

THE
Alfred Student.

VOL. VI.

ALFRED CENTRE, N. Y., MAY, 1879.

No. 8.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

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ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

DEPARTMENT OF INSTRUCTION.

Two general departments are in operation—a Collegiate and an Academical. These have each a male and a female department, with equal powers and privileges. As sub-divisions of these general departments, the following courses of study have been established, viz:

1. Classical Course.
2. Scientific Course.
3. Normal and Teachers' Course.
4. Industrial Mechanics.
5. Theological Course.

PROFESSORSHIPS.

1. English Language and Literature.
2. Latin Language and Literature.
3. Greek Language and Literature.
4. Pure Mathematics and Astronomy.
5. Industrial Mechanics.
6. Modern Languages.
7. Physical Sciences.
8. Natural History.
9. Metaphysical and Ethical Sciences.
10. Biblical Theology.
11. Church History and Homiletics.
12. Hebrew and Cognate Languages.
13. Pastoral Theology.
14. Painting and Drawing.
15. Music.
16. Didactics.
17. Telegraphy.

EXPENSES.

Tuition and Incidentals in Primary Department and Preparatory	- - - - -	\$7 00
Tuition and Incidentals in Grammar and Provisional Academic	- - - - -	9 00
Tuition and Incidentals in Higher Departments	- - - - -	11 00
One dollar off from the above when paid in advance.		
Board	- - - - -	\$30 00 to 40 00
Room	- - - - -	3 00 to 6 00
Fuel	- - - - -	3 00 to 6 00
Washing	- - - - -	2 00 to 3 00

EXTRAS.

Oil Painting	- - - - -	\$10 00
Drawing	- - - - -	2 00
Surveying—Use of Instruments	- - - - -	1 00

Graduation Fee	- - - - -	5 00
Piano, Cabinet Organ, etc., each	- - - - -	10 00
Cultivation of Voice, Harmony, &c., in classes	- - - - -	\$6 00 to 8 00
Cultivation of Voice, Harmony, &c., private lessons	- - - - -	10 00
Elementary Vocal Music, classes	- - - - -	2 00
Use of Piano, per hour	- - - - -	2 00 to 3 00
Telegraphy, one term	- - - - -	10 00
Telegraphy, full course	- - - - -	20 00
Elocution	- - - - -	1 00 to 2 00

1. All bills must be paid in advance.

2. In case of absence, no deduction will be made on tuition bills as arranged, except in cases of absence from sickness, and then not more than one-half of the full bill; and no deduction in board bill, except in cases of sickness or leaving to teach.

3. Parents and Guardians are earnestly solicited not to furnish money to be squandered on useless and frivolous things, nor permit their children or wards to contract debts for the same, thus laying the foundation for extravagant and reckless habits.

ROOMS AND BOARD.

The University Hall contains the Boarding Department, and rooms for the accommodation of about one hundred Students, besides rooms for Professors and their families, and also Society, Music, and Paint Rooms. *Rooms for ladies are furnished and carpeted, with a sleeping room adjoining each.* The Hall is under the immediate supervision of the Faculty. There is also abundant accommodation for rooming and boarding in private families.

CALENDAR.—1878-9.

Fall Term begins Wednesday, Sept. 4, 1878.
 Winter Term begins Wednesday, Dec. 18, 1878.
 Spring Term begins Wednesday, April 2, 1879
 Anniversary of Literary Societies, Monday and Tuesday June 30 and July 1, 1879.
 Annual Meeting of Stockholders and Trustees, Tuesday, July 1, 1879.
 Commencement, Wednesday, July 2, 1879.
 Annual Meeting of the Alumni Association, Wednesday afternoon and evening, July 2, 1879
 The Terms continue thirteen weeks.

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VOL. VI.

ALFRED CENTRE, N. Y., MAY, 1879.

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Literary Department.

PAINTING IN WORDS.

He who paints on canvas, does well; he who creates a picture by grouping words, does far better. The latter is a rare attainment. Much descriptive writing is as tame and pictureless as a canvas with one long line which marks a dusty highway across an unbroken plain. For this reason many books of travel, and many descriptive poems are never read the second time; favored indeed are they if the cultured reader endures the torture of reading them once. He who would become successful as a painter in words, must pay no small price by way of preparation.

First, he must attain a degree of soul culture that will make his whole being as sensitive to outward impressions as the prepared plate in the camera is to sunlight. Sights and sounds are to him what sunlight is to the plate. All which these say, or suggest, he must hear and retain. This must be done with the utmost accuracy and rapidity. He must drink it all in. This is the first process.

