

The Concordiensis.

VOL VII.

UNION UNIVERSITY, FRIDAY, APRIL 25, 1884.

No. 7.

THE CONCORDIENSIS,

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, BY

THE STUDENTS OF UNION UNIVERSITY.

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TERMS.—One Dollar and a-half per year, in advance. Remit to the order of Business Manager.

Entered at the Schenectady, N. Y., Post-Office as second-class matter.

THE junior class have histology this term instead of zoölogy. Although designed more especially for students of medicine, still, under the instruction of Prof. Hailes, it bids fair to be an exceedingly interesting study, and no doubt will prove beneficial to all interested, whether they have the medical profession in view or not. Two hours per week are occupied in class recitations and lectures, and four hours in the laboratory in microscopic analysis.

IN our first (October) number we complained of the price of books here and had reference, although it was not openly so stated, to the prices at Barhydt's book store. Mr. Barhydt complains to us that this editorial has done him injustice and harm. We still believe that the main fact of that editorial was correct, viz., that he was at the time mentioned charging too much for books. The reason of this, as Mr. Barhydt maintains, was that he held to the fixed and what might be called the legal price set by the Board of Trade, while other dealers, desirous of attracting custom, cut the prices. We have nothing to do with the reasons. We simply stated the facts as we found

them. Mr. Barhydt, however, assures us that these troubles are now done with, and that he is selling books as cheap as any other dealer. As this gentleman is an advertiser in THE CONCORDIENSIS, we have thought it worth the while to state the case in full out of justice to the paper and Mr. Barhydt.

THERE will be noticed in our columns a call to the class of '54 to attend a reunion at the coming commencement. This is a step in the right direction, and similar movements by other classes are to be desired and encouraged. These reunions are a source of pleasure to the individual men who participate in them. They recall the good old past, and once more renew the friendships that have been so long interrupted. But more than this, they are beneficial to our alma mater. Here we are back in the old place—we who have been away for thirty years. It is pleasant. For a man gets to like a place where he has lived a student's life for four years. Now we are growing old and gouty, and our pockets are phlethoric while our alma mater is not over wealthy. Yes, it is well that all the old classes should, at stated times, meet in reunion here. Well for them; well for alma mater. Let the other classes follow the excellent example of '54.

CREMATION night showed one thing plainly—that to retain any self-respect the men of this college must keep "townies" and outsiders from any of the contests that may arise between classes. Enough rowdyism will be displayed even then when class is opposed to class and some low men will in every class be found who will not scruple to employ the most cowardly means of attack. But when the offensive party is strengthened by the miserable vulgus with which Schenectady is abundantly supplied, the rowdy element is altogether too much in the majority. Every man who then participates in the melee must feel himself disgraced, and even those students who have no part in the affair must feel ashamed that in his college such an occurrence is possible as that of

cremation night. Moreover, we believe the better sentiment of this college to be against such disgraceful performances as mud-throwing, egging, and all that like; these practices are cowardly and low. Let the men who so feel exert themselves and the practice will cease. Up to this time the feeling between classes has been kindly and cordial. A few such scenes as those of cremation night and the day of the freshmen parade will go far to destroy the good relations. Besides, if the sophmores *will attack* the *freshmen* let them do it squarely—do it in such a way that the freshmen can see whom they are fighting. Don't get in a crowd and throw missiles of every description. We do not believe in cane-rushes, salting, or anything of that sort, for we do not think that the relations of the classes should be hostile. But a rush is preferable to such low squabbles as seem to have taken the place of rushes here. If there must be war—if you must fight—let the fight be a decent one, and let the war be carried on according to the code of civilized nations.

IT must be plain that if Union is to succeed in base ball, this spring, actives measures to this end are necessary. Hobart and Hamilton will have strong nines in the field, and the management of these nines will not lack financial support. For anything known to the contrary all the other colleges (except Union) are just as determined as Hobart or Hamilton to win, and are earnestly preparing for the contest. Here little or nothing has been done at this writing, and matters, especially financial, do not look promising. It is true our college has always been noted for great self-confidence for holding off in a comatose condition while others were preparing for the race, but finally rousing itself and with a bound securing the prize. All the old settlers (otherwise known as seniors) tell of the years before when just as now base ball during the winter and early spring seemed dead, as if there would be no nine, but suddenly the boys "braced," got out their nine, and defeated other college nines that had been in training all winter. That is all very well. But that it is not a rule to be depended on is evidenced by the fact that generally the men who win races are the men who have trained best. Besides, there is danger that this sleep may last too long, thereby become too sound, and that even the heat of May or June will not rouse us. We have confidence, however, in the ability of our men to "brace." If we had not, we would feel that base ball would be a failure this spring. But it will not. We must not let

the prize for the championship go from Union. If the measures of which rumor speaks are taken, there is a good chance yet for us to make the season a success, and to make a good struggle for the prize.

THE Blair educational bill which passed the United States Senate on the 7th, has given rise to considerable discussion. Many think it unwarranted on the part of the general government to meddle in affairs which it is claimed belong solely to the different states, while many more think it eminently proper that Congress should act as it did.

Overlooking the constitutionality of the measure, we think on the whole that it is a beneficial enactment. Many of the Southern States that were impoverished by the late war could make but little advancement, until very recently, in public education; but, by the aid of this appropriation from the surplus in the national treasury they will be able to dethrone illiteracy almost wholly, and make the black man intelligent enough to avoid the snares of the shrewd Yankee adventurer who often took advantage of his credulity about election time.

If the black population of this section could be educated up to a proper understanding of their true privileges and duties under the law, the much-vexed "Southern question" would soon be eliminated from our politics, and Northern people would feel that the few millions used in accomplishing this had not been spent vainly. In the far West also the amount of illiteracy is alarming, on account of the country being so sparsely settled; but with the aid now projected it is likely to be greatly modified. The education of the masses is necessary in a government like ours, and, indeed, if it were made compulsory throughout the land our institutions would be the safer for it.

THE STUDENT WORLD.

THE first number of a paper called the *College World*, somewhat novel in its object was issued from Nashville, Tenn., in January last. To quote from the prospectus in this number—"What the *Lumberman* is to the lumber trade, what the *Field and Farm* is to the planter and producer, what the *Texas Siftings* is to the lover of mirth, and the *Commercial Traveler* is to the drummer, we propose to make the *Student World* to the great student body of the country." This will be seen to be a great undertaking and we fear an impracticable one. We admire the enterprise and pluck shown in the founding of a paper with so good an object. We hope we are mis-

taken in regard to its success. The paper has correspondents at most of the principal universities and colleges and will have the latest news from widely separated institutions as well as essays and discussions on topics interesting to the student body. We heartily commend this paper to the attention and support of all students.

