

# THE CONCORDIENSIS.

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Literary Department, - - J. W. HIGSON, '84.

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F. BAILEY, '85.  
E. MITCHELL, '85.

Athletic Department, - - J. W. HIGSON, '84.

Personal Department, - - J. H. VEEDER, '84.

Exchange Department, }  
Extranea Department, } JOHN R. HARDING, '83.  
Collegensia Department. }

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## THE CONCORDIENSIS.

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## Literary.

### A CONTRAST.

Two babes were born on the same calm morn  
'Mid lowly country folk;  
The same lip's speech told the birth of each,  
As neighbor with neighbor spoke.

With the same fair scope for parental hope,  
Their early days began;  
And many a year, through smile and tear,  
Their paths together ran.

The one grew strong, and, right or wrong,  
By strength his will prevailed;  
Whatever he tried, in his towering pride,  
Assurance never failed.

The other grew good, by compassionate mood,  
And self with him grew small;  
For others he thought, for others wrought,  
E'er swift at troubles' call.

The one at length, in manhood's strength,  
Strove hard for public place;  
Where fame was the prize for dazzled eyes,  
He ran a tireless race.

But the other left not, his own native cot.  
Though manhood's star was bright;  
The fame he sought was the fame he got—  
The fame of doing right.

Now the one lies in state 'mid the tombs of the great—  
Carved marble marks the spot;  
And strangers stare, as they loiter there,  
And read what he was—not.

But the other is laid 'neath a bramble's shade;  
No marble marks that spot;  
No strangers stare, as they loiter there,  
Nor read what he was not.

Thus virtue brings, on spotless wings,  
Requital unsurpassed;  
For an honest life, at the close of it's strife,  
Finds honest rest at last.

ZOR, '83.

## SCHENECTADY HISTORY.

DOUBTLESS the college student has never imagined that Schenectady was a remarkable town. Ten to one he has *thought* just the contrary. He has probably looked upon it as a dull, stupid, uninteresting old place full of homely girls, homely houses and, consequently, homely streets.

But let him bear in mind Schenectady has a history, Schenectady can boast of having been the scene of a real massacre.

Indeed she has never recovered from the scare she received on that memorable winter's night.

Her citizens have often been charged with being unpublic-spirited but the charge is an unjust one, inasmuch as the present condition and appearance of their town is not due to any lack of public spirit on their part, but to an all prevailing fear. In a word, they are simply afraid. Afraid to enforce means for a respectable depot; afraid to clean the streets afraid, alas, to be enterprising.

The terror which once smote the hearts of their ancestors, the hand of time has never shaken off, and though considerably modified in intensity by the influences of many generations, it nevertheless still exists in the natural timidity of the Schenectady people. But to resume, the history

of the queer old town is one chain of romantic tradition. As you acquaint yourself with it, you learn that the spirits of those scalped Dutchmen, who were frightened to death, (not murdered as supposed) on that night nearly two hundred years ago, still haunt its many by-ways.

The whoop of the savage, though rendered faint by the noise of machinery and whistles, still re-echoes from house to house.

The sparkling Mohawk still keeps time to the sentry's tread upon the parapet of the fort, yet to-day nothing remains of either fort or sentry save a beautiful iron fence erected on the spot by the patriotic citizens of the place.

On the shores of that stream the Red warrior and his Dutch betrothed sat in sweet communion and nibbled on the same piece of Holland cheese.

In its soothing waters those sturdy Dutch pioneers were wont to wash their faces once a week, a custom which indeed has been handed down to the present day. Once on the very site of State street, an Indian runner contested the nimbleness of legs with a Dutchman of renowned speed for a box of herring.

Can you doubt the issue of this race, for who ever imagined that a Dutchman could run?

Not that he would fail for want of grit, but rather on account of his peculiar build.

The Indian won the race of course, but better for him had he not ; while gorging himself shortly afterwards with his prize, he was seized with acute pains resulting from the effects of too much salt, and scarcely having time to give the Indian death rattle in good style, he expired in the arms of his dusky spouse.

But if the Dutchman was obliged to "acknowledge the corn" to the Indian in the matter of running, the latter, tradition tells us, was greatly excelled by the former in the handling of a certain instrument of warfare, much in use among certain people of our own times, namely the long bow.

Such are some of the romantic associations connected with Schenectady. What has become of the two races which were allied so closely with its early history ? Another people now occupy the land that was once theirs.

Their fate, though sad, is not however without its parallel. The wonderful progressive spirit of America's growing people, sweeping all before it, has been the means of their disappearance. The Dutch have been swallowed up in the great gulf of the human sea, which has been flowing so steadily and rapidly for many years toward the land of Freedom.

The Indians, thinking to have been robbed of their rightful possessions,

scorning the welcome hand of civilization, have fled to the regions of the far West.

It is within your power, fellow student, to see in this old town descendants of those people. Stroll into its suburbs some warm spring afternoon and perhaps you may meet the bent form of an old man. His face bears the gloom of a great sorrow ; his eye grows dim as he gazes wistfully up and down the street, thinking the mean while of the proud position his father's house once held.

He calls to mind the richly stored pantry and the well filled cellar ; his mouth waters for a taste of "old Dutch courage ;" his eye beams for a moment with an intense joy, but only for a moment and then it once more resumes its mournful look.

The picture may not affect you, but it nevertheless tells the story of the disappearance of a people who had done as much for the laws and prosperity of this state, as the people of any nation represented in the United States to-day.

Out of the host of noble red men who were wont to snatch the bull head from the Mohawk's waters and plunder the fat gardens of the Dutch aristocracy, but one descendant remains. You have all seen him no doubt, straight as an arrow, friendless and solitary he roams about. The haughty mien and imposing

grandeur of his forefathers have given place to an appearance of peaceful subjection. The rustling head-dress and tomahawk do not adorn his person, but a dilapidated plug hat and a clay pipe reign in their stead.

A savage in the midst of a highly civilized society ; surely there can be no more deplorable sight than this !

