

1404

The ✧ College ✧ Portfolio.

VOL. 1

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NO. 1.

Talking Over School Days.

BY ETTA M. DUMAS.

Do you remember, Maud, the days we went to school together?

Merrily trudging, night and morn, thro' fair or stormy weather;

Determined that whate'er the day we never would be tardy,

Perhaps our "roughing it" while young's what makes us now so hardy.

I don't know when, until to-night, I've thought of those school hours;

But seeing you, revives old times as dew revives the flowers;

And those school days come trooping back so real before my sight,

That I, in fancy, live again with you at school to-night.

Those old school-mates! I seem to see their smiles, and hear the voice

Which more than any other, made your maiden heart rejoice!

Our favorite spot, the quiet nook we chose wherein to play,

I see, and scarce can realize the years you've been away.

Well, Maud, there are many changes 'mong the friends you used to know;

The graves of some have felt the chill of twenty winters' snow.

Those who remain, begin to bend beneath weight of Time;

There are streaks of silver in your hair, there's no brown left in mine.

ay Harry Ward, the merriest lad in all that merry school,
whose only aim was pleasure, and who never kept a rule

If he saw a way to avoid it—you'll think it scarce can be—
Has settled down, and has become a sober, staid D. D.

And our dear old Professor, Maud, the kindest of men;

As genial and light-hearted as a little boy of ten;

He entered into children's sports with such a boyish zest,

He won the children's hearts and gave his mind and body rest.

You remember how he whipped you, Maud, upon your tenth birthday;

He gave you just one little stroke, then flung his whip away.

You said it wanted nine more strokes to make your age—and then

How gravely he reminded you that one and nought make ten.

The day that knows no twilight has been his for many years;

The reward of righteous living, the life that knows no tears.

We whom he knew as children, and taught with tender care,

E're many years have passed away I trust, will meet him there.

While sitting here to-night, Maud, and talking e'er the past,

Those days seem only yesterday, the years slip by so fast;

But children, such as I was once, come lovingly to me,
And with lisping tongues, say "Grandma," and climb upon my knee.

Time flies more swiftly every year, it cannot now be long

E're we shall join those gone before, in their thanksgiving song.

Then let us pray while yet we may, that all may be forgiven,—

That all our school may meet again, a merry band in Heaven.

For the College Portfolio.

1787—1887.

As the twilight shades were just beginning to gather on a glorious evening in the month of October, an elegant barouche drove to the Potomac bridge connecting Washington with the "Old Dominion," and drew up before the strongly-built parapet; whence alighted a handsome, elegantly-dressed lady, who, telling the coachman to drive the horses on for exercise, paced slowly up and down the bridge, gazing at the splendors of the setting sun, whose last rays cast a halo over the scene presented to her enraptured gaze, and gilded the sails of the pleasure boats which glided like white winged birds on the bosom of the river at her feet. The delicious evening air with its enchanting breath swept lightly from the opposite shore, and cast its dreamy spell o'er her meditative thoughts. Presently a female figure approaches from the opposite side of the bridge with bewildered gaze and uncertain footsteps. She also is a handsome woman, yet in her prime, but attired in the style of an hundred years ago. As she drew near, making an old-fashioned curtsy, said:

"Madam, would you kindly direct me to the residence of the first lady of the land? The city is strange to me now, but I cannot return until I have my desire satisfied."

"If that is all you need not proceed one step further, my good woman," replied the lady, "for the one whom you seek is now before you. I am Mrs. Cleveland."

"Is it possible," said she "that I have the honor of addressing my distinguished successor, the present mistress of the White House? Why, I thought that in this age of modern improvements, when cranks and assassins are stalking abroad in the land, seeking whom they may destroy, that a lady in your position would never venture out of your glass case at home unless under cover of some bullet-proof conveyance, carefully guarded."

"I never thought of the necessity of such protection before," said Mrs. Cleveland, eyeing her suspiciously, "but the strangeness of your manner makes me feel that perhaps they are needful. Please explain yourself, madam, and tell me what you wish."

"Don't imagine me to be a 19th century crank, Mrs. Cleveland," said she, smiling; "I

have filled the same position (though assuredly not so gracefully) which you now occupy. I am Martha Washington."

"Pardon me, my dear lady, for so mistaking your identity," said Mrs. Cleveland, "but I had no more means of recognizing the first mistress of the White House than you had the last. What brings you here, yet in your youth, when your time of life and all things pertaining to the 18th century have passed away."

"It is not necessary to explain that. It is sufficient that I am permitted to return and learn of the progress and improvements of these times. Many inexplicable things have struck my looks already, concerning which you can probably give me information."

