

T H E

Alfred Student.

VOL. V.

ALFRED CENTRE, N. Y., MAY, 1878.

No. 8.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

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ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

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a Collegiate and an Academical. These have
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1. All bills must be paid in advance.

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more than one-half of the full bill; and no de-
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3. Parents and Guardians are earnestly so-
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on useless and frivolous things, nor permit
their children or wards to contract debts for
the same, thus laying the foundation for ex-
travagant and reckless habits.

ROOMS AND BOARD.

The University Hall contains the Boarding
Department, and rooms for the accommodation
of about one hundred Students, besides rooms
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room adjoining each.* The Hall is under the
immediate supervision of the Faculty. There
is also abundant accommodation for rooming
and boarding in private families.

CALENDAR.—1877-8.

Fall Term begins Wednesday, Sept. 5, 1877.
Winter Term begins Wednesday, Dec. 12, 1877.
Spring Term begins Wednesday, April 3, 1878.
Anniversary of Literary Societies, Monday and Tuesday,
July 1 and 2, 1878.
Annual Meeting of Stockholders and Trustees, Tues-
day, July 2, 1878.
Commencement, Wednesday, July 3, 1878.
Annual Meeting of the Alumni Association, Wednes-
day afternoon and evening, July 8, 1878.
The Terms continue thirteen weeks.

THE Alfred Student.

VOL. V.

ALFRED CENTRE, N. Y., MAY, 1878.

No. 8.

Literary Department.

MARGARET FULLER.

Forever bright and beautiful let the Spring seem, forever golden the day that gave to the world Margaret Fuller; one whom earth's noblest have delighted to honor; one of those prophetic souls that live not with their age and die not with it.

Her father was a well-educated lawyer and politician, who sought to be a good citizen and have a home on earth, but his aims never led him to open the deeper fountain of soul-life. Her mother was of that fair flower-like nature whose spontaneous love for every living thing restores the golden age.

Born in the stern, energetic atmosphere of New England; reared in a home devoid of beauty; educated with rigorous care, Margaret knew no childhood, but lived in a world of ideals with classical literature for her daily food. She wandered enough amid the enchanted gardens of Grecian mythology to perceive the lore, and the language told the same story—"in that land the law of life was beauty." She penetrated far into the rich mines of that language whose measured cadence and real force alone would give the thought of Rome.

In Cervantes, Moliere, and Shakespeare she found a counterpoise for her Romans. Enriching her mind from the masterpieces of German, French, Italian, and Spanish literature, she identified herself with all the elegant culture of the country, till the general inquiry became, "Who is the wondrous woman? This new Corinne, more variously gifted, wise,

sportive, and eloquent, who seems to have learned every language?"

While she studied books thus earnestly, more frequently did she turn to the study of men. Longing for a universal human experience, she sought to understand the germinal principle and special characteristics of every person whom she deemed worthy of knowing at all. She called on every nature for its highest, and demanded only of her friends that they should have "some extraordinary generous seeking," and aspire to something better, higher, holier than they had yet attained. She was the "wedding guest" to whom the long-pent story must be told. All confided in her the secrets of their life, which can not be uttered without setting the heart and mind in a glow. Thus she had the best of those she met, and to all glorified life, for her insight was inexhaustible, her good will "broad as the ether." She felt the queen-nature within her, and to the multitude seemed a haughty, supercilious person. To those who knew her, her lofty looks implied only a scorn of base things, a kind of pride which is praise; while to those she loved she was the more tender and true. The true portrait painter does not paint the face as it actually is, but as nature designed it; so she saw her friends as God designed them, and by her power to quicken other minds showed how living was her own. To the end of making life altogether noble, she had a passionate desire for companions equal to herself.

"Friends she must have, but nowhere could she find
A tally fitted to so large a mind."

Her industry and the amount of work accomplished have rarely been equaled. Considering the near extremes of ill health, and the manner in which her life heaped itself in high

and happy moments—avenged by lassitude and pain—the facility with which she assumed and performed stints of literary labor was truly wonderful. She read at a rate like Gibbons. Even when suffering the most intense pain, her mind never ceased its activity, but rather, “pain acted as a girdle to give tension to her powers.”

She was first well known to the public as a writer during her editorship of the *Dial*. Afterward she was connected with the *New York Tribune*, writing mostly reviews, which were characterized by directness, terseness, practicality, and absolute truthfulness. In her delightful volume, “*Summer on the Lakes*,” are descriptions which are unrivaled. But her “*Woman of the Nineteenth Century*” is more characteristic. On finishing it she said, “I felt a joyous glow, as if I had put much of my true life in it; as if, should I now go away, the measure of my foot print would be left on the earth.” A bare outline of her theory may be found in this, “Had Christendom been true to its standard, woman would have not only equal power with man—for of this omnipotent nature will not permit her to be defrauded—but a *chartered* power too fully recognized to be abused. All that is wanting is that man shall prove his freedom by making her free.”