HUMOR AND ROMANCE IN AMERICAN LITERATURE,

AS ILLUSTRATED BY IRVING AND HAWTHORNE.

BY J. MONTGOMERY MOSHER.

AMERICAN literature has been marked by the same course of progressive development that has characterized the rapid growth of all of the institutions of our nation since it became a self-created, self-sustaining government. All writing prior to our first war with England shows the influence of the times and circumstances amid which it was born. During the "Colonial period" the infant literature was mostly an exponent of the sectarian sentiment and feeling of the different churches which then controlled the scattered colonies. That which was not historical was inspired or in the main controlled by the rigid discipline of the Puritans. Little fault can be found with our first settlers for not having devoted more of their energies to letters; no doubt they possessed the intellect which, properly trained, makes great writers; but they had little opportunity and small resources; means for the transmission of ideas were few, and libraries were rare and restricted. They were forced to struggle day and night for the necessities of life in their new home.

During the "Revolutionary period," which embraced the time between the outbreak of our first great and successful struggle and the completion of the war of 1812, circumstances were much as already described, and almost nothing worthy of note was written except works pertaining to theology and patriotism, if we except the curious and interesting poem of Jonathan Trumbull, which was imitative rather than original in form, as is indicated by its name.

The desolation of war had left little to a people who possessed almost nothing before. Those noble patriots who survived the conflicts could look forward only to an immediate period of hardship, but the same indomitable spirit that had saved them still prompted them; slowly but surely the greatest power on earth began to assume shape and to form the character which marked its progress and characterizes its present. With the early signs of a better future, literature,

indigenous and distinctive, made its appearance. To America it was the beginning of a long and glorious supremacy in letters.

An enticing field for ambition stretched before the longing eyes of young men who loved literature and believed in their own ability to reap a rich harvest as the result of literary toil. Many attempts were made, but one after another the aspirants to fame sank into oblivion without foreign, and almost without home, recognition. All their efforts, and all the results of those efforts, were ignored by the British press and British literary men and scholars, who to a contempt for colonists added an almost personal hostility to American progress and American institutions. Talent had failed, and nothing but genius could hope for success where so much was demanded. A generation had gone down, not without a struggle, into oblivion; their efforts had been, so far as they were concerned, in vain; but boys were growing into men.

In the next literary generation, there appeared in every branch of letters those whose names have become synonyms for their various styles. The British press, startled from its contemptuous silence, grudgingly gave to these the praise which the excellence of their productions extorted from hostile critics. In the same year that our nation was born by its separation from Great Britain, came into existence Washington Irving, named for the father of his country and destined to become the father of its literature. With no ancestor noted in letters to whom to attribute his taste for writing, he had comparatively little literary training and no literary inheritance to form him; and yet the foremost of our authors, he became not only the creator of American literature, but in form and substance his first representative work takes rank among the best productions of the English-speaking peoples. As a boy, reticent and retiring; as a man, genial and gentle, it seems a wonder that he should be so keen a dissector of human nature, so quick diviner to detect the springs of human emotion and human action; that he should be able at his own will so to sway his fellow men as to move his readers to merry laughter or to mournful tears. This almost inexplicable genius formed a style which is a combination of the practical and worldly morality of Addison, with the gentle, attractive and sentimental humor of Steele—a style which may have been influenced by his admiration in his boyhood of these essayists. His sketches and works of fiction may clearly be considered as humorous writings. His humor in form indicates a scholarly mind and polished intellect; in quality it shows a

heart permeated with kindly love. As we contemplatively study the mental characteristics of Irving, it dawns upon us that he was just the creator who should have evolved these works. He was known for his generosity, benevolence and kindly hospitality; he was charming in conversation, and even more fascinating as a listener; he was ever prepared to suffer annoyance rather than it should be inflicted on others; his knowledge was comprehensive, and of that which he knew he was certain; he was cultured as the result of foreign travel; he was polished from attrition with his fellow men.

Worthy of especial notice, as exhibiting the keen sense of the ridiculous with which Irving was possessed, is the manner in which he introduced to the public the celebrated work which established his reputation. The excitement incident upon the war of 1812 had subsided sufficiently to allow the venerable, methodical and ponderous burghers of New York and the shores of the Hudson to gravitate back into their pristine sedateness, when these stolid worthies were again thrown into quite an unusual state of animation by the publication of a book entitled the "History of New York from the Beginning of the World to the End of the Dutch Dynasty," and the rather unusually expressed title excited dim suspicions of the remarkable story to follow. A burlesque upon a handbook of New York which had just been published, this history aroused the inhabitants from their usual state of torpid tranquility and threw them into a condition of unwonted, unpleasant and indignant excitement. Critics acknowledged the work to be of great merit and originality, and its unusual style called forth well deserved approbation from those who, not disabled by the unnatural excitement due to excessive indulgence in sauer-kraut and roused from the lethargic slumbers due to long pipes, possessed sufficient activity of intellect and equanimity of temper to form correct judgment. Before it was issued from the press, preparations quite in character with its advent were made. There appeared in the *Evening Post* an inquiry for a "small, elderly gentleman, dressed in an old black coat and cocked hat, by the name of Knickerbocker." He was said to have disappeared from the Columbian Hotel, in Mulberry street, and some doubts were expressed as to the soundness of his mind. Shortly after this, in the same paper, was published a letter purporting to be from a "Traveler," who stated that a man answering the description given had been seen "by the passengers of the Albany stage resting himself by the side of the road, a little above

King's Bridge." And finally, Seth Handaside, proprietor of the Columbian Hotel, announced that to repay himself for board and lodging, he intended to dispose of a "very curious kind of written book," which the old man had left. The alleged facts set forth in this history were gravely accepted by some of the more intelligent and better educated as truthful, but many quite lost their tempers at the accounts of unusual vigor and surprising activity attributed to their worthy, steady and sturdy ancestors. Irving was compelled to bow to the storm and insert, in the second and following editions, a propitiatory preface. The later generation are as proud of their family names when appearing in this history as though it were a book of heraldry.

Irving's biographies are noted for their accuracy, and exhibit an unusual amount of painstaking research. While never claiming to be an historian, his work in that department of composition bore evidences of the same master mind that inspired his pen in his more natural and more congenial writings.

