

# The Alfred Student.

VOL. III.

ALFRED CENTRE, N. Y., NOVEMBER, 1875.

No. 2.

## Literary Department.

### ANCIENT HINDOO ART.

AMELIA E. STILLMAN.

The extensive territories of Eastern Asia were, in very remote ages, centers of highly developed systems of religion, science, philosophy, and art. And especially was India, that fairy land of the East, distinguished for giving birth to ideas of taste and culture, the expressions of which were rich and varied, and as extravagantly fantastic as were the forms and colors to birds and flowers of that exuberant, tropical clime; and we see in the whole life of the country an order and organization different from anything else presented to our view by other oriental nations. The extreme East maintains within itself a seclusion that has never yet been violated by outside influences. It baffled the power of Alexander, tenaciously clung to the religion of Brahma, after the Mohammedans had put an end to the Brahminical emperors, and has ever successfully resisted the waves of western civilization. Unlike the Egyptians and nations of Central Asia, they were unaffected by the current of political and religious creeds, and not swept along with the tide of their changeful destinies, but have continued till to-day to exhibit unyielding strength and stability. Religious ideas governed and controlled the whole life of the Hindoo, in the greatest and smallest affairs. Pre-eminently is this the case in regard to their art culture. The pyramids, pagodas, rock-temples, are almost without exception religious monuments. The plastic art reveals to us, almost exclusively, the legendary myths, deified heroes, and gods of the country. Indeed, how could art be inspired to delineate the realities of daily existence, when, according to their religious tenets, the world was only regarded as a dream of Brahma, and the exhibition of a delusion? How could we look for a vigorous life of historical art on such a soil of mystical and speculative confusion? We can notice here only a few of their monuments; and conspicuous among them, on account of their antiquity, are the pagodas of Deogur and the cave-temples of Elephanta and Salsette. The pagodas of Deogur show the earliest stage of Hindoo architecture—simple pyramids, made by piling one mass of stone upon another to a great height, without any light within, except what could be admitted through a small door, scarcely five feet high. In the center is a dark chamber, lighted by a solitary lamp, where the rites of their re-

ligion were performed. The famous pagoda of Tanjore is not different from those of Deogur except in its improved form and decorations. We see the significance of pyramidal architecture so common among those nations who worshiped the solar fire, in the fact that the pyramid was so called from its resemblance to the figure of a flame of fire.

The cave-temples of Elephanta are excavated out of solid rock, on an island near Bombay, and take that name from the fact that the statue of a large elephant carved out of the rock of which the island is composed, stands conspicuously on the south shore, and so perfect is the resemblance that at the distance of two hundred yards, a keen observer might easily be deceived. These rock-shrines are partitioned out by the labor of the hammer and chisel, into many chambers of various heights and extent, the formation of which is supposed to have been a work equal to that of erecting the pyramids of Egypt. The entrances of this Pantheon of the Indian deities, are about half way up the steep ascent of the mountain, from whose stony bosom it is excavated. The principal entrance is on the north side. This temple is about one hundred and twenty feet square, and eighteen feet high, supporting the enormous superincumbent mass of rock by four rows of pillars, of beautiful proportions, and of a style elsewhere unknown; each column stands on a square pedestal, is finely fluted, but instead of being cylindrical gradually bulges or swells out toward the center. The capitals are also fluted, and are described as having the appearance of a cushion pressed flat by the weight of the mountain above. Bayard Taylor suggests that these columns were made in imitation of the poppy head, and that the globular capital and its low, fluted crown, are copied almost without change from that plant. It is true that these columns, together with the dreamy and mystic surroundings, give the whole temple an air of enchanted repose.

Directly supported by these columns, runs a stone ridge cut out of the rock, resembling a beam of a foot in thickness, and richly adorned with carved work. Near, and fronting the main entrance, stands a colossal bust having three heads, supposed to represent the grand tripple deity of India; Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva. From its immense proportions, it would seem that the sculptor wished to impress the beholder with the superior capacities and unrivalled pre-eminence of the presiding deities of this hallowed retreat. The central face, in front, measures about five feet in length, and the nose alone one foot and a half. The breadth of the whole figure between the shoulders is about twenty feet. The pyramidal cap on the head of the central figure has in front a very large jewel, and the caps of all three were ex-

quisitely wrought. Around the neck of the same figure is supported a broad collar, composed of pearls and precious stones. This bust, with the richly adorned mitres, rises to to the height of twelve feet. The head that fronts the entrance is Brahma, the creator, whose large, calm features are settled in the repose of conscious power, as if creation was to him merely an action of the will. On his right is Vishnu, the preserver, represented in profile. His features are soft and feminine, full of mildness and benignity, and almost Grecian in outline, except the under lip which is remarkably thick and full. The right arm is lifted to the shoulder and from the half-closed hand droops a lotus blossom. The third member of the trinity, the terrible Siva, the destroyer, is on the left of Brahma with his face, of course, in profile. His features are savage and terrific, the forehead stern, the eyebrows contracted into a frown, the nose drawn upward and distended with determined rage, the lips slightly parted, showing the teeth set with an expression of cruelty and malignity. A cobra twists around his arm and hand which grasps the snake by the neck and holds it on high, while, with hood expanded, it is ready to strike the deadly blow. With the exception of the thick under lip common to all three, the faces are those of different races. Brahma approaches the Egyptian, Vishnu the Grecian type, while Siva is not unlike the Mephistopheles of the German school. Along the sides of this cavern are colossal statues, fifteen or sixteen in number, of exact symmetry, representing in various ways the attributes of the respective deities. Many of them have four hands, and some six. The hands grasp sceptres and shields, symbols of justice and religion, weapons of war and trophies of peace. The features of some of them denote terror, dejection, or anguish, while others are distinguished by that placid serenity of the absorbed state which represents the supreme felicity of the Indian deity. Smaller figures are introduced above and at the sides of the central figures, and some of the tablets have a striking resemblance to the pictures of the old Italian masters, which represent saints surrounded by a cloud of cherubs. At the west end of this cavern-pagoda is a dark recess corresponding to the *Adytum* or Holy of holies of the Egyptian temple. It is twenty feet square, and destitute of any external ornament except the altar in the center and eight colossal figures which guard the four doors at the entrance. They are all sculptured in high relief, and appear as if starting from the wall to which they are attached.

It is seen that sculpture in India, as in Egypt, is not insulated, often appearing only as decoration, and thus existing only in the framework of *architecture*. Even those colossal statues which are executed in such numbers, only appear as integral parts of an architectural whole. In Egypt, the gods appear in considerable numbers; they are never introduced for their own sake, but only for the sake of the sovereigns, that it may be seen how the latter stand under the divine protection and receive the divine blessings. The forms of the gods differ from mortals only in having animal, instead of human heads. The Egyptian had a special pre-

dilection for animal life, which is connected with the significance of animal forms in their religious notions. India, on the other hand, possessed an art development superior to that of Egypt—a higher, and more ideal type—owing to a predominant devotional spirit, bearing in this respect a strong resemblance to the ancient Greeks, yet lacking the Grecian spirit of freedom and strength, as they lacked their historical advancement. The Egyptians were too practical a people to give much thought to spirituality, therefore in their statues everything is external and conventional, dispensing with almost all expressions of life and action; yet this repose expresses a calm dignity that defies criticism.

