



THE ALFRED STUDENT.

VOL. II.

ALFRED CENTRE, N. Y., MAY, 1875.

NO. 8.

Literary Department.

THE YOUNG MAN ELOQUENT.

BY JOHN PRATT WAGER.

3d. *Truthfulness.* In making some suggestions in a previous article upon the topics of originality and simplicity, I assumed, of necessity, that certain ordinary means of culture had been used. Here, in considering briefly a far higher, broader theme, I assume still more, viz: a conscientious and not altogether selfish motive in prompting the utterances, and also sincerity and honesty of plan and purpose in presenting them. That with these qualities positive intentional falsehood is inconsistent, I admit. But in warning against untruthfulness, I allude to a prevalent style, particularly in abstract and imaginative composition, of expressing vague ideas as truths, which are in reality but hypotheses at best; of using absurd exaggerations and multiplied and misapplied hyperbole, thoughtlessly and often unconsciously written, encumbering the style, destroying the logic and reality of the production, and leaving the mind of one party confused, and the reputation of the other damaged. Of course hyperbole is a good thing in its proper place. Without it poetry would be prosy enough; romance would lose its charm, and humor would be minus the place where the laugh comes in.

These suggestions are not intended for any who have become competent to wield a pen in any of these departments of literature, but only for those who need help to express their thoughts in a plain, simple, serious, intelligent way. And to such I say that these deformities will be frequently unintentionally inserted, and will pass a review undetected. And strange to say, they are the legitimate offspring of a persistent and irrational species (not system) of education, both in and out of school. As children by the fireside, as

boys and girls in preparatory schools, as young men and women in college and in society, we are educated to believe certain things as primary truths, which are in reality frequently false; still oftener only partially true, and not unfrequently mere hypotheses, unprovable and incomprehensible. Theories of philosophical speculators, fancies of poets, delusions of self-styled prophets, prejudices of partisan historians, blustering assurances of pulpit and platform orators, and absurdities of silly maxim makers, because they are couched in words scientific, or rhythmic, or solemn, or rhetorical, or pompous, or ostensibly paradoxical, as the case may be, are received without scrutiny and imbibed without analysis, until our ideas are of the same texture, and our expressions of a like pattern, and we begin to reflect that we are getting very wise.

Let me render my assertions apparent by some examples from familiar sources. Before me lies a Bible, a book about which there have been dissensions and controversies innumerable. Two things about it, I think, I may lay down as generic truths. First, that it is altogether the most wonderful production of literature in existence—filled with choice gems of thought, momentous truths, eternal principles. Second, that as men and women who are seeking for the truest way of living, it is important for us to study it, to learn from it, to comprehend it, to appreciate it, to make it as it may be, a light and a blessing. But how? A brother of one denomination says, *thus*, another of a different faith, *thus*, and still another, nay, but *thus*. All are *positive*. None can prove his way the right one; whom shall we believe? Where shall we find truth? Our educators conform Scripture to their creed and say, You must believe without doubting and without reasoning. You need not see; walk by faith. Thereby they say in effect: Seek *not* the truth. For truth is never found (except by instinct, a lower faculty than reason,) but by doubting and reasoning and questioning. In the true construction and interpretation of these things, mental prowess is all that gives an advantage over another, but even then our teachers should

hardly make themselves interpreters, and give us but the choice of being mental puppet-men or heretics.

There is a force in the earth called gravity, whose results, wherever applied, are so uniform that we call them a law. Supposing the same law to exist throughout the universe, and basing their calculations thereon, wise men tell us the distance and motion of the planets and stars. But the conclusion is deduced from premises, one of which we see and feel and *know*, the other of which, however probable, we only suppose. For who can say but that forces unknown to earth exert their influence in other spheres? Indeed, from observation of comets, we believe that there is in the sun, and probably in Jupiter, an antagonistic and repellant force. Now these may be never so silly reasonings to an astronomer, but just suppose some ignorant school boy should advance them, and deny that his instructor was any more able to prove their falsity than he to prove the falsity of the universal gravitation theory; and suppose that thereupon his tutor should proceed to instruct him in this wise: "Young man, you *must* believe, for, if you do not, this beneficent law of gravitation, and of atmospheric pressure, will, in your case, be reversed, and you will some day suddenly burst into atoms, and be violently scattered into space!" What would you think of such teaching? The picture is not a shade more ridiculous than the reality of theologians taking unknown, incomprehensible, and improbable theories as the premises for their conclusions which they teach to us as *truth*, and say we *must* believe it. It may be that we must believe many things which we cannot fully comprehend, but those that are unreasonable, contrary to every principle of nature, and all ideas of justice, *never*. For the purpose of storing our minds with grand and beautiful truths, we can find no writings equal to the Bible; for the purpose of distorting and deforming these truths into dogmas, we can wish for no better opportunity than our average culture in these respects affords.

In history, the like evil, though not so great, is nearer and oftener met. In reading the Bible, we are zealously taught to disbelieve the first essential truth to be known in order to its rational interpretation, viz., that its authors were men of varied motives and capacities, subject to like passions as we; here we fall rather naturally into the error of supposing all historians unbiased, impartial chroniclers. Most of our great historians, though partisans, are believed by those best able to judge to have been generally truthful. But historians, as well as we, are hero-worshippers and enemy-haters. Let me ask a class of bright boys what they think of Martin Luther. Why, they think of him just as he has been painted to them: a hero, a reformer of the world, a very apostle of God! whom to name as fallible were sacrilege! All right, so far, though perhaps a little overdrawn. But what else was he? Remember that *truth* is all we are after now. Why, the most unreasoning, bigoted, tyrannical fanatic that ever stirred the evil passions of the old world to strife and blood! We learn this from his acts, not from our teachers. D'Aubigne is his eulogist in every meritorious word and work, and his

apologist in everything else. He lauds his crazy freaks as an Augustine monk, excuses his unscrupulous devices and scurrilous epithets, and even sides with him in his fight against Zwingli, where he (Luther) clung to one of the most superstitious and abhorrent doctrines in all the Roman faith, that of transubstantiation. Or let the next boy tell what he thinks about William Penn. More likely than not he will tell us that he was a philanthropist, a peace-maker, a very model of generosity and amicability and goodness. But if we go across the water and see the other side of the picture, we find him a cunning, intriguing, plotting, treacherous and treasonable Jacobite! And the next boy tells us that the Pilgrim Fathers were the most patient, abused, and altogether God-like community of individuals that ever suffered from a tyrant's injustice. But the truth of the matter is that their persecutors were not at heart more superstitious or intolerant or vindictive than they. They were powerless, they were obstinate, they were sincerely true to their faith. They had to be prudent and industrious or starve. Their circumstances made them humble. Their virtue was chiefly their lack of opportunity. I am not cynical. It is no satisfaction to know or teach that such a great man was a fanatic, or another a knave, or another merciful because powerless. I do not ignore their good deeds, their priceless work; much less would I seek to cloud with any shadow the fame of such as these of whom I have spoken. I love them, and bless them for their deeds which bless the race. But let us *know* the whole truth about that of which we speak, even though we should not speak the whole, that we may speak understandingly.

