

T H E

# Alfred Student.

VOL. V.

ALFRED CENTRE, N. Y., APRIL, 1878.

No. 7.

## ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

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# ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

## DEPARTMENT OF INSTRUCTION.

Two general departments are in operation—a Collegiate and an Academical. These have each a male and a female department, with equal powers and privileges. As sub-divisions of these general departments, the following courses of study have been established, viz:

1. Classical Course.
2. Scientific Course.
3. Normal and Teachers' Course.
4. Industrial Mechanics.
5. Theological Course.

### PROFESSORSHIPS.

1. English Language and Literature.
2. Latin Language and Literature.
3. Greek Language and Literature.
4. Pure Mathematics and Astronomy.
5. Industrial Mechanics.
6. Modern Languages.
7. Physical Sciences.
8. Natural History.
9. Metaphysical and Ethical Sciences.
10. Biblical Theology.
11. Church History and Homiletics.
12. Hebrew and Cognate Languages.
13. Pastoral Theology.
14. Painting and Drawing.
15. Music.
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1. All bills must be paid in advance.

2. In case of absence, no deduction will be made on tuition bills as arranged, except in cases of absence from sickness, and then not more than one-half of the full bill; and no deduction in board bill, except in cases of sickness or leaving to teach.

3. Parents and Guardians are earnestly solicited not to furnish money to be squandered on useless and frivolous things, nor permit their children or wards to contract debts for the same, thus laying the foundation for extravagant and reckless habits.

### ROOMS AND BOARD.

The University Hall contains the Boarding Department, and rooms for the accommodation of about one hundred Students, besides rooms for Professors and their families, and also Society, Music, and Paint Rooms. *Rooms for ladies are furnished and carpeted, with a sleeping room adjoining each.* The Hall is under the immediate supervision of the Faculty. There is also abundant accommodation for rooming and boarding in private families.

### CALENDAR.—1877-8.

Fall Term begins Wednesday, Sept. 5, 1877.  
 Winter Term begins Wednesday, Dec. 12, 1877.  
 Spring Term begins Wednesday, April 3, 1878.  
 Anniversary of Literary Societies, Monday and Tuesday, July 1 and 2, 1878.  
 Annual Meeting of Stockholders and Trustees, Tuesday, July 2, 1878.  
 Commencement, Wednesday, July 3, 1878.  
 Annual Meeting of the Alumni Association, Wednesday afternoon and evening, July 3, 1878.  
 The Terms continue thirteen weeks.

THE

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VOL. V.

ALFRED CENTRE, N. Y., APRIL, 1878.

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## Literary Department.

### "KNOWLEDGE IS POWER."

Abstract of a Lecture before the Alfredian Lyceum.

When, now and then, the world is startled by the clear, true ring of some such aphorism as Lord Bacon's "Knowledge is power," it should be remembered that these are only the echoes of a voice, which, across the vast chasm of nearly three thousand years, is still sending forth its utterances with increasing power. Wisdom, says Solomon, is better than strength, better than riches, better than weapons of war; and this truth continues coming home to the consciousness of every thinking mind with more and more intensity.

Progress is the prerogative of man alone. His instincts, when compared with those of the lower animals, are but faint and few, but boundless is the vista that opens to human faith, reason, and imagination; and the older humanity grows, the lighter becomes its toil, and more abundant the alleviations of its lot. From slowly evolving processes of art, from repeated experiments, from associated effort, there have resulted vast accumulations of achievements, which the stream of time is wafting down to us, as the precious bequest of the past to the present. We sit amid the clustering comforts of our homes, cheered and enlightened by the lofty conceptions of ancient thinkers, who, for our guidance, have grappled with problems that would have appalled our feeble powers; we expand our affections under the genial influence of a society, whose heart and mind culture has been dearly bought by long contests, engulfing generations in their

dark abyss; and, above all, we freely enjoy the privileges of religious liberty, flowing like a river, large and full, for all who, thirsting, come to its banks. Yet, what fidelity, even unto death, has been required to keep from pollution that sacred stream, when it was only a slender rill, flowing down from the heights of God's eternal truth; what fires of persecution have been kindled along its banks; from how many channels has there dropped into it the precious life blood of martyrs!

Thus, from whatever standpoint we contemplate our blessings, we find not one of them to be of our own procuring; but other hands have sown the seed, of which we reap the harvest. In view, then, of this vast indebtedness, blind must be the eye, and stultified the mind, which shall not be aroused by it to the inquiry, What are our corresponding duties? Here the great book of nature, so rich in types, affords us a lesson. When the voiceless powers of light and heat have evaporated moisture from ocean and lake and river and land, they do not charge the cloud-chariots to carry away their spoils to some distant treasure-globe, but to scatter them again in refreshing showers upon their own sweet earth, and to replenish its waning watercourses. And each sunbeam, as it goes forth upon its life-giving mission, does not confine itself to gilding the spot where it alights alone, but joyously suffers its subtle essence to be scattered, till light thrills in every atom, and flushes in every growing blade. When self-indulgence takes possession of the soul, men will not heed the language of these gentle emblems. In the absorbing pursuit of gain and pleasure, they narrow the world-wide circle of their opportunities for doing good, till their own souls are dwarfed and shriveled with the littleness

of their base aims. Yet other characters, more noble and more patient, ponder the teaching, and make it their guide, and with their pure example kindle our hearts to admiration. The heroic struggles of the widowed mother, welcoming toil and hardship and weariness, for the sake of her helpless child; the cheerful charity of the teacher, sharing the poverty and the contempt of a despised race, that she may lift them from their degradation; the patriotism of men, who breast the tide of battle at their country's call; the self-abnegation of women, sacrificing the endearments and refinements of home, that they may relieve suffering and smooth the dying couch—all these proclaim to us that we must bear one another's burdens.