In attempting to reproduce in words what his soul has taken in, the painter must know well the exact character of the material he is to use. He must be skilled in the deeper, subtler meanings of words; must be able to detect the shades of thought which they may or may not convey; must be conversant with the aroma of words and ideas, the spirit of the thought which finds expression in each given word. This being understood, the master workman in word painting stands amid his materials, and with magic pen or tongue calls up and puts in order

the befitting words, until the whole scene described stands out before the reader or listener as plainly as it stood before the painter when he looked upon it. The page which thus speaks never wants for readers. The tongue which thus reproduces never wants for listeners.

The following storm scene from Owen Meredith possesses many of the elements of good word painting. (Lucile, Part I, Canto 4: 10, 11, 12.)

After noontide, the clouds, which had traversed the east

Half the day, gather'd closer, and rose and increased. The air changed and chill'd. As though out of the ground,

There ran up the trees a confused hissing sound. And the wind rose. The guides sniff'd, like chamois the air,

And look'd at each other, and halted, and there Unbuckled the cloaks from the saddles. The white Aspens rustled, and turn'd up their frail leaves in fright.

All announced the approach of the tempest.

Ere long,
Thick darkness descended the mountains among;
And a vivid, vindictive, and serpentine flash
Gored the darkness, and shore it across with a gash.
The rain fell in large heavy drops. And anon
Broke the thunder.

The horses took fright, every one.
The Duke's in a moment was far out of sight.
The guides whoop'd. The band was obliged to alight;
And, dispersed up the perilous pathway, walk'd blind
To the darkness before from the darkness behind.

And the Storm is abroad in the mountains!

He fills
The crouch'd hollows and all the oracular hills
With dread voices of power. A roused million or more
Of wild echoes reluctantly rise from their hoar
Immemorial ambush, and roll in the wake
Of the cloud, whose reflection leaves vivid the lake.
And the wind, that wild robber, for plunder descends
From invisible lands, o'er those black mountain ends;
He howls as he hounds down his prey; and his lash
Tears the hair of the timorous wan mountain ash,
That clings to the rocks, with her garments all torn,
Like a woman in fear; then he blows his hoarse horn,
And is off, the fierce guide of destruction and terror,
Up the desolate heights, 'mid an intricate error
Of mountain and mist.

There is war in the skies!
Lo! the black-winged legions of tempest arise

O'er those sharp splinter'd rocks that are gleaming
below
In the soft light, so fair and so fatal, as though
Some seraph bur'd through them, the thunderbolt
searching
Which the black cloud unbosom'd just now. Lo! the
lurching
And shivering pine trees, like phantoms that seem
To waver above, in the dark; and yon stream,
How it hurries and roars, on its way to the white
And paralyzed lake there, appall'd at the sight
Of the things seen in heaven!

Equally attractive as a picture of human experience, is the following from the opening of Canto 2d, Part II. It also conveys some excellent suggestions to those who are prone to complain of life and to rail at what we call life's failures.

I wish I could get you at least to agree
To take life as it is, and consider with me,
If it be not all smiles, that it is not all sneers;
It admits honest laughter, and needs honest tears.
Do you think none have known but yourself all the
pain

Of hopes that retreat, and regrets that remain?
And all the wide distance fate fixes, no doubt,
'Twixt the life that's within, and the life that's with-
out?

What one of us finds the world just as he likes?
Or gets what he wants when he wants it? Or strikes
Without missing the thing that he strikes at the first?
Or walks without stumbling? Or quenches his thirst
At one draught? Bah! I tell you! I, bachelor John,
Have had griefs of my own. But what then? I push
on!

All the faster perchance that I yet feel the pain
Of my last fall, albeit I may stumble again.
God means every man to be happy, be sure.
He sends us no sorrows that have not some cure.
Our duty down here is to do, not to know.
Live as though life were earnest, and life will be so.
Let each moment, like Time's last ambassador, come:
It will wait to deliver its message; and some
Sort of answer it merits. It is not the deed
A man does, but the way that he does it, should plead
For the man's compensation in doing it.

Some writers succeed through their power as word painters, even when the themes concerning which they paint are not wholly attractive. This is one secret of success with men like Mark Twain and Brete Harte. Harte's poem entitled "Cicely," is not a model production, but when he describes the barren loneliness of "Alkali Station," one must read it the second time, just as he looks again at a forbidding landscape that he may see its ugliness more in detail. Here it is:

"Poetry!—just look round you—alkali, rock, and sage;
Sage-brush, rock, and alkali; ain't it a pretty page!
Sun in the east in the mornin', sun in the west at night,
And the shadow of this yer station the only thing moves
in sight."

What loneliness, when the slow creeping shadow of a shanty in a desert is the only moving thing.

