



THE

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## Literary Department.

### THE YOUNG MAN ELOQUENT.

BY JOHN PRATT WAGER.

Having alluded generally to the nature of true eloquence, and observed the desirability of elocutionary and rhetorical culture as aids to effective speaking, I wish now to speak briefly of some requisites, particularly practical to students, of the art of successful oratorical *composition*.

1st. *Originality*. Not in its absolute sense, of course, for the very name of student contradicts that. All we know we learn by imitation and comparison. But in the sense that our composition will bear upon its face somewhat of our own individuality, and be the exponent of our own sentiments, as distinguished from those of all other persons. This is by no means an impossible acquisition, nor is the path thereto very difficult. Any ordinarily attentive student, after having read one or two of Dickens' stories, or Macauley's essays, or Byron's or Pope's or Poe's poems, can afterward readily distinguish the writings of one of them when read to him, although he may not have been aware that such a literary production as he is listening to was in existence. For, just as there are varieties of feature and tone, so there are of will, inclination, judgment, reasoning, and utterance, whether written or oral. Those who blindly follow leaders without thought of duty or regard to consequences, are not men without the power of original thought, but rather they have trampled down, or at least left without nourishment the germ of individual sovereignty, and have thus become like the mass of machinery in a mill, creatures instead of creators. So it is not the abstract quality of originality that students need to acquire, but that discipline of mind which shall shape it into a comely tree of thought, capable of bearing a golden

fruitage of words. I have called this an art. It is; one from whose fountain whosoever will may drink his fill, and leave the fountain no less full. I stood recently before a celebrated portrait painter, as he held out before me the life-size image of a good old man I knew. Every feature, every undulation, every fibre and tint and tissue were such perfect counterparts of the original that I caught myself fancying that I heard and saw the portrait breathe! But I *knew* that it was only a variety of shapes and colors upon a canvass. What then made it so beautiful and truthful? Why, the painter's *art* did it. What a wonderful man must he be, then, to possess such an art. But hundreds of others are just as good painters as he; half of humanity might be if they chose. He fought the toilsome way to the shrine and worshiped, and came away with his reward; and though a thousand others have accomplished the same task and been rewarded with the same gift, no two of them would paint pictures of my old friend just alike, and yet they might be equally perfect. So in this word-painting, we must use the same language, reason by the same methods, reach results by the same processes, entertain by similar devices, and treat of similar topics as have our superiors before us. These in general comprise the art, and are common to all. But the object is to use these with our own intelligence, just as in learning to paint a picture we would arrange the canvass, and mix the oils, and handle the brushes with our own hands, instead of pressing our canvass upon our model, and calling the impression our handiwork. So this word-portrait, if it bears the stamp of originality, is when done our own, and if even but slightly meritorious, is valuable both as a means and a result.

But here comes the practical problem: How to commence and continue the work of exercising originality of thought, and at the same time accomplish a creditable job? Of course this is not a subject susceptible of any precise rules of procedure, but if a young man should ask me for my advice as to a method to pursue in this respect, I should say something like this: Subject the mind to continual and gradually in-

creasing tasks of gathering, hoarding, and upon proper occasions, enunciating all profitable thoughts with which you meet in every day life. From some good book select a sentence embodying some concrete idea, and write that idea out in as many different ways as possible. Then take another sentence, after awhile several at once, and at last a whole chapter or division of the book. You will thus acquire not only a greater and better variety of words, but also a habit of reflection, an improvement of memory, a facility of expression, and a development of the mind which can never be gained either by the discipline of rules of rhetoric, or the vague attempts to "write something." So form habits of *thinking* about whatever objects you meet with, and of writing down, mentally at least, all you know about them, and if you don't know all that you would like to, acquire the desired information. To summarize: select carefully from your reading and your seeing; cultivate memory and habits of reflection in regard to these things; and then drill incessantly in composition about them. You may say that this advice is more applicable to some school boy of ten than to a collegian who has "got through" with his English, but I have seen very wise mortals who saw no beauty in this world because they looked so far ahead. So too, wisdom many often be found very close by, in very simple things. These three tasks are practical ones; and if any young man will faithfully perform them during his college course, he will never say, after selecting a "subject," and sitting down to write his final "oration," "I can't think what to write about this," or, after having written something, "There is nothing new or original in this." But here, as elsewhere, success must come from small beginnings, from incessant application, from determinate zeal. The reward is to be had—the price is *work*.

2d. *Simplicity*. It is always associated with true worth. A little child's simplicity is a token of its innocence, and we love it. A plain man we generally respect, because we presume him honest. We give the preference to a simply constructed machine, because we know that it will cost less, will be less liable to get out of repair, will do its work better, and will last longer than a complicated one. The choicest varieties of beautiful colors would not be so pleasing as is nature's simple garb of green. The remedy in the sick room which is the most efficacious, is usually the simplest of all. In speech, the rule holds true. Simple language is almost always strong and comely and appropriate. Truly great men have been men of earnest, straightforward action; and their words have been in harmony with their deeds. They have been men who have realized continually that they had a life-work to do, and that in it there would be no time for frivolity or flippancy or mere formality of either words or deeds. These are idle breaths of sound and motion, which are only seen or felt or known upon the surface of society, where the foam and the froth and the bubbles of humanity float; but the strong, the good, the helpful, the brave, the noble words and deeds are these which have come surging up through the strata of our life-sea, troubling and thrilling and purifying all its waters. And these words have been

simple words, words that all the world could read and understand. From Cæsar's famous message to our own loved Lincoln's most celebrated saying, the power and beauty of simplicity in speech have been constantly demonstrated. And the reason of this is obvious. Simplicity has nature on its side. Its language comes not merely from the tongue, nor yet alone from the brain, but warm and glowing from the heart; and it reaches not merely the ear, nor yet alone the brain, but penetrates to the inner consciousness. Let us enlarge this thought a little. Simplicity has power: (1.) As regards simply the speaker or writer. Because when he does not stop to consider technicalities and formalities, his mind is free to put its full energy upon its work. (2.) As regards merely the hearers or readers, for several reasons. It alone can converse with their understanding. An ordinary audience would go away from a *very* wise and "deep" and scholarly discourse with a confused idea of nothing in particular; nothing comprehended, nothing remembered, nothing gained. It alone can touch their hearts, and this medium is often available where the brain as a reasoning organ would not be. Thereby has many a man been saved from the gallows, when reason pronounced him guilty; thereby millions have embraced Christianity, which their judgments could not comprehend.

Putting the two branches of the thought together, we see at a glance the force of the proposition that simplicity is a power. It brings both speaker or writer, and hearer or reader, upon a common level, and that where they are enabled to do their "level best," too, because it is their natural place, in which both are at their best advantage, where one can give and the other receive the utmost, where they can look right into each others' eyes, mentally and sympathetically. Here is the end of the whole matter—Forget self, know your hearers, be full of your theme.