Never before did young men and women go forth into such extended fields of usefulness as the present opens before them. We are in one of the historic periods, occurring only at wide intervals, when all old relations and fixed forms are broken up. The deep, settled ruts in which the car of custom has been running for ages, are leveled by the mighty ploughshare of events, preparing for new channels of activity, to be formed in the plastic soil. All the elements composing the various strata of society are being melted and interfused; and before a new crystallization can take place, is the time when men and women of intelligence, character, and culture, may step in and give an impetus for good to forces, which, as yet, are struggling for an outlet. Now is the time to sow the seed of truth and make earnest toil effective with a tenfold power. War, the terrible, has rushed over our country with his fearful scourge; we have borne our part in that most solemn discipline of nations. From the East there are pouring upon our shores Celtic papists and Teutonic infidels, while pagans from China are landing on the Western coast. All these elements must be taken into the population and assimilated to our political and religious institutions. The power to work for this end can come only from the educated in this country. The press and the business mart, political arena, and halls of education, are waiting, in turn, to become the theatre of this transformation.

In these days, when society everywhere feels the throes and struggles of great ideas and strong tendencies, seeking to find free scope, and sighing as under hard bondage, when overlaid by ancient forms and exacting oppressions, there is much that points out as one of the probable results, that the conventionally-established limits of woman's province will need to be enlarged. Even now the orthodox pattern woman is felt to be no longer the ideal after which our characters should be fashioned. The age which has brought to our sex so much of enlightenment and elevation, demands, in return, a larger participation, on our part, in all its dignified responsibilities, and more lofty aspirations, than merely to become a sweet and shallow doll, a clinging vine, or, at best, a model housekeeper, utterly absorbed by her wifely and motherly duties, grand and noble though these be. The ancients hardly had the idea of universal benevolence awakened in their minds; patriotism was the utmost to which, practically, it extended; but such as it was, what would a Roman or Grecian matron have thought had she been told that she was to have no interest in it? Would Esther's story ever have thrilled our souls with its sublime devotion, if, instead of taking her life in her hand, she should have declined to meddle with politics? And shall we, in this stirring age, when its weighty interests and great movements knock at our doors for sympathy and help, turn them off with the trite saying so often hurled at our offending heads, that it is *improper* and *unbecoming* in a woman to feel deep interest in the affairs of her country and of humanity? Far be it from us to urge any, for the buffettings of outside callings, to abandon the sweet retreat of home, woman's peculiar domain, where the noblest elements of spiritual culture are gathered, and the most enduring lessons are taught in forbearance, charity, and generous self-denial; but the greatest duties we there practice are never solitary or selfish; the highest pleasures we there enjoy are always shared by others. Let the same spirit be carried to the broad expanse of Christian love for a common brotherhood! When we are the center of such innumerable rays of blessings, shall we be

ever receiving, but never dispensing? Others have labored, and we are reaping the fruits of their toil. Shall we not feel, then, that in such a world as this the recipients of such bounty as ours can no longer live to themselves, that selfishness is a crime, that we, the heirs of the past, hold in trust a legacy for generations to come?

This day brings to us the opportunity of proving the sincerity of our profession, the depth of our conviction. The time of scattering has come after another year of endearing labor and sweet companionship. Because now many feet will walk with us no longer; because now must be broken off so many pleasant personal relations and friendships, which formed the chief charm of our narrow-bounded school existence, let no selfish sorrow be indulged, but cheerfully let us part for the good of others. Let us rejoice that a few more busy brains, a few more willing hands, a few more faithful hearts go forth to be a little leaven in the world's great mass, and in sacrificial works, leave their

"Footprints on the sands of time."

If they have marched the road of true self-discipline, they will train disciples of true Christian virtue. If they have formed their implements out of purity, love, and trust, they will mold into beautiful forms the living sculpture all around them. And may the great God, whom we invoke as our guiding Spirit, help and inspire us, that never woman may go forth from this Society who shall not carry with her a heart consecrated to his service, full of wisdom, full of energy, full of faith!

#### DEMAND AND SUPPLY.

The great law of economics, that demand and supply, regulate each other, holds only in the lower wants of human nature. The lower the want, the more ready is man generally to buy its gratification. Hence the exchangeable value to whatever will purchase gratification. But in the higher, especially in the rational and spiritual, the supply has not a marketable value. It is not sought after in proportion to the wants of humanity. Indeed, the greater the need,

the less the demand. Most of life is spent in gratifying those wants which man possesses in common with the brute. The necessary want of the lower nature must, of course, be met, but only as a means for attaining a higher end, the growth of the spiritual. The gratification of the animal nature should ever be subservient to the gratification of the higher, the spiritual nature.