"I will be delighted to do so," said Mrs. Cleveland, "and you can tell me of many interesting events that occurred during your administration, for, I presume, your husband being President, you were the power behind the throne."

"From what I hear of the will of the women of to-day we are certainly behind the times; but I generally let George have his own way, for if I did not let him he had it anyway."

"What awful management! I just ought to have taken him in hand. I would soon have taught him exactly what he should do."

"I agree with you, Mrs. Cleveland, in time of peace is a very good time to rule your husband, but in war times it is sufficient to have war outside of the house, without having pitched battles within; besides, I am afraid if George had taken my advice he would have hid under the bed, and never stirred out to immortalize his name and become the Father of his Country."

"Well, perhaps you are right, but I think a country should always be prepared for war, so I spend my spare time in teaching Grover how to fight."

"Is Mr Cleveland a good soldier? Does he understand the minutiae of warfare?"

"I think he understands how to run, but I'm afraid he is a little—a little—too heavy, and that the enemy would catch him before he escaped, but he looks mighty brave."

"I like one of your modern improvements," said Mrs. Washington, pointing to the telegraph wires; "you have the clothes lines put high out of the way, so people cannot run into them. I never will forget how my George ran

into the grapevine stretched in our yard one night, when he was returning from a surveying expedition, and was thrown flat on his back, nearly dislocating his neck; ever since then I have advocated high lines; but I don't see how the poor women can get up to the lines to hang the clothes unless they have ladders. How do they manage it?"

"They are not clothes lines, but telegraph wires."

"What on earth are they?"

"Telegraphy is a modern invention by which a message can be sent to any part of the world by electricity."

"Ah! I cannot understand that, but it must be mighty convenient to know when a war is ended and peace restored. In the war of 1812 a knowledge of the treaty signed at Ghent proclaiming peace between England and U. S. did not reach America until a month afterward."

"There has been another invention made, equally as important as the telegraph—that is the telephone. By it a person at a great distance can talk to another, and plainly distinguish the tones of voice."

"That certainly is wonderful. Indeed, it must be a blessing to live in such an enlightened age, but there are some things that strike me unfavorably."

"For instance, what?"

"I dislike to be personal, but since you ask I don't like your dress, especially the back of it. What is the use of that senseless projection?"

"The same use, Madam, as your great hoop skirt and the starched ruff you delight your vanity by wearing, even when every turn of the head abrades the skin of the neck; you would not live out of the fashion of your own age, any more than I out of mine."

"If fashion sanctions such monstrosities as you decorate yourself with I would never want to see the generation of the next century."

"Probably by that time the styles of 1787 will be in vogue, and excite still greater admiration and envy than those of to-day."

"I am sure they will be much more sensible."

"No doubt of it, in your estimation at least. Even now the collars of our would-be dudes—"little tycoons," as they are called—are fast approaching the height and stiffness and general uncomfortableness of George Washington's neck gear."

"Gracious! what is that coming?" said Mrs. Washington, pointing down the river; "what a horrible monster. See how it puffs and blows; is it alive? or—here the whistle blew—"mercy, how it shrieks! That is frightful!"

"Don't be alarmed, that is but a steamboat. Steam is utilized now as one of the greatest known powers; it is used in propelling all kinds of machinery, and by applying steam to ships the trip across the Atlantic is made in seven days; formerly it took a month."

"It must be a tremendous force and very useful, and during colonial days steamboats would have been the best things in the world just to frighten the savages to death instead of shooting them, but I would not put my foot upon one of them for all the world, as I would have been the first victim to the fright."

"Oh, no; you would soon get accustomed to them."

Presently a bicycle club approached silently, like specters on their wheels, and glided swiftly by them.

"Another new mode of locomotion, Mrs. Washington," said Mrs. C.; "how do you like that?"

"Well, were they men? I have read accounts of mythological beings, half man and half beast, and I thought if they were not ghosts they were an improved kind of man born on wheels."

"But the best means of transportation you are yet to see," said Mrs. Cleveland, taking out her watch. "Yes, it is time for it now." At that instant there was heard a dull rumble, growing louder and louder, and approaching nearer and nearer; then a long, terrific shriek, and with a terrible roar, clash and clatter the southern express dashed by. Neither was prepared for the shock. Mrs. Cleveland had no idea of the awful effect it would have on her friend's nerves, and poor Martha Washington, with a loud scream of fright, fell in a trembling heap at her companion's feet. On recovering from the faint she exclaimed:

"I will never have fear of Satan after this. He, with all his legions of imps, could not be more terrific than that shrieking fiend. I hope you don't call that a modern *improvement*?"

