

The Alfred Student.

VOL. III.

ALFRED CENTRE, N. Y., JULY, 1876.

No. 10.

Literary Department.

ALFRED ACADEMY.

BY REV. JAMES R. IRISH, D. D., PRINCIPAL FROM 1837 TO 1839.

Read at the Re-Union, July 4th, 1876.

In the Autumn of 1837, David Stillman, in behalf of the Trustees of Alfred Academy, solicited my services as teacher in the edifice being then erected for a school, to be opened with the title thus indicated. The contract was made, and the first Monday, the 4th of December, designated as the inaugural day. Railroads were then unknown west of Utica, and the passage from Schenectady had the vicissitudes incident to a wide range of locomotion. A night ride on a locomotive, facing a snow storm, answered for an introduction. Morning found me at Utica, taking passage on what was predicted as the last packet boat of the season for the West. The boat was somewhat crowded with passengers most of the way to Montezuma. Ice had so impeded our progress that the boat for Geneva had left a few hours before our arrival in the early morn. The only remaining boat had hauled off for Winter. So many passengers, however, presented themselves, that the boat was drawn in, and fitted with a stove, and at 9 o'clock was under way. Such was the intensity of the cold, that the ice, broken by the advance boat, had reunited, so that in places our boat would run one-third of her length out of water on the ice. The passengers were all placed in the stern of the boat, thus avoiding much friction from the ice. At noon we overtook the advance boat and, finding the canal clear of ice, were transferred to it, and arrived at Geneva in time to find that the stage had left, and no other would follow till the next morning. Of our company, two were farmers from Benton, near Penn Yan. With these, we joined forces and took a lumber-wagon ride to their homes, where we were kindly entertained, and conveyed to Penn Yan in time for the stage for Bath. A stage coach was out of the question, as both it and our necks would need double insurance. A lumber wagon landed us safely at Almond, near nine o'clock. Leaving my heavy luggage, I set off on foot with a light bundle for Alfred. Snow that had been from three to six inches deep was now reduced to slush by a drizzling fog. A pleasant walk, with such pedestrian substratum, brought me square up to Elisha Potter, who said "Whoa!" Willingly, such an order was obeyed. Be-

fore night, Dea. C. D. Langworthy transferred me to the longed for field of operations. This gave me my first inkling of Allegany mud. O, such mud!

Workmen were engaged constructing temporary seats in the school room, where the debris left by the plasterers still lay thick on the floor. Taking a hasty glance at the situation, and having passed the ordeal of being weighed in the balances of the expectant ones who gathered for an introduction to the new teacher, I beat a retreat with the Deacon, to spend Thanksgiving day in the enjoyment of his hospitality. This passed, I returned to Alfred Academy to take a more leisurely look at it and its surroundings, and aid willing hands in preparing the rooms for occupancy.

The men of this generation may ask for data, giving the dimensions of the structure now supplanted by others that have robbed the "Academy" of its name. The original Academy sported in the grandeur of a ground plan 28x36, with an elevation of ten feet to the top of the plates. The entrance hall, in the center of one end, was 12x8, flanked on either side by rooms 8x8, a part of one of which was occupied by the stairway ascending fully seven feet to a room serving as Bell room, Office, and Dormitory for the Principal. The school room was arched, giving fair central height. This building in after years received a two-story addition, and is now the ell to a dwelling house. At its dedication, Rev. David Clawson of New Jersey gave the address. I, of course, responded to the welcome of the Trustees, and made my bow to the forty or forty-two pupils that had gathered to be fashioned by my training.

I had not yet completed the Sophomore year of College, and felt the awkwardness of my situation, as study after study, to which I was a stranger, was set down in the programme. Add to this the fact that in most of the classes, in studies somewhat familiar, nearly every text book was from a strange author. The good will that beamed from every eye in that interesting group of young people gave me courage, and though the battle was one of fearful odds, I went in, determined to conquer. How well I succeeded, it were better for others than myself to record. Though the work was arduous and drew heavily from the stores of an iron constitution, it yielded a daily satisfaction in the increasing store of my own knowledge. By occasionally confessing with frankness my ignorance, none seemed disposed to magnify my mistakes; and in most of the studies I was able to keep well ahead of my class. Regular weekly reviews were adopted, and parents and others were pressed to attend these reviews. To the credit of the people be it recorded, that to this invitation there was a very cordial response. In addi-

tion to preparation for my sixteen classes, occasional evening talks were given upon themes supposed to be interesting, as effecting the intellectual, social, or moral welfare of the pupils and community.

As the church had no settled pastor, I occasionally accepted the invitation of the local preachers "to hold forth" to the people on the Sabbath. Bro. Halsey H. Baker had spent a part of the previous Summer in Alfred, and had made himself a successful student of human character. He was at Berlin when I engaged to enter the school. Of his own good will, he volunteered a little advice, based on his observations during his stay in Alfred. He said: "Now, Brother Irish, if you have tact to make certain individuals in Alfred believe that they have their own way, while you retain the command of the situation, and have yours, you will succeed." To this "if" is due, in a large measure, the success of my work in Alfred. Alfred was then relatively new territory. The forests still pressed far down into the valleys. The farms had narrow clearings, and most of the houses were small and unfinished. But the spirit of progress was, like leaven, pervading many of its inhabitants. A union library had been a practical educator. The inhabitants were Bible readers, and their morals were largely molded by its teachings. Some enterprising teachers had taught good schools, and the young were cherishing a love for knowledge. The select school taught by Bethuel C. Church the previous Winter in an upper room, added an impetus in the right direction. No rival institutions were attracting attention, and thus Providence favored the school at Alfred in the years of its infancy.

Alfred Centre was then a small village, without a post office, and with one small store. The church was a mile away, and the Academy became the center of social, intellectual, and religious gatherings. Taking the Academy as a center, fourteen houses numbered all the dwellings within a circle a mile in diameter. The old ashery made a conspicuous display near where the Burdick House now stands. A small tannery at the foot of the hill, a blacksmith shop on the site of the drug store, and a one-man cabinet shop were the chief places of business. The houses were small, but each inhabitant opened a friendly door to accommodate students. Rude amusements were generally discountenanced by nearly all classes. Such was Alfred Centre, and such its facilities for a school, when I came to share its history.

A term of four months soon passed, and at its close, an examination, embracing a review of the studies of the entire term, occupied a large share of the last week, and drew high encomiums from the trustees and many of the spectators. The climax of interest was reached in the exhibition given the closing day. Many of the young people went beyond all faith they had in their own powers, and, though the addresses were not Ciceronian, nor the colloquies Shakespearian, they were such as met the approval of the best informed of the patrons, and were the wonder of the crowded house.