Her letters contain many of her richest thoughts. She often proposed to her friends to write daily, saying “Nothing less would afford sufficient opportunity for interchange of ideas.” During her stay in Europe, her correspondents numbered not less than a hundred. Yet writing was not grateful to her; conversation was her forte. It was by this rare and peculiar gift that she cast her spells and worked her wonders in the varied and brilliant circle with which she surrounded herself. The presence of congenial minds so stimulated her that rays of truth flashed out at the moment, and she herself was surprised at the fresh beauty of her new-born thoughts. Though witty, sparkling, and brilliant as was her conversation in company, it was with a single friend that her soul soared highest. An hour with her was a bright epoch in many a life. She was a votary of the beautiful, but her love of art was not at all techni-

cal. It was a true sympathy with the artist, a co-perception with him of the eloquence of form, an aspiration with him to a fairer life. Sculpture was pleasing and suggestive, but it was in music that her full soul found expression. A heart was underneath her intellectualness. Her mind was reverent, her spirit devout. Few have so steady faith in divine love. But not always those who most devoutly long for the Infinite, know best how to modulate their finite into a fair passage of the divine harmony. Repeated over and over again was the lesson, “Be humble, patient, and self-sustaining,” ere it was fully learned. Contrasted with her radiant visions, how dreary actual existence looked, how galling was the friction of petty hindrances, how heavy the yoke of drudging care! Even success appeared like failure, when measured by her conscious aim. There were times when the music of the universe seemed to have stopped, and others when she so felt the grand poem of existence that it repaid for all trial. There is a species of cactus from whose outer bark exudes a poisonous liquid, but from the core, a sweet, refreshing juice. So she learned to draw strength from the very heart of evil. The Great Spirit wished to leave no other but itself. The two fiery trials through which she passed again and again—obstructions to the development of her genius, and loneliness of heart—were the very furnace needed to burn the dross of her gold, till it could fitly image the heavenly Refiner.

It was in Europe that her soul burst into bloom. There she saw and suffered enough to bring out all her faculties. She said, “How true was the lure that always drew me hither! Had I only come ten years earlier! Now my life must be a failure, so much of my strength has been wasted on abstractions; but heaven has room enough, and I can live a great deal in the years that remain.”

That freedom from labor that was necessary to heal her hurts and renew the life-blood never came. Her private fortunes were entangled; her destiny so sad an enigma, she saw no way out except through the gates of death. The beautiful forms of art, at last, could charm no longer! And she longed for scenes of natural

beauty, and, imperfect as love is, for the form of human love. Beneath a weight of care, so heavy as to press out half their sweetness, she found them all. In Angelo Ossoli, the complement of her being; in her child something that for the first time satisfied the wants of her heart; in the freedom that dawned on Italy, such a time as she had dreamed of. Alas! it only dawned. In the dark days that followed, she was an angel of light to many. Far from her child, her husband in the thickest of the fight, she was the friend and counsellor of the man of it all—Mazzini. Meanwhile, she was writing the history of events, which, had it been saved, would have been invaluable. Amid these scenes, she found full field for her heroism and prodigal generosity. So much did she love Italy, that sad was the day for her when it yielded the struggle, though it gave her back her dear ones, and permitted her to know the joys of a home lighted by love. Of the many private fortunes buried beneath the ruins of the Roman republic, theirs was one. Desire to see her friends, and to publish her book, led her to seek American shores. With strange forebodings, they embarked on the Elizabeth. The voyage was long and fateful. At last the land was in view, but the promised land of heaven—not America—for them. Margaret's shroud was the sea, her loved ones laid with her; not too great a mantle for so great a soul—ever it murmureth sad symphonies for the form it holds in its bosom. Whatever she may have been to others—poet, genius, friend—she is to me a *life*, the embodiment of my soul's ideal. Spirit of Ossoli, teach us who would know how noble life may be, and how to make it so; from thee may we learn—

"That knowledge by suffering entereth,
And Life is perfected by Death."

Do you ask what will educate your son? Your example will educate him; the business he sees you transact; the likings and dislikings he sees you express—these will educate him. The society you live in will educate him; your domestic circle will educate him; above all, your rank, your situation in life, your home, your table, will educate him. It is not in

your power to withdraw from him the continual influence of these things, except you were to withdraw yourself from them also. Education goes on at every instant of time; you can neither stop it nor turn its course. What these have a tendency to make your child, that he will be.—*College Record.*

THE RIVER AND THE SEA.

BY MRS. MARY C. SHEPPARD.

Personated at the Jubilee Session of the Athenæan
Lyceum. [Concluded from last month.]

The River.

From my fountains
In the mountains,
From my springs upon the hills
From beneath the
Frozen lethe
That my water-courses fills,
Coming swift, with start and quiver,
I, the Spirit of the River,
Seek your welcome here to-night.

If you'll listen,
Ere the glisten
Of my sparkling drops shall fade,
I will duly
Tell you truly
Of the changeful life I lead.
Here a ripple, there a bubble,
Now in calm, and now in trouble,
I flow on through dark and light.

