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THE

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RICHARD THE THIRD.

RICHARD, Duke of Gloucester, afterwards King of England, was the son of the Duke of York. For years there had been a bitter feud between the houses of York and Lancaster. During the reign of Henry VI., the Duke of York fomented insurrections against the reigning sovereign. Both parties appealed to arms, and at the battle of Wakefield Green the Duke of York fell. This event brought quiet for a time. In 1641, by the exertions of the Earl of Warwick, Edward, son of the late Duke of York, was crowned King of England. Thus the house of York was once more triumphant. Edward's reign was troubled by the endeavors of Queen Margaret to re-instate the Lancastrians.

Edward's brother, the Duke of Gloucester, was a faithful friend to the house of York. Brave and daring, he aided his brother in the overthrow of the Lancastrians at Tewksbury, and for his brother's sake became the murderer of Prince Edward, the son of Henry VI.

The Duke of Clarence, brother to Richard and Edward, exhibited a vacillating spirit, in that he sided with Warwick in his rebellion against the crown. Some time afterwards, the Duke of Clarence returned to his allegiance to his brother's reign. During the reign of Edward, we have no evidence that Richard was aught but a loyal subject of the King. The Queen, whose family were not of the nobility, incurred the displeasure of the nobles by her favoritism to her relatives. Richard, at heart, hated her and her family; but, by his cunning, he managed to be acceptable to both parties. Clarence, however, frankly showed his displeasure at the Queen's bestowal of favors.

Towards the last of Edward's

reign, it would seem that Richard contemplated ascending the throne himself. In his way stood the offspring of Edward, and Clarence. To ingratiate himself in the favor of the King and Queen, he took sides against Clarence. Upon a mere pretext, the Duke of Clarence was thrown into prison, tried by a Parliament suborned by the King, and summarily executed. Thus Richard gained one item in his plan. At the death of King Edward, Richard was made regent during the minority of the young King.

No sooner did Richard enter into this holy trust than he set about the accomplishment of his purposes. At this time he had the service of the Duke of Buckingham, a wily, unprincipled man. Richard's first plan was to withdraw the King and his younger brother from the influence of the Queen's relatives. To accomplish this, he caused several of the leading members of the Queen's family to be murdered at Pomfret. It would seem that at first Richard did not contemplate the murder of his two nephews, but only their exclusion from the throne. To this end he sought to blacken the characters of his own mother and his brother. He met with opposition from Lord Hastings, whom Richard caused to be executed without even the semblance of a trial. He finally caused his nephews to be murdered. The throne which he had gained by blood needed to be preserved in like manner.

When the Earl of Richmond was suing for the hand of Richard's niece, the Princess Elizabeth, Richard foresaw that this alliance would prove disastrous to his reign. He had previously married Anne, the widow of the murdered son of Henry VI. To thwart the Earl of Richmond's plans, he felt that Anne must be set aside, and the Princess Elizabeth be made his Queen. Queen Anne died suddenly, and, it is believed, from the effects of poison administered by her husband. Richard's desire to wed Elizabeth was thwarted by Richmond's sudden invasion of England, and by the rout of Richard's forces at Bosworth field. In this battle Richard fell, while bravely fighting for his cause.

Shakespeare has selected Richard as the hero of one of his plays. In this play Shakespeare has conformed as near as possible to the historical facts. The impression we receive from reading the historic life of Richard is that he was a man skilled in the accomplishment of his purposes—that, in one sense, he was a great ruler. Richard has not wanted defenders, but the general voice of historians is that he was a bad man. Shakespeare in his drama aims, according to Coleridge, to show "that pride of intellect is the characteristic of Richard; and he has here, as in all his great parts, developed, in a tone of sublime morality, the dreadful consequences of placing the moral in subordination to the intellectual."

Such a man Richard must have been. The poet and historian alike represent him as a man of great intellect but no morality. Richard was a man of determined and indomitable will, and the poet rightly pictures him as committing every crime to carry out his purposes. His will had overwhelmed all compunctions of conscience — he had indurated himself to the doing of crime. The impression the poet gives us tallies with Richard's character. It may be that the compressing of Richard's crimes into a short space of time, which is done in the drama, intensifies his wickedness. This it undoubtedly does. The play first shows us Richard's treachery to Clarence; immediately we meet the corpse of the murdered Henry, and listen to Anne's fierce accusations of Gloucester; then we learn of the Pomfret murder; close upon this Lord Hastings' sad death; then the murder of his nephews. We are astounded that *one* man could, in so short a time, be guilty of such deliberate murders. To such an arrangement, however, the poet was driven by the laws of dramatic composition.

Finally, on sober reflection, we feel that Shakespeare does not exaggerate Richard's wickedness. The man who could, within a few years, plot for and accomplish the murder of so many human beings, was indeed a monster.

SELF-DECEPTION.

IN this age of the world, nothing is more easy than deception; few things more difficult than telling the truth. To "Buy the truth and sell it not" may have been an expedient investment in Solomon's day, but in modern times it has become a more expensive luxury.

We usually associate deception with certain definite acts, so as to give it an air of remoteness as regards ourselves; but fraud and trickery, imposition and stratagem, do not always manifest themselves in outward action; they may exist all unseen, and even beneath the most precise exterior. Men who would hesitate to wrong their neighbor will persistently deceive and impose upon themselves. They clothe falsehood in the drapery of truth, and make the worse appear the better reason. The men who know themselves are few, but those who will acknowledge to themselves what they are, are fewer.

Men love flattery, and, from confidence in their own judgment, it agrees with them best when it comes from their own lips. Every day one meets sinners who flatter themselves they are saints; fools who consider

themselves wise; small men who think themselves great; polyps in the scale of humanity who, in their own estimation, are cetacean monsters. Some are not so virtuous as they imagine, and some not so wicked as they think they are. Few never cheat themselves. The advocate deceives himself preparatory to deceiving others. The intemperate, the miserly, the criminal, are all victims of self-deception.

Among the causes of this disorder, is the fact that we value too highly our own qualities and accomplishments; all the good we see in a man is what he has in common with us, and his evil is what he has that we have not. Our judgment is blinded by our affections, and, in proportion as our affections become strong, our judgment is likely to become weak. We have a greater love and admiration for ourselves than for any other people, and judge ourselves with less severity. We mislead ourselves for the gratification and ease to be obtained by little tricks and substitutions. Uniform fact fails to satisfy, and we are ever saying to the imagination, "Speak unto us smooth things, prophesy deceits." If we cannot be rich, we like to dream of riches; if we cannot be wise, it is an immense satisfaction to possess fancied wisdom.

