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## Literary Department.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

"These were poet's true,  
Who died for Beauty, as martyrs do  
For Truth."  
"God's prophets of the Beautiful."

From the earliest periods of time, down through the succeeding ages, there has appeared a line of kings of song, whose thrones are more permanent than earthly sovereigns. To whom is our allegiance more fully accorded, or sworn fealty more truly kept than to those who have touched into activity the secret springs of sensibility? What is it that in every household makes the name of King David as familiar as that of father or mother? Is it that he was Israel's king, or that he gave to the world those divine songs, which have lived and rolled through the dim aisles of buried ages, and still remain in majesty and power, shedding their rays of divine light upon the human soul? And following in the same line is grand old Homer; blind and beggar that he was, he left on record strains that are yet echoing along the swift revolving centuries. Thus they come—Virgil, Dante, Milton, Shakespeare. But here in these latter days comes a *woman*, who, in the words of her own favorite Shelley, "so learned in suffering what she taught in song," that the world stands wondering by whose side she shall be crowned. Sister of Tennyson, some have said; others, daughter of Shakespeare; reluctant to own the greatness of her power, yet knowing her throne is so established in the hearts of the world that it can not be overthrown. But while these *critiques* are talking and writing articles of measurement, we who

love her for her priceless gifts, can with a steady hand place upon her head the sacred crown of true and complete poet. Mrs. Browning's history, scant as it is of facts yet given to the public, is full of intense interest. She was born in the city of London, in the year 1809, of a family in affluent circumstances. Always delicate from childhood, it seems to have been only the devoted love and care of her family that kept her spirit within its frail body. With her earliest efforts as an author began her acquaintance with Miss Mitford, who describes her thus: "A slight, delicate figure, with a shower of dark curls, falling on either side of a most expressive face, large tender eyes, fringed with dark lashes, and a smile like a sunbeam." In 1837, she had the misfortune to burst a blood vessel on her lungs, and two years after, before she had recovered, she witnessed the death of a favorite brother, who, going out sailing with a party of young friends, was, with them, drowned within sight of her window. Her grief from the loss of this brother was a terrible wound that lasted many years. The story of it she has told in her little poem of "De Profundis," in a way that those who read will never forget. In 1846, comes her marriage with Robert Browning. Who is there so filled with their own happiness and prosperity that that they can not be touched with sympathy for that woman, sitting so weary in her darkened chamber, who, feeling herself held by an unknown presence, was bade to guess who it was, and made answer, "Death?" "Not death, but love," was the reply; and thence comes those exquisite sonnets from the Portuguese, so called, but really the pulse-beats of her own heart. She rose from her bed to be made a wife, and with her husband immediate-

ly left England for Italy. Here, sunny sky and balmy air gave health to the invalid, that she could take her place amidst the duties and pleasures of life. She lived in one house in Florence fourteen years. There she sung her finest strains, gave her strongest blows in the cause of truth and right, and wrote her name clear and firm in the gallery of poetic art. She died in 1861, and lies buried in the English burying ground at Florence. So "He giveth his beloved sleep."

Mrs. Browning's mind matured young. Being, through suffering for so many years, put by from all the active pleasures of life, learning seems to have been the one gift within her reach, and she grasped it with passionate earnestness. Early in life she became an accomplished scholar in ancient literature. Then, with her blind tutor, Boid, she read the Greek poets with a love that has left its mark upon every page of her writings. There in that room where she was so many years the prisoner of pain, with no companions except a few chosen friends, her Hebrew Bible, a shelf full of Greek books, and several volumes of polyglot reading, she labored and suffered, gathering classic jewels, with which to set her own thoughts in after years. Mrs. Browning's genius as a poet is of two kinds: lyric and dramatic. As the rank of lyric poetry lies in the power of the poet to coin his own soul in gems of song, Mrs. Browning stands firmly with its leaders. Other poets have written more smoothly, with the finish and skill of perfect artists, but none (unless it be the genial Burns, nature's own poet) have dealt out so freely love and sympathy for every human thing. She has ranged through all subjects, with the wing of a bird. Her pen has caught an impulse from every phase of life—romance, chivalry, love, patriotism, humanity, divine life, and immortality—a noble collection that shall live in the future, not as empty goblets whose contents have been drained, but fountains that still flow when the traveler who drank from them has passed on. Though her dramatic productions are not as superior as her lyrics, yet they possess much that can stand with the best in that branch of poetic art. "The Drama of Exile," which is

among her earliest productions, follows in subject Milton's "Paradise Lost." That the "Drama of Exile," is equal in grandeur of conception to "Paradise Lost" no one will contend, but there are many parts where they may rank side by side. For noble thought and poetic fire, take Adam's address to Eve after leaving paradise. He does not falter nor turn aside from all the consequences which the curse has brought upon him, but "fronts with level eyelids the to come," and sustains Eve who in her sense of deeper guilt is crushed beneath remorse. Perhaps it is due to Mrs. Browning's nature as a woman, more than to her genius as a poet that from her glowing ideal of womanly love and devotion she could draw such a conception of perfect womanhood, that Ruskin has pronounced her Eve in the "Drama of Exile" superior to Milton's in "Paradise Lost." Of "Aurora Leigh," the work by which Mrs. Browning is best known to the public, so much has been written nothing new remains to be said. The author herself says that it is the most mature of all her works, and the one in which her highest conceptions upon life and art have entered. A few lines from the work will show still farther at what heights she held poetic art:

"And whosoever writes good poetry,  
Looks just to art.  
He does not write for you  
Or me.  
He will not suffer the best critic known  
To step into his sunshine of free thought  
And self-absorbed conceptions, and exact  
An inch long swerving of the holy lines.  
If virtue, done for popularity,  
Defiles like vice, can art for praise or hire  
Still keep its splendor, and remain pure art?"