Pending negotiations for my return to teach the following year, and fearing a disagreement between the trustees and

myself, the young people organized and marched *en masse* to the office of the trustees, and insisted on my re-engagement. The result was an engagement to return in August, and teach two or three terms. During this term of school, my feelings had become intensely aroused in behalf of the spiritual interests of the young people, many of whom once professors of religion, were making no efforts to maintain spiritual connection with the Fountain of Life. During my absence they were subjects of unceasing appeal to the throne of grace, and with some, a regular correspondence was kept up, in which their religious awakening was a central thought. These letters were read and reread in their social gatherings, and responses were written, in which numbers were mentioned as joining with a hearty amen. Early in August, I returned to renew my labors. The harvests were not yet gathered, and comparatively few were ready to enter school at its opening. Those who did enter were intensely earnest to improve, and made excellent progress. Others came in, from time to time, during the term, numbering in all, I believe, about forty, but averaging less than thirty. During the term, the religious interest had gradually increased. Social religious meetings were doubled in number, and religion became a prominent theme in private chat and social gatherings. In the meantime, some showed restlessness in an atmosphere of so much warmth, and sought to cool off the ardor of others by various quiet devices. Their purpose could not be hid, and this only rendered their situation the more uncomfortable. Occasional new recruits joined the praying bands. This state of religious zeal seemed to help rather than hinder the praying ones in their studies. At all events, they seemed to attain excellence of scholarship more promptly than those standing aloof from the religious enjoyments. During Christmas week we had a vacation, and the new term opened with seventy-two scholars. I had then plenty of work, and I never so enjoyed work. I could sleep fast, study hard, and enjoy it all. The chief drawback in my experience was that I seemed to learn my lessons, as Garrick did, for the occasion. When the occasion was past for which the lesson was prepared, the lesson had gone with it. Another phenomenon is interesting in this connection. These lessons, when reviewed, and however well committed, always retain their evanescent character. There was a manifest purpose on the part of the students to make the most of their time and opportunities. This too was backed up by a pervading feeling that it was a privilege to harmonize with, and second the plans and views of the teacher. The only apparent exception to this was the usual shrinking from the regular exercise in composition. Written objections to the requirement were presented by some of the ablest writers, and the opposition took with the weaker ones till a revolt seemed imminent. This however lasted but a few days. When the leaders saw the result of their work, and the grief they had laid upon me, they came manfully up to my support, and lent an effective aid, more than restoring what they had taken away.

With the opening of the Winter term, the religious inter-

est assumed more definite and progressive proportions. Converts were added, not only from the ranks of the backslidden, but new-born souls were almost daily added to the rejoicing company. The work was specially manifest in the school, but was gradually spreading in the community. On the 25th of January, a meeting was begun at the church, ostensibly to continue three days, but at the end of that time, the interest was so intense that I was urged to close school and attend the meeting. This I deemed improper without the general wish of the school; accordingly all were invited to express their preference without regard to the preference of others. Seventy of the seventy-two voted to suspend for one week. That was a week long to be remembered. Elds. W. B. Gillette and Stillman Coon were the principal preachers; but for reasons which were urged, I took the charge of the meetings. It was soon evident that One wiser and mightier than both took the lead into his own hands. The following week I resumed my place in the school, while the interest both in study and religious fervor was continually rising. Meetings were held somewhere in the society every evening, and Seventh and First-days at the church. That was especially a praying revival. The forests were vocal with prayer. Family altars were erected, social visits were largely seasons of prayer. Even meetings appointed for preaching, often so led off into social prayer, that before there was space for preaching it was time to break up and go home. Students were advised, ordinarily, to attend only the meetings at the church and the Academy. Their quickened powers readily grasped and solved the problems of study, and the term's success was well pictured by Professor Kenyon, who attended the closing examination.*

During the progress of this revival, all parties united in demanding that I should leave the school, and abandon my purpose of a return to College, and give myself to the service of the church. It cost a struggle, but after finding that the most experienced of our ministers were unanimous in the opinion that it was duty, and fearing I should rebel against the divine will to refuse, I yielded and accepted the call. Before leaving the school I nominated Brother Kenyon as my successor, and the trustees accepted my advice, and gave him the call.

The ordination occurred April 3, 1839, and I entered on the work for which I then felt that I was very poorly qualified. During the revival, Elder Coon had baptized just two hundred persons.

During my service as pastor, I several times took a few classes to relieve Brother Kenyon from excess of labor. When he received the appointment as County Commissioner, I engaged to render such assistance, with the understanding that he would be able to be with me most of the time. This arrangement was not carried out, as he at once received orders from Albany that demanded his whole time. There were in the school a few malcontents, and out of it a few helpers, that soon aroused opposition to the new arrangement, and for a time a storm raged furiously. The trustees

were called in, and, finding that scholars far in advance of the malcontents were perfectly satisfied with the instructions, continued me in the school. After the cloud had blown over and carried off a few in the breeze which they had created, the school settled down to harmonious work. The remainder of the term proved the most pleasant season of all the terms of my labor. Tender ties bound the scholars to each other, and all to their teacher; Sister Forbes, (now Wardner,) being my assistant. The closing witnessed more parting tears than any other term of teaching in my whole life. Pleasant memories linger over Alfred as I look back on the way in the which the Lord has led me. Many were the mistakes I made in my ignorance. Some were undoubtedly sins that demanded humiliation before God, but not along the whole line of memory's searches can I find a single unkind purpose toward a brother man. Some things which made my load heavy, undoubtedly fell to my lot, because others did not understand me; and if any were otherwise, I try to hide them in the far off distance. I know that I labored to bless humanity and honor God. Some to whom I lent a helping hand have taken special pains to inform me, the seed sown, had borne fruit, even beyond my faith. I can now leave it all with Jesus, and hope to be pardoned for the multitude of my failures, and he will enable me to rejoice that I have not labored in vain. If these jottings shall be foot prints along life's sands, that shall enable others to walk more firmly, I shall not have labored in vain. I should rejoice greatly to be present at the reunion, but duties seem at present to forbid.

MEMORIES.

BY MARY BASSETT CLARKE.

Read at the Re-Union, July 4th, 1876.

Upon life's middle plain, I stand,
And backward look—on either hand,
The golden sunlight softly lies.
Green are the fields, and blue the skies
Which memory paints—while, soft and low,
Ring out the chimes of "Long ago."

Far in my childhood's vanished years,
Through shades of time, and mist of tears,
A vision rises, clear and bright,
Of one, who to my childish sight
A hero seemed, who ever stood
Unequaled, mid the pure and good,
And wore, without the world's renown,
The kingly robe, and conqueror's crown.

I mind me in the years of old,
(Since then a score has twice been told,
How first on Alfred soil he stood,
Examined well, pronounced it good,
Then planted, with his royal hand,
A seed, which should in time expand
To be a mighty tree, and shed
Its gracious shade o'er many a head.

His youth had passed in daily toil,
Upon a rude, New England soil—

* See ALFRED STUDENT for April, 1876.

A homeless youth—his childhood knew
 But little of life's morning dew.
 For poverty, her mantle spread
 About his lowly cradle bed.
 And scarce a flower of love up stole
 Along his path to manhood's goal.

But ever, through those earlier years,
 (Though bright with smiles, or dim with tears,)
 Still *true to duty*, was his plan—
 The boy exemplified the man.
 Ambitious, diligent and true,
 At eve, the blazing fire-light knew
 His zeal for knowledge, and his care,
 Her garnered sheaves, in age to bear.

Thus brought he, from his rugged home,
 Washed by Atlantic's salt wave's foam,
 Born of her rocks and barren sands,
 The energy success demands.
 The patient courage, to endure,
 Believing that the end is sure—
 The steadfastness of heart and will,
 Life's holiest mission to fulfill.

How faithfully, through doubt and fear,
 The tree, his hand once planted here,
 He watched and tended, well you know,
 Who like him, marked it rise and grow,
 And bud, and blossom, and bring forth
 Its ripened fruit, of rarest worth—
 Knowledge and virtue, priceless bread,
 On which immortal souls are fed.

