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THE CONCORDIENSIS,

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PLAGIARISM.

AT the last commencement Mr. Franklin W. McClelland delivered an oration entitled "The South which lost," and although his delivery of it was only fair, such was the excellence of the oration that he obtained the second Blatchford oratorical prize. Knowing that it had given much pleasure to those who heard it, and believing it would give even greater pleasure to its readers, we requested it for publication. In the last number of the *Wake Forest Student*, Mr. McClelland is accused of copying it almost *verbatim* from an oration entitled "The Lost Cause," delivered by Geo. W. Johnson, of Frankfort, Ky., in a prize contest at Yale, March 30, 1882. We gave Mr. McClelland every opportunity for defense, but none was possible so evident was the plagiarism. In conclusion, we quote the words of the Middlebury "Undergraduate" as fitly expressing our sentiments in this matter: "It is bad enough to plagiarize under any circumstance, for then only disgrace fall upon the plagiarist. But to win an honor by a wholesale act of plagiarism is not only a disgrace but a shame, for it deprives honesty and patient work of its just reward."

AS our locals tell, the Adelpic Society has appointed a committee of three to meet a like committee from the Philomathean to arrange a joint debate. We approve heartily of all such exercises. They arouse interest in the literary societies and afford an opportunity for the cultivation of talents which otherwise are rather neglected here. Let the debates come often, too. A week or two should be enough time in which to prepare a debate; and as the competitors in the different debates would not be always the same, joint debates could, to some extent, take the place of the regular routine work of the societies and prove far more interesting.

THERE is need of an association among the alumni of Union resident at Albany. Our alumni all over the country are men whom any college might be proud of possessing; and nowhere are Union men more numerous or more influential than at Albany. In these times, when the College is fighting against unfortunate and adverse circumstances, the existence of an alumni association at Albany would be of the greatest use in helping to stem the tide of adversity which threatens, at least to impair the usefulness, to lessen the prosperity of this institution. We believe that the worst of the unfortunate quarrel is over, and that concerted action on the part of the alumni will end all dispute and put this College again in the position in which it once occupied. Let some one start the good work at Albany; once begun it is sure to be a success.

A COLLEGE course teaches but few of the practical things of life. If it can train a man to think clearly and decisively, its work is done. It is, however, often said that the four years of monotonous drill in comparatively useless branches could be spent to better advantage. But the fact still remains that only by the study of these subjects can the mind be trained so that the practical things of life can be perseveringly and understandingly investigated. Some, on the other hand, think that drill is the whole object of a college course, and so do no work outside of the established

curriculum. This is poor policy. Men graduate from our universities who can give you, without hesitation, the derivation of a Greek verb, but who cannot tell whether France is an absolute despotism or republican government; and yet these men are expected to be able to write an intelligible article on almost any subject. They have spent their time in acquiring power without adding practical knowledge. Such men are like a regiment perfectly drilled in the manœuvres of war, but without ammunition. There is something besides mere drill necessary to be considered. A good stock of practical knowledge and skill in debate are essential to success in public life. But many assert that they have no spare time for general reading if they faithfully attend to their regular duties, and that in after life they expect to make up the deficiency. It is a well-known fact that when once engaged in business or profession, little attention is paid to general reading. Undoubtedly there is less time for it then than in college, where it is possible to take the time. Drill, knowledge and skill in debate are three essentials to success in public life; and one must not be cultivated to the exclusion of the other. If in College a "happy medium" can be struck, the greatest advantage will result. It has been said that "reading maketh a full man; conversation, a ready man; writing, an exact man." If more students would consider this truth, there would be fewer college graduates who are unable to make a speech or to be of any practical benefit in the world. We do not say that a man who takes a systematic course of instructive reading, and uses his privileges in debate, will take as high a mark in his class; but it can be truly said that he will graduate better prepared to enter upon the active duties of life.

THE MARKING SYSTEM.

MOST of the College journals of the country are condemning the marking system and urging its discontinuance. Every article on the subject that has come under our notice has based its opposition to the system on two grounds—the first, that the marks unfairly represent a man's work and ability; the second, that men learn to become dishonest in procuring marks which the real work done would not warrant their receiving. We, too, see some faults in the marking system; yet, on the whole, we believe it to be productive of more good than evil. Now, do marks unfairly represent a man's work? We believe they do not. In our experience, limited as it may be, the men who take the highest marks, are the men who do the best, the most regular work. The exceptions to this rule, which

have come under our observation, have been few and far between. Neither do we believe that the exceptions have been numerous elsewhere. 'Tis true that the custom of marking daily recitations may be unfair to some men who are unable to make a perfect recitation even when they know the subject well. But all will admit such men to be very few. Now, usually to obtain a good mark on any subject one must do good, regular work, and the way of getting a mark differs not from that of obtaining knowledge. Besides, if it makes men dishonest to have their work in college valued by the professors, it must certainly make men dishonest to have their work in life valued, estimated by their fellow men as it is. Those who argue against the marking system, on the ground that men learn to be deceitful because their work is marked or valued, simply say to the professors: "Do not form your opinion of this man's work, for if you do, he will lie, deceive you to give you the idea that he is better than he is." This amounts to nothing else than this: "Do not put a goal before men, because they will do wrong to reach it." The goal is the professor's good opinion of your work represented by a good mark. While it may be true that the removal of all object of desire would also remove from the world all sin, it would remove all virtue in like manner. While it may be true that if there were no marking system there would be less tendency towards deceit, there would be less reason for work. The comparison which the marking system institutes stirs the great majority of men on to legitimate endeavor. The few it teaches to deceive would be deceivers any way, for the world lacks not honors to be striven for. This, we think, disposes of the two arguments against the marking system. The main argument for it is one of authority, namely, that most men with experience as educators believe in it. This is a strong argument. We see only the evils in this system; we, perhaps, are subject to the injustice it sometimes causes. Ours is likely to be a prejudiced view of the subject. They, on the other hand, see that it helps them in their work; that it causes men to be studious and regular. While it is altogether proper that college men should discuss the institutions under which they live, their immoderate assertions must in many cases be attributed to the ardor of inexperience, and be taken with a grain of allowance.

THERE is a rowdyish custom prevalent among the students of North and South College, which has been in vogue for some years. People, and especially ladies, cannot pass those buildings without being stared

at by a score or more of heads stuck out of the windows, and being saluted by the yell of "Heads out!" So well known is this rowdyism in Schenectady that many ladies will not visit the hill for fear of being thus insulted. It is time that this custom cease. Fellow-students, you are gentlemen; see that henceforth you o'erstep not the bounds of gentlemanly conduct.

WE feel greatly encouraged by the manifest approval with which THE CONCORDIENSIS has met. Students and alumni have come forward and freely subscribed. We hope that the subscription money will be paid promptly. "Money makes the mare go."

MILITARY drill has for more than years ceased to trouble the students of Union. It is now to be revived under Lieut. Hubbell of the U. S. artillery. That gentleman has already entered into the work with zeal and an evident desire to make it not only beneficial, but interesting to all. Drill will no longer be a part of the regular college course, but instead will be entirely voluntary.

A NOVEMBER REVERY.

THOUGH the cold winds may blow
O'er the desolate earth,
What reck we when bright
Glow the fire on our hearth;
When the sparks flying upward
Seem to boldly defy
The storm's howling blast
From the dark wintry sky?
Alone with our thoughts
In the firelight we sit,
While the shadows around us
Like dark phantoms flit;
And fond recollection
To memory lends,
The voices and forms
Of far distant friends.
'Round the home of our childhood
We Fancy pursue;
We roam 'long the brook
Where the green willows grew.
And bathe once again
In its clear waters cool,
That allured us e'en oft,
Idle truants, from school.
But as memory's halls
Oft echoing thro',
Comes a mother's sweet voice,
Ever tender and true.

From our bosoms unconsciously
Issues a sigh,
And the unhidden tear
Quick starts to the eye.
As thus in the firelight,
We live once again,
The past, gone forever,
Fraught with pleasure and pain;
Cheered on by its joys,
Chastened, too, by its sorrow,
Fresh courage we take
For the strifes of the morrow.

Rev, '85.

BROWN'S ROMANCE.

A TRUTH.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS GREENBUSH BROWN was a junior at college.