"That is one of our greatest," replied Mrs. Cleveland.

"What is it?"

"A steam locomotive drawing passenger coaches. It travels at a rate of near a mile a minute, and has been introduced into all nations as one of the greatest products of an inventor's genius."

"I am so glad there were no such geniuses in my time. See how dark it is growing; it will soon be candlelight and I must return, for I would not cross this bridge again in the dark for all the world."

"Wait a moment and there will be no necessity."

Immediately the groups of electric lights flared up and turned the gathering gloom of twilight into the brilliant glare of noonday. Mrs. Washington, dazzled by the sudden blaze of light, said:

"Certainly you are attaining the perfection of art. It seems impossible to me that all these wonder's should be the result of man's creative powers, but must be wrought by the hand Divine."

"It does seem wonderful to those unaccustomed to such things, I have no doubt, but it would be still more wonderful for the minds of men instilled with ambitious thoughts and progressive ideas to remain at a standstill for the past hundred years. This wonderful progress is just the work of God's great plan in creating a people in His image, to glorify by their handiwork their Omnipotent Father."

"You are right; there is no room in to-day's affairs for the thoughts and opinions of a hundred years ago. Farewell, my kind lady. I have learned many things, but this stands pre-eminently before my mind—"old things have passed away." Farewell. L. L. H.

The Gymnasium.

Not too much study, but to little exercise, makes the student pale-faced. Not too much exertion of mind, but too much inactivity of body, gives the stooping shoulder and the hollow eye.

The student needs a gymnasium, and the students of Western Maryland can at length boast of one. It is a bright, sunny room, occupying the uppermost floor of the new section of Ward Hall. Not extensive, it is true, but amply sufficient for present demands, and supplied with the necessary apparatus for the accomplishment of the two great purposes of a gymnasium—the symmetrical and complete

development of the body and the preservation of a healthy habitation for a healthy mind.

Gymnastics does not mean for you as it did for the Greek, a strife for the laurels of the Olympic games; or as it did for the Romans, a preparation for pugilism and gladiatorial combats; or as it does to some in modern times, the performance of dangerous and purely sensational feats, which have nothing to recommend them but the peril to life and limb of the performer. But it means the development of the parts of the body, and of such vital force as gives robust health, flexibility, grace and rapidity to muscular action; it means the acquisition of that bodily stamina, material hardihood and power of enduring fatigue which those who have grown up in student life, and intend the avocations to which it leads, so often lack.

The apparatus is of two kinds, that for gymnastics proper and that for calisthenics. In the former set, which is used for individual practice, may be found such pieces as are common to all gymnasia—the bridge ladder, vaulting horse, horizontal and breast bars, chest weight, &c., while the latter set consists of clubs, dumb bells and wands. These last are used exclusively for the daily class instruction and daily class practice, as they possess so many advantages for that purpose. In the gymnastic apparatus a piece is required for almost every set of muscles, and then the movements are slow, simple and unattractive, but either the clubs, bells or wands bring at once the muscles of every part, the longitudinal, the transverse, the oblique, the large, the small, into immediate use, and by the scores of attitudes and postures, varied evolutions and contortions, they require, they develop skill, accuracy and presence of mind, while they lead to "the beautiful strength" the word calisthenics implies.

These exercises are so attractive that the mind is always in full sympathy with the body in participating in them, thus overcoming in a great measure the natural disinclination on the part of some to physical exertion. These exercises, too, so easily fall into systems which adds interest; they have the indefinable charm of a number of persons, all doing the same thing at the same time; they are carried out with that exactness that gives all the advantages of infantry drill; and best of all, they so easily lend themselves to music, and well has

it been said that "twice as much muscle may be coaxed out under the delightful stimulus of music as without it." A fife and drum makes excellent music for the practice of the young men, while the piano suits the young ladies better.

And it must be said here that while the young ladies have not as yet a gymnasium, they have their calisthenic apparatus, and indeed were instructed in its use some time in advance of the boys. They have already won the praise of the public by their exhibitions, but the boys, too, mean to show the public, in June next, what they can do. DIRECTOR.

Chapel Exercises.

Friday afternoon, January 7, was the regular time for a lecture, and Junior themes. Owing to the recent Christmas holidays, one only of those appointed to prepare themes responded, and she was excused from reading her paper. Dr. Ward delivered a very interesting and instructive lecture, on "The Importance of Exercise in Relation to Mental and Physical Improvement." This lecture was prepared for November 7, but Dr. Ward being called way from college at that time, it was delayed till the above date. In opening the Doctor said that he had addressed the students not less than five hundred times. His lecture was listened to with ever increasing interest, and was filled with good and kind advice. We are always glad to hear our well-beloved and highly honored ex-President, and hope that he may be spared to address the students many more times.