Near the center of the island of Salsette, rise four very steep hills of solid rock; it is on the sides of these hills that the temples of Canarah are executed. These are more numerous than those of Elephanta. The western hill contains the principal pagoda of the island. The superiority of this pagoda over that of Elephanta consists in its having a higher roof, which is in the form of an arch. This arch was once adorned with gold and azure, in which floated numerous figures of the Imagination, Genii, and Dewtahs. Along the cornice are executed in great accuracy, in high relief, figures of elephants, horses, and lions. The altitude is forty feet to the crown of the arch, it is eighty-four feet long and forty-six broad. The vestibule or portico is spacious, and adorned with two stately columns with capital and base. In this portico are two colossal statues, twenty-seven feet in height, of excellent proportion, stationed on each side of the main entrance. The tints of blue and vermillion yet upon their surface indicate that they were originally painted. The portico has one magnificent gate, and others of less magnitude. The roof is supported by thirty-eight massive pillars of octagonal form, about five feet in diameter, having the capitals and bases ornamented with figures of elephants, horses, tigers, etc. Two rows of cavities made in the walls were doubtless for the lamps which were to be kept forever burning in this gloomy but sacred retreat. The enclosure is said to contain about six hundred statues. At the farther end of the temple is an altar of a convex form, twenty-seven feet in height, and twenty in diameter, around which at certain distances are niches for lamps, and over it expands a vast concave dome. These recesses for lamps are usually situated at the eastern quarter of the pagoda, and from the prevalence of fire and sun worship among the ancient Hindoos, it can not be doubted that the deity whose throne was supposed to be fixed in the sun, blazed forth in typical splendor in the recesses of this cavern, and that the radiant and spotless image of celestial brightness and purity was never suffered to be extinguished, but continually ascended in a bright pyramid of flame, fed with the purest oil, the richest gums, and the most fragrant perfumes of the East.

READ not to contradict and refute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is,

some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man; and therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtile; natural philosophy, deep; moral philosophy, grave; rhetoric and logic, able to contend.—  
*Bacon.*

### MY PETS.

BY L. COURTLAND ROGERS.

Birds? Yes, a cage-full is my pet,  
And broad the cage, and deep, and high,  
Its bars behind the clouds are set—  
It swings from Heaven's high canopy.

The hand that made it is divine,  
The power that holds it is supreme,  
The birds themselves are yours and mine—  
Their own, the nests on bough and beam.

Sing on, my pets, sing on, sing on,  
Ye know no tyrant's hard control;  
I see ye mount the clouds upon,  
And fly the arch, from pole to pole.

I too, am free, tho' once a slave,  
And hard I thrust against the bars,  
But now I've ceased to rage and rave,  
And own the world from earth to stars.

Fly on, my pets, fly on, fly on,  
Brief are these bright Autumnal days,  
And Winter winds will pipe anon  
Where now ye trill your pleasant lays.

A birdless cage is Winter time;  
But Summer waits beyond the sky;  
And in that fair and faultless clime,  
I hope to see you when I die.

INTELLECTUAL culture consists, not chiefly, as many are apt to think, in accumulating information, though this is important, but in building up a force of thought which may be turned at will on any subjects on which we are called to pass judgment. This force is manifested in the concentration of the attention, in accurate, penetrating observation, in reducing complex subjects to their elements, in diving beneath the effect to the cause, in detecting the more subtile differences and resemblances of things, in reading the future in the present, and especially in rising from particular facts to general laws or universal truths. This last exertion of the intellect, its rising to broad views and great principles, constitutes what is called the philosophic mind, and is especially worthy of culture.—*Channing.*

### NEW YORK—CLASSIC GROUND.

Looking back over the space of centuries gone, it would seem that the explorers of the New World must have lived in an atmosphere of strange wonder and delight. From the icy barriers of the North to the snowy mountains of the South, the daring adventurer first met a vanguard of islands. Some, equal in extent to powerful States of the Old World, others that lay as mere specks upon the foam of the ocean. Some there were, terrible in their solitude, mountains of rock, clothed with imperishable ice and snow. Others, low lying islands of shifting sands, smiling syrens when all was fair, but dealing woe to the ship that fell within their embrace when the Storm King harnessed his chariot to the wings of the wind. And yet others that laughed in their rich green verdure, with fruits as golden, and skies as balmy, and breezes as spicy as those that "blew soft o'er Ceylon's isle." Back of all these, a continent, stretching its unbroken front through all the zones with mighty gulfs and bays and almost countless rivers, some whose sands were golden, and stretching back to where imagination pictured the home of gold and gems, and also the fountains of perpetual youth. Various were the motives that led those daring men to brave the dangers of unknown seas; from low greed, up the scale, to chivalry, philanthropy, and religion. Perhaps none of them are more deserving of honor and grateful remembrance than Hendrick Hudson, who first opened the gates of the Empire State. Foiled in his repeated attempts to find the long-sought northern passage to India, in 1609 he turned his vessel's prow southward, along the coast of North America, and after various adventures, one bright morning, found the door, and entered in upon the hitherto undisturbed waters of New York bay, and so up the noble river that bears his name.

Two hundred and sixty-six years have moved in stately round since that day. The Indian gave way to the plodding Dutchman, and he to the more energetic but less scrupulous Englishman. The tide of emigration has poured unceasingly its volume of humanity. The history of those early years reads like a romance, over which the fanciful pen of Irving has thrown a witching glamour. Before the advancing light of civilization, the council fires of the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, and Senecas went out. There is scarce a hill top from tide water to the lakes, but around it lingers some tradition, some weird tale of witchery, love, or war. Not a river but whose flowing waters sing a chant of the misty past. Not a valley but where flowers are blooming in the rich soil of the remembrance of deeds of valor and glory. The State itself, in all its physical features, is a poem, beautiful, grand, and sublime. Its eastern gate looks out on the ocean, that brings on its flood the wealth, the beauty, and glory of the east. Inside its threshold, commerce has built her palaces, trade her marts, and art her temples. Nature has lavished her richest dower of earth, sky, and water; all, a fitting prelude to the coming song. The valley of the Hudson, with its rich, ripe beauty, its castellated highlands,

its airy Catskills, is like the troubadour song of romance, love, and chivalry. The azoic rocks of our northern wilderness, furrowed by the glaciers, seamed and rent by earthquake throes, telling of a time when no living thing moved on the face of the land, or sported in the caverns of the deep, and the rugged Adirondacks, are the Cromwellian chants of mighty hosts marching to victory for God and the right. The green meadows of the Mohawk, the golden wheat fields of Genesee, the rich pastures of Allegany, with their gushing springs and bright streamlets, are flowing rhymes, and stately measures, like those of Scott, and our own Bryant; Cayuga's bright waters, Seneca's rich dark green, Chautauqua's silvery gleam, are like the pure, limpid, and heaven reflecting verses of Whittier; little lakelets, that shimmer in the sunshine like bowls of molten silver, gleam like the sweet gems of Alice Carey; rivers, that now flow deep and still, and anon rushing over rocky ledge with flout and foam, are the melodies of Byron and Shakespeare; Niagara's whirling waves, its trumpet voice and crumbling rocks, mark well the "Course of Time;" St. Lawrence, with its thousand isles, its surging rapids, and its vexed waters at last gliding into the deep and boundless ocean, may well sing the "Psalm of Life." New York, classic ground? Yes, fit home for learning, poetry, and art.