You could tell that he was a Brown at first glance, for he bore upon his face the unmistakable marks of that remarkable family. Moreover, Brown's father was also named Brown; however, we do not dispose to go into his family history. It can be said to his credit that he was not a dude; neither was he a "terrier." He could smoke a cigar and drink a glass of beer in a civilized way, but professed no fondness for either. He had a weakness, however, a decided fondness, for girls, and was, what is commonly called, a "masher."

About two days previous to the occurrence of this tragic episode, his friends noticed that he bore a mysterious air, and was given to fits of musing. They immediately suspected that something was up and set to work to worm from him the secret.

The first day their efforts proved useless, but on the following morning Brown divulged it.

It seemed that he had received a note from an unknown female, asking him to call, as she very earnestly wished to make his acquaintance. It was signed "Cordelia."

Brown's friends all agreed that it was a delightful little romance, and they patted him on the back and called him a "lucky dog."

It is needless to say that he was somewhat proud of being the hero of so much mystery, and that he indulged in a great many surmises concerning the charms of the fair unknown.

The name "Cordelia" he lovingly pronounced over and over again. He wrote it with his own name, "Cordelia Brown," and then "Mrs. Cordelia Brown." He imagined himself gently calling "Cordelia," over the breakfast table, to pass him the fish-balls. He

was oblivious to everything that was not associated with "Cordelia."

Slowly the day wore away, and the night, that was to witness his obedience to the summons of Cordelia, drew on apace.

At eight o'clock he might have been seen on a certain street sauntering joyously along towards the house to which the note directed him.

He arrived in front of it and stopped to hear if she were heralding his expected arrival with a flourish on the piano; but no such noise met his ears. "Perhaps she is so agitated that she dare not trust her trembling fingers upon the keys," he thought to himself, and without further delay he mounted the steps and rang the bell.

His pulse was now beating a little more rapidly than the normal condition of his system required and a mild form of excitement slowly seized him.

A minute passed, steps resounded in the hall and the door flew open. An odor of cabbage darted forth and nearly knocked him down.

His enthusiasm cooled. Cabbage and romance do n't go well together. He felt already as if he wanted to go home, but back out now he could not.

"Who's there?" said a female voice from the darkness.

"I am," answered Brown.

"You do n't say so. Well, young man, what do you want?" said the voice, a trifle sharper than before.

"Is Miss Cordelia in this evening?" inquired Brown, not without misgivings at heart.

"Yes, sir, she is." Pausing a second, and then thinking her last words meant an invitation to come in, Brown nervously pushed his way into the hall and followed his friend into a back room, the smell of cabbage growing stronger and stronger.

There, seated near the stove, was an individual whom he at once recognized as the "old man." He had hardly time for further observation when a cadaverous looking female of about thirty-five summers and several late springs, with a red ribbon in hair, softly glided to his side, murmured his name and gently led him out of the room, across the hall and into a small "back parlor."

The horrible thought that this female was his adored Cordelia flashed through his brain.

His friend now motioned him to a seat beside her on the sofa, and Brown, sick at heart, was obliged to submit.

Poor Brown sat down. He felt sad and weary, and

had nothing to say. Cordelia, for she indeed it was, perceiving his embarrassment, moved a little nearer to him and began the conversation.

"Is not this romantic, Mr. Brown?"

"Yes; oh, yes, I suppose it is?" returned Brown, starting as if out of a nightmare.

"Am I like what you pictured me?" asked Cordelia, moving a little nearer, with a summer squash smile on her face.

"Well, no—that is—I mean—yes. Oh, yes," he stammered.

"You are much younger than I thought you would be," Cordelia said softly, and this time making a hitch which placed herself very close indeed to him.

"No—is that so!" is all he had to say.

A silence followed. She sighed; he almost groaned. Presently, thinking him entirely overcome by diffidence, she took hold of his hand, moved still nearer, dropped her head upon his shoulder, raised her eyes to his, tickled him under the chin with the forefinger of her right hand, and coyly whispered, "Oh, George, we shall be such firm friends, won't we?"

"I suppose we shall," he returned, in a mechanical way, now completely resigned to his fate.

"What will your friends in West Albany think of your choice, George?" was the next question of the affectionate creature as she crept closer and closer.

"West Albany?" exclaimed Brown.

"Yes, West Albany. Surely you are one of the West Albany Browns?"

Could it be possible; was this after all only a horrible mistake?

"Not I," he answered, springing to his feet, "I'm from Cohoes."

"Cohoes!" she yelled. "Wretch! scoundrel!!" Her indignation at the thought of her trifled affections found vent in one word, "Pa!!!"

Brown understood the situation perfectly, but at the same time he was a little flurried. He proceeded to "light out," but in doing so he ran into three closets before finding the door into the hall.

He found it about the same time the "old man" did.

There was a little confusion for the moment, then Brown broke away and made for the front door. He reached that, too, about the same time the old gentleman did, and consequently there was some more confusion. Before long, however, he had the door open, and before long he reposed upon the sidewalk.

Policeman No. x 14, standing upon the corner, witnessed Brown's sudden and rapid leap. He went to

his assistance and helping him to his feet, he asked him "what's the matter?"

"Sold," said Brown, with a sickly smile playing about the corners of his mouth, and without further explanation he cast one painful glance upon Cordelia's home and walked as rapidly away as his bruised body would allow in the direction of the college.

THE STORY OF UNION'S IDOL.*

"WHY, Horror, hast thou come,
Far from thy native home,
With lips apart, but dumb,
So fiercely staring?
Speak, O thou hideous beast!
Speak, Monster of the East!"
I cried and trembling ceased,
Awed by my daring.

Then from the fearful form,
As when the rising storm
Mutters its dread alarm
In distant thunder,
Rose a half stifled roar;
The fiendish look it wore,
More fiendish than before,
Filled me with wonder.

And its two fiery eyes
Gleamed like the darkened skies,
When the heat lightning flies
Far in the distance.
And a wild glance it gave,
As lions from their cave
Glare on a hunter brave,
Roused to resistance.

"O, thou presumptuous one,
Would I could gulp thee down!
It would not half atone
For what I suffer.
Yet I must answer thee,
For what thou 'st done to me
May thy life's pathway be
Rougher and rougher!

"Well, since I must proceed,
Listen and give good heed,
Lest my torn heart shall bleed
As I speak, vainly.
No heathen god am I,
And would 'st thou question why
Then I thus meet thine eye
Rude and ungainly?

"Not fifty years ago,
By the great Hoangho,
In hearing of its flow,
Lived an engraver.
An image maker he,
Carving so skilfully
That e'en nobility
Gave him its favor.

"Once, when upon his bed
He'd laid his weary head,
And every care had fled,
Banished by slumber,
He seemed to fly away

Toward where the gates of day
On cloudy hinges sway,
Leagues without number.

"Till, in a foreign land,
Breathless, he takes his stand,
Puzzled to understand
The scene before him.
As wolves a deer surround,
When, prostrate on the ground,
Helpless, he gazes round,
While they howl o'er him.

"Twenty youths, cruel-eyed,
Thus press on every side,
And with rude taunts deride,
One on a table,
Who, as their shouts he hears,
Is filled with sudden fears,
And to refrain from tears
Scarcely is able.

"All trembling from the sight,
The dreamer woke in fright,
And on that very night,
By torches blazing
Carved at his work away,
Till, at the dawn of day,
There, all complete, I lay,
Demon of Hazing!

"Save for his heightened fame,
Vainly he carved my frame;
Those who to purchase came,
Others selected.
For from my presence dread
Each one in terror fled;
None to me bowed his head,
I was neglected.

"Till o'er the billowy sea
I was brought finally,
And placed beneath the tree
That towereth over.
Then first upon my ear
Fell what I longed to hear.
Words like those, low but clear,
Of a fond lover.

"Oft when at midnight's hour
Darkly the heavens lower,
While round my leafy bower
Thunders are pealing
And pelting raindrops fall,
Then round Memorial Hall,
The sophomores, one and all,
Toward me come stealing.

"And while there prayers arise
Like smoking sacrifice,
Gleam my two fiery eyes,
As before, never.
I in each willing mind
Root out what good I find;
And as my captives bind,
Bind them forever.

"Then, all compassion lost,
Where the white salt is tossed,
And lies like heavy frost
On neck and shoulder,
Or in poor 'freshies' room,
They swarm his peace to doom,
And every day become
Fiercer and bolder.

