



THE ALFRED STUDENT.

VOL. I.

ALFRED CENTRE, N. Y., JANUARY, 1874.

NO. 1.

Literary Department.

CO-EDUCATION.

Address delivered before the Woman's Congress, held in New York, Oct. 15, 1873, by Mrs. A. A. ALLEN.

Matthew Arnold defines culture to be, "The pursuit of our total perfection by means of getting to know, on all matters which most concern us, the best which has been thought and said in the world, and, through this knowledge, turning a stream of fresh and free thought upon our stock notions and habits which we follow now staunchly but mechanically, vainly imagining that there is a virtue in following them staunchly, which makes up for the mischief of following them mechanically."

Any culture to be noblest must not only have its inspiration in harmony with the great human and divine influences, but it must move on the high tide of human progress, keep abreast of the world's advance movements; in one word, be radical, radical to the core. The great historic characters, whose memory humanity fondly cherishes, were the radicals of their times, and those institutions that have greatly blessed man have sprung from fundamental truths. Humanity evidently in its highest and noblest moods, is not well pleased with unmitigated conservatists. They awaken no enthusiasm, start no aspirations. It carries them reluctantly as dead weights, and feels very much relieved when it shakes them off into their soon-forgotten graves, over which it weeps no tears but takes, a long breath of relief, straightens up and moves on more lightly than before in its upward course.

Institutions, like such men, must sail well ahead of the great human flotilla, not waiting to be wafted along by the breeze of public opinion, but starting currents in the spiritual atmosphere that shall waft others.

All such, it is true, have to meet the difficulties incident to the inauguration of any thing new. The approach of every reform in the world's history has been opposed by an immense noise of the logical and illogical cannonade set up against it. Conservatism has gone out to meet it, not only with staves and swords, but with the long ranged syllogism of the heavy logical argument, accompanied by an immense fusilade of men of all arms, engaged in demolishing it by scorn, ridicule and all that kind of logic which has ever proven that what has not been done cannot be done. Yet history has no respect for logic. The logic of events is its all-conquering logic. New truths, full of a divine, reformatory and uplifting power, are generally like their great embodiment, born in a Manger, their heralding angels unheard save by humble shepherds, their stars unseen save by magian watchers who first learn the new good will to men. All such truth has its manger period, its disputation with the doctors, its triumphant entry, its Mount of Transfiguration. It has its escape from bondage, its journey through the wilderness, a forty-years one, it may be, its Sinai, its victorious possession of the promised land.

Many pages of history we view as we do rare specimens of the stone age, and here is one of them. In the year of grace, five hundred and eighty-five, in the great council of divines at Macon arose this grave question: "Whether or not woman ought to be called a human being." After a long and vexatious disputation over many points involved in the question, it was decided by the learned doctors that she was a human being. This same council forbade bishops to protect their houses by dogs. So we see that as the womanly elements came into the pale of humanity, the dogly elements went out, and thus it will ever be as the genuine womanly virtues and forces ascend in society, the low brute forces descend. Now, although it has been perfectly orthodox from that time to consider woman within the limit of humanity, yet every stage of progress in her development as a human being has been met by grave prophecies of evil that it could

