Terms, $1 per annum.

Single Copies, 10 Cents.

Vol. III. APRIL, 1875. No. 4.

THE

BATES STUDENT.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

Published by the Class of '76.

EDITED BY CHARLES S. LIBBY AND EDWARD WHITNEY.

Business Manager: IRVING C. PHILLIPS.

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LEWISTON:
PRINTED AT THE JOURNAL OFFICE.
1875.
RELATIVITY OF KNOWLEDGE.

KNOWLEDGE is of two kinds; a knowledge of facts, truths, events or phenomena, as produced or explained by certain causes or general laws, and an assumed knowledge of these causes and laws. The former is, primarily, acquired by observation and experiment, and is absolute; the latter, based on processes of reasoning, is relative.

That flowers bloom, and that water runs down hill, we have absolute knowledge. The philosopher assumes to know and teach the reasons why water runs down hill, but fails. No one has acuteness of intellect sufficient to give an absolute and ultimate explanation of even so common a phenomenon as the one proposed. "Water flows down hill from the force of gravitation," the self-confident man answers. True; a fact. What is gravitation? "The attractive force which every atom of the universe of matter exerts upon every other atom." True; a law. From these answers we learn that "gravitation" is merely a name given to an unexplained force. If the philosopher is asked to tell the nature of this force, he must either admit his ignorance, or say that gravitation is not a thing in itself, but a universal property of matter. If he is then asked how one inert body can draw another to itself, he will reluctantly admit that to be beyond the comprehension of man. Can we give, then, a reason, absolute and ultimate, why water runs down hill?

By observation and experiment we discover the law that all bodies do attract all others; and hence we say it is plain that water is attracted by the earth, and thus made to seek the valley. But to say that water flows down the hillside in accordance with the law of gravitation, is merely to
state that one phenomenon is as it is, because others like it are so; it does not give the absolute cause.

By a little thought any one can see that those scientists who pretend to tell us how light, heat, and moisture cause plants, by the increase and division of minute cells, to grow, forming wood, bark, leaves, flowers and seeds, in reply to the question, What power causes some cells to form wood, others bark, and some to be filled with that delicate coloring matter that enters into the leaves, and gives such matchless beauty and variety to the flowers? must answer that it is in accordance with the law of nature, that every seed produces a plant similar to the plant that produced the given seed. All the reasons for the peculiar growth and appearance of any plant must be based upon this law. But who can enter the impenetrable labyrinth of causes that make this law?

All reasoning is from comparison and analogy. All scientific knowledge, as such, is based upon a classification of facts in some way related to one another; a knowledge of these relations I call relative knowledge.

There is a large, but indefinite, number of facts and phenomena which are due to the force of gravitation. Those astronomers who believe in the nebular hypothesis, account for the present rotundity of the earth and other planets by the law of gravitation and the centrifugal force. But the centrifugal force is merely the inertia of revolving bodies. And inertia is the absence of power. The rotundity of the pattering raindrops that fall in blinding showers, and of the silent dewdrop that sparkles on the morning flower, is explained by molecular attraction. But molecular attraction is simply the force of gravitation acting between the molecules of matter. The strength of an iron bar is due to the same force. The substance of the bar is composed of the minutest particles of matter held together by the force of gravitation; the firmness with which they are held is due to the nearness of the particles or molecules.

Iron must be composed of independent molecules; else how could it bend without breaking, or how could it be malleable and ductile? It is on account of the molecular structure of iron, and the consequent possible movement between the particles (which proves their independent condition), that the jarring of an iron rail, in constant use on the railroad, prevents it from rusting; while one lying in disuse beside the track is quickly covered with rust. This constant jarring tends also to make iron brittle; so that axles of cars are thrown aside, after a time, though no defect is visible.

The chemist, no less than the philosopher, finds that there are fundamental principles upon which the facts of his science depend. Ripe
Relativity of Knowledge.

fruit laid away soon decays; but if heated and canned, it is preserved. The common observer explains this mystery by saying the air is kept from the canned fruit. The chemist, knowing that oxygen unites with all the elements except fluorine, would say that decay is caused by the murderous oxygen that attacks and destroys the fruit. Heat drives off the oxygen, and the tight can keeps it away; so the fruit is safe.

But why does not nitrogen leave the air, and attack fruit? Why does oxygen attack some fruit in autumn, and other fruit in winter or spring? And why does fruit turn black when combined with this colorless oxygen? The chemist’s reply to this last question doubtless would be: “Compounds, in their properties, are generally strikingly unlike their elements. Ex.: yellow sulphur and white quicksilver form red vermilion; solid charcoal and sulphur make a colorless liquid; poisonous and offensive chlorine combines with the brilliant metal sodium to form common salt.” Thus, instead of giving the ultimate cause for the decay of fruit, he simply states the general principle upon which it depends. He carries his reasoning but one step further than the unlearned man. He turns over one more leaf in the book of the Creator’s infinite complexity of causes.

A great variety of phenomena are explained (?) by reference to the active agency of oxygen in uniting with other substances. Decay, fermentation, putrefaction, and fire are chemically the same process, the difference being in the rapidity only with which the oxygen unites with the given substance. Even the motions of the body are produced in the same way! In order to move, the muscles must contract. Oxygen, uniting with, and destroying portions of the muscular fibre, shortens them, and thus produces motion. Is it any explanation of these phenomena to say they are all due to the same (unknown) cause?

We have seen how the many phenomena we study and assume to understand are related to one another and to some natural law of matter. We know the fact of the law, but not the law itself. With respect to the leading facts and fundamental truths of chemistry, physics, metaphysics, in fact all natural science, this can truly be said. Did knowledge consist of isolated facts bearing no relation to each other, we could derive no discipline from study. There would be no chance for the exercise of the reasoning faculties.

Memory would be the only useful attribute of mind. But it is not so. A man of feeble intellect may acquire a great number of particulars in natural science, which he refers to no principle, and from which he deduces no conclusions; but the real scholar is continually classifying facts and deducing laws by which he extends the limits of knowledge. Such de
not count their intellectual progress by the number of facts retained in the memory. No student need despair, though he can not remember all the facts he has once learned.

