

THE CONCORDIENSIS.

VOL. II.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y., DECEMBER, 1878.

No. 3.

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VOL. II.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y., DECEMBER, 1878.

No. 3.

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LITERARY.

STORIES OF AN OLD DUTCH TOWN.*

The recent book with the above title deserves our notice for two particular reasons: first, because it is the work of one of our Professors; secondly, because the stories are of much local interest. Inasmuch as THE CONCORDIENSIS is not a book-review, we should not undertake a criticism, and after the unanimous praise pronounced by the highest authorities, such an attempt would be doubly out of place. When, however, an instructor whom we are accustomed to meet in class-room routine, produces a work of thorough-going imagination and acute penetration into human nature, nay more, of fine artistic proportions and living force of expression; it is proper to direct attention to this revelation of powers which are cramped in ordinary relations. But even these qualities are not what especially interests us in the book. It is most pleasant to detect refinement of courtesy, love of humor, and poetic fervor for the beautiful, above all, unmistakable proofs of strong affection—hints of early love. Not but that we have seen or suspected most of these before, but that here they are freely developed. No one could have written of Grace Aylivia so beautifully, so touchingly, whose heart was not long familiar with such themes. Where is there closer friendship with nature than is shown

* "A Story or Two From an Old Dutch Town," by Robert Lowell, author of "The New Priest in Conception Bay," "Antony Brade," "Poems," etc. Robert Brothers, Boston.

in the following quotation? It has found in Spring a quaint human character.

"Again, like a merry and comely old-time seller of ribbons, and laces and other pretty wares, came the blithe Spring, whistling and trolling his melodles through the valley of the Mohican; and presently trees and flowers were gay and glad—flaunting and fluttering in his fresh, harmless fineries, on every side—in white and pink and light green and dark green and yellow and purple and blue."

Those who read these tales for complicated and exciting plots will happily be disappointed. But any who appreciate a skillful literary representation of a by-gone time possessing a strongly marked character of its own—slow, comfortable, oddly picturesque—will be delighted with these three scenes of Dutch life in this country fifty years ago. "A glimpse of these stay-still streets and people were worth a journey for dwellers in prosy, hammering, brick-chipping, heels-over-head places." In fact, however, the plots are themselves animated and interesting. We cannot doubt from many illusions that they are laid in our own city. This being evident, the stories do for Schenectady and the Dutch settlers of New York, what Hawthorne accomplished for Salem and the Puritans of New England. They cast over them the glamour of antiquity and tradition in which the New World is so deficient.

It belonged to the city papers to remark on the local resemblances in the stories, but in their default we step aside to point out a few. We fancy that fictitious Fort street represents actual Front street, Vanderwater (away from the water) must mean Ferry St., Hague street is Union, Classis is State, and Bridge Way Avenue no doubt stands for Washington Avenue. Perhaps the West End suggested Westenvliet. We might, in imagination place some of the houses, the church, and the bakery, but each reader will picture these for himself.

Dr. Lowell has entered into the spirit of our old city kindly and even fondly. The fun he occasionally pokes at it is all good natured. In one place he writes, "The people of Westenvliet are a sympathizing folk, and always, so far as man's memory goes, have been most ready, almost eager to give their own time to their neighbors." And another passage says, "In Westennliet it was everybody's comfort that he knew about everybody else, at least up to the day before and perhaps till everybody else was laid away in the sleep of the night before." We should remark that half a century has not worked a great change.

The young ladies of the city are certainly complimented in the following, and there may possibly be—we speak modestly—an allusion to the college students: "Whoever knows it [the town] knows that it is a garden, in which are growing up an uncommon multitude of comely maidens for the best youth of other towns."

The book will please all good readers, and especially those with whose ancestors the stories have to do. In our humble opinion they are the easiest and most natural of the author's writings. We understand that the general demand for more like them will probably be gratified. Several pretty bits of verse adorn the narrative, one of which we quote in conclusion:

"A CAROL FOR THE YOUNG WIFE.

Come forth, thou pretty bride! With dainty feet
Tread thy fair world, where sun-driven shadows fleet.
This earth is thine, with thine own sky above;
And these thy flowers, wherewith the earth blooms love.

Come forth, where all things wait!
See! this is not the world where thou wast born;
This is no world thou sawest yesternorn:
The mead, the water, rock, and height, and tree,
A new life wear, this day, sweet bride for thee!

Come ere the hour wears late!"

—A wily Junior replied to the question—
"Who wrote the best translation of Juvenal?"
"Bohn."—*Trinity Tablet*.

THE NEW BATTLE OF THE BOOKS.

In the last issue of THE CONCORDIENSIS we noticed with particular satisfaction an article on Modern Education. Its subject is of direct interest to us all. No one can be indifferent as to the disposition of the precious time allotted to his education. Therefore, every question relating to this subject receives and deserves to receive ample discussion, and no question more than that of Science *versus* the Classics, which forms the text of the article before us, and which, as is there justly stated, is claiming the greatest attention at the present time. Further, the views which the author brings forward are deserving of especial consideration, in that they represent, with sufficient accuracy, those of a large number of college students and of educated men generally. Yet, after reading the article, we must acknowledge that to our mind neither are the arguments convincing nor the conclusions just. The author's very first notion of classical education, as something fixed and unchangeable, though common enough, seems to us erroneous. Those who have looked at all deeply into the history of educational methods know that classical instruction has shown itself to be eminently progressive and capable of adapting itself to all changes of circumstances. Every addition to knowledge has contributed something to its advancement, and every year has seen some modification of old methods. It may even be said that the Latin taught us to-day is a different language from that which our fathers learned; such a flood of light has been thrown upon it by the researches of a generation of scholars. It has received contributions from Philology, History, Geography, and from the various branches of Natural Science; and is therefore concerned in the advancement of each and all of these divisions of knowledge. The whole realm of Literature and Art has drawn on the classics for material

and illustration. The politics of the day are but the repetition of those of Greece and Rome. The true classical scholar, therefore, must, like Bacon, "take all knowledge for his province;" he must be up with the latest phase of contemporaneous thought, if he would interpret the authors as they should be interpreted. And, though the ordinary student cannot hope to attain this encyclopedic range, any more than the scientific student can hope to become a specialist, he cannot fail to gain a large and varied stock of information in many branches; so intimately is the study of ancient literature bound up with the studies and the practice of modern life.

