

# The Alfred Student.

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## Literary Department.

### SATURN AND JUPITER.

There is a bit of ancient fable that runs as follows: "Saturn sat alone with no companions, and none beholding him save the great Uranus, or Heaven. After long stretches of eternity, he became tired of thus remaining inactive—so he put forth his energies and created, and his creation was an oyster. Rejoicing in his newly-discovered power, he went on creating his race of oysters. Uranus, perceiving this from his lofty throne, cried, 'A new work, O Saturn. I fear,' replied Saturn, 'if I put forth my hands to make anew, I may unmake what I have made. I shall not do, but undo. Therefore, I do what I have done. I hold what I have got. Thus I resist Night and Chaos.' 'O Saturn,' replied Uranus, 'thou canst not hold thine own, but by making new.' Saturn was silent, but went on creating oysters for a thousand years—nothing but oysters. But his oysters began to change into barnacles, and pebbles, and sea-foam. Night and Chaos were overcoming him. Then came to his memory, like a ray of light, the words of Uranus. And he determined to make something new. Putting forth all of his energies, he created, and, behold, Jupiter was the result. Then he feared to put forth his hand again in creation, lest he should destroy his mighty work. Nature froze—the things that were made went backward—and to prevent the universal reign of Chaos, Jupiter up and slew his father, and went on creating."

This fable aptly illustrates the state and relation of conservation and progression. The one fears to put forth another effort. The past is good enough. Let us not seek for better, lest we find something worse. The other replies, that the past might have been good once, but it is no longer good for us. Let us make something better and nobler. Everything is progressive or retrogressive. Saturn or Jupiter, one or the other, is in the spirit of things. Error is ever corroding, mildewing, death-producing. Truth must ever be agitating, contending, purifying, advancing. The fires of the strife have glowed down through the ages. Millions have given their lives to the sword and flame and block.

The discovery, the introduction, and establishment of a great social, political, or moral truth as a living, governing, working principle in the world, requires time, toil, sacrifice. The struggle between truth and error is generally earnest and protracted. Error is frequently old, and deeply in-

wrought into systems which have received the sanction of age and station. It is often well ensconced behind strong prejudices, cherished customs, or rich institutions. Truth often comes a stranger, unheralded, unattended. It is not introduced with pomp and splendor and ceremony. Worldly greatness does not smile upon it, nor stand about it as body-guard. It is far oftener cradled in a manger, and heralded only by watchful shepherds and lowly toil. Commencing thus in obscurity, its militant career, no wonder that its progress is not infrequently slow in destroying errors grown grey in the world's esteem. Deep and darksome and cold are the valleys of neglect, scorn and, may be, persecution, to be passed in the inauguration of new truths; giddy are the heights of self-denial and sacrifice to be scaled and closely beset by gulfs of temptation, and the least unsteadiness of eye or trembling of nerve will precipitate the venturesome one upon the rocks below.

Truth, by all these conflicts, is being slowly but surely refined from the dross of error. Each reformatory movement is a great smelting furnace, purifying truth from this dross, after which it is inwrought into the great systems of practical truth. Everything great and valuable connected with modern civilization bears the impress of blessings obtained through sacrifice and suffering. These strifes and these conquests have hallowed every nook and corner of the earth with thrilling events and splendid achievements. They have made sacred shrines, and sepulchres, and temples, and lands, around which cluster all sacred associations.

Whatever the form or mode in which truth comes with its behests, it is to be accepted in the assurance that to stand alone with God and his truth is more than millions with error. He ever works for and with truth. Though error may shroud the world or stalk forth hydraheaded, yet

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,  
The eternal years of God are hers."

Broad has ever been the way needed to accommodate the followers of error, while narrow is the way required for the genuine, sincere, sacrificial truth-seeker—those whom their contemporaries have been pleased to style fanatics, innovators, false teachers; yet whom future ages rise up, as one man, to do them honor. Pythagoras, the heathen, on the discovery of a new theorem in Geometry, offered a hundred oxen as a thank-offering to the gods who had vouchsafed to him this high honor. Should not Christians offer equal thank-offerings for greater? He said, "To seek truth and do good was the whole duty of man." A greater than he said, "If ye know the truth, happy are ye if ye do the truth."

Truth seeks her disciples from among those who, in pure

love and glad obedience, follow wherever she leads, regardless of price, profit, or pleasure. They must not be, as Bacon styles it, the worshiper of any idol, but they must be willing to follow her up into the elevated region, where the air is calm and serene, and the light "dry" and pure. An utterly honest seeker and doer of truth is the noblest work of God. When such an one puts in his appearance, he can say with authority, as Diogenes said to Alexander, "Stand out of my sunlight." It is the duty of all to make way and room for such an one. Instead of pointing the finger, making faces, and calling names, branding, persecuting, ostracising, crucifying, it becomes us better, with reverent attitude, bowed head, respectful eye and silent tongue, to await his words and deeds, as if one of the demigods had come again. The utterly honest and fearless truth-seeker is an advent to be reckoned as one of the epochs in human history and progress. The world is in perishing need of truth-seekers and truth-doers who receive its behests as higher than happiness, more sacred than life, and with the courage of world heroes, stand for truth with unblanched cheek amid the war of the world's confusion; stand, though storm-beaten, lightning-scarred, thunder riven; stand, though seamed, and gashed, and bruised; stand, hiding their wounds, drawing from their quivering flesh the poisoned arrows of all malignities, and sucking with white lips, the venom from the wounds, and covering them out of sight, bravely, calmly gathering truth from all sources, and following with glad allegiance; thus growing grander even amid neglect and persecution, ever stronger, nobler, a joy to all truth-lovers, a shelter to all fainting, weary souls. Men so characterized are of infinitely more worth than all scholarly attainments, worldly riches, or renown; men, who at whatever heart-pang, follow the lead of truth with unquestioning faith, though the way may be long and the burden heavy, faltering not, fainting not, but giving all ungrudgingly to its service.

All truth clusters around a common center, clings to a common support, Deity; from whom radiating in interdependent rays, it rounds out full orb and perfect. A solitary truth must not be advanced at the expense of others. All need to move together, mutually helpful. A person, party or sect, making a hobby of any one truth, while ignoring others, or not giving them their relative importance and due consideration, will produce a distorted, dwarfed, abnormal development. Such are like trees growing half in shade, lop-sided. They need to stand out in the open fields of truth, where its light can illumine and vivify all sides. Every new truth learned by man prepares the way for other truths. Every error overcome gives strength for overcoming other and greater errors.

As a complete and perfect system, truth gives those into whose lives it is inwrought a harmonious development, perfecting all sides of our humanity, ever illumining our old stock notions by the best of the past and present, and, by a fresh stream of truth, removing the dry, mechanical works of the dead past, giving thus in its pursuit our total progress. Thus is furnished to all truth-seekers the new wine of fresh ideas

pressed from the vintage of all realities, and the wise seeking of new bottles for this new wine, giving everywhere and at all times high and inspirational influences, going out in concentric and ever-widening circles, organizing new institutions or revivifying old ones.