In all of his works his tendency toward mild humor and gentle wit predominates; he exhibits great power of invention and sacrifices nothing to his attractive style. His faculty of concentration enabled him to accomplish well whatever he undertook, to picture the serious or humorous with great vividness and power. All his efforts display the endless fertility of his mental resources. The common faults in burlesque composition—undue extravagance of statement and vulgarity of expression—are avoided with sensitive delicacy. His culture accounts for the moderation of his satire and the simplicity of his humor. His more animated and elegant prose frequently falls into metre—a not uncommon evidence that rhythm is the natural utterance of the most refined poetical sentiment. One of the highly attractive and felicitous passages in the Knickerbocker preserves at intervals a perfect metre for several lines—in illustration the following:

"The gallant warrior starts from soft repose, from golden visions and voluptuous ease, where in the dulcet, 'piping times of peace' he sought sweet solace after all his toils. No more in beauty's siren lap reclined, he weaves fair garlands for his lady's brows; no more entwines with flowers his shining sword, nor through the livelong, lazy summer's day chants forth his love-sick soul in madrigals. To manhood roused, he spurns the amorous flute; doffs from his brawny back the robe of peace, and clothes his pampered limbs in panoply of steel. O'er his dark brow, where late the myrtle waved, where wanton roses breathed

enervate love, he rears the beaming casque and nodding plume; grasps the bright shield, and shakes the ponderous lance; or mounts with eager pride his fiery steed, and burns for deeds of glorious chivalry."

Passing from Irving to Hawthorne is like departing from the brightness of a June day in Knickerbocker, New York, and entering upon the chilly sadness of November in the sombre halls of the Seven-gabled House.

Throughout the whole domain of romance there has been no writer more widely known than Nathaniel Hawthorne; his power of expression is wonderful, he breaths life into inanimate things, and holds the reader's attention by a singular fascination and subtlety. Born, educated and living in New England, he inherited and imbibed the accuracy and shrewdness that are always attributed to the genuine Yankee. With his keen observation, astonishing memory and method, he has left a series of stories that are so powerful in expression and original in plot as to transport the helpless reader into the realm of the unknown, and make him familiarly at home with the weird and the impossible. His ambition was to be an author, and to that end he prepared himself. Studious and thoughtful in his earliest youth, he acquired the faculty of insight, of reading the heart, so that to his keen vision men were transparent, and human motives, passions and desires, lay obvious. Reading came to him, when a child, as an instinct; he never could remember acquiring the art. His early bias for letters was shown by the remark, when a child, "How would it look to see Nathaniel Hawthorne's works on the shelf?" With persistency undiminished by failures, he wrote and wrote again, until he achieved something worthy of publication. Once, when asked how he acquired his style, he said, "It is the result of a great deal of practice. It is a desire to tell the simple truth as honestly and vividly as one can."

Like Dickens, his characters were all suggested by life; but his plots were the results of deep, original, and complex thought. It is the good fortune of those who admire Hawthorne and wonder at his skill, to have a look into his mental "work-shop." At the time of his death, he had almost finished his notes on "Dr. Grimshaw's Secret," a new book, and these notes have recently been published. There are two sets of them, one being a rough outline of conversation, the other being his meditations in forming the characters of his story. A simple instance will show the amount of attention bestowed upon the most unimportant features of a novel, and yet of consequence, as united, they make the whole. In doubt as to how the character of

his villain shall be fixed, he thoroughly digests every idea offered, and finally constructs a suprising picture of one who might have

"Stolen the livery of the court of Heaven
To serve the devil in."

"The Lord of Braithwaite Hall shall be a wretched, dissipated, dishonorable fellow; the estate shall be involved by his debts, and shall be all but done up.

* * * Some marked character must be given to this fellow, as if he were a fiend, a man sold to the devil, a magician, a poison-breather, a thug, a pirate, a pick-pocket; something that will look strange and outrè in that high position; he must have picturesque characteristics, of course; something that fixes strange and incongruous necessities upon him, making him miserable under a show of all possible glory. * * *

A murderer?—'t won't do at all. A Mahometan?—pish!

* * * Something most abhorrent to the English he might be, as, for instance, a partaker in the massacres of India; a man bedaubed all over with the blood of his countrymen. * * * What natural horror is there? A monkey? A Frankenstein? A man of straw? A man without a heart, made by machinery?—one who has to wind himself up in order to go through the day? * * * The Doctor, before he left England, had contrived a plot of which this man is the victim? How? He has been poisoned by a Bologna sausage, and is being gnawed away by an atom at a time. He shall need a young life every five years to renew his own. * * * A man with a mortal disease?—a leprosy?—a eunuch?—a cork-leg?—a golden touch?—a dead hand?—a false nose?—a glass eye? * * *

Each actor is formed in this comprehensive manner, and the notes are nearly as voluminous as the completed work would be.

Strong in contrast sparkles the cheerful, breezy, morning humor of Irving, with the twilight, realistic dread that moans through the gathering evening gloom of Hawthorne. Where the former entices by a merry lightness, the latter binds by his mesmeric influence to a strained and painful attention.

With rippling laughter the mind depicts the rotund form of Oloffe, the Dreamer, his pipe gone out, snoring by his boat, while in his vision he sees himself with broad-bottomed, leathern-breeched, protruding stern, roosting in the high tree-top, gazing upon the towers and turrets, spires and rich, ornamented gables of the New York that was to be, rising through the far-floating smoke of the lighted dream-pipe! With imagination wrought to highest tension, amid the palpitating

horrors of the tempestuous night, amid clouds and darkness and reverberating thunder, there flashes out upon the scared sense, the great A, marked in lightning blaze upon the blackness, lighting up with hideous glare, the lovely and worn victim of sin and shame, the proud and broken and remorseful man, the heavenly loveliness of the innocent little child; all grouped upon the scaffold dedicated to crime and its punishment, the master picture of a master's mind, told with a pencil, that can paint all shades of human feeling, all depths of human guilt and wretchedness and love.

The "unutterable wisdom" and silent sagacity of Wouter Van Twiller excite an amused smile, while the name alone of Maule is associated with some supernatural, unearthly ghoul, that fills the mind with a shuddering horror.

Wonderfully alike and wonderfully unlike are these two men: great in intellect, great in tenderness, great in love to their fellow men,—each has a fame that is secure, for each has done a work no other man has ever done; each has left his imprint on the language of all the English speaking peoples—an impress so deep and lasting that it shall endure while English is a spoken tongue. When English shall become a dead and classic language, as men now read the *Frogs* of Aristophanes, so shall men then read Knickerbocker's *History of New York*; as men now study the *Medea* of Euripides, then shall they con the *Scarlet Letter*.

IN RESPONSE TO "OUR REPUTATION."

A. B. BISHOP.

You asked for a toast and you asked for a song—
The theme was immense and the time was not long—
But a happy thought came, ere I'd scarcely begun,
To make my toast rhyme and thus join two in one—
Sort of Siamese twins of my poor muse's travail,
(This figure of speech don't try to unravel),
But listen intent to a brief lucubration,
On that glorious theme, "Eighty-Five's Reputation."