"Shout, 'Hail, ye sophomores!' then,
Weakest of mortal men;

* Pres. Potter, several years ago, brought from Egypt a very quaint and valuable idol and placed it at the entrance to the college groves.

Nor in my sight and ken
Thus stand dissembling!"
It cried with awful yell,
Like to a fiend from hell,
And on my face I fell
Quaking and trembling.

EDWARD T. ROOT.

MY EXPERIENCE WITH A MESMERIST.

SEVERAL years ago, while returning from my vacation, on a Hudson river night boat, I met a schoolmate who was also homeward bound. We sat on an upper deck talking over subjects of mutual interest, when suddenly we were interrupted by a loud-voiced individual, who, in stentorian tones, announced that Monsieur Jacques Calvinisto, or a gentleman with some other such name, the great Australian mind-reader and prestidigitator would, for the amusement of the passengers, display his world-renowned powers of ventriloquism, mesmerism and sleight-of-hand at eight o'clock in the main saloon. When it approached that time, we, together with a number of passengers, went into the main saloon and took up positions near the celebrated antipode.

He introduced himself with the customary remarks about desiring to enable the company to while away an hour or two which might hang heavily on their hands, and said that after his entertainment he would pass around the hat, not so much to procure the root as to enable the passengers to show their generosity. He then commenced his entertainment with a number of tricks, which he performed quite creditably, and gave evidence of his ability as a ventriloquist to the amusement of the entire company, and after announcing he would mesmerize one of the spectators, he took up a collection *a l' Italien*. The spectators, anxious to see one of their number mesmerized, gave generously. After he had stored away the last copper, with a sigh that spoke volumes, he prepared to select a fit subject on whom to operate. Unfortunately I—why was I ever born (in the words of some classical author, or rather translator), for as soon as his eye alighted on my innocent countenance, he beckoned me into the charmed circle. I disliked to refuse and thus destroy the pleasure of the evening; accordingly I offered myself as a martyr and advanced to my doom. With a look of evident satisfaction on his face that he had obtained such a willing victim, he commenced to expatiate on the mysteries of mesmerism, and after passing his hand over my face and using his eyes to his own evident satisfaction, he made the happy announcement that he had a subject whom he could control.

He then said that he would first attempt to compel me to hold a coin between my teeth against my will, and taking one of the coins he had collected he placed it between my teeth and said in a whisper, "hold on to it like old Nick." For a moment I did not know what to do, whether to unmask the fraud and be laughed at for my pains, or to be privy to the deceit. I determined to accept the latter alternative, and, therefore, closed my teeth as tightly as possible on the coin amid the plaudits of the audience. Red with shame, I desired to get away, but could not; and he announced that, since he had been so successful, he would perform a more difficult feat, viz.: placing money in my pocket which would burn and compel me to cry out with pain. (As money had always burned in my pocket, I had no doubt of its success; but pain heretofore had always been caused by the want of the burning.) He then placed some coppers in my pocket, and in a second whisper told me to move my limbs and say it burns. Ashamed of the part I was playing, I did as I was told and acted far better than I could otherwise have done. At last freed I returned to my chum, who, with wondering, asked did it burn. Whether this is the experience of most persons supposed to be mesmerized, I leave to the decision of my readers.

PANDI.

LOST NAMES.

A BACHELOR'S REVERY.

["What's in a name?"—Romeo and Juliet.]

O H! the power of a name, when 'tis linked with a love,
In the intricate chain that our memory weaves;
Ah! who can the mystic enchantment remove,
Which one little word on our after-life leaves,
When lost with a loss which no future retrieves?

In the spring-time of love, when the violets charm,
Where the rose and the lily would later seem tame;
'Neath the soft April showers, ere the dark thunder storm
Of a passion ill-starred, with its grief and its shame,
Hath burst on our head—how we worship a name!

How it rings in our ears; how it dwells on our lips!
How it sinks in our heart—to the throne of its power!
Is it momentarily lost? 'Tis a bee, and it sips,
In that transient oblivion from some unseen flower,
The honey of love for the next blissful hour.

But when love's sober autumn hath come to the soul,
And the heart's shadowed vale is with fallen leaves strewn;
Many-hued, yet not gay—how the names that once stole
Into thought with a welcome, in love's rosy June,
Only deepen the shades that have fallen too soon!

Unbidden they climb the light stairs of the mind,
And lightly they tap at the heart's bolted door;
We may ope it or not—they an entrance can find,
And slyly creep in (where enthroned of yore),
Then play hide-and-seek on the rickety floor.

They bring us their roses, they bring us their thorns,
Which are neither so bright nor so sharp as of old;
We smile at their antics, though dread their returns,
As a mother who frowns, yet forbearth to scold,
On the frolicsome darlings that people her fold.

In my cell, friend-forsaken, forgotten and lone,
'Mid the wrecks of Ambition's once proudly wrought schemes;
Airy castles in ruins, by Fortune o'erthrown,
The dust of dead hopes and the ashes of dreams,
Must I yet and forever but cherish these themes?

A. B. BISHOP.

WHAT THE CONCORDIENSIS WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

HOW many seniors will take drill?
When the base-ball nine are going in the "Gym?"

What students are in the habit of borrowing the coal belonging to THE CONCORDIENSIS?

Where the best looking girls go to church?

What Prof. Ashy did to the fellow that called him a darn crank?

Have you paid your subscription?

Who is the best looking girl in Dorp?

Who started the idea of wearing knee-breeches, spring term?

Who will be on the joint debate?

Will Lieut. Hubbell be a success?

Who went home to vote?

What blows pieces of slate so often into the key-hole of Prof. Ashmore's door?

When the U. C. Senate will pass a bill?

Who caught the falling star the other night at the show?

Who was trying to catch her?

SPORTS.

AMHERST'S B. B. expenses the past season were \$1,577.58.

Foot-ball is striving hard for first place in college sports.

In a game between Dartmouth and Williams, the former came off second best."

Yale has a record of 134 goals and 104 touch-downs, to 2 goals and 4 touch-downs.

Challenges to foot-ball have been received from two colleges, with the effect of arousing a temporary interest in the game here. Teams were placed in the field for practice, and a committee appointed to select from these a representative eleven; said committee having power to accept or decline challenges. Unfortunately, however, rainy weather setting in nothing has been

heard on the subject since. At the earliest opportunity, however, we hope to see this matter pushed ahead.

Our field-day exercises, all things considered, surpassed the expectations of the most enthusiastic. Though a clouded sky and cold wind proved rather disagreeable at the commencement, it was unnoticed in a short time in the excitement attending the various events. In the first event, the half-mile race, five contestants "toed the mark," and at the word "go" were off, Higson taking the lead, and Long bringing up the rear. Higson continued to lead during the first quarter, but Long, gradually forging ahead, took first, which he kept until the beginning of the last eighth, when Randall, who had evidently been playing, let himself out, and with his long, swinging stride easily won in 2.26. The next event, throwing the base ball, proved a genuine surprise. Neagle, though unequalled in grace, ease and precision of delivery, was out-distanced by Fletcher, the distances being, in feet, 338 and 349 1-6 respectively. These are remarkably good throws, being unequalled, so far as we have learned from the exchanges, by any college during the past season.

The 100 yd. dash, in which Heatley took first place and Philip second, and the 220 yd. dash, in which they changed places, Philip coming in first and Heatley second, were extremely exciting, Heatley's success in shorter distances arising from his superior ability in starting.

The rope-pull proved somewhat unsatisfactory, more excitement being produced by the "kicking" previous to the contest than by the contest itself. We would suggest that hereafter, to avoid all such unseemly jangling, it be previously decided beyond dispute who shall pull and who shall not.

The final event, the consolation race, won by Perkins, '85, was 100 yds. instead of 50 yds, as stated in our report last month.

LOCALS.

NOVEMBER.

Thanksgiving is at hand.

Pay in your subscriptions at once.

✓Parmenter, '84, is studying law in Troy.

Many of the students went home to vote.

All College exercises were suspended on Tuesday, Nov. 6.

There is some talk of forming a Shakesperean club.

The freshmen have elected Marvin historian of their class.

Richard W. Dent, '83, will teach this winter in the suburbs.

President Potter has returned to the city after a short absence.

Much to the delight of the sophomores, Prof. Alexander gave them a two-days' "bolt."