Another prolific source of vague and erroneous impressions lies in the continual presentation to our minds of a variety of "maxims," and "adages," and "sayings," and "proverbs," purporting to be brief, concise, complete embodiments of elementary truths. Most of them are like an umbrella, suitable for everybody and every occasion, guiding to error just as readily as to truth. Oftener they are downright absurdities, which would never be noticed save for their notoriety as such, and which people remember and repeat, only on account of their ostensible paradoxicalness. We never think of regulating our actions by them, and yet we very frequently let their substance creep into our writings.

To illustrate my meaning I will tell a little story. Once upon a time an old man, who had three sons, lay dying. And he called his sons to his bedside to give them his latest counsel and his dying blessing. To the eldest he said: "My son, I have been in life a very unhappy man; I have done a great many very foolish things; I have been of an excitable, impulsive, hasty temperament, and have thereby been continually committing faults which I now regret; therefore, my dying counsel to you is, to *never* get in a hurry under any circumstances." And to the second he said: "My son, throughout my life I have been harrassed with a burden of debt, contracted when a young man, and under which I still rest. It has kept me in poverty and loaded me with toil;

therefore I say, *never*, on any occasion, run in debt." And to the third he said: "My son, my wife, thy mother, whom as you know we were compelled to consign to an asylum years ago, was always a shrew, and instead of blessing my household, she was its shame and curse; therefore, however tempted by inclination, advice, or apparent pleasure, *never* marry." And so the old man died, and his sons remembered and obeyed his precepts. But one day the eldest son, while walking upon a railway track built on an embankment, saw a train approaching; only by flight could he reach safety; but the law of his actions being never to get in a hurry, he was crushed upon the track. And the second, an honest, enterprising, ambitious youth, having no tact for the penny-by-penny system of acquiring wealth, but a masterly talent for the broader and grander schemes of business speculations, saw many splendid opportunities, and eagerly noted many successful enterprises, from which the rule of his life debarred him, and thus he drifted into a deeper poverty, and a pauper's grave. And the third, a handsome, talented boy, with tastes and capacities fitted expressly for the enjoyments of social intercourse and the sweets of the home circle, under the ban of the irrevokable mandate, became first a "good fellow," then a drunkard and a libertine, and then—the most cowardly of criminals—a suicide.

Well, that's an absurd kind of a story to be sure, but it is only ordinary assertions unqualifiedly spoken, carried out to their legitimate practical conclusions. We must not measure other people by our own standards, nor draw general conclusions from individual experiences, nor make positive statements which are true in one case, and false in half a dozen others. No one truth stands alone; all truths mutually support and depend upon one another. Again, many apparent paradoxes, artistically framed, pass without a thought for truths, while they are in fact the opposite. One wise man says: "The first thing a young man should learn to know is, that he knows nothing." I don't argue the proposition at length. If he means just what he says, he declares an absurd falsehood. If he means something else, why did he not say so?

We hear it said almost every day, as a final and "clinching" argument, that "exceptions prove the rule." Do they? Because I have not space to answer the question, I refer the student to R. G. White's "Words and their uses," where he discusses the matter at length. These various illustrations will serve to convey my meaning of truthfulness in writing. I mean that we should measure truth by the most rigid standard which we can conceive, discriminating the technicalities herein alluded to, and whatever others these may suggest, speaking nothing at any time but positive, unqualified truth. I have spoken of this merely in a literary, and not in a moral point of view. Indeed, in that point of view only, I think much culture is needed, and it seems to me that a Professorship of Truthfulness as a distinct branch of ethics might be profitably established in every college. But in subjecting ourselves to this sort of discipline, we shall not only acquire a habit of carefulness and diligence in writing,

and of investigating and analyzing what we hear and read, thus distinguishing truth from error, but more than these, above and beyond all these considerations, we shall come to love and speak and act, at all times and under all circumstances, the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, for the truth's own sake.

THE DAY IS GONE.

When the day and night are meeting,
Having parted at the dawn,
When the sunlight turns to shadows,
Saying sweetly, "Day is gone"—

When the mellow twilight deepens
Till the stars begin to come,
And the shadows meet and gather,
Blending softly into gloom,

Till the earth is wrapt in darkness,
And low broods the goddess, Sleep,
Hushing strifes and soothing sorrows,
Like a *calm* o'er troubled deep,

Then, *here*, 'mid the solemn stillness,
In my chamber all alone,
I glance over memory's tablet,
And review my day's work done.

I had thought that deeds of kindness
Should be mine throughout the day,
And that I would follow Jesus
In the "straight and narrow way."

I had hoped to gather comfort
For the poor, and lame, and blind,
Culling it like wayside flowers,
Seeking it with steadfast mind.

To the sad and broken-hearted
I would sing of heavenly love,
And would point the lonely orphan
To our Father's home above.

But alas! 'tis all a failure,
And I know the wherefore well,
For my heart was very selfish,
As my deeds too plainly tell.

O, 'twas filled so full of beauty,
This bright, sunny, Spring-like day,
That I lost myself in rapture,
Till I quite forgot to pray.

Then they came and went so quickly,
Those gay, swiftly-fleeting hours,
And I wandered off in pleasure,
And forgot to gather flowers.

Now I come back sorrow-laden,
Having strayed since early morn,
And instead of blooming roses,
I have only brought a thorn.

Ah! I know that as our sowing
Will be reaping by and by,
And that tears have traced this record
In my Day Book up on high—

Yet I come in grief, my Father,
Pleading still: "Abide with me,
Till I need no more the evening
To renew my vows to thee."

CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Student.—One of your editors has suggested that since so large a number of Alfred students engage in school teaching, one or more of your columns might be devoted to a general interchange of views, methods, experiences, and sentiments pertaining to the profession. Now I feel very confident that I have little or nothing of value to offer, yet I like the suggestion, and think it promises much of mutual good; and so with a cheery and heartfelt, Hail! to my fellow-laborers, I venture to offer my mite, hoping it will be followed by many other and richer contributions.

I had the pleasure of spending the past summer in two different school-districts with a merry troop of mirth-loving boys and girls, some of them very promising of course, (for where is the schoolma'am that cannot say that of her pupils?) I tried the plan of interesting them in natural objects, and also taught them some of the scientific names of clouds, plants, with their different parts, insects that were found in countless numbers all around us, and the little I knew of rocks. At first, I assure you, it was somewhat discouraging as well as amusing to hear them stumble over scientific names. Frequently they would call to me from different parts of the play-ground, "Teacher, are those *serious* or *nimble* clouds? Is that a *pustule* leaf? Is that a *facile* stone?" But by daily reference they became familiar with the names, and could pronounce them as easily as some of the most simple words. A few of them became very much interested, and would watch for hours a shrub near the house infested with aphidæ or plant lice, which President Allen calls "the ant dairy." I found it was a wonderful thing to awaken the deathless mind, and open to it the book of nature. I was truly astonished at the enthusiasm manifested by all my pupils, while some of them plied me with questions until I had to work with a will to find answers to such as were not unanswerable. Although it caused me extra labor, I was doubly paid by the result, for becoming interested in natural objects seemed to increase their desires for the why's and wherefore's of their lessons; and as question after question was asked and answered, and fact after fact found its place in their little plastic minds, I could wish for no richer reward than the satisfied look that came over their faces, followed by a thoughtful expression which carried me for a moment far away into the future.