O. D. S.

### THE FIRST SNOW.

Watching, wearily watching,  
The soft, white snowflakes fall  
From the dull, gray clouds above us,  
Weaving a spotless pall  
For the beautiful forms that faded,  
At the Frost King's icy call.  
Musing, dreamily musing,  
Of the beautiful long ago,  
Of the trusting eyes that looked in ours,  
And the hearts that loved us so.  
O, a thousand tender memories  
Come with the falling snow.  
Hoping, happily hoping,  
For joys that will come again—  
For the flowers, that, after the winter,  
Will blossom beneath the rain.  
So fall, and fall, white snowflakes,  
I have watched you not in vain.

S. S.

WHENCE come the great lights of the intellectual firmament—the stars that shine with steady radiance through the ages? Have they not, in the vast majority of cases, emerged to eminence from the chilling depths of obscurity, destitution and want? Who are they that

"Pluck bright glory from the pale faced moon,  
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,  
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,  
And drag up drowned honors by the locks?"

The scions of noble blood? The sons of the rich, who were dandled in the lap of luxury, whose path was smoothed for them at every step, who were never, for an instant, compelled

to fight against the armed resistance of misfortune, penury, and wrong? No! They are men of humble parentage, men whose cradles were rocked in lowly cottages, and who have buffeted the billows of fate without dependence, save upon the mercy of God and their own energies—the gentlemen of nature, who have trodden under foot the "painted lizards" of society, and worked out their own distinction with an ardor that could not be quenched, and a perseverance that considered nothing as done, while anything yet remained to be done.—*Mathews.*

### CORRESPONDENCE.

[Under this heading, we desire to publish, each month, letters from former students, and therefore most earnestly solicit contributions of this character.—*LIT. ED.*]

SOUTH BOSTON, Aug. 29th, 1875.

The subject of Art Education has, during the last quarter of a century, become a question of no small importance, both because its neglect, or imperfect realization previously, had allowed valuable human faculties to remain undeveloped, while the improvement in education produced a consciousness of the deficiency, and because the fruitfulness of modern discovery in science, by which the happiness and prosperity of the human race have been advanced, has drawn attention to the possibility of deriving corresponding benefits from its sister subject, Art. More than thirty years ago, a British Association for the Advancement of Art, composed of the chief nobility, capitalists, bankers, merchants, and manufacturers of the Kingdom, sent out the declaration and appeal, that, without a pre-eminence in the arts of design, British manufacturers could not retain, and must eventually lose, their superiority in foreign markets. But the British government remained, for years, deaf to the warning; and at the great Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations, held in London in 1851, England found herself almost at the bottom of the list in respect to excellence of design in her art manufactures—only the United States, among the great nations, being below her. This discovery aroused the English government to a realizing sense of the vast importance of the highest and most widely diffused art education; and the result was the speedy establishment of an Educational Department of Art and Science, from which Schools of Design have radiated all over the country.

The Legislature of Massachusetts, moved thereto by the persistent efforts of a few cultured and public-spirited citizens, who realized the imperative need and demand for such training in the public schools, passed an act in 1870, making drawing one of the studies of the public schools, and also making the establishment of free drawing classes for adults, obligatory upon all towns and cities containing over ten thousand inhabitants. In pursuance of this law, Mr. Walter Smith, Artmaster, London, late head master of the Leeds School of Art and Science, and Training School for Art Teachers, was invited, both by the city of Boston and by the State of Massachusetts, to come from England and intro-

duce the new study into the schools of the city, and of the Commonwealth. He was appointed State Director of Art Education, and has been unremitting in his efforts to introduce drawing into the public schools, and to foster the establishment of schools for adults.

This Summer he established a Normal School at his studio in South Boston, for the training of teachers. We found ourselves with some thirty others from various States of the Union, members of this school, hoping to learn from this great apostle of industrial art, the better way. Here we have spent a month of intense labor, receiving, with each lesson, the spirit and enthusiasm which inspired a teacher who felt that he was working for the good of humanity for all time. Prof. Smith is a thoroughly practical man. He not only appreciates the industrial wants of this great Republic, but the genius of our educational system, and how to so engraft upon our common school system this new departure in education, as to make it seem an essential part of the original plan, becoming as necessary to the education of each child as reading and writing. He is both a new force and a new intelligence added to our art teachers, and gives impetus to the study, as well as contributes knowledge and methods. He not only convinces the judgment of each of his pupils, but makes them, as well, earnest co-workers with him in carrying out the plans which he has inaugurated. He is not only a thoroughly trained practical teacher, gifted with good sense as well as enthusiasm, but he has a wide and exact knowledge of the chief industrial Art Schools of Europe, the best modes of teaching adopted by them, and their adaptation to American circumstances and life. A student of the history of art from its earliest beginnings to the present time, he has examined its commonest, as well as its noblest products, and can pass from a statement of the simplest elements of drawing and coloring, to the exposition of the merits of Titian and Raphael. He is, in short, a thoroughly educated art master! Manufacturers, in talking with him, find that his principles are so practical, that, if carried out, they will add to the value of their goods; architects, painters, and sculptors, feel at the same time, that his teaching can not fail to rectify, improve, and elevate the taste of the great mass of the public in art. His studio stands out into, its foundations are washed by, and its windows overlook Massachusetts Bay. Our work began with the primary teachers' course, and extended over work for the normal classes for two years, and through a child's course of ten years. It embraced blackboard and dictation lessons, geometrical problems, perspective, and orthographic, outline of models, of furniture, ornaments from casts, foliage from nature, analysis of plants for the purpose of design, analysis of styles of historical ornament. The studio has many works of art to assist the pupil. He has also secured from the Kensington school, a full set of examination drawings to show what can be accomplished by students; the same from the Boston schools, and rare books of drawing. These are a great help to pupils, furnishing a kind standard by which to test their own work.

A. A. ALLEN.

# The Alfred Student.

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

TERMS: \$1 25 per Annum, in advance. Single Copies 15 Cts.  
\* \* Arrangements have been made by which THE STUDENT can be furnished with SCRIBNER'S, for \$4 50 per annum.

