


ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

— OF —

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

— 1911 —

FIRST ANNUAL MEETING.



THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION OF ALFRED UNIVERSITY held its first Annual Session at the Chapel Hall, on Wednesday, June 29, 1887. There were two sessions for business and literary exercises; with a banquet in the evening.

## ADDRESS OF THE PRESIDENT.

In the evolution of ideas concerning college management, it has just begun to be recognized that the alumni are worthy of recognition. This would appear surprising did we not realize the fact that colleges are of necessity the cradles of conservatism, conveyers of facts, historical, classical, scientific, from one generation to another. The university stands for the immutable in letters as surely as the church must ever remain the custodian of things unchanging and eternal in the religious world.

But the tardy admission of the alumni into the confidence of colleges is an anomaly not easily understood. It has been like the parent disinheriting the child of his natural birthright, sending him into the world when he is poorly prepared for its hardships, and shutting the door in his face if he ever offers to return.

Our *Alma Mater* has been among the first to elect a liberal representation of alumni trustees, and is to be congratulated for wisdom thereby manifested. In passing, may I be allowed to suggest that in our nominations for that most important office, no sentimental notions be admitted, nor any persons nominated or elected, who will not be able and willing to accept the position with all its responsibilities. The University does not want any figure-heads on the Board of Trustees at this critical period in its history. We can hardly congratulate ourselves for promptness in organizing this Association, when we waited half a century before taking the first step in that direction. At last it has been accomplished, however, and the report of the committee on organization will be submitted for your consideration at this session. It is our obvious duty, as an association, to accomplish, by our greater zeal and enthusiasm, what we have failed to do in the past, as well as what remains for us yet to do. This one actual fact may always animate us, that we have an *Alma Mater* of whom no right-minded man or woman need ever be ashamed. In the first place her home among this people is

a fortunate circumstance for the college. It is not so very many years since I was at home here, and you will pardon me for talking with the freedom of one of the family. There can be no question that the sturdy morals, industry, patriotism and religious fervor of this community have imparted to the school a character which is unique among colleges. It has been said that the people of Alfred did not appreciate, as they should, their obligations to the school. In other words, while they have given it a home here, they have expected outsiders to provide it food and raiment. It is probably true that a comparatively small amount of money has been given to the school here in a way to receive credit in the annual reports, but my own recollection is that no work has been undertaken here where their willing hearts and hands have not assisted. The foundations of these buildings were laid by gratuitous labor; even the trees under whose shade we rest to-day were, many of them, planted by the free hands of Alfred men, to my own knowledge.

That I am right in the estimation of the feeling here existing toward the school, is exemplified in terms unmistakable by the magnificent response just made in rolling up subscriptions of \$40,000 within the past ten days. The accomplishment of such a noble work should forever and eternally set at rest the notion that Alfred does not appreciate her University. Yet you, fellow citizens, have done no more than you should, for you must bear in mind the fact that your temporal, as well as mental and moral, prosperity have been vastly increased by this ward of yours. Without this corporation, your real estate in this village would not be bringing 12 per cent income, as I recently found that it did, to my grief. New York landlords are content with 10 per cent, and in these times of cheap money do not complain at 6 or 7 per cent. Farms that are worth \$75 per acre in this vicinity would not bring \$30, if this school influence were removed. The town of Alfred contains more than \$1,000,000 worth of real estate. Would you be doing too much if you devoted 1 per cent to your noble institution? One hundred thousand dollars paid into the treasury of the University by this town would be returned to you with large interest, and that speedily. This may be a very worldly view to take of the question, but it is well to remember a few such facts when you are called upon for money, before you refuse aid to such a rich heritage as the founders of this institution have bequeathed to you.

When we compare Alfred with other colleges which have been famous, even before this school had a beginning, we find that Emerson's essay on compensation is here exemplified in many important particulars. Take, for example, the physical welfare of students here and at Columbia. No one can deny that no success in life is possible without a sound body. Here everything favors the most complete bodily development. Pure air, good hours, temperate habits, out-door exercise, personal supervision of teachers. At Columbia, impure air, irregular hours, surrounded by all the allurements of vice and dissipation, very little exercise in the open air, and no possible supervision by teachers outside of the lecture room. Can there be any question as to which of the two colleges is the better place to send a boy or girl, on the score of sound and sturdy physical development? But it may be said Columbia offers such superior advantages for study that Alfred cannot compete with her. Before seeking for a compensation here let me ask, what object is in view when a college course is undertaken? If an accurate knowledge of the dead languages, of the problems of Euclid, of the mysteries of alchemy, or the laws governing the processes of nature are among the things to be gained in college, then is ninety-nine and six-tenths per cent of all college education a failure; for I will venture the assertion that there is not a single graduate of five years before me who can give the roots of *επικυρώδω* correctly, or write the chemical formula for peroxide of hydrogen. The attainment of itemized knowledge is not the purpose sought, it is the drill, the learning to obey orders, to work in the harness, and the development of the faculty of setting one's self at work and holding the mental faculties in hand until the task is accomplished. Technical knowledge is only useful in the line of your professional work, and is best attained after the college course has been completed. Columbia, or any other college in American, cannot furnish better drill than is obtained here in Alfred. How do I know? By looking about me and seeing the positions of honor, trust and responsibility which are filled to-day by the men and women who had the good fortune to be educated here.

The average cost of a year's study at Harvard is about the cost of the entire four years' course here, and unless times have greatly changed since my day, there is no color line nor any invidious distinc-

tions here against a rich man's son or a poor boy, or any body else, except the deluded and unsophisticated youth, who thought to obey the regulation to give information, if asked, concerning the delinquencies and misconduct of others. We always placed such on the black list, and even now I believe the students' judgment was correct.

From the frugal habits here in vogue, has in many instances been laid the foundation of success, while in the lavish expenditures in other universities have been sown the seeds of improvidence and ultimate failure.

I used to think, and often hear it said, that to be a graduate of a famous college gives a degree of social advantage which is of great value. A somewhat extended observation on that point has satisfied me that such an idea is as imaginary as Cleveland's devotion to Civil Service Reform. There is a drill secured in your literary societies which is of more practical value than all the social advantages imaginable. It is due to those lycæums that Alfred University to-day counts so many judges, members of congress, cabinet officers, noted divines among its Alumni.

As for the effects of co-education here, we need only point to the fact that it will soon be the order in both Harvard and Columbia, to vindicate the wisdom of our founders who laid the foundation sufficiently broad to admit all classes and conditions of men, on the plane of genuine, democratic equality.

I spoke at some length, last year, of the unsatisfactory condition of the libraries, but from the interest which the lycæums have taken in the matter as well as many friends outside, it seems likely that you will soon have a properly equipped and useful library. The college library of to-day is an institution of learning in itself, a place to attract the student; light, well ventilated, convenient, where can be found an authority on every topic, where law students may read law, physicians medicine, clergymen theology, and so on through the entire range of science, art and literature. It should be always open; very few books, except duplicates, should be allowed to circulate, and it should be as free as your museum of natural history. With such a library here, Alfred would become a rallying point for the scholarly element throughout this whole section. A museum of modern thought is of more value as an educator than the most complete collection of fossils in America, although the latter is a desirable possession. When a suitable room is provided and the pro-

posed plan inaugurated, friends have already promised many donations of books. It is to be hoped, and is expected, that libraries of special departments—law, medicine, English literature, mechanics, and the arts, will be started by individuals, which may forever bear the donor's name, and so become his especial charge. Thus will legacies be secured, and the University library become a powerful factor, in every way worthy of the times. It will rest entirely with the lycæums, whether they will allow their books to circulate outside of their own membership, but they should all be in the same rooms for safety and convenience, as well as in the same catalogue. Then no money will be squandered on duplicates, as at present. I find there are five copies of Macaulay's History of England in the various libraries, where one copy would be quite enough to supply five counties. All details can be easily arranged to the satisfaction of all.

If I have succeeded in pointing out the compensations in favor of this University as they have been developed, what is to be said of our personal relations to it, as members of this Alumni Association?

Our first debt is one of gratitude to the devoted men and women who have here lived and labored unceasingly, earnestly and prayerfully for us. I speak what I firmly believe when I say that no student ever came to these halls whose welfare was not daily invoked by some dear teacher before the throne of heaven.

Wherever we may have wandered, however the turmoils of life may have diverted us from the better way, and whatsoever motives may have inspired us, whether it is our will or otherwise, such early influences have woven about us a shield which nothing in this world can entirely destroy. Those early teachings have contributed to whatever of success we have attained in a much greater measure than we usually realize. No evil influence ever did or ever can long abide in Alfred.

Many whom we remember as professors are not here to-day. Since we met last year this Association has lost an able, genial, tolerant and in every way good man, Prof. Prosper Miller. He was a member of the class of '52, and professor of Natural Sciences here from 1868 to 1872. His name must now be transferred from the active list, but his memory will be cherished by all who knew him.

With gratitude to our old instructors, should be joined a loyalty to every interest of the University, which no more recent as-

sociations or affiliations can possibly diminish. Does a child forget his mother when her fostering care is no longer needed?