On Friday, Jan. 14, we were favored with a musical recital, under the direction of Prof. Rinehart. A goodly number of visitors were present, and together with the students, comfortably filled the room. The program was as follows:

Il Trovatore.....	Sidney Smith.
	Miss Whittington.
Rondo Capriccioso.....	Mendelssohn.
	Prof. T. F. Rinehart.
Marguerite so Fair.....	Macfarlane.
	Miss G. E. Franklin.
First Bolero Brilliant.....	Leybach.
	Miss S. E. Wilmer.
Roma.....	Campana.
	Mrs. A. J. Carnes.
	Miss S. N. Abbott.

Prestissimo from Op. 2, No. 1.....Beethoven.
Prof. T. F. Rinehart.

All the participants rendered their parts well. The vocal duet, by Mrs. Carnes and Miss Abbott, and two instrumental solos by Prof. Rinehart, were especially appreciated.

The Friday afternoon exercise for Jan. 21 was devoted to the Senior Class. Miss H. E. Dodd opened the exercises by reading an essay entitled, "Well Directed Effort;" Mr. Dent Downing then delivered an oration on the subject, "Unknown Heroes;" an essay was next read by Miss E. C. Handy, the subject of which was, "Earth's Battle Field;" at this point in the program Miss J. Wilson and Miss Minnie Stevens favored the audience with an instrumental duet. "The Silent Foot" was the subject of an essay read by Miss Georgia Harlan; Mr. Slifer then delivered an oration on the subject, "Lawyers;" the exercises were closed by Miss Hill who read an essay on, "The Land of the Mikado." Miss Hodges had prepared an essay for this exercise, but was prevented from reading it by sickness. These exercises increase in interest each month, and the regulation requiring orations and essays to be limited in time, is a great improvement.

The chapel exercises on Friday afternoon, January 28th, consisted of readings and recitations by some of the ladies and gentlemen of the Sophomore and Freshman classes. The exercises opened with a recitation called "Burial of Sir John Moore" by Mr. Feeser. Miss Fisher then read "We've all our Angel Side." This was followed by "The Seminole's Reply," recited by Mr. Harper. Miss M. T. Hirata, the young lady from Japan, then read a selection from Shakespeare entitled "Portia's Speech." This was the first time Miss Hirata had read before the public of America, and we congratulate her on her success. Mr. Keller recited "The Happiest Land." "The Coquette," read by Miss Hyde, was followed by an instrumental duet by Misses Beeks and Whittington. "Death of Napoleon" was delivered by Mr. Mace, after which Miss Mather read "Jack Horner." The exercises closed with selections from "School for Scandal." Mr. Hill and Miss Grove personated "Sir Peter and Lady Teasle at a Family Quarrel," and Mr. Lease and Miss Jones gave "Sir Peter and Lady Teasle Reconciled." The exercises showed that the participants had studied their parts well, and were much enjoyed by all.

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EDITORIALS.

To begin is ever hard. There is a certain dread attached to the beginning of every project. The scholar hesitates to undertake the great problems of his profession; the engineer looks almost with despair upon the dashing current to be bridged. Often, however, the beginning of the task proves the dread unnecessary, so may it be with us in this new enterprise.

With this, the first issue of the COLLEGE PORTFOLIO, the societies publishing it enter upon an entirely new field of labor. Bacon tells us that all our knowledge is founded upon experience; if so, the present staff is very ignorant of the duties that devolve upon it. Never before has a member of it been connected with any publication—not even has the ancestry of any of its members been so connected. Thus it is plain that experience, the fountain head of knowledge, is wanting.

However, do not deem it presumption for

our paper to appear under such circumstances, for a beginning had to be made, and inexperienced persons were called forward to do their best. We trust that we may become wiser as we grow older and that each succeeding issue of the COLLEGE PORTFOLIO may be of increased interest and merit. It shall ever be our endeavor to follow the maxim "non fumum ex fulgore sed ex fumo dare lucem." We shall labor to succeed. If we fail we are determined it shall not be due to a lack of exertion; if we succeed, so much the greater will be our credit.