There are those who will spend delightedly a dollar for a dinner, yet from whom it would be a daring deed to draw a dime for benevolence. Many who could scarcely be compelled to go a mile in obedience to the behests of duty, yet would willingly go twain or ten for a fish, or a hunt, or a ball. The sale of indulgencies has ever proved a profitable trade. Men have ever paid more for their vices than their virtues, and submitted to the tax willingly. Where is there a town which does not pay more for its tobacco, not mentioning liquor, than for its churches; and a few pay more than for both churches and schools. The country pays nine times as much for whisky as for schools. The tobaccoist, who drives his splendid team with his distributing cart, pockets a greater gain than the farmer or the mechanic, or most of the honorable pursuits. Many a young man spends a hundred fold more in cigars than in brains, and blossoms out into the swell and rowdy amid smoke wreaths. The showman or the itinerant who tickles the fancy with something new or strange, is generally more amply rewarded than the man who gives permanent growth to intellect or morals. A liquor license is more eagerly sought by money-lovers than a license to teach or preach. The United States pays annually twenty-two hundred millions for liquor, and six hundred and ten millions for tobacco.

Again, the higher pursuits decrease in money value as they ascend from the animal to the spiritual. Law is a comparatively profitable profession, because it caters for the lower impulses and passions. In education, the "bread and butter" studies are the most eagerly pursued by the masses, while those that are cultivated for their refining, elevating, and spiritualizing tendencies are left to the few. Those schools and departments that have the greatest

apparent utility are the best patronized.  
Wealth is ennobling or degrading, a blessing  
or a curse, as it is made to minister to the  
animal or the rational in man.

### THE VALLEY AND THE MOUNTAIN.

BY MRS. MARY C. SHEPPARD.

Personated at the Jubilee Session of the Athenæan Lyceum.

#### The Valley.

I come from the Valleys, low-lying,

'Mid sheltering hills at rest—

From the plains and boundless prairies,

That stretch along the West.

I have come through sunshine and shadow,

Through storms of snow and sleet;

All the winds have wafted me hither,

This night, your souls to greet.

For I am the soul of the meadows,

Of the meadows lying cold;

But death can not bind the spirit,

Nor his icy arms enfold.

And while my grasses are withered,

And faded my beautiful flowers:

While all the voices are silent,

That warbled amid my bowers;

While hushed are the musical murmurs

Of all my purling rills,

And my mortal mold is lying

At the feet of the scornful hills;

The burden of the Valley,

The mission of the Plain,

The spirit of the Prairie,

Let me voice them not in vain.

I serve. Oh, freely and wholly,

Of all that is in me, I yield.

My *best*, whether wheat or but thistles,

I offer, from every field.

I suffer your plowshares and harrows

To furrow my velvety swards;

In return, I strive at the harvest

To pleasure my pitiless lords.

I tremble beneath the proud engines,

That thunder along my plains.

The hoofs of your cattle spurn me,

In dragging your heavy wains.

I have shuddered when o'er me your cannon

Have roared out their challenge dread;

I have blushed with the blood of your battles,

And paled with the bones of your dead.

Thus, ever with humble patience,

I have suffered, and served you of old;

I have nourished your hungry millions,

And filled your coffers with gold.

And soon my grasses will freshen,

My flowers again will blow,

The birds and bees make music,

The brooks will softly flow.

And ye will rejoice in my beauty,

And freely my bounty receive;

Then heed, I pray you, one precept,

And ye shall the happier live:

Be humble, and serve one another,

For blest are the lowly in heart;

And he that is greatest among you,

Has ever the servant's part.

#### The Mountain.

From my pinnaced home,

On the cloud-wreathed height,

I have joyfully come,

To greet you to-night.

And would I could tell of the grandeur that rests,

Like a glorious crown, on the glittering crests

Of my turreted dome.

Since the primeval time,

When the earth was young,

I have towered sublime,

In my battlements strong.

I have felt the rude rush, and the pitiless sweep

Of flood upon flood, as over my steep

Rugged summits they flung.

Ha! the blasts that have roared

In their wild raving freaks!

And their fury outpoured

On my unyielding peaks!

But I stand in the strength of my heaven-piled rocks,

And I laugh at the storm, and its puerile shocks,

Though in thunder it speaks.

And I shout, and exult,

And I would I could rise

Through the crystal-clear vault

To the beckoning skies.

And I lift up my crags, and my mist-covered head,

And I bathe in the glory and radiance shed

From the sun's beaming eyes.

O, 'tis grand to aspire!

It is grand to be strong!

Come up higher! Come up higher!

Why tarry so long

At your toils in the plain, for a perishing good?

Come up where your seers and prophets have stood,

The angels among!

Oh, your heart-thrilling awe,

And your soulful delight,

Could ye see what they saw  
 From my glory-crowned height!  
 They had climbed from the shadows that lingering lay  
 In the slumbering valleys, to where a new day  
 Was dawning in light.

How the morning stars sung,  
 With the children of God!  
 What a chorus outrung,  
 As together they stood!  
 And together now stand, for in every land,  
 And in every age, in an unbroken band,  
 Stand the prophets of God.

And they see, and they tell,  
 Though their words are half drowned  
 In the tumult and swell  
 Of your lives' busy round;  
 But they ever proclaim, with clear, ringing voice,  
 "Look up, O our brothers, look up and rejoice,  
 A new day has dawned,  
 An acceptable now,  
 And a jubilant year."  
 But ye pass on below;  
 Ye see not, nor hear;

Ye are buying and selling, or toiling for bread;  
 Ye are giving in marriage, or burying your dead,  
 And mourning in woe.

O, leave your small ills,  
 Your small pleasures, at length,  
 And look up to the hills,  
 Whence cometh your strength!  
 Climb up to my Pisgah's, with glad, eager feet,  
 And Life's Promised Land your rapt vision shall greet  
 In the distance that smiles.

