



THE
ALFRED STUDENT.

VOL. I.

ALFRED CENTRE, N. Y., MARCH, 1874.

NO. 3.

Literary Department.

THE NOACHIAN DELUGE.

BY PRESIDENT ALLEN.

It shall be our purpose to consider the deluge first in the light of tradition, then in the light of science.

"All the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened. And rain was upon the earth forty days and forty nights. . . . And the waters increased and bare up the ark, and it was lifted up above the earth; . . . and the waters prevailed exceedingly upon the earth, and all the high hills that were under the whole heaven were covered: fifteen cubits upward did the waters prevail, and the mountains were covered. And all flesh died that moved upon the earth, both of fowl, and cattle, and of beast, and of every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth, and every man. All in whose nostrils was the breath of life, of all that was in the dry land died. . . . Noah only remained alive, and they that were with him in the ark. And the waters prevailed upon the earth a hundred and fifty days." —Gen. 7: 11, 12, 17, 19-24.

The Biblical account of the flood, with Noah and his ark, has ever presented unusual difficulties to the student of sacred history, and furnished a very attractive subject for hostile criticism. "It needs but little ingenuity to show that a chest of three hundred cubits length by fifty in breadth and thirty in height could not contain seven pairs of all the clean and two of all the unclean animals then in existence, with fodder for their maintenance during a hundred and fifty days." That is easily done. But to dispose of the account as a myth, fable, or symbol, "is a more uncritical proceeding and a greater offense against reason, than to take the narrative without question." There is no other Bible account of a historic event, that is so confirmed, in its essential historic verity, by human traditions, of such extent and duration as this; and those who discredit the Bible account, agree that

universal and enduring traditions must have some ground in fact, and must be accounted for accordingly.

Commentators, more zealous than discreet, have not infrequently seized upon, as confirmatory, those traditions that are purely local and referring to comparatively recent events, such as recent investigations show that of the Chinese to be, as well as many, if not all, of the American. The same zeal has led them to declare these traditions to be universal, while, in fact, one great race, the nigratian, possess not a trace of such a tradition. With the negro race may be included the Australians and the Egyptian nation. "The original monuments and texts of Egypt, amidst all their speculations on the cosmogony, do not contain one single, not even distant, allusion to the recollection of a deluge. Manetho, in only one passage, and that open to the suspicion of being interpolated from a Chaldean source, refers to the deluge.

But after making all these necessary eliminations, there remains residual traditions of a great primitive cataclysm, so conforming in all essential features with the Noachide, as to forbid their reference to any other event.

The first we note is that of the Chaldean as given by their historian Berosus:

"In the time of Xisuthrus happened a great deluge, the history of which is thus described: The deity Ilu, (translated by the Greeks Kronos,) appeared to him in a vision, and warned him that on the 15th day of the month Daesius (Sivan) there would be a flood, by which mankind would be destroyed. He, therefore, enjoined him to write a history of the beginning, course, and end of all things; and to bury it in the City of the Sun, at Sippara; and to build a vessel (*shaphos*), and to take with him into it his friends and relations, and to put on board food and drink, together with different animals, birds, and quadrupeds; and, as soon as he had made all arrangements, to commit himself to the deep. Having asked the Deity whither he was to sail, he was answered, 'To the gods, after having offered a prayer for the good of mankind.' Whereupon, not being disobedient (to the heavenly vision), he built a vessel five stadia in length and two in breadth. Into this he put everything which he had prepared, and embarked in it his wife, his children, and

his personal friends. After the flood had been upon the earth and was in time abated, Xisuthrus sent out some birds from the vessel; which, not finding any food, nor any place where they could rest, returned thither. After an interval of some days, Xisuthrus sent out the birds a second time; and now they returned to the ship with mud on their feet. A third time he repeated the experiment, and then they returned no more, whence Xisuthrus judged that the earth was visible above the waters; and, accordingly, he made an opening in the vessel (?), and seeing that it was stranded upon the site of a certain mountain, he quitted it with his wife, and daughter, and the pilot. Having then paid his adoration to the earth, and having built an altar and offered sacrifices to the gods, he, together with those who had left the vessel with him, disappeared. Those who had remained behind, when they found that Xisuthrus and his companions did not return, in their turn left the vessel and began to look for him, calling him by his name. Him they saw no more; but a voice came to them from Heaven, bidding them lead pious lives, and so join him who was gone to live with the gods, and further informing them that his wife, his daughter, and the pilot had shared the same honor. It told them, moreover, that they should return to Babylon, and how it was ordained that they should take up the writings that had been buried in Sippara, and impart them to mankind, and that the country where they then were was the land of Armenia. The rest, having heard these words, offered sacrifices to the gods; and, taking a circuit, journeyed to Babylon. The vessel being thus stranded in Armenia, some part of it still remains in the mountains of the Coreyraeans (or Cordyaeans—*i. e.*, the Kurds or Kurdistan) in Armenia; and the people scrape off the bitumen from the vessel and make use of it by way of charms. Now, when those of whom we have spoken returned to Babylon, they dug up the writings which had been buried at Sippara. They also founded many cities and built temples, and thus the country of Babylon became inhabited again.”

Asshurbanipal, next to the last king of the second Assyrian Empire, to his other qualities as a great ruler, added that of the love of learning. He founded a great and curious library consisting of square tablets of baked clay, having on each side a page of very small and closely written cuneiform cursive letters, impressed on the clay while still moist, in characters almost as small as the fine type of our daily newspapers, and can scarcely be read without a magnifying glass. Asshurbanipal intended this as a public library. He says that the god of supreme intelligence and the goddess of wisdom had revealed this cuneiform writing to my predecessors, which “I have written upon tablets. I have signed it. I have placed it in my palace for the instruction of my subjects.” This library, or a portion of it, was discovered by Layard in 1849. Thousands of these fragmentary tablets were transferred by him to the British Museum. From portions of them, Mr. George Smith, after years of labor, has recently deciphered the old Babylonian story of the deluge. This story, in its original form, is probably several centuries older than the time of Moses.

It represents a monarch by the name of Izdubar, supposed to be Nimrod, who, after his mighty conquests, began at last to fear death, the conqueror of all. He therefore sets out to find Sisit, supposed to be Noah, who is represented to have attained immortality without death. At length, he sees Sisit,

and his wife across the river which divides the mortal from the immortal, and a dialogue ensued, from which the following are extracts from Mr. Smith's translation:

Izdubar after this manner said to Sisit afar off:

Sisit, the account do thou tell me,
Say how thou hast done it,
And in the circle of the gods,
Life thou hast gained?