The self-deceiver smothers his convictions, and encourages his doubts. He sees foolishness in every doctrine except his own. He puts before himself a certain conclusion to be reached, and uses only such reasoning as will suit his purpose. He sees virtues in himself which no one else can see; fondles himself, and purrs with complacency under his own caresses. He regards his good qualities, but overlooks his faults. Men see what they wish to see; believe what they wish to believe; love what they wish to love; and hate what they wish to hate.

No other habit is more pernicious and lasting in its effects than self-deception. Whoever has once deceived himself, has incorporated into his life an error by which it will be forever influenced. Men so deceive themselves as to be utterly unable to see the truth; they see everything misshapen and distorted. He who attemps to deceive at all is frequently the only one deceived, and is always the most unfortunate victim. If any man would be sincere, then let him, first of all, be sincere as regards himself; let him be suspicious of himself until he knows his own capabilities and imperfections; let him not content himself with imaginary powers, but assiduously improve those he has; in short, let his duty be truth, and let his heart be faithful to her worship.

CHRISTMAS.

HARK! the chimes peal clearly,
All abroad the earth;
For the Saviour's birth
Cometh to us yearly.

List! the anthem swelling
All its holy notes;
Higher up it floats,
Renewed gladness telling.

In the temple bendeth
Fir and hemlock sweet,
As a gift most meet
The great forest sendeth.

"Peace, good will," still ringeth
Every nation o'er;
Ages told before
Of the gift Christ bringeth.

Bow, then, great or lowly;
Bow, then, meek or proud;
While the bells peal loud,
For the Christ-child holy.

Kneel in solemn wonder,
Highest praise combine,
For this birth divine
Life from death doth sunder.

Christmas! oh, the sweetness
Of that olden time
Riseth with each chime
Into more completeness.

CHAUCER.

GEOFFREY Chaucer, the founder of English Literature, died in London, Oct. 25, 1400. Of his birth and parentage nothing is known. He is said to have been educated at Oxford, and to have supplemented fine scholarship by extensive travels. His works conclusively show his acquaintance with French and Italian literature, while his numerous allusions to the classics, ancient mythology, and philosophy, are indicative of thorough and extensive reading. Dante lived just before him; Boccaccio was a contemporary; and he had met Petrarch in Italy. To Chaucer's other accomplishments was added the refinement gained in King Edwards' court, then the most splendid in Europe.

But it is not his learning, his travels, nor the daily pitcher of wine from the King's bounty, that distinguishes Chaucer; it is his influence on our language. A jargon of dialects precedes every great language. Before the Norman Conquest there were two well-defined Saxon dialects, the Northern and Southern. After the Conquest the division was more marked, and a third, the Midland dialect, appeared. Luther, by his translation of the Scriptures, decided which of the German dialects should be pre-eminent; and Chaucer it was who determined that the East Midland dialect should become the literary language of England. He found his native tongue very harsh and unattractive. This was partly due to lack of cultivation. The writers preceding Chaucer were mainly of two classes: the scholars and clergy, who wrote in Latin; and solicitors of the royal patronage, who wrote French, the court language. Something, however, had been done in the native dialects; rhyme and meter had been introduced, though so imperfectly understood that Johnson says Chaucer was the first English versifier who wrote poetically.

Before genuine poetry could be produced three things were necessary, viz: ideas, poetical words, and a metrical system. To the acquisition of ideas his acquaintance with foreign literature was indispensable. Like Shakespeare, Chaucer did not stop to invent. He read and appropriated French and Italian poems. "The Knight's Tale" is Boccaccio's, "The Romaunt of the Rose" is from the French of Lorris and Meun, "Troilus and Cresseide" is a translation, etc. By culling from every field, Chaucer found matter for thirty thousand verses, varied and entertaining.

Like Dante, Chaucer wrote in a vulgar dialect, without thought for the future, or more likely with faith

that his native tongue would keep alive whatever it can worthily express. How unlike the distrustful Bacon, who dimmed the lustre of his genius by turning his works into mummified Latin!

The language was defective in two respects; it was incapable of expressing many of the refined ideas of the South; it was too stiff for easy metrical composition. To remedy these evils the poet enriched our language by expressive terms from the Latin, and naturalized a host of musical words from the Provençal, or *langue d'oc*, at that time the most highly polished language of Europe.

But more important is his introduction of the rhyming pentameter. "The Knight's Tale" was the first English poem written in heroic verse. This is a marked improvement. Before Chaucer, there was some alliteration, some rhyme and perhaps meter, but most Saxon poetry was distinguished from prose principally by its pomposity. The harmony of Chaucer's poems, however, is excellent, the numbers flowing, and somebody who has read the whole says there is not a superfluous syllable from beginning to end!

Chaucer was, probably, of mixed race. Hence we find much in his writings that is Frenchy. Under this head I dispose of parts of his works troublesome to his moral admirers. His satires of marriage and religion are also of this cast; "The Wife of Bath" is an example of the former, and his treatment of the monks, an illustration of the latter. I believe Chaucer always owed the friars a spite. Indeed we read of a pounding he gave one of them. He was obliged to pay a fine, but has his revenge in the prologue to the "Lompnoure's Tale."

If Chaucer was French in some respects, he was more English. Thoughtful and observant, he is the first to say things rather than words, the first to describe character, the first to give his personages individuality. His works are not so monotonously long and sweet. His Oxford man is lean and learned, his soldiers ready to fight, and Eglantine as dainty as any modern Miss.

In short, Chaucer taught Englishmen to write in their native tongue, decided forever which was to be the literary dialect, introduced a store of material for the future development of the language, enriched it by a perfect and melodious metrical system, gave it the sprightliness and wit of the Frenchman united with the sober thought and vivid delineation of character peculiar to Shakespeare—the representative Englishman.

While we are warm admirers of the "Bard of the Avon," let not our

> "——breast be cold
> To him, this other hero, who, in times
> Dark and untaught, began with charming verse
> To tame the rudeness of his native land."

ORIGINALITY.

"IS there anything whereof it may be said, See, this is new?" From some points of view it seems at times as if we could not refrain from joining old Solomon in declaring that "there is no new thing under the sun." The more we learn of mankind both of the present and of the past, the more we realize the insignificance of our own thoughts and deeds. History and travel unite to show us that though we may be great in our own circle, there are and always have been other circles, beyond and perhaps above ours, that have had their heroes and favorites, the result of whose lives are still seen and felt.