not be done without a general wreck of all good. Yet the simplest historian knows that he can mark the degree and the quality of the civilization of any period or people by the position of woman among that people or in that time. Social and political ethics has no more important problems to solve than those coming from this false position of one-half of the human family. By modern invention and culture, the distaff and loom have disappeared from among the household gods. Wife is no longer the derivative and synonym of weaver. The spinning jenny and power-loom are her servants. The needle plied by hand is fast becoming a thing of the past, and woman, having learned the alphabet, is substituting the pen for the needle. The time has come when the higher education of woman is no longer treated lightly. All now admit that she should be educated, but the extent and the methods are the debatable questions. All of the thoughtful and the observant, both of men and women, are unsatisfied with the old form boarding-school style and the institutions termed Ladies' Seminaries. It is true, they have done a good work, but somehow they are no longer able to satisfy the mothers educated in them, or the young women of ability and aspiration. They have too often had it for their aim to finish women's education just at that point and period of life when the solid parts of the young man's education begins, to extend thence through four or seven years of earnest toil. Then she sits down to wait the coming man, and to dream and fritter away several of the most precious years of her life. A young lady of this description said a short time since, "O, how little men know of the terrible suffering of this state. The *ennui*, the routine of little nothings that absorb like a sponge all of life's noblest aspirations." On being asked why she did not break away from them and go to work in earnest, replied, "We are bound by the silken cords of the proprieties, cords though silken and very delicate, bind with a power more irresistible, and a pressure more galling than any felon's chain and ball." The more earnest and capable are imploring for admission to the ranks of those seeking higher culture. They have been recently knocking at the doors of most of our colleges. While some have slammed the door in the faces of the intruders, and double bolted them, others have left their doors ajar, with a coy invitation to knock again, and a little louder than before, and we may arise and let you in. Or, it may be in the style that Col. Higginson represents Harvard as replying, "Go around to the side door, my daughters, and we will see what can be done for you. Perhaps there may be a little cold food for you in the Divinity School, or elsewhere, if taken on the sly; but so long as you persist in knocking at the front door you must remain outside of it." The result is, that a few young ladies have regularly recited in some of its classes, but their names cannot and do not appear on its catalogues. In the department of Comparative Zoology, under Prof. Agassiz, the number in the lecture room and of assistants in the Museum, is about the same of men and women. In the Anderson School of Natural History, established this year on the Island of Penekese, the number of students have been nearly equal of both sexes.

Cornell, last year, admitted woman in order to get the Sage Endowment, and after one year's experience, President White reports that this year they have not had to expel a single student, neither have they had any serious case of discipline. He does not know that it is the result of the presence of woman, but he thinks that it looks very much like it. We look with hope and pride to the rising walls of the Sage College on the fairest of Cornell grounds. O, were there more noble Sages to build for all time. Many of our more Western institutions have been mixed schools for longer or shorter periods.

Co-education means a common faculty, a common curriculum, a common examination. I can do no better, perhaps, than to relate in this connection, some of the effects of co-education, as thus defined in the institution at Alfred, in this State, with which I have been connected, first as student, then as teacher, for over a third of a century. The work of this school has been a hard and pioneer one, as must ever be the founding and building of a school without endowment, in a region without wealth. Most emphatically is it true of this school which has been the school of the poor. Not many sons and daughters of the rich have entered its portals. Beginning its mission in a small upper room with some thirty-six pupils, it has gradually increased, from year to year, till its present number is some four hundred yearly attendance. In this time, it has had some 6,600 matriculates, of whom 3,600 have been males and 3,000 females. The provisions of the charter grant equal right and privileges to both sexes. The following are some of the results: First, economy. It enables the institution to nearly double the number of students with the same means, as far as to buildings, library, apparatus and teachers as would be required for either sex alone. It enables brothers and sisters to mutually help each other, hiring rooms and boarding themselves; the sisters can do the housework for their brothers, thus allowing parents to support two in school with the fund that would barely suffice for one under other circumstances giving home and responsibility to both. Sometimes a brother sends himself and sister, and occasionally a sister a younger brother; yet there are sad features connected with these good ones. Parents are more apt to help their sons than their daughters, and society helps the young men by giving them plenty of work and good pay, whilst the work for young women is precarious, and mostly poorly paid. Young men of energy and economy are enabled to go through a course of study not unfrequently without interruption, by working vacation and recess hours, while with young ladies it becomes a hard and prolonged struggle, though many limit their expenses to within seventy-five to one hundred dollars per year, including board and school expenses. The great want of the young ladies of limited means, is some healthy and remunerative employment for their vacations and portions of recess hours. A few only can be accommodated in families to work for their board, and as they hold the book in one hand, and do a servant's full work with the other, there is danger of the task

being too much. Some have failed here. The teachers' profession is constantly overcrowded with us, being often two teachers to each school.

(CONCLUDED NEXT NUMBER.)