Sisit after this manner said to Izdubar:

I will reveal to thee, Izdubar,
The concealed story;
And the wisdom of the gods,
I will relate to thee.
Sippara, the city which thou hast founded, was ancient,
And the gods within it dwelt.
At the mouth of the rivers they seated me.
When to thee whom the gods have chosen,
Thee, and the life immortal,
Which thou hast sought after,
Thou shalt gain it.
The way like a storm shall be laid upon him.
I announce that the chief who grasps at life,
The way like a storm shall be laid upon him.
Lord of Hades his will revealed,
In the midst of hearing,
And he spake to me thus:
Surippakite, son of Ubaratuta,
Make a great ship for thee.
I will destroy the sinners and life.
Cause to go in the seed of life,
All of it to preserve them,
The ship which thou shalt make.
. . . cubits shall be the measure of its length,
And . . . cubits the amount of its breadth and its height.
Into the deep launch it.
I perceived and said to Hea,
My Lord, I will perform,
It shall be done.
I built the ark in its fourteen measures,
Its sides, fourteen measures it measured.
Over it I placed its roof on it.
I enclosed it.
I enclosed an altar, the altar for an offering.
All I possessed I collected it.
I caused to go up into the ship all my servants.
The beasts of the field, the animals of the field.
A flood Shamar made,
And he spake in the night, saying,
I will cause it to rain from heaven heavily.
Enter to the midst of the ship and shut thy door.
In the day that I celebrated his festival,
The day which he appointed,
I entered to the midst of the ship and shut my door.
To guide the ship, to Buzursadirabi the pilot,
The palace I gave to his hand.
The raging of a storm in the morning
Arose, from the horizon of heaven extending and wide.
Vul in the midst of it thundered.
Nebo and Saru went in front.
The throne bearers went over mountains and plains.
Nergal, the destroyer, overturned.
Ninip went in front and cast down;
The spirits carried destruction;
In their glory they swept the earth;
The flood of Vul reached to heaven;

The bright earth to a waste was turned ;
 The surface of the earth it swept ;
 It destroyed all life from the face of the earth.
 The strong tempest over the people reached to heaven.
 Brother saw not his brother.
 It did not spare the people. . . .
 Spake Ishtar a discourse.
 Uttered the great goddess her speech.
 The world to sin has turned.
 To evil were devoted all my people.
 Thus have I begotten man.
 The gods concerning the spirits were weeping with her.
 The gods in seats, seated in lamentation ;
 Covered were their lips for the coming evil.
 Six days and nights passed.
 The wind, tempest, and storm overwhelmed.
 On the seventh day was calmed the storm,
 And all the tempest which had destroyed like an earthquake was
 quieted.
 The sea he caused to dry,
 And the wind and tempest ended.
 I was carried through the sea.
 The doer of evil, and the whole of mankind,
 Who turned to sin, like reeds, their corpses floated.
 I opened my window and the light broke in ;
 Over my refuge it passed ;
 I sat still and over my refuge came peace.
 I was carried over the shore at the edge of the sea.
 For twelve measures it ascended over the land.
 To the country of Nizir went the ship ;
 The mountain of Nizir stopped the ship,
 And to pass over it, it was not able,
 From the first day to the sixth day—
 The mountain of Nizir the same.
 On the seventh day, in the course of it,
 I sent forth the dove, and it left.
 A resting place it did not find, and it returned.
 I sent forth a swallow, and it left ;
 A resting place it did not find, and it returned.
 I sent forth a raven, and it left ;
 The corpses on the waters it saw, and it did eat ;
 It swam, and wandered away, and did not return.
 I sent the animals forth to the four winds.
 I built an altar on the peak of the mountain ;
 I poured out a libation.
 Seven herbs I cut, and at the bottom of them,
 I placed reed, pine, and simgar.
 The gods collected at its burning.
 The great God from of old also, in his course,
 He caused to bring my wife to my side.
 He established a covenant,
 In the presence of Sisit and the people.
 When Sisit and his wife, and the people sought
 To be like the gods, they were scattered.
 Then dwelt Sisit in a remote place.
 At the mouth of the rivers they seated me. . . .
 I have thus revealed to thee, Izdubar, the concealed story.

Such has been the interest awakened by these translations from which the above extracts have been taken, that Mr. Smith has been sent, under the patronage of a London daily paper, to the East to make further explorations. Next to these Chaldean, though in less exact conformity to the Mosaic record, yet preserving all the essential facts, are those traditions existing among all the branches of the Japhetic or

Aryan races. The Aryans give to Mann the character of Noah. Brahma himself appears to him during the flood and guides the ship to the loftiest summit of Himarat, and there by the command of God the ship is made fast, and in memory of the event, the mountain is called Nauband hana—ship binding. On coming out of the ship with his wife and daughter, Ida, or Ila, the supernatural mother of the new race, he offered sacrifice as a model for mankind. The Zend Avesta of the Persians taught that to chastise mankind, and especially the wicked ones, the Father, the Creator, Spirit and the good angels caused it to rain so much that the earth was over-covered with water, to the height of a man, and all the wicked ones died.

The Greeks had two different traditions. With the first was connected the name of Oxyges, who escaped with his companions when the waters reached unto the heavens. The second was the Thessalian story of Deucalion and his wife Pyrrha. Zeus having resolved to destroy the men of the age of bronze, whose crimes had excited his wrath, Deucalion constructed an ark in which he took refuge with his wife, and after outriding the flood the vessel was stranded on Mount Parnassus. Deucalion and Pyrrha came out and offered sacrifices.

"A remembrance so precise and everywhere in such perfect agreement, cannot possibly be a myth, invented for a purpose. It must of necessity be the recollection of a real, of a terrible event, so strongly impressed on the imagination of our first ancestors as never to be forgotten by their descendants."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PINES.

Like a band
 Of grave pilgrims, staves in hand
 Marching through an alien land,

Stern, and dark,
 For the world's rude gaze a mark,
 In the sunlight standing stark !

Ever on !
 Some with bowed heads, alone,
 Seem to muse on joys foregone.

Others still,
 As if strong in strength of will
 Strive the journey to fulfill.

"Whither they ?"
 Question I, who, day by day
 Through the valley, loitering stray.

"Wherefore urge
 Thus their way along yon verge—
 'Gainst the storm's rough beat and surge ?

"Is it, then,
 That the warm sun woos in vain,
 Softly weeps the tender rain ?

"Do they seek
 To the North, because 'tis bleak ?
 Will they never turn and speak ?"

Never turn,
 Surely, for their souls discern

Where their native altars burn.

Yet indeed,
To my asking spirit's need
They bring truest answer's meed.

When the blast
Fierce and fiercer rages past,
Then they speak to me at last,

Loud and long
In a grand triumphal song,
Till my fainting heart grows strong.

"Sun, or rain,
Touch of pleasure, or of pain,
Comes to none of us in vain.

"Soon, or late,
In their turn, the gifts of Fate
On all willing hands shall wait.

"Summer weather
Brings but summer friends together.
By thy winter prove them rather!

"Yet to thee
Matters little, if thou see
Joy, or grief, by Fate's decree.

"Only so
That thy feet still safely go
In the paths the angels show.

"If, afar
As the shining of a star,
Toward the pearly 'gates ajar'

"Thou pursue;
Following though with feeblest view
Where lead on the Pure and True.

"Happiness
Hath not wherewith it can bless
If it make thee strive the less.

"Blackest storm
Sorrow threatens, cannot harm
If thou lean upon God's arm.

"Then be strong,
Though the night seem cold and long
Wherein thou dost suffer wrong.