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

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
LITERARY DEPARTMENT.		EDITORIAL.	17
Ancient Hindoo Art	13	AT HOME.	19
My Pets	15	ALUMNI NOTES.	22
New York—Classic Ground	15	THE COLLEGE WORLD.	23
The First Snow	16		
Correspondence	16		

## PARENT AND TEACHER.

The great legacies of the present to the future are the youth. All other gifts sink into insignificance. What are farms and shops and merchandise and gold and silver and gems in comparison with the young? Youthful hands clasping the hand of age, youthful feet following fast in its footsteps and crowding into every place and station, youthful hearts freighted with eternal forces, full of immortal vigor, if nurtured into all that is generous and great, into all scholarly and Christian nobleness, are the greatest gifts which it is possible for the present to bestow upon the future. It may thank the present for its farms and railroads and merchandise, and all manner of physical benefits; but it will bless or curse the present, just in proportion as youth, noble or ignoble, are passed to it, destined to write their names in letters of light or of lurid fire athwart the skies of the future. The greatest power of the present and the chief hope of the future have a common centre and source—the youth of to-day. The mature of age are like full grown oaks, which hurtle their gnarled branches together only to break; the young alone can be bent and trained into new modes of growth. The attempt to renovate the world by the proselytism of the aged, while neglecting the culture of the young, is as a tree growing on the outside, while decaying at the heart; the decay will sooner or later overtake the growth, and death result. It is as pouring water into a sieve from a leaky pitcher, the leakage is greater than the pour.

When youth awakes to self-consciousness, apprehending its powers, its environments, and its destiny; when it feels the latent energies of being stirring uneasily, as the world, like an enchanter's wand, touches and thrills all the faculties, awakening restless longings, mysterious aspirations, fitful strivings; then he finds the appetites strong, sensibilities keen, reason weak, experience wanting, and he is prone to



yield passively to the siren song of passion, the guidance of dream, or makes the resistance of fitful strivings. In this state, one is like a ship in a night of storm, its lights extinguished, its compass unboxed, its rudder gone, drifting amid the fitful glare of the moon, the shriek of winds, the howl of waves, drifting hard on destruction. All is lost unless the conditions are speedily changed—the light of a new and serene day ushered in, compass and rudder and pilot secured. The youthful navigator is, likewise, not safe till self-control stands at the helm, and the light of truth illumines and guides. All outside influences and helps can avail but little till, in obedience to the high behests within, he has, by solemn consecration, given himself with all his powers to the best possible culture and the noblest uses; then, will he, almost spontaneously, take on the dignity of manhood, with its ever-present, self-impelling promptings to improvement.

Fast by the portals of this land of promise—manhood—over against each other, upon the Ebals and Gerizims of blessings and cursings, stand parents and teachers, homes and schools, beneath whose benedictions or maledictions, must pass the youth on their march to their possessions. The parent stands first, makes the first impressions, awakens the latent powers of the soul, touches first the chords of affection, controls the influences that give the first mold to character. Parents, under the blessing of heaven, hold, in an emphatic degree, the keys of life and death. Infinite and undying influences flow from their position and power. Home culture is initial and preparatory to all school and special training. It is awakening, impressional, formative for good or evil where the innocency of infancy may be given a downward trend into the waywardness of youth, and the degeneracy of age, or an earlier and deeper dye may be given to character, with a more terrible range of consequences, or, on the other hand, with an upward trend, that shall lead on to spiritual greatness and goodness, with an after-influence like the dews of Hermon. The young spirit, instead of having its awakening powers damped or cramped or perverted, needs to grow amid the genial influences of love and the high inspirations of noble examples, and the light of great truths, and all those influences which tend to check the lower and arouse the higher forces of the soul, becoming a part of the unfolding nature, growing with its growth and strengthening with its strength, nobleness becoming thus its lawful inheritance and natural destiny.

Having thus been cultured in all nobleness and goodness at home, then, and not till then, are the young fitted for the further culture of the schools. The teacher and school do not supplant, they only supplement and help parental power and responsibility; yet they have high prerogatives. They educate the educators, teach the teachers, preach to the preachers, give law to the lawmakers. They send forth streams into all the valleys and out into all the plains of life. These streams are pure or impure, healing or death-giving, as are the fountains. Which is better, to attempt to sweeten each particular stream, or to purify the fountain?

Which is better, in a city supplied from common sources of water and of light, to seek laboriously to sweeten each hydrant and jet, and brighten each burner, or to renovate the fountains? These youth of power passing in quick and successive generations through our seminaries of learning, go forth to be the leaders in society, the directors of affairs—men and women of influence and usefulness in high and commanding positions. They will have more to do in shaping and directing all the great interests of society as embodied in modern civilization than any other equal number of young men and women, and perhaps more than all of those who are not thus being educated. In physical strength, the ignorant may cope with the learned; but on entering the domain of intellect, one educated man may control thousands of the uneducated.

Add to these considerations the other, that these influences are operating in the impressible period of youth. Student life is ever alive to high and manly impulses, ready to be directed in the pathway of usefulness and honor. Here youthful aspirations find full play. Every noble, high minded youth has one engrossing, controlling thought—the theme of his day-dreams and his night-dreams—his education and its uses. Such are eager to have their minds molded into all true manliness. They mingle with kindred spirits. They cheer each other on. The bent that is thus given to character is good and permanent. This is the formative period of life, and these are formative influences.

To meet the demands of such a condition, school culture must take on a more comprehensive type than home culture. It needs to be, not partial or merely professional, but awakening, inspiring, disciplinary, many-sided, generic, giving health, growth, habits, tastes, such as go to make up a character, symmetrical, individual, and perfect, preparing one to be, not so much a man with a specialty as a manly man, full of strength, fortitude, courage, energy, ready to meet responsibility, fortune or misfortune, all life's vicissitudes, and vindicate in all one's manhood.

## REVIEW.

Circulars of Information of the Bureau of Education Nos. 3, 5 and 6, have come to our table. No. 3 contains much interesting information concerning the state of Education in Belgium, Russia, Turkey, Servia, and Egypt. Art Education in Belgium, the education of women in Russia, and the Russian Universities are especially interesting items. In reference to the education of women the circular says: "In Russia, the government, the provincial and municipal authorities, have established gymnasia and progymnasia for young ladies, where a very high standard of education is aimed at, and in most cases successfully, to judge from the knowledge and general superiority of Russian ladies of the higher class who have been educated in these schools. At Moscow there is one school, the Fisher Gymnasium, where the course of studies is exactly the same as in a gymnasium for boys. A professor of the Moscow University has established higher courses of study for ladies, thus enabling them to acquire a University education. In Russia, as in the United States, ladies have facilities for acquiring a high degree of historical, scientific, or philological knowledge without running the risk of being excommunicated." The Russian government has, in the past two years, increased the appropriations for higher

schools for young ladies from \$40,000 to \$120,000, while the number of pupils is greatly increased. The Russian Universities are eight in number, employing 512 professors, and instructing 6,779 pupils. It is interesting to note that 80 per cent. of the pupils are too poor to pay all their expenses, some paying half, some paying more or less, and many paying nothing. The liberality of individuals to the schools and Universities is very noticeable. Circular No. 5 contains suggestions respecting the Educational Exhibit at the International Centennial Exhibition in 1876, and Circular No. 6 is devoted to information and statistics relating to Reformatory, Charitable and Industrial Schools for the Young. The Report of R. L. Dugdale, Chairman of the Committee on Jails and Sources of Crime, of the New York Prison Association, is an interesting and valuable paper. It treats of criminal families and their entailments in the history of "Margaret, the Mother of Criminals," and her descendants. The report should be thoughtfully read by every educator, that he may realize the responsibility and importance of his work, if nothing more.