The freshmen are vigorously at work developing their pedal extremities with the foot ball.

Mitchell, '85, is recovering from his sickness, and will soon be able to attend to his studies.

We understand that quite a number of juniors and seniors are desirous of taking military drill.

Lieut. Hubble is making preparations to give instructions in physical culture at an early date.

Owing to the fair weather and the excellence of the track, the field-day exercises were a success.

Prof. in Rhetoric—"What does 'heterogeneous' mean?" Soph. C.—"It means conglomeratic."

At a meeting of the freshman class held Nov. 9, in the laboratory, E. T. Root was elected class poet.

The second examination for conditions will take place Saturday, Nov. 17, in the mathematical room.

The campus has been almost deserted for the past few days, in consequence of the unpleasant weather.

J. H. Veeder, '84, has just returned from his western tour to Dakota. Veeder speaks in glowing terms of the West.

Some enthusiastic freshmen collected wood and indulged their patriotism in a large bonfire on the night of election.

We made a mistake in our last in regard to the name of our new Prof. in Mathematics. It is Chaplin, not Cheplin.

A good way to raise money.—Elect the senator from Virginia president *pro tem.* of the U. C. Senate and charge admission.

The military code is in the office awaiting signatures. Step in and sign it. A sample uniform is also on exhibition there.

The College glee club lent its assistance to the bazaar held at Union Hall, and was one of the most interesting features.

Prof. Perkins took the seniors and juniors to visit Troy's Iron and Steel Works on Thursday, Nov. 8th. The visit was a pleasant and profitable one.

Prof. in French to class—"How is the word *general*

used in religion?" Soph C.—"It is applied to the commander of the salvation army."

Frank Potter, brother of President Potter, has been paying a brief visit to "Old Union" and friends in the city. Mr. Potter is at present employed on the staff of the New York *Herald*.

The new class rooms in the Washburne building are growing in favor with both students and professors, in consequence of their convenience and comfort.

Since the news of Lieut. Hubble's arrival in the city has reached the ears of the freshmen, they may be seen with anxious faces inquiring into the particulars of the military drill.

Judging from the space passed over, the present junior class must have an unusual mental capacity for mechanics, having completed double the space usually accomplished by classes in the same amount of time.

The faculty have determined upon the precise dates of the Thanksgiving and holiday recesses. The Thanksgiving recess extends from Nov. 28 to Dec. 4. The holiday vacation commences Dec. 21, '83, and ends Jan. 7, '84.

The notice of the junior class election was inadvertently omitted in our last. Their officers are as follows: President, J. B. Duffie; vice-president, J. T. Morey; secretary, W. H. Vaughn; treasurer, G. W. Barhydt; B. B. director, T. J. Delaney.

Prof. H. E. Webster, formerly of this college, now of Rochester, has returned from Europe and paid a visit to the College on his way to assume his new duties. He seems in the best of health and we wish him the best of success at Rochester.

Changes are constantly being made about the College property. The vacant lot on the south side of East Liberty street, which includes the cluster of pines beyond Nott Terrace, is fast disappearing before the shovel and the axe, and will soon be reduced to a level with the street.

One of our professors, the other day, while in the act of taking out his handkerchief, accidentally drew out a long woolen garter of the type usually worn by ladies. From this we infer that the gentleman, though a bachelor, is a Knight of the Garter.

Prof. in Rhetoric—"Suggestive language, though trivial, is often very forcible. For instance, if I should say that I had ridden a hard-riding horse for a long time and took my meals off the mantle shelf for the next week, you would know what I meant."

On Sunday afternoon, the 4th, eight students set out

to walk to the Helderbergs and back. The tramp was a most pleasant one, the farmers by the wayside setting it up in royal style. The party reached Schenectady on the next Tuesday, full—of amusing stories relating to their journey.

The Christ Church fair was well attended by students. On Friday evening Mr. Delaney, '84, and Prof. Wells, of Albany, gave a reading. The laughable farce of Box and Cox was presented the following evening, with Messrs. Benedict, Stanton and Hayes in the cast. The fair was a success, a handsome sum being realized.

On the night of Saturday the 10th, the P. D. Q. Eating Club held their first meeting of this year in their sumptuous banquet hall in south section of North College. Every member was present. H. V. N. Philip was elected president after a noisy contest. Mr. Kemp, '84, was decidedly the orator of the evening. A bounteous repast, consisting of all the delicacies of the season, was enjoyed by all.

Now doth the student cease to serenade his girl beneath the windows of her boudoir, and to walk with her in the garden, and to sit with her in the hammock, for the old gentleman has returned from the oil regions, and the nights are cold. Instead, he is already instituting measures for *tete-a-teteing* in the house. He may be seen to treat the big brother and old gentleman whenever an occasion offers. Courtship is still a dangerous pastime.

One night not long ago a number of students visited Schumacher's and partook of oyster stews. On going out, one of them a senior, who happened to be last, grabbed a handful of choice candy and hastily made his exit. What was his dismay when, after walking a short distance, to discover that he had left his umbrella behind. He meditated for a moment upon the situation and then braced back into the lion's den. It has not yet been learned whether he helped himself a second time or not.

On Wednesday, Oct. 31, a number of students assembled in the Lab. and formed a society to be called the U. C. Photo Club. After the adoption of a set of by-laws, C. A. Kitts was elected president; H. Z. Pratt, secretary; Prof. Perkins, treasurer. In an informal talk Prof. Perkins assured the members that by a little practice they would become efficient photographers. On Nov. 6 and 20 Prof. Perkins delivered lectures on printing and taking the negative which were listened to with evident interest. This club

promises to become a source of much pleasure to its members. All students who desire to join are requested to do so at once.

The reading room is a thing of the past. The boys have turned their attention to foot-ball and other athletic sports, and the money hitherto collected for the reading room is now devoted to these. They now have little time to read, and sufficient matter can be procured from the library of the College and news rooms of the city. The History of the Schenectady Patent of the Dutch and English Times, is the name of the work recently published by Prof. Jonathan Pearson, and edited by Maj. MacMurray. It is a large quarto volume, well bound, and contains four hundred and fifty pages of interesting reading. Incidents of the great massacre of 1692, characteristic descriptions of the people, the ancient city's charter, and many other relics of bygone days, together with the engravings, make the work particularly interesting to every Schenectadian. The book shows that great pains and labor have been taken on the part of the author, and will undoubtedly be appreciated by every inhabitant of Schenectady.

WHAT HAPPENETH IN THE COLLEGE WORLD.

COLUMBIA.—The foot-ball team is badly demoralized, and the *Acta* is doing all it can to make it brace. In the last game with Stevens the result was, Stevens, two goals, three touch-downs; Columbia, one safety touch-down.

The Glee club, minus its warbler, made its first public appearance this year at Steinway Hall on Oct. 27th. The performance was well received by the large audience present.

The *Acta's* printers have been on the strike, which catastrophe somewhat delayed the last issue. Oxford caps have entirely disappeared.

WILLIAMS.—The *Argo* is the first of our contemporaries to notice the new CONCORDIENSIS, which it "welcomes as a worthy representative of Union."

The College catalogue is just out. Each class shows an increase, except the sophomore. The total number of students in attendance at Williams is 275.

A tennis tournament lately took place in order to develop the strongest players, so that the College may be well represented in the spring contests. The *Argo* says '87's attendance at prayer meetings, instead of decreasing, if anything, is increasing. '87's of Union take example.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.—A dinner was given to Lord Coleridge in the chapel on the evening of Oct. 16th. Many prominent men were present, among whom was Professor Coppée, who responded to the toast "Literature." The Field day was a fizzle. The weather was bad, and there were several walk-overs. The 100 yards and 220 yards dashes were made in eleven and a half seconds and twenty-five and three-fifth seconds, respectively.

DARTMOUTH.—The *Dartmouth* points out to the freshmen the folly of working merely for marks. It thinks the marking system radically wrong and directly responsible for the different methods of deception practiced by students. The *Dartmouth* also pitches into the Williams journals in a way that is energetic, to say the least.

Foot-ball is booming.

AMHERST.—The student scientifically discusses why a girl cannot play tennis. One reason laid down is, that her ribs are too small.

Amherst, Harvard, Yale, Brown, Trinity and Wesleyan participated in the tennis tournament at Hartford. Harvard won, with Yale second.

