

# The Concordiensis.

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No. 3.

IT seems to us that it would have been both proper and politic for the recent ball committee to have invited one or two non-society men to join with them in making arrangements. The non-society element in this college is too strong and too respectable to be at all slighted. The ball was supposed to be a college ball, and evidently the society men thought they were the whole college, since they took entire charge of matters and completed all arrangements. But non-society men could buy tickets.

THE Y. M. A. of Albany recently celebrated their fiftieth anniversary. The poet of the occasion was Wm. H. McElroy, class '60, at present on the staff of the *Tribune*. Judge Hand, '57, read the history, Hon. H. R. Pierson, '45, was the chairman of the anniversary exercises, and Hon. A. J. Parker, Jr., '63, was chairman of the committee on arrangements. We are proud to see Union's alumni take so prominent a position in the anniversary exercises of an association with such a record as the Y. M. A. possesses.

THE adoption of the Y. M. C. A. organization in our college has proved itself a wise measure in its operation; but like preceding organizations it makes but little progress, met, as it is, by the indifference of the many and the fluctuating zeal of the few. While we do not wish to appear to apologize for the lack of zeal and consistency on the part of the members, yet it would be well to state that there are obstacles in the work which we have not yet been able to overcome. The hour of the Wednesday meeting is at the close of the day's recitations, and there are few men who are willing to exchange the hour for recreation for the prayer-meeting. Again, on Sunday there are no exercises to keep men on the hill, and as the students belong to the various denominations, it is natural that they should find work in their respective churches and thus neglect the important work among their fellows. There seems to be no way for arranging the time for

meetings at a more convenient hour, and so no improvement can be made in that direction. If, however, our members were fully alive to the importance of the work, it would be found to be entirely convenient. In college each man exerts more influence than he can form any idea of, and it is important that he should exert that influence in the right direction. If the Christian men here take a firm stand in the meetings their influence will be a power for right. Moreover there is need for decisive action. Dr. Nott once said that of the thousands of young men with whom he associated in his life, he could scarcely recall one who had taken a stand for Christ after leaving college. From this statement we can see the importance of reaching our fellows now, for in life they are to be a power either for right or wrong. They will respect our profession more if we do our duty toward them and we can lose nothing.

PREPARATIONS have been made for the joint debate between the Adelpic and Philomathean Literary Societies, and it will take place at an early date in January. The question admits of ample arguments on either side, and reads as follows: "Resolved, That trial by jury should be abolished." The affirmative will be maintained by the Philomathean and the negative by the Adelpic Society. The contestants for the Adelpics are: Stoller, '84; Parsons, '84; Bailey, '85. On the part of the Philomatheans they are: Benedict, '84; McCown, '84; Griswold, '85. The men have had sufficient time to prepare their arguments, and we expect that the former reputation of these debates will be fully sustained. So popular and so useful are these debates that we wish they might come more often. The men, to be sure, have a chance to debate every Saturday in their respective societies, but when the debate is public and the honor of their society is at stake, the arguments are likely to be better and more carefully prepared, and certainly no time can be better spent by a young man than in preparing a good debate.

OUR contemporaries seem to be enjoying themselves immensely in a little "pen slinging" at Mr. Matthew Arnold, so we think it is high time that we took a turn at him. Mr. Arnold, we understand, is the most eminent writer among English men of letters of to-day. He has worked unselfishly for many years for the good of the English speaking people. He has now come to America, like his distinguished countryman, Henry Irving, for the purpose of carrying back with him a "good round sum," and doing us all the good in his power. It seems a little amusing that he should criticise us in his very first lecture, before he really knew what we looked like. However, what he said about us was not in the least disagreeable, but was only a little harmless pleasantry delivered in a manly, straightforward way. Since his first appearance in America he has been popular with his audiences, which have been large and representative, and that, too, without the aid of short breeches or a pretty woman. We have lately learned that he is shortly to lecture at some of our prominent colleges. This bit of information has led us to ask ourselves why should he not lecture at Union. It is not long since that we listened in misery to an eminent contemporary of his, one named Freeman, who has written a history of England, and who contributes to various English reviews. That gentleman drew a large audience and entertained them for an hour and a half by murdering the king's English in a most horrible manner. It took those of us who were present that night some time to recover from the pain inflicted, and we have ever since been very suspicious of English lecturers. Even if Mr. Arnold were to come to Union, no doubt many of us, wary from experience, would hang about the doors at first, in order to escape if the dose proved disagreeable. But it is very probable that Mr. Arnold would not prove a bore, besides there is an old proverb which says, "Nothing venture, nothing win." The opportunity of hearing him is surely worth the risk. Moreover, it would be not an idle curiosity that would urge us to hear Mr. Arnold. We confess we feel a deep interest in him. He stands out from the literary world a solitary and interesting figure. A scholar, a poet, a great critic, a master of English prose, and, above all, a teacher. He has no doubt something to tell us college students that will set us to thinking, and, moreover, thinking in the right way. If the students will at once come forward, express their desire to hear Mr. Arnold, and be willing to furnish the necessary funds, we may be able to have him with us before very long. It is rarely we have a lecturer at

Union, and more rarely a good one. Mr. Arnold's coming here would not only be very likely to prove a memorable event in our college life, but also a most instructive lesson.

A FINER day for the Yale-Harvard foot-ball game, at the Polo grounds, New York, could not have been wished.

The grand stand was crowded with ladies and gentlemen, wearing the colors of their favorites, and the grounds all about the field was a swarm of college men, coaches and private vehicles of every description.

The coaches of Yale, with their blue streamers floating in the breeze, greatly outnumbered those of Harvard. Many other colleges were represented on the coaches which lined the field.

The fair sex were present in great numbers, and assisted right courageously in giving the college yells. One enthusiastic collegian, having a little too much Thanksgiving wine aboard, persisted in making day hideous by soloing upon a cracked bugle from the top of his coach.

The game was called at 2.45 P. M. Yale outplayed Harvard at every point, one man doing all the work for the latter.

Harvard sadly lacked good runners. The contest was frequently made more interesting by fistic tilts between excited players, which were earnest if not scientific.

At last the game was finished, with Yale the winner. The crowd poured out through the entrances, the boozy collegian upon the coach blew a weird farewell upon his bugle, and soon the grounds were bare once more.

Judging from the crowd present, more than \$10,000 must have been received at the gates. New York was hardly big enough to hold Yale College that night.

#### A COLLEGE INCIDENT.\*

IN a large university, situated in a flourishing commercial city, it is a custom of the students to fill the gallery of the principal theatre when Italian or English operas are performed. Between the acts they sing their college songs to their own evident pleasure, as they heartily applaud each song they sing.

On returning home after a certain performance some, intoxicated probably with the music, became hilarious. Gas lamps and small signs seemed to arouse in their breasts feelings of enmity, as they set out to demolish the former and carry off the latter (a

practice, by the way, not confined to this institution).

The authorities, becoming tired of what appeared to them periodic rowdyism determined to make an example of those they caught. Five unfortunate students were detected in destroying public property, and the city generously furnished them with lodgings for the night. Brought before the local magistrate the next morning they were severely reprimanded and each fined \$120. But that was not the end of their trouble; the college authorities sent each of them a polite note in a yellow envelope (other colleges also seem to use yellow envelopes.) The students, sorry to see what they considered a joke terminate so seriously for their companions, paid, by subscription, the fines inflicted and obtained, by petition, the reinstatement of the offenders.

Matters went along smoothly for a few months, and the incident was forgotten, until one day almost all the tradesmen and manufacturers, even undertakers, chimney sweeps, draymen and dog dealers in the city, numbering in all thousands, received orders to come to a certain magistrate's house on the following day with abundant samples of the goods they dealt in, as he wished to purchase heavily. Early the next morning the residents of the quiet street in which lived the magistrate were awakened by the constant rumbling of wagons containing all kinds of furniture, stoves, upholstery, coffins, crockery, groceries, cloths, and every conceivable kind of ware. There were troops of men and boys loaded with packages and bundles, all tending to one common point. The servants, aroused by the ringing of the bell, answered the door, and to the requests to see their master, replied that he had not yet arisen, until, actually worn out, they refused any longer to answer the summons.

The crowd of tradesmen becoming larger and larger every moment grew more impatient, and the continuous stream of new arrivals pushed forward. The jam became terrible. Men and boys were inextricably mixed with horses, carriages and wagons, while those on the outskirts pressed on, momentarily increasing the jam.

