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Rochester, N.Y. Free Academy

Vol. 1. No. 1. ROCHESTER, N. Y., Monday, Sept. 26. '81. 50 Cts a Year.

JAMES A. GARFIELD.Born in Orange, Ohio, November, 19,
1831.*Died at Long Branch, New Jersey,
September, 19 1881.*

There is much in the story of our martyr president's life to excite the sympathy, kindle the admiration, and appeal to the pride of the young and the old alike, who enjoy the possibilities, and exult in the dignity of American citizenship. In 1840, an orphan left to struggle for himself and others and receive a hard earned pittance on a farm; in 1847, supporting himself and his widowed mother by "driving team" on the canal and bravely enduring the hardships and drudgery of a canal boatman's experience; in 1849, a zealous, hard-working student at an academy; in 1850, a teacher of a country school, earning means to push forward his ambitious purpose to become an educated man; in 1854, an earnest, tireless student at college; in 1858, a graduate, bearing the honors of his class and manfully struggling to satisfy the debts incurred in educating himself; in 1859, President of Hiram College, Ohio, and state senator; in 1861, colonel of a Union regiment and commander of a brigade driving forward with resistless energy into eastern Kentucky and routing the rebel general, Humphrey Marshall; in 1862, a brigadier-general and then a major-general for gallantry in action and important services on

the field of battle; in 1863, chief of staff of the Army of the Cumberland and the trusted adviser of Rosecrans and the peerless chief-tain Geo. H. Thomas; elected the same year to fill the seat made illustrious by Joshua R. Giddings; ree'cted in 1864, in 1866, in 1868, in 1870, in 1872, in 1874, in 1876, in 1878, and during all that time an acknowledged leader in congress; in January, 1880, elected United States senator, and in June of the same year, nominated President by the party whose principles he had with distinguished ability, vindicated on the floor of congress, on the rostrum, and on the battle field; elected President of the United States on the 2nd of November last; inaugurated on the 4th of March, with imposing ceremonies, in the presence of the representatives of the people from all parts of the republic, surrounded by the members of his family among whom sat his aged mother; foully assassinated July 2nd, by one Guiteau; died after eighty days of suffering, dearly beloved and deeply mourned by the people of every land and every tongue.

Such, in brief, is the outline of the extraordinary career of him whose remains a sorrowing nation entombs in Lake View Cemetery, Cleveland, Ohio, to-day.

Pure and courageous as a boy, ambitious and self-reliant as a man, aggressive, even tempered, and upright as legislator and leader in Congress, holding fast through life, every friend of his youth, his manhood, and his riper years, keeping in affectionate embrace every comrade of the war, and commanding, at all times, the esteem of men of every

LIBRARY

creed, political or religious, James A. Garfield dies more widely and sincerely lamented than any other man of this century.

His life marked by hard and unremitting toil, distinguished for faithfulness to duty, and crowned with true success, will serve, in all future time, to every poor boy in America, as an incentive to virtuous endeavor.

School Societies.

H. S. CARLETON.

One of the greatest privileges enjoyed by any man is the right of freely expressing his thoughts; and every citizen of the United States knows that he has that privilege. knows that no man has the right to restrain him in the free exercise of it, knows that he may step forth and address directly and indirectly his ten million, more or less of fellow citizens.

Yet how few seem to realize the magnitude of this privilege, how few avail themselves of it.

Every educated American has opinions of his own concerning the great political questions of the day, yet if they are expressed at all, it is probably to a few of his intimate friends, not from the speakers platform to the whole nation.

And this results mainly from a want of confidence in his own powers, or from the the knowledge that his powers are latent, and that he is now to far advanced in life to commence their development.

It is to remedy this evil that school debating societies have been formed.

They commence with the pupil at an early age when he is most susceptible to impressions from without.

Opening the debate by a speech for whose preparation he has had, perhaps, a week's time gives him practice in speeches similar to those carefully studied orations which have given their producers such power in our legislative bodies.

Following this prepared speech there are his opponents arguments to be answered, and this gives excellent practice in extemporaneous speaking, more useful perhaps, because more often used than the studied oration.

It also produces that quickness and retentiveness of mind, which is the key to success in every occupation.

Nothing else, probably, confuses a young speaker as much as being tripped up in debate by rules of order, having his train of thoughts broken by some wary antagonist, who is only too eager to find him violating some of the established rules.

But this is never seen in a young man who has had sufficient training in the school society, for all the best of these societies strictly enforce every parliamentary rule.

A young man with great natural ability is elected, perhaps by means of influential friends, who think that his genius will in time place him among the most eminent of the nation, to a seat in one of our legislature halls; he makes his first speech; what can we expect?

He has previously had no training in that kind of work, he has little confidence in himself, and his first effort in speech-making is a failure; discouraged he never again, probably, makes a similar attempt, and the eminence to which his ability might have lead him, is lost, for the want of a little early training.

Having disappointed his friends in his first term, he is never again a candidate for a high office.

But disregarding after life results, the school society is the best assistant of the teacher of elocution in existence. This is seen by the difference in the speaking of the pupils in the public exercises of those schools which have a prominent society, and those which have not. Yet some teachers try to suppress these societies by every means in their power. But the time



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is not far distant when all the teachers will be ex-members of some society of this class, for there is hardly a pupil in our colleges at the present day who does not belong to one of them.

Miscellany.

—The National Library in Paris contains 2,978,000 volumes, more than twice the number in the British Museum. Austria leads all other European countries in the number of its public libraries, which contain 5,475,198 volumes, divided among 577 libraries.

—The earliest printing press, to which both a date and a locality can be assigned, was used near Groen-en-dael in the forest of Soignies, in the province of Brabant, before the year 1440. It is quite possible that further investigations may reveal to us the existence of other centers of printing activity at dates considerably earlier.

—These are the ways in which the London papers severally spell Shakespeare's name: Shakespeare—Times, Standard, Daily News, Telegraph, Morning Advertiser, Globe, Echo, Era, Spectator, Graphic, Guardian, Rock, Christian World, Queen, Land, &c.; Shakspeare—Daily Chronicle, Punch, Athenæum, Saturday Review, Builder, Illustrated London News; Shaksper—Morning Post, Church Times, Reynold's, Lloyd's Weekly.

—THE CELTO-IBERIAN RACE—Excavations recently made in several parts of the world have brought to light the remote antiquity of the Celto-Iberian race, replete with ancient skill in the arts, trades and commerce of an ingenious people, represented by Phœnicians, Carthaginians, Egyptians and others. They colonized Ireland, Britain, Scotland, Italy, Africa, Gaul, Spain, Portugal, Helvetia, Bavaria, Illyria, and Boheima. In war they carried the terror of

their arrow into Southern Europe and the distant Asia. They traded with South America, Africa, the isles of the ocean, China, India and Japan, leaving indelible traces of their civilization, etc.

—The sale of the Sunderland Library, London, which was postponed, has been fixed for Dec. 1, 1881. The library was formed during the reign of Queen Anne and George I., and consists of 30,000 volumes. It is celebrated for its early editions of the Greek and Latin classics, and includes also rare editions of the great Italian authors, a collection of early printed Bibles in various languages, including a copy on vellum of the first Latin Bible with a date; a number of early printed and rare French chronicles and memoirs, books of prints, and a few ancient manuscripts. Some of the books are printed on vellum, and many are fine large paper copies, chiefly in fine old morocco binding.

—“Shakespeare,” says The Academy, “was counted one of the ‘meane’ or humble folk in 1604, when his full Hamlet was first published. His company is thus noticed by his contemporary, Gilbert Dugdale, when speaking of the honors conferred by James I. on the English:—‘Not only to the indifferent of worth and the worthy of honor [nobles and gentry] did he [the King] freely deale about thiese causes, but to the meane gsvē grace; as taking to him the late Lord Chamberlaines Servants [Burbage, Shakespeare, etc.], now the Kings Acters; the Queene taking to her the Earle of Worster's servants that are now her Acters; the prince their Sonne, Henry, Prince of Wales. full of hope, tooke to him the Earle of Nottingham his servants, who are now his Acters; so that, of Lord Servants they are now the Servants of the King, Queene, and Prince.’”

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IN MEMORIAM.

It is with sorrow at the loss sustained by our youthful society that we record the death of Miss Lillian Mabbett, whose presence in the class rooms of the Rochester Free Academy is still vivid to the thoughts of both teachers and scholars. All those intimately related to her, hold in memory most touching proof not only of the winning companion but also of the conscientious student.

With one consent we admit that of all our number she seemed best fitted by mind and soul culture to shine in the heavenly ranks, and to engage in the activities of a higher sphere of life; to which may her bright spirit draw her classmates.

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE.

The members of George H. Thomas post, G. A. R., have learned with sincere regret of the affliction which came on the 16th of this month to the family of Comrade A. L. Mabbett, in the death of their beloved daughter, Alice Lillian, who, in the first flush of womanhood, was called from the family circle to wear a crown in the heavenly mansion, where, waiting for her coming, was the brother who so recently preceded her. Therefore, we would offer our comrade and his estimable family our heart felt sympathy in this hour of great sorrow, and invoke for them the support and consolation of Him who, knowing our frames, and remembering we are dust, ordereth all

things well, and in the end will give His children an eternity of bliss in exchange for the cross they may be called to bear here below.

CHARLES S. BAKER,
GEORGE W. SILL,
CHARLES W. WALL.
Committee.

Dr. Schliemann, at a recent banquet in his honor, at Berlin, said that the reading of Homer first fired him for the task of Trojan exploration. "My acquaintance with him," he added, "dates from my earliest childhood. Although my father, who was a preacher at a village only a few miles from here, knew no Greek, he read with enthusiasm the excellent translation which Voss has given us. Scarce an evening passed in our home without my father's reading aloud from the Iliad or the Odyssey, and he frequently broke down in tears, in which I joined him over some of the more moving passages. Thus was fostered in me an unspeakable enthusiasm for the divine poet, and I gave my father a child's promise to discover, when I became a man, the ruins of the famous city. As fate would have it, I was forced for a long time to be a tradesman, but the whirl of business never effaced from my mind my early promise or weakened my determination to fulfill it. Not until 1856, when I was thirty-four years of age, did I begin to learn Greek, and it was twelve years later when I first found myself, with my Homer in my hand, on the plains of Troy."

R. F. A. ITEMS,

—The gentlemen members of the R. F. A. are becoming known for their artistic taste, being ardent admirers of the beauties of nature.

—We won't say anything about it this time, John; but the next time you buy a muskmelon, don't go to the rear of the Central Presbyterian Church to eat it.

—The startling announcement was made in the History class the other day, that Solomon married the wife of a Pharaoh; we would suggest comparison of dates.

—It is suggested that the young gentlemen of the Algebra and First Year Composition classes take not more than four steps at a stride in going up stairs to their class room.

—A certain professor, in speaking to his class of Xenophon's style, remarked that it seemed as if some pretty goddess sat upon his lips. One of the boys quickly whispered: "I would rather have her sit upon my lap."

—Last June the Rochester Academy of Science held a reception in the chapel of the R. F. A., at which were exhibited a large and varied collection of mounted objects under microscopes; also many specimens of rare birds and insects. All the articles were not taken away immediately after the reception.

This probably accounts for the following occurrence:

A week ago last Friday, as the Civil Government class was reciting, something made its way down from the chapel, into the room across the rostrum behind the Professor, and into the Seniors' study room, causing the greatest consternation among the class; even the Professor showed signs of astonishment. However the minds of all were soon relieved by reading the label on its back, "Centipede from New Mexico."

—Professor Wells drilled the young men of the Academy in the Chapel Friday, in order that they might be ready for the procession to-day. He was very much pleased with their readiness, and something was said about a "Free Academy Battalion."

—The young men of the Cæsar class have become so interested in that particular study that they have ceased making calls upon their loved ones, and are spending all their time in translating and marking, as was the custom of the class of '82.

—IMPORTANT MATHEMATICAL DISCOVERY.—During the recitation of the Classical Course Arithmetic on the the third day of school, Mr. M—made a discovery in the art of numeration, which will probably gain for him considerable renown, as well as to prove a blessing to humanity.

First Day—the boys room—R. F. A.

The boys come walking in one by one, old friends greet one another, and handshaking is universal. Gradually the crowd increases, and promptly at half-past eight Professor Wells rings the bells and school commences again for the year '81-'82.

After the disorder has been reduced to something like a school, in walks Prof. Benedict and a loud hand-clapping ensues, taking him by surprise and pleasing him considerably, for it was an evident manifestation of the kind feeling existing between pupils and teacher. Then in came, at intervals, Miss Brettelle, Prof. Wells, Glen and Trzciak; they too received a loud and hearty greeting. Soon the wheels of our school machinery began to revolve under the able engineering of Prof. Wells, commencing the work of preparing another class of pupils to become intelligent members of society in June '82.

One old custom of the Academy scholars was conspicuous by its absence, namely that of receiving the Freshmen with cries of "Fresh! Fresh!"

THE STUDENT.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1881.

EDITORIAL COLUMN.

FOR a long time the want of a paper devoted to schools and learners has been felt by the members of the various seminaries and academies of Western New York.

"THE STUDENT," as its name indicates, is intended by its projectors to fill this want, to aid students in their literary work, to keep them posted on daily events of interest to scholars, to furnish them with all the latest school news, and to amuse them in their leisure moments.

In order to accomplish these ends, the editors have engaged reporters and correspondents at Cornell University, Ingham University LeRoy, the Brockport Normal School, Genesee Wesleyan Seminary Lima, and the Rochester Free Academy. In addition to this, eminent scholars will contribute articles on notable events of the day. During the year prizes will be offered for essays on subjects to be specified; these prizes to be competed for under certain restriction by subscribers to the paper. Contributions are earnestly desired from students; let no one think himself incompetent, but, if so inclined, write for the paper; the editors are only students.

While open to all, and for all, it will especially cherish the interests of the Rochester Free Academy, containing all the items of school life, and sketches of interesting occurrences transpiring therein.

The low price places it within the reach of all, and the benefit and pleasure to be derived from its pages will amply repay its cost.

—For some unaccountable reason our correspondence failed to make its appearance this week, which accounts for the absence of a correspondent's column.

—During our late president's weary weeks of suffering, he was accustomed to write his name every day, simply to test his nerves. One day, taking the pen from the doctor, and thinking awhile, he wrote the following words: "Strangulatus pro Republica."

It remains to be seen whether the feelings of amity between the Democrats and Republicans will be lasting.

The criticisms and aspersions indulged in by newspapers of both parties in a great measure constitute the conditions under which such crimes are committed; for, being read by ignorant and fanatical persons, they form wrong estimates of public men, and consider everyone who has risen to position and honor, either a thief or a rascal.

Notice.

—The school children's tickets for Western New York Fair have been placed in the hands of Mr. Locte. The price is 10 cents, regular children's tickets being 25 cents. He can be found at the Rochester Free Academy Tuesday afternoon and Wednesday forenoon until 11 a. m.

New Chapter, Pi Phi.

—Last week a new chapter of the Pi Phi Society was established by the Rochester chapter, in Schenectady. The new chapter promises to be one of the most flourishing of the society, and to make the name of the Pi Phi even more celebrated than it has been in the past.

—Every one is requested to preserve this paper. We may need back numbers.

Facetiæ.

Angry wife (time, 2 A. M.) "Is that you, Charles?" Jolly husband: "Zash me!" Angry wife: "Here have I been standing at the head of the stairs these two hours. Oh, Charles, how can you?" Jolly husband, bracing up: "Shtandin' on your head on te shtairs? Jenny, I'm shurprized! How can I? By Jove, I can't! Two hours, two! 'Stro-r-nary woman!"—College Journal.

What a Sunday School superintendent found on his blackboard:

"PLEES MR. SUPERINTENENT DON'T FIRE OFF STORIES EVRY SUNDAY AT US WITH AN AW-FUL EXAMPUL OF A BAD BOY IN EACH OF THEM.

GIV US A REST!
GIV IT TO THE GIRLS.
O SLOW."

An old sailor, who was somewhat deaf, having been asked how his wife was, thought that the inquiry related to his boat, and replied as follows: "Ah, your honor, she was a lively young thing when I met with her first, not far from here, resting on the beach, but since she has got old she has become very 'cranky,' and I think from lying under the sun the other day has become cracked, so there can be no pleasure in drifting down the stream with her,

and I suppose I had better 'scuttle' her." (Police informed of intended murder.)

NOTICE.

We desire to impress upon our friends the fact that the success of this paper depends in a great measure upon their exertions. That is, we wish everyone who is interested in the paper to get up a club at once; and to show our appreciation of their services we give the premiums in the list as fast as names are received, and on the first of December, the one who has sent the largest number of names, will receive an elegant copy of Shakespeare, or Webster's unabridged dictionary if preferred, and the sender of the next largest number, a stylographic pen.

All advertisers should consider the class of the readers of the STUDENT and act accordingly. Its circulation will be 1,000 or more copies, and will constitute an advertising medium second to none.

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MONDAY, SEPTEMBER, 25, 1881.

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1 column,	1.75.	6.00.	11.00.

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OUR PREMIUM LIST.

In order to secure a large number of subscribers at once, we offer the following inducements to agents:

For six names with \$3.00, an extra copy of the STUDENT.

For ten names with \$5.00, a copy of either of the following poets in elegant cloth binding: Burns, Scott's, Milton's, Proctor's, Byron's, Goldsmith's Hood's Hemans' or Moore's.

For twenty-five names with \$12.50, a set of Macaulay's History of England, in 5 vols. cloth and gilt.

For fifty-five names with \$27.50, a complete set of Dickens's Works.

Do not delay, but send in your clubs at once. In addition to the above, we will give a valuable prize to the one whose club is first received, and also to the one who sends in the largest number of names before December first.

Those who desire to retain their premiums in cash, please send for "Cash List."

1846.



1881.

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The Student

"*Hæc olim forsitan meminisse juvabit.*"

Vol. 1. No. 2. ROCHESTER, N. Y., Monday, Oct. 10, '81. 50 Cts. a Year.

A VISION.

—
BY VERA.

A sunset and a little, dreaming girl;
What visions form themselves before her eye!
There is the stately castle of an earl;
His fair, white ships go sailing proudly by;
And from the sun-kissed mountains, down
Lead winding paths into a busy town.

A snow-white cottage nestled on a hill—
Its chimneys send up wreaths of curling smoke,
A grove of forest trees comes at her will;
But while she gazes, a majestic oak
Which crowns the summit of the mountain top,
from some unknown cause is seen to drop.

The lordly castle crumbles to decay;
The cottage by the misty clouds is hid;
The busy village quickly melts away,
Nor comes again although my darling bid;
And all the rosy, pictured world entire
Is now consumed by universal fire.

O, little one, whose fancy bright
Has brought these ever-changing dreams
Before my own defective sight,—
How beautiful thy child life seems!
How sweet thy fairy scene appears
To us, world-schooled, of riper years!

OLD SKETCHES,

—BY—

Geoffrey Brabason, Esq.

I.

My name is Geoffrey Brabason, Esq. I am a descendant of an old and highly respectable family—it is even said that my ancestors came over with the Norman: but about that I was never interested enough to spend much time in inquiry. My father as

I remember, was a stiff, stern looking gentleman of delicate frame, full of puritan ideas, and of a most unsympathetic nature in regard to his children. My mother was his direct opposite. She forgave all our faults, pleaded for us when our father was unusually harsh, and in all ways showed herself a most affectionate parent. Of my sisters I need only say that they were commonplace English girls, that they lived good lives, were married, and have now gone to that place where (it is a general superstition) all exemplary people go.

At the age of thirteen and when still small, I was sent to Rugby to prepare for Cambridge. My father had received his preparatory education at Eton, but he did not admire their system and resolved to give the rival establishment a trial. Of my life at Rugby I will say but little; it was like half the other lives spent there. I was fairly smart and took some prizes, and at the end of my course, carried off a Cambridge scholarship. At school I was noticed, even by the faculty, as a grave, imaginative youth who would rather, on the bleak, cold days of an English winter, sit in the cold study room and gaze by the hour at the cheerless landscape than engage in a game of bowls or other invigorating pursuits, opportunities for which were provided in other parts of the college. However, as I was a "real good fellow" and as the others all knew that when they had a bit of translation that resisted their utmost endeavors, or an unusually obstinate demonstration to figure out, they could call on Geof. or Brab. (as I was called for short) and receive instantaneous

relief, I was never gayed nor even noticed.

It is, perhaps, the greatest happiness I now enjoy to be able to look back over my Rugby career and afterward my life at Cambridge and know that I never by look or deed injured either the feelings or property of any one, professor or fellow student.

At Cambridge I entered Queens College and there acquired a great taste for rowing, in which I became very proficient and in several races pulled "bow"; in one, when the man who was our regular stroke was sick, I took his place. Unfortunately we were beaten, so discouraging me that I never rowed again in a professional race.

After leaving the University I traveled for two years on the continent, and met with various adventures which it will give me pleasure to relate to my readers at future dates.

On my way home I was met by a telegram announcing my father's fatal illness, and bidding me start immediately if I desired to be present at his death. As I was going about the boat at Calais I received another message announcing his death.

This sad event left me at the age of twenty-eight, an orphan, and, my sisters having been married and each having received her settlement, a comparatively rich man; at all events my income was sufficient to enable me to spend the remainder of my life in travel. For the last twenty years I have wandered from place to place, from country to country, and from city to city; I shall endeavor to present to my readers the various sights that I have witnessed and the adventures that I have met with, especially those bordering on the supernatural. I have always been a true believer in spiritualism, and as such have been favored by the spirits with many manifestations of their power.

Our Nation's Loss.

WM. L. KIEFER.

Citizens and inhabitants of the United States, do you fully realize the loss sustained

by the nation through the death of James A. Garfield?

I think not; no one can fully realize the fact that they have lost, not only the ablest, but also the most illustrious man who has ever held the position of President in our noble republic.

It is true that there are other men in this populous country, who are as learned and as well qualified to fill the important position of President of the United States, as far as intellectual ability is concerned as he was; but the man who in all cases will act for the good of his country and his fellow men, and not kneel to the politicians, and boldly declare that he and he alone is president, is not found in every hamlet,

As an explanation of what is meant by kneeling to the politicians, you may remember that during both administrations of Ulysses S. Grant, he, (Grant) was in reality president only in name, while the real president in power was known in the annals of politics as the far-famed Roscoe Conkling. While Grant received his salary, Conkling did the work; as he advised, whether right or wrong, so Grant did. If he desired that a man be thrown out of any of the high offices in Washington, Grant did all in his power to have him ejected. And so when Grant's last term expired, and Mr. R. B. Hayes was chosen President, Mr. Conkling was again at work. Hayes had a quiet time during his administration, because he did not interfere with the plans of this wary politician. But Garfield was a man who openly declared his intentions, resembling in this respect the illustrious Abraham Lincoln. Soon after Mr. Garfield was inaugurated, the wary politician again began to show his domineering disposition and when Mr. Robertson was chosen collector of New York, why Mr. Conkling of course, objected to the choice. But Garfield, being a resolute and energetic man, would not heed the discontent of Conkling. This made Conkling fu-

rious, and being a man accustomed to have his own way, he resigned, hoping that he would again be elected, but alas, the oil in the lamp was low, his light was very dim and would soon go out, little as he expected it. And now if I judge rightly, you will be more convinced of the real loss of our nation. If Garfield had lived, he would have made a President, who would have astonished the world; but all that remains with us now of that truly great and noble man is his lifeless body, which is interred at the Lake View Cemetery, in the city of Cleveland.

“May he rest in peace.”

CORRESPONDENCE.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

Ithaca, Sept. 29th, 1881.

Cornell, perhaps, is the first American representative of the new schism in college matters and the leader in progress toward a broad and elastic curriculum. Certainly, with the possible exception of Harvard, it is more accurately keyed to the spirit of our time than any other like native institution. It does not theorize practicality; it is practical. It was founded with a clear and original purpose, and stands for a vital idea. The university has, from its beginning, been most fortunate in having the means of making real the purposes of its founder. A princely endowment and a wisely chosen president have made possible the realization of schemes of education which must have seemed extraordinarily vast, as their authors looked forward at their inception. Where they have failed neither money nor executive skill has been lacking. It has been that too much was attempted in a brief space.

Cornell has doubtless lost *prestige* during the last few years, and particularly in the course of the past winter. Deplorable internal dissension, and the unfortunate absence of President White, from the first the heart, brain and virility of the university, have worked Cornell no good. The autumn term just entered upon is begun however on every side with fresh zeal and under conditions of much encouragement. The president is returned, and his mere presence diffuses confidence. Some changes in the faculty, and the engagement of a non-resident professor like the English historian E. A. Freeman, and such a vice-president as Moses Coit Tyler, well known as the author of *A History of American Literature*, assures the character of the work of 1881-82.

It is doubtless possible that the history of the cane rush between '84 and '85 might be read with advantage without this preliminary disquisition upon the character and present condition of the university, but perhaps no proper “before-the-doorstep” explanation is wasted. As to the cane rush, it should be pluralized. There have been several of them and the final contest is not yet. As Cornell is not a dormitory college, the students gather in the town and the two battles thus far fought have taken place before the post-office. The professor of *Cæsar* and Military Science will doubtless tell you of some battles more crucial both in their conduct and result, but surely of none more dusty. The prevailing fashion in “gentlemen’s suits,” as the tailors have it, was mouse-color, and several collegians, as they looked at their clothing next morning, might have appropriately quoted Gilbert and Sullivan’s “Patience:”—

"And the earth of a dusty to-day
Is the dust of an earthy to-morrow."

I ought perhaps to say that in these affairs the sophomores were distinctly but by no means decisively victorious. The final test is set down for Saturday, and is to take place on the Fair-ground, near the town, in the afternoon.

I want to say how bright and original I think this move of publishing a Free Academy paper. But I can't; I can't even make a club (there are in all but three Rochester students) without using one.

CHARLES W. BALESTIER.

INGHAM UNIVERSITY.

Oct. 5th, 1881.

The term opened with a good attendance. All of the old students returned, and many new faces are seen.

The Literary College has various changes in the studies pursued. The requirements for graduations are raised to a higher standard than formerly. The study of Physics occupies two years instead of twenty weeks.

The senior class of '82 is small in comparison with that of '81, but they will doubtless make up in quality what they lack in quantity.

The Art College is still under the direction of Prof. Wiles, whose success in that department is marked by the increased number of his pupils.

Miss Edith Ennis, who graduated in the musical department last year, has returned to take a post-graduate course under Prof. Crittenden.

Dr. Schmitz is married, and, with his wife, now occupies a cozy little cottage joining the university.

Madame Staunton has returned from a visit to her old home in Connecticut.

COR.

Rochester, Oct. 6th, 1881.

To the Editor of the Student :

I would like to obtain some information, through the columns of your interesting paper, in regard to the formation of a Battalion, in the Rochester Free Academy.

Three years have elapsed since a young gentleman, of the graduating class, told me that Professor Wells had drawn up the necessary papers for the formation of a Battalion, and intended to meet the boys at the Academy in the evening. I was very much pleased to hear that Professor Wells intended, not only to immortalize his name, but also to benefit the young men, and add lustre to the fame of the Academy. You can judge of my disappointment, when a few days later my informant stated that Professor Wells did not come as agreed, nor give any excuse for his absence.

Since then, I have heard much about the Academy Battalion; but knowing that none has been formed, I have concluded the boys must have misunderstood the Professor, as I firmly believe he is a man who fulfills all his promises.

Therefore, to obtain accurate knowledge about this time-worn story, I write you this letter, sincerely hoping that you will throw some light on the Battalion question.

BATTALION.

To Correspondents.

It is necessary for correspondents to be prompt if they desire their contributions to appear. All matter should be mailed in time to reach us on or before the Wednesday preceding the date of the issue in which they wish it to appear. Several communications were received as the paper was going to press and therefore could not be published,

R. F. A. ITEMS.

He sat within his easy chair,
 This Prof. of ponderous limb,
 And, with a solemn voice he called
 The tardy youth to him.

"Weep not, my boy," the veter an said,
 "Submit unto your fate,
 And quickly from your father bring
 Excuse for being late."

—It is said that the Classical Course Sen-
 iors apply themselves strictly to study dur-
 ing the third division each day.

—The Student who invented the new
 method of numeration has since learned to
 speak the Choctaw language fluently.

—We would suggest that a collection be
 taken up for the benefit of the young gen-
 tleman of the senior class whose sole pos-
 sessions are two pawn tickets and a shoe
 button.

—A week ago to-day the members of the
 Virgil class entertained a very interesting
 caller. Although he much enjoyed the vis-
 it, he was compelled by necessity to leave
 before the recitation hour had passed.

—The members of the History class have
 been in the habit of forgetting to add 'B. C.'
 in giving dates before the Christian Era;
 this difficulty is now remedied by one of
 their number saying 'B. C.' whenever a
 member gives a date.

—Although the Board of Education
 spends hundreds of dollars annually for
 stationery and printing, it does not furnish
 programmes for the Monthly Literary Exer-
 cises of the Academy. It seems strange
 that this should be so, when the cost would
 be only three dollars each month; yet the
 students have to furnish them or else go
 without.

NEW BOOKS.

We give in this issue a partial list of the
 books purchased for the Central Library,
 September 27th. The Committee with their
 usual zealous care, saw the scarcity of juve-
 nile books, and, in consideration of the wants
 of the two thousand little patrons, have sup-
 plied it:—

History of United States, 6 vols, Hildreth.
 Every boy's Annual, Edmund Routledge.
 Golden Book of Tales, Ed. W. Swinton.
 Rip Van Winkle, Rupert Van Wert.
 Zig Zag Journeys Hezekiah Butterworth.
 Tigers and Traitors, Jules Verne.
 Young Folks History of Amer. Butterworth
 Tony the Hero, H. Alger Jr.
 Young Folks Astronomy, John Champlin.
 The Flag of Distress, Capt. Mayne Reid.
 The Pocket Measure, Pansy.
 One of Three, Jessie Fothergill.
 The Lutaniste of St. Jacobi, Drew.
 Among the Hills, Poynter.
 The Sisters, Ebers.
 Gi orgio (Poem) Stuart Sterne.
 Army of the Potomac, Swinton.
 Four Years with Gen. Lee, Taylor.
 The Student's Dream.
 The tribulations of a Chinaman, Verne.
 Queechy.
 Madame Bonaparte, Didier.
 Barbeine, Mary N. Sherwood.
 Baby Rue, No Name Series.
 That Beautiful Watch, Black.
 Barriers burned away, E. P. Roe.
 The opening of the chestnut burr, "
 Popular History of Science, Rob. Routledge
 Modern Magic Prof. Hoffman.
 Insects & how to catch them. W. Manton.
 Life of Landon, Sidney Colvin.
 Thomas Carlyle, Carlyle.
 Hours with the Bible, Geikie.
 Faith and Freedom, Spofford A. Brooke,
 The Emperor, Ebers.
 Oscar Wilde's Poems.

THE STUDENT,

MONDAY, OCTOBER 10th, 1881.

EDITORIAL COLUMN.

In our last editorial was set forth what we intended to do and how we intended to do it. We asked for contributions from students and we now repeat the request. In order that contributors may not suffer the disappointment of not seeing their productions in print, we give the following regulations concerning contributions:

All articles must be written on one side of the paper only. All articles must be accompanied by the name and address as well as the "nom de plume" (if any) of the author; of course, the name will not be published, unless it be desired by the writer. These requirements are made in order that the editors may be assured of the originality and truth of contributions. Since our last issue we have received several excellent contributions which we would be glad to publish, were it not for the reasons given above.

We would say to our readers that we do not necessarily endorse the sentiments of our contributors, although we shall endeavor to exclude objectionable matter.

Parties who wish to receive the *STUDENT* regularly will do well to subscribe at once, as we are determined to carry no large gratuitous circulation. Back numbers will be furnished to subscribers. Agents desiring sample copies will receive them free of charge by calling upon or addressing the publisher.

—For several years the question of forming an Academy Battalion has been discussed among the students with no definite result. As may be seen from our correspondence, the same question is again being

agitated. As yet, no definite conclusion has been arrived at, but it is expected that decisive steps will soon be taken.

Literary Exercises.

On the forenoon of Friday, the 30th ult., the regular monthly public exercises of the Rochester Free Academy were held in the Chapel. Although some of the speakers declaimed in a rather weak voice, yet, considering its being their first attempt, they did very well, and the class of '82 is already beginning to acquire a reputation for speaking that will probably, before the end of the year, make it known as *THE* elocutionary class of the R. F. A.

Western New York Fair.

As has been the custom in past years, the Rochester School Board gave the schools a day in which to attend the Agricultural Fair.

On Wednesday, the day given, nearly every member of all the schools of Rochester could have been found viewing the wonderful products of agriculture; or admiring the eloquence of the Indian medicine man, the dime showman or the shooting gallery man; or investing "only five cents for a chance, and not a blank on the board"; and all seemed to be enjoying themselves to the utmost.

Among the curiosities exhibited in Domestic Hall was a "Smawl Engin"; it was made by a young man of this county during his first two weeks in a machine shop, and clearly proved him to be the possessor rather of mechanical genius than of literary culture. Another noticeable display was that of the Florida Natural Curiosities, constituting a sight rarely seen outside of a museum.

In other parts of the grounds were the Large Cattle, the Farm Stock, the Improved Farm implements; and, in every place, the school children; the last, the most interesting feature of the day.

VALUABLE PRIZES!

The following offers are made in addition to the regular premium list on last page:

To the one who sends us the largest number of subscribers before Dec. 1st, we give a

Webster's Standard Dictionary,

costing \$9.50, or an elegant copy of Shakespeare's Complete works (same cost) as preferred. To the sender of the next-largest list of subscribers will be given a

Stylographic Pen!

of the latest improved kind.

These expensive prizes have been secured especially for this purpose, and we offer them feeling sure that the offer will meet a ready response. Persons sending in clubs will receive forthwith as many of the premiums in the list as the clubs call for, and immediately after December first the special prizes will be sent to their winners.

DO NOT THINK

That because some one else is trying for the prize that you have no chance. Some one will get the prize, and you have as good chance as any one. The field is not at all confined to schools—one third of our subscribers are out of school—any one who desires can have the **STUDENT** mailed to his address upon paying the subscription fee.

Let each person who feels an interest in the success of our venture, help it along by sending in all the names possible. Even if you should not get the Dictionary or Pen, the premiums will amply repay you.

Music for Parties & Balls.

Mr. Thomas Cook can furnish from one to ten Musicians at any time and on Reasonable Terms.

For particulars address or call on Mr. Cook, 166 West Avenue, or on

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The experience gained by thirty-nine seasons of terpsichorean practice in Rochester, warrants the announcement that they can furnish the best facilities, enhanced by all the advantages of good society and elegant apartments, to persons desirous of becoming proficient dancers.

Classes will Commence as Follows:

Ladies' Class.	Tuesday, October 18th.
Gentlemen's Class.	Friday, " 21st.
Ladies' Misses & Masters Class.	Saturday " 22d.

Class for Ladies and Gentlemen,

Instructive and Social; will commence Monday, Nov. 21st, at 8. P. M.

Class for Married Ladies and Gentlemen,

will commence as soon as enough names are registered. For further particulars see circulars and call at the Academy.

1846.  1881.

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THE STUDENT,

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1881.

Published on Alternate Mondays.

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H. L. WILSON, Publisher.

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ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 Time.	4 Times.	8 Times.
1 inch.	\$0.35.	\$1.25.	\$2.00.
1/2 column.	1.00.	3.50.	6.50.
1 column.	1.75.	6.00.	11.00.

Address all communications to Howard L. Wilson, 141 State St., Rochester, N. Y.

OUR PREMIUM LIST.

In order to secure a large number of subscribers at once, we offer the following inducements to agents:

For six names with \$3.00, an extra copy of the STUDENT.

For ten names with \$5.00, a copy of either of the following poets in elegant cloth binding: Burns, Scott's, Milton's, Proctor's, Byron's, Goldsmith's Hood's Hemans' or Moore's.

For twenty-five names with \$12.50, a set of Macaulay's History of England, in 5 vols. cloth and gilt.

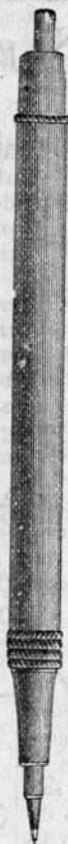
For fifty-five names with \$27.50, a complete set of Dickens's Works.

Do not delay, but send in your clubs at once. In addition to the above, we will give a valuable prize to the one whose club is first received, and also to the one who sends in the largest number of names before December first.

Those who desire to retain their premiums in cash, please send for "Cash List."

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The Student

"Haec olim forsitan meminisse juvabit."

Vol. 1. No. 3. ROCHESTER, N. Y., Monday, Oct. 24, '81. 50 Cts. a Year.

Effects of Music.

MINNIE B. WOLFF.

'Tis lovely to hearken to music so soft
That it seems to be bearing one slowly aloft
On wings which unseen are so gentle and
smooth—

Ah, music, what cannot thy lovely strains
soothe?

It is night, and the prisoner walks in his cell
With a countenance hardened, for low had
he fell.

He knew he did wrong and acknowledged
the same,

But still something told him, "You're not
free from blame."

You said that you sinned and so far 'tis good,
That's one step towards right, but change,
first, your mood.

Tell those that you've wronged, and those
that wronged you,

They're by you forgiven, and I'll forgive you!"

But lo! a soft strain of harmony such
That its music the heart that is hardest would
touch.

And as its sweet notes reached the ears of
the man,

In the depths of his heart to re'ent he began.

He bowed his poor head on his hands and
was still.

Then rising, he said, "I will e'er do thy will.
Lord, Thou hast shown me the wrong and
the right,

All my days, Father, I'll walk in thy light."

ODD SKETCHES

by Geoffrey Brabason, Esq.

II.