On October 13th, the corner stone of the Pratt gymnasium was laid. The new "Gym" will contain a billiard room.

LAFAYETTE.—'84 has won the base-ball championship. President Cattell, D.D., retires, and Rev. James H. M. Knox takes his place.

The College possesses a cornet band of fifteen pieces. Come up, friends, and play the Mozart orchestra for a prize.

RUTGERS.—The *Targum* presents a very pleasing appearance. There has been trouble between the students and faculty. A student in good standing has been suspended for a most trivial offense. Much indignation is felt. There seems to be a growing desire to have moral philosophy stricken out of the scientific course.

VASSAR.—The *Miscellany* deplores the fact that Vassar is the only female institution which slings the editorial pen.

The number of students is unusually large.

MADISON.—Tennis is becoming more and more popular every day. Field day was a complete success. No records, however, were broken. The seniors are turning out full beards.

PRINCETON.—The students attended the Luther celebration at Princeton *en masse*. '85 has formed a Shakespeare club.

The committee for raising a memorial to the late Prof. Stanley Jevous, the brilliant logician and economist, have determined to establish a studentship of \$500 a year, the holder of which is to devote himself to economic or statistical research.

The *Wake Forest Student*, in reviewing THE CONCORDIENSIS, says, "Union University should be proud of her magazine."

MILITARY DRILL.

LIEUT.*HUBBLE met the sophomore class in the chapel, Thursday, November 8, and, in a few brief remarks, set forth his intentions as follows: The Union College Cadets, so called, have degenerated into a deplorable wreck. It is his intention to reorganize them so as to place them on an equality with the cadets of other military schools. He then read a short quotation to show that many people have an erroneous idea of military drill. It was not to be considered merely as so much physical culture; its object was to prepare men for service, if they should be called upon in after life. He will endeavor to procure two field-pieces so that the boys can have practice in that branch of the service. The drill is to be purely optional. A short code will be framed, and none will be allowed to drill unless they sign this. He thinks it will be better to change the name of the corps in order to avoid the stigma attached to the old name. Each man is to provide himself, as soon as possible, with a uniform, or at least part of it. The uniform he desires to introduce consists of a blue navy coat and cap, with light gray trousers, the whole forming a neat uniform for one of its kind. In case of any difficulty arising between men in the ranks, the aggrieved party is to complain of it to the proper person after drill, when he will see that the affair is settled amicably. The freshmen are to form a separate company, to be officered by juniors or sophomores. All officers are to be elected by the men, with the provision that they can be deposed if found to be incompetent. Companies will be formed as soon as a sufficient number of names are enrolled. The lieutenant is putting forth an earnest effort to rescue the name of the Union College Cadets from oblivion, and we hope he will be supported by the students.

The Albany *Evening Journal* speaks of THE CONCORDIENSIS as "spicy in matter and bright in typography."

PERSONALS.

[Communications concerning any of the alumni will be gladly received and inserted in these columns.]

✓20. Dr. Hickok, for a number of years the honored president of our College, is still in vigorous mind, although he has reached the age of eighty-four. He resides at Amherst, Mass.

✓52. Rev. Francis B. Hall is pastor of a church at Plattsburgh, N. Y.

✓60. Edward H. Ripley is engaged in turning marble into money in the fine quarries of Rutland, Vt.

✓65. Marcus Hun is a lawyer in Albany.

✓66. Edward Wemple, congressman for this district, is about to start for Washington.

✓67. Robert Payne is practicing law in New York and Brooklyn, having offices in both places. He was the Republican candidate for district attorney of Kings county at the last election, and was defeated by only a small majority.

✓68. Edward Schenck is practicing law in New York city.

✓72. Rev. Mr. Countermine is meeting with good success at the Sixth Presbyterian church in Albany.

✓73. Wm. P. Rudd was married to Miss Aimee Pearson Allen, at Albany, Oct. 25, 1883.

✓78. Fletcher Vosburg is in the insurance business in Albany.

✓78. John C. Penny is connected with the treasury department in Washington.

✓80. R. J. Landon has opened a law office in town.

'82. Hargrave is in Allegheny, Penn.

'82. Waddell recently made us a visit.

'83. J. Cantine is at his home in Stone Ridge.

'83. Hamlin is in Beaverdam, Wis.

✓83. Countermine is at Princeton Theological Seminary.

'83. W. C. Allen, a graduate of Madison, is taking the laboratory course at Union.

✓85. Eugene Parsons is professor of Latin and Greek in Iowa College.

✓85. Langdon is engineering in Pennsylvania.

'85. Richards will probably return to college next term.

'87. Sweet has been obliged to leave college on account of weak eyes.

✓83. J. H. Sand and J. R. Bolton are studying medicine in New York city.

Albany Law School.

KEEP YOUR PAPERS.

WE would suggest to the students that it would be well to keep each number of THE CONCORDIENSIS until our course at the Law School is completed, and then have them bound for future reference. We are together just long enough to get well acquainted and interested in each other, and then we part, each going his own way to engage in the battle of life, but all carrying with us pleasant memories of our student life.

Time will work great changes in us all. Some will fill the highest stations in life and be borne along upon the high tide of fortune, while others will struggle along the lower paths, but to all will come times of trial and perplexity, times when we will long to live again our student life, and then to be able to put our hands upon a volume that will bring before us the friends of our school days, will be to banish discouragement and arm us anew for the conflict of life.

DOINGS OF THE EUREKA MOOT COURT CLUB.

WHILE some of our clubs do not seem to attract the attention and sustain the interest which was manifested at the time of organization, the Eureka is an exception to this general decline. A description of two of the late meetings will show the character of their work. The meeting held on Wednesday evening, October 24, was called to order by President Ballard, at 7:30.

After the reading of the minutes and transaction of the preliminary business, President Ballard surrendered the chair to Mr. Gifford, who acted as justice during the trials of the evening. The first case on the calendar was that of Selsmer vs. Young; Counselor Paddock appearing for plaintiff, and Counselor Garland for defendant.

Counselor Paddock conducted the case with his accustomed zeal, and, had there been a jury trial, would certainly have carried the jury by the force of his arguments. Counselor Garland made an eloquent plea for the defendant, and gave a clear exposition of the law governing the case.

The opinion of Mr. Spalding showed deep research and careful investigation, and decided the case in favor of the defendant. The opinion was sustained by the decision of Judge Gifford.

The next case, that of Briggs vs. Tupper, was argued by Counselor Simonds on part of the plaintiff, and Counselor Rutherford appeared for the defendant.

The case was well argued by both counselors, after which Judge Gifford decided it in favor of defendant.

At the meeting held October 31, Mr. Gould was called upon to act as chief justice. The case of Piper vs. Holt was argued by Counselor McMahan for plaintiff, and Counselor McNamara for defendant, and a decision given in accordance with the facts of the case.

The case of Peck vs. Veezy was next called. Counselor Moffett appeared for plaintiff, and Davidson for defendant.

Counselor Davidson charged his opponent with secreting a book which was material to the defence, but after considerable professional sparring the court succeeded in getting the machinery under control, and after argument a verdict for defendant was announced.

Mr. Ballard then gave a short biographical sketch of the life of Daniel Webster, which was listened to with interest, after which the meeting adjourned.

THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

IN response to a call issued in April, an enthusiastic meeting of the graduates of the Albany Law School was held on the afternoon of the twenty-fifth of May, 1883, and an organization of the alumni effected.

A large number of the classes were represented, and a general desire evinced that the proposed association be formed.

A short constitution was adopted, and the following officers elected:

President, Hon. Charles A. Fowler, Kingston, N. Y.; vice-presidents, Wheeler H. Peckham, New York city; Miles Beach, Troy, N. Y.; Irving Browne, Albany, N. Y.; Hon. Harris M. Plaisted, Augusta, Maine; Jacob R. Custer, Chicago, Illinois; Hon. Amasa J. Parker, Jr., Albany, N. Y.; Edward Wade, Albany, N. Y.; Worthington Frothingham, Albany, N. Y.; Hon. Dennis Spencer, California; Marcus Sackett, Buffalo, N. Y.; secretary, Charles H. Mills, Albany, N. Y.; treasurer, John V. L. Pruyn, Jr., Albany, N. Y.; executive committee, William Hollands, West Troy, N. Y.; Hadley Jones, Little Falls, N. Y.; Eugene Burlingame, Albany, N. Y.