We have gathered here to-day, with the old love of our *Alma Mater* still warm, to be received by equally ardent friends here, to welcome our distinguished guests who have honored us by their presence, to join hands again around the old altar and with gratitude, faith, hope, and joy, devote ourselves anew to the work which has come to our hands. With such devotion to our duties as alumni, this anniversary will prove an auspicious beginning to an ever increasing beneficence and power.

## RESPONSE BY PRES. J. ALLEN, D.D., PH.D., LL.D.

### *"What do you think of us?"*

Before I answer your question I want to say that I find myself in a "fix." Dr. Lewis, the President of the Association, wrote to me asking about speakers, and I replied that he would be expected to give the introductory speech. I did not suggest my name at all I suggested several others, but he wrote me saying I would be expected to introduce the matter after his speech. Now I believe in obedience, and that is the only reason I am here this morning as I am. I have always tried to enforce obedience on all you that have been students here, and the Doctor will bear me witness that I have labored with him a great many years, not always successfully, to enforce that idea upon him, and of course all I could respond was that I must submit to the authorities that be.

In answer to his question, "What do you think of us?" I would say, in the first place, we think you are the nicest lot of boys and girls that ever lived, the handsomest and the smartest. Well we are pardonable for that. Does not every mother think her own children better and handsomer and smarter than anybody else's, though they may be worse and homelier and all that? But you are

not worse, you are not homelier, and if they were to get up an exhibition of good-looking babies anywhere, I guarantee you would take the premium.

I hold this, as our President has already remarked, to be an auspicious day for Alfred, when the Alumni come in this organized form, not simply for enjoyment, but come to give inspiration, to give help, and through their influence with the Board of Trustees (they have nine members now on the Board), to give direction to the movements of the Institution. This is an auspicious day, and we already feel the influence of this new life-blood thrown among us. It has already produced a new start, new inspiration, new plans. Let me say, before proceeding any farther, that, as an organized and chartered body, you are recognized as the Alumni, but no step should be taken, no movement should be made in any work, without including not only the Alumni, but all old students. This school is not like many of the older colleges. It is more like the newer colleges, having an academic department. A great majority of its students never come up to graduation. In this school only about 7 per cent have come up to graduation, leaving 93 per cent that have gone out into the world without having completed their course. Now these are just as good and dear friends to us, just as helpful friends, who are making their mark in the world equally with the Alumni. In all your plans, therefore, some arrangement should be made to include them in all forward movements.

We find ourselves on our part—(the Doctor has stolen some of my thunder. I was going to say something and call on you to cheer, but he has already said it, and you have already cheered him, but I will repeat the thought). Most of you have been students here when this Institution was bearing a load of debt like the cross up Calvary. Perhaps many of you little knew of the load that was being carried, the weariness that was being born, but you knew in other ways that it deprived you of many branches in your course of study, and helps in instruction that we would gladly have furnished you. But to-day this is all removed. Within the last ten days this community has arisen in its enthusiasm and lifted that debt, as if by magic, and I will guarantee that no community on the American continent of equal size and equal wealth has ever done an equal thing, and this community stands radiant this morning, or should, for what it has done. And now

you come here, not to lament over debts with us, not to devise ways and means how to lift that indebtedness, but you come here to help us to devise ways and means, from this time, how to advance, how to increase our facilities, how to increase our powers as educators, how to multiply our influences for good to those who go out from here; and I know many of you come full of enthusiasm in this direction.

Now I am afraid something else I may say will trench on some one else's speech, on something that Judge Hubbard has to say, and Judge Dexter, but I want to say just a word or two as a kind of introductory.

In the first place, the Institution has never lost a dollar or a cent that has ever been paid in on endowment subscription. It has lost quite a number of promissory notes that gave promise of payment. However it shows, what but few enterprises can show, that every investment has proved safe, every investment has paid up its interest, and while the legal interest-to-day is only 6 per cent, the funds of this Institution that have been thus invested are bringing 6½ per cent on an average, and for many years, up to the present time, they have brought 7 per cent and over. Now the point I wish to make here is, that not only this Institution but all similar Institutions are the best places to invest money that you do not want to lose, that you want to keep, not only for this generation, but for on-coming generations, for a hundred generations. It is a matter of fact in college endowments, generally, that funds are scarcely ever lost. Until within a few years, Yale College never lost a cent of money that was placed in the hands of her trustees to handle. Within the last few years, I understand, they have lost something, but they had friends to supply the deficiency.

Harvard was in much the same condition until in the late fire in Boston, it lost considerable property which crippled it for the time being, but friends stepped in and made up the deficiency.

One thought I wish to put before you. As I understand it, you are not here simply on a pleasure visit, but you come here with the understood purpose of helping on your *Alma Mater*, to do her good, to see her prosper. You that are out in the hot-tries of life, amid the dusty turmoil, gathering in the power commonly called money, for it is a power for good or for evil, a great power, the simple question I want to present to you is, What better can you possibly do with

some of your surplus funds, that you do not know where safely to invest, than to put them into this safe place? Look at Harvard. In its origin there was a man named John Harvard who gave three thousand dollars that gave it its life and stability, and they, in gratitude, named it after him. And what name does Harvard hold in more loving reverence than that of John Harvard. What name have they more sedulously striven to honor, whose earlier history was hidden in obscurity until they sent a man over to England to hunt up his birth-place, the place of his graduation and time of graduation? Many of these things were unknown to them. They have sent out Presidents, they have sent out Senators, they have sent out Governors, they have sent out men holding high positions, but there is no name that Harvard holds in such loving remembrance to-day as that of the humble minister, Rev. John Harvard, who died in middle age, before he had attained any other renown; and now his name will go down through ages. That three thousand dollars has ever since gone on increasing in power, and will as long as the world goes on in its present condition. Thrones have tottered and fallen, old world dynasties gone down, nations changed characters, but the universities have stood, gathering power and strength and majesty comparatively undisturbed. Money given to Oxford and Cambridge 600 years ago is there safe to-day, bringing in annual interest just as it did when it began. Such is the proud privilege held out to any one who devotes his money to institutions of learning. Now I am not asking you to give to any other institution, but money thus given will go on multiplying, will be a power perennial, long after you and your children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren are gone to be the elect—long after the faces before me are blotted out and perhaps their blood will not run in the veins of a single living person on the earth, and if they leave any property it must go to some one who is no relation to them—after all these have disappeared—whatever funds are put here, my friends, will be safe and go on doing good, being converted, not into dollars and cents, none of these common things, but being converted into mind and spiritual growth.

There is a man among us (I do not see him here this morning, I should like to have you get acquainted with him), Maxson Stillman who circulated the subscription for starting this school, headed the subscription, and, after over fifty years of helpfulness, he subscribed, the other night, to paying off the indebtedness. He was the first

who subscribed to that early fund to build that little one-story building down in the village where this school started (it first started in an upper room). I see sitting over there a man, Albert Smith, whose name is among the original subscribers, and he gave a goodly sum, the other evening, towards lifting the debt. I know there are those here who would like to honor these men; and no man has done more nobly than that white-haired man sitting there, Samuel N. Stillman, though his name is not on the original list of subscribers, as he came her later.

They started with a stock company, with the idea that it would, perhaps, return dividends in dollars and cents. The shares were placed at \$5 each, and that was as much as, and more than, many individuals could pay. My father took a share, and I had to take it out in drawing lumber. It did not, as they anticipated, return in dollars and cents. They never got back anything in the kind which they gave, but those men little dreamed what those \$5 shares would grow into. If those men who have gone down to their graves could come back to see what those shares have become, or if they can look down from the supernal regions, what joy must fill their souls, how glad they must be that it did not terminate as they anticipated. That was seed that has grown into what you now see, but this school is just approaching its youthful vigor. It is only 51 years old, and an institution 51 years old is only in its first childhood, only cutting its eye-teeth. Harvard and Yale are to-day only in their first youthful vigor. Columbia and Princeton have never shown more vigor than they show to-day, and when this Institution has lived two or three centuries, when we come back here to attend the Anniversaries, we will find it just putting on the power that Harvard and Yale are to-day putting on, powers they never reached before, waiting year after year; and so shall we; and when we are as old, we shall probably be much more powerful than either of them is to-day. We have to-day a great many more graduates than they had when 51 years of age. We have to-day a great many more advantages, and we trust we can keep them up. It all depends on you, Alumni and old students, whether we shall or not. The fate of this school henceforward is in your hands, and what shall its fate be? Its destiny rests with you, what shall its destiny be? But you are about to say that I am getting, like other old men, garrulous, and I will stop.

After the opening address of the President of the Association, and the response by the President of the University, as given above, Judge Seymour Dexter, Ph. D., of Elmira, Chairman of the Executive Committee, presented a brief statement of the preliminary organization, reported the work of obtaining the charter as accomplished, and offered a constitution and set of by-laws, in the adoption of which the formal organization of the Association was completed.

The Secretary, the Rev. L. A. Platts, D. D., read letters from several absent members expressing regrets, and hearty congratulations. Among these were Prof. Wm. A. Rogers, Ph. D., of Colby University, Maine; Rev. Galusha Anderson, D. D., President of Denison University, Ohio; Senator Henry Teller, LL.D., of Colorado; Senator W. W. Brown, LL.D., of Pennsylvania, and others.