It was an ideal London day; on all sides
obscurity, on all sides, fog. All day long and
all night long for the past forty-eight hours
it had rained a fine drizzle and it was rain-
ing a fine drizzle now. As I made my slow
and uncertain way along the pavements,
sticky with mud, through banks of smoke
and wet, toward the station of the L. & B.
steam-car road, I thought of the crime that
would be committed that night and the suf-
fings that would be endured, and was wishing
that there was no such thing as rain or wa-
ter in the world, except what could be con-
veniently kept in wells, when my moralizing
was quickly brought to a stand still by a
sudden shock which nearly sent me rolling
into the road; and before I had time to re-
cover myself I heard a low and, as I remem-
bered afterwards, nervous voice speak as
follows:

"Excuse me, sir; I did not see you in the
dark."

"Umph," muttered I.

The man or boy, whichever it was, hesi-
tated; as if undecided whether to say more
or let his apology stand as it was.

Having recovered from the shock and feel-
ing somewhat ashamed of my own abrupt-
ness of speech, I turned toward him and said:

"Wet weather we've been having, sir."

"Yes," rather sharply.

"Think it will continue?"

"Yes," hopefully, I thought.

A moment afterward he added, "Are you

going to the station?"

"Yes," rather sharply, he must have thought.

"Shall we be in time?"

"Yes," hopefully, he must have thought.

A silence of sometime followed during which I endeavored to get a glimpse of my strange companion; but he seemed bent upon thwarting my purpose, for as often as I glanced at him from the corner of my eye, he seemed to detect me, and would turn the other way or drop back a step, or perhaps only a fraction of a step, so as to be out of my range.

As far as I could see, he was medium sized, slim, long armed and very shabbily dressed; and as he walked along he cast furtive glances on either side and was continually looking around as if he imagined somebody was following him.

Meanwhile we were nearing the station and I determined to make one more effort to find out who my wierd friend was. In the full glare of the station I turned and handed him my card, "hoping that as we were to be fellow travellers, we might become better acquainted."

His lips—I noticed they were thin and cruel looking—curled scornfully and as he took the card he muttered something about "poor devils of journalists being too poor to have cards."

Watching him as he walked off, I noticed him absentmindedly tear my card into bits, and scatter them about.

I forgot to mention that as we moved along the street ahead of us I noticed an elderly man, walking as if a load was concealed about his person; I also noticed that my companion carefully kept this old man in sight, and seemed equally anxious not to be seen by him.

Having purchased my ticket and secured a first class carriage to myself; I strolled up and down the station and perceived my old friend purchasing a ticket still weighed

down by his invisible burden; but over against the door way, I beheld my mysterious friend gazing at him, with the most fiendish expression ever witnessed on mortal countenance. As I watched him I saw his fingers nervously work as if they already had hold of the old man's throat, and his bosom swelled out as if already he was possessed of the concealed burden.

I shuddered as I entered my compartment and I carefully examined the fastenings to see if they were secure.

Being very tired I soon fell asleep and had slept, as I thought about an hour when I heard a piercing scream and immediately after a most demoniac yell. I listened attentively but was unable to hear anything more, and again I sank in to a deep, but this time, not a dreamless sleep.

I dreamed that I was in a rail-road carriage like my own, but I was not alone.

Beside me sat the old gentleman and on the opposite seat sat my journalist. Gradually the old man seemed to fall asleep and just so gradually did my opposite neighbor grow more vigilant. We flew by village after village and nearer and nearer came the great tunnel of—

Suddenly the young man made a spring and grasping the throat of the other, choked him against the back of the seat. How I longed to help the old man and how I struggled to go to his aid, but it was useless.

In a short time the old man's head drooped and hung lifeless.

We entered the tunnel.

Another moment the place beside me was vacant and I beheld a large coin bag on the seat. And now I beheld a strange sight.

My remaining companion took out a knife and began to mutilate himself in various places; having finished his strange performance he waited until we were out of the tunnel and then, after having first thrown out the bag, settled himself back on the seat as if uncon-

scious.

I awoke. I was in my own compartment, and alone. I remembered my dream with a shudder. The train drew up to the station. I stepped out and hurried away.

The next morning I took up the paper and read an account of a "strange murder and assault committed on a train—" Where?—On the L. and B. road. An old man was murdered and a young man nearly so.

The old man was found near the track in the tunnel and the young man was found unconscious in the carriage.

I never told my dream but I always had my own opinion of the crime and its author.

A Life of Pleasure.

E. D. WARD.

"What is title? what is treasure?

What is reputation's care?

If we lead a life of pleasure,

'Tis no matter how or where."

These were the words of one of the most celebrated men of the age. At first they seem to advocate a life of freedom from restraint, which would inevitable end in sorrow and remorse; but let us look into their true meaning. Pleasure is an intangible something—a state of mind produced by contentment—no discontented person can be happy—no contented person unhappy; and no person can be happy who is not contented with himself. A person to be satisfied with himself must have consciousness that he has done all in his power, not only for his own advancement but that of others,—that he has done all in his power to leave undone that would injure either his own or another's well-being; if a person has that consciousness he has the greatest measure of human happiness,—all the treasure or distinction of this world would not increase it.

The common idea of a life of pleasure requires that one should have the greatest liberty in all things, restraint in nothing,—

how fatal would the possibility of such a life be to the majority of mankind! Even where we see persons with the means of partly gratifying their desires, we see the evil effects of such gratification.

The votary of so-called pleasure, spending his days in sloth and his nights in revelry soon has to come to a reckoning with nature, losing his health and ending his days in remorse for what he has done and anguish at the thought of what he might have done.

The worshipper of Mammon, after a life of meanness and harsh exactness toward his fellow men, finds to his despair that his time has come and that he must meet his fate even more inexorable than himself.

The seeker after honor or position, after a long life of chicanery and deceit, is defeated in his crowning effort; and sees the coveted prize awarded to a person who, though living honestly and uprightly, has merited such a recognition of his worth.

The Lord has said "The wicked shall not prevail," and, although wickedness seems sometimes to triumph, goodness will prevail in the end. Thus it has been in all ages, is now, and always will be. Therefore: "So live, that when thy summons comes to join

The innumerable caravan that moves

To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take

His chamber in the silent halls of death.

Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed

By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams", and thou shalt most surely have followed that line of conduct that will have gained for thee a place in the memory of thy fellow-men, the highest attainment of this world—thou shalt most surely have followed that "line of conduct" that will have insured a *Life of Pleasure.*

A Vision.

H. S. CARLETON.

As I was once thinking of the many things which tend to impair the prosperity of our country, a vision appeared to me so vividly that I could not resist transferring it to paper at the first opportunity.

Far out in front stretches a broad, level road; looking to see whither it leads, I perceive in the distance a magnificent city. To the right of the road is a beautiful valley, one of the most charming places, apparently, that I have ever beheld.

Many people are on the road, striving to reach the distant city. Four young men particularly attract my attention, for they have paused, and are engaged in an earnest discussion. Two of them wish to descend into the valley, urging that they will reach the city just as soon by that route as by the one which they have been following, and in a far more pleasant manner. The other two say that they had better keep to the beaten track, which, although rather unattractive, is hard and smooth; and they point out the fact that it becomes more pleasant as it nears the city, whose inhabitants have planted shade trees along the walks.

At last, however, one of them is persuaded to desert his companion and depart from the straight road. He joins the other two, and the three descend into the valley; for a while it seems very pleasant, and they joyously wander along, all unconscious of danger. But soon they perceive that it is hot and sultry, for the breeze, which they had received without a thought upon the road above, is shut out by the hills on either side; and that the grass, which looked so beautifully green, renders walking tiresome, and in some places hides treacherous quicksands. One of them, becoming alarmed, turns back and after struggling painfully up the hill, whose descent was only but easy, at last reaches the old road. The settling sun finds

him still toiling along, with the bitter knowledge that if he had listened to the advice of his companion who remained firm, he would have entered the city with him when the sun was still high in the heavens.

The path of the two who continued through the valley, soon led them along the side of a dark, horrible chasm; but their eyes are dimmed, and they do not perceive upon what dangerous ground they are treading. One of them ventures too near the edge of the pit, his foot slips, and he goes whirling down the steep declivity; once or twice he attempts to stay his progress, but he is unable to do so, and his speed increases; then, howling and cursing, with one last, awful plunge, he disappears forever in the impenetrable gloom. His companion views his fall with horror, but prides himself that he, at least, is too careful to suffer a like disaster. And so he continues to descend almost imperceptibly, his route becoming darker and more difficult, until at last, exhausted, he sinks down, never again to rise.

My friends, that beautiful city in the distance was the city of Prosperity; to it led the Road of Total Abstinence, from which three of the young men descended into the valley of Intemperence; on account of which one was hurled into the Pit of Destruction.

Miscellany.

—The celebrated cypress tree which had stood near the city of Sparta, Greece, for over 2800 years, and was described by Pausanias 400 years before the coming of Christ, has been destroyed by a band of strolling gypsies, who camped beneath it and left their fire burning. It was seventy-five feet high and ten feet in diameter near the ground. The people of Sparta greatly mourn its loss.

ALLEN
WASSEL

704801

—The complete success of the expedition sent out by the Royal Geographical Society of Rome, is likely to make a disturbance among map-makers. It has found its way from Egypt across the continent to the Gult of Guinea, exploring many unknown regions in the Dark Continent. A full account of their journey and the country and people along their way will be looked for with intense interest.

—The new monument of Washington is 550 feet high, the highest building in the world.

Prize Offer.

—The publishers of *THE STUDENT*, in order to create among their subscribers an interest in writing for the paper, have offered prizes for a poem and essays, as follows:

For the best Poem, illustrating the Beauties of Nature; or describing some imaginary scene; containing not less than 400 nor more than 800 words;

And for the best Essay upon either of the following subjects: (1) The Advantages of a Democratic form of Government, (2) The Indian Question, (3) True Heroism; of not less than 800 or more than 1500 words, to be written on one side of the paper and mailed, post paid to the publisher before December 10th, accompanied by the name and address of the author, will be given the choice of a copy in elegant cloth binding, of either of the following Poets: Burns' Scott's Milton's Proctor's, Byron's, Goldsmith's, Hood's, Hemans' or Moore's.

To the author of the essay considered by the judges to be the best in all respects will be given an extra prize.

Competition for these prizes limited to those who have not graduated from any Academy.

These essays will be printed in the special Christmas number of *THE STUDENT*, to be issued about Dec. 24th.

R. F. A. ITEMS.

—The latest—An Aesthetic club formed by ex-members of the Academy.

—One of the members of the Virgil class is engaged in a metrical translation of the *Æneid*.

—A gentleman of the first year has retired from business, intending to devote three years to scientific research.

—The following lines are the production of a scholar in the Virgil class:

“The rain falls down on the roof o'er my head;
It sounds full of gloom and heavy as lead;
For the hour is night and the city is quiet,
While the heavens are flashing electric light.”

If he pays strict attention to the instructions given in the Virgil class, he may perhaps become noted as a poet.

Attention, Boys.

Professors canvassed every day,
But still the boys all kept away;
They all are bashful, so they say,
Afraid to join the chorus.

Now this is acting quite absurd;
Their tuneful voices have been heard
While singing gaily as a bird,
Their sweet ones serenading.

And after banqueting, 'tis said,
While honest folks are all in bed,
They sing as if to wake the dead,
Their voices a'! so strong are.

And even when these boys declaim,
Euphonious sentences they frame,
Whereby they get an envied name
For wordy melody.

Now boys, reform your wrongful ways;
Your voices in the chorus raise,
And you will earn the worthy praise
Of having done your duty.

E. D. W.

THE STUDENT. VALUABLE PRIZES!

MONDAY, OCTOBER 24th, 1881.

EDITORIAL COLUMN

We take this opportunity of expressing our gratification at the hearty way in which our venture has been received, not only by the members and friends of the Free Academy, but also by the students of other institutions. We intend to make our paper the organ and representative of persons engaged in the acquirement of knowledge, and to this end, request notes and articles from any and all Institutions of learning.

We would call the attention of our readers to a new departure: that is, the notice of new works of merit issued by the principal publishing houses of this country. This feature will be added at the request of many of our readers, and the criticisms, though brief, will be truthful and can be relied upon by the reading community for whose benefit this department is designed.

We are again compelled to ask our correspondents to be prompt, having received correspondence too late for publication.

Although we have received a number of clubs, up to this date we have received no large ones. We account for this by the fact that the very liberal terms to agents have called forth the exertions of a large number in competition for the prizes offered.

Names to count for the Dictionary prize may be added until December first, to the clubs already sent in. Names should be sent in as fast as procured, and will be credited.

—To "BATTALION" we would say that we have received no communication in reply to his letter published in our last issue, and therefore cannot give the desired information; if we do not soon receive something on this subject, we will take special pains to ascertain for him the facts.

The following offers are made in addition to the regular premium list on last page:

To the one who sends us the largest number of subscribers before Dec. 1st we give a *Webster's Standard Dictionary*,

costing \$9.50, or an elegant copy of Shakespeare's Complete works (same cost) as preferred. To the sender of the next-largest list of subscribers will be given a

Stylographic Pen!

of the latest improved kind.

These expensive prizes have been secured especially for this purpose, and we offer them feeling sure that the offer will meet a ready response. Persons sending in clubs will receive forthwith as many of the premiums in the list as the clubs call for, and immediately after December first the special prizes will be sent to their winners.

DO NOT THINK

That because some one else is trying for the prize that you have no chance. Some one will get the prize, and you have as good chance as any one. The field is not at all confined to schools—one third of our subscribers are out of school—any one who desires can have the STUDENT mailed to his address upon paying the subscription fee.

Let each person who feels an interest in the success of our venture, help it along by sending in all the names possible. Even if you should not get the Dictionary or Pen, the premiums will amply repay you.

Music for Parties & Balls.

Mr. Thomas Cook can furnish from one to ten Musicians at any time and on Reasonable Terms.

For particulars address or call on Mr. Cook, 166 West Avenue, or on
C. J. WOOD,
10½ Mumford St.



FREE ACADEMY PUPILS

New and old,

Living here, or elsewhere,

Will find only our Book Advertisements
in this paper.

IT IS A GOOD PAPER

and we are going to sustain it through
thick and thin.

Please Reciprocate.

BOOKS, IN EVERY

DEPARTMENT

The Largest Stock
In the State, and fair dealing.

Steele & Avery,
44 & 46 STATE STREET.

FORTIETH SEASON.

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Satisfactory Work! Low Prices!

Headquarters for Rubber Stamps, Stylographic Pens, Pat. Combination Locks. 10 per cent discount on these if bought at this office.

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For twenty-five names with \$12.50, a set of Macaulay's History of England, in 5 vols. cloth and gilt.

For fifty-five names with \$27.50, a complete set of Dickens's Works.

Do not delay, but send in your clubs at once. In addition to the above, we will give a valuable prize to the one whose club is first received, and also to the one who sends in the largest number of names before December first.

Those who desire to retain their premiums in cash, please send for "Cash List."

FOR SALE.

A Small Self-inking Printing Press. Will print a form the size of this page. Can work 800 to 1000 impressions per hour. Good as new. This office.

Agents Wanted. Send for Terms.

Only \$3.00

—FOR A—

Diamond Pointed STYLOGRAPHIC PEN! (IMPROVED.)

A pencil which writes ink for one week steady without refilling, and can be safely carried in the pocket when necessary. Call or send for special discount to students, at

ROCHESTER Rubber Stamp Works,

62 EAST MAIN STREET.

Manufacturers of the new Self Inking Printing Wheel. Unequaled for marking Boxes, Wrapping Paper, Bags &c. Bankers' Railroad & Post Office Stamps Pocket and Pencil stamps, Metal Boded Changeable Rubber Type, &c.

STUDENTS

In quest of Profitable Employment during vacation will find it to their advantage to consult the inducements offered by us. The demand for our

PENCIL STAMPS

is unprecedented, one agent having sold 450 in six weeks.

Send for special terms soon before territory is all taken.

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Sole Agent for Celluloid Collars, Cuffs and Bosoms.



The Student

"Hæc olim forsitan meminisse juvabit."

Vol. 1. No. 4. ROCHESTER, N. Y., Monday, Nov. 7, '81. 50 Cts. a Year.

The Martyred President.

BY A. HOMER BENEDICT.

Written for the Memorial Services, at Palmyra, September 26, 1881.

It came! at last! On wing of lightning sped

The one dread message! and our hearts are torn!

The NATIONS sorrow for our mighty dead!
Alike the peasant and the monarch mourn!

No common grief is ours, no vain parade;
Our Chief—be lov'd and honor'd—is laid low!

And from celestial heights his bending shade
Beholds the tearful tribute of our woe!

Of gracious presence and commanding mold,
He cast a halo o'er the path he trod;
His virtues shining as resplendent gold!
His heart was loyal to his land and God!

His birth was lowly—woodland scenes among,

The sweat of toil bedew'd his youthful brow;
He rose to sway the Senate with his tongue!
And millions weep his fall untimely, now!

Cradled in want, and yet with genius fired,
He hail'd fair Science as the Star of Day!
A mother's love and hope his breast inspired;
Through Learning's halls he wrought his toilsome way.

Cultur'd and courtly—rich in every grace,
Modest and manly, 'mong his peers he stood;

Unbribed, unsullied, won the loftiest place;
Illustrious Leader!—only great, as good!

When direful Discord in the land arose,
And War's red arm was for the conflict bared,

Bravely our hero fac'd the Union's foes!—
The rebel rage and deathful thunders dared!

Call'd from the gory field, he sheath'd his sword,

To aid the Nation at her Council fires;
His freeborn nature rung in every word,
As the grand echo from immortal sires!

The Chair of State, unsought, he nobly pressed,—

Plebeian Ruler,—of transcendent mind!
No base ambition lured his patriot breast;
He loved his race, and strove to bless mankind!

Alas!—alas!—in one sad, evil hour,—
In manhood's prime,—exalted, glorified!—
By villian hand and fiend-venenom'd power
Struck down! he languish'd, agonized and died!

Our bosoms bleed! We Heavenward turn our eyes!

And can we say: "O God! thy will be done?"

Our Lincoln's blood was poured in sacrifice!
And yet again we yield our Martyr'd One!

Ere action cease must other victims fall?
Shall love for power yet frenzy human souls,

Till low-bred vengeance, through th' assassin's ball,

A crimson deluge o'er Columbia rolls?

Guard us! Jehovah! from a curse so fell!
And as in earth our sainted Head we lay,

O may his grave be as a shrine!—a spell!

To drive foul Envy, Greed, and Hate away!

Sublime his life! And hallowed be the ground

Where through the ages shall his dust repose!

A mournful dirge shall Erie's waves resound,
And pilgrims twine the laurel and the rose!

While Virtue lives, shall glow his deathless fame!

Bards sing his deeds by Danube, Po, and Rhine!

His bright example shall the world inflame,
And Garfie'd glorious in our annals shine!

ODD SKETCHES

by Geoffrey Brabason, Esq.

III.

In the spring of the year 18—I was traveling in the southern part of England, and had stopped at the little village of Clairhampton to visit an old college chum, or friend rather, when I met with the somewhat strange adventure which forms the substance of this tale.

My friend was comfortably well off, so that he had a very pleasant place and his cool little house was very refreshing after the hot and dusty ride. We had been having some light refreshments in the dining room and had been waited on by a young woman who appeared to me to be suffering from some secret sorrow. I had not paid any attention to her until, happening to catch her eye, I noticed in it a sacred look and saw her immediately after, throwing furtive glances over her shoulder as if something or somebody were close behind her.

Following her glance, I perceived the figure of a man, dressed wholly in black and whose face was very pale. Perceiving that I had seen him he turned and spoke to me.

He said: "She is my wife. Tell her that I was innocent of that crime and that my execution was a legal murder. I have tried to tell her, but she does not seem to hear or see me——."

That was all I heard for I was disturbed by my friend shaking me by the arm and asking me what was the matter. I explained to him what I had seen and heard and his face instantly grew serious and he looked really alarmed and nervous and shivered two or three times as if he had come in contact with something cold. On asking him for an explanation he told that his servant was a widow and that her husband had been hung two months before, he having been found guilty of fatally stabbing a companion in a drunken quarrel; although convicted on a fair trial, many believed he was not the guilty

party, but merely the victim of circumstances.

After what I had seen I was convinced of his innocence and determined to sift the matter to the bottom. Instead of being alarmed or nervous at being the person to whom a "perturbed spirit" appeared, I was, on the contrary, strengthened in my belief in the doctrine of spiritualism and I determined to seize the opportunity to convert my friend. I had wasted all my arguments on him time and time again and when about discouraged the very event took place which I had long hoped for and which I knew would do more to hasten my friend's conversion than all the arguments in Christendom. I determined to ask of my spirit the next time he appeared to me, the particulars of the tragedy and see if they coincided with those developed upon the trial.

Next day at dinner I waited anxiously for the appearance of the waitress, and sure enough behind her stalked my spirit. I motioned to him to stop in the room, as I would speak to him; but he as if divining my thoughts said:

"Drive out with your friend and I will show you the scene of the unfortunate affair and also you shall witness the drama acted over again exactly as it was in life, I do this because you are a firm believer and worthy of the confidence reposed in you."

With these words he disappeared and I finished my meal without mentioning to my friend what had been said.

After we had rested awhile I told him that if he would take me out riding I would probably be able, with the help of my spirit, to point out the spot where the homicide took place. My host readily assented and accordingly we started with the apparition some fifty feet in advance of us. I knew nothing whatever about the roads in that part of the country, yet when my friend attempted to leave the straight road I told him it was not the way to the scene of the murder.

Suddenly the spirit stopped and I then beheld a strange sight. About twenty persons were moving about in great confusion, and on the outskirts of the mob I beheld the widow's husband struggling with another man. While still looking at them I noticed the crowd give away in the center and I beheld a man fall stabbed by another, not my spirit. Then the whole scene faded from my sight and the road was again deserted.

When I related what I saw to my friend he told me that was the place where the murdered man's body was found.

Since that time he has been a firm believer in Spiritualism.

A Hari Encounter.

While visiting Texas two years ago a friend, Loop by name, and myself were stopping at a Mr. Humph's house on Bolivar Peninsula, thinking we would explore the surrounding region we shouldered our one gun and started on a short walk.

About four o'clock we sat down and consulted on our next move, when, suddenly we were startled by what appeared to be thirteen uncommonly large birds, we contemplated them with unteigned astonishment, which was brought to a sudden termination by their attacking us.

My friend took the gun and fired into the flock killing six of them, leaving seven to perform their evening meal upon us, and well did they try this interesting feat. Having no time to waste we took out our bowie knives (which by the way are a favorite article of appare.) and began the encounter.

Having held a consultation, these birds assaulted us and deprived us of our weapons but at a loss of four of their number. Thankful we were that we had reduced their number, but greatly exhausted by our exertions, and seeing that nothing could save us but flight we took a hasty departure, and on nearing an old hut on the sea shore, saw a

large soap boilers kettle weighing about two hundred pounds, under which we contrived to get.

We heard them on the outside shortly after talking, and we knew we had been tracked and they were still bent on getting our life's blood.

We were entirely satisfied that they were drawing lots as to who should remove our covering, and we were frozen with fear when we heard a sound as of some one boring into our shield, and ere we had time to ask what it was our iron tent was suddenly lifted and we saw it flying away on the bill of one of these terrible fowls.

We were dejected when we perceived these fiends had been reinforced, and were just preparing to give up the fight when we heard the halloo of some of our friends, who becoming alarmed at our absence had hastened to seek us, and taking in the position at a glance came to our succor, and killing five succeeded in putting the rest to flight.

We were carried to the house in a very critical condition, and on our recovery asked one of our preservers, what those birds were called? he answered "Mosquitoes," and told us the only way a man might hope to escape was to whistle or sing "Little Buttercup."

Baron Muuchausen Jr.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BROCKPORT NORMAL SCHOOL.

Nov. 2, 1881.

Our school is in a very flourishing condition, the attendance is large and everything is smiling. Steam apparatus having been put in, the greater part of the building is now heated by steam and the improvements will be completed in a short time.

Our esteemed Classical teacher, Prof. J. F. Forbes has been very sick but is now able to again perform his school duties.

The Gamma Sigma society is prospering finely. Its members have been engaged in renovating their society room which now presents a spectacle very pleasing to the eye.

COR.

INGHAM UNIVERSITY.

LE ROX, OCT. 29, '81

Last week Monday, at 1 P. M. the west attic of the boarding hall was found to be in flames, and it was only by prompt action on the part of the fire company and others that the fire was extinguished. The following day two other fires occurred in the building but caused little damage. The University is now undergoing some repairs.

Prof. Wiles' class in Art gave an exhibition last week Thursday of their work of the fall term. Aside from the numerous sketches and water-colors, there were nearly two hundred paintings exhibited. Of these the paintings of Miss Pratt, and Irving R. Wiles were especially admired.

Prof. Wiles has a wide reputation as a teacher of art, and the work of his class this term was considered unusually fine.

S. M. B.

GENESEE WESLEYAN SEMINARY, LIMA, N. Y. Nov. 1, '81.

Editors Student:—

We quite regret that you have not before had occasion to print the above heading in your paper. While we have not found Lima news when reading your paper we have found much interesting matter in some of the articles—especially the one in your first issue on "School Societies." We firmly believe that there is no room entered by the Lima student where so much mental advancement is made as our society rooms.

The four societies are in a very flourishing condition this term—their membership combined is about one hundred, and there are nearly two hundred students in attendance. The Senior class is a little larger than

the class of '81—the following officers have been elected—Pres., D. D. Dickson; Vice Pres., Minnie Lucas; Treas., Louise Blaine; Sec., L. C. Gates. Their motto is "Through difficulties to success."

By present indications we can judge that there will be a very large attendance in the winter. We dare say this is owing a great deal to the very attractive rooms in the gentlemen's department which have been very neatly painted and papered, and the young gentlemen can easily make them like home.

Friday evening, Oct. 25th, the Browning Society invited delegations from the Ingelows, Lyceums and their "brother" Amphicytons together with the Faculty to visit them. The audience was elegantly entertained. The following was the programme:

Duet, cornet and guitar, Misses Torrey and Hammond.

Address by the Pres., Miss Theda Parker.
Song, - - - Miss Jennie Durr.

Essay, "Idiotus Inquises" Miss Ella Brown.

Recitation, - - - Miss Ella Arnold.

Poetical Selections, - - - Miss Cook.

Personation, - - - Miss Blaine.

Guitar solo, - - - Miss Hammond.

Discussion, Resolved: That every man has his price; Aff. Miss Pindar, Neg., Miss Reed.

Paper, "The Reformer," Miss Lucas.

Song, - - - Miss Durr.

Adjournment.

All were very much pleased with every part of the entertainment.

Monday Eve'g the school social was held in College Hall. Nearly all of the students were present and we believe they enjoyed it. There was quite a varied programme, all very interesting. We were especially pleased with the "Costumes"—the recitation by Miss Arnold, the Bass Solos by Mr. E. R. Siddell, and the "Darius Green's flying machine," by Seward Transue.

G. L.

R. F. A. ITEMS.

CUTTING UP A DIDO.

Now listen, all ye scholars, well ;
The derivation shortly tell,
Of "Cutting up a dido."

First one and then another tried,
The question passed along each side,
Without correct solution.

Atlas it came unto a youth,
Who tried to tell the simple truth
Without exaggeration.

He made this answer, word for word:
"Concerning this I've never heard.
Nor seen the operation."

At this, his classmates showed surprise,
With tears (from laughter) in their eyes.
There was a great sensation.

—It is rumored that the ladies of the senior class (exclusive of the gentlemen) are about to form a "Battalion" with Colonel Wells as Commander in Chief—that's right, girls, who says you can't do it?

—The placid countenance of one of our Professors has so much attraction for the young ladies in his class as to cause them to sit and gaze upon him with smiling faces during the recitations. It is valuable time thrown away, girls, as he has already been deceived by one of the tender sex.

—The scenic(?) artist of the R. F. A. has made himself conspicuous by adorning with beautiful representations of the solar system, the backs of the seats in the Virgil class. Any information as to where he may be found will be thankfully received, as his services are desired on the mats in the lower hall.

—The other day, in Rhetoric class, as one of the young gentlemen was pathetically telling the story of his lady-love, and of the hair-pin which he treasured so highly as having nestled among her lovely tresses, on looking up, what was his consternation to

behold every girl with her hand to her head counting the hairpins thereon, and looking sweetly at him as much as to say: "Ah yes, I miss one. Now I know who took it. How nice to be thus loved!"

—
"Tobacco is a filthy weed
And 'twas the devil sowed the seed;
It robs the purse, it scents the clothes,
It makes a chimney of your nose."

Mother Goose.

Last week the young men of the Academy received a lecture on smoking by one who spoke "from experience." Although himself a lover and consumer of the weed, yet he did not believe in young men becoming inveterates at the tender age of "sweet sixteen." An earnest appeal was made by the speaker for a desistance in the art. We join in the appeal and would state in addition that in our judgment, tobacco is the key which unlocks the doors of our jails and prisons. Young man, you are now thoroughly aware of what your fate will be if you continue to fumigate.

Literary Exercises.

The regular monthly exercises of the Rochester Free Academy were held in the chapel on the forenoon of Friday, the 28th ult.

The declamations, recitations and readings reached the usual high standard. The essays of which there were but two deserve especial mention for originality and good rhetoric.

A generally unsuccessful feature of the exercises of former years was revived upon this occasion with complete success; namely the 'class paper.' It was most carefully prepared and contained articles witty, truthful and to the point, and was read in a manner pleasing to all present.

The musical part of the programme, prepared under the direction of Dr. Forbes, was most excellently rendered, eliciting favorable comments from the entire audience.

THE STUDENT.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 7th, 1881.

EDITORIAL COLUMN

— In one of the contributions to the 'class paper' read upon the Monthly Exercises, the Ladies of the R. F. A. justly complained of the meagre accommodations afforded by their dressing room, which, although never conveniently large, has this year been made still less by the partitioning off of a portion for a "Committee Room" notwithstanding the fact that there was already one room fitted up for the use of committees. As it is, within five minutes after school has been dismissed each day, two hundred young ladies have to procure their outdoor apparel from a room less than 25 feet square.

— We desire to again call the attention of our readers to the very liberal prizes which we offer for subscribers in another column, and to remind them that only a month remains to work in. None of the clubs yet received have equalled our expectations, and even the most hopeless should take courage and try again. We wish to make the paper as interesting as possible to pupils of other schools (witness, our correspondence) and we can do it if they will only co-operate by sending us correspondence enough to fill the whole paper, and—subscribers. Help us, friends, by helping yourselves.

— Among the many new books deserving of notice we find the following: "The Glad Year Round" by Miss A. G. Pympton.

Every page is adorned with fresh and spirited illustrations by a new artist, and these dainty pictures are richly and appropriately colored. The antique costumes and conventional landscapes shown in these designs are full of refreshing interest; and the sprays of

flowers,—daisies, clover-tops, marigolds, pussy-willows,—all in their natural colors, thrown carelessly across the pages here and there, aptly illuminate the droll rhy-
J. R. Osgood & Co., Publisher; for sale by Steele & Avery.

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The Student

"Haec olim forsitan meminisse juvabit."

Vol. 1. No. 5. ROCHESTER, N. Y., Monday, Nov. 21, '81. 50 Cts. a Year

STEPS.

The child alone the first time stands
With tottering limbs and outstretched hands,
Looking at Mama's smiling face,
Daring him to commence his pace ;
" Ho ! " says midget to himself,
" Though i'm but a little elf,
"These folks, I'll show that steps though small
"Are better than no steps at all."

One step he takes ; how good it feels,
Another, how his poor head reels,
Another, and oh dear, how sad,
He staggers back and falls, poor lad .
His Mamma, scared, quick comes and cries :
" Baby are you hurt ? " He sighs !
" Hurt ? not quite," says he with scorn,
" But my frock is badly torn ;
"Lift me up, Mama, once more,
"I'll show you how to walk this floor."

Manfully his steps are, too ;
Very short, but quite a few.
And it pleased him very much
When e'er his feet the floor did touch,
And he crowed and laughed with glee,
"What a darling baby I be."

So, when 'tis our lot to fail,
Let s think of this, my humble tale ;
That if at first to fall we're bound
We'll soon stand up all safe and sound,
And show that every step though small,
Is better than no step at all.

—France is now building 17 new iron-clads
England 10. This will give France 53 and
England 57

ODD SKETCHES.

by Geoffrey Brabason, Esq.

IV.

In the early autumn of the year of Our Lord, one thousand, eight hundred and sixty —, I with several companions was traveling in the Alpien region of eastern France. We had put up at a small inn in the village of S. Jean de Maurienne in the Department of Savoie, it being our intention to ascend Mt. Cenis and inspect the famous tunnel on the following day. There were other villages nearer the mount and also a very fine station at the entrance to the passage way, but as these places are always crowded with tourists and accommodations were very scarce, we preferring to remain over night at S. Jean de M., and trust luck to find a conveyance in the morning that would take us forward at day-break.

After eating a hearty supper—and I will say right here there is nothing more pleasant to a hungry man than a provincial supper, cooked in the south or east of France by a native cook—we had gathered around the big fireplace to tell stories and while away the few hours before bedtime.

The following tale was contributed by M. Charles Lamart, a Parisian advocate who had joined the party at Lyons, and he also vouched for its accuracy.

During the preceding summer he and a friend had opened offices for the transaction of professional business in Paris, and had begun the "daily struggle for bread" with a good deal of success. A short while after—

wards, M. Alfred's—his friend's—wife died and from that time he changed perceptibly and no longer worked with his accustomed zeal. He would come down to the office and sit listlessly all day long. In the evening he would go to the theatre and sit with his head turned from the stage until the performance was over and then wander home; and so one day passed after another and he grew no better.

One night, I (I will endeavor to tell the story in M. Charles' own words) asked him to accompany me to the Theatre Comique to see *Mlle N*— in *The Flamingo*, hoping to interest him at least for a moment; he consented, and having secured good seats, we arrived in the theatre as the curtain rose.

During the first act he evinced no interest whatever in the performance; but toward the end of the second I felt him convulsively grasp my arm, and on turning beheld him looking toward the stage with a fixed stare. I hurriedly inquired what the matter was and he replied, "that over towards the right there was a man looking at him queer'y." Glancing that way I saw a man rather flashily dressed looking our way and moving his lips as if talking to himself and gesticulating excitedly. After quieting my friend by telling him that he only imagined the man was looking at him, I turned my attention to the play.

The curtain fell finally on the last act and we made our way out rather hurriedly as I wanted to reach home before midnight. We had proceeded for a short distance at a rather fast walk toward the nearest coupe stand when I became aware that we were followed; and as I stepped into the vehicle, by the aid of a neighboring lamp, I perceived to my astonishment that it was the man who had been watching us in the theatre.

I left my partner at my own door, to proceed in the coupe to his own residence which was some distance from mine. The parting "Good night" was the last word I ever

heard him speak, and the glimpse of his face through the carriage window was the last I ever saw of him alive. Word was brought me the next morning that he was found in his room stretched on the floor shot through the heart. He was but partially dressed and was lying near the window, so they inferred that he was shot from the outside and while he was preparing for bed.

Some time afterward I was called upon to identify a crazy man, who had been arrested for attacking a man on the street, and recognized in him, to my astonishment, the very same man with whom we had had the adventure in the theatre on the night of my friend's death. I had always suspected that if my friend had been murdered, this man had done it, although I could assign no reason for the crime as my partner would not have wilfully injured any man.

When he saw me he suddenly became very quiet and appeared nervous and afraid of me. I accused him of the murder, and after a while he confessed that he had conceived the idea of following my friend home and shooting him. On account of my presence and the cab he had not had a good opportunity until he had moved to the window to close the blind, when he had fired at him and then fled without waiting to see the effects of his shot.

He was afterwards sent to an asylum for insane convicts and died there shortly after.

With this M. Charles concluded his tale and we betook ourselves to our beds. I was in a fit state of mind for the adventure I met with and which I will relate in my next.

The Beginning of the Storm.

H. S. CARLTON.

All is still in the dark forest; still and gloomy and weird; then a gentle breeze rustles the leaves; soon moaning and groaning, the great trees bend to the increasing wind, as if to shield themselves from the coming storm. Now comes a sharp swish as

the first quick gust sweeps past, followed by the crackle of the twigs as they are snapped from the trees.

A moment of solemn stillness again, in which is heard the booming of the distant thunder, and then the storm bursts in all its fury. The quiet solemnity of ten minutes ago gives place to the awful grandeur and sublimity of the present. The wind roars and rushes resistlessly onward, and the dazzling glare of the lightning, accompanied by the sharp crack and peal upon peal of thunder, reveals the late monarch of the forest as conquered and shattered, it rushes through the lesser trees and reaches the ground with one last, fearful crash.

CORRESPONDENCE.

INGHAM UNIVERSITY.

LE ROY, Nov. 16, '81

Last Monday it was rumored about the building that Dr. Schmitz had resigned, to accept a position in the Genesee Normal School. The report caused considerable excitement among the students and when confirmed, was received with regret both by the teachers and pupils. A farewell reception was given him Thursday evening, and Monday morning the students presented him with Goethe's works in twelve elegantly bound volumes. The following evening Madame Staunton gave a reception at the Cottage where all were pleasantly entertained.

Dr. Marshall who has been called to the chancellorship of the University, visited here Monday, but has not yet decided to accept the position. S. M. B.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

Nov. 15, 1881.

News gathering is rather a difficult piece of business now-a-days, considering that

one is employed in preparing for Regents' Examinations, the first of which commenced this morning; however we will strive to do the best we can.

Mr. E. F. Minard, of Hume, was in town the first two days of the present week.

Miss Alzina Saunders has been very sick with rheumatic fever, but at our present writing she is rapidly gaining.

The Orophilian Lyceum held their election last evening; as to the result we cannot state.

The ladies of the Alfredian Lyceum visited their brother lyceum, the Alleghenians, last Saturday evening.

The McGibeny Family gave a grand musical entertainment on the fifth inst, at Chapel Hall.

The fair ones of our University seem to manifest a peculiar liking for feather turbans and large hats with the tassel appendage.

"Please do, you always used to!"