And I'll not trace it out with a tedious recital
Of our bold freshman deeds, and our bolder requital
Of sophomore wrongs, wreaked upon the next class,
Nor our later-won laurels, so let them all pass.
But we'll work the thing out by a mode mathematic,
And clinch our conclusion with "Method Socratic:"
That is, to ask questions that favor *our* view,
So long as they're answered by me or by you.

So now, brother juniors, your pardon, God wot,
I must ask, if your algebra's wholly forgot;
But perhaps you'll remember a theorem or two,
That will help us establish another that's new;
Which, nevertheless, you will swear is quite true,
Ere half my unique demonstration is through.

MODUS MATHEMATICUS.

Take a quantity finite—we'll say "Eighty-four"—
(A name that strikes fear to our spirits no more,
And I think I may add, as we now "have the floor,"
And can say what we please, did it ever of yore?
For the seniors by this time, in far Amsterdam,

Are doubtless all drunk, so we don't care—what we say.)
Take this quantity finite, I say, and then fix
On an absolute zero—we'll take "Eighty-Six"—
Or an infinitesimal will do quite as well
Say the faculty small, who we wish were in—Europe or Bermuda.
Then, dividing this quantity finite, I've set,
By our infinitesimal, or zero, you'll get
That most incomprehensible thing dead or 'live,
Infinity—this represents "Eighty-five."

MODUS SOCRATICUS.

What class, I may ask, has less reason to blush
For the deeds of the past? Freshman year had its "rush,"
And no other class, as to-night they sit 'round
At the gay, festal board, and their praises resound,
Can say that, or would say it, if we were around
To hear them applauding their speeches profound.
Our "plug-hat parade," and our gory "cremation,"
And more I omit from this hurried narration;
But just ask who, before we had lost our McCaul-
Ey and Anable, beat us in playing base ball?

From a record like this springs our good "Reputation."
Now my theme I have reached; with a brief exhortation
I close. When another bright year rolls around,
And one more winter's snow shall have covered the ground
Of this ancient and venerable temple of lore,
It will be our loved home, (or our prison), no more.
But wherever we wander, whatever we do,
To the memories of youth let us ever be true,
And keep in our hearts two good wishes alive:
For thee, Alma Mater, and thee, Eighty-Five!

AN INCIDENT IN THE MOUNTAINS.

MY guide and I had been in camp about a week, during which time we had busied ourselves in "fixing things up," in setting buoys for lake trout, and a bear trap, as we intended to remain several months. We had killed only a few partridges. Our dogs had not yet arrived, and it being too early in the season to hunt with hounds, we had not attempted to drive.

We were encamped on one of those beautiful sheets of water so numerous in the Adirondack region. The pond was about three miles in length, but divided nearly in the middle by points from either side, leaving a passage between of a little over a quarter of a mile. This part of the pond was called the narrows. Blue Mountain lay to the southwest, and on a clear day old White Face could be seen. We had pitched our tent on one of these points, on a breezy knoll, free from mosquitoes, while our arrangements for cooking were back of this near a spring. My guide and myself were the only campers in the neighborhood.

We had been out one morning looking after our traps near the head of the pond, and from the numerous deer signs we determined to try a fire hunt. It is called so by the hunters, who, knowing the habit of the deer of coming down to the water after dark in the warm evenings of summer to feed on the tender leaves and stems of the pond-lilly, take advantage of this to approach in a boat and shoot them by the

light of a "jack." The remainder of the afternoon we spent in rigging a jack. For this we used a hemlock-bark box, open at one side and lined with tin cans for reflectors. Our light was a tallow candle. This arrangement, of which we were quite proud, was firmly fixed on a pole in the bow of our canoe.

About nine o'clock that evening, well protected from the dew and mosquitoes, we took our places, the guide in the stern at the paddle and I in the bow just back of the jack with a double-barreled shot gun loaded with buck-shot. We had waited until the moon had nearly set, and never shall I forget the beauty of the scene as we pushed off into the silent lake—the perfect quiet, the moon just dipping behind the mountains, turning the sandy beach of our shore into a silver band and throwing the gloomy pines of the other into an inky blackness, the reflection of the stars in the glassy waters, and the red glimmer of the dying embers of our camp fire dancing on the ripples left by our canoe. The stillness was, however, relieved by the occasional splash of a playful trout and the lonely and oppressive cry of a loon or hoot owl. We had crossed the pond and coasted along the shore for about a mile, when, from a half drowse, caused by a hearty supper and the quietness of all around, I was aroused by a punch in the back from the guide's paddle and a warning to "look alive." We were approaching a long stretch of lilly pads, and close ahead, near the edge of the pads, I could see a large grayish object. Carefully cocking my piece, I waited until within easy range and was about to fire, when, with a most unearthly skwak and splash, a huge gray heron rose and flapped awkwardly out of sight. To say that I was startled, would hardly express it. As for the guide, his suppressed laughter shook the boat. I was now thoroughly awake and resolved to remain so.

From this we proceeded as before, paddling a short distance then stopping to listen, occasionally surprising a flock of ducks, who would stare stupidly at our light, swimming in circles and gradually approaching until within a few yards, then taking wing. Frequently a musk-rat would swim into the circle of light, flap his tail about a few times and then as suddenly disappear. At length we rounded a small point and stopped to listen. We could hear far back in the cove close to the shore the splash of some animal making its way through the pads. Now came the most exciting part of the hunt and that requiring most skill, namely, to approach near enough without alarming the deer. The slightest sound on the water and in the stillness of the night can be heard a long distance

The wonderful skill with the paddle of some of the Adirondack guides was here displayed. Swiftly and silently we glided on. The splashing ceased and presently in the light of the jack, not more than six rods away, stood what I supposed to be a good sized doe, with head and neck raised, intently watching us. It was a beautiful sight but I did not dwell on it long. Cautiously raising my gun I fired. The light went out and I was knocked backward by the recoil into the bottom of the boat, and we were only saved from an upset by the ever ready paddle of the guide.

We were in the shadow of the trees and in almost total darkness. My shot was followed by thundering echoes from all sides, and a hoot owl in a tree near by gave the most demoniac yell I ever heard, which was answered everywhere by loons, herons and owls. The deer made a headlong rush for the shore, but a quick, sharp blat told us that it had been hit. Hastily blazing away with the second barrel the deer fell, but was up and away in an instant and went crashing up the hillside through underbrush and trees. Disregarding wet clothes, we jumped out into the water about knee-deep. We hastily pulled the canoe up, lighted a lantern and started after the wounded deer. This we could easily do, as it had left a broad trail of broken bushes, blood and torn up moss. We had gone about a hundred yards and were about to give up the search until morning, when we suddenly found lying dead a plump yearling buck, with short stumpy horns still in the velvet. Here we skinned and dressed him and started back for camp, bearing the skin and saddle, reaching there about eleven o'clock. All and all, I was very well satisfied with my first fire hunt.

