Verify and discover if it can fairly be called the high noon of public spirit. And in any event do not despair of the republic; never despair of the republic. When criticism has exhausted itself the fact remains, God be thanked, that a leaven is at work which must ultimately leaven the lump. The wonderful non-partisan progress which ballot reform has made of late in many States is a most encouraging sign, and on all sides there are other sure indications of a steady reinforcement of the ranks of those whose interest in politics is the interest of intelligence, earnestness and patriotic devotion. But remember that if the good work is to go forward without halting, the young men of the country, especially the educated young men, must not be found wanting.

From this point let me turn for a moment to another yet graver. Pompey said his minister was the most popular man in the county, because he never meddled with either politics or religion. Having touched upon politics, at the risk of being accused of trying to put a gratuitous annex on the baccalaureate sermon, I shall urge you to verify your ethical and spiritual duties. The vogue of Robert Elsmere and of related works, plainly indicates that, were Paul to return to earth, he would be confronted with many an altar bearing the inscription, "To the unknown God." This does not mean that our age is either dull or irreligious. The truth is that it is an age which, being profoundly interested in the concerns of the soul, nevertheless finds itself embarrassed in its journey toward the Celestial City because it insists, in conformity to the prevalent scientific spirit, upon doing most of its walking by sight rather than by faith, and taking complex and multitudinous commentaries upon the Bible

rather than the Bible itself for its guide-book. Discover for yourselves, by a personal study of the untutored New Testament, what the will of the Master is, and then endeavor in spirit and in truth to do it. The plan is a simple one, but verify and see if it is not a sufficient one. The country lad complained that he could not see the city for the houses, and other innocent souls have found it difficult to see religion for the denominations, the thirty-nine Articles seeming to loom above the four Gospels. To pursue this simple plan is not alone to purify the heart, but to clarify the mental vision, to deepen the insight. The God who is seen by the pure in heart is not the Unknown, but the very Father; and because they do His will, confessions revised or unrevised do not seriously perplex them, since it is given them to "know of the doctrine." Plato declared that atheism was a disease of the soul before it became an error of the understanding. Verify your ethical and spiritual duties, and learn if vital religion is not an enthusiasm of the soul before it crystallizes as a conviction of the intellect.

Speaking generally, young gentlemen, I would advise you to take as few essential things as possible for granted. The class of '90 is the heir of all the ages, and it can never properly appreciate the value of its possessions unless it carefully verifies the inventory. That way common sense lies. What your forefathers did for the country do for yourselves—let every man of you construct and stand by his own declaration of independence. Deal with truth at first hand. A sweetheart courted by proxy is a sweetheart lost, as Miles Standish found out. Happiness looked at through another man's eyes is proverbially a vanity; unverified facts and theories are about as unsatisfactory. Insist upon your own point of view and your own view even at the risk of being called dogmatic. Dogmatism is bad, but a man

who italicizes his self-sovereignty is infinitely to be preferred to one whose soul is simply a ditto or an apology. Self-sufficiency is better than self-insufficiency. Obviously, the conclusions reached by the master minds of the past count for much; doubtless Sir Robert Walpole did not expect to be taken quite seriously when he said to his son, "O, don't read history that I know must be false; of course the opinions of mankind are entitled to "a decent respect." But, writing of the forgoing generations "who beheld God face to face," a great philosopher puts the trenchant questions, "Why should not we also enjoy an original relation to the universe? Why should not we have a poetry and philosophy of insight and not of tradition, and a religion by revelation to us and not the history of theirs?" I have spoken of the wisdom of the past. Maxims are commonly regarded as the condensed cream of such wisdom, and still they will bear verifying. For, although the majority of those in current use are doubtless trustworthy, not a few are the agents with which feebleness, sloth and cowardice, masquerading as conservatism, endeavor to refrigerate enthusiasm and swindle youth out of its ideals. Class of '90, you will be reminded that Rome was not built in a day; that wisdom is not in imminent danger of dying with you; that there was evil in the world when you entered it, and possibly traces of it will survive after you have passed on; that it is undiluted folly to attempt the impossible; that you may not be as handsome as you now are a quarter of a century hence, but you will know more. Our common mother, never talks to us in this pessimistic strain, but another woman, who is most potent and pervasive in that world upon whose frontier you are now standing, steadily and remorselessly does so. Her name is Mrs. Grundy. She lies in wait for the college graduate bent upon summarily ridding him of his heart and soul, of his gen-