Humanity, with its earthly habitat, with its powers of an endless life, and with the fruitage of its deeds garnering in the eternities, has been multiplying, conquering, advancing. Its progress, however, has not been an uninterrupted one. Its victories have been shadowed by its defeats. It has sometimes wavered like a doubtful battle, sometimes flickered like a wind-fanned flame, sometimes returned upon itself like a coil, sometimes sweeping on like a great river, it has been compelled to creep through swamps, rush gorges, leap precipices. Its growth has often been nipped by frost, scorched by fires, drenched with blood. Humanity, like some worn caravan, has often, with parched and toilsome step, trailed its weary way over arid wastes, wandered, with fevered brow and fainting heart, through hot and pestilential climes, through frigid zones with their long polar nights and deathful cold, struggled with torn and bleeding feet, up some steep acclivity of progress or descended into the sultry, mephitic vale of conservatism. Though thus wandering, halting, wavering, recoiling, fainting, humanity has, nevertheless, made progress. Centuries may have passed in taking a step forward, ages rolled away in gaining a new height, yet the step has been taken, the height gained. God has taken humanity by the hand, thus wandering, weary, and foot-sore, and gradually led it up the steep acclivities of truth to broad outlooks and goodly prospects, and when the eye had become accustomed to the clear, pure light, the head steady and the foot firm, leading up to diviner heights.

In this progress, God has commissioned great spirits to discover new truths, promulgate new principles, inaugurate new eras, and reaching out their hands across the ages, and taking humanity by the hand, lifted it to higher planes of civilization, beckoning forward to higher and brighter destinies. All such have been noted as clear visioned seers, and, standing out on the heights of progress, have caught the first shimmer of truths about to burst in splendor upon the world, and proclaimed their coming to the waiting, gazing multitudes below. As the pines on the hill top stand crowned in the glory of the morning sun, while the valleys and slopes still sit in the shadows of the night, so the great seers, who, with vision clarified and strengthened through sincerity, stand on the world's spiritual pinnacles, their brows crowned with the halo, their faces illumed with the glory of coming truths, while humanity still sits in shadow. As the Persian fire worshiper, the Parsee, stands with expectant gaze, watching the breaking of the light through the portals of the East, ready to bow in worship, so stands the truth-seeker, reverently waiting for the flash of its robes of light as its train fills the spiritual universe. Humanity has but just entered the vestibule of this temple. Man has apprehended and appropriated only the more primary and surface truths, while the universe is radiant with those too brilliant for his

untrained vision, too lofty for the reach of his still enfeebled powers, too broad to be comprehended by his still circumscribed mental grasp. God is waiting to make new revelations to man just as soon and as fast as he is prepared to receive them, for the removal of the ignorance that shrouds vast tracts of mind. The achievements of the past are but stepping stones to more glorious achievements in the future. Humanity is still on the upward slope of its destiny. It is still climbing to new and broader prospects. Its prophets point the way. Its heralds shout from all the mountain tops of progress the approach of new truths. Their gleam breaks broad and free as the morning light, flooding with glory all the heights of humanity.

Be, then, light-seekers. Let our constant prayer be Luther like, "More light, give us more light." Stand ever on the heights of sincerity with open eye for all truth. Let it illumine the whole being. Be not only light-seekers but light-bearers as well in all life's mission. Let its pathway be radiant with truth. May such be our mission till the Father of lights shall call us up to that city which has no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it; for the glory of God lightens it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.

### BORROWED TROUBLE.

"Borrowed trouble!" did you say?  
What has been your object pray?  
Has another found relief,  
From your borrowing his grief?

Or, is *this* not what is done,  
*Two* hearts grieved instead of one.  
*Two* lives bent with woe and care,  
By the burdens which they bear.

*Strange* it is, that when you've known,  
That the burdens weren't your own.  
You should take up such a load,  
For life's rough and rugged road.

If I'll tell you now, my friend,  
What will make your troubles end,  
Do not be offended, pray,  
At some things which I may say—

You have nourished phantom's dark,  
Till they've *shaded o'er* your heart,  
And you judge the world to be,  
*Just as dark* as what you see.

So you sit and sadly moan  
O'er the friends which you have known,  
Who have now turned cold and hard,  
And have thus your comfort marred—

Till you feel that days bygone,  
Took all *true hearts* but your own,  
Left but ills to vex your life—  
Doubts and fears, and gloom and strife.

Let me tell you—don't forget  
That life has *some* blessings yet,  
And that there'll be *trouble still*,  
When you've borrowed *all* you will.

Satan keeps a large supply,

You can borrow, beg, or buy,  
And he counts himself *well paid*,  
When you are *unhappy* made.

Half the ills that mortals share,  
Are like vapors in the air,  
Which will vanish out of sight  
In the morning's dawning light.

Seek for light above the cloud,  
Which so long has been your shroud,  
Let it permeate your soul,  
Till Christ tells you; "ye are whole."

L. N.

### IN MEMORIAM.

Melissa B. Kenyon—Teacher, 1840–1863.

It is good to cherish the memory of those who have lived sacrificial lives, whose aims have been all unselfish, whose labors have been all for other's good. Thus prompted, we turn back the sere leaves of other years, and find upon the pages of the early history of this Institution the name of one to whom all the students of those years will unite with us in applying the above named characteristics.

Miss Melissa Bloomfield Ward, born in Schenectady, Oct. 13th, 1823—the daughter of Abel and Sarah Felthouse Ward—became a student of this Institution in 1839. Her father was a man remarkable for his decided Christian character, for his uniform cheerfulness, and for his unbounded sympathy with humanity. Her mother was a woman whose kindness and benevolence were limited only by her endurance and her means to do with. In her parents, the poor and suffering always found friends, and every good cause unyielding advocates. The daughter inherited, in an eminent degree, the virtues of her parents. August 5th, 1840, she was married to Prof. W. C. Kenyon. Thenceforward her life was inseparably interwoven with the life of the Institution. It became one continued sacrifice, a thank-offering to students. This offering of herself freely and constantly to all service was an inspiration to all who came under the influence of her example. As a teacher, she was sincere, frank, and cordial, inspiring enthusiasm and a generous emulation, quick to appreciate effort and good intention, slow to give over the dull, ever the friend of the diffident, uncultured, but earnest seeker after knowledge. The poor and needy student knew where to find a friend and helper. It is, however, as the friend of the unfortunate, the nurse of the sick, the consoler of the afflicted, that her memory sheds the richest fragrance, and will be the most tenderly cherished. Her work here was inaugurated in the sick-room, and it was here that the severest labors of her life sprung up. Surrounded, as she always was, by a large number of students, there was almost a constant call upon her energies—a constancy and a wear that can not well be appreciated by those unacquainted with the cares incident to a large school. It was to the overpressure of these burdens that she finally yielded. She literally offered her life a sacrifice to the welfare of the student. "Mother Kenyon," that familiar appellation by which she

was recognized among students, had a deep and tender meaning to those who had experienced her unwearied attention and kindness during sickness. And to many, scattered far and wide, her death came as that of a mother. For some time previous, her spirit had been rapidly ripening for the great change. Her religious experience showed richness and great advancement in divine culture. Her death took place June 27th, 1863, and the Commencement of 1863 opened sadly with her funeral service. Her dust rests with that of her kindred in her native city.

The following poem was written by one for whom her care in sickness was one of the more immediate causes of her sickness and death:

Twice a year ago among us, when within her floating hair,  
June was twining crimson roses, with their fragrance rich and rare,  
And the music of the song-birds thrilled the quiet summer air,  
There was one, with health and vigor on her thoughtful, loving face,  
Touching up the glimmering darkness with her woman's sweetest  
grace,  
And her cheerful presence lighted, glorified each weary place.  
When disease, or want, or sorrow cast a dark and sombre pall,  
She, whose great heart, so unselfish, never waited for a call,  
Never wearied in her kindness, and of her substance gave her all.  
When again the reddening roses flushed the Summer's peaceful face,  
And the robin caroled gaily 'mid the forest's emerald lace,  
*One we loved* was calmly lying in Death's fetterless embrace.  
Cold, the dear hands—how we loved them—they so often us had  
blessed!  
Still, the great heart—nobler throbbings never thrilled a human breast!  
Calmly, sweetly, MOTHER KENYON passed from weariness to rest!  
What to her was light and glory, was to us but grief and woe,  
And our tearful eyes grew blinded for the pain that pierced us so,  
That we failed to see the glimmerings of God's mercy shining through.  
Many in need have known her kindness, and where'er our steps may  
tend,  
May the fragrance of her goodness in our future being blend,  
Freshened by the hallowed mem'ry of the student's noble friend.