This, however, is a side issue. The main question we conceive to be, What are the fruits of the classical as compared with other courses of instruction? And here we regret to find the author falling into the vulgar error which confounds the practical with the superficial. "Knowledge," he says, "not culture, is the end of the scientific course," and this he considers to be the end which a practical man should set before himself in laying out his scheme of studies.

Now, that culture, as here asserted, is to be held interior for practical purposes to the acquisition of knowledge, we deny in every sense that can be attached to the word practical. If we look at the result only so far as it concerns the mind of the student, few, we think, will be bold enough to assert that the mere storing up of facts is of greater advantage than that discipline of the faculties which ensures solidity of reasoning and soundness of judgment. It is notorious that knowledge is no more a proof of wisdom than a library is of learning. If, on the other hand, we define practical as that which enables one to get on in the world, we shall not find the case materially altered. For while knowledge is certainly a great assistance if under the control of a cultivated and disciplined

mind, without such guidance, it is apt rather to be a stumbling block to its possessor. The educated man owes his immense advantage over his uneducated neighbor, not to the greater number of facts which he has acquired, but to the mental exercise which the acquisition of those facts has cost him—exercise which has strengthened and enlarged his mind, as physical training does the body. As well, therefore, expect a man, who has never seen the inside of a gymnasium, to pull a winning race because he has a good oar and a good boat, as think that a man, without intellectual discipline, can succeed merely through the *vis inertiae* of his erudition. The quick and enlarged perception, the fine discrimination, the ready memory, the trained judgment—these are the universally acknowledged characteristics of an educated man. Therefore, it should be the chief aim of every true educational system to develop these characteristics. And any course which neglects these, by subordinating culture to knowledge, whether it is intended for the practical man or the idealist, we pronounce in the light of these facts to be radically false in principle.

But the author goes still further and makes a claim for scientific studies or for modern literature as means of mental discipline as well as of mental provision. That it may be possible to use them thus to advantage we will not deny, but as yet no experiments in this direction have met with any but the most limited success. As a means of intellectual culture, original investigation in physical or natural science takes a very high stand. But thus far it has been found impossible to make use of this form of education, except in isolated instances. A few self-taught men owe the cultivation which they possess in part, at least, to their scientific training. But that such methods as they have pursued can be applied to the average student or to whole classes at once, seems very doubtful. At any

rate, none of our college scientific courses even approach this ideal. In fact, they are scientific in name only. They may give a smattering of modern languages and a little science from text books, but deep linguistic study or original scientific investigation, the two great methods of mental training, they do not give. Moreover the objection which is urged against the classical course, that in it so much is learned only to be forgotten, is equally applicable to other courses. French and German are not taught to enable one to speak, write, or read fluently either of these languages, but to serve as a basis for future study. Indeed, it would be folly to ask anything more of any course which aims to give a liberal education, and not the training of a specialist.

But even if the feasibility of making original scientific investigation a course of instruction were demonstrated, we still deny that such a course would be a complete and satisfactory one. As our opponent may not be willing to take our own assertion for this statement, we will quote from one of the strongest advocates of his side of the argument. Tyndall in his Address to the students of University College says: "I should be the last to deny, or even to doubt, the high discipline involved in the proper study of Latin and Greek;" and though he claims a superior intellectual value for such scientific training as he himself had gone through, he adds, when speaking of the necessity of cultivating the emotional nature, "Here the dead languages, which are sure to be beaten by science in the purely intellectual fight, have an irresistible claim. They supplement the work of science by exalting and refining the æsthetic faculty, and must on that account be cherished by all who desire to see human culture complete. There must be a reason for the fascination which these languages have so long exercised upon the most powerful and elevated minds—a fasci-

nation which will probably continue for men of Grecian mould to the end of time."

These are the words of one who, while opposed to the classical system, could yet appreciate its value. Acting on the belief which they express, we have thought it proper to enter our protest, however feeble, against that presumptuous iconoclasm which would substitute for an old, and efficient, and a well-tested system, a scheme new and untried, and even if practicable, confessedly inferior.

FRIENDSHIP.

Like the sunshine and the brightness
Of the happy Summer time,
When the very air is beauty,
And the birds with Nature chime;
So is true and loving friendship
In life's sunny Summer-days,
Ere the shadows of the twilight
Hide us from the golden rays.

Like the dew drops of the evening,
Sparkling with the moon-beams' glow,
Smiling at the stars above them,
From the daisies down below;
So is friendship in life's silvery
Summer-eve or quiet night.
Dropping smiles of cheer and comfort,
Whispering hope of coming light.

But when midnight-darkness gathers,
When the clouds in blackness rise,
Winds and storms unite their fury,
Thunders rend the vaulted skies;
Friendship then hath lost its power,
Friendship then hath naught to lend,
Only one there is to whisper,
"Peace be still;"—Oh, what a Friend! [81

EDITORIAL.

CHRISTMAS vacation is the College student's oasis. He looks forward to it with joyful and eager anticipation and remembers it with regret that it went so soon. And for many good reasons. Rest after a hard term's work, home, parents, sister, brother, friends, and *possibly* "the dearest girl in the world;"

all these cluster about the Christmas holidays and endow them with peculiar attractions. Blessed be vacations, and blessed be home! How well can we appreciate the trite, yet always beautiful lines of the poet who walked and studied within these walls a half century ago:

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us here,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere."