If we are to believe that silver-tongued orator, Wendell Phillips, we are far from being superior if even equal to the ancients in science and art, while the "Sage of Concord" has recently shown us how little that is truly new can be found in literature. Critics tell us that during all these years our philosophers have not advanced beyond Aristotle, and our poets are accused of continually searching the top of old Parnassus for poetical gems, but making no deposits themselves. Undoubtedly there is too much truth in this. We know that Virgil borrowed from Homer, that Milton imitated Latin and Italian poets, and that Shakespeare was more or less indebted to his predecessors and contemporaries. We know that all many of our painters and sculptors can do is to copy well the works of the old masters.

It is said there never was a time when such a fierce fire of investigation was turned upon politicians and political acts. With equal truth I think it may be said there never was a time when literary productions were exposed to a fiercer blaze of criticism. Criticism has become a sort of literary blow-pipe before whose searching examinations plagiarism and imitation are instantly detected and the guilty one held up to ridicule. Yet I cannot believe that we moderns are "guilty above all other men." On the contrary, this sharp criticism shows and compels a tendency to be original.

But before we can decide whether there is such a thing as originality among men we must define the word. If it means the production of something entirely new, the bringing to market something never before seen, there is indeed a dearth of originality. To such originality every work of art, every line of literature, every invention or discovery in science, is a hinderance. Since human thought first became active, so rapidly has increased the debt of man to man that originality in this objective sense has become lost in antiquity. If Adam, inspired by the beauties of

Paradise, had left us a little volume describing those scenes, he might have made a strong claim to originality; but since that time men have been imitating, consciously or unconsciously, their predecessors. The chain of imitators seems to have no end and no beginning. Go back as far as we may, we find scholars and students, not teachers and originators.

But the term original may be and must be applied not only to the production but to the mind of the producer as well. Superficially considered, and to the world in general, recent thoughts and discoveries may be mere echoes of the past, while the mind of the thinker is truly fresh and original. The man who applies for a patent, and finds that the very process or machine over which he has spent so much study was invented years since is not necessarily an imitator. When Longfellow wrote:

> "And all the broad leaves over me
> Clapped their little hands in glee,"

he was accused of borrowing, because some one before him had used the expression: "Rejoicing on the mountains, clapped their hands." A writer in the *Galaxy* some years ago well says: "If this is plagiarism, it is plagiarism to speak of rosy cheeks."

But in attempting to say anything about originality, one exposes himself to the charge of lacking that very quality. After making all due allowance for unconscious imitation and accidental similarity, we must admit there is too little of even subjective originality. If we seek for the hinderances we shall find that they are infinite in number, and that a full consideration of any one would require too many of these pages.

There is no mind but has some natural original power. What the great majority lack is the development and cultivation of the powers of observation and generalization. This lack is the result of faulty education. It is a fact not very complimentary to our systems of education that a majority of the men most eminent in science have been self-educated by that great teacher—Nature. Facts and theories must be developed by a careful study of natural laws before books can be written. We read Hugh Miller, Hitchcock, and Dana, and then air our knowledge of geology; but had those men depended upon books, what would they or we have known of geology? A writer in the last STUDENT expresses fears that ministers will *suffocate* mentally for lack of books. It must be admitted that some minds are in danger of mental *starvation*, but I venture to say that an equal if not a greater number are in danger of suffocation from the present abundance of books. It is too often the case that the learning of the past is so heaped upon the mind as to stifle its tender powers. Just as our bodies, though fed upon the most nutritious food, unless

properly exercised, become weak and feeble, so the mind may be suffocated by the abundance of food which is furnished it without any effort of its own.

> "Knowledge dwells
> In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
> Wisdom, in minds attentive to their own."

And here we find another hinderance to originality—our feverish desire to know and do everything. And since we cannot really do this we content ourselves with seeming to know more than we do, with striving to pass for more than we are really worth. In our haste to become producers we soon empty our own small cistern and, unwilling to wait and fill up, we are forced to draw from our neighbor's great reservoir. This is especially noticeable in young orators. In an article written just after our late war a writer says of the young orator: "He remarks that traitor hands have attempted to overthrow the grandest structure of human government upon which the sun ever shone. Sometimes he prefers to call it the fairest fabric of human government under the blue vault of heaven. Sometimes he 'methinks' he sees the form of Washington hovering over the hotly-contested battle-field; sometimes he sees posterity looking down upon us from the pyramids of the future."

The same lack of originality is seen to-day in the young orator haranguing a country audience upon "True Nobility," "Self-culture." "Reform in Politics," etc. And the would-be poet shows by his meter what master he has been studying. If it is Longfellow, he writes everything to the tune of "Tell me not in mournful numbers."

Both of these hinderances arise from another—our aversion to long, deep thought and study. Our rapid, restless lives, wholly devoted to business or pleasure, have no room for such thought, and without it there can be no originality. The book which we admire so much is often the sole result of years of the closest study. Of what use would it have been for you or me to have lived in the time of Galileo or Newton without their devotion to study. With that devotion there is yet room for both subjective and objective originality.

Carlyle says, "The world's wealth is its original men. By these and their labors it is a world and not a waste." If we would be original, let us remember on the one hand that the original and proper sources of knowledge are, not books, but life, experience, personal thinking; and on the other, let us find in books and other works of the past, not hinderances, but helps to originality. We have only to make it yet broader and deeper, for in many mines long worked there are yet glittering jewels and priceless gems.

RIGHT.

RIGHT, the prerequisite of human character, the prerogative of human existence, is by far the most perverted of moral attributes. However firmly planted in the heart of man by the Creative Hand, its domain has been sadly usurped by the aggressions of might. The further we penetrate the shades of antiquity, the more firmly do we find established "the law of force"—the more prevalent the idea that "might makes right."

The profoundest of heathen philosophers believed human slavery to be of divine appointment; and, in conformity with his belief, one-half of mankind in his day was held in bondage by the other half. The sentiment has outlived ages and nations, and, even in the most enlightened and Christian lands, slavery has not been abolished till within the present century.

An ancient lawgiver, that he might more firmly establish his imperfect institutions, demanded that every citizen offering a repeal or amendment to his laws should appear in the public assembly with a halter about his neck, ready for execution if his propositions should fail to meet with general acceptance. The spirit, if not the peculiar injunction, has been no less apparent in later times.