erous aspirations and his all conquering courage, and substituting in their place a poor article of sawdust. Love your enemies, young men, but draw the line at Mrs. Grundy. Go about your tasks as though Rome was built in a day. It was not, but might it not have been? Remembering how speedily the walls of Jericho went down and that the force compelling their fall is as potent in upraising as in overthrowing, we are warranted in assuming that the Eternal City might have been finished in a day, even under an eight-hour law. Wisdom is not to perish with you?—how do you know? What has been may be. Possibly as dark ages are concealed in the sea of time as ever came out of it, and surely nothing is so well calculated to produce an awful renaissance of arrested intellectual vitality as the infidelity of educated men to their duty. Besides, wisdom's ineffable light will certainly shine brighter and further than ever before if you keep your contributory lamps filled, trimmed, brightly burning and clear of enshrouding bushels. True, evil, like the poor, is always with us, and at last advices looked lusty. But since its essence is decay, and the Power at the centre of things is a Power that makes for righteousness, you do not know, you cannot know, but that if you fight the good fight as valiantly as the six hundred fought at Balaklava, the blessed Millennium may be ushered in before you are summoned to go hence.

"If hopes were dupes fears may be liars;  
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,  
Your comrades chase, e'en now the fliers,  
And, but for you, possess the field."

Not attempt the impossible? First catch your hare. It is truer now than ever before, that one never knows what he can do until he tries. That was an admirable answer which a certain young fellow made to one who asked him how much he weighed: "Ordinarily," said he, "I weigh one hundred and forty pounds and a half, but let me get my spunk up and I weigh a ton." A

member of Yale's famous class of '53, on the occasion of its twenty-fifth anniversary, called attention to these two facts: first, that the membership was about as large as it ever had been; and second, that one of the brethren, Rev. Mr. Whiton, through his rendering of *αὐδῶνιον* had demonstrated that eternal punishment was not endless. "So," said this shy eulogist, "I think that Yale's class of '53 may claim to have conquered both death and hell." I draw no moral from this incident; I relate it because it demonstrates that at least one college class believes that the impossible is merely a relative term. Who shall say that Mohammed might not have made the mountain come to him if he had realized the transporting power of even a little genuine faith? Nothing is impossible on Bunker Hill, exclaimed Webster. Are there not other heights, seen and unseen, that are calculated to inspire the same sublime, Heaven-inspired audacity? As for the class of '90 being homelier but wiser a quarter of a century hence, that depends. This 25th of June you are convinced, I am sure, that the ideal is the truly practical; that the light which never was on sea or land is the *ne plus ultra* of illuminators; that such possessions as faith, hope and love, rather than lands, tenements and hereditaments are entitled to be called real estate. If the 25th of June, 1915, finds you sneering at such estimates, then the judgment of the court of last resort, even your best selves, will surely be that, however, it may be about physical pulchritude, the quarter of a century has left you less truly wise than you were at your Commencement.

It but remains to remind you of the complement of the counsel which has been tendered. Verification, however unerring, can profit you nothing unless you turn to good account the things which you verify. It is a means, not an end. If one who proves all things holds fast to the bad, he will become

