



THE ALFRED STUDENT.

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Literary Department.

CO-EDUCATION.

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

COMPLETED FROM LAST NUMBER.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I will close with offering the following resolution:

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

The above resolution was unanimously adopted by the Congress.

MAJOR AND MINOR.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And since then, of all modes expressive,
Tones are the subtlest medium,
And wing the most efficient missive,
Compared with which, all else is dumb—
It must be, in this mystic art,
Life's secret has some counterpart,
Which brings it home to every bosom,
Ringing with answering echoes loud,
Which pours sweet strains, like heavenly dews, on
The troubled waste 'neath passion's cloud,
Which strives to range in symphonies
Life's tangled maze of mysteries.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

With Major and with Minor chord,
But to what heights sublime arise
The meanings which they symbolize !

To do, to suffer ! Laws primordial,
Which these twin spirits typify.
Joyous, aggressive, hopeful, cordial,
One lives and moves ; for work is joy,
Revelling with strong energy,
In his task's severity.

And in a world, which has it written
Upon its face in letters clear,
That *work* is its first fact, where, smitten
With a great curse, all idlers err,
What better pattern idealized,
For manhood's strength could be devised ?

But when, subdued to man's dominion,
The earth becomes his garnished home,
All is not done—straining each pinion,
A cloud of aspirations come ;
And the great human heart were rent,
Could these not find their proper vent.

Then is the clarion-voice not equal
Their boundless longings to express ;
It breaks the sleep—albeit its sequel
Needs gentler means to acquiesce.
The tenderer sister-genius now
Must from her wealth the call endow.

When softly, sweetly she comes waving
O'er this wild strife her balmy wings,
Its currents blend, uprise, while laving
Melodiously heart's trembling strings,
And tears and raptures now o'er float,
Each cry for light and love finds note.

Yet all things bright can only borrow,
For transient use her power intent,
She being of suffering and of sorrow
The consecrate embodiment ;
For ever hallowed is her voice,
In utterance of all mourner's sighs :
Her magic tones oft seem to carry
The listening ear where it not willed,
Sad discords fall, perplexed tarry,
Breaking the law, to be fulfilled
In higher spirit—and at last
Issue in perfect cadence cast.

While Minor's strains from judges turbid,
Fail often of their praises due,
She's none the less the richer spirit,
In depth and resource, of the two.
Her brother's portion—happiness,
Her share the better—blessedness.

And of the curse, we call the rougher,
Pronounced, when Eve and Adam fell,
The man to toil, but she to suffer,
(Turned choicer boon by love's dear spell
For all the daughters left of Eve,)
She is the representative.

She brings us near One, who acquainted
With grief, like us, once walked the earth,
To bless his own—but they, attainted
With sin and blindness from their birth,
Ne'er knew him, and in outrage dread
Crushed his brief glory of Godhead.

Through every wise and tender saying,
He left us, throbs an echo still,
Of tones, with grief and pity swaying,
Of love and woe a mingled rill,
Union through pain—sweet record kept
In these two words, and " Jesus wept."

May we then murmur, if in Minors
The key-note of our lives does run ?
Sorrows, of earth's ore the refiners,
Stern discipline has but begun,
But balm for bruised hearts hasteneth ;
All, whom he loves, he chasteneth !

There is in man what needs this fire,
Transmuting process for the soul,
Tow'rd Heaven's sphere to waft it higher,
When lightened of its earthly toll ;
Affliction's plough-share must prepare
The strong, hard soil of nature bare.

When loosened of its close cohesion,
Then heavenly seeds may spring to life,
Cutting the pain, but through the pression,
Faith's simple ones yet bless the knife,
And feel the throbbing Father's hand,
Upon their brow, with torture spanned.

Deep is the fountain of our nature,
Anguish in it the deepest thing,
And its capacity for culture
Flows there, an unexhausted spring.
The more the bitter stream is quaffed,
The fuller bubbles up its draught.

And, for each pain the heart rebels at
A consolation goes from us ;
There's not a dread, the will repels, that
It not impair our hardihood—
Woe's burden thus unwitnessed left,
God's judgments of our fealty 'reft.

There is no way of lightening sorrow
But in the nobly bearing it.
To patient souls that grievous harrow
Vain lacerations will remit,
Will in straight lines God's purpose place,
Joy's wanton foot-falls ne'er could trace.

So fate makes choice of sterner masters
In teaching man Heaven's alphabet,
Who, while they overwhelm him with disasters
Virtue and fortitude beget,
And, train by robust exercise
Right's young disciple how to rise.

Just as by tension brings the player
From out his harp strings the true chord,
When clearest sound, and sweetest prayer
In their responsive thrill is heard,
Out of the harp of thousand strings
Concord the master player wrings,

By stretching on the rock of suffering
Each trembling lute string of the soul,
To draw from it its purest offering
Blending harmonious with the whole,
Till all the voices sound, as one,
The blessed chord : " Thy will be done."

Oh, spirit of the universe
Floating on spheric harmonies—

Of all thy ties, that can coerce
 There's none like pain and sacrifice;
 No golden chain as firm is found
 To bind thee to earth's narrow round.