ONE WHO LOVED HER.

JUNE, 1864.

We subjoin the following extracts from an article entitled  
"A Pilgrimage:"

"Finding myself near the burial place of two whose memories are very sacred to me, in common with thousands of other old Alfred students, on a certain Sabbath, I determined to spend the hours of worship at their shrine. Meeting a little daughter of one of the professors of Union College at play on the College Campus, who, after eyeing me inquiringly, asked: 'You do not want to go through college, do you?' On telling her that it was the cemetery rather than the college, I was seeking to enter. 'O, you will find that a great way off, and the way very sunny (may her words prove prophetic), but the road is straight, and you can not miss of finding it right before you at last.' After wandering for an hour questing for their graves, I found myself in front of a monument, on which I read at its top the name of ABEL WARD, and running my eye down the shaft, read the names of Sally Ward, Melissa B. Ward, wife of Rev. W. C. Ken-

yon, President of Alfred University, then William C. Kenyon, and on low scroll headstones at my feet, the initials of these names. I had found the object of my search, and falling to the ground, in the hot blistering sun, I wept as it is given to man to weep but seldom in a lifetime; wept regretful, grateful tears, while thronging events of years long since dead filled me with their tender memories. Those dead years sprung to life again, and talked with me. I was a boy once more, with intense longings for knowledge. Then came to Alfred a man full of the goodness that comes from above. He took me by the hand, and lifted me into nobler living. He still lives as a benediction of goodness on all coming within his influence. His successor, Prof. Kenyon, came among us, full of concentrated energy and enthusiasm, with the uplifting inspirations of a life nobly consecrated to sacrificial living. His voice was the bugle call, his gesture the sabre flash, lifting us to our feet, and bidding us forward in life's battle. Soon after, she whose life-destiny was to be one with his, came. She inaugurated her mission in care of the sick. Together they labored and sacrificed, passed beneath the cloud of adversity and sorrow; he in the many-handed service of building up a new institution, without money in a new country; she in all service and sacrifice for the well being of students, nursing the sick, consoling the sorrowing, helping the needy. To me they were as elder brother and sister, full of cheer in despondency, help in need, watchfulness and care in sickness. What they were to me, they were to hundreds of others. The rich and the fashionable, then as now, wagged their heads at Alfred; but the poor, the earnest worker, sought and found help and cheer.

The day was thus spent in sweet, sad memories, and, as the sun sank beyond the distant and beautiful hills, I returned to the city; but restless, agitated. I found myself, as night darkened, hastening, almost unconsciously, back to the cemetery. All was hushed in the quietude of night. The moonlight lay calm on walk and wood and water. Tombstone and monument stand forth as sheeted ghosts. The hum of insect, the murmur of water, the sounds from the distant city, all tend to subdue and inspire with solemn and devout sentiments. The hours of the night glide by as silent sentinels, leaving spirit communings, earnest questionings of the hereafter. The distant thunder of the midnight train coming up from Albany warned me to hasten down and away. Blessed are the memories of that pilgrimage, blessed are the memories of those earnest, faithful, sacrificial teachers."

ALFRED STUDENT.

FORTUNATE are those who have given to them great truths to establish, great questions to solve, noble principles to inaugurate, and institutions to build. Such work develops very rapidly the latent powers of the workers. If they are but sound to the core, made of fine, tough metal, then will be noble and lofty characters unfolded under the high and manifold influences, and, not infrequently, intense activities of such work.

## SPRING COMFORT.

The gentle breezes are astir;  
All day and night they whisper and whirl,  
Rustling, each nook to premonish.  
O, sweet spring scents! O murmuring rill!  
Now, my sad heart, cast off thy chill,  
Now all thy trouble will vanish.

The world grows more charming day by day,  
No telling, what will be the next display;  
There is no end to the blooming!  
Blooms the most distant, hidden vale;  
Now, my poor heart, forget to quail,  
For light breaks over thy glooming?

I. F. K.

## COMMENCEMENT THEMES.

On the approach of each Commencement, the inquiry is renewed, What have been the themes of speakers in previous years? To satisfy this inquiry, as well as from their historical interest, we publish herewith the programmes of several years. In those times when there were no societies to hold forth, as many speakers as possible were crowded into "Anniversary day." The exercises commenced at 3 o'clock A. M., and held till 4 P. M., adjourning for dinner. Each speaker occupied from three to six minutes, which prevented all boring of the audience by long, prosy speeches; but even its changefulness became somewhat monotonous as the long day drew wearily to its close. The speakers of the present, either desirous of shunning trite themes, or seeking well tried and approved subjects, can find guidance, and perhaps some inspiration in the perusal of these themes of their "illustrious predecessors."

Any one having the programmes for the years 1857, '58, and '59, also 1861, '63, and '68 would confer a favor by sending us the same or copies thereof.

June 12th, 1849.

Salutatory, J. R. Merriman  
March of Mind, E. Nicholson  
'Tis Wise to give a Tongue to Time, L. A. Stillman  
Friendship, H. Langworthy  
De Literarum Romanarum, G. W. Bratt  
There are Moments in Life, C. R. Burdick  
The Spirit of Music, M. J. Langworthy  
Ancient Chivalry, S. Maxson  
Aristocracy, W. P. Wallace  
Think not to Chain the Human Mind, A. K. Edwards  
Scotland, E. Potter  
Phonetics, P. Newell  
Phrenology, A. A. Lewis  
Art of Pleasing, T. H. Green  
Women of America, C. P. Robinson  
Duty is a Thorny Shrub, but its Fruit is Happiness and Glory, A. M. Crandall  
Let us Love One Another, E. L. Ensign  
Phonography, J. E. Bateman  
Our Native Land, J. A. Drake  
The Spirit's Mysteries, S. M. Gilmore

Christ's Baptism, A. Maxson  
Lord Bacon, W. H. Lewis  
Posthumous Fame, N. Densmore  
To enjoy Retirement, We must know the World, M. M. Hess  
Angels are Bright, though the Brightest Fell, S. E. Eddy  
Age of Chaucer, L. Allen  
The Patriot, T. R. Williams  
The Bible; the Fulcrum on which God Moves the World, A. R. Cornwall  
Ireland, J. L. Adams  
Filial Duties, J. A. Burt  
The Sea, E. J. Whitney  
Importance of Educating the Young, E. R. Campbell  
Mohammed, J. King  
The World is full of Subjects, A. J. Edwards  
Cheerfulness, R. C. Easton  
Self-reliance the Basis of Renown, S. B. Burt  
Where are Ye with Whom in Life I Started? M. A. Sheldon  
Hope Weaves a tinsel Shroud in Which to Bury Fear, R. Hemphill  
Light Literature, B. F. Arnold

International Exchange, E. Goodrich  
Calumny Spares not the brightest Character, J. Kenyon  
Progress of the Age, L. Cowles  
The Slave Girl, M. S. Green  
O that I had a Thousand a year! A. J. Campbell  
The World is Full of Fools, D. B. Merriman  
Droppings from the Pen, S. L. Norton  
Switzerland, A. Bennett  
The Grave of Alexander, W. M. Hubbard  
Haste, the Character of the Day, S. S. Bayton  
What Makes the Noble? J. L. Martin

July 4th, 1850.