Some word pictures possess more power in what they suggest, and half conceal, than in all that which they fully reveal. In this way, Harte tells the story of the discouraged, unfortunate "Dow," in "Dow's Flat," and shows him to us just on the verge of suicide in the last clause of the following stanza:

"One day—it was June—
And a year ago, jest—
This Dow kem at noon
To his work like the rest,
With a shovel and pick on his shoulder, and a der-
ringer hid in his breast"

All great orators are masters in word painting; and the higher realms of dramatic art owe more to the word pictures than to acting and stage surroundings. Take the following from "Julius Cæsar," in which that prince of word painters, Mark Antony, outlines a scene which needs no accessories to make the picture immortal:

"O masters, if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar,—
I found it in his closet,—'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament,—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

Fourth Citizen. We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

Citizens. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
You are not wood; you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For, if you should, O, what would come of it!

Fourth Cit. Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will—Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it:
I fear I wrong the honourable men

Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.

Fourth Cit. They were traitors: honourable men!

Citizens. The will! the testament!

Sec. Cit. They were villains, murderers: the will!
read the will!"

Having thus whetted the appetite of the crowd until they "compel" him to do that which he would not have dared to do at first, Antony calls the mantle to his aid and makes it speak for him until the rage of the fickle crowd rises to full tide and bears down all before it. Glance at the picture:

"*Ant.* If you have tears, prepare to shed them now. You all do know this mantle: I remember The first time ever Cæsar put it on; 'Twas on a Summer's evening, in his tent, That day he overcame the Nervil:— Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through: See what a rent the envious Casca made: Through this the well-belov'd Brutus stabb'd; And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away, Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it, As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no; For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel: Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him! This was the most unkindest cut of all; For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab, Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms, Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart; And, in his mantle muffling up his face, Even at the base of Pompey's statue, Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell. O, what a fall was there, my countrymen! Then I, and you, and all of us fell down, Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us. O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel The dint of pity: these are gracious drops. Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here, Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

First Cit. O piteous spectacle!

Sec. Cit. O noble Cæsar!

Third Cit. O woful day!

Fourth Cit. O traitors, villains!

First Cit. O most bloody sight!

Sec. Cit. We will be revenged.

Citizens. Revenge—about—seek—burn—fire—kill—slay—let not a traitor live!

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

First Cit. Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

Sec. Cit. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him."

The foregoing and that which is connected with it, for which we have not space, has more of immortality than any canvas of the "Old Masters." It has been read and loved, and will continue to be read and loved by thousands who never saw "the curtain rise," and who will never look upon "scenery" or "foot lights." Moths may eat the beauty from the canvas, but no tooth of time can touch this funeral oration, with its series of pictures, its sudden changes, its panorama which compels admiration, and which though often looked upon, sends you away each time feeling that there is more in it than you have yet seen. To paint such a scene in words, is measureless success.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

BY O. M. ROGERS.

Every cloud, we are told, hath its lining of gold,
Every grief hath its measure of gladness;
Not a life yet so dark, but may enter some spark
To cheer and dispel all its sadness.

Not a care-stricken breast seeking respite and rest,
On the way, from life's heavy burthen,
But another's might share, and its own heavy care
Be lost, in the bliss of the guerdon.

Not a soul deep in sin, but there lingers within,
Some sense of truth and of beauty;
Some chord that is stirred by the song of a bird,
Or the call of a bugle to duty.

One half of the ills that life's bitter cup fill,
Are but those that we make or we borrow,
And might vanish as soon as dewdrops at noon,
And grant us surcease of all sorrow.

Oft we halt on our way like cowards at bay,
Or go moping like dumb, driven cattle,
When laurels and bays might crown all our days,
Did we dare but to do in life's battle.

To the soul full of cheer, all of life may appear
Like a day in June, month of roses,
When fragrance and song speed the hours along,
And each a rich treasure disposes.

Though the clouds may hang low, why grovel we so?
On the eyes that to heaven are uplifted,
A radiance divine on their vision shall shine,
When the ominous clouds shall be lifted.

Then away with our fears, and away with our tears,
And away with all bitter repining,
For the God that we trust is all-wise and all-just,
And he gives to each cloud a gold lining.

PURITY OF STYLE.

Purity of style in speaking or writing is a rare attainment. It costs much, but is worth far more than it costs. It is not a simple quality, but rather the result of several elements combined. The following are some of the things which it involves:

1. *Power to reflect.* This is more than transparency. It is well illustrated by molten silver, which is pure only when it throws back a perfect image of the face that bends over it. Silver thus pure is free from all dross. Language is pure when it is used in such a way as to re-

flect the exact image of the thoughts which one seeks to express.