THE ENCHANTED LAND.

M. E. H. EVERETT.

When my beloved and I were young,
We dwelt in some enchanted land,
Where winds and birds had words for us,
That we no longer understand;
And some blessed meaning grew
In all lovely things we knew,
When our hearts were young and true!

The gold-brown bees hummed in and out
Among the Summer roses, there,
The green-leaved trees shook in the wind;
The mountain brooks made music rare,
And, rowing past the willows grey,
Glorious with night and glad with day,
Our voiceless river kept its way.

What change hath dimmed the golden flame
That burned along those sunset skies?
Or, is it that a mocking cloud
Floats coldly, dimly in our eyes?
Where, to the wild flowers blossoming,
Do any more our dear birds sing
Triumphant anthems of the Spring?

We miss the fairy chimes that rung
Melodious changes through the air—
The earth forgets the full content,
The joy-wreathed grace she used to wear;
And nevermore our blossoms glow
In the meadow-lands below,
Flushed like sunset, white like snow!

And yet, I think, dear, if we went,
We two only, hand in hand—
Down the meadow, we might reach
Once again that blessed land!
Think, the gates that shone so fair,
Might fly open to us, there,
And shut us out from sin and care!

How the birds we loved would sing
Close beside the singing brooks!
How our flowers would turn to us,
With glad welcome in their looks!
And released from care and pain,
How we two would love again,
Wandering o'er that sunny plain!

I went down that cold path alone,
One evening in the fragrant May,
Feeling how, just beyond my sight,
That long-lost land around me lay;
I could hear its winds blow by,
And almost its radiant sky
Flashed upon my longing eye!

And I thought, if thou wouldst come!
Waiting for thee till the dark,
Turning oft with hungry eyes
Through the mist to watch and hark!

O, I called so sadly, dear,
But no token reached my ear!
Didst thou answer? Didst thou hear?

O, land of blessed dreams foretold,
Where peace shines whitely like the moon!
Where the pure fountains evermore
Breathe rippling music through the noon!
We know, thy rivers of delight,
Closed round with wavering walls of night,
Lie just beyond our yearning sight!

Sometimes, on quiet Sabbath eves,
When the last glare of day is spent,
Our souls lean through the purple gloom,
To breathe the sweetness and content;
And pale, soft lights around us glow,
And we can hear the wind sing low
Some burden, that we used to know.

But vainly through the mists we grope,
We hark in vain, with faltering breath,
We shall not find it, till our eyes
Are at the end unsealed by death—
Then, indeed, we too, shall stand
Once more, gladly, hand in hand,
In a glorious, holy land!

RECKLESS USE OF POISONS.

PROF. H. C. COON.

An imperfect knowledge of the plain teachings of Science, and a carelessness in the observance of the laws of nature, which it is her province to reveal, often bring to us much pain and sorrow.

This is frequently manifest in the ignorant or reckless use of substances which are poisonous in their character, and which, acting upon the system, produce many of the diseases that tend to make life miserable, and bring upon us early decay and death.

The purpose of these articles is to describe the action of a few such substances, and to point out where we bring them into such a relation to us, as to cause by their use deleterious results. A *poison* is "anything, which, when taken into the system, or applied, acting not mechanically, but by its own inherent virtues, produces death, or tends to produce death." Whatever substance, when thus taken, disturbs the life processes, causing disease, is a poison; and its action will, unless overcome by the vital forces, with or without the aid of some remedial agent, result in death.

Each poison has its own specific action upon the system, which is somewhat modified by the circumstances, and the condition of the system, the quantity having much to do in determining this action, and in causing what physicians call *acute* or *chronic* poisoning with their peculiar train of evils. A poisonous substance, when given to counteract a disease, producing what is denominated a medicinal effect, is called a medicine; but when taken into a healthy system, or into a diseased system, which does not require its action to overcome the disease, it may be called a medicine, and given as such, yet it acts as a poison, and, in proportion to the quantity tak-



T H E

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NO. 2.

Literary Department.

CO-EDUCATION.