If agony must be the dow'ry
 Of God's elect for ever more,
 If thorny tracts—not meadows flow'ry—
 Lead us the way to Wisdom's door,
 And if to burst an angel's shell
 Is—pass him through the fires of Hell—
 Enlighten thou our blinded vision
 Which feebly shuns Fate's proffered cup,
 If brimmed with darkness, teach derision
 Of that low aim—enjoyment's sop—
 And help us strive for nobler ends,
 Since power and suffering Nature blends!

As in thy great, increasing purpose,
 That through successive ages runs,
 Each generation leaves a surplus
 Of good attained to later ones;
 Make us, we pray, proudly content
 To be in thy grand service spent!

To sow the truth—and reap rejection,
 Loving, to solitude be doomed,
 In battling wrong, meet fierce objection—
 In consummating, be consumed,
 And cease from weary toil at last,
 Lighting the future with our past.

Not with dismay—but adoration—
 Teach us to bow at thy decree
 If with the chosen of creation
 Worthy to suffer such we be.
 "Knowledge by suffering entereth
 And life is perfected by death."

And not till then will rest be sinless,
 And not till then will discords sleep—
 For in Heaven's pure, completed chorus
 Hallelujah voices will not weep—
 But evermore—in *that* life's bliss
 Give thanks to God—for grief in *this*!

I. F. K.

RECKLESS USE OF POISONS.

PROF. H. C. COON.

CONTINUED FROM LAST MONTH.

COPPER. This metal and its alloy, brass, were formerly much used for culinary purposes, and their place is not now wholly supplanted by the much to be preferred porcelain wares of the present day. Bluxam, in his Chemistry, says: "The use of copper for culinary purposes has occasionally led to serious consequences from the pernicious nature of its compounds, and from ignorance of the conditions under which these compounds are formed. A perfectly clean surface of metallic copper is not affected by any of the substances employed in the preparation of food, but if the metal has been allowed to remain exposed to the action of the air, it becomes covered with a film of the oxide of copper, and this combines with water and carbonic acid derived from the air, to produce a basic carbonate of copper, which, becoming

dissolved, or mixed with the food prepared in these vessels, confers upon it a poisonous character. This metal is much more likely to be oxidized by the air when in contact with acids, as vinegar, fruits, etc., or with fatty matters, or even with common salt; and if oxide of copper be once formed, it will be readily dissolved by such substances." Here is given the scientific reason why food and preserves cooked in dirty, copper vessels, or pickles made green in such, have so many times produced deleterious results; and many of the nice green pickles so often made or purchased are colored by this compound of copper. *Symptoms of acute poisoning* are coppery taste and eructations. Fatal cases are generally terminated by convulsions, palsy, and insensibility.

CHRONIC. Tanner says, "The salts of copper, taken in very small doses for several days, give rise to a metallic taste in the mouth, thirst, debility, cramps, and colicky pains, with symptoms of dysentery. In some cases, a purple line along the gums, distinct from the blue line due to lead. Post mortem examination often shows ulceration of stomach and intestines, and sometimes perforations." It effects the ganglionic centers and the medulla oblongata, and its chronic action leaves a long train of nervous derangements, which may disturb every function in the living organism.

ZINC. For years, artisans have been trying to find a material for conveying water that would be cheap, and free from poisonous qualities, and many thought that this was found when iron was covered with zinc, erroneously called "galvanized iron." But, under certain conditions, it has proved more dangerous than lead, for zinc is easily oxidized, and easily dissolved by dilute acids; and all of its soluble salts are poisonous. A few years since, zinc milk pans were introduced in a large dairy district in England, but soon a strange sickness pervaded the neighborhood. After a number of deaths, an investigation was made, and it was found that the lactic acid of the milk had dissolved sufficient zinc to cause all the mischief. Repeated cases of poisoning by water running through galvanized iron pipes, have been reported, a few of which I will copy. The *Boston Journal of Chemistry* for August, 1871, says: "The wife of Col. Horton, of Attleboro, Mass., recently died from the effects of the salts of zinc contained in water used for culinary purposes, which was drawn through galvanized iron pipes." Dr. J. R. Bronson reports another case thus: "Pain in head, drowsy, nausea, and pain in stomach, much expectoration, with metallic taste, pain in knees, ankle joints, and right arm, diarrhea, numb feeling when lying down, loss of appetite, dirty moist tongue. The pains and partial paralysis remained for a long time." Dr. Ira Packard was a victim to these pipes, with the following symptoms: Dull pain in forehead, over frontal sinus, sensibility of ear and nose, stiffness of joints, sharp, lancinating pains above joints, severe pain in heart, with slight swelling in region of the same." These are sufficient to show the effect of zinc. It has a powerful influence over the ganglionic nervous system, as is shown by the great depression of nutrition, also over the cerebro-spinal system. As a medicine, it corresponds to diseases of the

nervous system, the same as iron does to diseases of the blood. It is called the greatest tonic of the nervous system; if so, when used as a medicine, it must, when not required as such, be a most insidious poison, and is to be shunned in all its forms. Where these pipes have been used, the first suspicion that they were the cause of trouble, was the carbonate of zinc floating upon the teakettle, which led to further inquiry, and the discarding of their use. The only safe conduits for water are pump logs, cement pipes, lead or iron pipes lined with glass, or *pure tin*, which is not easily affected by the salts found in water. We must take cautious thought as to what we eat and drink, in the sense of shunning every deleterious substance, if we would avoid the evils of disease, and premature death.