What ever Schenectady may be to-day, dull or dirty, it still can point with pride or rather satisfaction to its early history. Study this history. Seek the Dutchman and Indian, learn the hearty romance of the one and the weird tradition of the other. Think upon these tales of peace and war and after you are thoroughly acquainted with them, it will dawn upon your enchanted brain, that either great scenes have been enacted here and Schenectady is really a remarkable town, or that the skill of shooting the long bow, which those early settlers possessed in a wonderful degree, has not entirely died out.

Yours truly, '84.

#### NEW SERIES. XIV.

LUTHER JAMES EMERSON.

O many a fair time have I beheld  
Upon yon mountains; culminating height,  
A giant tree, whose senic beauty swelled  
Against the dawn of Phoebus golden light;  
And seen him shake, in his triumphant prime,  
His plumes of green above those dwarfs below,  
And viewing, as it were, the world and time,  
He claimed a homage from all humbler show ;

And now, when bare against the dark'ning skies,  
I see a blasted trunk alone upreared,  
I think how worldly eminence may rise  
To such a parallel, a glory neared  
To the high stars, when by some sudden shock  
'Tis lost of crown and left for time to mock.

### Editorial.

WE mention the errors of the last issue only to apologize. Several things were omitted that should have been printed; some were printed that were not intended for the press. Credit should have been given the U. C. Magazine of '71 for the article "Notching Trees." It seemed more appropriate than the other matter on hand. "Many hands" it is said, "make light work;" but no one ever thought that many hands improve the quality of the work.

THE lectures given by Dr. Copee, were well attended both by students and friends in the city. There is certainly at this time a great need of a course of lectures in our college. The Dr.'s lectures on History were particularly instructive to those who are taking an interest in the Historical society now conducted by Prof. Price. History to most young men is a dull and uninteresting study, but when brought forward in the shape of well written

lectures, it is apt to gain the attention of the student. There is more romance in history than the casual reader would suppose and this the Dr. never fails to bring out to the gratification of his audience. We only wish that we could have such treats oftener in our college course.

**A**PROPOS to the above, we would again call the attention of our readers to the Historical Society. Every man in college should try to become a member of this association some time during his course. We read not long ago an article showing the ignorance which the average American youth will oftentimes exhibit about the history of his own country, and contrasting this ignorance with the knowledge which the English youth has of British history. Now we would like to ask the question, "How many college men and even graduates of to-day are well enough informed on Colonial History not to merit this criticism? Echo answers; few Prof. Price has shown great interest in the association and well deserves the thanks of all who are connected with it. We would like to see more of the under classmen present. The work is entirely voluntary, so, if any one has not the time to put on preparation they can at least spare the time to attend

and be benefitted. Every one who has attended the exercises regularly will admit that they have gained much good.

**W**HY is it that we cannot have a choir in chapel this year. The exercises last year were very much improved by the singing, and there is certainly enough musical talent among us now to make the much need additions to our worship. A glee club ought to be started, and then we could be assured of good singing. Let some energetic man make the move. Surely not in many years has there been so little "life" manifested among the students of our old college. Let us arouse from our lethargy at the beginning of a new term, and bring back the "days of long ago."

**O**PINIONS differ, as the east from the west, as to the best course for students to pursue. Some advise to apply the attention closely to some curriculum of study and, making a perfect recitation the guiding star of one's course, to leave all else to future consideration. The advice of the aged minister "to concentrate the thoughts with unwavering zeal on the mysteries of Hebrew lore," is very common. From this extreme to the course Lord Byron pursued of devoting the greater part of his



time to reading and writing is a great space filled with people whose views shade more or less toward one or the other of these extremes. Great men have risen from every place in the line and naturally enough have views as various as their courses.

In this age of minute division of labor, when division extends to mental as well as manual labor, the only road to success is that of the specialist. Therefore it behooves every one to beware how he wanders into the seductive field of general study and to remember that energy is effective in proportion as the object to which it is applied is small. The men who move the world of thought are those who confine themselves within narrow limits. Agassiz marred his researches with many errors by trying to embrace the whole field of science.

A distinction must be made between the years of school life and the years devoted to life's work, between the youth and the man. If the foundation be broad and solid a stately column may be erected, but if the foundation be narrow and weak the column may tumble in ruins at any moment.

The specialist must have a broad ground of general knowledge as a basis of support. The proper time to begin to specialize lies beyond the years of school life in the "broader

field of action," as it is called. Is it not in fact a narrower field than the school present?

People expect that the advantages of a college course will be improved and that a good application can be made of the acquirements. College men are expected to take the lead in social, political, literary and religious work. They must mould the thought and action of the mass. To prepare for the great responsibility of after years, the various means for broadening the views and developing the mind should be employed. No one should allow an essay to consume the time that rightly belongs to debate, nor ponder over a difficult problem when an hour in good society would rest the mind and, so, throw light on the perplexing point.

It would be but foolishness to say what each should choose or to make any definite rules. Each one must govern his action according to his need. It is a good plan to build up the weak places, since "the weakest place must stand the strain."

It is a strange paradox that Harvard, the most extravagant of American colleges, should take the lead in economic measures. Last spring at a mass-meeting of the Faculty and students a Co-operative Society was formed as a measure of economy.

A superintendent was appointed; a store rented and stocked with books and stationery. An order book is kept through which goods not in stock may be obtained by any student. Reputable Boston firms give liberal discounts to members. Each member pays a fee of two dollars per annum to meet the expenses of running; no dividends are declared; the advantages enjoyed are low prices. All goods are sold at nearly wholesale prices; a small margin being necessary, as a small stock must be carried over. A discount of 33 1-3 per cent on books and stationery is had; 60 per cent on stylographic pens, 10 per cent on furniture and a large discount is given by tailors.

Though not the first attempt in this direction, this is the first success in practical details. The society has 700 members. No credit is given, so, no risk is taken; the only inducement being cheapness in buying. The superintendent is required to give bonds and is held responsible for the management of the store.

Not every college would need as extensive system as Harvard, but all students would appreciate the advantages of a smaller enterprise. Nearly every class of men now enjoy the benefits of Unions. The time can not be far away, when students will have the same benefits.