With my tinkling
Footsteps, twinkling
Lightly downward from my source,
Gaily tripping
Past the dripping
Grasses hanging o'er my course,
Till, among the waving willows,
Cool and deep, below their billows,
I glide gently on my way.

Long I dally
In the valley
Where the alders stand in crowds,
Softly gleaming,
Fondly dreaming
Of my angel kin, the clouds.
O! could I in adoration,
Breathed in perfect exhalation,
Rise to them and float away!

Under bridges,
'Twixt high ridges,
With a current swift and strong,

Not with leisure,
Nor for pleasure,
Do I hurry now along.
I have left my dreams behind me,
Now a toiler you shall find me,
Sweeping on with ceaseless flow.

O the toiling
And the molling
Of the ponderous water-wheels!
Ever turning,
Turning, turning,
'Till the dizzy heaven reels;
And the woeful human faces,
Tear-washed of all tender graces,
That I mirror as I go!

Am I wronging
Life, in longing
To embrace them in my arms?
I would hold them,
And enfold them
Safely, from all earthly harms.
I would rock them, gently sleeping,
So they ne'er should wake to weeping
O'er their wretched want and woe.

But I leave them;
May God save them!
In His mercy is no flaw.
Onward ever—
Resting never—
I obey my primal law.
But a nameless terror swells me,
And a sudden fear impels me,
And I madly rush along.

Vain were striving—
Fate is driving
Me to ruin past recall!
Oh, my sunny
Banks so bonny,
Must I, can I, leave you all?
Faster, faster, I am speeding—
And the solid earth's receding—
And I hear a demon song!

Oh! appalling!
I am falling!
I am swallowed up and lost!
Lost forever!
Ever, ever,
In a seething chaos tossed!
Is it I so madly whirling?
Am I thus so blindly swirling?
Are the calm blue heavens gone?

Nay, but over
Me doth hover,
Bending tender, hope's bright bow!
From the foment

Of my torment,
Rise the mists are gleaming so!
Now, with calm, but eager motion,
I roll onward toward the ocean,
By a yearning impulse drawn.

Forward faring,
Gladly bearing
Vexing wheel and laboring oar;
Swift propelling
On my swelling
Tide, the valley's garnered store,
Inland harvest seaward bringing,
Ever flowing, ever singing,
Ever longing for the sea.

By the torrent
Of my current,
By my tidal ebb and flow,
By vibrating,
Undulating
Tones, that call me, deep and low,
I am sure my end draws nearer;
And my destiny seems dearer,
As I hasten joyfully.

O, ye Mountains,
Whence my fountains,
Bubbling softly, laughing fell;
And ye Meadows,
'Neath the shadows
Of whose trees I flowed, farewell!
I have found my better portion.
And thou, great, infinite Ocean,
Glad, I lose myself in thee.

The Sea.

I come from caverns dark and deep,
That hide forever from the sun;
'Mid whose still glooms I softly keep,
Enlocked in everlasting sleep,
The secrets of my heart, my own.

The Valley spreads her grasses wide,
And lifts her flowers to the light;
The Mountain towers aloft in pride,
And courts the gaze from every side,
And speaks from every purple height.

The River sings, through all the land,
Upon her shining way, to me.
But, though I break on every strand,
I still enwrap myself in grand,
Unutterable mystery.

Down toward my depths your plummet creeps,
My fastnesses your ships explore,
But on my vast, unmeasured steeps,
And in my undiscovered deeps,
I bide, unfathomed as before.
Ye call me beautiful, when rise

The glowing splendor of the dawn—
When, with the amethystine skies,
That gleam with hues of paradise,
I melt, and mingle into one;

And when the golden sunsets glow
Along the amber-tinted west,
And from above, on all below,
A molten glory seems to flow,
And on my crested waves to rest.

Ah, yes, but with an outward grace,
I wear these tints of eve and morn.
As smiles, upon the answering face
Of friend to friend, the shadows chase,
So, to the skies I smile in turn.

But, O, not from your rarest dream
Of beauty, could ye ever guess
What hidden splendors softly gleam
Within my purple twilights dim,
And deep, unbroken silences.

A thousand fathoms down below,
In the faint light of sun and star,
My bright-hued mosses spring and grow,
And wondrous flowers gaily blow,
O'er all my watery fields afar.

And here and there, like dew-drops, shine
My starry pearls and diamonds,
And feathery sprays of wreathing vine
Around my gray rocks cling and twine
Their fringed gold and crimson fronds.

And in and out, and to and fro,
My myriad living creatures glide—
With graceful motion, calm and slow,
Or flashing bright, they come and go,
Or in dim caverns coyly hide.

But over all my billows roll,
And over all my waves rise high;
From shore to shore, from pole to pole,
In chasmal deep or sandy shoal,
I hold my own retinacy.

And evermore, with ceaseless drift,
In winding ways that turn and shift,
From underneath a torrid sun,
Or from an icy, frozen zone,
My never-ending currents run.