An understanding of the relativity of knowledge would silence those grumblers who are continually prating about the impracticability of "those studies we do not use, and which we soon forget." Students derive discipline from such studies in two ways: they retain the substance of what they have learned, and the reasoning employed in deducing principles from particulars strengthens the judgment,—not only in reference to questions pertaining to the subject studied, but concerning any subject whatever. It is discipline—made possible by, and the result of, the relativity of knowledge—that gives activity to the mental organization; that unlocks nature's tool-chest to the inventor; that gives the architect conception plans; that guards the surgeon's knife; that tunes the poet's lyre; that guides the orator's melodious logic; that leads the statesman to sound conclusions; in short, that agitates and moves the world.

How beautifully the human understanding is adapted to the sphere in which it is destined to act! The mind is not satisfied with facts; it seeks universal laws. If a person ignorant of botany be told that the lily of the valley and the strong mountain oak are similar in struc-

ture and growth, his mind is not satisfied or much improved. But when he learns that all vegetables are constructed upon the same general plan, he is delighted with the thoughts awakened. He is at once made a more comprehensive thinker and a greater man. Undoubtedly Newton experienced the highest state of intellectual joy when he first discovered the reason for the fall of the apple; yet, if he had not taken one more step in his great discovery, he would have ceased to care for his acquired knowledge. But what must have been his delight when he ceased to confine his reasoning to the insignificant particles of the earth, and applied his deduced universal law to the movements of the myriad sparkling orbs that bedeck the nightsabled canopy above us! The mind craves progressive thought. It is ever exercising itself in acquiring new truths. It is evident—"Sordet cognita veritas"—that a truth discovered seems of small account. We care little for truths we once sought diligently after. In gaining knowledge, not in knowledge gained, the mind delights. The student thinks if he knew as much as some learned man his joys would be complete. Yet what man, however learned, would be content to learn no more? Or how much does he prize his knowledge gained except it turn his thoughts to things unknown?

As we have seen, like powers pro-
duce most dissimilar results. Of these powers we can gain but a partial and relative knowledge; yet the mind is suited with the task. The true scholar is most content when engaged in exploring nature's ever-deepening mine of causes; and how rich the treasure found! Since, in this world, to extend our knowledge to things before unknown is the greatest happiness of man, may it not be our privileged task, in the world to come, to learn the Cause of Causes? If so, our knowledge then will be absolute and ultimate. How sublime the thought! How grand the conception!

HERE AND THERE WHILE ABROAD.

VI.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN, May 19, 1870.

A TRIP through Northern and Central Germany, even though hastily made, furnishes the tourist a feast of good things. The city of Cassel, the capital of the former principality of Hessen, and situated on the river Fulda, about one hundred miles north of Frankfort, although perhaps generally omitted by travelers, is a very fine and interesting place. The large city square, called Friedrichsplatz, surrounded on three of its sides by palaces of the electors, the museum, the theatre, schools and churches, and on the fourth being open and furnishing a fine view of the river flowing in a valley far below, is adorned with an imposing marble statue of the Landgrave Frederick II., who, in our Revolu-
tion, loaned, for twenty-two million thalers, 12,000 of his Hessian subjects to the English to aid in subjugating the colonies. The picture gallery which is in the Bellevue Palace, the residence of Jerome Bonaparte while King of Westphalia, contains about 1400 pictures, many of them excellent, and the whole quite as finely arranged as anything I have yet seen. Rembrandt, Vandyke, Titian, Raphael, Holbein, with other painter-princes, are there, and thrill us with their beautiful works. Here is also to be found one of the finest collections of sculpture, known as the Marble Bath. There are perhaps, in all, twenty-five statues and bas-reliefs, the work of a French sculptor (Monnot), who was employed for upwards of thirty years by a former Prince
of Hessen, and who spent his life upon this work. The subjects are from Ovid's Metamorphoses. The marble itself is of the snowiest whiteness, the forms perfect, the conception, the posture, the expression, the finish faultless, and the strength, the beauty, and the loveliness of Grecian art I have never seen more vividly displayed than in these ideal works. Two of the finest were carried away to Paris by Napoleon I., but were afterward restored.

About three miles from Cassel, on the eastern slope of the Habichtwald mountains, is a charming park, within which is situated the summer residence of the former Electors. One can scarcely conceive of a more beautiful place than this — beautiful by nature and beautiful by art. The hill or mountain side rises gradually, is clad with giant oak and beech and fir trees, abounds in mossy cliffs, cool grottoes, winding paths, and smooth carriage-ways, contains miniature castles, apparently crumbling and ready to fall, yet built so in imitation of the old ruins that everywhere here abound; and to crown the whole, on the summit of the mountain, 1312 feet above the lowest part of Cassel, which is three miles away, is built a sort of Gothic structure, its highest pinnacle surmounted by a statue of the Farnese Hercules. The whole thing looks more like a work of nature than of man, as the edifice is built of massive rocks piled up loosely and left just as they came out of the mountain ledge. Back of this building is a large reservoir, and in front of it commences a series of artificial cascades, each perhaps thirty feet in breadth, and rising one above another two or three feet. The total length of this series of magic waterfalls is 900 feet; and down the mountain-side, at intervals of one hundred and fifty feet, large basins are formed, each seemingly the work of nature, so naturally is it hewn out of the hill-side and bordered with loosing rocks, while far below is the Great Fountain, one of the highest in Europe, which sends up a jet of water twelve feet in thickness and one hundred and ninety feet in height. Between the cascades and this fountain are numerous little airy rustic bridges, and wild waterfalls, one of them especially beautiful, being at the terminus of a huge aqueduct, built, in the old Roman style, out from the side of the mountain; and over its front the water pours, falling a distance of upwards of one hundred feet. The entire park is artistically laid out, and neither toil, time, nor money were spared in its construction.

Passing south-east from Cassel some seventy-five miles, I came to Eisenach, a quiet little town of about 1,200 inhabitants, and formerly the residence of the dukes of Saxe-Eisenach, who became extinct in 1741. Of course the chief and almost only point of interest here is the old
castle— the Wartburg. It is on the summit of a precipitous bluff, six hundred feet above Eisenach, and about a half-hour's walk distant. Just where you leave the town and commence the ascent upon the smooth road, you suddenly come upon a squad of donkeys, all saddled and bridled and ready for freight, and the chubby little drivers urge you to mount the royal steeds, whose backs are graced by a contrivance resembling an arm-chair, minus the legs, strongly strapped upon the vicious bastes and placed so that you ride sidewise. Eighteen kreutzers carries you up the long and tiresome hill in this grand style, and you'd better ride, for it's cheaper than going on foot.