He brought his work, with strong desire,
 A living faith, a soul of fire—
 A purpose, which no change could know,
 Through Summer's heat, or Winter's snow—
 He gave to it his daily care,
 And bore it on his heart, in prayer,
 To Him who marks the sparrow's fall,
 And guides the destinies of all.

And strong and brave the good tree grew,
 And broad its friendly branches threw,
 From North and South, from East and West,
 Youth, to its kindly shelter pressed,
 Beneath its shadow drank their fill,
 Ate of its fruit, and lingered still,
 Entranced beneath the clustering vine,
 And loth to leave so fair a shrine.

And other hands, with his entwined,
 And other strength, with his combined,
 To nourish well this stately tree,
 And guard it for posterity.
 To one, the loved of early life,
 He gave the sacred name of "wife,"
 And linked her soul to his, by ties
 Of holiest self-sacrifice.

She brought, with maiden-love and truth,
 The bloom and brightness of her youth—
 The kindly heart, the willing hand,
 Obedient unto love's command—
 The sweet devotion which inured
 Her to a life of toil, endured
 With cheerfulness, and woman's pride
 To him and his good work allied.

Dear loving heart! the grass was green,

And sweet Spring violets were seen
 Above her grave, ere time or care
 Had silvered o'er her wavy hair.
 No children graced their board; they made
 The homeless welcome there, and staid
 The homesick soul with words of cheer,
 And cordial sympathy most dear.

The years rolled on, still came and went
 Hundreds, on useful knowledge bent,
 Still toiled my hero, in the van,
 Still bravely followed, man to man,
 The valient corps, whose generous aid
 An ever-widening influence made—
 The tree grew statelier than before,
 More plenteous fruit its branches bore.

But time, and toil, and care, at length
 Made havoc with the leader's strength;
 The throbbing pulse and fevered brain
 Told of the wakefulness and pain—
 With pallid cheek, and wasted frame—
 But from the lips no murmur came.
 He fought disease with iron will,
 Resolved to prove a conqueror still.

He strove in vain—a Higher Power
 Decrees the inevitable hour—
 In vain he sought o'er distant seas,
 The wafting of the healing breeze,
 Or lingered long, in foreign land,
 Mid marble pile and ruin grand,
 Still sighing to return once more,
 And tread in health his nativeshore.

Who conquers all, his conqueror proved.
 Afar from home, and most who loved—
 Yet never friendless, nor alone,
 Since the dear Christ was still his own—
 And gentlest hands his couch prepared,
 And sympathy his suffering shared,
 And loving eyes with tears were dim,
 And true hearts sadly mourned for him.

With swelling sail, and favoring breeze,
 In solemn silence o'er the seas,
 The good ship bore its sacred trust—
 "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust."
 He sleeps in peace, no marble shrine,
 With sounding epitaphs combine,
 So fair a monument to prove,
 As his, enshrined in hearts that love.
 Not dead! in all that truly gives
 To life its value, still he lives—
 In influence, usefulness, and power,
 He lives most worthily this hour!
 His work progressing—borne along
 By hearts most true, and hands still strong.
 Death, as God's bright evangel came,
 The grave no victory could claim.

* * * * *

World-worn and weary, still we come,
 Like children, to the dear old home,
 Or pilgrims to a cherished shrine,
 Once more love's garland to entwine.
 Mid fadeless laurels, wreathed with care,
 And Summer roses, blooming fair,
 In token of perennial Spring,
 These pale forget-me-nots I bring.

And evermore, as year by year,
The "old time" faces gather here
From distant homes, a countless band,
As friend greets friend, and hand clasps hand,
The past comes strangely back, and still
A brooding Presence seems to fill
The voiceless air, and whisper low,
Sweet memories of long ago.
"Oh! looking from some heavenly hill,
Or from the shade of saintly palms,
Or silver reach of river calms,
Do those clear eyes behold us still?"

We know not; but full well we know
The lessons taught so long ago,
The lessons he would still impart
To every waiting, youthful heart—
"Be earnest, diligent, and strive
Each day a nobler life to live;
Whate'er your work, where'er you rove,
Faithful to God and Duty prove."

COMMENCEMENT THEMES—[CONCLUDED].

July 2, 1846.

Salutatory,
Intemperance,
Politeness,
Slander,
True Greatness,
Religion,
A Friend,
Every Character Has a Bright Side,
Time Waits for No Man,
Love, the Cement of Society,
American Education,
Honor,
Heedlessness of Youth,
To the People of Alfred, &c.,
Address to Youth,
Astronomy,

Dialogue,

The Human Intellect,
The Influence of Familiarity with Works of Fiction,
Our Brightest Joys are Doomed but to Decay,
Beauty soon fades, but Thought immortal never Dies,

Order of Universal Importance,
Evidence of the Existence of God,
Ingratitude,
France,
Origin and Triumph of Christianity,
Slavery,
The Visions of Life,
The Infinite Capabilities of Mind,
Human Frailty,
Flowers,
Native Americanism,
Africa,
The Revolution,
Utilitarian Era,
Signs of the Times,
The Propriety of Missions,
The Past,
Joan of Arc,
The Effects of a Frown,
Nothing Essential to Happiness Unattainable,
Force of Habit,
Progress of Science,
Man as he is,

Horace H. Nye
Charles C. Proctor
William Perkins
Elijah P. Lewis
Richard B. Stillman
Paul C. Witter
Sabrina Olin
Seraphia C. Gorton
Julia A. Bassett
Betsey Bassett
Charles S. Beach
Elias E. Hale
William W. Chamberlain
George R. Barber
William S. Ayres
LeRoy Crandall
Antoinette Farnum,
Euphemia E. Potter,
Vernette Olin,
Mary F. Farnum,
Zoa Black,
Permelia M. Corey,
Harriet S. Corey,
Julia M. Fisk.

Mary M. Gordon
Fanny B. Rathbun
Charlotte Allison
Sophia Dautremont
Daniel D. Pickett
Allen B. Chase
William B. Rathbun
N. W. Mallory
Jared Kenyon
Elisha D. Burdick
Julia McAlmont
Lucy W. Chamberlain
Sylvia Bennett
Louise A. Stillman
Joseph A. Dudley
Ethan P. Larkin
James T. Cameron
Joseph W. Smith
Charles S. Hurlbut
Ambrose C. Spicer
Adeline Bennett
Caroline M. Hughes
Sarah T. Hale
Susan Byrns
Nathan Wardner
Franklin W. Knox
Harvy W. Benjamin

Our Country's Claims upon her Young Men,
Beauties of Poetry,
The Judgment,
Lights and Shadows of Life,
The Delights of a Pastoral Life—A Shepherd's Soliloquy,

Dialogue,

Pilgrim Fathers,
Our Nation in Danger,
Valedictory,

July 3, 1867.

Republicanism and the Elective Franchise—Their Relations,
Law—Its Disciplining and Culturing Power,
Self-development,
Light and Shade,
Higher,
The World's Orchestra,
Human Influence,
Harmonies of Nature,
Truth,
The Fine Arts,
Ideals,
Sacrifice,

July 1, 1868.

Our Relations to the Temperance Question,
John Quincy Adams,
Light on the Hill tops,
The Higher Life,
Historic Meteors,
The Laborers Needed,
Aspiration,
The Years,
Something Beyond,
Triumphs of Free Institutions,
Law,
The Power of the Beautiful,
Inspirations of Nature,
Stepping Stones,
Immortality,
The Radical Reformer—His Work and Character,

June 30, 1869.