#### 'T WAS NOT ALL A DREAM.

IT was a dismal spring evening. The warm rain was slowly melting the snow which had hidden the bosom of mother earth for three long weary months. I say *weary*, for who does not grow weary of seeing other fellows gliding around with angelic companions, while he himself is doomed to wade, slide or stumble over defective pavements? I was sitting in my easiest chair, holding the *Alhambra* before my eyes and striving to follow the author in his delightful description of those oriental scenes. My attempts were all in vain. The patter of the rain and the god of sleep were far more powerful than the flights of genius and I was borne away from Spanish beggars and gentlemen from the highway, away from Moorish grandeur and Moorish beauties to the region of an old Dutch town. It is the evening of our church sociable. The rain is beating against the window, the streets are all aflood. Must I stay at home? Yes. My rubbers are played out, my umbrella has been *borrowed*. There will be numbers of ladies there. Who ever heard of a sociable where there were not? But the students are not prepared for such weather. They will stay close in their rooms. Won't it be delightful for the boys who do venture out?

Thus my fancy carried me over the *pros* and *cons* of going. What a revel it will be, thought I. Before I was aware what I was loing I was dress and ready to go—No rubbers—No umbrella. I was not to be daunted by trifles on the eve of a triumph. When I reached the door the rain had changed to sleet and was driven by a furious north wind. My spirits immediately arose. This can be shaken off thought I. What is an umbrella worth? Bravely I stepped forth.

Being accustomed to the coping leading to the street I got on wonderfully well considering the icy covering, I only *fell* twice. The other times I clung to the fence and saved myself the humiliation. As I passed the college grounds and struck the pavement my feet flew in mid air. Again I measured my 5 feet 9. Rising I pressed on with a determination worthy of a better cause. That terrible coping! I was like a sailor on land my *coping* "legs" were not adapted to the smoothness. How many times I fell I can't say. Their name was legion. Soon I discovered that ahead the side walk was overflowed, I mounted the fence thinking that some uptown burglar was bailing out his cellar and that it would soon cease, or that the Mayor would have provided a ferry or bridge at the street crossing; but no, every

man on Union street must have been adding to that torrent. It flowed on undiminished. The Mayor and Street commissioner were asleep or worse and had not heard of the rain. Now I *must* go back. I would be sure to get out. I never would hear the last of my temerity. I look sadly up the street. A pair of steps was floating down in the current. If I can only persuade them to come near. Whoop! the tide of good fortune bore them to where I was standing. I seized them pulled of a picket and poled myself across. Again I reached the fence. But I was almost frozen. How I "skinned" along that fence. It started the circulation and the fringe on my clothing also. Of this last I took no heed. At the next crossing I make a pair of stilts of some pickets and strings I happened to have. The crossing was successful. Now the water was lower. Soon I came down from my elevated tram-way. The water was just to the top of my boots. No matter, I said, the canal will stop this confounded water. I also thought that I had seen a sewer in the lower part of the city. I was correct. The canal was flowing full. Beyond all was serene. The pavement was only glassy. I had crossed the Rubicon. There were no more serious obstacles till I reach the place. Alas! My clothing was in sorry condition.



However that was a trifle to what I had passed through, I rolled down my pants and lowered them as much as possible over my unpolished boots. My overcoat was left in the ante room. Putting on lots of cheek (a verry unusual thing by the way) I sauntered carelessly in. My dilapidated appearance was unnoticed. Fourteen charming creatures surrounded me. Thinking they had boquets to sell, I said, "No thank you, I don't need any." They were a trifle taken back, but again said that they were glad to see me. To whom would I be introduced? I saw my mistake. There was only one other student present. I looked at him and resolved that he should not take my girl home to-night. That evening passed in just fifteen minutes, no one ever noticed me before, but now I was lionized. At last I selected one and boldly asked if I might accompany her to the parental roof. She said that she had a friend with her. I was only too happy to take them both. When they were ready I followed them out. But there were three and evidently well acquainted. I said that I had only two arms, when the odd one remarked that she guessed she had a beau.

I looked around. There he stood *white* with rage. I apologized and said that I knew that she had fully fifty, only I had not seen any present.

The walk back was the shortest I ever took. Several times I comforted the waist places in carrying those delicate forms over the crossings. Once we met a pyramid of ice, formed by the drippings from a jolly burgher's roof. This was the only place where we all fell. At other times, one at least managed to stand erect. Where the water troubled my passage down nothing but ice impeded the return, such was the suddenness of the flood. As the last fair form vanished through the doorway, the Alhambra fell to the floor and aroused me from a strange mixture of the real and the unreal.

—D. REAMER.

THE following letter from Mrs. Bonney's "Gleanings" may interest the anti-quarian and others who wish to learn of ye ancient days.

*Union College Committee to Hon. Philip Schuyler.*

SCHENECTADY 9th Januy. 1792.

Sir.

You have Doubtless been informed that the Citizens of Schenectady have had it in contemplation for a number of years to obtain a publick Seminary of Learning in this Town. In the year 1780 or 81 proposals were made on their part to the Legislature then Setting at *Kingston* to Endow a

College if instituted in this place, with an Estate of ten thousand Acres of Land and the income of the town Ferrys Estimated at more then 150 £ pr Annum Since the period and after the passing of the university Law. they have been prevented from publicly pursuing the object by the revival of an Ancient Law Dispute which comprehended the proposed Estate and on which hitherto no decision had been obtained, this however has not made them Lose Sight of the business. A conviction that the Distance of this part of the State with the charges Attending a residence either at *Columbia* or its neighbouring Colleges cannot but operate as a very great discouragement of moderate tho' comfortable Circumstances to devote their Children to a regular course of Education Leads them to persevere. And if we Add to these to these considerations the amazing increase of population, that well known Centrality and Cheapness of board in this Town the Comparatively few fashionable Vices with other advantages which are obvious we flatter ourselves every disinterested Gentleman of benevolence and Liberality within this State will afford us their friendship and Aid in the persecution. We conceive a Crisis to offer at present favourable to our views at Liast if we can have the

happiness of meeting with the approbation and Countenance of the Legislature \* \* \* \*

And it must be obvious that such institution would be of the greatest advantage to Society & the State. But whatever facts or reasons may be plead in behalf of the Subject we are conscious that in order to succeed we need the interest and Aid of friends in the Legislature. From my knowledge therefore of your candour and liberality I take the Liberty humbly to request your Council and Assistance in the business at least as far as you shall Conceive Consistant and beg further to Suggest that We wish you to make such use of this letter as you shall think conducive to promote our wishes.