2. *Vividness*. The fundamental idea of a pure style is not reached until we come to that element which the Greeks called *enargeia*, i. e., boldness of outline. In a pure style each idea must stand out, complete in details, clear-cut, perfectly distinct. Purity is not a passive quality, waiting to be molded. It is a vital element. Ideas which are set forth thus vividly come very close to the soul of the reader or hearer. They impinge upon the mind like the strokes of a hammer. They come as living realities, with full power to assert themselves. This element of vividness is fundamental because it is synonymous with truthfulness. Truth always stands out. It goes straight to its goal. Men love purity of style instinctively, because they love that which is truthful. He who is truthful will reach another department of purity, since truthfulness will lead directly to the heart of his theme. It will save him from vagueness, which is subversive of purity. There are some hindrances to purity which demand careful attention.

a. Avoid foreign words and new words. Scientists and inventors claim the right to manufacture terms. Ordinary writers and speakers should choose simple, elegant English, the vernacular which is familiar to the people. A term which does not convey a distinct idea, confuses, or leaves one in doubt. It is not enough that the speaker or writer knows the meaning of the terms. Purity of style demands that the mass of the readers or hearers shall understand the words, *readily*. Speeches and books which require the constant use of a dictionary or the presence of a commentator, are below par in purity. Sophomoric folly in this direction is not uncommon, and Americans who have "been abroad" often make themselves ridiculous by their efforts to apprise people of the fact by the copious use of foreign terms.

b. The introduction of obsolete words is another method of impairing purity of style. It is not always easy to decide concerning the degree of obsolescence which exists in a given case, since words pass through the different

stages of obsolescence, and much must be left to individual opinion in determining when a word is obsolete. The safer way is to give purity the benefit of whatever doubt may exist.

c. "Slang" is a foe to purity. Some words which seem to be slangy at first have such merit that they become authorized through culture and continued use. Such terms, properly chosen, may be used advantageously. Proper culture on this point will be gained by familiarity with Goldsmith and Prescott rather than Bret Harte or Mark Twain. If one were searching for models, he must not forget Demosthenes nor Dante.

3. *Propriety*. Want of propriety is also to be carefully avoided. Propriety puts the right word in the right place. Dean Swift made this to comprise the whole of style. A given idea may be expressed in many ways, but there is one way which is better than any other. All other ways are imperfect when compared with that one. Propriety is never satisfied until that one best method of expression is found. Among all the wheels in a watch, only one is fitted for a given place. If any other one be put in that place, the watch is imperfect. Propriety in style, and hence purity, is governed by the same law. To each thought there is an appropriate garb—a word born to express the thought. Until that word is found, purity is not attained.

4. *Precision*. Propriety equals fitness; precision equals exactness. Exactness in style expresses just what the author means—no more, no less. It can not be attained without a nice perception of the differences which exist between words. To attain it, one must note with care the shades of meaning which lurk in definitions, as an artist does in choosing colors. Exactness, and hence purity, may be lost by using too few words, but the ordinary fault consists in using too many. The idea is often lost in a vague mist-covered sea of talk. Such are speeches which abound in words without point, and books whose chapters are notable for length only. Saxon words, wisely chosen, tend to precision. Note the following from Macaulay: "You must dig deep, if you would build high." Words whose sound corresponds

to their meaning belong to this class. Crash and crush are examples. By the same law, purity of style demands specific words rather than general terms. If one were to say, "The force of the concussion which the circumstances brought to bear upon the brain of the unfortunate mortal brought his life to an end," there might be a reasonable doubt as to the meaning. But if it were said, "A blow on the head killed him," the meaning would be beyond question.

We have already suggested that purity of style is not attained in a moment, nor without cost. One can not absorb it as a sponge absorbs water. The careful study of models must be supplemented by sharp self-criticism and equally sharp criticism by one's fellows. Even self-disparagement would be far better than flattery. This pruning demands that one write and re-write, compose and re-compose, rejecting, introducing, and transposing until the page glows and grows vivid with the purity which pervades every word and throbs in every thought.

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In the tenth century, about the time Christianity began to make itself felt in Normandy, and heathen Normans under its influence were being transformed into French Christians, Her louin, a knight of Brionne, sought seclusion

from the world, and founded a monastery in a little valley hedged in with woods, through which ran a *beck* or rivulet. From the Danish word for stream, it received the name of Bec. Here came the Lombard, Lanfranc of Pavia, "a scholar of noble family, and especially skilled in the traditions of the Roman law," and, kissing the feet of the knight abbot, whose sanctity and devotion had drawn him to a religious life, he became a scholar and teacher at the abbey of Bec. His teaching raised Bec, in a few years, into the most famous school in Christendom, and made it the center of mediæval thought and scholasticism. Indeed the whole mental activity of the time seemed concentrated in the group of scholars who gathered around Lanfranc. The most famous of these, and the most successful as a teacher, was Anselm of Aosta, who, like Lanfranc and other Italian scholars, had crossed the Alps with that intellectual movement which was then spreading from Italy to the ruder countries of the West, and who, when Lanfranc was called by William of Normandy to exchange the duties of saint for those of statesman, became prior and teacher in his stead. Anselm grew to manhood in a Piedmont valley, "a tender-hearted poet-dreamer," with a soul as pure as the Alpine snows above him, and an intellect keen and clear as the mountain air. Romance relates that the whole temper of the man was painted in a dream of his youth. "It seemed to him as though heaven lay, a stately palace, amid the gleaming hill-peaks, while the women reaping in the corn fields of the valley became harvest-maidens of the heavenly King. They reaped idly, and Anselm, grieved at their sloth, hastily climbed the mountain side to accuse them to their lord; as he reached the palace, the King's voice called him to his feet, and he poured forth his tale; then at the royal bidding bread of an unearthly whiteness was set before him, and he ate and was refreshed. The dream passed with the morning, but the sense of heaven's nearness to earth, the fervid loyalty to his Lord, the tender restfulness and peace in the Divine presence which it reflected, became the life of Anselm." As a teacher, he instilled into those around him a fervid love of learning,