The crowd became frantic with rage; not only did their feelings suffer, but what is still stronger, their pocketbooks. Duped they knew they were, but by whom they were ignorant, and as in the case of an angry man, they vented their passion on what was at hand. Suddenly some one cried out to stone the house. Scarcely were the words uttered when every window pane was broken. The police were called; a

riot ensued, and it was hours before the street and those adjoining were cleared.

An investigation followed; large rewards were offered, but nothing resulted. The only appearance to a clue obtained was the fact that the magistrate whose house had been stoned was the one who had fined the students.

PANDI.

\* The above I believe to be true in the main, though in particulars I may be mistaken.

#### "THE PERILS OF THE ARCTIC."

DEEP drifts the snow on Siberia's ridges,  
Loud cracks the ice on the Lena below;  
Where the black winter his crystalline bridges  
Has laid o'er the waters, their ebb and their flow.

Cold sweeps the blast o'er the prospect so dreary,  
Where not a tree with its dress of bright green  
Meets the sad eye of the traveller, weary  
Of gazing around on the same dismal scene.

Save a few willows that, down by the river,  
Struggle to live 'neath the dark Arctic sky,  
Where the clear stars in their orbits forever  
Shine on, all unmoved, while men falter and die.

In the lone valley, awaiting starvation,  
Chilled and benumbed by the North King's cold breath;  
Yet without murmurs or vain lamentation  
De Long and his party are battling with death.

Crushed in the ice, they have seen their staunch vessel  
Sink from their sight 'neath the pitiless waves;  
And have been left all unaided to wrestle  
With winter, or find in the desert their graves.

Southward they tramp through the drifts, growing deeper,  
Or rest in the snow, from the blast scarcely screened;  
While the fierce wind, still relentlessly blowing,  
Howls in their ears with the laugh of a fiend:

"On! O toil on in your futile endeavor,  
Sons of the South! though your efforts are vain;  
You shall return to that fair country—never  
Shall rest in your happy homes never again!

"The mighty king against whom you are striving,  
Laughs at man's efforts to reach his dark throne;  
For, as he sees the explorers arriving,  
He knows they will perish, uncared for, alone.

"Now on your hearts he has laid his cold finger,  
There shall it lie till their beating is stilled;  
Why, foolish men, do you slothfully linger?  
Rouse, ere your life-blood forever is chilled!"

Thus the fiend mocks them, and colder and colder  
The atmosphere grows, and still deeper the snow  
Drifteth around them, while fiercer and bolder,  
The winds from their monarch's drear fastnesses blow.

Hunger with all its dread honors assails them,  
 Vanishes now the last hope of supplies;  
 Bravely they struggle, but soon their strength fails them,  
 And, one by one, death closes their eyes.

Till the faint light of the stars falls revealing  
 Only three forms on the bank of the stream;  
 And o'er *their* senses that slumber is stealing  
 Which knows no awak'ning at morning's bright gleam.

Calmly and peacefully through the dark river  
 The leader and his two companions thus passed  
 Into the land where the storm rages never,  
 Where pain and suffering are ended at last.

As when the long day of tempest is over,  
 And the sun sets in the bright western sky,  
 Where even our eyes can almost discover  
 The gates of the beautiful City on high.

But in its silent and desolate grandeur,  
 Still the North Pole is unseen by man's eyes;  
 And through all hardships, in spite of all danger,  
 His restless ambition still seeks for the prize.

E. T. R., '87.

#### A WINTER'S TALE.

THE writer might have called the following a comedy, but he was afraid it might make some of his readers shed tears, or he might have called it a tragedy, on words, but he trembled lest some one should laugh at his tragic efforts. He has, therefore, done neither; he has, in the words of the showman, allowed the reader to pay his money and take his choice. He might have headed this a "Summer Tale," but as of the efforts of young writers, some great poet hath truly said, some are [summer] tales and some are not, he decided to be on the right side.

A second reason for calling it a "Winter's Tale" is because it is about Christmas [time]; and as Christmas seldom occurs in the summer, it was not thought quite applicable to call it a "Summer Tale." But I imagine the question to arise in the mind of my reader (?) why he did not call it a Christmas story—ah, there's the rub—why did he not? Because he wished it to be read.

Now some may think this is a curious way to begin a story, but I will try to prove to you it is the mark of genius. I have recently been reading Matthew Arnold's lecture on "Numbers," in which I understood him to say that a small minority alone are in the right; and following out his train of thoughts, I have come to the conclusion the smaller the minority the stronger the probability that they are right. I, a minority of one, must certainly be right. I would have called it a "Tale of Winter," but then you know

Shakespeare says: "Brevity is the soul of wit." (This is probably the reason why an incipient moustache raises a smile.) Then notice the phraseology—a "Winter's Tale." I and Scott have both agreed on the beauty of this word. Has he not written the "Tales of a Grandfather," and am I not writing a "Winter's Tale." Alas! too true; and poor Mr. Scott did not live to read mine. Ah, many are the sorrows of this life.

In conclusion, I would say I am a man of purpose. I started out to sling together about 400 words. I have accomplished the good work. Result: no essay this term.

PANDI.

#### THE BURNING OF SCHENECTADY.

LIKE a monarch gone at eve to rest,  
 The sun had sunk in the glowing west;  
 The evening shadows with silent thread  
 O'er field and forest had darkness led;  
 Where the vernal Mohawk had rippled by,  
 The wintry minds sent forth their sigh;  
 And nestled close to the river's brink  
 Where the antlered deer came down to drink,  
 Here in the depth of the forest lay  
 The primitive city, Schenectady.

The woodman's axe had ceased to resound,  
 All peace and quiet at evening was found;  
 But ah, of the morning what shall be said,  
 The city in smouldering ruins is laid!  
 As the pale moon strode toward her western goal,  
 She beheld a sight that would harrow the soul,  
 With tomahawk, knife and firebrand  
 Firmly clenched in his brawny hand,  
 A savage horde holds on its way  
 To the primitive city, Schenectady.

And now 'tis midnight's dreary hour,  
 That city lies wrapt in Morpheus' power.  
 No watchman's head disturbs her street,  
 As he silently goes on his midnight beat;  
 Save the braying of some distant hound,  
 No sound is heard in the woods around;  
 No sentinel guards her open gate,  
 Her inhabitants unconscious of their fate,  
 From the toils of the day reposing lay  
 In the primitive city, Schenectady.

Meanwhile without o'er the frozen snow,  
 Dark forms are moving to and fro;  
 Nearer and nearer they stealthily go,  
 Thicker and thicker their numbers grow;  
 Till round the city in all its might  
 Stands a savage horde, a horrible sight.  
 The force is divided, they silently creep  
 To their post assigned through the lonely street.  
 A moment more and in ruins shall lay  
 The primitive city, Schenectady.

His savage face grown fierce in wars  
Is doubly so from the paint he wears;  
The faintest sound his quick ears hear,  
He pauses — no human footstep is near —  
Then quickly goes toward his post assigned,  
Where thirsting for blood his savage mind  
Can scarcely wait for the signal to tell,  
When rushing forth like a hound of hell,  
He shall carry death in his terrible way  
To the primitive city, Schenectady.

Ere long the dreadful signal is given,  
A savage yell fills the vault of heaven:  
He rushes forth with his fiery brand,  
And wildly waves it in his hand.  
The depths of the forest re-echoed the cry,  
Awake'd and bewildered the inhabitants lie.  
They see the light which the torches reflect,  
And sally forth their homes to protect;  
But naught can avail, 'tis the fated day  
For the primitive city, Schenectady.

'Twas the fated day, and, alas! too late  
Did they sally forth to arrest their fate.  
Scarce had the war-whoop died on the air,  
Ere the work of death is raging there.  
Neither age nor youth are spared that night,  
The savage battle-axe gleams in the light,  
To every house the torch is applied,  
The flames shoot upward a golden tide  
To conduct those souls from their lifeless clay  
In the primitive city, Schenectady.

When the morning sun had mounted the sky,  
And dispelled the gloom from his burning eye;  
Where once the snow had spotless lain,  
He beheld a black and bloody stain.  
While the savage his work of death being done,  
Besmeared with gore his retreat had begun,  
What few survived that terrible night  
To the city of Albany had taken their flight,  
Or as captives of war were carried away  
From the primitive city, Schenectady.

Time has rolled on, and since that day  
Two centuries have passed away.  
The primæval forests have disappeared,  
And in their stead the fruit tree is reared.  
The race that roamed 'neath their leafy bower  
Has fled to the west for want of power.  
And o'er the ruins of that city of old,  
There stands another whose spires of gold  
Shall be as a monument ever and aye  
To the primitive city, Schenectady.