We are Sir, Your very Humble Servts,

ABR<sup>M</sup> OOTHOUT

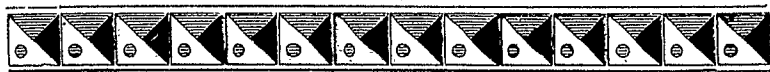
MYNDT S. TEN EYCK,

JOHN GLEN,

NICHOLAS VEEDER,

CORNELIUS N. VAN SLYCK.

Honorable Philip Schuyler, Esq.,  
Member of the Senate, New York.



### Obituary.

✓ Died: Mrs. Isabella B. Webster, wife of Professor H. E. Webster, Friday November 3, 1882. Born November 2, 1843.

( Our hearts go out in sympathy to the bereaved ones. We mourn the loss of the cheerful happy face of the devoted mother and exemplary Christian. We miss the joyous voices that rang along our walks. May He, "who doeth all things well," "temper the winds to the shorn lambs. )

✓ Died: At his home in Andes, N. Y., October 20, 1882, A. D. Darling of the class of '81.

In September 1881, he entered Princeton Seminary, where he contracted malarial fever. (Later consumption set which proved fatal after a slow course of several months).

✓ Died: Mr. Frederick V. Bennett of the class of '84, of the inflammation of the bowels at his home at Minerva, Essex county, on the 10th of November. (The announcement of the sad news shocked the entire College as Mr. Bennett was a man of large stature and great physical endurance. He had been out of College for some months past teaching and had intended a speedy return. As Mr. Bennett was well known to all members of the college, any word of eulogy would be out of place, as all knew and admired him and mourn his loss. )



### Local.

—"It's so cold."

—The coal runs low.

—Call for your essays.

— Diphtheria at Madison.

— Sleighing for Christmas.

—A Freshman speaks of a *football nine*.

—Who will be here to the *Christmas* supper?

—A new candidate for 1884—Roy G. Biv.

—Ducks are affectionate creatures. *Dux Ducis*.

—The man without PRINCIPLE takes no *interest* in others.

—The song of the Soph is no longer heard in the land.

-- Student translate Greek "Immediately," now, also, straightway, for, too.

—A professor, not strangely at all, frequently refers to his mare (Mayor).

--For the benefit of Williams college we state that we play baseball if we do publish pamphlets.

—Veeder worked on locals issue and modestly declines the honor of all those personals.

—The boy who declines *Hic* thus "*Hos Has Hay*," will most likely *pony* when he gets to college.

—Great is the quantity of snow which must be shoveled from the arcade of the new building.

—Sophomore R. astonished the Professor the other day by asserting that there were three muses.

—One of the annuals from the German recitation room: "Once a young lady when asked why *moon* was masculine in German, replied, "Because it can go out at night alone."

—Professor: "Where is Mr. S. to-day?"—"He's home, sick" "Home-sick, is he." Class groans.

—Prof. "Mr. N. what are spring tides." "Tides that come up in the spring, sir."

—The members of '82 flutter about the College like bumble-bees around a broken up nest.

The freshmen cannot be a class of much business they have not held a meeting since election of class officers.

—A fresh after seeing some handbills for a prize-fight, was heard to speak of "Dick Egan, the Troy terrier."

—Another: "Now if we see a funeral procession why then we can argue from sign that there's a funeral going on?"

—Now is the time to pad your pants so as to fall as lightly as possible. You know it is some times slippery about the colleges.

—A Soph expecting to be called up hastened from recitation room and across the campus to refer to his ever faithful annual.

Messrs. Ball and Top are doing their best to develop us in the use of our pedal extremities. Top and Ball amusements,

—The principal occupation, of those whose lot it was to stay at the college during the thanksgiving recess, was "waiting for meals"

—When a man's *gold* plays out, that is, when he has no more *tin*, he is *lead* either to *steel* or to show his *metal*, which too often proves to be *brass*.

—A brave freshman not long since was heard to remark that if the Sophs would bring out a cane, the Freshman would rush them. Bravo!

—The Washburne Memorial Hall is slowly approaching completion (?) The last report was that it would be ready for use the first of December. What saith the oracle now?

—Soph reciting in Rhetoric, Burke's antitheses are especially valuable, because they are so good you have to study a long while before you get the meaning"

—We expect that classes '83 and '85 would at least, have a du l or a good old fashioned knockdown. The Faculty, very strangely, seem to prefer quiet.

—The College orchestra accepted an invitation to play at a reading circle of the First Reformed church held at Dr. Veeders. Considering the preparation the selections were well executed.

There were many students in attendance at the lecture by Rev. Mr. Hughes in the Methodist church, Thursday evening Nov. 16. Those who attended were not at all disappointed.

—We are glad to hear that Prof. George Alexander, has safely returned to us after making his European tour. He met the members of his congregation and others of his friends at a social Thursday Dec. 7th.

—Some one has the "cheek" to take the dailies from the reading-room that should be kept on file. The back numbers are valuable for reference. At least a weeks issue should be left in the room.

—Too late for apples. No more will we be disturbed on our evening walks by a crowd of young men with white pillow cases slung across their shoulders. The farmer has laid aside the shot gun and the dog quietly dozes in the shed.

—Skating and coasting have now taken the place of foot-ball and base-ball, and lo! the small boys do now congregate about the street corners with snow balls and do way-lay and torment the innocent Freshies when they go down town.

—The joke about the man and his mother-in-law is still current; we laugh daily over the old kerosene servant-girl joke; but what's become of that old stand-by about the Vassar girls and the banister? Haven't read it for a week or two.