and taught them that, first of all, the true student must feel an ardent desire to drink deep at the fountain of knowledge. No teacher has ever thrown a greater spirit of love into his toil than did Anselm; the work of no man has ever been more salutary upon the age in which he lived than was his, and the influence of his life, pure and sweet in its devotion to religion, and learning, reaches from the Middle Ages even down to our own time. Under his direction the abbey of Bec lost none of the fame which it had acquired under Lanfranc, but continued to retain its place as the foremost seat of learning in the West, if not in Europe. Though perhaps less talented than the Lombard, Anselm, at Bec and at Canterbury, contributed no less to the lifting of that dark veil that had for centuries shrouded the world, than did the great administrator and statesman. In the revival of learning in the West, Anselm's devoted life shines with no dim lustre. Amid his absorbing cares as teacher, the prior of Bec found time for philosophical study and speculation, to which, say historians, the world owes the great scientific inquiries which built up the theology of the Middle Ages, and whose works were the first attempt of any Christian thinker to elicit the idea of God from the nature of the human reason. But his passion for abstruse thought did not rob his heart of that tenderness and love which was the leading characteristic of his life. Even the Conqueror William, so harsh and terrible to others, lost something of his fierceness in the presence of Anselm. In the later days of his archbishopric, he said to another teacher, who relied on blows and compulsion to induce his students to improve, "Did you ever see a craftsman fashion a fair image out of golden plate by blows alone? Does he not gently press it and stroke it with his tools, now with wise art yet more gently raise and shape it? What do your scholars turn into under this ceaseless beating?" "They turn only brutal," was the reply. "You have bad luck," was the keen answer, "in a training that only turns men into beasts." The lesson we draw from this great teacher, than whom there has been none more devoted to his calling, is this: The successful

teacher is devout, ardent, self sacrificing, persuasive, gentle yet firm, and inspires in every student an intense love of learning.

THE careful use of the eyes is of especial importance to students. Dr. Henry C. Angell, of Boston, gives some excellent rules for relieving or preventing weak sight, which are summarized in the *Herald* as follows, and which those who constantly use their eyes, or are troubled with weak eyes would do well to heed:

1. Rest the eyes for a few minutes when the sight becomes in the least painful, blurred, or indistinct.
2. Have sufficient light; never sit facing it; let it come from behind or from one side.
3. Never read in horse or steam cars.
4. Never read while lying down.
5. Do not read much during convalescence from illness.
6. The general health should be maintained by a good diet, air, exercise, amusement, and a proper restriction of the hours of hard work.
7. Take plenty of sleep. Retire early and avoid the painful evening lights. Ten hours' sleep for delicate eyes is better than eight.

A MOTTO for long-winded commencement orators—condense! condense!! condense!!!

University and Town.

THE great unknown—the coming Commencement lecturer.

REV. IRA LEE COTTRELL taught Prof. Coon's classes during his absence from the University.

WORK has been commenced on the new stone steps to be built at the front entrance to University Hall.

PRESIDENT ALLEN is now giving the Senior Class an excellent course of lectures on Landscape Gardening.

THE Band gave a splendid serenade on the Campus in front of University Hall, one evening a short time ago.

A FRESHMAN while out "hanging bouquets" a few evenings since, ran across a back-yard and hung himself—on a clothesline.

CONSIDERABLE grading has been done recently about the Stoneheim and Gothic, which will add very perceptibly to the attractions of the Campus.

QUITE a number of the Alumni and former students are engaged to take part in the exercises the coming Commencement. Many more are expected.

SENIOR IN GEOLOGY: One-fourth of the earth's surface is land and three-fourths water; or, to put it more accurately, eight-elevenths water and four elevenths land.

THE young ladies of the College are to have an excursion up the big lakes, under the skillful pilotage of Prof. D. R. Ford, just after Commencement.—*Elmira Advertiser*.

WORK on Memorial Hall has been resumed, and we understand that as soon as the weather will permit, the building will be pushed as rapidly toward completion as possible.

A lodge of the E. O. M. A. was organized in this village, Tuesday evening, April 29th, with twenty members. We understand its object is mutual aid, embracing a life insurance feature.