I have spoken quite at length upon this topic because our education in too many instances tends rather to encourage than to check this natural propensity of young composers to grandiloquence and display. We see it evidenced everywhere. Even in the late "International Collegiate Literary Contest," this propensity was manifested to such an extent that the press made a laughing stock of their "rags of common place," their "meandering through valleys of mediocrity," and scores of still more foolish phrases which I don't remember, and am not sorry thereat. "Had I been invited to participate in a feast in a grand bower consecrated to the gods," commenced a speech sent to us recently, made before some society or other. It might have been appropriate, but we read no farther. How often, in reading or hearing these distressingly vague, metaphorical apologies with which students preface their "remarks," have I thought of Antony's words upon a certain occasion:

"I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:  
I am no orator, as Brutus is;  
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,  
That love my friend; and that they know full well  
That gave me public leave to speak of him.  
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor the the power of speech,  
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;  
I tell you that which you yourselves do know."

In which eighty words we have seventy-one monosyllables. Let students whose brains are throbbing with great themes, and imagine that some great words are necessary for the occasion, read the first chapter of Genesis, or the third chapter of Habakkuk. I have not space to point out any particular methods of studying simplicity, but will only say in conclusion, review every sentence at least twice for that specific purpose. Simplify in every particular, where it can be done without marring the structure of the idea. Study the strong and beautiful writings of our language with this end in view; and never allow an array of pompous, high-sounding words, which merely give an impression of solemnity, or authority, or wisdom, to take the place of a plain, simple, truthful sentence that will express your thought clearly and concisely. After all, we get back to our old motto where we ended our other topic, that "there is no excellence without labor," and the price of this reward too is work.

#### A VISION.

As the sun was slowly sinking, o'er the western hills hung low,  
And to death the day was going, lighted by the sunset's glow,  
Up the hill side, lone I wandered, where the pines their banners fling,  
Just as green through storms of winter, as amid the dews of spring,  
And the chapel's open portals, spoke their welcome as of yore,  
And I climbed the *weary winding*, passing throught the unbarred door;

Stood amid the length'ning shadows, creeping 'long the dusty floor,  
And the summer sunset's crimson, flecking it all o'er and o'er.  
Not the lightest foot-fall echoed, silent was the chapel hall;  
Gone were all the learned professors, and the merry students all,  
Faded flowers around were lying, withered leaves were scattered there,  
Trophies left of triumphs garnered, from the fields of culture rare.

Sitting there in my old corner, musing on the days long fled,  
Of the buds that died ere blooming, of the flow'rs blighted and dead,  
I saw coming through the door way, in the twilight dim and gray,  
Coming from among the shadows, where the crimson sunset lay;  
Like the measured march of music, as it moves in stately rhyme,  
One by one, old Alfred students, students of the olden time.  
Some were clad in home spun garments, few they were had silk or lace,  
Yes! 'tis true, a well worn "Shaker," shaded off a lovely face.  
Dimonds flashed not in their splendor, neither gold in bright array,  
Broadcloth bowed not unto satin, there was linsey and sheep's gray.  
Gold was there, but it was manhood's, beaten fine, and tried, and true,  
Jewel's flashed from eyes of woman, brave and strong, and tender too,  
Strength was stamped on manly features, hoped beamed forth from every eye,

"Life is earnest," was their watchword, "Toil we ever till we die!"  
"Excelsior," some were singing, they were maidens, bright and fair,  
"Perseverantia omnia vincit," rolled along the tremulus air,  
"La Sagasse Soutient L'Univers," sounded clearly through the hall,  
"Eloquentia mundum regit," echoed like the bugle's call.  
Thus together in one chorus, life's great labor hymn they sung,  
Looking upward at a picture that upon the ceiling hung;  
Gazed I there, till those still features seemed to flush with life once more,

And the eye flashed in its brightness, just as in the days of yore,  
And his voice, as in the old time, rung out like a prophet's cry,  
"Life is earnest; 'Toil is noble; 'Work on ever till ye die!"

Tell me; tell me, Oh! my children, stationed on life's harvest field,  
Have ye garnered its rich fruitage; does its vintage to you yield  
Wine and oil of life's true living? do your hearts for God beat true?  
Then accept my benedictions; they shall ever fall on you."  
And the sunset's gold and crimson paled through twilight into night,  
Whose down dropping, sombre curtain shut the vision from my sight.

O. D. S.

#### FORCE OF IDEAS.

There is a sublime grandeur in the upheavals and volcanic changes which have successively lifted up the mountain ranges and smoothed down the ocean beds of the earth. The great earthquake of Lisbon in 1755 was felt from Norway to Morocco, from Poland to the West Indies. It absolutely lifted the whole bed of the North Atlantic Ocean. Who can estimate the irresistible power of such an impulse? Unseen and silent at first, but pressing right upward, bearing in its great, mighty arms the floor of the ocean and the foundations of the continents. In the presence of such power one is made painfully sensible of the utter weakness of all human strength. But this world does not conceal all its sublime impulses in the volcanic chambers of the earth. Among men have been born movements involving the destiny of millions of human beings. Some necessity often in deepest obscurity has conceived and brought forth an ill-favored child, which has ultimately executed commercial and civilizing laws for widely separated nations. An impulse is now and then awakened in private industry which gradually extends its influence until it commands the energies of many hundred thousand men, and rules like a monarch over the commerce of nations, and finally is invested with authority to pronounce civil laws to the rulers of the earth. We might instance the application of intelligent skill in the manufacture of iron, or in the building of navies to traverse the oceans, or indeed in the staple productions of the soil. So long have these formed parts in the grand scenery of an active world that we can scarcely conceive what would be the condition of the world without them.

Let me instance as a single illustration, the production and manufacture of cotton. We speak of it as an industrial idea. This article was introduced into Europe by the Saracens, and in 1585 it found its way into England. Here its manufacture received an impulse which has proved the marvel of our age. Its manufacture had remained stationary in Asia for more than four thousand years, suppressed and prohibited in the interest of silk and woolen fabrics. But when the English took up the manufacture of cotton, they carried it in less than a century to so great a degree of perfection that a man could do more work in a day than he had formerly done in a year. Simultaneously other inventions of the most momentous interest to civilization were introduced. Among which may be named the steam engine in all its forms, railways, development of iron manufacture, more exact construction and perfect operation of all kinds of machinery. As the result of these various inventions, the extension of the manufacture was almost incredible. Mr. Bains, writing in 1833, estimates the total annual value of the manufacture

at about one hundred and fifty millions of dollars; the number of persons supported by it at one and a half millions; the length of yarn spun at nearly five thousand millions of miles, sufficient to pass round the earth's circumference more than two hundred thousand times, sufficient to reach fifty-one times from the earth to the sun. The wrought fabrics of cotton exported in one year would form a girdle for the globe passing eleven times around the equator. The receipts of the manufacturers and merchants for this one production of national industry are equal to two-thirds the whole public revenue of the kingdom. To complete the wonder, this manufacture is the creation of the genius of a few humble mechanics, and it is the growth from very small to these gigantic proportions in little more than fifty years. All this in England thirty-eight years ago. But the increase since that time has been enormous. We may gain some conception of the growth of this department of industry by comparing American statistics. Eighty years ago the number of pounds manufactured in this country was 5,500,000, in 1860 it was 422,704,975. It is by no means uninteresting to notice that this intrusion of the cotton manufacture was stoutly resisted by the silk interests among the Chinese, and upon the same principle and in the same way by the woolen interests in England. Indeed, nearly all the European governments, under the influence of similar motives, have either restricted or prohibited the use of cotton goods, and yet, in spite of all such combinations, legislation and opposition, these fabrics have forced their way, until they constitute the chief article of clothing of the human race, and hold the balance of power in every market on the globe. But all this wonderful development of a single material substance of human economy is but a simple *idea* of human industry objectized. This idea has laid hold of one of the most fragile substances and carried blessing and comfort, at the smallest possible cost, to the countless millions of the earth. You may say that this is a subordinate sphere for an intelligent idea. But take note of the myriads of sunburnt planters, and of other myriads of skilled hands pressing upon as many levers of mechanical power; take note of a human race interested in this department of human economy, and tell me, is there no force even in an industrial idea?