*Elmer E. Veeder.*

Prof. to young lady student: "Your mark is low and you have only just passed!" Young Lady: "Oh, I'm so glad." Prof. (surprised): "Why?" Young Lady: "I do so love a tight squeeze."—*Ex.*

ALBANY, as an art center, dates back to almost the colonial times, when the city contained but a few thousand inhabitants. Some of the early artists that painted in New York and Boston visited Albany and painted portraits here. Miniature painting on ivory was all the style those days. Among the early painters that remained for a time in Albany was Mr. Donlop, who afterwards wrote two volumes on fine art; Mr. Henry Imman, Mr. R. K. Brown, Mr. Page, who was born in Albany. While Mr. Page was painting in Rome, Italy, where he resided for a number of years, he was called the American Titian by the artists, his colors were so beautiful all through his works. Mr. Ezra Ames was one of Albany's early artists, though not born in the city. He located in Albany when quite young. Mr. Ames was a pupil, for a time, under Gilbert Stuart, in Boston. He painted, in 1808, the portrait of Governor George Clinton, that is among the collection of portraits belonging to the city of Albany. The portrait is valued very highly, as it is the only original of Governor George Clinton known of, hence its great value. Albany has had from time to time, for many years back, Art Associations formed, which were well supported by the members for a time, but they all went down after a short existence for the lack of patronage, or the members seeking other localities to practice their professional calling.

On Tuesday evening, November 14th last, a number of artists—ladies and gentlemen—assembled in the library of the Young Ladies' Academy, on North Pearl street. After an hour devoted to drawing from a living model, the members elected Prof. Morgan president; Mr. Leonard Ochtman, secretary, and Miss Ida Greenalch, treasurer. Prof. Morgan stated that through the kindness of Miss Plympton, the trustees of the Academy had granted the artists the use of the library for a studio. After a number of names being suggested by different members, it was finally decided to name the new organization "The Sketch Club." The Secretary submitted a set of by-laws for the government of the club, which were adopted. The meeting nights are Tuesday evening of each week, at half-past seven o'clock. The number of regular members is limited to twenty. The by-laws do not limit the number of honorary members. The members hope to give two exhibitions of their works during the winter. Mr. A. W. Twitchell, the artist, was elected an honorary member. Mr. Twitchell, having traveled extensively abroad among the great art centers of the old world, has promised to deliver a course of lectures this winter before the club. The members have a rare

treat in store, for Mr. Twitchell is a thorough student in his profession.

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#### WHAT HAPPENETH IN THE COLLEGE WORLD.

**DARTMOUTH.**—The *Dartmouth* says: We are the wiser for having seen Mr. Arnold, however high or low we may rank him as a lecturer. It was peculiarly fitting that Dartmouth, founded by an English nobleman and still working under a charter granted by an English sovereign, should be the first of the Colleges to listen to Mr. Arnold."

Some of the faculty are devoting themselves to lawn tennis, and apparently with marked success.

The meetings of the Y. M. C. A. have been largely attended and very interesting.

**AMHERST.**—Matthew Arnold is to lecture before the students.

The attendance at College is 321. The *Student* has been having a little tilt with the Springfield *Republican*.

The latter in reviewing an article "Why a Girl Can't Play Lawn Tennis," which appeared in the *Student* not long ago, says: "Of all newspaper cranks the College-boy article is the most grotesque and amusing."

The *Student* in a spicy editorial more than holds its own with its able adversary.

**UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.**—The printing office of the *Occident* was broken into Nov. 15th and valuable matter stolen therefrom. The students have offered \$100 reward for the arrest and conviction of the guilty parties.

Still another fiasco has happened there. On Saturday night of the same week a number of thirsty students entered the vinticultural department and disposed of valuable sample wines.

**YALE.**—The *Literary Magazine*, in an article on the stage in America, says that "the first American tragedy is yet to be written."

We would offer a correction to this statement: "Francesca da Rimini," written by the Hon. George Boker, is an American tragedy, and a great one, too, as proven by the success Lawrence Barrett has met with in playing it.

The Glee Club start Dec. 31st for a two weeks' trip in the West.

**WILLIAMS.**—Wesleyan defeated Williams at football. The *Argo*, commenting upon the conduct of

the Wesleyan students, says "the conduct of that College was ungentlemanly, to say the least. Class feeling has so completely disappeared that Freshman's cards are permitted to adorn their doors without a protest. Two of the secret societies have organized Pipe Associations.

T. O. Sparks, a Williams College senior, was arrested Dec. 10 for stealing a gold watch and a sum of money from W. A. Phelps, a sophomore, who roomed near him. Failing to get bonds, he was sent to the Pittsfield jail.—*New York Times*.

**HARVARD.**—A monument is soon to be erected to John Harvard, the founder of the College. A grand stand, to cost \$10,000, is to adorn the new bicycle track.

The South is better represented in '87 than in any Class since '67.

College library numbers 200,000 volumes.

The University of Texas has an endowment of \$5,250,000 and 1,000,000 acres of land. The co-educational system has been adopted and there will be no military.

The University was opened last October. Cowboys and greasers will now have a chance to reform.

Field day took place on the 27th of November. Two hundred and twenty yards dash was made in 22 1-4 seconds. One hundred yards dash, 10 3-4 seconds.

Hare and hounds is becoming a popular sport.

**UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.**—Lacrosse is becoming popular. University defeated Columbia at football on the 14th of November.

The Faculty have decided that any one cutting a chair or bench will be compelled to buy the same.

#### EVERYWHERE.

The *Madisonienis* is at loss to know President Arthur's alma mater. We will put our contemporary out of pain. "Union claims that honor."

Mrs. A. T. Stewart is building a College in New York to cost \$4,000,000. It will be the largest in America, non-sectarian, co-educational, and expenses will be put at a very low figure.—*Ex.*

Minister Lowell was recently elected Rector of St. Andrew's University over Gibson, the Conservative candidate.

Prof. John Sylvester, of John Hopkins University, has been elected Savilian Professor of Mathematics in

the University of Oxford. He will probably accept the appointment, and will henceforth be enrolled as a Professor-Emeritus on the staff of John Hopkins.

Prof. Fawcett, of Cambridge University, and Postmaster of Great Britain and Ireland, has been elected Lord Rector of Glasgow University. His competitor was John Ruskin, the critic.

**STOCK FOR ANY COLLEGE PAPER.**—"Jones, '83, is very chummy with Smith, '84; but Brown, '86, doesn't speak to Robinson, '87—so says Green, '85." This is what they call training for the duties and responsibilities of professional journalism.—*Puck*.

Revenge is sweet! We have sent *Puck* a copy of this paper.

**QUERY:** Is the Senator from Louisiana a carpet-bagger because he leaves every Friday with a satchel? A prize given for the best answer.

Brass buttons and military caps have captivated the Freshmen. Thirty-five have enlisted.

#### LOCALS.

#### DECEMBER.

Merry Christmas!

Happy New Year!

'85's base ball director has refused to serve.

The seniors have not yet held their class election.

McElwain, '83, made us a short visit the other day.

T. C. Lawler, '86, has left college. Mr. Lawler was one of our local editors.

Prof. Alexander has received a call to Dr. Booth's church in New York city.

Many of the students took advantage of the Thanksgiving recess to pay a visit to their homes.

We understand that the marriage of one of our young professors is to take place at an early date.

Prof. Ashmore spent the Thanksgiving recess with Rev. E. Parks, formerly rector of Christ's church of this city.

Prof. Wells gave the juniors a very interesting and instructive lecture on France and her present relations with China.

The class in photography is making good progress. During the Thanksgiving recess several rambles were taken in the surrounding country, and a number of good negatives procured.

An informal reception was tendered to the students who remained at college by the Y. M. C. A., on

Thanksgiving evening. Music, readings and refreshments made up the programme, which all who were present greatly enjoyed.

The customary annual reception given to the students by the Y. M. C. A. of Schenectady was held at the rooms of the latter Friday evening, Nov. 23. The reception was well attended by ladies, and, as a matter of course, the boys passed a pleasant evening. A bountiful course of refreshments were served and all departed well pleased with the entertainment.