"While we sigh,
Sough and sigh, when wailing by
Shrills the winds despairing cry,

"Though we moan
With a sorrow not our own
Over woes that sin hath sown,

"Still we lift
Through the tempest's blinding drift
Through its wildest wrack and rift

"High our heads;
Sure that all our ills and dreads
God's blue heaven overspreads.

"And we shout
To the hilltops round about
All our raptured triumph out.

"And 'tis one
Whether shine the stars or sun,
So we win our Lord's 'well done.'"

RECKLESS USE OF POISONS.

PROF. H. C. COON.

CONTINUED FROM LAST MONTH.

Arsenic, in all its forms, acts as a poison when introduced into the system. In these articles, it is not designed to consider the action of poisons when given with intent to kill, but to point out the deleterious action of such as have been introduced into use in such ways as to produce injury upon the unsuspecting, and to show how the evil may be avoided. Arsenical compounds have a wide range of uses in the arts. Scheele's green, or arsenite of copper, is largely employed in the manufacture of paper hangings, artificial flowers, toys, and even in some kinds of confectionery. Tanner says, "Too many cases of ill health, caused by this practice, have been recorded to admit of any doubt as to the great impropriety of its being allowed. In November, 1861, a young woman died in London from the poisonous effect of arsenite of copper, used in dusting wax flowers." The green paper window curtains and wall paper are mostly colored with this compound. A case was reported not long since of serious sickness caused by a room being papered with such paper. The poisonous material was easily rubbed off, and floating in the atmosphere, was readily inhaled by the occupants of the room.

The *Journal of Chemistry* says: "The paper used to wrap lozenges, sold in shops and railway cars, has long been suspected of containing arsenic, and upon analysis of one paper, it was found to contain 2.94 grains, a quantity sufficient to destroy the life of an adult; and when children and infants handle these, they can but receive some of the poison." Not long since a case of poisoning was reported from the use of rubber boots, lined with green cloth. Another compound of arsenic used to make cards white and glistening. Railway tickets, visiting cards, and even paper collars, are thus made to please the eye by the poison they contain.

The symptoms of chronic poisoning, according to Tanner, are, "Loss of appetite, a silvery coating to the tongue, hoarseness, thirst, nausea, colicky pains, diarrhea, frontal headache, languor, sleeplessness, cutaneous eruptions, soreness of the edges of the eyelids, emaciation, anemia, convulsions, and death. The local application of arsenic to mucus membranes, to wounds, or to surfaces deprived of their cuticle, produces constitutional effects similar to those just described. The only difference is that the symptoms show themselves more slowly." He might have stated that the same results follow where it is used as a cosmetic, to beautify the complexion, whether upon the skin, or taken in the small doses so fashionable with the ladies, to improve the complexion and make them plump and fair. Many a (would be) lady, when too late, has found herself poisoned, and her health permanently ruined by the criminal use of this and other substances. The manufacture of substances for general use containing that which is always recognized as a poison, cannot be too severely con-

demned and punished, and a knowledge of such articles ought to insure their disuse; and those who use them after knowing their true character ought to suffer the merited punishment of destroyed health, the diminution of pleasure, and the necessary premature grave.

Another substance has recently been introduced into use which is producing injury. I refer to the "Aniline colors," which are poisonous themselves; besides, some of them contain arsenic. Many cases are recorded by physicians of eruptions caused by the wearing of articles colored with these popular colors, such as glove lining, flannels, &c. A child was recently poisoned in Pittsburg by eating cake colored with aniline.

JOE'S STORY.

Among the Theological "boys" of Alfred, in my time, was one familiarly called Joe, a generous, whole hearted fellow, though often quiet and even sad. Although matrimony was then one of the besetting sins of the Theologues, Joe was so unfashionable as to be unmarried, and seemed likely to remain so. I had frequently wondered why my friend did not yield to the matrimonial influences around him, especially as he often spoke highly of my lot, and seemed greatly to enjoy an evening in my bright home circle; but I never ventured to broach the subject until one day, during an easy chat with him, I asked why, with his evident appreciation of married life, he remained a bachelor, utterly insensible to all the sweet smiles and bright glances he received; for Joe was keen and witty, and exceedingly pleasant to look upon. He blushed deeply, but, after an embarrassing pause, replied that the memory of times past and of friends far away prevented any attachments here.

"Ah! you sly rogue!" I said, "so you have been engaged all the time and have kept the matter quiet! It is unkind in you not to have told me, at least."

"No, I am not engaged, but if you will say nothing about it, I will tell you my story. When an academical student in —, years ago, I met and fell deeply in love with Susie X—, as sweet and fair a girl as it has ever been my lot to meet. I became a constant visitor at her home, and my visits were evidently received with great pleasure; so that I began building many domestic air castles. Mr. X—, a well-to-do but old-fashioned farmer, lived in a farm-house as old-fashioned as himself, a mile or two, by the circuitous wagon road, from the village. A footpath through the fields, crossing a large and rapid stream in its way, by a footbridge formed of a single hewn timber, considerably shortened the distance for pedestrians, among whom I was proud to rank myself.

One night about two o'clock, after an evening of bliss with Susie, I was crossing this bridge on my way to my lodgings in the village. Just as I reached the middle of the narrow timber, a blue light suddenly and mysteriously shone on the water below me. I quickly ended the tune I was humming, and looked anxiously for the cause of the light, but before I

could make any discovery, the bridge flew from beneath me and I fell heavily into the rapid stream. On gaining my feet, all nature seemed to be in disorder. The stream was flowing back in its course, mutterings and growlings of thunder greeted my ears, the fumes of sulphur were plainly manifest and—horror of horrors! a ghostly figure with gleaming eyes, and with its whole form luminous with the blue light which had first attracted my attention, advanced toward me in a slow and stately manner, on the surface of the water. A single glance revealed all this to me, and, frantic with fear, I dashed through the stream, and ran, with almost superhuman speed, back to the house of Mr. X—. My phrenzied efforts to gain an entrance, threw Susie nearly into hysterics, and aroused her father and the 'hired man,' who rushed to the rescue; Mr. X— armed with an old shot gun, and the hired man with one of those long, slender bags of sausage meat which, as often in farmer's houses in that community, was hanging in the so-called hall, at the head of the stairs. Its resemblance to a club led him, in his perturbation, to seize it without regarding its nature as an offensive and defensive weapon. When Mr. X— cautiously opened the door, I, feeling, in imagination, the clutch of my horrible pursuer upon me, gave a spring into the house, overturning Mr. X—; but a well aimed blow from the novel weapon of his valiant henchman covered me and all around with its greasy contents, and at the same time, threw me into a corner, in a badly demoralized heap. I was recognized before further damage was done, and, amid the wondering exclamations of the awakened household, gave an incoherent account of my perilous adventure.

When quiet was somewhat restored, several of us visited the scene of the ghostly appearance, but found no traces of the supernatural. The bridge was in its accustomed place, and no signs of unearthly or of earthly visitors could be discovered around it; and in the village itself all was quiet. A sense of timidity prompted me to return with my prospective father-in-law; but he manifestly regarded me with suspicion, which greatly disheartened me. In the morning, gibes and jokes greeted the rehearsal of my story, and Susie added to my distress by her quizzical smiles and glances.