Or tread the dread path  
 On my storm-darkened height,  
 Set with danger, and scath,  
 And o'ershadowed with night,  
 Where, tempted and weary, your Savior hath trod—  
 Face to face with *your* tempter, his wiles hath with-  
 stood,

And o'er-mastered their might.  
 Yea, press your way on,  
 Till, precipitous, rise  
 My Calvaries lone,  
 'Gainst the dark-glooming skies.  
 Press upward, *still upward*, though with torn, bleeding  
 feet;

Full surely the angels your coming will greet,  
 With glad ministries.

O, 'tis grand to be strong!  
 It is grand to aspire!  
 Mount with triumph and song!  
 Climb higher and higher!  
 I will lift up my crags, and my mist-covered head,  
 And bear you aloft, as my summits you tread,  
 'Mid a glorified throng!

## The Alfred Student.

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### THE DRAMA.

"The origin of the drama," says the *Encyclopedia Americana*, "must be sought for in that powerful agent in human nature—the love of imitation." The rude war-dance of the savage tribes was a beginning of the drama, and imitative representations of events in religious history are found among the rites of all nations in their early history. The elements of the dramatic art are found in every nation, however barbarous and uncivilized, but every people which has advanced in civilization and the arts, has, at the same time, developed this art. It has followed the path of civilization up, from the rude war-dance of the savage and the simple representation of religious rites, till it depicts all the throbbings of the human heart. The Europeans are indebted for the drama, as for many other productions of civilization, to the Greeks, whose dramatic poetry was of the highest order. From Greece it was carried to Rome, but under the Romans, whose appreciation of beauty was less keen than that of the Grecians, the tragic element never reached that perfection which it had attained in Greece, at the hands of Æschylus and Euripides; and Seneca is the only representative of the early Roman

tragedy that has come down to us. The comedy among the Romans received more attention than the tragedy, and was carried to a good degree of perfection under Plautus and Terence; but when the enormous accumulations of wealth and the total depravity of morals had corrupted everything that ancient Greece and Rome had produced, the drama was corrupted, and "the theatre became but little better than a show-place, where spectacles were presented rather than plays performed." In the beginning of the middle ages, when everything noble was buried under the deluge of barbarism, when barbarian soldiers had overrun the centers of civilization, and the Goth and the Hun and the Vandal had plunged the world into its night of darkness, the dramatic art was lost. But no sooner had a new civilization begun to dawn upon the world, and letters and arts to revive, than the drama began to lift its head from beneath the almost universal ruin that barbarism had wrought.

No art has suffered more at the hands of bigots than has the dramatic art. The dramatist and the actor have been looked upon as harmful and pernicious, even when they were helping to lift the world to a higher standard of civilization. The anathema of popes has been pronounced against them, and puritanic Christians have hated them with a bitter hatred. The novelist, too, has shared in this disfavor. It is true that among the corrupt and depraved, the theatre has been corrupt; but when corrupted and made licentious, it has not been the drama, but an unclean monster hiding behind its name. Among the enlightened and cultured, it has been the pure exponent of the highest thought—a teacher and a civilizer. People who honestly oppose the drama, fail to discriminate between it and the *farce* or *ballet*. They class all that appears upon the boards, from Booth in Shakespeare to Backus in a negro minstrel farce, in the same category, and denounce them all as "sports that kill." Many Christian people—conscientious, no doubt—can see no way in which good can come to the world save directly through the church. They ignore the fact that Shakespeare, Lope de Vega, Sheridan, Congreve, Fraquhar,

Racine, and Schiller have lived and wrote, and that through them, and through those who have vividly portrayed upon the stage the thoughts they conceived, the world has been benefited, and nobler aspirations have been kindled in the hearts of men. The greatest poets of all ages have also been dramatists, and their plays have been performed by men and women of scarcely less genius and ability. It is because the drama represents *action*—"something greater and higher than all eloquence"—that it has been so potent in moving men. That which men see and can realize takes the deepest root in their feelings; and the truer to nature the representation, the more indelibly is the impression stamped. When the drama has been true to nature, it has not only been in the highest sense artistic, but has taught lessons of morality and of culture, and has pointed out for our admiration the good, the true, and the beautiful. Seeking after truth, striving to learn more of humanity, we can not afford to ignore the drama, not only because it is the exponent of the highest accomplishments in literature and art, but because it is the faithful painting of all the emotions of the human heart.

An able writer, in a paper on "Fiction," says: "The creation of fictitious characters, in order to show the tendency of certain traits that we may avoid or emulate them, is of very ancient origin, and received the highest possible sanction in the parables of Christ. Great minds are like tall mountains, they catch the sunlight of truth and proclaim to all the earth that light cometh, while the lower world is shadowed in ignorance and superstition. Shall their message be less effective that they make it attractive to their hearers? While to a few abstract truth is full of beauty and poetry, to the mass of mankind it is dry and too often unintelligible. . . . The more vividly these characters are placed before us, the stronger is their effect, and according as they possess this power do we rank the novelist and dramatist; but we receive our strongest impressions through the eye, and no truth is so true to us as that we have seen. Hence we have the drama and the stage, the theatre, and now we have reached the point where all the outcry against fiction culminates.