AN EPISTOLARY EPISODE.

BY PAUL JENNINGS.

It is now more than three years since I first met Ethel Turner at a soiree in a pleasant village in Central New York, where I, an awkward, bashful freshman, was spending with some relatives, my holiday vacation. In our conversation that evening, we discovered that our mothers had been, in days gone by, dear, intimate associates, and it was due to this fact that I was invited to Ethel's home, where, during my college course in a city not very remote, I became a frequent and welcome visitor. I admired Ethel at the first glance, liked her in less than five minutes, and was desperately in love with her before the evening was past; and every visit in these intervening years has only increased my passion. Very often, before going to her home, I would resolve to know my fate before I came away, but just as I seemed to be nearing the momentous harbor smoothly, some careless exclamation or a stately look would collapse my sails in an instant, and send my feeble bark of hope out upon the merciless billows of suspense, and I would return home discouraged and sick at heart. My inventive genius seemed utterly baffled. Words and attitudes practiced before my glass, sneaked into the farthest recess of my fancy when I came into her presence. I utterly despaired at last, of ever being able to give expression to the longings of my heart. And then I became frantic; something must be done! I could endure it no longer!

I conceived finally, the brilliant idea of feigning illness at the time of our next appointed meeting, and with the explanation of my absence as an excuse for writing, I would pour out my passion in the form of violet ink, and send my heart in a pink envelope. The letter was written; one of those fiery, passionate letters which only young enthusiasts, who have not been hardened and polished by the world, can write.

But it didn't suit me. It looked silly and tame. So I wrote another, leaving out some common-places, and putting in a greater number of poetical quotations, and a more copious and expressive supply of adjectives. After a day's meditation I concluded that this wouldn't do; so I destroyed it, and commenced a third; the composition of which occupied

just two days and three nights. It seemed perfect at last. She could not resist *that* letter. It actually struggled, I thought, to fly in the direction of her presence.

How often our visions of sublimest ecstasy are suddenly and ruthlessly dispelled by some hideous apparition! How often, amid draughts of the sweetest nectar, we gulp down, ere we are aware, some bitter, nauseous substance concealed therein! How often, in our highest flights of enraptured fancy, when we have become oblivious to earthly scenes, and seem to be almost within the golden gates of paradise, we strike some sterile, barren mountain-top of stale, stern fact, and tumble headlong down its jagged side into some lonely valley at its base! So in this case, just as I had finished reading my precious epistle the seventeenth time, and was mentally standing on the silver lining of a summer cloud, and inhaling angelic incense in anticipation of a gracious reply, what should I hear but mortal footsteps coming with heavy tread up the stairway that led to my room.

I knew the step; it was that horrid bore, Johnson, and he was always snooping into everything he could find. In my haste, I grasped the letter, put it in the envelope and laid it out of sight. I had but just done this, when, without ringing, Johnson opened the door and walked in. He asked innumerable questions about my affairs, borrowed my translation of the Iliad, melted the snow off his boots upon my sofa, helped himself to one of my choicest cigars, and finally picked up and read (apparently, for his back was toward me) a note, which I had written to an irate landlord concerning some bills which he had presented, the nature of which need not be mentioned here. "Hello, Darley," said Johnson, "what's this?" "Nothing but a polite note to that leech, Forney; I supposed you could read English, if you can't Greek," I replied gruffly. "Oh, yes," he answered blandly, "so I see. I am just going down to Forney's, and will hand it to him for you." I assented, glad to be alone once more. I am thus minute, not only to sustain my previous charge against Johnson's character, but also to convey some idea of what my feelings were when I thought how near my darling secret came to being discovered by him. That evening, just at dusk, when no one was near, I stealthily slipped my letter in the office.

The days and nights went on, and grew into a week, wherein I scarcely ate or slept. Then an answer came. I knew it by the post-mark, by the initial, by the hand-writing. I took it home and gazed upon it. There it lay; a tiny thing, that a breath would have blown into oblivion, and yet it bore my fate; just a scrap of folded paper, that a spark would have turned to ashes, and yet it held my destiny. Then I fancied that I saw bad omens about it. The address had evidently been written hastily, and the stamp was askew. No, I dare not open it; so I concealed it behind the clock. My courage soon revived, and I brought it forth; but again my fears prevailed, and I hid it under a corner of the carpet. But it haunted me in my dreams, and as the clock struck twelve, I arose and took the missive up into the farthest extremity of the garret, and poked it over a rafter.

But the next day, I resolved to be a man, and face my destiny. I resolutely walked to the garret, drew forth the letter, returned to my room, locked and bolted the door, closed all the blinds, lighted my lamp, pulled off my boots, unbuttoned my collar, broke the seal, took out the sheet, unfolded it, and—*infandum!*—what did I see? This, in my own hand-writing, without date or address:

"This is to politely suggest that you go to the d—l. Your entertainment has been an imposition throughout, and I will hereafter hold no communication with you.

Yours, &c., FRED. DARLEY."

And this, in her hand-writing, just below:

"Your will is my law. Farewell. ETHEL."

That was yesterday. Johnson and his cronies have besieged me with calls, but my door has remained locked and bolted. My trunks are all packed and directed to San Francisco, and the train is nearly due.