Hoping that this batch of gossip will suffice for the present, promising more next time, I remain, yours without a struggle,

CLARA GIRARD.

GENESEE WESLEYAN SEMINARY.

Lima, N. Y., Nov. 16th, 1881.

Last evening the Genesee Musical Institute pupils gave a recital under the direction of Prof. F. R. Mallory, assisted by the Genesee Philharmonic Society. The organ solo by Miss Griffiths and the choruses by the G. P. S. were especially pleasing.

Next Friday evening the Genesee Lyceum Public occurs. The Lyceums always entertain their audiences well, and they undoubtedly will keep up past records on Friday evening. The society was founded in 1843, by Orange Judd and others; this was not however the first beginning of the society, for it existed several years before that, under the name of the Genesee Wesleyan Society. The register shows a list

of nearly 2500 names since 1843, being the largest society in connection with G. W. S. The present membership is 35.

The sudden death of Rev. O. L. Gibson, A. M. late pastor of the M. E. Church here, was announced at chapel this morning. He died at his home in Olean, Mich., Monday night. He was a warm friend of the school and all of its connections, and the students and faculty showed their appreciation of his efforts and their sorrow at his death by requesting Dr. Bridgman to write a letter of condolence to the bereaved family.

G. L.

Monthly Bulletin

Of New Books, Central Library.

- | | |
|--|------------------------------|
| Aunt Serena, | Author of <i>One Summer.</i> |
| Warlock o' Glen Warlock, | <i>Geo. McDonald</i> |
| Volcanoes, | <i>J. W. Judd</i> |
| The Sun, | <i>Young.</i> |
| Illusions | |
| Eminent Sailors. | <i>W. H. D. Adams</i> |
| George at the Wheel, | <i>Castlemon</i> |
| The out-break of the Rebellion, | <i>Nicolay</i> |
| History of Spain, | <i>Arthur Gilman</i> |
| Madeline, | <i>Holmes</i> |
| Life and Public service of J. A. Garfield. | |
| History of Ancient Egypt | <i>Prof Rawlinson</i> |
| “ India, | <i>Fannie R. Fendge</i> |
| “ Switzerland, | <i>H. D. S. McKensie</i> |
| “ Egypt, | <i>E. Clement</i> |
| Poets and Poetry of Ireland, | <i>A. M. Williams</i> |
| Life of Ralph W. Emerson, | <i>Cook</i> |
| The Minor arts, | <i>Chas G. Leland</i> |
| Dict. of Poetical Quotations | <i>Bohn</i> |
| Concise History of Painting, | |
| | <i>Mrs. Chas. Heaton</i> |
| The Bird World, | <i>Davenport Adams</i> |

R. F. A. ITEMS.

—Civil Government Class:

Prof. W.—What is the number?

Pupil.—'Leven,

Prof. W.—Be seated, sir, that is wrong.

Dr. B. (thoughtfully)—'Leven! Leven means yeast. Perhaps the young man wants to rise.

—Vote of thanks from the Young Ladies' Department to the person who donated that valuable article of toilet to be used as an ornament in the dressing room.

Sorry, but do not accept anonymous contributions.

—The young man who was engaged in the metrical translation of the *Aeneid*, on being discovered, immediately discontinued, having completed four lines. Good—next!

—The young men of the Rhetoric class need not be alarmed at what they suppose to be screams—'tis only a way the members of the faculty have of calling the attention of the preceptress though the speaking tube.

—One of the members of the "Chorus" passing by our Jovial Professor one day just after one of their afternoon rehearsals, heard him remark that the present chorus was the strongest and also the best that ever took part in the exercises of the R. F. A.

—Several of the Senior Young Ladies are taking lessons in turning, for the benefit of their health. Exhibition at Turner Hall, some time this winter.

R. F. A. pupils being among the performers the audience is sure to be a large one.

—A very instructive lecture was delivered to the assembled young ladies directly after roll-call, in which the speaker essayed to teach the use to which mats are to be put.

A proof of the girls' weakness in this particular is in the horrid foot-prints that are left on the carpet in the principal's office whenever he is honored by a call from that quarter

—Young men, be careful how you present a young lady with a photograph taken when you were young and charming; The fair sex being appreciative, often delight in circulating the picture and in writing poetry about him who has so much inventive genius as to write an interesting story on such a trivial subject as a hair-pin. For full particulars attend the next public exercises of the R. F. A.

—The "Chorus" met for rehearsal a short time ago at the residence of Miss Couch, in preparation for the next Public Exercises. After rehearsing a number of their choice selections, they devoted the rest of the evening to a social and a dance. After enjoying themselves for a short time (at least it seemed a short time to them) they departed to their respective homes greatly benefitted and also highly pleased with their evening rehearsal. We hope that these occasions will be continued under the same pleasant programme.

—It is to be hoped that the young gentlemen in passing to Prof. Glen's room will choose some other route than that which leads them through the ladies' study-room. A man is such a rare spectacle in that department of the Academy, that when he appears he attracts nearly as much attention as did the elephants when led against the Roman army.

The Ascent from Cæsar.

E. D. W.

While sitting in the Cæsar class,
An R. F. A. and gushing lass
Espied a smart, fine-looking youth—
That glance was one of love, forsooth.
The youth was not the least amazed,
Upon the smiling maid he gazed.
When lo! from his ethereal chair,
The great God, Mars, observed the pair.
Their naughty flirting roused his ire,
He thundered forth in words of fire—
" Full soon, thou maid, ascend above!"—

Aloft she soared like to a dove—
" And thou, bold youth, thy book peruse,
" For if to do this thou refuse,
" I'll place thee in yon distant seat
" From which thy maid thou canst not
greet,"

The youth obeyed,—'twas better thus,
If he had not there'd been a fuss;
And who can tell what may transpire
When chance does raise the God Mars' ire.
Now may the fate of this sweet pair,
That youth so bold, that maid so fair,
Be warning meet unto ye all
Who study in this classic hall.
Thou pretty maiden smile no smile
When some bold youth would thee beguile;
And thou young man take every care
To keep thine eyes from ladies fair;
And thus the moral of my tale
Will be to ye of some avail.

Attention All!

For the best Poem, illustrating the Beauties of Nature; or describing some imaginary scene; containing not less than 400 nor more than 800 words; and for the best Essays upon (1) The Advantages of a Democratic form of Government, (2) The Indian Question, (3) True Heroism; of not less than 800 or more than 1500 words, to be written on one side of the paper and mailed, post paid to the publisher before December 10th, accompanied by the name and address of the author, the publishers of THE STUDENT will give copies of the Poets named in the Premium List on last page.

To the author of the essay considered by the judges to be the best in all respects will be given an extra prize.

Competition for these prizes limited to those who have not graduated from any Academy.

These essays will be printed in the special Christmas number of THE STUDENT, to be issued about Dec. 24th.

THE STUDENT.

Monday, November 21, 1881.

EDITORIAL COLUMN

—Owing to the illness of the publisher, and his consequent inability to take charge of it, the paper did not appear this time with its accustomed punctuality.

We would be pleased to receive contributions from the authors of the articles read in the last "R. F. A. Class Paper," their merit showing a high degree of literary skill.

—Undoubtedly there will be some rivalry among the students of different academies, as to which institution shall have the honor of numbering among its members the authors of the essays gaining the prizes. Perhaps it would be well to state that the editors have procured the services of worthy and impartial judges, to decide as to the merits of the various productions sent in in competition for the prizes offered.

—People in passing by the Free Academy may have noticed several stone hitching posts along the sidewalk in front of that building. For what reason they were placed there is not known. Through the use made of them by farmers and others, who, in some cases, leave their horses tied to them for a day at a time, they have become a nuisance to all persons connected with the institution, and measures should be taken at once for their removal.

LITERARY NOTES.

A Pickwickian Pilgrimage by John R. G. Hassard—J. R. Osgood & Co., Publishers.

This elegant little volume is made out of letters published in *The New York Tribune* in the summer of 1879. Its style is crisp

and vivid and it will be found most entertaining by all who have read Dickens appreciatively, and will revive pleasant memories in the minds of those who have visited the scenes of his novels in their trips abroad. For sale by Steele & Avery. Price \$1.00.

In the November number of *The Growing World*, an illustrated monthly magazine, devoted to nature, animate and inanimate, managed by John R. Coryell, 113 Fulton St., N. Y., we find our ideal of a young folks' periodical. It contains a leading story of intense interest and is full of articles valuable to the student of Natural History.

Bachelor Bluff: His Opinions, Sentiments, and Disputations, by Oliver Bell Bunce—D. Appleton & Co., Publishers.

Few volumes of popular essays published of late years have contained so much good writing, and so many fine and original comments on topics of current interest. There is a variety of ideas, whimsical or practical behind the sayings of Bachelor Bluff, and things are presented from such a new and striking point as to command the attention at once. At Steele & Avery's. Price \$1.25.

The Bloody Chasm by J. W. Deforest—D. Appleton & Co., Publishers.

This story is not nearly so sanguinary as one might be led to infer from the title. The story opens in Charleston just after the war, but it is the social rather than the political aspects of the times with which the story deals. The plot is ingenious, the style easy and piquant, and the ending a happy one. Steele & Avery have it. Price \$1.00.

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THE STUDENT.

Monday, November 21, 1881.

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For fifty-five names with \$27.50, a complete set of Dickens's Works.

And in addition to the above the one who has sent us the largest number of names by December 1st, will receive an elegant copy of Webster's standard dictionary, or Shakespeare as preferred, and to the sender of the second largest list, one of our improved Stylographic pens.

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We assure you that no one has taken advantage of our offers very extensively as yet, leaving a splendid chance for the one who will devote the remaining few days to it.

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Ladies' Misses & Masters Class, Saturday " 22d

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Class for Married Ladies and Gentlemen, will commence as soon as enough names are registered for further particulars see circulars and call at the Academy.

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The Student

Haec olim forsitan meminisse juvabit.

Vol. 1. No. 6. ROCHESTER, N. Y., Monday, Dec. 5, '81. 50 Cts. a Year.

Our Rhetoric Class.

Friends, comrades all. I speak to you,
I pray for good attention,
And hope I may not worry you
With things that I shall mention.
Our rhetoric class, how dear the name
To all its brilliant members:
How time has passed since first we came,
So long one scarce remembers.
Just facing us, in honor's place,
Sits she who through her kindness
He'ps us to keep a steady pace,
In walking from our blindness.
With ever ready willing hand
She helps those that are slowest,
Nor leaves them till alone they stand
In class no longer lowest.
On scholars' faces let us look,
So finish our description:
A wrink'ed brow, a rhetoric book,
The place is horrid Diction.
But let us hope that ere we go,
The troubled look will leave us;
For Joy will take the place of woe,
If we let nothing grieve us.
And now farewell to you I say;
I smother a great sigh;
I've said enough (I guess to-day)
And wish you all good bye.

ODD SKETCHES.

by Geoffrey Brabason, Esq.

V.

In my last I spoke of an adventure that I met with in the inn where we stopped at S.

Jean de Maurieane; but on reference to the journal which I always kept while travelling I find that it was at a small hotel in the Canton of Valais in Switzerland. We had been for a few days at Bern when some of the party had proposed to visit and ascend the Jungfrau; now as I had already "done" that Peak, I decided to accompany them as far as the Jungfrau and leaving them, continue on my way towards that other famous mountain the Matterhorn. We went by way of Thun and Interlaken to Kaudersteg, where we parted company they to cross over to their destination and I to go on, by slow stages, to Kippel, to Visp, to S. Uiklaus, and finally to Zermatt, the nearest village to the Matterhorn. Here I had determined to wait for my companions, as I hardly relished a trip on the mountains alone; besides they would join me in two or three days at the most.

As I entered the village I perceived by the stir and bustle that it was some Festa-day and immediately I became aware that accommodations would be scarce, and consequently exorbitantly dear. I first applied at the largest hotel in the place:

"It grieves M. le Clerk to inform M. le Traveller that there is no room. Perhaps a cot in the parlor—"

"No. M. le Traveller will look elsewhere." I had applied at almost every hostelry in the village and had met always with the same answer, when I came across a picturesque little house on a corner in the suburbs whose swinging sign showed it to be a caravansery for the accommodation of belated guests. It was the kind of house that

a man could sleep in forever, with its cool looking, clean green blinds and its sand-scrubbed porch, and I thought if I could only be allowed to stay over night, if only in the kitchen, I should be inexpressibly happy.

Hungry, (I had eaten nothing since morning and it was now after five) and tired (I had walked most of the afternoon) I drew towards the door and entered; looking around me I perceived that I was in the "office" of the hotel, and for the benefit of those of my readers who have never seen the interior of a Swiss house, I will endeavor to describe this "principal room."

This apartment was very irregularly built; the ceiling being in some places six feet high and in others twenty feet. and as for the walls, I counted thirteen and then gave up the idea of ever knowing the exact number. Both ceilings and walls were blackened with smoke that probably came from the large open fireplace at one side of the room and from the pipes of innumerable loungers who dropped in to smoke a pipe and drink a glass of something cheery after their day's work and before seeking their night's rest.

Opposite and a little to the right of me as I entered the room, stood in a little alcove of its own, a high, ancient-looking, worm-eaten desk, out of the back of which, and towards me extended a shelf-like arrangement on which reposed the register, or more properly the visitors' book, as registration is not compulsory in Switzerland, and in this book with ink very much faded and a quill pen in the last stages of dilapidation, I inscribed my name boldly—Geoffrey Brabason Esquire, London, Eng.

Upon my asking for supper and a room, the proprietor or the man behind the desk, whom I took to be the proprietor, was about to give me the usual answer, when I interrupted him by saying that he must take no matter where he put me. I would sleep

in a room with half a dozen others—in short I had made up my mind to spend that night in his house, and all the village could not put me out.

He looked at me closely and then went slowly out of the room, leaving me at a loss to comprehend his conduct; almost immediately returned with a woman who likewise eagerly scanned my countenance and then she left the room accompanied by the man.

The verdict must have been favorable to me, for the man soon returned and asked me if I had any objection to a room-mate.

I told him not in the least.

"He will not cause Monsieur any trouble, he is a very quiet sleeper, and as the bed is large and roomy Monsieur will be very comfortable."

I ate my supper which was a good one, and started out to take a short stroll to work off a feeling of dizziness which had suddenly come over me.

About half past nine I returned to the hotel and was shown into a large airy room that from the stiff, straight-backed furniture, I judged generally served as a parlor. My host cast a glance, sharp and hasty, toward the bedstead that stood back in an angle of the wall and was hung with heavy black curtains, and setting down the candle and bidding me good night, left the room. I then proceeded to undress hastily, stopping to wonder once or twice where my friend had deposited his garments as I could see no sign of any thing. However I was so very tired and sleepy that it did not trouble me much and with a mental hop-skip-and-a-jump, I turned out the gas and lay snugly ensconced in bed.

I was laying on my back gazing upward and gradually falling asleep, when I received a blow in the face that somehow or other, though not very heavy, sent a cold shiver down along my spine to my toes; it did not take me long to discover that in his

sleep my companion had turned over and his hand had fallen on my face, and I had taken hold of it to place it back in its proper position when I perceived that it was icy cold and I made the alarming discovery that I was *in bed with a dead man!*

It is useless to say how I came to that conclusion, I could not if I had wished; it is impossible to realize the sensation; alone at midnight, in a strange place, among strange people and *in the dark!* In an instant I remembered that I had no matches about me.

What was I to do? Make an outcry and call for assistance? What good would that do me; in these houses every room has its own hall and probably there were six or seven doors between me and the nearest human being. Besides if the man was dead what harm could he do me? Better go back to bed and sleep quietly till morning and then laugh in the landlord's face and let him see that an Englishman is not afraid of his own shadow or any body else's for that matter.

But it is one thing to say and another thing to do, and it would take a brave and cool man to calmly and deliberately lay down and try to sleep in the presence of a corpse.

I had been deliberating in this fashion when suddenly my horrified attention was attracted by a stir among those horrible bed curtains and looking that way I beheld a hand extending out from between them, that I was sure was not there when I looked a moment before.

What if he was not dead at all but only in a trance of some sort and I should be the means of restoring him to sound life!

Now what was I to do? Surely I must arouse the inn-keeper and get his assistance; for what could I do alone?

Quick as thought I rushed to the bed and with one sweep pulled down the curtains; in another instant I opened one of the windows or rather broke open one. I then

exerted all my strength to push the heavy bed from its dark corner toward the fresh air, and that being accomplished I opened my door and going out into the hall commenced calling for assistance at the top of my voice, and stamping up and down; before long the proprietor and his wife both came running to the door, frightened half out of their wits, to see was the matter.

I immediately sent him flying for the nearest doctor and her for warm water and blankets. After that I sat down in a chair and dressed myself and tried to calm my "perturbed spirits".

The next morning I had the pleasure of seeing my room-mate taking nourishment, and in a few days he was well enough to return to his friends.

I met him afterwards in Paris and he overwhelmed me with thanks, which by the way he had a right to do, and insisted on taking me home with him to see his wife and family.

So after all my journey to the Matterhorn was productive of pleasure to others than myself.

The Literary Exercises, R. F. A.

The regular monthly exercises of the Academy which took place last Friday morning surpassed the expectations of all, being noticeable for the number of original productions. The "class paper" again made its appearance with its usual vivacity and contained many good hits. By the permission of the editor we here insert the article of which mention was made in our last issue.

A PICTURE.

A little boy upon a sled,
With light brown eyes and curly head;
With pretty cloak so thick and warm
To shield his little baby form—
Near to the trunk of an old oak tree
He sits in sweet simplicity;
A little beaver on his head,

His laughing face so rosy red—
Bright eyes peep out from lashes brown;
You'd never dream that by a frown
That pretty forehead would be marred,
E'en though the Rhetoric is so hard
That baby to a youth has grown,
And childhood from him now has flown
And that bright, handsome, little boy
Is still his mother's pride and joy.
And now young men with proud Mam-
mas
Who with pride to their friends distrib-
ute photos—
Beware, I say, for you little know
The places your picture is destined to go
For perchance to school it may wend its
way
And be passed to the girls who all will
say:
Oh! how could we fail to recognize
That little face, those laughing eyes?
If to see this picture its owner would like,
For, of course, to it he's a perfect right.
In the young ladies' room at your service
'twill be,
At the desk of your schoolmate and friend
Miss F. C.

Most of the recitations and declamations were fully up to the standard, and Prof. Trzciak's German piece on this occasion was superior to former ones, in fact it was a perfect success, being delivered with extraordinary fluency on the part of the speaker.

The music under the direction of Dr. Forbes again formed a most pleasing part of the programme.

Those taking part upon this and the two preceding occasions comprise the entire class of '82, a class that has shown itself in every respect worthy of the institution to which it belongs, and of which both teachers and members are with good reason proud.

No more of these pleasant gatherings will take place until the fourth Friday of next term.

R. F. A. ITEMS.

—The position assumed by one of the declaimers immediately after making his obeisance last Friday very strongly resembled that of an Indian bow bent a'most double, previous to its discharge.

—One of the seniors has wittily suggested that in as much as the class of '81 has placed the photograph of Garfield in its frame lately hung in Prof. Wells' room, that we fill a space which may perchance be left in ours with the picture of Guitau.

—The rehearsals of the chorus are developing into a source of real enjoyment as well as instruction in matters musical. The members met at Miss Michael's on Clinton St., for the last rehearsal before Thanksgiving, Dr. Forbes being there to direct it.

It turned out to be quite a musical entertainment, there being vocal, piano, and flute solos. After the spirit of music had departed, that of levity prevailed, and the evening was one of real enjoyment throughout.

—The class of '83 met Friday Dec. 2d, directly after the public exercises for the purpose of organizing a class society, as it is customary for the the classes to organize themselves into compact bodies in other similar institutions, the R. F. A. should not be behind in encouraging the formation of this society. The meeting proved a success every way and the members of the class of '83 are highly pleased with the originators for the active work which they did in respect to the preliminary meeting. All of the members of the class of '83 are earnestly requested to become members of the society. A large number was present, but on looking around among the multitude it was seen that a few were absent, both of the ladies and of the gentlemen we hope that all will be present at the next mee-

ting, as we want each and every member of our class to benefited by the interesting and useful work performed in this society.

—"I'm co'd."

"You are used to sitting in a warm room"

"I have a cough."

"A little fresh air will do you good."

:"It gives me a headache."

"You don't keep busy. Your blood circulates too slowly."

"But, sir, I've been vaccinated."

"Vaccinated! Oh, that's another matter. How many windows do you wish closed?"

—By the way, next week we are all to be vaccinated. After a few days we shall have the vaccine disease which will materially make us more or less cross. We will not remain at home, but we expect the teachers to be good. We try to be patient and long-suffering when we are well, but when we are ill, unless they conform to all the rules and regulations of the well-disciplined as we'll as the sympathetic, we will— well, we'll try to bear with them.

—During one of Prof. W's interesting lectures in which he always shows his fine elocutionary powers to the best advantage, he made a decided hit by reciting one of his sentences in a manner which told of the great control he has over his voice.

Seeing upon the faces of his pupils much pleasure and surprise, he asked the class what they thought he represented in that sentence. "I know," cried one of the young ladies, "a crowing rooster."

"Close your books," sternly, "we must proceed with the lesson."

—The other day, in Astronomy class, while the Doctor was explaining all about "comets," one of the pupils raised her hand; seeing which her neighbor, by a peculiar motion of the arm succeeded in lowering the upraised member, at the same time ask-

ing why her friend would interrupt their teacher.

"Leave go," was the response. "I want to know what the tail of a comet is made of for—"

"Goose," interrupted the other, "what is any tail made of?"

—"I'm sorry, it gives me pain to speak of it. But, girls, while down in my room, you must not look at the boys, lest I send you up. I do not see, I cannot understand, what you find to gaze at which so interests you. When I come up in your room I become horribly embarrassed by the looks which from all corners are cast upon me. They commend your ways. Don't do it again."

—Genius never dies out. Again we refer our readers to our friend of the "Hair-pin" as we believe him to be a proof of the veracity of the above statement:

Mrs. C.: "How do you explain the *Foot*?"

Pupil (at foot of class) "Accent on the first syllable."

Mrs. C.: "Wrong, next."

Hair-pin (with a look of disgust mingled with compassion): "Accentuate the first syllable, of course."

Central Library Bulletin.

- | | |
|-------------------------------|--------------------------|
| Eleanor Maitland, | Clara E. Clement. |
| The Portrait of a Lady, | Henry James, Jr. |
| My Wife and My Wife's Sister, | No Name Series. |
| Life of Thomas DeQuincey, | (English Men of Letters) |
| Jeanette's Cisterns, | Lynde Palmer |
| The Bloody Chasm, | J. W. DeForest. |
| The Story of Helen Troy, | Author of Golden Kof. |
| Leaves of Grass, | Walt Whitman. |
| Life of Edwin Forrest | Lawrence Hutton. |
| Needlework, | Elizabeth Glaister. |
| A World of Wonders, | |

THE STUDENT.

Monday, December 5th, 1881.

EDITORIAL COLUMN

—Several of our exchanges have failed to make their appearance this week. Our correspondents have also been dilatory, as may be observed.

—“The Abode of Somnus” by “Vera” is accepted with thanks; from the abundance of matter we were obliged to reserve it, and also the “Book-lender’s Lament” for our next.

—The winners of the special prizes for subscribers, are, Wm. L. Kiefer, who receives the Unabridged Dictionary for a list of twenty-seven names; and Dennis T. Parsons, whose list numbers twenty-four and carries off the Stylographic Pen.

—Any regular subscriber who fails to receive any number of the paper will confer a favor by sending word thereof to the office. Academy subscribers who fail to receive the next or Christmas number may procure one by calling at the Central Library.

—Look out for our enlarged Christmas number which will appear December 15th. All articles for publication therein, or in competition for the prizes offered in our last issue, must be sent in by December 10th. Of this special edition, 5,000 copies will be issued, and advertisers may consider this opportunity with profit.

Copies may be obtained at the Central Library, or at Steele & Avery’s book-store. Price, five cents. As unusual efforts will be made to fill this number with choice selections, we feel confident that it will prove unusually interesting to all.

It is rumored that the students of the University intend to revive the formerly unsuccessful “Campus”. We wish them the best of success in their praiseworthy efforts as it is evidence of an inclination to follow good examples; and we shall be glad to assist them at any time with our advice or extracts from our experience.

The English Poets by Thomas Humphrey Ward A. M. — MacMillan & Co. Publishers.

All students of literature have been at a loss for the means of pursuing their studies with facility; from time to time this want has been partially supplied by various writers of merit both in this country and in Europe, though that richest and most fruitful source of pleasure to the literary student, Poetry, has been most inadequately treated.

The work commences with a comprehensive introduction by Matthew Arnold, containing hints of great value to the student of poetry; then, beginning with Geoffrey Chancer (1340) and ending with Sydney Dobell (1874), all the Poets of Great Britain are treated of in their order by eminent scholars, a concise sketch of their lives being first given, then criticisms, explanations, and comments by the writers, and this is followed by copious and discriminating selections from their writings. It is impossible to do justice to this scholarly production in the space allowed us,—from our experience in the study of literature we know that no true literary student can afford to be without it.

Students edition, four vols. Price \$4 00. At Steele & Avery’s.

Six Girls, A Home Story by Fannie Belle Irving—J. Q. Adams & Co. Publishers.

The personal characteristics, adventures, and fortunes of the “six gir’s” are narrated in a most genial and lifelike style; the story is a happy blending of the joyous and the pathetic; and the eager reader will finish the book with a feeling of unusual satisfaction.

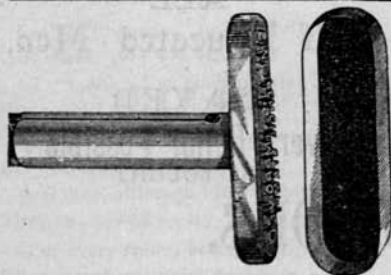
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In The Brush; or Old-Time Social, Political, and Religious Life in the South-West, by the Rev. Hamilton W. Pierson D. D., With Illustrations by W. L. Sheppard.

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THE STUDENT.

Monday, December 5th, 1881.

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Special Christmas Number.

The Student

"Haec olim forsitan meminisse juvabit."

Vol. 1. No. 7. ROCHESTER, N. Y., Monday, Dec. 19, '81. 50 Cts. a Year.

The Book-Lender's Lament.

How hard when those who do not wish
To lend, that's lose, their books,
Are snared by anglers —folks that fish
with literary hooks;

Who call and take some favorite tome,
But never read it through;

They thus complete their set at home,
By taking one from you.

I of my "Spencer" quite bereft,
Last winter sore was shaken;
Of "Lamb" I've but a quarter left,
Nor could I save my "Bacon."

My "Hall" and "Hill" were leveled flat
But "Moore" was still the cry;

And then, although I threw them "Sprat"
They swallowed up my "Pye."

O'er every thing, however slight,
They seized some airy trammel;

They snatched my "Hogg" and "Fox"
one night,

And pocketed my "Campbell."

And then I saw my "Crabbe" at last,
Like Hamlet's, backward go;

And as my tide was ebbing fast,
Of course I lost my "Rowe."

I wondered into what balloon,
My books their course had bent;

And yet, with all my marveling, soon
I found my "Marvel" went.

My "Mallet" served to knock me down,
Which makes me thus a talker;

And once, while I was out of town,
My "Johnson" proved a "Walker."

While studying o'er the fire one day,
My "Hobbes" amidst the smoke;
They bore my "Coleman" clean away,
And carried off my "Coke".

They picked my "Locke," to me far
more

Than Bramah's patent's worth;
And now my losses I deplore
Without a "Home" on earth.

If once a book you let them lift,
Another they conceal;

For, though I caught them stealing
"Swift,"

As swiftly went my "Steele."

"Hope" is not now upon my shelf,
Where late he stood elated;

But what is strange, my "Pope" himself,
Is excommunicated.

My little "Suckling" in the grave
Is sunk, to swell the ravage;

And what 'twas "Crusoe's fate to save,
'Twas mine to lose—a "Savage."

Even "Glover's" work, I cannot put
My frozen hands upon;

Though ever since I lost my "Foote,"
My "Bunyan" has been gone.

My "Hoyle" with "Cotton" went;
—oppressed,

My "Taylor" too must fail;

To save my "Goldsmith" from arrest,
In vain I offered "Bayle."

I "Prior" sought, but could not see
The "Hood" so late in front;

And when I turned to hunt my "Lee,"
Oh! where was my "Leigh Hunt?"

I tried to laugh old care to tickle,
Yet could not "Tickell" touch;
And then, alack! I missed my "Mickle,"
And surely, Mickle's much.

'Tis quite enough my grief to feed,
My sorrow to excuse,
To think I cannot read my "Reid,"
Nor even use my "Hughes."

To "West" to "South" I turn my head,
Exposed alike to odd jeers;
For since my "Roger Aschan's" fled,
I ask 'em for my "Rogers."

There's sure an eye that marks as well
The blossom as the sparrow;
Yet all unseen my "Lyly" fell—
"Twas taken in my "Barrow."

They took my "Horne"—and
"Horne Tooke" too;
And thus my treasures flit,
I feel when I would "Hazlitt," view,
The flame that it has lit.

My word's worth little—"Wordsworth"
gone,
If I survive its doom;
How many a bard I doated on,
Was swept off—with my "Broome."

My classics would not quiet lie,
A thing so fondly hoped;
Like Doctor Primrose, I may cry,
"My 'Livy' has eloped."

I'm far from "Young" am growing pale,
I see my "Butler" fly;
And when they ask about my ail,
"Tis 'Burton!' I reply.

They still have made me slight returns,
And thus my grief divide;
For, oh! They've cured me of my
"Burns."

And eased my "Aikenside."

But all I think, I shall not say,
Nor let my anger burn;
For as they never found me "Gay,"
They have not left me "Sterne."

Prize Poems.

Poetry seems to be the forte of many of our readers. Out of the large number of poems sent in, we selected and submitted to the judge, two, of more than ordinary merit, "The Ship's Last Voyage," and "Grandfather's Story;" He, after careful consideration, adjudged the latter to be the most worthy of the prize.

GRANDFATHER'S STORY.

MINNIE B. WOLFF.

There, climb up; so, that's right, my pet,
One kiss, and now I'll vow you'll get
The very thing I fain would keep
Until 'tis time for you to sleep.

Yes, little rogue, too well you know
That grandpa's getting old and slow,
And loves with little ones to speak,—
For they like him, though old and weak.

What shall it be about to-night?
A tale of how the boy's new kite
Was tangled in the chestnut tree
That spreads its shade o'er you and me?

You shake your curly head you elf,
Not that? a story 'bout myself?
Well, so be it; just as you say;
I s'pose you'll have to have your way.

Well, to commence: Sit up my child,
I gaze into your eyes so mild
And seem to see another there,
A girl, though older, just as fair.

She used to sit upon my knee,
And throw her little arms 'round me,
Like you will do this very night
Before your eyes go out of sight.

Before you slumber sweet, content,
No thought of grandpa old and bent,
Who loves you with a love so true
He'd give his very life for you.

What was I saying? yes, I know;
She did into a maiden grow;
Fair as the lily, purer e'en
Than any flower I've ever seen.

Her beauty, more of soul than face,
Had in it not one selfish trace;
And so, When on a winter's night
Her mother's spirit took its flight.
I prayed her to the doctor's go.
'Twas hard, 'twas hard, thick was the snow,
The wind made noises wierd and long,
Like the chant of some wild funeral song.

I must remain and mother heed;
For if she waked my care she'd need;
Without demur my darling went,
But not before one glance she sent
A token of sympathy, and love;
My darling, Oh my innocent dove!
I knew not then why, ere she went,
Her sweet face over me she bent,
And whispered: "Wont you say good-bye?
Here, I'm so sorry! I won't cry,
But something seems to choke right here;
Oh, how I love you! Papa dear."

A moment more, she breaks away,
And I am left to weep and pray—
Weep for the mother lying so cold,
Pray for the daughter in danger so hold.
Time flies unheeded, all is blank;
To rise no more my hopes now sank—
For mother lay so still, serene,
I knew that Death it could but mean;
My ear unused to sound or word,
Was startled; for a noise I heard,
And our good doctor entered quick:
"Why man! what ails you? are you sick?"

I led him silent to the bed,
But hardly heard him till he said:
"Too bad you did not send for me,
It is too late as you can see."
"Not send for you? what can you mean?
I sent my child, my Catharine."
The man drew back, his face was white
"Oh can it be? I can't be right?"

At the door a rap; my eyes seemed blind,
They closed, and Oh! I wished my mind
Could cast away all of its grief,
And be to sorrow dumb and deaf.

"Is this the home of Catharine?"
That name! Once more I've heard and seen.
"What of her? speak! be quick, I pray."
The man fell back, and there she lay.

"We found her lying in the snow,
We raised her; she still spoke, but low,—
"Papa, won't the Doctor come—
Oh, 'tis cold,—please take me home."

I could not weep, I raised her slow,
Afraid the body e'en would go;
I laid her next my darling wife,
And all seemed gone from out my life.
But God is good, and all wounds heal;
And when I bow my head and kneel,
"Thy will be done" is all I say;
And Heaven seems nearer every day.

Prize Essay.

Our Judge awarded the prize to James Mohart of Oswego for the following, upon the Indian Question.

The Indian Question

BY JAMES MOHART.

My space does not allow me here to enter into a lengthy discussion of the course which has been pursued toward the Indians of America since the settling, by the Spaniards, of the West India Islands. But I must say that those who profess to be Christians seem to think that they should act in accordance with their faith only when dealing with those whose religious belief is the same as theirs.

At least half of the Ten Commandments have been continually broken by white men in their dealings with the Indians.

Their land has been stolen time and again. Some people claim that they have no right to the soil because they do not destroy all its God-given beauty by cutting down the forests and ploughing up the land, thus causing many small streams of water to become dry and large ones to diminish greatly; for it is a well known fact that the size of our creeks and rivers is being greatly lessened by the wholesale destruction of our forests.

But surely any man has the right to gain

his livelihood in the way which is easiest and most enjoyable to himself, so long as he does not infringe upon the rights of others; and it was necessary for the Indians to have vast forests and numerous streams in which the game and fish on which they lived principally, could breed in sufficient numbers.

Whole tribes have been killed, simply because they would not acknowledge the right of white men to deprive them of their land without their permission, and then because they have retaliated, they have been howled at as savages by men who while professing to be Christians do more wrongs to the Indians in one year than the Indians have done to Europeans since the discovery of America.

Then they excuse themselves by saying that the Indians cannot perceive the difference between right and wrong, and hence it is impossible to gain their friendship by just dealing, and the only safety lies in their speedy extermination.

And were it not for one illustrious name which has been handed down to us together with the history of many dark crimes against the Indians, this falsehood might be believed; that name is William Penn.

He of all who have had dealings with the Indians, thought that men should be honest, even with savages, and the consequence was, that neither he nor any of his descendants was ever knowingly wronged by an Indian.

Their lands are constantly coveted by settlers and government agents; those reservations upon which they have been compelled to settle because no other place remains for them, and the consequence is that they are constantly forced into a smaller space; until the unwonted confinement is rapidly killing them. But let it be so; perhaps it is better for both races. But notwithstanding this, I shall never cease to think that had they been treated as men, and not as wild beasts all trouble with them would have been avoided, and thousands of lives and millions of

dollars would have been saved to the United States; and she would not have received that stain that will go down to posterity as the darkest blot in American history.

R. F. H. ITEMS.

As politician he ranks first,
As scholar, teacher, man;
And when in war the bombshell burst
No one can say he ran
From Danger's mouth, but bravely stood
With Enemy face to face.
Now he's produced a thought that's good,
A poem full of grace.
So greet him gaily, glad New Year,
And ring out, Christmas bells!
In honor of our teacher dear,
And poet, James M. Wells.

—One of the most melancholy sights which it has been our misfortune to witness was the mournful procession formed by the Classical Seniors, as they descended from their last Arithmetic recitation, their eyes suffused with large tears.

—A new way of learning lessons has been discovered. As the old way is a difficult one without best to insert in this column the new method, which after trying, if approved of, may be furthered.

Namely: Go down into Dr. Forbes' room at recess, move slowly towards the piano, eyes slightly downcast. When there arrived, strike an attitude with face towards laboratory, after which quickly turn and face north, this must again be changed to east. Lay book on piano, direct eyes to the ceiling as if to invoke its assistance, and remain in that position until the bell rings for astronomy. This must be a good method as it is tried by a senior almost every day.

—He wanted to think and he thanks,
He wanted to drink and he drank;
But the think that he think,
And the drink that he drunk,
Impelled him to wink and he wunk.

—On Thursday, the final recitation day of the fall term, the R. F. A. was visited by Mr. Champlin of Alfred University.

—Those young ladies who expect to receive calls from the Lacedaemonian "fugitive" will please prepare a "tripe" meal as his teeth are sore which renders him unable to chew anything as common as turkey.

—It is with feelings of regret that we chronicle the absence from our classes of Miss Burgess who was ordered to leave school by her physician on account of sickness.

—One day last week as Prof. Wells Pierced around for muddy shoes, a pair of mudscows were caught sight of, and were immediately *lod* in under the desk by the captain in order that they might escape the Colonel's observation. But as nothing, however minute, could escape the notice of the old war chief, the boats were sent down stairs for a coat of paint.

—Of all the disgusting and unmanly tricks yet played by any of the Freshmen is that of truancy. After a young man has entered the R. F. A. it is taken for granted that he has outgrown the simple and childish habits of telling wrong stories and running away from school, yet this has been practiced latterly to such an extent by the babes of the school that it has been necessary for Prof. Wells to procure the services of a detective in the case of one child. The very next case of this kind will be promptly treated by expulsion from the school: as those who are engaged in it are considered too worthless to waste any time or kind words on.

—It is rumored that some of the young ladies of the R.F.A. stay up all night before each of their examinations in order to get an early breakfast upon which to work during the day.

—The following conversation was overheard by one of our reporters a few days ago;

First Young Lady.— "What part of the last Monthly Exercises pleased you most? Second Y. L. "I'm sure I do not know, but what displeased me most was the sight of the "pretty boy" who sat on the front seat and picked his teeth with a match during the entire entertainment.