On my return to the village, my tale excited great wonder and awe among my school-fellows; but finally it transpired that the whole scene was their work, under the leadership of my chum. They had passed a rope from the timber to a thicket, where, concealed by it, they had jerked the bridge from under me at the proper moment. The ghost, upon which all their scientific knowledge had been expended, was moved over the water by cords extending from it to each bank, and worked by the scamps hidden in the willows by which the stream was skirted. Gongs, carefully managed, gave the thunder, while my imagination added a little, and my fright concealed more. The boys had replaced the bridge, removed all traces of their work, and betaken themselves to their rooms immediately after my flight.

My shame overcame me so much on this revelation, that I immediately left the place, and have never seen it since.

Through all these years of wandering or of study, I have heard nothing of Susie. Whether she sorrowed at my departure, or joined in the laugh against me, I never dared attempt to learn; but I am conscious that no one else can take her place in my heart. So you see," he said, with a smile pitiful for its patient sadness, "it is impossible for me to form any attachments like those of my classmates."

A WAIF.

BY ELIZABETH C. WRIGHT.

Once, a very long time ago, there was a little child whose playfellows were the forest shadows. When she was born, life and destiny held a council with a very wise spider, who was spinning an endless thread made of ten thousand strands, all so fine that it took all the thousand lenses of the spider's eyes to see one of them; and every strand had a meaning of its own, and an errand no man could stay, and they were so strong that a whole army could not break them. All these fine threads were gathered into two main strands, which formed the thread. And life blessed one of these strands, and called it youth, and said that she whose line of life it was, should be a child forever. But destiny held the other strand, and called it age, and bade it make her forever old; and the spider twisted the strands together, and cemented them into one. While the child talked with the shadows, the three drew the thread up a very steep, high mountain, whose summit rose, like Mountain Katahdin, out of sight among the clouds, which loved to hang low about its brows. Most of the way there was no pathway, for feet had seldom trodden there, and the way was rough and wild. Through thickets and weeds, around the foot of cliff and stony wall, through clefts and gullies, and over reaches of mossy rock in the sunshine, trailed the thread, invisible except in a rare glow of slanted sunbeams, when it shone as if spun from the substance of rainbows; then the child saw it, but none other could.

It drew her feet like a magnet, and, though she knew it not, she walked always on the thread, and where it turned, she turned—even when it seemed to lie down hill and to be turning back to the plain, she never left it. People called to her that she was out of the path—that she was losing her way—that she *had* lost it—that it was a duty she owed her fellows, to go where they went, and work with them for their good; and often half bewildered and distressed at their directions and expostulations, she thought she would go into the beaten path again; but save when the line went that way, she never did. She was too young to know that she did not choose her path, and too old not to be always logically convincing herself that she had chosen wisely. When she caught a glimpse of the iridescent thread far up the slope, she knew she was going there; and however crooked the way became, or however often it doubled on its track, she never lost faith in achieving *that* height, for her clairvoyant vision never lied—she could not distrust it.

But others, who had seen the promise of her morning, lost faith, for they knew nothing of the thread—and she knew little—but the spider who did know, never left her, though to the old child it was for a very long way, only a spider; and one sees spiders anywhere.

But one day—or one year—for who can tell the measures of time in a life's experiences?—once she was walking in a vast evergreen forest, when her ancient playfellows thronged about her, they whispered to her of the spider and her thread. At first it came to her soul only vaguely—a pine tree's suggestion—a "Song without words" other than ever Mendelssohn wrote. But one can hardly hear the same thing over and over for a long time, without at length attaching some meaning to it; so by-and-by she listened more, and heard the shadows more plainly, speaking always of the spider and her thread.

Through an opening in the tree tops, suddenly the sun shone brightly. That is, it seemed suddenly to her, for though he had been shining brightly all the time for many thousands of years, *to her* he had spent all those uncounted ages, getting ready to shine that once through the green rift, to show her at once, for the first time, the long rainbow thread which led her, and the brown spider sliding silently along it before her. Then the child learned that she could by no possibility step off from the thread, and the Old Woman saw that however wisely her path was laid, the wisdom was quite beyond her ken, and its ends as hidden as its origin; and that all her wisdom had lain in cheerfully accepting the inevitable, and voluntarily doing what she must, and thankfully rejoicing in the beauties of the way, which there was no choice about pursuing. The child uttered a grievous cry when she found herself less free than she thought, but her older self comforted her with the thought that it was only an imagined freedom she had lost, and a real wisdom that she had gained in its stead, and all that ever had been real was real still. Besides, her guiding genius, who had laid her line in so many pleasant places, would doubtless find out pleasant ways through which to take her to the end. And the Ancient Child went on.

But the low-lying clouds that girdle the mountain hide the rest of the pathway, and whether the sun is glowing upon it above the mist, or whether the clouds reach the summit, who can tell?

CRITICISM BY YOUNG MEN.—The worst thing a young man can do, who wishes to educate himself æsthetically, according to the form of nature, is to begin criticising, and cultivating the barren graces of the *nil admirari*. This maxim may be excusable in a worn-out old cynic, but it is intolerable in the mouth of a hopeful young man. There is no good to be looked for from a youth who, having done no substantial work of his own, sets up a business of finding fault with other people's work, and calls this practice of finding fault criticism. The first lesson that a young man has to learn is not to find fault, but to perceive beauties. All criticism worthy of the name is the ripe fruit of combined intellectu-

al insight and long experience. I have said that the sublime and beautiful in nature and art are the natural and healthy food of the æsthetical faculties. The comical and humorous are useful in only a subsidiary way. It is a great loss to a man when he cannot laugh; but a smile is useful especially in enabling us lightly to shake off the incongruous, not in teaching us to cherish it. Life is an earnest business, and no man was ever made great or good by a diet of broad grins. The grandest humor, such as that of Aristophanes, is valuable only as the seasoning of the pudding and the spice of the pie. No one feeds on mere pepper or vanilla.—
Professor Blackie.

THE TRENTON FALLS.

There comes to me in my pleasant school-room a visitor to-day; one which I greet with pleasure. 'Tis not a learned D. D., come to perplex my merry brood of girls and boys with tiresome questions, pertaining to German or mathematics; nor is it one of our "Educated Board," upon his weekly round of observation; nor yet some friend, who drops in for an hour's chat; but a wee little stranger, who has come three hundred miles for the purpose of paying me a visit. I welcome you, dear "ALFRED STUDENT," with a greeting most hearty! You come to me as a talisman, bringing memories of bright, happy days. New-born offspring of my cherished Alma Mater, I predict for you a prosperous career; and may you win a proud place in the vast fields of literature!

Agreeably to my own inclinations, and in the discharge of a pleasant duty, I will contribute my mite, though small, to your sustenance:

There are, in this vicinity, several places worthy of mention, and fraught with interest to every student; but I will call attention more particularly to one, in which this grand old town of Trenton takes local pride—*Trenton Falls*. It was my good fortune to visit this romantic spot on a fine moon-lit evening in June. A ride of six miles north from Holland Patent, over moderate hills, composed solidly of the famous Trenton lime rock, save barely a covering of green earth, brought us to the Falls. Mine host "Moore" is the proprietor of the hotel and grounds, which are spacious, but of rustic simplicity, entirely in keeping with the scenery about the Falls. West Canada Creek is the unromantic name of the stream, whose waters assume such fantastic shapes, as they hurry on through the narrow defile, now deep from the wear of the waters since time began.