MAGAZINES FOR FEBRUARY.

Scribner's Monthly comes to our table with its usual complement of good things. There are two finely illustrated articles, one on "Beranger," by Albert Rhodes, and a continuation of "The Great South," by Edward King. For this month he gives us the second part of "Glimpses of Texas." The little poem, "Somewhere," by Julia C. R. Dorr, beautifully expresses a faith which all must sometime have wished to enjoy. The remaining poems of the present number are by C. H. Tittman, I. C. Moulton and Celia Thaxter. Two of the leading questions of the times are ably discussed. "The Higher Education of Woman," by Prof. Tyler of Amherst, and "Christianity versus Modern Skepticism," under the title of Dr. Blauvelt's *Novum Organum*, by Lyman H. Atwater. There are additional chapters of the stories begun in the January number, besides much other interesting and valuable matter.

The Atlantic for this month opens with a chapter of autobiography, entitled "Naples under the Old Regime," by Robert Dale Owen. This is a pleasant recital of occurrences during the author's residence in Naples, as Minister from this Country, and is to be continued. "A Chain of Italian Cities," by H. James, Jr., and "Over Ilium and Ida," by William J. Armstrong, carry the reader into the charmed regions of the past, though the student of the *Iliad* cannot but feel a pang, to find the grand arena of his heroes dwindling beneath the "cloud dispelling" rule and compass of modern research, as in the description of the supposed site of ancient Troy, in the last named article. "Baddeck, and that Sort of Thing," by Charles Dudley Warner, is continued from the January number, and is interesting of course, albeit the author shows in these papers a quite discernable consciousness of a reputation on his hands. There are further chapters of the serials begun last month. Poems by J. T. Trowbridge, O. W. Holmes, Celia Thaxter, and others, besides several other interesting articles. But, perhaps chief in interest are the "Recollections of Agassiz," by Theodore Lyman, written with reverent and tender appreciation of the great man whom all the world has lost. The Editorial Department is rich as usual in instructive and charmingly chatty talks about "recent literature, art, and music.

If some certain young persons, living not a thousand miles from Alfred, should be civilly asked how they liked to be invited to a candy party, where, upon going away, they were also invited to leave a half dollar behind, they would probably respond, "O p-Shaw!"

The Alfred Student.

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EDITORS have, we find, many of the trials, characteristics, and susceptibilities commonly imputed to human beings; they are capable of jealousy, pride, keen sensitiveness, hope, faith, this last quite a spiritual susceptibility, loneliness, appreciation of hospitality, and many other feelings which the psychologist loves to pile up for an impassable wall between himself and the brute creation.

Editors also, as we judge, impart somewhat of their own life to their papers, giving them an individuality quite like their own; not merely like themselves in thought and expression, but identical, with them in feeling, manner and purpose. Through such transmigration of ourselves into the *STUDENT*, we have made its journeys, observed, a trifle anxiously it may be, its receptions, blushed at mention of its faults, profited by the criticisms it has elicited, and relished to the full all honest commendations bestowed upon it. We have been by it introduced to the genial fraternity of college editors, and have felt new warmth and vigor thrilling our intellectual being, because of the hearty hand-shakes and greetings that have everywhere met us. "Stranger is a holy name," and unmerited attentions are often received under its sacred covering. Not wholly stranger, in this and subsequent numbers of our paper, we still hope we shall have some merits to commend us to favor. But favor is not our chief aim, and just criticism is better than unearned praise. Culture is the prize we seek, and in its pursuit we cordially strike hands with all earnest competitors, while we thank them for the encouragement they have proffered us at the outset of our undertaking.

REVISION of constitutions seems to be the order of the day. Have the Legislatures caught the spirit from the Alleghenians or *vice versa*? Under the new Constitution of Pennsylvania, no property is exempted from taxation, unless entirely devoted

ed to charitable purposes; but the Legislature may, by a two-thirds majority, declare other property, such as is consecrated to religious or educational purposes, free from taxation. Unless such intervention be made by the Legislature, many of the schools of that State, which can now barely maintain an existence, will suffer beyond endurance, and will be forced to give up the struggle, or remove to other States. We earnestly hope such a calamity will be averted, and the schools be allowed, as they have hitherto been, to pay to the Government revenues of *men*, not *money*.

COLLEGE SECRET SOCIETIES.

The melancholy death of young Mr. Leggett at Cornell has called attention to the College Secret Societies, much as the Morgan tragedy did to Masonry. What the result of the discussion will be, remains to be seen. In speaking of the subject, we are seeking truth alone, and neither expect, nor desire, to rouse controversy. Our chief complaint is in behalf of the members of such societies themselves, however little they may thank us for our efforts in their interests.

President Porter, in "American Colleges and American Public," says: "We think it is susceptible of satisfactory proof that, in such a country as ours, the peculiar influences of the common life of the college are of the greatest consequence, to deliver us from the gross vulgarity of taste and superficial conceit of knowledge to which it is especially exposed." After dwelling upon the influences of the common life on the students themselves, he continues: "These strangers [Freshmen] are, by natural attractions and repulsions, drawn closely to one another as allies and friends, and before they are aware, they begin to understand the sacred import of the words 'class' and 'classmate.' Within the class, like soon finds its like, and friendships are speedily formed, on the basis of mutual sympathy, which are so closely cemented under the varied experiences of the college as to continue unbroken for life."