But let us not be confined to one line of observation. You have only to strike the old time-worn trails of past generations, and you will see on every side of you the unique monuments of the once impelling idea which shaped the destinies of men. Turn your eye back toward the morning of the world's history and behold the successive generations of a vast nation in North Africa toiling as with one continued impulse to immortalize the reigning power of their kings. The pyramids are only simple epitaphs of a once struggling idea, struggling to perpetuate a name. Or go back with me only twenty-five hundred years and take note of that community clustering about the seven hills on the shores of the Tiber. They sought for themselves independent homes, of which they themselves should be the supreme lords. That idea of independent prerogative has grown from feeble

infancy to the most fearless manhood, has stretched out its iron scepter over all the modern civilized nations of the earth. To-day we talk of Rome fallen, but Rome still lives, not as a single ponderous nation, but as a great family of nations, having common parentage, inheriting common laws, and inspired by the same Roman idea of independent prerogative. Thrones may decay with the corrosion of time, but ideas may live on and on; if true they will live forever.

But it would be injustice to our theme not to notice the more subjective and spiritual forces of an idea. These may be characterized as impelling and repelling forces. Sometimes we see mankind borne on to some objective point in their career as irresistibly as the tidal waves of the ocean. Their idea is keyed on the note of "conquering to conquer." Again you will now and then observe a small people, standing up like the impregnable Gibraltar, hurling back the storms and battles of the ages. And how often it happens that an idea is most mighty when it is clothed in most weakness. What a lesson Mohammed has taught the world? A child of poverty, in youth a servant, in manhood the possessor of great wealth, the fruit of his own honest toil. In the year 609, at the age of 40, he retires from the active world and seeks the deepest seclusion for meditation and prayer. Whether through the self-denial of a too abstemious life or through melancholy here Mohammed became the victim of mental illusion. Unseen voices whispered to him, and strange phantoms stood before him. He was accosted as the prophet of God. It is related that as he sat alone with Chadizah his wife, a shadow entered the tent. "Dost thou see aught?" said Chadizah when she remarked his agitation. "I do," said the prophet. Whereupon she uncovered her face and said, "Dost thou see it now?" "I do not." "Glad tidings to thee, O Mohammed," exclaimed Chadizah; "it is an angel, for he has respected my unveiled face. An evil spirit would not." As his disease advanced, these specters became more frequent. It was from one of them that he received the divine commission to preach. "I," said his wife, "will be thy first believer," and they knelt down together in prayer. Since that eventful night, nine thousand millions of human beings have acknowledged him to be a prophet of God. A preaching soldier belongs only to the highest rank of men. Such was Mohammed. His theology was simple, "there is but one God," but to that he also added, "and Mohammed is his Prophet." But is there no political force in an idea? The dogmas of Mohammed sent a quivering thrill through the souls of men, from the gulf of Guinea to the Chinese Sea. Empires venerable for their antiquity vanished away before the disintegrating power of the strange prophet. Nor is the world wanting in examples of the resisting force of ideas. Twenty-three hundred years before Mohammed lived, a single family, driven by sore famine, took up their abode in Egypt. After nearly four hundred years of toil, servitude, and bondage, that family, increased to three millions, bade a triumphant farewell to the most infamous tyranny the world ever saw. From that day to this, four thousand years, that people has been stemming the

ever-changing tides of the world's mighty revolutions. Other nations have arisen to the plane of history, reached the acme of earthly glory, and gone down to oblivion; yet this people, sitting at the gates of national commerce, have become citizens of every country on the globe. Carried away again and again, and driven from their native land, from its temple, altars, and the sepulchers of their fathers, still they stand like a preadamite rock in the midst of the sea, resisting the storm-driven waves of the ages. The genius of the Israelites is indestructible. He lives most emphatically for an idea, and the force of that idea gives him power to endure the shocks of the conflicting world.

But the question of most immediate interest to the young man of to-day must not be forgotten. Life now, as in former ages, has its divine significance. He is best prepared to live to some purpose who apprehends most clearly the all-inspiring idea of his own age. The normal condition of man is active, progressive life. Pure conservatism is the paralysis of death; its best results are only fossils. But to conserve all that is worthy among the fruits of the past, the wise husbandman brings them forth and plants them in the vitalizing soil of the present, and may justly expect a harvest with sixty or a hundred fold. What is the watchword, world-thrilling idea, of the nineteenth century? Freedom is the imperial word—freedom of thought, freedom of expression, freedom of life. This was the irrepressible idea that gave birth to the German Reformation in the sixteenth century. To this, Germany owes all her essential greatness. It was no accident that brought Luther, Melancthon and Calvin into conflict with the conservatism of the Roman Church. They had breathed this idea into their souls from the royal word of the Most High. The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries afforded little rest for the English sovereigns. A little company of men had caught the idea of religious freedom. Unarmed and helpless, robbed and banished, yet they were inspired with a deathless impulse that shook to its center the venerable empire. The pusillanimous plea for the ancient rights of kings became idle as the wind. There was left no solid foundation for the throne until the sovereign head was uncovered before the majesty of freedom. The British throne stands on but one island of the sea, and yet the royal Queen of England rules over the freest and widest empire on the Eastern continent. Freedom came from God. It is boundless as the sea. Empires and kingdoms ruled by royal prerogative are too confined for the tireless wings of freedom's fearless eagles. And it was no stupendous gift of chance, that a new world sat waiting beyond the Atlantic. It was no idle play of the wind and waves that bore the weather-beaten Mayflower to America's rocky shore. Raise the glass to your dim orbs of vision. It is November 11, 1620; the little vessel is slowly approaching the wintry coast. Forty men with their heroic wives and weary children are crowded into that narrow cabin. Who knoweth whether the angel of the Lord was walking on the sea that very night. Raise the hatch, slowly, carefully. Those forty men are just now subscribing themselves, in the name of God,