We wish all a pleasant vacation, trusting your time will be spent in solid recreation, and that you will return with minds and bodies invigorated and hearts whole.

WE are pleased to note the increasing interest in base ball affairs. Under the efficient management of Mr. Lee W. Beattie a large amount of money has been raised, and the subscription list is still circulating. This is a step in the right direction and all who take any interest in base ball should respond heartily.

WE regret to be obliged again to notice the ungentlemanly behavior of a certain class of students in the recitation room. The only sure way of putting a stop to such disgraceful practices is by showing the ring-leaders emphatically that their actions are not endorsed by the college in general, or even by their own class.

"If the coat fits *you*, put it on."

OWING to various changes in the course, the History of Civilization has not yet been taken up by the Senior class. We sincerely hope the faculty will remember this, and that we shall not miss this valuable study. Knowing by repute the great success Professor Whitehorne has in dealing with this subject before a class, we shall consider it an irreparable loss to leave here without having it brought before us. If the course is too crowded, we would suggest that a certain

"Analogy," by a name-sake of Massachusetts' would-be governor, be put down for some distant future. Let us take this in our post-graduate course—if at all.

WE respectfully object to the Professor of Rhetoric subjecting articles in THE CONCORDIENSIS to criticism before his classes, and especially a contribution over its author's initials. No doubt errors can be detected here as well as in most similar writing. But we suggest that this course is hardly fair, and if foreseen would, no doubt, prevent some correspondence. We presume that no Professor even would wish to submit his ordinary utterances to the public examination of so unpretending a critic as THE CONCORDIENSIS. Much more unwilling are less experienced writers to face the official censor.

Now that the term is at its close the question naturally arises, what is our work to be for the next? For the Seniors the Winter term has heretofore practically closed the hard study of the course. As for '79, any change from the usual order of events which would bring greater opportunity for independent study would, we think, be acceptable. But this they don't expect. With regard to topics which have been partly finished, it is a matter of considerable importance whether they be resumed or dropped now. Two terms in Chemistry should be sufficient for the general student. We are confident that we speak the voice of the class in saying that to make Chemistry a part of the regular work for next term would be highly dissatisfactory. If a few men desire to carry the subject farther, let them take it in place of other work.

The same may be said in regard to Optics; though the more general value of this subject makes it, in our opinion, important that we should have the experiments, belonging to this term's work, and if nothing more, lectures on the remainder.

Now that the the general election is over, the smoke of the contest cleared away and our politicians and newspapers are reviewing and collating the results, it would seem a fitting time to make a few remarks as to the advisability of more attention being paid to politics by all young men—especially by college students. The whole system of American Politics is becoming more and more complicated by the birth of new parties, and the continual bringing forward of new issues and of old ones in new forms.

Hence the greater need of clear-headed, educated men to distinguish the true from the false, valid reasoning from sophistry, patriotism from mere party spirit.

Where, then, are such men to be found? It can hardly be doubted that the greater part of the culture and education of a country lies in its college graduates. And it is from these men, trained to close and accurate reasoning, that we must expect that clear logic and vivid argument which are the necessary qualifications of a true statesman. But, that they may use their qualities to the best advantage, a good preliminary knowledge of political affairs is absolutely necessary, and, therefore, its study in college can not be too strongly advocated. It can not be commenced too early. Learn, then, the platforms of the various parties; familiarizing yourself with the plans and results of campaigns and, so far as possible, with the state of public feeling.

Such knowledge, even if it should have no other result, will enable you to talk intelligently on one of the most common topics of conversation.

SOME of the few things which we never expect to understand are the exceptions made to the College Laws.

We cannot quote the rule, but there is one to the effect that should any one be excused from drill he must take extra studies in its stead, yet there are men in college who do

neither, while upon the majority of students the provision is rigidly enforced.

Again, in the matter of attending chapel. There are a few who make it a rule to absent themselves, and they are passed over without ever receiving one of those delightful official missives stating that their absences are too numerous; while on the other hand men who fail to attend chapel only a few times in a term receive such warnings, and that, too, quite frequently.

There is a rule which is placed on the closet doors of the rooms and reads like this, "No noises will be allowed in the Rooms or Halls which will disturb the quiet of the Sections."

Now we do not know that the sounds which issue from various rooms would be called by their occupants noises, but surely they would come under that head when others wish to study, and they include noises made by pianos, violins, guitars and banjos, with an accompaniment by the bones.

If it is the desire of the college to raise its standard of excellence and improve its moral tone these nuisances should be abated, for surely they are conducive to poor recitations if not to profanity.

These are a few of the exceptions to rules made by the authorities, and until they are changed that good feeling which should exist in a college between faculty and students can not be expected.

THE study of Chemistry next term by the Seniors has already been referred to in an article of a general character. Indeed, a rumor is floating about that they *are* to take it up again. Of course, from the exceedingly transitional state of our curriculum, we have no means of knowing what is to come. But we get used to this sort of thing and are surprised at nothing. We calmly wait, and bring as untrammelled minds as possible to our impending fate, whether it shall be to

learn the dictionary by heart or to go to the frontier and fight Indians. What right have we poor wretches to expect anything?

Now we question whether, considering the shortness of the time which we get in our collegiate course to devote to mental culture, more than *one* term's study of a science like Chemistry is beneficial to the general student. True, some professions, like that of medicine, by their nature necessitate a thorough knowledge of the details of Chemistry. But what need has a lawyer or a clergyman for such a knowledge? None whatever. He needs only this; like every well-educated man, he should understand the general principles of Chemistry; the laws of combination of the elements without knowing more than the most *important* and *familiar* compounds. By judicious selection we believe such a knowledge could be obtained in one term.