On motion, it was resolved that all who have communicated with the secretary, desiring to have their names enrolled, and all who shall so signify during this year, be elected members.

In the evening of the same day, a banquet was held at the Stanwix Hall, which was thoroughly enjoyed by those present, and many old friendships were renewed and new ones formed.

The toasts of the evening and responses were as follows:

"Class of 1853."—Worthington Frothingham, '53.

"Class of 1863."—Judge John C. Nott, '63.

"Class of 1873."—Edward M. Rankin, '73.

"Class of 1883."—Irving W. Cole, president, '83.

"Union University."—Rev. E. N. Potter, president Union University.

"Medical College."—Dr. Samuel B. Ward.

"The Clergy."—Rev. Wesley R. Davis.

"The Press."—Hon. St. Clair McKelway, editor Albany *Argus*.

"Our Alma Mater."—Hon. Horace E. Smith, Dean of Law School.

"The Alumni Association."—Hon. Chas. A. Fowler.

It is now proposed that a thorough and perfect organization of the association be formed, and that the secretary obtain as full information as possible concerning the residence and legal history of the alumni, to be incorporated in the annual report to be sent to each member.

Since the annual meeting the secretary has sent out nearly three thousand circulars, directed to the graduates at the addresses contained in the catalogues.

The response has been hearty, and all unite in a wish that the association may prove a success.

It is desirable that all who intend to join will send their names, place of residence, class and offices, if any held by them; and inclose one dollar so that the secretary may complete his list early in the spring and report.

We expect a large gathering of the alumni at the next annual meeting, and especially hope that the classes of 1854, 1864, 1874 and 1884 will be on in full place. Of course many at a distance will not be able to be with us, but we will keep them thoroughly posted, and shall be glad to hear from them at any time.

BRIEFS.

THERE are now fifty-five names on the class-roll. Bushnell has left for a short visit to the west.

The examination is fast approaching.

Prof. Smith began his course of lectures on Sales on the 6th of November.

A number of new faces have appeared in the lecture room since the fall term opened.

The interest in the moot courts is unabated, judging from the large attendance.

Several students went home to vote at the late election, but all returned the next day.

We are glad to see our friend Sampson back again after being out on account of sickness.

A witty member of the class says, "A good lawyer is not a necessity, for necessity knows no law."

This term ends on the 23rd. Several of the boys have shaved since the "Lily" has come back.

We began the study of Real Property, under the direction of Prof. McCall, on the 30th of October.

Prof. Smith closed his very complete and thorough course of lectures on the law of Contracts on the 5th of the present month.

At a late meeting of the Smith club it was decided not to be advisable to give woman the right of suffrage. This must be accepted as conclusive.

We have thus far, this term, received several calls from students from Union College and the Medical College, and we are always glad to entertain them.

A man rushed excitedly into a lawyer's office, not long since, and said: "A man has tied a loop in my horse's tail; can I do anything about it?" "Yes; go and untie it." Fee, \$5.

An old lawyer once well said that the most troublesome clients are, a young woman who wants to marry, a married woman who wants to unmarry, and an old maid who does not know what she wants.

The interest in the Law clubs seems to be abating somewhat. This should not be so, and we hope to see them thoroughly reorganized and well attended next term, as great benefit is to be derived from them.

Cases were argued in Moot court last week by Messrs. Emerson, Foote, McMahan, Moffet, McNamara, Morgan, Mudge and O'Sullivan. This week Messrs. Sampson, Pratt, Rutherford, Sloan, Spaulding, Frank Smith, Scott and Sitterly will speak.

The next number of THE CONCORDIENSIS will contain the opening chapter of the history of the Albany Law School from its foundation to the present time. This is intended to supply a long-felt need, as there is no complete history of it extant; and we hope that those interested in the Law School will give it a wide circulation.

GRADUATION SONG OF THE CLASS OF '83.

SURCHARGED with Law, we proudly go
Forth from these halls with clean "diplo.:"
Hearts beating high, with flag unfurl'd,
We send our challenge round the world;

Oyez, Oyez, throughout the nation,
Give ear to this our proclamation:

CHORUS—We're going to practice law,
Law, going to practice law;
L---a---w---Law.

For Cupid's court, and Hymen's bowers,
We'll plume our wings, and test our powers;
A gallant suit, with vigor pressed,
Must crown with joy our ardent quest;
Then maidens fair, without ado,
Just yield your hearts, and—*fortunes*, too.

Ye jilted maids of forty years,
Abate your grief, and dry your tears;
We'll teach old chaps of twenty-one,
That breaking hearts is costly fun!
A suit for breach—the game is sure—
For broken hearts a sovereign cure.

Ye corporations plethoric,
We go for you in "double quick;"
Be it to sue, or to defend,
Our meed, a generous dividen d;
Dilate, combine, do what you will,
It brings a grist to legal mill.

Poor cuckold husbands, sore distressed,
And wives defrauded, or oppressed,
We offer service at your need,
Divorce to gain with railroad speed;
'T will cost a trifle, to be sure;
But mauger cost you'll want the cure.

Ho, all ye suitors, now's your chance,
We'll play the tunes for you to dance;
Keep step and time with measure true,
A lively jig we promise you;
But dance who will, or dance who may,
The dancer must the fiddler pay.

Albany Medical College.

THE AMUSEMENTS OF MEDICAL STUDENTS.

"Let him not attempt to regulate other people's pleasures by his own tastes."—*Helps*.

IT is not pleasant to become a censor to any individual, or to give advice to any class of individuals as to how they should employ their moments of leisure. Indeed, what may seem right to one may seem wrong to another, and thus it is said that no one has a right to advise anyone but himself. Nevertheless, occasions arise when one feels called upon to express his views upon matters and things, and, although those views may be somewhat hackneyed and old, yet frequently much good results from a repetition of well established truths.

Among students generally, and especially among medical students, the idea seems to prevail that, in order to recognize good and evil, it is necessary to have experienced the evil as well as the good. At least this is the logical inference after having observed the way in which the majority of students spend their

leisure moments. Medical students, although they are supposed to know more about the laws of health and disease than any other class of students, seem to be particularly liable to contract habits and maladies which are most terrible in their consequences.

To a student in a large city there is no time so dangerous as his time of leisure—his time of recreation. Students generally seek their amusement in the early part of the evening, so that from 7.30 P. M. until midnight is their most perilous time. If students could be led to substitute for the questionable amusements of this period occupations which, beyond doubt, contained no dangerous elements, how many sighs and regrets would be saved; how many blighted hopes would be replaced by deeds of honor and dignity; how many of the wrecks, that go floating through the world until they stand upon a lee shore, would be massive, dauntless prows in the midst of the ocean of life?

One who writes upon the subject of amusements cannot escape the great question: "Shall I attend the theatre or not?" There has been a great deal of false sentiment and of unjust vituperation wasted upon this subject. We may rest assured that the drama will be no better, in an ethical sense, than the people who patronize it, nor much in advance of the times in which it exists. Shakespeare says that its object is "To hold, as 't were, the mirror up to nature." Look around you and see the life that is to be reflected from the stage. It is a sad fact, but everyone who frequents places where people congregate together knows that purity of thought and expression are the exception and not the rule. How, then, can we expect the mirror of this life to be perfectly spotless in its purity? If it were, it would be false to its purposes. Alas, the fault is in us and not in the drama. One of a pure mind will discard those impurities which he finds assailing his eyes and ears, but, on the other hand, one of an impure habit of thought will absorb all the vulgarities and smuttiness and dwell upon them, and they will be but fuel to the flame which is consuming him. To the medical student an occasional night at the theatre may not be objectionable, may, in fact, be beneficial. Dealing daily, as he is, with life and death—becoming habituated to scenes of blood and agony—he may gradually lose those finer qualities of mind—sympathy and pity—and become callous to the sufferings of his fellow men. Occasionally, a night at a well-chosen play may rescue him from this much-to-be-dreaded condition. Nevertheless, habitual theatre-going is reprehensible and unjustifiable; not only an expensive

habit, but it also unfits one for the active duties of life. "A soul sodden with pleasure" is a sad sight, still more sad when it is the soul of a young man just starting in life.