One of the finest attractions of the work, after its poesy, which is above all the rest, consists in those rare translations of the inner experiences of life. It is rich in imagery, impassioned thought and classic illustration. Here the poet has set forth the laws and principles that govern life with a simplicity that rises in grandeur to some of the old prophecies, as

"Get leave to work  
In this world, 'tis the best you get at all.  
For God in cursing gives us better gifts  
Than men in behediction."

While as a work it lacks some of the minor elements which make the drama perfect, it en-

folds within its being that which shall live while language endures. Of Mrs. Browning's poetry, its intense religiousness stands pre-eminent. She who saw "Earth crammed with heaven, and every bush afire with God," could not but hang praises on every bud and blossom of her genius. In her Essay on the Greek Christian poets, she says, "We want the sense of Christ's hand upon our literature as it touched other dead things. We want the sense of the saturation of Christ's blood upon the souls of our poets, that it may cry through them in answer to the ceaseless wail of the Sphinx of our humanity, expounding agony with renovation. Something of this has been perceived in art when its glory was fullest, something of a yearning after this may be seen among the Greek Christian poets, something that would have been much, with a stronger faculty." It was by the power and influence of these principles that Mrs. Browning lifted her life and genius so far above her cotemporaries. They inspired her to throw wide open the doors of the temple of truth and lift up her voice at its very threshold in the cause of the oppressed. And, farther still, it was that sense of divine life in her life that has exalted her so high as a woman, that of all the works she has left, her own life is the sweetest, noblest poem of them all. Looking through all the years of her life with the exception of infirm bodily health, which, in her case, seems to be no hindrance but rather an aid to her spiritual growth, her external relations all present a round of perfect harmony with her highest gifts; in the benefits of early culture, in the power of poetic thought and expression, in the romance of impassioned love, and in the full fruition of domestic joys, in that Italian home, with all its appliances of art and circle of kindred spirits, her earthly course lies closed at last, like some beautiful day lilly whose closing sweetness yet lingers on the evening air.

Washington and Lee University, Virginia, has elected to its chair of modern languages Prof. James A. Harrison, late of Randolph-Macon College, in the same State.

## ACHAN.

The walls of Jericho had fallen. Her spires  
And domes that glistened in the morning sun  
Lay crumbling in the dust. Her armed men  
Than whom none braver ever fought or fell  
Had perished by the sword. Wives, mothers, youths,  
And infants, all had fallen alike. The powers  
That were, were not; and Israel's conquering hosts  
Lay basking on its ruined heap. A cloud  
Of misty twilight swept o'er, and o'er and sank  
Upon the scene, while rest close followed in  
Its wake and broke its box of ointment—sleep  
O'er Israel's toil worn sons, save Achan, son  
Of Carmi, to whom night served as walls and roof  
To grant the thoughts that spurn the day, free flight  
But screen them and the heart's intents from man's  
Too searching gaze; to whom darkness was but  
A trusted friend—twin brother of the soul;  
In whom temptation, avarice, and fear,  
Half duty, whole desire, clinched, wrestled, wrought,  
And fought like angry waves at sea before  
The storm-king's awful breath.

But sea-storms cease,  
And leave the sparkle of a purer depth  
Upon the rolling crest, while sweeter freights  
Of fragrance lade the air, and brighter bows  
Beam forth from skies of blue.

And heart-storms cease  
And leave; leave what? purpose, perchance, and power,  
Impulse and life, perchance, a broken urn.  
Ah, who can read the pages of  
A conquered heart, or who at every trial  
Can feel the bursting throbs of victory.  
The tumult ceased with Achan, and left this moan  
To mark the deep contest.

(Achan.) "Why are we? Live  
We curs to do the bidding of a will  
Tyrannical; to run, and bark, and wag  
Our silly heads at every fickle whim,  
And wagging just awry receive the sure  
Reward? A beaten back, while we, poor pups,  
Turn round and kiss the lash; to snap at crumbs  
With relish keen and swallow drops of gall  
With feigned looks of gratitude! Tied! bound  
With cords like pillars that encircle Thebes—  
Yet granted all a grazing ground of small  
Dimensions, through which, one rugged precipice,  
Exulting yawns—one stream of darkness  
Ever rolls! Thus on destruction's verge we're forced  
With *slipshod* heels and falling, die; or else  
Return our cable's length, and bow, and kneel  
And *wink* to this despotic power called *sovereign*.  
Deaths both alike"—

(Enter Satan.) "Stand! Prince, power, angel  
Of darkness, imp, whate'er thy name!  
Thine office frightful ghoul? Comest thou to feed

Upon this scene of blood, and play thy pranks  
Upon the dead? Thinkst me a corpse? By Heaven!  
This life which gladly would I flee, is gold  
Too fine to scour thy cursed sword! Speak, or by  
The powers that sent thee forth, I'll hurl thy foul  
Carcass back to the infernal regions whence  
It came!"