## At Home.

### MEMORIES.

The old saying that "Distance lends enchantment to view" is well illustrated in the views which memory frequently presents to us. Scenes and circumstances which, apparently, made but little impression upon us when they were before us, and we were participating in them, when called up by memory after a long interval are invested with a peculiar interest. These views of the past may be brought before us by an effort of the mind, or an impression through any of the senses may bring before us scenes and circumstances with which similar impressions were connected sometime in the past. Sometimes hearing a tune, which we have once known but perhaps have not heard for years, will bring instantly to mind the circumstances under which we heard it before. The place and its surroundings, the individuals with whom we were associating, their looks, their language, in short the whole scene will perhaps come before us with a distinctness that for a moment seems to take us out of the present and place us amid the surroundings of the past. Often much less than hearing a tune will awaken these memories; a glance at a once familiar object, the rustling of leaves, or the sighing of the wind may have in them something so like impressions of the past that in a moment there flashes before the mind a scene that has long been forgotten. Memory thus aroused brings up one scene after another that it has kept stored away in its mysterious recesses for many a long year.

In these views of the past, the features of the scenes often stand out more vividly than when the reality was present; the laughter is more joyous, the smile is brighter and more sunny, the wit more sparkling, and the sorrow more acute. Yet in some respects time has a softening influence; there is in every noble and thoughtful mind a veil of charity thrown over the errors and misdeeds of those who are thus brought to mind; a feeling of pity, or at most of silent reproach, takes the place of the burning indignation that once filled

the mind. The upright and noble among our former companions, those whom we loved and honored, but who have long since passed from earth, appear with their faults obscured and their virtues exalted, and stand forth in memory with saintly purity. In these facts we may see that tendency in the human mind which leads to the deification of saints and heroes when their deeds and lives are no longer before us in reality, but are seen through memory or tradition.

The most cherished memories are usually those of our childhood, probably, because they have more of the enchantment of distance, and in childhood the mind is more impressible than later in life. Next to the memories of early childhood are those of youth and school-days, a time of bright hopes, high aspirations, and mental activity that is often looked back to as the happiest part of life. Poets have often made these memories the theme of their song, and thousands of hearts have responded to their sentiments. Many a person, whose brow is furrowed with toil and care, has felt himself in sympathy with the poet Woodworth, while reading his well known lines:

"How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,  
When fond recollection presents them to view!  
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,  
And every loved spot which my infancy knew."

How quickly our thoughts turn back to our school days when we read the poem from which the following lines are quoted:

"The same old bricks are in the wall, the bell swings to and fro,  
With music just the same, dear Tom, 'twas twenty years ago."

To some the reflections and tender emotions awakened by such memories may seem like a weak sentimentalism, unbecoming an earnest practical person, but we are far from agreeing with such a view of the subject. There is a counterfeit sentimentalism, an affectation of depth and refinement of feeling to which the name sentimentalism is generally applied; but there is also a genuine refinement and depth of sentiment which ennobles and elevates all who cultivate it.

In the army of students who have gone out from this Institution, there are, doubtless, many who look back to the time they spent in Alfred as among the most important periods of their lives, and the recollections of that time are among the most pleasant that memory brings to mind. The class rooms where they collected those golden grains of knowledge that have been, and still are, to them imperishable wealth; the Lyceum halls with the well-known associates who shared the treats and trials of the literary exercises; the hills and valleys, where they rambled to recruit the mind when wearied with mental toil, or to gain new inspiration from the works of nature; these, we doubt not, are precious memories to many whose minds have been cultured and developed in these halls. Some are gaining wealth and honor, achieving the outward success of life through aspirations aroused while here; others are bearing burdens and trials in obscurity, but quietly and cheerfully, guided by noble, self-sacrificing impulses which were first awakened while those persons were students at Alfred; and all who improved the opportunities offered, are laboring with more power and

broadier conceptions of life's duties for having been participants in those scenes that are now enshrined in their memories.

### A WALK AND A TALK IN OCTOBER.

Chum, let's take a walk. We've been poring over our books all day; it'll do us good to climb some of these hills and look at nature a while.

Enough said; there's no other season when I enjoy a ramble in the woods so well as in the Fall. Poets may sing of the green meadows, and bright flowers of Spring, and I have no fault to find about it, but I prefer the falling leaves, the ripened fruits, and the hazy atmosphere of Autumn.

To me there is always a kind of sadness in the Fall, a foreboding of the cold and storms of the coming Winter that compares unfavorably with the bright, hopeful aspect of Spring. When we have become tired of the cold and confinement of Winter, and the warmth of Spring awakens all nature to new life and hope, there is a feeling of freedom and joyousness that I do not find at this time of the year.

I admit the joyous aspects of Spring, but in my mind they are more than balanced by the features of Autumn. While the pines retain their dark green foliage, the maples put on their well known brilliant colors of scarlet, orange, and yellow; other trees assume their various hues, giving a variety and beauty to the landscape, in many parts of the country, that no other season exhibits. But more than this; there are the ripened fruits, and grain, and all the vegetable productions, a maturity pervading all nature, a fulfillment of what was only a promise in the Spring, that is peculiar to Autumn. Perhaps I can illustrate my idea by comparing Spring and Fall to two persons; one is lively, joyous and hopeful, always having something to say, and always looking on the bright side of every subject. The other has been sobered down by long experience in the toils and trials of life, and is more reserved and quiet, but always pleasant, and ready with a word of instruction or advice when it is needed. Many would prefer the company of the former person, but I would choose that of the latter.

That of course depends on one's turn of mind. But don't you think that there is a beauty and variety in the plants and flowers in the Spring that is not to be found now? There is such an endless variety of forms and colors then that a student of Botany may find something new every day, and almost every hour; but now the plants are nearly all withered and dead.

The bright, fresh blossoms attract the eye more readily than these withered plants, but it is the delicate form and exquisite workmanship, the adaptation and design seen in plants and flowers that interest the botanist more than the bright colors. If you examine carefully the seeds on these withered stems, you will find that they are not lacking in beauty of form and arrangement.

We shall not have to go far for specimens, if the common kinds will do; just see the Spanish needles on our clothes!

Well, let us examine, for a moment, a Spanish needle, one

of the most common and apparently uninteresting of seeds. There is a tiny piece of white albumen, apparently insignificant, but containing a germ with that mysterious power called life; this is enclosed in a hard covering, to preserve it till the time shall come for it to exercise its hidden power. From the outer end as it grew on the parent stalk there are two sharp teeth or prongs by which it clings to the person or animal that happens to brush against it; if you look at those teeth through a magnifying glass, you will see that each one is provided with three rows of barbs, so small that they would not be readily noticed with the naked eye, but by which the seed holds so firmly to the clothing that they must be broken off in order to remove it.

There is something interesting even in these common things if we look at them in the right way. Suppose we dissect this burdock burr. There is a bundle of seeds wrapped up in a lot of little scales, each one of which tapers to a stem, and at the end curves over into a hook so sharp and hard that they take hold of the naked hand. I never noticed before what made the burrs stick so tight, but it's plain enough when we examine them.

Here is a stem of plantain; the seeds are in little cups that are crowded together all over the stem; each cup has a cover that is fast on, when the plant is growing, but when the seeds get ripe the cover becomes loose and finally drops off and lets the seeds fall out.