There has been a rumor about the colleges for some time that the Z. Ψ. fraternity were going to put in a chapter at Union. This report, however, is still very vague, and we are still in the dark as to its truth. Yet the prevailing theory is that the chapter has been organized, but is being concealed until after the senior class election, so that the men will stand a chance of being elected as neutrals, and then will suddenly develop into Z. Ψ.'s

The following are the subjects for the senior prize essays at commencement: Ingham—"The Development, Social, Industrial, Political, of an American Town, from its Earliest Settlement," or, "The Poetry of Longfellow and that of Bryant, Analyzed and Compared." Allen—Subject left to the choice of the writer. The following are the subjects for the junior prize essays: "England's Relations to Slavery," or, "The Moral Obligation of the Press."

Some time before Thanksgiving a committee consisting of one man from each of the several college fraternities gave notice of a ball to be given on the evening of Nov. 27, in the Washburne memorial building. In spite of the fact that the night was dark and very rainy, a good company was in attendance and over fifty couple graced the floor. Everything had been arranged in the best manner possible, and dancing was continued to the "wee sma' hours" in the morning.

Military matters are not in a very prosperous condition at Union. Lieut. Hubble called a meeting of the upper classes Wednesday, Dec. 6, and earnestly requested them to enlist. From the tenor of a letter which he read, it appears that the Secretary of War has ordered him to forward, at the earliest date possible, a report of the arms and accoutrements in the possession of the college as well as the number of men that are under military instruction. The government has already ordered some of the arms sent away, and he fears that it will order all of the accoutrements to be returned if he reports that so few of the whole num-

ber of students are taking drill. Therefore, he desires the upper classmen to enlist, for a time at least, in order to save the "Union College Cadets" from oblivion.

Prof. Wells gave a reception to his senior German class at his home Friday evening, Dec. 7. Every member of the class, who could be, was present, as were several of the professors. Ice cream and cake were served as refreshments, and a pleasant evening was passed. Prof. Wells will sail on the 13th inst. for the Bermuda Islands, and his class took advantage of the occasion to bid him farewell and to wish him a pleasant and safe voyage. For some time past Prof. Wells has been troubled with a disease of the eyes, arising from organic disorders, and his physicians have advised him to pass the winter in a mild climate. This explains the voyage which he is about to take. His temporary absence will be a decided loss to the college, where he has long and ably filled the chair of Professor of Modern Languages. It is not known who will take his place in his absence, but it will probably be given to Prof. L'Amoreaux.

That interesting and troublesome feature of modern times, the Salvation Army, has arrived in the city. What sin has the city committed that it must be troubled with this pest? The advance guard arrived some days ago and made its first appearance at the Methodist church prayer meeting, where it freely indulged in hallelujahs. Subsequently the whole army, which is not very formidable, arrived, and consists of one man and two "hallelujah ladies." Their regular meetings are held in Anthony Hall, which has been rented for a year, and thus it appears we are destined to get well sprinkled with their religious nectar. Last Sunday the attendance at their morning meeting was small, and the army started out to drum up recruits. They first came to a halt on Jay street, at its intersection with State, and held a short service, then they marched to the city jail, prayed for the prisoners, and thence to their barracks. Their meetings are for the most part attended by the rough element, and at times there is considerable disturbance. Probably Schenectady will celebrate a second evacuation day when the rear guard fold their tents and turn their backs to the city.

Owing to the report that we are to be deprived of Prof. Alexander, who has long been connected with the college as Professor of Rhetoric and Logic, and is greatly esteemed by the students, a meeting of the college was held in the chapel and appropriate action

taken. McEncroe, '84, was chosen president, and a committee was appointed to draw up and present the following petition to the professor: "While it may appear selfish and presumptuous in us to attempt to influence the action of one in whose judgment we have entire confidence, nevertheless we cannot refrain from earnestly requesting you to retain your professorship in Union College. This is the desire not only of those who have enjoyed, but also of those who are anticipating, the benefits of your instruction. We would not wish it to interfere with what you consider your duty, but we cannot suffer your decision to be made without expressing the regret which we would feel at the loss to the college and to the students of a professor which we hold in such high esteem." Committee: Dow Beekman, '84; Chas. B. Templeton, '84; Putnam Cady, '85; W. P. Landon, '86; Irving Johnson, '87.

Efforts are being made by the base ball directors of Union and other colleges to reëstablish the N. Y. Inter-collegiate Base Ball League. The University of Rochester has written to Union to get her opinion in regard to the matter. This letter has been answered and suggestions have been made which are likely to prove satisfactory to the parties concerned. Cornell, Hamilton, Madison, Syracuse and Hobart will be consulted and will probably desire to unite with the league. If everything is satisfactory and permission can be obtained of the faculties of the several colleges, a meeting will be held, probably at Utica, Friday, Jan. 11th, 1884, to adopt the rules which are to govern the league. Friday has been suggested as the date so that, if necessary, the meeting can be prolonged to Saturday without interfering with other matters. Two delegates from each college will be present at the meeting. We trust that this will meet the universal approval of the students, and that the classes which have not yet elected their base ball directors will hasten to do so. If this league is revived it will secure better games for the coming season, both physically and morally.

Why do these Hazers laugh over their Wine?

Because Ye Freshman has Set it up and '86 is some ahead.

Does Ye Freshman laugh?

No, it is not his Turn to laugh.

Is Wine Good to get a Head with?

Not when Ye Freshman has put Tartar Emetic in it.

Where does Ye Freshman stand now?

He is some lengths ahead.

## PERSONALS.

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

IN 1823, Gen. Fuller was made Adjutant-General of the State by Gov. Yates, who was also a Schenectady man. At the end of his term he returned to Madison county and became interested in public improvements, which made rapid progress under his direction. He was soon elected to the Assembly for two terms, and was also elected twice a Representative in Congress. His whole life was marked by great activity, and only at an advanced age did he resign from public service. During the last few years he has made his native city his home. His spirit of enterprise would not, however, allow him to remain idle, and he was continually alive to the advancement and best interests of the city. Several years ago he donated the sum of \$10,000 for the purpose of erecting a new City Hall, which remains as a monument to his memory. In the history of Schenectady county by the Hon. John Sanders, the following tribute is paid to Gen. Fuller: "The General was never married, so he can probably only leave to posterity the monument of his honors, his virtues, his learning, unbending integrity and independent character."

✓10. Gen. William K. Fuller, for several years the oldest living graduate of Union, died in this city, Nov. 11th, at the age of ninety-one years. He received his early education in the schools of this city, and afterwards entered College. He was admitted to the bar in 1814, and opened a law office in town. Removing to Madison county, he was elected to many local offices, among which were justice of the peace, town clerk, commissioner of highways, supervisor. He was in the army as aid-de-camp, division inspector, and was district attorney and judge of common pleas for Madison county.

✓31. Hon. W. L. Greenly, formerly Governor of Michigan, died in that State recently at an advanced age.

✓82. W. W. Waddell has resigned his position in the State survey office, at Albany, and entered the Princeton Theological Seminary.

It was on the piazza of the Grand Union, Saratoga: "How beautifully that woman sings," said one lady to another, who was in gorgeous attire and blazing with diamonds. "Is she a mezzo-soprano?" "No, I guess not. I think she is a Swede," replied the other.

College students in Siam are allowed two wives. This is the Siamese method of hazing.—*Ex.*

## Albany Law School.

## HISTORY OF THE ALBANY LAW SCHOOL.

## CHAPTER I.

AT the time of the organization of Union College, in 1793, there was a division of sentiment among its originators as to the proper place of locating its buildings, one party favoring Albany, the other Schenectady.

After considerable discussion it was decided to locate the buildings at Schenectady, to the great disappointment of Albanians.

Though all parties united in making the college a success, the feeling that Albany should be a seat of learning continued to exist and had much to do with the passage of an act by the legislature in 1851 incorporating the University of Albany. The bill as passed gave the board of trustees, appointed by one of its provisions, power to organize a literary department, scientific department, a law department, and provided that the Albany Medical College, already existing, might, if so disposed, unite with the departments to be formed, to constitute the University of Albany.

Shortly after the passage of the bill, a large meeting of members of the bar and other public spirited citizens was held, at which it was resolved to proceed to the immediate organization of a department of law.

It was thought that with departments of law and medicine a nucleus would be formed, around which other departments would gather.

The ambitions of the founders in this respect have never been realized. The only scientific department ever organized was the Dudley Observatory, and no literary departments were ever founded.

It is human nature to look with suspicion on any new enterprise, and there were those who foreboded failure for this new departure.