D.

A BIT OF PHILOSOPHY.

YOU have often heard men say: "I do n't care what such a man thinks of me," referring to some one who has expressed an opinion unfavorable to the speaker. But you seldom hear a man speak so of an admirer, however base he may be. We are inclined to estimate men as Gil Blas was regarded by the bishop. He is to me a good critic whose criticism is favorable. But when the opinion is not flattering to my vanity I persuade myself that it has no foundation and that the defect does not exist save in the eye of him who sees. Surely not in that which is seen. How much do we in our likes and dislikes consider men through the medium of our own egotism.

TO JOLLY LIVING.

This poor Master Pindar's lines
 Won't be praised much by divines
 I will warrant;
 For to laud a life misspent,
 Full of love, wine, merriment,
 Is too arrant.

Why teach to me full-sounding rules,
 Why restrictions without number?
 They are but pedantry of schools;
 These no *fort esprit* should cumber.

But rather urge me oft enjoy
 Old Lycaeus' cup so soothing,
 With Cypris' golden locks to toy,
 Press her lips while tresses smoothing.

Those glorious locks that crown her brow,
 Sheen as corn-fields tossed by breezes!
 How ardent lips press out each vow
 To hug Love's chains! His bondage pleases.

Let wine beguile the time away:
 See it in the beaker sparkle!
 Let tender song our cares allay
 Till the lights above all darkle.

Do thou delight thyself, my soul,
 Life's too short for care and sighing;
 For who knows aught beyond its goal?
 Seize the present hour while flying.

—REUBEN.

REUNION OF THE CLASS OF '54.

THE program of exercises arranged for the occasion we will announce in the next issue of THE CONCORDIENSIS. At present we simply summon the members of the class to be present at this re-union. A copy of THE CONCORDIENSIS is sent to each member of the class whose residence is known, and we request each one promptly to acknowledge the receipt thereof, and to communicate to the committee any facts relative to themselves or other members of the class, as may aid the committee in the discharge of their work.

We publish below, at the request of one of its members, a list of the members of the Class of 1854, with their residences, so far as they are known to be living, and their residences are ascertained.

We send a copy of THE CONCORDIENSIS to each one of these Alumni, and would be pleased to have them subscribe for our paper. We shall, next month, publish such information as we can obtain as to the individual members of this class, whose thirtieth anniversary of graduation and class re-union occurs at next commencement. We shall also give the proceedings which may occur at the class meeting.

Omitting those who are known to be deceased, the list is as follows, viz:

NAMES.	RESIDENCES.
Rodney C. Abell,	West Haven, Vt.
Ormanzo Allen,	Austin, Minn.
Erwin Baker,	Oscalooza, Iowa.
Loran G. Baldwin,	
Miles Beach,	New York City.
John I. Bennett,	Chicago, Ill.
S. L. C. Bredin,	Butler, Pa.
W. R. Brandon,	Fort Adams, Miss.
H. D. Brown,	Albert Lea, Minn.
James Burt,	
John H. Burtis,	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Reuben B. Burton,	New York.
Orlo W. Chapman,	Binghampton, N. Y.
Geo. W. Chapman,	Ballston Spa, N. Y.
John H. Combs,	Lexington, Minn.
Amos R. Cornwell,	Albion, Wis.
Joseph M. Craig,	New Orleans, La.
John Cromlish,	New York City.
James E. Flag,	
Philip Furbeck,	Little Falls, N. J.
Peter R. Furbeck,	Gloversville, N. Y.
Wolcott M. Griswold,	San Francisco, Cal.
John D. Hall,	
E. H. Heacock,	Vera Cruz, Cal.
N. P. Henderson,	New Hamburg, N. Y.
Albert L. King,	Chicago, Ill.
Norman Klein,	
Daniel Marvin, Jr.,	Troy, N. Y.
Prosper Miller,	Friendship, N. Y.
James Y. Mitchell,	Lancaster, Penn.
William D. Murphy,	Albany, N. Y.
Charles D. Nott,	Washington, N. J.
Eliphalet Nott, Jr.,	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Henry Nott,	Kingston, N. Y.
George H. Noyes,	Boston, Mass.
Isaac Pendleton,	Sioux City, Iowa.
E. H. Peterson,	McHenry, Ill.
Wm. H. Plumb,	New York City.
Seth P. Pratt,	Great Barrington, Mass.
Joseph A. Prindle,	Oswego, N. Y.
Clinton G. Reynolds,	Orange, N. J.
Edwin W. Rice,	Philadelphia, Penn.
John V. Rice,	Chester, Penn.
Luther M. Simon,	Washington, D. C.
Theodore Snyder,	Kinderhook, N. Y.
Anthony W. Street,	Council Bluffs, Iowa.
Philander G. Valentine,	St. Louis, Mo.
John V. Van Name,	
Daniel Waterbury,	Margaritesville, N. Y.
Daniel M. Westfall,	Cambridge, N. Y.
Benj. H. Williams,	Buffalo, N. Y.
Alexander Wilson,	Mineral Point, Wis.
N. H. Wood,	Leavenworth, Kan.
M. W. Woodworth,	Burlington, W. Va.
Austen A. Yates,	Schenectady, N. Y.
Sidney P. York,	Monroe, Mich.

Comrades, classmates of 30 years ago! When our class said their regretful farewells in 1854, a resolution was passed appointing a reunion of the class in thirty years. The period has nearly passed! The undersigned were appointed a committee at last commencement, by those members of the class then present, to notify the class and arrange for this re-union. It has been suggested as appropriate, that Dr. Foster, one of our revered professors, who is still bearing the burdens of his office, might with propriety be asked to preside at this re-union, and call upon the members of the class who will then be present to recite the lesson which they have learned during these thirty years!

Classmates, come to this re-union! Come with your wives and children, and renew the sacred memories of our college days.

AUSTIN A. YATES,
PETER R. FURBECK,
Class Committee.

All communications may be addressed to Dr. P. R. Furbeck, Gloversville, N. Y.

Schenectady, April 5, 1884.

"THE OLD WOODEN ROCKER."

REVISED BY ROY, '85.

YES, it stood in the corner,
With its back to the wall;
I remember it distinctly
As I went there to call.
That "old wooden rocker,"
With room enough for two
By squeezing just a little,
As of course we ought to do.

CHORUS:

As we sat in that chair
We would rock, rock, rock,
Disturbed not at all
By the old brass clock.
Many times have we sat there
Till the "wee sma' hours" had come,
When we parted at the door-way
With a quiet "yum-yum."