Accepting these statements as true, and taking it for granted that most who are acquainted with college life thus accept them, we claim that these advantages are, in a large measure, lost to the members of the secret societies. Those of "these strangers" who enter secret societies do not draw closely to one another by natural attractions, but by an unnatural bond of society fellowship formed by a body of young men comparatively unacquainted with the new comers. Having formed friendships on such unnatural grounds, they are practically prohibited from making new acquaintances outside their "fellows," for the fundamental principle of the secret society system is exclusiveness. Each society contains too valuable material to be recklessly wasted on the unfavored masses. This exclusiveness is carried so far, in some cases, that the members of each society not only room by themselves, but also eat by themselves, and have only the most distant relations to their uninitiated classmates. Society pride and jealousies prevent close relations between the different societies themselves, so that the common life, which Presi-

dent Porter justly considers so important, exists only in name, in many of our colleges. The relations of the members of a society to each other are so unnatural that very little of the sharp, bracing, critical culture results from this intercourse. In very many colleges, the "college community" consists of a number of squads of young men, numbering from ten to thirty-five, and averaging perhaps about eighteen or twenty, and holding themselves aloof from each other. By this division of the students, the public spirit and public enterprises are weakened; the literary societies decay; reading rooms and similar college institutions often suffer, or die in the conflicts for their control between the different factions; "the sacred import of the words 'class' and 'classmate'" loses its magic power when class honors are to be granted, and often a class consists of as many warring factions as there are secret societies in college. We know one New England college in particular where class elections have not been held for years without feuds more or less bitter, and sometimes to the overthrow of the class day exercises. It seems to us, then, that the stimulating, culturing and corrective influences of the common life of a college are lost, the public enterprises of the college sadly hampered, class union and harmony changed to discord, and the best and most valuable elements for college training thrown away by the practical workings of the College Secret Societies.

CLASS DAY.

We wish to inquire why our graduating class does not institute a Class Day this year. Around such a festival, all the memories of college life would cluster and crystalize, and "Class Day," in coming times, would be a magic word to conjure up bright forms of happy school-days past. One of the features might be the planting, upon our bare campus, of a tree which should be a perpetual memorial of the class. Elsewhere, Class Day is the red letter day of students and Alumni, and attracts the largest crowds, and gives the most pleasure of all the exercises of Commencement week. The class oration and poem, the ceremonies of planting the ivy or the tree, the speeches and addresses, the class song, the class pipe, the fun, jokes and frolic, and, finally, the hand clasps and tearful, choking farewells around their "own class ivy vine," form one of the most vivid and yet tenderest memories of college life. Class Day gives a setting to the class love, pride, good-fellowship—rich jewels in a fair setting.

Though our graduating classes are from different departments, they are children of one common mother, and there is no reason why they should not unite in some celebration in honor of their Alma Mater, and in remembrance of their pleasures and triumphs on her grounds.

We are pleased to notice that, at the meeting of the Regents, held Jan. 8th and 9th, the following sums were allotted to Alfred, viz: For instruction of teachers' class, \$354 23; free tuition for passing the Regents examination, \$216 00; Academical Department, from the Academy fund of \$125,-

000, \$1,547 03, making a total of \$2,117 26. Of the fund for Academies, Alfred gets the largest sum of any of the Academies and Academical Departments in the State. It will be remembered that this fund of \$125,000, granted to Academies, was secured through the influence of a committee appointed by the Regents, and of which President Allen was chairman.

In pursuance of an arrangement made at a meeting recently held at Albany, of educators, representing the various educational interests of the State of New York, a bill has been introduced into the Legislature, to abolish the office of State Superintendent of Public Instruction, vesting the powers and duties of that office in the Regents of the University. It has for its aim the unifying of the educational system of the State and the doing away with the double-headed antagonism that has for some time prevailed, and the lifting the public school system out of the slough of politics in which it has so long been floundering. If the bill should become a law, of which there is a fair prospect, it will be a great advance in the direction of giving unity, symmetry, harmony and progress to the educational interests of the State.

At Home.

THE Semi-Annual Teachers' Association for the Southern District of Allegany County was held at Alfred Centre, on Jan. 29th and 30th.

The Association was opened by a short address of welcome by President Allen, responded to by Commissioner Renwick. After an exercise in Arithmetic, Mrs. Early of Wellsville, took a class of some eight boys and girls, ranging from five to eight years of age, and practically demonstrated the utility of teaching beginners in Geography from outline maps. Each of these little children evinced perfect familiarity with the names of all the States or divisions, and their capitals; and with the principal mountains, bays, lakes, rivers, cities, &c., in our own or other countries. Mrs. A. A. Allen, on the subject, "When and how to teach Drawing," made a few impressive remarks, arguing that all culture should be begun as soon as the pupil has eyes and hands to use, and a mind sufficient to guide them, and that it should be conducted so as to give the pupil all the freedom possible.