Voices of the Night,
Thought,
The Sovereignty of Thought,
Industry—Its Rewards,
Spirit of the Age,
Truth,
Christianity Sacrificial,
Echoes,
Manhood,
No Perfect Manners without Christian Souls,
The Civilization of the Aztecs,
Power of Character,
The Right of Conquest,
God's Acre,
Be,

June 29, 1870.

Man the Architect of His own Fortune,
Wheat or Chaff,
Henry Clay,
Individuality,
Poetry,
Earth's Marahs,
Duties of American Young Men,
Coral Islands,
The Shekinah,
Laurels,
Fountains,
Spirit Communings,

William S. Minier
John Chandler Green
Ira W. Simpson
Cynthia S. White
Clariissa A. Parker

Susan Rider,
Ellen A. Goodrich,
Sarah W. Mulhallon,
Susan E. Crandall,
Martha M. Green,
Betsey E. Towle,
Sarah E. Stillman,
Mary M. Reynolds,
Amanda M. Crandall,
Euphemia E. Potter,
Mary J. Genung,
Permelia M. Corey,
Harriet S. Corey.

Jonathan Allen
James S. Marvin
Asa W. Smith

Levi F. Compton
Henry C. Coon
Carrie Langworthy
Louisa A. Rogers
Fanny M. Simpson
Achie D. Vaughan
Albert E. Wardner
Welcome H. Young
Charles A. Burdick
Amos C. Lewis
S. L. Waterbury
Reuben A. Waterbury

Herbert E. Babcock
Darius K. Davis
Charlotte E. Dowse
Addie J. Green
Kirkland W. Ingham
Daniel Lewis
Sarah M. Saunders
Mary E. Setchell
Fanny M. Simpson
William P. Todd
Albert E. Waffle
Lucy M. Wood
Mary L. Wilbur
Mary E. Brown
Eusebia A. York
Henry C. Coon

Angelia Dye
Truman W. Saunders
Mary E. Setchell
David H. Woods
Isaac B. Brown
Herbert E. Babcock
Levi F. Compton
Anna S. Davis
Darius K. Davis
Rosalia L. Kenyon
Daniel Lewis
Benjamin F. Rogers
William P. Todd
Achie D. Vaughan
Albert E. Wardner

David H. Davis
Julia C. Hull
Horace B. Parker
Mary Riley
Orville M. Rogers
May C. Simpson
M. D. G. Tennant
M. F. Van Allen
C. E. Dowse
A. Dye
H. A. Waterbury
L. M. Wood

July 5, 1871.

The Soul,
Light,
Drifting,
Speech,
Peter the Great,
Daughters,
Diagnosis,
Labor,
Self-culture,
Courage,
What and Why,
Arcadia,
'It Is Finished.'

George S. M. Cottrell
Mary E. Darrow
Ella E. Eaton
Frank L. Green
John W. Maxwell
Anna E. Nelson
Signoria E. Smythe
Levi C. Van Fleet
Vernon M. Babbitt
Mary F. Setchell
Adelia M. Sherman
May C. Simpson
Sarah E. Whitney

July 4, 1872.

Units,
Monuments,
What Shall We Read?
Conservatism,
Reform,
The Bell of Alma Mater,
Aspiration,
What of the Day?
Music,
Whither?
The Books Were Opened,
Rest,

Mattie J. Davis
Albina Hunter
Benjamin F. Rogers
Henry W. Smith
Horace Stillman
Belle Waffle
Sarah M. Ayars
Winfield S. Bonham
Sara M. Burdick
Ella E. Eaton
Anna E. Nelson
Mary F. Van Allen

July 2, 1873.

Personal Responsibility,
Flake after Flake,
Monuments,
The Ministry of Sorrow,
Motive Power,
Politics,
Magnifying Glasses,
Be and Do,
Religion,
Social Tendencies,
The Pattern Shown in the Mount,
The Student,
Sacrificial Living.

C. W. Coats
A. A. Ellis
E. L. Maxson
H. M. Karr
A. J. McCray
P. B. McLennan
C. A. Skinner
G. S. M. Cottrell
G. J. Crandall
D. K. Davis
J. L. Huffman
J. A. Estee
H. Stillman

THE GLORY OF A HUNDRED YEARS.

BY BELLE WAFFLE HEINEMANN.

Sung at the Re-Union, July 4th, 1876.

Now let us praise the God of love
Who held us in his might,
Now glory to the Pilgrim band
Who struggled for the right.
Who planted in our soil the tree
That's borne such fruit for bond and free,
Who breathed but Freedom's breath,
Midst gloom of sickness, danger, death.
That holy Pilgrim band,
Led forth and kept by his own hand.
Now hallelujah! hallelujah! we have won the fight!
Now glory to our fathers, brave, who struggled for the right.
And glory to our patriots brave,
Who, true of heart and hand,
Dared strike the blow that gave us birth,
And dared give forth command
To ring the bell of liberty,
And loud proclaim that we were free!
To him, who led that band,
Beloved father of our land,
Now praise and honor bring,
From sea to sea his glory ring.
Now hallelujah! hallelujah! we have won the fight!
Now glory to our fathers, brave, who battled for the right.

Now glory to our heroes bold,
Who fought so long and well,
That men might not be bought and sold,
So nobly fought and fell.
Though deluged all the land in flood
Of tears and precious brothers' blood,
Though our redeeming chief
Be martyred, though the nation's grief
Be black as pall of night,
Yet glory to our heroes' might!
Now hallelujah! hallelujah! we have won the fight!
Now glory to our heroes, bold, who battled for the right!

Now let us praise the God of love,
For peace and unity,
Now glory to his holy name,
That all the bond are free!
Our nation's crown is now complete,
Our heritage more dear and sweet,
Henceforth forever free,
Both won, redeemed, our land shall be,
In triumph, evermore
We'll shield her honor, guard her shore!
Now hallelujah! hallelujah! we have won the fight!
Now glory to our fathers, brave, who struggled for the right!

The Alfred Student.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTERESTS OF ALFRED UNIVERSITY AND HER LITERARY SOCIETIES.

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ORNAMENTATION.

Ornament is that which adds grace and beauty, the æsthetic tincturing of utility. In the decoration of utilities, ornamental art made its first appearance as far back as paleolithic times, as is shown by the carvings on the implements of that period. To but few, a pair of brogans, or a tea-kettle, suggest art at all; to many less, æsthetic art; yet when manufactured on right principles they may truly be said to fall in this category. True ornamentation always impresses one with a sense of adaptation or fitness. Greenough says, "Nothing can be beautiful that has no higher aim than mere adornment. Rings on fingers and flowers on bonnets have no more beauty than the paint with which the

savage disfigures himself." The person who is simply a conglomerate of diamonds, gold, silk, and laces is an æsthetical abomination. Holland tells us, to hear it said, "Jane was dressed very becomingly, is a much more complimentary comment than that was a splendid dress that Jones wore." The present tendency is to convert the ornamented into a "something else." That is, the curtain holder is a flower, the rustic chair a huge serpent coiled and looped over a fish, or something of the sort; the gas burner is a cherub, the paper-holder a butterfly. The union of beauty and utility can never be something mechanically tacked together. Chambers, in his "Papers for the People," says, "Fitness, the soul of all art, however high, must not be ignored." In education, the ornamental is that which fills up the chinks and crevices, rounds out, beautifies, and perfects. Every system which tends to destroy utility, in its attempts to be artistic, is a failure. The song which is simply a combination of exquisitely, artistic, unintelligible tones, loses much of its soul power. Ornaments of piety or purity, which we would pin on as we do jewels for occasions, are in danger of being jostled off and crushed or lost. Only those embellishments which cohere as a part of ourselves are true adornments.