Of courts and judges we cannot speak without profound respect; yet history has proven them to be but men. Alas! have not the darkest crimes been perpetrated under their sanction? Does not the blood of martyrs and patriots cry out, summoning them to the judgment of the Most High? It was a judicial tribunal that condemned Socrates to drink the fatal cup; that adjudged the Saviour to the cross,—of whom, when he asserted that he came to testify unto the truth, the magistrate demurely asked, "What is truth?" The professed representative of truth was yet to become its learner. It was a judicial tribunal that arrested the teachings of the great Apostle, and sent him bound from Judea to Rome for imprisonment and death. It was a judicial tribunal that, in France, became the instrument of tyranny; that, in England, surrounded by all forms of law, sanctioned the despotic caprice of Henry the Eighth, lighted the fires of persecution at Oxford and Smithfield, and enforced the laws of conformity that drove the Puritan Fathers across the sea to the inhospitable shores of New England.

Thorny, indeed, has been the pathway over which has come to us, in these later days, a juster recognition of human relations! Who among us can not but feel, in his inmost soul, the intensity of scorn

at the idea that human rights are but the philosopher's dream? No institution of law nor government can be more crippled than that which enjoins silence upon its subjects. Every man should be heard. If his opinions are false, their errors will become more apparent when placed in juxtaposition with the truth; if they are true, the world should have the benefit of them. Grant that he is in the minority—does that imply that his opinions are false? Does not history justify the assertion that the sentiments of *the world* have been placed in the balance and outweighed by those of *one man?* Said John Milton, in his struggles with English tyranny: "Give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue according to conscience, above all liberties." The mandates of men are to be discussed; the mandates of heaven are to be obeyed. "Nothing that comes from man's hands, nor law, nor constitution, can be final. Truth alone is final."

Fortunately for us, there have lived those to whom a sentiment was dearer than life. Self-sacrifice is not in vain. The reformer foresees, with the clearness of prophecy, that out of his sufferings shall come a transcendent future. Conformity or compromise may purchase a profitable peace, but not peace of mind; it may win position and power, but not repose; it may establish a temporary abiding-place, but not a permanent home in the hearts of men. Honor to him who, in defense of a cherished principle, can stand alone, against the madness of men, against the oppression of kings and tyrants. Significant are the words echoed from Plymouth Rock: "Better the despised pilgrim, a fugitive for freedom, than a halting politician, forgetful of principle, with a Senate at his heels."

DUST.

AND what of life thus far now seemeth fair?
'Tis time we contemplate—the months wax old!
Where are the Spring's bright days, the Summer's where?
Or are the year's full crannies stored with gold?
We haste to see; but lo, a breath, a sigh
Dispels the hope, as worthless atoms lie.

The flow'rs have withered, and the leaves are gone,
The grass is only matting closer still;
O'er the cold sky the morning's sun doth dawn,
And gloomy echoes break from hill to hill.

The soil alone, the dust o'er which we tread,
Unchanged, unfeeling, knoweth much is dead!

Knoweth that myriad ones of nature's grace
Have cast their crowns, have yielded to decay,
Have lived their lives, have fallen from their place;
In dust they lie, their summer spent, their day
Is "earth to earth," for winds to lash and sift,
While from the mass few golden grains they lift.

And we are grim with dust—once passing bright;
Our work falls from us, as the rattling leaves
From the high trees; yet do not fail, O Knight,
Though, half your armor gone, your spirit grieves!
Take hope, if yet, amid the mouldering wreck,
Some golden dust your conquered spoil should fleck.

There is much dust to every day and year;
'Tis glorious blooming, fruiting, then the fall
Of all things unto earth; but this is clear:
Some dust is precious—'tis not clouded all.
Heaps to be trodden under foot we cast;
The little gold we raise, and hold it fast.

COLLEGE WORK.

THIS is acknowledged to be a world of progress. Since Adam and Eve first began to make innovations in the clothing line, improvement has been the great aim of mankind. Every branch of industry shows signs of change. The mighty strength of steam, the wonderful speed of electricity, the power of sunlight, have been brought under the control of man. The resources of the earth have been utilized; the great stores of heat and light which for ages nature has been storing up for man in the form of coal, have been dug out from their hiding places, and help to cheer nearly every household in the land.

The hand of machinery, more powerful than the Titans of old, and more delicate than a lady's finger, produces for us articles of wonderful beauty and convenience. But more especially in the art of turning out learned men, has progress been made. We of the New World are

fast,—fast in eating, fast in working, fast even in studying. It is right that we should be so, for why should we spend half our lifetime in learning how to spend the remainder? Formerly a man could not enter upon life till he reached almost the period of middle age. To be sure, such courses of preparation have given to the world the ripe thoughts and polished sentences of a Cicero, and have produced the unequaled splendors which adorned the oratory of Demosthenes. But we in later days have learned to produce scholars without any such wearisome years of labor. One may graduate from college without deep study, and may receive the name of scholar without great knowledge of books.

Let us trace the course of one of quite a large class of college students. He enters his Freshman year with fear and trembling, and after he receives his ticket feels upon himself the immense responsibility of sustaining the dignity of the college. He intends to shine in recitation, and manfully battles with Latin and Greek roots, and attacks Subjunctives and Optatives, Grammar in hand. But in after years he is inclined to look upon this period as one of temporary insanity. He soon finds that he can get a translation with much greater ease and rapidity from a "pony" than from the dictionary, and, riding up the hills of learning in this way, thinks that in truth there is a "royal road to learning." Such pleasing discoveries as this give him more time for the recreation which is so much needed by the student.

Soon comes the time when, dismounting from his horse, he has to climb up to the Sophomore year. Here he must infallibly stumble were it not for certain stepping-stones which aid him in his time of trial. For so long has he been accustomed to the help of his noble steed that without him he feels unequal to any crisis. However, certain little rolls of paper well covered with *notes* raise his courage somewhat, and examinations pass off successfully. A full-fledged Soph, his concern is to keep his place in his class, snub Freshmen, wear a tall hat and sport a cane, and to keep up continual war with the professors. Excitement is now necessary to him, and he cannot bring himself to settle down quietly until the Faculty, resolving itself into an investigating committee, kindly decide to send him into the country, to allow him to recover from his nervous prostration. The symptoms of his disease are always marked, and generally a number of the class are infected at the same time. One afflicted generally evinces a violent desire to make a noise in the world, and is occasionally seen but oftener heard with a horn at his mouth. There also appears a great desire to empty slops out of the upper windows of the dormitory, especially when the Freshmen pass below. Such, however, though often indica-

tive of disease and frequently cured by a stay in the country more or less extended, sometimes are unmistakable signs of genius struggling to rise. In such cases the student has been known to graduate without passing through the remaining years of his course.