The novelist is useless, and the dramatist pernicious, but for the actor is reserved the crowning stigma. Men and women spend evening after evening in senseless twaddle and malicious gossip, or in reading a political paper, 'the most fictitious thing we know of,' who would think they had jeopardized their chance of salvation in listening to Lawrence Barret as he personates Shakespeare's immortal Hamlet, and shows us how revenge, even in a worthy cause, destroys the avenger and leaves a stain on his character which will mar its beauty forever; or, in watching Mrs. Sidons as she renders for us the terrible remorse of Lady Macbeth for the murder of her King. If you have read Macbeth, you have seen remorse depicted by a master; but if you have seen Sidons as Lady Macbeth, you have felt all that unspeakable agony which will follow the murderer until death. Who doubts the wonderful power exerted by 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' in the freeing of America's bondmen, and who in this liberty loving country would not be roused to greater exertions for freedom over all the world should he be an eye witness to those scenes so powerfully depicted by Mrs. Stowe, even though they should be bounded by the stage?"

#### VARIOUS TOPICS.

—Somebody says: "Young man, learn to wait; if you undertake to set a hen before she is ready, you will lose your time and confuse the hen besides."

—This is a good time to be getting ready for Commencement and the Anniversary Sessions. *Tempus fugit*, and there is much solid work to be done before the close of the year.

—We have received the first number of the *College Journal*, of Milton, Wisconsin—'way out West. There is a bond of union and sympathy between Milton College and our own school, owing to the fact that they were both established and have been conducted mainly by the same religious denomination—a sympathy and friendliness that we do not feel disposed to discourage. We send a hearty greeting to the *College Journal*, and the Institution from which it is issued.

—It gives us pleasure to call attention to the Art Department of Alfred University, under the supervision of Mrs. A. A. M. Allen and Miss A. E. Stillman. The term just closed has been a pleasant and busy one. The class was composed of earnest and enthusiastic workers, whose busy hours have resulted in much satisfactory work. The instructors have given occasional receptions in the art room, where all were invited to examine the work of the class. The class in free-hand drawing has been large, and "quite a number have finished the work required by the State, preparatory to giving instruction in the common schools." Miss Jessie Kingsley's recent course of lectures gave a new impulse to the study of art in the Institution. Miss Stillman's study, last year, in the Corcoran Art Gallery, at Washington, has also added inspiration to art in Alfred University. On the whole, this department offers superior advantages. The teachers are thoroughly competent, and lovers of their art.

—A copy of Robert's "Rules of Order" (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago) has been placed in our hands. It is an excellent compendium of parliamentary law, based upon the rules and practice of Congress, and a simple explanation of the methods of organizing and conducting the business of deliberative assemblies. We recommend that the members of our lyceums give the book an examination. The instructions are concise and clear, and make plain all those points in parliamentary law over which very wise men sometimes stumble. The beauty of the book lies in its plainness. Here we will take the liberty to remark that at present our lyceums are deficient in just the knowledge that this little book gives. This fact was quite forcibly shown a few evenings since in the Alleghanian Lyceum, and yet the Alleghanians claim to be—and it is quite generally conceded that they are—the most particular and concise in regard to parliamentary proceedings of either of the four lyceums. It is a fact that all of our lyceums have been running in a very loose way for a few terms, in regard to "rules of order." It almost seems that we have forgotten all about the "Manual." Let us adopt Robert's "Rules of Order," and be a little more strict in our lyceum deliberations.

## At Home.

### THE CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

The Conservatory of Music held its Term Exposition at the Chapel Hall, Monday evening, March 18th. The following programme was presented:

- Anthem—"Sing aloud to God," Vocal Music Class.  
 Song—"Thy Name," L. D. Seagar.  
 Song and Chorus—"Echo Dell,"  
 Misses Tucker and Crandall,  
 Messrs. Rogers and Dunn.
- Piano Duet—"Rats Quadrille,"  
 Mr. W. D. Williams, Miss Ollie Collins.
- Song and Chorus—"Friendless,"  
 Misses Burdick and Titsworth,  
 Messrs. Seagar and Hill.
- Piano Duet—"Waltz and Gallop,"  
 Miss Leona Burdick, Master Charlie Larkin.
- Song—"Merry Hours," Miss Frank Witter.  
 Piano Solo—"Woodland Echo," Mira Burdick.  
 Vocal Duet—"Whispering Hope,"  
 Miss Eva Santee, Miss A. N. Powell.
- Piano Trio—"Como Quadrille,"  
 Misses C. E. Stillman, and W. V. Tucker,  
 Mr. Frank Hill.
- Songs—"In the Calmness of a Vision,"  
 Miss A. P. Larkin,  
 Vocal Duet—"Love and Pride,"  
 Miss Susie Burdick, Mr. H. A. Baker.
- Chorus—"With Mirth and Joy," Conservatory.  
 Piano Duet—"Banjo,"  
 Miss A. P. Larkin, Mr. H. S. Rogers.
- Vocal Duet—"When thy Bosom heaves a Sigh,"  
 Miss Birdie Rogers, Mr. L. D. Seagar.
- Piano Duet—"La Chasse Infernal,"  
 Miss Julie McWarner, Mr. E. P. Saunders.
- Song, Miss C. E. Stillman.  
 Piano Solo, Miss Birdie Rogers.  
 Song—"I have lost her," Mr. L. E. Dunn.  
 Piano Solo, Miss Carrie Lanphear.  
 Vocal Duet—"Syren and Friar,"  
 Miss Velma Crandall, Mr. L. E. Dunn.
- Song—"Flower of the Alps," Miss Birdie Rogers.  
 Piano Solo—"La Mignon," Miss A. P. Larkin.  
 Song—"The Flower Girl," Miss Velma Crandall.  
 Full Chorus—"Gloria," (Mozart), Conservatory.