OBTAINING PRIZES, HONORS, &c.

The dishonest practices of students in obtaining prizes, honors, class rank, and class positions have long engaged the attention of educators and moralists, but without effecting much improvement, we fear. One of the most prevalent forms of this dishonesty is that of palming off the productions of others as the student's own. Very often, in all our colleges, the prize or Commencement oration, as well as the regular Rhetorical Exercise, is purchased for the occasion. In compulsory exercises, like Rhetoricals, the custom might possibly admit of some excuse, but when a student accepts a position of honor, as a speaker, and shines by borrowed light, his dishonesty and unmanliness deserves the strongest terms of condemnation. Such a student sinks entirely his own manhood. He takes the position, in his own conscience and thoughts (and in the eyes of others if his deception be detected), of a deceiver and cheat, who passes himself off for what he is not, and seeks and obtains an honor to which he is, in no sense, entitled. He surrenders his own self-reliance, ranks himself among the quacks, and ultimately consigns himself to the company of those who are dead in power and influence, or else unites himself to the shams who hold public favor by false pretenses and false appearances.

The practice, moreover, is unjust, in the extreme, to all the workers in college, and destroys our confidence in our fellows. On account of these contemptible cheats, the student who, by honest thought, earnest effort, and true inspiration, produces an able article, and especially if it be in advance of his previous efforts, (as it should be,) is liable to be forthwith suspected of having employed the services of some hungry genius, willing to exchange literary power for bread. The inherent meanness of such speakers is so great that we

can never conceive of them in any position of true honor and glory. Patrick Henry, firing the hearts of his countrymen by means of a boughten speech, is too preposterous to be thought of. Adams and Otis arousing a whole people to resist a tyrant, and Garrison and Phillips withstanding a nation's crimes in speeches written by some starving and unknown orator, and sold for a dinner! Who could think of such a thing for a moment? How would Abraham Lincoln, delivering at Gettysburgh a \$2 oration from —'s Literary Bureau, seem to us? How does our grandiloquent orator, speaking before his admiring relatives a fine little oration for which he paid a hundred dollars, or which, perhaps, is the love offering of some friend, seem to us? Will he fire a nation's heart? Will he become a beacon light in the midst of the darkness of sin and corruption, guiding humanity to the solid grounds of truth and right? To ask the question is to answer it. Are the students of Alfred University drifting into such practices? If so, in the name of decency and honor, to say nothing of all that is manly, self-reliant, and inspiring, let us free ourselves, entirely and forever, from all possibilities of such customs.

BRYANT'S POPULAR HISTORY.

The first volume of Bryant's Popular History of the United States has been received and its perusal confirms the expectation that it is a valuable addition to the historic literature of our country. It commences with a brief statement of the facts known about man's pre-historic condition, and the evidences of the pre-historic races as found in North America. The voyages of the Northmen and others up to the time of Columbus receive their appropriate notice, followed by a full statement of the explorations of Columbus and others during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and the early settlements and trials of the first founders of our nation. The narrative has been drawn immediately from the ancient records, and verified by the author, so that the statements and conclusions can be relied upon for their correctness. It is not a dry compilation of facts like too many of our histories, but a continued narrative of events, giving the circumstances and causes for the various transactions, so stating them that the life of the times seems to be present before the reader, and he longs to see the whole history before he leaves the printed page. Interesting, accurate, and as complete as it can be in the space intended to be occupied, it is just such a work as the teacher and the general reader need in this Centennial year to give them a knowledge of the past history of our country, preparatory to a full understanding of what we are and ought to be.

It was in the course of an animated discussion in Open Session, that one of the debators brought down the house by frequent allusions to "Ibid," whom he quoted in support of his arguments. The laugh which followed each repetition of his favorite authority made him think that something wasn't right; he sat down discomfited.—*College Mirror*.

At Home.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

The Commencement Exercises of the Centennial year were inaugurated by the Conservatory of Music, which rendered, on Saturday evening, July 1st, Washington Irving's "Legend of Don Munio," versified and set to music by Dudley Buck. Notwithstanding the indications of rain during the afternoon, and the showers of the early evening, every available seat was filled, making, perhaps, the largest audience that the Conservatory has ever gathered. The chapel, in addition to the usual decorations of evergreens and pictures, was tastefully festooned with the national colors, indicating that even within college walls is felt the throbbings of the great national heart which beats this year with such loving pride in every patriot. The whole was in good taste, and presented a neat appearance.

Miss Eva Allen introduced the audience to Don Munio by reading the legend of him as told by Irving. The principal characters were represented by Messrs. W. I. Lewis, L. E. Dunn, N. W. Williams, and U. M. Babcock, and Misses Velma Crandall and Ella Lewis. Mr. Lewis was highly complimented on the distinctness with which his part was rendered, and Miss Crandall sustained her already well-earned reputation. Some of the choruses given by the troop of huntsmen, retainers, etc., were fine, showing the training of a patient teacher, and the drill of faithful students. The stage arrangements and the acting were as good as could be expected with the meagre means afforded. The piano was presided over by Mrs. Hellen Crandall. Much credit is due the musical teachers for the work they are doing in this department.

BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

The Baccalaureate Sermon was preached by Pres. Allen, Sunday evening, at the chapel. Subject: "Divine Providence in Human Progress." Text: Acts 17: 24-28. The sermon, though long, was so full of close reasoning and deep thought that one having the ability to cope with its logic could but be intensely interested.

ALLEGHANIAN-ALFREDIAN.

The literary exercises of the week were begun by the Alleghanians and Alfredians, on Monday evening, with the following programme:

Prayer,
 Salute,
 Recitation, "A Legend of Bregenz,"
 Poem, "The Student's Pilgrimage,"
 Lecture,
 Oration, "Shoddy,"
 Valedictory, "Sacrifice,"

Rev. N. V. Hull
 O. D. Sherman
 Eva Santee
 O. M. Rogers
 Mary F. Bailey
 T. A. Bardick
 Julia M. Davis

The Salute was one in the proper sense of the term. The speaker touched upon sociality, 1776 and 1876, the forty year's life of Alfred University, merely as a preparation for

a greeting and welcome to the friends of the societies and school. The production was well delivered.

The Recitation was, on the whole, commendable.