—Evidently the 2nd year pupils are desirous of establishing a reputation for neatness.

One would judge that the most important business transacted at their election last week was scattering bits of paper over the floor. Such action is sure to earn the commendation of their teacher and entitle them to the undying affection of the engineer of the building who, as we all know, is always delighted to do all sorts of unnecessary work.

HENRY LOCHTE.

—It is said that school in the R. F. A. will re-open on the first Tuesday after New Year.

On looking behind, the studying we have done is vividly brought to our notice. On looking ahead, sixteen long weeks of toil are before us.

Is it right to begrudge us the four days days vacation which should be ours?

The public sentiment is in favor of vacation.

Of course, there are those who are so fond of learning that vacation to them is one of the greatest drawbacks.

We heard one of our most classical young men assert that were vacation to extend one day over a week he would feel it his bounden duty to come to school, were it only to sit on the doorstep and count the snow-flakes as they fall.

—It is rumored that the "Rochester Instrumental Quartette" consisting of the Misses Wolff and Huntington 1st piano, Miss A. Huntington and John Force 2nd piano, are soon to give a Concert, the date of which is not yet ascertained.

It is said that they have some of Rochester's best talent to assist them with selections both Vocal and Instrumental.

—At the second meeting of the Rochester Free Academy Literary Society as it has been named, the following officers were elected: Pres. Mr. Ward. V. P., Mr. Davis; 2nd V. P., Miss Couch; Sec. Mr. Kiefer; Treas. Mr. Morris; Messenger, Mr. Fleckenstein. This society, established with enthusiasm by the Juniors, cannot fail to meet with success under the management of the able officers chosen.

Dr. F.—In ancient times how happened it
That Science of stars did grow?

Pupil.—As soon as men discovered one,
Their heads right off would go.

Dr. F.—Ah, Stupid! if that were the case,
How few men would there be
who'd offer up their lives and all
To say that stars they see.

Pupil.—Well, sir, if that contents you not,
I know what you can do:
Lift up the heads I've taken off,
And put them on anew.

—One cent for ink! How nice, and yet how strange. Only one half of the young ladies remembered to put in their mite. The other half were very much surprised on being accosted by Prof. Wells who took it upon himself to collect from those who had not yet contributed.

He was attended by success until he made a demand on one of the girls who looked at him with eyes large in their amazement, while she stammered "I left mine home on the piano." This settled it. Prof. W. was satisfied.

—We could not help but notice the depressed look of the Civil Government Class during their last recitation. Surely they are not afraid of examination, for they were drilled so thoroughly that to fail would be impossible. What could it mean? We can explain it but in one way. It was the last day that many of them were to have the benefit of the Prof's instructions. Who can wonder at their downcast looks, when, in that particular branch like grandfather's clock; they had perhaps stopped never to go again.

—In History class the other day, after one of the pupils had recited about the Roman dress, a young lady was seen to be intensely excited; and all through the subsequent recitations she raised her head accompanied by a series of jerks which threatened to dislocate the bones of that most useful and ornamental appendage. The hand being perceived by the teacher, its owner received an immediate hearing, when she said in a tone which showed the relief experienced by the unburdening of the heart, "Oh Miss, he forgot the Shoes." That young lady can be said to have a great mind capable of holding minute particulars.

First M. E. Church Y. F. L. S.

On the ninth inst. the Young Folks' Literary Society of the first M. E. Church, met at the house of Mrs. Case, our preceptress.

The subject under consideration, was Swift. An excellent Essay on his life and character was read by Mr. Hudson.

This was followed by a most ingenious and entertaining outline of Gulliver's Travels by Miss Morton; and a sketch of The Tale of a Tub, showing its connection with the people and customs of its time, by Mr. Jameson. After the literary part had been listened to by all, the remainder of the evening was devoted to social enjoyments and the time seemed to have passed only too quickly when Mr. Jones brought the entertainment to an end by bidding our kind hostess good night.

Editorial Column.

—As our paper does not appear again until after the Holidays we take this opportunity to wish our readers a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year; thanking all for the kindly interest shown in our venture.

We were agreeably surprised a few days ago by the receipt of the following Christmas Card :

Rochester, Dec. 17, '81.

Dear Student:—

I have been a faithful reader of your newsy little paper since its beginning, and notice with pleasure its rapid improvement.

The effort on the part of the editors is a worthy one, and cannot be too highly appreciated by the pupils of the various academies.

As we wish to all our friends a Merry Christmas and Glad New Year, to THE STUDENT, which can but be our friend, so directly does it appeal to our hearts, we would say, I am sure, with one accord, May it live long and prosper.

AN R. F. A. READER.

—If a person has leisure and succeeds in procuring a visitor's ticket, no better place can be found for spending an afternoon than at the parlors of C. J. Wood, during one of his children's matinees. The animated figures of the gorgeously dressed little children as they trip the light fantastic, afford a sight seldom witnessed and never forgotten.

LITERARY NOTES.

—Lovers of music will hereafter find in these columns announcements of new musical compositions deserving of notice. We take pleasure this week in announcing the following:

Jean Galop composed by J. C. L., arranged by Fred A. Reynolds,

Fairy Festival, Valse Brillante for the Piano by H. C. Cook.

Valse Gaie Morceau brillant by Edgar H. Sherwood.

Constellation Grand March for the Piano by Eduard Holst.

The above are published and copyrighted by H. S. Mackie & Co. 82 State Street.

The Emerson Birthday Book—Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

This little book is gotten up in excellent style, being illustrated with a portrait of Emerson and an emblematical engraving for each month; the passages chosen are not as fragmentary as one would expect to find in a work of this nature, and the lover of Emerson cannot fail to be pleased with it.

At the principal book-stores, Price, \$1.

The Philosophy of Carlyle By Edwin D. Mead—Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Publishers.

Much has been written about Carlyle; he has been set forth in many varied and pleasing lights; innumerable anecdotes and stories have been related concerning him, until his name and character have become familiar to all; but little has been written concerning his real significance in the world of thought.

In "The Philosophy of Carlyle" the author has given the pith of Carlyle's opinions and convictions, and has given them in such a manner that the reader cannot fail to be pleased with the book, and also in such a way that, having read the book, he will have a better conception of Carlyle's real place in the thinking world, than he could have obtained through any other one book.

At Steele & Avery's, price \$1.00.

On The Threshold by Theodore T. Munger Houghton Mifflin & Co. Publishers.

In most books of advice for young men—and there are many—the truths which they contain are too deeply covered with the generalities of an essay or the multitarious reflections of the writer; and thus benefit cannot be derived from them unless the reader give time and thoughtful study to unearth it. The young men of today who are on the threshold of life are required by the exigencies of the times to devote all their energy and ability to the making of a way for themselves in the future thus opened to Man, and necessarily have but little time for close and continued study of books. The writer of this work evidently must have taken this fact into consid-

THE STUDENT.

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eration, for the subjects handled, Purpose, Friends and Companions, Manners, Thrift, Self-Reliance and Courage, Health, Reading, Amusements, and Faith, are so treated of that he who runs may read; and thus the practicality of the book is evident.

It also differs from the general character of such works, in this, it never fails to inspire interest if the reader be a person of intelligence and cannot fail to be appreciated by all.

At Steele & Avery's Price \$1.25

Dyeing Extraordinary.

L. D. COFFRAIN.

There was feasting and rejoicing
Through the Ethiopian land;
Wine and nectar flowed in rivers,
At the mighty king's command;
For unto the great Keheweel,
As the blush of early morn
Tinged with gold the eastern mountains,
A long-wished son was born.
There was weeping and lamenting,
In the chamber of the queen;
Tears flowed forth in briny torrents,—

A strange unwonted scene—
For, when first the royal infant
Was displayed to mortal sight,
Oh sorrow! Oh affliction!
Lo! the boy was lily-white!

All the sorcerers and sages
From the realms afar and near,
At Keheweel's royal palace,
Were commanded to appear.

And Keheweel thus addressed them:
"Sons of Ham, oh noble set,
If you wish for royal treasure,
Make my son as black as jet."

In profound deliberation,
The council sat for many days;
They consulted famous chemists,
And discussed all means and ways,
And at last, when many hours
In their flight had taken wing,
They arrived at a decision,
And reported to the king.

"Oh Keheweel, Great Keheweel,
Whom both gods and men adore,
You and your august descendents,
Shall be black for evermore.

Let the nurse and royal infant
In your great canoe be sent
To D. Leary, the great dyer,
In the far off Occident.

So the prince in royal purple,
Sailed across the ocean blue,
To be dyed by great D. Leary
To the very darkest hue.

And when the great Keheweel
Again beheld his infant son,
He exclaimed in joyous rapture:
"Ah, the job is nobly done!"

If your pants once new and glossy,
Have assumed a rusty hue,

If you have a soiled dress pattern,
Or a faded coat of blue,

If you wish your gloves re-colored,
As no doubt you sometimes will,

Send them down to Daniel Leary,
Where Platt Street meets with Mill.

The Student

"Hæc olim forsitan meminisse juvabit."

Vol. 1, No. 8. ROCHESTER, N. Y., Monday, Jan. 16., '82. 50 cts. a Year.

The Abode of Somnus.

BY VERA.

Near the country of Cimmeria,
Is a cave with darkened halls:—
Black is the marble entrance gate,
Black are the marble walls.
Clouds and shadows are floating round;
And Phoebus dares not come.
Of beast or bird no sound is heard;
But all is hushed and dumb
Save where the river Lethe flows,
Soothing with murmurs low.
Before the door of the mystic cave
Poppies and tall herbs grow.
Within on a couch of ebony,
Lies Somnus the gentle god.
The head of his bed with black is draped;
And sable plumes o'er it nod.
Around him the dreams which come to
man
In various forms are lying;
And the stagnant air intoxicates where
The noxious weeds are dying.
O Somnus, thou drowsy Somnus,
Rouse from thy stupor deep!
He touches me with a poppy,
And I sink in a death-like sleep.

The Birth of Pi Phi.

The two master spirits of '79 were Huntington and Bagley. While the class contained several brilliant intellects and more than a modicum of executive ability, still the credit of the origination of every great undertaking for which the class was distin-

guished is due to either the one or the other of these two gentlemen.

Yet although Tom and Bert were warm friends, they waged eternal warfare and history records only two occasions during the senior year when their respective opinions were not in diametrical opposition.

Of the latter occasion we will say nothing for it pertains to the secret history of a certain eight page pamphlet whose unexpected appearance at the grand *finale* of the class career created quite a tempest in the Academic tea-pot.

But the former occasion relates to an epoch in the history of the Free Academy which is now of transcendent importance since it is the date of the establishment of the only society which has received cordial recognition as an Academy institution.

This society has now an honorable record of three years standing and boasts of an alumni of over thirty.

One day early in the autumn of '78 just before general dismissal for recess, the senior class was ordered to arise and pass to Prof. Trzciak's room.

As soon as all were seated Bert Bagley arose and in a short, carefully worded speech broached the subject of the formation of a class society. His effort was warmly seconded by Mr. Huntington who gave the project his hearty endorsement.

A temporary organization was effected with Walter Rauschenbusche as chairman and the meeting adjourned. One or two preliminary meetings followed during which the name *Pi Phi*, suggested by

Mr. Rauschenbusche was accepted, a constitution and by-laws adopted, a committee empowered to secure permanent quarters and a subject for debate at the first regular meeting selected.

At length the all important Thursday evening arrived. At eight o'clock the entire class, numbering about eighteen assembled in the club-room of Osgoodby and Duffield's stenographic offices, 131 Powers' Block.

Over this august assembly Mr Rauschenbusche presided with rare dignity and discretion while Chas. Madden kept the records.

The members of the society were all inexperienced in public debate, unposted concerning parliamentary usage, and accordingly were somewhat embarrassed by the novelty of the situation. It seemed, however, as though each one foresaw the possible development of *Ji Ihi* and was determined that no untimely hilarity should hazard its future.

The subject for debate was "Resolved: That greatness depends more upon character than upon circumstances," and every gentleman save the president had been appointed as a disputant on one side or the other. The speeches were short but earnest and as the debate drew near the close the deepening interest imparted a fire and vehemence to the proceedings which augured well for the future of the society.

The president as referee summed up the arguments and rendered his decision based upon the preponderance of evidence in favor of the negative side.

After selecting as the subject for the next debate "Resolved: That Chinese emigration should be prohibited by law," and transacting some general business, the first meeting adjourned about 11. P. M.

This, in brief, was the origin of Pi Phi. The writer who is depending on memory

alone may be inaccurate in some of his statements but he thinks the description is in all material points correct and reliable.

CHICAGONIAN.

R. H. A. ITEMS.

The Student gladly greets its friends,
And Wishes warm for New-Years sends.
It marked your kindness in the past,
And hopes that it will ever last;
To work with fair appreciation
Will help it to realization
Of hopes which ne'er since its creation
Have left it, for it's ever true,
And tries to do its best by you.

—We wonder when the Professor intends to give us our promised "Election". Did he but know half the interest the young ladies take in voting, he would surely have the election immediately.

—It has been said that girls were never made to love each other in the particular sense of the word. In order to prove the injustice of this remark: Two of the young ladies in Rhetoric Class successfully made love to each other for five long minutes, after which they parted but not before one had her head-dress sadly disarranged, while the other was nearly scalped by a formidable looking instrument firmly lodged among her lovely tresses.

—The other day on seeing the young ladies of the second Rhetoric Class bathed in tears which by way of friendship we would not advise them to indulge in often as it does not improve their looks—we ascertained by inquiry that all these precious dew-drops had fallen for one individual, our member of Congress, who like the poet in 'Patience', not being pleased with the admiration of so many maidens, left them all to their sorrow for a single thing—21 year German.

—Algebra class:— Every Pruyn article has its Price.

—Virgil class;—“*Facilis jactura sepulcro*” it don’t cost much to build a tomb.

—On Friday last the Academy was honored by a visit from Miss Pauline Myers of Schenectady.

—Next week Colonel W. at the head of a Battalion of young Ladies, is to march into the theatre at the production of Hamlet, by Anna Dickenson. Surely, Miss Dickenson as well as the audience, will feel greatly elated at their presence.

—It is with feelings of sympathy that we announce the illness of our teacher in Composition, Miss Pope. For over a week she has been missed from her accustomed place in the school. By her pupils, feelings have been expressed, in which one and all hope for her speedy recovery.

—Some of the R. F. A. young men after reading the New Testament through a few times, recognized their inability to comprehend it — as it is written in English, some words of which are now obsolete— and so very wisely concluded to read it in Greek, after which they will, no doubt, be easily and greatly enlightened.

—It is all as plain as day now. Why is it that we cannot pass an examination; Why is it that we cannot find our canes which have not been used for many months? It is not because we are negligent, or for any such reason but simply because we have put them in such safe places that they cannot be found. In a like manner, it is not because we are wanting in the qualities which it is necessary for us to possess in order to pass an examination, but because we have stowed our learning away so carefully that it will never be in danger of coming out, and thus be in contact with this wicked world.

— Nothing personal is meant by the following; but in as much as the public is at war with the “Buffalo Bill” hats, we do not think it out of place to give scalp-locks a going over.

BANGS.

Who is that mincing, shallow thing,
With idiotic stare,

With monkey brow and addled brain?
The girl that bangs her hair.

Who can good sense and taste defy,
With forehead like a bear?
Provoke the bards, affright the dogs?
The girl who bangs her hair.

Who thinks John, Nicodemus, Jack,
Will say she’s wondrous fair,
With her low scone and Shaker locks?
The girl who bangs her hair.

Whose scowl beneath that hairy screen
The very crows would scare,
And prove a Darwin’s doctrine true?
The girl that bangs her hair.

Who flirts with fops and simpletons,
That gamble, drink and swear?
It is the “looney”, mooney girl—
The girl that bangs her hair.

Who hath not half a thin b’eful,
Of mother wit to spare?
Who hath a bang upon the brain?
The girl that bangs her hair.

Whose very shadow on the wall,
Beats Bunyan’s grim “Despair;”
Who’s lost to all artistic charms?
The girl that bangs her hair.

Who locks like some masked battery loose,
Or wild cat on a tare?
The harum-scarum lunatic!—
The girl that bangs her hair.

Who so can rouse the sons of song,
Their horror to declare,
And hit the evil on the head?
The girl that bangs her hair.

Yours,

CLEAR BROW.

Now that examination is passed we come back to our studies with clear heads and a light conscience. for in all we have done nobly. Astronomy, Rhetore, Civil Government, etc are well and fairly over and even in Virgil we have attained standings which are a credit to the school, which should serve as a standard by which—but there, we will stop, this is wicked.

Young men beware how you tamper with property belonging to the Young ladies.

The other day, a young man blessed with a fair share of confidence in his ability to be humorous, tried to take away the books of a young lady "on the sly". He thought he had succeeded when he heard a suppressed giggle, and accidently putting his hand to his hair set his head encased in a great linen handkerchief which was fastened in such a manner as to form a vivid picture descriptive of an Egyptian Mummy. This will fix itself on the minds of the History Class as a never-to-be-forgotten illustration.

The Civil Government class greatly miss the genial countenance of Prof. Wells. Never again are they to enjoy the Prof.'s amusing anecdotes and lucid explanations which are ever interesting to all true American boys and girls. But our pain at parting is somewhat alleviated by the kindness of our other teachers who, no doubt, appreciate our feelings and sympathize with us in our distress. But alas! so fickle is human nature that instead of mourning for ever, as we thought, our faces already wear a cheerful expression when in our other classes, for although we love him no less, we love Ambition more, and, like Cæsar, being ambitious, we banish the clouds from our horizon, and by the aid of our sun, the teachers, brighten up our minds with rays of knowledge which give to them a great and everlasting light.

—Evidently the senior ladies are dissatisfied with their lot. But be it understood that the gentlemen of '82 are, for the most

part, strictly religious, and do not allow themselves to indulge too frequently in hilarity. But never mind, girls, probably they will yet be awakened, and by the following poem which was written, as near as we can find out, by a senior lady.

A DREAM.

Young men of the third year, attention!
I've something that I wish to mention;
For as it concerns you quite,
To hear you've a perfect right.

Now, are you not dying to know?
I do love to make you feel so—
What is it? well, there, it's a dream,
And very like life it did seem.

Indeed, it was just of that kind
To come true if you've only a mind.
Shall I tell it? shall I? O dear,
I must laugh when I think, 'twas so queer,

We I, I seemed to see the young men
Grow gallant and attentive again;
And can I believe my own ears—
For the first time in almost three years.

I hear them mention a way
To make our life happy and gay:
A party. Oh glory! how nice
What is it? No skating on ice,

Nor riding in sleighs, for, Oh dear,
Neither ice nor yet snow doth appear.—
But our boys think naught of a trifle,
And though sighs o'er the weather may stifle.

They quick find a good plan anew,
And proceed to arrange for it too.
A party, a dance, a reception!
A thing that will be an exception

To a thing that was given before
Our class entered the Academy door.
With light hearts to our books we return,
With ambition and ardor we burn;

For we've heard of the gay time so near
And thus study that we may appear.
Very soon the scene changes for me,
And I'm placed 'midst things lovely to see.

Sweet ladies all ribbons and laces,
With booming and good happy faces;
Young men so attentive and kind,
Their way into all hearts they find.

The music strikes up some good tune,
It's a waltz—how delightful a boon!
We seem most to flit in the air,
We thin's not of trouble nor care.

But li'e the sweet birds in the spring;
We're ready our praises to sing.
Again the scene changes. In school
Once more we're assembled quite cool,
And after some talk 'tis agreed
That to send vote of than's we have need:
'Young men of the school! R. F. A.,
Of our gratitude what can we say?

In leed we were please l very much,
There are no times better than such —
Ahd then and there—such a noise!
No doubt you've oft heard the li e, boys —
The rap at my door made me scream,
And alas! I awake, 'twas a dream.

First M. E. Church Y. F. L. S.

Another pleasant gathering of this society took place at the residence of Miss Hebard on the evening of the Friday before Christmas.

Miss Morton called the meeting to order with an instrumental solo, after which came prayer and more music; then Mr. Wilba favored the assembly with a reading from *A Christmas Carol* (Dickens); on account of a severe cold he was unable to finish and Mr. Case was substituted on motion.

Although the selection was a lengthy one it was listened to with manifest pleasure by all. The remainder of the evening was spent in social intercourse,—the pleasure laden moments fled full fast, till half-past ten brought the gathering to an end. After bidding one another good-night, we—we'll "Whistle owre the lave o t."

FOUND.

Two weeks ago, a silk umbrella in Central Library which the owner can have by calling and proving property.

WANTS.

Wanted 4th Volume of the Literary Garland, if either Teacher or pupil has it in the Free Academy please return it to the Central Library.

Central Library Bulletin.

Kith and Kin,	Jessie Fothergill.
Phaeton Rogers,	Rossiti Johnson
Dr. Breen's Practice,	W. D. Howells
A fearful responsibility,	W. D. Howells
A Hopeless case,	Edgar Fawcett
A gentleman of leisure,	Edgar Fawcett
Bachelor Bluff,	Oliver Bell Bunce.
Life of Washington Irving	Chas. D. Warner
Events and Epochs in Religious History,	Jas. F. Clarke.
England without and within,	Richard White
The Jeffersons,	W. Winter
100 Leagues on the Amazon,	Jules Verne.
Triulations of a Chinaman,	Jules Verne.
Severa (novel)	Mrs. Wester.
Like a Gentleman.	
Lands of Venice,	E. A. Freeman.
Prince and Pauper,	Mark Twain,
Life of Voltaire, 2 vols.	James Parton
Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government 2 vols.	Jefferson Davis.
Land of the Midnight Sun,	Du Chaillu.
Thackeray's complete works.	
Dicken's	" "
D'Israeli's	" "
Cooper's	" "
Lord Lytton's,	" "
Kingsley's	" "
Pansy's,	" "
Irving's,	" "
Yonge's,	" "
Sue's,	" "
James',	" "

THE STUDENT.

Monday, January 16, 1882.

EDITORIAL COLUMN

—We humbly beg our patrons' pardon for the delay in publishing the paper. But owing to the illness of the publisher who is suffering from a very severe attack of diphtheria, it was an impossibility to have it appear any sooner.

—The following explains itself.

Rochester, Jan. 12, '82.

Editors of "Student",
Dear Sirs:—

Allow me to thank you for the beautiful volume of Coleridge's poems which I received last week in acknowledgement of my poem. Hoping for the best success of your paper I remain yours respectfully,

Minnie B. Wolff.

—The Base Ball Grounds Skating Park on Union St., has afforded splendid skating during the past two weeks. Being the only rink now in operation in the city, Mr. Aikenhead the proprietor recognizes the fact that the public depend upon him for skating this season and has made every improvement necessary to secure comfort to its patrons. The extremely low entrance fee which is charged, enables one and all to enjoy this exhilarating exercise. There being sufficient attendants on the grounds, all possibility of a disturbance is done away with; and for a quiet and pleasant afternoon or evening's sport, we say, Go to the Rink.

The sudden change in the weather has rendered the skating better than it has been before this season.

LITERARY NOTES.

James T. Fields: Biographical notes and personal sketches, Houghton Mifflin & Co. Publishers.

This work has been warmly welcomed as affording views of Mr. Fields at the different stages of his career, and in the exercise of those rare and attractive qualities which won him such a host of admiring friends.

James T. Field was one the most fortunate of men in the choice of his friends, not only men and women devoted to art and letters, who found in him a friend and helper to the public recognition and fame which they sought; but also a host in purely private life who sought him for advice in study and in reading have poured out tributes of respect and affection for him. In the personal sketches, full of pleasant incidents we see the great humanity of Mr. Fields character, and it reveals the noble and beautiful home life of one of the busiest and most active of men.

At Steele & Avery's, Price \$2.00

Country By-Ways, by Miss Sarah Orne Jewett—Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Publishers.

The book consists of eight charming sketches all characterized by a healthy freshness in happy harmony with nature. The exquisite pictures of river and road and woodland engage the mind by their happiness of descriptive detail and by the kinship to humanity which the author finds in flowers, trees and fields. The individuality and life of nature is depicted in a masterly way. Humor and pathos, sense and sentiment, a sympathy for all that is true and tender and touching in nature and in life are the colors which give background to these pictures. "River Driewood," "The October Ride" and "The Winter Drive," are sources of thought and observation that delight with their richness of insight and experience.

In "Andrew's Fortune" one sees what seemed to be a disaster working for the suc-

cess and development of a life, and in "Miss Becky's Pilgrimage" we are taught how all the small and trifling details of life unite to fulfill the accomplishment of a well-defined and well ordered Providence.

Little Classic Style, Price \$1.25, at Steele & Avery's.

The Farmer's Annual Handbook, for 1882, compiled by H. P. Armsley, Ph. D.; and E. H. Jenkins, Ph. D.—D. Appleton & Co., Publishers.

It is the object of this little book to bring together, in a convenient, portable and cheap form, much information of great practical value to the farmer, but which is scattered through various books, bulletins and reports. It aims to be to agriculture what the engineers' and mechanics' hand-books are to engineering and mechanics—a book accurate enough for the library, handy enough to be carried every day in the pocket, and cheap enough for all.

16mo, cloth. Price, 50 cents.
At Steele & Avery's.

The Portrait of a Lady, by Henry James—12mo, 528 pages—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Publishers.

The persons introduced by the author all have qualities which hold the attention and excite curiosity as to what they will do. The story is most happily told, bearing strong testimony to the observant eye and keen wit of the writer. The binding is in keeping with the work, being beautifully done.

At Steele & Avery's. Price, \$2.00.

1882.—New Term DANCING SCHOOL.

M. R. & MRS. C. J. WOOD'S SECOND QUARTER commenced on the following dates:

January 5th, 10th, 13th and 14th. For further particulars call for Circulars at the Academy, 10 1/2 Mainford street.

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No. 4 Elwood Block, State St.
Has the most Select Presents,
which the ladies can buy for their friends,
Such as the
Finest Imported Cigar Cases, Silk Tobacco
Pouches and Genuine Meerschaum
Pipes, Cigar and Cigarette
Holders &c., outside of New York City.

Get a Good Rubber Stamp

And mark everything you send
A boy can print wrapping paper or whatever you wish at the rate of 1,000 per hour. Buy one with the new patent changeable dies and you can print any number of forms with one wheel. Can be changed in one minute.

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ACME RUBBER STAMP CO.,
141 State St., Rochester.

THE STUDENT.

Monday, January 16, 1882.

Entered at the Post Office as Second-Class Matter.

Published on Alternate Mondays.

EDWARD T. PARSONS, }
HARRY E. SUMMERS, } Editors.
HERBERT LEARY, }
H. L. WILSON, Publisher.

Subscription 50 Cts. per annum.

ADVERTISING RATES.

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1 inch.	\$0.35.	\$1.25.	\$2.00.
½ column.	1.00.	3.50.	6.50.
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The Student

"Hæc olim forsitan meminisse juvabit."

Vol. 1, No. 9. ROCHESTER, N. Y., Monday, Jan. 30, '82. 50 cts. a Year.

The Voyage of Life.

Stranded on the shoal of sin,
Depressed with thoughts of care,
Reflecting on what might have been,
Bowed down in dark despair,
The ship-wrecked mortal, tempest tossed
On life's tempestuous wave,
Sees a vision of the cross
And Christ's own power to save.
Pulling with a manly stroke
Against the surging sea,
Guided by the star of hope,
Struggling to be free;
Hope descends on radiant wing
With beacon light in hand;
"Simply to thy cross I cling"
Is watted from the land.
Soon the surging sea is calm,
The billows cease to roll,
The ship-wrecked bark is free from harm,
The sea is too deep for shoals.
Gathered on the blissful shore,
Are friends and kindred dear,
Who despite the ocean's roar,
Are smiling through their tears.

R. F. A. Boys in Chicago.

"Westward the star of empire takes its way", and westward moves the cream of the R. F. A. graduating classes. The U. of R. chains some of them for a season but the hour of their emancipation sees them enroute for Chicago.

The average young man having decided to go west vacillates in mind for a season between Chicago Kansas City and Denver

as an objective point from which to view the new world. As the first is nearest to the flower city and on the direct route to the other two it usually receives the honor of first choice, the others being held in reservation in case of a disappointment.

But no one is ever disappointed in Chicago hence the "garden city" is becoming a veritable nest of Rochesterians. The writer is acquainted (about \$5 worth) with a former R. F. A. boy whose sole occupation and mode of subsistence during the last five months has been hunting up Rochester men and borrowing money of them on the strength of his father's business reputation.

Everywhere we go we see signs that remind us of the great commercial importance of the town on the Genesee made famous by the last leap of Sam Patch: prominent among these are "Warner's Safe Bitters," "Dr. Taft's White Pine Syrup," "Dr. Hechinger's Electric Insoles," "Duffey's Cider," "Hess' 'Pride of Rochester,'" "Curtis' Canned Fruits," and those magnificent glass works of art "Kimball's Vanity Fair Cigarettes," which even here make the name of your great sign artist "Frank Van Doorn" famous.

Let us take a stroll and see what the old boys who used to raise the echoes of old *alma mater* with their eloquence are now doing. We will first call at the office of the Johnston Harvester Co. Who is that curly haired young man who comes forward with a smiling face to greet us? Dick Parker, by the ghost of the "Titania," Dick Parker. The same old Dick who was always first in

class spirit and last on the Doctor's roll of honor in the halcyon days when '78 roosted highest in the Academic chicken coop. Rumor says that you have been operating on the board of trade. What luck, Dick?

And now to the Ashland Block, office of New York Photo Eng. Co. "Truman Palmer, Manager" is the gold lettered inscription on the window and sure enough this fine looking young gentleman with heavy burnsidés and magnificent moustache is the same "True" who in days of yore vexed the gentle spirit of Miss Wilkinson with incorrigible compositions and made his father's coal office on Spring Street the rendezvous of the boys of '78. Of the cigarettes that were smoked, the schemes that were hatched, and the vacation excursions that were planned in that sanctum only the fat spider in the web over the window knows the whole. Palmer divides his time between Chicago, St. Louis and Kansas City and is highly esteemed by the great company he represents.

Who is this pale, overcoatless thread-bare young fellow who has just stepped in to borrow a quarter of Palmer? He says he has missed both breakfast and dinner, has placed every possession in "soak" that is pawnable, has been kicked away from every free lunch counter in the "garden city" and can't find a job. 'Tis the same old wail that has wearied the ears of every Rochester man he knows. But who is he? Once an R. F. A. boy and the son of one of your prominent business men who is rated at \$50,000 in the commercial register. His name? No matter. We will spare his parents the pain of disclosure.

Let us now step over to the Western Electric Works. Here busily fingering the typewriter we find one of whom the R.F.A. may well be proud.—Wil Armstrong who was a member of '79 during the first two years of his class career and only gave up his course to accept the position of private secretary for

the company who stand second to none in the manufacture of electrical apparatus. He is considered one of the most intelligent, careful and efficient employes in the office and receives a magnificent salary.

At the Chicago Medical College, another old friend will be found studying the principles of Physiology and carving "stiffs" preparatory to healing the ailments and relieving the suffering of the good people of Monroe County in years to come. His card bears the inscription "J. Chamberlin Proctor."

One more call, this time at the new western journalistic enterprise, the "National Scientific Journal;" to see Lewis Coffin who will be remembered as a member of '79.

Coffin is just like his old self save that he sports a moustache in which he takes far more pride than he ever felt in his R. F. A. diploma. He is always glad to welcome old friends at the company's office in the Keaperville block.

Other Academy boys are here but the writer does not remember their names nor know their business.

Chicago is a magnificent field for enterprise' originality and push, and the pupils of that institution which we all honor do well to look forward to a future business career where the spirit of progress is not too much curbed by the reins of conservatism.

CHICAGONIAN.

—With the permission of the recipient we publish the following excerpts from a letter written by a former member of the class of '82.

Episcopal Academy, Cheshire, Conn.

Jan. 25 1882.

Dear Friend:—

* * * * *

This is a boarding school, you know, and indeed, you can hardly look up from your book without getting a mark, and we have to work half an hour Saturdays for each mark.

We are not allowed to go outside the grounds except Saturday afternoons, and then not without permission which we cannot get if we have got five marks during the week.

This is a military school and roll call wakes us up and sends us to bed pretty early; every light has to be out by half-past nine P. M. or we get a mark. However we can have a little fun. * * * *

* * * There are about sixty-five boys here so there is plenty of companionship, that is, whenever we are allowed to speak, which is only a few times a day. *

* * * Please give my regards to prof. Wells. I must say good bye now as we are about going over to morning prayers in the chapel.

Yours, _____

R. F. A. Literary Exercises.

The regular monthly exercises of the Academy took place on Friday morning last, and were listened to by a large number of the patrons of the school as usual.

The following is the Programme:

I

Declamation—On Privilege, Hugh Anderson.
 Essay—Life of J. Russell Lowell, Fanny Goss.
 Essay—The Writings of Lowell

M. Belle Moor.

Recitation—The Courtin', Mary C. Pruyn.
 Reading—From the Biglow Papers,

Julia B. Page.

Story—Feminae Suffragium Ferentes, The Heroines of the Twentieth Century.

Part 1st—Sarah M. Hough.

Part 2d—Theresa Hays.

Declamation—Joan of Arc. Ben. O. Hough.
 Music Piano Solo—No One to Love,

William F. Moshier.

II

Declamation—Tell's Apostrophe to Liberty,
 Edward T. Parsons.

Reading—Hamlet. Act I Sc. 2—Misses Emily M. Niven, Mary J. Rogers, Augusta M. Coleman, Kittie R. Andrews.

Declamation—The Spirit of Secession.

Harry E. Summers.

Musi—Vocal Solo—A Daisy Song,

Augusta M. Coleman.

III.

Declamation—From Johanna d'Arc,

James S. Stone.

Recitation—Caught in the Quicksands,

Nettie M. Scofield.

Essay—Culex Pipiens, Helen C. Vosburgh.

Recitation—Tom,

Elizabeth Niven.

Essay—Design,

Carrie Taylor.

Declamation the Modern Anomaly.

Simon J. Weaver.

Music—Piano Solo—"Ach, wenn Du Warst Mien Eigen."

Marion K. Weed.

IV.

Declamation—An Appeal to the People.

Herbert Leary.

Reading—From the Golden Legend,

Getta V. Clackner.

Declamation—The Power of Heroic Examples,

Frank W. Rowland.

Reading—From Evangeline, Lillie T. Roche.

Essay—A Prophecy, Josephine Shatz.

Reading—Class Paper, Emily M. Niven.

Music—Piano Duo, The Witches' Flight,
 Misses Isabella L. Huntington and Minnie

B. Wolff.

The portions of the exercises deserving of especial mention are the Piano Solo by Miss Weed, the Vocal Solo by Miss Coleman, and the Piano Duo by Misses Huntington and Wolff, which last selection was the only one of the whole programme receiving applause, showing the deep appreciation the audience had for the music, for which we are greatly indebted to Dr. Forbes who has worked incessantly in order procure a relief to the monotony generally experienced at the exercises.

The Declamations, Recitations, and Essays were of about the usual merit, and succeeded in amusing and holding the attention of the audience.

R. F. A. ITEMS.

—Food should be well digested, and if you eat Perry's Pies you can digest as easy as rolling off a log.

—The bald-headed man who works for this paper at a promised salary expects, if he gets paid, to purchase in a very short time the entire concern.

—Boys you know how timid the girls are. Why will you persist in coming into Dr. Forbes' room during recess, and thus frighten away the poor young innocents from their examination of geological specimens.

—One of the students (who by the way hails from the country) has been engaged to lecture before the graduating class some time next month, on the subject of agriculture.

Beans being a profitable product, and as he has not yet *bean* in public, he will anticipate a moneyed attendance.

—The two gallery gods at the last monthly exercises were remarkably quiet and well behaved, and might well be taken as models of behavior by their prototypes of the Opera House and Academy of Music.

—By the following which has been handed in, it will be observed that somebody with conscientious scruples, has been struck by the *Bang* poem, and takes this mode of redress. We grant it this time because we are entirely innocent of the charge:

The crank who willfully clipped a poem entitled Bangs from an old and dilapidated newspaper and attempted to pawn it off upon the intelligent readers of the STUDENT as original is known and were it not for the respectability of his parents and friends his name would add greatly to this issue. For not only is his "Erow Clear" as mud but his apparent impudence in thus robbing an author of his rights is a matter which de-

serves censure and causes even the bald head of the editor to bow in shame.

—The schools of to-day are noted for their modest and well behaved young ladies, but if coasting down a steep hill and upsetting an elderly spinster is modesty, then the R. F. A. has a large number of the dear creatures.

—On asking the Bun Man why he brought the girls less than usual, the poor man with tears in his eyes made reply: "I have killed three cooks, starved my family for a week, mixed the milk with water in a proportion of 1 to 1, bring less to you, and still I cannot satisfy the voracious appetites of the boys."

—The old saying, that great men are respected and honored even after death, does not hold true in all cases. The other day, as the professor in his most touching manner was describing the death of a most celebrated author, one of the young ladies exclaimed, "Oh, glory! Dead; Gone. Next! Kill him off quicker."

—So obliging have the young men become, that on request of someone in the Phetoric class that the door be closed, every boy in the room instantly sprang from his seat and with a stride highly tragical made for the door. The result was that so much time elapsed before the door was closed on account of their inability to choose upon whom should devolve this arduous task, that during the interim three young ladies caught a cold. The unfortunate ones were among those that appeared on Friday; this in a treasure excuses their poor recitations.

—We hear that there is a collection to be made among the pupils of the first class in English Literature for the purpose of buying chairs upon which to rest their weary limbs. There are always a number of chairs in Prof. Glen's room, but as one chair is just large enough to support the feet of one girl we can well conceive the immediate necessity of procuring others, and thereby making all the girls happy forever.

It was remarked by our Mavorian Professor that the last issue contained a *Bang Up* Poem.

The Boy that Skates.