The evening session was opened with a paper on "The Hygiene of the school-room," by Prof. H. C. Coon. He spoke first of the interior construction of the room, and then of its temperature, and the necessity of proper ventilation, stating that scrofula, heart disease, and many mental weaknesses are caused by improper regulations in these respects. Prof. Bingham, of Riverside Collegiate Institute, next made a few remarks about "The use of Teachers' Associations." After the consideration of some minor subjects, a discussion came up upon the question, *Resolved*, "That there should be an uniform method of examination and classification of

teachers throughout the State." After very interesting and instructive remarks by Prof. Bingham, Prof. Early, and President Allen, the Association adjourned. On Friday morning, the discussion of the previous evening was resumed with much interest and animation, and the resolution was finally carried.

Prof. Allen then offered the following, which, after considerable discussion, was also carried: *Resolved*, "That our Commissioner be requested to grant no certificates, except to those who hold Regents' certificates."

Prof. Freeborn, of the Wellsville Graded School, gave a lecture showing the advantages of a system of Phonetic reading and spelling. After some further exercises, a resolution of thanks to the citizens and the Institution was passed, and the Association adjourned. It was on the whole a pleasing affair, both to teachers and to Alfred students.

Our complaints in the last number of the *STUDENT*, concerning the Reading Room, or rather the lack of one, had such a potent effect, that an association of about ninety members was organized, and a Reading Room put in working order before our paper came out. The general plan of the Reading Room seems a very good one. It is connected with the Theological library, and is under the control of the librarian, Mr. M. S. Wardner, who is in constant attendance. All papers are paid for in advance, and no one is allowed the use of the room without a ticket, which must be paid for before it is used. The Reviews and Magazines are to be bound and placed in the Theological library, after serving their purpose in the Reading Room. Under the wise and energetic efforts of the librarian, the enterprise cannot but succeed. Some eighty-six papers have already been placed in the room, and others are soon to be added. We give a list of the more important ones:

Dailies: New York Sun, Elmira Advertiser, Salt Lake Daily Herald, Deseret (Utah) Evening News, and New York Tribune.

Semi Weeklies: New York Times and Olean Times.

Weeklies: The Nation, the Christian Union, the Independent, Harpers' Weekly, Harpers' Bazar, New York Tribune, New York Times, New York Observer, The Presbyterian, New York Sunday World, Southwestern Presbyterian, New Orleans Picayune, Memphis Appeal, Watchman and Reflector, Christian Standard, The Standard, Christian at Work, Elmira Gazette, The True Woman, Illustrated Christian Weekly, Pomeroy's Democrat, New Jersey Times, New York Sun, Die Garten Laube, The Methodist, Christian Statesman, Baptist Weekly, Toledo Blade, Danbury News, Cape Vincent Eagle, Narragansett (R. I.) Weekly, Wheaton Illinoian, Salisbury (Mo.) Press, Janesville (Wis.) Gazette, and Sabbath Recorder.

Monthlies: Scribner's Monthly, Harpers' Monthly, Atlantic Monthly, The Aldine, Eclectic Magazine, American Naturalist, Popular Science Monthly, Boston Journal of Chemistry, Journal of Applied Chemistry, American Homœopathic Observer, Locke's National Monthly, Wood's Magazine, The

Christian World, St. Nicholas, The Bible Banner, British Workman, British Workwoman, New York Educational Journal, Missionary Herald, and the Alfred Student.

Quarterlies: Bibliotheca Sacra, New Englander, Presbyterian Quarterly and Princeton Review, Methodist Quarterly, American Journal of Numismatics, and the National Review.

The Reading Room contains besides, nearly all the local papers of this and the neighboring counties.

THE Alleghanians have lately added the following books to their library: Agassiz's Journey in Brazil, Tyndall's Fragments of Science for Unscientific People, Smille's Brief Biographies, Brewster's Martyrs of Science, Scott's Poetical Works, Holland's Arthur Bonnicastle, Feteridge's History of the Commune, Bautain's Extempore Speaking, Warren's The Three Judges, The Undeveloped West, and the Great Industries of the United States.

ONE of the pleasant features of Lyceum life among us is that of the interchange of hospitalities between the Societies. On Saturday evening, Jan. 17th, the Alleghanians, in accordance with this custom, invited their Alfredian sisters to their room and spread before them a so-called intellectual feast. Save that the laudations of these fair sisters present bordered very closely upon the fulsome, we have little to blame and much to commend.

THE revival meetings which have been held here every evening since Jan. 1st, still continue. Considerable interest has been manifested, though not so much as upon some former occasions.

ONE of our gushing damsels recently wrote home that she was "taking" greatly at Alfred. After an entertainment she found fifty young men on the steps to ask the privilege of accompanying her home!

A YOUNG man living in the neighboring town of H—, having recently returned from his wedding tour, was greeted by a friend with, "How are you, Jack, how do you like married life?" "Well, it's a *change*," was the reply.

WE wonder if the very tall young man who made a call recently during one of the very bright nights and took a lantern with him, was moon struck.

AN Oro, on being given the Sixth Commandment, as a subject for an "impromptu," hastily inquired of his next neighbor what it was, and on being told, "Now I lay me down to sleep, &c.," made his speech accordingly.

Another, making an early call upon one of his classmates, happened to knock at the wrong door, which was fastened. After boisterously demanding admittance several times, the young lady within politely but sarcastically informed him that his company was not desired.

Alumni Notes.

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

'44. Prof. John D. Collins is teaching in Georgia.