But let us allow two terms to the subject. Then we say one half of that time should be devoted to laboratory work in order that we may be interested in, and know intelligently what we do learn. Nothing so tends to stifle the good results which might otherwise spring from any study as an entire lack of interest in it. Now, who can be interested in committing page after page of the dry technicalities of Chemistry?

It is a fortune or *misfortune* that we have a marking system. The better half of the class are so constituted that they wish to maintain a high rank as scholars; and the others have a commendable desire to maintain a connection with their Alma Mater. Hence, all must work hard. But the subject is distasteful and "cramming" is the inevitable outgrowth. A man goes into class "welling over" (to use the words of a distinguished Professor,) with a mass of details and in two or three days he has "*welled over*" and is in no respect the better for it. By all means, we repeat, let one of the two terms be given to laboratory work.

And now some one jumps up and with an air of impenetrable and mysterious wisdom exclaims: "Here is where you get your mental discipline." Yes, if mere memorizing with little or no exercise of the discriminative or reasoning faculties be the best type of mental discipline, then *here* you have it. But not so. "The fool," says Shakspeare, "hath planted his memory with an army of words." May it not be said of us that we have made fools of ourselves in planting our memory with a host of such stuff as that "a solution of ammonium molybdate in nitric acid gives, with a warm solution of an orthophosphate, a precipitate of ammonium phosphomolybdate?"

However ill-founded may be our conclusions, it gives us pleasure to know that not only do we express the universal sentiment of the class, but also that some of our professors, whose judgment has a weighty influence in most matters, entertain opinions similar to our own in this.

OUR noble city has achieved a reputation almost national. From the lofty pines of Maine to the snow-capped peaks of the Rockies, from the lakes of the North to the orange groves of the sunny South, Schenectady is known as "the city of the great depot and of red-headed police." Well worthy is it of its wide-spread fame. Our railroad depot is a miracle of grandeur—who can deny it? As the stranger approaches it, he halts and gazes in reverential awe. He looks upon the stupendous pile with profound wonder. What sublimity of architectural skill! What grandeur, what beauty, what symmetry, all combined! From the glittering spires of its lofty roof, to the tessellated pavement below, its splendor surpasses the wildest conception of the human mind. Truly, it is a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

But the Schenectady policeman is the greatest living curiosity of the age. No

wonder that his existence has become so proverbial. Would that the immortal Darwin could have secured a specimen and proved his theories to an incredulous world by the production of the "missing link." The average "cop" as he appears to us is a kind of omnivorous animal, a little higher, perhaps, than other irrational creatures, but a great deal lower than man. He is possessed of considerable brute force, but utterly devoid of reason. In short, his brains are a minus quantity.

By some strange freak of fortune, these cowardly, obese monsters have been raked from the slums of the city and endowed with civil power. They have been washed and fumigated, dressed in uniforms and armed with the club and revolver. Fully impressed with their new dignity, they have reared up on their hind legs and endeavored to imitate the race of man. Like Argus-eyed demons they waddle about our streets seeking whom they may devour, and the college student is their especial prey. They interdict our street singing, our midnight parades and our innocent carousals. Not even a solitary yell can escape our overburdened lungs, without having the inevitable club brandished before our eyes, and a massive paw, with nails in thirty days mourning, laid upon our shoulder. Yet it is under the mask of the law that this tyrannical oligarchy perform their acts of open insult and oppression! Truly has Butler said:

"Authority intoxicates,
And makes mere sots of magistrates.
The fumes of it invade the brain
And make them giddy, proud and vain.
By this the fool commands the wise;
The noble with the base complies;
The sot assumes the rule of wit,
And cowards make the brave submit."

And *this* is our boasted land of liberty! *This* is the land of free speech and free institutions! And these carrot-headed wretches who prowl about our streets call themselves the servants of justice! Alas for justice! At

their nefarious actions in her name, she bows her head and blushes for shame.

LOCAL.

—"Who you callin' freshman?"

—The Juniors have lost a *priceless* boon, Mechanics.

—Mr. L. W. Hull, of Sandusky, Ohio, has entered the class of '81.

—The Cave of Aeolus—The North-west corner of South College.

—A Freshman, corresponding with a city paper, dubs the Sophs *Sophoneophytes*.

—A Fresh. observes that the causes of national stability are, "big feet and a full pocket book."

—A Soph., when asked the derivation of *Septentrionalis*, said, "From the seven bears up there."

—A member of the class of '82 says that Monsieur is placed before a proper name for euphony.

—What has become of the gold-headed cane that was to go to the President of the Senior class?

—Chapel at 2 o'clock, Monday afternoon, was not very well attended. Adair thinks there must have been some mistake.

—In the absence of the President, who is in Europe, Mr. W. J. McNulty, '80, is acting as President of the Intercollegiate Athletic Association.

—A Soph., whose wash comes in every week with one sock missing, says he is firmly convinced that his washwoman is supplying some one-legged man with hose.

—We hope that the student who was ignorant of the difference between "suspension" and "a state of suspense" may never discover it by a sad experience.

—The Engineers of '80 and '79 who have been busily preparing for the "Final" in Calculus, undertook that task Thursday, Dec. 5th. The returns are not yet in.

—Veni, Vidi, V(w)ie(n)cke.

—A Junior translates Chaucer's verse, "At wrastlinge he wolde have alway the ram," as meaning in wrestling he was good at butting.

—One of our professors tells us that Chaucer's phrase "To pulle a fynch" is equivalent to our modern phrase to "pluck a goose;" *i. e.* to cut the eye-teeth of a Freshman.