## ADDRESS BY COL. CHARLES J. CHATFIELD.

### *Civil Service Reform.*

*This is the people's government yet but few persons, in comparison, are acquainted with the most general provisions of the Constitution of the United States, and the terms of the Declaration of Independence. It is somewhat difficult to obtain information in regard to the government without examining a number of official reports, and there is a tendency on the part of those making them to elaborate and extend, until life seems too short for the average citizen to keep pace with them. One Member of Congress claimed that he spent three months of each year in going about searching*



for information with which to answer *queries* submitted by his constituents.

A citizen of a republic inherits great responsibilities, and great responsibilities mean a necessity for action, and action should be preceded by study, and study followed by sufficient thought to make action *effective* on the line of its direction.

Reformers are like yeast cakes. They are *very* useful but we do not relish them for daily food. When they stimulate the people to *arise* and correct *evils*, they serve an excellent purpose and we forget the odor and flavor which caused us *temporary* annoyance when we tried to take them *clear*. They find it hard to have patience with the stupidity of those who do not see as they do; but middle-aged men and the old institutions they *administer*, are not amenable to mere *logic* and *sometimes* the way a thing is done is well nigh as important as the substance of the thing *itself*. To succeed a capacity for understanding *other* people is required, the habit of due deference to their opinions, feelings and even *prejudices*, a recognition of their rights, and a disposition to give and take. The law of modifying mankind, or of producing changes is seldom understood by *reformers*. They are commonly too *hasty*; though, at all times, experience has shown the danger and harm of such a proceeding. When changes are to be made, let them be gradual; the greater the alterations *wished* for are, the slower must be your method of proceeding, keeping, however, the *aim* constantly in view. The precipitancy of common reformers can be excused *only* by their *ignorance* of human nature, and by their *erroneous* opinions that it is sufficient to *point out* errors, and to *propose* principles in order to perfect man, without considering that he must by degrees be prepared *for*, and accustomed *to*, them. There are *many* examples in history, where nations have been ungrateful to their governors, who have endeavored to improve their conditions. That *selfishness* in general, is a great *stimulus* was well understood by the formulator of the now celebrated and execrated phrase, "To the *victors* belong the spoils." The Civil Service is one of the *latest* fads of the professional reformer. But little more than twenty years ago, the military service and the naval service were exalted in the land, and the men who have since disquieted the dreams of so many of their fellow citizens were only mentioned at rare intervals, and were considered among the most potential factors available in carrying pri-

maries. "*How are the mighty fallen*." The places which once knew them have lost them *forever* and the voice of the heeler is heard no more in the land. The servants no longer *bear rule* in the household and *politics* are *purified*. Now that we are to have no more wars and the army and the navy have relapsed into innocent desuetude, the aspiring young men of the Nation—we spell it with a *big* "N" in these days—are publicly invited to come forward and taste the delights of competitive examination prepared for them by men who are not politicians but who have *consented* to serve the public from patriotic motives until the new order of things shall have *commended* itself to the enlightened understanding of the masses.

The *leaders* are *full* of enthusiasm and the *lead* are as willing to accept the new idea as the followers of enthusiastic leaders *always* are.

Some differences between the old and the new systems may be briefly noticed. The old plan brought in men who had been unfortunate in other careers and who sought refuge from the vicissitudes of professional or business life in a sheltered haven where light and regular employment at a rate of compensation sufficient to supply their hereditary necessities might cause them to forget the reverses of fortune, until *their patron fell* under the displeasure of the administration.

The *new* scheme brings young men completing legal or medical studies in the libraries *after office hours*, or eager to lay by a few hundreds with which to engage in *commercial* ventures.

The idea that "few die and *none* resign" prevails no longer, for an ambitious but needy youth *declines* to consider the highest prize which lies before him in the *classified service* as his *goal*.

When the system shall be more firmly established and *more* difficulties shall beset the pathway of the toiler outside our pale, we may be able to retain our brightest cadets, whom we now pay double their value, as beginners, and secure oftimes only an opportunity to train them for some one else. The popular idea, which found expression in statement by opposition presses, that the service overflows with men who *draw salaries* and *do nothing*, is as thoroughly exploded as the powder used in saluting the statue of Liberty Enlightening the World; and the pen of the caricaturist no longer represents the offices of those having patronage to dispense as blue

with tobacco smoke or redolent with the fumes of the brewery and the still.

There are not wanting indications that the merit system will *raise* the public service in the estimation of the people. Every person seeking to *enter* it must, in the application paper, state under *oath*, and separately for *each* year, his or her occupation, position and residence during the past *five* years and the examinations are not cumbered with conundrums, or matters more *difficult* than those of the Regents of the University of our Empire State.

The effective sport which the new system is bringing to the cause of the *popular education* should not be overlooked. In *no* way can a nation do more to advance the dignity and success of the public schools than by making *excellence* in the character they develop and the studies they teach, as far as *possible*, the tests for holding official places of honor and profit.

## ABSTRACT OF ADDRESS BY HON. J. S. FASSETT.

### *Special Legislation.*

No institution is secure that depends for strength upon one man, or a dozen men, no matter how devoted they may be, but every one of its Alumni owes a debt of gratitude to this Institution which they can now repay. He said that the President had given him for a subject, "Special Legislation," he would endeavor to say something upon it, though he could hardly see its pertinence to the occasion; that legislation was law-making; that the laws were not all made at Albany, nor was all special legislation done there; that law was the definition of the way in which given forces act; that special laws define special acts and special legislation defines the way in which special forces act; that each man and woman was a special force, and character-building the main way in which that special

force acts upon the world and upon other men and women; that investment in this Institution was investment in man's character and man's development, and character-building the only eternal and everlasting creation of our hands, everything else we left behind us.

From this point of view there was nothing grander than special legislation, nobody else could legislate for you, your soul stood apart from every other soul in the presence of God, and he was a righteous judge.

He then spoke of the effort made by the Alumni of his *Alma Mater*, Rochester, and of the success which had attended their efforts, that it had not been done by large amounts, but small amounts from many men, by each one carrying his own individual burden. He believed in small investments, the hope of the society was centered in these small investments, and in this way men and women were made.

## ADDRESS BY WESTON FLINT, LL.M., PH.D.

### *The Library.*

What interested me most in coming here after a quarter of a century or more, is to see these faces and be among these hills again. I did not come to make a speech, but I was kept away last year, and I am glad to see you. I did not expect to hear such wonderful news as I have. What struck me more than anything else has been said two or three times. I was just talking with Professor Larkin, and he said that more men and women had gone out from this Institution, and taken prominent places in the world, than from any other institution of its size in the country. It shows that it has accomplished good, and the thought came over me yesterday, What more can be done?

Years ago I wrote to President Allen about books. I said that next to money, the one thing needed here was books. If you establish a library, you will have a University, in one sense. So far as I know about the older European universities, they were, many of them, established in small places, but they always had in connection with them a library. In fact, the order of things was, first a library, then instructors, and lastly, buildings. With us, too often the order is reversed, and sometimes we have the stately buildings, the material part, but fail to get the mental and moral part, in our haste to make progress. Thomas Warton, in his introductory essay to "English Poetry," tells us that Theodosius the younger, in the year 425, laid the foundation of an academy at Constantinople, which he furnished with learned professors in every science, desiring to make it a rival to the noted Academy at Rome. The basis of the whole plan was a splendid library of 60,000 volumes, which, before this time, had been collected by Constantius and Valerius. This library was placed under the charge of four Greek and three Latin antiquaries, or curators, as the beginning of the academy. The famous University of Göttingen was founded in 1734, and by means of a wise liberality in spending money for its library and professors, it very soon became one of the most distinguished universities on the continent, having nearly 2,000 students. It became more and more progressive, and in 1763, its library of 60,000 volumes was placed in charge of the illustrious Heyne, from which date is marked a wonderful improvement, for Heyne took with him from Dresden, a thorough knowledge of library management and a wonderful activity joined to great scholarship, which made a mark in the progress of the university. You all know how John Harvard's choice 320 books brought from Emmanuel College, Cambridge, to Massachusetts Colony and bequeathed by him to Harvard College, was no small part of the foundation of that institution; and that Yale College had its inception in the assembling of those ten pastors at Branford, in 1700, Conn., to donate four volumes each to establish a college in Connecticut. When Dr. Weyland came to the presidency of Brown University in 1831, one of his first acts was to secure a permanent fund of \$25,000, the income of which was to be forever appropriated for the purchase of books; and in an address he made at a public meeting for this purpose, he said, "Instructors cannot furnish themselves with libraries. Their income does not admit of it; nor can a library.

such as the cause of science demands, be formed in a lifetime. It must be the accumulated wisdom of past ages added to the wisdom of our own. Such a library can be procured only by public munificence, so directed as to collect from time to time the rich results of the intellectual labor of man."