We would like to give a complete review of the programme, touching the merits and demerits of each production in order, according to the best of our judgment; but the length of the exercises, and the limit of our space, forbid more than a very brief notice of the best parts of the programme.

The Solo, "Thy Name," by Mr. Seagar, was very well rendered indeed.

The Piano Solo, "Woodland Echos," by Miss Mira Burdick, was an excellent performance,

and indicated the possession of fine musical talents.

The Song, by Miss Larkin, although her first appearance as a soloist, was well rendered. Miss Larkin has a fine voice, under good control, and we expect to see her ere long among the foremost of our soloists.

The Vocal Duet by Miss Burdick and Mr. Baker, was a very agreeable performance, and was received with evident delight by the audience. The acting was good.

Mr. Dunn sustained his former reputation as a soloist, in the song, "I have lost her."

The Piano Solo by Miss Lanphear was a good performance, and well received.

The Vocal Duet, "Syren and Friar," met with merited appreciation and applause, and was rendered in a very satisfactory manner.

The song, "Flower of the Alps," was very finely rendered by Miss Rogers. She has a fine voice.

The rendering of the "Flower Girl," by Miss Crandall, was very fine indeed, and deserves especial mention. This performance of Miss Crandall, in style of finish and point of execution, was far superior to anything before attempted, and stamps her as an artist of very superior talents.

It is impossible for us to do justice to the performance of each particular artist in so limited a space, and we have confined ourselves to the most important ones, and those most deserving of mention. The entertainment, as a whole, was fully equal to any before given by the conservatory, and reflects credit alike on pupils and teachers.

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We are happy to notice the return of Dr. B. M. Cottrell, from New York, where he has been for the past Winter, perfecting himself in the practice of Dentistry. We understand he designs to establish himself in this place, in the practice of his profession. The STUDENT gives him a hearty welcome, and wishes him abundant success.

THE PIPE ORGAN SOCIETY propose to give the first of a series of dime concerts some time during this term.

"THE EXCURSION."—[*Not by Wordsworth.*] It was an excursion party. It numbered two. Fifty per cent. of it consisted of a Wisconsiner, who was also a painted brave in the Alleghanian wigwam, and an editor of the ALFRED STUDENT. The rest, residue, and remainder of the party was an Orophilian, well known to fame as the foreman of the Alfred Printing House. The party most did congregate at the Burdick House, for a start. The foreman nervously fingered the horse's bridle, and muttered something about "setting head lines." Then he walked around the animal, and asked "Sam" if the horse's "form was locked up all right." The editor, with a smile as broad as his native prairies, fondly stroking his blonde mustache, answered, "Things are very correct, as it were," and sprang into the buggy. The foreman, murmuring "My soul, be on thy guard," followed. After seating himself, he carefully examined his life insurance policy, cast "one longing, lingering look behind," and whispered with white lips, "Start the press!" He is said to have manifested great trepidation because the editor, like Jehu the son of Nimshi, drove furiously. The excursionists were absent about two hours, and the anxiety of our citizens for the welfare of the adventurous twain was approaching painful suspense, when they put in an appearance in a good state of preservation, and the public pulse resumed its natural beat. A rumor has reached our village to the effect that "The Innocents Abroad" visited Mr. Chas. Crandall's, and "threw in full cases" of that saccharine condiment known as maple sugar. Rumor also declares that the gastronomic performances of the editor were something marvelous, and that the storage capacity of the foreman is greater than external appearances go to show.

A BIG THING ON ICE.—A correspondent of the Cohocton *Times*, writing from Wallace, says:

"Prof. E. A. Higgins appeared before his school one afternoon, some time since, in a new suit of clothes that showed off his figure at an excellent advantage, and spoke volumes for the tailor who made them. The event was by no means a usual one, and an informal investiga-

tion, by his larger scholars, revealed the following facts: He had stood at the window at noontime, watching the skaters as they went darting by, like shadows, over the ice, when similar events of his boyhood evidently came floating back from the realm of memory, and with them a desire to be a boy again. Clarence kindly loaned him his skates and he was soon on the ice. He was by no means an experienced skater, but a superabundance of vitality and energy went far to make up for a lack of skill. All became absorbed with gleeful enthusiasm in the sport, and, although a slip-upery place in the ice sometimes brought a careless skater prostrate on its glittering surface, it was soon forgotten. Our pen would feign pause here, but we feel it our duty, as your correspondent, to tell *all*. Oh! if there were only no shadows to come unexpected, unbidden across the landscape of life! Emboldened by successful ventures, our hero joined in a race, and, just as victory seemed almost within his grasp, his skate found a thin and treacherous place in the ice, when lo! his perpendicularity was most unceremoniously horizontalized, and with a celerity that no human agility could guard against, his delicate, diminutive foot plunged down—way down into the icy water of that winding streamlet. By the help of a small boy, he succeeded in extricating himself, and with an expression on his face that we fancy might have been seen on Napoleon's at Waterloo, he sat down on a neighboring bank, and took off his skates. As with dripping garments he wended his way toward 'Aunt Hattie's,' he was heard sadly, pathetically to murmur, 'Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?'"