Who is that boy with crooked feet
 Whose fast walk ne'er abates,
 Who rolls his eyes so very queer?
 Why that's the boy that skates.
 Who falls in love with all the girls
 With Hannahs, Janes, and Kates,
 Who frightens them by walking fast?
 Why that's the boy that skates.
 Who tries to close the teacher's eyes
 By writing out the dates
 On finger nails and laundered cuffs?
 Why that's the boy that skates.
 Who runs into the innocent boys,
 Who bruised noses hates,
 Who leaves the rink with downcast eyes?
 Why that's the boy that skates.
 Who likes to take a walk at night,
 Who likes to swing on gates,
 Who runs when Papa doth appear?
 Why that's the boy that skates.
 Who never comes to school in time,
 Who has a dozen "lates",
 Who's often banished from the room?
 Why that's the boy that skates.
 Who never can his lessons get,
 Who always whines and waits
 Until he's helped his greek to read?
 Why that's the boy that skates.
 Who once did make himself a fool,
 Who'll have to call on Fates
 If ever more he talk of Bangs?
 Why that's the boy that skates.

YOURS, SLOWFOOT.

That Calico.

E. I. WARD.

One pleasant night, the month was June,
 The landscape lighted by the moon,

And balmy sweetness of the air
 Enticed me from my easy chair.
 I'd passed the evening part y reading
 And little heeding moments speeding,
 While idle fancies through my brain
 Had passed in many a varied train,
 Adown the field I took my way,
 Twixt heaps of sweetly smel'ing hay;
 O'er the fallow, down the hill;
 Nor checked my wandering footsteps, till
 I climbed the fence that girt a wood
 In which full many a tall tree stood.
 Upon a rock I took a seat,
 My mind was filled with memories sweet.
 For why, this was my childhood's home,
 These were the spots I used to roam,
 In happy childhood's merry play,
 Before to school I'd gone away.
 While sitting there, I did recall
 The faces of my schoolmates all,
 Their friendship strong and pleasant ways
 That lent me strength in tria some days.
 I thought, in only one short year
 Upon the platform they'd appear,
 And then Oration or Essay
 And Joyous old Commencement day,
 And fine bouquets and dresses sweet
 Would bring to each a guerdon meet;
 For students in the R.F.A.
 In study pass their time away,—
 When so I hear a rustling sound
 And feel a trembling of the ground.
 My voice is choked, my hair does rise,
 As all around I cast my eyes,
 I see a most terrific sight—
 A shade approaching on my right.
 He nearer comes, I mark him well,
 And word for word his words I'll tell:
 "How now, bold youth, I plainly see
 "That thou art a stranger unto me;
 "But from thy intellectual face
 "I know thou art from my ancient place.
 "The fates require thee to know all
 "That in the future will befall
 "The lady students in a school
 "Whence ne'er did graduate a fool.

THE STUDENT. EDITORIAL COLUMN

Monday, January 30, 1882.

"In times since passed, commencement day
"Was graced by maids in dresses gay.
"Their mothers too would fondly dote
"Upon the stylish new dress coat,
"Which fitted well without a flaw
"The youth they'd have for son-in-law,
"With smiling face and happy heart,
"The students every one took part.
"Each Daddy too, with delectation,
"Would listen to his son's Oration
"While each mamma would fondly hear
"Her daughter read with voice so clear;
"And happiness and merry glee
"And joy on every side you'd see.
"But now, Alas! have passed away
"These intellectual contests gay,
"And next commencement day you'll find
"Will be of quite a different kind;
"The maids will read in calico,
"For this is very cheap you know,
" 'Tis said no jewelry they'll wear,
"Nor even ribbons in their hair.
"Thus gaiety will wanting be
"And sorrow deep will fall on thee
"For, where thou takest thy relations
"To hear the Essays and Orations,
"This disappointment dire will fall
" 'Pon Uncles, Cousins, Aunts, and all."
With deep amazement I did hear
The Apparition's words so clear.
With icy chill's my limbs did quake
When once again the spirit spake:
"Oh Youth, remember, now farewell,"
He vanished through the misty dell.
I hid me home and quickly took
From out my desk an old blank book.
I soon wrote down whate'er he said
And shortly after went to bed:
Months came and went, time passed away,
Until at last the other day
The spirit moved me thus to do,
And so I've published this for you.

—The red checked boy of the R. F. A. who may be seen each day about eleven o'clock eagerly devouring a doughnut may learn something to his advantage by addressing the editors.

—The situation of the Aikenhead rink is now and has been thoroughly known; and every one keeping track of the papers, will know just when to go in order to secure the best skating, which is unusual'y fine at present.

—One of the most pathetic incidents of last Friday was the pathetic rendition of the piece of music "No One to Love," by the senior class' expert pianist. The intense agony aroused on the part of the audience, together with the many unpardonable mistakes made by the performer, were ludicrous in the highest degree.

—We have heard that the papers have been taken from the desks of several of our lady subscribers. If there be any among the young ladies of the R.F.A. too poor to pay the subscription fee of "The Student" and yet desirous of receiving it, let them send in the number of their seats and their names and the publisher will send them the paper for nothing rather than have them steal it from those that have subscribed and paid for it.

Copies of The Student price 5 cts. may be obtained at any time at the Central Library or of the editors. Subscriptions should be paid directly to the editors or to those having lists. Back numbers always on hand.

—The Student has just reached us, and its make up is to be commended. Long may it live.

Atlanta "Bladder"

LITERARY NOTES.

The January number of *The Growing World* is more than usually attractive containing some very graphic descriptions of adventure and travel; the serial *In the World of Africa* becomes more interesting and is one of the most pleasing features of the magazine.

The Ancient Bronze Implements, Weapons, and Ornaments of Great Britain and Ireland, by JOHN EVANS, D.C.L., F.R.S. etc. D Appleton and Co. Publishers.

In this volume Mr. Evans has followed up his work upon the *Stone Implements of Great Britain*, and, though the period of which he now treats is lacking in some of the elements of interest that characterized the preceding age, yet he has not failed to make the most of the material at his command.

We can trace with him the whole development of the ancient bronze industry of Great Britain, from the time of its introduction into England—when the flat celt and the thin knife or dagger are found in the same barrow with typical neolithic implements—through an intermediate or transition stage, down to the period when the socketed celt and the leaf-shaped sword, associated with other tools and weapons of bronze, as well as with ornaments made of this and other materials, indicate not only an improvement in the character of those implements, but a so an advance in the method of manufacturing them, and a decidedly higher stage of artistic culture. Of the thoroughness with which all this is done too much cannot be said. It was a task for which Mr. Evans was well fitted, and he has given us a work which, in wealth of material, care of arrangement, and in the liberality with which it is illustrated, is at once a textbook for the special student, and a model for future investigators.

—*The Nation*.

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The Student

"Haec olim forsitan meminisse juvabit."

Vol. 1, No. 10 ROCHESTER, N. Y., Monday, Feb. 13, '82. 50 cts. a Year.

Appeal to the Heart.

Speak, Oh Heart, and tell me true
 As you'd have me be to you,
 How do sorrows gone and past
 Leave such marks as ever last?
 How do friends that once have been
 Friends of whom to think 'twere sin,
 Leave their images e'er bright
 On you, Heart, and in my sight?
 How, when memory steals away
 To bygone friends, to bygone day,
 The tears unconscious fill the eyes,
 The breasts upheaved by sad-drawn sighs.
 O Truth, if Truth indeed there be,
 Let it be plain so all can see;
 One friend, just one, on truth intent,
 And you, my Heart, will rest content.



MANNERS.

M. B. WOLLF.

Emerson's essay on "social aims" seems to me to contain much that is instructive as well as interesting.

The tone of his writings is in harmony with Truth. That which he has to say he says cordially and openly. He seems to have no fear of how his opinions may be received by his readers; he feels that he is in the right and therefore has no timid scruples.

In reading his opening thoughts, I was reminded of a physician who is obliged to perform some delicate operation,—as that of removing an eye which if allowed to remain in its socket would cause disease to its mate. And although the operator pains with one hand, he has so to speak, a remedy in the oth-

er, which, the patient allowing, will soon cure the wound.

We, the American people, are the patients who ought to be cured of our ill manners; for they, if allowed to remain, will tarnish all our other good qualities. On account of much ill-natured criticism, bad manners have been the source of great sorrow to us; for, surely, we feel it sorely when foreigners speak of our nation as ungraceful, rough, and brusque.

Emerson is the physician who tells us that there is much in our manners to be corrected,

Among us are people who having always lived in the companionship of the uneducated or the mis-informed find it utterly impossible to mend their manners, which, Alas! are too often of the lowest stamp,

He says, that although it may hurt to be called ill-mannered, in the end it can but do us good; for if we listen we become wise, and if we are wise we will hasten to secure a remedy by seeking intercourse with those that are better than we.

We all strive to be noble; but it is impossible to be so, while there remains in us a lack of good manners.

Hans Anderson's story of the cobweb cloth woven so fine as to be invisible—woven for the king's garments—is compared to Manners. His garments may be mere rags, yet he looks stately wherever he goes; and under whatever circumstances he may be placed, his superiority does not desert him.

Your friend if better mannered than you, makes you feel as though separated from him

by an impassible barrier. Manners seem to say, you are you and I am I.

Nature teaches manners. She is the best posture-maker. The one who is most awkward when awake often makes a most beautiful picture when asleep. When he is awake he feels perhaps, fear or remorse or inferiority in a general sense and to such a degree that his entire acting is different from that for which Nature intended him.

But in the sweet forgetfulness occasioned by sleep he is once more a child of Mother Nature, and we see him as he was to have been, as he should be.

Dress has somewhat to do with our outward manner. A partially educated or timid person needs to dress in the latest fashion else he will not feel secure.

A lady who must have been very weak-minded— remarks, "That the sense of being perfectly well-dressed gives a feeling of inward tranquility which religion is powerless to bestow."

Of course there are many other things in which we ought to improve ourselves; namely, in conversation, lucrative labors, or the leading of social instruction.

But first of all comes manners, without which the above named powers would be unable to live; and although there is much to regret, much to improve, in our society, if we are patient, willing and truthful, we may rest content; for we have prepared our part of the duty and may with hopeful hearts leave the rest in the hands of God.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

Ithaca, N. Y. Feb. 7. 1882.

I have been asked to write briefly of the recent difficulty between the Sophomore and Freshmen classes here, which culminated on last Wednesday night in the abduction of two Freshmen, one of whom I have the

dubious fortune to be. Something more than a fortnight since, the sophomores held a banquet at the Ithaca Hotel from which an attempt was made to detain the class prophet. Six Freshmen, two of whom were of his own Greek Letter society, in the afternoon of the day set for the supper fell upon him in the society block on State street and carried him despite his struggles to an abandoned room on the third floor, where he was kept until eight o'clock. At this time the Sophomores guessed his whereabouts, and bursting the door found the Freshmen playing cards with Mr. Thorpe their victim. The prophet was present at the supper but his captors had been acute enough to destroy his manuscript while they guarded him and he could only read certain surviving scraps. The act was unprecedented on the part of the Freshmen and at once aroused Sophomoric cholera. They had vowed before that the Freshman supper which was set down for the following week, Friday February 3d, should never take place; but now they swore triple vengeance.

Through the week that followed, the air went purple with threats; and the University journals bristled with warnings to the President and Vice President, the only Freshmen Class officers known to the Sophomores. It was said that the President had purchased a large dog, that he practiced assiduously in the gymnasium and the like. But precautions had in truth been taken. On Wednesday night when Freshmen investigations led an attack to be expected, I retired with the Vice President to a chamber on the floor above my own rooms in the South University building. A heavy cleat was nailed upon the door and in this was set a stout beam which ran across the room and braced the door stoutly from the opposite base-board. A hole was bored in the door and the arm of one of those little atomizers used for fly-powder, was introduced. The atomizer contained the very rarest quality of Cayenne

pepper. We thought this barricade invincible against an ordinary force and indeed it would have been.

But it was not an ordinary force whose noisy demands roused us from sleep at three o'clock of the morning following. There were quite fifty Sophomores without and they were absurdly fierce. We did not answer their request for admission in the name of '84 amiably, and all who could stand before the door assailed it with indian clubs and enormous dumb bells which they had gathered at the gymnasium as they passed. The red pepper was used vigorously and the weaker members retreated, but were recalled by the more determined workers. All set handkerchiefs over their eyes, and continued more angrily. The door did not yield until they had reduced it to a pulp. Then they swarmed irresistibly into the room. Mr. A. R. Blood, the Vice President was captured at once.

The President was guarded in another room, and it was necessary to break down a second door. But doors had ceased to be obstacles to this company, and I was presently in their hands. Resistance was of course ridiculously futile, and we went after a half minute allowed us for dressing to the coach that waited us below. Of our drive with five Sophomores to Homer, our journey by rail to Syracuse and the hopeless foiling of Sophomoric strategy by the arrest of the entire party; of our return and the complete success of the supper the associated Press has unfortunately already instructed you. The single question that one could ask further is not one that can be answered: What will the Faculty do with the Sophomores?

CHARLES W. BALESTIER.

BROCKPORT NORMAL SCHOOL

Feb. 8, 1882.

Our examinations took place last week and the new term of school begins to-day. On Monday evening last the Arethusa and Gamma Sigma societies gave an entertainment in

the Normal chapel with the following programme:

- Chorus, "Now tramp o'er moss and Fell"
Oration, "Enfranchisement of woman"
Seth Cook, Bergen.
Selection, "The Canal Boat," H. B. Stowe.
Etta M. Haynes, Green.
Essay, "The Golden Age"
Margaret L. McPherson, Mumford.
Vocal Solo, "A mariner's Home's the Sea"
George E. Boynton, Lakeside.
Declamation, "The Basis of our Free Institutions," E. Everett Doty, Clarkson.
Recitation, "The Maiden Martyr" R. Blend'k.
Flora J. Owens.
Plano Solo, "Impromptu," J. U. Pattison.
Jessie E. Hillman, Greece.
Essay, "Woman as portrayed by Geo. Elliott"
Clare J. Brown, Carlton.
Poem, "The Power of Fashion"
George E. Boynton, Lakeside.
Double Quarett, "Jack and Gill".

The unusually large audience evinced great pleasure at the admirable rendition of the entire programme. Such an entertainment reflects great upon the society.

The Graduating Exercises of the school took place yesterday and the following are the graduates: Classical course, -Hattie E. Flint, Lizzie A. Still, M. Minerva Sullivan; Advanced English Course, -Julia A. Brace, Etta M. Haynes, Nellie C. Higgins.

Last evening the Faculty gave a reception to the members of the school in good standing, The Alumni, Clergy, and members of the Press. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, a large number availed themselves of this opportunity and all thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

Your Cor.

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

Geneseo, N. Y. Feb. 2, 1882.

Examinations are finished, greatly to the satisfaction of all the students.

The quarterly social was held last Tuesday

evening in the chapel. The exercises by the graduating class were fine. A scene from David Copperfield, Little Dorrit, and Nicholas Nickleby. were the most prominent features.

Our phonography teacher has left us.

Mr. Willis Van Valkenburg has been appointed private secretary to the president of Cornell University. It has not been decided who shall fill his place.

Our three societies, the Delphics, Clionians, and Philisthians, are very prosperous this winter, and under their joint society the the Arbuckle and Colby concert company is to give a concert Tuesday eve. next.

This is only one of a series of entertainments which these societies secure for the village.

Howard Lyon, a prominent member of the senior class and the president of the D. C. and P. joint society, is to leave for Jamaica shortly.

W. J. BRODIE.

A Point in Latin Syntax.

The following theory, which I have never before seen stated, will by showing an analogy in English, throw light on why the dative is used with the future passive participle.

In Latin, *Liber est mihi*, and in English *I have a book*, express *possession*. Now, to denote *possession* for a *purpose*, the most natural way is, to insert a word of possession. This, in both cases, was done. As a result appear the forms *Liber legendum est mihi*, and *I have a book to read*. Here is the second step, *possession for a purpose*.

This construction might put the stress on either the *possession* or the *purpose*. From the latter vein would very easily arise the custom of expressing *purpose* or *necessity* in this construction, where no *possession* is thought of—where, indeed it is impossible; as in *Pro-
lium pugnandum est mihi*. I have a battle to fight.

Here it seems that in each language a mode of expressing *purpose* or *necessity* arose from a mode of expressing *possession*, through the medium of *possession* for *purpose*.

D. C. GILMORE.

R. F. A. ITEMS.

—An R.F.A. young man,
Stands on the steps young man,
Yellow kids he wears,
At the girls he stares,
A "No one to love" young man.

—We hear that the boys are about to send in a petition respecting a change in the Commencement Exercises. Boys, mum 's the word. We don't want the girls to know.

—Would it not be well for the young man who "played truant" during the first six weeks of the term, to be more modest in his demeanor and more energetic in his studies?

—Where brooding darkness spreads her jealous wings. "Fine line that, pray explain it Miss—" "Well, when a hen gathers *his* chickens under *her* paternal wing, *he* does so because—well, what are you laughing at?"

—Have you any money that might be given for a charitable purpose? If so, contribute for the mending of a chair in Dr. F's room, and thus deliver one of the young ladies from the most hateful of female inconveniences—a rocking-chair.

—Once again has come the time in which to select subjects for Commencement Exercises. Among 30 subjects handed in by the various girls, 20 were on Spring, 5 on Music, 1 on Beautiful Snow, 1 on the Sunflower, 1 on the Lily and 1 on the la-da-da.

—Some of our young ladies have exceedingly fine musical ability, as well as a grand conception of fine things. The other day one of the fair ones gave a most pathetic ac-

count of a quarrel between lovers in Beethoven's Sonata, Opus— No—. By the way, we have some knowledge of Beethoven, but never heard this interesting story as applied to the sonata before. The person in question will confer an everlasting favor by giving us an explanation.

—Girls, if you must embrace each other, do it with all possible gentleness and low pressure, and not like the exploding of a boiler of a great steam engine.

Written by request of
Boys in Geology.

—The other day we were shocked to remark the tardiness of seventy pupils, more or less. Don't do it again. It really made us tired; especially the remaining after school fifteen minutes. By the way we speak from experience. Been there before.

—Some of the girls are so enamored of the boys that they rest content only with a lock of hair cut from the head of the favored one. Be careful, Boys! One of your number has had bitter experience, and now wears a piece of black court plaster on the top of his head to cover the spot where the hair used to be.

—How wonderful! We have heard nothing more of our reception. What can it mean? It is not like our boys to allow a project to fail after having once been entered upon. Surely it can be the fault of none else. For, with the kindly help which we have a right to expect from our good friend Dr. Benedict, there can be no obstacle so great that it cannot be surmounted with but little pains.

—On Saturday Feb. 4, a party of six young men, members of the R.F.A. viz; Mr. Stewart, Mr. Miller, Mr. Hooker, Mr. Sproll, Mr. Gillmore, and Mr. Force, set out on the raging canal with the intention of skating to Brockport. After having completed the journey the undaunted youths resolved to continue, and in a short time arrived at Albion. The extraordinary feat was accom-

plished in 2 hours and 55 minutes. Success to the fearless youths who thus overcome the difficulties of life.

—The R.F.A.L.S. held a regular meeting last Friday at which an excellent programme was rendered. A full attendance of the class of '83 is desired at the next meeting, the last Friday of this month.

A REPLY

to the religious young men of R. F. A.

So you are religious young men!
Ne'er speak in your own praise again,
But let all of your acts ever be
Full of Kindness, good faith, charity.
For themselves they may then so loud speak
That for praise you'll need ne'er more to
seek.

My dream! do you think 'twill come true?
Indeed, if it don't I'll much rue
That I ever told it to you;
It sounds just as if I would sue
For that which is justly our due.
No doubt you meet obstacles great,
But if you will once set a date,
Determine you will have your way,
Then none your requests can gainsay.
A few months and all will be o'er,
As a class we will meet nevermore.
We've been in the school nigh three years;
A very long time it appears.
Long enough to know one another.
Almost like sister and brother.
To have learned how to give gratitude
For favors, without being rude
By speaking without presentation,
Avoiding that dreadful sensation
Of wishing to talk yet not daring,
And thus doing nothing but staring.
But enough of this! Boys, have some fire.
If there's one thing that I most admire,
'Tis courage in doing what's right;
By following a true beacon light,
'Tis the light that shows right from the
wrong,
That you'll meet it I earnestly long.

THE STUDENT.

EDITORIAL COLUMN

Monday, February 13, 1882.

«BROKEN THOUGHTS.»

By Professor *Dontyouwishyouknew.*

—Too utterly too too.

—What silly things some school girls are.

—None but fancy and high priced valentines are suitable for editors; and consequently comic photographs of the sender will find their way to our waste basket.

—The light-haired university student who outraged decency by his shameful conduct at Oscar Wilde's lecture last Tuesday Evening, should be taught a lesson in the art of Etiquette, which to him would be more becoming than the lily or the sunflower.

—The new hotel project is assuming a positive shape, and ere many days, ground will be broken for a building that Rochester will have reason to be proud of.

—The bald headed editor has a prophecy. But,—When ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise.

—The Student is becoming deservedly popular and those who have not already subscribed for the same should do so at once.

What the Student would like to know:

- Whether the Commencement Exercises will continue for three days?
- What Vennor does not know regarding the weather?
- How many valentines a certain Principal will receive?
- The price of taffy?
- Who struck Billy Patterson?
- Who wrote "Beautiful Snow"?

—We would inform the ladies of the Virgil class that it is bad manners for more than 17 to answer a question addressed to one.

—A week ago last night the waiting rooms of the Aikenhead rink were burned; but the proprietors had a building up the next day—an example of the energy and thoughtful care they have for their patrons.

—It is stated that the Young Ladies of the year '82 R.F.A. intend to leave behind in memoriam, as it were, a library to be used by the young ladies in their Study Hall. Who can say that the worst of us have not some good qualities?

—If the young lady who has copied various extracts from the Student into a blank book especially procured for that purpose, and has laid the same upon the hat rack in the Board room for public inspection, will send in her name and number of seat, we will send her a copy of each issue gratis, rather than that she should be put to so much trouble.

LITERARY NOTES.

We take pleasure in recording the birth of a new School Journal, *The Academician*, published by the students of Canandaigua Academy. It is a most lively and newsy school monthly and deserves the hearty support of all.

The Appletons have in preparation, "The Rhymester; or The Rules of Rhyme; a Guide to English Versification, by the late Tom Hood. Edited with additions, by Arthur Penn. It will be published in similar style to "The Orthoepist" and "The Verbalist". Our poetically inclined readers will probably find in this work many valuable suggestions and helps in pursuing that branch of literature.

Doubtless all of our readers know of the world-famed Natural Science Establish-

ment of Rochester, carried on by Professor Henry A. Ward, A. M. Specimen collectors traverse every ocean and roam every continent, brave every danger and face every people, in the interest of this business; and in their travels necessarily meet with many thrilling and interesting adventures.

They also make many important scientific discoveries of great interest to the student and to the teacher. Aware of these facts, Professor Ward, with his usual liberality, determined some years ago to publish a paper, from which the public might obtain the benefit of a knowledge of the interesting incidents and facts of his business, and in which he might lay before the scientific world, the doings and acquisitions of his immense establishment; the urgent requirements of his business however, prevented him from carrying out this plan as he had intended. Finally, last year at the solicitation of his assistants at Rochester, he concluded to allow them to publish the long expected paper under the name *Ward's Natural Science Bulletin*, the initial number of which appeared last June and was circulated in all parts of the world, meeting with an enthusiastic reception. The second number appeared last January and it will hereafter be published quarterly at the exceedingly low subscription price of 50 cts. per annum.

Among its regular contributors it numbers the following: A. B. Baker,—Invertebrate Zoology, Oology; Wm. T. Hornaday,—Zoology, Taxidermy, and Collecting; Edwin E. Howell,—Geology, Mineralogy, and Paleontology; Frederic A. Lucas,—Vert. Zoology and Osteology; F. W. Staebner,—Mineralogy and Chemistry; Frederic S. Webster,—Ornithology.

Such an array of talent cannot fail to make it a journal of rare interest to the earnest student, while the vivid narrations of scenes and occurrences in foreign lands will be found most fascinating by the general reader.

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The Student

"Haec olim forsitan meminisse juvabit."

Vol. 1, No. 11 ROCHESTER, N. Y., Monday, Feb. 27, '82. 50 cts. a Year.

Faith, Hope and Charity.

These words in letters large and bright
Were held within my children's sight ;
Therefrom a lesson I would draw,
Thus asked them what therein they saw.
"You child, of Faith will tell us aught
Thus show us if you are well taught."
"Of faith I know not much at all
She seems a lady fair and tall,
Dressed in a robe of purest white
She helps to brighten the dark night"
"Yes nearest night she always stands
To sorrow lends her helping hands.
You child, of Hope will tell us now
And what she seems to be and how."
"A pleasure great is hope to me,
I wish she may e'er present be;
When I despond she comes up slow,
And whispers soothing words, so low
That I oft think the words a thought
By dreams or by the fancy wrought.
Although she's not a perfect grace
As oft she shows a smiling face,
Then leaves us quick to danger great
And comes not back until too late;
Still would I want her, false or true,
That I life's works through her might view."
"One more, of Charity you speak,"
"What can I say? so brave, yet meek,
So full of Hope, of Faith, of heart,
So eager and so quick to dart
From riches proud to wearied souls,
Nor leaves them till they reach their goals.
So ready to believe the best
To take one's part with goodly zest
To wipe the tears from widow's eyes,
To hush complaints with counsels wise."

"Yes Faith is good, and Hope is well,
Of these most every one can tell;
They are what everyone should own
The loss of which all must bemoan,
But Charity is these and more,
She is the Key to Heaven's door."

Professors as Fishermen.

BY UNCLE TREC.

A good story is told of one of the Professors in this Academy, who by the way is given much to sporting, rather to fishing than to any other amusement in which professional skill is required; and it is also said that that he lures many of the finny tribe from their watery retreats.

He is rather retired for a man of his age, and for this reason he will often of a bright morning, such as the 30th of May, collect his fishing tackle, and having dug a box full of worms for bait, will set out for a day's angling, or, if prepared otherwise, bait his hook with a fly, or perhaps a piece of salt pork.

When he has exhausted the fishing grounds around the east pier at Charlotte, he seeks other climes, places that abound in species of fish, differing much from the minnow, perch or bull-head.

He goes among the mountains, in the north-eastern portion of this state, and there catches, according to the following fish story, fish that only truly good, great and skillful fishermen can catch.

One day while out trolling, his companions who were catching quite largely, began to twit him on his poor luck; saying that his rigging, although it *did* cost \$30 and *was* presented by

a former class, was not *adapted* for the clear waters of the Adirondacks, but only for the muddy Genesee.

In this manner they teased the Professor for over an hour, when to his great relief and the others' surprise his cork bobbed. Now the Professor has the reputation of never losing his head, and on this occasion he proved "true to his trust;" for with the presence of mind characteristic of a true sportsman, he began to *play* his fish, which he knew to be a big one by the way it jerked.

For over three hours he worked incessantly in order to drown his victim, and displaying such rare skill in the art, that it drew forth the deepest admiration of his companions, and finally envy began to take possession of their breasts, because they recognized in him their superior with the rod.

Great beads of perspiration stood upon the Professor's brow, and as the tugging at the end of the line began to grow fainter, instead of beads, small streams darted forth showing the intense excitement under which our hero was laboring.

During this extraordinary combat not a single word had been spoken, for the Professor is a firm believer in the doctrine that fish have ears and can hear any sound made above water.

Having reeled in more than half his line, he indicated to his friend by a sign, that it was time to make ready for taking some large game from the water, and he accordingly prepared the landing net. By degrees the line is shortened and at last they could see a dark object approaching the surface of the water. Simultaneously with reeling in the hook from the water, the net was thrust under the prey, and they successfully landed into their boat, — a pickerel weighing thirty pounds? No.

What then? A No. 17 Shoe.

It was the Professor's treat.

Monthly Literary Exercises.

—The regular monthly exercises of the academy took place on Friday last with the usual good attendance. The programme which was noticeably shorter than usual, was as follows:

I.

- Essay—Literary Life of Dr. Holland
Mary Crissey
Reading—From Topics of the Time.
Emma Haag.
Recitation—Step by Step. Ella A. Wray.
Reading—From Topics of the Time.
Minnie B. Wolff.
Reading—From Seven Oaks, Nellie E. Farber
Reading—From Gold Foil. Ida C. Barnard.
Music—Piano Solo. Marion Weed.

II.

- Recitation—In School Days. Helen Baker.
Recitation—The Singers Curse.
Jennie E. Mculendyke.
Debate—Resolved: that men gain more from mistake and failure than from success.
Aff. Isabelle L. Huntington,
Neg. Ernest N. Pattee.

- Recitation—A Legend of Bregenz.
E. Augusta Chapman,
Reading—From Julius Cæsar. (Tent Scene)
Annie L. Miller, Dora Guggenheimer.

- Declamation—Influences of the Revolution.
William H. Sullivan.
Music—Vocal Solo, Josephine M. Kendrick.

III,

- Declamation—Regulus to the Senate.
Will E. Davis.
Recitation—The Widows Light.
Augusta M. Coleman.
Reading—From Henry VIII
George W. Colburn, Simon J. Weaver.
Declamation—The Pilgrims.
Edward H. Swezey.


- Recitation—Hail and Farewell.
Rose M. Roche.
Music—Piano Solo. Katie Dewey.

The exercises were opened by an essay on the "Literary Life of Dr. Holland" by

Mary Crissey, followed by several selections of Dr Holland, the most prominent of which were "Step by Step" by Ella A. Wray, and a reading from "Topics of the Time" by Minnie B. Wolff, who read in a decisive and energetic manner.

The "Piano Solo" by Marion Weed was greatly enjoyed. The "Debate", "A Legend of Bregeuz", "Reading from Julius Cæsar (Tent Scene)", "Influences of the Revolution", were very well rendered. Josephine M. Kendrick's vocal solo, at this point, was well received, relieving the monotony of the exercises to a great extent.

The declamations of Will E. Davis and Edward H. Swezey were delivered with decisiveness. "The Widows Light" by Augusta Coleman and "Reading from Henry VIII" by George W. Colburn and Simon J. Weaver deserve special mention. Katie Dewey's Solo rendered in a talented manner, brought the exercises to a successful termination.


First M. E. Church Y. F. L. S.

On the evening of the 17th the above named society met at the parsonage, at the kind invitation of their Pastor. Mr. Jones.

Mr. Young opened the meeting, giving out Bryant as the subject for the evening. This was followed by a vocal solo rendered by Mrs. Clapper. Mr. Gracey gave a short account of Bryant's life, and Mr. Kelsey read a selection from his writings. Then came a piano duo by Misses Warfield and Annis, after which Miss Morton read another selection.

The great feature of the evening was the picture gallery, in which scenes of noted places and things were represented in a most facetious and amusing manner.

The various parts of the entertainment were most excellently rendered and great credit is due to the members of the society for so successfully carrying out the idea of its originators.

Rochester Ornithological Society.

The second annual banquet of this society took place last Friday evening at Teal's.

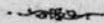
First in order were the annual report of the Sec., Mr. Sproull, and the Treas. Mr. Howard, which showed that the society was working upon a good foundation, there being a balance in treasury of \$36 82.

An essay by Mr. A. H. Hooker and an Oration by Mr L. S. Ward were next listened to with great pleasure by the society.

After this the members sat down to one of Teal's bountiful repasts, to which they did ample justice. Then under the supervision of Mr. Seward, toastmaster, toasts were responded to in the following order:

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|--------------------|
| The Society, | E. P. Miller. |
| The Founders of the Society, | G. F. Hutchinson |
| The Officers, | W. J. Howard. |
| The Absent Members, | F. M. McFarlin Jr. |
| The Future Prosperity of the Society, | W. B. Weaver. |
| The Lady Friends of the Society, | O. S. Stull. |
| The Monroe C. Sportsman's Club, | C. I. Haskin. |
| The Press, | |

This Society started out two years ago with five members; there are now twenty-five names on its roll, and its record is one of thorough and earnest work in the direction for which it was formed.


R. F. A. L. S.

The Rochester Free Academy Literary Society held another of their interesting meetings, Friday afternoon, Feb. 24th, at which the following programme was rendered with great success.

Program.

- | | |
|---------------------------|-----------------|
| Reading—(Comical.) | Geo. Eaton. |
| Essay— | L. A. Barnard. |
| Reading—from Shakespeare. | |
| | Minnie Kellogg. |
| Reading— | Miss Manning |
| Essay— | " Michaels. |
| Reading—(Poetry) | H. H. Brace. |

Recitation—from Julius Cæsar ActIV—Sc.3
 Brutus—Wm L. Kiefer, Cassius—J. C. Ball.
 Impromptu Debate—
 Aff.—Geo. McDonald, Flora Marshall, Teal.
 Neg.—Miss Blair, Mr. Leavenworth, Mr. Grac-
 ecy.

After the literary exercises had been completed the election of officers took place, which resulted as follows:—

Pres.—I. Chas. Haskin.
 V. Pres.—Miss L. M. Blair.
 2nd V. Pres.—Miss Ida V. Rogers.
 Sec.—John C. Ball.
 Treas.—Henry L. Ward.
 Messenger—Geo. McDonald.

The following program will be rendered
 March 6th 1882

Recitation—	Ida Rogers.
Declamation—	James Stone.
A Select reading—	Katie Michaels.
A Story—Part I.	Minnie Kellogg.
“ “ “ II.	Annie Clark.
Recitation—	Alice P. Couch.
Essay—	William A. Randall.
A Select Reading—	May Rogers.
A Reading from Shakespeare—	
King Richard III.—	Henry L. Ward and
I. Chas. Haskin.	
Debate—Resolved that conscience is in all cases a correct moral guide.	Aff. Effie N. LaTrace, Mark W. Way, Miss Madden. Neg. Geo. Eaton, Miss Anthony, Arthur L. Smith.
	Wm. L. Kiefer, Sec.

Soiree Musicale.

The “Instrumental Quartette” consisting of Misses Wolff and Huntington 1st piano, Miss Huntington and Mr. J. Force, 2nd piano will entertain their friends with a musical soiree at Comedy Hall on Tuesday evening, the 28th. The programme which is quite extended is given in full below:

Selection, Chorus from the Apollo Club.
 Overture, (8 hands) “Stumme Von Portice,”
 Instrumental Quartette. [Auber.]

Vocal Solo, “La Ste’la” *Mercadanti.*
 Miss Emma Whyland.
 Piano Solo, (two pianos) “Scherzo.” *Gott-*
 Misses Wolff & Huntington. [*chalk.*
 String Quartet, — (op. 125, No. 1) *Schuber.*
 Messrs. C. F. & A. Meyering, R. H.
 Lansing, C. A. Kenyon.
 Tenor Solo. — — —
 Mr. Philip Fried.
 Piano Trio, “Martha,” *Flotow.*
 The Misses Huntington & Wolff.
 Duett. “Forsake Me Not.” — (from Last
 Judgment) *Spohr.*
 Miss Whyland & Mr. Fried.
 Selection, Chorus from the Apollo Club.
 Overture, (eight hands) “Figaro’s Hochzeit,”
 Instrumental Quartette. [*Mozar.*]

R. F. A. ITEMS.

—The position of one Miss——in the First year Algebra class is very æsthetic.

—Some of the seniors do not yet know why Wednesday last was a ho’iday.

It was Washington’s birthday, boys.

—One of the seven young ladies of the senior year who were suspended for crawling into the committee room to study (?) Virgil, put her Latin gramma in the table drawer. She had better get it before it is lost.

—What became of the money raised at the Philomathian society last winter? Was it expended for the purchase of books for the Treasurer and Secretary. If so are these books in safe hands?

—For the last month or two our school has been quiet, very quiet, in fact too quiet.

We needed something to awaken us and therefore cannot too often express our thanks to those who have contributed in giving to the school that delicious sense of excitement which has pervaded the R. F. A. during the last two weeks.

—Wonders will never cease ! For three consecutive days there has been no whispering in one of the Scientific Classes !!!

—Some friend wrote an obituary on the clerical editor of this paper ; and the next day after it became known, he was taken for the "rubber man"

—For several days some of our Virgil girls had been missed from their accustomed places in the class. We are happy to learn that they are no longer indisposed and trust that they may not soon have such another attack.

—The motion of the minute hand around the dial-plate of a clock is one space in five minutes; how long before bed-time? We have (the time) $t = d$ divided by $a - b$ in which d = distance to go to bed, a = the cold to be encountered, and b = the bed itself: therefore go when you get your Algebra = 3 A.M.

—The following order goes into effect this morning down stairs :

Stop and discuss	o
Communicate in high key	o
Go out in hall	o
Tardy	o
Heavy walking	o

Total, Stay after school.

—On the 17th inst. the Bicycle Club which claims many members from this school, gave a complimentary exhibition drill to its patrons. Among the more noticeable features of the evening was the fancy riding of Messrs. Curtis, Punnet and Reid. A very laughable exhibition of the trials of a beginner was given by Mr. C. G. Arnold. After a very enjoyable time, the assembly broke up much pleased with their evening's entertainment.

—Since the beginning of our study in English Literature, we have heard things quite startling; but when we hear of the chicken moving like moon, we feel that the two, when compared, prove quite a staggenger.

—Will you please tell me where East Main St. is? "Vell I guess East Main St. is ish dot vay, oar udder vay".

—During a rehearsal of the most thrilling quarrel between Brutus and Cassius the bell rang for recess when Brutus exclaimed "Cassius—one bun please—Oh Cassius."

—Talk about your committee What committee ever showed better discretion or taste than did the one on programmes for last public exercises.

—The R.F.A. again to the front—Elmer Durgin, a former member of the institution, while visiting lately in Fargo, Dakota Territory, took a silver cup as prize in a skating match, making five miles in twentyfive minutes.

—At a recent debate in Rhetoric Class two young ladies were favored with an equal number of votes for judge. One, our favorite elocutionist, said to the other, our equally favorite singer, "I resign in your favor". "Excuse me, pray," the other responded, "you, my friend, would fill the chair much better."