—We understand that the Union College Chess Club are engaged in a game with Cornell, which will be finished next spring. Cornell is also playing with the University of Pennsylvania.

—Almost any professor in college (such is their metaphysical tendency) will admit you to all the secrets of the *grand* "Law of the Conditioned,"—provided you pay a dollar to the Treasurer.

—We have a man at our boarding house who has gained 18 lbs. in three weeks, and was never known to laugh louder than a smile. Something wrong about the "laugh and grow fat" theory.

—A Freshman, who is an admirer of Bacon, was well aware before he came to Union that "Reading maketh a full man," but now he has found an easier way of becoming full, *viz.*: by going to Wiencke's.

—Mr. A. V. S. Wallace has been appointed Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., of this place, to fill the vacancy of Rev. Mr. Morse, recently resigned. There is no doubt that he will make a most efficient officer.

—'80 contains an inveterate punster. A few weeks ago the gentleman retired from active life and after a few days issued forth with this pun, which he ruthlessly hurled at the editors:

Why is having the Calculus Final so soon after the Thanksgiving bolt like using the complement of an arc? It is cos. for sin. (cause for sighing.)

Two of the editors are not expected to recover.

—An interesting question for the Seniors would be how many of the Schenectady young ladies belong to the *paraffin* series. We would, however, advise caution in the investigation, as it is a *dangerous* experiment.

—On Saturday, Dec. 7th, Lieut. Best marched his soldier-boys to State st. where their memories were perpetuated in a series of photographs. Would that we were of that number who will thus be handed down to future Freshmen as models of soldierly bearing!

—Do your trading with Reese & Hartley on Union St. We can assure you good bargains and courteous treatment. They certainly deserve our patronage in preference to any man who for years has had a large students' trade and yet persistently refuses to advertise with us.

—The Philomathean Society held the first meeting of the season Saturday, Dec. 7th. No officers were then elected, but we understand that the society intends to go to work. There is no good reason why they shouldn't for there are some able men among them and they have excellent facilities.

—He was a freshman. He thought she was the best looking girl at the fair, and had already begun to speculate upon the enjoyment of that walk home with her. But when she, in her winning way, asked him if he would mind carrying a small parcel for her and produced a wash tub and a dozen brooms which she had just won in a raffle, his bright dream faded, and he wished he had left that fair earlier in the evening.

—The Senior and Junior classes have taken measures to revive the Senate and House of Representatives next term. Prof. Alexander has been elected as Speaker of the House by the Juniors. The Presidency of the Senate was tendered by the Seniors to Dr. Potter who expressed his thanks to the class but declined on the ground of his necessary absence during part of the term. No one has yet been chosen in his stead. The

revival of this institution, which was allowed to die out by one or two preceding classes, is commendable and will work good results.

—Our Professor of Chemistry was absent in New York during Thanksgiving vacation and did not return until two days after regular work had been resumed. Failing to meet his class on Monday, great anxiety was manifested by the Seniors for his return by the 2 o'clock train on Tuesday; so much so that many of them watched for him on the street corners and from the section doors. But he didn't come then and sadness reigned a day longer.

—The Seniors have completed their class election. The officers are as follows: Geo. E. Marks, of New York, President; J. N. Van Patten, of Schenectady, Vice President; W. A. Silliman, of Clarkson, Secretary; J. L. Perry, of Charleston, S. C., Treasurer; W. P. Adams, of Cohoes, Orator; L. W. Beattie, of Cornwall, Addressor; G. S. Gregory, of Albany, Poet; James Heatly, of Schenectady, Prophet; Fred. Van Dusen, of Glens Falls, Historian; A. C. Dingman, of Minden, Grand Marshal.

—Hill's Principles of Rhetoric.—“Mr. H.—would you say ‘I drank,’ or ‘I drunk’?” “I drank, of course.” “Well, state your reasons.” “Why”—long pause—“drank denotes action, while”—another pause—“drunk denotes a state of being”—further remarks interrupted by an appreciative “come down” from the boys. “Mr. H.—would you say ‘in consequence’ or ‘of consequence’?” Mr. H.—, after carefully weighing the question. “Why, yes.” Appendix—“Well, that will do.”

—At a meeting of the Base Ball Association, held on the 5th of this month, it was suggested that some entertainments be given for the benefit of the association. After some discussion, the following committees were appointed, and instructed to make all arrangements as speedily as possible: 1st committee; Messrs. Lee W. Beattie, Rogers,

Fancher and Ford. 2d committee; Messrs. Heatly, Crane, Moore and Fairgreave. After the election of Mr. L. W. Beattie as Treasurer and Mr. Van Vechten as Secretary, the Association adjourned.

—A senior coming up from the city lost his — well, perhaps *business* letter. The wind bore the tender missive over a high fence into a back yard. Then there was some silent disputation. Some of it wasn't silent. Should he go into the house, or scale the fence? The latter seemed desirable and running the risk of dogs and other annoyances he recovered the precious document. And now we think he'll hereafter button sweetness in that form close to his left breast pocket and not trust it to the treacherous wind.

—The present Freshman class promises to be one that will be long remembered by the ladies of Dorp, for gallantry. Some of them having read the poem of "Condolence to College Widows" in the last issue of THE CONCORDIENSIS have investigated the subject and warmly espoused the cause of the "widows." They consider the conduct of the students heartless, and are indignant that it should not be said that they cannot be faithful to a Dorpian maid for more than four years. Ladies take courage, your weeds may yet wilt.

—Some of our inoffensive citizens were startled one night by a dreadful apparition which went up and down the street in dazzling white. But a respectable ghost gets no credit in this city. Its prerogatives are usurped by the "stood'nt." And, of course, *this* was a student. With wonted alacrity one of these citizens (so we are told,) reported to our authorities that a certain student had been seen coming up street, O horification! in a woman's attire. Soon it was rumored that a swift-footed friend of ours had been ordered to run home. Which wasn't so. Too bad—for our friends of the town,

they must have been *so* disappointed. Try again. Perhaps it was a *real* ghost, any way.