There is a bunch of moss and lichens just as fresh looking as ever; they are common enough, but as pretty as need be, with their stems of different shapes and colors tangled up together.

When I look through the magnifying glass at such a cluster of little plants, I sometimes imagine that I have a miniature view of some of the vegetation which, geology informs us, grew in the carboniferous age; when ferns, rushes, and similar plants grew fifteen or twenty feet high.

The vegetation of those ancient geological periods seems strange and interesting compared with that of the present day.

It seems so, but it is only because we are familiar with the appearance of what is about us. All of nature's works show a wisdom and power that are beyond our comprehension. We have only to study them carefully to find objects of beauty and interest on every hand at all seasons of the year.

PARLIAMENTARY PRACTICE has been receiving considerable attention, lately, in the Orophilian and Alleghanian Lyceums. We hope the interest will not prove to be a transitory one. The opportunity to become proficient in parliamentary practice, like many other privileges afforded by the Lyceums, is not properly appreciated by the majority of the students.

If our artists were to place upon canvas a fair representation of the village of Alfred Centre, and the surrounding hills, as they appear when the Autumn foliage is in its full glory, they would have a picture that would exceed in beauty the great majority of pictures drawn from fancy.



## PINE HILL.

It is night on Pine Hill. A merry party have camped on its summit, have seen the sun set in splendor, and have delighted themselves with the thousand beauties of changing light and shade as the sunlight dies out in the valleys and at last on the hills; and the pall of darkness finally shuts out the whole scene. For a time, mirth and frolic hold sway, and the gleam of the camp-fire is reflected from bright, joyous faces, enlivened by songs, stories, wit and repartee and all the excitements of the occasion. At last all become quiet save one watcher whom the memories of the past hold entranced. The darkness, made visible by the flickering light of the fire, presents him a vision of a wild valley, then of the pioneers, the gradual improvements, and then the academy—the first care of the New England settler after the church—with that keen, wiry, active man at its head. Then a long procession of the five thousand and more who have trod these valleys and hills in the past. What men and women! What a procession! Children, most of them of poverty and toil, yet the world has seen no truer heroes. Here are men and women who have learned the lesson of self-sacrifice in all its fullness and grandeur, and have fully exemplified it in their lives—men and women of whom the world was not worthy, yet whom it could not do without. Heroes pass by, none the less noble and brave that they wear army blue instead of shining harness of steel armor, heroes, before whose real worth, the heroes of romance and chivalry fade into worthlessness. Artists and poets are in the throng, children of song and beauty sent to cheer the earnest toilers, in their labors and struggles, with glimpses of heavenly music and beauty. One figure stands out boldly, stately and dark and grand. How often have we seen him wending his way, in the quiet hours of night, to this very hill to muse—on what? Ah, if the vision could reveal to us his musings! The world heard some few of them before his singing was untimely ended. But we can no more record the flitting vision than we can catch and fix the thousand changing lights of a day of beauty. The fire dies out; the darkness comes closer; the wind sings a requiem over the memories of the past with its surging crowd of students, their hopes, their fears, their aspirations, their graves; and we drop into slumber, sighing: Oh! grand and historic Pine Hill! Mayst thou be wandered over by lad and lass, by man and maid, during all time to come. May thy memories be as green, as tender, to the coming generations of students as they have been to the past; and mayst thou, unrobbed of thy crown of glory, look down, in future days, upon students, toilers up the hill of science, whose virtues shall outshine their father's as their opportunities surpass theirs.

LOCUS.

A STUDENTS' SOCIABLE was held in the Chapel on the evening of Oct. 20th. Those who were present report a pleasant occasion with a good degree of sociableness manifested. Such occasions are generally favorable ones for Cupid's

darts to claim their victims, but we have not noticed any unusual indications of such catastrophes since the above mentioned sociable; perhaps it originated with some one who was previously smitten.

## HEALTH LECTURES.

Mrs. Dr. Chase, of New York City, a graduate of this Institution, gave a series of lectures on health and physical culture on the 6th, 7th, and 8th of October. Four of the lectures were delivered in the chapel and one in the church. An admission fee of fifteen cents was charged, the proceeds going to the Memorial Hall fund. A resolution thanking Dr. Chase for her lectures was passed by the students at the morning chapel exercises. So far as we heard the lectures, there was no attempt to display learning or oratory; they were made up of plain, sensible advice and instruction from a practical physician. If the number of lectures of the same general character as those of Dr. Chase could be increased a hundred fold the world would be the better for it. Customs are strangely inconsistent in regard to these matters. If ministers of the gospel who are supposed to look after the spiritual interests of the people were to confine their labors to those who have gone so far in violation of moral laws as to be confined in jails and penitentiaries, they would justly be looked upon as neglecting a large part of their duty; we see no reasons, except those arising from customs, why physicians should confine their labors to those who have gone so far in violation of physical laws as to be suffering the penalties of such violation. The old saying that "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," is just as applicable to physical as to spiritual interests. It is common in this age to pride ourselves on the progress that we have made, and are still making, compared with past ages. There may be good grounds for doing so, but the thought which sometimes seems to be entertained, that we have arrived near the acme of human progress, is as erroneous as it well can be. The fields for reform still before us are boundless.

## THE BRASS BAND.

History shows us that a love of music is as old as man himself, and that each nation has possessed its favorite musical instrument. The Scotchman grows enthusiastic and eloquent over the bagpipe that "drones i' the nose," while the Irishman is sure naught can surpass the "harp of old Erin;" the poet (college) rings a thousand changes upon the lyre of Apollo or of Orpheus, the pipes of Pan, the flute of Minerva, the harp of Orion, the cithern, sacbut, psalter, *et al.* The modern young lady delights in the piano, or the "honeyed lips of the singer," but as for us, give us a brass band. That furnishes the music for America, and is inseparably associated with Liberty, the American Eagle, Fourth of July, and the Star Spangled Banner. The Scotchman's heart can never swell with such loyalty and pride at the sound of his own loved bagpipe as ours does when we follow a brass

band through the streets, attended and protected by an admiring crowd of small boys in debilitated garments. With such a pride in our national music do we exultingly announce that Alfred Centre has a Brass Band, one of which we confidently believe we have no need to be ashamed. They have been practicing some time, and have several invitations already to play at political and other meetings. Its members, as now organized, are: J. G. Burdick, Leader, 1st E flat Cornet; N. W. Williams, 2d E flat; B. L. Green, 1st B flat; C. W. Stevens, 2d B flat; G. W. Rosebush, 1st Alto; James Crandall, 2d Alto; T. W. Williams, 1st Tenor; J. F. Langworthy, 2d Tenor; O. S. Potter, Barytone; James Moland, B Bass; M. B. Green, Tuba; Sherman Burdick, Tenor drum; Charles Green, Bass drum; W. I. Lewis, Instructor, E flat Cornet. May its glory never fade! Locus.

By request, Mr. Clark Rogers delivered a lecture before the Science and Art Club on the evening of Nov. 2d. His subject was the Honey Bee, and, being the result of many years experience with this little insect, the lecture was peculiarly interesting to those present. The thanks of the Club were tendered to the speaker.