It has been proved by long experience that facts learned before the age of fourteen are longer retained and more readily recalled in later years than those learned at any other period in life. Then, why not form the groundwork of a scientific culture early? Why not teach the child even in its tender years from the book of nature, which, though vastly comprehensive, yet is more easily understood than many another, and is open wide and ever at hand? I would not, of course, commence teaching children a list of scientific names, which would only burden the mind and injure the memory, but would encourage my pupils to make collections, for instance, of green leaves; then from the collection I teach

them by easy lessons the uses of the leaves in the economy of the tree or plant, the difference between a net-veined and a parallel-veined leaf, next the name of the leaf-stalk, then the different edges perhaps, then the names of the different leaves. I always hasten slowly where there is a difficult name to be learned. This would be sufficient for several lessons; but constant drilling upon what has been learned, and adding a fact at each new lesson, will secure much in one term. Methinks I see you, dear reader, with your hands raised in horror, while you exclaim, "It would take a master of science to teach in this way." But one has only to teach them what one knows, remembering that our wisest men cannot solve the half of nature's mysteries. Children live in wonderland, and the fact that so little is explained to them because it is considered above their comprehension accounts for so much indifference in adults with regard to the phenomena of nature; and oftentimes children will give their own definitions and explanations when we are suddenly astonished by some disclosure. I call to mind one incident that occurred last Summer. I had a very bright class in Physical Geography. I will own I was a little proud of them. One day in the lesson we had the following sentence: "The ocean is the highway between nations." Supposing they all knew the definition of highway, I asked what was meant by that expression, when one little girl said, "It must mean the high part of the ocean." "What does highway mean?" said I. "It means high places." "Did you ever hear of a highway robber?" "Oh! yes, ma'am; that means men that rob people that live on mountains and high places." When I told them it meant any public road, one little boy said, "I knew it was against the law to let our cattle be in the highway, and knew that that was a road, but I never thought of it before."

I think as teachers, we are too impatient to see the fruits of our labor ere sufficient time has elapsed for its development. I remember when a child one of my schoolmates had some sweet peas given her which she put in the ground, and after waiting awhile she went and dug them up to see if they had begun to grow. Thus we as teachers, like the child, expect immediate results from our labors. Did you ever think, when you were enjoying some luscious apple, what a long process since the seed was planted before this fruit was obtained? The germs of education are planted by us, another hand cultivates mayhap, and still another enjoys the fruit of our labors, when we are mouldering beneath the sod.

H.

COLLEGE READING.—"Should a student at college devote much time to reading, outside of the text books; and if so, what should he read?" The ideas that occur to us in meditating a reply to this may be at variance with those of eminent educators, but still we give them and let them pass for what they are worth. With many young men and women the study of books ceases almost entirely when they are graduated, unless during their college course a taste for reading has been cultivated. Young men go into professional or

business life, young women into society; and both soon forget a great part of what they learned at school. If the curriculum of our colleges could be so enlarged as to include a broader study of literature, it would be in some respects a clear gain. Those students who stand at the very head of their classes find little time for outside reading. Those who are not ambitious for college distinctions manage to keep on with their classes, and yet make large excursions into literature, and rarely in after life do they regret this course.

The choice of books must be according to the taste of the individual. In studying the Greek language it is well to inform one's self respecting the history, manners, customs, dress, art and social life of that wonderful people, and the same remark applies to other languages as well. In studying the poets of ancient times, excursions into Shakspeare, Milton, Scott, Tennyson, will be of great benefit. For recreation from severe studies, Don Quixote, Gil Blas, the English humorists, are recommended. The college readings should be illustrative of the courses of study pursued, or purely recreative in their tendency.—*Tribune*.

The Alfred Student.

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

TERMS: \$1 25 per Annum, in advance. Single Copies 15 Cts.

** Arrangements have been made by which THE STUDENT can be furnished with THE OLD AND NEW OF SCRIBNER'S, for \$4.50 per annum.

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

CONTENTS.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.	PAGE	EDITORIAL.	PAGE
The Young Man Eloquent -	85	AT HOME.	91
The Day is Gone -	87	ALUMNI NOTES.	94
Correspondence -	88	THE COLLEGE WORLD.	95

LIFE-EXPERIENCES.

"Unwritten history!
Unfathomed mystery!"

Life-experience is early learned in the primary school of utility. Here each one begins to con over the alphabet of the ills, wants, comforts, and joys of life. These are so combined as to express the leading pursuits. Book-keeping is an absorbing study in this school of utility. Debt and credit are talismanic words. Their successful use furnishes the "open sesame" of life. Its first lessons are to get and keep, and to get more. In its lessons of every day toil, man learns to eat and sleep, learns the value of meat and bread, and the use of the earth in their production. Here he learns to chop, and plant, and hoe, and mow, and reap, and thresh, and maul; she learns to wash, and scrub, and mend, and stitch, and darn,

and twist, and spin, and bake, and broil, and stew. Happy the child, who, as he enters this school, stands revealed to himself amid scenes of domestic love and happiness, surrounded by a circle of relatives and neighbors, pure, gentle, congenial, honest, industrious, intelligent, religious. Happy homes, where weak infancy, joyous childhood, ardent youth, earnest manhood, silver-locked age, harmoniously grouped—homes, though perhaps new and rude, yet upheld by rugged toil, lit by sincere affection. All life and nature, responsive to the young heart in its gleeful sports, overleaping all the bounds of mere utility, palpitates with joy, in mornings of brightness, in evenings of gladness, causing it to sing as sings the bird, and life to exhale sweetness as does the rose.

Children are poets, every one. They are living, palpitating, talking, laughing, acting poems, impressible, sensitive to the slightest touch of joy or sorrow, love or hate, beauty or ugliness, thrilled by a smile, crushed by a frown. To such the years are gloomless, crowded with nights, moonlit or star-eyed, each summer evening made gorgeous with the spirit of beauty, robed in purple and crimson upon her cloud-throne, fringed with gold and ermine, while the thunder heads, sitting all around the edge of the sky in quiet joy, with broad sheet-lightning playing over their faces as they smile in their talk with each other. Anon, childhood ceases all play, as, with reverent eye, it watches them ride up the deep blue sky; gathering blackness all the way, while the lightnings athwart the wide heavens in grandeur gleam, thinking the spirits are driving their fiery steeds harnessed to their thunder chariots along the sky. They all instruct the child in lessons which touch the inmost chords of the soul. In after years these dimly remembered lessons, like some forest trail overgrown with brush and wild flowers, are revealed in their shadowy outlines, bringing back the early lessons of the heart. Nature is thus one of the child's earliest and best teachers. The child goes instinctively to the external world for knowledge. Before the mind is prepared to look in upon and understand the spiritual world, its constant, faithful and successful teacher is nature. She instructs in beauty and goodness, by taking the young by the hand and leading forth to lessons given by hill and dale, river and sea, flower and tree, laughing brook, singing bird, cloud and storm, all the changes of the rolling year, and how joyfully are all these lessons received. The best of education does not come from books. The subtle aroma of fine feelings, sweet sympathies, are silently but effectively infused into the soul, by communion with tree and plain, and circling hills, and rocky gorge, and cloud-capped mountain, and waterfall with its tremor and rush and thunder, all impressing upon the soul their moulding influences, and thus assimilating it to the great prototype of all perfectness. The amount of soulhood gained is not determined by abstract knowledge. The essence of character is received and imparted, as the flowers impart odor, the sun, light, unconsciously. In this high sense, every tree and flower educates, every day of shine and storm educates. Hawthorne, in his

story of the Great Stone Face, finely illustrates this educating power.