a scoundrel; if he holds fast to nothing, he will become another sort of a curse to his fellow men—a mere theorist. On the other hand, let one hold fast with ever so tenacious a grip to his convictions without first verifying them, and his generalizations from nothing in particular, his zeal without knowledge, may sometimes amuse, but can never edify. Keeping out of these three classes, prove all things, and then, applying the rule of the survival of the fittest, hold fast with all your might that which is good, ever bearing in mind the pungent aphorism that if you are right you cannot be too radical, if you are wrong you cannot be too conservative. I cannot doubt that as the logical result of the good and faithful training you have received from our wise and beneficent common mother you will instinctively turn to excellent practical account the good which comes to you through verification. The function of a college is not so much to load the scholar with the rich and varied treasures of Minerva, her gold, frankincense and myrrh, as to explain to him the secret of winning her favor after first revealing her to him as a goddess of surpassing loveliness "not too good for human nature's daily food," yet ever haloed with a celestial glory. I rejoice to believe that in your hands knowledge shall indeed be power—the power of that ineffable moral and mental energy which finds its legitimate exercise in deeds and influences that go to make the world purer, wiser, lighter-hearted. This I am aware is a conception of the higher education which makes it very like the *Summum Bonum*. But, alma mater may well hold that she is not thoroughly justified of her children unless they thus regard it. An undevout astronomer is mad, said Young; and any scholar who is not devout can fairly be looked upon as a *non-sequitur*. A few years ago it was my good fortune one fair summer evening, sitting under a quiet sky, to be one of a little group that listened to

George William Curtis talk informally of eloquence. Himself, in my judgment, the first of American orators, I was naturally interested in learning whom he would name the most eloquent of Americans. Accordingly I asked him the question. He replied that there was a passage in Mr. Emerson's oration before the literary societies of Dartmouth College which was to him of unsurpassed merit, and so saying he repeated it. Let me now repeat it to you, class of '90, and, as a final admonition, advise you to learn it by heart: "You will hear every day," said Emerson to those Dartmouth graduates of the class of '38, "the maxims of a low prudence. You will hear that the first duty is to get land and money, place and name. 'What is this Truth you seek? What this Beauty?' men will ask, with derision. If nevertheless, God have called any of you to explore truth and beauty, be bold, be firm, be true. When you shall say, 'As others do, so will I; I renounce, I am sorry for it, my early visions; I must eat the good of the land and let learning and romantic expectations go until a more convenient season'—then dies the man in you; then once more perish the buds of art and poetry and science, as they have died already in a thousand thousand men. The hour of that choice is the crisis of your history, and see that you hold yourself fast by the intellect." The higher education, as thus apprehended—a lovely spirit, a lofty influence, a sacred obligation, a veritable ministering angel, is not decorated by its modest partisans with the title *Suzerainum Bonum*. No; they prefer simply to remark that the greatest good is that which accomplishes the greatest good, casually adding that a rose by any name is a ravishing sweetness.

My brethren of the class of '90, hail and Godspeed! Do your own thinking and your own verification, and then act well your part. What of the night? The watchmen upon the

walls report that the shadows have lifted or are lifting, and that even the people of the lands where the prince of darkness still usurps a right of eminent domain, take heart from their very despair, reminding one another that it is always darkest just before day. What of the light? It is brighter, more fructifying, a fuller flood this morning than ever before since the careering courses of the sun first dashed across the glowing roadway of the sky. Every high festival, such as this increases the radiance, since into the hands of each youth, as he parts from her, Union places a far-shining torch lit at her own. Press forward, then, high-souled, high-hearted. The world is all before you for the choosing, and plant your standards where you will, yours shall be the strength and serenity born of the blessed consciousness that so long as you strive to do your whole duty, the very stars in their courses are enlisted for your success. The stars? Yes, in very truth, the stars. For such is the sympathy which mind and matter have for each other, such the exquisite interplay of natural and spiritual laws, such the essential unity of the Divine plan, celestial and terrestrial, that it is something more than a flight of fancy to believe that the human soul which, in the Fear of the Lord, is working out its own salvation, is succored by earth and sea and sky, and in turn enriches the music of the spheres, promotes the harmony of the Universe.

WM. E. Mc ELROY, L. L. D.