It should be borne in mind that morality is as much a scientific necessity as it is a religious one. Hence it follows that we, who belong to the scientific side of the house, cannot afford to engage in any amusement which does not partake of a moral nature. What, then, shall I say of revelings in lager-beer gardens, concert saloons and bagnios? These are practices opposite to the high character of the medical profession, let alone that of a gentleman. They are wasters of time, money and hope—even of life itself. Those who engage in these practices will find, when it is too late, that they have followed a phantom more deceitful than the mirage of the desert, and more deadly in its consequences than the feeble *Upuas* tree of the orient. Of dancing and card playing, I can say but little. They may be innocent of themselves, but those who have an ambition, who have a mark in life, who see before them a goal to be won, will not linger long in the glittering ball-room or tarry at the card-table.

The practitioner of medicine—and what is true of the practitioner is true of the student—like the historian, is more or less compelled to forego the pleasures of so-called fashionable society; not that society will not receive them; on the other hand, society is ever ready to recognize the respectable medical man; but a man engaged in general practice, from the very nature of his occupation, is not able to go into society. For many reasons, a *medical society man* is not a desirable name. Again, it is somewhat difficult for a medical man to attend to the demands of a general practice and, at the same time, hold a leading position in club life. For a medical specialist, society life may not be so objectionable; but for a general practitioner it is certainly not advisable. However, a medical man is but mortal and must have some relaxation—some amusement. Muscle fibre cannot contract continually for an indefinite length of time; it must have opportunity to recuperate its exhausted power. No more, then, can a man hope to go through life without any moments of leisure. Relaxation is as necessary to our healthful existence as is exercise. The man who never relaxes does not exist. Since this is the case, and since, to a certain extent, the medical man is cut off from society, is it not well for him to live the intellectual life? In his moments of leisure is it not well to become acquainted with general literature; would not a few hours occasionally passed by the side of the

enchancing stream of some alien science be advantageous? Is there any objection to occasionally reading a book of Virgil, or Milton, or Dante? Is there danger in now and then taking up a novel of Scott, or an essay of Emerson, or, for that matter, a volume of the iconoclastic Carlyle? Is it wrong, in a moment of leisure, to run over a popular air on piano, flute or violin? Are any of those things objectionable; is there anyone who can find any danger in them with which to assail us? Is it not possible to rest one set of faculties of the mind by exercising another group? I know that there are those who cannot appreciate the authors named above. Very well, read Capt. Marryat, or Bret Harte, or Mark Twain, who are good and healthy, although not quite so profound. I would say with Munger: "Think with the astronomer and with him whose talk is of manures and soils; with your neighbor and with him at the antipodes; with lawyer and doctor and minister; with high and low." Puzzle your head with Hamilton, and McCosh, and Loche; feel sad when you find yourself in Gray's "Country Church-yard;" laugh at Bret Harte's recital of the tricks of "Ah Sin;" enter into that deep, calm melancholy that pervades Goldsmith's "Deserted Village;" in fact, live the intellectual life. But he who would shine in the profession of *his choice* must not let these things become anything more than amusements. Medicine first, literature and art next. Yet it is of far more importance to succeed as a man than as a physician. He who continually looks at near objects becomes myopic; so the mind, that beholds but one small branch of the tree of human knowledge, and that at close range, becomes warped—mis-shapen—gets into a rut from which it cannot extract itself. "It is a rich and various world we are in; we should touch it at as many points as possible."

Around us on all sides is the world of books, of music, of art, and of science. With the borders of this world alone are we acquainted. This world is open to all those who are willing to give a certain amount of time and labor to its exploration. Yearly a vast multitude of young men drift on in the ever-changing stream of human life. A few out of this number turn aside, enter this world, and find an occupation for their leisure moments; which occupation soon becomes so interesting, so absorbing, that it ceases to be a work and becomes an amusement. Will you, reader, be one of these; can you forsake the frivolities and vanities of the life that exists around you and take your place among those few who are really engaged in that greatest because the best amuse-

ment—the only true education—self-culture? As Hamerton has so finely put it: "Severed from the vanities of the illusory, you will live with the realities of knowledge as one who has quitted the painted scenery of the theatre to listen by the eternal ocean or gaze at the granite hills."

JAMES P. MARSH, '85.

THERE lies before us, in pamphlet form, the opening address of Professor John P. Gray, which is a grand masterpiece of thought drawn from a mind rich in years and a ripe experience. The sentiments expressed are those of a philanthropist and moralist. His manner of delivery is that of one who is thoroughly in love with mankind and desirous of doing all the good he can while life shall last. He pays an unselfish and manly tribute to "our own beloved Nestor, Thomas Hun," and says: "I might refer you, gentlemen, to many names on the roster of the college of men who have made themselves prominent, if it was necessary, to encourage you. I might point you to distinguished founders and teachers in this school, names familiar in medicine, surgery and jurisprudence! T. Romeyn Beck, Alden March, James H. Armsby, Henry Green, David McLachlan, Gunning S. Bedford, James McNaughton, Ebenezer Emmons, David M. Reese, Lewis C. Beck, Howard Townsend, John V. P. Quackenbush, Amos Dean, John D. Lansing, James E. Pomfret, Edmund R. Peasley, Ira Harris, Henry R. Haskins, Edward R. Hun, and now Jacob S. Mosher added to this honored list. With most of these the speaker has had the honor and pleasure of personal acquaintance. These were men whose character and lives imparted vigor and strength to other men in their day, and the communities in which they lived felt safe by their presence. Men who added lustre and dignity to the words, 'surgeon, physician and scholar.'"

A COLLEGE paper is supposed to represent and be represented by the students, and any matter which pertains to the interests of said students should be advocated or condemned by their organ. Hence we take this opportunity of condemning a practice which has of late become a nuisance to a majority of the students of the Albany Medical College, and by this nuisance we mean the correspondence which daily transpires during the lecture hours. There are two points to consider in relation to this so-termed nuisance; and, first: Has a student the right to transmit his regards, aspirations, likes or dislikes to his friend

on the other side of the amphitheatre, or, perhaps, near to him? Certainly he has. But, second: Has he the right, because he wishes some one to "brace up," or perform some other deed, the nature of which there is no need of defining here, *to interfere* with the work of a number of men, which is that of "taking in" the stream of knowledge flowing from the lecturer's mind? No. For we come to this College to benefit ourselves and suffering humanity by the lectures daily given, and although the passing of a note from one to another may seem a simple thing, nevertheless it attracts the attention of the student from the lecturer, and when many notes are given one to pass during an hour, much valuable time is lost. And it is our thought that if these gentlemen who are so fond of corresponding will consider that they are thus a source of annoyance to not only the students, but the professors, they will out of courtesy *refrain*.

SINCE we now have the long promised dissecting room, the question arises, why can not the students be allowed the use of the College Library, with its vast amount of books, and also, at certain hours, the use of the room itself for a study and reading room. If the College would furnish the room and warmth, the students ought to be willing to add other reading matter, such as the daily papers. Let the experiment be tried, and give those who have no place to go to during noon hours, and those, when not engaged with lectures, a place where the time will not be lost to them, but used in a profitable way. Will not Dr. Tucker assist us in this matter, as he so readily does in everything else he can for the benefit of the students?

DR. VAN DERVEER has endeavored in the absence of Dr. Ward to fill his hours as best he could, and has wisely used much of the time in quizzing. Now why can not Dr. W. follow the example of Dr. V., and spend some time of his lecture hour each week, on both subjects, in quizzing the class? We are not anxious to be quizzed, but all must and do admit that it is the best way to learn the subject, and that quizzes are the right thing to have. Let the professors give a thought to the subject.

AT Saturday's clinic, Nov. 10, during a major operation, Prof. Van Derveer had to request "A little more quiet, if possible, gentlemen!" If any one is coming to the clinic, let him make up his mind to stay

during the major operations, at the least, and defer his departure until their termination, and thus he will not cause the class to hiss him as he leaves the amphitheatre, and call from the surgeon in charge the above request.

THE action of the junior class in regard to stamping is printed in another column; and we are pleased to note that there is more quiet of late between and during lectures than formerly.

THE sympathies of the students have been called for and sincerely given on account of the death of Professor Townsend's mother, and also of Professor Ward's wife. Surely the grim destroyer is determined to make himself felt by our faculty this year, there having been three occasions for bereavement within as many months.

LOCALS.

AT the clinic of November 10, the giving of an orange by an old lady in the arena to a little boy who feared the examination and operation that was to follow, was appreciated by the boys, and brought down the house.