The Poem represented humanity as voyagers, whose tiny barks touching upon the shores of time cling with fragile moorings; some, soon again unfolding the spirit's sail, while others as pilgrims throng the ways of time, to at last embark upon the vast sea of eternity. The mystery of infancy and the dawning reason of childhood were pictured in the physical similes of twilight and dawning day. The youthful pilgrim then begins to solve the mysteries, and glean sprays of knowledge along his enchanted way, till the faint outlines of wisdom's hills attract his gaze, though youthful ardor comprehends not the years of effort ere he nears the mountains, whose glory smitten sunsets fill his soul with rapture, and hopes to reach their towering peaks, and view the expanse beyond. Pitfalls beset his path, and temptations would lure him from his high aim. But he appeals to each wanderer to follow with him the paths of knowledge, where Folly's phantoms, with spectral charms of the mirage, lure not over bleak and barren wastes of disappointment. The pilgrim, still removing the disguises of truth along his way, makes new acquisitions, gains new heights to grander realms and broader views. Those in the vales below seeing his height, guess the splendor of his view, and strive the height to gain; and with his guidance and encouragements, are led to higher aims and grander destinies. The glory of the summit, with higher peaks beyond, the influence of lives of sacrifice for truth and humanity, the divine benediction, and the embarking of the pilgrim from the shores of time on eternity's sea, bearing to other and brighter worlds, freightage of truth, love, spiritual growth, and godly-powers, conclude the poem. It was one of the best exercises we have ever heard from the Alleghanians, and was fairly recited.

The Lecture contained many good thoughts, well expressed, touching upon thinking and thinkers, development of noble self-hood, President Kenyon, and old memories of Alfred.

The Oration, though upon a well-worn theme, was well written, and delivered with power and spirit. The "shoddy" in language, in individual character, in society, in reforms, in education, and in the pulpit, was clearly shown and heartily condemned, with a plea for genuineness at the close.

The Valedictory, beginning with the sacrificial idea in the atonement, showed the necessity of sacrifice, in physical things, for the sake of the mental; in the mental for the sake of the spiritual; attacking the use of whisky, tobacco, opium in the physical, and novel reading in the mental natures and appetites. The physical must be subject to the mental, and the mental to the spiritual, and Christian life and sacrifice must crown the whole life here. The article, in composition and in delivery, was most excellent.

The music was furnished in part by Mr. M. L. Merriman, violinist, of Hornellsville, with Mrs. McDuff, of Buffalo; and in part by a quartette, consisting of Misses M. L. Green and Velma Crandall, and Messrs. M. S. Wardner and T. W. Will-

iams, with N. W. Williams as pianist. The violin solos by Mr. Merriman were especially commendable.

The closing piece, a song by Miss Velma Crandall, was well rendered.

OROPHILIAN-ATHENÆAN.

In the evening, the Orophilian-Athenæan joint session took place, with the following programme:

Prayer,	Rev. James Summerbell
Salute, "Gloom,"	G. B. Cannon
Oration, "Charlotte Cushman,"	M. E. Bradley
Selections,	M. E. Setchell
Oration,	W. H. Curtis
Lecture,	Hon. J. B. Cassoday
Valedictory, "Symbols,"	C. W. Coates

The Salute discussed "Gloom" in the shape of Edgar Allan Poe, whose wierd and fitful genius was well described. The delivery was good.

The Oration began with a discussion of eloquence, as an example of which, Miss Cushman was brought forward, an appreciative biography of her given, and then an appeal made to drink in the teachings of this noble life and lives of eloquent truth. The delivery, though not vigorous, was natural, pleasing, and easy, showing no effort for effect so observable in such exercises.

The "Selections" consisted of "The Little Prisoner," "The Relief of Lucknow," "Robert O'Lincoln," "Charlie Macree," "A Lady in Church," and "How He Loved St. Michael." The rendering was good, as all were led to expect from the lady's reputation as an elocutionist.

The Lecture was upon the theme, "The Hero of the Higher Grade." In sentences, short, terse, and witty, the heroes of the past were discussed and analyzed, and the non-heroic in them clearly shown. The hero of the higher grade was well portrayed. He is the broad, generous, cultured, manly, and true man; in short, the *perfect man*. The sentiments of the lecture were manly, and bracing, if we may use the expression. A wide knowledge of history, literature, and the sacred Scripture was manifest. A *good* lecture, all must confess.

The Valedictory was an interesting and successful effort, a fit conclusion of the exercises.

The music for the session was furnished by the Alfred Cornet Band.

ALUMNI RE-UNION.

On Tuesday, the Alumni, who were present in considerable force, celebrated the Fortieth Anniversary of their Alma Mater and the National Centennial, in a manner entirely satisfactory to all participants. The showers of previous days had dispensed with all dust, the fields were fresh and green, the air pure and breezy. The crowds of young people had been drawn to the celebrations in other towns, and nothing hindered the fullest and freest enjoyment of the rich privileges of the occasion.

The exercises commenced at 10 A. M., with reading of Scriptures by Rev. W. B. Gillette of Portville, and prayer by Rev. J. Kenyon of Independence, after which the following greeting song, prepared for the occasion by O. M. Rogers, was sung by the choir:

"Home returning from afar,"
To the loved familiar walls,
We as Learning's children are,
To our Alma Mater's halls.
Time's swift tide shall backward flow
O'er the years of toil and strife,
Mem'ry wake to youthful glow
All the scenes of student life.

Chorus—

We around the parent hearth
Greet you with a joyous lay,
Welcome to these scenes of youth and
mirth,
Welcome on this merry, festal day.

Bright those halcyon days arise,
Through the vista of the years;
Fair unto our eager eyes

Every form and nook appears,
That some cherished scene revives,
Trifling though it then did seem;
Tingeing all our after lives
With the lustre of its beam.

Chorus—

We around the parent hearth
Here again in joy we meet,
Children of a common kin,
Waking mem'ries fair and sweet
These ancestral walls within;
Pleasure shall the hours beguile,
Hand to hand shall fondly press,
Eye meet eye with loving smile,
Lips speak only words to bless.

Chorus—

We around the parent hearth

Professor T. B. Williams read a paper prepared by Rev. J. R. Irish, of Rockville, R. I., recounting his experiences as first Principal of Alfred Academy, from the year 1837 to 1839, with reminiscences of the early settlers and founders of church and school.

Next, Mrs. President Allen read a paper entitled, "Early Sketches of Alfred Academy," rich in memories of the early days, referring by name to many men and women who were foremost in the labors and sacrifices of those times.

Mrs. Belle Waffle Heinemann, of Colegrove, Pa., presented a stirring address, attacking some of the fallacious American ideas which have gained currency. She would have less of teaching children to aspire to high positions and more cultivation of the humbler virtues, a greater reverence for justice, freedom, equality, and the great underlying ideas of our institutions. She would have more offices filled with *men* and less men filled with office, &c., &c.

Mrs. Chancellor James Marvin, of Lawrence, Kansas, traced the organization of some of the Literary Societies, and opened a rich vein of reminiscence. Her account of the scenes attending the holding of chapel exercise before sunrise, which was one of Pres. Kenyon's experiments while testing the powers of endurance of his students, was specially interesting.

Mrs. Mary Taylor Burdick read in an acceptable manner a poem written by Mrs. Mary Bassett Clarke, of Hopkinton, R. I., in memory of Pres. Wm. C. Kenyon and his labors, which we are pleased to present to our readers entire, elsewhere.

Mrs. Sarah L. Langworthy Thacher, of Hornellsville, discoursed upon the illusions of old and young with reference

to school days upon the various and urgent demands for reform, and especially urging the claims of the temperance movement.

Rev. D. Ford, D. D., of Elmira Female College, concluded the exercises of the forenoon session by a free and easy talk, in the style so familiar and pleasing to all who know him. He brought with him the first merit roll of Alfred Academy, most of which was in the hand-writing of Pres. Kenyon. This book had been accidentally brought to the Doctor's notice by the rumagings of a burglar among his stowed-away assets, and all were highly entertained with its accounts of the doings of many raw academics, who are now wearing proud titles earned in the successful labors of life. The interest of the session reached its climax here; laughter, tears, and cheers, following in rapid succession the speaker's allusions to familiar events, grave and gay.