(*Satan.*) "Peace, Achan, peace, thou fearest thou  
know'st

Not what! shall I whose power excels all life,  
All being, save him thou callest God; whose vast  
Dominions sweep creation's breadth; whose hosts  
Innumerable sail the fiery seas, or tread  
The earth in triumph with the sons of man;  
Whose shrine is built on every loyal hearth—  
And temples dot the universe like stars  
The sullen firmament; whose being can  
Assume all forms that life inherit, e'en from  
The loathesome dragon to the archangel's mold  
Of beauty? shall I then take other than  
The most ignoble shape to tread this ground,  
Bathed with the heart blood of a guiltless race,  
Emitting forth the foul stench of crime,  
Such as encompasses the dark abyss  
Where live and reign the lost, and beaming o'er  
With blackness by which the darkest rays from hell's  
Most fearful pit, seem but the dawning gray  
Of morn, and this to satisfy the *just*  
Creator? Revive, thou drooping one, thy cries  
Were heard—deep answereth to deep, and love  
To love—so hither have I bent my steps,  
Thy comforter and friend."

(*Achan.*) "Comfort! 'tis but  
Mockery to mine ear; when, how, by death?"

(*Satan.*) "By life such as befits the immortal soul,  
That life begetting knowledge, freedom, power,  
And all the attributes that enter in,  
And form the great Divinity. Thou heir  
Of immortality! Thou dust that breathes  
Through time and all eternity, yet dare  
Not, for thy breath tread but appointed ways,  
Nor look beyond thy limits—but *spin and spin*  
*Like a vile top in the sun.* Step! and the floods  
Of freedom bursting through thy soul, shall like  
Thy life unmeasured be till all be woven  
In thy grasp."

(*Achan.*) "Word-castles are but bubbles cast  
To the breeze—with neither pith nor weight that rise  
And burst before the eye—sparks that vanish ere  
Their course or pathway be discerned. Freedom!  
Lisp it not! when 'Thou shalt nots' shoot forth  
Their forked tongues at every turn, and death  
Pronounce on slightest curves. It is  
Not *one* of these commands that mob the spirit,  
Nor *all* if courted as a favor; then,  
What soul would not comply, but thus compelled  
To wheel our bones along Law's narrow gauge,

What soul would not rebel! Take thou, for sample,  
This which though, perhaps the least, of late  
Has irked me most. 'Twas given, 'Thou shalt not steal,'  
And now as double bolt to guard this door  
Which, unrestrained, how few would think to pass,  
'Tis blasted in our ears that 'who so takes  
Of the accursed stuff shall die!'"

(*Satan.*) "Think ye that death  
Is certain?"

(*Achan.*) Why not? Since He who reigns, reigns  
most  
In cruelty?"

(*Satan.*) "Best marksmen miss their mark,  
Or sometimes prudently withhold the arrow,  
Lest hitting, 'twill rebound and pierce the hand  
That hurled it. 'Twas even so in Eden.  
Thy parents ate the fruit forbidden under  
Penalty of death, and *lived*. 'Tis plain  
That either thy Creator *could* not kill,  
Since 'twas the fruit of life, or else as all  
Believe, He *would* not, lest by the death of man  
His natural taste for cruelty should go  
Unsatisfied. 'Twas given 'thou shalt not kill,'  
Yet He who thundered this degree hath taught  
His people *how* to kill; nay more, hath placed  
The implement of death within their hand  
And bade them *strike*, as all these mangled beings  
Testify. What punishment did he receive  
Who spilled his brother's blood? was sent forth in  
The world an alien to his native land  
Yet monarch of a mightier one. Freedom  
To till, to rove, to rule, *this* the price  
Of his offense. What penalty was mine,  
Who slew the angel Peace, and stained the courts  
Of Heaven with his blood? Was hurled from thence  
Down in the deep, and found great, loving worlds  
Awaiting my approach, and myriads  
Of beings bowed to do my reverence.  
Who would not rather reign below than *kneel*  
Above? 'Twas given, 'Thou shalt not steal,' yet in  
Thy kinsmen this offense hath oft been smiled  
Upon. You stand one of a chosen race.  
Why choose a race if not to bear with its  
Infirmities? and bearing, why now cease?"

*Oh fear, oh cowardice, ye wring  
Men's hearts and leave their owners stones to mark  
Lost manhood's sepulchre!*

Or had thy birth  
Been other than it were, and did thy God  
Fulfill his menaces, what then to fear?  
Since He who condemns robbery first, proves  
Guilty of the deed, thus licensing mankind,  
Who toiled for and who stored away this wealth  
Of gold and silver? They, the owners, lie  
A lifeless mass. *A grand achievement of  
A righteous God!* Take all thou wilt, 'tis thine;  
Enfold thy frame in robes of gold, and know

The new and priceless garment of the soul  
Is richer far than these; bedeck thy form  
With jewels rare, yet dim they shine beside  
The well-earned gems of Liberty. Farewell,  
And happiness."

(Achan.) "Farewell, dear comforter,  
'Tis sweet, sweet truth, and *truth* will I embrace;  
I'll bury them so deep beneath the ground,  
Nor they, nor my offense will ne'er be found.  
Go, go corroding chains away; !  
And hail! sweet Freedom of to-day!"