As a Junior he is free from such troubles as afflicted him in his Sophomore year. His duties now require him to look dignified, to attend recitations when not asleep, and to refrain carefully from hard study. To do this last and still to maintain his standing in his class, he shows himself, oftentimes, very ingenious, and calls to his aid an immense amount of "cheek." Often, without flinching, does he oppose his opinions to those of the book when called up to recite on a passage which he had not glanced over. He has even been known to suggest that possibly the printer had made a mistake, and to insinuate that his word was to be relied on rather than those of a man unknown to the professor except through the title-page of the text-book. He develops great skill in framing excuses, and can bring on a fit of sickness at short notice. In social circles he makes himself prominent and establishes a reputation as a lady-killer.

When he becomes a Senior there comes a change. From his lofty eminence he looks on the crowd who are following upon the path he has just trod, and smiles to think that *he* was once there. Then he takes a look the other way, and groans when he thinks of his chances for a part at Commencement. However, he cheers up as he thinks that much of his rank depends on his excellence in writing, and remembers what a goodly store of themes may be culled from the College Library.

During this year he shows considerable literary talent. As for his daily recitations, he *generally* reads them over before going into the class, and, by a careful computation of the chances, and improving his opportunities for study in recitation time, he makes a good appearance when called upon. He graduates with a part in the best style of some good writer, and is much applauded.

When he is through with his course, he continues to work easily, and finds that in his profession he is never overpowered, as are some of his acquaintances, by a press of work.

Such is the correct way to go through College now-a-days. To be sure, some read out their Greek word by word, know something about Latin, and work out for themselves the tough problems in Algebra. They let the Freshmen alone, and "plug" during Sophomore year. In Junior year, they spend the hours which should be devoted to croquet and novel-reading, in poring over dry books, writing their themes, etc., and sometimes even contribute an article to help the poor editors of the College paper. As Seniors, they

foolishly fill their brains with notions about Consciousness, the Intellect, the Imagination, the Will, the Judgment, etc., and even aspire to calculate eclipses. Though their own productions may fall short of those of certain of the "British Essayists," they still write their own essays and orations.

These fellows always get the Valedictory and Salutatory at Commencement, and step readily into good positions on leaving College. In after life, too, fortune often seems to smile upon them, and bestows on them wealth and fame. But, nevertheless, who would wish to be so far behind the spirit of the times as to devote years of work to attain such honors? Far better to live a life of mediocrity and take life easy. If ever a thought that you might have taken a higher stand in the world comes to trouble you, reflect on the numerous cases of prostration and death from overwork, and bless yourself that you have never run any risk of such evils.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

ADIEU.

WITH this number we bid adieu to the STUDENT, and resign our position cheerfully to those who follow us. We do this without any feeling of sadness for the parting, only regret that we have not done better.

Among the many pleasant associations and varied experiences of our College life, none will be remembered with more pleasure than those of the last year. This year has been one of interest to us all, but its record is nearly completed, and such as it is it must remain forever. None of it can be erased, none of it rewritten. All our victories, all our generous and noble deeds have been recorded; so have our mistakes, failures, and errors,—not one can be altered, we can only prevent their repetition.

The new year found us beset with many doubts and misgivings. We were suddenly and unexpectedly called upon to perform duties for which we considered ourselves unqualified. But, encouraged by our friends, and remembering that one duty performed at a time had completed the noblest lives, that word by word, sentence by sentence, the longest book is written, that it was necessary to publish but one STUDENT a month, we began our labors; and the end is reached if our anticipations have not been realized.

We have succeeded in furnishing our readers each month with the required amount of reading matter, and in transmitting the STUDENT to our successors; if this has been done to the satisfaction of our class, we are in a measure satisfied. We extend our most earnest and heartfelt thanks to those who have so kindly aided us in these labors; and those who have disappointed us we as freely forgive as we hope to be forgiven for the sin they have caused us to commit. If we have not accomplished all we desired, it has not been wholly our fault. How can the STUDENT be published regularly, and every article be what the editor would choose, if, at the time of publication, he cannot obtain half the articles promised, and is compelled to take what he can get, and when he can get it? We have sometimes found it difficult to furnish news, when there was none, and nothing of interest going on—not so much as a game of base-ball. But this is too late to begin our complaints. We have done what we could under the circumstances. What suggestions we had to offer our successors have been given heretofore. That each class will strive to do its best in the future, we are satisfied. The class of '78 have done wisely in their election of editors, and we predict for them a successful career. They

cannot ensure this alone; they must have the earnest and hearty co-operation of their classmates and friends. This must be given fully, freely, and unsought before the STUDENT reaches its highest possible literary position. This will happen in time, and other improvements be made. They can not all be done at once. We shall always follow the STUDENT with interest, and trust its future will be brighter than the past.

Wishing our many acquaintances through these columns "A Happy New Year," we bid them adieu, and introduce our successors, close our editorial labors, and willingly retire to private life.

OUR COURSE.

As the closing shadows of our college days begin to gather around us, perhaps it is not amiss to review the past four years. With the conflict of life approaching, and manhood dawning upon us, the question presents itself, Are we better prepared for these duties than we otherwise might have been?

Does a college course pay? This question and similar ones are frequently asked. We say, emphatically, Yes. But our answer might have been modified a year ago. For not till the past year have we so fully appreciated its benefits. The theory of our course is, that certain studies are best fitted to prepare a man for the most efficient and successful discharge of the duties of life. We do not mean merely professional life, but that life which a thoroughly cultured man is fitted to occupy, as a leader in whatever station he fills. By a thoroughly cultured man we mean one who has been trained to know himself, his duties, and his powers; to know society, its institutions, literature, and art; to know the history of the different peoples and nations that have existed; to know nature in its developments and scientific relations. The liberal education which colleges uniformly propose to give, is none other than what Milton calls the "complete and generous education that fits a man to perform justly, skillfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war."

If it be concluded that the studies in our course are the best fitted for culture, they should be prescribed. Not one is superfluous, not one should be removed, for all are needed. We would rather add more. The theory of our curriculum has been to provide for all those studies that could properly find a place in a system of liberal culture. The end is not to train for the learned professions as such, but to train for that position in life which many others besides professional men should aim to occupy. The curriculum has not been arranged by theorists, or those wedded to a traditional or hereditary system, but by those whom long service in public life have made competent judges.