This chasm is hemmed in on either side by a dense forest, still preserved in the "state of nature," save the paths through it, made by the tread of pedestrians for a half century. At a short distance from the hotel, the gorge below the Falls is reached by stairs, to the depth of two hundred feet, and at this point is much narrower than its depth. The stream thus narrowed is so deep that in the night it presents a dark and weird appearance as it flows sullenly on. A foot path has been constructed along the water's edge, by means of blasting

and removing portions of the rock, leaving ledges and cliffs shelving out far over the stream.

After wending our way along some distance we reached the first "Fall," which is simply a cascade on a grand scale. By a series of steps cut in the solid rock, we ascended to a sort of "table rock," on a plane with the stream above, and so continued, passing several lesser Falls, till the grand Fall of sixty or seventy feet is reached. Here, standing below, gazing up through the mist, we saw a beautiful lunar bow. At this point the scene is most enchanting! Standing there in the soft moon-light, surrounded by naught but dense forest, confronted by this cataract tumbling over its brink ceaselessly, such a huge volume of water—with deafening roar—with a vibration that seemed to shake the very rocks, was a sight grand beyond description! One's soul thrills with rapture in contemplation of the scene. Thus brought face to face with nature in her wildest mood, what a suggestive place for thought, for retrospection, for self-examination! At such an hour and place one can but have the highest conception of being. Alone with nature, here in all its grandeur, surrounded only by works His own hand hath wrought, is being in the very ante-chamber of the Divinity.

F. M. V. A.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

Deschanel's Philosophy. D. Appleton & Co. have recently published a Natural Philosophy by Prof. A. Privat Deschanel, translated from the French, with numerous additions by Prof. J. D. Everett, and by so doing have added another valuable work to their already large list of useful publications. The translator says in his preface, "The treatise of Professor Deschanel is remarkable for the vigor of its style, which especially commends it as a book for private reading. But its leading excellence, as compared with the best works at present in use, is the thoroughly rational character of the information which it presents." This is a work of 1,050 pages with over 700 engravings to illustrate the principles of the sciences and the methods of investigation. Taking up the various departments in their order, it gives the conclusions, the experiments, and the reasoning by which such conclusions were reached. Remarkably free from theoretical speculations, it is clear and concise in its statement of facts and principles. The subject of Mechanics is not treated as fully as some may desire, but that of Acoustics, Heat, Light and Electricity, subjects which have recently received so much attention with so much profit, are treated of at length, giving the latest results of the investigations in these departments. It may not be adopted as a text book, at present, in many of our Academies and Colleges, yet it is just such a work as every teacher of Physical science ought to have.

Scribner's Monthly presents an unusually attractive variety of reading matter this month. "Among the Mountains of Western North Carolina" is written in a spirited style, finely in keeping with the noble scenery depicted in this part of the Great South expedition. "The Autobiography of an Atheist" is a title which would scarcely suggest to the mass of his admirers the story that John Stuart Mill would tell of his life, yet its baldness consists well with the realism of the times, which compels the truth of things from beneath even the seal of Death. The article under this title is a thoroughly candid review of Mr. Mill's autobiography, with reference solely to his peculiar ethical and religious beliefs, and to his character as molded by them. "The Credit Mobilier" is a lucid history of what has transpired of that wonderful enterprise, the very name of which has been a mystery and an offense to the English speaking tongue. The chapters this month in the

stories, "Earthern Pitchers" and "Katherine Earle," are especially interesting; the poems tender and sweet, while under the various topics discussed in the Editorial Department, there is the usual supply of fresh and instructive bits of reading.

Old and New opens with an editorial proposing a solution of the problem of "tax-exemption" in church organizations, taking upon themselves the "out door relief" of the poor. The successful operation of Dr. Chalmer's plan with the churches of Glasgow, is cited as proof of the practicability of the scheme; as also Rev. Newman Hall's work in London in the same direction. "Labor and its Organization" is another timely contribution to the science of political economy, favoring a system of co-operation. The present chapters of the story by Anthony Trollope, "The way we live now," give some rather sombre "interior" views of book-making, and the same might be said of the love making so far, yet by so much the more, do we wish to know the next that happens, which of course, proves it interesting. There is a fine sketch of Mary Somerville, by C. C. Smith. An article entitled, "Our Sketching Club" furnishes many good hints to beginners in painting. The Examiner reviews several new books of uncommon interest, among them Dr. Clarke's work on "Sex in Education," and "The Gilded Age," by Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner.

Chief among the attractions of the *Atlantic* for March are the two serials, "Prudence Palfrey" and "Mose Evans." "Owen Brown's Escape from Harper's Ferry," by Ralph Keeler, has in it all the elements of the most tragic fiction, stamped with the verity of truth. It is sad to see the author's name heading an obituary on the succeeding page. "The Aborigines of California," by Stephen Powers, is a careful comparison of the traits and peculiarities of the Digger Indians with the Chinese, with a view to proving their identity of origin.

Every Saturday. The new publishers of *Every Saturday* have added a pleasant feature to the paper in their Editorial Department in which Home Literary, Social, and Scientific Topics receive a fresh and vigorous discussion. One of the chief attractions is the serial, "Far from the Madding Crowd," by Thomas Hardy, which was at first attributed to George Eliot. The serial, "The College Life of Maitre Nablot," is now publishing, and we are promised a series of original American stories, the first of which will be "His Two Wives," by Mary Clemmer Ames. The best articles of the foreign periodicals on a great variety of subjects are republished in *Every Saturday*, making a very interesting and valuable weekly.

We have received, from some friend, the Fourth Annual Report of the Board of Education, together with the Twenty-Ninth Annual Report of the Commissioner of Public Schools of Rhode Island.

The plan of government, adopted by Michigan University, by which the students are placed upon their honor, and are also held amenable to the laws of the State, seems to us eminently wise. The report of the State Board of Visitors says: "The student is regarded as a temporary resident of the city of Ann Arbor, and as such is amenable to its laws. There is no university court, as in some European countries, which takes the student out of the hands of the civil authorities, but if he commits an offense against the laws of city or State he is liable to arrest and punishment as any other citizen, and this is as it should be." The idea that student rowdies are not responsible, like other rowdies, to the civil authorities for their acts, which has been so prevalent in college circles, is a relic of an antiquated system, worthy of all execration; and we are glad to know that many colleges are taking the position which Michigan University has taken, and will, in no sense, shield their students from the power of the civil law when they offend against its requirements.

The Alfred Student.

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

TERMS: \$1 25 per Annum, in advance. Single Copies 15 Cts.

. Arrangements have been made by which THE STUDENT can be furnished with THE OLD AND NEW or SCRIBNER'S, for \$4.50 per annum.

Communications should be addressed to THE ALFRED STUDENT, Alfred Centre, N. Y.