—The annual convention of the Delta Phi fraternity was held in New York City, on the 7th, 8th, and 9th of this month.

Burton '83 and Woodford '84 were in attendance as delegates from the Alpha Chapter of Union.

—Profs. Price, Hollis and Ashmore left before the Thanksgiving Recess. Prof. Staley tended to Mechanics and Descriptives, while Prof. Ashmore gave all a bolt. All were back to give a warm reception on Wednesday morning.

There was a little Senior.  
And he had a little chin,  
And he coaxed it till it bristled  
with hair hair, hair;  
And the girls admiring gazed,  
And the Fresh were sore amazed,  
And his father didn't know him,  
I declare, clare, clare.

—Thomas J. Delaney, we are pained to learn, was attacked by a

severe hemorrhage of the lungs on 27th of November. "Tom" had not been looking well for some time. Too much work, probably, hastened the attack. We are glad to learn that he is now convalescent and hopes soon to be with us.

—The following advertisement is inserted by request:

All persons having any bric-a-brac old chairs, lounges, lamps or anything second-handed to sell (clothing excepted) will please call at North college, south and middle section, where highest prices will be paid.

—Commencement essays for 1883, INGHAM, Subject, Milton as a statesman, or, The Social and National value of the German element in our population.

ALLEN,—Subject at choice of writers.

CLARK, (for juniors) Subject—The qualities of perfect History; or Cromwell as Protector. Essays due Monday June 4th.

—At the request of Dr. and Mrs. Potter about thirty students assembled at their residence to close the festivities of Thanksgiving day. The early part of the evening was devoted to literary and social enjoyment and by the aid of Dr. Coppee who entertained in his usual manner and the few ladies who were present, enjoyment must have prevailed. The anticipation of the bountiful spread which the Dr. and wife always prepare and the above named pleasure so overjoyed the boys that they were indeed hilarious. The boys did not injure the feelings of the host and hostess by being dainty and partaking lightly. After satisfying the inner man they departed fully convinced that they were entertained in the highest manner.



—At a meeting of the Junior class held Nov. 21st, the following resolutions were adopted.

WHEREAS, We have recently received the sad tidings of the death of our former classmate, Frederick V. Bennett;

WHEREAS, In this announcement we recognize the loss of a companion who by his many noble traits of character and especially by his high spirit, his boldness of thought and action and his general manliness has endeared himself to all;

WHEREAS, By his sudden demise while yet upon the threshold of manhood and with many bright hopes before him, the poignancy of our grief is increased; therefore, be it

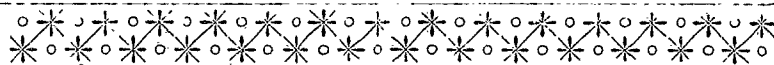
*Resolved*, That the junior class of Union college, by the death of Frederick V. Bennett, loses a member whose every act showed him to be a true man and exemplified true manhood.

*Resolved*, That in his loss under the attendant circumstances, we perceive the binding link in a chain of actions whose every part was composed of devotion to duty and a readiness to die at his post.

*Resolved*, That we tender his bereaved parents our heartfelt sympathy in their irreparable loss,—a loss for which neither the remembrance of his talents nor the exemplary manner of his death can compensate.

*Resolved*, That these resolutions be engrossed and a copy sent to the family of our departed classmate and that they be published in the *Concordiensis* and the *Schenectady papers*.

C. E. FRANKLIN,  
HERBERT G. PORCHER  
DOW BEEKMAN,  
J. J. KEMP,  
ANDREW MCFARLANE.  
Committee.



## Personal.

✓<sup>27</sup> —Ex-Congressman, Peter H. Sylvester died at Coxsackie, N. Y., in his 76th year. He was admitted to the bar in 1830, was Representative to Congress from 1847 to 1851.

✓30. Gen. E. W. Sturtevant, died Oct. 30, 1882.

✓37. Gen. Wm. King, Lawyer, died at Boston, Mass., June 29, 1882.

✓41. Henry E. Kinney, M. D., died at Lima, S. A., Jan. 1, 1882. He had lived in Lima thirty years, and had a large practice.

✓46. J. Foster Jenkins M. D., died at Yonkers N. Y., in the 57th year of his age.

✓ Hon A. B. Gardner, one of the most renowned citizens of Bennington Vt., died Nov. 23, 1882. (His law firm did more business than any other in the courts of Bennington county.) He had been Member of the House of Representatives three times; was elected speaker twice, was Lieutenant Governor, State Senator and Judge Advocate General.

✓ Judge A. H. Ayers of Parsons, Kan., died May 24th, 1882. He was sixty years of age and had maintained a high position for learning and ability.

✓46. Hon. Jon Murdock of Elmira, N. Y., died last summer. He held a foremost place at the bar in Elmira for thirty years. He was a classmate of Ex-Gov. Hoffman.

✓59. George P. Jackson son of Prof. Jackson, died at the home of

Mrs. Samuel P. Benedict, July 3rd, 1882.

✓'53. Austin S. Kellogg, a farmer of Indian Territory, died Aug. 23, 1882.

✓'62. Chas L. Sanford died at Albany, Dec. 6, 1882. At one time he was proprietor of the Schenectady Stove Works.

✓ Judge Wilson McCaudless L. L. D. died at Pittsburg, Pa., July 3, 1882.

✓'80. J. A. Keny has been admitted to the bar in Delhi, N. Y.

✓'81. D. H. McFalls is studying law at Albany, N. Y.



### Exchanges.

—We cannot refrain this month from offering to our readers some of the poetical effusions which grace our table.

What college man is there to whom the following lines from the "Lehigh Burr" does not come forcibly home?

#### THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.

##### THE BEAUTY.

O fairest of thy lovely sex,  
Thou art more fair to me,  
Than all the pearls and rubies  
Gathered by the Persian sea.

In many a curve thy silken tress,  
Down past thy shoulder flows;  
The richest of all the beauteous gifts,  
Which God alone bestows.