The castle at the summit, erected in the year 1070, is now a country seat of the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, and was fully restored in 1847, so that it has now a fine appearance. The hill, or little mountain, rises like a cone, and the castle nearly covers its entire summit, so that you can look from the windows and the turrets straight down for hundreds of feet into the valley below. The view here is charming indeed, embracing the dark woods of the Thuringian forest, the vale of Eisenach, and countless mountain tops that all around lift their heads heavenward. It is a thrilling spot, and when we pass within the massive doors, and through the long portals, the great rooms and the rich apartments of the old castle, and recall what scenes it witnessed in by-gone centuries, that soul is dead that trembles not and melts not in a delirium of emotion. Here, in this Rittersaal, this banqueting-room, took place in 1207 the great minstrel contest, when the minnesingers of Germany assembled to test their skill. Here, Luther, who, in 1521, on his return from the Diet at Worms, was taken prisoner by order of his friend, the Elector Frederic of Saxony, lived for ten months, and, disguised as a nobleman, devoted himself to his translation of the Bible. Here, is the little chamber in which he worked, with its quaint and scanty furniture, his rude table, chair, footstool, chest, etc., just as he left them, while upon the old wall above his table are a few pictures, and upon the left the murky spot where the ink-bottle struck, hurled with Lutheran vim at the Satanic pate. Here, in this armory, are weapons and armor coming down from the twelfth century, some all battered and worn, and bearing the wounds of the strife and tournaments of ages. The old castle is full of pictures illustrating its history, and some of the choicest of these represent the chief features and incidents in the life of St. Elizabeth, who, having in childhood been betrothed to the son of the prince reigning at the Wartburg, was brought here and reared in its halls. Her lover having died in Palestine,
as a crusader, she at length entered a convent and died there, after having by her deeds of charity won the hearts of the lowly peasantry of Eisenach. She is now adored as the holy Elizabeth, and upon the sloping front of a huge ledge, far below the Wartburg, one sees the letter M cut large and deep, to mark the spot where the holy Anna Maria Elizabeth used to feed the famished poor of Eisenach. Through all the region around, her name is adored to-day, and even the little peasant children sip it with tender, wondrous love. Such is a picture of the Wartburg, one of those dear places which once seen must forever stand out as distinctly in memory as it towers boldly in space.

Eastward, still some sixty miles from Eisenach, passing through the fine and interesting towns of Gotha and Erfurt, we reach Weimar, a city which, from its literary associations, is one of the most attractive in Northern Europe. It is the capital of the Grand Duchy of Saxe-Weimar, the home of that noble patron of letters, Duke Karl August, who during his life surrounded his court by the most brilliant literati of his land, so that Weimar was known as the Athens of Germany. Here Goethe, Schiller, Herder, and Wieland lived, and many other celebrated men of Europe often visited. There is so much of interest here that one can spend days in sight-seeing. Here are the houses occupied by the four great scholars; the palace of the Duke in all its apartments beautifully fitted up, much of it done under the superintendence of Goethe, rich in pictures and art-collections; the ducal library with its rare books and maps, its portraits and busts of the ducal family and of celebrated men who have lived in Weimar, its valuable collection of coins and metals, and precious relics, among which are Luther's monastic gown, the belt of Gustavus Adolphus, the court uniform of Goethe, an ivory cane of Frederick the Great, etc., etc. The old City Church, built in 1400, contains one of Cranach's finest pictures, besides the graves of Herder, of Duke Bernhard, one of the heroes of the Thirty Year's War, and those of numerous princes of Weimar. In the new cemetery is the Grand Ducal Mausoleum, in the vault of which Goethe and Schiller sleep in death with princes. You enter at first the chapel, a room about twenty-five feet square, neatly and fittingly arranged. In the centre of the marble floor you see an iron grate about six feet square which opens into the vault below. Passing down a broad stair-case at one corner of the chapel you enter the vault and find, apart from the others, the coffins of Goethe and Schiller placed side by side, each made of oak, in casket form, plain but rich, and covered with wreaths and garlands and ribbons of silk. In a little desk at the head of Schil-
Ler's coffin is a rich silver wreath, given on the anniversary of his birthday by the citizens of Hamburg. A few feet from these are the massive metallic coffins of Karl August and other members of the ducal house. The vault is large, dry, and lighted by numerous tapers.

Surmounting the chapel is a beautiful Byzantine dome, and no fairer spot than beneath this and in sweet Weimar could be found wherein to lay the precious dust of the immortal poets, Germania's loved and gifted sons.

T. L. A.

LIFE'S CONFLICT.

TWO lines are drawn upon Earth's shore,
    And thro' its tangled wood,
In long, unending columns pour
    The wicked and the good.

With darkness, or by day they smite,
    In this immortal strife,
Nor he who turns and takes to flight,
    E'er bears away his life.

Forever 'mid the fearful scene,
    With clouds that fit their power,
Two arms are thought to intervene,
    In battle's deadly hour.

The open palm of one pours down
    A waving sea of light,
The other scatters all around
    Eternal depth of night.

And he who keeps within the scope
    Of glory-circled truth,
May see therein a constant hope
    To renovate his youth.

Too long the conflict must endure,
    To wrack our souls with woe,
Before the crimson, white and pure,
    Shall match the spotless snow.
A LETTER FROM INDIA.

CAMP DJHABANI, India, Jan. 21, 1875.

MR. EDITOR,—Our tent stands under the broad branches of a magnificent banyan tree, on the border of a dense jungle inhabited by bears and tigers. Close by is a little Santal village where we have a school. This tree could afford camping ground for a regiment. Many of its pendent branches have come down to the ground and taken root, formed new trunks, and sent out branches of their own, so that we have a grove of trees formed by one original trunk. This is a remarkable tree, and were the natives to let it alone, would cover over acres in the course of time; but they are cutting it away for fuel and other uses. Just such a remarkable growth is Hinduism. For centuries its original trunk has been sending out its broad branches, some of which have formed independent trunks. The gospel has laid the axe at the root of this tree; one by one its mighty branches begin to fall, and ere long we hope to see the main trunk tumbling in the dust. May God speed the day.

Five Santal schools have been here at our camp to-day for their annual examination. These jungle boys are making fine progress in the rudiments of learning, and some of them will soon become teachers and have schools of their own. Very few Santal girls have ventured into these schools as yet, but they will come by and by. The old superstitions are fast yielding to enlightened views, and in the next generation, if not in this, we shall have Santal women who can think, read, and write.