However, the organization of the department of law was pushed rapidly forward, and the first course of lectures was commenced in December, 1851. In their circular of that date the trustees and faculty say "they have felt long and painfully the great and almost total want of all the aids so easily furnished, and so very essential in enabling the young lawyer to start successfully in his professional career. While the student of medicine and surgery can resort to schools in which he can be thoroughly instructed in all the principal branches of his profession, the student of law enjoys few opportunities for acquiring anything more than he is enabled to obtain by reading in a lawyer's office. This furnishes a very imperfect means either of ren-

dering him a sound, well-bred lawyer, or a ready, correct practitioner."

The founders showed the earnestness of their desire to make this department a success, by the appointment of such men as Hon. Ira Harris, LL.D., Hon. Amasa J. Parker, LL.D., and Amos Dean, LL.D., to constitute the first faculty.

Shortly after organization, Hon. Reuben H. Walworth, LL.D., better known to this generation as the great Chancellor Walworth, became president of the faculty, which position he held until 1868.

With such a faculty, representing some of the best legal ability of the State, the future prosperity of the department was assured, nor can too much be said in praise of the conduct of Messrs. Harris and Parker, both of whom were then justices of the supreme court, in laying aside personal considerations to assume what then seemed thankless responsibilities.

For the first three years but one term of sixteen weeks was held per annum. In 1854 it was thought advisable to hold two terms of twelve weeks each, and this arrangement continued until 1859, since which time three terms of twelve weeks each have been held yearly.

The first class graduated but twenty-three men, the second class, fifty, and after that a regular increase until the breaking out of the civil war.

The class of 1856 graduated eighty-five, the class of 1858, one hundred and eight, and the class of 1860, one hundred and twenty-nine. At the close of the war the classes were larger than ever before, one class numbering one hundred and fifty members. At one time every rank in the army from private up to brigadier general was represented among the students.

Many there were minus limbs and otherwise disabled as the result of their service in the army. The Law School is justly proud of her roll of honor, for thereon are inscribed the names of many of her sons who went forth to battle for their country at the expense of personal ambition.

Of late years the classes are smaller than formerly, this not due, however, to any decrease in the efficiency of the means of instruction, but rather to the great increase in the number of law schools; for where in 1851 the Law School had no competition, there are now over a hundred departments of law in this country. In 1851 Yale and Harvard were the only law schools of any importance in this country, and they, like the Albany Law School have attained a more than national reputation.

The first board of trustees was organized as follows:

President, Hon. Greene C. Bronson; vice-President, Thomas W. Olcott; secretary, Orlando Meads; treasurer, Luther Tucker.

In 1855 Thomas W. Olcott was president and Orlando Meads secretary of the board. These gentlemen ably discharged their duties in their respective positions until the year 1880, when upon the death of Thomas W. Olcott, Orlando Meads became president and Marcus T. Hun, secretary. In Thomas W. Olcott the school had an able and generous friend, and to him, perhaps, more than to any other, it owes its present state of prosperity. As before stated, a more able faculty than the one appointed at the organization of the school, could not have been anywhere selected.

For seventeen years these three professors continued to exercise the many duties incident to the positions they occupied, with unswerving fidelity and an ability which gave the Albany Law School a wonderful reputation. The course was divided into three hundred and sixty annual lectures, of which Prof. Dean gave one hundred and eighty, and Professors Harris and Parker ninety each.

Prof. Harris lectured on practice, pleading and evidence; Prof. Parker, on real estate, wills, criminal law, personal rights, and domestic relations; and Prof. Dean, on personal property, contracts, and commercial law.

#### THE STUDY OF

TO a young man looking about for a profession, the law seems to hold out many inducements. The course seems plain before him; all that he has to do is to register as a student, read a specified time, cover a certain amount of ground, make application for admission to the bar, settle down in some quiet village, and collect his fees. A very pretty dream, indeed, but how is it realized?

Our young friend enters some quiet law office as a student, and a volume of Kent is first recommended to his perusal. As he first takes hold of that volume, his bosom swells with pride, he feels that he has stepped from youth to manhood, and that as a student of law he has achieved considerable importance in this small world. He begins the first chapter with a determination and confidence that would have startled Napoleon.

The leaves turn rapidly; he feels that he is gaining, and he soon closes the book for a breathing spell, having finished the first chapter. Being questioned as to what he has been reading, he is startled to find how little he knows about it.

But *perseverantia omnia vincit*, and with more determination and considerable less confidence he attacks the second chapter. The result of the second reading is more disheartening than the first, and our young friend does not have that same degree of confidence and respect for himself which he first entertained.

As time rolls on, his enthusiasm, confidence, and often determination, continue to abate, and the young man who has finished the first volume is in a position to judge whether or not he wishes to become a lawyer.

The more timid, and those who made a mistake in choosing, seldom proceed much farther than the second volume.

Our young friend having completed the first reading of Kent, looks at himself and the result of his labor with a feeling of disgust; and having finished his dreaming and laid aside his enthusiasm and confidence, he again reads the work with greater satisfaction. An acquisition of the principles of law requires close application, thorough work and great care in the selection of proper authors.

The young man who has acquired his profession, does not find it his first duty to collect his fees. There is the hard beginning, the doubtful success, the years of waiting, ere he can catch the first faint impression of his youthful dream. In many cases, the first faint signs of the early dreams of success are never seen. In some cases the enthusiastic youth, having reached manhood, attains eminence, but it is through the highway of toil.

Ere taking up the study of law, a young man should carefully estimate his chances of success, remembering that "Life is real, life is earnest," no matter on what line the battle is fought.

#### THOSE WHO HAVE LEFT US.

WITH the close of last term, Messrs. Durand, Franklin, Morgan, Samson, Scott, Wade and Gervais severed their connection with the class.

Mr. Durand has obtained a position in a large office in Hornellsville, N. Y.

Mr. Franklin was in poor health and intended to leave at the close of the term. His departure was hastened by news of the hopeless illness of his sister. We hope his native Maryland air will prove beneficial to his health, and that he will be able to complete his course in the Law School next year.

Mr. Morgan has gone to his home in Wisconsin, where he will make application for admission to the bar.

Messrs. Scott and Samson were among the successful applicants for admission to the bar at the last sit-

ting of the General Term. Both gentlemen are well qualified to become useful and prominent members of the legal profession.

Mr. Wade has returned to his home, where he will continue the study of law.

Mr. Gervais has returned to Canada, where he will prosecute his studies. His object in taking a term at the Law School was to become familiar with our system of jurisprudence and to acquire the correct pronunciation of the English language. While here he gave close attention to his studies, and the result could not have been otherwise than satisfactory to him.

The many genial traits of our departed friends will not be soon forgotten, and they have our well wishes for success in whatever fields they labor.

#### LAW CLUBS.

NEAR the close of last term the attendance at most of the various Clubs was exceedingly small. On this account one of the Clubs ceased to exist, and if the term had lasted much longer, it is fair to conclude that others would have been suspended.

We ought to be more prompt in our attendance at these courts this term, and give all the assistance we can in order to make them successful.

A large majority of the graduates of this grand old institution have been and are successful in the legal profession, and why? Because they were taught the deep and perplexing principles of theory and practice at the same time while here.

From the dissertations of our learned professors we obtain theory, and in our legal courts we are taught the rules of practice.

In our Clubs we learn to argue, plead and speak; we bring cases and try them by jury, and in this way we learn to unfold cases in the proper manner.

Every beginner is more or less bashful when he rises to speak, and if we do not get rid of this timidity now, it will be very embarrassing for us when we appear for the first time in court.

In these clubs we can overthrow the nervous burden which we all feel while speaking; we can learn to become self-possessed and to think on our feet.

The benefits to be derived from these legal organizations are invaluable, and for the good of us all we would ask our classmates to give a full and hearty support to our legal Clubs.

#### REORGANIZATION OF THE LAW CLUBS.

The various Law clubs have been reorganized for the ensuing term as follows:

*Smith Debating Club*.—President, George E. Gar-

land; vice-president, James L. Weeks; secretary, J. W. Paddock; treasurer, E. A. Gifford.

*Kent Club.*—President, A. W. Ray; vice-president, W. H. Foster; secretary, D. J. O'Sullivan; treasurer, A. C. Steck.

*Eureka Moot Court Club.*—President, E. B. Simonds; vice-president, R. H. McMahon; secretary, D. H. Sullivan; financial secretary, E. A. Gifford;

*Executive Committee.*—W. S. Hulslander, W. Gould, R. H. McMahon.

In most cases the old officers were re-elected, which shows that their efforts in the past were not unappreciated.

#### PERSONALS.

'53. Martin Sackett is located in Buffalo.