to an instrument which became the vitalizing germ of the American government. This was the birth of popular constitutional liberty. Two hundred and fifty-seven years have passed, and from that little germ of republicanism planted at Plymouth, has grown up a nation of more than thirty-one millions of people, larger than any nation in Europe save Austria, France, and Russia. In wide contrast with the few crowned heads of the old world, every man is a sovereign, and his ballot is a scepter of equal power with that of the chief executive of the nation. But talk not of the grand results of freedom yet. The world has witnessed as yet only its childhood. Who does not look forward with fond hope to its perfect manhood? Thus far, we have barely broken the fallow ground and rudely fenced out the states, laid out a few highways, and established a few trading posts. It is true, a hundred navies dip their flags in our waters and offer their respect to our commerce, but who can compute, by the growth of the past century, what may be a thousand years hence? As one hand may cover the other in extent, so all Europe is barely sufficient to cover our territory. But we have room yet for two hundred and fifty millions of citizens, and far better provisions than Europe. California has sufficient room to take in the whole of Great Britain and Ireland with their populations without turning away any of her own people. So could Montana, Dakota, and New Mexico. Texas could do it twice, and our Russian American Purchase four times. These states extend from the Atlantic to the Pacific, midway between Europe and Asia, embracing every desirable climate and boundless stores of mineral and fuel. But what outweighs all other treasures in this western world is the irrepressible idea of freedom. It has made love with every boy and girl in the nation; it has appropriated every avenue of trade, industry, and wealth. It has planted thousands of schools and colleges all over the land. It makes every man the architect of his own fortune. It offers wealth and learning to every child of poverty at the simple price of integrity and industry. And who will say that freedom has not been appreciated? Has not this young nation freely given eight hundred millions a year to sustain an idea? When did the world before witness the self-offering of one-half a million young men on the altar of a single nation? No price is too great, though it be coined in blood, to pay for freedom.

But turn to another scene in this world-drama. What means this swelling tide of foreign life pressing upon our shores? The last fifty years have brought seven and one-half millions of strangers, asking room for homes in our midst. One-third of this vast number have come during the last eight years. What is still more wonderful, a nation that has shut her gates of adamant against the world for thousands of years, has now flung them open, and her first quaint overture is a hundred thousand men. Why should not our prudent fathers, remaining to us from the former generation, be startled by this strange mingling of nations tramping over the battle grounds of their early struggles, and planting themselves all over the great continental medley of America.

But let them hush all their fears. These are only the preparations for the grandest triumph the world ever saw. Look at it once. The artistic skill of twenty nations is thus brought, and the highest political impulses of the civilized world. But you talk of the wild jargon of strange religious dogmas as if this was the peril of free government. And so it might be were not the government founded on the idea of that highborn freedom which flows from the eternal Word. Here is the safety of American freedom.

Now young men, if you would contribute your young lives to aid the onward movements of the world, put yourselves into vital connection with the great world-ideas of our age. Live for your own generation, for the outstretching empire of truth, and for the triumph of soul freedom.

THOS. R. WILLIAMS.

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### PROGRESS AND EDUCATION.\*

The physical and social blessings that any people enjoy, depend, under God, upon their intellectual and moral development. An intelligent people always, as a whole, surround themselves abundantly with the real comforts of life, and participate largely in its refinements and socialities. The educated know how to provide the things that make for the comfort of the physical man; the ignorant have little skill and foresight in that direction, though they may live in the same community with the educated. The substantial homes of the New England yeomanry are very unlike the Indian wigwams. The shanties upon the lines of our public works have few of the conveniences and comforts that distinguish the residences of the owners and directors of these lines. These have had the advantages of education; those have knowledge little above the ox that grazes the field; hence the diversity in their physical condition. What makes

\*Extracts made from the unpublished address of President Kenyon, which will be read with especial interest by all those old students who had the pleasure of listening to them when spoken.

the difference in large cities, whose streets are thronged by the learned on the one hand, and on the other by the unlearned, who crowd by hundreds into narrow, ill-ventilated tenements, and fill the very atmosphere they breathe with pestilence? The answer cannot be doubtful. The educated everywhere live in better houses than the ignorant, wear better clothing, eat wholesomer food, and know better how to enjoy the luxuries of life without falling into excesses. They keep themselves personally neater, are more wholesome and attractive as companions.

But socially, an intelligent people are as much superior to an ignorant people, as they are physically. Go into a land abounding in schools and churches if you would find the affections of men purified, the deep sympathies of the soul stirred to beneficent action, the tender emotions rendered delicate, and the largest amount of all that can ennoble, elevate, and dignify humanity, maintained in the intercourse of men with each other. The asylum for the unfortunate, the house of refuge, home for the friendless, the hospital for the sick, and the chapel for the sinner, are not found but in a land of schools and Bibles. It requires a high order of culture, such as is the business of our pulpits and schools to evolve, to develop the wealth for founding and sustaining these institutions of Christian philanthropy, and so managing their affairs as to make them real blessings to mankind. What a mighty influence any man or woman can exert, who possesses the advantages of a well-developed, well-balanced, and richly-furnished intellect, sanctified by the grace of God.

By slow degrees humanity is learning that the mental is superior to the physical. The attainment of knowledge is becoming more and more the settled purpose. Struggling mind is shaking off its fetters. It is asking for liberty of thought of conscience and of action. It is beating down the obstacles in its path. It is not a rapid operation. It is the work of many centuries, many revolutions, many reverses. It inspired Luther to resist the arrogant and stupid claims of priestly domination. It placed Cromwell on the throne of England. It planted the feet of our fathers on Plymouth Rock, and resisted the encroachments of foreign dominion. It fought the battles of our independence. Its victories have astonished the world. It convulsed Europe to its center. Instead of giving security to thrones, it wages a fearful struggle, but not a doubtful one. There may not be sufficient intelligence among the masses to give a speedy victory, and ensure continued peace; but intellect when once awakened will not again slumber till its triumphs are achieved.

As a people, we are evidently putting forth some commendable exertions in the varied enterprises of the age; but it is a question, well worthy of serious consideration, whether we are not, at the same time, neglecting some of the most efficient means of blessing the world. It is manifestly unwise to lay out our entire strength, to exhaust all our energies, on a few prominent objects of immediate interest, and neglect the mainsprings of action—those life-giving sources

of supplying the active working element in perpetuating and enlarging the sphere of the noblest human exertion. Now it is quite obvious that education must lie at the foundation of all our present and prospective schemes for doing the world good. If books are to be written which shall convince the intelligence, and move the deep sympathies of the soul for truth, men must wield the pen whose minds have been thoroughly disciplined, and who have learned the avenues through which man's best affections can be reached. If Bibles are to be translated into the hundreds of languages and dialects spoken by the millions of the earth, men must be employed to do it, who have had the discipline of many years of hard study in classical learning, as well as in every thing pertaining to Biblical science and literature. If men are to "speak with tongues," preach the gospel to all peoples in the language "wherein they were born," they must possess that familiarity with the general structure of language, which can alone be secured by an accurate knowledge of the ancient Latin, Greek, and Hebrew tongues. So, indeed, in every scheme for developing, in its full proportions and strength, the spirit of universal brotherhood, men of the very first attainments are required in devising efficient means, adapting them to the ends to be secured, and following them up, with unyielding assiduity to a successful issue. The times have gone by—if, indeed, there ever was such a period—when unintellectual men may hope to wield an extensive influence. As men with intellectual endowments, without holy devotion, perfect consecration to God, are valueless as instruments in reforming and bringing back a world to its allegiance to God, so ignorance, however sanctified and consecrated, is nearly powerless, as an instrument, in securing victory in the great moral conflicts of the age.