—But a few short months and Commencement day is here. How our hearts beat at the thought. They throb with gay anticipation for the future, they beat more slowly at the thought of leaving behind that which by years of companionship we have learned to love with the love of youth and innocence.

—Street Car Waiting Rooms!

We heard that people wait for cars with other people in the Street Car Waiting Rooms. We hear that a big policeman is going to prohibit people from waiting for the cars with other people in the Street Car Waiting Rooms. Therefore if the big policeman prohibits people from waiting for the cars with other people in the Street Car Waiting Rooms, people cannot wait for the cars with other people in the Street Car Waiting Rooms(?)

THE STUDENT.

EDITORIAL COLUMN

Monday, February 27, 1882.

«BROKEN THOUGHTS.»

By Professor *Dontyourwishyouknew.*

- The Rubber man is still at large.
- Municipal election is the next thing in order.
- The " Student " is fast gaining ground in the field of journalism.
- A Student of Corne'l—

—" I should snicker " is the latest slang used by some of the R. F. A. young ladies.

—The flowers for the Commencement Exercises, will consist of sunflowers and lilies.

Our friends and admirers will govern themselves accordingly.

—" Procrastination is the thief of time," and it is with considerable pleasure that we note the purloiner of our ninety-nine-cent clock.

—School taffy may be obtained fresh and in any quantity from now un'til after election, by applying to aspirants for a position of School Commissioner.

—The red-nosed valentine sent to the editor of this column, was very much out of place, since the aforesaid modest scribe professes to be strictly temperate, and consequently never allows a drop of spiritous fluid to pass his lips, if he can with proper dexterity stay the glass.

—The bald headed editor of this column must again decline the nomination for Superintendent of schools, since his entire time is devoted to the readers of the Student. He nevertheless thanks the members of the " democratic corkus " for their intended kindness.

—Cicero once escaped by the skin of his teeth.

—We desire to double our circulation and in order that we may do this, we ask each one of our friends to procure at least one new subscriber.

Let every non-subscriber, into whose hands a copy of this paper may chance to come, subscribe at once, for we intend to furnish mental pabulum that will be of interest to all.

LITERARY NOTES.

A Peculiar People: or Reality in Romance, by William S. Balch. Henry A. Sumner & Co. Publishers.

Some persons like a new story to be different from any they have read, to be of a new and original plot and style; such persons will find in this work their ideal. In the young and ardent it will excite feelings of admiration and emulation by its portrayals of the hardships and wanderings of the heroes in the Holy Land. The enquiring reader will find in it much information given in a most pleasing way. To the thoughtful reader it will furnish much food for reflection. One wearied by the buffetings of unpropitious fortune will be encouraged by the examples of fortitude and constancy given in it. It is suited to the tastes of all classes of readers and we predict for it a most enthusiastic reception.

At Steele and Averys—Price \$1.25

The Fate of Madame La Tour, a story of Great Salt Lake, 2 parts—Fords, Howard, and Hubert, Publishers.

The fresh and breezy pictures of pioneer life, the portrayals of the ideas, principles and modes of the Mormons, show the strange and curious ramifications of that remarkable system of government, and give the key to many puzzling questions. The story, in its

incidents and details, is thrilling enough to satisfy the most exacting lover of fiction; in its facts and warnings, solemn enough to engage the attention of the most serious statesman.

At Steele and Avery's —Price \$1.00

—*Chancellorsville and Gettysburg*, by Abner Doubleday, Bvt. Maj.-Gen. U. S. A., Chas. Scribner's Sons, Publishers.

This is one of a series of twelve volumes, written by leading actors in and students of the Rebellion of 1861-65, illustrated by maps and plans prepared under the direction of the authors. The Author gives a most vivid and picturesque account of the campaigns of Chancellorsville and Gettysburg which has a special element of interest in the fact of Gen. Doubleday's high personal command and prominent part in the actions he describes, especially in the battle of Gettysburg. Being placed in a position in which the closest experience and direction of some of the turning points of the engagement tell to his part, he succeeds in transmitting to his readers the intensity of this experience, without losing the wider survey of the whole field or abandoning the proper point of view of the Military historian.

At Steele & Avery's.—Price \$1.00

—Macmillan & Co. announce for immediate issue in their series of "Popular Novels" a cheap edition of "John Inglesant"—Mr. Shorthouse's new story. This novel has met with a good deal of praise from the English press, The Pall Mall Gazette describing it as "one of the most remarkable books, not only of this season, but of a good many seasons."

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THE STUDENT.

Monday, February 27, 1882.

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HERBERT LEARY, }

H. L. WILSON, Publisher.

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The Student

"Haec olim forsitan memnise juvabit."

Vol. 1, No.12 ROCHESTER, N. Y., Monday, Mar. 13, '82. 50 cts. a Year.

Utility of R.F.A. Training in Real Life.

Professor David Swing says "The secret of life is utility." And now, three years after graduation, looking back down the long line of business trials, successes and failures which have marked a somewhat adventurous business career, we desire to review our own academic course and see to what special features we can honestly ascribe the same quality.

In the perusal of this article, let the reader bear in mind that we speak from the stand-point of a Chicago business man, and do not wish to be understood as presuming to rate the discipline received in the various departments at its absolute value to the class in toto.

First as a recognized leader in the "Mock scheme plot" and as one who is popularly supposed to be inimical to the head of the faculty permit me in justice to the venerable principal of the R.F.A. to pay a well deserved compliment to the institution over which he so successfully presides.

It has been my fortune to visit many schools of high grade since '79 made its final bow to the world from the City Hall rostrum and during that interval I have entered but one (the Geneseo State Normal School) where a more healthy educational air pervades the whole institution. In common with the majority of the sons of *alma mater* whom I have met I regard the Rochester Free Academy as one of the most thorough, vigorous and progressive schools in America. Much of the reputation which it enjoys is doubt-

less due to its liberal financial support but the real secret of its success is the admirable skill, sound judgment and rare executive ability of its honored principal, Dr. Benedict. That unyielding conservatism and firm adherence to principle which occasionally brings him in contact with overzealous students, is the balance wheel of the whole educational machinery, and no pupil, however confident of his power or desirous of social distinction, need expect to escape a merciless crushing beneath the wheels of authority if detected in an attempt to raise insubordination in the academic camp. Only when familiarity with the world has betrayed to the alumnus the weakness of human nature and only after he has seen conscience again and again sacrificed on the altar of policy, does the former pupil of Dr. Benedict learn to admire as he should, that unswerving fidelity to principle which characterizes every act of his life. Thus by example years after the boys have deserted his class rooms does Dr. Benedict become a source of strength to many a one in the hour of temptation.

Of the utility of Latin and Greek I can say little, for business has no sympathy with the classics and regards the world of literature as a sphere lying outside its domain. This, however, I do know: that thousands of names whose significance would have been as dark to me as the characters on the obelisk have by simple analysis and an application of a meagre Latin knowledge become as transparent and intelligible as a primer monosyllabic romance. Dr. Benedict's "de-

rived from," which was a prolific source of amusement to '79 in years gone by, is not as some of us imagined a vain hobby, but an ingenious device of a practical educator to teach his pupils to consider the real significance of the words they use.

The principal of the R.F.A. does not possess in a high degree that personal magnetism which enables some teachers to make every pupil an enthusiast, but he has the happy faculty of smoothing the path of knowledge by throwing a clear light upon dark places and no one will deny that as a linguist, a disciplinarian and conscientious gentleman he ranks with the best in America

(To be continued)

CHICAGONIAN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Rochester N.Y. March 5. 1882.

To the Editor of "the Student."

Sir:—A few days ago our Vice Principal made a few remarks concerning the R.F.A.L.S., which, I think, hardly fair or logical.

The substance of said remarks was to the effect that certain members of the second year fail in their lessons on Friday. This was supposed to be due to the meetings of the R.F.A.L.S. We were told that we had better postpone debates until we had something to debate about. And lastly, the assertion was made that, when men, we would find no difficulty in debating.

This last statement has, I think, the charm of startling originality. Undoubtedly it was merely a *lapsus linguae*, for I cannot believe that the Professor would intentionally state anything so erroneous. Assertions like this not only weaken the force of a criticism, but, when coming from a teacher, are likely to lead astray those who do not take the trouble to thoroughly sound them.

Men of more experience with the world at large than our Professor, tell me that one

of the most, if not *the* most, important thing in a boy's education is to learn to express clearly his ideas on any subject, and before any number of people. And, furthermore, that if this faculty is not acquired when young it will be exceedingly difficult to acquire later in life.

Few men, not specially trained, can speak before an assembly of their equals or superiors without great trembling and embarrassment. We find this illustrated in the early career of many politicians and clergymen.

Those who have belonged to societies can not have failed to notice that most members upon entering, find much trouble in debating or even in making motions, but that in the course of time these blemishes either entirely wear away or are greatly mitigated.

The criticism that we had better wait until we have something to debate about would it seems to me, apply equally well to compositions and debates in Class Room. But, unfortunately for consistency, this argument has, I believe, never been turned in that direction. It is not very difficult to invent suitable subjects, but if it were they could easily be obtained from text books.

Lastly, the meetings of the R.F.A.L.S. are held on Friday afternoons; and, as two weeks intervene between the meetings, I do not think that the society can be the cause of failures in recitations.

Yours respectfully,

Henry L. Ward.

A Clipping.

We clip the following from the *Express* of a late date.

—The entertainment given at Comedy Hall last Tuesday evening, by "The Qua tette," consisting of Miss Minnie Wolff, Misses Belle and Allie Huntington, and Mr. John Force, was a very recherche affair, beside being success in every respect. They were assisted by some of our best local talent, of which pleasant mention has already been made.

The selections by the Quartette were of the highest order and played with remarkable precision and effect, even for professionals.

When we remember that their proficiency was obtained during time almost stolen from school hours during the past five or six months, we cannot but feel very proud of our Rochester Instrumental Quartette. Our young friends have our congratulations, and we trust that this may be only the first of a series of concerts, which would not only prove a novel, but a very gratifying feature in our local entertainments, and give us the opportunity to prove in a more tangible manner our appreciation.

ONE WHO WAS THERE.

First M. E. Church Literary Society.

The Society met at the residence of D. W. Wright on Friday evening, March 3rd.

The subject for the evening, Sir Walter Scott, afforded an opportunity for a more than usually interesting programme. The Recitation by Miss Bill's, and the Reading by Miss Care are worthy of mention together with the music which was excellently rendered; and the exercises were brought to a successful termination by the rendition in costume of "We'll have to Mortgage the Farm," those taking part being Messrs. Carman and Cooke, Mrs. Clapper, Misses Morton and Bill's.

In all respects this was one of the most enjoyable meetings the society has held, and thanks are due the kind host and hostess for their cordial entertainment of the members.

R. F. A. L. S.

—The Rochester Free Academy Literary Society held a very interesting meeting, Friday afternoon March 10th. The literary exercises were excellent, and many of the selections were rendered with great credit to the speakers. Especial mention should be made

of the recitation "Archie Dean" by Alice Couch, which was given with much spirit and excellent effect.

The following programme will be presented at the next meeting March 24th.

PROGRAMME.

Declamation	G. V. Fleckenstein.
Recitation	Miss F. E. Marshall.
Reading from Shakespeare.	Miss L. M. Blair.
Allegory	J. C. Ball.
Recitation	Miss L. A. Barnard.
Select Reading	H. L. Jones.
Essay	Miss L. A. Manning.
Prophecy of R. F. A. L. S.	W. L. Kiefer.
Impromptu Debate	

Aff. Miss A. B. Clark, R. H. Satterlee, and Miss M. Sontag. Neg. M. Davis, E. G. Eaton, and H. H. Brace.

Miss Ida V. Rogers, Director. J. C. Ball, Sec.

Miss Grace McGuire who died a short time since was a most intimate and dear friend to many of us.

A FLOWER TRANSPLANTED.

Friends, once more our circle meets,
 Once more each one the other greets.
 Our eyes rove gaily o'er our band
 When stay! it seems as though some hand
 Has taken hold upon the heart,
 The strings of which seem nigh to part.
 Oh Sorrow! is't thy hand we fee'
 Thy breath which over us doth steal?
 We look again—we see a space
 Where once there shone a bright young face,
 To gaze on which was bliss was joy,
 Whose very look could pain alloy.
 What face it was you all do know,—
 Of all the plants that here do grow
 She was the brightest sweetest flower
 That helped to deck our little bower.
 The Cord, so strong in faith and truth,
 Which bound us even in our youth,
 Is broken now by just a breath
 From that dark angel known as Death.
 We think of this and tears will rise,
 And hard it seems to check our sighs.

Yet we remember what she said,
 And bow resigned before our dead.
 She told us of her lovely dream,
 Which so like truth to her did seem,
 How when her head to rest she'd lay
 She'd seem to travel some strange way.—
 On, on, and up! in rapid flight,
 To some high region wondrous bright,
 Filled with sweet angels singing praise
 In soothing words, harmonious lays.—
 Then she would wake on earth once more,
 And disappointment silent bore.
 Thus in her dreams her soul so pure
 The angels would from earth allure,
 To give it a foretaste of joy,—
 A joy which naught can now alloy.
 Although her loss we can but feel
 Although our tears their way will steal,
 We say in truth, "Her crown is won,
 We thank Thee God, Thy Will be done!"
 To her dear parents we would say,
 "She trod the path, she found the way,
 Though here no more you see her face,
 At Heaven's Door you'll meet your GRACE."

M. B. WOLFF.

A Visit to the Lower Regions.

By one of the Victims.

'Twas at recess one day last week,
 A timid damsel wished to seek
 The Student editor so gay,
 And to him her subscription pay.
 And as she did not dare to go
 Alone into the shades below,
 A common friend proved, you may know,
 Guide and philosopher also.
 Alas for both those damsels fair!
 Scarce had they reached the lowest stair
 When loud the warning came—"Beware,
 And venture not to pass that door!
 You should have been informed before,
 The Doctor's stern command is laid
 'Gainst entrance here of any maid,"
 Each maiden pensive hung her head,
 Until their kind adviser said

"Go seek our worthy Benedict.
 Seek to repeal his interdiction:
 And, if thy reasons satisfy,
 Sure thy request he'll not deny."
 'Twas even so; the Doctor smiled,
 By their sweet speech full soon beguiled.
 Yet lest to flirt they should presume,
 He led them to his inner room,—
 That place so oft a place of doom.—
 And soon the scholars hear him say—
 "Editor 'Student,' step this way!"
 Pile fear that young man's heart did seize,
 Chattered his teeth and shook his knees;
 For, sure, he thought, this summons dread
 Was due to some unlucky "ed";
 Some mischief fell must he have done,
 Thus to be summoned from his bun.
 Yet firmly with pale lips compressed
 And stout arms folded on his breast,
 Prepared to calmly meet his doom
 He strode into that fateful room.
 With courteous speech, and solemn air,
 The Dr. set for him a chair;
 And said unto the blushing pair:
 "Now haste thy errand to declare."
 To the youth's cheek a flush did rise;
 Gone was his tremor; yet surprize
 Mingled with doubt, was in his glance
 As toward those maids he did advance;
 But when their business was made known,
 His doubts and wonderings all were flown.
 With joyous heart, and brow serene,
 He brought the papers soon, I ween.
 But he their thanks had scarcely heard.
 When came again the Doctor's word:
 "Your errand done, young ladies, you
 At once may go above. Adieu."
 They made obeisance reverent,
 And soon they climbed; but as they went
 Each to the other soft did say
 "I'll ne'er again be caught that way."
 Now when those damsels bright and gay
 Have aught to any youth to say,
 They write a little note, and send
 It through the mail, or, by some friend.

A. B. C.

R. F. A. ITEMS.

—The badges procured by the R. F. A. L. S. are very tasty.

—The young man in History Class who said that the king died from a fit of "ag(u)e," certainly appreciated the blessings of youth.

—Autograph albums are raised fifty per cent since last week. All the girls in the R.F.A. bought theirs before last week.

—The Athenæum library is once more to make its appearance after years of disuse. we are sure it will be a success. *Libraries* are always in demand.

—Next public Exercises are the last in which the year of '82 participate. Surely we all regret it, especially those who have been in the habit of attending.

—A girl must be very wicked who can deliberately give to her youthful admirer a kicking cow to milk. We do not say that any of our young ladies did so, but we do know that an R.F.A. boy can recount sad experiences gathered in the process of learning to milk.

—Several of the young men of the north aisle are in the habit of Pierring over at the perfumery factory. Why is this? They say that there are girls employed there, but of course that is not the attraction. Will some one enlighten us?

—The indisposition on the part of those who were to present "Carmen", is said to have been caused by the intelligence that a certain young lady of the R.F.A. was to attend arrayed in a "Buffalo Bill Hat" and a profusion of bangs.

—There is no help for it. Girls will giggle. In one of our classes the young ladies were bubbling over with merriment, and to such a degree, that the young men felt disgusted. The girls *prieked* their feelings, and it

—We understand that the music for next Public Exercises is to be of a superior kind.

The R. F. A. is greatly indebted to Dr. Forbes for the entertainment thus afforded.

He has taken more than ordinary pains to make the exercises a success by interspersing pieces of music between the readings, and so relieving the monotony.

—Mr. Editor—

I address myself to you as a means of obtaining information respecting the "organ" in the board room of the R. F. A. Will you be kind enough to ascertain whether it may be played on during recess or after school hours, and answer through the columns of the *Student*?

One of the R. F. A.

We would inform the writer of the above that the organ was placed in the room at a cost of \$25, by the Board, for the amusement of the young ladies who are musicians and can be played upon at any time of the day.

What Our Local Talent Are Doing in the line of MUSIC.

—Church choirs are busy rehearsing Easter Music.

—Matt. Angle, Stage Manager of the Opera Club, returned from Florida on Tuesday last.

—The Opera Club Expect to produce the "Muskeeters" soon.

—Philip Fried has been engaged to sing at Toronto April 18th.

—Prof. H.H. Staples of Buffalo, the pleasing "Major General" is very ill.

—Lansing H. Humphrey has been engaged as organist of the Second Baptist church.

—A number of our local musicians are looking forward with great expectation to the time when they shall leave for New-York to attend the May Carnival.

THE STUDENT.

EDITORIAL COLUMN

Monday, March 13, 1882.

«BROKEN THOUGHTS.»

By Professor Doughty, who wishes you knew.

- Election has come and gone.
- Gentle spring has put in an appearance
- A Martin like the Fox is rather cunning but a Parson(s) beat him this time.
- The people of the South are in a deplorable condition on account of the terrible floods.
- Doughnuts are the latest special lunches provided for the R.F.A. students. Peanuts and circus lemonade will be next in order.
- The new school board will soon organize and in consequence thereof, several old teachers will find themselves disorganized.
- A certain principal has joined the anti-treating society, but nevertheless his drinks are still(s)ours.
- The husband of the janitress of No. 4 school is a splendid subject for a spring suit of tar and feathers.

—“Nipp” is Huyer’s latest production, and it is named in commemoration of the many pieces of sweets that are nipped from the counter by shy and modest young damse’s.

—“I wish I was a fish” is the homely melody ground out on a consumptive hand-organ on Main street. We hope the payer will be granted so that another name may be added to the famiy of bnll heads.

—And now the roaming e’ephant begins to c’ean his trunk preparatory for his coming trave’s, and the tramp’s nose is blossoming as an indication of the near approach of summer.

—The editors desire it to be distinctly un- that they assume the entire responsibility for all articles appearing without names.

—Subscribers who find receipt’s in their papers will oblige by calling upon the publisher or one of the editors and having the same signed.

LITERARY NOTES.

Shakespeare Select Plays—The Life of King Henry V. edited by William Aldis Wright, M.A., L.L.D., Fellow and Bursar of Trinity College, Cambridge; Clarendon press Series; Macmillan & Co., Publishers.

The text of this series is faultless, the result of great care and skill on the part of the publishers and printers: the preface of this play is full and complete, containing the historical incidents of the play treated in a most scholarly manner; but the great feature of the series is the unusually full and copious notes, making this without doubt the best edition ever placed within reach of the Shakespearian student.

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Hypatia: or new foes with an old Face, by Charles Kingsley; Macmillan & Co., Publishers. Few men have ever equaled Kingsley in the writing of historical novels, dealing with the times with which he dealt. In this novel he has portrayed the manners, customs, virtues and vices of the fifth century, closely following authentic history respecting the life of his principle character, one of the most noted women of the world; and he has succeeded in investing his personages with wonderful interest.

W. stward Ho! or the Voyages and adventures of Sir Amyas Leigh, Knight, of Burrough, in the county of Devon, in the reign of Her most Glorious Majesty, Queen Elizabeth,

rendered into modern English by Charles Kingsley; Macmillan and Co., Publishers.

This novel is a most skillful depiction of the adventures and exploits of the sixteenth century, consequent upon the excitement and ambition aroused by the desire for wealth and fame to be gained in American exploration; and is a narrative of the most thrilling interest.

These two novels have well been called the greatest historical novels of the century, and their popularity is most plainly set forth by the fact that thirteen editions have been issued.

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any other line of office stationery is nearly
exhausted, call on the publisher of this
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THE STUDENT.

Monday, March 13, 1882.

Published on alternate Mondays.

EDWARD T. PARSONS,
HARRY E. SUMMERS, } Editors.
HERBERT LEARY, }
H. L. WILSON, Publisher.

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The Student

"Hæc olim forsitan meminisse juvabit."

Vol. 1, No.13. ROCHESTER, N. Y., Monday, Mar. 27,'82. 50 cts. a Year.

MEMORIALS.

E. D. WARD.

There is a natural desire, inherent in all men, to leave behind them a memorial of their existence upon earth. We find evidences of this dating ages before authentic history commenced to record the doings of man. The ruins of Central Asia, of Northern Africa, and in the Western Hemisphere, the walled cities of New Mexico, and the Mounds of the Mississippi Valley, all attest its universality, and the labors man is willing to undergo for its sake.

It is not necessary to enter into a long defense of this desire, either from a religious or from a practical point of view. The question has been argued pro and con for centuries, and has not been settled; nor will it be settled until the rays of the Millennial sun scatter the mists of prejudice and bigotry, together with the clouds of ignorance and superstition from man's horizon.

Let us observe a few of the results of this desire. The builders of the Pyramids doubtless intended the results of their labors to be a lasting monument of their glory and to keep fresh in the minds of their posterity in all ages the memory of their name and great power. And what has been the result? The tribes living in the vicinity of these immense piles are, with the exception of superstitious legends, entirely ignorant of the builders; and the educated traveler of other lands, looks upon them with feelings, rather of pity for the countless poor slaves who toiled and died under the scourge in their erection, than of ad-

miration and respect for the cruel tyrants who caused them to be erected.

But are there not other and better memorials? There are. Regulus, though he left no massive structure as a monument of his achievements, will always be remembered with feelings of emulation by every patriotic youth. Socrates, though he erected no temple of learning to contain the results of his philosophy, has a shrine to his memory in the hearts of all learned men. And, as instances of later times, who doubts that the laurel wreath of memory will ever entwine the name of Washington, of LaFayette, of Grant, of Garfield. The names of Franklin, Webster and Field, will also find a place in the American Temple of Fame. All these attained this great end through the exercise of their great and noble qualities in their every-day life.

The members of the various graduating Classes of the Rochester Free Academy have all evinced this same desire in their efforts to leave behind them memorials of their years of study in the Institution. Since '74, the gentlemen have succeeded in a measure, and perhaps, the fullest measure possible under the circumstances, having left as their memorials for succeeding classes and for their future visits, frames containing their portraits. The ladies, thus far, have done nothing in this direction, though it is rumored that the present class have discussed the practicality of making an attempt for this end. There are various views in regard to the means to be employed, but the prevailing one seems to be to leave an engraving or painting of real

merit, in a suitable frame, with a memorial inscription on the lower margin under the title of the picture, to be placed either in the chapel or at one end of their study room over the blackboard. This would, in truth, be a most appropriate sign of their regard for the institution and a pleasant thing for succeeding classes of young ladies to look upon.

I wish the young ladies the success in their laudable enterprise which the young gentlemen have already attained, and at the same time, hope, that if they do not become noted women and make their names household words in many nations, that they may so live that at the termination of each one's life upon this earth her friends may truly say, "She lived sweetly and faithfully the life God marked out for her and has gone to her eternal rest. Thus they may make a true memorial.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Canandaigua Academy, March 27th '82.

Dear Student:

Regents examinations are over; to a great many, the result is satisfactory.

Mumps are raging among the boys. Quite a number are sick, some are convalescent, and others are back in school again.

Base-ball has appeared once, inclement weather has driven it into retirement again.

Dr. Bristol a member of the faculty, was called to the West a few weeks ago to bury his mother. We wish to extend to the Dr. our heart-felt sympathy, in this, his hour of affliction.

The March number of the "Academian" is issued this week. Owing to the demand the editors wish to announce that they cannot furnish copies except from March to June, four numbers, 35 cts.

A number of our Academy graduates ex-

pect to enter Rochester University in the coming fall, also some expect to enter the Free Academy preparatory to entering the University.

FIRST M. E. CHURCH L. S.

Another pleasant meeting of this society took place on Friday evening, March 17th, at the residence of Dr. Knowlton.

The subject for the evening was Dickens; Miss Gibbard read an excellent essay upon his life and character, and Rev. Mr. Jones read a selection from his writings in a most entertaining manner, Mr. Burke sang several sentimental songs, being twice encorred. Miss Vayo and Miss Durgin also favored the members with solos. While the social part of the program was in progress, Mr. Burke, by special request gave a lecture upon *The Origin of Man* which elicited much laughter.

The meeting broke up at an early hour, the evening having been one of rare enjoyment.

R. F. A. L. S.

The Rochester Free Academy Literary Society held a regular meeting on Friday afternoon March 24th. The program presented was well carried out and some of the selections are worthy of especial mention. The reading by Miss Blair was very interesting. The essay by Miss Manning was good and showed considerable talent in that art. The prophecy by Mr. Kiefer exhibited some very pleasant prospects for the R. F. A. L. S. and caused great applause.

The following program will be rendered at the next meeting April 7th :

Declamation	J. G. Stone.
Recitation	Miss H. L. Moshier.
Select Reading	A. L. Smith.
Recitation	Miss K. D. Michaels.
Reading from Shakespeare,	
	J. C. Ball and Miss A. P. Couch.

Essay			Mark W. Way.
Story	Part	1st	Miss Ida V. Rogers.
"	"	2nd	R. H. Satterlee.
			Debate.

Resolved that poverty develops the character better than riches.

Affirmative, Wm. A. Randall, Miss E. G. Eaton, M. Davis.

Negative, Miss M. F. Kellogg, F. C. Teal, Miss M. L. Madden.

Miss L. M. Blair, Directress. J. C. Ball Sec.

Musical Doings.

—It is rumored that the Apollo Club are to give a Concert in May.

—The Musicales given at the 1st Presbyterian church proved a success in every way.

—The Opera Club are busy rehearsing the "Musketeers". We may expect its appearance soon.

—Prof. Staples the well known baritone, died of Typhoid Pneumonia on Friday last at his home in Buffalo.

—A musicale under the direction of Prof. Wilkins was attended by a delighted audience on Friday last at Livingston Park Seminary.

—Prof. Herve D. Wilkins gave two Piano Recitals in Lockport, Thursday Afternoon and Evening, which as usual were highly appreciated.

—A number of the Opera Club left for Buffalo Sunday morning to attend the funeral of Prof. Staples and in a measure to show their sympathy and sorrow by floral offerings.

—The instrumental Quartette, consisting of the Misses Wolff, Huntington, and Mr. Force, is to assist at an entertainment to be given at St. Peter's church next Friday Evening.

—We desire to correct an error which appeared in our last issue. Mr. Lansing H. Humphrey has been engaged as organist of the First, instead of the Second Baptist Church.

«BROKEN THOUGHTS.»

By Professor Doughtywishyonkuw.

—The weather is peculiar.

—And so are the people.

—Almost time for Base-ball again.

—Our family umbrella keeps Lent.

—Spring vacation is near at hand.

—The back-bone of winter is not yet broken.

—April fool makes his appearance next Saturday.

—The orn of the unter wi l soon be eard on the ill.

—The lighting of Main Main Street with electricity, is truly a commendable enterprise.

—Spring Spring; thou art not as gentle as heretofore, why this peculiarity? Hey? We repeat: why is it thusly?

—The bald headed editor wrote a glowing tribute to the vanishing snow, but the lines were so pathetic, that tears flowed copiously from his withered winkers and made him sad. He has, therefore, postponed its production for the present.

—A certain principal took a bath the other day which so altered his appearance as to cause a little boy to ask him whether he had his hair cut, or was not feeling well.

—And now the average student saves his nick es in anticipation of a new pair of boots to mount the golden stairs on commencement day.

—Every good House-keeper should see the *Aurora*. No dust, no noise, no wearing of the Carpet. HOWE & ROGERS, Sole Agents.

A nickel plated bicycle nearly new, for sale cheap. For further particulars call on David Sedgwick, Rochester Free Academy.

R. F. A. ITEMS.

Sing a song of Cæsar, with lessons never light:

Four and twenty damsels who study day and night.

When the class is over, their hearts are light and gay,

Till on the board up stairs, they see the lesson for next day.

They made their recitations very very funny; The teacher seemed amused, and smiled as sweet as honey.

They plumed themselves upon their wit, and laughed without a fear, oh,

They never dreamed, poor silly things, that they were all marked zero.

A. B. C.

—Examinations are near at hand

—Arbutus parties all the talk.

—Petitions are all the rage.

—Public exercises on Friday.

—“This is no place for you Miss.”

—The R.F.A. Chorus has been reorganized.

—The study of Geology began when Adam and Eve came upon the earth; at least, thus saith a member of the class.

—The Pi Phi Society is very sorry that it inconvenienced the R.F.A. young ladies. It promises never to do so again.

—The bald headed editor is anxious to exchange photos with his friends. He has had a dozen taken but somehow all are still on hand.

—It is rumored that the girls of '82 are going to have their pictures taken in oil to give to the young men as a token of their mutual friendship and esteem.

—Some of the young ladies of the second row of seats, in the fifth division Geology, make convenient shoe-mats of the backs of

the young gentlemen sitting on the row in front of them.

—Pincushions in the shape of fans are much in vogue. Although pretty, they are too small, thus being easily lost. One was found last week and already another is reported missing.

—Young Ladies, be careful how you gossip about a person on paper; Always destroy the notes—

For eyes are sharp and fingers long,
And some will sell you for a song.

—Two of the R. F. A. girls found their aprons which they had left in the board-room badly torn. Measures have been taken to discover the delinquent who when found may expect severe punishment at the hands of the injured.

—The following note which is very disgusting to all sensible persons since it displays the too utterly too too gibble gabble of the giddy school girl, was picked up in one of the recitation rooms by the clerical editor.

“That abominable L— he wrote that and it means Miss—and Mr.—What in the world did she do that for? She didn't. It's L—'s concoction. How scandalous mean.

He told all the boys in Virgil class about it . . . ” By comparing the note with the writing of several of the young ladies we find that it corresponds exactly with that of Misses — and —.

Never do this again, girls 'twill hardly pay, thus to give yourselves away—and lose your notes beside.

—Boys, each one of you, get a patent MacKinnon pen to write in the innumerable autograph albums which will be presented for your signatures shortly. If you do not, you will be over-whelmed. Also buy a book of autograph selections, for these autograph fiends will not let you off with a mere signature.

—The Seniors refuse to write in autograph albums unless requested personally by the owners. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves.

—The Seniors are referred to the editorial. Let them read, heed, and do as requested.

—The doings of the new Board are anxiously awaited by many of the Academic corps.

—The Bicycle Club are to give an entertainment at the City Hall about the middle of April. Look out for a first class exhibition of skill in riding the wheel.

—Let the Autograph albums be passed around soon, for several of our most highly esteemed class-mates intend leaving the institution at the close of the present term.

—And now the Classical Senior ransacketh the Lookstore for a second-hand *Louise* and gnasheth his teeth at the uselessness thereof.

—The continuation of the leading article in the last issue will probably appear in our next. The copy, being delayed in the mails failed to reach us in time for this issue.

—Some one takes advantage of the kindness of the Board in furnishing musical instruments, for some of the most inharmonious sounds are heard at times to proceed from the "organ" in the Board Room.

—Last week one of the gentlemen lost a pin cushion in the shape of a small hand painted fan which he prized highly. Information as to its whereabouts will be thankfully received.

NOTICE.

Some one of the young ladies of the Academy sent in her subscription to *The Student* by one of the gentlemen without sending

her name. The gentleman in question probably mistook the number of the seat, for we learn that the papers have not been taken from the seat to which they have been delivered.

In sending in subscriptions, send name and number of seat in writing and thus all mistakes will be avoided.

AMATEUR PRESSES FOR SALE.

The publisher of this paper offers for sale the following presses, at great bargains. Inquiries will be answered and samples of work sent on application with stamp enclosed.

1. Pearl press, rotary power, on iron frame, prints two pages of this paper at an impression. Has been thoroughly tested on full forms of type with satisfactory results; has six chases, and two sets of new rollers. Cost \$110. Price \$70.
2. Novelty press, hand inker, 10x15 inches inside chase; as good as new in every particular; has two chases and new roller. Cost \$50. Price \$35.
3. Star press, self inker, on iron frame; foot power; prints 8x12 inches—in good condition; has two chases and two new rollers. Cost \$70.—Price \$40.
4. Model press—Self inker, 6x9 inches inside chase—in good order—one chase and two new rollers—Cost \$35. Price \$20.
5. Excelsior press, as good as new, prints form the size of this page perfectly. Self inker—has two new rollers, two extra stocks and roller mould. Cost \$15. Price \$11.
6. Excelsior press, never used. Same as above, without roller mould and extra stocks. Price same as above.

Star press—hand lever, hand inker—chase 4x5—two chases imposing stone and new roller. In good order. Cost \$10. Price \$4.

Address communications to Howard L. Wilson,
141 State St., Rochester, N. Y.

THE STUDENT.

MONDAY, MARCH 27, 1882.

E. T. Parsons, H. E. Summers, Herbert Leary,
Editors.

Published on alternate Mondays.

Subscription 50 Cts. per annum.

SINGLE COPIES FIVE CENTS.

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EDITORIAL COLUMN

—We desire it to be distinctly understood that contributions are desired and will be gladly received at any time from our subscribers and friends. Let all feel that they have a right to space in these columns and avail themselves of it. It is our aim to furnish a medium for the publication of the productions of amateur authors, and a record of interesting school occurrences; and, with the hearty co-operation of classmates and friends, we can do so most successfully. Let every member of the class of '82 lady or gentleman, contribute at least one article or item before their R. F. A. course is ended.

LITERARY NOTES.

A Tallahassee Girl. Round Robin Series; J. R. Osgood & Co., Publishers.

A view of Southern society and scenery in Middle Florida, since the war. A most faithful reflection of the sentiments and aims of the Old and the New South, given in the guise of a fascinating story of love-making amid the groves in the little known but deeply interesting hill-country of Florida, in and around the old capital.

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cal talent whatever, will find in its pages a pleasant and profitable field for its exercise.

All rights reserved to the publisher.

—The long expected *Campus* has failed thus far to make its appearance. This would seem to imply either a lack of energy on the part of its promoters or that the project has been given up. In either case, the community ought to be informed and the true state of the case made public.

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The Student

"Hæc olim jors! an meminisse juvabit."

Vol. 1, No. 14. ROCHESTER, N. Y., Monday, April 10, '82. 50 cts. a Year.

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E. C. R.

Critics from every grade of society agree upon one point, namely: that the hand-organ is the most attractive musical instrument known. Its power is irresistible, and we are forced to yield to its spell even when the strains are borne upon the breeze a distance of two or three blocks.

It attracts a crowd wherever it goes, and puts a fire or a prize fight quite in the shade. No prima donna in Italian Opera ever held an audience in a state of ecstasy so complete as can the organ-grinder when the sweet notes of "Darling I am growing old" and "Grandfather's Clock" fall upon the cultivated ears of a dozen boot-blacks and street urchins. Its thrilling strains affect even the dogs, and they howl in sympathy with "No one to love". In fact, the general effect is somewhat astonishing if not enchanting.

If the foreign gentleman who superintends the machinery, be accompanied by a monkey attired in a little red dress, the delight of the spectators is greatly increased; and the children forget dolls, tops, and candy, as they give their pennies into the safe-keeping of the little animal at the end of the string.

Perfect discipline commands respect wherever we find it, and we are moved with a feeling akin to awe as we witness the promptness and regularity with which the monkey places the small coin in his owner's pocket. Not less striking is the look of stony indifference with the musician receives

the same. He careth not for the trivial things of earth; his spirit is absorbed in the melody of "The Sweet Bye and Bye". The organ-grinder must experience to a greater or less degree the feelings of those eloquent orators, Pericles and Demosthenes: for he knows that by a simple motion of his arm he has power to move his audience to tears with "Who will care for mother now" or convulse them with laughter by "Captain Jenks".

The hand-organ is a summer joy, as the proprietors do not care to face the cold blasts of winter and usually spend that season in luxurious retirement at their Fifth Avenue residences in the great metropolis, or perhaps in taking a trip to Europe.

Spring is at hand, and before many days we may expect to hear again the long silent, but much regretted, voice of the hand-organ.

Gossips.

Looking through my Rhetoric, I lit upon a subject which seemed to me to be very appropriate, in fact, just the thing.

I, being a woman, (even though a diminutive one,) protest loudly against the injustice done to those of my class; for whenever the word gossip is mentioned, we are pretty sure to be correct if we attribute the quality to woman. And why? Is it because there is a lack of work for those whose home duties make it a necessity, nay, a pleasure, for constant labor? Is it because their guiding hands show many noble men the way to learning?

I admit that among the so-called gossips,

women hold a prominent place. But let us not forget that woman's mind though weak is often capable of leading. Women as a general thing make comments upon women and have the goodness or good sense to attend to their own affairs, and leave those of men, and men themselves, alone.