CONTENTS.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.	PAGE	EDITORIAL.	PAGE
The Noachian Deluge	25	AT HOME.	33
The Pines	27		
Reckless Use of Poisons	28	ALUMNI NOTES.	34
Joe's Story	29		
A Waif	30	THE COLLEGE WORLD.	35
Criticism by Young Men	30		
The Trenton Falls	31		
Book and Magazines	31		

THE catalogue of our college declares that it is situated "in a rural district, surrounded by delightful scenery;" and this statement the students accept in a general sense, and some make very emphatic declarations concerning "our beautiful scenery," without knowing definitely, very much about it. We certainly have beautiful scenery, and there are a few places about here well enough known to have names and something of a reputation, as, for instance, the Pines, the Sulphur Spring, the "Summit," and the "Willows;" but the beauty is mostly known in a vague and general way. There are, of course, exceptions, but this is the rule. Many of our colleges have numerous points of interest, glens, cascades, springs, natural bridges, cliffs and precipices, groves, all named and well known to the students; and some of them famous from past associations, historical and legendary. Some of them have been celebrated in song by America's leading poets.

We have said this, preliminary to the suggestion that a pedestrian club, or an exploring club, be formed here the coming term, for the purpose of discovering all the beautiful places about here, and of giving names to them or learning those already in existence. Perhaps such a club might find scenes near us that hold a place in history or tradition, and might restore to us those traditions. We remember, in our childhood, listening to stories of Indians in these valleys and on these hills, and memorable encounters with wild animals, and have ourself found the lost weapons of departed braves. Why can we not have a club which shall cultivate historical, æsthetic and muscular attainments at the same time, and shall give us a truer apprehension of beauty, while showing us the beauties around us, and shall add to our local historical knowledge, and give us a pleasant and healthful exercise?

ONE of the constant scoffs of students and college papers against co-education is that it gives rise to a sickly sentimentalism, a childish interest in heart affairs and matrimonial prospects; and that the topics of conversation in a mixed college are the love of Tommie for Mamie, the quarrel of Johnnie and Jeanie, the unfortunate Toodles whom none of the girls will love, &c., &c., *ad infinitum* and *ad nauseam*.

On the other hand, the champions of co-education claim that it dignifies the relation of the sexes, gives a true and just sentiment, and corrects the evils of the heart resulting from the male college system. We look for proof of one of these statements in the workings of co-education here, and are afraid that the testimony would be stronger than we should wish in favor of the first. The joint sessions of the past winter have shown a strong tendency in the students to found much of the jokes, stories, &c., &c., upon the relations of "Tommie and Mamie;" upon courtship, love and marriage. We trust that our literary societies will be careful about placing arguments and scoffs in the mouths of the opponents of the system of education adopted here. Matrimony is a good thing, no doubt, but it hardly holds a prominent place in education, and is not even the only thing of value in life itself.

THE Chicago Wesleyan University Club, at its annual meeting, this winter, passed a resolution advising the change of the name of Wesleyan University to that of Middletown College; and the *College Argus*, in commenting upon the resolution, strongly favors the change of name, on the ground that the Wesleyan University is not a university at all. It says: "The time may come when we can rightfully aspire to such a high sounding title, but that time is yet, to all appearances, far in the distance. For truth and conscience's sake, then, we ought to give up our pretensions as a university, and be content to call ourselves a college." This is a bold and praiseworthy stand for a college paper to take in reference to its own institution, and is worthy of emulation by others. England has three Universities, Scotland four, Prussia six, Austria nine, Italy twenty, and the United States, it is said, over three hundred. If all this large number of universities, except four or five, and perhaps less, would drop their pretentious names and cease their efforts to do something in accordance with their lofty appellations, and would give themselves fully to the thorough, disciplinary work of a College or an Academy, the educational progress of this university-cursed country would, without doubt, be greatly aided. Give us fewer and better Universities.

It is the desire of the editors of the *STUDENT* to make it an agent in advancing the educational power of the University; and, for this purpose, we invite communications from its Alumni and friends in reference to its wants, the failures in its educational work, and in short any suggestions which shall give higher views on education, and shall aid it in taking a higher position in educational progress.

THE late appearance of this and the February number of the *STUDENT* is owing to the inability of our printers to do our work in its proper season. We hope to issue the future numbers on time, and if we do not, please lay the blame upon the printer.

At Home.

THE spring time of 1874 is with us, and has brought, not only its many indications of another seed-time and harvest, but also what many of us think far more about, a three-week's vacation. Surely that is ample time for work-worn students to recruit, as well as for those who have idled away much precious time during the past winter, to make very firm resolves for approaching labor. In some respects, the spring months are not as favorable to study as those preceding. The melting atmosphere, balmy and fragrant with all the mellow warmth and delicious odors of spring, seem to enervate the physical nature, and will, unless guarded against, steal upon the mental faculties with a charmed poison. But these very influences, kept under subjection, may prove an incitive and an inspiration to a higher, clearer, development than can be attained without them. So let us make the vacation a preparation for a better term's work than we have ever done yet.

—It is interesting to watch students starting to go home. What a bustle; what confusion; what shouts; what songs, and many a hearty hand-shake, and many a merry good-bye, and many a happy wish, and here and there, when the noise is hushed for an instant, we may hear—of course we never *see*—a hurried kiss, and perhaps occasionally a falling tear. But all this is over at last, and away they go—several carriage loads of them—to the depot, as happy a throng as ever earth upheld. Books are all forgotten, "Care, mad to see the boys so happy, has drowned himself"—they're going *home*—and thus the scene is repeated a few times, and then—what a hush! The old chapel bell has gone to sleep—the walks are comparatively deserted—the halls are empty—the citizens stalk about with solemn faces and talk in low and anxious tones. Ah! boys and girls, and young men and women are good for something after all. They keep the world *alive*.

—The first literary entertainment of the Reading Room Association was given in University Hall, on Tuesday evening, Feb. 24th, and was a tolerable success. There was quite a variety of literary productions, and they seemed to be highly appreciated by the audience. Probably the most praiseworthy item upon the programme was President J. G. Burdick's "Closing Address." It was so deeply interesting that we venture to submit it *verbatim*, as taken down by a Reporter of the *STUDENT*: "Ladies and Gentlemen: Having here enjoyed an intellectual feast, we will now adjourn to the Tremont House, and there partake of some physical refreshments." (Great applause.)

—The Reading Room Association have taken the libraries in charge, and are now labeling and cataloguing the books. They are refitting the recitation room in the southwestern corner of the chapel building, and will use it for the reading room and general library. The Orophilian door has been changed, the back stairs have been removed, and the hall is connected with the recitation room; making a commodious and convenient room for library and reading room purposes. The Theological library will be left in its present quarters, but will be open for use, we presume, at the same time with the general library. It is proposed to carpet the new library, and perhaps furnish it with sofas and spring bottom chairs. We are pleased with the signs of improvement going on around us, and trust that they will not cease until we have all the educational appliances which the times demand.

—The Alfredian Lyceum gave their numerous friends and well-wishers a cordial reception at University Hall, on Thursday evening, March 5th. After a brief literary entertainment, the audience were feasted upon a variety of good things, provided for the occasion. It is understood that the proceeds, which we are informed netted \$55, are to be used for library purposes.