But, again, the condition of man, individually and socially, intellectually and morally, is one of progress. Society to-day is not what it was one year ago. An advance has been made. That advancement has widened the sphere of thought and action. Problems in politics and in morals that an age ago were darkly knotted, have been completely solved. Compare society now with what it was in this country at the beginning of the century. The progress of the sciences and arts, how rapid! Everything pertaining to the comfort, convenience, and improvement of man's individual or social welfare, how changed! Could one who died in 1800, one who had been familiar with all the resources of his country for the previous half century, have his sleeping dust reanimated and again behold the great advance in its agricultural, commercial, mechanical and educational interests, would he know his country, could he credit his senses? He would find places that he had once known as mere wastes, changed to rich and populous cities. The means for transporting merchandise and all kinds of productions to and from all parts of the continent, are unlike anything known to the world when he was an actor in its busy scenes. The transmission of messages from city to city with the speed of lightning, how could he comprehend such a wonderful result? But for the exhibition of passions peculiar to his race, he

would suppose that he had been awakened upon some other planet than this.

The eye of expectancy looks with the aid of bright-lighted faith to the "good time that's coming," when we shall no longer, as now, see the glorious fragments of a soul immortal, "with rubbish mixed and glittering in the dust." Instead of being enslaved to ignorance, the soul shall know its source and destiny. Human passions shall be in subjection to a well-developed reason. Each man shall know his place in society and act well his part. There shall be no drones there, nor over-worked, half-fed, half clothed ones. The brow, on which is the stamp of divinity, shall not be furrowed by anxious care. The cheek shall not be pallid with disease, nor the luster of the eye dimmed with nightly vigils and weepings. Instead of deformity and decrepitude, the physical organs shall be attuned to perfect symmetry of form, combining all the elements of beauty in perfection, and the mind freed from participating in deranged organisms of the body shall have a clearness of perception and a comprehensiveness of grasp, far beyond what it now possesses, under the most favored influences.

Now the point to be observed is that this physical change in man's condition has and must result from, and be accompanied by, a corresponding change in his intellectual and moral condition. No great advancement in man's physical condition can come unless prompted by an enlarged intellectual and moral activity. But what has this to do with the subject under consideration? Much every way. The masses of the next generation will be in advance of the masses of the present. Their leaders, their spiritual guides, their educators, the sustainers of human interests and hopes, will require an intellectual training far in advance of those of the present generation, if they are to have the respect and confidence of the people. The world is demanding better educated men and women, and let no one suppose that qualifications which may render him a successful and acceptable laborer in the world's vineyard this year, will render him such ten years hence. Daily observation may convince us that men in almost all the professions are, every year, crowded out of their places because they have not kept pace with the spirit and progress of the age. They have not diligently and faithfully used the means for mental discipline that might have rendered them popular and efficient, and they have, as a natural and necessary consequence, been superseded by others. If these views be correct, let each ask himself, in all candor, whether he is doing anything proportional to the demands of the age, in preparing himself for those interests so soon to be entrusted to him.

An intolerable bore, having talked a friend nearly out of his senses, finally struck out on the "oyster," which he called "one of the most remarkable specimens of creative wisdom extant," when his friend interrupted him and "closed the debate" with the exclamation, "The oyster! Ah, yes the oyster is a glorious fellow. He always knows when to shut up."

# At Home.

## LYCEUM MATTERS.

Spring's gentle allurements generally detract some interest from Society work, yet there are many who cherish the Saturday night's duties as something too valuable to be wasted. Every Lyceum is reported as opening under favorable prospects, and we hope to receive items enough from these sources to make this department one worthy of perusal. The bulletin board is for the special use of the Societies, and the programmes for each session should be placed on it by the middle of the week. If the following suggestion meets the approval of the Lyceums we hope they will take measures to inaugurate it. It is this, that the Reading Room Committee be appointed at the last instead of the first meeting of the term. This will give the committee time to organize and have the room open the first week of school. To students this time is of little account for studying, as classes are not fairly organized, and they could spend these days pleasantly and profitably in reading. As there has been but one session in this month, we give the programmes and proceedings more at length than usual.

### ALLEGHANIAN.

The literary programme for Saturday evening, April 3d, was "Salute," E. L. Maxson; "Autobiography," J. E. Spicer; "Prospects of the Present Term," J. Davison; "The Alleghanian," J. P. Mosher, and "Valedictory," F. E. Mungor. The question discussed was, "Resolved, That the nations of the earth should take means to greatly reduce their armies and navies." Disputants, I. A. Place and N. J. Baker. The question was sustained. A vote of thanks was given to the Hon. W. W. Crandall for books donated by him to the Society. The following amendment to the Constitution was adopted: "Any member who shall neglect to pay his library tax until after the fourth week of the term can then become an active member only by vote of the Society." The Board of Editors for the term is Orville Lewis, R. Stillman, D. M. Estee, T. W. Williams, and Charlie Stillman. Reading Room Committee, J. E. Spicer and E. P. Saunders. Prof. A. B. Kenyon was elected lecturer for the Fall term.

### OROPHILIAN.

At the first session of this term, the Orophilians presented the following order of exercises: Music; "Salute," W. H. Ernst; "Impromptus," by E. A. Higgins and J. McClelland; Music; "Recitation," D. A. Stebbins; "Poem," J. G. Burdick; Music; "The Radiator and Review," G. E. Cotton; "Essay," G. B. Cannon; Music. Subsequent to these presentations, the question, "Resolved, That Nature is more pleasing to the eye than Art," was discussed. Affirmative, J. H. Cooper; Negative, E. A. Higgins. After the discussion, by a vote of the members present, the question was carried. The Reading Room Committee elected was G. B. Cannon and J. McClelland. Messrs. W. W. Dunn, J. Eeles, and

Fred Pixley were voted members of the Lyceum. Quite a number of enthusiastic old workers are back, and the expectations are that a good term's work will be accomplished.

### ALFRIEDIAN.

The term's work for Alfredians opened with the following programme: Music, Mary Benjamin; "Salute," Helen F. Hall; Recitation, "Ichabod Green," Jennie Eaton; Music; "Items," Cora Belle Crandall; "Leaves of the 19th Century," read by Mrs. Olie Kenyon; Music; Poem, "Vacation," Helen M. Karr; Personation—"Faith, Hope, Charity," Ollie Collins, Mary M. Green, Cora B. Crandall; Essay, "Earnestness," Imogene Tolls; Music; "Question box," Ettie Burdick. The discussion of the resolution, "Resolved, That we are masters of our own fates," was opened by Vinnie Williams, and discussed at some length by the ladies, and decided in the negative. As a means for the preservation of good order, the Society has recently added the following to its By-Laws: "No active member of the Lyceum shall leave the room during public session without excuse from the President. Each violation of this law shall subject the member to a fine of fifty cents. The President shall grant no excuse except in case of necessity, and all excuses shall be obtained before session or during change of exercises." The officers elected for the first half of the term are, *President*, Vinnie Champlin; *Vice President*, Helen Hall; *Recording Secretary*, Mary Benjamin; *Corresponding Secretary and Treasurer*, Imogene Tolls; *Librarian*, Ollie Collins; *1st Teller*, Ettie Burdick; *2d Teller*, Mary M. Green; *Editorial Board*, Mrs. Olie Kenyon, Misses Helen Hall, Imogene Tolls and Ettie Burdick; *Reading Room Committee*, Helen Karr and Helen Hall; *Critic*, Ella Eaton.