'53. Hon. Worthington Frothingham resides in Albany, where he is United States Commissioner.

'53. Wheeler H. Peckham was recently appointed District Attorney of New York by Gov. Cleveland.

'53. W. S. Hevenor is practicing in Albany, being a member of the firm of Van Alstyne & Hevenor.

'53. Hon. Charles A. Fowler is practicing in Kingston, N. Y. He has served in the State Senate several years.

'57. Hon. A. X. Parker, of Potsdam, N. Y., represented his district in the Senate from 1868 to 1871.

'64. Hon. A. J. Parker, Jr., is practicing in Albany. Mr. P. is an ex-Assemblyman.

'66. Hon. Judson Cross is practicing at Minneapolis, Minn. Mr. Cross was Mayor of Lyons, Iowa, in 1871. He is now City Attorney of Minneapolis.

'68. Hon. V. P. Abbott, of Gouverneur, was Special Judge of St. Lawrence county from 1875 to 1880. He is now Surrogate.

'67. Hon. N. S. Gilson, Fon du Lac, Wis., was elected Justice of the Fourth Judicial District of Wisconsin in 1878.

'69. C. H. Lee, Racine, Wis., is in active practice. He was District Attorney in 1873-4.

'69. R. J. Fisher, Jr., is Chief Examiner in the Patent Office at Washington.

'70. H. H. Keith is practicing at Sioux Falls, Dakota.

'71. H. J. Mead has a large practice in Candor, N. Y. He was District Attorney from 1879 to 1882.

'73. Charles H. Mills is practicing in Albany.

'75. C. S. Dudley, of Newport, Ky., is acting Judge Advocate.

'75. A. V. R. Patterson is practicing in Stockton, Cal., where he was elected Judge of the Superior Court in 1879.

'75. W. P. Rudd is practicing in Albany, N. Y. He is a member of the firm of Harris & Rudd.

'82. F. J. Fort, of Newark, N. J., is Judge of the District Court.

#### BRIEFS.

THE holiday vacation begins Dec. 21st and extends to Jan. 8th.

Several new names have been added to our class roll this term.

George E. Mosse is at his home, Clayton, Ky., seriously ill with typhoid fever.

We wish every officer and student of Union University a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Messrs. Hale and McMurray, of Union College, were among the visitors at Moot court on Friday last.

All "the boys" are more at ease since the examinations are over, and are now looking forward with much pleasure to the Christmas holidays.

We were recently favored with a visit from President Potter, who, in a few well-chosen and witty remarks created a very favorable impression among the students.

Lectures for winter term—By Prof. Smith: Contracts of Sale; Agency; Partnership; Negotiable Instruments. By Prof. Learned: Equity Jurisprudence (continued) and Trial of Causes. By Prof. Sickels: The Law of Evidence.

We have heard it suggested that the students of the Law School go in a body to visit Union College on some Friday afternoon. This is an excellent suggestion, and we doubt not that any who go will feel amply repaid. There should be more intercourse between students of the different departments.

#### THE POTTER DECENNIAL PRIZES.

PRESIDENT POTTER offers three prizes of \$20, \$30 and \$50, respectively, to be known as the "Potter Decennial Prizes," and to be awarded for the three best essays.

The subject of the essays as announced is, "Would it be safe and wise to abrogate the right of trial by jury in civil causes; if not, in what respect, if any,

might our present jury system be improved." The essay must be written on alternate pages of letter paper and must not exceed in length twenty folios of one hundred words each.

The essays must be delivered at least six weeks before the close of the term, to the Dean, enclosed in an envelope bearing on the outside the inscription: "Potter Decennial Prize Essay," also the *nom de plume* of the writer. This must also be accompanied by a smaller envelope containing the real name of the writer. It is hoped the students will all enter the contest and make the object of the prize a success.

## MY PENATES.

SING not to me the Household Gods  
Of beaten brass or carved stone,  
Placed o'er the hearth with glazed eyes  
To guide live men of mind and bone.

My Household Gods I typify  
In gentler forms of every day;  
As true, though ever-silent friends  
Whose mission 'tis to cheer, not sway.

My briar pipe rests on its shrine  
Half hid in bed of amber weed;  
Below, my books with service worn,  
The best of friends, when friends we need.

And a sweet face — a girl, I know,—  
Smiles on me from an oaken frame;  
These are Penates modernized,  
Though as of old, they cheer the same.

He'd been waltzing with his host's ugly elder daughter, and was in a corner repairing damages. Here he was espied by his would-be papa-in-law. "She is the flower of my family, sir," said the latter. "So it seems," answered the young man. "Pity she comes off so, ain't it?" he continued, as he essayed another vigorous rub at the white spots on his coat sleeve.

THE kid that comes to Berkeley here,  
Just tall above your knee;  
And passes all the exes through —  
A *little* fresh is he.

And then the big six-footer, too,  
Who wags his tongue so free;  
And talks so loud for you to hear —  
A *little fresh* is he.

It is said that an over confident Butler man is wearing a straw hat through the winter, in payment of an election debt. It is expected to show which way the wind blows.

## Albany Medical College.

## DISCIPLINE.

IN discussing this subject I am well aware that I must be especially watchful lest I step from its proper boundaries and bring in some thoughts which do not have a direct bearing on that particular phase of it which I most wish to present; and yet, it seems to me that all the pleasant fields must be more or less traversed in order that I may be able to select enough, I trust, of the finer, more beautiful sprigs and flowers of thought to make the ultimate bouquet one of nice contrasts and proportions. Discipline lies at the foundation of all well-ordered institutions, both human and divine—made the corner stone in the divine in that early day when Adam and Eve were roaming about the Garden of Eden, plucking, not sprigs and flowers, but fruit—*forbidden* fruit. "Ay, there's the rub!" for ever since that time men's minds have been perverse, and were it not for discipline, noble discipline, there would be many more "ruined hopes and blasted fortunes" than to-day.

Now why should this guardian angel be placed over us? I have intimated that because our minds are perverse; well, this might be made to cover the whole ground but for the fact that we have a moral nature to train up in the way it should go; surely the mind can, *if it will*, drive the man into training the muscle, the nerve, in a word, the physical man; it can do this, even so that there shall be a certain amount of order about the development, as the smith who displays in his arms great, wondrous strength, the pedestrian in his legs the faculty of taking long and rapid strides, or the pianist in his fingers that almost superhuman agility and control of motion. These examples exhibit not only development but order as well, and the whole as being brought about by discipline, to be sure, but of a kind quite unlike that used in schooling the moral nature and from an altogether different source; that of the former partaking rather of the *ab me*, and is engaged in man-like-making; the latter is rather the *ab deo* and more especially concerned in the Christ-like-making, if I may be permitted to coin these expressions. The former is calculated to give a man physical and intellectual sway among his fellow men; the latter to make him meek, lowly and obedient before his God, thereby rendering the claims which society has on him more secure.

It will then be seen that discipline is directed toward the physical, mental and moral man, that the

object of discipline is to preserve order and develop the man, and the right result of discipline is gained only when we have the object, in its broadest and most righteous sense, firmly within our grasp.

Let us go back to the mind, which may do things "if it will." Here an amount of training is needed which is neither wholly *ab me* or *ab deo*; it must come from the world, from those people composing the community in which we live, from the parents, guardians and our teachers. Herein is where the Medical Colleges of our country not only do not come up to their duty, but make no pretence at discharging the same. I know that this charge should be laid rather at the door of "a time-honored custom" than at that of the colleges, but, nevertheless, I do think that if there is any one place in our educational system where reform is needed this is that place. And, furthermore, I am aware that there are those who say: You have entered a Medical College, we regard you as being a man now, and the inference is no restraint is needed. Well, I do not wish to be understood as asking that medical students be made to "toe the mark" and receive a certain number of strokes on the hand for a misdemeanor, as district-school boys were made to do in "very ancient times," but think there should be a supervisory head of the institution, by whom all students should be held accountable for their acts and the manner in which they spend their time; and as a further answer to that argument will say that during a certain famous march to the sea, the soldier was subordinate to Custer, Custer to Sherman, Sherman to Grant, Grant to the President of the United States, and he in turn was held accountable for his words and acts by the people of a great and mighty country, as well as by his God, and does anyone for a moment think, much less say, that Abraham Lincoln *was not* a man?