Salutatory, L. Allen  
Democracy, A. J. Brundage  
Progress of Agriculture, J. Porter  
Heroism, D. B. Crandall  
What shall We Aim at? C. W. Langworthy  
Revolutions of Earth, L. R. Burlingame  
Poetry, B. P. Elmer  
Let's Wreath a Wreath of Time's Rare Flowers, J. C. Stickney  
Eden, M. A. Boorn  
Napoleon at Rest, M. J. Brandt  
Perseverance, R. W. Berry  
Philanthropy, P. Miller  
Age of Inventions, A. D. Worden  
Peace and War, L. J. Worden  
Condition and Prospects of the American People, W. A. Fields  
The West, E. Allen  
Self-Education Continues after School Education Ends, M. A. Sheldon  
Where and When I would Die, S. A. Green  
Time Slept on Flowers and Lent his Glass to Hope, S. Maxson  
Pioneers of Kentucky, A. B. Coon  
Moral Wants of the World, A. D. Burdick  
"That Life is Best which Answers Life's great End," A. R. Cornwall  
Cuban and Canadian Annexation, W. Hurd  
"While we Live, Let us Live," A. A. Lewis  
A Mirror in a Deserted Hall, M. R. Conklin  
Gather Rose Buds while You may, A. Stewart  
There is a Voice in every Breeze, E. C. Nicholls  
Progression, M. A. Hatch  
Noon of the Nineteenth Century, G. P. Reynolds  
We Live in a Wide World, E. W. Robertson  
Old Hundred, H. W. Benjamin  
Progress—the Watchword of the Age, B. McConnell  
America, Past and Present, G. N. King  
Angel's Footsteps, A. V. Olin

Written History, E. E. Potter  
Oratory, E. Cook  
Beauties of Nature, H. A. Chase  
Why Ladies should Study Mathematics, A. Le Suer  
Be not Weary of Life's Cares, S. E. Langworthy  
Numina Veterum, G. R. Maxson  
Dramatic Entertainment, W. W. Crandall  
The Progress of Mind in the Discovery of Truth, E. F. Hopper  
Death of Mrs. Judson, L. E. Stillman.  
What can Teach Beauty like Woman's Eye? E. Burdick  
Valedictory, J. Marvin

Decalogue of Fashion, M. P. Chaffee  
Life—It is but an Echo, M. A. Carpenter  
Colporteurs, C. C. Palmer  
There is no such Word as Fail, H. A. Peck  
Pride in Lucre, B. F. Arnold  
What Is to be Will be, C. N. Paine  
Destiny of California, H. Halbert  
Words, L. A. Campbell  
Palestine, S. E. Saunders  
Mountain Land, S. Dorr  
The Crusades, S. A. Dorr  
The Educator, P. B. Carpenter  
"There's a Better Time Coming, Boys—Wait a little Longer," A. Wheeler  
What three Sprites, from Sun, Moon, and Earth, Said and Did, { A. J. Campbell  
M. S. Green  
M. M. Stephens  
E. A. Alexander  
L. M. Graves  
W. W. Crandall  
I. M. Gordon  
Why should we Study? D. L. Freeborn  
Spiritual Freedom, M. F. Cottrell  
Live Yankees, A. M. F. Randolph  
Hard Digging, R. D. Stephens  
Greek Apothems, J. H. L. Jones  
Progress of Christianity, S. E. Langworthy  
Effects of Locality upon National Character, S. M. Gilmore  
No Royal Road to Eminence, G. Anderson  
A Call from the West, O. Allen  
Caesar's Victories and Death, G. W. Bratt  
Make not Poverty's Cup too Bitter, E. C. Wright  
Piety, M. C. Saunders  
Demands upon the American Student, P. W. Calkins  
Independence of Character, J. Carmer  
Elements ever the Same, E. F. Hopper  
A Future Golden Age, A. Le Seur  
Hope on—Hope ever, V. J. Van Doren  
Valedictory, E. Nicholson

July 10th, 1851.

Salutatory Oration, A. M. F. Randolph  
Salutatory Essay—Impressions, S. E. Langworthy

America's Dead, S. M. Gillmore  
A Globule from Nature's Laboratory, T. R. Cross  
The World's Fair, P. Miller



What We seem to Know Demands a longer Knowing,  
L. A. Pickett  
Thy Name, O Life, is Happiness and Hope, L. M. Pickett  
The Responsibilities of American Youth, F. Babcock  
The Student, D. L. Freeborn  
"Light seeking Light doeth Light of Light Beguile,"  
H. A. Burdick  
Mystery, M. E. Wells  
Political Idiosyncracies, J. C. Green  
Success—How Attained, A. D. Burdick  
What Think Ye of Life? M. R. Conklin  
What Think Ye of Death? A. J. Campbell  
Our Vernacular, N. M. Hubbard  
Britain's Last Monarch, S. O. Thacher  
Rome—Past and Present, E. Allen  
Liberty, Equality, Brotherhood, E. C. Wright  
True Eminence, T. R. Williams  
Hungary, L. D. Worden

July 8th, 1852.

Latin Salutatory, D. L. Freeborn  
The Harmony of Nature, W. A. Engle  
Salutatory Essay—You Are Welcome, L. T. Pattengill  
Intellectual Glory, H. A. Sears  
Origin and Progress of Language, W. H. Lewis  
Freedom's Only Hope, L. J. Worden  
The Token of Peace, M. C. McAlmont  
We are going Home, E. Allen  
Agriculture the safest Source of Wealth, A. T. Slaughter  
Power of Habit, J. R. Sypher  
Much Learning Shows how little Mortals Know, E. Potter  
A serious Mind the native Soil of every Virtue, B. A. Williams  
Popular Sympathy, T. D. Thacher  
Youthful Aspirations, J. C. Green  
Pursuit of the Immediate, M. R. Conklin  
They Sleep in the Dust, A. J. Campbell

July 6th, 1853.

Salutatory, J. N. Davidson  
Introductory Essay, H. Canfield  
The Anglo-Saxon, E. Burdick  
The Pacific Railroad, J. Gilmore  
Make the Best of the Powers God has given You, H. M. Stillman  
The Roses of Life Bloom in the Pathway of Truth, E. B. Stelle  
The Science of Aptitudes, J. Black  
The Politician the Index of his Country, E. Wildman  
Pass on the Light, S. A. Brown  
Keep the Spirit Pure, S. A. Weed  
Yankee Land, J. W. Shafer  
The Sciences, E. Smith  
Perseverance more Potent than Genius, D. A. Langworthy  
Point du Jour, A. Campbell  
The West, L. T. Pattengill  
The True Student, J. H. Titworth  
Desire of Reputation, W. L. Dailey

What is the Great Object for which I Live? S. Williams  
Life's gayest Scenes Speak Man's Mortality, B. A. Williams  
Nail your Colors to the Topmast, N. L. Reynolds  
Roman Mythology, D. J. Pettibone  
German Metaphysics, E. Bartholomew  
Primitive Simplicity, M. A. Hatch  
The Kind of Men We Want, T. D. Thacher  
Scientia pro Philosophia Falsitia, J. H. L. Jones  
Science a Stepping-stone to Happiness, S. Dorr  
Mighty Works and Mighty Minds, L. M. Graves  
The Intellectual Spirit of America, O. Allen  
"The Genius Kindled for the Skies Lights the World as it Soars," A. R. Cornwall  
"To Be or not to Be! That is the Question," L. Allen  
I Will, C. R. Burdick  
Valedictory Essay—The Last Three years, E. E. Potter  
Valedictory Oration, G. Anderson