In this village lives the head Santal of all this country. He is a well-to-do farmer, and his son keeps the village school. This family has been powerfully impressed by the gospel, and several members of it are "almost persuaded" to become Christians. The fear of man, more than any thing else, is keeping them back; but I believe this must yield soon. In another village close by, one of the Santal teachers recently renounced the religion of his fathers and professed Christianity. He was persecuted by some of his relations; but this Santal chief espoused his cause, and defended the convert, threatening to fine his persecutors if they persisted in troubling him. This indicates a growing favor towards the Christian religion, and this is one of the most hopeful and cheering signs of the times.

Your readers may wish to know our modus operandi in such a camp as this. We have quite a large party, consisting of Mrs. Phillips and Miss Cilley, and their twelve
zenanah helpers, besides my three Santal preachers. All find plenty to do. The women accompany the missionary ladies to the houses in this and the neighboring villages, and teach the women and children to read, and also give them religious instruction. Morning and afternoon they make such visits to the homes of the people, and in this quiet way sow the good seed of the kingdom in many hearts. I have no doubt we shall reap a glorious harvest, some day, from this seed-sowing. The Santal men and I go off morning and evening, to preach in the villages. Sometimes we have a large congregation under some tree in the main street, sometimes at the house of the head man, and at other times we find more people on the village thrashing-floor than anywhere else, and there hold our simple service, preaching and singing the good news of salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Our camp is visited by many who come to inquire about the Christian religion. This very day about noon a little party came, and the old man at the head of it said, on coming up to the tent door, “We have come to learn about this new religion of Jesus Christ; tell us how to worship Him.” Since we have been here, so many such parties have been coming to camp that I have kept one preacher by the tent the whole day to converse with all who came, while the others go to the villages. Frequently, from sunrise to sunset, this simple sort of preaching is going on at a missionary’s camp in the country.

Every evening we hold public service out of doors. The Santal drum serves the purpose of a bell, and summons the people from the villages. The congregation is seated on leaf mats spread out on the grass. We are having beautiful moonlight now, and the evenings are so delightful. The light of the moon is sufficient to read by, so we need no candles. That large, quiet Santal congregation, listening so attentively to the truth, singing our Christian hymns so earnestly, and now and then asking such thoughtful questions, or making such hearty replies, is one of the most impressive sights I ever looked upon. This evening one of our best boys expressed his determination to follow Christ, and our hearts were greatly cheered by his words. He has been in the Midnapore Training School for some time, and is now to begin teaching in the Santal country. God bless him, and make him a blessing to his poor countrymen. I shall probably baptize him here next Sunday. So comes the kingdom in this dark land. There are now twelve or fourteen Christians among our sixty village school-masters among the Santals. One by one the others will come into the fold. Much prayer is being offered up for those still in sin, and I believe they will come to Christ,
and become his true disciples. Will Christian students pray for these unconverted Santal teachers.

*Evening.* I wish to add a word before closing this letter, which may be my last from India for some time to come. We are in need of more men and women for this work. On every side and in each department there is a call for help. The distress of two years ago has been relieved, but what we should do now is to lengthen our cords in every direction. Can not Bates send us her representatives for this mission field? The New England College and her Theological Seminary should send out the next reinforcement to India. So we think. What say you?

J. L. P.

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**ALEXANDER HAMILTON.**

During Washington's first term as President of the United States, by far the most prominent and captivating, if not the most influential, member of what was called "society" in New York City, then the seat of government, was Alexander Hamilton. Few men have had so brilliant a career, especially in so short a life. Rarely do we find in one man the brave and skillful soldier, the mathematician and financier, the scholar, the ready writer, the orator, and the successful lawyer. Whether posterity shall admit that we owe to him all that his friends and partisans claim, or not, his name is indissolubly connectd with some of the greatest movements and questions in early American history. In considering in a brief sketch the life, character, and services of this wonderful man, we would avoid, on the one hand, the extremes and prejudices of his opponents, and on the other those of his relatives and partisans. Thomas Jefferson says that he was the "evil genius" of America, while Daniel Webster says, "He touched the dead corpse of the public credit, and it sprung to its feet."

Born in Nevis, one of the West India islands, of Scotch descent on his father's side, and of French on his mother's, Hamilton came to this country in his sixteenth year, for the purpose of obtaining a thorough education. He displayed a tact and readiness for writing in his earliest youth,—if he can be said to have had any youth,—and the immediate cause of his being taken from the counting-room and sent to New York, was a vivid description, written by him and published in a neigh-
boring island, of a violent hurricane which passed over the islands. He entered Columbia College, and was there engaged in his studies at the beginning of the Revolutionary war. His ardent, active nature and vigorous mind would not allow him to remain quiet amid such scenes, and he early raised his voice and plied his pen in the cause of the colonists. In these discussions he was opposing the President of the College and many other grave and reverend authorities, who were doubtless much surprised that such a mere boy should presume to argue with them; but they soon saw, by the soundness of his arguments, the force of his sentences, and his eloquent delivery, that though young in years his mind was wonderfully mature. When the war actually began, Hamilton joined the army, and by his conduct in the first few battles, by his bravery and rare military skill, attracted the attention and approval of Washington, became one of his staff, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, was, throughout the whole struggle, his most confidential aid, and never lost the confidence, honor, and respect then won. Toward the close of the war his attention was drawn to the terribly dark and confused state of the infant country's finances. His position at head-quarters, and being the confidant of many of Washington's plans and trials, enabled him to see the need of immediate action. The result of his thought and study was that memorable letter to Robert Morris, suggesting the redemption of the depreciated currency and the restoration of the public credit by means of a foreign loan and a United States Bank. When the active duties of the war fairly closed, he returned to New York, applied himself to the study of law, was admitted to the bar in 1782, where he soon took high rank and became, by his thorough knowledge of finance and of business matters in general, the favorite counsel of merchants.

Hamilton was never long out of public life. In 1782 he was a member of Congress; in 1786 a member of the General Assembly of New York, and one of the foremost members of the Constitutional Convention, held in Philadelphia in 1789. At the beginning of Washington's administration he was placed at the head of the treasury department, which office he held until 1795, when he withdrew to resume the practice of law.