S. E. A., '85.

MANY are the things that we carelessly notice about us because we think of them as trifles, and many are our momentary actions thoughtlessly heeded because we think of them as insignificant. What things are trifles? Is a piece of flag stone? Think a moment; has it not taken ages to compress it in its form? Is it a tree or shrub? Look at its structure, and see how its circulation draws itself upward with a force overcoming the earth's great attraction. Look at a section of a blade of grass when you can diverge its rays so as to meet your field of vision, and see how its meshes of fibers are interlaced, combining both beauty and strength, or an insect in the

same manner, and it will reveal to you a structure as wonderful. A rain drop will divide the sun's ray into its many beautiful colors, and yet with its fellow drops it will be utilized into our greatest factor of commerce.

Are the iron filings the chips of the workshops? Gather them together in the furnace and they will be united into as perfect a bar as the one from which they were severed. The pieces of cloths from the loom or gathered from elsewhere, have them undergo a process and they will furnish a material necessary to the intellectual world, or the seed grains lost from the garner, how far could such waste be scattered and still leave more to scatter?

What is it that makes the man? Is it one step, one stride into existence? Who fail or fall from their positions? Those that walk here on earth with their heads among the stars. A man can't stretch himself beyond his length or out of the influence of his understanding. To be sure, it seems as though Fame lifts a man up sometimes by his ears, but she expects himself to keep his feet from dangling, by a pedestal of his own building. How will he do it? Not by counting seemingly small things as trifles, but by his character, and these very things mould and give it its strength and firmness; as atoms of moisture creep in to nourish the rootlet imprisoned in a crevice, imparts to it that strength and force that one day shall rend its barrier of rock.

There is nothing that is a trifle, for there is nothing of itself, and our carelessness of the knowledge of this fact leads us into many errors, and until we recognize this in our actions and thoughts we cannot attain that perfect character desirable in a man. Each action drops into its place and either strengthens or weakens with equal force, and if we fail to act in the right time, thinking it of no account, the place that needed it is always empty, nor can we with one bold stroke wipe out many of the little blemishes. Though we may seemingly cover them, they remain; and when truth comes and shows us what things are, which she surely does in every man's life, then we find that "worth makes the man and the want of it the fellow."

B. J. W., '84.

THE impression at large seems to be that we have very meagre clinical advantages here; that there is a dearth of material. Let us ask what are the benefits to be derived from a clinic, anyhow? Why are these clinics held? Is it alone for the benefit of the poor? Obviously not; for this laudable and humane result could be obtained without making a show of the

unfortunate. Is it in order that a display may be made of great medical or surgical skill? We know not how it may be with other schools, but we are certain that our professors are too manly to permit themselves to stoop to a useless show of their knowledge or skill, great as they may be, and, if such were the case, their time is too well occupied with other and more noble things to permit them to do such frivolous acts. Hence, by "exclusion," we reach this result. The object of clinics is to give students a practical knowledge of those branches which they pursue and we can but believe that, as conducted here, they most surely accomplish that result. Prof. Bigelow's method at his medical clinic is to take one case and give it an exhaustive study—to devote the whole hour to it, if need be—and he seeks to make each student the diagnostician, the prescriber—in short, the physician of that particular case. This is his method, even though there may be dozens of patients in the waiting-room, than which there could surely be no better; and we are happy to say that the same plan is carried out by the professors in surgery, so far as it is practicable in this branch. But there really is no lack of material; our clinics are much fuller this than they were last year, and new ones have been established at St. Peter's Hospital, presided over by Prof. Hun, and at Child's Hospital, under charge of Professors Balch and Merrill and Dr. Tregò. Therefore, we say, let him who says "go to New York for clinics," consider well before he speaks.

PROF. WARD, acting on the suggestion in the last issue of THE CONCORDIENSIS, kindly appointed a Quiz in Practice on Thursday, December 6 (which was such that no one could take exceptions to), one well worthy the name, and Prof. W—— deserves the unanimous thanks of the class in so quickly complying with the suggestion offered by the editor (although the editor at that time was not requested to do so by the class). We will say on our own credit that Prof. Ward's manner of quizzing meets with the hearty approval of the class; and by the way in which it was conducted, none could fail to have benefited by it, and will be better prepared to grasp the subjects lectured on hereafter. Right here, we will say in regard to the subject now in hand (that of heart troubles), it is one that old practitioners are very apt and anxious to trip up men young in the profession, and which is not always a difficult task to accomplish; yet after the quizzes, such as we had on Thursday last, we all will feel much better prepared to meet and stand the

shock when approached on the subject. In conclusion, we will venture the assertion that the almost entire class will unite in thanking Prof. Ward for his kindness in appointing the quizzes.

"PUT him up! Put him up!" is frequently heard of late during inter-lecture moments, and the "him" who happens to be the cause of this outcry, soon finds himself in the possession of two factions, with diametrically opposed purposes, one being to keep him where he is, and the other to "put him up" where he belongs, and when, after much persistent extension of upper and lower extremities by these conflicting forces, one or the other accomplishes its object, the passive "bone of contention" feels as if it had increased longitudinally and been drawn through a "knot hole." To the mind of a stranger viewing one of these "happenings" it must appear somewhat barbarous. But, according to students' ethics, there are different ideas held. First, that one has the right to sit anywhere he wishes in the amphitheatre; second, that the older students have the precedence to the better situations by more time spent here; and, hence the experiences above described. On consideration, it must be admitted that of the two ideas the latter is right. But there is another item of interest, in that as medical students have but little time for physical exercise, they do, however, get it in these little episodes; and in closing we would only caution them to remember that the victim is but human, and that "too much" extension is like "too much" of anything else.

PROF. HAILES' lectures on Histology still continue to be attended with unabated interest by 1st and 2d and some 3d year students. Tuesday morning, the 4th, he commenced: "I am to speak to you, gentlemen, this morning on the circulatory system, beginning with the heart, going by the large arteries to the small, through the capillaries and home by the veins," and which he did in his usual graphic manner, illustrating with his rapid but conscientious, scientific chalk sketches, which are of such great value to his listeners, to the satisfaction of all. Thursday morning his lecture was principally on the lymphatics, and his remarks of the stricture of the thoracic duct of Dr. Calvin Edson gave us a fitting opportunity of quoting from the introductory address of the course of 1879-'80, delivered by Prof. Van Derveer, as we think the quotation one of special interest to all medical readers of this paper: "Right gladly would I mention the particularly special and separate specimens of great interest

in this vast collection. To speak in detail of the life and death of Calvin Edson, M. D., whose body occupies the case standing in the southwest corner of the museum, would be an address in itself. In early life, while in full health for a considerable time, he practiced medicine, until, for some hidden reason, he began to emaciate, and at last, in order to continue the support of his wife and children, he was compelled to exhibit himself as the living skeleton, clad in tights to show fully his actually bony form. While in Albany, some time previous to his death, he paid a visit, in company with Drs. J. H. Armsby and Alden and Henry March, to the museum, in which he was very much interested. When asked what he would do with his body after death, he remarked that he would not object to its being placed here, carefully prepared for exhibition. Not long after his death occurred; and if I were to give you an account of the contest that ensued between this institution and the New York colleges to gain possession of his body, it would seem incredible. I can only say that Dr. Alden March, aided by an old and tried friend of the college, Mr. Arnold Nelson, a neighbor of Dr. Edson, finally overcame all obstacles, and to-day this museum has proof in this body of the loss of flesh that will result from the closure of the thoracic duct. The viscera alone were removed, and with the exception of some change of color you see him to-day with the skin stretched over his bony skeleton as he appeared for years previous to his death."

SAYS Haven: "We remember not everything that occurs, but only that to which we attend." \* \* \* Medical students would do well to think of this when lectures are going on, and not only give the professor their presence, but their attention as well. It is very easy to sit listlessly thinking of nothing, and at the same time be taking in nothing, and for the time spent get just nothing. It takes a man the first half of a lifetime to learn a thing, and the last half to learn that he knows that thing. Study acquires facts—thought educates.