We would say to those commenc-

ing their course, Do not be led to neglect any studies because you think, or some one says, it will be of no use in your life work; you will find them all necessary for a finished education.

Often we hear the remark that the influence and associations of college life are bad. That parents fear its effects upon their sons. That at best college student are mere carpet knights, while many contract habits and imbibe principles that lead to their ruin. That the moral and religious influences are demoralizing and paralyzing to the moral powers, and deadening to the conscience, and those subject to its influence leave college cold-blooded sensualists or skeptics. Nowhere is the saying more true than in college: "You send your child to the school-master, but 'tis the school-boys who educate him." The studies, the system of teaching, the knowledge and skill of the instructors, do not constitute the whole of the educating influence of college. Often they do not furnish half those influences which are most effectual, which are longest remembered and most highly valued. Many who make the best use of the opportunities which their *Alma Mater* furnishes, are indebted as much to the educating influences of its community as to their studies or their instructors. The constant examples of successful effort, the achievements witnessed by themselves, the kind words and opinions of classmates and friends, together with the warmth of college friendships, and the earnestness of rivalries, the quick detection and condemnation of fraud, the reward of fidelity and perseverance, make college life full of excitement, and lead sometimes to the severest discipline and labor and the development of unconscious powers that will date as the origin of a successful life.

Nor is the social life less important in the formation of character, and the furnishing of practical information to the student. It may be said that the college world is narrow, unreal, and fictitious, and unlike the freer, larger outside world. Whatever the disadvantages may be in this respect, the advantages are many. Boys from the best homes are brought together in the closest intimacies at a period when they are frank and fearless, if ever; before they have become corrupted by contact with the world. While their characters are undergoing formation, they are open to the closest scrutiny, and each one begins to have his opinions of right and wrong. This study of character leads to the training of the moral and esthetical powers, and the formation of the moral character. That this one-sided and isolated life presents peculiar temptations, is true. That some students fall when they are first subjected to these temptations, the restraints of society and the influences of home being removed, cannot be denied. Their errors are not of the grosser sort, but a kind of

refined and subtle insensibility to good, a deadening of the conscience. But a reaction takes place when the reflective powers are awakened and the better influence of the college prevails. The errors of college life often serve as good lessons, although obtained at dear cost. Such things are common with all classes of young men.

The religious influences of college life must be briefly mentioned. The life of the student is necessarily intellectual and reflective. During the period of college life the earnest mind often encounters those questionings which require a decided answer, and it awakens to thoughts that can not be repressed. It is haunted by the presence of mysterious realities that can not be dispelled. They find their early belief undermined in many places, and many of their theories swept away. This leads them to doubt it all, and they find themselves drifting on a shoreless sea without an anchor. But in place of these ruins many construct a broader, fairer, and more lasting fabric. The influences in college to sensualism and unbelief are manifold; so are the influences that favor a Christian life; and while some are led astray, many leave college with a stronger Christian faith than when they enter.

The effect of these varied intellectual, social, moral, and religious influences is so powerful that we think there are few influences for a general culture so important and refining as those of a college life. It takes into its organization a band of youth, at a period when their characters are forming; it isolates them from the world; it introduces them to a community peculiar to itself. The pursuits of this community are professedly intellectual. The thoughts and opinions of each of its members turns upon intellectual themes. The labors and anxieties, the strifes and victories, the discussions of persons and things, the loves and hostilities, are chiefly upon subjects of an elevated character. This life has conventionalities and distinctions of its own; but they are founded on no such false and superficial reasons as those of the great world without, but are far more just, more honest, more sagacious, and more generous than are the distinctions of the coarser world. True manhood in intellect and in character in no other community is so sagaciously discovered and honetstly honored. Shams are speedily detected and condemned; modest merit and refined tastes are honored.

For four years it subjects the youth to these influences, advancing the literary and artistic tastes over the sordid aspirations after wealth and power. Withering selfishness and greed may scorn its generous impulses; the cold-blooded realist may laugh at its romantic dreams; narrow-minded utilitarianism may grudge the time that is not spent in making the almighty dollar; the man of wide experience may laugh at the

extravagant expectations of the college year; but it is a living fountain, from which flows a pure stream for the elevating of our common country.

That it has its ignorances and its romances, its conceits and its follies, none will deny. What community has not? Let any thinking man compare for a moment the education received here with that which the country at large furnishes. Let him reflect on the trickery of business, the jobbery of politicians, the slang of newspapers, the vulgarity of fashion, the cant and shallowness of the pulpit,—and he may rejoice that *one* community has better tastes.

Subject to these influences, we have followed our class for the past four years. We contrast the boys whom we met for the first time in the recitation room, with the young men who meet there now. We have noted the different stages through which they have passed—the rise of some, who were at first unnoticed, to the foremost positions in the class; the gradual falling of others; the change and development that has taken place under the influences of college life,—and in almost every instance it has been for the better. Our own experience corresponds to this; gradually but surely has the change been made. One theory and idea after another has been changed, till we possess hardly an idea or an aspiration that was ours on entering college. Each individual spectator of this active life has learned intellectual lessons which he cannot forget if he would, and would not forget if he could; and he will bear away a rich freight of experience, and of culture in his tastes, his estimates of character, his judgments of life.

MANAGER'S NOTE.

Before severing our connection with the STUDENT we wish to express our thanks to those who have in any way aided us in our labors.

The STUDENT has been printed, the present year, at the office of the *Lewiston Journal*, and it is needless to say that the work has been done in a prompt and satisfactory manner. To those who have had the immediate charge of the printing of the STUDENT we extend our sincere thanks for favors received.

To the business men of Lewiston who have so promptly and willingly filled our advertising columns we also feel grateful, and hope we have done something towards recompensing them.

To the class of '77 we desire to say that we wish we had been able to have done better for them. We are conscious of mistakes made, but they were unintentional. Although we shall not be able to declare a large dividend, yet we confidently hope to let your purse-strings alone. We thank the class for their confidence and united support.