Although the programme called for another exercise, the hour for adjournment had arrived, and the Alumni to the number of perhaps one hundred, repaired to the parlors of University Hall, and thence to the dining hall. An ample dinner was served, and the sight of so many of old Alfred's sons and daughters re-united around a common table was one worth going to see.

The dinner over, toasts were presented as follows:

1. The Trustees of Alfred University, responded to by Rev. N. V. Hull.
2. President Wm. C. Kenyon, responded to by Chancellor James Marvin, D. D., of Kansas University.
3. July 4th, 1876, responded to by Rev. D. E. Maxson, D. D., of Plainfield, N. J.
4. Our Alma Mater, responded to by Hon. J. B. Cassoday, of Janesville, Wis. Same subject continued by Miss Mary E. Setchell, of Cuba, N. Y.
5. The Kenyon Memorial Hall, responded to by Rev. E. P. Larkin, A. M.

We can not give even an abstract of the many rare good things said on this occasion. All were in their best moods; there was warm heartedness, earnestness, and fire sufficient to kindle a blaze of enthusiasm in the hearts of all who love old Alfred. It was good to be there.

In the evening, Alumni and friends gathered again in the Chapel. Prayer was offered by Rev. Chas. A. Burdick of West Virginia.

Miss A. E. Nelson, of East Otto, led the exercises with a well written and well delivered essay on reform and reformers.

Rev. D. E. Maxson, D. D., delivered a lively and characteristic discourse on the "Place and Power of Literary Societies in the College Course," and Chancellor Marvin followed, occupying the remainder of the session, with one of those earnest, soulfull talks, which the students of twenty years ago were accustomed to hear from him.

We regret exceedingly our want of space, and the ability to convey to our readers the delightful, refreshing savor of these meetings. To hear again the voices of Ford, Maxson, Marvin, and others, sanctified almost by the teachings and inspirations they have conveyed to us, and by the lapse of years, was a privilege as delightful as rare. The exercises,

which were interspersed throughout with excellent music under the direction of Mrs. Prof. Larkin, were closed with singing, by the congregation, the parting song, prepared for the occasion, by O. D. Sherman, which we give herewith:

O God! our fathers' God and ours,
We thank thee for these happy hours;
Thy mercies fall, a boundless store,
Our cup of blessings runneth o'er.

We pray thee, Father, still to bless;
Baptize us in thy righteousness;
May wisdom's voice our steps attend,
And grace divine on us descend.

Oh! may our school—our love, our care—
In all thy richest blessings share;
Its sun ne'er set; while time shall roll,
"Let there be light" from pole to pole.

COMMENCEMENT DAY.

The dawning of Commencement Day was as fresh and bright as the waking of childhood's sleep, its air as sweet and pure as the breath of heaven. Promptly at the hour, the exercises began by singing, by the choir, followed by reading of the Scriptures by Rev. Mr. Pattengill, D. D., and prayer by Rev. N. V. Hull.

William Hull Ernst, of Alden, Minn., was the first speaker. His subject was the "New Century." Glancing at the history of the past, he graphically sketched what it would be at the close of the present, gave the necessary qualifications to meet its emergencies and responsibilities, among which was the general diffusion of education, advanced Christian culture, and sound morality. Our great danger was corruption in official life, and an undermining infidelity. It was a well written and plainly delivered production.

The "Mission of Sorrow," by Mary E. Crumb, of East Otto, was written in the softness and sweetness of life's minor key. Sunshine and shadow, the order of nature. Earth's sorrows as necessary as its joys to refine and purify, to light the fires of ambition, to tune the harp of poesy and song, to bring out the pure gold of individuals and of nations, to guide the earth-stained soul to the fountains of life and to the gate of heaven.

"Nationality," by Ira A. Place, Alfred, was a clearly written, logical, and well received production, showing evidences of thought, research, and culture. Nationality, the outgrowth of man's personal life. It is itself a personality, a unity, each member an essential part. It has moral personality, and consequent responsibility and accountability. Freedom and purity are its ends; education of the ignorant, participation in governmental affairs by the wise and cultured, the means.

"Life Artists," by Mary E. Sherman, Alfred. Nature is full of pictures. Woods, fields, and flowers, morning sunrise, evening shadows, not only pleasing to the eye, but teaching lessons of wisdom. Every human life is a picture, and the individual its artist. Truth should be the ground work, Christ the model of every life picture. Credit is gladly given to this youngest of the speakers, for her beautifully written and modestly delivered oration.

"Man's Need—The World's Redeemer," Uri Martin Bab-

cock, Humbolt, Neb. "Man a worshiping being, with an innate consciousness of God." The God-man a necessity to man's moral nature, shown by the world's unsatisfied longing for a redeemer, until in the fullness of time it was answered in Jesus of Nazareth. It was an earnest, eloquent appeal in behalf of the fundamental truth of Christianity.

"Mary Queen of Scots," by Nathan J. Baker, St. Louis, Mo., was a finely written piece, and only lacked fire and animation in delivery to have ranked it among the first of the programme. The virtues, faults, and misfortunes of the beautiful Queen, were interestingly portrayed, and a touching tribute to her pure womanly character, paid.

Wm. E. Burdick, Alfred, took "Law" for his subject. Law, a fiat of Deity, encircles the universe. Human law must conform to divine ideal. Law a necessity to humanity. The speaker thoroughly electrified himself with his subject, and was one of the few who excelled their *own* former efforts.

"Human Evolution," by James Davison, Pardee, Kan. Progress is the universal law of nature. Step by step, old types perish, new and finer forms take their place. Truth is the inspiration of progress. Knowledge is the limit of its extension. Nature is the great volume of truth open to all men. Symbols and ordinances are but the receptacles of truth and not truth itself. It was a well written production, and delivered in a straightforward, earnest manner, and was evidently the fruit of study and deep thought.

"Life's Volumes," by Elosia A. Dimmick, Richburgh, was a spirited, well arranged, little volume of thought, with clear, well cut letters, white, clean paper, and bound with silver threads of truth. Nature is the great life volume. God is its author. Humanity, many volumed, but acknowledging one great plan.

"Man, the Ideal and the Actual," D. M. Estee, Alfred. Life is universal, man its highest type. Life is grand if we but understand its true meaning. The actual, greedy for power, grasping for riches, running after pleasure. How can the ideal be realized? Answer, unselfish living, seeking wisdom for wisdom's sake, earnest, untiring labor to attain the ideal. Mr. Estee treated his subject in a happy manner, but lacked somewhat in enthusiasm in its delivery.

"Chivalry," by Alice E. Lamson, Jasper, was defined as that quality that "dares for the right and suffers for the weak." The age for chivalry not yet passed. Giant wrongs are to be met and crushed. Gallant knights are needed in the field of science, politics, and religion, and even in the quiet of home life, aye, even within the circle of our own living. Miss Lamson's production had the ring of the true metal. Its composition was in most excellent taste, it was full of life, and did not weary by monotony or length.

"The Political Issues of One Hundred Years" were treated by Willis I. Lewis, of Lewisville, Pa., in a masterly manner. Independence, federal union, tariffs, anti-slavery, and temperance had been the great issues of the century.