And evermore, with longing stretch,
My restless tide doth upward reach
Unto the moon, that, pure and white,
Bends tender downward from her hight,
To draw me, with her loving light.

But ever still, with backward flow,
Recoils my shrinking undertow.
And though so madly, blackly, o'er

My billows, rush the death-winged blasts,
And with their hungry, hollow roar

Sweep on from wreck-strewn shore to shore,
Along my desolated wastes;

Yet evermore and evermore,
The wildest storm will pass away;
The blackest night wear into day;
My waves flow softly, smoothly, o'er
The wrecks and dead that sailed before.

O, human heart, I speak to thee!
Dost thou not see thyself in me?
Thou coverest up thy beauties rare,
Thy flowers and pearls so wondrous fair—
Thy slimy horrors and thy dread,
Pale, spectral fears, thy cherished dead.

And, like my currents, cold or warm,
Thy love and hate work good or harm;
And like my tide, thy being yearns
Up toward the pureness it discerns;
But still, with shrinking, backward flow,
Toward evil sets the undertow.

Thou smilest back to smiling skies,
And ravest in turn when storms arise.
Together, in muffled undertone,
We make our inarticulate moan,
And never, never fully speak,
But o'er our shattered wrecks we break.
Yet God, who made the heart and sea,
Holds in his hand both thee and me.

SURE CURE FOR COLLEGE HAZING.—Fun and frolic, even of the rudest kind, may be safely winked at as the necessary safety-valves of animal spirits, or left to be checked by a purely college discipline. But the student that steals a turkey is a thief; the student that helps to half drown a fellow-student is a rowdy; the student that assaults an actor, however wretched his performance may be, and finishes his evening's experiment by assaulting the police, is a rioter; the student that draws a pistol on his fellow-student, except in necessary self-defense, is an incipient assassin. And there is no reason why a thief, a rowdy, a rioter, or an assassin, should be protected from the penalty of his crime by his cap and frock. If Princeton or Yale or Harvard would put one member of its criminal classes—for any community of eight hundred young men necessarily has some criminals in it—in the penitentiary, and put on him a striped garment for the college robe, it would put an end to crime not only in its own but in other colleges, and earn a deserved confidence from the community, which

now looks on amazed to see the long-since abolished exemption of the clergy intruded, through the influence of our colleges, upon the civilization of the nineteenth century.—*Christian Union*.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
LITERARY DEPARTMENT.	
Margaret Fuller, - - -	85
The River and the Sea, - - -	87
Sure Cure for College Hazing, - - -	89
EDITORIAL, - - -	90
AT HOME, - - -	92
ALUMNI NOTES, - - -	94
THE COLLEGE WORLD, - - -	95

WORDS.

Words are defined as articulate or vocal sounds, or combinations of articulate and vocal sounds, uttered by the human voice, and by custom expressing an idea or ideas; component parts of human speech or language.

Language belongs exclusively to intellectual and intelligent beings, and, among terrestrial beings, to man only; for none but the human animal can pronounce words. Language, in its proper sense, is the medium of intercourse among rational beings endowed with the faculty of uttering articulate sounds.

The eloquent William Hazlitt makes the assertion that "words are the only things that last forever." This is not merely a splendid saying, or a startling paradox; but with regard to man and his works on earth it is literally true. Temples and palaces, amphitheatres and catacombs—monuments of power, skill, and

magnificence, to perpetuate the memory, and even to preserve the ashes of those who lived in past ages—must, in the revolutions of mundane events, not only perish themselves by violence or decay, but the very dust in which they perished be so scattered as to leave no trace of their material existence behind. There is no security beyond the present moment for the most permanent or the most precious of man's material creations. James Montgomery says: "An earthquake may suddenly engulf the pyramids of Egypt, and leave the desert as blank as the tide would have left it on the seashore. A hammer in the hand of an idiot may break to pieces the Apollo Belvedere, or the Venus de Medici, which are scarcely less worshiped as miracles of art in our day than they were by idolaters of old as representatives of deities." Looking abroad over the earth, what have we of the past but the words in which history is recorded? What besides a few moldering ruins, which time is imperceptibly grinding into dust—what, besides these, remains of the glory, the grandeur, the intelligence, the supremacy of the Grecian republics, or the empire of Rome? Nothing but the words of poets, historians, philosophers and orators, who being dead yet speak, and in their immortal works still maintain their dominion over inferior minds through all posterity. And these intellectual sovereigns not only govern our spirits from the tomb by the power of their thoughts, but their very voices are heard by our living ears in the accents of their mother tongue. Thought can be made to transmigrate from one body of words into another, through all the languages of the earth, without leaving what may be called its personal identity; and thus the great minds of antiquity continue to hold their ascendancy over the opinions, manners, characters, institutions and events of all ages and nations through which their posthumous compositions have found way, and have been made the earliest subjects of study, the highest standard of morals, and the most perfect examples of taste, to the master minds in every state of civilized society. In this respect, the words of inspired prophets and apostles among the Jews, and those of gifted writers among the

ancient Gentiles, may truly be said to "last forever."