We bespeak for the Manager of '78 the same generous support and patronage that we have received, and hope the STUDENT may improve much under his care. O. B. C.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

Once more, and for the last time, we sit down to our exchanges. The fact that we are no longer to peruse their pages, is on the whole not displeasing to us, since, though often amusing and instructive, they are always associated in our mind with an extra amount of exertion, and extra exertion we always did abominate. Even now visions of future ease flit across our mind, when we shall stand aside and smile at the hardships of our successor. Truly we pity him if, during the first three months of his position as exchange editor, he feels himself bound, as we did, to read carefully all his exchanges. We tremble for his intellect if he attempts to grasp the full glory of such productions as are found in the *Archangel*, whose sole aim is to demonstrate the entire superiority of the Catholic religion over all others. Let him shun this, and also its companion, the *Niagara Index*. For news let him turn to the Yale, Harvard, and Cornell papers, where he will find the very latest in rowing, shooting, and sporting matters, relieved by an occasional row caused by a difference of opinion between these representatives of rival colleges.

The Western exchanges have some good points, but are rather crude oftentimes. The papers of the most value will be found nearer home. The *Bowdoin Orient*, the *Amherst Student*, and the *Tufts Collegian*, are among the best of these. Princeton sends out two good papers, the *Princetonian* and the *Nassau Literary*. The last number of the *Nassau Literary* appeared in a very genteel cover, and judging by external appearance would take its place among the standard monthly publications.

The article on "Hawthorne" is written with good taste and judgment and shows considerable insight into human nature. The pieces entitled "To Thine Own Self be True" and "Northern Mythology" are worth reading.

We read that "Brief Reply," and deliberated whether to look upon it as a satire or a eulogy. We finally concluded to call it a satire, but, like Mark Twain's account of the "Petrified Man," it runs very deep. The editorial department is good. Altogether the *Lit.* is a very readable paper.

The *Dalhousie Gazette* comes to us from Halifax and consists mainly of an address by a certain Professor. This we haven't had time to read but from its general appearance would recommend as better than a dose of opium as a sleeping potion.

One of the writers for the *Chronicle* (University of Michigan) has rightly assumed the name of "Homunculus." Judging from his production anything more fitting could scarcely have been chosen. The wit exhibited by the one "Possessed of the Blue D——s" is immense, so immense that the mind is wholly un-

able to grasp it. The *Chronicle* has some good remarks on the subject of chess and a chess club in the University.

We can't help noticing a dainty bit of poetry in the *College Mercury* entitled "King Fairy's Story." It is one of the finest specimens of poetry that it has been our fortune to see during our acquaintance with college papers. The *Mercury* is especially entertaining throughout this number, and need not order that tombstone for the "Literary Talent of Racine" yet awhile. "Christmas Day at Chattenham College" is an interesting sketch, owing as much to the style of composition as to anything. May we see more of the same sort in the future.

The *Popular Science Monthly* for December is full of interesting matter. Among the more noticeable articles are "Fermentation and its Bearings on the Phenomena of Disease" by Tyndall, "Mormonism from a Mormon Point of View," "Canine Sagacity," and the second of Prof. Huxley's Lectures. The Editors' Table and the Miscellany Department contain a variety of interesting notes. This magazine is one that is always worth reading, and has no rival in its class of publications.

We append a list of our exchanges:

Cornell Era, Alumni Journal, Yale Literary Magazine, Targum, University Herald, Packer Quarterly, Hesperian Student, Brunonian, College Olio, Madisonensis, University Press, Trinity Tablet, Chronicle, Denison Collegian, Bowdoin Orient, College Argus, University Record, Alumnæ Quarterly, Ala. University Monthly, Archangel, College Journal, Crimson, Transcript, College Herald, Niagara Index, Chronicle (N. W. Coll.), University Review, Aurora, College Mercury, Amherst Student, Dartmouth, Lewiston Gazette, Alfred Student, Irving Union, Vassar Miscellany, Argosy, University Monthly, High School, Tyro, Tripod, Volante, College Journal, Otterbein Dial, Tufts Collegian, Collegian, Golden Sheaf, Undergraduate, College Reporter, Boston University Beacon, Institute Journal, Calliopean, Wabash, Yale Record, Wittenberger, Capitol, Philadelphian.

PERSONALS.

'72.—Married Nov. — by Rev. W. H. Bolton assisted by Prof. B. F. Hayes, Mr. J. S. Brown of Lyndon, Vt., and Miss Emily A. Davis of Auburn.

'74.—T. P. Smith has entered Harvard Medical School.

'74.—Frank Noble left recently for California. We understand that he intends to settle in San Francisco.

'75.—F. B. Fuller sends us a couple of items for this column, for which we are obliged.

'75.—Geo. Oak is studying law in the office of Cheney & Smith, Boston.

'76.—Anson, Nov. 19th, J. William Daniels of Rumney, N. H., and Miss Alice P. Steward of Anson. Good for Daniels.

ODDS AND ENDS.

It seems odd to us, but the fact is that Odds and Ends for this are rather out of order.

The Peabody Museum of Yale College has just received a valuable treasure, nearly a thousand specimens of ancient pottery, dug up in Missouri, and estimated to be nearly 2,000 years old.

We would commend to the notice of Freshman bards the following rhyme from the University of California:—

"Here's to Class of '80!
Drink her down!
Here's to Class of '80,
For she's dreadful small potaty!
Drink her down!"

—*Era.*

Our manager wishes to remark, and his language is plain, that for ways that are dark and tricks of "not payin'," the STUDENT subscribers are peculiar, of which he is quite cer*tain*. Notwithstanding the fact that to each he has sent a little slip of paper with a gentle request for a little of Uncle Sam's currency, he finds that the "returns" are too easily counted to satisfy him. Now let every one look over his accounts and if he finds that a dollar is due to the STUDENT, let that dollar quickly pass from his pocket to that of the manager. Thus will a load be lifted from his pocket and heart at the same time, and he will know the bliss of one who oweth not his publisher. Seriously, many are still indebted to us for the STUDENT, and the money is needed to settle our own bills for printing, etc. So send it along and give us an "honest count."

We take the following from the *Alabama University Monthly*. Any one interested in the tactics had better practice them. "A student has produced the following 'osculatory tactics,' which he affirms are the result of theory verified by experience: Recruit is placed directly in front of piece. First motion—Bend the right knee, straighten the left; bring the head on a level with the face of the piece, at the same time extending the arms and clasping the cheeks of the piece firmly in both hands. Second motion—Bend the body slightly forward, pucker the mouth and apply the lips smartly to the muzzle mouldings. Third motion—Break off promptly to the rear to escape jarring or injury, should the piece recoil. N. B.—The third motion requires the exercise of the greatest promptness and activity, as serious results sometimes accompany the slightest hesitancy in its performance."

COLLEGE ITEMS.

The STUDENT appears thus late by reason of unavoidable accidents.