An Address delivered before the Woman's Congress, held in New York, October 15th, 1873, by Mrs. A. A. ALLEN.

COMPLETED FROM LAST NUMBER.

2. SCHOLARSHIP. In the comparative scholarship of the sexes, as adduced from records kept, with some interruptions, for a third of a century, we find this general result, the average age of the gentlemen being a fraction over twenty, and the ladies a little over eighteen years. The average scholarship of the ladies has been two per cent. better than that of the gentlemen. This includes the range of the usual academic and collegiate studies; but with this modification, that while in the lower studies, natural sciences, medium mathematics, and metaphysics, the two sexes have been nearly equal; in the higher mathematics and classics the ladies have dropped off. The studies being, in part, elective, ladies, heretofore, have not had the same inducements as gentlemen to pursue the regular college and professional courses.

In the attainment of this scholarship, no unnatural or artificial stimulus has been brought to bear. The pernicious system of prizes has never gained a foothold with us. The inherent love of learning, and the inspirations gathering around youth in preparation for the great work of life, have been relied on, and found sufficient, for the noblest culture.

3. ORDER. In the comparatively high degree of order, and moral tone of the institution, woman's presence and influence has been an important factor. As Richelieu affirmed that in all the vocabulary of youth there is no such word as "fail," so we can say that in our vocabulary there are no such words as "haze" and "rush" and "smoke," with their barbarisms; nor "bolt;" nor is known the "curvilinear" gait caused by drink. Sidney Smith, in illustrating the distance which his

first parish was removed from civilization, said, "It was twelve miles to a lemon." Alfred, owing to the radical principles of its inhabitants on the subject of temperance, has been enabled, for a third of a century, to say that it was six miles to a "legal" glass of beer.

We have four flourishing literary societies—two ladies' and two gentlemen's—but have been free of the swarming brood of secret societies which are infesting most of the male colleges, honey-combing them, producing a dry-rot throughout the entire organization, acting as nurseries, in general, of idleness, ignorance, and immorality, ruining more students than any other one cause in connection with college life, polluting like leprosy, eating like cancer into the student life.

It happened to me, a few months since, to be present at the Class Day of one of the best of Eastern colleges. The broad canvass with its ample folds covered hundreds of beautiful young faces, the invited lady guests of the class; yet upon that public rostrum, in their class history and prophecy, were thrown out such silly flattery, such low innuendoes respecting woman in general, all showing such development of character in the young men, as made my aged cheeks to burn with shame. Asking a professor's wife if such things were allowed, she replied, "O, professors have no control over Class Day." A little reflection turned my indignation to pity. Poor boys, I thought, they have had no mother or sister these long college years to keep their linen, or the rooms of their souls pure. We must not blame them too severely, for becoming soiled in character. Perhaps their good wives will have to bleach them out by and by. A few weeks after I was favored with listening to the Commencement Exercises at Oberlin, and can say, I felt that, without an exception, noble Christian manhood was stepping forth to bless the world. How came the contrast? Women at Oberlin, as in most Western colleges, work side by side with men. Instead of westward, eastward, must this civilizing influence take its way.