Go and learn of the pine trees and the elm trees. They will tell how the winds and storms have wrestled with them, how they have gained root and strength and beauty from every struggle; how they have laughed in the breeze and shouted in the storm; how they have gathered grace and grandeur from every day of sun, and cloud, and heat, and cold. Ah, these grand old trees are glorious teachers, every one; many a man can better be spared from the world than one such tree; for many are the men, who the sooner they die, the greater will be the gain thereby to the world. A great burden will be lifted from the world's shoulders; but when a noble tree falls, the mourners may well go about the streets clad in the symbols of sorrow, for a great though silent teacher has disappeared from among men—a teacher whose teachings were always true and ennobling. A German poet has well said, "Seekest thou the highest and the greatest? The flowers can teach it to thee. What they are unconsciously and involuntarily, be thou consciously and voluntarily." The subtle essence of noble character is exhaled by the spirit as the aroma of flowers, enveloping and blessing all coming within its sphere.

Again, happy indeed is that hour when, coaxed through a, b, c, and flogged, mayhap, through monosyllables, dissyllables, polysyllables, the door of learning swings open, "on golden hinges turning," by means of the first lessons in reading. The child is then in a new world. A new life is born within. A new joy, quiet, rich, unlike the pleasures of sport, fills the whole being. These lessons, however, are richest, when coming laden with nature, they open all the windows of the soul. Any bit of simple poetry gives life to an otherwise dull routine, for instance, Cooper's "Cuckoo," singing of the schoolboy and the mysterious voiced visitant,

"Attendant on the spring,
And woods thy welcome sing."

While plucking the wild flowers,

"Oft starts thy curious voice to hear
And imitate thy lay."

It whispers to him of vocal vales, beckoning to other lands and other springs. Its dreamy monotonous soulful song, full of coming odorous south wind, and bloom of flower, awakening lovely visions that constantly hover around the horizon of young imaginations, causing them to dream of what is beyond the blue curtain hung from overhead, with edges resting down on the big billowy hills. Thus childhood ever listens, dreams and longs and climbs, and in older years, as they climb the hills of life, and look out from the summit of the last experience, other hills are seen, other voices heard, hid in the blue of the distant and the unknown. Still dreaming of the beyond and untried, they long to follow to greater and grander experiences. Thus will it ever be. As each climbs the heights of a truer and nobler life, diviner prospects unfold before the ever-enlarging vision, and willing footsteps lead on to the unattained.

CYPRIOTE ANTIQUITIES.

The Cesnola collection of Cypriote antiquities is one of the most interesting and instructive places to be found in the city of New York, for one interested in the history of civilization. They were discovered by General Cesnola, an Italian by birth, a soldier of the Italian revolution of 1848, of the Crimea, and of our Civil war, who was appointed by our government Consul to Cyprus.

Cyprus, the Kittim of the Bible, the largest island of the Mediterranean Sea, was first, doubtless, inhabited by a Japhetic race, and became the great central meeting point of the ancient races. It was early colonized by the Phœnicians. It was conquered by Thotmes III., the greatest military monarch of Egypt, in the sixteenth century B. C. The results of his naval campaigns are chiefly known from an inscribed monumental stele discovered at Karnack by M. Mariette. This inscription, very Biblical in style, is one of the finest specimens of Egyptian poetry. The following is an extract. Amen, the Supreme god of Thebes, is speaking:

"I am come—to thee have I given to strike down Syrian princes;
Under thy feet they lie throughout the breadth of their country.
Like to the Lord of Light, I made them see thy glory,
Blinding their eyes with light, the earthly image of Amen.

I am come—to thee have I given to strike down Asian people;
Captive now thou hast led the proud Assyrian chieftains;
Decked in royal robes, I made them see thy glory;
All in glittering arms and fighting, high in thy war-car.

I am come—to thee have I given to strike down western nations;
Cyprus both and the Ases have heard thy name with terror.
Like a strong-horned bull, I made them see thy glory;
Strong with piercing horns so that none can stand before him.

I am come—to thee have I given to strike down Lybian archers;
All the isles of the Greeks submit to the force of thy spirit.
Like a lion in prey, I made them see thy glory,
Couched by the corpse he has made down in the rocky valley.

I am come—to thee have I given to strike down the ends of the ocean;
In the grasp of thy hand is the circling zone of waters;
Like the soaring eagle, I made them see thy glory;
Whose far-seeing eye there is none can hope to escape from."

Cyprus pays tribute to King Hiram of Tyre, the contemporary of Solomon B. C. 1000. Some 708 B. C. it became tributary to the Assyrian monarch, Sargon, the usurper and redoubtable conqueror. From inscriptions found at Nineveh, and on the island of Cypress we learn that the "seven Kings of the land of Iatnan (Cyprus) who had established themselves at a distance of seven days' sail in the sea of the setting sun, and whose name none among the kings, my fathers in Assyria and Chaldea had ever heard, having learned the great deeds I had done in Syria and in Chaldea, and my glory that had spread far off, even into the midst of the sea, humbled their pride and bowed themselves before me; they presented themselves before me at Babylon, bearing metals, gold, silver, vases, ebony, and the manufacture of their country."

In B. C. 550, it passed again under Egyptian rule, from whom it was taken B. C. 525 by Cambyses. It remained,

with short intervals, under Persian rule, till the victory of Alexander the Great at Issus, B. C. 333. After many vicissitudes in the struggles of Alexander's successors, it fell into the possession of the Ptolemies who held it till B. C. 58, when it was reduced to a Roman province. In 34 B. C., Anthony gave it to Cleopatra, which act brought on the war between him and Octavius. It soon became again a Roman province, passing, on the division of the Empire, to a Byzantine province. By Constantine and his successors, Cyprus was considered one of the brightest jewels of the Byzantine crown. The gospel seed sown by Paul and Barnabas produced here a rich harvest. Theodosius, the iconoclast, found here some of his most faithful agents in destroying heathen temples and images, traces of which can be seen on some of the statues in this collection. Richard the Lion-hearted, on his way to the Holy Land, took Cyprus and sold it to the Templars, who being unable to rule it, returned it to Richard, who gave it to the French Crusader, Lusignan. His descendants held peaceable sway over it for several centuries. It passed from this family to the Republic of Venice, from whom it was captured by, and still remains in the possession of the Osmanli. In its palmy days, Cyprus had a population of over four millions, now only about a hundred and fifty thousand.