After the Constitutional Convention had adopted and presented to the consideration of the people that constitution which is to us an object of pride and an ark of safety, Hamilton earnestly devoted himself to the work of urging the people of New York to accept the proposed constitution; and of the eighty-five brilliant essays which constitute that celebrated work, the Federalist, sixty-five came from his pen. To one wishing to gain a thorough knowl-
edge of the United States, the Federalist is a very interesting and instructive volume, reflecting as it does the political opinions of the times immediately succeeding the Revolution, and the arguments necessary to induce the people to accept the proposed plan of government. The principles laid down may seem to us too self-evident to require proof, but we should remember the spirit and feelings of the time. The experience of the people for twenty years previous had not been such as to prejudice them very strongly in favor of monarchical institutions, and they were extremely suspicious that any plan for a general government over all the thirteen States was a plan to spring a monarchy upon them. It is said that Hamilton was himself a monarchist, and that he went to Philadelphia, though then but thirty-three years of age, with a government in his pocket, fully worked out, wound up and ready to go into immediate operation. Whether this be really true or not, we certainly owe to Hamilton a debt of gratitude for the earnest, and I can but think effectual, work he did in persuading the people to accept our present Constitution. In the beginning of his essays he tells the people that after careful deliberation he is convinced that it is necessary to their liberty, their dignity, and their happiness, that they should adopt it. His line of argument is just what we should expect.

The necessity of union to political prosperity, the need of a government equally energetic with the one proposed, and the strict conformity of the constitution to the principles of true republican government. If Hamilton ever declared himself in favor of a monarchy rather than a republic, it was not in these essays, though his constant cry is for a vigorous, “energetic” government.

It is to Hamilton, perhaps more than to any other man, that we owe our present clumsy mode of electing a President, and it is said that his first plan was a still more complicated piece of machinery. He not only believed that four years was rather a short term of office, but also that the President should be eligible for re-election as often as the people should think best to elect him. Had he lived in this generation he would have been a firm supporter of the government during the rebellion, and would have stood as firmly by President Grant in his recent action in Louisiana affairs. State's rights were more loudly advocated, and more peculiar rights were claimed for the State then, than ever since. Centralization and despotism were the bugbears, and there was a strong party which advocated the idea that it would be better for the several States to be independent, or at least to form small confederacies. Hamilton was toward one end of the balance, and the anti-federalists toward the other, and we have rea-
son to rejoice that they left us so evenly poised a system.

But it is as Secretary of the Treasury, and by the unparalleled success of his plans and efforts in this office, that Hamilton is best known and remembered. Washington, realizing as he must have realized, the deplorable condition of his country's finances, of course sought for this position a man of the highest financial talent, and one who would be faithful, honest, and energetic; and the prosperity of the country under his administration proves the wisdom of his choice. When Hamilton entered upon the duties of his new office, there was no treasury department, there was in reality no United States treasury,——except an almost endless pile of claims against the government, and not a cent with which to pay them. There was no system of taxation, no revenue, no income of any kind, and scarcely a trace of public credit. From this chaos Hamilton was to bring forth order, from this confusion to produce a system which should not only defray the expenses of the government, but also pay off what then seemed an enormous debt. His work was not to improve upon the example of predecessors, to discover abuses, and claim the honor of reforms, but he was to invent and lay the foundation of a great system.

The principal features of his financial system were: The funding system, the assumption of the State debts incurred in aid of the Revolution, the United States Bank, and protection to American manufactures. In his financial measures he met with much the same opposition as he did in his defence of the Constitution. It was argued against his funding system that it begot and fostered a spirit of speculation. As soon as there was a prospect that the paper currency would be redeemed, there was of course more or less speculation in claims against the government. But how was the Secretary to avoid this? The people of that time were horrified at the idea of paying to a wealthy speculator the full value, with arrears of interest, of a bond which he had purchased of some poor soldier for ten cents or less on a dollar. It was hard for the soldier, but every business man of to-day will say that it was the only thing to be done. If there was any injustice in it, it was one of those unavoidable forms which are met everywhere, in the best of governments. His funding system had some similarity to John Law's great scheme for utilizing the depreciated currency of France, but with this difference, Hamilton was an honest man, while Law was a scoundrel. His assumption plan met with still more violent opposition, and on the first vote in Congress the measure was defeated; but Hamilton would not give up, and finally won over two of the opposition, and thus instituted what is still
one of the leading features of the government. The constitutionality of his United States Bank has always been questioned, and though it passed both houses of Congress, Washington seems to have been in doubt about the measure, but finally decided in favor of the Bank, in spite of the opinions of Jefferson and Randolph, another proof of his confidence in Hamilton.

Though Hamilton's enemies could not deny that he restored the public credit and taught the nation how to pay off its debt, yet they have been base enough to charge him with dishonesty. A falser charge was never made. Honesty stands forth on every page he ever wrote, in every sentence he ever uttered. The burden of proof lies upon those who make such a charge, but it is utterly without foundation. Jefferson charges him with furnishing "pabulum to the stock-jobbing herd," but Hamilton's published correspondence shows that though speculators applied to him for information concerning a rise in the value of the public debt, he plainly told them that it would be improper for him to furnish such information. No official ever had such an opportunity for enriching himself without fear of detection, yet he retired from office a poorer man than when he entered it. In a letter to a friend in Scotland, he made a declaration still too true: "Public office in this country has but few attractions. The pecuniary emolument is so small as to amount to a sacrifice to any man who can employ his time with advantage in any liberal profession."

Talleyrand, who visited this country in 1794, speaking of Hamilton, said: "I have beheld one of the wonders of the world. I have seen a man who made the fortune of a nation, laboring all night to support his family." It is not at all strange that Hamilton should be charged with purposely making his system blind, for what was as clear as the noonday sun to him, was Egyptian darkness to most people. What was to his mathematical mind a clear and simple system, was to many a complicated snarl of duties, "tontines," &c.

Socially, Hamilton is said to have been one of the pleasantest of men, and of all the gay young officers in the Revolution none was more popular than he. He was open-handed, generous-hearted, and died as he lived, a poor man. He can hardly be said to have been egotistical, though he was very self-confident; and what wonder? He had always found himself the peer and often the leader of men his seniors in years and experience. In his plea for an "energetic" government we find the leading element of his character, the grand secret of his success. It was energy.
EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

BIOGRAPHY.