THE PRESIDENT has an eye to the æsthetical, and has been for some days engaged in beautifying the Campus by setting out and pruning trees, clearing off the park, and grading the banks of the creek, and has planted a beautiful hedge upon either side of the stream, which not only adds to the beauty of the scenery thereabouts, but also tends to preserve the banks from being worn away by the water.

THE GYMNASIUM ASSOCIATION.—The regular meeting of the life-members of the Gymnasium Association will occur on Monday, April 15th, at 12.30 P. M. It is hoped that the life-members will be present, as some definite action *must* be taken in regard to the future of the Gymnasium.

"MINE HOST" of the Burdick House, Mr. W. I. Newitt, and his wife were made the recipients of a pleasant surprise visit from a considerable number of their friends, on the evening of April 7th, the first anniversary of their marriage. After the company had assembled in the hotel parlor, Mr. Newitt and lady made their appearance, accompanied by Mrs. J. G. Burdick and Mrs. Irving Saunders, as bridesmaids, and Messrs. J. G. Burdick and C. C. Clarke as groomsmen, and the re-marriage ceremony was performed by A. B. Collins, Esq. Mr. John M. Mosher, in a few well-chosen words, presented the bride and groom of a year ago with a beautiful Bible, a gift from the friends present; and "A Knight of the Nineteenth Century," a present from J. S. Kenyon and John R. Hatter. The gathering was a pleasant one, strengthening the bonds of friendship already existing between Mr. and Mrs. Newitt and their friends present.

THE pupils of the Union School, under the direction of Prof. W. R. Prentice, Miss Mary L. Green, and Miss Alzina Saunders, gave an Exhibition at the Chapel Hall, Wednesday evening, March 20th. We are not in possession of the programme, and are unable to give an extended notice; but the performance of the little folks was in every way, worthy of the highest praise. Each one seemed to know his place, and took care to be in it. The moving on and off the stage of the school was accomplished with remarkable good order and precision. We pronounce the entertainment highly entertaining in every particular.

THE two weeks vacation passed peaceably and quietly enough. The usual train of sugar and surprise parties gave place to a more valuable institution, a religious revival, in which a good degree of interest was manifested.

THE Spring Term of the University opened on Wednesday, April 3d, with a fair attendance.

J. R. HATTER will be found at the Burdick House, where he will be pleased to wait on his friends in the tonsorial line. See advertisement.

THE Orophilian Lyceum is again able to hold up its head, and carry itself with becoming dignity, a wiser and doubtless a better Society, for the experience of the past few weeks has taught its members a most valuable lesson, one that many of us need to learn and practice daily, namely, mind your own business. The Faculty have accepted the apology offered by the Society, and regard the insult given them as not a fair expression of the will of the Lyceum; but as an attempt of one or two members to show the natural tendency of their inclinations, and utter disregard for the laws of true manhood, by "bull-dozing" the measure of condolence through in the presence of barely a quorum of inexperienced members.

"THE PHONOGRAPH, the wonderful discovery of the age," says the *Recorder* of April 4th, "is to be made manifest to as many of our citizens as may be disposed to attend a lecture upon the subject, which, we are informed by Prof. Coon, will, at no distant day, be given by Prof. D. R. Ford, D. D., of Elmira, at the University; at which the mysteries of the discovery will be made plain by the use of the instrument, accompanied by the happy explanations for which Dr. Ford is noted."

## Alumni Notes.

### ALUMNI.

'51. Rev. Galusha Anderson, D. D., has been elected President of the University of Chicago, has begun his work, and has called for \$400,000 for the University.

'51. Hon. O. Allen is now residing in Santa Barbara, Cal.

'63. Rev. O. U. Whitford, pastor of the Walworth (Wis.) Church, has closed his connection with Milton College.

'64. C. A. Chapin and A. L. Chapin are commission merchants in Milwaukee, Wis.

'67. R. A. Waterbury is professor of mathematics in the Geneseo State Normal School.

'75. Helen M. Karr is teaching in Almond, N. Y.

'76. J. A. Spicer is teaching in Battle Creek, Mich.

'76. "Wis" Lewis is practicing law at Duke Centre, Pa.

'76. L. W. Potter is principal of the Union School at Peace Dale, R. I.

PERSONAL.

'49. Annetta Stewart is residing in Avoca, N. Y.

'63. W. A. Truman, M. D., is practicing in DeRuyter, N. Y.

'65. Sarah H. Miller is teaching in the Union School in Winona, Minn.

'66. Solomon C. Burdick has entered into co-partnership with two of his brothers in the drug business at Westerly, R. I.

'67. T. W. Saunders is studying law at Salem, Washington Co., N. Y.

'67. T. A. Saunders is a farmer at Walworth, Wis.

'69. F. P. Rathbun is practicing law in Hornellsville, N. Y.

'69. M. J. Carle is a merchant in Hornellsville, N. Y.

'70. F. C. Payne is in the iron business in Corning, N. Y.

'72. Rev. S. M. Dayton is pastor of the Baptist Church in Wayland, N. Y.

'74. G. W. Buck has been making a flying visit in town. He is Principal of the Union School in Hammondsport, N. Y.

Rev. J. L. Huffman lately made a short visit in town.

Jennie Green, who has been teaching in Canisteo, is to be in town this term.

John McLennan has returned to the University. He has been teaching in Syracuse during the past year.

Burt McAllister, much to the surprise of all, has returned. When he left last term, he never was coming back. Why is this?