Modern scholarship is looking to Cyprus as the key to the origin of Greek civilization, and Cesnola had hardly entered upon his consulate, when, impressed with the thought that Cyprus, being thus the central meeting point of the ancient races and civilizations, and that the Greek settlements there in the heroic period, must have derived from them the old Eastern civilizations, began to make explorations for its antiquities, which he continued, at favorable seasons, for seven years, opening some eight thousand tombs. Cyprus is one vast necropolis, a sepulchre of the ages and their civilizations. The custom of burying with their dead the favored objects of the fine and industrial arts, inscribed and uninscribed, has furnished much of what is now known of the social and industrial life and civilization of those ancient nations. Cesnola found at Idalium the Greek graves on the hill-slope three feet below the surface; then six and a half feet below them he found the Phœnician tombs. The Phœnician Idalium was destroyed probably in the ninth century B. C., and rebuilt by the Greeks, who buried over an older city of the dead. The Phœnicians buried by first making a square excavation into the side of the hill from the east, then a further excavation of an oven-shaped chamber, which was plastered with earth. A tomb was constructed for one or three persons. If for one, there was a platform a few inches high on the westward side, upon which the body was placed, facing the east. If for three, the platform extended on the north, west, and south sides, and the bodies on the north and south sides were placed with their heads to the east. In all cases, the tombs were partially or wholly filled with works of art or utility. These consist of coins, glass, inscriptions, bas-reliefs, bronzes, jewelry, statuary, terra-cotta vases, and pottery. Here were found the first *known* works of Phœnician art, the finest ex-

tant collection of Greek glass, and some of the most interesting vases yet recovered. These all go to show the mode by which Assyrian and Egyptian religion, arts, civilization were transmitted by the Phœnicians and adopted by the Greeks.

This splendid collection of many thousand specimens has been purchased by the Trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, for the city of New York, at a cost of \$50,000. General Cesnola has been making still further explorations and collections.

At Home.

ORTHOGRAMMANIA—SPELLEZOOTIC.

Spell No. 1.

Not long since, the STUDENT Board decided to entertain the people of Alfred with an orthogrammaniacal contest, one of the most popular of present amusements. Accordingly, on Wednesday evening, April 14th, an announcement to that effect and curiosity called together quite a large assemblage of people to witness the renewal of this sport, celebrated in the days of "Auld Lang Syne." The audience exhibited more enthusiasm, and the occasion was productive of more mirth than such an entertainment guaranteed, but the novelty of a spelling match and the unheard-of way of spelling some words could but awaken the spirit of laughter. At the opening of the exercises, the Quintette Club rendered a number of pieces in a highly creditable and pleasing manner. The umpires, D. R. Stillman and John M. Mosher, then took their positions on the stage, the one presiding over Webster and the other Worcester, each thoroughly understanding and performing the duties devolving upon them, namely, of giving a decision in any question of dispute. The captains, Prof. A. B. Kenyon and Miss H. M. Karr, "chose sides" from the number who had enrolled themselves as contestants, and when about fifty had taken their places, Prof. W. R. Prentice commenced giving out words from the STUDENT and New York Times. He succeeded in decreasing the long line of spellers to about half the original number, when Pres. Allen came to the front with a Union Speller and slaughtered the participants with monosyllables in a way that was astonishing to the audience. After the expiration of about an hour and a half, Mr. N. J. Baker was left monarch of the floor. Triumphantly he maintained his place alone for a time, correctly spelling "fagot," and then came "maggot," and he too was among the slain. The first prize, "One Thousand and One Gems of English Poetry," was then awarded to Mr. Baker, and the second prize, one year's subscription to the STUDENT, to Miss W. V. Tucker, who remained up the longest on the opposite side. When a word was missed, the pronouncer corrected it and gave the next speller a new word, hence the list of misspelled words is much easier than they would be under the ordinary method of spelling down. The whole number of words pronounced was 311. The following

is the list of those misspelled: "Arrangement, principal, avoirdupois, telegraphy, anniversary, accuracy, enterprising, repellant, sorrest, aisle, hearken, surely, occurrence, treachery, inquiries, ascertained, miniature, Alaska, Cleveland, revolutionize, Cattaraugus, amateur, extremely, exhilarating, pageants, jealousies, rendezvous, jib, hyp, pyx, gummy, gas-sing, quitting, abettor, transferred, expeller, garlic, trafficker, hepatic, synthetic, gimcrack, xebec, eggery, paneled, viol, hatcheler, and maggot."

Spell No. 2.

Two weeks subsequent to the first "battle of Lexicon," another contest, under the management of the same officers, occurred, and was apparently enjoyed as much as the former one. As previously announced, the words were taken from the four numbers of the *STUDENT* in 1875, and several, by their spelling, showed thorough preparation. Thirty-eight entered the ranks, and when they were marshaled into line by the captains, the battle began. The first one down was Miss C. E. Skinner, who received the third prize, a Saunder's Pictorial Primer. Soon the word "ministry" was given to a young gentleman, a word to all appearances that he had never heard of, and to avoid showing his ignorance he spelled it by telegraphy, his main object being to see how many dots he could use. Prof. Prentice succeeded in spelling down all but fourteen, when Pres. Allen took the command, giving out a number of proper names which generally brought their victim down. The contestants only numbered four, when the "Encrinoids" carried off O. Lewis, and the "Attrypas" Mrs. H. V. Burdick, leaving Mr. Spicer to attack "Chadizah," and of course he was defeated when he attempted to spell the name of another man's wife. This left Miss Lucie M. Wood master of the situation. The pronouncer then gave out the word "honorificabilitudinitatibus," but it was ruled out, as it was not found in either of the authorities; however, the ruling was unnecessary as the lady would undoubtedly have spelled it. Thirty-five words from the *STUDENT*, completing the list selected, and twenty-five picked out for the occasion, were correctly spelled, when "cataclysm" cleared the floor amid enthusiastic cheering for the victor. The President of the Board then presented Miss Wood, who is an honored member of the class of '70 of this University, the first prize, a Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, and Mr. J. E. Spicer the second prize, Shakespear's Complete Works. The proceeds from the spelling tournaments were forty-two dollars in cash, and the benefits of the study and the impetus given the almost lost art of spelling is estimated to far exceed the cash receipts. The following is nearly a complete list of the words misspelled at the last match: Transparency, gemmed, ministry, filial, evangelization, Confucius, academical, privilege, physical, accommodation, calendar, Wendell, Reuter, Iliad, voluminous, Shakespearean, Roderick, development, Spalding, Assyrian, Sardanapolis, Propylæum, vacillating, universitatis, sigillum, ecstasy, Corregio, Holbein, Moritzburg, Bomdillon, hoping, gauge, Cazenovia, Encrinoids, Attrypa, Chadizah, cataclysm.

THE BATTLE OF LEXICON.