THE stock of Parasols and Sun Umbrellas at Nast's Bazaar in Hornellsville, N. Y., is intense, and the prices lower than before the war. They lead the trade in that line this season. Do not fail to call there.

THERE was a very pleasant reunion of the party of students and others who spent a week camping at Keuka Lake, last Summer vacation, at the residence of Mr. Philip Green, Saturday evening, April 19th.

THE spirited debate in the Alleghanian Lyceum, at a recent session, on the question, "Resolved, That the legislation which proposes to repeal the election laws in connection with the appropriation bill, is unconstitutional and revolutionary," shows that students are neither ignorant of nor indifferent to the political questions of the day.

THERE is no trailing arbutus in the forests about Alfred which young men and maidens may stroll off by themselves to gather, but there are plenty of leaks which, if not quite so beautiful, are far more odoriferous.

"UP the Alps to St. Bernard's," was the theme of a very entertaining and instructive talk by Prof. H. R. Palmer, before the Orophilians, at a recent session. Prof. Palmer recently spent two years traveling through Europe, and his keen observation, combined with a happy faculty of describing what he saw, render his descriptions of the trip exceedingly interesting.

Our dashing, young dentist, Cottrell,
Took a business(?) trip down to Hornell;
An engine did toot,
And his steed it did scoot;
Into a gutter went Bourdie, pell-Mell.

The conveyance was badly demoralized, and the consequent expense for repairs correspondingly large. He now says that he will be blown if he ever drives that horse again,

As long as his name is Cottrell.

THE Librarian of the University, Prof. Lewis, made arrangements during a late visit to New York, whereby a collection of about 150 volumes was transferred to the Theological Department of the University, by the New York City Sabbath Tract Society. Among these are many very rare volumes, historic and polemic, relating to different phases of the Sabbath question, and especially to those phases of it which came up during the Puritan Reformation in England. Some of the books date back to 1370 A. D., and can not be duplicated without great expense of time and money. The collection is to be kept as a distinct part of the theological library, for reference, but the books can not be taken from the theological room. The nucleus of this collection was made in England some thirty years since, under the auspices of parties then living in New York. Additions have been made to it from time to time, by the Society through which it has now been transferred to the University. The only similar collection in America is one in the hands of the New York Sabbath Committee.

PERSONAL BREVITIES.

Mr. A. W. Sullivan, of the Class of '77, is now working in town.

The Orophilians now address Mr. Milo J. Raub as "Mr. President."

Mr. T. J. Gifford is teaching the village school at Greenwood, N. Y.

We recently received a letter from John Pratt Wager. He is now practicing law at Portland, Oregon.

Prof. H. C. Coon, who has been absent on a visit to Cornell, Elmira, and elsewhere, seeking needed rest and recreation, has returned.

Mr. Will C. Meddaugh has been given a position on the corps of officers of the State Reformatory at Elmira, and has gone to begin his duties.

Rev. J. White, formerly pastor of the Baptist Church at Andover, preached an interesting discourse before the students Sunday morning, May 4th.

Miss Ida E. Whiting, lately a teacher in the Canisteo Public School, and a former Alfred student, was recently married to a Mr. Vickers, of Hartsville.

President Allen was absent several days recently, on a trip to Rochester, his principal business being to procure trees and shrubbery for the University grounds.

Miss Eva Allen left Alfred for Philadelphia, some time since, to resume her studies in advanced elocution. She will be absent until toward the close of the present term.

Prof. and Mrs. H. R. Palmer left Alfred some time since, for Chicago, and will be absent several weeks. Prof. Palmer will hold two or three musical conventions, while in the West.

Mr. Alvin W. Barney, of West Union, and Miss Clara Bell Richardson, of Independence, former students of the University, departed the life of single blessedness together, on the 27th of April.

Revs. Geo. B. Utter, of Westerly, and Arthur E. Main, of Ashaway, R. I., visited Alfred some time since. The former occupied Dr. Hull's pulpit in the morning, and the latter in evening of May 3d.

Miss Velma Crandall is now teaching the school at Phillip's Creek, N. Y.

Mr. J. S. Van Duzer, an old Alfred student, now one of the editors of the *Husbandman*, published at Elmira, regularly sends a copy of the paper to the Orophilian Lyceum, which is placed in the Reading Room.

Our genial friend, Mr. N. Wardner Williams, returned home the 28th ult., having been in Boston, since November of last year, studying at the New England Conservatory of Music. The climate and provision at the "Hub" seem to have agreed with him exceedingly. Glad to have him with us again.

Mr. D. C. Hopkins has been teaching at Almond. The first of May was observed by the young people of his school as "Tree Day," many of the students and others assisting in the commendable work of planting shade trees. An interesting literary entertainment was given at the school house in the evening.