### ATHENÆAN.

A presentation of the following parts composed the Athenæan's first session of the term: "Salute," F. McCray; "Select Reading," Alice Lamson; Music, Jessie Witter; "Recitation," May Allen; "Prophecies," Alice Compton; Music. The discussion of the question, "Resolved, That country life has more advantages than city life," was opened by Calla Randolph, and, after the debate, decided in the affirmative. The officers for the term are, *President*, Mrs. Williams; *Vice President*, Alice Lamson; *Recording Secretary*, A. M. Saunders; *Corresponding Secretary*, C. Skinner; *Treasurer*, Mrs. O. D. Sherman; *Librarian*, Miss Thomas; *1st Usher*, Alice Compton; *2d Usher*, Kitty Skinner; *3d Usher*, Jessie Witter; *Reading Room Committee*, Misses McClelland and Rathburn.

A PRINTERS' DEVIL put on his coat the other day and left the office; he soon returned without it, looking excited and embarrassed. It was supposed that, like Joseph of old, "he left his garment in her hand."

A GENTLEMAN of this town, not so Green as his name indicates, gave a boy five cents to carry an invitation from him to a young lady. Imagine his astonishment at finding that the lad had given the five cents, with the note, to the lady.

## OVER THE HILLS!

It was a jolly, sportive, fun-loving party of boys, just let loose from dingy recitation rooms and freed from delving among musty classics and stale sciences, that started for Howard, on Wednesday, March 10th, to attend the closing exercises of T. Wayland Williams' district school. We left Alfred Centre on the noon stage, bound to see Howard or die. After three hours' waiting at the depot, we took train six for Hornellsville. The conductor, surprised no doubt at the numbers, asked "if we were a traveling show." On arriving at Hornellsville, we proceeded at once to the Nichols House, where we were met by John, James, and Omer, with two mules and sleigh, to convey us to the delectable valley of Howard. The road from Hornellsville to Howard is nearly like all other highways in this hilly country, "only more so." The first hill was coolly estimated to be thirteen miles long and nine miles high, and when we had at last reached its summit, we thought we had "passed the Rubicon;" but no! seven more hills, each larger than the other, were passed ere we descended into the quiet little valley where stood the 7 x 9 institution of learning that was to be the theater of the evening's entertainment. "See Howard and die," had been our watchword at starting, and now we were almost ready to expire, for we "felt an aching void" that hash alone could fill. But through the kind hospitality of Mr. Higgins, "our wants were all supplied." After supper we proceeded to the seminary afore mentioned, and barely succeeded in gaining an entrance, so densely crowded was the house. The room was one heterogeneous mass of humanity—from the old man, "sans teeth, sans hair, sans everything," down to the infant, "muling," etc. At 7.30 the curtain rose and Prof. T. Wayland appeared as proprietor, stage-manager, property-man, and soup. The programme consisted of recitations, dialogues, *et cætera*, and from its novelty was both amusing and entertaining. We omit a report of the exercises, leaving that for the reader's imagination, for if you have ever attended a school exhibition in the country, "you know how it is yourself," if not, we pity you.

Being unable to find conveyance back to Hornellsville that night, we were sandwiched around among the people, and were hospitably entertained and well fed. In the morning, teams were provided, and the main portion of the party returned to Hornellsville, the remainder wending their way down the valley to Canisteo.

## The Canisteo Split-off.

The four of the above mentioned party who enjoyed the hospitality of Geo. Alden, made a split off from the main body, and took another route home. After a bountiful breakfast, our host hitched up a pair of stylish bays, and soon we were driving down through a beautiful and picturesque valley or gorge, known as "Glen Alden." This glen was one of the chief features of our Howard trip, rivaling in natural beauty many more famed resorts. The glen is some three miles in length, and through it a stream winds its way, jumping here and there from rock to rock, now stopping in its

course to form a crystal pool under some over-hanging precipice, and then rushing madly on, making cascades and waterfalls, sometimes augmented by minor rivulets gushing out from the fissures of the adjacent rocks, and finally ending peacefully in the Canisteo. On either side of the road are massive walls of nature's masonry, often scarcely farther apart than the carriage drive and stream, and towering a hundred feet above us. While riding through this beautiful gorge, we indulged in romanticism, by naming some of the more prominent rocks in honor of ourselves. One mass of limestone that stood out more boldly than any other received the appellation of "Rock Alfred." But the glen was passed too soon, and a few moments later our sprightly team had stopped before the Canisteo depot. Here we took train nine for Hornellsville to join our party, who had not been favored with a ride through "the Glen."

L. B. M. C.

THE usual Term Exposition of the Conservatory of Music occurred on Tuesday evening, March 9th. At that time, by request, the Cantata of New Year's Eve was repeated. The piece was rendered better than at its first presentation, and, the stage being elevated, the tableaux showed to much better advantage. The length of the exercises seemed to be the only disagreeable feature of the occasion, as quite a number of the audience were from adjoining towns, and their ride, together with the long programme, could but weary them. About twenty-five couples, "members of the craft," from Andover, visited their genial brother, "Jarvey," at the Tremont House, on the same evening, and enjoyed a social party under his hospitality. They expressed themselves well pleased both with the good treatment of "Mine Host," and the Cantata, which they witnessed. Indeed, the popularity of our hotel is heralded by all who make it their home while in town.

THE reasons supposed to be given by the *pater familias* of each club for joining their particular establishment: Higgins represents his flock as being in green fields, amid all the beauty and quietness of rural scenery. Saunders offers as an inducement to his club, its nearness to the "Fly Paper" office, which will remove all pestiferous insects. Alberti's arguments are, their proximity to the barber (see Sam's head) and harness shops, the groceries and meat market, and the presence of the printers. Speaking of the amount of food they have, George Parker says "he ate so much that he thought he should perish to death."

FOUND, on April 1st, by several individuals, a leather pocket-book near the store of Silas C. Burdick. None tarried long enough to take the "April fool" out of it, but "got up and slid," if they saw no one around. It cost others about a box of oranges to pay for their inquisitiveness on the same day.

THE term opens with about 130 students, an average attendance for the Spring session.