Educational Reform, A. A. Lewis  
The next Twenty Years in the Political World, A. D. Burdick  
The Deluge, K. M. Green  
The Death of Beggars and of Princes, H. A. Burdick  
Decision of Character the Demand of our Age, G. Miller  
The Philosophers of Greece, T. R. Williams  
Literature the Criterion of National Character, L. A. Pickett  
La France une étoile Brillante dans le Firmament Intellectuel de l'Europe, L. M. Pickett  
The Law of God, L. M. Cottrell  
Truth, J. L. Martin  
Unuttered Prayers, J. E. Wormley  
The Almighty Dollar, E. Nicholson  
Valedictory Essay—"It is Finished," M. E. Wells  
Valedictory Oration, S. O. Thacher

The Mission of Song, W. H. Lewis  
The Uses of Adversity, A. Whitford  
Airy Thoughts, M. A. Dake  
We Rise in Glory as We Sink in Pride, H. Sherman  
The World is still Deceived by Ornament, W. A. Engle  
America, M. J. Stillman  
Is there no Remedy? L. J. Worden  
We are What we Pay the Price for Being, M. D. Wilson  
Borrowed Plumes, J. E. Wormley  
Practical Idiosyncracies, L. R. Burlingame  
Agitation Essential to Reform, W. A. Rogers  
Licet Illis Liberari, J. E. Wilson  
Socrates, E. M. Dunn  
Home, L. C. Rogers  
Closing Essay, S. E. Saunders  
Valedictory, D. L. Freeborn

July 5th, 1854.

Salutatory Oration, J. H. Van Allen  
Salutatory Essay, H. E. Clarke  
Origin and Progress of America, S. G. Nye  
Energy of Purpose, J. H. Walbridge  
March of Intellect, M. J. Power  
The Kingdom of the Mind, S. A. Dickenson  
The Power of Exertion, D. F. Stillman  
Principles of American Confederacy, J. W. McNeil  
Peasantry of Europe, J. B. Cassidy  
Elements of Character, A. W. Crandall  
The Maine Law, E. Burdick  
Life's Heavenly Artist, C. A. Vincent  
The Age of Grecian Philosophy, C. A. Thompson  
The Rights and Wrongs of the Medical Profession, C. A. Babcock  
Advantages of a Love of Literature in early Life, A. M. Dunn  
Duty of American Youth, T. E. Stillman  
Keys—What They Unlock, L. M. McQueen

July 4th, 1855.

Salutatory Oration, J. R. Armstrong  
Salutatory Essay—Martin Luther, I. F. Sallan  
Declaration of Independence, H. E. Johns  
Excelsior, J. W. Gillette  
Beauty, H. E. Scott  
Spirit of the Nineteenth Century, R. T. Baker  
The Immutability of Right, B. H. Brasted  
Historia, Y. P. Carreno  
Dignity of Labor, E. Wright  
The Lower Deep, M. A. Seely  
Difficulties Opposed to the Scholar, H. S. Almy  
Progress and Claims of the Republic, S. A. Holt  
Accomplish your Destiny, C. A. Babcock  
Die Vortheile der Freundschaft, S. A. Dickenson  
King Alcohol, W. V. Perry  
New England, S. R. Maxson  
The Student's Mission, J. Stillman

July 2d, 1856.

Salutatory Oration, W. L. Clarke  
Salutatory Essay, E. M. Stillman  
The Governing Purpose, A. M. Richmond  
Antagonisms, S. R. Thayer  
Honesty in Politics, A. C. Hopkins  
Don't Stand Idle, E. C. Stangland  
Life itself is a School, M. E. Davis  
Where Music Dwells, J. E. Jennings  
Avarice, the Ruling Passion of the Age, T. Vincent  
American Diabolism, C. L. Brundage  
Books, L. P. Cooper  
Self-reliance, L. L. Thacher  
Cause and Effect, G. B. Seaman  
Political Knaves and Political Heroes, A. Wheeler  
Our Affectional Nature, A. O. Edwards

Influence of Nature on Man, V. J. Brimmer  
Commencement Associations, A. W. Titworth  
The Demand of the Present Age, F. Babcock  
Theory of Life, J. N. Davidson  
The Bible, E. B. Stelle  
Commerce, L. H. Pattengill  
Anniversary Life Scenes, J. H. Titworth  
Let the Heart be Beautiful, M. J. Langworthy  
A glimpse through Time's Telescope, J. A. Porter  
Conscience and Civil Law, D. A. Langworthy  
Spirit Longings, E. E. Kenyon  
La Jerusalem, P. K. Havens  
Mythology, H. Canfield  
Eloquentia Ciceronis dum Rexit, J. Black  
The Harp of a Thousand Strings, S. A. Weed  
Little Children—the Flowers and Poetry of Earth, H. E. Stillman  
The Fine Arts, G. W. Maxson  
Memorials, C. A. Alward  
Valedictory Essay, A. Campbell  
Valedictory Oration, T. D. Thacher

The World's Mirror, R. Dennis  
Something New, L. F. McQueen  
Head and Heart, J. A. Staunton  
Homeros, D. F. Stillman  
Free Schools, E. Burdick  
Power of Association, J. H. Walbridge  
Earth and Heaven, J. H. Van Allen  
Earth's Pilgrims, M. A. Fenner  
La Rogaute, C. Beard  
Europe, Present and Future, A. W. Crandall  
Knownothingism, D. D. McGibeny  
Learning and Religion, T. E. Stillman  
Prepare for the Conflict, S. G. Nye  
"The Combat Deepens, on Ye Brave," D. B. Maxson  
Heroism—False and True, H. M. Thomas  
Creation's God, S. A. Brown  
The Rich and the Poor, J. B. Cassidy  
Valedictory Essay, J. A. Maxson  
Valedictory Oration, J. W. McNeil

The Ruins of Time, M. L. Edwards  
Men Nothing—Principles Everything, E. J. Rogers  
Oratio Latina, A. R. Wightman  
Every One a Debtor to His Profession, M. A. Buckley  
Mein Vaterland, I. F. Sallan  
Obsequies of Napoleon, R. T. Baker  
Act well Your Part, F. M. Bassett  
Relations of Woman to Christianity, J. J. Jacobs  
Knowledge is Power, H. E. Scott  
The Empire of Thought, R. Dennis  
Tendency better than Genius, J. R. Sypher  
Moral Polarity, J. M. Allen  
Emotions of the Sublime, J. A. Brown

Points of Departure, R. J. Titworth	Palestine, W. H. Rogers
Des Charmes de la Poesie, E. Goodspeed	Conservatism in Education, D. D. Waldo
Labor and Wait, W. P. Willis	National Proclivities, H. C. Johns
Constitutional Conservatism, D. Beach	The Light of Life, C. A. Vincent
Enthusiasm, J. Stillman	Valedictory Essay, J. M. Campbell
	Valedictory Oration, S. M. Thorp

# The Alfred Student.

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## IF.

The difference between a successful and a non-successful individual is this: the one, after he has ascertained what he is best adapted to do or be, says, "I will," and carries it out in actual life. The other says, "Perhaps I will, if circumstances are favorable," and perhaps he carries his purpose into execution. The Spartans scorned an *if*. At one time, having received a threatening letter from Philip of Macedon, in which he said, "If I enter your territory, I will destroy every thing with fire and sword." They replied to the long missive in the most bold, concise manner, sending back the single word "if." Such "whipcord" individuals are the conquerors; for success is no coy spirit, which must ever elude the grasp of the majority of mankind, but a reality that all may touch. Yet it should be held in mind that what is success to one may be utter failure to another; for God has fitted some to be kings, because great offices demand great men. To lawyers, he has given sense, keen, subtle, sharp and farsighted; to judges, dignity; to the mechanic, genius for his work; to the ambitious mind, a thirst for glory, and to the unambitious mind, content. In short, God gives to us the temper and taste that fit us for the niches we are to fill; but mind, he does not lift us to our respective places without an effort on our part. The soil is ours, the golden seed supplied, and we must do the work.