The Harvard Faculty allow 72 absences from prayer during a year.

A post-graduate course, with the degree of M.L., has been added to Yale Law School.

A Senior, a Sophomore, and two Freshmen are stopping at the buildings during this vacation.

French is required for admission to Amherst. Yale requires no knowledge of French or German.

Harvard College has an annual income of over $10,000 exclusively devoted to the purchase of books.

Yale beat Harvard at foot-ball, Nov. 18th, and served Princeton in like manner on Thanksgiving Day.

Applicants for admission to Harvard Law School must be able to pass an examination in Cæsar, Cicero and Virgil.

With this number, the local for '77 makes his little bow. We can only say that we hope the pencils we have chewed up and swallowed during our year's hunt after items have not ruined our constitution. May the items be more plenty and easier to find for our successor than they have been for us.

German universities have fourteen hundred American graduates.

Two hundred and fifty honorary degrees are conferred by American colleges annually, mostly of D.D.

The committee for '77 report that they have secured the services of Miss Cary for Commencement Concert, with Mr. Fessenden as tenor and Mr. Whitney as bass. We cannot yet say who will be engaged as soprano, nor as to the instrumental music; but the gentlemen on the committee tell us that everything shall be the best that they can procure. The three mentioned are in themselves sufficient to guarantee an enjoyable concert.

Seniors are bound to distinguish themselves wherever they go. A particularly gallant specimen of the class of '77 visited the Grammar School some time since. At the close of the exercises he was politely invited by the Principal to step outside and see the scholars pass out in line. He declined, and so far all was well enough; but when a lady teacher proposed the same thing shortly after, the scholars say the effect was instantaneous. Without any further demur he made his best bow and started. Well done!

HORACE RUNDLETT CHENEY.

HORACE RUNDLETT CHENEY, only son of President Cheney, died at Philadelphia, December 13th. He was on his way South, but the rapid and alarming progress of his disease compelled him to seek medical advice on his arrival at Philadelphia. His physician and friends were confident of his recovery till a short time previous to his death. His father, who had been summoned home from Paris by his son's illness, his mother, his wife, and other friends, were with him. He passed peacefully away, trusting in the power and goodness of God.

The funeral took place at Valley Falls, R. I. The services, consisting of Scripture reading, address, and prayer, were conducted by the Rev. Carlton Staples of Providence. Mrs. S. D. Cheney of Boston read a poem, and made an interesting address on the life and character of the deceased. His remains were taken to Swan Point Cemetery for burial.

The deceased was born at Parsonsfield, Me., October 28th, 1844. He early displayed intellectual capacities that enabled him to take a position with those much older than himself. He graduated from Nichols Latin School in 1859, and entered Bowdoin College the next Spring, from which institution he graduated in the class of '63.

Bates College began its work in the Fall of the same year, and the deceased was appointed the first Tutor. In this position he remained three years. During this time he founded the College Library, and was appointed its first Librarian. He was deeply interested in this work, and spent much time and travel in soliciting subscriptions and obtaining books.

After mature consideration, he chose the profession of Law. He graduated at Harvard Law School, and studied with Senator Boutwell and Judge French of Boston. After but two years' practice in the office of A. A. Raney, he was appointed Assistant District Attorney for Suffolk County—an important position for one so young. This place he held three years. Since then he has been actively engaged in the duties of his profession.

In this brief time, without the aid of a partner, he has established a practice and gained a reputation that would be creditable to many lawyers years his seniors. His business the last year amounted to $8000, and he bid fair soon to rival the ablest lawyers at the Suffolk Bar. His clear and brilliant intellect was combined with a noble and generous nature, revealing itself in a pure moral life. Those who knew him best were warmest in his praise. He was a constant laborer, and whatever he did was performed with an earnestness and enthusiasm that crowned every effort with success.

But his active and aspiring mind lacked the support of a correspondingly vigorous body; and suddenly, when the goal was but just reached, the reward scarcely grasped, his strength failed. Why a career so auspiciously begun should be thus suddenly closed, He alone knows, in whose hands are the destinies of men.

Mr. CHENEY left a wife and one child, who in their sudden and crushing bereavement have the sympathy of many friends not personally known to them. The deceased was one of the Trustees of the College, and in his death it has lost an earnest and valued friend. President Cheney receives the sympathy of his numerous friends and acquaintances; yet none but those who have been similarly afflicted can fully realize his great loss.

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Lecturer on History.

CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.

Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:—

LATIN: In nine books of Virgil's Æneid; six orations of Cicero; the Catiline of Sallust; twenty exercises of Arnold's Latin Prose Composition, and in Harkness' Latin Grammar. GREEK: In three books of Xenophon's Anabasis; two books of Homer's Iliad, and in Hadley's Greek Grammar. MATHEMATICS: in Loomis' or Greenleaf's Arithmetic, in the first twelve chapters of Loomis' Algebra, and in two books of Geometry. ENGLISH: In Mitchell's Ancient Geography, and in Worcester's Ancient History.

All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismission will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Tuesday preceding Commencement, and on Saturday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

COURSE OF STUDY.

The regular Course of Instruction is that commended by the leading Colleges of the country as eminently adapted to secure liberal culture and a sound classical education.

EXPENSES.

The annual expenses are about $200. Pecuniary assistance, from the income of thirteen scholarships and various other benefactions, is rendered to those who are unable to meet their expenses otherwise.

Students contemplating the Christian ministry receive assistance every year of the course.

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

This is a department in the College, established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Nichols Hall, situated about a quarter of a mile from the College buildings, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

Tuition, room rent, and use of libraries free.

COMMENCEMENT.....JUNE 28, 1876.

For Catalogue or other information, address

OREN B CHENEY, PRESIDENT, *Lewiston, Me.*

NICHOLS LATIN SCHOOL.

This Institution is located in the city of Lewiston, Maine, and is named in honor of LYMAN NICHOLS, Esq., of Boston. The special object of the school is to prepare students for the Freshman Class of Bates College, though students who do not contemplate a College course are admitted to any of the classes which they have the qualifications to enter. The School is situated near the College and Theological School, and thus affords important advantages of association with students of more advanced standing and scholarship.

The Course of Study comprises three years and as many classes; that is, the first year, or third class; the second year, or second class; the third year, or first class. The classes are so arranged that students can enter the school at any time during the year.

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FRANK H. BARTLETT.....Teacher of Mathematics and History.
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For further particulars send for Catalogue.

A. M. JONES, *Secretary.*

THE

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1876.

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