#### LOCALS.

WEDNESDAY, November 28th, at 1 P. M., occurred the usual presentation of a Thanksgiving dinner to "Jim," in the amphitheatre. Mr. Melick, '84, addressed "Jim" as follows: "Mr. Boom: The committee appointed by the college to procure for you this Thanksgiving collation being bashful and retiring in their dispositions, and not hav-

ing the requisite amount of 'sand' to say a few words to you, have asked me to do so for them and for the college at large. As I also am one of the same disposition, and as they, just at the close of the last lecture, informed me what was expected of me, you can see the predicament into which they have placed me and can imagine accordingly that I have very little to say. You are aware, of course, that to-morrow is a national day of Thanksgiving. While as members of this great nation we have much to be thankful for, yet I think that in this little world of our own we also have cause for rejoicing. Though we have met a reverse in the loss of one of our professors—a man whom we all admired and respected, yet, in a material sense especially, we have gained much. We have a new dissecting and a new physiological room, and throughout the whole building have new improvements been made, giving us greater advantages for study and greater facilities for the pursuit of knowledge. In these improvements we feel you have lent a helping hand, for which we thank you. But we do not ask you to accept these few gifts for this, but we do ask you to receive and accept them as a token of the good feeling we have towards you and of the truth we feel expressed in these lines of Pope: 'Worth makes the man; the want of it the fellow.' I do not know as I have anything further to say than again to ask you to accept these few things in the spirit with which they are given, and to trust that when you arise from your Thanksgiving dinner you may not arise like the little boy, at his Thanksgiving dinner, with the 'pie' side empty, but that you may be completely filled not only with these goodly viands, but with as kindly feelings toward us as we have toward you." Jim thanked the boys in fitting terms, and stated "that he had been presented with a Thanksgiving dinner eight times, and only two of them had been done in a proper manner, this being one of the two." The exercises closed by the boys leaving for their dinners after much applause.

J—— and Bl—— were in the amphitheatre one afternoon with two girls. One of them was much indignant because Jim informed them that there would be no lectures that afternoon. Bl—— informed Jim that they were St. Agnes' girls, whose ma's were here, and allowed them to go out. Jim says that Bl—— is great on the mash this year.

Prof. Hailes has moved into his new house at 197 Hamilton street, and it will pay any student to call on the Professor, not only on account of the benefit derived from intercourse with him, but to see his admir-

ably arranged establishment, thereby encouraging the student to better work here, as he thinks of what he may have in the future.

Rev. W. S. Davis, of the Reformed Church, on Madison avenue, lectured to the medical students Sunday evening, December 16. Subject: "The House of Life, and How to Occupy It."

T—— in a saloon playing pool. Enter messenger boy, who states that there is a gentleman in T——'s room waiting to see him. T—— pays boy 10 cents, goes to his room and finds—no one.

One Sunday night in November, J——, L——, R——, and B—— becoming obnoxious to the colored members of a church which they were attending, were accordingly "bounced."

Flynn, '84, spent Thanksgiving recess in New York and Philadelphia, took in some lectures in both places, and came back with some additions to his store of books.

Monday, November 26, the students were honored by Prof. Ward introducing Dr. Partridge, Professor of Obstetrics in the New York Post-Graduate School.

One of the seniors, whose acumen of perception goes so far, says that he is able to distinguish from whom a telegram comes on seeing its direction.

An organ grinder increased his exchequer last Tuesday afternoon during laboratory hours by grinding out his music under the college windows.

Carroll, '85, was a guest of the Burgesses Corps during its recent visit to New York, and participated in the Evacuation Day exercises.

We are sorry to note that Fred. Easton, '85, leaves on Thursday, the 13th, preparatory to a final course in the Long Island College.

Some wonder what K—— and T—— have done with their mash book since they moved from their old quarters on Jay street.

Surgical clinics will now be conducted by Prof. Ward, Prof. Van Derveer having retired on the first of this month.

Dr. Hun's clinics will be held in the Albany Hospital until the new one at St. Peter's Hospital is completed.

We are glad to see that Brown, '85, has recovered from his recent illness, and is again attending lectures.

James A. Flynn, '84, has for the past few days been confined to his room with a slight attack of fever.

Ella has gone from Ranch No. 10, and the student mourneth.

Cummings, '84, and Flint, '85, have returned to college.

There are one hundred and forty-five matriculants to date.

Nine o'clock to all but students.

"Glass Eye." Rulison.

### Albany College of Pharmacy.

MOST, perhaps all, of the students attending the courses of lectures in the College of Pharmacy are anxious to succeed in the profession they have chosen, and they picture to themselves a handsome drug store, a constant stream of customers, and themselves the shining lights, the lords of all they survey.

They have passed their periods of clerkship and are graduates. The theory and the practice are all their's, and they feel perfectly well qualified to carry on the business of druggist. Some never advance further, and remain clerks all their lives; to others the opportunity occurs and they embark in business, with varied results. Out of, say twenty, how many become really, professionally and financially successful? Very few.

No matter how deep our pharmaceutical knowledge may be, or how skillfully we may mix the most difficult compound, we can never, in after life, look back on our work with solid satisfaction, unless we have prospered financially as well as professionally.

It is to be regretted that the knowledge as ordinarily acquired by the clerks in retail drug stores, pertains almost exclusively to mechanical work. Work, which, while requiring, no doubt, a scientific education to the proper performance, is only one of two forces which, when combined together, places the projector in the foremost ranks and increases his sphere of usefulness. The other force is thrift. A thrifty administration of business can only be attained by careful and economic attention to all the details. Strive to so systematize your business that each particular article, whether of stock or fixtures, shall render its account to you in a percentage of profit. Let nothing escape your notice. Get all you can and take the best care and make the best use of what you get. Your percentage of profit lies in the use you put a thing to. Every thing has its use; let that use be the highest. Still,

you cannot use your merchandise to the best advantage unless you are at all times accurately informed of what you have and how you got it. In other words, what your stock in trade consists of, what it cost you, and how best to dispose of it. To do this the keeping of proper books of account, the acquirement of business habits, and rigid economy in business and personal expenses, is of the highest importance. Study your business as you study your dispensatory or pharmacopæi and success is assured.

THERE is trouble ahead for the National College of Pharmacy at Washington, D. C. The College having admitted as a pupil Mr. O. M. Atwood, a colored man, all but eight of its class of forty-six students rose in a body and under the leadership of the president of the college association left the hall. This, we believe, is the first time in the history of pharmaceutical education in the United States where sex or color has been made a basis for discrimination as to who should have the advantage of education in pharmacy, and in this instance, be it observed, the college authorities are not at fault. It is asking a great deal of those who control the school that they should refuse to accede to the demands of the seceding students, and it is an additional source for regret that such an affair should have occurred in the capital of a nation that recognizes no distinction of race in civil rights—that is to say, it was so before the hoodlum decided that “the Chinese must go.” We hope, however, that no concession will be made to such a spirit as these thirty-eight students have shown, and that the College will be able to convince them by fair argument and moderate action that civil rights and social rights are quite different matters and that their course is utterly unworthy of honorable gentlemen.—*American Druggist.*

WE learn with regret that Messrs. Wheeler and Sautter will be unable to continue as quiz-masters, as their business will not allow them the time. The senior class have adopted a plan by which the members of the class act as quiz-masters on the different evenings. If every student performs his duty as well as he can when it is his turn, the quizzes will continue to be an important feature of our course.

Sportsman—(after missing his tenth rabbit)—“I’ll tell you what it is, Bagster, your rabbits are all two inches too short hereabouts.”

## CLIPPINGS.

The next improvement in education is to be the teaching of both sides of the same question. At the close of the literary exercises of the Phi Beta Kappa society at Harvard, Mr. William Everett read a poem, from which we take the following:

OUR next improvement! Who shall say?  
Our next grand change, to sweep away  
Our last grand change but one.

Let our young sister, fair Cornell,  
The last supreme improvement tell,  
To win all men’s affection.  
In “Pol Econ,” as students say,  
Shall two professors point her way —  
One free trade, one protection.

One shall the people’s comfort show,  
In making naught that does not grow,  
Already made before ’em.  
And one shall feed our infant’s gu’p —  
Pig iron, tin ware, and wood pulp,  
With sixty *ad valorem*.

Why not this principle apply  
To every art beneath the sky  
That students learn at college?  
And rival heads of rival schools  
Set up to call each other fools  
In every branch of knowledge?

In social science, Mr. X.  
Shall urge the claims of either sex  
To compound recitation.  
While Mr. Y. as stiff as bricks,  
Fulmine his ipse Morgan Dix-  
it on co-education.

Twin theologians shall contend —  
One that salvation’s hopes depend  
On general perdition.  
And one declare that love divine  
His colleague only shall consign  
To such a dire condition.

And so let equal chance be given  
Of every study under heaven  
To learn both sides together.  
And every student, nothing loth,  
Put down his name to go to both,  
And never go to either.

For many kinds of throat trouble doctors recommend a pipe. They mean that you shall select a perfectly pure, daintily fragrant tobacco, like Blackwell’s Durham Long Cut, and get relief that way by toning the membranes into new life and activity.