—President Allen and Prof. Larkin have been for some time past at Albany, laboring for the interests of this and similar institutions of learning.

—It is expected that Gen. N. P. Banks will deliver the Commencement Lecture before the Literary Societies, on June 30th, 1874.

—Preparations are being made for improving and adorning our College grounds during the present spring.

Alumni Notes.

WE intend to make this a permanent and special department of the STUDENT, and solicit items from all sources, concerning any of the Alumni or old Students.

'44. Prof. Daniel D. Pickett, A. M., has been spending the winter in Cuba, N. Y.

'45. Asa W. Smith, Esq. is a prominent lawyer in Woodstock, Ill.

'47. Franklin W. Knox, Esq. is practicing law in Coudersport, Penn.

'48. Rev. D. E. Maxson, D. D. has gone to Jacksonville, Florida, to recruit his health.

'48. Rev. Jared Kenyon is pastor of the Seventh-day Baptist church at Independence, N. Y.

'49. Mrs. Ruth Hemphill Whitford, A. L. is teacher of Pen-cilling and Oil Painting in Milton College.

'50. Wm. W. Bean, A. M. is teaching in York, N. Y.

'51. Rev. A. R. Cornwall, A. M. is Principal of Albion (Wis.) Academy.

'53. Prof. Delancy Freeborn is teaching in Wellsville, N. Y.
'53. Prof. Albert Whitford, A. M. is Professor of Mathematics in Milton College.

'54. Hon. John N. Davidson is a prominent citizen of Portage, N. Y., and has twice served as member of the New York State Legislature.

'54. Franklin Babcock, is an Insurance Agent in Chicago, Illinois.

'55. Eliza Durant, A. M. has been for some time teaching in the West Indies.

'56. Prof. Maxson J. Allen is teaching in Louisville, Ky.

'58. Hon. Luin K. Thacher, A. M. is President of the Commercial National Bank, of Kansas City, Mo.

'63. Rev. Oscar U. Whitford, A. M. is pastor of the Seventh-day Baptist church at Farina, Ill.

'66. Rev. Leander E. Livermore, A. M. is pastor of the Seventh-day Baptist church of Walworth, Wis.

'72. Sara M. Ayars, A. L. is teaching in Nortonville, Kan.

'72. M. Frances Van Allen, A. L. is teaching at Holland Patent, N. Y.

'73. Rev. Geo. J. Crandall is pastor of the Seventh-day Baptist church of Richburgh, N. Y.

M. '66, '67. T. W. Saunders is Professor of the Greek and German Languages in Milton College.

M. '71, '72. C. W. Etz is teller in Q. W. Wellington & Co's. Bank, Corning, N. Y.

'55-'59. The statement in our last that D. D. McGibeny is Professor of Music in Portland, Oregon, is incorrect. James B. McGibeny ('59) is Professor of Music in Portland, while David D. McGibeny is Principal of an academy at Pawpaw, Ill.

'64. Josie M. Copp died at her home in Plainwell, Mich., on the 8th of February, of consumption. She had just returned from Colorado. We are unable to give any particulars in this number, but shall do so in our next.

THE vicious features of the petty system of cliques, of society and anti-society organizations, have lately been exhibited at Yale in all their native ugliness. The editorial board of the *Yale Literary Magazine*—the ablest of all the college magazines—is composed of five men, chosen annually by the Junior class at a general election, held during the Winter Term. This election also admits the fortunate five to membership in the Chi Delta Theta Society, to which the *Lit.* belongs. The Junior class at Yale, as here, seems to be liberally endowed with the representative college politician. The result of weeks of wire-pulling was the election of a board, whose members were pronounced by both the Yale papers to be unworthy representatives of the literary culture of the class. The constitution of the Chi Delta Theta society permitted the present board to veto any election which they should consider prejudicial to the interest of the magazine. They availed themselves of the privilege and notified the Juniors that two more opportunities for selecting a board would be offered them; failing in these, the board would appoint their succes-

sors. Singularly enough, one trial had satisfied the class, and they yielded their right of suffrage to the present board, who selected five men for their literary ability, and not because they did or did not belong to certain societies. We have mentioned this case in detail because it shows to what extremes partisan feeling may lead men; and also illustrates the worst phase of class elections—the prostitution of positions of honor and trust to the craft of college politicians.—*Cornell Era.*

The College World.

THE LITERARY CONTEST CONVENTION.

The delegates from the colleges interested in the Inter-collegiate Contest met in convention at the Allyn House, Hartford, Conn., at 10 o'clock, Feb. 19th.

Fourteen colleges were represented, viz., Amherst, Bowdoin, Brown, Columbia, Cornell, Hamilton, Lafayette, Princeton, Rutgers, Syracuse, Trinity, University of the City of New York, Wesleyan and Williams. The permanent organization of the convention was effected by the election of the following officers: President, C. B. Hubbell, of Williams; Vice-President, T. B. Lindley, of the University of New York; Secretary, G. H. Fitch, of Cornell; Treasurer, E. Perrine, of Brown.

After considerable discussion, appointment of Committees and speeches by Col. T. W. Higginson and Charles Dudley Warner, Col. Higginson proposed the following resolutions as a basis for a constitution:

Resolved, That it is desirable to form an Association of American Colleges for the purpose of inter-collegiate literary contests;

Resolved, That this convention proceed to adopt a provisional constitution for such an association, to be submitted to the colleges here represented and to such others as may be hereafter determined, and to take effect only on being adopted by five different colleges.

These resolutions were accepted by the convention, and they proceeded to the formation of a provisional constitution. After a protracted debate, the following constitution of the convention was passed:

ARTICLE 1. This Association shall be entitled the Inter-Collegiate Literary Association of the United States, and shall consist of such Colleges as shall ratify this Constitution.

ART. 2. The object of this Association shall be to hold annual competitive literary exercises and examinations, at such times and places as the Association itself may determine.

ART. 3. The officers of this Association shall be a President, a Vice-President, a Secretary, a Treasurer, and an Executive Committee of one from each College of the Association.

ART. 4. The duties of these officers shall be those usually appertaining to their offices.

ART. 5. These officers shall be elected at each annual meeting of the Association, and shall hold office until the election of their successors.

ART. 6. The annual meeting of the Association shall be held at the time and place of the annual exercises.

ART. 7. Each College belonging to the Association shall be author-

ized to send three delegates. Special meetings of the Association shall be called by the President, at the request of five Colleges belonging to the Association.

ART. 8. The Standing Committee appointed by the preliminary meeting shall have charge of the affairs of the Association, until the first annual meeting.

ART. 9. This Constitution may be amended at any meeting of the Association, by a vote of two-thirds of the Colleges represented at said meeting.

ART. 10. This Constitution shall go into effect on being ratified by five Colleges.