Words are the vehicles by which thought is made visible to the eye, audible to the ear, and intelligible to another. They are the palpable forms of ideas. Of such influence is speech or writing as the conductor of thought, that, though all words do not last forever—and it is well for the peace of the world and the happiness of individuals that they do not—yet even here every word has its effect; so that with the tongue or pen we are continually doing good or evil to ourselves or our neighbors. On a single phrase, expressed in anger or affection, in levity or seriousness, the whole progress of a human spirit through life may hinge, or be changed from the direction it was pursuing, whether right or wrong. Of the power of a word, Walter Savage Landor says: "On words rest the axis of the intellectual world. A winged word hath stuck ineradically in a thousand hearts, and envenomed every hour throughout their hard pulsation. On a winged word hath hung the destiny of nations. On a winged word hath human wisdom been willing to cast the immortal soul, and to leave it dependent for all its future happiness. It is because a word is unsusceptible of explanation, or because they who employed it were impatient of any, that enormous evils have prevailed, not only against our common sense, but against our common humanity."

THE ART OF DEBATE.

It is one of the aims of our lyceum work to cultivate the art of extemporaneous speaking and debate, and we regret to note that the advantages they offer for such culture are no better improved. To be able to address an assembly without previously having committed to memory what is to be said, is a rare accomplishment, especially among young men, and its attainment is reached only through much patient practice, and after many failures and embarrassments. Many students who are able to write very elaborate papers, and whose rhetoric may be almost faultless, would make a sad failure if called upon to speak extempore,

or to debate a question in a public assembly. The art of debate is one that deserves more attention than it usually receives among students of the present. In an old edition of Dr. Blair's *Lectures on Rhetoric*, (printed and published by James Kay, Jr., in 1833,) under the head of "*Eloquence of Popular Assemblies*," we find some very good suggestions in regard to debate, from which we copy: "Debate in popular assemblies seldom allows the speaker that full and accurate preparation beforehand, which the pulpit always, and the bar sometimes, admits. The arguments must be suited to the course which the debate takes; and as no man can exactly foresee this, one who trusts to a set speech, composed in his closet, will, on many occasions, be thrown out of the ground which he had taken. He will find it pre-occupied by others, or his reasonings superseded by some new turn of the business; and, if he ventures to use his prepared speech, it will be frequently at the hazard of making an awkward figure. The only occasion when set speeches have any propriety, is at the opening of a debate, when the speaker has it in his power to choose his field. But as the debate advances, and parties warm, discourses of this kind become more unsuitable. They want the native air; the appearance of being suggested by the business that is going on; study and ostentation are apt to be visible; and, of course, though applauded as elegant, they are seldom so persuasive as more free and unconstrained discourses. This, however, does not by any means conclude against premeditation of what we are to say; the neglect of which, and the trusting wholly to extemporaneous efforts, will unavoidably produce the habit of speaking in a loose and undigested manner. But the premeditation which is of most advantage, in the case which we now consider, is of the subject or argument in general, rather than of nice composition in any particular branch of it. With regard to the matter, we can not be too accurate in our preparation, so as to be fully masters of the business under consideration; but with regard to words and expression, it is very possible so far to overdo, as to render our speech stiff and precise. Indeed, till once per-

sons acquire that firmness, that presence of mind, and command of expression in a public meeting, which nothing but habit and practice can bestow, it may be proper for a young speaker to commit to memory the whole of what he is to say. But, after some performances of this kind shall have given him boldness, he will find it the better method not to confine himself so strictly; but only to write, beforehand, some sentences with which he intends to set out, in order to put himself fairly in the train; and, for the rest, to set down short notes of the topics, or principal thoughts upon which he is to insist, in their order, leaving the words to be suggested by the warmth of discourse. Such short notes of the substance of the discourse will be found of considerable service, to those especially, who are beginning to speak in public. They will accustom them to some degree of accuracy, which, if they speak frequently, they are in danger too soon of losing. They will even accustom them to think more closely on the subject in question; and will assist them greatly in arranging their thoughts with method and order."

At Home.

ALLEGHANIAN SESSION.

The Alleghanians entertained their Alfredian sisters Saturday evening, April 27th. The following is the order of exercises:

Devotional exercises,	B. I. Jeffrey
Address of Welcome,	T. M. Davis
Select Reading,	O. M. Rogers
Essay—"German Unity,"	S. H. Coon
Recitation—"The Ride from Ghent to Aix,"	A. Allen
Paper—"The Alleghanian,"	T. A. Burdick
Lecture—"African Men and Gorillas,"	W. A. Canfield
Mock Trial.	

The programme was a strong one, and contained many good things, and was interspersed with music. The Alfredians express themselves well pleased with their entertainment.