WORK ON MEMORIAL HALL has been kept up whenever the weather has permitted. There may be much time during the winter when work on it will have to be suspended; but the weather should not check the efforts of friends of the enterprise in raising means to push the work energetically next year.

REPRESENTATIVES of the lyceums are beginning to brush up their intellectual faculties preparatory to the Jubilee sessions. The order in which these sessions occur this year is as follows: Orphidian, Alfredian, Alleghanian, Athenæan.

COMMISSIONER RENWICK held a teachers' examination in this place Oct. 25th and 26th. We are informed that the number of applicants for certificates was quite large, but have not learned how many were successful.

At the semi-annual meeting of the Chicago Presbytery, resolutions were adopted deprecating the action of the Board of Education there in removing the Bible from the public schools, and praying all friends of good government to unite in measures for its restoration.

OUR FIRST SNOW STORM of this season came Oct. 31st. Nov. 1st, coasting and snow-balling were commenced.

ELECTION passed off very quietly in Alfred Centre. As usual, there was a large majority of Republican votes cast.

REGENT'S EXAMINATION, that much dreaded student's ordeal, commenced Thursday, Nov. 4th.

## Alumni Notes.

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

### ALUMNI.

The Rev. James R. Irish, the first teacher in this Institution, is pastor of the Rockville Church, R. I.

'53. Elston M. Dunn and L. E. Livermore ('66) are studying theology in Chicago.

'57. Mary L. Edwards *Rich* resides in Farina, Ill.

'57. Amanda O. Edwards *Case* resides in Little Genesee, N. Y.

'57. Levantia Cooper *Matthew* resides in Buffalo, N. Y.

'64. Amanda A. Langworthy *Olavson* resides in Westerly, R. I.

'65. A. A. Palmiter is in the manufacturing business in Ashaway, R. I.

'66. Lyda A. Allen *Willard* resides in Little Genesee, N. Y.

'70. Gelia Dye *Cottrell* resides in Alfred Centre, N. Y.

'73. W. D. Williams is staying in Watson, N. Y.

'75. F. E. Mungor is teaching in Brookfield, N. Y.

CORRECTION.—The name of M. Grace Stillman should have been among the Alumni instead of Old Students in our last number.

### OLD STUDENTS.

'48-'49. Julia Maxson *Stewart* resides in Bath, N. Y.

'55-'56. Riley Potter is a farmer in Farina, Ill.

'57-'58. Fronie Marvin *Babcock* resides in Belmont, N. Y.

'58-'59. Amelia S. Scull is one of the managers of Logan Square Seminary, Philadelphia, which has won quite a reputation.

'58-'59. Marie S. Boss *Ingham* resides in Providence, R. I.

'59-'60. A. B. Cottrell is School Commissioner elect of the Southern District of Allegany county.

'61-'62. Alice Ennis *Rogers* resides in Farina, Ill.

'62-'63. Freeloze Wright *Babcock* and Emily Wright *Norton* reside in Scio, N. Y.

'63-'64. Ira B. Crandall is a dealer in ready made clothing in Westerly, R. I.

'64-'65. Stillman Bailey is pursuing special studies at Amherst.

'65-'66. Jennie Colgrove *Williams* is staying in Watson, N. Y.

'66-'67. J. E. B. Santee is the Republican nominee for Member of the N. Y. Legislature in the western district of Steuben.

'72-'73. Lu M. Langworthy is to teach this winter in Little Genesee, N. Y.

'72-'73. Adell Burdick *McCormack* resides in Newark, N. J.

'72-'73. Lucy Colgrove *Burdick* resides in Rapids, Niagara Co., N. Y.

## MARRIED,

RATHBUN—STEARNS—In Hornellsville, N. Y., Sept. 23d, 1875, by Rev. W. A. Niles, Mr. Fay P. Rathbun, Esq., and Miss Sarah H. Stearns.

REYNOLDS—HALL—At Alfred Centre, N. Y., Sept. 22d, 1875, by Rev. N. V. Hull, Mr. Alba Reynolds, of Amity, and Miss Sarah A. Hall, of Scio.

ROSEBUSH—BURDICK—At Alfred Centre, N. Y., Nov. 4th, 1875, at the residence of the bride's father, Stephen C. Burdick, by Rev. N. V. Hull, Mr. G. Wesley Rosebush and Miss Sara M. Burdick.

SAUNDERS—AYERS—In Walworth, Wis., Oct. 21st, 1875, at the house of the bride's father, Eli Ayers, by Rev. L. E. Livermore, Mr. Truman A. Saunders, formerly of West Hallock, Ill., and Miss Julia M. Ayers, of Walworth.

## DIED,

DUNN—Near Raleigh, N. C., Sept. 4th, 1875, Matthew Dunn, a former and respected resident of Alfred Centre, N. Y.

## The College World.

## MAGAZINES FOR NOVEMBER.

SCRIBNER.—Bret Harte's first novel, which has been expected with so much interest, is begun, as a serial publication, in *Scribner's Monthly* for November—the beginning of the eleventh volume of that magazine. "Gabriel Conroy" is the title of the story, of which seven chapters are here published. The scene is in that Western country with which Mr. Harte has made the world familiar, and the few who have read the entire story pronounce it a powerful work. The series on American Colleges begins in this number, with an article on William and Mary College, of Virginia, by the well-known Southern writer, John Esten Cooke. Eugene Thomson publishes a chapter on "The Curiosities of Longevity," illustrated with pictures of celebrated "cases" ancient and modern. Another curious illustrated paper is by Sophie B. Herrick on "Glass Sponges," and "India and its Native Princes" are also sketched with pen and pencil. The following contributions should be noticed: "The Story of Anne Maturin," by Mrs. Oliphant; "Foreign Dramatists under American Laws," "The Old Germania Orchestra," "The Hotel of the Future," by Gail Hamilton; "The Goethe House at Frankfort" (a very interesting study); and poems by Boyesen, Louise Chandler, Moulton, Sidney Lanier, and others. Dr. Holland, in Topics of the time, writes about "The Magazine's New Year," "The Political Outlook," "Mr. Moody and his Work," and "American Honesty." In the Old Cabinet, "Sentimentality" is discussed. The other editorial departments have their usual variety. The publishers announce that Dr. Holland's "Story of Sevenoaks" will be concluded in December, and that Mr. Hale's "Philip Nolan's Friends" will begin in the January number.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for November makes a brilliant opening with the first two chapters of Mr. Howell's new novel, "Private Theatricals," the scenery and persons of which are distinctly American and very striking. This is followed by Chas. Dudley Warner's "At the Gates of the East," a travel-sketch, fresh and full of color, in which sentiment and keen fun are charmingly blended. Useful information finds a worthy exponent in Colonel Waring's final paper on "Sanitary Drainage," and this is followed by the eleventh chapter of Mr. James's "Roderick Hudson." Chas. Francis Adams, Jr., begins his long-expected series of articles on railroads, with an interesting account of some great railroad accidents. Mrs. Kemble's "Old Woman's Gossip" continues its unfailing supply of curious anecdote, and George Cary Eggleston takes us into the region of historic reminiscence in his account of life in the Old Dominion. The literary essay of the number treats of Hans Christian Andersen's short stories, and is by Horace E. Scudder, the American translator of Andersen. Besides these contributions, there are poems by T. B. Aldrich, Mrs. Thaxter, Edgar Fawcett, and G. P. Lathrop; and the departments of Music and Education are entertaining as well as instructive.