On the evening of last Wednesday,
When the sun's bright rays had waned.
And the bell upon the Chapel
Had the hour of eight proclaimed,
Gents and ladies, young and handsome,
Old and wrinkled, fair and plain,
Climbed the hill up to the Chapel.
Bound some prizes they would gain
By their wondrous feats of spelling
Words of ag'd or modern lore,
Words with which they were acquainted,
Or had never heard before.
Some were timid, others bolder,
Some were confident in self,
Thinking that it would be easy
There to gain the bit of "pelf"
Offered as a prize that evening
By the Alfred Student Board,
To the two left proudly standing,
When their comrades all were floored.
Before words both French and English,
Trembling forms throughout the hall,
Victims of this wordy battle,
In their tracks collapse and fall.
But the prizes were awarded,
Notwithstanding all the fuss,
Not to Baker, Mrs. Burdick,
No, nor e'en to printer Gus.
Spicer bagged the Bard of Avon,
And the crowd pronounced it good;
Louder cheered they to see Webster
Hawk-struck by Miss Lucy Wood.

ALFRED CENTRE, May 4th, 1875.

R. S.

DEATH OF CHARLES H. SIMMONS.

We are called upon to chronicle the death of an old student ('50-'51) of this institution in the person of Charles H. Simmons, who died at his residence at Riverside (Wellsville) on the morning of Thursday, April 22d, at the age of 42 years. It seems that when a small boy, a fever sore broke out on his left leg, which confined him to his bed for several years. When able to be about on crutches he slipped and fell, breaking the bone of his left leg above the knee, which was never properly set, and which from that day to his death caused him great trouble. A few months ago he made a trip to the South. Just previous to going, his limb had caused him considerable pain, which he hoped would cease by the rest the trip would bring him. But the limb grew worse, and when he returned to his home, his health was so much impaired that a surgical operation was decided upon. On Wednesday, April 21st, Dr. Crosby, an eminent surgeon of New York City, assisted by Drs. Nye and Macken, of Wellsville, performed an operation upon his limb. In laying open the flesh, a bony substance, the size of an egg, was discovered, in which was encased the dead bone that had to be removed. To cut away this substance and remove the bone

took one hour and fifteen minutes, during which time Mr. Simmons was under the influence of an anæsthetic. He returned to consciousness at times, recognized his friends, and spoke a few words, but gradually sunk away, and died on Thursday morning, about seventeen hours after the operation had been performed. He leaves not only a wife and an adopted son, but a whole community to mourn his untimely death. His funeral services were held at the Congregational Church, of which he was a member, on Sunday, April 25th. We clip the following biographical sketch from the *Allegany Democrat*, of Wellsville:

"Charles H. Simmons was born in Penn Yan in August, 1833. His parents removed into Allegany county, near Whitesville, when he was an infant. They were very poor, and his youthful days were passed in extreme poverty. When quite young, he exhibited that aptitude for business and untiring energy which characterized him later in life. His first start in business was as a cobbler in a small shop at Oswayo, Penn., when sixteen years of age. In his shop, after he had saved a little money, he kept a few groceries, and soon after a small assortment of dry goods was added. He remained in Oswayo twelve years, building additions to his shop in the meantime, until it assumed the proportions of quite a respectable sized store, and he was carrying a stock of \$5,000 in dry goods, groceries, boots, shoes, etc. During his stay in Oswayo, he erected six buildings, besides a church, doing more for that place than has ever been done since. He drew trade from a large section, but desiring to get on the line of a railroad, he moved to Wellsville in 1864, bringing his goods with him, occupying as a place of business the old Farnum store, which was then located on the spot where his grocery store now stands. He occupied this store about six years, when he removed it, and commenced building the mammoth brick block which he has since occupied as his business emporium. The first brick block he erected in copartnership with I. W. Fassett, and is used by E. C. Palmer as a drug store. From that time to this, he has erected in this village seventeen brick stores and fifteen private dwellings, besides building up a little suburban village at Riverside, many of the buildings being elegant ones, notable among which is the Riverside Collegiate Institute, the hotel, and his own private residence; the estimated cost of the latter when completed being \$35,000. During his eleven years residence in Wellsville, it is estimated that he has expended in the erection of buildings, in Wellsville and at Riverside, \$150,000. His business at the Regulator stores has been immense, the sales varying from \$300 to \$1,500 per day. Besides all this, he owns a large plantation near Madison, Ga., which he has divided into small farms and erected tenant houses thereon, and has also built a large Regulator store in Madison."

OFFICERS of the Gymnasium Association this term: *President*—G. E. Cotton, *Vice President*—I. A. Place, *Secretary*—J. E. Spicer, *Treasurer*—Prof. A. B. Kenyon, *Directors*—W. I. Lewis, E. A. Witter, Sherman Burdick.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY—COMMENCEMENT.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

Sunday, June 27th.

Baccalaureate Sermon by Pres. Allen, at 8 P. M.

Monday, June 28th.

Athenæan Anniversary Session at 2 P. M.

Orophilian Anniversary Session at 8 P. M.

Tuesday, June 29th.

Alfriedian Anniversary Session at 10 A. M.

Alleghanian Anniversary Session at 2 P. M.

Annual meeting of Stockholders and Trustees at 2 P. M.

Address before the Literary Societies by Dr. Hayes, at 8 P. M.

Wednesday, June 30th.

Commencement at 10 A. M.

Triennial meeting of the Alumni Association afternoon and evening.

A GRAND ENTERTAINMENT will be given on Wednesday evening, ye 26th day of May, 1875, at ye Chapel Hall, by ye Gymnasium Association, to which all ye goode citizens of Alfred are invited. At early candle lighting, ye spirits will be buoyed up by eloquent speeches, tab-blows, and strains of musick, after which ye may have the high privilege of paying your respects to the Father of this countrie and his most noble ladye.

N. B.—It is requested that all good citizens do up ye chores before sundown, and that ye mothers leave off ye spinning early and rock ye little ones to sleep, to that soothing air, "Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber."

P. S.—In order that all may participate in the exercises and enjoy themselves therewith it is decided that ye "admission fee" be fixed at *two Yorke dimes*, and that for half that sum or thereabouts ye may take tea with ye ancient ladye, Martha Washington.

THE UNIVERSITY GROUNDS have undergone quite a change during the last month. A convenient drive to the Chapel has been completed, the walks have been newly graveled and other repairs made, giving the campus quite a cheerful appearance. The foot bridges need attention next, as they are in an unsafe condition. A good representation, both of the professors and students, worked faithfully grading around the gymnasium and on the new ball ground after the last Rhetoricals; but we were sorry the occasion was given for so many to make the observation, that many of those who use the gymnasium and ball ground the most did not make their appearance at the bee.

THE officers of the Base Ball Association are as follows: *President*—F. E. Mungor; *Secretary*—Harry Jillson; *Treasurer*—W. I. Lewis; *Directors*—Messrs. Dinniny, Hyde, and Howell. Any one can become a member of the Society by paying twenty-five cents to the Treasurer. Clubs are soon to be organized, when lively skirmishes for the "dead red" are expected.

SPRING style of ladies' hats are seen on our streets.

THE Institution and Societies have appointed a committee to procure a set of horns and organize a band, if sufficient means can be raised. We hope to see the plan perfected, as there is sufficient musical talent in town, and band music adds much to the Jubilee and Anniversary sessions.