The mock trial was an especially interesting item. The point at issue was the recovery of certain articles, namely, a blue-glass hat, a paper dickey and collar, neck-tie, and button-

hole bouquet, loaned by T. W. Williams, plaintiff, to A. W. Sullivan, defendant. We gathered from the evidence, that Mr. Williams was the possessor of said articles which he voluntarily offered to loan to Mr. Sullivan, stating as his reasons that he thought he needed them, especially the blue-glass hat, which he claimed possessed peculiar properties, which were of immense advantage to a person in preparing his graduating oration. Mr. Sullivan accepted the loan, and claims to have far exceeded his most sanguine hopes in the production of his oration, under the influence of the said hat. Mr. Williams learning of his eminent success, called on him for the return of the hat or its equivalent in money, whereupon Mr. Sullivan flatly refused to comply with either requirement, stating that he needed the hat and proposed to keep it; and as for paying for it, that was entirely out of the question, and emphatically refused. Williams, becoming greatly incensed, brought an action against him, employing Messrs. Stillman and Coon as attorneys. Mr. Sullivan, ever guarding zealously his rights, appeared in answer to the summons with H. A. Burdick, Esq., as counsel. The case was called by Justice A. B. Green. The witnesses in the case for complainant were T. W. Williams, T. A. Burdick, T. M. Davis, C. Stillman; for defense, A. W. Sullivan, W. A. Canfield, G. P. Darrow, F. Heseltine. Our space forbids a review of the testimony in full, but many startling facts were brought to light during the course of the examination, both in regard to the plaintiff's financial condition and defendant's mental and moral status; also many wonderful properties were ascribed to the blue glass hat, the defendant admitting to have received all the benefits from the hat that were claimed for it by plaintiff; stating that by its influence he had been enabled to produce an oration that was little less than stupendous, and one that would place Demosthenes and Cicero's greatest efforts effectually in the shade; he even hinted that plaintiff's ancestors had drawn from its never-falling fountain the inspiration necessary to produce an article equal in brilliancy to his own. One witness

(in whose possession the hat now is), claimed for it still more wonderful properties; stating that having purchased the hat, he at once transformed it into a hot-bed and had succeeded in producing full-grown cabbages, ready for market, in the space of two days and one night.

Defendant's counsel plead eloquently for his client, but judgment was pronounced in favor of the plaintiff to the amount of \$4 75 and costs. Thus ended a memorable trial.

DEATH OF OLIVER C. PIERCE.

The following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted by the Alleghanian Lyceum at its session of April 13th:

WHEREAS, the All-Wise Father hath sent his death angel, and removed from among us a respected brother; therefore,

Resolved, That we, the members of the Alleghanian Lyceum, deeply mourn the loss of Bro. OLIVER C. PIERCE, the relation between whom and this Society have always been such as to entitle him to our esteem.

Resolved, That while we thus mourn his death, we bow in submission to the will of Him whose loving kindness is over all his works, who has given unto man a Savior who robs death of its sting, and deprives the grave of its victory.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with the bereaved family and friends, and commend them for consolation to Him who said, "I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever. . . . I will not leave you comfortless."

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be furnished to the family of the deceased, and that we request their publication in the ALFRED STUDENT.

GEO. P. DARROW,
O. D. WILLIAMS, } Com.
D. H. CHAMPLIN, }

OUR BAND being desirous of "seeing themselves as others see them," gathered upon the campus in front of the Ladies' Hall, one afternoon not long since, while Irving Saunders proceeded to photograph them; and while waiting for the artist to change his plates for the different views, they discoursed some excellent music. We understand they obtained some first-class views; such as only Saunders knows how to get. Alfred may well feel proud of her artist, who is a thorough master of his art, and stands only

third best in the State, and is using every means for improvement, and we expect ere long to see his name heading the list of photographic artists.

TELEPHONE—Nearly every important point of our village is now enjoying the blessing of telephonic communication. This important result has been reached through the perseverance and enterprise of Mr. E. A. Higgins. Mr. Higgins has given several telephone concerts at his room, which were truly enjoyable, and were wonderfully illustrative of the transmitting power of the instrument, as every note played by the orchestra could be distinctly heard at any point in the room. The telephone as constructed by Mr. H. possesses an advantage over others similarly constructed, as, in order to make your man at the other end hear what you have to say, it is necessary to raise the voice to so high a pitch that individuals blocks away are able to report the whole conversation. Mr. Higgins informs us that he has been experimenting with the bottle for some time (he does not wear a blue ribbon), and hopes to be able to bottle up speech before long. We hope so too.

DR FORD'S LECTURE.—There will be a lecture in the Chapel of Alfred University by Prof. D. R. Ford, D. D., of Elmira Female College, May 15th, 1878. Subject: "The Romance of Science," illustrated by the talking and singing telephone, and a phonautograph to bottle up speech. The name of Dr. Ford is a sufficient guarantee that the lecture, and the illustrations by instruments of his own invention, will be first-class, and none can afford to stay away. The Doctor will be assisted by the noted electrician of Elmira, Mr. Guion. The proceeds will go for the purchasing of apparatus for the department of Physical Science in the University. Doors open at seven; Lecture commence at eight o'clock P. M. Admission 35 cents. Reserved seats 50 cents. A plot of the house may be seen at A. W. Coon's store.