4. CULTURE. Character should be the end and aim of all culture. The family and its training is the true type of all culture. The highest and best development, other things being equal, is given in the family where there are both sons and daughters. Sons alone, or daughters alone, do not give the best conditions for home nurture. Such do not have the best preparation for future life. The domestic atmosphere is purest and healthiest, most refined and elevating, where it is the circulating medium of brotherly and sisterly affection. A son, without a sister, a daughter, without a brother, must have a deformed growth. Teachers, in law and in fact, stand *in loco parentis* to their pupils. Our highest ideal of the school is that it should approach as near as possible the family in its general tone, and in so far as it does this, do we trust it to give the proper and full growing elements to the souls placed in its charge. Then must the school contain first, boys and girls, then young men and women, in order to round out into the noblest manhood and womanhood. The social atmosphere created by a community of young men and women seeking with a mutually inspiring enthusiasm, and noble aims, the highest results of culture is such as to unfold all the higher qualities of manhood, magnanimity, generosity, chivalry, earnestness, self-sacrifice and self-poise, keeping in check the animal, the trifling, the effeminate. In like manner, it brings out in woman the finest feminine virtues, vigor, gentleness, delicacy, grace. All properly motivated and regulated association of the sexes is elevating instead of degrading, and this is eminently true in the pursuits of science and art, within the restraints and under the supervision imposed by a well organized and ordered school. It is true that this occurs in that period of life when the tendencies are strongest to form the permanent affiliations of life; but nothing so sobers and tones the feverish imagination, as the class-room drill and earnest intellectual toil. So, if matches are the result, as doubtless there will be, as in all other relations, they will be more likely to be based upon the mutual attractions that come from genuine, enduring mental and spiritual qualifications, than can be those based upon the flash acquaintances of the ball room, or the sea side, or fashionable society generally, wherein the higher qualities of the soul are often forgotten in the physical and outward attractions. Nothing will take out the nonsense and put to test the innate qualities of young men and women like the hard work of the school room. So, if it happens that matrimonial engagements are made, they will be entered into under circumstances more favorable to a wise and considerate adjustment of qualities, and with more of a promise to a happy result than most choices. All of the known inter-marriages of Alfred students consequent upon their school life is *three per cent.* of the whole number. Of course, in such a deftly working influence as love, it is difficult to arrive at definite statistics; yet granting the fullest scope which the case would seem to require in this instance, it can safely be estimated at less than four per cent. When it is found that the average age of the young men has been twenty, and that of the young women eighteen years, and the average time of at-

tendence has been nearly two years, it may be confidently asked under what other arrangements could more than six thousand young men and women of the above ages be brought into daily association for two years with less per cent. of marriages. Or, if the character of the married life be the consideration, its friends have nothing to fear from the comparison with others.

This Institution, having been organized on the plan of co-education for thirty-seven years, has no more thought of changing, than parents who find in their families boys and girls, would think of organizing two households in which to train them.

Again, life work means co-work of the sexes. The post-graduate course imposed by life's discipline unites the sexes. This discipline, this culture, is imperfect, one-sided, without this union. Therefore, that preparatory training is best which conforms to this great school of life. Experienced teachers in both schools are its advocates, whilst theorists are its opposers. We confidently look forward to the time when cultured women shall take her true place as an educator, helping to weave our life-work into robes of character; when the upward growth of society will take upon itself new vigor and earnestness, and no power will be suffered to run to waste. It will strive to utilize all of its forces and direct them upon the spiritual elements of the world.

Humanity stands with parched lips and bleeding feet from climbing the rugged steepes of progress, through the slow centuries, struggling up the acclivities of a higher and diviner life, and with hands outstretched for helpers. The track of history is luminous with the noble examples and transcendent achievements of the great teachers and guides of the past; yet the landscape is full of the summits of truths yet unscaled. Hereafter, as heretofore, humanity must be led along paths which require the clear eye and steady nerve of religious courage and woman's hope and faith. It still needs teachers who, giving their ear to the voice of God, and, being thus commissioned, shall give themselves to the discovery of new truths, the founding of new institutions, inaugurating new eras, thus leading to still higher planes of civilization; teachers who, standing with unsandaled feet on the Horeb of life, have received the behests to go down to the slaves of the market and of old time customs and free them from task masters worse than Egyptians; teachers who, standing on the advance heights of progress can, with clear vision, discover new truths flashing down from other heights, and proclaim them to the waiting multitudes below; teachers who, with ear attuned to the nicest harmonies, can catch the rhythm of universal law, and repeat the strain to the listening world; teachers who, like the young man for whom the prophet prayed, have their eyes opened to see spiritual horses and horsemen and chariots of fire, God's great spiritual forces gathering on all the heights of truth and right, ready to oppose the forces of error and wrong. How earnestly do all the providences of God seem to say to us, "Go forward," and we doubt not but that each earnest soul will have the guidance of the cloud by day and pillar of fire by night, with

the angel of the covenant parting the sea, and leading up through the wilderness to the promised land.