One of the most potent elements of success is the assimilation of life-work, making it a part of one's being by knitting it to self, as the souls of kindred spirits are united. There is no individual, however humble, however obscure, but can

succeed if he gets on the right track and sticks there. Of course, there are abnormal growths, persons whose greatest pleasure is to fail, and attribute it to Providence; persons who are ever straining the mind to err and the taste to own nothing good or beautiful, and who thus feed on poison, of their own manufacture, lose their vitality; but these are the exceptional. Those who are universal failures are the putty men and women. Those who are a success, are of the stubborn stuff that defies "if."

## SUCCESSFUL LIVING.

In proportion as individual lives joint into the divine plan and move on with the outflowing providences, shaping human destinies, and attuned to the rythm of the universe, thus filling out the divine purpose in those lives, in that proportion will they become significant and crowned with true glory. Each one's mission is to be found, not by spinning it, spider like, out of one's brain, but by searching diligently for the divine purpose, which is revealed in the bent, aptency, or taste implanted in each nature. Preparation should seek out and wait upon original bent, and professional pursuits or callings should wait on both, not the profession arbitrarily determined first, then taste and culture all narrowed down and forced in that direction. Culture should ever strive, not to develop or produce what is scientifically known as arrested development, by educating away from these bents, but, rather, to strengthen them. All other faculties may be developed harmoniously, symmetrically, but subordinately. Moving against these, human effort is as water spilled upon the ground. Moving with the powers and purposes of God, each one becomes an host, moving against them, but as dust beneath the flaming wheels of his chariots. As in the physical world, bodies moving against the great and pervasive law of gravity, have to be toilsomely lifted as dead weights; but when loosed from the grapple of the push, how noiselessly, yet with ever increasing celerity, it rushes earthward on its mission, because moving with universal laws. All their subtle influences stir and thrill each minutest atom, giving them ever increasing velocity and momentum. All individuals, organizations, or institutions moving against absolute and eternal spiritual laws, are a dead mass; but moving with them, what ever-accelerating energy and increasing power do they display! Emerson says, "Hitch your wagon to a star, and all the forces of the universe will assist in drawing it, will become its steeds." A life hitched thus to great principles upon which human progress depends, will find itself moving on easily and grandly. Such lives can never be mere flood-wood, drifting sluggishly into the eddies and pools, ignobly rotting among the dead things of the past, nor deadheading it at the world's expense, nor wafted along by the popular breeze, but rather riding lifesomely upon the crested, combing wave of the highest tide of human progress, sailing well ahead of the great human flotilla. The universal human spontaneities, in their highest

and noblest manifestations, represent these helpful forces. These are the divine speaking through the human. Again, the noblest lives, move not only in harmony with the great human impulses, but move likewise on the advance tide of human progress; who will ride in none of the old vehicles, though they have run a hundred years, wanting a day, without breaking down; but, rather, Elijah-like, go up into the chariots of God, as they flash along the highways of Providence, up the steep acclivities of human progress far above the graves of the dead past. With thus the divine providence as the guide, the divine patience will uphold as it has upheld all those who have gone up to the world's spiritual thrones. Though their own age reviled, future generations have ever enthroned them. All such persecutions have been a culture, preparatory to the fruitions of the divine beatitudes.

## At Home.

### THE SPRING TERM.

The Spring Term is passing quietly and favorably. The weather has not been such as to favor botanical, geological, or zoological excursions, but we expect to see, before long, the students of these sciences out in search of specimens. Spring is the most favorable time of the year for naturalists, and the hills and valleys of this vicinity are yearly tramped over by students in search of flowers, fossils, insects, birds, etc. Thus pleasant and healthful exercise is combined with the pursuit of knowledge. The proprietors of flower beds in the Park spend many pleasant moments there, especially as the "unpermitted association act" is not enforced during the time devoted to the cultivation of flowers. Base ball players also find the Spring Term best suited to their favorite game. But with these advantages there are some drawbacks; the Lyceums are often too much neglected. Many of the older students have their time so fully occupied in preparing for Anniversary that they can not devote as much time as usual to the ordinary sessions of the societies. As the evenings grow shorter, the time for Lyceum work seems to be diminished in a corresponding ratio. Lover's Lane, Smoker's Seat, and summer evening walks and talks keep not a few from their places in the societies' rooms. These general statements indicate the prospect for the present term, but we would be glad to see it made an exception in attendance and interest in the Lyceums. This could be done by a little effort on the part of some who need the culture which they would thus gain.

THE PARK FOUNTAIN has been playing for a week. Here's a welcome for its lesson of tireless energy, for its ever-changing lines of beauty, its wealth of pearls sparkling in the sun, and its refreshing spray. Won't some one please write a poem "to the fountain?"

A GERMAN, visiting his friend, walked out into the garden and enjoyed himself, as thus described:

"Vell, I walks shust a little while roundt, ven I sees some of dose dermarters, vot vos so red und nice as I nefer dit see any more, und I dinks I vill eat about a gouple a tozen shust to geef me a liddle abberdite vor dinner. So I bull off von of der reddest und pest-lookin' of dose dermarters und dakes a pooty good pite out of dot, und vos chewing up pretty quick, when, as drue as mine life, I dort I hat a piece of red-hot goals in mine mout, or vos chewing oup dwo or dree bapers of needles! und I velt so pad already dot mines eyes vas vool of tears; und I mate vor an' "olt oaken bucket" vot I seen hangin' in der well as I vas goomin' along. Shust den mine friend Pfeiffer game oup, und ask me vot made me veel so pad, und if any of mine family vas dead. I dold him dot I vos der only von of der vamily dot vas pooty sick; und den I ask him vot kind of dermarter dose vas vot I hat shust peen bicking; und, mine cracious! how dot landsman laughed, und said dot dose vas *red beppers*, dot he vas raisin' for bepper-sauce. You may pelieve I vas mat. I radder you geef me feefty tollars as to eat some more of dose bepper-sauce dermarters."

ÆSTHETICAL.—For several days, past numerous children and people of maturer years have been industriously circulating subscription papers about town, raising funds for the purchase of shade and ornamental trees for the University grounds, and shortly a day will be set apart for tree planting and general beautifying. This is well. We are glad to see that a general interest is manifested in this matter, and shall look for valuable net results. We are already enjoying the benefits of the labors of love of past years, and are willing to pass them on with interest to coming generations. We have thought how pleasant it would be if citizens, as well as students and teachers, should catch the inspiration, and have a general brushing up about their homes and places of business. We see no beauty in wood piles, ash heaps, hay racks, old barrels and boxes anywhere, and we think that they look worse in the streets and front yards than almost anywhere else. Citizens, why not observe "Tree Day" by beautifying your own homes and streets?

COMMENCEMENT.—We hoped to be able to give, in this issue of the STUDENT, a programme of the coming Commencement Exercises, but as there is still some uncertainty as to some of the proposed exercises, we are obliged to wait until the next issue. We can only record in a general way, that Monday, of Commencement Week, July 3d, is given for joint sessions of the ladies' and gentlemen's literary societies. On Tuesday, July 4th, day and evening, the Centennial of American Independence, and the Fortieth Anniversary of Alfred University will be celebrated. The speakers for this day will be mostly old students and friends of the Institution from abroad, invited by the Societies and Faculty. On Wednesday, the usual Commencement Exercises will be held. A great time is expected.