A NEW MUSICAL organization has been formed here, known as the Alfred University Quintette Club. On Feb. 19th, J. G. Burdick was elected President, W. I. Lewis, Vice President, Harry Jillson, Secretary, and O. Lewis, Treasurer. The Club is composed of the following members with the instruments, at which each preside: W. I. Lewis, 1st violin and horn; Harry Jillson, 1st and 2d violin; C. N. Williams, 2d violin and piano; O. Lewis, guitar and clarionette; and J. G. Burdick, violincello and piano. The Club is prepared to furnish music for literary entertainments at reasonable rates. For particulars, address the President.

MR. A. B. SHERMAN has lately placed a new "Double Acting, Pocket Plunger, Steam Pump," costing \$125, in his mill. This pump will throw thirty-five gallons of water a minute, and obviates the difficulty of frozen pipes, heretofore experienced in running the engine. Mr. Sherman is doing an extensive business, as he has over fifty thousand cheese boxes contracted for the present season, besides running a saw and grist mill. It requires ten men to run the establishment.

THE compositor who, after protracted efforts to read the lecture of a learned Doctor, could not sympathize with the remark that the chirography was a blessing in *disguise*, did not properly appreciate the importance of a practical exercise of the virtues of patience and forbearance, especially the latter as exhibited in restraining the utterance of emphatically energetic adjectives.

MR. A. A. SHAW, our jeweler, is talking of introducing some monogram pins, A. U., to wear with the University badges. He has quite a tasty design at present, and will soon have a specimen pin on hand. We hope the students will take interest enough in it to warrant his procuring a sufficient number to supply the school. Call and examine the design.

THE new postal law, in relation to transient newspapers and all kinds of packages, went into effect March 11. By it the rate of postage is one cent for each ounce of weight or fraction thereof. The effect of this will be to make the postage on every copy of the STUDENT sent from one person to another two cents.

NEW FIRM.—Burdick & Son have dissolved partnership, and a new firm, composed of J. G. Burdick and G. W. Rosebush, under the firm name of Burdick & Rosebush, has made arrangements to deal out new goods from the old place of business at the lowest living rates. Give "the boys" a call and get a stick of candy "to wet their commission."

THERE are four students in school whose aggregate height is one rod, two yards, two feet and one and one-half inches. How is that for *high*? Neighboring institutions, marshal your tallest, borrow a surveyor's chain, and beat that if you can.

GROUND has been broken in front of the Gothic for a carriage drive, and a place for planting trees. Last year, May 22d, was set apart as "University Tree Day," and the exercises had much that recommended a repetition this year. It is time a committee was appointed for this purpose, and active preparations made for obtaining trees.

THE READING ROOM is again in running order, under the supervision of the following officers: President, J.E. Spicer; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss H. M. Karr; Librarian, G. B. Cannon; 1st. Director, Miss McClennan; 2d. E. P. Saunders; 3d. Miss L. Rathburn; 4th. J. McClennan; 5th. Miss H. Hall.

MR. D. B. LANGWORTHY, while passing some persons on the street near the Simmons House, Hornellsville, in the evening, walked into a cellar and fell to the bottom, bruising himself quite severely. He is able to be out now with the aid of a crutch and staff.

THOSE young men who eat French philopenas are advised to be discreet in the selection of a place of meeting, for "bussing" on the street is sometimes embarrassing; but when the decisive moment arrives, "go in as though you meant business."

REV. HORACE STILLMAN, A. B., ('73) of Woodville, R. I., was in town a few days ago. Whether his business was pleasurable, financial, theological, or matrimonial, remains as yet a mystery.

PROF. JOHN R. GROVES, wife, (Mrs. Charlotte E. Dowse Groves,) former teachers in this Institution, and John Dowse Groves, their son, were in town the first of the month, looking hale, hearty and happy.

DANIEL WEBSTER, student in '73-4, is in the lecture field. Last heard from at Port Jervis. It is suggested that his heavy oratorical effusions were the cause of the ice blockade at that place.

BASE BALL is having its usual verbal attention, and a lively run of this athletic sport is anticipated the coming summer.

THE hours for exercise in the Gymnasium are from 6 to 7 A. M., 3.45 to 5 and 5.30 to 6.45 P. M. The election of officers for this term will occur on Monday, April 12, at 12.30 P. M.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS AND MEMBERS of Miniature Congress, Tuesday evening, April 13th, at 7 P. M. First regular session Monday evening, May, 3d.

THE last day of vacation was ushered out by a merry maple sugar party at Mr. Charley Stillman's.

HAVE you seen the new Park fence?

MR. AND MRS. WM. CARPENTER have returned to their home in Ashaway, R. I.

PROF. A. B. KEYNON's parents, from Hope Valley, R. I., have been visiting him during vacation.

## MARRIED,

SHAW—SHAW—At University Hall, Alfred Centre, N. Y., March 27th, 1875, by Rev. T. R. Williams, D. D., Mr. Walter I. Shaw and Mrs. Ency C. Shaw, both of Alfred.

BOYD—STEARNS—At the residence of the bride's father, March 24th, 1875, by Rev. F. F. Shearer, Mr. C. C. Boyd, of Morley, Mich., and Miss S. A. Stearns, of Andover, N. Y.

## Alumni Notes.

WE earnestly solicit items from all sources concerning any of the Alumni or Old Students.

### ALUMNI.

'45. Rev. Nathan Wardner, A. M., is soon to leave for Scotland, where he goes in the employ of the American Sabbath Tract Society.

'57. Mrs. Frances Cottrell *Marvin*, A. L., resides in Belmont, N. Y.

'57. Mrs. Eleanor Stillman *Ellsworth*, A. M., resides in Chicago, Ill.

'58. Mrs. Eusebia York *Burdick*, A. L., resides in Farina, Ill.

'71. Miss Mary Bailey, A. L., is at her home in Milton, Wis.

### OLD STUDENTS.

'46-'49. Rev. J. A. Wells is pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Springville, N. Y.

'47-'48. James M. Faulkner, represented Livingstone Co., N. Y., in the Assembly at the last session of the Legislature.

'49-'50. Nathaniel M. Hubbard, Adj. Gen. U. S. A., is a solicitor for four Rail Roads at Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

'55-'56. Cyrus Babcock, M. D., is practicing medicine in Cattaraugus, N. Y.

'57-'58. John W. Whitney is keeping boarding house in Hornellsville, N. Y.

'62-'63. Jonas Vandeuzeer is school commissioner of Chemung county, N. Y., and one of its leaders in the State Grange.

'62-'63. Lowell M. Cummings belongs to the firm of "Taber Bros. & Co.," Springville, N. Y.

'63-'64. A. A. Elliot is a practical druggist in Wellsville, N. Y.

'64-'65. Mrs. Phebe West *Howell* resides in Austin, Minn.

'65-'66. C. T. Griffin is elected District Attorney of Atchison county, Kan.

'66-'67. Alzina Saunders is teaching in Westerly, R. I.

'66-'67. Kirkland W. Ingham, Ph. B., graduate of Cornell in '74, is engaged in lumber business in Colby, Wis.

'66-'71. D. F. Sweetland is farming in Howard, N. Y.

'66-'72. Levi C. Van Fleet is teaching in Oramel, N. Y.

'67-'68. Horace Browning is farming in Scio, N. Y.