I will close with offering the following resolution:

Resolved, That it is the duty of this Congress to labor earnestly and perseveringly for the opening of all of our colleges to our daughters, as to our sons, with equal rights and privileges for both.

The above resolution was unanimously adopted by the Congress.

MAJOR AND MINOR.

From ancient legends comes a teaching
That far, far back in human days,
There was a time where man had speech in
With the Eternal, face to face;
As friend is speaking now with friend,
So close then their communion went.

But ah, too soon that bliss departed;
The world's dark mystery fell amain;
Its loathsome shadow ever darted
'Twixt holy God and sinful man.
God's brightness veiled, polluted eyes
No more could to His presence rise.

Not without witness of His pity
Was glory wrapped from mortal gaze,
Though exiled from th' celestial city,
Yet man may read the yearning face
Of the All-Father in the excess
Of blessings for his happiness.

With wondrous adaptation teeming,
To all our wants, this radiant world
Is flashing forth God's goodness, streaming
With glories 'neath our quest unfurled.
And not without alone, within,
Heaven's voice attests its origin.

What are the kind ameliorations
By science wrought for bitter toil,
But Truth's progressive inspirations?
No outgrowth of terrestrial soil;
They're Heaven's ray, by genius caught,
To Earth's benighted children taught.

What are the great and strong emotions,
That sway and sweep humanity
In upward course—a widening ocean's
Vast tide—to purer destiny.
But the uplifting power of Him
Enthroned among the cherubim?

Of ministrants that work His bidding,
The swift conductors of His will,
There's none the glad task more befitting
Than the sweet charm of Music's thrill—
Entrancing most of all the spells
In which the heart with rapture swells.

While other messengers stand knocking
Outside yet of life's citadel,
This airy sprite, each barrier mocking,
Has fairly gained its inmost cell,
And floods its sanctum with its peals,
Stirs all deep founts the heart conceals.

Like grace divine in operation,
Each soul affected by its flow,

It links in its bright revelation
The power to feel, the power to know.
What answers there in life's broad range,
The sway of this one influence strange!

Whene'er the truest, deepest yearnings
Of swelling hearts would outward start,
They seek to voice their hidden burnings
From music's wealth; the tuneless bard
With all the skill, mere words confer,
Has missed his best interpreter.

And since then, of all modes expressive,
Tones are the subtlest medium,
And wing the most efficient missive,
Compared with which, all else is dumb—
It must be, in this mystic art,
Life's secret has some counterpart,

Which brings it home to every bosom,
Ring with answering echoes loud,
Which pours sweet strains, like heavenly dews, on
The troubled waste 'neath passion's cloud,
Which strives to range in symphonies
Life's tangled maze of mysteries.

Yes, you may learn from music's essence,
To read aright your mortal state;
May have her teach you of the presence
Of good in ill—of blessings great,
Where you could only feel before
A load of vexing trials sore.

Come, pass then with me through the portal
That opens to the glorious fane,
Where music, 'dowed with strength immortal,
Majestically holds her reign.
The anteroom is melody;
The temple's nave is harmony.

There blissful secrets are evolving
In ever new succession poured;
Here luring strains, the heart dissolving,
There strengthening it with chastened chord.
Transported by the mighty sea
Of sound, we're lost in ecstasy.

But when the charmed ear recovering
Its conscious power once more recalls,
It marks distinct two spirits hovering
O'er all these sonant waves and falls;
One flinging gushing, joyous notes,
One sad and melting sweetness floats.

And in apparent opposition
They marshal their respective force,
Now wailing one her mournful mission,
Now jubilant the other soars.
Their strife thus interfusing vies,
Resultant, noblest anthems rise.

And should you wish to put to silence
The melancholy, yearning part,
Straightway the other palls in joyance,
By growing coarse and shrill and hard.
'Tis, as you took the soul away
From music's being—quell that lay.

These genii? In common parlance
All their familiar names have heard;
Each little maid has some acquaintance