Some one has said that all our universities combined would not be sufficient to supply the authorities for a work like Gibbon's, and we all know that Wheaton's "International Law," and the histories of Bancroft and Prescott could not have been written from the authorities found in this country alone, much less from the libraries of the universities. Hallam contends that the one great cause of the literary distinction of the University of Oxford, was its magnificent library, and Carlyle says that the true university is a collection of books. This vigorous thinker contrasts the great universities of 700 years ago, when they were first founded, with those of the present day, and shows that it was the scarcity of books that necessitated the assembling of students together to hear the great professors really give them what was in the very few books to be had, and which they could not buy themselves, as in these modern times. Now we are not obliged to go in person to hear the great professor or teacher actually speaking, because in most cases you can get all his teachings out of him through a book, which you can read and study at your leisure. This is one thought that I have only time now to state so briefly, that books and libraries are the cornerstones, the very foundations of schools, colleges and universities. Another thought is the influence of books as teachers not only as to the matter in the books themselves, but of their very presence before us.

Boswell tells a story about Dr. Johnson, aptly illustrating this tendency towards books. Dr. Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds were visiting the library of Mr. Cambridge, and no sooner was the introduction over than Dr. Johnson ran eagerly to one side of the room and began to pore over the backs of the books, upon seeing which, Sir Joshua Reynolds, observed, "He runs to the books as I do to the pictures. But I have the advantage; I can see more of the pictures than he can of the books." Mr. Cambridge thereupon said, "Dr. Johnson, I am going, with your pardon, to excuse myself, for I have the custom which I perceive you have; but it seems odd that one should have such a desire to look at the backs of books."

Johnson quickly started up from his dreamy reverie and turning around replied, "Sir, the reason is very plain. Knowledge is of two kinds. We know a subject ourselves, or we know where to find information upon it. When we inquire into any subject, the first thing we have to do is to know what books have treated on the subject; this leads us to look at catalogues, and the places of books in libraries."

I always admired the reverence which the Chinese have of the written or printed characters, for they have men appointed to pick up in the streets any stray bits of paper that may have fallen there, and carefully burn them, lest some of the wise precepts of the great sage Confucius may be trodden under foot. Did you ever think of what an impression books make upon you as you enter a man's house—just the mere silent presence of these teachers of the ages? Then think of the grander power of an immense library upon the mind in its most beautiful and receptive period. This is the influence of books by their presence. It is this inborn love of knowledge that leads us into libraries and gives us a love for the very forms of books, makes us indeed *bibliophiles*, and to me it does not seem possible for a man to have that highest zest for the good things in a book without having a reverence for the very book itself, its peculiarities, even the minutia of what we might call its *bibliogenetic*, as well as its *bibliogeny*.

My memory runs back, to-day, thirty years, to one morning that I climbed these same chapel stairs, and on up to the belfry, and into the little garret room that held the books of the library, and how, strangely, by mere accident, I found a copy of Richard Moncton Milne's Poems, which I glanced into as I descended the long stairway, and have never seen a copy of the book since. Yet I can remember vividly the effect of that beautiful quatrain of his—

God's love is sunlight to the good,  
And woman's pure as diamond sheen,  
And friendship's mystic brotherhood  
In twilight beauty lies between,—

on my own soul, for it seemed to me a brief epitome of Christ's Sermon on the Mount, Ovid's and Sappho's ideal of human love, and Cicero's *Amicitia* so fitly shown in the delicate illustration of the noonday glory, the glittering, reflected brightness of the gem, and the blended beauty of the evening twilight. It is such things as these that show the influence of books upon a human soul, and especially

upon a human soul in its early and more plastic period, especially in the training of its sympathetic and poetic nature.

This, then, is the practical idea I had in mind, but have not the time to elaborate, a library for this University. Can we, will we do our part to have one that shall make this beautiful valley among these peaceful hills a Mecca for the student of the University of the future.

I have one calmer, perhaps sadder, impression as we look into each other's faces and remember that many whom I used to see are not here; and deeper still grows the feeling that the coming days will make the number still less in the course of life's pilgrimage. So I close with a brief poem, which I partly promised last year.

# "CADA HORA ES UN PASO HACIA EL TUMULO."

Onward and on each fleeting hour,  
Impelled by some my tedious power,  
Holds on its way;  
While far and wide the bright sun beameeth,  
And silver sheen the lakelet gleameeth,  
Throughout the day.

Ever and ever the changing clouds  
Pile thick ab ve their dismal shrouds  
O'er sunless earth;  
Then gleam in crimson with tints of gold,  
As if some fairy chariot rolled  
Its race of mirth.

On Ocean's trembling, boundless deep,  
Where dreamy sea-birds seem to sleep,  
Upon his breast,  
Or where the heaving surges roll,  
Neath tropic sun or frozen pole,  
No moments rest.

In Winter's crisp and sparkling light,  
While the Snow-king casts his mantle white  
On field and wood;  
Still on and on the passing hours  
Steal, swiftly from those icy bowers  
In solitude.

While mildly beams the Evening Star,  
Behind the Day-god's golden car,  
Down in the west;  
While Cygnus gleams and Lyra shines,  
And Draco's spiral length entwines,  
The hours ne'er rest.

When Day his glittering steed hath sent,  
And paints the azure Orient  
With flecks of gold;  
While brighter changing hues adorn  
The rosy face of blushing Morn  
Than e'er were told;

Though Earth were robed at princely cost  
With all the glory Eden lost  
By Sin's dark stain;  
And Angels smiled with milder eyes  
Than e'er they watched o'er Paradise,  
In peace again—

Still on the hours must swiftly fly,  
More fleet than cloudlets of the sky  
By breeze of morn;  
Joy's present hour a vision seems,  
And Fancy's fairest summer dreams  
Our hopes adorn.

And so our lives are fleeting fast  
Into the channel of the past,  
In light or gloom;  
Mid joy or grief whate'er betide,  
The hours are steps that ever glide  
Toward the tomb.

Then let us live and act, not seem,  
This great broad world is not a dream,  
Or childhood's play;  
But 'tis a grand old battle-field,  
Where each must conquer or must yield,  
Till the eternal day.

## ADDRESS BY JUDGE N. M. HUB- BARD, PH. D.

### *The Work of the Endowment Committee.*

Since I was here last, I think pretty much everything has been changed, except, possibly, the earth. I do not think that has been changed. In coming down here, I congratulated myself that I was to be let off from making any speeches this year, having made two last year, such as they were.

But I was thinking how I might do something toward this Endowment Fund. I have attacked pretty much everything in my time except a locomotive in motion, but I do not think I ever undertook to crack anything so hard as I have experienced in getting into the pockets of mankind. Almost every other kind of enterprise but that is within the reach of modern success.

I was thinking of one very generous friend of mine who said to me in regard to the accumulation of wealth, that he thought nobody ought to be rich; that it was a great mistake for any man or woman to want to hoard up money. He said that bees, squirrels, chipmunks, and the like, were in the habit of laying up for winter, but that the lion sought his food from day to day, and he thought mankind ought to do the same way. Now I do not suppose that people who have a large amount of money will approve of this kind of philosophy, but I want to say now that I think there must be a great many lions in and about Alfred, and very few of the chipmunks and squirrels of mankind.

This enterprise of raising \$20,000 by the Alumni for the Endowment Fund, was undertaken last year. Appeals were sent out all over the country, but responses, I am sorry to say, have come in very much slower than I anticipated, but I think, with the example that has been set us in and about Alfred, we should take hold with renewed energy, with the prospect of bringing the amount within the \$20,000 limit this year. To do this, however, will require the very best organization. The different classes, ranging from 1846 down to the present time, must be organized under some general plan for the purpose of raising this money. I am told that there are

500 or more of the Alumni living, and I am sure that all of them would gladly respond to the extent of their ability, if the proper application were made, and the proper effort made to reach them.

We ought to let off the Alumni who live in and about Alfred. They certainly have done their share in lifting the burden that has rested on this University for the last half-century. They have early learned that part of Watts, "I give myself away." I give them great credit, and now those who are on the picket line should come to take their turn. I am sure you will not be very long in raising this money.

This, perhaps, is all I ought to say. Gentlemen are here whom I am anxious to hear, and I know you are. We hope to make as good a report of ourselves as the students and University have at home.

## ADDRESS BY GEORGE H. BAB- COCK, ESQ.

*Nothing.*

When I was in Rome with three other gray-haired boys, we were wandering around the ruins of the old Forum. One of our number, he whom you know by the name of "Parson," looked anxiously for the rostrum. Having found, he mounted it, and raising his arm, with that mighty voice of his thundered out the words of the historical Roman, "I came not here to talk." These words express my sentiments this afternoon.

Your President invited me up to this meeting of the Alumni, and I told him I would come. He then asked me to make a speech, but I told him I had nothing to say, and so he gave me *Nothing* for a subject. Afterward he notified me that I could have thirty minutes to say it in. Now, I am very much at a loss to know how to fill so large a space with so thin a subject. We will go back to Rome. It is said to be the height of oratory to be able to move

your audience. Now I expect to see you all moving before I am through, but if I can get the start of you, and move you all to Rome at once, perhaps I may hope to be classed among great orators.