Mr. Ira A. Place, who, upon leaving Alfred for Cornell, in '77, resigned a position on the editorial staff of the *STUDENT* to which he had been elected by the Alleghanian Lyceum, has been elected an editor on the *Cornell Era*, by a majority which speaks well for his popularity. We believe the *Era* will lose nothing by numbering Mr. Place among its editors.

THE PLANTING OF THE ELM.

The Senior Class have planted an elm near the west end of University Hall, which, if it lives and prospers, will remain an appropriate memento of the Class of Seventy-nine. The tree, which is a splendid specimen of the species, symmetrical in form, and about fifteen feet in height, was uprooted entirely by the members of the Class, and planted on the evening of May 1st, with pomp and ceremony commensurate with the occasion. Among the roots, just underneath the trunk of the tree, was placed a tin box containing the autographs and addresses of the Class, a copy of the Class song, a copy of the *STUDENT*, some literary contributions written by different members in Latin, German, and English, a number of coins and medals, a good quantity of sand, etc., etc. After

the work of planting was completed, President Allen made an excellent speech, after which the tree was left with the most earnest wishes on the part of the Class that the many hopes for its future growth and prosperity might be more than realized.

We append a copy of a paper by one of the Class, semi-historical, semi-prophetic in nature, which was placed in the box among the roots:

MAY 1st, 1879.

In case, long years to come, some one should stumble upon this little box at the foot of a grand old elm, and should wonder whence and wherefore, it is not pleasant for us to reflect that through this then densely populated country there might spread, in language now unknown, the tidings of a great discovery consisting of a few hieroglyphics and other relics of some uncivilized race away back in the dark ages; and that the discoverers might claim that they bring to light some of their strange and superstitious customs. We would positively affirm and prove our statements by these papers, written as they are, in several different languages, that we are a wise people, versed in the classics, history, science and art; cultured and refined; a people who enjoy life, and aim to advance civilization and lift the world into the light and liberty of Christian love.

The circumstances connected with the burial of this box, and the planting of this tree, are briefly these: In the village of Alfred, situated among the grand old hills of Allegany, is located the well-known Alfred University. The Senior Class of this Institution, wishing to beautify the University Campus, and leave a lasting monument to their memory, gathered at six P. M., May 1st, 1879, A. D., to plant, with great ceremony, this living emblem of strength, grace, and beauty. We shall not live to behold it in the perfection of its life and loveliness, but it is for you and yours to admire and enjoy. May it inspire as pure enthusiasm in your hearts in the contemplation of its marvelous beauty as fills ours as we place it here in hopeful anticipation of the restful shade it may afford you. Amen.

PHONOGRAPHICALITIES.

This season every cat wears a fur coat, but every dog pants.

Drawing from nature is contagious, that is to say, it's sketching.

The boy who cleans up our office stove, often goes out whistling ash-pan-nish air.

In the race for matrimony, it isn't always the girl who covers the most laps that wins.

"Darling," said he, "lisp my name in accents tender." "Well," said she, "doth thith theem to thuit?"

Josh Billings, *alias* Henry W. Shaw, graduated with the Class of '37, at Hamilton College, Clinton, New York.

A naughty girl at Elmira College wants to know what the little devils will swing on now, since Hell Gate has been blown up.

"She never told her love" that she had been eating onions, but their chairs were found a good ways apart the next morning.

Ladies now enjoy the privileges of Harvard. They are not regularly admitted to the University, but are taught by the regular Professors, and take the collegiate course.

We hear that "the young metaphysician from the South" is so thin that, when afflicted with a pain, he has difficulty in ascertaining whether it is the colic or the back-ache.

How do we know that the schoolmaster in the "Deserted Village," has turned his back upon the world? Because Goldsmith writes of him: "A man severe he was, and *stern to view*."

The other day, the Professor of German asked an unregenerate Junior what the gender of a certain noun was. The Junior quickly replied: "I think it is neuter, sir. At any rate, it is neuter me."

A movement is understood to be on foot in New York to establish a University for colored men, whose future work would be directed toward the elevation of their race in the South. Two hundred thousand dollars is already pledged.

An exchange tells about a Senior somewhere who excuses himself for studying Sunday on the ground that if the Lord justifies a man for helping the ass from the pit on the Sabbath day, much more will he justify the ass for trying to help himself out.—*Ex.*

A Boston paper says: "A butterfly was caught at the South End yesterday." It may be safe enough to catch a butterfly at the South End, but when you go to grab a wasp you want to catch it at the northeasterly end, shifting westerly toward the head.

It must be gratifying to parents to know that their sons at college are acquiring such a knowledge of Latin as to enable them to converse in that language. We recently saw two Freshies furiously snow-balling each other, when an excited Soph. exclaimed, "Soc et tum Romeo."