\* \* \* \* \*  
Greed binds and blinds, defaces, warps and shrinks,  
And few there are whose nobler being is  
Not clogged and fettered by the wedge of gold.  
Press but one torch against a castle's wall  
And all its wealth and glory crisp, crumble  
In the flame, and yield just smoke; let but  
A single passion burn, and all the wealth  
And glory of the soul crisp, crumble in  
The flame, and yield just smoke. The withering leaf  
Sways to and fro and woos the breeze that sweeps  
It to the ground; so vibrates souls, and in  
Their aimless wavings court the blast that hurls  
Them down.

The tempter to  
The feast of heart-experience comes not  
An uninvited guest. The house arranged,  
The table set, our guest comes *in*, and with  
Him *we go out*.

### POWER, PLAN, PURPOSE.

Power, plan, and purpose are the triune manifestations in the universe. When Deity sowed the vast voids with those forces which, through time's slow lapses, have been unfolding into the universe with all of its manifoldness, his power was guided by his own ideals, working for the fulfillment of his own aims. They became the laws of the must in the material world, of the ought in the spiritual realm. Every rosebush, in the Summer time, is the expression of power, guided by its specific ideals. It is a poem, wherein each rose is a verse, every bud swelling to bursting with the sentiment of beauty. Every acorn has wrapped in its shell the oak in ideal, with its potential energy waiting for the proper conditions, when it may burst forth and begin its upward growth. Controlled by the ideal as law for its development. sunshine and shower, heat, air, and all the secret forces of nature, do but bring out and perfect the ideal oak. As the divine Architect

has thus builded and furnished the universe after an archetype, as all architects strive to build for a purpose, after an archetype suited to that purpose, so all proposing to themselves character—building—that art of all arts, must build according to a definite and high ideal and noble ends; otherwise life will be a structure amorphous, straggling, purposeless. Most lives are the result of a hap-hazard patchwork of refuse pieces, not orderly and symmetrical growths. It is this ability to build ideals into character which makes man truly man. Deprive him of this power, and he becomes animal. This ideal living is what separates human from brute life, and allies it to the divine. The animal has no ideals, hence there can be no improvement. All human ideals are imperfect, but become perfect in proportion as they approach divine or perfect ideals.

Ideals, however, unwarmed, unlighted by sentiment, are cold, dead. Inspiration, enthusiasm, is the life; sentiments are the souls to which ideals furnish the luminous bodies. As when God inbreathed the human form with his own life, it stood a man, in the divine image, full of the divine life, so our ideals become living realities only when inbreathed with living sentiment. Sentiment unfolds in emotion, desire, motive, being thus the spring of all action. It is a power in all great souls. Pure intellect alone is like the soulless marble or glittering glacier. The soul, with its sentiments unawakened, is like iron unmagnetized, dead to all those mysterious and subtle influences, that, like the electrical currents, permeate the spiritual world, slumbering all unconscious of those attractions that thrill and win to all noble living; but once bring it under the influence of the lodestone of genuine enthusiasms, and how it responds to the great spiritual currents of the world. Sentiment, thus kindled into enthusiasm, touches all within its influence, piercing mailed prejudices, melting and molding all hearts. As the flash of the morning light makes radiant the sad tear of night, so it illumines all that it touches. To such, the eternal principles and laws come in their solemn grandeur like voices from the spiritual world, falling upon the willing, listening soul like the

deep undertones of the universe, filling the spirit with the joy of their divine harmonies.

The ideals of life become noble and perfect in proportion as they conform to the highest spontaneities of humanity in all their scope. As humanity is specialized in each individual, so each will stand as the type of all that is highest and best in humanity, in so far as its plan and purpose is realized. Humanity, with its oneness of origin and destiny, with common prerogatives, possibilities, and responsibilities for all its members, gives a dignity and worth to them—transcending all merely personal characteristics, outrivalling all personal purposes. The more of this wealth of worth clustering around humanity that can be expressed in each individual, the more ideal and perfect will that life become. This common worth is to be realized in each individual. Life grows upward and noble as we learn to walk with unsandaled feet and reverent head in the presence of the human—though defaced and blurred by sin—as in the presence of the image and likeness of God. No one can live a completely noble life without this reverence and love of the human, as the child of God, can be in the highest sense a human benefactor. It is just this self-respect, growing out of respect for spirit universal, which gives self-centered poise and restraint, an upright and square standing on both feet, an even balancing and open-browed dignity.

A life thus motivated, with purposes comprehensive yet definite, and lighted with enthusiasm, has a wonderful earnestness and vigor. No power will be suffered to run to waste. All will be gathered up and directed upon achievement. They will be positives, attracting or repelling. They are like the primary, positive colors, producing immediate harmony or discord when brought into relationship with other positives; while purposeless lives are like the neutral grays, harmonizing readily with all, producing no discords. The grandest thing in this wide world is right manly living and acting—beautiful, noble, heroic, every step a triumphal march, carving out noble destinies, and awakening in others all that is worthiest.

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### THINKERS AND "CRAMMERS."

The *Trinity Tablet* for Dec. 9th, contains an able and suggestive article upon "Education in American Colleges," wherein it claims that the efforts of our leading colleges to outstrip each other in the amount of work done, leaves no time for the students to think and digest the instruction of the course. The state of affairs is illustrated by the story of the Theological student, who was giving a programme of his work—so many hours to Hebrew, so many to Systematic Theology, so many to Homiletics, etc., when a friend inquired, "When do you think?" "Think!" replied the student, "I have no time to think." The futility of such a training is manifest to every thoughtful person.