Well, we are now in Rome. We, the four gray-haired "boys," went wandering around that ancient city, looking at the relics of olden times. We visited the baths of Caracalla, noble remains of what was once a magnificent building, a quarter of a mile square, liberally provided with every possible luxury. We went to the circus of Maxentius, which once held a quarter of a million spectators. We went into, and climbed to the top of, the old Colosseum, where 100,000 Romans used to sit and witness the gladiatorial combats, or, later, wild beasts devour the hated Christians. We visited the old aqueducts, and drank of the pure water of the fountain of Trevi, supplied still by one of the oldest of these, which has furnished Rome with water for some 2,000 years.

These were only single examples of the wild extravagance indulged in for luxury and amusement. A dozen large Thermae supplied the people with cheap, or free baths. As many, or more, circuses and similar amusements were open to the public. But nowhere in Rome is there a ruin of a university. In those days, there were no universities. There were schools; there were individual teachers; there were men of almost fabulous wealth, but not one of these men had ever thought of founding a university. It was something more than a thousand years after the palmy days of Rome before there was a university on the face of the earth. These are an outgrowth of Christian civilization, and we can congratulate ourselves that there is no one thing that speaks of the growth and appreciation of humanity better than our universities, the strong, richly endowed universities, and some that are not so strong, but equally healthy.

I suppose that the principal thought in many of our minds to-day is something about endowment. I have had some experience in that line, and this is what I found out. There are a great many things and some people in the world who want to be endowed. A few years ago I was in receipt of many letters from all parts of the United States asking for gifts to universities and other schools. One man wrote that, though it was a grand thing to endow schools, yet it would be a grander thing to endow *men*, and he wanted to be endowed. All over the country, schools are calling for endowment.

Alfred is not alone. I understand that she now has \$110,000, in round figures, of paid-up endowment. You may think that is a good deal. It will do for a beginning. There is besides, about \$2,000 of promises to pay, some of which will be paid, but most of them are not to be depended upon.

After the noble effort that has just been made in Alfred, by which the debt is lifted, and the incubus that has so long rested on the Institution has been taken away, Alfred University, with this endowment, is *almost* in a position where it need not run again in debt. After consulting with some of the professors, I think I may say that next year the University will not have to run in debt more than \$2,000, the way things stand now. So you see that there is a necessity for increasing the endowment, and it ought to come at once. The movement of the Alumni is in the right direction. That \$20,000 which they promise, I hope will be in to-day. That will do much toward helping the Institution out, but I think about \$30,000 is required. Is not that the figure, President Allen?

(President Allen—"Make it 100,000.")

You see how it is. Some folks never get enough. I have a very nice illustration of that. In my pocket is a letter from a professor in one of the best-endowed institutions in the country—I may say the best, if we except, perhaps, Columbia—and in it he is begging for more endowment. He tells of twenty or thirty thousand dollars that have been given in the last year. They are almost loaded down with endowment now, and yet they want more. Another institution, which has, I think, a couple of million dollars endowment, is, as I happen to know, wanting another \$25,000 to enable them to build another building for a chemical laboratory. So you see it is not strange if Alfred wants more than \$50,000 additional endowment. For my part, I think that is very modest. In the not distant future, she will want a million dollars endowment, but I don't think she will get it this year. One of these days, however, Alfred is going to sit down here among these hills, and hold in her lap an endowment of a million dollars; and when she gets it she won't have any too much.

There are two reasons why the endowment should be increased:

1st. The wants and the needs of the Institution are constantly

growing. The professors have now only small salaries. It will be necessary, not far in the future, to increase these salaries.

2d. The rate of interest is going down. A few years ago it was seven per cent, now it is six, and in a few years it will be only five. Bonds sell now at four per cent, and governments sell readily at three. So, as the rate of interest to be realized on endowment is constantly decreasing, we cannot fold our hands and say because Alfred has \$110,000 dollars, it is in a pretty good position. If it is in a good position just now, it cannot remain so long.

I understand you purpose to place the Alumni endowment upon the President's chair. That is good. I believe there are now only two professorships which are sufficiently endowed for present wants. After you have endowed the President's chair, you must keep on and endow some others. What shall the next be? There is a difference of opinion. I find that men's opinions are largely influenced by their spectacles. A librarian will say the library should be endowed first. A professor in the Theological Department thinks there is the most crying need of an endowment there. And I know of a man who does not hesitate to say that the one thing most needed in Alfred University is a well endowed professorship of finance. It is needless to say that that man is himself a financier. But I think you will all agree with me that what Alfred University most needs is plenty of rich *uncles*, and then she can safely allow them to take care of the *fine aunts*.

## ABSTRACT OF REMARKS BY P. B. MCLENNAN, A. M.

Mr. McLennan said that as an Alumni Association was now formed, year after year their steps would turn naturally to Alfred; that here they received their ideas, their inspiration, and owed their success in life largely to the Institution; that they had met for the purpose, to some extent, of devising ways to help the University, so that in years to come it might do for others what it had done for them; that the report of the committee, if not quite what was anticipated, was



still far from discouraging: the Association had just been organized, but perseverance and continued effort would raise not only the \$20,000, but more. He further said that a rule ought to be adopted to spend one day of the year in Alfred, to become acquainted with each other, to keep up an interest, to encourage, and to help.

## ADDRESS BY REV. A. J. TITS- WORTH.

I cannot make up my mind just why I am here this afternoon. There has been a little too much "one man power" about this arrangement. I had the impression that I was booked for a speech this morning, and I stayed away for that reason, I'll confess, as I had promised no speech and had nothing to say. But I am cornered, after all. I only wish I had a long tube and a little of that medicine the Doctor told about.

It cannot be that I am called upon to speak because I have any faculty for giving or begging money. Daniel Webster once wanted to pay the national debt, you remember, but it was only because he was too drunk to remember his constitutional impecuniosity. Now only under the same circumstances could I hold out any expectation of helpfulness in the good work of raising the money which this afternoon ought to secure for Alfred University. I always did want to be rich. I wish I was rich, more than ever, now.

I remember to-day, with regret, that I am not qualified to speak here by being an Alumnus of Alfred. But, although not a member of the Alumni Association, I was a student at Alfred for three years and feel very much at home here to-day. I once heard of a man with very bowed legs, who stood warning himself before a bright open fire. One of those sharp boys who are always on hand to say the funny things at one's expense, when we are ridiculous, saw the picture the fire made between the man's legs, and shouted out, "I say, Mister,

if I was you, I wouldn't stand so near the fire. Your legs are getting awfully warped." Now, I stood by the Alfred fire long enough to get the Alfred warp. I think the Alfred type was pretty thoroughly impressed upon me. It would be a great pleasure to me to be regarded as a candidate for the Alumni Association.

I come from a part of the country where there are not many Alfred students, but what there are of us, are, if I do say it who oughtn't, of pretty fair quality. I know of only four in the city of Milwaukee. Of one of these, the less said the better, perhaps. But another one is Mr. John Drake, of Drake Bros., our leading drug firm, a man who remembers Alfred with great affection, and has, since leaving here, hewed his way to eminent business success. Another is Hon. C. B. Seaman, one of our leading lawyers. Another is Mr. Chas. A. Chapin, who is this year President of our Board of Trade, thus filling the highest position possible in the business world of Milwaukee.

I know only one more Alfred man in the state of Wisconsin, Judge Cassoday, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court. If this is the kind of men Alfred turns out, I would like to know more of them.

I want to express my pleasure and gratification that almost the first word I heard on reaching town was, that the debt had been lifted. I think I can appreciate the sacrifice and the devotion which this fact implies. I have had some experience in trying to raise money for similar purposes myself, and I want to say of this work you have done, that it seems to me to be directly in the line of preaching the gospel. There was a time when only specially commissioned, ordained men were supposed to be able to preach, and only their sort of work could be called preaching. But I am glad the Revised New Testament changes that. It says "Ye," meaning every disciple, making preachers of us all; and it says also, "preach the gospel to the whole creation," making all real attempts on the part of Christ's disciples to apply the principles of his gospel to life, a preaching of the gospel. I like to insist upon it that all men who are consecrated to the work of making the world better and happier, in any way, are preachers, and that everything done for Christ and humanity is a form of preaching. I surprise men in this way sometimes. It is a new thought to them that they can be preachers without having enough of what our irreverent street-boys sometimes



call "muscle in the mouth," to make talking their business. Now, if freeing this Institution from its load of debt is not preaching the gospel, I don't know what is. And I can but augur prosperity and success to an institution which is based upon such consecration as has been shown in this noble endeavor.

As I think of the rank of such things in the peerage of Christian life, I am reminded of an old and rich sinner who was reported to be converted. He had been a regular Shylock, and his neighbors shrewdly agreed that if he was truly converted, his pocket-book would now be opened to calls of a sort that had never been known to affect it. One man said, "I will go and test the matter." He went and asked the old man for a subscription to missions. He got fifty cents, which the ex-Shylock gave with a grimace. But the happy visitor was called back from the door, and told, "I'll make that a dollar." And again, just as he was going, he was called back. The old man's heart was in a turmoil. "Here," he said, "make that two dollars." This happened three or four times till finally the converted curmudgeon rose in excitement and gave the man ten dollars, at the same time shaking his fist at an invisible tormentor, and saying, "You old devil, if you don't stop pestering me, I'll give this man every dollar I've got." The man took his money and went out of the room thoroughly convinced that the old fellow was converted. I think some of you Alfred people have been converted. I don't know when the conversion took place, but the indisputable evidence of it was seen yesterday.