THERE is no subject more interesting to students in general, and none which has received more attention from College papers, than reading. The question, What will be the most interesting and profitable for me to read? is one which comes at some time, with more or less force, to every student. Few ever arrive at any satisfactory decision, and many never really try to decide this question. The majority of us, unless studying some particular subject, have a most indefinite idea of what we are after when entering the library. We stop first, perhaps, before the volumes of history, then drift over to the "fictitious" shelves, then step along to the bound volumes of magazines, and so swing around the room. Well, we do not propose to add a single line to the scores of essays that have been written upon Reading, What to read, How to read, &c., but we wish to call attention to the profit to be gained from biographical reading.

Biography always has been, and still is, to the majority of people, the most interesting of any kind of reading. The books that we find on the tables in most houses are not the writings of such men as DeQuincey, or Herbert Spencer, but they are such as The Life of Washington, of Charles Sumner, of John B. Gough, or General Grant. The novel and the drama are interesting to us on account of the interest we feel in their heroes and heroines. The novel is only the biography of some fictitious character or characters, while the drama is an acted biography. Biographies of great men, if written in an interesting style, do not disappear with the first edition. Plutarch's "Lives," written nearly eighteen hundred years since, has lost none of its interest. It is said to have been the authority of Shakespeare in composing his classical dramas. It was the favorite book of Schiller, Madame Roland, Benjamin Franklin, Napoleon, and many other distinguished men and women.

We need be at no loss to understand why biography is so interesting to us. When we read biography we study man, and "the proper study of mankind is man." Of all things in the world nothing is more interesting to man than man himself. "Man," says Emerson, "can paint, or make, or think nothing but man." The reason that biography is interesting and profitable is that it teaches us what man has done and can do, and thus is a constant source of in-
one of the leading features of the government. The constitutionality of his United States Bank has always been questioned, and though it passed both houses of Congress, Washington seems to have been in doubt about the measure, but finally decided in favor of the Bank, in spite of the opinions of Jefferson and Randolph, another proof of his confidence in Hamilton.

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spiration. What can be more interesting and profitable to a young man of limited means, but high and noble aspirations, than to read the lives of some of the eminent men of the past and of the present day, who have risen by their own exertions from the humblest conditions? The young lawyer, waiting for his first client, will be inspired with fresh courage and patience by reading the lives of such men as Daniel Webster and Rufus Choate. He who, seeking by long and tedious processes to arrive at some desired result, is tempted to give up in despair, should read and remember the patient research and indomitable perseverance of Kepler and Newton. Let him who feels that his theories and discoveries are not appreciated by the world, remember Galileo, and say, if necessary, with Tycho Brahe, "I can wait."

We think that students as a rule read too little biography. Carlyle says, "Not only in the common speech of men, but in all art, too, . . . biography is almost the one thing needful." Nor is it from the lives of great and distinguished men alone that we may derive this profit. Goethe has said that there is no man so commonplace that we may not learn something from him. In choosing subjects for our themes we often shun biography, saying, "That will be too easy; I will take something harder." But would it not be better occasionally to write a biographical sketch, gleaning facts from different authorities, and giving our own thoughts upon the man's career and the lesson to be learned therefrom, than always to choose such subjects as Classical Learning, or The Moral Sublime, and write an essay made up of borrowed sentences so twisted and altered as to lose all their original force and beauty? Yet all biographies are not interesting to all people. The boy, or even the man of little culture, though fascinated by the life of a soldier or an adventurer, could not be expected to be interested in the autobiography of J. S. Mill; but the student should be able to derive profit from either style. A love for biography may imply a tendency toward hero-worship, but is this to be wholly condemned? Dr. Porter says: "We advise that the taste for this description of reading be fostered. Of biographical reading we say — that the man who has no heroes among the truly noble of the earth, must have either a sordid or a conceited spirit." The same author also gives two most excellent rules for the selection of biographies. First, "See that the man whose life you would read had a marked and distinctive character." Second, "See that this character be set forth with truthfulness and skill."

OUR GYMNASIUM.

We are glad to notice that each year sees great improvement in what was so long only a pretence for a
Gymnasium. It is coming to be recognized as a fact in all institutions, not only that culture of the mind alone is one-sided, but also that, with the majority of students, the better developed the physical powers, the healthier and more active will be the brain. Though we still lack an instructor,—a need which we trust will be supplied before many more Commencements roll around,—we can hardly complain of the poor condition of our Gymnasium, especially when we remember the many other improvements so much needed in and about the College.

We all know whom we have to thank for most of the improvements that have ever been made in the Gymnasium, and we think the Professor's remarks in Chapel, a short time since, were perfectly just. It strikes us, too, that the paper recently signed by nearly all the students and sent to the Faculty, read rather queerly, stating that we would do as we all know we ought, if the Faculty will do as we wish them to.

As to the care of the building, it seems to us entirely useless to appoint to the work one of the students, rooming, very likely, on the third floor, in the further end of P. H. No student who has any respect for himself wants to be set over his fellow students to report them to the Faculty for doing damage, nor do we believe it necessary. But it certainly is necessary that there should be something done to keep out a set of little scamps for whose benefit the Gymnasium was not built. One method would be to keep the building locked; at least the upper hall, opening it only at stated times. But as the students are not compelled to use the Gymnasium at all, unless they choose, it is said that it might as well be left to them to choose their own time of exercising; also, that the time chosen might not be convenient for all, and that it would be better for only a few to be in the room at once. Another plan would be to keep the building locked, and provide each student with a key, on receipt of a small tax or deposit, making a rule that any student doing willful damage should be deprived of his right to a key. It is not our purpose to advocate either of these plans. Either of them would do something to secure the desired results, and there are objections to each. Of course we all know that the best plan is to have an instructor and compel each student to pass a certain amount of time under his instruction. But until that happy day shall come, it is foolishness for us to lay back and refuse to make the best possible use of our Gymnasium as it now is.

OUR ADVERTISERS.

We wish to call the attention of our readers, and especially of the students, to our advertisers. At the
Editors' Portfolio.

present low subscription price it is impossible to pay the expenses of
the Student by the amount received from subscribers, so that it is
necessary to secure more or less advertisements. It is for the interest,
then, of the students, to patronize those who patronize the Student,
for as the magazine passes into the hands of the successive classes, they
will want these same advertisements, but men can not be expected to con-
tinue advertising in any publication unless, by so doing, they gain some-
thing in return. When you make a purchase, then, be sure that you are patronizing some one who pat-
ronizes the Student.

For books, stationery, room paper, or anything in that line, call upon
Stevens & Co., or Douglass & Cook. A discount to students at either of
these places.