'45. Rev. H. P. Burdick, M. D., is at present preaching in Southern Minnesota.

'47. Rev. A. C. Spicer, A. M., is teaching at Shell Rock, Minn.

'47. Lavinia A. Griswold, A. M., is a very prominent teacher at Mystic, Conn.

'50. Rev. Robert H. McCray, A. M., is traveling in Europe.

'51. Asa M. F. Randolph, Esq., is a prominent lawyer in Burlington, Coffey Co., Kan., and is now Attorney of that county.

'52. Prof. Prosper Miller, A. M., is principal of the Academy at Friendship, N. Y.

'53. Mrs. Keziah M. Green Fox, A. M., is conducting an Orphan School in California.

'54. Charlotte A. Alward is a prominent teacher at Milwaukee, Wis.

'54. Rev. G. W. Maxson, A. B., is preaching in Northern Georgia.

'55. Prof. David D. McGibeny, A. M., is Prof. of Music in Portland, Oregon.

'55. Mrs. A. Miranda Fenner Isham is a teacher in the public school at Burlington, Kan.

'56. Daniel Beach, Esq., is a prominent citizen of Watkins N. Y.

'57. Wm. H. Pitt, A. M., principal of the High School at Buffalo, is Prof. of Natural Sciences in that school, and also Curator of the Buffalo Academy of Science.

'60. Mrs. Phebe Jane Babcock Waite, A. M., M. D., is physician in the Asylum of the Blind at New York.

'60. Lydia S. Bridgeman is living in Tyners, Tenn., but intends soon to start for California.

'62. Gen. Thomas Thorp, A. M., is principal of High School No. 5, Buffalo, N. Y.

'69. Rev. Darius King Davis, A. M., is pastor of the Seventh-day Baptist Church of Hartsville, N. Y.

'69. Daniel Lewis, A. M., M. D., is practicing medicine and surgery in New York city. He is physician to North Eastern Dispensary in department of "Heart and Lungs."

'70. Lucie M. Wood, A. L., is teacher in the Meadville, (Penn.) school.

'71. Sarah E. Whitney, A. L., has some months been preaching in Clorinda, Iowa, and has several times occupied the pulpit of Mrs. Dr. Chapin in Chicago.

M. '62 and '63. Albert E. Waffle is pastor of the 1st Baptist Church, Princeton, N. J.

M. '58 and '57. Albert R. Crandall is a member of the Lawrence Scientific School of Harvard University, and has been the leader of several scientific expeditions sent out by the school.

The College World.

THE NATIONAL UNIVERSITY.

The following opinion of President Anderson, of Rochester University, concerning the National University, we clip from the *Watchman and Reflector*: The report of President, Eliot of Harvard University, on the scheme for a National University, has, we hope, give the *coup de grace* to that precious humbug. The organization proposed was cumbrous and impracticable. The location, Washington, is conspicuously ill-adapted to promote the formation of a self reliant and healthy character. The mingling of education with the movements of political parties always injures the interests of education, while it never benefits the politician. This is the great and constantly increasing danger to our common schools. We see its effects upon those Western Colleges which, having first been endowed with public lands, at the expense of the older States, are managed by politicians in the interests of party rather than learning.

Such an institution at Washington would add an educational "ring" to those which already disgrace our Capital. So far as we can understand, no educator of national reputation has given his sanction to this plan, and we are glad to see that Dr. Eliot has taken the trouble to let the gas out of this educational balloon.

THE COLLEGE REGATTA.

At the late Convention of the Rowing Association of American Colleges, held at Hartford, it was decided, by a vote of nine Colleges to three, to hold the next College Regatta at Saratoga, on the 16th of July next. The Saratoga Rowing Association offer many inducements to the college crews in the way of reducing the expenses of the Regatta, and, in addition, promise and give bonds in the sum of \$500,000 that pool selling shall be suppressed. As the Association has control of all the lands around the lake, they feel able to suppress the pool selling, and thus one great bugbear in reference to holding the Regatta at Saratoga will be removed. The press in some of the New England States are greatly grieved at the action of the Convention, and prophesy terrible things as the result of patronizing Saratoga instead of some steady going New England town. Princeton favors a literary contest in connection with the Regatta, and Williams has favorably entertained the plan at a college meeting, and has appointed a committee to confer with Princeton. The *Williams Review*, in its last number, heartily favors the literary contest, though discouraging it some time ago. Probably an inter-collegiate literary contest will soon be tried, if it be not at the coming Regatta. We sincerely hope that the experiment will be made, and its benefits and evils carefully canvassed.

OUR EXCHANGES.

The *Cornell Era* seems to be unpleasantly affected by our publication of the Address upon Co-education, a portion of which appeared in the columns of our January number. Some people, among whom we are sorry to class many students, are moved by the mention of a subject, unpleasant to them, as mad dogs are said to be moved by the sight of water. We have heard that, in slavery times, the bare mention of an abolitionist would throw many into a phrenzy, and we have noticed the same tendency in regard to other questions.