Do not think that I am at all led on by prejudice; for I like men—in general I mean—about as well as anyone. But when I see them criticise, talk about, ridicule, yes, and and gossip about men as well as about the fairer sex, who among you can blame me for saying that men, the strong-minded, business-worried men, must equally divide the shame of being gossips with those of the ill used other sex?

I am not writing on Woman's Rights; for those if not established are still asserted. But simple justice leads me on; and though much wronged by the community at large, we good-hearted women magnanimously forgive those whose lack of judgment misleads them in deciding upon this matter, and in closing, beg you to remember the story of

A Gossip whom a woman met.
The Gossip's tongue it ran,
"I prithee person, who are you?"
"Why woman, I'm a man."

CORRESPONDENCE.

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

Geneseo, N. Y. April 6, 1882.

Our principal, W. J. Milne, was offered a very fine position in an Albany school, at a salary of \$4,500, but declined.

Oliver D. Clark, one of our graduates, now attending college in Rochester, is spending a few days in town.

The quarterly examination commenced yesterday.

Last Tuesday evening the senior class held

a meeting and elected the following officers:
President W. J. Douglass.
Vice President Miss Flora Neel.
Treasurer W. W. Hobbs.
Secretary Miss S. C. Day.
The Amateur Court was held last Saturday. The following officers were elected:

Judge,	A. Ed. Mareh.
Dist. Att'y.	H. L. Humphrey.
Clerk,	W. J. Findlay.
Sheriff,	James Snyder.
Crier,	John Gramsey.
Stenographer,	Harry Doremus.
Rhetorical exercises to-morrow afternoon,	W. J. BRODIE.

R. F. A. L. S.

The R. F. A. L. S. held a very interesting meeting on Friday, and the selections were well carried out. The story by Miss Rogers and Mr. Satterlee was admirable and their description of the journey and a weeks camp life was excellent, the authors deserve great praise for their successful effort.

The recitations by Miss H. L. Mosher and Miss Katie Michae's were very well rendered and showed considerable study. At the request of the society Miss Anna B. Clark gave a recitation. It is not necessary to say that it was well delivered as the reputation of the lady in that art would not warrant anything else but a success. The reading from Shakespeare, King Henry VIII, Act III, Scene II, was quite interesting a though in some parts it showed a lack of study. Miss Alice P. Couch assumed the role of Cromwell in an interesting manner and displayed considerable talent as an actress. The following programme will be presented at the next meeting, April 21 st.

Decamation,	M. Way.
Eulogy on Longfellow,	I. C. Haskin.
Recitation—from Longfellow,	Miss L. Blair.

Original Poem, Miss Anna B. Clark.
 Lecture, Henry Ward
 Select Reading W. A. Randall.
 Fssay A. L. Smith.
 Debate, Resolved—that a public school is
 superior to a private school :
 Aff. Miss L. Manning, Geo. Eaton,
 Miss E. N. La Trace.
 Neg. H. Jones, Miss M. Rogers,
 M. Davis.
 Vocal Solo W. L. Kiefer.
 Miss Minnie Sontag, Directress.
 J. C. Ball, Sec.

B. F. A. Literary Exercises.

The last of these pleasant exercises, in which the class of '82 participate, took place on Friday March, 31st.

The opportunities for acquiring distinct- ion as speakers and essayists, to which we looked forward during our second year with mingled feelings of apprehension and joy- ous anticipation, have passed away; how well we have improved them let each judge for himself.

These, the final exercises were, to say the least, excellent; and, in our estimation, sur- passed those of all other occasions of the year. The program was as follows:

I.

Music—Piano Duo: Duo Dramatique,
 Misses Ross-Lewin and Copeland.
 Declamation—Scotland, Charles H. Carson.
 Reading—Criticism of Jack and Gill,
 Cornelia Drake.
 Essay—Public Opinion, Dora Michelson.
 Recitation—Early Rising, F. Mary Townson.
 Recitation—The Blind King,
 Flora E. Marshall.
 Declamation—The Spirit of British Liberty,
 David Bruce.

II.

Music—Chorus—Patriotic Glee, ———
 Recitation—The Mill-P'iver Ride,
 Grace L. Webb.

Essay—Spring Pleasures, Ella C. Russell.
 Recitation—Mona's Waters,
 Mary E. Abbott.
 Declamation—The Constitution, a Safeguard
 of Liberty, Fred A. McGill.
 Colloquy—Courtships under Difficulties,
 Lena P. Sammons, Matilda VanBergh,
 Lizzie J. Weston.

III.

Music—Piano Duo: Poet and Peasant,
 Messrs. Force and Reed.
 Reading—The Puritans, Cora Taylor.
 Essay—Questions, Stella L. Elliott.
 Declamation—Marc Antony's Oration,
 Charles G. Arnold.
 Recitation—Atlanta Conquered
 Isabel C. Winn.
 Recitation—Archie Dean, May J. Rogers.
 Declamation—Charge at Eck-muhl,
 Livingstone J. Little.

IV.

Music—Piano Solo: Footsteps in the Snow,
 Lizzie J. Weston.
 Essay—Oliver Wendell Holmes,
 Mary L. Hayes.
 Recitation—The Archbishop and Gil Blas,
 Frances E. Decker.
 Reading—The Voiceless,
 Harriet M. Kermode.
 Recitation—Our Yankee Girls,
 Matilda H. Oswald.
 Essay—A Few Minutes with the Autocrat,
 Fannie A. Cole.

V.

Music—Chorus: Beautiful Winding River,
 Reading—Class Paper, Clara E. Ellsworth.
 Recitation—Lochinvar, Eva M. Meyer.
 Recitation—The Face Against the Pane,
 Jennie I. Copeland.
 Declamation—Heroes and Martyrs,
 Charles W. Light.
 Music—Piano Trio: Selected,
 Misses Wolff, Huntington and Hays.
 The declamation, on "Scotland," was giv-
 en with good effect, as was also the reading
 "Criticism of Jack and Gill," and the dec-

lamation, "The spirit of British Liberty." The essay "Spring Pleasures" was most gracefully read, and highly amused the audience. The "Colloquy" portrayed Courtship under peculiar difficulties and elicited continued peals of laughter and applause. "Marc Antony's Oration" after Shakespeare, was well delivered and loudly applauded.

The two gems of the program, however were "Atlanta Conquered" and "Archie Dean," both being given with unusual grace and feeling. The rendition of the declamation "Charge at Eckmuhl," and the recitation "The Archbishop and Gil Blas," showed excellent ability on the part of the speakers. The Class Paper was as usual, pithy and well read. The recitation "The Face against the Pane," and the declamation "Heroes and Martyrs" are also worthy of special mention. The entire musical part of the program was good, especially the "Duo Dramatique," the solo, "Foot steps in the Snow," and the Piano trio

Thus ends the literary record of '82 until we make our final appearance before the public upon the City Hall rostrum.

First M. E. Church L. S.

The Society met at the residence of F. H. Beach, March, 31st. The consideration of Dickens was continued from last meeting. Selections were read by Misses Warfield and Hebard. The literary portion of the program was interspersed with selections consisting of a vocal solo by Miss Morton, instrumental solo by Miss Davis, and a piano and violin duet by the Misses Meyers. Mr. E. J. Burke sang two of his inimitable dialect pieces, which received hearty applause.

Longfellow was the subject selected for the next meeting which will be held at the residence of Mr. Morton, Howell street, on April 14th.

R. F. A. ITEMS.

—"Having libated" he was induced to flee the "marriage chain".

—Each gent attending the "arbutus party" should take along a box of Huyler's Mixed.

—It is with great pleasure that we note the return of our esteemed preceptress, Mrs. Case. For the last two weeks she has been kept from us by a severe illness.

—The attitudes of graceful repose assumed in one of the recitation rooms during the last division are supposed to be caused by the relaxing influences of the weather.

—The haggard care-worn looks of some of the senior gentlemen must not be attributed to dread of the coming examinations, for they are all well prepared. Their woe-begone appearance is caused by their not having received, thus far, the acceptances of invitations which they have given for an "arbutus party."

—On Friday, the 7th of April the Senior Class R.F.A. visited the University—accompanied by Prof. Forbes. They went through the College Museum and then visited Prof Ward's establishment. The curiosities and specimens from all parts of the world were very interesting, and the afternoon was spent socially and gaily by all.

—Departed this R.F.A. life, March 31st, Charles H. Carson, one of our most genial and highly esteemed schoolmates. He intends however, to pass examinations and graduate with the class in June.

Also Hugh Anderson, who, having mastered all parts of the Academy curriculum entering the requirements for the Troy Polytechnic Institute, has bade a last farewell to the R. F. A.

They both have earned the respect and good will of their class-mates, and they have the good wishes of the class of '82 for their future happiness and success in life."

—The Rochester Bicycle Club will give an exhibition for the benefit of the Rochester Female Charitable Society, at the City Hall, next Thursday evening, April 13th. A large number of Academy boys belong to this organization and doubtless the institution will be represented by a goodly number of both ladies and gentlemen.

—Examinations have been set down in the following order commencing Thursday 13th: Greek Lessons, Virgil, Natural Philosophy; Friday, Anabasis, Latin Lessons, English Literature; Monday, Composition first year. Caesar, Algebra 3d year; Tuesday. History, Geometry, Cicero; Wednesday, Physiology; Thursday, Geology, Commercial Arithmetic.

—At last after waiting three months, the College boys have produced *The Campus*. The time taken in preparing it would lead one to expect something good and the merit of the paper will not disappoint such expectations. It is in every way worthy of the institution it represents, showing literary ability on the part of its contributors. May it live long its renewed life and prosper.

—Some time ago the R.F.A. Glee Club was organized. The members, viz: J.C. Ball, W.L. Kiefer, Geo. McDonald, Lee Pichmond, J. W. Force, R. H. Satterlee, D. Miller and F. Emerson, are now about to practice some elegant operatic airs, with which they intend to astonish the public during the warm summer season. Young Ladies, always stay up late on moon-light nights, because you may hear the melodious strains of sweet voices, while these (who are named above) are on a serenading tour.

R. F. A. Presidential Election.

The Civil Government class under the direction of Prof. Wells, held a Presidential Election on Tuesday, 11th of April; following out in every detail the mode of national elections. Afterwards the class as Senate and House, met in joint assembly, canvassed returns, and declared Ella Carlin Russell

President, and Ernest Noble Pattee Vice-President. They then formed as a senate to consider nominations by the President, and the following cabinet was confirmed:

Secretary of State—
Clara Elizabeth Ellsworth.
Secretary of Treasury—
Isabel Lord Huntington.
Secretary of War—
Mary Josephine Rogers.
Secretary of Navy—
Charles Henry Carson.
Secretary of Interior—
George Williamson Colburn.
Postmaster General—
Theresa Hays.
Attorney General—
William Herbert Sullivan.

Epitaph on a Masher.

Poor soul; he opened wide his mouth to grin,
Losing his balance, he did tumble in;
His mouth was large—a model for a sculptor,
One glance and you'd know what he had for supper;
In shape it was like some dark gloomy pit,
That never had a bottom placed to it.
His teeth(?) were like a graveyard filled with bones,
They looked as ghostly, as some grim tomb-stones.

And I am not far from wrong
When I say his breath was strot g,
It would kill a man who stood (500) yards away.
And, so now, let one and all
On their knees together fall,
And pray for him whose breath could wither and decay.

SUPPLEMENT.

He lost his life while grinning at the ladies,
And now he grins (in his stomach) down in Hades.

(Silver Plume.)

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THE STUDENT.

MONDAY, APRIL 10, 1882.

E. T. Parsons, H. E. Summers, Herbert Leary,
Editors.

Published on alternate Mondays.

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SINGLE COPIES FIVE CENTS.

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EDITORIAL COLUMN

—"The Student" will not appear again until the first week of next term. May all our classmates enjoy a happy vacation and come back again refreshed in mind and body, with their graduating orations written and prepared to have a good time for the last few weeks of our school life.

LITERARY NOTES.

It has long been a subject of regret among scholars that a work so invaluable as Professor Skeat's Etymological Dictionary should be placed practically beyond the reach of the ordinary student on account of its high price. We are glad to learn that this drawback to its popularity is at length to be removed; Messrs. Macmillan & Co. having arranged with the Oxford University for a cheap edition, specially made for the American market. As a volume it will be somewhat smaller—more handy than—the English book, but it will be an exact reprint, unabridged, so as to meet all the requirements of American students. It will be ready immediately after Easter.

—The *New Popular Edition* of William H. Prescott's Works is being issued at a greatly reduced price by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

I. L. Motley says of him: "Wherever the English language is spoken over the whole earth his name is perfectly familiar. We all of us know what his place was in A-

merica. But I can also say that in eight years (1851-1859) passed abroad I never met a single educated person of whatever nation that was not acquainted with his fame, and hardly one who had not read his works. No living American name is so widely spread over the whole world."

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—Among the new books which have lately appeared we notice *Frudence*, from the press of Harper & Bro. The same firm have also published *Money Making for Women* and Yonge's *Constitutional History of England*, both works of merit.

—*Through the Linn, or Miss Temples Wars*, by Agnes Giberne; Robert Carter & Bro., Publisher.

This narration of how "Lettice" passed through the linn of her life and lived the happier and nobler for it, fulfilling the aim of her Creator and becoming a true Christian, is calculated to do much for the young soul smarting under the dealings of an Allwise Providence and wavering between trust and distrust. The extreme interest with which the characters are invested make it most entertaining for all, and it should have a place in every house in the land.

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The Student

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Vol. 1, No. 15.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Monday, May 8, '82.

50 cts. a Year.

SENIOR CLASS ARBUTUS PARTY.

The Class of '82 have not been noted for a great inclination to start and carry out plans for social doings of any kind, peculiar circumstances having hitherto precluded all such attempts on the part of both ladies and gentlemen. At last, however, the gentlemen, awakening to a sense of their duty to themselves and to their lady class-mates, determined to promote the general acquaintance, good feeling, and unity of the class; and thought that this could be done most successfully by means of an "arbutus party." For several weeks various groundless rumors of even more various nature, went flying around, producing the usual amount of unnecessary feeling.

Finally a meeting was held at which it was voted that the class go to Judson's glen on Friday the 21st of April, if the weather were fine; if the weather were unpropitious, the class were to meet in the Board room at 3 P. M. of the same day. The weather being stormy, a meeting was held and the event was set down for the following Wednesday. The weather reports were eagerly scanned, and with anxious hearts all awaited the appointed morn, which turned out to be as pleasant as anyone could wish.

Accordingly, Half past ten, Wednesday morning April 26, found twenty-three ladies and fourteen gentlemen, of the class of '82, seated in a car, chartered(?) for the special purpose to convey them to Brighton. At East Rochester the train was stopped long enough for Dr. Forbes to photograph the party as they were "en route." From here

on, nothing of particular note occurred, except that one of the gentlemen, once a member of this class, but now a college boy, who had stolen upon a freight car to enjoy a quiet cigarette, had the misfortune to lose his "chapeau." Disembarking from the train and roaming about the rail-road track and the adjoining fields, he was at last successful in obtaining his already despaired of head dress. After finding which he girded up his loins preparatory to taking a three mile walk, the consequence of his rash act. On reaching the glen, although the party had had a thirty minute start, he found that he had arrived just in time to take part in the construction of several foot bridges.

The remainder of the party having alighted from the train had gone to the glen, meeting with no special adventure on the road. While making their way through the glen the usual number of laughable mishaps were met with by various members of the party.

One of the gentlemen, beguiled by the solid appearance of some twigs covered with scum, leaves, and dust, which screened from mortal vision a deep hole in the spring brook of the glen, trusted his person on the seeming terra firma, and descended fully three feet farther than he intended, and, through the consternation caused thereby, released from his grasp a basket of lemons which he was holding in his left hand and a basket of sandwiches which he was holding in his right hand. He was however quickly rescued from his precarious position, whole, but rather damp and muddy by the lemons and sandwiches men while making a voyage of discovery for themselves.

The others escaped more serious disasters, getting off with a few wet feet and torn dresses.

After the passage of the glen the search for arbutus commenced, redoubtable Charles succeeding in finding the first blossoms. The party, after procuring some arbutus and partaking of a supply of sassafras root furnished through the kindness of several of the gents, began to look for a suitable place for the dinner; this they found in a nice open place looking towards the bay. The ladies spread a bountiful repast to which all did ample justice. While the feast was in progress, Dr. Forbes photographed the group by the instantaneous process. After the cravings of the inner man were satisfied, toasts, under the direction of the toast-master, Edward T. Parsons, were responded to as follows: The Faculty, Dr. Forbes; Our School Life, Isabelle L. Huntington; Our Senior Ladies, Ben. O. Hough; Class Unity, Miss Shatz responded by reading a letter from Miss Russell who was absent through illness; Commencement, Miss May Rogers, A Happy Future, Miss Emily Niven; Our Absent Friends, Prof. Glen; A Safe Return, Miss Clara Ellsworth. These exercises were a complete success; all the responses were very appropriate and were given with grace and feeling. The remnants of the repast were then cleared away and the Dr. taught several of the party how to play "rabbit." Tag, drop-the-hand-ker-chief, towell, duck-on-the-rock, walking and running matches, and other harmless amusements served to while away a part of the Afternoon.

The first movement toward the homeward journey was characterized by two straggling individuals becoming possessed of more than ordinary fatigue in running about after the much sought for little flower, being seen about 4 P. M. in the midst of a beautiful field of wheat, and pointed directly toward the station. Arriving here, they took prominent

seats near the stove, (and it did not come amiss, even at this late date, for it was cold) and prepared to await the arrival of the remainder of the party.

They thus whiled away a full hour, at the end of which they became restless and started out to ascertain what they could in regard to the whereabouts of their companions.

They had not gone far before they ran across a rather lonely individual sitting upon a stone pile beside the road. "She had just dismounted from a conveyance containing but one seat and a single occupant who, she declares, was a girl, but unless their eyes deceived them; it was a — but then, that's all right. Comments are unnecessary. suffice it to say, she had succeeded in obtaining a ride, where several were compelled to wait. Having prevailed upon her to accompany them, they resumed the search. The audacity of the next party was very evident. Having induced a verdant rustic (with a horse and wagon) to believe that they had lost their way and were very much fatigued, he had kindly but gently, gathered them in. For who could resist the entreaties of five girls? At this they turned back to the station, satisfied that the party was really on its return. Before they had reached their destination, they were overtaken by the two professors, the one of whom begged for a piece of cake, and the other ate also to keep him company.

In less than half an hour the depot (?) was filled with a crowd of merry girls and boys, who did not suffer their wits to remain idle long, before they designed something as an amusement. As it happened, twelve of the young ladies were standing at the same time on a platform scale, outside of the building.

Some of the gentlemen who perchance were standing near, and overcome by their intense curiosity characteristic (?) of the sex, conceived the desire to ascertain the combined weight of the scaleful.

The inside of the building was stealthily gained and a young man who is by no means a

Light weight, having manipulated the scales announced to the group that they tipped the beam at 1500, averaging 125. This gave the young ladies courage, and one after another, consented to be weighed, the results of which procedure are as follows:— but on consideration we will desist because we remember that we have been cautioned by one of the young ladies to forget all.

However it may be said that the lightest weight was 90 lbs., and the heaviest, 138, although she declared that 142 was her regular standard. The next thing on the program was a spelling bee. The ridiculous blunder in spelling the word biscuit, caused the greatest amount of mirth and uproar, during which the double shuffle artists of the senior year began their clattering, thus driving the occupants from their temporary shelter into the open air.

After congratulations for the success of the party had been extended, all boarded the homeward bound train very well satisfied with the results of the day's enjoyment. May it be repeated and with similar success, is the wish of one who attended and was made happy by the first successful meeting of the class representatives.

First M. E. Church L. S.

On Friday evening, April 21st, the society met at the residence of Mr. Morton.

The exercises were opened with prayer by the presiding elder, Mr. Gracy, and an instrumental solo by Miss Copeland.

Sketches of Longfellow's life were read; the Building of the Ship was gracefully rendered by Miss Bills. Mr. Jones also favored the members with a selection.

The literary part of the program was interspersed with vocal solos by Messrs Englehardt and Burke, and a most laughable quartette by Mrs. Clapper, Miss Bills, Mr. Burke and Mr. Bills.

The spirit of mirth seemed to hold full sway over the assembly and the entire evening was one of rare enjoyment.

The next meeting of the society took place at the residence of Prof. Lattimore on Friday evening, May 5th. During the early part of the evening microscopical specimens were exhibited by Prof. Lattimore and Mr. Ocumpaugh. The literary exercises were, as usual, well rendered. The solos by Mrs. E. Clapper were sung with feeling and good effect. Prof. Lattimore at the request of the President gave a short talk on the microscope. The Spirit of social gaiety seemed to be in attendance and all spent a most delightful evening.

R. F. A. L. S.

—On April 21st the R. F. A. L. S. held its last meeting of the winter term.

The literary exercises were conducted with the usual interest. The reading from Longfellow, by Miss Lillie M. Blair was of an excellent character. And the manner in which Miss Alice P. Couch performed the duties of critic, also, deserves particular mention.

At the first meeting next term, the following program will be rendered.

Recitation,	Miss Sontag.
Lecture-Conversation,	J. C. Haskin.
Essay,	Miss Anthony.
Recitation, Charge of the Light Brigade—	J. C. Stone.
“ “ Heavy “	Miss T. E. Marshall.
Review,	“ Miss A. B. Clark.
Historical Reading,	“ L. A. Leonard.
Essay—Education	Martin Davis.
Reading—(comical)	Miss I. V. Rogers.
Recitation—(poetical)	Geo. McDonald.

Subscribers who failed to receive the issue of April 10th can procure their copies at the Central Library of the librarian.

—Every good housekeeper should see the *Aurora*. No dust, no noise, no wearing of the carpet. HOWE & ROGERS, Sole Agents.

R. F. A. ITEMS.

- Spring vacation is over.
- Got your oration written?
- At last Peace and Harmony rule.
- Will the senior class exchange photos?
- The worst term in the year for studying.
- Will the Senior Class have a reception?
- Prof. Glen has the class in review Geometry.
- The last recitation of Dr. Forbes' 3d year classes took place on Monday.
- The pictures of the arbutus party taken by Dr. Forbes were a partial failure.
- Three books of Homer are staring the classical seniors in the face, or *vice versa*.
- One of the boys gave the girls "a weigh" about getting on to the scales at Brighton.
- We hear that the spirits of the Second Year Arbutus seekers were slightly dampened.
- That the Senior Class Arbutus Party was a great success seems to be the general verdict.
- The reportorially inclined persons of the second and first years are invited to contribute to these columns.
- The Virgil ladies are respectfully invited by Prof. Glen to join his Latin Prose Composition Class. Who will be the first? We hope some will.
- A "charge to keep I have" as the young man said in defending from the rampageous attacks of the girls, a bunch of arbutus. That's all right, Frank, we know whom they were for.
- Movements are being made for another excursion by the Senior Class. It is said that that the Bay is to be the destination, and that boating, fishing, arbutus gathering, and many other amusements are to be the order of the day.

—The Class of '82 has lost another of its most highly esteemed members in the departure of Miss Jennie Copeland for a trip through Europe. That she may go safely on her journey, thoroughly enjoying the sights and pleasures on her way, is the earnest wish of her classmates.

That Chapeau.

At length had come the joyous day,
The train was off and on its way,
There were of ladies, twenty-three,
And fourteen boys, their company;
As nice a crowd as you could light on,
All going to get off at Brighton.
There was, among this jolly set,
A youth who loved a cigarette;
Three more led on by inclination,
Who with him sought an elevation,
A quiet place, a safe seclusion,
Free from feminine intrusion.
They went aloft upon the car,
Old Boreas saw them from afar,
And, angered at their foolish actions,
In leaving thus such sweet attractions,
Caused an awful blast to blow,
Which raised aloft a nice chapeau
Belonging to a sweet young fellow,
A dapper youth whose hair is yellow.
The hat alighted on the ground;
The youth essayed with one fell bound,
To leap from off the moving train:
Another youth, with might and main,
P'strained him in his rash endeavor,
And soothed his agony. However,
They both jumped off and started back,
Looking all along the track;
And after walking most a mile
They found at last that battered tile.
And then three miles they had to make,
Their ladies dear to overtake.

MORAL

Young men of black or yellow hair,
Of cigarettes and such, beware !!!
And if the wind next time does blow,
Take every care of your chapeau.

THE STUDENT.

MONDAY, MAY 8, 1882.

E. I. Parsons, H. E. Summers, Herbert Leary,
Editors.

Published on alternate Mondays.

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Entered at the Postoffice as second-class matter.

EDITORIAL COLUMN

—*The Student* again greets its friends at the beginning of another term, hoping that they have all enjoyed their vacation to the fullest extent. A few familiar faces are seen among us no longer. Miss Copeland has left these classic halls, the attractions of a trip to Europe being the allurements; however, we expect that her class-mates will hear from her occasionally through the columns of *The Student*.

May her travels be attended with prosperity and happiness, meting out to her the fullest measure of enjoyment.

—But eight short weeks and the class of '82 shall have completed its academic course and gone forth from the R. F. A. for the last time. Let all improve each shining hour and some of the hours that are not shining also, and make the class a class to be remembered by its teachers and members for thoroughness and successful application; for by the habits which we acquire as students is our after life characterized.

—We would again express our desire that contributions from each and every member of the class of '82 appear in these columns before the paper is issued for the last time this year. Names will be appended at the option of the authors, the only requirement being that the editors know the names of the writers in order that originality may be insured and plagiarism guarded against. Contributions from "Vera" and "A.B.C." also, would be thankfully received.

LITERARY NOTES.

—*The Academician* for April is a more than usually entertaining issue containing much information of general interest.

—The three issues, thus far, of *The Campus* have been pithy, newsy, and well gotten up, and will compare favorably with any College Journal in the country.

—*The Graphic Arts*, by Philip Gilbert Hamerton; Roberts Brothers, Publishers.

This is a reprint from the original text of the English edition without the plates, published in a fine 8vo vol.

At Steele & Avery's. Price \$2.00.

—The Atlantic's Portrait of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was prepared by his special permission and was drawn on stone by one of the best of artists. The result is an admirable life-size picture, 24 x 30 inches, worthy to hang in every library and every home in the country. As a likeness it has received the strongest commendations from Mr. Longfellow's friends, including Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Russell Lowell, John G. Whittier, E. P. Whipple, Bayard Taylor and George William Curtis.

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The author of the above has said that he would be glad of any one's opinion, and that, if it suited him, he would have it embroidered in the Kensington stitch, or stuffed and preserved in a glass case, or painted on a tile and fired. Our opinion of it is, that it is well worthy of the consideration of every academy student; and that, having been once seen, it will be found indispensable. Rochester should be proud of an author with the requisite ability for such a production.

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Vol. 1, No. 16.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Monday, May 22, '82.

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DROPS AS DEAR AS LIFE BLOOD SHED.

T. BUCHANAN REID.

The following poetic gem appeared in the Rochester *Democrat* during the first year of the war; we were more than pleased to find it in the *Democrat and Chronicle*, of Sunday Morning, May 14th; we now insert it in the *STUDENT* for safe keeping and future easy reference:

The maid who binds her warrior's sash
With smile that well her pain dissembles,
The while beneath her drooping lash
One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles;
Though heaven alone records the tear,
And FAME shall never learn her story,
Her *heart* has shed a drop as dear
As ever dewed the field of glory.

The *wife* who girds her husbands sword,
'Mid little ones who weep or wonder,
And bravely speaks the cheering word,
What though her heart be rent asunder—
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
The bolts of war around him rattle,
Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
Was poured upon the field of battle!

The mother who conceals her grief,
While to her breast her son she presses,
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
Kisses the patriot brow she blesses,
With no one but her secret God
To know the pain that weighs upon her,
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on Freedom's field of honor!

Mr. Darwin's Place in Modern History.

The following consideration of one of the remarkable men of the world will perhaps interest a majority of our readers, showing as it

does, the real results attained by his life's labors.

MR. CHARLES DARWIN, who has just passed away full of years and honor, is probably the man who has done most to make the nineteenth century famous, full as it has been of wonders, because he has done more than any other man since Copernicus to change the ideas of the civilized world, touching man's relations to the physical universe. Copernicus and Kepler may be said to have closed the mediæval epoch, and fatally shaken the authority of the Church in the domain of natural philosophy, but then they never reached the popular mind, and produced but little rearrangement of ideas outside the scientific world. Moreover, the doctrine of evolution, as an explanation of the earth and heavenly bodies as we now see them, had made its appearance long before Darwin's day, without producing much impression, on morals, or theology, or politics. It was Darwin's application of it to the explanation of the animal world, as we now see it, which makes it a really increasing force in human affairs—a force which, though it may be said to have been felt for only little over twenty-five years, has already profoundly affected the modern way of looking at nearly all social problems. It is safe to say that there is hardly any sphere of human activity in which the influence of his ideas is not felt in a greater or less degree, and it bids fair to grow with an accelerated rate. The hostility with which they were at first received by the Church has already greatly abated, and probably the best educated and most influential portion of the clergy of

all denominations now allow them to govern their expositions of man's relations to the unseen as well as the seen universe, and are at least content with his explanation of the process by which the race became self-conscious and moral.

It is impossible in the brief space at our disposal, to enumerate all the ways in which his influence has stimulated or controlled sociological investigation and legislation. Its more obvious effects are to be seen in the great impetus given within the last quarter of a century to inquire into the mental and physical condition of the savages, in the greatly increased popular interest in comparative anatomy and comparative politics. Such books as the late Mr Bagehot's account of "nation-making," in which the Darwinian process of "natural selection" is applied to the origin and growth of political societies, are undoubtedly due to Mr. Darwin's suggestion. To the same agency we must ascribe the great stimulus given of late in legislation to the improvement of surroundings as a means of improving human character. No more serious blow was ever given to the ancient plan of improving mankind, by simple rewards and punishments, than Darwin gave when he first pointed out the enormous influence, moral as well as physical, of the "environment" on the animal. We now every day see more and more attention given to improving the conditions of men's lives as the real means of improving their lives, and less and less confidence reposed in simple commands addressed to conduct. In fact, there are some signs that this influence is proving too strong, and carrying both lawgivers and philanthropists into the dangerous extreme of underrating the power of the human will working working against environment.

It must be admitted, too, that the application of the theory of natural selection, or, as Herbert Spencer calls it, the "survival of the fittest," to social and and political arrange-

ments, useful as it is in giving effort a rational and fruitful direction, has some influence in repressing sympathy for weakness and incapacity. Darwinism, in other words, has done something for Bismarkism. It gives might a new title to the possession of the earth, and and makes "the wall" seem more than ever the proper destination of the incapable, the inconsequent, the feeble, and the sickly.—Tha: the race will be better eventually for this immense revelation—for such it certainly is—of the way in which, as far as man on earth is concerned—

"—through the ages one increasing purpose runs,"

there can be no doubt. But the period of transition from the older view, which provided so large and honored a place in Nature for helplessness, and ignorance, and weakness, is likely to have many dark places in it, in which the most orthodox evolutionists will be puzzled and tried.—*New York Evening Post.*

Senior Class Picnic.

Last Saturday the Senior Class of the Academy enjoyed a picnic at the "Birds and Worms" cottage on the Bay. At eight A. M. about forty ladies and gentlemen of the class were assembled at the Bay Railroad depot, half of them, perhaps, looking decidedly sleepy on account of rising an hour earlier (?) than usual. They were finally all safely seated in one car and the train started.

As it was a very "dry" day, three of the young gentlemen generously (?) formed themselves into a committee and got off at the Newport Station, for the purpose (so they said) of procuring boats. The rest of the party, were then taken to the road leading to the cottage, where they arrived safe, after a short walk down a sandy road. Shortly afterwards the committee came struggling down the Bay with a small fleet of boats, each one of which, they said, weighed at least a half a ton.

The remainder of the forenoon was spent in boating by all except the committee who had the dinner in charge; they, after despatching two of the boys to the Newport House to fill an exceedingly rusty wash-boiler with water, and setting one from the country to work with an axe, locked all the others out of the others out of the cottage and had it all their own way until dinner time.

On the ten-thirty train from the city, the early (?) birds welcomed Dr. Forbes, who immediately began to add greatly to the enjoyment by taking out parties in his sail-boat.

About one o'clock the doors of the cottage were opened to the hungry crowd outside, who lost no time in seating themselves. Although we do not like to blame people who probably tried to do as well as they could, we must say that we think the committee hardly did their duty, for instead of limiting the amount of the delicious food prepared by them, they distributed it so freely that rowing on the Bay in the afternoon was perceptibly diminished. Nevertheless the afternoon passed off no less pleasantly than the morning, and the time for starting home arrived all too quickly. But a pleasure must end, and about five-thirty o'clock the party might have been seen trudging slowly up the hill to the railroad. The train soon arrived, and the party crowded into a car which had been set apart for their use. The trip back to the city was spent in a friendly quarrel over the Saratoga potatoes left from dinner, and in picking one another's pockets in quest of Huyer's candy. Having at length reached Rochester, the party broke up, each wishing that the picnic might be repeated in the near future.

H. S. Carlton.

First M. E. Church L. S.

The society met on Friday evening at the residence of Mr. Hebard, Howell street.

The following programme was successfully carried out:

Instrumental Duett, Piano and Violin,—
Miss Culross and Mr. Guppe.
Address, Beethoven,—
Mr. E. Prizer.
Vocal solo,
Mr. Masten.
Duett,—
Mrs. E. Clapper and Mr. E. Burke.

During the evening resolutions of respect for the late Mr. Vick, and of condolence with his family were passed. The evening passed very pleasantly notwithstanding the cloud of grief that overhung all in the loss of their friend and Sunday School leader.

R. F. A. L. S.

The R. F. A. L. S., held a very successful meeting May 12th, —

Mr. Haskin was thoroughly conversant with his lecture on "Conversation" any one saying anything to the contrary will speak the converse of the truth.

Miss Rogers made a good selection and read it very well.

The following program will be carried out Friday 26th.

PART I

Humorous Selection.	Geo. L. Eaton.
Essay, (Talk on Emerson)	Miss Madden.
Reading, (from Emerson)	Arthur Smith.
Recitation,	Miss May Rogers.
Declamation.	Geo. McDonald.

PART II.

Essay, Personal Reminiscences of	
J. F. Cooper,	Miss A. B. Clark.
Reading from Cooper.	Miss LaTrace.
Declamation,	John C. Ball.
Recitation, Annabel Lee,	Miss Rogers.
Recitation, Parody on	
Annabel Lee,	Miss Couch.
Readings from "Bricks from	
Ruins of English Literature,"	H. L. Ward.
	Miss Eliza G. Eaton, Directress.

R. F. A. ITEMS.

—When the appointments are made.

—“There will be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.”

—Or (sambo's version) “Dar'll be whip'n 'n whal'n 'n snatch'n out der teeth.”

—By those left out.

—Hemlock water has been placed in the gentlemen's study room, whereat the temperate students are delighted.

—Our heavy weight Senior was thrown from his horse while out riding the other day, but he escaped serious injury with lameness in one hip.

—Field Day exercises of the U. of R. will take place on May 26, at the Driving Park. Extensive preparations have been made by those having the affair in charge and it is thought that the exercises this year will exceed any attempt made heretofore.

—“The orb of day rising in the orient pursues his majestic course through the vaulted arch of heaven and slowly sinks beneath the western horizon”—“Charles, millions have have seen the sun rise but never have thought there was need of such vehement expostulation.”

The above are the words verbatim uttered at an examination of orations in an institution not far distant from ours.

—It has been passed at a late meeting of the Board of Education, that the pupils of all the public schools including the Free Academy, be put through a “fire-drill”.

This is the wisest thing the Board has done in a long time. However, the members of the Free Academy have for years been drilled in respect to movements in case of fire, and the entire building could be emptied of all occupants in less than five minutes after an alarm had been given.

—Members of the Business Course relax their minds wearied by the close application incident to their studies, by the perusal of *Hyperion*. It would have been difficult for them to chose a better work or a more illustrious author.

—One of our schoolmates, Will E. Hebbard, has gone on a trip to Europe. He has the best wishes of his brother Pi Phi's for a pleasant journey and a safe return. And though, at our annual gathering he will be remembered as an absent member, still the mystic bonds of brotherhood hold fast and we shall look for his presence at some future reunion.

—During the last examinations, one of the first year, seeing a young lady trying to scratch out a blot with a pin-head, lent her his knife, and has not seen it since. The gentleman will be much obliged if she will return it sometime before September.

—Many of the students are under the erroneous impression that the piano in the ladies' study room belongs to the Academy. It belongs to Dr. Forbes, who has kindly allowed it to be moved up stairs for the accommodation and pleasure of the ladies.

—Bound copies of *The Student* for the school year 1881—82 will be furnished to persons desiring them, at the following rates: in elegant imitation morocco cloth binding, title page, etc., 75cts. in paper covers, title page etc. 45 cts. Persons desiring this appropriate and significant memento of school life will please send in names as soon as possible in order that arrangement may be made for the binding of a sufficient number of copies to fill the demand. A discount of ten per cent on the above rates will be given to clubs of ten or over.

—Every good housekeeper should see the *Aurora*. No dust, no noise, no wearing of the carpet. HOWE & ROGERS, Sole Agents.

THE STUDENT.

MONDAY, MAY 22, 1882.

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Editors.

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LITERARY NOTES.

—Among the books just out, are, *England in the 18th Century*, vols. 3 & 4, by W. H. Luckey; *History of the Constitution of the United States*, Bancroft, 2 vols. \$ 5 00.

D. Appleton & Co. Publishers;

—*John Quincy Adams*, by John T. Morse, jr. Houghton Mifflin & Co. Publishers.

This is the first volume of the American Series to be edited by John T. Morse. The object of this series is to present the lives of noted statesmen in a connected narration, thus showing the many influences which have combined to shape the political history of our country.