Thy dark eyes set in fairest face,  
Like Brazilian diamonds shine;  
What joy supreme would fill my soul  
Could I but call thee mine

F. O. P. *Sir*. 1854.

##### THE COLLEGE WIDOW.

Ah! it is painful to watch her  
As she endeavors to win with the air  
That captured our fathers before us,  
As a lion is caught in the snare.

She's watching and waiting for someone,  
Watching and waiting in vain;  
To freshman she seems like a mother,  
To seniors she's homely and plain.

Can it be that she ever was pretty,  
That her hair was golden and fine.  
And her lips as red as the roses,  
Afar back in the "auld lang syne?"

It is plain as the phantoms surround her,  
And her pride approaches its fall,  
That her "amor omnia vincit,"  
Has proven no "vincit" at all.

F. O. P. *Sir*. 1884.

—The next is from that marvel of all papers (in its own conceit) *The Williams Athenaeum*.

The poet waxes eloquent and "shame of all shame" indulges in a "horrid" pun in the title of his poem.

##### TO LOU.

Lazy, laughing Lady Lou,  
With sweet eyes of laughing blue,  
Ruddy lips all laughing too,  
Features all a laughing crew;  
Laughter seems most fit to you,  
Lazy, laughing Lady Lou.

Lazy, laughing Lady Lou,  
When I told my love for you—  
Ah! how still the laughter grew  
In those eyes of fairest hue.  
Was it love that in them flew,  
Lazy, laughing Lady Lou?

Lazy, laughing Lady Lou,  
Ah! if I but only knew  
If those eyes but told me true,

When I for your love did sue?  
 Happier men than I were few,  
 Lazy, laughing Lady Lou.  
*William's Athenaeum.*

## PERFECTION.

TO H. S. N.

I strive to make my wondering muse  
 Direct my pen and write  
 A sonnet to thy wond'rous charms,  
 So pale, so true and bright;  
 But when I put me to the task,  
 Appalled I am to see  
 How great an undertaking 't is  
 To present the truth fully,  
 For when to tell thy worthy praise,  
 Apt phrases do I seek,  
 The sweetest are too commonplace,  
 The strongest are to weak.  
 So in despair I lay aside  
 My lame and halting pen,  
 Resolved that n'er will I attempt  
 So great a task again.  
 But still myself I comfort with  
 This sensible reflection,  
 That 't is not I alone who can't  
 Add lustre to perfection.

E. F. C.  
*Acta Columbiana.*

— The *Southern Collegian* of Washington and Lee University, comes to us a good representative of that old and renowned institution. The literary department is full and the articles well written. When a college supports such a good paper as the *Collegian*, surely its pristine days are not over. Brother Editors we wish you all the success in your power, and only hope that you will be among many others to help place your University in that high position which it once held.

— The *Hobart Herald* considering the size of the college is one of the best papers on our table. In its last issue is given a full and impartial

account of the trouble between the students and the faculty. We are glad to hear that peace is again restored as we of "Old Union" feel an interest in our neighbors prosperity.

— We wish to thank the *University Magazine* for the article headed "The College Paper." We have saved it for our scrap book.



## Collegensia.

Prof. H. H. Boyesen, the celebrated novelist, late of Cornell, is now a professor at Columbia.

The catalogue of Amherst College has the names of 28 professors and instructors, and 352 students; seniors, 94; juniors, 79; sophomores, 94; freshmen, 82.

Hamilton College has had a recent gift of \$50,000, which is to be applied to the erection of a scientific hall.

New and splendid buildings are going up at Cornell University; a chemical laboratory and also a library building; these are to be more extensive, convenient and costly than any others in the country.

At a meeting of the trustees of Crozer Theological Seminary held recently, the four sons and the two daughters of the late M. S. Crozer gave to the seminary \$50,000 to found a professorship in memory of their mother.

The Archæological Museum is becoming firmly established. Recently additions have been brought from Ward's Museum, Rochester.—*Cornell Era*.

The general catalogue of Princeton, just issued, shows the Alumni of the college number about 5,500, of whom 3,000 are living. A hundred and eighty-nine have become presidents or professors in colleges. The mortality has been greatest among the politicians, least among the clergy.—*Ex*.

A friend of Newton Baptist Theological Seminary has established a lectureship with an annual income of \$600. The lectureship will be filled next year by Prof. W. H. Green, of Princeton Seminary.

Mr. Henry G. Vennor, the Canadian weather-prophet, is forty-one years of age. He is a professor in the University of Montreal, and the author of a book entitled "Our Birds of Prey."—*Penman's Art Journal*.

James McLaren, a brother of Professor McLaren, of Toronto, Canada, has subscribed \$50,000 to endow a chair of Systematic Theology in Knox College, Toronto.

—CLEVELAND, Dec. 7.—On the evening of Nov. 28th nearly all the students of Adeldert college, formerly Western reserve, indulged in a "Tempus." It is thought, as far as known that they did nothing worse than to be boisterous and burlesque the college attaches and regulations. The faculty, to day, expelled the entire junior class, numbering seven-

teen. This afternoon all the students met and adopted resolutions that they will quit the institution and go to other institutions unless the class is reinstated. The faculty's reply is expected to-morrow.

Several little games of poker, for fun of course, have started up in the College. It is played in order to relax the mind after hard study.—*Hobart Herald*.

At a meeting of the regents of the Texas State University, at Austin, on the 16th of November, the following professor were appointed: English literature, Dr Leslie Wagner, president of Bethel College, Kentucky; ancient language, Dr. William Humphreys, of Vanderbilt University; chemistry, Dr. J. W. Mallet, the University of Virginia; law, first place (corresponding to chancellor), Gov. O. M. Roberts, L. L. D., a graduate of the University of Alabama; second place, Chief Justice R. S. Gould, of Texas.

The Harvard *Herald* says that Harvard is nearer a large city than any other University of the first class, except, *perhaps*, Columbia.—*Ex*.

The Northern Indiana Normal School, at Valparaiso, furnishes more teachers to our public schools than any other in the United States.—*Penman's Art Journal*.