I congratulate you with all my heart on the new chapter opening in the history of this college.

ADDRESS BY HON. SOLON O.  
THACHER, PH. D.

A few years ago, I spent a day ascending the Argentine Pass. It is a long and dreary road, with numerous zig-zag windings before the altitude of over 14,000 feet is attained. Through deep forests of odorous pines, past the point where the quaking aspen can hold its own against the mountain blasts, along patches of grass that grows and flowers that bloom at the very edge of perpetual

drifts of snow, through bleak and cony-inhabited ledges of rock we went; at last, after heavy climbing and with shortened breath, we gained the summit. It was a fitful August day, and the mountains and clouds were in constant warfare.

As we mounted above timber line, looking back and down, we saw huge waves of vapor rolling up from Clear Creek Canyon, and up the gorge and above the tops of the forests we had just passed. Before we had reached the height, while we were in the bright sunlight of the Rocky Range, below us we beheld the flash of lightning and heard, rising to our ears from the caverns beneath, the reverberations of frequent claps of thunder.

As we reached the summit and looked down the depths on the Pacific Slope of the Pass for a few minutes, we beheld mirroring camps and the silver threads of the affluents of the Snake River, as they rushed down from the melting drifts and tiny lakes caught in scooped-out hollows of Gray's and Torrey's Peaks. From our lofty outlook, before us stood, in its dazzling glory, the Holy Cross, and as far as vision could reach we looked upon the white peaks, gigantic uplifts of the snowy range bending into as many curves and angles as does the sinuous Grand River that lies at its feet. From the profound canyon of the Snake River there rose dark clouds like those on the trail we had recently followed. From both sides, the tossing vapors met on the Pass in a wild roar accompanied by violent gusts of rain, snow and hail and flashes of lightning and peals of thunder. We turned our steps as best we could down the path so laboriously ascended, and in a few miles passed away from the tempest and darkness. But above us on the mountain heights the storm still held its awful supremacy, and the roar of incessant thunder fell down to the quiet places along which we were passing.

The vicissitudes of the day, its surprises and swift alterations of nature's moods and passions, in some faint degree, outline the eventful scenes of almost every one's life. There are few who have not seen sunshine and storm, painful effort for some commanding vision, and disappointment and retreat. Glimpses of supernal grandeur and loveliness have been obscured by unplying tempests. And even when the roar and ravaging whirl have been escaped, the far-away tumult gives a shudder, and painfully reminds one of the escaped peril and horror. Through conflict, disaster and victory, every one's pathway surely tends. Whatever carmine rays may

touch the morning of life, the eventide will not come without temptation, conflict, hopes dashed, fears realized and, perchance, if God so grant, the mastery of self, a greater triumph than if one were to capture a city.

Of those who are in the zenith of their days, or possibly looking down the other slope, and who once spent years in this educational precinct, it may be fairly inquired what import or impress did those days of study have for you in the changes, the defeats and successes of life. Was it time well spent, or can you place your finger on any point in your career and say, "Here my months of seclusion at Alfred failed me?"

In a view partially reminiscent, yet containing more of observation and the experiences of others, I make answer, for the moment, I trust not untruly, voicing the sentiments of the Alumni of this Institution.

A thirty years' retrospect should so clarify our vision as to enable us to say whether the perspective of these years, looked upon by the eager eye of the student, was in the main a true picture or only a deceptive mirage. From the pass gained through three decades of toil, the sun still shining in its meridian strength, let us note the surrounding scenery, and especially look back upon our pathway, whether luminous with realized desires or somber with thwarted ambitions.

First of all, in speaking of the influence of our days here on our lives, we recall with tenderness and gratitude the self-sacrifice and devotion of the teachers who guided our thoughts. Carlyle says, "Among earnest nations, as among the Romans, the craft of the school-master was held in little regard." And he explains the reason to be that in ancient times he merely taught grammar, or how to speak, whereas he asserts the rule now to be, "that the human creature needs, first of all, to be educated; not that he may speak, but that he may have something weighty and valuable to say." No one can charge our instructors of thirty years ago with ever being unmindful of that course of education which led away from the show of words—mere logomachy—to the substance of things, the truth, wherever buried or concealed. The forms of disputation were well enough when there was something to excite discussion and eager debate. In other words, the teaching I am now gratefully recalling and commending was expressed by one word, often emphasized

and repeated:—*Thorongh*. The teacher went to his class with the lesson in his head, and the student was expected to recite with his book left in his room. No "pony" in those days, but like a belted warrior stripped for the race, the learner was daily inspired with the consciousness of growing powers of self-reliance and fortitude. He found himself at his first recitation confronted with the pitiless reality, that whatever he attained, it must be by his exertions; he must do good work, true work, for only such, he was told, was fit for the temple he was seeking to erect. Every stone in that edifice must be hammered, beveled and polished by his own hands. Hard lesson for many of us at first. How we reached out for some prop to steady our swaying step, some clue to guide us through the labyrinth. None was vouchsafed us. By-and-by we began to see glimmering light, our feet stood on firmer ground, and through our mental frame there went tingling along tides of hope, assurance, victory. I can recall more than one boy coming to this place from the red school-house among the wooded hills, unused to reason or to connect thoughts, awkward and unconscious of the powers that lay dormant in his bosom. A few months beneath these teachers' solicitude and discipline transformed him. He became a new creature. The slumbering nature awoke to perennial life. Now, I count it one of the signal, I may say the chief, characteristics of this school, as I knew it years ago, that whatever was taught here, was well taught and well learned. Few students remained long who could not abide that word *thorongh*. With what strong words does Feudstroch decry the mechanical teachers and teaching that befel his youth! "My teachers were hide-bound pedants without knowledge of man's nature or boy's or of aught save lexicons and quarterly account books. How could an inanimate, mechanical gerund-grinder, the like of whom will in a subsequent century be manufactured at Nuremberg out of wood and leather, foster the growth of anything, much more of mind, which grows not like a vegetable, but like a spirit by mysterious contact with spirit; thought kindling itself at the fire of living thought? How shall *he* give kindling in whose inward man there is no living coal, but all is burnt out to a dead grammatical cinder?" Happy that student whose early attempt to gain a knowledge and supremacy of himself is molded by teachers who seem to have been divinely ordained for that work. The spirit of solid acquirement, of repulsion at sham, at superficial accomplish-

ment of any kind that filled these rooms of instruction so long ago, in some degree rested on the scholar emerging from his retirement to meet the grave and ever uneasy events of life. He had with him the secret of all worthy achievement. He needed no ring of Gyges to gain success. What he knew, he knew well, and the same fidelity of the past stood by him in the oncoming duties and requirements. Dr. Nott used to say, "When a man tells me he has read many books, I am not afraid of him, but when I meet one who has read and mastered *one* book, I do not gainsay him on the subject of that book." In my hearing, Professor Kenyon once argued with a father against his determination to take his son out of school after a few terms of study. Said he, "Which would you sooner trust with your fine span of horses to draw logs out of the woods—your son or hired man?" "O, my son, he seems to have better judgment how to manage." "Well," replied the professor, "that superiority you must in part attribute to the training we have given him. For," he added, "I maintain that a thorough scholarship is the surest way to make the most there is of a young man. It not only produces the better minister, lawyer and physician, but it makes a wiser farmer and a surer mechanic." He accepted Addison's saying, "Knowledge is indeed that which next to virtue truly and essentially raises one man above another." No expression of mine can give too golden an estimate of the value of the conscientious application demanded of the students of Alfred thirty years ago. They went out to the fevered and rushing scenes of life impressed with the thought that glitter and tinsel cannot stand for silver and gold; that faith, integrity and reality are more to be desired than all that devious ways, deceptive appearances, or any substitute for honest work, can give. We may not only agree with the saying of Sidney Smith, "A life of knowledge is not often a life of injury or crime," but may go much farther and insist that the youth who began his educational career with fidelity as the plying, the motto of every advancing step, will as certainly develop into a rounded and noble manhood, as that mysterious germ in the acorn will grow into the majestic oak. In one of his subtle essays, DeQuincy draws a distinction between the literature of knowledge and the literature of power. The one is a mere acquisition of facts, such as a book on cookery may give; the other stirs the deeper recesses of the soul, plays with emotion, fires imagination, and leads

the way to the lofty theater where the passions, noble and abhorrent, in brilliant colors play their part like the love and hatred, the ambition and remorse of Paradise Lost, or the madness of the king, in some way blending with the tempest of the midnight, in King Lear. Yet after all, this prolific thinker is compelled to admit that there is a literature of both knowledge and power, books which alike impart wisdom and rouse the latent spiritual forces. Now, I believe that the learning of the school ranging from elementary ideas in physics to those that seek to reveal the secrets of the universe, from the primal conceptions of spoken or written speech to those that inform the loftiest poem or swell the symphony, or carry winged thoughts filled with benisons to mankind around the world, all that leads the dull, earth-intent intellect to look up to the stars, to aspire to some unattained end, to move to higher and higher heights—that is the literature of knowledge and power. And in the proportion of the completeness and harmony of that learning will be the inspiration to a truer manhood, to an intellectual and spiritual affluence. We can truly give testimony that this ideal was ever held before the students of this Institution in that receding past in which we were actors.