DIED,

COON—At Alfred Centre, N. Y., April 20th, 1879, L. Elvira S. Coon, wife of Prof. Henry C. Coon, M. D., aged 54 years, 8 months, and 24 days. The following resolutions were unanimously adopted by the Alfredian Lyceum, of which Mrs. Coon had long been a prominent and highly esteemed member:

WHEREAS, our Father in heaven has called our beloved Sister, Mrs. L. ELVIRA COON unto himself; therefore,

Resolved, That we bow submissively to his will, though in painful sorrow at our loss, yet with thankfulness, since we are assured that the change is eternal gain and rest to her.

Resolved, That we hereby record our high appreciation of her as a member of the Alfredian Lyceum, and as a noble, true woman, whose memory is indeed blessed.

Resolved, That we tender to her husband and family our sincerest sympathy in this hour of trial, and with our sympathy, the hope that the presence of the Divine Comforter may abide with them.

ALZINA SAUNDERS,
MARY L. GREEN, } Com.
A. N. POWELL,

A more extended tribute to her worth will appear at a future time.

The College World.

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

The *Estrus* would be a much better journal if the four numbers that appear each month were condensed into one. In our opinion, a good monthly is far preferable to a poor weekly. We make this suggestion entirely gratis, and trust that our generosity will be appreciated.

The second number of the first volume of the *Vanderbilt Austral*, from Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn., puts in an appearance with the familiar words, "Please exchange," on the margin. It presents a very creditable appearance for one so young, and we gladly accord it a place among our exchanges.

Beginning with the March number, the *Rochester Campus*, one of our most excellent and esteemed exchanges, donned a new dress, which adds much to its typographical appearance. It is now published in magazine form,

containing twenty-four pages. Each issue gives additional proof that the *Campus* is in good hands.

The *Roanoke Collegian*, a new exchange, hails from Roanoke College, Salem, Virginia. It is a well-conducted journal of twenty-four pages, its editorial and literary departments being well sustained. Too much ink used in printing gives its pages a gloomy air, greatly marring the bright appearance that the *Collegian* would otherwise present.

The *Niagara Index* advertises to do job work in connection with the publishing of the paper. Judging by the typographical appearance of the *Index*, the paper is printed on one of the old Washington hand presses, and that, too, by "devils" escaped from other offices. For supercilious conceit, and downright cussedness, the *Index* certainly "takes the cake." This puff was unsolicited.

The *Vassar Miscellany*, published monthly by the ladies of Vassar College, comes to our table for the first time. We have read in our exchanges many complimentary things in regard to it, and this number confirms all that has been said in its praise. It is published in magazine form, with fifty pages, its literary, editorial and other matter being tastily arranged. In matter and typographical excellence, it is a model of college journalism.

The *Messenger*, from Richmond College, Virginia, puts in a welcome appearance among our exchanges. It contains several poems of considerable merit, and a number of very readable literary articles. In speaking of the *STUDENT* in its exchange department it says: "It will pardon us for suggesting that it would be more interesting were less of its space given to personals." As appropriate personal and local items in a college paper is the best means of ascertaining the pluck, energy, and enterprise of the college which it represents, we would retort by suggesting that the *Messenger* would be much more interesting if more of its space were given to pertinent local items and less to longer literary articles.

Of the 375 members in Congress, 191 are college graduates.

COLLEGE RHYMES.

"Go, my son, and shut the shutter."
 This I heard a mother utter.
 "Shutter's shut," the boy did mutter,
 "I can't shut it any shutter."

A Senior was darning his stocking;
 His chum sat insultingly mocking;
 When the Senior got mad,
 And with words that were bad,
 He darned both his chum and his stocking.

Elegiac reflections in Parker Hall:

Full many a pail of unpretending mien,
 Perchance its downward way doth fiercely tear,
 Full many a hod is born to start unseen,
 And waste its contents on the sounding stair.—*Ex.*

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered weak
 and weary,
 Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten
 lore;
 While I nodded, nearly napping—darn me if I didn't go
 to sleep.

There was once a young student of Latin
 Who stuck pins in the cushion of satin
 On the chair that his kind teacher sat in.
 The teacher sprang high;
 But way up to the sky
 Went the yells from that student of Latin.

COLLEGE GLANCES.

Of Columbia's 1,400 students, nearly two-thirds are studying law and medicine.

It costs the German Empire \$2,500,000 annually, to support its 21 universities and 20,000 students.

The *Bowdoin Orient* reports good interest in boating, but not very flattering prospects for base ball.

Six Vassar girls have been married this year, each of them preferring to become a MA, rather than an A. B.

Simpson College at Indianapolis, Ind., has a young lady tutor in Greek, aged sixteen. Greek is a very popular study there.

A novel on College Life at Yale has been published, called "Lloyd Lee." The author is a member of the class of '79.

College Faculties are everywhere becoming severe against hazing and general college disorders. Public sentiment has become clamorous for this reform.

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