Thought, not talk, nor stores of dead learning, moves the world; and the people generally recognize the fact, however much they may seem to be moved by talk. It is said that the reason no great orator has been President of the United States is, that the people have feared that orators were not practical thinkers. Certainly no one can be a progressive statesman who is not a practical thinker, and the people



show their wisdom in shunning supposed impractical men. The course and the college which awaken thought, and direct it the best, are really doing the most for men. The success and power of the men educated in our smaller colleges, or colleges in their infancy, is to be found in the fact that there was much time for thinking, and many incentives to do it. Instead of having every hour filled with some task, the student studied thoughtfully and thought actively when the hours of study were over. He drank in the spirit and power of the few classic authors whom he read, instead of being overwhelmed by the multiplicity of points crowding his memory in his literary studies. In the Lyceum, he was an active participant, instead of leaving the literary society to die, as the students of to-day have largely done. The number of strong men produced in the early days of many of our colleges is truly wonderful, and is doubtless owing to the amount of thinking they did, instead of the amount of "cramming" they were able to live through. The feebleness of many of the best "crammed" of modern students, whenever real work is to be done, is the best commentary on the system of education prevalent in so many American colleges. We wonder how they can know so much, and do so little; but it is no more wonder than that a stall-fed alderman should not possess the physical strength and activity of a trained athlete. A chance to think is the great need of many of our schools; a disposition to think is needed more or less in all.

### THE "WOMAN" TROUBLE AGAIN.

From the days of Father Adam to the present, woman has constantly victimized poor man. Here is the latest outrage. A woman has been so bold and unwomanly as to suffer herself to be elected Class Poet of the Class of '77, Wesleyan University, and thirteen out of thirty members refuse to take their part, if she persists in delivering her poem. The unblushing audacity of these women is marvelous. In opposition to all sense of propriety they have crowded themselves into college. Now, when we come home for vacation, with our silk hats, canes,

and cigars, and tell how *we* took down Professor This and Tutor That, how *we* are the leaders of "the boys" in all the "stunning" tricks, which we detail with such a gusto, and show our wonderful proficiency in learning by quoting Latin—*E' Pluribus Unum*, or *non compos mentis*—the maidens don't cling to us in wonder, admiration, and awe. They have have been to college, too, and have lost—just as we predicted—the sweet, womanly charm of confiding faith and simplicity. Class Day we had reserved to ourselves. On that day—dear to student hearts—the red-letter day of the college course—we could shine undimmed in our eloquence and swallow tails, while the girls must admire us in our eminence. Now that last bulwark is assailed.

In behalf of womanly simplicity, and modesty, and refinement, and proper dependence upon the sterner sex, we exhort the brave and immortal thirteen to stand firm. The interests of humanity are resting on you, gentlemen, and you can not falter.

### MISPLACED MEN.

The complaint of our lamented President Lincoln, that square men would persist in getting into round holes and round men into square holes is one that all observers of men and especially of students feel like repeating. When to this natural tendency of men to mistake their callings is added the direct influence of teacher and friends in selecting one's life-work, the case becomes more complicated and disastrous. Well meaning educators frequently urge young men to adopt certain kinds of work, especially that of the ministry, obtain a tacit pledge from them while their tastes are unformed, and then, by the entanglements thus formed, hold them to a work for which they are not naturally fitted, to the exclusion of some other profession for which they are peculiarly adapted. All such influence seems to be out of the province of the true educator. While he is to awaken ambition and thought, he should exercise the greatest care that he does not awaken in the unformed boy ambitions to which he can never attain, and lead him into

a profession to which he is not adapted, and out of which he is to drift after some years of wasted effort; wasted because it has been applied at a disadvantage against the genius of the worker. The great glory of an educator is that he is able to awaken, inspire, and develop his pupils, and at the same time leave them free to seek the work for which nature has fitted them.

When the teacher is satisfied thus to labor, we shall have fewer square men in round holes, fewer teachers at the bar, farmers in the pulpit, preachers at the teacher's desk, and fools in all the professions, but men will seek to follow their appetencies to a fuller degree than when subjected to constant influence from fond friends and flattering and officious teachers.

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### THE ANNIVERSARY SESSIONS.

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Some time ago we made a suggestion in regard to work and enthusiasm in the Lyceums. A recent conversation with an Alumnus presented our needs so clearly that we give his statement. The first exercise he had in a Public Session, he said, he worked upon for months, writing and rewriting until his own taste could suggest no improvements. Then the exercise was rehearsed thrice a day for three weeks. We remember the production distinctly. It gave immediate prestige and reputation to its author in the school and society; and not only that but it gave him a discipline, a style of composition, and a power of expression worth all the labor expended. We have not learned that that method of success has been superseded as yet; and until it is, hard work must be an important element of success in literary as in all other work. We trust that a word to the wise will do all we shall desire to have done for the success of our Anniversary Sessions for the Commencement of 1877.

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### SCIENCE AND ART CLUB.

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It is known to the students of Alfred, by report, that they have a Science and Art Club. It is known to a few what that Club is, and

what it is doing. It is performing a work that no live student can afford to ignore. At its meetings, articles on the various scientific questions of the day are presented, and discussed in a very informal, but thorough manner. At the last meeting, Jan. 9th, Prof. A. H. Lewis presented an able article on the Influence of Darwinianism upon Theology, and the discussion by Profs. Larkin, Coon, Lewis, and Mr. Ernst, brought out forcibly and clearly the arguments for and against the Theory of Evolution. In the evening's work, the thoughtful student, who had never heard of Darwinianism, could have gained a clear view of the question as it stands to-day with scientists and theologians. That more of our students were not there, and are not usually there, is an unfavorable commentary upon their interest and habits as scholars.