The editor, in his life of Adams has Presented a calm, clear, intelligent, and appreciative sketch of the man and his work, having in that most difficult of all tasks, judicious condensation, succeeded as no one less familiar with his subject could. He has preserved all that is essential without destroying the proportions of the whole, and to the consideration of Adams's unique character has brought his own strong personality, sound literary style, and a thorough knowledge of contemporary history. It is

withal as interesting as a romance, and reads like some tale of chivalry.

At Steele & Avery's. price, cloth, 1.25.

—*Through Siberia*, by Henry Lansdell, Houghton Mifflin & Co. Publishers.

The great value of this work consists in the new light that it sheds on the status, character, and the condition of the convicts usually known as Siberian exiles, and the

prisons where they are detained, when, as is generally the case, imprisonment forms part of their sentence. He shows that Siberia is by no means the dreary desert which it has been generally imagined to be, and that the treatment of political prisoners is not attended with such extreme horrors as has been popularly supposed, while there is yet room for improvement in the prisons and their management.

It is published in two superb octavo volumes, with maps and illustrations, and presents a more accurate and thorough picture of that immense province of Russia than any hitherto presented to English readers, giving an interesting enumeration of its characteristics, resources, and industries.

At Steele & Avery's, Price, \$8.00.

—*One Thousand Examples*, designed as supplementary work for the Primary and Intermediate grades of the Public schools, by A. M. Enwright and E. P. Wetmore; published by the authors, Rochester N. Y.

From the evident intention of the authors and the character of the work, it would seem to be a needed and meritorious production. In it we find several unique and unusual features, as to their usefulness time will tell.

we will give a few examples and the reader may judge for himself concerning them, among others is the following:

We lay wide awake in our cot one night,
I, and my sisters three,
We saw through the windows a lovely sight;
The young moon like a boat of silver light
Dropped on a bright blue sea.
"Let us count the stars that are on the blue,
Far as we see," cried I.
We counted one hundred seventy-two;
Tell me how many each counted, can you,
Up in the bright blue sky?

The above is not at all bad and is at least harmless.

Note the following:
Twenty-one daisies their golden eyes,
Opened one day in sweet surprise;

Three little fairies were standing near—
Of them the daisies stood not in fear:
They were just telling a little child
Who looked at them wonderingly and smiled,
To count the petals upon each stalk,
And then to tell them, since he could talk,
How many the white, pink-eyed leaves were
On all the daisies that looked so fair:
Six had nine leaves; and five had seven,
And four were large and had eleven;
The others had four times two plus two—
Tell me how many had all, can you?

Surely a peculiar mixture of Rhyme and
Arithmetic and one too apt to arouse the
sleeping muse in the hearts of the Pri-
mary and Intermediate scholars. And the
following:

Four hundred thousand dragon-flies
Were dancing in the sun,
Up flashed six hundred humming-birds,
And soon another one
With buzz and tweet among them flew:
What do you think they tried to do?
I'll tell you true, I pledge my word,
They faced the dragon flies
And just one hundred, did each bird
Eat, they thought they were pies.
After awhile each ate a score,
They stopped then, they could eat no more,
Now children what an awful plight
These dragon-flies were in,
One hundred thousand died from fright,
The birds made such a din.
A May-bug too, ate twenty-five:
How many were there left alive?

To us it would seem that the birds were
in an awful plight also for one hundred and
twenty dragon-flies would make a rather
large meal for a humming-bird used to feed
on sustenance of a lighter nature.

This is truly a wonderful book, and one
to be read with discrimination, and placed
before children with fear and trembling (for
the book and the child's equilibrium of
mind.)

BOOK & JOB PRINTING!

H. L. Wilson & Co. are now
fairly settled in the large new of-
fice over No. 80 State Street (en-
trance No. 84), and prepared to
attend to all kinds of Printing that
any one may desire.

We can also supply Stationery,
Paper and Card Stock (cut to or-
der) at ruling prices, and shall be
pleased to give quotations or esti-
mates at any time.

We have a large stock of fancy
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poses, for which we request an ex-
amination.

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GIBBONS & STONE,

Manufacturers of

UPRIGHT & SQUARE PIANOS,

And General Music Dealers and Publishers.

Sole Agents for the Celebrated ESTEV ORGANs
and other leading makes.

Ware-rooms, 86 State St. &
Factors, 4 & 6 Hill St. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Why Not? EVERY SCHOLAR



— IN THE —

FREE ACADEMY

— SHOULD HAVE A —

\$1.50

McKinnon Pen

FOR TAKING NOTES, & C.

Steele & Avery,

44 & 46 STATE STREET.

Kuyler's

"Fresh Every Hour" Confections.
BON-BONS,
FINE CHOCOLATES,
CAMELS, all flavors.
GLACES.

Orange, Raspberry, Grape,
Walnut & Quince, also our
Chips, in Molasses, Vanilla, Sas-
safras &c.,

Arcade Entrance,
Rochester, N. Y.

Spring Opening for 1882.

CARPETINGS.

We are now prepared to offer to the citi-
zens of Rochester and Western New York
the new and choice designs for this season,
from all the leading carpet manufacturers of
the country, comprising all grades of carpets
from the best

Wiltons, Axminsters, Moquettes,
Velvets, Body Brussels,
Tapestry Brussels, Three-Plys
and Ingrains,
down to the commonest goods made.

Also, Oil Cloths, Linoleums, Lignums,
Crumb Cloths, Rugs, Mattings, Mats, Carpet
Sweepers, Carpet Linings, Moth-Proof Car-
pet Paper, &c., &c.

We buy every thing direct from the manu-
facturers for *net cash*, thereby saving the job-
ber's profits. Our assortment is *very much*
the largest and choicest in Western New York,
and our prices AS LOW as any in the State.

HOWE & ROGERS.

37 State Street.

ROCHESTER, March, 1882.

MC DONALD & CO.,
BOOTS & SHOES

54 STATE STREET,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Burt's Fine Work a Specialty.

DUNSHEE,
PHOTOGRAPHER.

14 State St., Opp. Powers's Block.

Those Desirous of getting rib clubs will do well to call and get my reduced rates.

SINGLE DOZ. CARDS, \$2. CABINETS, \$3.

Platures neatly copie . Satisfaction given always

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Floral Designs to Order.

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Scofield & Strong,
SILK and DRESS GOODS
HOUSE,

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JEWELERS,

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Fine Ready Made
CLOTHING,

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*The One-Price Clothier and
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ported and Domestic Woolens
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The London Tailor,

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Old Masonic Hall Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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is the place to get your

→ Spring and Summer Suits ←

Latest Styles!

FINEST GOODS

and **LOWEST PRICES.**

☞ Satisfaction Guaranteed.

The Student

"Haec olim forsitan meminisse juvabit."

Vol. 1, No. 17. ROCHESTER, N. Y., Monday, June 5, '82. 50 cts. a Year.

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

BY VERA.

With saddened heart and low bowed head
Our stricken nation mourned her dead,
And found for grief no sure relief.
O noble soul! Our nation's chief!
We could but query: "Why,
why must he die?"

Was our fair country doomed to woe,
Hard smitten by that awful blow?
Could we endure it thus bereft,
While scores of weaker men were left?
With petulant complaint we queried: "Why,
Why must he die?"

Time heals the keenest wounds and now
We look upon the scene with calmer brow.
O Will inscrutable! we know
Thou doest all things well; and so
We do not longer murmur: "Why,
Why must he die?"

All men are closer brought by sympathy:
Our nation now is bound by firmer tie
To other nations. Party-strife forgot
To longer wrangle o'er the dead man's cot.
Foes became friends by asking: "Why,
Why must he die?"

The record of his manly life shall prove
The animating impulse which shall move
The slumbering soul; and Garfield's name
Shall be a talisman to rouse to fame,
Living in death. Thus we see why,
Why he must die.

Surprise Party.

On Friday evening, May 26th. it being
the birthday of Dr. Forbes, the Class of '82.

Rochester Free Academy, accompanied by
all the other members of the Faculty, met in
the Board of Education Rooms at 8 P. M.,
proceeded *en masse* to surprise the worthy
Professor, taking with them as a mark of
their esteem, a set of Darwin's works and a
magnificent birthday cake. The Dr. hap-
pening to be out calling, the party took pos-
session and awaited his return. He rang
the bell about a quarter to nine and a more
surprised man it would have been difficult
to find. In a short time the presentation
was made in a few well chosen words by
Harry E. Summers, after which, Edward
Swezey read the following:

WILL OF THE CAKE.

My Dear Children—

I, Birth day Cake,
being in sound mind and competent judg-
ment, and having faith and confidence in the
old adage that "The Good die young," and
believing theretore that my end draweth
nigh, do hereby bequeath to each one of you
my dear children, a goodly slice of my re-
mains. Having disposed equally of the bulk
of my property, there are still several per-
sonal effects which I wish to bestow with-
out show of partiality.

I therefore appoint *Dame Fortune* as my
executrix—

Who gets the *Stick* must straightway go,
To woodlands far, ho! Westward ho!
Where grasshoppers skip and corn wont
[grow
This child must there his wild oats sow.

2

To whom falls this *Coin* bright and fair
Will surely be a millionaire.

3

This *tape* bespeaks a lawyer's lot,
But if to maid it fall,
A lawyer's wife she'll be I wot
And thus out do us all.

4

If a maid shall find the *ring*,
To her a husband true 'twill bring;
But if to youth the *circlet* fall,
Oh maid most fair! spurn not his call.

5

Oh, sorry, sorry is the lot
Of her who gets the *button*,
Alone through life she'll trot, trot, trot,
And boil her own tough mutton;
And you, vain man, who thinks alas,
How very sad she'll be,
Beware I say, you too may pass
Your life less pleasantly;
For man as well as woman fades,
And *bachelors* there are as well as old *maids*.

I sincerely trust that you will all be satisfied with your legacies, and would also add the wish that you may inherit my *Sweet* disposition, *Snowy* character, and *icy* exterior which covers a warm heart. And now my children, I leave to you my body, trusting that you will respect this funeral pile and never contest the will of your most honored and lamented sire.

BIRTH-DAY CAKE.

Pulverized Sugar. }
Wheat-Flour } Witnesses
Albumen Egg }

May, 26. 1882.

Rules Governing the Distribution of the Cake.

- 1st. All must be permanently seated or located until after the distribution.
- 2nd. Each person must take the piece of cake opposite the *right* hand.
- 3rd. The examination must not begin until each member of the party has been served, and the distributor seated.

4th. If a young lady finds the ring it becomes her indisputable property by the right of discovery.

5th. If found by a young gentleman, he is to give it to the young lady he thinks the fairest and best looking in the party; if unable to decide, he may call upon the other gentlemen present to retire with him to give their judgment.

The lucky ones were as follows: Will. E. Davis, the stick; Miss Wolff, the coin; Miss Guggenheimer, the tape; Miss Weston, the ring; Miss VanBurgh, the button.

The party broke up at a late hour after having spent a most enjoyable evening.

The occasion will be remembered by all as a class event.

CORRESPONDENCE.

—Through the kindness of Dr. Benedict, we are enabled to publish the following document.

Rochester, May, 30th. 1882.

Dr. N. W. Benedict,

Principal Rochester Free Academy.

Dear Sir:

At a meeting of the "Committee on Flowers etc. for decoration day" held on the evening of May 29th. the following resolution was adopted:

"Resolved, that this committee extend a special vote of thanks to the teachers and pupils of the Rochester Free Academy, for their large liberality in donating flowers, and that the secretary be ordered to send a copy of this resolution to the Principal.

I take great pleasure in carrying out the orders of the committee, and also in expressing their gratification that the head of the Free School system in our city is also the heed in floral gifts, and in endeavors to make Decoration Day a day of decoration in deed as well as in name.

Respectfully,
Lt. Col. S. C. Pierce,
Secretary.

Rochester Free Academy,
June, 1st. 1882.

To the "Editors of the Student."

Sirs :

Please inform the gentleman who lost his knife at the last examination, that he can obtain it by calling at Miss Brettell's room, and asking for it.

The young lady who borrowed the knife, forgot to return it until the gentleman had left the room, but then related the circumstance to Miss Brettell and asked her to return the knife which she said she would do, but forgot to do so, and probably, has not thought of it since.

The young lady extends her sincere thanks to the loaner, and regrets very much having caused him so much anxiety over his knife. Hoping he will obtain his property, she remains—

Yours Respectfully.

"BORROWER."

—We have been kindly permitted to publish the following exceedingly interesting letter from our former Classmate, Miss Jennie Copeland.

Midland Grand Hotel

London, May 10-1882

Dear Clara:—

* * * * *
* * * * *
Yesterday mamma's cousin came in the morning to take us around. We took a cab and went to Hyde Park. The Queen was to ride through here on her way to her palace to have her Drawing Room. Of course we were delighted with the idea of seeing her as it is not often that she can be seen. She was preceded by nine men on horse back; was drawn by four horses and followed by a great many guards. No one would know by her dress that she was Queen. We also saw Princess Beatrice, and the daughter of the Emperor of Russia. We spent the morning in going round Hyde Park and through Kensington Gardens. I do not think that they are equal to Central Park.

After lunch we went to the houses of Par-

liament. This is a large magnificent building, built of stone. In the hall leading to the Houses of Lords and Commons were beautiful paintings. We went into the House of Lords while in session. Opposite the door is a beautiful chair made for the Queen. The men all had white curly wigs on. These are worn for dignity. We then went into the House of Commons and saw the place where Gladstone sits.

After this, we went to Westminster Abbey. The first we saw was the corner for Poets. Here are the tombs of many of the great poets. And to be seen beside the Abbey itself are the tombs of kings, queens, and all great people of England. The most striking thing was made to represent the death of Lady Nightingale. It is of marble. Death is represented as standing out of the tomb with a dagger in his hand. Lady Nightingale's husband is trying to ward him off; but she is represented as dead in his arms. It is the finest thing we have seen. The drapery looks just like cloth; it is so graceful and natural.

After looking at the abbey we took a carriage and went around the business part of the city for an hour and then returned to our Hotel.

To day we all have been to Windsor. As the Queen was in the city, we were not allowed to go into her rooms. First, we took a walk along the terrace. This was just inside the walls. The walls were all covered with ivy and another vine which has little blue blossoms. Then we went up into Round Tower. This is very high, and from it we could see the country for miles around. The guide first pointed out to us the tomb of the Queen's husband. This is kept private. Then he pointed out what he called the grand walk; this is three miles long and leads from the castle. At the end is the statue of George III, on horseback. Then we saw Eaton College; then the home of Wm. Penn; then the house of Grey and the churchyard where he wrote his c'egy.

we then went to the Albert Memorial Chapel. The walls of this were of marble and on the marble were etched scriptural pictures. Above these pictures were heads (in marble) of the members of the Royal Family. The floor is of marble; different kinds are used. Near the center of the room is the tomb, on the top of which is the body of Albert. It is said to be a likeness. At his feet is his favorite dog, and at his head, two angels. This is all of white marble.

Next we went to the stables, and saw the Queen's horses and carriages. She has one hundred horses, and a great many carriages. After lunch we took carriages and rode along the grand walk, and afterwards to Eaton College. This ride we enjoyed very much, not only because the scenery was fine but because we were tired.

May 11th. This morning we went to Madame Tussand's. I was gladly disappointed here. I did not think it possible to make wax figures so much like life. Here we saw Garfield, U. S. Grant, Ben. Franklin, Geo. Washington, and others of our great men, besides all of the Kings and Queens of England and other countries.

In the afternoon we went to the Zoological Gardens.

we did not go all over the Gardens as they are very large, but we saw enough to give us an idea of what they are. In the evening, Papa and I went to hear Albani singing in Rigoletto. The singing was elegant.

Your loving sister, Jennie.

—By permission we publish the following extracts from a letter written by a member of the Schenectady Chapter, Pi Phi, to a member of the Rochester Chapter:

Schenectady, May 29th 1882.

Fraternal Friend.—

Our society prospers finely and we have nearly rooted out all opposition. The present Middle Class had

their election for officers for Senior Year, and as you will see from the enclosed slip, the larger share of them are members of the Pi Phi. We have recently refitted and refurnished our rooms, and are still adding improvements. To begin the next year our society will have sixteen members.

We should be glad to have any of your chapter come and make us a visit and we will be as entertaining as possible.

F. E. S—.

R. F. A. ITEMS.

—F—S—s?

—“Is that so?”

—The 6th letter of the alphabet is G I / I

—“I do wish folks would leave my dogs alone.”

—“Shake you? why, child, I only put my hand on you.”

—A few days since, a sparrow, flying about in Professor Wells' room, caused an unseemly commotion.

—George F. Parker, one of the most popular pupils of the first year, has left for Geneva, where he intends to prepare for Hobart College.

—On Thursday last, the Academy was honored with a visit by Miss Eva Meyer, one of last year's graduating class.

—Mr. Ellis, our worthy and popular School superintendent, visited the Academy last Friday morning, and at the invitation of Dr. Beredict, gave each department a short address.

—Mr. George Humphrey, a former of the class, started on Saturday last for a business trip to the east. He will be gone ten days and will take in on his way, New York, Boston, Washington, and Philadelphia.

THE STUDENT.

MONDAY, JUNE 5, 1882.

E. T. Parsons, H. E. Summers, Herbert Leary,
Editors.

Published on alternate Mondays.

Subscription 50 Cts. per annum.

SINGLE COPIES FIVE CENTS.

Entered at the Postoffice as second-class matter.

GREAT CAKE WALK.

By the third year pupils, May 26, 1882.

E. D. WAED.

The cake was passed around;

All anxious were to see;

While, one by one, each omen found,

Made known harsh Fate's decree.

Observe! Why does he start?

That youth of gallant mien

He looks as if within his heart

Was fixed a dagger keen.

Alas! Re'entless Fate

Has bade him far to go.

And Wil E. Davis, old school mate,

Must ever "Westward Ho!"

Miss Wolff with fixed stare

Did eye the three-cent piece.

It augged that a Millionaire,

She'd live, till life did cease.

Miss Guggenheimer's luck

Assigned to her the tape

Which, as some lawyer's darling duck

Her future sweet did shape.

Miss Weston's gaze did view

The all-portentous ring,

Which, best of all, a husband true,

In future time wil' bring.

Then Miss Van Bergh descried

Upon her piece of cake,

The button dire, with Fate allied,

Her destiny to make.

And thus, Fate shows her power,

Makes known each sure behest,

When we in sport, e'en for an hour,

Invoke her in a jest.

EDITORIAL.

—*The Student's* first year of life is gradually drawing to a close. One more issue and it will have made its last appearance under the present management. It remains to be seen whether there is enough enterprise in the succeeding classes to perpetuate its existence in the years to come. It has, perhaps, but inadequately carried out the ideas of its projectors, as set forth in the first editorial.

Although it has, perhaps, made some enemies still it is confident that it numbers a large majority of friends among its acquaintances. Its record, grave and gay, of school occurrences will be read with interest in the years to come by those whose doings it relates, and in this connection it would call the attention of its readers to the announcement concerning bound volumes for the year 1881-2 to be found in another column.

LITERARY NOTES.

—*The Orthoepist* and *The Verbalist*, by Alfred Ayres, have met with a noteworthy success, some twenty-thousand copies having already been sold. This demand indicates a wide-spread desire on the part of our people to correct current errors in the use of language, and certainly these little books are excellent manuals for this purpose.

—"The essence of Longfellow's writings" says the London "Athenæum," might be defined thus: domestic morals, with a romantic coloring, a warm glow of sentiment, and a full measure of culture. The morals are partly religious, hardly at all sectarian, pure, sincere, and healthy. The romance is sufficiently genuine, yet a trifle fictitious; nicely apprehended rather than intense. The sentiment is heart-felt, but a little ordinary—by the very fact of its being ordinary all the more widely and fully responded to—at times with a somewhat false ring, or at least an obvious shallowness; right-minded sentiment, which the author perceives to be creditable to himself, and which he aims, as if by an earnest and 'penetrated' tone of voice to make impressive to his reader. The cul-

ture is broad and general; not that of a book-worm or student, but of a receptive and communicative mind, of average grasp and average sympathies."

The above is interesting to us as the English estimate of one of the greatest poets America has produced, and it is in truth a just and discriminating analysis of his productions.

—*Masson's French Dictionary*. A compendious dictionary of the French Language. French-English: English-French. Adapted from the Dictionaries of Prof. Alfred Elwall; followed by a list of the Principal Diverging Derivations and preceded by chronological and Historical Tables. By Gustave Masson. New and cheaper Edition.

In M. Masson's work the student will find a dictionary which is to the French Language what "Liddell and Scott" is to the Greek, and "White and Riddle" to the Latin,—an indispensable companion. The Etymology of each important word is given showing its derivation or formation, and from what language it comes. Any thorough student of the French Language cannot afford to be without it.

At Steele and Avery's, price, 1. 00.

—*Skeat's Etymological Dictionary* Unabridged. An Etymological Dictionary of the English Language, arranged on a Historical basis, by the Rev. Walter Skeat, A. M., Elrington and Bosworth Professor of Anglo Saxon in the University of Cambridge. McMillan & Co. Publishers.

This is the first real attempt to give the history of every word in the language and is the result of conscientious and accurate research. It will be found an invaluable aid to the Etymological student, and is being published at a fourth of the price of the English edition, thus placing it within the reach of every one.

At Steele and Avery's, price \$ 2. 50.

Stuyler's

"Fresh Every Hour" Confections.

BON-BONS,

FINE CHOCOLATES,

CARAMELS, all flavors.

GLACES.

Orange, Raspberry, Grape, Walnut & Quince, also our Chips, in Molasses, Vanilla, Sassafras &c.,

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Wiltons, Axminsters, Moquettes,

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Also, Oil Cloths, Linoleums, Lignums, Crumb Cloths, Rugs, Mattings, Mats, Carpet Sweepers, Carpet Linings, Moth-Proof Carpet Paper, &c., &c.

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37 State Street.

ROCHESTER, March, 1882.

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H. L. Wilson & Co. are now fairly settled in the large new office over No. 80 State Street (entrance No. 84), and prepared to attend to all kinds of Printing that any one may desire.

We can also supply Stationery, Paper and Card Stock (cut to order) at ruling prices, and shall be pleased to give quotations or estimates at any time.

We have a large stock of fancy picture cards for advertising purposes, for which we request an examination.

All we ask is a trial.

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SEAL SACQUES MADE TO ORDER

Agent For "KNOX" Celebrated Hats.



When we have sold very nearly

200

PHILADELPHIA

Lawn Mowers

As early in the season as this, we stop and make a note of it.

All the Bankers and Gentry,

All the Merchants and Mechanics,

All the Poor and Rich

Use the PHILADELPHIA !

It's easy enough! The Installation plan pleases. We know every point in the trade, and our dealings have been so satisfactory we do a very large business.

Buy the PHILADELPHIA or none

Steele & Avery,

44 & 46 STATE STREET.

W. H. GLENNY & CO.,

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McAllaster, Humbarch & Burke,

→ JEWELERS, ←

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MC DONALD & CO.,

BOOTS & SHOES

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DUNSHEE,

PHOTOGRAPHER,

14 State St., Opp. Powers's Block.

Those Desirous of getting up clubs will do well to call and get my reduced rates.

SINGLE DOZ. CARDS, \$2. CABINETS, \$3.

Pictures neatly copied. Satisfaction given always

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FINEST GOODS

and LOWEST PRICES.

☞ Satisfaction Guaranteed.

The Student

"Haec olim forsitan meminisse juvabit."

Vol. 1, No. 18. ROCHESTER, N. Y., Monday, June 26, '82. 50 cts. a Year.

COMMENCEMENT DAY.

BY MINNIE B. WOLFF.

Kind friends, dear parents, let me say
Welcome to commencement Day!
We thank you for your presence here,
For your applause, your goodly cheer,
And if we please—as sure we must—
You too will feel content we trust.
Commencement Day! can this be true,
With school days am I really through?
I feel as proud, I feel as old,
As had a century o'er me rolled,
And yet I think, and as I think
My spirits high begin to sink:
Our chain so bright will break to day,
The links will part,—some drop away
To find a place in larger bands
If not right here, in other lands.
But never will they match as well,
In bliss harmonious ne'er will dwell
As here they lived in peace content,
Their joyous hearts on learning bent.
We look behind! all seems so clear;
Our paths made smooth by parents dear,
Directions given to fill the mind
With useful knowledge by teachers kind.
We hail to day! We say good-bye,
And through our joy breaks forth the sigh
With which we take our mournful leave
From that for which we e'er shall grieve.
We look ahead! To some 'tis bright;
To others all is dark as night.
I knew a girl o'erwhelmed with gloom,
Who stepped into a veteran's room
As he lay dying, full resigned,—
His face betokened peace of mind.—
"My child," said he, as she knelt near,

"Save needless words, keep back the tear;
I go the way that all must go,
Prepared to reap what I did sow.
But once again my mind returns
To other days. With ardor burns
My heart, until I feel as young
As when a boy I worked and sung
From then till now I've lived content,
Prepared to think all things well meant.
Why feel 'tis false instead of true,
Before conviction's brought to you?
To borrow trouble leads to harm.
To make your breast a thriving farm
Of all the thrusts you may receive,
Is wrong, and only makes you grieve.
Forget the failings of your friend:
'Twill bring them quicker to an end;
For evil is led on by wrong,
Revenge is but an idle song.
You must not think that all is peace;
Until your heart to beat will cease
Small clouds sometimes will shade your way,
But makes the sun more bright next day.
What would our world be without rain
To feed the plants, to wet the lane?
What would our souls be without care?
Could pleasure then and now compare?
Child! of the Past think not too much,
The future you can never touch.
Act in the present with a will,
And God will help you o'er life's hill."
That girl was I, the man a friend,
He made a grand, a glorious end.
But though he's dead, his words remain
To act as balm for all my pain
So friends, you see I face my life
Ready for all its toil and strife,

With heart refreshed by wishes kind
From all the dear ones left behind.
And so good-bye, old life so sweet,
The time will come when all will meet;
And 're-united by One Hand,
Forever live an Angel Band.

LATIN STORIES.

I

After Romulus got dead, a year came between. After the year got through, Numa Pompilius, what was born in Cures, a city situate in the land of the Sabines, was created monarch. This fellow did no: fight with nobody, but he was good for the state nevertheless. He made a heap of laws, and instituted a lot of sacred funny—business, to make these naughty and war-like people tame. But, you can depend on it, he had to ask his wife the nymph Egeria about everything that he did. He retired with the cholera morbus, after it was raining 43 years.

II

Romulus, Esq., to increase the number of citizens, opened an insane asylum (which he needed very badly,) and a lot of people came to it. But the new fellows needed some wives, consequently, Monseur Romulus appointed the feasts and games of Hon. Mr. Neptune. He invited a heap of people from surrounding nations, to come with their women and children. Every one of the Roman fellows had his eye on a girl, & in the middle of the game each one grabbed his girl and skipped home.

Latina Lingua.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Grand Hotel, Paris, May 20, 1882.

Dear Albert:—

Wednesday was our first day in the great city of Paris. In the morning we started for a ride. We drove past the Tuileries Palace and Gardens. The ruins

of the old Tuileries are between the new parts. The new Tuileries are what we would call State Buildings. We also drove past the column Vendome which was erected in honor of Napoleon I. We went into the Palace of Justice, formerly Palace of Kings. In this Palace is the chapel of St. Louis. The floor is of marble and the windows of beautiful stained glass. In the end opposite the altar is the window known as the rose window,—this is beyond description. Below this chapel is one used by the servant of St. Louis; this is also very handsome.

After lunch we started for the Palace of Luxembourg,—Here we saw some very fine paintings. After a short stay we went to the manufactory of the Gobelins Tapestry

We also went to the Pantheon and Noitre Dame. It is wonderful to think how much we are able to see from 10 a. m. to 6 p. m..

Thursday, the first place we went to was the Madeline Church. We are told that we will hear the finest music in Paris here on Sunday. As we ride along our guide points out to us all the notable places. We passed the Place de la Concorde where 7000 people have been beheaded. The ArcDe Triomphe was the next important object.— We had to climb 236 steps to reach the top, but when once there we felt repaid for our trouble. There are twelve beautiful boulevards leading from the arch. From the top we had a good view of Paris.

From here we crossed the river and drove to the Palace of Trocadero. This is the only one of the exhibition buildings there is left.

Then we went to the Cemetery of Pere La Chaise. Here a great many noted people are buried. Instead of putting the bodies in the ground as we do, they are all buried in vaults. It gives the place a very gloomy look having so many vaults built very close

together. On the way back to the city we passed the Prison De La Roquette and the place where the executions take place; the place where prisons for nobles used to stand, but now there is a column built, on the top of which is a figure with a broken chain in one hand (representing liberty) and a light in the other (representing truth). We then drove up the Grand boulevard to our hotel, passing on the way two of the old gates of Paris. These are about two-hundred years old.

I enjoy every day, but I think I enjoyed Friday the most of any. We started in the morning at 10 for Versailles. This is fifteen miles west of Paris and a most beautiful drive. We went out one of the boulevards leading from the Arc De Triomphe, passing through Parks, past Lakes, and cascades. At St. Cloud we got out of our carriage and walked to see the ruins of the Palace. This Palace was the summer residence of the Napoleons. We were soon on our way again.

After passing through two villages, and a forest where one of the kings used to hunt, we drove up a beautiful boulevard which led to Versailles.

We had lunch at Versailles, after which we went to another Palace. On the walls of the rooms were paintings representing the History of France. In this Palace was a chapel built by Louis XIV. in which Louis XVI was married. At four o'clock we started for home by a different road from that by which we went.

This road is almost as beautiful as the other. On the way back we stopped at the porcelain Manufactory at LeVres. We arrived at the hotel just in time for Table De Hôte. This

I must describe for you. The dining room is very large with six tables extending the whole length. There are fifteen large mirrors around the room with a gas jet between every two. There are about three hundred here to dinner every day. It is a pretty sight to see the six tables filled. Some of the la-

dies dress elegantly. We have a grand concert every day while at dinner. We have nine courses and are waited upon by waiters in swallow tails and white gloves.

Please remember me to all my friends.

Your Sister,
Fennie.

Continental, Hotel Rome May 28, 1882.

Dear Bell:—

We have been in Rome one day—not long enough for me to realize that I am at last here. We left Paris, Monday 23rd for Turin.

We arrived at Turin about six o'clock; there are not many places of interest here so we stayed only one day. In the morning we went to the Palace and in the evening we took a long ride.

Our next stopping place was Geneva. This city is two thousand years old. As we arrived here in the evening we could not see what kind of a city we were in. From my room I could look off on the gulf of Geneva and the Mediterranean sea. The Gulf was filled with boats all of which were lighted. This was a brilliant sight, and I thought we must be in a delightful city; but I soon changed my mind. It is the dirtiest city I ever saw. The streets are very narrow, a great many not more than five or six feet wide.

The next day we started for Pisa.

At Pisa the principal object of interest is the Leaning Tower. For this we started the first thing in the morning. There are 294 steps leading to the top; these we climbed and were repaid for the trouble. From the top we had a splendid view of the city and surrounding country.

Staying only half a day in Pisa, we started Saturday noon for Rome, arriving the same evening. This morning of course we all went to St Peter's. I could not describe this if I should try. They were having high Mass and

we heard some very fine music. * * *

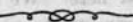
* * * At four o'clock
we took a carriage and drove to Mont Pincio,
the drive of the fashionable people of Rome.
In the evening we went to see the Coliseum
by moon-light. It was delightful here. After
passing through street after street filled with
people, all out for a good time, it seemed so
nice to get where it was quiet. We stay in
Rome four days more and then start for Naples.

* * * * *

Remember me to all at school.

Your cousin,

Jennie.



Rochester June 19 - 1882.

To the Editors of Student.

Dear Sirs:,-

The game of base ball to be played at the
House of Refuge on Fourth of July next,
will be, between the Rochester Free Acad-
emy Club, and the Club of the Refuge.

Will you please make the above an-
nouncement in "The Student" and oblige,

Geo. H. Johnston,

Capt. of R. F. A. Club.

PI PHI.

After a year of steady and faithful work
in secret session, the time has come for the
Society to again appear before the public.

During the last year it has largely increased
its membership and has established at Schen-
ectady another chapter which is in a very
prosperous condition. The Annual conven-
tion of Alumni and Active members, takes
at the Osburn House Wednesday evening
June 28; after the usual business has been
transacted the members in attendance will
sit down to the Fourth Annual Banquet of
the Association. The Third Annual Class
Day Exercises of the Graduating Class of
the society will take place at the Corinthian
Academy of Music, Thursday June 29th
at 2-30 P. M.

R. F. A. ITEMS.

VALE.

BY VERA.

Vale! thou *cara* R. F. A.

Gemitus draw we : *lacrimae* fast fall:

Amavinus since the *primus* day

Vidimus classic *umbra* of thy wall.

Beati were we in thy loving *cara*:

Pericula *Caesaris* did we follow :

Virgilius in *Latina Lingua pura*

Claimed often all our *anima* for the morrow.

Et nunc the days of youth *sunt cito* over;

Et nunc does *tempus fugit et* we leave thee;

Et each *scholasticus erit* a rover :—

Tristibus cordibus ita say we " *Vale!*"

—The Academy has a base ball nine this
season *Vide* Correspondence.

—There is a gentleman in school who
weighs less than one hundred pounds. When
he rises in his seat up stairs, it can be heard
and felt in the gents' study room. It is sup-
posed that he leaps into the air for the express
purpose of seeing how hard he can come down.
Young man, take heed to thy ways, and be
wise!

RIVER PICNIC.

On Saturday June 10th six gentlemen of the
Graduating class, R. F. A. accompanied by
as many ladies, their classmates, went on a
picnic excursion down the river from the
Glen House. Convening at one o'clock on
the bank opposite Rattlesnake Point they
partook of a most choice repast and the ap-
petite wanted nothing of an equal feast (ex-
cept milk). The party then proceeded to
Charlotte where they made a short stay and
then started on the return, the last boat ar-
riving at the pier at 9-15 P. M.

The day was most propitious, being cloudy
and breezy enough to make boating very
enjoyable; many were the amusing and pleas-
ant incidents on the way; and the occasion
will be long remembered by the happy
party.

THE STUDENT.

MONDAY, JUNE 23, 1882.

E. T. Parsons, H. E. Summers, Herbert Leary,
Editors.

—It has been decided that the class reception shall take place Friday evening June 30th at the residence of Miss Wolff, and that it shall be confined to members of the class and their escorts and ladies. Good feeling is universal and a most enjoyable time is thus ensured.

There is also to be an excursion to Sodus or Troutburgh, to take place a week from Thursday next, in which the whole class is expected to participate; and this will be the final class enterprise.

—The hand of Providence did not lift the veil of futurity and expose to the gaze of the Pilgrim Fathers the tempests of their intended voyage, the cold and hunger of the inhospitable shores upon which they were fated to land, and the final success of their enterprise even beyond their expectation. They, schooled by persecution under tyrannical laws, set forth upon an uncertain voyage, relying upon the God for whose sake they'd undergone the most rigorous trials, and for whose sake they were willing to trust themselves upon an almost unknown ocean in order that they might find a refuge from the cruelties of kings and a place where they could hold divine worship in their own way.

And how did they succeed? After a long and tempestuous voyage, having suffered every hardship of the sea except shipwreck, they landed upon a rocky coast in the middle of winter and were in want of the very necessities of life; never-the-less, they struggled manfully on, and managed not only to live but also to leave behind them, a name for all future ages, a memory more lasting and honored than that of kings and empires.

Their courage and perseverance under man-

ifold dangers and hardships, and their final attainment of the object for which they endured these toils, afford examples from which we may draw much encouragement in the pursuit of our earthly aspirations.

there are among the ladies the class of '82, those who intend to be teachers, singers, elocutionists, writers, doctors, leaders of fashion, and perchance a would-be-lawyer or woman's rights advocate; but by far the majority of them will be the ruling spirits in, and make happy the homes of deserving husbands. Among the gentlemen are the clergymen, statesmen, teachers, lawyers, doctors, journalists, farmers, and business men of the future. As it is sure that each member of the class has his or her hopes and intentions for future life so also is it certain that not a few see obstacles, seemingly insurmountable, in the way of the desired end. Many have found difficulties in completing their Academic course, but by perseverance and determination, these difficulties have been overcome and the individuals strengthened by the very struggle against them. And now the Class are on the point of setting forth from the port, Rochester Free Academy, some to be fitted out at College, others to proceed at once upon the voyage of life. Like the Pilgrim Fathers, you are able to see neither the disasters nor the successes which await you; many of you may meet with storms and some perhaps will become stranded upon hidden rocks which lie in your way; others may find pleasant sailing and unclouded skies.

With the guiding star of hope lighting your course, with the propitious winds of industry and ambition swelling the sails of your calling in life, with Sobriety as pilot, and Prudence as captain, you will make a long and successful voyage, avoiding the rocks, shoals, and sandbars, upon which many a promising bark has been wrecked, and anchoring at prosperous old age in the haven of a successful life.

You are now about to part to meet nevermore

as a class, that you may find encouragement in prosperity, and a solace for adversity in the memory of the Rochester Free Academy, dear to you through the fond associations of your three years' life therein, is the earnest wish of your companion in, and recorder of school life, *The Student*.

—*The Student*, in bidding the members of the classes of '83 and '84 farewell for the present year, desires to thank them for their hearty support, and to express its hopes that they may all enjoy a pleasant and profitable vacation and come back in the autumn strengthened in body and mind for the work of another school year. It expects to greet them again next September and will endeavor to be an active companion under the support and assistance for which it has a right to look to them. It also desires to thank its contributors for their kindness in helping to make its columns lively and interesting, and hopes that they may always feel the pleasure derived from appreciated efforts. It will look for contributions from their pens next year.

Bound copies of the *Student* for the school year 1881-2 will be furnished to persons desiring them, at the following rates: in elegant imitation morocco, cloth binding 75 cents per volume. In paper covers plain binding, 50 cents. Persons wishing to keep this appropriate and significant memento of school life, will please forward their names to the editor at once, in order that a sufficient number of copies may be bound, to supply the demand. Ten per cent. discount will be allowed on clubs of ten or more.

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