Again, of that education we must confess and even aver that it enabled its possessor to estimate more cautiously and judiciously the varying pursuits and achievements of men; discriminating with a certain degree of wisdom, the valuable and beneficent over the transitory and insignificant. There is a popular distinction between the man of action and the man of theory, between the doer and the dreamer, the thoughtful student and the sagacious manager of continental transportation. They represent types of character which gain very different applause and imitation. True, as we have found literature at times to be a composite of knowledge and power, there are those who unite the life of action with that of contemplation. Professor Swing says of King Solomon, "He combined the magnificence of a Louis XIV., the business habits of a Wall Street trader, the literary taste of an Oxford graduate and the artistic feelings of a London painter or musician. He let fall the battle flag of Joshua and took up the banner of splendor and luxury." He adds, The book of Ecclesiastes possesses greatness of thought, and marks the superiority of Solomon over Louis XIV. of France, and Henry VIII. of England, and perhaps Queen Elizabeth herself. Under

the broad mind of the Hebrew monarch, all religions enjoyed a toleration such as has found a parallel only in America. Read from the chapter that contains the words, 'One generation passeth away and another cometh,' to the last chapter in which we see the 'silver cord loosed' and the 'golden bowl broken,' and you will find yourself in the midst of those feelings out of which come the *Requiem* of Mozart, the *Elegy* in a Church-Yard, and the *Misereres* of Christian worship."

But this happy blending of opposite qualities is rare, and there still remain lines of demarcation pointing out to us two marked types of human achievements and renown. They look out upon us from the page of sober history, from the startling tragedy, from the epic poem and the exalted contemplation of religion. All along our journey, we jostle men of rapt thought and intense action. There is a tendency to worship the man of deeds and to look carelessly upon the brooding poet or dreamer. And when the life of a man contains a strange compounding or blending of the two types, more often that phase is more noticeable which shows him in heroic conflict an iron-hearted soldier, a strenuous athlete, a master of gigantic national enterprises, rather than a quiet recluse, a cloistered ascetic, a listener to dim and mysterious voices, or a studious thinker. The present time wonders at the mastery of the natural forces, the obedience man extorts from the thunderbolt and the cascade, from the manifold powers that sweep along the sky, or quiver in the earth, or move in restless and resistless tides over the mountains and shallows of the great deep. Whoever assails courageously the secrets of the natural world, overcomes and fastens them to his rushing chariot as Achilles did the body of the conquered Hector, is followed along his triumphal course with plaudits and shouts. As we read the strange, eventful life of Chinese Gordon, his military genius, his fertility and audacity on the field of battle, his contempt of death in the presence of imminent perils, in all these qualities rivaling Bonaparte or Hannibal, somehow they obscure the more marvelous attributes of self-poise, introspection and sublime faith that lay beneath all his daring and spectacular deeds. The workmen who lifted the last stones to the dizzy height of the great monument to Washington, or pointed the spires of the Cologne Cathedral specks in the upper air, were gazed upon with wonder, while the silent man who contrived the way to do the work in perfect safety moves

unnoticed among the gazing throng. Whatever fills the eye or appeals to the senses for a moment gathers intenser interest. Mental philosophers learnedly explain how a single deed of bravery, skill, or effort will attract us more than a collective one, a duel than a battle, a struggling swimmer tossing in the fatal waters of Niagara than a wrecked ship-load of passengers, a single, lark-like voice, a Nilsson or a Jenny Lind than a chorus. This thought is finely illustrated by Cooper, when he makes Leather Stocking exclaim against the barbarous and multitudinous destruction of the flocks of pigeons by means of a sort of blunderbuss that mowed over the dashing wings by the hundreds, while he, with rifle in hand, selected one adventurous bird, and with unerring aim, brought it to the ground, the death-shot only touching its head. The gaunt hunter, the solitary pigeon mounting upward on swift wing, the sweep of the rifle, the report and the precipitate fall of the bird—we see it all with eager eye, while the wagon-loads of the torn and shattered trophies of the gun loaded with slugs and shot disturb and repel us. On the stage of the Grand Opera at Paris four hundred persons will appear at once, each with a part to perform, but at a given signal, their ranks open and there glides to the front a singer whose single notes elicit wilder applause than rose for all the rest. And so it happens that the more concentrated or individualized the deed, the more it holds the beholder. And this is true of those great achievements that require the perfect co-ordination of many parts. The idea of unity pervaded the throbbing mechanism of the Corliss Engine at the Centennial, and thousands beheld it as a thing of life. The onset of the Imperial Guard at Waterloo, or the charge of the Six Hundred at Balaclava, or the clock-like exactness and harmony of all the thundering trains over a single system of railway reaching thousands of miles across plain and desert, over mountains and rivers, excite in us greater wonder because in all there is conspicuous a singleness of purpose. Our admiration is elicited for the daring, the inventive, the striving in the material world, and it rises in proportion as that action becomes unified and concentrated. In contrast to these objects of wonder and pursuit the education we are speaking of taught that, while in their orbits these stars shone bright, far beyond, sweeping in more majestic circles and emitting more effulgent light, were other luminaries, worthier of attention, and shedding forth a different glory.

The cry of the age is practical—practical politics, practical religion, practical education. "Away with the speculative and the theoretical, away with everything that claims to be studied for its own sake and that does not go directly out to some immediate, practical utility." Such, says Taylor Lewis, has been the demand for at least a generation; and in an admirable plea for an enlargement of classical study, he shows how, beyond the culture and philological gifts of such a course, there would come another blessing, which he describes as follows:

"It may be concisely denoted as the literary in distinction from the disciplinary and the linguistic. It is, that the classical study is the opening door, the introduction to the wide field of ancient literature, the richest, the rarest, and yet the most universal in its connection with all humanity of any that the world has ever seen. It is not simply Greek and Latin; it is the catholic literature adapted to all ages, as seemingly designed by Providence as an intellectual medium in which are found the elements of the world's earliest as well as its maturest thoughts. The present course of reading in our colleges barely brings the student to the vestibule of this magnificent temple. It shows him little or nothing of the treasures contained within."

The idea thus shadowed forth is amplified by Professor Swing in another form in his essay on the Greatest of the Fine Arts. In it he finds that the accumulation of wealth, beauty of form, swiftness of feet or strength of hands is not man's greatest quality, but his ideas, his sentiments.

Now, it may be yielded that the material is at least an entrance, a passage-way to the reflective, the intellectual life. But the imperious demand is made that all that lies beyond the realm of actual and visible things shall at least be held as optional and unnecessary. What more does the student need if he has science and ingenuity enough to make a path for the iron horse over profound canyons along dizzy heights and through granite tunnels to the summits of the Andes, so overcoming the frowning barriers of nature that in a distance of eighty miles he has lifted the locomotive, the steed of commerce, from the perpetual heat of Callao to the perpetual snows of Cordillera? Or what greater achievement can he accomplish than to so peer into the storehouse of natural forces as to draw therefrom every gigantic energy that can aid man in lifting his

house and temple, in sending his thoughts in a twinkling round the globe, in transporting his goods and himself in the teeth of storm and wave across the high seas of the world? And so the thought pushes itself more and more into the varied courses of life; and even above the shroud and coffin men whisper, he died worth so much in lands and goods; not what imperishable riches of character, intellectual acquisitions and powers he carried away with him.

Next to large and ever-increasing possessions, the pursuit of many men, there comes the inordinate longing for official rank. The young man who soonest holds some station in the government is often pointed at as the one most successful. And there is a popular idea that to be the recipient of high positions of state is to attain to great happiness. Fallacy most deplorable! Mr. Lincoln's Secretary of the Interior, Mr. John P. Usher, is a near neighbor of mine. He told me not long since a conversation he had with Mr. Seward, while they were in Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet. The talk ran on the philosophy of life, its ambitions and disappointments. Said Mr. Seward, "You know it has been my lot to enjoy every high office my countrymen could give me save one. Senator from a rich county in my native state, the Governor of the largest and wealthiest state in the Union, the Representative of that state in the Senate of the United States, and now Secretary of State during the most momentous period of our history,—and now, looking back over my past, this is the happiest life I could wish for my sons: to own good farms, well stocked, out of debt, and know no one more than ten miles from home." How the words of the preacher ring in our ears, *Vanitas vanitatum*! In the light of such a confession, how pathetic the closing words of Vanity Fair—"Which of us has his desires, or having them is satisfied? Come children, let us shut up the box and puppets, for our play is played out."

Of all the pursuits of men, there is none so full of the ashes of Gehenna, as Carlyle would say, as the office-seeker's, and there is none so full of infuriated followers. To see callow, illiterate, yet pushing and ambitious, men making a life business of mounting into positions where only honor and worth should be installed, is one of the strange features of our republican life. In a philosophical mood Herbert Spencer points out this tendency of a democratic state, and properly bewails it, and yet after all the stain, mediocrity and selfishness of the average office-seeker, and all the waste, crudities and un-

certainities attendant on the legislation of a country honoring such men he concludes that popular government is better than an oligarchy, an aristocracy or a despotism. Doubtless he is correct. For in all ages the place-seeker has flourished. Does not Horace sing:

"Get place and wealth, if possible with grace,  
If not, by any means, get wealth and place?"