'68-'69. Maxson A. Crandall is farming in Independence, N. Y.

'69-'71. John W. Maxwell is engaged in civil engineering at Irving Station, Pa.

'69-'71. Edwin McCormick is an accountant in the large manufacturing and importing house of Tarrant & Co., New York City.

'70-'73. Mary E. Darrow is at her home in Waterford, Conn.

'70-'71. Curtis O. Swinney is farming in Shiloh, N. J.

'70-'72. A. W. Moon is teaching in Perkinsville, Steuben Co., N. Y.

'71-'72. Henry D. Maxson is pursuing a course at Amherst College.

'71-'72. Sam A. Drake is a druggist in Milwaukee, Wis.

'72-'73. Jasper Card has been elected Justice of the Peace in Roulette, Pa.

'72-'73. Will E. Jones and T. I. Gifford ('72-'73) are in school at Lima, N. Y.

'72-'73. E. J. Bennett is a graduate of Union College in its class of '75, Civil Engineering.

'72-'73. G. S. Van Gorden is studying law in Angelica, N. Y.

'73-'74. Elba Reynolds is studying law with Hon. Hamilton Ward in Belmont, N. Y.

## The College World.

### OUR EXCHANGES.

Many of our exchanges contain so many good things, that we are at a loss to know just what to notice; and our space being limited, we can only call attention to those that will interest the most of our readers.

The *College Argus* has an article on "Does it pay to get in debt for an education?" from which we extract the following: "It is hardly necessary to attempt to decide as to who will, and who will not find it to their greatest advantage to pursue a college course; but it is evident, from a survey of the present condition of society, that such a course is almost absolutely necessary to the success of a professional man. . . . Few lawyers can command practice, few physicians keep pace with the advances of medical science, and fewer misisters long hold the positions which perhaps the brilliancy of youthful talents has secured them, without a collegiate education. . . . We come, then, to the fact that the majority of college students, and of those who wish to be such, are poor men, many of them with hardly enough to pay a fortnight's expenses. Some become discouraged and give up, yet we feel safe in assuring them, they being supposed to be men of good abilities, that if they should borrow

money on interest, they would find, in after years, that they never could have made a better investment, even financially. . . . As a general thing, it is our opinion that he will succeed best and be happiest, who enters college with no pecuniary embarrassments." We remember that the father of Wm. H. Seward once gave him a sum of money to go through college with. At the end of a year, William had spent the money, and asked his father for more, whereupon he was told that he had had enough to carry him through, and if he had squandered it he must suffer the consequences; he couldn't have any more from him. Mr. Seward went through college, however.

We have received the title pages and contents of Vols. 3 and 4 of the *Magenta*. Pretty nice to have. We notice in the March number, that the item that has been going the rounds of the papers to the effect that "a chap who spent \$1,500 to graduate at Harvard is postmaster in Iowa at \$24 per year," has been seen by the "chap" himself, who writes from Polecat's Nemesis, Iowa, to the *Magenta*, and says: "For the past fifteen years this paragraph has been going the rounds of the press. I am the 'chap' who has been, for these long years, held up for the derision of envious enemies of Harvard and true classical education. In the first place, the statement that I went through Harvard on \$1,500 bears in itself evidence that I cannot be a man of mean ability or small industry. The truth is, that I am of a philosophical turn of mind. I looked with sorrow on the scramble for wealth and the lack of culture in America. I felt that the influence of even one man towards correcting these evils would not be lost. Although many offices with large salaries were offered me, I was actuated by a purpose of establishing a centre of learning and refinement, and I decided to take the post-office of Skunk's Misery, feeling assured that a man of culture and a philosopher could make the lowliest position honorable and useful. I have not been disappointed. The post-office is near the bar-room of the village tavern. I there delivered the letters alternately with short but pithy essays on philosophic and classical subjects. At first I translated these effusions into the 'flash' dialect peculiar to these regions; but, gradually introducing words of a more refined nature, I brought the villagers to a proper use of their mother tongue. The community having become so refined, the suggestive yet uneuphonious name of the village grated against our finer sensibilities. By a unanimous vote, the name was changed to 'Polecat's Nemesis.' The barbarous inhabitants of Thimble Rig, a neighboring town, in order to cast a slur on the founder of this new *regime*, maliciously published in the *Weekly Evesdropper*, the scurrilous organ of that benighted town, the paragraph which heads by letter." We would like to print the whole communication, but enough has been quoted to show how the education of one individual may refine a whole community.

The *Brunonian* boasts of Brown as being represented in the Rhode Island State government by the Secretary of State, J. M. Addeman, '62, and the Attorney General, Willard Sayles, '44. The honor of old Brown is also sustained by

Edwin Metcalf, '42, in the Senate, and Francis A. Daniels, '62, N. F. Dixon, '33, W. W. Hoppin, '61, Horatio Rogers, '55, and Martin S. Smith, in the Assembly.

The *Targum* of Rutgers, we are happy to say, has at last found its way to our table. We have long desired it on our exchange list, but for some reason not known to us, our desire was not gratified. We welcome you, friend *Targum*. Call again. Our old friend, A. L. Titsworth, who is known to many of our readers, is one of its editors.

Other exchanges received: Bates Student, Trinity Tablet, Madisonensis; High School Monthly, The Tripod, New England Journal of Education, Angelica Republican, Potter Journal, Hornellsville Herald.

OLD-FASHIONED SPELLING SCHOOLS are the popular evening entertainments in New England just now, and from Eastport to Stamford old men and maidens, young men and children are engaged in the youthful amusement of "spelling up" and "spelling down," for prizes and for honors; and spelling books, dictionaries, and newspapers are ransacked from beginning to end for the toughest specimens of orthography. Never did gallant knights enter the lists for the honors of chivalry with more zeal, than do the graduates from spelling books and grammars seek to be enrolled among the competitors in this literary contest for the victor's palm. Halls are crowded and doors are besieged with anxious and excited spectators, and dictionary-makers have a busy time in supplying the demand for prizes.—*New England Journal of Education*.

Here is an Irishman's letter to his son at college: "My dear son—I write to send you two pair of my old breeches that you may have a new coat made out of them; also some new socks that your mother has just knit by cutting down some of mine. Your mother sends you two pounds without my knowledge, and for fear you may not use it wisely I have kept back half and sent only one. Your mother and I are well, except that your sister has got the measles, which we think would have spread among the other girls if Tom had not had it before, and he is the only one left. I hope you will do honor to my teachings; if not you are an ass, and your mother and myself are your affectionate parents."

A young fellow in San Francisco suddenly snatched a kiss from a lady friend, and excused his conduct by saying that it was a sort of temporary insanity that now and then came upon him. When he arose to take his leave the pitying damsel said to him, "If you ever feel any more such fits coming on you had better come right here, where your infirmity is known, and we will take care of you."—*Ex.*

Only a woman's hair! Who has not some time in his life, picked such a golden thread from his best coat collar, and felt his heart beat the quicker for it? Or gazed upon a tress laid away in some nook, and felt the influence of tender memories? Only a woman's hair! and yet we don't like it in a biscuit.—*Ex.*