Leman W. Potter, of Scott, next became our *teacher*, to show us what the "Teacher" should be, what opportunities

and responsibilities are theirs. Most graphically he described the sphere of the school and teacher to mould and form the youth, to instill principles of truth and righteousness, and lead up to the great Teacher, the divine Master.

Miss Christie Skinner, Wellsville, in her "1776—1876," rolled us over the track of a century gone, and gave us to understand that America had done something for this epoch in promulgating freedom, civilization, progress in arts, industry, and science; she has made steam her plaything, chained the lightning, made universal education the rule, was still sound and vigorous at the heart, and was prepared to do yet grander things in the future. Suffrage must be made universal, and free trade established. Upward our watchword, and the God-man our model.

"Truth—Its Present Conflict," by Hale Julian Spicer, Freeborn, Minn., was the presentation of the intense religious convictions of the speaker. Divine truth is untarnished by the conflict of the ages; its mission is to save men. The vanguard of the army of truth must ever be despised and reviled by the world. Human reason can not solve the problem of immortality; reason itself demands revelation. The prophecies are given not as unfathomable mysteries, but to be read, understood, and guide to salvation.

Morton Smith Wardner, Alfred, discoursed for a while on "Free Trade," and then closed with a valedictory address, in which he feelingly alluded to the memories of school days, the debt of gratitude to teachers, the pain of separation, and the hope of joyful re-unions hereafter.

Music by the choir was judiciously introduced during the exercises.

The degree of A. B. was conferred upon Uri M. Babcock, James Davison, D. M. Estee, Hale Julian Spicer; of Ph. B. upon Nathan J. Baker, Wm. E. Burdick, Willis I. Lewis, Leman William Potter; of A. L. upon Alice E. Lamson, Elosie A. Dimmick, Christie Skinner, and Mrs. Samantha S. P. Smith; of B. D. upon M. S. Wardner; of A. M. upon Rev. G. J. Crandall, Rev. D. H. Davis, Rev. John Huffman, Rev. Horace Stillman, Prof. G. S. M. Cottrell, Prof. J. A. Estee, and Vernon N. Babbitt; the honorary degree of D. D. upon Rev. N. V. Hull and Rev. James R. Irish.

The Parting Hymn was sung, and a benediction appropriately closed the exercises of Commencement Week, which we think have never been excelled, if equaled in the history of the Institution.

BOARD OF EDITORS.—The Lyceums have elected the following persons to represent them on the STUDENT Board of Editors: *Alleghanian*—W. F. Place and Prof. A. B. Kenyon; *Orop'ilian*—John M. Mosher and Judson G. Burdick; *Athencean*—Mrs. Sarah Williams and Mrs. A. M. Sherman; *Alfriedian*—Mrs. L. Elvira Coon and Mrs. Flora A. C. Mosher.

FRANK L. GREEN has just completed the full course at Amherst, and has engaged as teacher in the Adelphi Academy of Brooklyn, N. Y., at a salary of \$1,000 per annum.

THE Class of '76 have left a monument on the campus which is likely to be lasting. It consists of a huge irregular block of stone mounted on an ancient millstone for a pedestal. With its rude figures, "'76," chiseled on its face, it is liable to be regarded by future generations as proof of the existence of Druids in America.

PLEASE keep us posted as to your whereabouts, and your wishes with reference to the STUDENT. A postal card costs only a cent. We ask all our friends to keep the STUDENT in mind, and in their vacation rambles to pick up new subscribers for the next volume.

WE return thanks to those of our subscribers who have responded to our requests for settlement of accounts. We hope to hear from all others who are in arrears, as soon as they may find it convenient to remit.

HONORARY DEGREES.—The honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity was bestowed by the Kansas State University at its late Commencement upon President Jonathan Allen, Ph. D., of Alfred University.

CHARLES LARKIN, son of Prof. E. P. Larkin, fell out of one of the Chapel gallery windows (3d story) on Commencement day. Very fortunately, no very serious consequences resulted.

REV. D. E. MAXSON, D. D., of Plainfield, N. J., delivered a special course of lectures before the Theological Class of Alfred University on "Evidences of Christianity."

LARGE quantities of stone and sand on the site of Memorial Hall indicate an early commencement of the erection of that building.

DOCTOR FORD, who has done both, says that it is better to go to the Centennial than to go around the world.

REV. A. H. LEWIS will commence his labors in connection with Alfred University at once.

PROF. H. C. COON attended the late session of the World's Homeopathic Society at Philadelphia.

HENRY LEDYARD is residing at present in the Sandwich Islands.

Alumni Notes.

[Information concerning this department will be received with pleasure.]

ALUMNI.

'52. Egbert Nicholson is a farmer in Hornellsville, N. Y.

OLD STUDENTS.

'47-'48. Maxson J. Allen is teaching in Louisville, Ky.

'65-'68. Floyd Kenyon is clerking in Elmira, N. Y.

'67-'68. A. E. Bardick is a practicing physician in Portville, N. Y.

'68. D. J. Brown is a merchant at Nile, N. Y.

'70-'71. Herbert L. Ennis is studying Dentistry with Dr. R. Raub, in Bolivar, N. Y.

'71. Clara Bunnell is teaching in Ward, N. Y., District No. 1.

'72. Alma Hubbard is teaching at Jasper, N. Y.

'74. Maud Beattie *Smith* resides in Howard, N. Y.

'70. A. D. Wheeler is a farmer at Wirt Centre, N. Y.

'70. Geo. Wheeler is a merchant at Friendship, N. Y.

MARRIED,

CHAPEL—TRASK.—At Los Angeles, Cal., June 22d, 1876, Mr. C. A. Chapel and Mrs. Nellie M. Trask.

MILLARD—WHITTEMORE.—At the home of the bridegroom, in Bolivar, N. Y., May 28th, 1876, by Horace Collins, J. P., Mr. Dennison D. Millard and Miss M. J. Whittemore, of West Edmeston.

PALMITER—GREEN.—In Verona, N. Y., June 13th, 1876, at the residence of the bride's father, Dea. Ira Green, by Eld. C. M. Lewis, Mr. Hiram W. Palmiter and Miss Flora E. Green, all of Verona.

ROGERS—SMITH.—At the home of the bride's father, in Alfred, N. Y., June 5th, 1876, by Rev. T. R. Swinney, Mr. Charles A. Rogers, of Plainfield, N. J., and Miss Marietta A. Smith.

The College World.

OWING to the pressure of other matter in this number of the STUDENT, we shall not attempt to notice any of our exchanges, only to say that many of them contain notices of their coming Commencement Exercises, and some, the reports of those already held.

WITH this number of the STUDENT, another school year closes, and the present Board of Editors vacate their chairs to be occupied by the incoming Board. Success to them.

Elderly agriculturist to season ticket holder in the train: "You don't have no ticket?" "No, I travel on my good looks!" "Then," after looking him over, "probably you ain't goin' very far!"—*College Mirror*.

The trustees of Vanderbilt University have received another donation of \$300,000, from Commodore Vanderbilt, making his entire contribution \$1,000,000.

Harvard, Yale, Amherst, and Princeton have formed a Base Ball Association, and will play for the college championship.—*Tablet*.

President William A. Stearns, of Amherst College, died suddenly of paralysis of the heart, on the evening of June 8th.

Vassar College was honored with a call from Dom Pedro and the Empress.