And the great dramatist speaks of those who

"Crooked the pregnant hinges of the knee  
Where thrift may follow fawning."

The history of all nations shows us the perfidy and the greed of office, the surrender of manhood and the sacrifice of all noble qualities to attain it. Not alone against the Pharisee who sought the highest seat did the Great Teacher utter the stinging rebuke, but he was compelled to check the inordinate ambition of the sons of Zebidee, whom he had surnamed Boanerges, and to assure them that in that new kingdom in which they wanted to be chief officers of state, he alone was greatest who was the minister and servant of others. Every man owes it to his country to be interested in politics. Not long ago the graduating class in a law school was warned by the Dean against having anything to do with politics, to let that matter entirely alone. Wrong advice if it meant the abnegation of the duty of the good citizen. Very proper counsel, if it bade them beware of that life which holds out so many inducements to the scheming, briefless young attorney. If any one can credit Cicero, after reading Froude's *Caesar* (a very unfair book, in my estimation) the effrontery, the mastery of turbulent elements of society to do his will, the public contempt of even the ordinary respect for the good opinion of the good were prominent traits in the character of Catiline. The same traits reveal themselves in the politician of to-day, this difference, however, being observed, that he molds his speech and action to the varying drift of that popular opinion which he believes has the largest numerical force behind it. The example of such men, especially those who are clothed with the glamour of success, poisons the air which young men breathe, and they soon learn to say, "Nothing succeeds like success."

Against the corrosion of avarice, the worship of wealth in and of itself, and against a low, barbaric ambition, which rejoices in position, however attained, it is the province of a thorough education to

fortify the mind and to impart to the soul such lofty aspirations, as shall give true and just views, and lead to wise citizenship. It does for the young man what the celebrated teacher of painting in Paris sought to do for his pupils. He made them visit the masterpieces of the Louvre, fix their attention upon them so steadfastly that in time, at their own rooms, they reproduced the originals from memory alone. It is probably true, as Richter writes of Luther, that "Every brave life appears to us out of the past not as brave as it really was, for the forms of terror with which it fought are overthrown. Against the many-armed future, threatening from its clouds, only the great soul has courage; every one can be courageous toward the spent-out, discolored past. Nevertheless, the man of full mind, expanded, enlarged by study, reflection and research, finds it congenial to draw the past, the present and the future into close proximity, and he hears the voice of the one telling how most wisely to use the other and to anticipate the last. He hears the Lord Chancellor of Henry VIII. cry out:

"Say, Wolsey, that once trod the way of glory  
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,  
Found thee a way out of his wreck to rise in,  
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it?"

\* \* \*  
I charge thee fling away ambition.

\* \* \*  
Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace  
To silence all your tongues."

If it be true that the desire to excel in some one of its myriad forms is the underlying motive of all minds alike, making the miser and the benefactor, the reflective student and the vain office-seeker, to put forth strenuous exertion, then we can easily see how this dominant idea is colored and shaped by the object it seeks to attain. The self-poise, the subjective and objective, the power of an education, in which there is completeness in such parts as have been touched, though wanting, possibly, the most comprehensive harmony, when brought to bear on the objects that most charm and entice men, shows where one is worthy, the other indifferent or ignoble. He who was restored to sight after a lifetime of blindness, declared he saw men as trees walking. The vision of a child was



more accurate than his. This power, rightly directing the labor of life away from the ephemeral and sordid toward the greatness of heroic thought, the spirit of man, "out of which," says DeQuincy, "comes all the grandest of human motions," is broadened and perfected in the degree that it is the exercise of a cultured and disciplined mind. Some time this power of discrimination comes to every man, if in no other way it is his, when satiated ambition finds the apples of Sodom to be ashes on the tongue, and the longed-for possessions to be a burden and a care. The wisdom I am speaking of continually cries aloud in the streets, she points her white finger to the pathway ascending the mountain height, and in the ear of the youth proclaims that above the fire-light, above the cheer of men, the bed of down, the thought of physical enjoyment, he must, through darkness, snow and ice, push higher and ever higher until his ear, dead to earthly sound, hears "from the sky serene and far," *Exultation*.

As a corollary from the preceding reflections, I think we may claim that the training had here so many years since gave to its possessor in after life so one power of tranquillity. To struggle and be baffled, to hope and lose, to roll the stone almost to the summit only to see it roll back to the foot of the mountain, to see adverse fortune advancing on every side and yet be manful, brave, tranquil—what an achievement is that! What an august quality of the mind it bespeaks! Poet and dramatist, philosopher and orator alike pay homage to him who bears with equanimity great misfortunes, and bedews with few tears the wreck of all his efforts. He seems to be environed with hidden sources of composure and strength. They are the comrades of the Golden Legend:

"Unseen companions, guests of air,  
You cannot wait on, will be there;  
They taste not food, they drink not wine,  
But their soft eyes look into mine,  
And their lips speak to me; and all  
The vast and shadowy banquet hall  
Is full of looks and words divine."

The philosophy of Zeno taught that wisdom consisted in the suppression of joy and sorrow, hope and fear, and even pity; that the state of apathy was the state of perfection. Not far from this stoical teaching is the underlying thought of the *Light of Asia*. There is in it a semblance of truth. To put one's self in accord

with those laws that move on in inevitable grooves, to yield to the irresistible with patience, if not with resignation, to be in a frame of mind to meet the unexpected with the composure of the general whose dispatch, as he was writing on the field of battle, was covered with dust from a plowing cannon ball of the enemy, when he exclaimed, "Thanks for the sand on my wet ink, these are certainly large gifts." It was, however, in a larger spirit that Horace sang on the same subject. He felt that one should dismiss care, and even hope, for she is ever accompanied by her twin sister fear; that the true wisdom lay in making the most of now.

"Oh Sestius, happy Sestius, use the moments as they pass,  
Far-reaching hopes are not for us creatures of a day.  
Thou soon shalt the night enshroud, and the Manes phantom crowd,  
And the starveling house unbecomingly of Pluto shut thee in."

In a truer strain, Emerson says: "Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. No man has learned anything rightly until he knows that every day is Doomsday."

Whatever heroism one exhibits in the face of disaster must, to some extent, depend upon the arms with which his soul is equipped. If always speaking the exact truth cultivates and improves the memory, so must the exact and perfect mastery of the beginning of all science, literature and the fine arts tend to bring out into harmonious action each quality and attribute of the mind. The purely sciolist by-and-by is the superficial man. The lad who masters with earnest zeal each step of his advancing course of study carries away from the school-room an armor more formidable than that of the mailed knight; nay, more, he swings in his hand the sling of the ruddy-checked David. The half-developed soul, the one-sided character, or the one-ideaed mind meets defeat as though it were death. It has no other path than the one it has been pursuing, no other outlook than the one it has gazed upon for years. The rebuff leaves it without resource or alternative. We hear a great deal about concentrating one's energy upon a single object. The lawyer, who, mindful of his early life, loves to own fields and woods, hear the lowing kine and smell the breath of the new-mown hay and see the wind-tossed harvests, is laughed at as one who consumes his earnings at the bar to maintain his farm. I am not to enter upon a discussion of this subject, though if one should take the lives of many remarkable men, he would find that their minds ran out to more

pursuits than one, even while in prosperity. But this is the point I am contending for. The thorough student has, in the ratio of his perfection of intellectual powers, self-reliance, equanimity and endurance. The relentless drill of this school, conjoined as it was with the kindest and most solicitous desires for the students' welfare, sent out into the world graduates fitted to meet its frown as well as its smile. This culture, as far as it went, was complete and the possessor, within the circle of his labors, was sovereign. His spiritual citadel had on each side, moat, draw-bridge, and swift-falling portcullis.

If in this retrospect I seem to exalt unduly the years so long since flown, let it be set down to that strange faculty of the mind which makes all the mornings of our far-away yesterdays cloudless and roseate. As you look at Mont Blanc from Chamonix, it rises to the blue vault a perfect dome of dazzling silver; draw it to you with a powerful glass, and you behold awful crevices, immense precipices of ice, and here and there darker fields of snow and sleet. It is only when unwilling memory enlarges the soul's retrospect that the somber hues of the past take their place beside the bright and joyous. "Ah," says Emerson, "will you never learn that as soon as the irrecoverable years have woven their blue glories between to-day and us, these passing hours shall glitter and draw us as the wildest romance, and the homes of beauty and poetry." We may brood over the unborn to-morrow, but for the dead *Yesterday* we have only love and sweet recollections.

To those of this audience, who, being still in the routine of the school, and feeling the limitations and annoyances of the present, are disposed to question this review, I only say, postpone your criticism for thirty years, and your verdict will chide me for using a diction falling far below reality. You will then be ready to sing with the poetess:

"O there are voices of the past,  
Links of a broken chain,  
Wings that can bear me back to times  
That cannot come again;  
Let God forbid that I should lose  
The echoes that remain."