—The Freshman class have made one move in the right direction; they have organized a glee club. Mr. Temple has been elected Director, an office which he is in every way qualified to fill, and Messrs. Elder, Pollard, Ford and Peoli, managing committee. We are glad to observe this and hope before long the walls of Old Union will again resound with her time-honored songs. Let it not be confined to the Freshmen, however. There can be no good reason why the Musical Association should not be revived, and we should not again listen to the music which many an alumnus recalls among his most pleasant memories of Alma Mater.

—We have received a letter from Mr. H. W. Garfield, of Albany, Secretary of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen, in which he says:

"The evils with which the other amateur clubs had formerly to contend seem still inherent in the usages which are now prevalent among collegiate boating organizations, and the need for some annual contest to decide the supremacy between the various college crews, has long been apparent. This want will now be supplied. Through the generosity and public spirit of the EUREKA, PASSAIC, AND TRITON BOAT CLUBS, of Newark, N. J., the Association has become possessed of three elegant cups, as perpetual challenge prizes, to be contended for annually in a college regatta open to the world. These races will be confined to college oarsmen, and will occur at such a date, and over such a course as shall be generally satisfactory to the contestants."

He would be pleased to learn at our earliest convenience, (a) What style of races we would prefer, (b) The most convenient date for the regatta, (c) The qualifications which should be prescribed for contestants, *i. e.* whether the races shall be confined to undergraduates or be opened to post-graduates. What do our U. C. Navy propose to do about it?

—The Fresh. must now be weaned; the cows have left the pasture.

A PARODY.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered weak and weary,
 Over many a dry and tedious story in my classic lore—
 While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
 As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door;
 "'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door,
 Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the late September,
 And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
 Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow
 From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow never felt before—
 For the mild and peaceful Freshman ne'er was treated so before,
 Not by even Sophomore.

Soon a plan, in half unbroken, whispered words and softly spoken,
 Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
 So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
 "'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;
 Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door,
 That it is and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger, hesitating then no longer,
 "Soph," said I, "or Junior, truly, your forgiveness I implore;
 But the fact is, I was napping and so gently you came rapping,
 And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
 That I scarce was sure I heard you;"—here I opened wide the door:
 Darkness there—no Sophomore.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
 Doubting, dreaming dreams no Freshman ever dared to dream before;
 But the silence was unbroken and the stillness gave no token,
 And the only word there spoken was the whispered "Sophomore!"
 This I whispered, and an echo murmured faintly, "Sophomore!"
 Echo only, nothing more.

Back into my chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
 Soon again I heard a rapping, something louder than before.
 "This," said I, "is something meaning, something more than simply seeming;
 Let me be no longer dreaming, but this mystery explore;
 Let my heart be still a moment while this mystery I explore,
 Bold as any Sopomore!"

Long I waited for the rapping, till I fell again to napping,
 And the wasting, dying embers fell to ashes on the floor,
 Still the silence was unbroken and the stillness gave no token,
 And no word has yet been spoken of that "daring" Sophomore,
 And no word will e'er be spoken for the "Fresh" is Fresh, no more.
 Farewell, Fresh., forever more.

BASE BALL.

The Nine M(m)uses concerning the support that will be given to the proposed entertainments.

A generous Senior agrees to give five dollars to the B. B. Association and says he will furnish to any member of the nine who may break a leg a *wooden* one. Give us more such.

After three attempts on as many afternoons a match game of ball between the Senior and Junior classes, the score now stands 18 to 14 in favor of the Seniors in the 8th inning; the Juniors having finished their turn at the bat and the Seniors having scored one run with no outs and a man on 2d base. By previous arrangement no game was to be called before the completion of nine innings. It will probably be finished in the spring. Some good batting was done on both sides but both nines lacked an effective pitcher, a fact which accounts for so large a score.

A meeting of the Base Ball Association was held on Friday Dec. 6th, to discuss pro- for raising funds for the use of the nine next spring. The meeting was well attended and considerable interest was shown. It was called to order with Mr. Heatley in the chair and after a little discussion two committees were appointed to prepare two entertainments. The first, probably to consist of readings and music, will be given about the second week of next term and the second will follow in the course of a few weeks. Mr. L. W. Beattie, '79, was elected Treasurer, and Mr. J. VanVechten, '82, Secretary of the Association.

THE MYSTERY.

There is a rumor afloat of a mystery—not the Union street ghost—connected with the hill; it amounts to this, viz: that shortly after the erection of the new bath-tubs in the gymnasium two men were seen filling them, evidently going into partnership for a bath.

Nothing was thought of their their action at the time and it is only subsequent revelation that has attracted attention to it. After they had taken their bath and come out with a skin-tint several shades lighter than the hue they had hitherto worn, it was found upon using the tubs again that the plumber would need to be called in to clear the discharge-pipe. Accordingly this was done, and some shreds were drawn forth, which, upon careful analysis, Prof. Perkins has pronounced to be collar-bands of shirts. The material is flannel, and microscopic examination proves it to be identical with that kind of which baby-clothes are made. Some private detectives in the freshman class on learning this wrote immediately to Judge Hilton to place fifty thousand dollars to their credit in any bank in the city whose officers hadn't yet defaulted, as they had a certain clue to the Stewart grave-robbery. It will be noticed that we mention no names, in speaking of this case, but the two men who used the tubs as *co-partners* are so shadowed as to be available at a moment's notice should any evidence be found which will justify their arrest. The fact of these relics being of a material called "baby-flannel" might seem to indicate infanticide as the crime chargeable to these fiends incarnate. One of the later explanations of this mystery is that these men are quite innocent of having bathed before since their infancy and that the articles forming the stoppage of the drain-pipe were only the remains of garments, the rest of which had worn away as the ages rolled on, and that as these men's ablutions proceeded the bands had been liberated by the erosion of the superincumbent strata and had been deposited with the sediment in the bottom of the tub and thus found their way to the drain-pipe. We, however, cannot be misled by any such explanation of the facts. We can believe these men guilty of infanticide or body-snatching, having in youth engaged somewhat in