THE Alleghanian Term Lecture for this term will be given by A. C. Lewis, M. D., on Saturday evening, May 18th.

PROF. A. B. KENYON met with a serious accident while surveying, a few days since. In descending a hill, he slipped. He fell with his entire weight upon the limb that was fractured nearly a year ago, breaking it in the same place. It seems that the genial Prof. is destined to have all the luck there is; but he is cheerfully bearing his misfortune, and hopes to be able to get around much sooner than before. We sincerely hope he may. Prof. Prentice has taken charge of the most of his classes. Pres. Allen is to have charge of the surveying class.

A RUNAWAY.—The team of A. B. Sherman ran away with a forty-barrel whey vat on the afternoon of April 24th. The result was the smashing of four lengths of Mr. Livermore's fence, the upsetting of Rev. N. V. Hull's horse-block, the breaking of the reach of the lumber-wagon on which the vat was loaded, besides some excitement, and lots of fun for the boys. The only persons injured were B. L. Green, who was stepped on by one of the horses after they had stopped, and his small dog Colonel, who was nearly scared to death.

THE members of the Temperance Union of Alfred held their first anniversary at the church in the village of Alfred, Saturday evening, April 20th. Hon. Horace Bemis addressed the assembly. There was a grand rally of old signers of the Murphy pledge, and about sixty new names were added to the list. This speaks well for the advancement of the cause of temperance among us. It shows that our people are fully alive to the evils and dangers of intemperance, and are determined to hotly contest the field with Old King Alcohol.

THOSE is want of a nobby suit of clothes, would do well to read Martin Adsit & Son's Ad. in another column, and act accordingly.

WE would like to know by what authority our grandiloquent Orophilian brother addresses the preceptress by the name "My dear."

WE noticed, a few days since, the entire graduating class, with the exception of the oldest member, enjoying an afternoon ride.

PRESIDENT ALLEN has returned from a short vacation, visiting many of the colleges, among which were Harvard, Yale, Amherst, Williams, and many smaller colleges. He seems to be much improved in health and spirits, and to have received great benefit from his much-needed vacation. He has gathered many valuable specimens for the Museum during his travel.

AN Alfred correspondent of a county paper thus poetically remarks: "The gladsome time of Spring has returned once more. The fields have begun to put on their welcome coat of green. In a few days the forests will wear the same *ermine* hue. Everything seems to speak gladness and joyous Spring time." "Ermine hue" is good, very good.

JOSEPH ALLING, traveling agent for the house of Alling & Cory, of Rochester, and formerly one of the editors of the Rochester *Campus*, was in town a short time since.

PROF. W. R. PRENTICE has been taking a short vacation, and has again assumed charge of his classes. Mr. E. A. Higgins filled his place during his absence.

A LATIN CLASS—Prof. L.: "Mr. B., you may translate the next sentence." Mr. B. translates (*Me miserum*): "I—I—I am sick." Prof.: "Undoubtedly so."

MISS EVA ALLEN advertises in this number of the STUDENT that she will have a Summer class in Elocution for those desiring to be instructed.

IMPORTANT TO NEW STUDENTS!—Please look up the STUDENT canvassing committee, and make them take your names as subscribers.

Alumni Notes.

ALUMNI.

'55. Sarah Brown Green, who has been residing for the past year in Elmira, has returned to her home in Plainfield, N. J.

'60. Phebe J. Babcock *Waite* is connected with the Blind Asylum, in New York.

'62. William P. Maxson is now in the cutlery business in Meriden, Conn.

'62. Euin K. Thacher is president of a bank in Kansas City, Kan.

'63. P. T. Van Zile is a County Judge in Ohio.

'69. I. B. Brown is practicing law in Corry, Pa.

'76. Alice E. Lamson *Maxson* is Preceptress in the Union School in Woodhull, N. Y.

PERSONAL.

'54. J. W. Whiting is Principal of the Canaseraga Union School.

'57. Russel M. Tuttle is editor of the *Hornell Times*, Hornellsville.

'58. Amelia S. Scull is Principal of the Chestnut Street Seminary, Philadelphia.

'59. A. B. Cottrell is School Commissioner in Allegany county, and has thus far been very successful in changing the routine of district school work.

'61. Reuben H. Williams is serving his third term as School Commission in Steuben county.

'63. Ida Reudiger is teaching in Brooklyn.

'64. E. H. Bard is editor of the *McKean County Miner*.

'68. George L. Davis is clerk in the Bank in Canisteo, N. Y.

'69. A. A. Titsworth is employed in the United States coast survey, and is at present near Pickle Mountain, N. J.

'73. W. S. Tracy is practicing law in Belmont, N. Y.