#### FOOT BALL AT UNION.

With the opening of the present college year, foot ball as an amateur sport will have passed through the "dark ages" and out into the light as a revised, popular game, and will henceforth, we believe, be everywhere recognized as *the* game of American colleges. By a careful revision of the rules each year,



most of the objectionable features have been removed. Mr. Walter Camp in his introduction to the rules for 1890, says: "Of all college sports foot ball has proved most attractive to the spectators. It has suffered more rebuffs at the hands of the press than any other game, but these rebuffs were attributable to ignorance of the rules and customs, and as the sport became better known, the adverse criticism decreased, until it has now almost disappeared. \* \* \* \*

No game has shown such remarkable vitality in the face of all opposition. It has steadily increased the number of its supporters and it has no deserters. Every convert becomes an eager advocate of its merits, and although it is only fifteen years old in America, nearly every school and college has a team, and the principal 'varsity matches draw audiences of over fifteen thousand spectators."

Foot ball is young at Union. We have suffered defeat at the hands of Williams, Ridgefield and Cornell, while we have taken games from Cornell and R. P. I., and tie games have been played with the Albany Medical College and Rochester University. Although Union has lost more frequently than she has won, foot ball has held its own, and is, to-day, the popular game of the college.

Work for the present season has commenced in earnest. The number of candidates for the team is unusually large. A professional trainer has been secured, a training table started, and the teams are practicing daily, and are playing the game in such a way that if the present good work continues we may look forward to winning the pennant with as much of certainty as we did last spring in base ball. A considerable sum of money has been subscribed by the alumni for the support of the team, so that with this fund and the subscriptions of the students, we need have no fear of being placed in any financial straits. Now we have the material,

the enthusiasm, and the necessary funds. Let every man, then, in Union College, who can play foot ball, come out on the campus daily, and do his best. If a man cannot play, let him encourage those who do. Let no man go on the field for personal glory, but let him reflect that he can do a service to his *Alma Mater* by supporting her interests; and let him then go to work and help the team to win.

It is the popular idea for the colleges of to-day to send out athletic teams—foot ball, base ball, la crosse teams—and the college that does these things, and does them well, is the popular college. Now let Union maintain her position among other institutions. She has always taken a stand in the front rank for scholarship. She has turned out a body of men of whom the nation can be justly proud. Now let her undergraduates strive to sustain her in athletics as well as in scholarship. Let us, while bearing in mind the purposes for which a college is organized and conducted, endeavor, at the same time, to sustain Old Union in those secondary interests which, by their success, can make her popular in the college world.

TRACY H. ROBERTSON, '91.

CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U. S. A., has had a most remarkable soldier's career since he first unsheathed his sabre on the border lands, but his services in the saddle, however great, are not comparable to those which he is rendering with the pen; he is crystalizing into a constellation of gems the traditions of the West and rescuing the incidents of its most stirring and dramatic period from the oblivion into which the "dry-as-dust" historian too often buries them, volumes deep. RANCHO DEL MUERTO in *Outing* for October, is one of his thrilling stories of a period rapidly passing away; the new generation of authors will envy those who had such experiences to draw from.

# THE CONCORDIENSIS.

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Chas. Burrows, Printer and Bookbinder, Schenectady, N. Y.

## EDITORIAL.

FOR THE past ten or fifteen years the eyes of every loyal son of Old Union (and what son in the depths of his heart is not loyal?) have been anxiously directed towards that old seat of learning. Well did the Alumni of the college realize the precarious position of their Alma Mater, and every scrap of information concerning her was eagerly seized upon by them with feelings, of joy when the tidings told of Old Union's advancement, and with feelings of the deepest sorrow when the tidings hinted, as they too often did, that the college was lowering rather than raising her standard which was so high in the days of Dr. Nott. One of the things most eagerly looked for by the Alumni, was an advancement in the number of students who each year entered the college, but each year their hopes were disappointed, for the classes kept getting smaller and smaller, until the fall of '87. Since that time there has been a change and the classes have steadily and surely advanced in numbers, so that now one is certain of the future of Old Union. The