MR. DUANE D. BABCOCK, formerly Principal of Rogersville Seminary, has gone to Chicago to engage in the sewing machine business. Prof. John R. Groves takes his place in the school.

PROF. H. C. COON has his cellar on South Main street nearly excavated, and he intends to erect his house during the coming vacation.

PROF. G. M. COTTRELL, A. B., ('73) Principal of Union Academy, Shiloh, N. J., took the first prize, a Webster's Dictionary, at a spelling match in Bridgeton, N. J.

MEMORIAL SERVICES, in honor of E. d. Wardner's departure on his mission in Scotland, will be held in the First Alfred Church on May 15th, at 11 A. M.

REV. A. H. LEWIS ('63) was in town a short time since, and made one of his usual happy and instructive chapel speeches.

MR. CLAYTON CLARKE, from Nile, is learning Photography with Mr. Irving Saunders.

WORK has been commenced on the Park fence, and the prospects of its appearance are decidedly favorable.

MARRIED.

HALL—PROSSER—At Richburgh, N. Y., April 15th, 1875, by Rev. G. J. Crandall, Mr. A. J. Hall and Miss V. J. Prosser, both of Little Genesee.

SAUNDERS—DAVIS—At Shiloh, N. J., April 20th, 1875, by Rev. A. H. Lewis, Mr. Irving Saunders, of Alfred Centre, N. Y., and Miss Katie Davis, of Shiloh.

STILLMAN—GARDINER—At Nile, N. Y., April 8th, 1875, by Rev. J. L. Huffman, Rev. Horace Stillman, of Potter Hill, R. I., and Miss M. L. Gardiner, of Nile.

Alumni Notes.

WE earnestly solicit items from all sources concerning any of the Alumni or Old Students.

ALUMNI.

'56. Prof. A. R. Wightman, A. M., is principal of the Hamburgh (N. Y.) Graded School.

'67. Mrs. Sarah Waterbury Butts, A. M., resides in Clarks-ville, N. Y.

'69. Rev. D. K. Davis, A. M., is pastor of a church in Scott, N. Y.

'70. Mrs. Hannah Waterbury Rude, A. L., resides in Cuba, N. Y.

'72. Miss Sara M. Ayars, A. L., is teaching in Pardee, Kansas.

'72. Miss A. E. Nelson, A. L., is at her home in East Otto, N. Y.

OLD STUDENTS.

'52-'53. Mrs. Lucy Crandall Green resides in Little Gene-see, N. Y.

'53-'54. Mrs. Kate Edwards Beagle resides in Grand Isl-land, Neb.

'60-'61. H. J. Swift is a prominent lawyer in Cuba, N. Y.

'60-'62. Walter G. Saunders is agent for an Express Com-pany in Vallejo, Cal.

'61-'62. Reuben H. Williams is a School Commissioner of Steuben county, N. Y.

'62-'63. Mrs. Mary Wilson Cowles resides in New Albany, Ind.

'63-'64. Mrs. Ernestine Alberti Howell resides at Rahway, N. J.

'64-'65. Will R. Crandall is farming in Independence, N. Y.

'65-'66. Mrs. Dora Van Aerman Mc Vey resides in Ellicott-ville, N. Y.

'65-'66. J. M. Titsworth is a merchant in New York City.

'66-'67. Ivan Powers is studying law with Loveridge & Swift, Cuba, N. Y.

'66-'67. A. L. Horton is living on a ranche in Colorado.

'67-'68. James S. Harrison is a chair manufacturer in Addi-son, N. Y.

'67-'68. Mrs. Carrie Tennant Crandall resides at Quincy, N. Y.

'67-'68. A. M. Burdick is a dealer in silks, New York City.

'67-'68. Moses D. G. Tennant is a lawyer in Westfield, N. Y.

'68-'69. Adelbert Brown is farming at West Union, N. Y.

'69-'70. A. A. Titsworth is in Rutgers College, New Jer-sey, and is one of the editors of the *Targum*.

'70-'71. William Waddell is studying medicine in Syracuse, N. Y.

'70-'71. Abert Whitford is in business in Leonardsville, N. Y.

'70-'71. J. M. Bullard is teaching in Andover, N. Y.

'71-'72. Miss M. E. Bowler is studying music in Friend-ship, N. Y.

'72-'73. Mariam Brown is teaching music in Millerstown, Pa.

'73-'74. A. R. Hovey is clerking in Rochester, N. Y.

'74-'75. D. C. Hopkins is reading law with Hakes & Stephens, Hornellsville, N. Y.

'74-'75. Several ladies in school during the Fall and Win-ter terms are teaching Summer schools, among them Miss Eva Allen at Ceres, Miss Celia Dowse at North Bridgewater, Miss Alice Compton at Five Corners, Miss Carrie Harring-ton in Hartsville, Miss Jennie Saunders at Hornellsville, Miss Jessie Witter at King's Run, Pa., Miss Amanda Rathbun at West Almond.

The College World.

OUR EXCHANGES.

The *College Argus* of April 28th has an article on "Common Grammatical Blunders," and as these blunders are so common with almost every one in every-day conversation, we wish to call especial attention to some of them. For instance, how often we hear the use of "he don't," "she don't," "it don't," instead of "he doesn't," &c., for "he does not," "she does not," "it does not." Of course "he do not" would be just as proper as "he don't." Again, "he ain't," "she ain't," and "it ain't" is used instead of "he isn't," &c., a contraction of "he is not." The writer gives the following simple rule, which all would do well to remember: "The words 'don't' and 'ain't' are never proper when used with *he, she, or it.*" "Another frequent error," continues the writer, "is the use of 'want' for 'wasn't,' in the third person singular, past tense of the verb 'to be,' and the use of the same 'want' for 'weren't' in the plural number. How often we hear persons say 'he want,' 'they want,' instead of the proper forms 'he wasn't,' 'they weren't.' The error is plainly seen by using the full and contracted forms in juxtaposition; for instance, 'he was not,' when contracted, becomes 'he wasn't,' and to say 'he want,' instead of 'he wasn't,' is at once seen to be inadmissible. It is not an infrequent thing to hear the words 'I hain't got any,' instead of 'I haven't any,' also the objective form of the pronoun after the various forms of the verb 'to be,' when preceded by the nominative, as, 'it was me,' 'it was her,' 'it is me,' etc., instead of 'it was I,' 'it was she,' 'it is I,' etc.; also the use of 'him and I,' instead of 'he and I.'"

The *School Bulletin*, published at Albany, has swallowed up the *New York State Educational Journal*, and comes to us double its former size. It is a new paper on our list of exchanges. Let them come; the more the merrier. The *Bulletin* contains nearly two pages of "County Items," which is an interesting feature. In one of these items, under "Saratoga," the photograph, a lock of hair, and a description of the disposition of the teacher of South Galway is called for. On the ground that she had knit and fringed a pair of mittens, inside of twelve hours, for her father, and had done other wonderful things, her acquaintance is sought. We almost wish we had her photo too, as by her name she may be some relation of ours, which, no doubt, accounts for her smartness.