'74. Mattie Davis is in the Clinton Liberal Institute, Clinton, N. Y.

Vandelia Varnum is teaching near Wellsville.

Hon. W. W. Brown will lecture before the Orophilian Lyceum at their Anniversary Session.

MARRIED,

PLACE--BARBER--At Portville, N. Y., April 18th, 1878, by Rev. W. H. Ernst, Dr. H. A. Place, of Alfred Centre, and Miss Ellen M. Barber, of Portville.

DUFF--VAN ALLEN--At Hornellsville, N. Y., April 17th, 1878, by Rev. L. A. Stevens, Mr. Edward D. Duff and Miss Frankie M. Van Allen.

DIED,

PIERCE--At Alfred Centre, N. Y., April 11th, 1878, Oliver C. Pierce, in the 22d year of his age.

The College World.

OUR EXCHANGES.

The *Madisonensis* has an article which says: "Discipline is, after all, the greatest benefit of a college course. The college graduate feels that he can not carry away a great bundle of facts, nor a very large patrimony of knowledge, when he leaves his *alma mater* to seek his fortune in the wide world outside the college walls; but he can carry with him a disciplined mind, a power of close application, faculties sharpened and quickened for analyzing and classifying knowledge, a mind eager and thirsty for learning, and a will that subordinates the lower to the higher faculties. Such a man is just prepared to acquire knowledge and its consequent culture, for he has learned *how* to study."

The *Æstrus*, a modest little paper, edited by the students in behalf of Berkeley University, California, comes to us, saying: "We are a young University, hardly with our eye-teeth out; and, therefore, in many things we can not compete with the older colleges of the East. But there are some matters in which we feel proud that we do not equal them, such as clandestinely extracting skeletons from their proper abodes and placing them in front of the Professor's desk; or, in the dead of night, affixing to the church steeple senseless signs." Undoubtedly upon later investigations, would have been added, "the stealing of bell-clappers, by the light of hemlock shavings."

This clipping from an article on "Genius and Gumption," in the *Rochester Campus*, we consider well worth copying: "A distinguished Judge, from our own State, has recently delivered a lecture to academy students, arguing from statistics, that a college education unfits a man for success in life. There is some degree of truth in this assertion. An educated brain is very

frequently like an unset saw, or an unsharpened chisel. It is better to have a poor saw well set, or a cheap chisel well sharpened, than the most magnificent tools, that have never taken an edge. But there is something better than either, and that is *both*."

THOSE BACK WINDOWS.

Why *are* the curtains drawn so soon

In my fair neighbors' room!

Embracings silhouette! O moon!

In the name of the holy Dr. Watts just peek down,
if you want to see that other feller's doom!

* * * *

When I can read my title clear

To a shanty here below,

I'll marry sure. Say boss, some beer!

When girls ain't seen each other for some time they
hug like sixty, then, you know.

—Beacon.

CLIPPINGS.

Contrast the reception given to Freshmen at hazing colleges with this: "In Wellesley College, young ladies on entering are received by committees from the Sophomores, who conduct them to their rooms, aid them in unpacking, show them over the grounds and college buildings, decorate their rooms with flowers, and continue their kind attentions until the new-comers feel at home—but then they are young ladies." Yes, and why can not students at other colleges be young *gentlemen*? A little infusion of the spirit of true manhood would cure most disorders of this nature and save us the chagrin of hearing of troubles like the recent ones at Princeton and Dartmouth.—*College Index*.

A phonographical department has been added to the Springfield Business College. Prof. J. W. Van Sickle has secured the services of a practical and competent instructor, and is now prepared to give a thorough and complete course of instruction in phonography.—*Wittenberger*.

It may be of interest to Mr. Beecher to know that charcoal and brimstone may be combined so as to aid in producing a temperature of 220 degrees below zero.

Whatever may be said of the shortcomings of the teacher, in particular cases, he stands on an eminence. What he does, what he thinks, what he knows is to be the inheritance of the scholars. He is the source from whence the ideas of the race spring; as he believes, so do his pupils; if he is reverential, so are they. It can not be too often placed before those who teach, that on them rests a weighty responsibility. We owe deep and hearty thanks to the teachers who are in our school rooms. They build the walls that fence in our cities; they instil patriotism and self-government.—*N. Y. School Journal*.

The Dartmouth hazing students, who were allowed to attend recitations under the care of a keeper, instead of suffering the full penalty of the law, have made their escape from town. One student had just been expelled by the faculty, and was detained by the Hanover authorities. It is suspected that there has been bribery and connivance on the part of the officers.—*Vidette*.

One of the Preps in examination in history, was startled by the following inquiry by one of the Prof.'s: "How long did Henry VIII. remain a widow after the death of Lady Jane Grey?" He gave it up.—*Wittenberger*.

"The resemblances traced should not be too trite." Instead of saying "cold as ice," you should say "cold as frozen hyponitrous oxide mixed with carbon di-sulphide and placed in a vacuum."

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