class this year comes up to everybody's expectations in numbers, and will doubtless prove an honor, both in scholarship and athletics, to its Alma Mater. What is the result of this? No longer do the Alumni look anxiously and hopelessly, as perhaps they once did towards their college; instead, they now wear a satisfied look, a look of assurance, for they feel that Union is "well on the road towards success and that she is bound to reach her destination." This great change for the better in the affairs of the college is not due to any one man, but it is the result of the combined efforts of a great many men. It is due to the earnest and God-fearing work of our President, Dr. Harrison E. Webster; it is due to the honest and steady work of the Faculty, who have done their duty well and successfully; it is due to the loyalty of Old Union's Alumni, and last, but not least, this change for the better is due to the students themselves, who, in their love for their college, are always striving to place her where she should be, in the foremost rank of American Colleges.

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FOR THE present college year, the Board of Editors of THE CONCORDIENSIS have, as a Freshman was heard to exclaim, "undertaken a great undertaking." They intend to issue the magazine twice a month instead of once a month, as has hitherto been the custom. To anyone not connected with the paper, this may not appear to be an especially difficult piece of work, but it seems to the editors as if their burdens grew heavier and heavier every day, and it might be of interest to those who have their doubts about there being any real work connected with the issuing of a college paper, to say that the heads of the business and editorial departments of THE CONCORDIENSIS have been hard at work since the first of August making the necessary arrangements for its publication.

Now with the rapid growth of the college,

it seems as if the time was ripe for the students of Old Union to have a semi-monthly paper, and the editors firmly believe that they can publish THE CONCORDIENSIS twice a month, and make a success of it, if the students will support them, but they just as firmly believe that it will not be a success if the students fail to support them. It does not seem unjust or unfair to ask and expect every student to subscribe to his college paper, and that is just what the editors of THE CONCORDIENSIS are going to ask and expect, and although they are becoming accustomed to disappointments in matters relating to the "Concordy" still they hope that in this expectation they will not be greatly disappointed.

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WE TAKE great pleasure in presenting in full in this issue, the Chancellor's Address which was so ably delivered last Commencement by Mr. McElroy, of the New York Tribune. Owing to lack of space it was crowded out of the Commencement number of THE CONCORDIENSIS, and so appears now, somewhat late, it is true, still this does not in the least detract from its merit, and we hope that we are doing something towards perpetuating its existence by thus publishing the address in the college magazine. There is no necessity for telling those students who heard the address delivered, to read it now, for they will do so without the telling, but we would advise those students who were not so fortunate, to read it through thoroughly and carefully, for it is a masterly effort and very interesting reading.

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IN THIS issue is presented the photograph of Union's successful Base Ball team of last spring, the champions of the New York State Intercollegiate League. Although this picture is in no wise unfamiliar to the students, it having appeared in the July number of the "University Magazine," still this does not necessitate an apology for putting it in the "Concordy," for surely an appropriate, if not

the most appropriate place for a picture of Union's successful representatives is in Union's magazine, THE CONCORDIENSIS, even if the picture may have happened to appear in some other paper first. It is only to be hoped that before the year is out, THE CONCORDIENSIS will have as just cause for publishing the picture of this year's Foot Ball Eleven.

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In athletics, Old Union is now certainly on a "boom." As can be seen by the manager's article which appears in this number, the foot ball men are doing great work and training and being trained in a way that has never been done before at Union. The tennis courts, which by the way are as fine courts as can be found within any college grounds, are being used to their full extent, and are developing some fine players. There are now more men doing work in the "gym" and doing it regularly, than is usual at this time of the year, and even the Base Ball manager is already thinking about next year's nine, and worrying his men to go into training. So the prospects for this year, in the athletic department of the college, at least, are very bright.