DOM PEDRO passed through Alfred without stopping. What a shame!



OUR HOTEL.—The Burdick House shines forth with a lustre worthy of a May morning. It has lately been renovated throughout, and its snow-white walls, its scrupulously clean floors, its newly painted and varnished wainscotings, its added conveniences, speak very plainly of entertainment and comfort for the wayfarer. No village of its size in the country possesses a more creditable hotel than Alfred Centre. Stephen C. and Judson each bear proportions and possess energies suitable for a landlord, and we shall be mistaken if the popularity of the house shall not be greatly increased. The commodious carriage of the hotel meets all passenger trains. W. I. Newitt is porter.

APRIL bade us farewell in a manner that would have been appropriate for February. On the 30th, snow was whirling through the air most of the day, and whitened the hills till they presented a genuine wintry aspect. When night set in, it was snowing, blowing, and freezing as though spring was far in the future.

T. WAYLAND WILLIAMS is doing a thrifty business in the manufacture of shirts. This branch of industry is one especially adapted for a community like ours, and we shall be glad to see it thrive. E. A. Johnson, lately of Scio, officiates at the cutting board.

THE question has been asked, Why do some of our merchants, who are otherwise enterprising and public spirited, allow the sidewalks about their stores to be partially blocked up with boxes, barrels, etc.? Our reply is, We don't know.

BESIDES the usual classes in elocution, there has been organized, this term, a class in pulpit elocution. It includes about a dozen members. Their text book is Russel's "Pulpit Elocution."

A. B. SHERMAN is carrying on a branch cheese-box factory at Whitesville, N. Y. J. S. Kenyon and William Satterlee are managing the manufacturing department of the home factory.

A YOUNG MAN of this village has been greatly puzzled to know why a young lady smoked the envelope in which she inclosed a communication to him a short time since.

THE time for transplanting trees is at hand, and preparations are being made for our annual Tree Day. It is proposed to set out trees around the gymnasium this year.

THOMAS B. TITSWORTH is at present engaged with Potter & Stephens. We hope he may find it for his interest to settle permanently in this place.

THE class in old English literature is reading "Piers the Plowman." Last term, it read selections from Chaucer.

WE are sorry to see Sammy, Lant, and other little boys, taking the first steps in gambling. Playing marbles is all right, but don't play for "keeps."

HOP-SCOTCH is now the rage. It engages the undivided attention of all such *small boys* as Walie, Rogie, Dannie, and the rest of the "kids."

PROF. E. P. LARKIN has returned from his Winter expedition in Florida with a rich accumulation of specimens for the Cabinet.

ISAAC M. LANGWORTHY and family have returned from Westerly, R. I. Isaac has engaged in farming with Thomas J. Place.

ELD. N. V. HULL has just entered upon the 30th year of his pastorate of the First Seventh-day Baptist church of Alfred.

ORTHELLO S. POTTER and Charles Stephens have leased the sash, blind, and door factory of Eaton & Whitford.

THE grass and buds are beginning to start, and Lover's Lane will soon be as pleasant and attractive as ever.

AN opponent of capital punishment declares that it is a crime that ought to be punishable by death.

MRS. LUKE GREEN and Miss Selinda I. Green are preparing to visit friends in the east.

JOHN F. LANGWORTHY is a fond parent of a son.

THE number of students enrolled this term is 146.

AND now foot-ball and "bloody shins."

## Alumni Notes.

[Information concerning this department will be received with pleasure.]

### ALUMNI.

'44. Dea. A. Clark Burdick is a carpenter in Alfred Centre.

'50. Louisa A. Stillman *Ellis* resides at Alfred Centre.

'51. Rev. Dr. Galusha Anderson preached his farewell sermon as pastor of the Strong Place Baptist church, Brooklyn, April 30th. He reviewed the work of his pastorate, which was begun two years and seven months ago. He had baptized 138 persons since he began work in Brooklyn. The statistics which he presented showed that in the month that Moody and Sankey were in Brooklyn, and in the succeeding month, he had baptized only three persons. He

had doubts of only two of his converts. A parting hymn, composed for the occasion, was sung after the sermon. Dr. Anderson goes to the First Baptist church in Chicago, the largest Baptist church in America.—*N. Y. Sun.*

'51. Sarah A. Langworthy *Taylor* resides in New York City.

'53. Myra A. McAlmont *Warner* is Professor of the Mathematical department in the Female College of Little Rock, Ark.

'54. Rev. G. W. Maxson is a Presbyterian minister at Talboton, Talboton Co., Georgia.

'56. Prof. A. R. Wightman is Principal of a graded school in Plattsmouth, Neb.

'57. Euphemia Potter *Crandall* resides in Andover, N. Y.

'60. Lucetta Coon *Hunting* resides in Pardee, Kan.

'63. Prof. D. H. Pingrey proposes to remain in Philadelphia during the Centennial Exhibition, and to furnish correspondence for country newspapers.

'64. Ahira J. Crandall and wife have been spending some months at Phillips Creek, N. Y.

#### OLD STUDENTS.

'37-'38. Matthew Green is a cabinet maker in Little Genesee, N. Y.

'37-'38. Matthew Maxson is mining in Downerville, Cal.

'40-'41. Cordelia Hart *Hartshorn* resides in Hornellsville, N. Y.

'41-'42. J. Chandler Green is a merchant in Alfred Centre.

'41-'42. Julia Basset *Chrisman* resides in Walton, Delaware Co., N. Y.

'43-'44. Thos. H. Green is a farmer in Little Genesee, N. Y.

'46-'47. P. W. Bell has been connected with the coast survey in Colado, Bell Co., Texas, for nearly twenty years.

'49-'50. Milton R. Maxson is a merchant in Hornellsville, N. Y.

'51-'52. Fred. M. Sheldon, of Hornellsville, has been appointed, by Henry Bergh, President of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, as agent for Hornellsville and vicinity.

'52-'53. T. Scott Thacher has been ordained an elder in the Presbyterian church of Hornellsville.

'53-'54. Gen. T. J. Thorpe has secured the adoption, by the Legislature of California, of the text books of A. S. Barnes & Co., for use in all the schools of the State.

'55-'56. Mark Sheppard is studying medicine with Dr. H. P. Saunders.

'61-'62. Lavinia Sinnette *Coon* is an artist in Little Genesee, N. Y.

'61-'62. Nellie Burdick *Remington* resides in Alfred Centre.

'62-'63. C. G. Hubbard, M. D., has established himself permanently at Hornellsville, N. Y. He makes treatment of the eye and ear a specialty.

'62-'63. Mary F. Willson *Combs* resides in New Albany, Indiana.

'65-'66. Rev. Lewis F. Randolph has returned to his old home at New Salem, W. Va.

'66-'67. Hon. J. E. B. Santee is receiving numerous endorsements from the press as an able and faithful legislator.

'66-'67. Hiram Willson is connected with the Canestoga Cork Works, Lancaster, Pa.

'66-'67. We notice that Miss Nettie Potter lately presented a paper before the Women's Sabbath Tract Society of Plainfield, N. J.

'68-'69. H. Adrian Burdick is studying law at Friendship, N. Y.

'72-'73. H. C. Ledyard is a dentist in San Jose, Cal.

'74-'75. George E. Cotton has established himself at No. 1856 North 21st Street, Philadelphia, where he proposes to entertain his friends who visit the Centennial. (See advertisement.) We doubt not that George "knows how to keep a hotel."