T—— wonders how C. K——p enjoyed the stone-cutter's ball.

Fresh (assuming the role of demonstrator of anatomy), "This is the periconæum."

We call attention to advertisement of the E. C. Fasoldt Manufacturing Co. on page vii.

It is now a demonstrated truth that "pigeons fly up," even though the cerebrum be removed.

Dr. Skillicorn, handing Mr. B—— a superior maxillary, "What bone is that?" Answer, "Nasal."

Lieut. Swatka, the arctic explorer, studied medicine at the Albany Medical College.—*Albany Evening Journal*.

Even seniors do sometimes have interesting talks among themselves. Senior No. 1 to No. 2: "What is blepharitis?" No. 2 to No. 1: "Inflammation of the blephar."

No lectures were delivered on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of election week, as the boys went home to exercise their franchise. Surgical and medical clinics were held on Monday and Wednesday, respectively.

The boys congratulate themselves on having received from Prof. Balch a most thorough hauling over the

coals during the past two weeks. When the Professor tilts back on his heels, puts his hands in his pockets and gives that left eye its peculiar squint, you may know he has found his man, and there is something coming.

Professor Van Derveer held his last monthly examinations on surgery, October 24th; on theory and practice of medicine, October 25th. He announced his marks as follows: Surgery, two students receive 10 plus; twenty-five, 10; three, 9; ten, 8; one, 6. Theory and practice: Four, 10 plus; twenty-six, 10; one, 9; nine, 8; one, 5.

Saturday, October 27th, a nine from '84 played one from '85 on a field somewhere near the jumping off place. The game was called during the fifth innings, as the bats, unfortunately, had become broken. The score was 11 to 9 in favor of '84. Mr. Cooley acted as umpire. While returning home through Muckerville, a number of its inhabitants endeavored to clean out the medical students; but to their utter sorrow found that they were not able.

ALUMNI NEWS.

'44. Dr. Hocum, of New York city, visited the college two weeks ago.

'49. Dr. S. O. Vanderpoel, emeritus professor of pathology, practice and clinical medicine of the A. M. C., has been elected president of the New York County Medical Society.

'78. Dr. A. H. Mambert, of Rondout, was at the college the latter part of October.

'81. Dr. F. E. Schley, of Pine Hill, Ulster county, was in Albany, October 20th.

'82. Dr. W. E. Dietz, of Howe's Cave, made a visit to his Alma Mater in October.

'83. Drs. W. M. Ambler, of New Lebanon, and Chas. P. McCabe, of Greenville, Greene county, visited their friends and the college during the last week of October.

'83. Dr. A. M. Leonard is pursuing a special course of study with Prof. Merrill.

'83. We are pleased to learn through the Cornell *Daily Sun*, and other sources, that an alumnus of our institution, Dr. Theobald Smith has received an appointment at an advanced salary in the U. S. Agricultural Department. Dr. Smith is also a graduate of Cornell, and for sometime past has been at that institution "pursuing advanced work in comparative anatomy and histology, and has made some admirable preparations for the University." Dr. Smith was known

among us as a gentleman and a scholar, singularly quiet and unassuming, but always "at home" in a quiz; he recently visited the college and will assume the responsible position given him on the 1st of December.

CLASS NEWS.

THE seniors have elected the following executive committee: Marselius, Flynn, Jones, Bloss and Swift.

November 1st, the class of '85 accepted the following by a unanimous vote:

WHEREAS, Much annoyance has been experienced by lecturers and students, because of unnecessary stamping, be it

Resolved, That we, as a class, discountenance all such demonstrations by our classmates.

Resolved, That we request the senior and freshman classes to do the same by their members.

At a meeting of the class of '86, held October 23, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, The Almighty God has seen fit to remove from this world Nina B. Wheeler, wife of Prof. S. B. Ward; and

WHEREAS, We recognize the sorrow thus fallen to the lot of our beloved Professor; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the class of '86 tender their sympathy to the family in this their hour of bereavement; and be it

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the family of the deceased.

B. WHITEHORNE,

F. S. TRACY,

J. A. CUTTER,

Committee.

Albany College of Pharmacy.

AS we are entering on a course of study to fit us for the pursuit of our profession, a few hints as to the elements of success may not be out of place. The first essential element is devotion to our profession; not a grinding, slavish devotion which would cause us to wear out life with a never-ending labor through fear of letting a stray penny slip through our fingers, but an intense love for the profession which makes conscience of every duty, even the humblest. Another great element of success consists in bringing to bear on our work all our skill and knowledge, as well as all the information we can derive from any source. This is not as easy as it at first sight appears. The student

well trained in the sciences studied at college, will find himself much at sea in applying his knowledge to practical every day work. A third important element consists in keeping abreast of the discoveries and advances of the day. Continual advance is being made, and it is the duty of every one to keep pace with the advance. "The pharmacist for pharmacy, not less than pharmacy for the pharmacist, must be our one great aim, and just as pharmacy derives its existence from no particular branch of science, but is in a certain sense the offspring of all, so also must the pharmacist aim to derive his skill and knowledge, not from one particular department, but from all in their order." There are three directions from which the pharmacist may derive support: 1st, the community which surrounds him; 2d, the medical faculty; 3d, the members of his own profession. All are glad to recognize the educated pharmacist and give him their support.

THE College of Pharmacy possesses quite an extensive collection of chemicals, minerals, herbs, roots, etc. The Albany Chemical Co. have contributed a complete line of herbs and roots. Chas. Phizer & Co. presents samples of about one hundred different chemicals, and Wyeth & Co., of Philadelphia, a line of fluid extracts, syrups and elixirs. Tilden & Co., Mercien & Gardnier, A McClure & Co. and several other firms have also presented the College with specimens. This collection enables the professors to have samples of nearly everything upon which they lecture, and is a great help to the student in his studies.

THE Senior class election resulted as follows: President, Frank M. Clement, Albany, N. Y.; vice-president, O. T. Larkin, Plattsburgh, N. Y.; secretary and treasurer, G. V. Dillenbeck, Albany, N. Y.; historian, Harry C. Vedder, Catskill, N. Y.; quizzmaster in materia medica, F. B. Warren, Albany, N. Y. The class then adjourned to Keeler's, where they enjoyed oysters at the expense of the successful candidates.

ONE of the laws of the College, requiring that a senior shall have at least three and one-half years in the drug business before coming up for final examination, will prevent several members of the senior class from graduating.

THE question of a class pin has been considerably agitated by the students for the last two weeks. Almost all of the Colleges of Pharmacy have adopted suitable badges, and there is no reason why we should

not. We hope the committee having the matter in hand will report favorably and that every student will willingly purchase his pin.

LOCALS.

WITH but few exceptions every member of the College of Pharmacy has subscribed for THE CONCORDIENSIS. The willingness to support the paper is very gratifying to the editors of this department, and will without doubt be fully appreciated by our friends at Union.

R. H. Roth has been elected quizzmaster and Wm. S. Elmendorf editor for the Junior class.

Warren, '84, has proved to be a thorough and efficient quizzmaster. Frank had better change his profession from that of a pharmacist to a professor.

Prof. Michaelis has commenced a course of lectures on "Volumetric Analysis" before the Senior class. The subject is a new one in the College and is of great interest and importance to the pharmacist.

We learn with regret of the death of Rowland T. Brock, a former member of the class of '84. Mr. Brock was one of those men who to know him was to like him. Ill health prevented him from joining his class at the beginning of this term.

CLIPPINGS.

A HINT.

YOUNG Gussie Punk was a fearless lad,
A fearless lad was he,—
He would strike a ten with the greatest ease
While his neighbors made a three.

He rode full well — this gay young man, —
His steed so fast and free.
One day his pony balked, and kicked,
And Gussie — where was he?

L'ENVOI.

You may seek within the class-room,
You may search upon the green;
But the smiling face of Gussie Punk
Will never more be seen.

Z.

Soph. to Fresh.: "Do you think I can raise a moustache before sophomore ex.?" Fresh., doubtfully: "Well, I don't know. It will be a close shave, but, perhaps, you can razor." Soph. proceeds to lather him.

He had been telling her about secret societies, and then he took her hand in his and jokingly asked if he should give her his Fraternity grip. "I thought that was what you have been giving me for the last hour," she naively replied, as she pressed his arm tighter about her.