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## At Home.

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### JUBILEE SESSION.

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#### ALFRIEDIAN LYCEUM.

On the evening of Dec. 30th, 1876, the Alfredian Lyceum presented its programme, which was as follows:

Prayer.

Music.

President's Address, "Light,"

Belle Brasted

Essay, "Mrs. Browning,"

Anna N. Powell

Music.

"Domestic Story of the Centennial," written by Ida F. Kenyon, presented by Flora C. Mosher.

Oration, "Clouds,"

Jennie Saunders

Music.

Poem, "Legends of the Natchez," Mary E. Darrow, presented by Corinne E. Stillman.

Music.

Valedictory, "Receiving and Giving," Alice A. Dunham

Music

The President's Address varied the exercises somewhat from the usual order, it taking the place of the customary Salute. It treated of the important advantages afforded by light, and in its application ascended to the blessings of intellectual and spiritual light. The production possessed good thought, clearly expressed, but lacked distinctness and force in delivery.

The Essay was written in a graceful pleasant style, which gave evidence of careful preparation. It was read in an easy, unaffected manner, and may be considered one of the finest efforts of the evening.

The "Domestic Story of the Centennial" was, as its title indicates, a theme happily chosen for presentation so near the close of the Centennial year. It was presented clearly and with spirit by Mrs. Mosher.

The Oration, commencing with the actual, passed to the sphere of the moral, and in considering the rapidity with which clouds obscure our moral horizon, if once permitted to enter, warned all to guard against their power.

The Poem was given in so indistinct a tone that we are unable to pass any judgment upon its merits.

The Valedictory argued the necessity of bestowing in the proportion in which we are recipients. As the pool having only inlets and no outlets becomes stagnant, so the life which gives from itself nothing to benefit others must become useless. It closed with an appeal to Alfredian sisters to become earnest doers, benefiting the world by the faithful accomplishment of high purposes.

#### ALLEGHANIAN LYCEUM.

The last of the sessions was given by the Alleghanians, Jan. 1st, 1877.

Prayer,	Prof. E. P. Larkin
Music.	
Salute, "Onward,"	E. A. Witter
Oration, "Habits,"	E. P. Saunders
Music.	
Paper, "The Alleghanian,"	B. M. Cottrell
Music.	
Lecture, "English Literature,"	W. F. Place
Music.	
Recitation, "The Discoverers of the North Cape,"	Bertro Sherman
Valedictory, "Love of Applause,"	U. M. Babcock
Music.	

The Salute showed us the rapid advancement which had been and continues to be made in all which is calculated to help on and lighten the labors of life, and promote the good of man. Religion was named as the most important civilizing agent. The enunciation was too rapid.

Oration. Care is required to form good and useful habits, while evil ones spring and thrive readily. Profanity is perhaps the least excusable of any of these, having *nothing* to offer in extenuation. Every repetition of an evil habit lessens its enormity to us, therefore, how necessary is a careful avoidance of everything which may harm. The production taught an excellent moral lesson which is well worth heeding.

The Paper was an excellent collection of articles, both grave and laughable, and was well read.

The Lecture urged the need of a more thorough understanding and more extended study of English Literature. It must be acknowledged to have been one of the finest productions which have been given during the sessions.

The Recitation was given by one of the youngest members of the Society, and was spoken clearly and without embarrassment.

Valedictory—public opinion should not be allowed to govern, but principle rather than a desire for popularity should guide one's actions. This last exercise of the evening was a plain discussion of valuable truths.

The music for the last two sessions was furnished in the same manner as for the others; by a choir selected from the Societies. Among the pieces given, the solo by Miss Velma Crandall was especially fine.

We are sorry we must admit that our Literary Societies have not done themselves particular honor in their sessions. While some of the articles have been marked by careful thought and determined effort, others have exhibited a lack of care and preparation truly inexcusable. There has been, more particularly in the Ladies' Societies, an indistinctness of enunciation, which has deprived the hearers of all enjoyment of the production itself. We hope sincerely that in the future the standard of excellence may advance, rather than retrograde, as it seems to have done in the present competition.

ONE student informs us that she does like to attend Chapel exercises, so as "to know what's going on."

THE anxiety of the people is past for the moment, at least. We did think at one time, we should be literally buried in this great fall of snow. But after all it has been an enjoyable season. Boys with their sleds and stogies have raced up and down the hill, expending sufficient force to push through—Regents, say; Freshmen's ears have waxed scarlet by frequent ablutions; and Seniors, mild Seniors have revelled enthusiastically in the drifts much to the envy of the Theologues who gaze longingly while their courage slowly oozed away. But how beautiful has been this grand movement of nature. The whole earth seemed—we wish we had access to some of those essays read last Rhetoricals, couldn't we "pile on the agony" then deeper than any snow drift in Allegany county? But as we have not (ours was burned some time ago) the readers must be content to look for themselves and admire.

THE Institution has just received from the State Museum at Albany, through the kindness of Prof. James Hale, State Geologist, two fine suits of specimens: one of minerals, illustrating the minerology of the State, and more especially of the Adirondack region; the other, of fossils more especially illustrative of the following groups: Hudson River, Lower and Upper Helderberg, Oriskany sandstone, Schoharie grit, Hamilton, Marcellus Shale, and Chemung. It supplies many hitherto missing links in the Cabinet.