How is that for the Hoosier State?  
*N. D. Scholastic*.

Another disciple of Geo. Washington has been found, and in the Junior class. After heaving a pebble

through a large show window, he sailed up to the anxious proprietor, and exclaimed, "I cannot tell a lie, I broke it."—*Amherst Student*.

An attempt has been made in London to play foot-ball by the electric light but without success, owing to the heavy shadows. The players nearly jerked their legs out of joint by kicking at the shadows of other players' heads—*Michigan Argonaut*.

In the college games the past season, Brown had the best batting average, .295, and Princeton the best fielding, .831.—*University Magazine*.

Rutgers is about to print a new song book.



### Extranea.

"Plenty of milk in your cans this morning?" the customer asked a milkman. And the milkman nodded gravely as he replied, "Chalkfull"

School teacher: "Effervesce mean to work; now Johnny, give me a sentence illustrating its use." Johnny: "Please, ma'am, my father effervesces on the boulevard," *Ex.*

Fee simple and a simple fee,  
And all the fees in tail,  
Are nothing when compared to thee,  
Our bet of fees—female. *Ex.*

"There is nothing that so stirs the Freshman's heart with unwonted

emotion," as ween. after carefully copying an upper-classman's essay, the professor remarks, Methinks I have seen these sentiments somewhere else Mr. X.!" *Ex.*

"I detest slang phrases," said an old lady to the pastor, "especially when used by women. Why the other day I heard a girl say that she had flirted with a fellow and made a 'mash.' She thought I didn't know what she meant, but I tumbled to it all the same."—*New York Commercial*.

'Tis now the wily junior  
Doth draw the shekel large,  
And doth the trusting family  
For sundry volumes charge;  
Then hies him to the pool room,  
For the mighty combination,  
And when his horse is scratched  
Loud is his lamentation.

—*F. W. Max.*

Sibley Bill thus expresses himself about college fraternities: "Ach, an' I know how yez do in yer sacret societies. Yez hold a meetin' an' one o' yez gits up an' makes a moshun that yez all goes out an' pulls down a bride. An' then yez all run out, an' if iny one kapes back yez fines 'im!"—*Cornell Era*.

A negro tramp stood in a box,  
The captain of the station,  
In accents stern and pen in hand,  
Asked him his occupation.  
With knowing grin and watery eye  
The darkey said, "Well, sar!  
Guess I's a wrecker, Kase I hauls  
De schooners off the bar."—*Ex.*



## A WILY FRESHMAN.

He was a gentle sort of youth  
 Who seemed to wear a sad, sweet smile  
 You'd not believe it was the truth  
 That he was capable of guile.  
 Yet, ere the term's first week had gone,  
 He captive seemed in fashion's mesh ;  
 A certain dashing style put on,  
 Quite unbecoming in a fresh.

He wore good clothes, he lugged a stick,  
 He puffed a naughty cigarette :  
 And lo! it didn't make him sick,  
 He even on a ball game bet.  
 At last he roused the sophomore  
 By trotting out a tall silk hat.

The outraged sophs with anger swore  
 That they could really not stand that,  
 And so they vowed that this young man,  
 They'd haze a bit to set him right.  
 To give the lesson they did plan  
 At 12 o'clock the coming night.

He learned their scheme and in it joyed,  
 That afternoon he came to town  
 And, for a certain sum, employed  
 A fighting man of great renown  
 To sleep that night with in his bed,  
 To which he smuggled him with care,  
 The night came on, and, at its dead,  
 The band of bold, bad men came there.

Darkness intense was in the room ;  
 No light gave out a single ray,  
 And in the dense and awful gloom  
 The sophs began their pranks to play,  
 Then spoke the freshmen: "Get you hence,  
 Or, by all things that I hold dear,  
 I'll beat into your head more sense  
 Than else will get there for a year!  
 They answered with a jeer. He gave  
 The fighting man the sign to rise,  
 The bruiser did so: Heaven save  
 The soph who got it 'twixt the eyes!

Then in the darkness yells arose,  
 Loud cries of agony and fear,  
 As one man got it on the nose,  
 Another just beneath the ear.

The window opened. Out they flew,  
 Heels over head. And soon they found  
 Themselves all battered, black and blue,  
 Stacked in a pile upon the ground.

Did they return? Oh, no, indeed!  
 They hankered for go further knock  
 From freshy's fist. They all agreed  
 They'd rather stand an earthquake shock.

And now the freshman wears his hat,  
 And sports his most obnoxious airs;  
 He smokes cigars, and, more than that,  
 He sometimes even almost swears.  
 Do sophs insult him? Not at all!  
 They even strive to be polite,  
 And wonder how a man so small  
 So everlastingly can fight.

—*Boston Post.*

## LINES ON THE DONKEY.

The donkey is a pretty bird,  
 So gentle and so wise ;  
 It has a silky little tail  
 With which to wisk the flies.  
 Upon its head two ears it bears,  
 So silky, tall and soft,  
 That when its tail can't reach the flies  
 The ears can whisk them off.

—*Ex.*

His chin is like a pumpkin,  
 So lovely and so plump ;  
 His beard is like a pumpkin-vine  
 Stragling 'cross a stump.

—*Ex.*

## WRITE THEM A LETTER TO-NIGHT.

Don't go to the theatre, lecture or  
 ball,  
 But stay in your room to-night.  
 Deny yourself to the friends that  
 call,  
 And a good long letter write—  
 Write to the sad old folks at home  
 Who sit when the day is done,

With folded hands and downcast eyes,  
And think of the absent one.

Don't selfishly scribble. Excuse my  
haste,  
I've scarcely the time to write."  
Lest their brooding thoughts go won-  
dering back  
To many a by-gone night.  
When they lost their needed sleep  
and rest,  
And every breath was a prayer  
That God would leave their delicate  
babe  
To their tender love and care.

Don't let them feel that you've no  
more need  
Of their love and counsel wise;  
For the heart grows strongly sensa-  
tive  
When age has dimmed the eyes,  
It might be well to let them believe  
You never forgot them quite—  
That you deem it a pleasure, when  
far away,  
Long letters home to write.