Judging from many of our exchanges, the time of the students is pretty well taken up by the duties devolving upon them by belonging to boat clubs, chess clubs, cricket clubs, and base ball clubs, instead of the real business of students—study. It may be all right, but how it looks.

We shall have to accept the suggestion of the *Magenta*, and follow-suit, and also mark such "attempts of the kind"

"not serious." Now, *Magenta*, we supposed, aye, we knew you were in fun, and so were we.

List of exchanges received: *College Argus*, Hornellsville Herald, Trinity Tablet, University Record, Angelica Republican, Potter Journal, Madisonensis, *Magenta*, Brunonian, Targum, Tripod, School Bulletin.

CLIPPINGS.

A young lady went into a sewing-machine wareroom, the other day, and priced the various styles of machines. The obliging clerk, a newly married man, gave her all the necessary information, when she asked if any deduction was made to clergymen. "Oh, yes," replied the salesman, "are you a ministers wife?" "No, sir," was the answer, "I am not." "Are you the sister of a clergyman?" "Oh no," was the answer. "Then upon what relationship do you ask for the reduction?" "Well," replied the lady, "I am not a clergyman's wife, or sister, or cousin, but I have just been engaged to a student in the theological seminary." She got the machine at a reduced price.

Rory O'More's variations were nothing to those made by a young lady of our acquaintance in singing Eve's Lament,

"Must I leave thee, Paradise?"

A gentleman present had never heard it before, and on leaving the house, asked what could have induced her to sing such foolish words. We did not understand him, and begged to know what song he referred to. He said, "The one beginning with the line:

"Must I eat thee, must I eat thee, sparrow-grass?"—*Vas. M.*

The Ladies of the Addisonian Society of the Seminary discussed, on Wednesday afternoon, the following question: "Resolved that the Hamilton Female Seminary is of more importance than Madison University." After an exciting debate the decision was rendered in favor of the affirmative. Considering the fact that the University may in some respects, be said to embrace the Seminary, we think the question hardly pertinent.—*Madisonensis.*

A stranger from the country observing an ordinary roller rule on the table, took it up and inquiring its use, was answered: "It is a rule for counting-houses." Too well bred as he construed politeness, to ask unnecessary questions, he turned it over and up and down repeatedly, and at last, in a paroxysm of baffled curiosity, inquired: "How, in the name of wonder, do you count houses with this?"—*Ex.*

"Now, then, Joseph, parse courting," said a teacher to a rather slow boy. "Courting is an irregular, active, transitive verb, indicative mood, present tense, third person, and singular number, and so on," said Joseph. "Well, but what does it agree with?" demanded the teacher. "It agrees with all the gals in town!" triumphantly exclaimed the Joseph.—*Cornell Era.*

How to compare *get on*: Positive, *get on*; comparative, *get (h)onor*; superlative, *get (h)onest*.

Very little men—those who will not take their College paper. Smaller yet—those who take it, but get mad and stop it when asked to pay their subscription. Still smaller—those who take the paper out of the office until just before the last issue of the term, and then inform the publishers that they “didn’t order it for this term and won’t pay for it.”—*Transcript*.

In England, the waist of a lady’s dress is called the “body.” A young American girl on a visit to an English country house which had the reputation of being haunted, had subdued her nervousness sufficiently to fall into a light slumber, when there came a gentle tap at the door, and a sepulchral voice whispered through the keyhole, “I want to come in and get my body.”—*Ex.*

A clergyman in a Lawrence church, on a recent occasion, discovered after commencing the service that he had forgotten his notes. As it was too late to send for them, he said to his audience, by way of apology, that this morning he should have to depend on the Lord for what he might say, but in the afternoon he would come better prepared.—*Ex.*

Chum (who hasn’t just received a box, to chum who has): “Say, chum, you and I are old friends, ain’t we?” “Why, yes.” “Didn’t I always give you half of everything I had?” “Why, yes.” “Now, won’t you give me half of your turkey?” “Why, yes; I’ll give you two feet of it.” Happy thought!—*Ex.*

Prof.—“Are you prepared this morning, Mr. —?” Senior.—“Yes, sir; kind of prepared.” Prof.—“Please explain what you mean by kind of prepared.” Senior.—“Well, I thought that between myself and yourself, we might make a recitation.” Prof.—“That will do, sir.”—*Turgum*.

Freshman gallantry.—Fresh takes lady to the Methodist concert last Thursday evening, and while ascending the stairs, makes to her the following very liberal proposal with an air of the most extreme generosity, “I will pay for your ticket.”—*Ex.*

“Dear me, how fluidly he talks,” said Mrs. Partington recently, at a temperance meeting. “I am always rejoiced when he mounts the nostrils, for his eloquence warms every cartridge in my body.”

“Who’s there?” cried a student, waking up from a sound sleep, when he heard loud rappings on his door. “It’s me,” was the reply. “You’re a liar,” tis’nt you; go about your business immediately.”—*Ex.*

“We venture the assertion that the growth and prosperity of American colleges, within the last ten years, is due more to college journalism than to any other cause. A college paper is an advertisement, and a grand advertisement.”—*Ex.*

An Auburn paper says they are going to put up, in that city, an addition to their seminary, “to accomodate eighty-six students 200 feet long.”—*Cornell Era*.

It excites irreverent remarks when a young professor comes to the class room with a stray hair, two feet in length, upon his coat sleeve.—*Cornell Era*.

A promiscuous superfluity of glacial excrecences commingled with concomitant icy phenomena, renders the pedestrian liable to an uncongenial proximity with terraqueous combinations.—*Bowdoin Orient*.

A little girl and boy, three or four years old, were playing on the ice when sis fell down and commenced to cry. Bub ran up and soothingly lisped: “Don’t cwy! Thwear! Thwear! Thay damn!”—*Dartmouth*.

According to the *Cornell Times*, five misses are practicing rowing at that University. They ought to beat any crew in the world, for at the start they have gone five miles—each miss being as good as a mile.—*Ex.*

Student to Professor—Well, professor, I have just discovered what I was cut out for. Prof.—Well, what is it? Student—For loafing. Prof.—The man who did the cutting understood his business.—*Central Collegian*.

One of the girls at Vassar keeps up her studies, keeps track of eight love stories in weekly papers, writes twice a week to five young men, sews for a charitable society, and finds time to ride, and skate, and practice for a concert.

A Soph. wants to know what it will cost to build a good university building, if it costs eleven dollars for a door latch and three rungs to a settee.—*Madisonensis*.

A law forbidding the payment of different salaries in the public schools, on account of sex, has just passed the Legislature of California.

This is the way a marriage is chronicled out west: “The couple resolved themselves into a committee of two with power to add to their number.”—*Ex.*

Prof. of Rhetoric—What important change came over Burns in the latter part of his life? Senior—He died.—*Ex.*

The Alfred Student.

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

TERMS: \$1 25 per annum, in advance.

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.”

Rates of Advertising.

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

$\frac{1}{2}$ column, \$2 00 for 1st insertion, \$4 00 for 3 months, \$6 00 for 6 months, \$8 00 for one year.

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

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

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