THE crisis is over. Our metaphysical friend has produced the following, and is now convalescent:

Bend, brother, bend your eaire  
To the rumbling sounds of the ethaire,  
Catch, oh catch the inspiring aire  
Of the raving songs of the mad ethaire!  
How the monads rave and raire!  
How the atoms rip and taire  
And bring upstanding every haire  
On the head of a six-footaire!  
Bend, brother, bend your eaire  
To the frantic sounds of the wild ethaire.

HE had just been longing for a bath, but who would ever have thought of it coming from a pail of water hung over a door in Middle Hall?

*Hypo-metaphysical Lecture Class.*—Question—"Why does the passive-like nitrogen appear in the younger forms of creation next to the active hydrogen?" *Pres.*—"The theory at present is—am—m—to throw light on the—well, a story is told of a boy who swallowed a bit of nitroglycerine, and his father spanked him for it, whereupon the boy resolved into atoms." *Student, perplexedly*—"You say this throws 'light on the subject?'"

THEY were there the other evening; they are always there—those two; they were crowded, in fact they always *are* crowded—*those two*; they snickered during prayer, who ever knew them not to? they whispered throughout the whole Lecture and simpered and nudged and looked soft and—well, perhaps these little drops do make up the sum of life, but some how when they come between us and a good lecture we wish they were less.

AMONG the old students who favored us with a call this Jubilee, we noticed Mr. E. L. Magner, W. M. Alberti of Cornell University, Miss Alice Dunham, Shiloh, N. J.; Miss Christie Skinner and Miss Eva Santee of Hornellsville, Mr. D. Estee, Canisteo, N. Y.; Mr. E. A. Higgins, Campbell Town, N. Y.; Miss Alta Pope, Hartsville, N. Y.

*First Senior.*—"Bible in class to-morrow, oh? What does that mean? What shall *we* do?" *Second Senior.*—"Well, let me see. There now, I've got it!" and he raised a cloud of dust from his knees. "There's a Fresh down to the building who has one, and we'll—we'll bulldoze." The rest was inaudible.

*Scene in church.*—Five-year-old gentleman addressing a lady of three: "I guess your eyes are blue. See this," and he produced a sort of a medal. "There's Independence Hall. Did you go to the Centennial?"

THE Senior displayed so much familiarity the other day with "Aqueous water," is now getting "pretty middling" intimate with the congealed "critter."

JOY FOR A JUNIOR.—The last rubber washed down stream during the late thaw, and is doing good service as a sheeprick on a neighboring plantation. Whip, buffalo-robe, and muff still in the debris.

*Lecture Class.—Pres.*—"Give me your name and future address, and when I learn the answer to your question, I'll forward it." *Lady Senior, trembling*—"Oh, I do so hope he won't ask me mine!"

(*Metaphysics.*) All our thoughts and words will some day reappear. *Student, musingly.*—"Not so very pleasant, after all." *Prof. A.*—"Tisn't supposed to be for the wicked."

MR. ORSON C. GREEN, a former student, is now spending a few days with his friends in this place.

It is a well known fact that *very* strict training produces *very* lax characters. Query: Is this what ails Prof. Lewis' dog?

MISS CORINNE STILLMAN is teaching vocal music in Almond.

## Alumni Notes.

[Any information concerning any of the Alumni or old Students will be most gratefully received.]

### ALUMNI.

'44. Mrs. Emma Stillman *L. Rogers* resides at Alfred Centre, N. Y.

'45. Mrs. Martha Green *Stillman* resides at Alfred Centre, N. Y.

'46. Joseph W. Smith and Susan Fenner *Smith*, ('44-'45,) reside at the Smith homestead, Alfred, N. Y.

'49. Mrs. Susan E. Crandall *Larkin* is Professor of vocal music in the University.

'50. Mrs. Mary A. Sheldon *Powel* resides at Alfred Centre, N. Y.

'51. Mrs. Sarah E. Langworthy *Taylor* has charge of Hotel Branting, New York City.

'52. Joel C. Green, of Washington, D. C., is in town at his brother's.

'53. Rev. Elston M. Dunn has accepted the call of the Seventh-day Baptist church of Milton, Wis., to become its pastor, and was ordained at that place Dec. 27th, 1876.

'55. Hon. John P. Cassady is elected speaker of the Wisconsin Assembly.

'56. Rev. Stephen Burdick and ('50) Mrs. Susan Maxson *Burdick* reside in Leonardsville, N. Y., he being pastor of the Seventh-day Baptist church of that place.

'60. Mrs. Achie D. Vaughn *Lewis* resides in New York City.

### OLD STUDENTS.

'36-'37. Mrs. Martha Hull *Ernst*, with her husband, is spending the Winter with their son, Wm. H. Ernst, in this town.

'37-'38. E. Rogers Crandall and Celestia Burdick *Crandall* ('40-'41) reside in Genesee, N. Y.

'37-'38. Ethan Lanphear resides in Plainfield, N. J.

'37-'38. Mrs. Phebe Green *Stebbins* is at Alfred Centre, educating her children.

'37-'38. Matthew Maxson is mining in California.

'37-'38. Orrin Monroe and Sarah Coon *Monroe* reside in Albion, Wis.

'38-'39. Mrs. Lucinda Forbes *Hopkins* resides in Almond, N. Y.