both those diversions—but to believe that men could go twenty-odd years—but the subect is too painful we cannot pursue it further. At first Dr. Potter seemed as much in the dark as anyone, with regard to the mystery, but of late a smile of unwonted brightness has been noticed to flit periodically over his uniformly benign countenance and we are led by this to believe that he could reveal much if he would. Let us hope for a speedy clearing up of the mystery. In the meantime the shreds will be placed with the flint arrow-heads and other relics of antiquity in the Wheatly Cabinet.

EXCHANGES.

—We notice in the *Kenyon Advance* an article on the Exchange Department which is so pertinent and sensible that if space permitted we would copy it entire but we clip from it only the following;

"Our exchanges profess to have high ends in view, and generally live up to their profession in everything except the exchange department. No department is so contemptibly conducted as this. With a few exceptions there is no paper among our exchanges whose critical columns are worthy of the spirit and matter of the rest of the paper. In many cases these columns are disgraceful.

The various papers are noticed according to set formulas. Once in a while there is a real criticism but most notices are puffs, unreasonable complaints, or flippant and unjust remarks. Why need twelve out of thirteen notices mention the dress or form of as many papers? Why must a journal calling itself "literary" make a specialty of criticising every paper which advertises on its front page? Is it not unutterably superficial and discourteous to say, without specifications, of any paper that it is better outside than it is inside? We think it is absolutely silly to print the names of eight or nine articles, all different in character, with the adjectives "dull and monotonous," or "pleasing and attractive," at the end of them. Yet this is a specimen college reviewing. Is it vigor, or utter barrenness, which leads a paper to publish, without note or comment, a list of the articles in *Atlantic* or *Scribner*, when both magazines are two or three weeks old? Such a catalogue has neither beauty nor substance. There never was such a Sahara. Let us irrigate the waste, of which such a notice is a small part, if we have to deluge it with a whole *Atlantic* of wrath; or let it be reclaimed by gentler means."

Yet we differ from the *Advance* in thinking that the outward appearance of a paper is something to be criticized. Should there be any eccentricity either in dress or manner in some popular lecturer or public man, who in making a report of his address would fail to comment on his appearance except for the purpose of toadyism? So we consider it right to criticize the appearance of our exchanges, and in this respect we think the *Advance* is above reproach for it would be almost impossible to find a neater form of dress. In the Literary Department we notice in particular an essay upon Macaulay. It does not commence, as do most articles, with an account of his birth and youthful days, but confines itself to those portions of his life which best show his devotion to Literature. It speaks feelingly of the effect of his style upon the human heart and emotions and of the high aspirations and desires which were in the mind of this great man when engaged upon his work. It is one of the many beautiful tributes to his memory. As an excellent example of the state of affairs as quoted from the *Advance* we present the scurrilous attack of the *Oberlin Review* upon THE CONCORDIENSIS. But we do not intend to gratify the editors of this sheet by noticing at any length their article, we only quote from their own criticism: "Thwing tells us that a college paper is an index to the intellectual character which a college forms. This would be a most bitter criticism" (not upon Union as they say,) but upon the character of the editors who write articles like that which appeared in the *Review*.

—The subject matter of the *College Echo* is commendable inasmuch as it treats of everything of interest to those in the college in a lively and spirited way which makes it interesting even to those outside its walls. The absence of deep essays and the substitution of livelier articles which also contain much useful information is, we think, a

fortunate change. Too many of the so-called literary articles in college periodicals are put in for display and are read by few persons in college. The studies in which they are engaged are sufficient for that branch and something lighter in its character is preferable. The local department is interesting but its news are a little behind hand as many the events of last June are chronicled in this issue.

—The *Dartmouth* is one of the few College papers which are issued weekly, and yet there seems to be no lack of material as the last number is as interesting and good as if the usual month had been spent in preparing it. The article upon "Teaching" is well written and is applicable to many other colleges than Dartmouth. The writer is plainly opposed to the habit of leaving college during term-time for the purpose of teaching. He condemns the practice as injurious to the student and institution, and quotes Choate as saying, "I would rather hire money at ten per cent. than be out of college a single day." Although this may be too strong for the average student of to-day, there is contained in the article a number of strong arguments against the custom. A '76 man is strongly aroused by a previous article on "Hazing," which appeared in the *Dartmouth* and pitches into the author with a great deal of gusto. Yet from his article it would be difficult to say where cane-rushing leaves off and hazing begins.

—We have received the following; *Amherst Student*, *Lafayette (Coll.) Journal*, *Advocate*, *Hamilton Literary Monthly*, *Yale Record*, *Trinity Tablet*, *Archangel*, *Tripod*, *Chronicle*, *Vidette*, *Vindex*, *Tuftonian*, *Targum*, *Madisonensis*, *Southern Collegian*, *Vassar Miscellany*, *Knox Student*, *Packer Quarterly*, *Maryland Collegian*, and others.

—We have just discovered the shape of a kiss—it is a lip-tickle.—*Ex.*

PERSONAL.