A speech by Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain), and miscellaneous business came next, after which the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the Convention appoint a standing committee of five, who shall arrange for an Inter-Collegiate Contest in Oratory, to be held on Thursday, January 7th, 1875, at New York, in accordance with the following rules:

1. Two contestants shall be chosen by each College belonging to the Association; if, however, more than eight Colleges enter for competition, each shall be entitled to but one representative; and this term, college, be not understood as excluding members who have taken the degree of A. B., or any equivalent degree, within a year previous to that contest.

2. That three awards of honor shall be made by three judges, who shall be chosen by the Standing Committee, from men of literary or oratorical eminence; and that such judges shall not be professors or officers of any institutions represented in the contest.

3. Each address shall be the speaker's own production, and shall not exceed ten minutes in its delivery, and in making the awards, the judges shall have regard both to matter and manner.

Resolved, That the Standing Committee shall arrange for a competition in essay writing in accordance with the following rules:

1. Three judges shall be chosen by the Standing Committee, which judges shall propose two subjects, determine the length of each essay, and the time when the essays shall be handed in and make an award for the best essay on each subject. These judges shall not be professors or officers of any institution represented in the contest.

2. Each college shall select at its discretion three representatives. If, however, the number of colleges competing shall exceed eight, each shall be restricted to but two representatives.

Resolved, That in addition to the awards of the judges the committee are authorized to offer such pecuniary awards as may seem feasible.

Resolved, That the Standing Committee invite the presiding officers of the several colleges represented in this Association to submit such plans as may seem best to them for more extended inter-collegiate examinations; and that said committee be instructed to report a plan at the next annual meeting of the Association.

A committee of one member from each delegation was appointed to nominate a standing committee of five. The standing committee are as follows: Cobbe, of Columbia; Lindley, of the University of New York; Hubbell, of Williams; Halstead, of Princeton; and Lindsay, of Wesleyan. Mr. Hubbell, of Williams, was appointed secretary of the standing committee.

The convention, after listening to letters from Yale and McKendree University, adjourned.

—The number of women in Michigan University in 1870-71 was 37; in 1871-72, 64; in 1872-73, 88; at present there are 92, distributed as follows: Academical, 52; Medicine, 35; Law, 5.

AT A COLLEGE DINNER.

Under this heading, *Every Saturday* for Feb. 14th, contains an interesting Editorial concerning Alumni Dinners. The article finally becomes an after-dinner speech, addressed to the college faculty, in which the editorial orator, after asking, "What are those four years [of college life] to us now? How shall we keep what they gave? What did they give?" continues as follows: "They gave me habits of thought and work, applied now to tasks I never thought to be engaged upon; and in return my work has given me the right to criticise the training I had. And though no longer a scholar now, to turn upon you who are making scholars and men, with this charge weighty in my mind, if I cannot give it in words: 'Take the young men who come to you of all sizes of intellect, and with all manner of mental habits, and demand of them, first, second, third, and last, that they shall spell *through*, when they talk of going through college, as our forefathers spelled it, with another *o*. Our colleges are expanding and putting forth their energies in every direction, but what sign is there that the young man who goes here or there shall be so held by the iron grip of an uncompromising education that all his flimsiness and indecision and half knowledge and uncertain aims and incomplete execution shall be exchanged for *thoroughness*?"

Plan systems as you may, yet demand of the young men who come to you that they shall do their college work thoroughly. A little less haste, gentlemen, for university style, a little more modesty of purpose. A school is not a bad thing, and college men, as I see them now, do not appear to me very much older than school boys. The higher education, the highest, is to be obtained by no extraordinary means, but by the thorough mastery of successive steps; and when I leave this dinner and these college-bred people and go back to my work, in clothes that will not last the winter out, because ill-made, and lose my temper and something of my health, picking my way through dirty streets which inefficient, unthorough officers oversee; write with ink that deposits a thick sediment, because the ink-maker had not mastered his materials; handle books which worry the eye with typographic blunders, because carelessly set up and examined, and hold my hand like a vice if I wish to keep the place in them, because viciously bound; when I take note of my own blunders and slips because I have failed to get at the bottom of my business and bring it up out of the mud into light and air, I shall remember more keenly than ever how imperfectly I have impressed upon you who educate and make educators, the prime necessity that American young men should be rooted and grounded in thoroughness."

—The Williams Chess Club, called the "Charl Club," is now playing by postal card, several games with college clubs, one being with the Yale Club and one with the Mublenberg Club. Try our Theologues at a game.

—A Sophomore suggests that perhaps Amherst has the hydrophobia, since she is so much afraid of water.

—We learn from the *College Courant*, that at the meeting of the College Boating Committee at Springfield, Mass., Feb. 6th, Prof. R. Anderson (Cornell '73) of our department of Industrial Mechanics, was elected one of the Judges for the regatta at Saratoga next summer. P. C. Chandler of Williams, J. H. Brocklesby of Trinity, and C. D. R. Moore of Columbia, are the other Judges and Bowdoin has yet to choose one. All are graduates.

—Two Sophomores were standing in the book store, quietly smoking, when in came Prex. In an instant, their cigars were in their pockets, but not quite soon enough. Prex started a conversation with them, and good humoredly continued it, till the smoke began to stream forth from their pockets. "Why! you are on fire," said he, in an excited manner, and then, with a twinkle in his eye, passed out the door.—*Vidette*.

—"It feels quite embracing to-day," said a young lady to a senior. A few minutes after, with a treacherous red spot on his cheek, and an oath on his tongue, he swore the bloodiest vengeance against every woman that didn't have a full command over the English language.—*Yale Courant*.

—A Senior went to have his photograph taken and requested the artist to give him an expression of enlightened meditation, as if having just caught an idea. He appears with eyes and mouth open and scratching his head.—*College News*.

—A Senior says that he never corresponded with but one young lady, and that he broke that off because she did not answer his letters.—*Courant*.

—The principal parts of college life at Harvard—Gorman-dizo, Guzzleire, Snoozivi, Flunkum.—*Williams Review*.

The Alfred Student.

Published Monthly, (10 Numbers per year,) by the Literary Societies and Faculty of Alfred University.

TERMS: \$1 25 per annum, in advance.

Parties sending us five names, with the price, will receive one extra copy.

Subscriptions may be forwarded at any time.

Our first issue having been exhausted, we can only supply back numbers from No. 2.

The publication of the STUDENT has not been undertaken with the hope of pecuniary gain, the time and labor required being freely contributed for the "cause."

Our ambition is to make just such a paper as every old Alfred Student will be glad to receive, to increase our circulation as much as possible, and to keep on good terms with our printers.

We therefore ask each one of our friends to make common cause with us in our enterprise, and to forward to us their names and address, accompanied with the "sinews."

Rates of Advertising.

1 column, \$3 50 for 1st insertion, \$6 00 for 3 months, \$10 00 for 6 months, \$15 00 per year, (10 months.)

$\frac{1}{2}$ column, \$2 00 for 1st insertion, \$4 00 for 3 months, \$6 00 for 6 months, \$8 00 for one year.

1 inch, 50 cts. 1st insertion, 25 cts. for subsequent insertions, \$1 50 for 6 months, \$2 50 for 1 year.

Subscriptions, advertisements, and communications, pertaining to the business affairs of this paper, should be addressed to

SILAS C. BURDICK, Alfred Centre, N. Y.