If that chair could but speak,
My! what tales it would tell,
How her little brother Johnnie,
Who now I hope 's in — well,
How he hid 'neath that rocker,
And he heard all we did say,
And the next day thereafter
Did give us cold away.—*Cho.*

In that "old wooden rocker"
We no longer both are found,
For she weighs a plump two-hundred
If she weighs a single pound;

And those little rascals seven,
'Neath that ancient rocker crawl,
As it stands in its glory,
In the corner by the wall.—*Cho.*

OBITUARY.

THOMAS L. M'CLUMPHA.

THE first victim claimed by "Grim Death" from the class of eighty-five is Thomas L. McClumpha, who died at St. Augustine, Fla., Apr. 9, 1884. Mr. McClumpha has been absent from college the past year on account of ill health, and his disease being of a pulmonary nature it was thought that the climate of the "sunny South" would prove beneficial. Such, however, not proving to be case, and realizing only too clearly that his earthly career was rapidly drawing to a close, he determined to return to his home in the North and die among the loved ones who had tenderly reared him. In this, too, he was doomed to disappointment. Having made preparations for departure, he received word that his mother was on her way to meet him, and consequently he waited to accompany her home.

The evening of his death, feeling no worse than usual, he ate his supper and retired to rest. Hearing some one enter the building, he asked his attendant if it was his mother, and being answered in the negative, raised his hand to his head and immediately breathed his last. Owing to some mistake his mother did not reach his bedside until several hours after his death.)

The body was sent for interment to the home of his parents, in Port Jackson, N. Y. The burial took place April 14. (Eight members of his class, at the request of his friends, acted as pall bearers.)

As a student, Mr. McClumpha was remarkably apt, entering college at the age of sixteen. By his genial manners and excellent scholarship he had won the love and esteem of his classmates, and had health and life been spared would, undoubtedly, have proved an honor to his alma mater.)

LOCALS.

APRIL.
Delightful spring.

The birds are singing merrily.

The Campus is dry and the grass is starting.

'87 has one new recruit, Chas. Frank Bridge, of Albany.

It is said that a number of the men are coming out in knee breeches.

Base ball?

Spring Athletics?

Where is the Athletic Association?

Paid your subscription to THE CONCORDIENSIS?

How much did you give to the base ball fund?

In the election of college trustees the alumni will be allowed to vote by letter.

The men begin to congregate on the Campus and enjoy the rays of the sun.

There is a rumor abroad that President Potter has declined to accept the presidency of Hobart.

All are longing for the beautiful days of spring to return and reveal again the surface of the campus.

Everyone seems satisfied with the class suppers. It was wonderful the scarcity of students the next day on the hill.

A delegation from the junior class attended the funeral of Thomas L. McClumpha, at Amsterdam, on the 14th instant.

A liberal price will be paid for March and May, 1881, and February and March, 1883, numbers of THE CONCORDIENSIS.

There is a rumor that some of the men on last year's nine may be laid on the shelf in favor of new men who prove better players.

Nothing to any extent has been done in base ball so far. The men who will constitute the nine, however, are pretty well known.

During the beaver-hat parade of the freshmen several citizens were struck with eggs. It is needless to say that their temper was severely tested.

One of the knowing ones claims to have found scriptural authority for the expression "To shoot off the mouth," in the 22d Psalm, seventh verse.

Mr. Griffis invited the seniors to a reception given at his church Thursday evening April 10. A pleasant evening was passed by those who accepted.

The sophomores are to study Chaucer this term under Tutor Anable. The recitations will undoubtedly be made as interesting as those of last term.

We copy the following from a Boston paper: "There is no engine of destruction known to humanity to-day doing more damage than the popular little cigarette," says a New York athlete.

Prof. Staley has been giving the seniors some useful and interesting lectures on sewerage. The professor ought to take the citizens of Schenectady and try to convince them of the need of sewers.

Vandy is training the men for Mott Haven, and it is understood that he will institute some over country runs and hare and hounds just as soon as the running is good.

Pach Brothers, the college photographers, have announced that they are prepared to take photographs of students. The price is reasonable and they should be patronized. Cabinets are \$4.50 per doz.

The position of overseer of the college farm has been awarded to the son of the late overseer. If the son possesses any of the characteristics of his father, the appointment will meet with the approval of the boys.

Prof Perkins has been absent for several days attending a murder trial. The Prof. was summoned to analyze the stomach of the deceased person, as death by poison was suspected. The analysis confirmed the suspicion.

We were glad to see our old friend Prof. Price, a few days ago, taking a drive through the college grounds. Warm sunshine and balmy air were evidently relished by him, and we trust that under their influence he may soon regain perfect health.

In imitation of the students, the boys of the Higher English department of Union School indulged in a cane rush and egg pelting. They carried their sport into the public streets, and in the melee one young lady was struck and her clothing badly smeared with eggs.

It is rumored that the business editor of THE CONCORDIENSIS was seen not long ago lying insensible in front of North College. Upon investigation it was found that one of the students had actually paid him his subscription for the paper, and he was completely overcome. It is thought he will recover.

Philip and Heatley, '84, and probably Fletcher, '86' will represent this college at Mott Haven. Heatley will run in the 100 yds. and Philip in the 220 yds., and perhaps longer distances. Fletcher will enter in the jumping. The men are now in training, and we have good hopes of their success. Money must, however, be subscribed to pay expenses. Subscribe at once.

At a meeting of Union College graduates, at Newburgh, a resolution was adopted setting forth the difficulties of the government of the college were caused mainly by a lack of interest among the alumni and declaring the alumni should choose a majority of the board of trustees, and calling upon the alumni to meet at a central point and confer, as to the best method to promote the interests of the college.

Dr. Coppée has been delivering some interesting lectures on "The Uses and Abuses of the English Language." He began by tracing the source of the language, and then took up the various influences to which it has been subjected. His illustrations were humorous and well chosen. The last of this series of lectures was given in the chapel on the 15th. On the 17th he delivered a lecture on Shakespeare's Hamlet. These lectures have been largely attended and were well appreciated.

Prof. Hollis has not been detailed to New York city as expected, and will remain at Union College for the present. The high state of perfection to which he has brought his department here ought to make college authorities loath to have him withdrawn by the government; and it is hoped that an arrangement can be made whereby his services may be retained. He is now in Minneapolis, attending to some private matters, and before coming home will visit Ann Harbor and other localities of interest.