'24. Josiah Sutherland, L.L.D., whose term of office as City Judge of New York expires on the 31st of December, has passed three score years and ten and by reason of strength may easily expect to see four score. To a *World* reporter he recently gave some very interesting reminiscences of his long and eventful life. He has been associated at the bar and on the bench with many of our greatest lawyers, among whom he mentioned Chas. O'Connor, W. H. Seward, ex-Judge Fullerton, John Van Buren, John W. Edmonds and others. After graduation he began to practice in Columbia County; was District Attorney of that county for twelve years; served one term in the Thirty-second Congress; was afterward elected to the Superior Court where he remained till 1872 when he was elected City Judge of New York, an office which he is soon to relinquish.

'35. Honorable John Bigelow, ex-Secretary of State, recently delivered an oration on Wm. Cullen Bryant, at the memorial services of the Century Club of New York City. Mr. Bigelow, having been intimately associated with the great poet for many years as editor of the *Evening Post*, is eminently well qualified to speak of his life and character. The address should be widely read.

'49. Samuel Otis Bisbee, A. M., is the popular Principal of the Poughkeepsie Military Academy.

'65. F. W. Bartlett paid us a visit recently. He is Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy in Norwich University, Vt.

'74. Lawrence A. Serviss is lawyer of Amsterdam, N. Y.

'76. Fred. B. Streeter is taking a course of lectures at the Albany Medical College. He studies medicine at his father's office in Glens Falls.

'77. Geo. W. Albright is studying law in Albany.

'77. F. J. Bassett is in Berkeley Theological Seminary, Middletown, Ct.

'77. D. C. Moore is practicing law in Johnstown, N. Y.

'77. O. H. Rogers is in College pursuing some special studies preparatory to a course in medicine.

'78. John E. Bold has married a Schenectady young lady and is living in town.

'78. W. D. Maxon is at a Theological Seminary in New York.

'78. Our genial friend, O'Hara, is making a short stay among us. He is "polling up" as a competitor for a position on the U. S. Coast Survey. All success to you, John.

'78. R. G. O'Neale is at the Albany Law Department.

'78. Sammy Rogers is taking law at Albany.

'78. Stolbrand, when last heard from, was in Brazil, engineering.

'79. James Stewart is in town on a visit. He is studying law in Johnstown.

'79. Grupe is married.

EXTRANE A.

—"Two bad little boys of Tarentum
First borrowed some pins and then bent 'em,
When their pa took a seat
They both beat a retreat,
As did likewise the fellow who lent 'em."—*Ex.*

—"I slept in an editor's bed one night,
When no editor chanced to be nigh;
And I thought as I tumbled that editor's nest,
How *easily* editors *lie*."—*Transcript.*

—Riding in a buggy,
On a Summer night,
Sat a Harvard Junior
With a maiden bright.
Maiden very timid,
Student very bold,
(Maid a little prudish
If the truth were told.)

On the seat behind her
Lay the student's arm,
Maiden in a flutter
Feared she'd come to (h)arm.

Suddenly horses started—
"Take both hands, for I've—"
Student interrupted,
"Some one's got to *drive*."
—*Harvard Crimson.*

—"Miss Kellogg says newspaper men are just like lemons—fit only to be squeeze as much as possible, then tossed aside. You just keep your distance, Clara Kellogg. Police! Police!"—*Ex.*

—"Will you name the bones of the head?" "I've got 'em all in my head, professor, but I can't give them."

—"Do editors ever do wrong?" "No." "What do they do?" "They do write, of course."—*Colby Echo*.

—A Williams Freshman entered the cost of a package of cigarettes on his account book thus: Lost on two trade dollars, 20 cents.

—"I am sorry to have met you and glad that you can't stay longer," was the remark of a rather confused Junior to an unexpected caller.

—"Trinity College is now occupying its new site and buildings. Its recitation rooms and dormitories surpass in finish those of any other college."—*Ex.*

—"Say, Billy! Why didn't you elect classics this term?" "Gad! I don't patronize any Greek that isn't worthy of being included in 'Harper's Classical Library.'"—*Ex.*

—"This is the latest from '81's genius, when asked the reason of his chronic impecuniosity: 'Time flies; time is money. Therefore (axiom 1st Euclid), money flies.'"—*Ex.*

—Should the earth be ever flooded again, not far from the present New Haven, will be found an oar, (a Noah) to point the way to a great fossil *Shell*, the present Yale College.—*Ex.*

—The Freshman class was unusually large, and when they were assembled for the first time at prayers, the Doctor opened to the third Psalm and read, "Lord! how are they increased that trouble me!"—*Colby Echo*.

—Conscientious Greek Professor, remonstrating with Sophomore repeating disturbance in the class-room, lays his hand upon the refractory one's shoulder and says: My dear friend, the devil has hold upon you."—*Ex.*

—Senior.—"Do you know why our college is such a learned place?" Freshman.—"Of course; the Freshmen all bring a little learning here, and as the Seniors never take any

away, it naturally accumulates."—*The Wittenberger*.

—"Forget thee?" wrote a young man to his girl, "forget thee? When the earth forgets to revolve; when the stars forget to shine; when the rain forgets to fall; when the flowers forget to bloom; then, and not till then, will I forget thee." Three months later he was going to see another girl with a wart on her nose and \$40,000 in bank.—*Ex.*

—Not long ago, a Junior was out riding with one of Amherst's beauties by his side, when looking up pensively into his face, she said with tears in her eyes. "Oh! no one loves me Mr. R." "Some one does," he replied. "Yes!" said the lady pressing his arm ever so lightly. "Yes, Miss Lizzie," continued the wretch, "God loves you."—*Ex.*

—Prof. W——, in composition class:—"You may have for one of your subjects for your next essay, Manners."

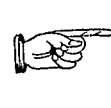
—N——, '81:—"Can we write on the bad manners in college?"

Prof. W——: "Oh, certainly, write about whatever you are best acquainted with."—*Ex.*

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