Below are the names of some who are leaving us, to teach in the following places during the summer: Jennie Saunders, in Fremont, Steuben Co., N. Y.; Jennie Whitemore, in Bolivar, Allegany Co., N. Y.; Lavinia Williams, at Five Corners; Velma Crandall, at Squintville; and Corinne Stillman, in West Clarksville, Allegany Co., N. Y.

#### MARRIED,

VARS—PALMER—In Westerly, R. I., April 12th, 1876, by Rev. Geo. E. Tomlinson, Mr. Enoch W. Vars, of Niantic, and Miss Minnie E. Palmer, of Alfred Centre, N. Y.

## The College World.

#### OUR EXCHANGES.

The subject of "Honor Examinations" is having a thorough discussion in the college papers, and we had thought of noticing it. But the fear lest the subject would be so entirely unintelligible to our own students—and faculty—that the whole would be taken for a "big joke," has almost deterred us. There are many reasons urged in support of both sides of this question, which need careful consideration. We do not intend to notice these at present, but simply wish to raise the question whether it would not be well to adopt some more thorough, systematic method of examining and marking in our own school.

The *Bates Student* has several good articles, among which is one on "Morals of Literature," and another on "Politics." The feeling has become general that nearly all public men, especially government officials, are corrupt, and that proof is only needed for the exposure. We heartily sympathize with the writer when he says: "It would indeed be refreshing to hear our legislative branch of the government spoken of as Mr. Madison spoke of the men who composed the Convention of 1787: 'I feel it my duty to express my profound and solemn conviction, derived from my intimate opportunity of observing and appreciating the views of the Conven-

tion, collectively and individually, that there never was an assembly of men charged with a great and arduous task, who were more pure in their motives, or more exclusively or anxiously devoted to the object committed to them, than were the members of the Federal Convention of 1787, to the object of devising and proposing a constitutional system which should best supply the defects of that which it was to replace, and best secure the permanent liberty and happiness of their country."

The *Brunonian* also runs in a like channel, and says: "One can hardly take up a newspaper of any kind without reading of some bank defaulter or of some government officer who has enriched himself with the nation's funds. If the present state of political affairs is long to continue, if the corruption which has made the names of some of our public men the synonyms for deceit, perjury, and robbery, is to be unheeded and unchecked, the 'glorious future of our republic,' so often the theme of Fourth of July orators, will be an example of *nominalism* in the extreme. But it is in vain that we look back to our defeat, unless it urge us on to view efforts for the future; and as every true American, to whom the welfare of his country is a matter of grave importance, seeks an answer to the question, 'how shall we meet the exigencies of the day?' we answer, 'train up the youth to be true and noble men, who shall scorn a lie, and despise bribes of gold or office, and boldly dare to do right, let what will come. The hope of America to-day is in her young men. If these fail her, other than earthly power must interpose, and that right-speedily.'"

"The Duty of our Colleges," is the caption of an article in the *Trinity Tablet*, in which the author says "the object of every institution ought to be to instill principles of truth and justice into the mind of those they profess to educate." If our colleges had always lived up to this, and sent out men into the world to mould public opinion on the side of honesty, justice, and purity, we might boast to-day of a country free from fraud and corruption. But alas!

The *Brookfield Courier* is the name of a 32-column newspaper published at Brookfield, Madison Co., N. Y., by Spooner & Mungor, the latter a graduate of '75, and late Local Editor of the *STUDENT*. The paper coming just as we go to press, we will defer further notice. Success!

The *Sanitarian* for May comes to our sanctum filled with articles of instruction on questions of vital importance.

EDUCATION OF WOMEN.—Chancellor Eliot, of Washington University, St. Louis, says concerning the education of women: "To speak from our own very limited experience, I can most confidently say that it has thus far developed no insuperable difficulty to the admission of young women, when properly prepared, to the regular classes either of college or scientific or law school. We have observed no indications of intellectual inferiority, of divided attention, of careless habits of study, of inability to meet all reasonable requirements of a strict curriculum. There was a time when I should have hesitated to say this; but my skepticism has de-

parted, and my only fear now is that very few young women can be so inspired with the love of learning as to desire the highest education, or who are so fortunately situated as to have the opportunity and choice given to them."

### CLIPPINGS.

The trustees of Girard College, Philadelphia, have decided to erect a handsome new marble building on the college grounds, so that the institution will altogether accommodate 800 pupils. The family system is to be tried in the new building, the boys to be formed into divisions of thirty, each under the care of a "house mother," assisted by a teacher, a seamstress, and two servants. If the experiment proves successful, it is to be extended to the whole institution.

A gentleman of Rochester, who does not want his name known, has expressed his purpose of giving to the University of Virginia a cabinet of minerals worth \$25,000, and \$15,000 with which to erect a building for the exhibition and use of the collection, on condition that a fund of \$12,000 is provided for its preparation and care. The University was lately voted \$30,000 by the State.

The Yale faculty is talking of having only two terms a year—the first term to last from September to about Christmas, followed by three weeks' vacation; the second term to last until June, with a recess of a week, without examinations at Easter. Harvard has had only two terms for many years, and the same plan was adopted at Dartmouth three or four years ago.

The college of Liberal Arts of Boston University is now able to employ an additional professor. Nearly \$70,000 have been subscribed for the University, to be used when \$100,000 is reached. Five or six bequests have been received during the present year, none of which have been less than \$1,000.

Mr. Spurgeon stated, at a recent meeting of the pastor's college connected with his tabernacle, that the institution began twenty years ago with one student, and that since that time 350 students have been educated who are now preaching.

After many attempts, the students at Princeton have at last obtained the consent of the faculty to establish a college newspaper. It is to be published every two weeks, in addition to the other college publications.

Dr. S. W. Williams of Utica, N. Y., for many years the Secretary to the American Legation in China, has accepted the professorship of the Chinese Language and Literature, recently established at Yale College.—*Ex.*

"He lives in Hackensack, N. J., he is one hundred years old, he is going to the Centennial—and his name is Lettus Steele.—*School Bulletin*. He ought to have gone to Congress.

A Senior, being reproached for being smaller than his lady, quickly remarked: "Man is a little lower than the angels."—*University Magazine*.

The University of Berlin has four hundred distinct lecture courses.—*Ex.*

Thomas gave one of his garden concerts last evening—it was in our back yard. His soul is now making music in a warmer clime—you see it took him in the eye.—*Dartmouth.*

"Go out, young man; *she's* not here!" said a Pennsylvania preacher last Sunday, in the midst of his sermon, to a youth whom he saw standing hesitatingly in the doorway.

An Alumnus writes to his friend that he has lately taken a young lady to a dance who has "the light fantastic toe" on her head as well as on her feet.—*Bowdoin Orient.*

A Senior, who has a few ideas on the subject, says the way Paul came to be an Apostle, was that he was elected to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Judas.—*Argus.*

A Seminarian, in quoting Scripture in favor of marriage, got sadly mixed: "Therefore shall a man leave his father and mother and cleave to the roof of his mouth."

The Faculty at Harvard have voted to charge each conditioned student three dollars for every examination after the first.—*Ex.*

Dr. John Hall uttered this golden sentiment in one of his Yale lectures: "The best way for a man to get out of a lowly position is to be conspicuously effective in it."

The graduating class at the Troy Female Seminary reflects credit on the institution. It consists of six beautiful and intelligent young ladies.

Oxford University is one thousand years old, and rejoices in an annual income of one million dollars, and a library of five hundred and twenty thousand volumes.

The fair ones at Wells College have organized a boat club. Harvard and Yale may now stand aside; their day is past.

The Royal Academy has elected the Right Hon. Mr. Gladstone, Professor of Ancient History.—*Ex.*

Denison College adopts slate as the University color.

'78, of Trinity, is to have a class dance.

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