## OUR EXCHANGES.

The *Trinity Tablet* urges upon the students of its college the need of a debating society. We think this a word in the right direction. For several years, such societies have been losing ground in many of our colleges. In some they have been discarded altogether, and the influence which they once exerted is no longer felt. This is a mistake. There is no better means of discipline than a well conducted debate. And more, the culture it gives is decidedly practical. The *Tablet* says with truth, it "renders the student a peculiar service in that it affords him the means of bringing into application what he has learned and is daily learning," and we would add, that there is no way, while in school, in which this can be done better.

A few months ago there was a movement made at Harvard to change their color from magenta to crimson, for the reason that great variety of shades of magenta were worn. The movement succeeded and the color was changed (the name of the paper was also changed from "The Magenta" to that of "The Crimson,") and a committee appointed to determine the shade. That committee has not yet reported, says the *Crimson*, and they are in the same difficulty and confusion in regard to crimson that existed with the magenta.

Many of our exchanges are still filled with articles on boating. All are agreed in giving Cornell the praise due her in her late success at the oar. Alfred has the facilities for gymnastics, base and foot ball, running, jumping, sawing wood, etc., but has not the boats nor the water for boating, and on some accounts it is well.

The first number of the ninth volume of the *Brunonian* comes to us in an enlarged and improved form, under the management of a new board of editors.

We welcome to our exchange list the *College Mirror*, of Ohio University, Athens.

Received: *Crimson*, *Tripod*, *College Argus*, *Trinity Tablet*, *University Record*, *Angelica Republican*, *School Bulletin*, *Brunonian*, *College Mirror*.

The two largest mixed Colleges in the country are Oberlin and Michigan University. Of the 1,330 students at Oberlin, 633 are women; of the 1,191 at Michigan, 100 are women.

The Yale faculty are talking of publishing an illustrated history of the college, somewhat after the style of the recent Harvard publication.

In Amherst College, at the present time, there are fourteen students who are sons of the members of the class of 1849.

Mount Holyoke Seminary has supplied 115 wives for missionaries, who have gone as teachers to all parts of the world.

Eighty-eight American Colleges and Universities conferred, last year, 146 D. D.'s, and 100 LL.D.'s.

## The Alfred Student.

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

TERMS: \$1 25 per annum, in advance. Single copies, 15 cents. Any party sending us five names, with the price, will receive one extra copy.

Subscriptions may be forwarded at any time. The publishers will continue to send the *STUDENT* to subscribers at their discretion, until requested to discontinue, and arrearages are paid. Subscribers wishing the paper discontinued will please notify us. Subscribers changing their residence will please be careful to notify us.

We can supply most of the back numbers from Vol. 1. No. 2. We request each of our subscribers to interest himself in behalf of the *STUDENT*, to bring it to the notice of others, and forward us new names.

### Rates of Advertising.

1 column, \$3 50 for 1st insertion, \$6 00 for 3 months, \$10 00 for 6 months, \$15 00 per year, (10 months.)  
 ½ column, \$2 00 for 1st insertion, \$4 00 for 3 months, \$6 00 for 6 months, \$8 00 for one year.

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

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

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

MRS. E. J. POTTER'S

Millinery and Ladies' Furnishing Store

IS NOW OPEN TO THE PUBLIC.

University Street, Alfred Centre, N. Y.

PLEASE CALL.

L. D. POTTER,

SHOE MAKER.

Shop over SHEPPARD & COON'S Store. Entrance on University St.

**BOOTS AND SHOES MADE AND REPAIRED.**

All work done promptly, and satisfaction guaranteed.

3-1

**T. W. WILLIAMS,**

ALFRED CENTRE, N. Y.,

Manufacturer of the celebrated **Alfred Yoke Shirt**. A perfect fit guaranteed or no sale. Send for directions for self measurement and price list. All the *Novelties in COLLARS and CUFFS*.

**TRY ME ON!**

## SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY FOR 1876.

The publishers invite attention to the following list of some of the attractive articles secured for Scribner's Monthly for the coming year. In the field of fiction, besides numerous novelettes and shorter stories, there will be two remarkably serial stories by American authors. The first of these, now complete in our hands,

**"GABRIEL CONROY,"**

BY BRET HARTE,

begins in the November number, and will run for twelve months. This is Mr. Harte's first extended work. The scenes and characters, which the author has chosen from his favorite field, California, are painted with characteristic vividness and power; and the work is without doubt the most graphic record of early California life that has yet appeared. We shall also begin in the January number,

**"PHILIP NOLAN'S FRIENDS,**

OR, SHOW YOUR PASSPORTS,"

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE,

The scene of this story is laid in the Southwestern territory, now forming the States of Louisiana and Texas, at the time of Aaron Burr's treason. The characters lived in a section which was now American, now French, and now Spanish, and this record of their adventurous lives makes a story of intense and unflagging interest throughout.

**A SECOND "FARMER'S VACATION,"**

BY COL. GEO. E. WARING, JR.

Col. Waring is now in Europe, visiting, in a row-boat ride of two hundred and fifty miles, one of the most fertile and interesting of the vine-growing valleys of Europe. This second series of papers promises to be even more interesting than that with which our readers are already familiar.

**CENTENNIAL LETTERS,**

EDITED BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

A rare collection of Revolutionary Letters, mainly from stores in the hands of the descendants of Col. Joseph Ward. They are full of interest, and will be read with a rare relish in connection with the Centennial celebration of the year. Brilliantly illustrated articles on

**AMERICAN COLLEGES,**

written respectively by their friends, will appear during the year. The revived interest in college life makes these papers especially timely, and will secure for them unusual attention.

**OLD NEW YORK.**

Elegantly illustrated articles on Old New York, by John F. Mines, will appear at once, and will attract the attention of all, in city or country, who mark with interest the development of the great metropolis, and affectionately remember the quaint peculiarities of its olden time.

Every number is profusely illustrated, thus enabling us to give to our descriptive and narrative articles an interest and permanent value never attained in a non-illustrated periodical. Under its accustomed management the magazine will in the future be devoted, as it has been in the past, to sound literature and Christian progress.

The Editorial Departments occupy over twenty pages of each number and contain Dr. Holland's vigorous and timely editorials, as well as Reviews of the latest works in Art, Literature, and Science.

TERMS.—\$4 00 a year, in advance; 35 cents a number. The ten volumes, complete, Nov. 1870, to Oct. 1875, bound in maroon cloth, \$20; the same, bound in half morocco, \$30.

Volumes begin in November and May. Any of the earlier volumes (I. to VIII.) will be supplied separately to parties who wish them to complete sets at this rate, i. e., cloth, \$3; half morocco, \$3.

Booksellers and Postmasters will be supplied at rates that will enable them to fill any of the above offers.

Subscribers will please remit in P. O. Money Orders, or in Bank Checks or Drafts, or by registered letters. Money in letters not registered, at sender's risk.

SCRIBNER & CO., 743 Broadway, New York.