Bicknell & Neal, Whitney & Row-
ell, and Cobb & Maxfield, are firms which keep a complete assortment
of gents' furnishing goods, ready-
made clothing, and everything to be found in first-class tailoring estab-
ishments. These parties will suit you either as to price or quality.

S. P. Robie, and Wm. W. Lydston,
keep a full line of gents' furnishing
goods, especially of underwear. Mr. Robie is agent for the famous Troy
laundry.

Foss & Murphy have the latest
styles of hats, caps, trunks, and
umbrellas.

O. Davis's hair cutting and shav-
ing rooms on Main street is just the place to get "slicked up."

At the Lewiston dye house, coats, pants, vests, gloves, &c., are dyed,
cleansed, and pressed in a superior manner.

When the boots or shoes that you have bought of F. I. Day, or W. E.
Pressey, begin to wear, carry them to Darling & Lydston, on Main
street, and they will be repaired in first-class style.

E. R. Pierce, jeweler, of Auburn, makes a specialty of the well-known
Paul Breton watches.

Fisk & Clark, apothecaries, keep a choice supply of toilet articles; also a large assortment of foreign
and domestic cigars.

Drs. Goddard & Bigelow have the neatest dental rooms of any in the
city.

Curtis & Crosby have photo-
graphed the Seniors regularly, for
a number of years.

C. Y. Clark, stable keeper, has some of the neatest looking teams in
the city.

Buy your next lot of coal or wood
of Wood & Golder, near Maine Central
depot, or of Hawkes & Mathews, on Lisbon street.

Self-boarders, and stewards of clubs, should patronize Day, Nealey
& Co., and Ballard & Hitchcock.

The neatness and dispatch with which all work is done at the Journal
printing office, are known to all.
OUR EXCHANGES.

Our time has been so fully occupied for the past month, that to many of our exchanges we have not been able give even a hasty reading. A few days of vacation have come at last, and now for a search after profound essays, beautiful poems, and sparkling gems of wit.

The *College Mercury* is a neat looking paper and generally reckoned as one of our best exchanges. The last number is intensely local. Its only literary article, "Two Battle Painters," is very good. The institution represented by the *Mercury*, has met with a great loss in the destruction of one of its halls by fire.

The *Transcript* shows what can be done by co-education and cooperation of the sexes. It is at present showing up the students' need of a gymnasium. We would suggest to the students of O. W. University that it is the duty of the institution, rather than of the students, to establish a gymnasium.

The *Brunonian* is another neat looking journal, and is well managed; but it seems to us that it would be well for the *Brunonian* to enlarge its literary or contributed department, or whatever it chooses to call it, even if it should be necessary to reduce the editorial department. The author of "On Writing Books" concludes that the most profitable to author and publisher are "editions of Latin and Greek classics with notes." What does he think of translations?

A recent number of the *College Argus* discusses the question, "Does it pay to get in debt for an education?" Though we agree with the writer in his final decision of the question, we beg leave to differ when he says, "Few lawyers can command practice, few physicians keep pace with the advance of medical science . . . without a collegiate education." Though we fully believe in the value of a college education, we also believe that for a lawyer to gain practice, what he needs more than a college education is energy, shrewdness, and business tact. And in order for the "physician to keep pace with the advance of medical science," what he needs is a thoroughly scientific education. We wish more of our exchanges had the life of the *Argus*. Its editorial department is always full and fresh, and its literary part never fails to have something interesting to students.

The *College Olio* comes to us under a new board of editors. We wish them the same success that always attended their predecessors. The editors say, "Sometimes we fear it is thought because this is a college paper, therefore it will get along whether we have money or not. Now this is all a mistake." Truth!

The *Alabama University Monthly* has a "Steam-Electro-Literary Machine," which furnishes it such won-
derful stories as "The Sophomore in Love," "Ku-Klux in Petticoats," "Three Fights in a Day," &c. We should judge that the author of "The Emancipation of Woman" had either invented or swallowed some such infernal machine by the way he spouts about the discontent of woman with her foreordained lot.

The Madisonensis says that the fellow who has been writing about his "crazy chum" has been over-mastered by the same. We had supposed it was the other way. It is a relief to us either way.

The Archangel still sounds its little trump from the far West. We are glad to learn that there is a prospect that the April number will be enlarged.

A recent number of the Orient has an article upon "College Prayers" containing many truths applicable to some other institutions besides Bowdoin. The writer charges much of the lack of interest in and respect for the exercises in Chapel to the system of marking. We think there is much truth in the following: "The belief that the present form of conducting prayers is none the less blasphemous, for the monitors are in reality his eyes, acting by his will, to save him time and trouble, and seemingly to change an absurdity." Aren't the editors of the Orient getting a little careless about their editorials? The principal ones in the last two numbers are upon such subjects as cleaning spittoons and snowballing—very appropriate perhaps, but not especially edifying.
ODDS AND ENDS.

READING Shakespeare is still popular.

Who votes for an Inter-Collegiate spell?

A Senior changes his boarding place because he finds that 90° of pie can be lifted by a hair imbedded therein.

A new method of stuffing showed itself Examination Day. The results appeared at the breast rather than the head.

A Senior advises his lean chum to join a Minstrel Troupe and play the bones, saying that he will merely have to shake himself.

Thomas has been suspended. He was caught, with several of his associates, playing bawl in the gymnasium, and refused to sign the pledge.

Junior’s lungs are not quite capacious enough to raise the spirometer to its maximum. Sympathetic Senior—“Fill your mouth, lad, it will hold at least a quart.”

Student—“Is there any instrument by which we could see an object all the time moving along the street in the direction of Mr. J——’s?” Prof.—“I don’t think of any excepting the mind and eye.”

A Junior tarried here a week at the close of last term, because he lacked ten cents to pay his fare home. He was, however, enabled to visit the paternal mansion by the disposal of his favorite pen-knife and a fine-tooth comb.

Whittaker went “from the hole to the factory, from the factory to the grog-shop, from the grog-shop to the hole.” We remember some fellows that went from their rooms to the basement, from the basement to the hole, from the hole to the northwest recitation room.

We learn that Daniel Pratt, the Great American Traveler, is engaged on a stupendous literary work, the manuscript of which already measures five hundred feet in a straight line, upon the centrifugal pacification of consanguineous nations. Change the feet to miles, Daniel, and remain at the further end.