MARRIED,

BERRY—CRANDALL—In Ashaway, R. I., April 4th, 1878, by Rev. A. E. Main, Mr. Charles F. Berry, of Westerly, R. I., and Miss Etta Crandall, of Ashaway.

BURDICK—POTTER—At Alfred Centre, N. Y., March 30th, 1878, by Rev. N. V. Hull, D. D., Mr. Charles C. Burdick and Miss Nancy A. Potter, both of Alfred.

HOLDEN—GERMAN—At New Hudson, N. Y., Feb. 25th, 1878, by Rev. A. M. Bancroft, Mr. J. C. Holden and Miss Eva (Sheppard) German.

IRISH—JOHNSON—At Rockville, R. I., March 14th, 1878, by Rev. J. R. Irish, D. D., Paul B. Irish and L. Ida Johnson, all of Rockville.

KENYON—BURDICK—At Hebron, Pa., March 23d, 1878, by Rev. U. M. Babcock, Mr. Geo. P. Kenyon and Miss Mary M. Burdick, both of Hebron.

YOUNG—DALY—In West Union, N. Y., March 23d, 1878, by Rev. F. M. Smith, Mr. Henry W. Young and Miss Avice C. Daly.

DIED,

CRANDALL—In Main Settlement, (Portville), N. Y., Feb. 17th, 1878, of pneumonia, Hiram L. Crandall, in the 44th year of his age.

The College World.

BATTLE CREEK COLLEGE.

The *College Record* is a quarterly publication in the interest of the school.

There are 305 students enrolled in the Winter term, of whom 181 are gentlemen and 124 ladies.

President James White is traveling in California, recruiting his health, and attending to business in connection with the publishing work.

Sojourner Truth gave a lecture before the students, much to their pleasure and profit.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

The *Æstrus* is published weekly by a stock company of the students of the University. The company seem to have a principle of growth that is pleasing to note in a college paper. They have added to their company a lady, that all the elements of the school may be fitly represented. They have enlarged the size of the paper, and improved its literary quality. Keep on.

MILTON COLLEGE.

We greet the *College Journal* with pleasure and good wishes. The present number, while entertaining, gives promise of growth in the future. But there is one little point in the arrangement that we failed to understand, and even took counsel of a friend; why there were no ladies on the editorial board. 'Twas entire-

ly inexplicable. The college certainly admitted ladies and gentlemen to equal privileges. Perhaps that is one of the promises of the future.

#### BOSTON UNIVERSITY.

With this number, the *Beacon* passes into the hands of a new editorial board. A new corps of editors are elected for each term.

James T. Fields lectured to the college on Longfellow, Monday, 4th ult. Through the kindness of Mr. Fields, the Seniors are enabled to attend his interesting and scholarly lectures on English Literature.

Seniors will have finished their examinations by the 20th of May.

The Law School numbers 174 students, who are all in the depths of Torts and Contracts.

The present class in the School of Theology numbers 27, of whom 19 are college graduates; 7 are married, 5 approximately so, and 15 at large.

The School of Oratory is enjoying Prof. Raymond's Shakespearean Readings. The department is to have a Commencement of its own the present year. Applications for admission to the School of Oratory, for the coming year, are already numerous.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

In the *Woman's Journal*, Col. Higginson writes as follows, of co-education in the University of Michigan, which he has lately visited: "So far as co-education is concerned, the impression left upon my mind was that it was a thing that had long since ceased to be on trial, and was now accepted as a matter of course. Nobody alluded to anything but good coming from it, mentally, morally, or physically. The young men who had charge of the lecture association volunteered the remark to me that no reasonable person could study there without becoming a convert to the system, it worked so thoroughly well. You could count on your fingers all those opposed to it, in the senior and junior classes, at least."

Three thousand dollars will pay the expenses of the Columbia crew to the regatta in Europe.

It is said that a Junior theologian at Madison is preparing his girl for the ministry.—*Ham. Lit.*

The report of the president of Michigan University says: "The proportion of women to men scarcely changes from year to year. The women form a little less than nine per cent. of the whole number of students."

The *palma* for off-hand shooting has been awarded to the Vassar girl who shot hers off the first attempt.—*Evo.*

EXCHANGES for March are Boston University Beacon, *Cæstrus*, College Mercury, The School Bulletin, College Record, Ill.; College Record, Mich.; The Wittenberger, Colby Echo, The Tripod, Madisonensis, The Trinity Tablet, The Vidette, The Bates Student, The Reveille, Sanitarian, Hornellsville Herald.

#### CLIPPINGS.

A Sluggard, who had been advised to go to the Ant and consider her Ways and be wise, found her resting from domestic Toil, and wiping her heated Brow with her Antennæ. The Sluggard was filled with admiration, saying, "I did not anticipate such a Sight; this is indeed wise," and he went and did likewise. *Moral*: A good Antidote may be a poor Remedy.—*Evo.*

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

Senior class in moral philosophy: Dr. K.—"Mr. C., can you name Joseph Butler's most prominent work?" Mr. C.—"*Hudibras*, sometimes called *The Analogy*."—*College Mercury.*

The man with a little brown jug has to watch it now-a-days, or his wife will paint it all up and store it away on the mantle piece for a "ceramic."—*Worcester Gazette.*

A couple of degenerate Seniors have got Bob Ingersoll's "Hell," and Tom Paine's "Age of Reason," to cram up on Evidences of Christianity."—*Beacon.*

A Sunday-school boy, upon being asked what made the tower of Pisa lean, replied, "Because of the famine in the land."—*Colby Echo.*

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