Don't think that the young and gid-  
dy friends'  
Who makes your pastime gay,  
Have half the anxious thought for  
you  
That the old folks have to day,  
The duty of writing do not put off,  
Let sleep or pleasure wait,  
Lest the letter for which they look  
and longed  
Be a day or an hour too late.

For the sad old folks at home,  
With locks fast turning white,

Are longing to hear of the absent  
one;

Write them a letter to-night.

"I will strike you with a feather,"  
said Junior F. playfully to his best  
girl the other night. "If it is an  
ostrich feather, dear," said she  
sweetly, "you can strike me every  
time."

The best girl attracted much at-  
tention in church the following Sun-  
day, while Mr. F. is out ten dollars  
and is wearing his banged-at-the-  
knee trouser for another week or so.

There was an old frong.

He was tall and slim,  
His nose had the gout,  
And his eyes the glim.  
He did not like work,  
He did not like play.

So he smoked and croaked

While he sang this lay:  
Chebung! chebung! John Brown's  
hung.

The polywog a snail at the bull-  
frog flung,

Crickets on the grape-vine sweetly  
sung

Chebung! chebung! chebung!

He's been quite a traveler,

Let him tell the tale,

Three times 'round this world

On a ten-foot rail

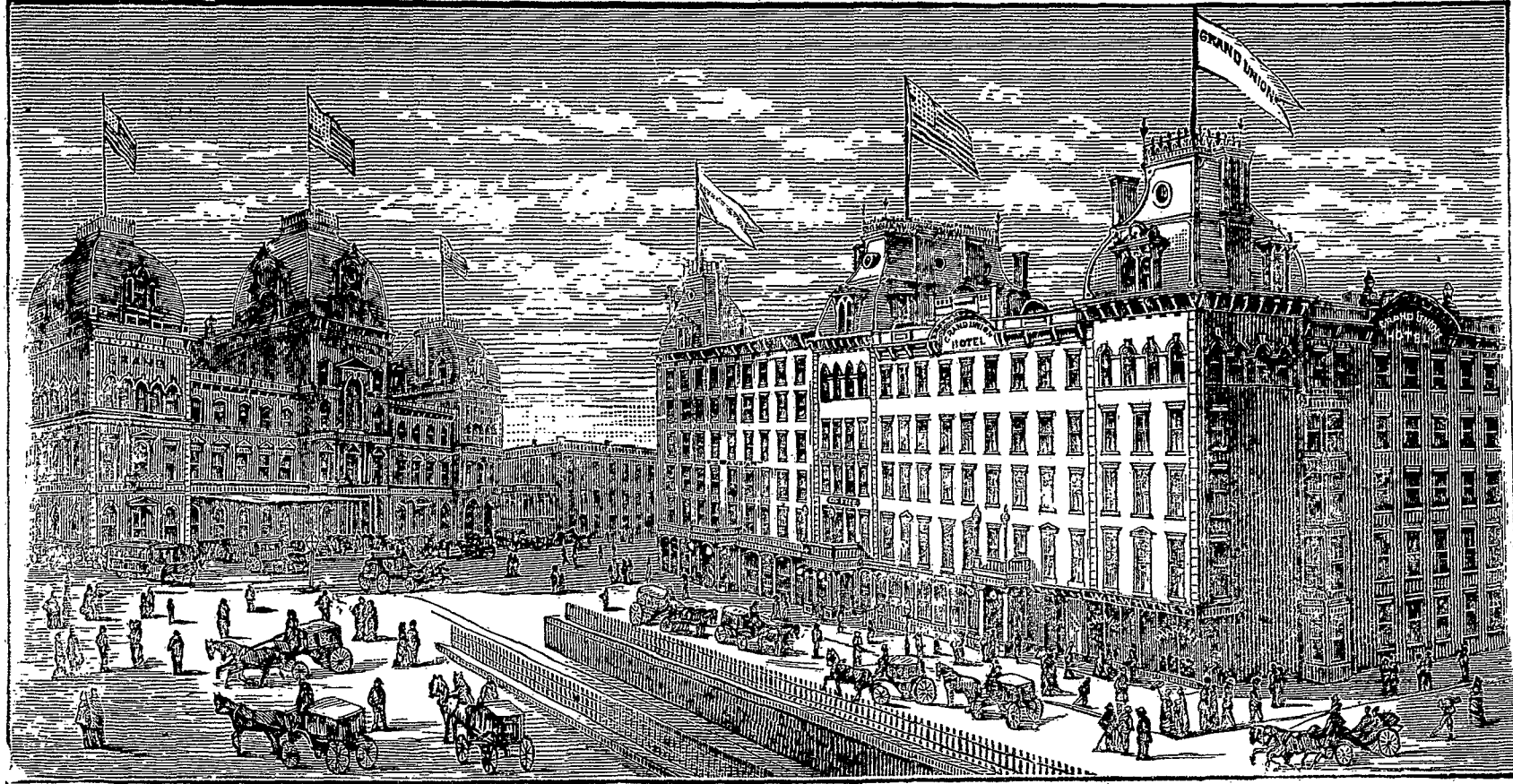
He croaks of bully-frogs

He met while in France,

And how they used to fiddle

For the pollywogs to dance.

*Anon.*



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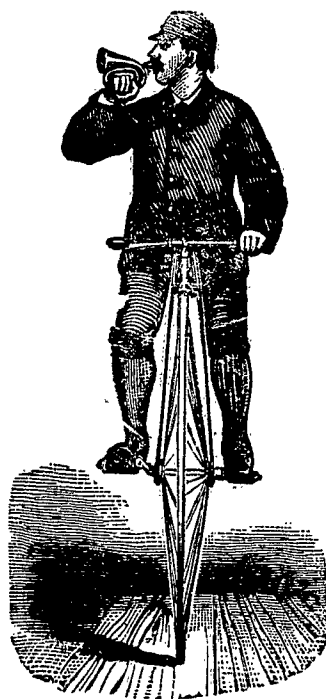
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