'39-'40. Charles Hartshorn resides in Hornellsville, N. Y.

'39-'40. Alvin A. Place and Mrs. Ruth Sherman *Place*, ('40-'41,) reside in Nile, N. Y.

'40-'41. Mrs. Cornelia Crandall *Prosser* resides in Genesee, N. Y.

'40-'41. Baylies S. Basset has removed from Canisteo to Alfred Centre.

'43-'44. Mrs. Sarah E. Stillman *Jones* resides in Wellsville, N. Y.

'45-'46. Mrs. Eliza Potter *Babcock* resides in Albion, Wis.

'49-'50. John Brasted and Catharine McCollum *Brasted* ('48-'49) reside in Howard, N. Y.

'49-'50. Chester B. Stillman is farming in Alfred, N. Y.

'53-'54. Miss Emily E. Randolph resides in Pardee, Kan.

'56-'57. Geo. W. Haight is practicing law in San Francisco, Cal.

'62-'63. Leslie P. Langworthy is a draughtsman in Providence, R. I.

'66-'67. Mrs. Mary E. Harris *Everette* is living at Keating, Penn.

'75. Wm. M. Alberti, who is pursuing his studies in Cornell University, has been spending his vacation in town.

'76. Miss Georgia Alberti is teaching near her home in New Market, N. J.

'76. Miss Maggie Donlon is teaching at Purdy Creek, N. Y.

'76. Daniel Cass is teaching in Hartsville, N. Y.

'76. Miss Nettie Russel is teaching at Coal Hill.

## MARRIED,

RANDOLPH—WITTER—At Alfred Centre, N. Y., Jan 20th, 1877, by Rev. Pres. J. Allen, D. D., Ph. D., Mr. Alec F. Randolph, of Plainfield, N. J., and Miss Jessie A. Witter, Alfred Centre.

STILLMAN—WARFIELD—At Alfred Centre, N. Y., Dec. 28th, 1876, by Rev. N. V. Hull, D. D., Mr. Horace G. Stillman and Miss Nellie A. Warfield, of Andover.

## The College World.

Mr. William Carleton, of Charlestown, Mass., in view of whose gift of \$50,000 Carleton College, at Northfield, Minn., received its name, died on the 5th of December, nearly eighty years of age. He was widely known for his benevolence, which was constant through all his business life. To the American Board he gave annually from \$1,000 to \$1,500, and large gifts were also bestowed upon home missions and education at the West and South.

The Chicago Theological Seminary has 9 seniors, 3 middlers, 10 juniors, and 10 in the special course; total, 34. The faculty consists of Rev. Drs. S. C. Bartlett, Franklin W. Fisk, James T. Hyde, and George N. Boardman, and Rev. Theodore W. Hopkins. Dr. William W. Patton is a lecturer in the Seminary.

A Western paper says: "We are publishing a tri-weekly now. We get out a paper once a week, and try like blazes to get it out the next."

They say that the authorities of the medical school of Bowdoin College, where Drs. Balmer and Wilder give a spring course of lectures, have notified them that if they continue to lecture to homeopathic students at Michigan University, their services will not be required at Bowdoin.

The trustees of the Church Institution at Gambier, Ohio, have elected Rev. William B. Bodine president of Kenyon College and dean of the Theological Seminary. President Bodine graduated at Princeton, seventeen years ago, and is in the prime of life.

At the opening of the college year, Dr. Muhlenberg resigned the presidency of Muhlenberg College, at Allentown, Pa., in order to accept the professorship of Greek in the University of Pennsylvania, vacant since the death of Prof. George Allen.

President Smith, of Dartmouth, lately tendered his resignation to the trustees, on account of ill health; but they rightly refused to accept it, in view of the remarkable success of his administration, and urged him to take a long vacation instead.

Haverford College, Haverford, Pa., has recently received \$10,000, the income of which is to be devoted to the support of free scholarships. A new college hall has been created, at a cost of \$80,000.

"If there is anybody under the canister of heaven that I have in utter excrecence," says Mrs. Partington; "it is the slanderer, going about like a boy constructor, circulating his calomel upon honest folks."—*Roanoke Cal.*

The Union Theological Seminary, New York, has closed the fortieth year of its existence. It has sent out 1,178 students, 1,070 of whom were graduates, and 104 foreign missionaries.

Williams College has graduated 30 Members of Congress, 5 United States Senators, 8 Governors, 16 Judges of the Supreme Court, 32 Presidents of Colleges, and 894 Clergymen.

The chief glory of woman is her hair. That's all very well, but we don't want any glory in our butter."

The gifts made to the colleges of this country during 1876 amount to nearly \$1,000,000.

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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. Hebrew and Cognate Languages.
12. Pastoral Theology.
13. Painting and Drawing.
14. Music.
15. Didactics.
16. 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.—1876-7.

Fall Term begins Wednesday, Sept. 6, 1876.  
 Winter Term begins Wednesday, Dec. 13, 1876.  
 Spring Term begins Wednesday, April 4, 1877.  
 Anniversary of Literary Societies, Monday and Tuesday, July 2 and 3, 1877.  
 Annual Meeting of Stockholders and Trustees, Tuesday, July 3, 1877.  
 Commencement, Wednesday, July 4, 1877.  
 Annual Meeting of the Alumni Association, Wednesday afternoon and evening, July 4, 1877.  
 The Terms continue thirteen weeks.