At the opening of the spring term the freshmen took advantage of their right to carry canes by making a plug-hat parade. As is the custom on such occasions, scarcely one-half of the men were in line. The beavers worn were of artistic pattern and many of them probably adorned the heads of their great grand-sires. The column started from north college at eleven o'clock and marched to the "blue gate," which was tightly wired. The wires were loosened after a short halt and the parade marched into Union street. Here they were greeted by a volley of eggs from the Sophs. The Sophs. unfortunately carried no canes, and were compelled to retreat before the advancing freshmen. All along their line of march the freshmen were vigorously pelted with eggs, which destroyed the symmetry of their hats and clothing. Whenever they got sight of a lone sophomore they immediately made a rush for him and belabored him with their cudgels. The column marched on with various incidents, until it came to the corner of Lafayette and Liberty streets. Here the freshmen were again exasperated by a volley of eggs and made a rush for the Sophs. In the fracas which followed, a brick was thrown by a "townie" and E. C. M. Cameron was knocked down and his scalp slightly cut. Nothing worthy of note took place after this, and they continued their march to the college grounds, followed by a large crowd of hoodlums and citizens.

Ever since some former class established the custom of cremating their algebra, the other classes have deemed it their duty to follow. For the same reason

the Sophs. consider it their duty to cause the freshmen as much trouble as possible. The examination in algebra took place Friday, March 28, and the same night the freshmen intended to consign it to the flames. The Sophs. had also made preparation for the "fun" and were anxiously awaiting the time to start. It came at last, and the freshmen in full-dress marched out of their rooms and around to the chapel, where they were to form. On the chapel steps they were compelled to halt, and then the work of the Sophs. began. Paper bags filled with red paint were showered upon them until they were completely covered and the chapel walls protected them from further harm. The line being formed, they started out on their march, frightened but determined. At the blue gate a scuffle ensued with the Sophs. It was of short duration, however, owing to the interference of the police. No serious interruption occurred after this, and having procured the coffin they marched on, terrified occasionally by a fire-cracker thrown into their midst or by sticks thrown by the crowd of hoodlums which followed. All this was an unpleasant reminder to them of what might be expected. When they came at length to the college grounds again they were dismayed to find that the Sophs. had "snaked" their wood and tar. However, they hastily gathered a few sticks and lighted the pyre. The spot chosen for the ceremony was very muddy, and they were constantly pelted with mud until their clothes were completely covered and their eyes filled. The fire also was indisposed to burn, and being unable to stand the storm any longer, they fell in and marched away to their rooms. After the freshmen were all quietly sleeping, the Sophs. celebrated their orgies over the burning wood and tar which they had "snaked."

"Character in Smoking," is the title of an excellent article recently published. The writer judges his men by the kind of tobacco they smoke. All like good tobacco, but all are not judges. It is only the even tempered, level-headed, tastefully inclined man that takes pains to make a selection. He gets to be very particular about purity and flavor. But when he strikes a tobacco like Blackwell's Durham Long Cut, he is tenacious of his prize, and intolerant of all inferior tobaccos.

WHAT HAPPENETH IN THE COLLEGE WORLD.

HARVARD.—The bicycle club will hold an open race meeting on May 31.

All the crews row daily on the river. The Hesty Pudding Club gave theatricals for the benefit of the

boat club at the University Club theatre, New York, on April 3 and 4.

The library is to be lighted by electricity.

The *Lampoon* threatens to stop publication if its subscriptions are not paid up at once.

When Harvard College first opened its doors the entire number of students was three. Of these, two were seniors and the other was a freshman. In one of Dr. Holmes' Harvard poems occurs this verse:

And who were on the catalogue
When college was begun?
Two nephews of the president
And the professor's son:
Lord! how the seniors knocked about
That freshman class of one.

DARTMOUTH.—Dartmouth has been readmitted into the Inter-collegiate League.

At a meeting of the Base Ball Association the students were very enthusiastic and subscribed over \$1,200 to the support of the nine.

The Opera Company, composed entirely of students, sang in several of the neighboring towns during the latter part of last term.

Two new prizes of forty dollars each have been offered for the best essays on "Free Trade" and "Protection."

AMHERST.—The faculty have refused to take any action in reference to the "Regulations of the Inter-collegiate Sports."

The seniors lately gave a dramatic entertainment, which consisted of "She Stoops to Conquer." The female parts were well taken, and the play, upon the whole, smoothly acted. By the will of the late L. J. Knowles, of Worcester, the art gallery receives a bequest of \$5,000. The gymnasium will cost \$95,000.

The reading room has been closed on account of lack of use.

COLUMBIA.—Base ball is on the boom. The practicing is well attended, and progresses finely.

The "Columbiad" appeared some time ago, and has been highly praised by different college journals.

The base ball nine will probably play its games upon the Polo grounds.

The alumni dinner held at Delmonico's was highly enjoyed by the large number of banqueters present.

The Acta thinks the freshman crew superior to the 'Varsity.

The Glee Club's season was a success artistically and financially.

WILLIAMS.—"Billiard rooms have been defeated for

another year. The town's people seemed determined to drive us to Adams."—*The Argo*.

The college Polo Club has won and lost a game with the North Adams Club.

YALE.—There are two University eights in training. An illustrated paper will soon be started.

Nine men have been initiated into the new chapter of Phi Beta Kappa, Trinity.

Chas. D. Warner has recently been delivering to the college some lectures on the relations of "Life to Literature."

GENERAL COLLEGE NEWS.

More than a quarter of the students at German Universities are Americans.

There are one hundred and four college graduates in the present House of Representatives.

Dartmouth has received during the past three years \$250,000.

Prof. Frank L. Beard, of Syracuse University, is soon to take charge of the pictorial department of the *Judge*.

The Bowdoin crew, which lately made the fastest time on record, will represent the college at the Inter-collegiate race at Saratoga, July 4.

Cornell's gymnasium is lighted by electricity, so that students can exercise in the evening.

Oxford has decided to grant women the same examination as is given to men.

The average salary of college professors in the United States is \$1,530.

The New York *Evening Post* now has regular correspondents at Yale, Princeton, Williams, Lafayette, Amherst, Cornell and Harvard.

The University of Vermont has lately received a gift of \$110,000.

The standard of admission to Rutgers has been raised ten per cent.

Princeton's nine received \$4,600 from its games last season.

Matthew Arnold holds a professorship at Cambridge University.

Marriage increases the population of the country.—*Merchant Traveler*.

"Do you suppose eating angel cake will make an angel of me?" asked a seraphic young lady of the worldly young man. "I've no doubt it will," he answered, "if you only eat enough of it." Then she giggled, and said "Why!"—*Lowell Citizen*.

Albany Law School.

THE COMMENCEMENT ORATORS.

SINCE our last issue the commencement orators have been appointed by the faculty. The appointments were well received by the class; and although some ambitions were crushed and hopes shattered, the result could hardly have been more satisfactory.

The names as announced were those of Messrs. Pratt, Barnes, McNamara and Garland. From these gentlemen the class was allowed to select the valedictorian, and, upon a ballot being taken, Philip R. Barnes was declared the choice of the class for that position.