However, it is perhaps not strange that college students are startled by the mere thought of Co-education. Those dear creatures, the ladies, now look upon a college as a magic circle enclosing wonderful men and things, all dimly veiled by hoary traditions. The boys and young men, inhabiting that enchanted land, are marvelous creatures, romantic and mystical heroes. Once admit the fair and delicate beings, and the mystery vanishes, and the college hero becomes quite an ordinary and prosaic individual. We think that if we were in an *unmixed* college, we should be loth for the damsels to know more of our college life than what we should be very glad to tell them, during our vacations, about our genius, our surprising tricks upon the professors, our popularity among "our fellows," our flirtations with the maidens of our college town, and the number of fair ones who fairly doated upon us, and were languishing on our account alone, &c., &c. That is the way we suppose we should feel, and when we hear petulant or contemptuous remarks upon Co-education from collegians we wonder if that is the way they feel.

The *Era* sees more in our tendency toward Co-education than we can find after a careful examination of our own hearts. We hope to show an interest in a few other questions in the course of time.

Besides the *Era*, we have received the following exchanges, but lack of space forbids particular notice of them in this number: The Williams Vidette, The Tripod, The Targum, The College Argus, The College Herald, The Bates Student, The Virginia University Magazine, Scribner's Monthly, The Atlantic, Every Saturday, Old and New, The Angelica Republican, and the Steuben Advocate.

In commenting upon the theory of a certain scientific enthusiast, that "atoms are inhabited worlds," the *Critic* thinks the theory a pleasant one, and undoubtedly correct, but he gets up one of his own, which he thinks equal, if not superior to it. He says:

"Great fleas have little fleas upon their backs to bite 'em,
And little fleas have lesser fleas, and so *ad infinitum*;
And the great fleas themselves have greater fleas to go on,
While these again have greater still, and greater still, and so on."

— *Williams Review*.

Two members of the law school seem to have solved the problem of how to serve God and Mammon at the same time. They preach every Sunday, and study law through the week on the proceeds.—*Courant*.

WHEN Solomon said there was nothing new under the sun he was guilty of an indiscretion. A guileless party from the tobacco region of Connecticut, yesterday, at the evening recitation in Latin, made a very successful attempt to revive the old comedy. We have heard of *heno, turkeré, goosi, ductum*, but the following sweeps the board, and puts the peg in the 9 hole. Being asked the principal parts of *do*, the above member cheerfully responded: "Do, did, dido, do it," thus knocking down all but nine, and affording an opportunity for some one to set them up on the other alley. Every man in the division took out his note book, and set him down for "one pint Mrs." The tutor weakened perceptibly, but called for *amo*, to which the Freshman vouched in reply: "Amo, amere, amorus, sum." "That will do," cried the instructor, "Briscoe." Unacquainted with any, class-mate by that name, and thinking of nothing but his previous good luck, our hero confidently exclaimed: "Briscoe, bricere, brix, brictum." All who desire to take a last look at the deceased, will please pass up the right aisle and down the left.—*Yale Record*.

A Hamilton College boy, at the last commencement, got into trouble. He was particularly assiduous in his attentions to three young ladies, each residing in different towns, each unacquainted with the others, and, consequently, each supposing herself to be the favored one. The young man invited them all to the recent commencement, as they all lived some distance from Clinton, and therefore neither in all probability would attend. They all did attend, however, and the young man has three lady friends the less.

A Junior, who had been troubled all the week by the importunity of his washerwoman, was disturbed in his sleep by the malignant, demoniacal howls of a discontented cat, and rolling over in his bed, he muttered: "I'm dead broke now, but I'm expecting a remittance every day, and when it comes I'll settle, so now let up, old woman."—*Chronicle*.

Ex-President Woolsey, of Yale College, says that a college course has, or should have, in view, three things—character, culture, knowledge; of which character is the best worth having, culture second in rank, and knowledge third.—*Ex.*

Question (in history). "Give a brief sketch of Oliver Cromwell." *Answer*. "Cromwell was a very wicked man and led a very wicked life. But on his death-bed he repented, and his last words were, 'Oh! would I had served my God as I have served my king!'"—*Advocate*.

Delinquent subscribers should not permit their daughters to wear this paper for a bustle. There being so much due on it, there is danger of taking cold.—*Ex.*

At Williams, young ladies attend the lectures of the Professors before their classes.

"Men are what women make them," is the title of a new book. It may be true, but some dreadful specimens of the manufactured article reflect badly either upon the material or the maker.—*Williams Review*.

Since Dr. McCosh assumed the Presidency of the College of New Jersey, (Princeton,) the college has received gifts for various purposes, to the amount of \$766,880.

The lady students of Edinburgh University have to pay \$4,241 costs in the law suits to establish their claims to medical education.

One of the dailies advises the Freshman who expressed anxiety about the "barelimbed trees on the campus," to clothe them with his bureau drawers.

Politico Economic Conundrum.—What kind of poultry do protectionists most resemble? Answer: Mother Carrey's chickens.—*Courant*.

"Ho mug-gin, ho mug-gin, from a forrin sho-ore," is the way a Topeka belle renders the words of a popular song.—*College Chronicle*.

One of the "fair" boasts that her lover is telescopic. She can "draw him out, see through him, and then shut him up."

Williams defeated co-education at its last commencement by a vote of 49 to 20.

Oberlin College has 1,350 inmates, mostly incurable.—*Ex.*

The Alfred Student.

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

Subscriptions may be forwarded at any time.

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

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

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

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

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

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