Scene, Museum. A new student looking at a skeleton. Student—“Say, professor, who was this fellow when alive?” Prof.—“My good fellow, he was a Theological student, who attempted to board himself on twenty-five cents a week, and the sequel is the unhappy spectacle before you.”—Ex.
As lovers do on withered flowers.
Somebody please estimate the probable cost.

"Men scorn to kiss among themselves,
And scarce would kiss a brother;
But women want to kiss so bad,
They kiss and kiss each other."
—Olio.

An Auburn paper says they are going to put up, in that city, an addition to their Seminary, "to accommodate eighty-six students two hundred feet long."—Era.

Moral Philosophy. Prof. — "Do calves have natural appetites?" Student (who goes by the euphonious appellation of "Sheep")—"Don't know, sir; can tell you more about sheep."—Olio.

Mr. Longfellow, the poet, has so many visitors at his Cambridge home, that the horse cars always stop before the door, and the conductors shout "Longfeller's!"—Press.

A subscriber to a paper died a few years ago, leaving four years' subscription unpaid. The editor appeared at the grave when the lid was being screwed down the last time, and put in the coffin a palm-leaf fan, a linen coat, and a thermometer which is used in warm climates.—College Herald.

Prof.—"You have, perhaps, observed that when a severe rain storm suddenly abates at night, the moon casts a greenish reflection, and positions itself under the polar star." Students (hurriedly and in chorus) —"Yes, sir! Oh, yes! Certainly." Prof. (laughing)—"What?" A painful pause. Cheekiest student of the class repeats: "Yes, sir." Prof.—"Gentlemen, you have seen a phenomenon which, until now, was unheard of."—Index.

Student—"Hey! mister! which way do you take to go to the bay?" Laborer (after gazing at the party as if doubtful of their sincerity)—"Any way you jist please." Student—"Now see here, my gentle friend, non combatibus pro bono publico, calico dis gustit polly wog bull frog tintinnabulum. Dico te hodus stans in tecto domus praeter-eunti maledixit lupo cui ille respondit ergo dicite mihi, or perish manfully in the attempt." Laborer (respectfully)—"First road to the left."
COLLEGE ITEMS.

THE spring recess has been appreciated by those who had "making up" to do.

The Reading Room Committee have attended to the matter of a new carpet.

Base Ball men occasionally give vent to their enthusiasm on the hither side of Parnassus alias David.

Our gymnasium is receiving quite an addition to its apparatus. Let us look to our own interest by using it properly.

We understand that the Prize Declamation of the Sophomores will take place some time during the Summer Term.

The Senior class at Williams came within one vote of omitting Class Day exercises on account of unnecessary expense.

The proceeds of the late spelling match at Brown amounted to $789.04, of which $444.52 was paid to the Treasurer of the University Boat Club.

The Seniors have secured the services of Miss Annie Louise Cary as vocalist for Commencement Concert. Brown's Band, of Boston, will furnish the instrumental music. In addition to these, probably some other talent will be engaged. The concert will be one of the best ever given here.

Bowdoin is to have a regatta of its own next Commencement.

The Oxford crew were victorious in the late English University boat race.

Princeton has finished an alcove in the library for the literary productions of her Alumni.

The new Trinity College building will be the grandest of all college buildings in the country. It will be completed in 1877.

E. H. Capen has been nominated for the Presidency of Tufts College. He is thirty-three years old, and graduated at Tufts in the class of '60.

Every student at the Washington and Lee University is required to sign a pledge that he has neither given nor received assistance during an examination.

It is rumored that the resignation of President Chamberlain will be presented and accepted at the next meeting of the Board of Overseers of Bowdoin College. Prof. Young is named as his possible successor.
PERSONALS.

'70.—Everett A. Nash, Esq., is acting as deputy city clerk during the illness of Mr. Tobie. Mr. Nash is also the Recorder for the Municipal Court, which occupies but a portion of his time. He is a young man of good legal acquirements, and systematic and orderly in his business habits, and his administration of the affairs of his office have been quite satisfactory to the public.—Gazette.

Since clipping the above, Mr. Nash has been elected city clerk.

'73.—F. Hutchinson is studying law in the office of his brother, L. H. Hutchinson, of this city.

'73.—L. R. White is studying medicine with O. A. Horr, M. D., in this city.

'74.—A. O. Moulton is in town, and occasionally puts in an appearance at the College.

'76.—A. W. Ayer, formerly of the present Junior Class, is teaching at Wolfboro, N. H.

[Space will be given every month to the record of one or more of the alumni, in the form of the following. Graduates will greatly oblige by forwarding the necessary material.—Eos.]

CLASS OF 1870.

RICH, WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING
—Bn. in Standish, Me., Apr. 12, 1843. Son of William and Hannah Rich.
Fitted for College at Nichols Latin School, Lewiston, Me.
1870-75, Teacher of Ancient Languages at New Hampton Institution, New Hampton, N. H.
Married Nov. 8, 1871, to Miss Annie L. Davis, of East Poland, Me.
Post-office address, New Hampton, N. H.

JORDAN, LYMAN GRANVILLE.—Bn. in Otisfield, Maine. Son of David and Thankful Jordan.
1868, Principal of Maine Central Institute, at Pittsfield, Me.
1870-74, Principal of Nichols Latin School, Lewiston, Me.
1874, Elected Principal of Lewiston High School.
Married Dec. 24, 1871, to Miss Hattie T. Knowlton, of South Montville, Me.
Post-office address, Lewiston, Me.
BATES COLLEGE.

FACULTY OF INSTRUCTION AND GOVERNMENT.

REV. OREN B. CHENEY, D.D.,
President.

REV. JOHN FULLONTON, D.D.,
Prof. of Ecclesiastical History and Pastoral Theology.

JONATHAN Y. STANTON, A.M.,
Professor of Greek and Latin Languages.

REV. BENJAMIN F. HAYES, D.D.,
Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy.

RICHARD C. STANLEY, A.M.,
Professor of Chemistry and Geology.

THOMAS L. ANGELL, A.M.,
Professor of Modern Languages.

REV. JAMES ALBERT HOWE, A.M.,
Professor of Systematic Theology.

GEORGE C. CHASE, A.M.,
Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature.

THOMAS HILL RICH, A.M.,
Professor of Hebrew.

REV. CHARLES H. MALCOM, D.D.,
Lecturer on History.

CLARENCE A. BICKFORD, A.B.,
Instructor.

FRANK W. COBB, A.B.,
Tutor.

EDMUND R. ANGELL,
Tutor.

CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.

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

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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 dismissal 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.

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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.

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