Philip R. Barnes is a native of Albany, but in early life his parents moved to Highland Park, Illinois, and afterward to Osh Kosh, Wis. His education was pursued in the schools of Osh Kosh and Kenosha, and he graduated with high honors from the Wisconsin State Normal School in the class of 1882. Mr. Barnes has been a hard working, quiet and eminently successful student during his course in the Law School. His selection as valedictorian by his fellow students attests the esteem in which he is held.

William F. McNamara was born at Corning, N. Y., on the 17th day of June, 1859. He pursued his education in the public schools of Corning and graduated at the Corning Free Academy in 1875, being valedictorian of his class. Since that time Mr. McNamara has been engaged in various business enterprises, was for two years connected with the *Elmira Sunday Telegram*, and has taken an active part in politics. His legal studies were pursued in the office of Spencer & Mills, at Corning, until his entrance at the Law School in September last.

His course here has been marked for his unremitting research and untiring zeal in obtaining a thorough knowledge of the principles of law. He is characterized by that restless ambition which will lead him to a well-earned success in his profession.

George E. Garland was born on the island of Westport, Lincoln county, Maine, on the first day of August in the year 1863. Shortly after his birth his parents removed to Waterville, Maine, where he has since resided. His early education was acquired in the public schools of Waterville, and he prepared for college at the Waterville Classical Institute. At the age of fourteen years he entered Colby University, where he graduated in 1882 with high honors and received the degree of A. B. He immediately registered as a law student in the office of William T.

Haines, a graduate of the Albany Law School, class of 1877.

Garland entered the Law School in September last, and his course throughout has been distinguished by thorough work. He will leave the school with the well wishes of many friends, and we anticipate for him a bright future.

John L. Pratt, Jr., is a resident of Buskirk's Bridge, and it is rumored is a graduate of Cornell. After considerable delay, the gentlemen has informed us that he is too modest to furnish us any facts upon which we might base our reference to him; and as we are too modest to make reference to his course at the Law School, this must close our attempt at biography.

OUR CLASS MEETINGS.

BY a disinterested looker-on, our class meetings would be pronounced a success viewed as a farce. After waiting until a quorum is present, the meeting is opened, minutes of last meeting are read, after sufficient discussion they are approved, the president then states the object of the meeting, a speech is made ending in a motion, motion is perhaps seconded, then several speeches which seldom throw any light on the subject, motion to amend, more speeches, motion seconded, more speeches, cries of "question," called to order, more speeches, motion to amend amendment, more speeches, motion seconded, more speeches, cries of "question," called to order, speeches, motion to lay on table, speeches, motion lost, finally the amendment to the amendment is brought to a vote, before vote is completed there is a motion to adjourn, declared out of order, in tones of thunder through the startled air is heard a voice, which sounds like that of an Essex county wolf, exclaiming, "A motion to adjourn is always in order." The gavel smites the president's desk, until "the most profoundest decorum doth prevail."

The amendments are finally voted down, the original motion is put and *lost*, and all this accomplished after a two hours debate. When the class meetings are properly conducted, there will be a larger attendance and more interest manifested, and not until then.

LOCALS.

WHEN is B. going to pay S. for that stew? We hear they are going to settle it upon another basis.

One man was satisfied with his bargain the other night. According to his own story, he gained fifty dollars of experience for nothing.

How does Buss feel since his defeat by R.

Embody is the champion wrestler of the class of '84.

Where does Bob live? Is he boarding with Stebbins?

If you want an intellectual feast where will you go? Ask Mac.

Bob has a predilection for French. We understand Tripp and Embody are also taking private lessons.

It is always well when it comes your own turn to treat to take nothing yourself, it saves a nickle, besides giving one a good reputation.

It is understood that a work of great literary merit will shortly be issued by a distinguished member of the class, entitled "Gifford on the Importance of Matrimonial Alliances."

Stebbins gave a few friends a spread the other night, and the president of the class and chairman of the executive committee are said to have enjoyed it very much, but the editor didn't quite understand it.

As a party of children were passing by the Law School, on the 4th inst., they innocently asked the janitor which way the boiler had gone? He told them there was no explosion, it was simply J. C. arguing his case. How ignorant some people are.

The members of a committee — three in number — were walking down town the other day, and, at the invitation of one of the number, they entered a Tweddle Hall store, where the aforesaid gentlemen "set up" Yankee doodles, three for ten cents. He was surprised, and perhaps chagrined, when they refused his kindness and bought ten cent cigars.

BRIEFS.

THE end draweth nigh.

Now that the election and commencement appointments are settled, there is very little excitement among the students.

Prof. Spoor is now lecturing on "Practice Under the Code," and Prof. Smith lectures on "Common Law Pleading."

We were recently favored with a visit from Geo. E. Morse. Morse was looking well and quite happy, having recently been admitted to the bar in the fourth department.

The attention of the class is again called to the matter of the Alumni Association. It is hoped that each one will give the subject his immediate consideration.

Chas. H. Mills, Esq., secretary of the Alumni Association, has removed his office to room 44, Tweddle building, where he will be glad to see any members of the class at their earliest convenience.

Prof. Smith has removed his office to the Tweddle building, for the express purpose of being where the students may call without *walking* up stairs.

W. E. Cole, for sometime connected with the school, is about to take unto himself a life partner. He has our congratulations and hearty wishes of "much joy."

It is with no slight degree of satisfaction that we hear Judge Gould laid down as a great legal authority. We thought so all the time.

We have heard of only one in the class so far who is in favor of making "every man his own lawyer" through the Field Code. Does the gentleman wish to acquire another profession?

CLIPPINGS.

NOT ON THE ROSTER.

IF I love one hour most 'mongst the few
That no overstocked rosters contain,
It's the one that has nothing to do
With the studies that vex this poor brain.

When I've finished my task for the morrow,
I draw my chair up to the fire,
Close my books without evident sorrow,
And blow a "Good Night" from my briar.

Then old echoes and fancies come dancing,
Mix and drift with the smoke round my head—
Scraps of music, odd bits of romancing,
Bright things some one's written or said.

Memories of those strolls together
With—however, that's merely detail,
A rush for the goal with the "leather,"
Or a day with my gun after quail.

You disgraceful old books on the shelf, there,
I'm your slave for twelve hours a day,
But this hour which my pipe and myself share
Is the hour when you've nothing to say.

CONWAY MAUR.

"My teeth are full of sand," said the fairest bather in the surf. "All right, hand them out," said an admirer, "and I'll rinse them out for you." And now she regards him only as a brother.—*Index*.

Unfair tackling around the waist was a disgraceful feature of the game of blindman's buff with the Annex yesterday. We hope we shall not have to refer to this again.—*Athletic Items from Lampoon*.