#### Of Interest to the Students.

- Good Frosh!
- Herrick, '93, has left college.
- The "setting up" is about over.
- There are now scarcely any vacant rooms in the dormitories.
- September 22, the Sophomores defeated the Freshmen at base ball by a score of 15 to 3.
- Sanders, '92, on account of sickness will not be able to return to college until next term.
- Both Williams and Amherst have for some unknown reason entered smaller classes than usual this year.
- The Junior Class is using Prof. T. W. Wright's new and practical work, "Text Book on Mechanics."
- The Smith Brothers, '94, wish it distinctly understood that they are not the proprietors of the famous cough drop.
- It is rumored that the class of '94 have resolved not to "set up" the men in next year's Freshmen Class in any way.
- A very good imitation of a cane rush

took place during the Freshman-Sophomore base ball game. Nobody was badly hurt, however, and both sides won, as far as could be determined by hearsay.

—Syracuse University has raised over three hundred dollars for its foot ball team and has for a trainer, Robert Winston, who last year trained the Amherst men. He is to stay only about two weeks, however, with Syracuse, and will then go to Williams College where he will remain for the rest of the season.

—The officers of the Union College Lawn Tennis Association are as follows: G. H. Daley, '92, President; E. D. Lines, '93 Vice President; G. F. Mosher, '92, Secretary and Treasurer; Executive Committee, Preston, '91, Daley, '92, Webster, '93 and Campbell, '94. The tournament will probably begin about the 9th of October.

—Saturday, September 27, much to the surprise of everybody, and most of all to the Freshmen themselves, '94 succeeded in defeating '93 at foot ball by a score of 10 to 0. The Sophomores did not have their strongest team in the field and did not play as well as usual. For the Freshmen Mc Cowett and the Braman Brothers played the best game.

—The following class officers for the present year were recently elected by the Freshman Class: President, G. H. Miller; Vice-President, F. Sullivan; Secretary and Treasurer, R. R. Mc Farlin; Poet, Wm. Van Auken; Historian, M. Crandal; Foot Ball Director, H. H. Mc Cowett; Base Ball Director, C. Sullivan; Toast Master, E. W. Daley; CONCORDIENSIS Editor, J. W. Veeder.

—It is understood that the money subscribed by the student for foot ball purposes, will be expended only in paying the expenses of having other teams come here to play. The many other expenses will be met by funds that the manager has secured by outside subscriptions. So the number of foot ball games that we are to have on the campus this fall depends entirely upon the liberality of the students.

#### Some Personals About '90.

- ✓ Stewart is studying law in Amsterdam.
- ✓ Baker is now city engineer of Gloversville, N. Y.
- ✓ Brown is assistant engineer at Gloversville, N. Y.

✓ Johnson is in Chicago in the employ of the Illinois Steel Co.

✓ Harder is with his father in the knit goods business in Troy.

✓ Bennett is studying law in his father's office in Chicago.

✓ Comstock is in the office of Civil Engineer Crane of Amsterdam.

✓ Fish is in Saratoga studying law in the office of Hon. John Foley.

✓ Knox is studying for the ministry in the Auburn Theological Seminary.

✓ Hawkes is in Elmira. He intends to take up the profession of journalism.

✓ Brandmahl is in the drafting department of the Edison Works, Schenectady.

✓ Pickford has a position on one of the Day Line Boats running between Albany and New York.

✓ Cassidy is at his home in Ushers, N. Y. He intends to again enter college and graduate with '91.

✓ Clute is taking a post graduate course at Union and incidentally practicing with the Foot Ball team.

✓ Edwards is preaching in Clintonville, N. Y. He expects to come back to college and enter the Senior Class.

✓ Mc Donald is in the office of Flannigan & Snow, (both '89 men at Union) civil engineers, West Superior, Wis.

✓ Mosher is in Europe where he expects to stay for some time for the purpose of studying the French and German languages.

#### Notices and Reviews.

THE University Magazine is growing in popularity with every issue. It is now publishing a series of articles by Baird, on College Fraternities which are very interesting to Society men.

THE class of '80 at Union is soon to publish its Decennial Record. It will contain a complete history of each member of the class, having besides the portraits of the majority of the class. The book will also contain a number of group pictures and photograph views recently taken at Lake George. It is to be handsomely bound, the cover being emblazoned with garnet and gold, thus making a very handsome book which will be interesting not only to the members of the class, but also to all the friends of the class of whom there are many.