We feel, however, that we cannot succeed by our own exertions alone—no matter how great they may be. We must have the cooperation of our alumni and friends. A college paper is not one to be patronized by the masses; and this is possibly the greatest inconvenience to its financial success. If it carries out the true aim of such a journal, it can be of no great interest to any except alumni, students and their friends and friends of the College. In this newspaper era there are many publications more interesting and instructive to the people at large than college papers. At best it can only be a sheet of "spicy" locals, of alumni notes, of college news and articles by the professors or students. These interest principally those who know of the College. So we must look for our support to ourselves, our friends and our alumni. The students will do their part, still they cannot maintain the paper. We therefore earnestly request our alumni to give us that support which can come only from them.

Many of our students of recent years have this paper fresh in their minds; they have discussed the practicability of publishing it and have probably sowed the very seeds, which now sprout into its being. You know the obstacles that hindered then, those same obstacles remain, and we ask you to help us remove them. We

promise to do our best to furnish you with matters of interest and only ask in return your patronage. To you we look for a great many of our subscribers and from you they *must* come. Nor is this all; with little or no labor you can furnish us with a vast deal of pleasant information. Every alumnus wants to know what his classmates and schoolmates are doing, whether they are married or not, whether dead or not, what sermons and legal opinions the smart ones have delivered and how lives the poor fellow who used to stumble so in his Greek. All these matters interest your friends. The columns of our paper will always be open to you and we will heartily welcome your contributions. Hoping for the sympathy and co-operation of our former students and friends and the leniency of our critics, we launch this venture, freighted with college news, upon the broad sea of literary life. It is with feelings of mingled pride, pleasure and pain that we consign to the world and its harsh critics the first number of volume one of the COLLEGE PORTFOLIA. We tumble for its fate and hope for its success.

The societies represented by the COLLEGE PORTFOLIO have for some time felt the need of such an institution, and for some time have been discussing the arrangements preliminary to the publication of a paper. We have concluded that the literary gain of the members of the several societies overbalances the risk they incur. It was our prime purpose to have the COLLEGE PORTFOLIO a representative not only of the three societies of the College, as it now is, but of all the four societies. We still think, that such a union would be desirable, our College could more creditably support one paper than two. But circumstances rendered this impossible. The Irving Literary Society already have a paper which they feel unwilling to give up. It is natural that they should be attached to the organ, that they have fostered from birth and should

be loth to lay it aside to join a new enterprise. The most we can say is we regret this, we can not blame them for these feelings, and, not to detract from our own prosperity, we wish them great success.

THE COLLEGE PORTFOLIO proposes to be a monthly magazine, devoted to the interests of our College and the societies that publish it. We hope to make it a portfolio, in the literal sense of the word, for all literary articles of the College. Its local columns shall not be made the weapons with which the editors may do the students wrong. On the editorial pages you will find our views of the several subjects there treated. We hope to be conservative in all things and feel that nothing immoral or improper may ever gain utterance through our paper. It is useless however to state this, as all the matter will be referred directly to a member of the faculty before publication, so it is not likely that anything wrong will appear in its columns.

It is the aim of the societies to publish the magazine about the 25th of the month and we shall make every effort to do so. The columns of our paper are open for all students and friends and we cordially invite all to give us some production. We hope that the students may contribute liberally and thus reap for themselves the full advantages of our paper. The press of the present day is the medium, by which men talk to the world. Nothing can be more beneficial to the student than free access to some part of it. The members of the staff are bound to keep secret the productions you offer, unless published and then it is according to your option whether your name be affixed or not.

As we intend to make the COLLEGE PORTFOLIO a permanent institution, we cordially invite the college papers to exchange with us. We are entirely fresh in publishing a paper, but we believe that a good exchange file is one of the main requisites of every well-apportioned newspaper office. We hope to receive many

ideas as to the best manner of managing a college paper from publications of that sort. We cannot promise to offer much in return, but such ideas as we may develop, we willingly give. We desire your encouragement and your criticisms, from which we expect to reap many benefits. If we always receive the cordiality with which we shall welcome you to our humble abode, we shall be more than satisfied. Trusting that we may obtain such sympathy as always cheers, and that we may have your good wishes, we look ahead to the crown of success, and determine to march steadily onward until we obtain it.

The interest that is felt in our paper by some of our old members is manifested by the following offer: Mr. J. A. Weigand, of Pittsville, Md., one of the charter members of the Webster Literary Society, offers a medal to the author of the best essay published in the COLLEGE PORTFOLIO on the subject "The Best Method of Promoting the Temperance Cause." This medal is to be given along with the other prizes and awards at Commencement. Only members of the societies publishing the COLLEGE PORTFOLIO will be allowed to compete. These essays must consist of not less than nine hundred and not more than twelve hundred words, and must be submitted to the staff not later than March 15th, prox. The decision will be made in the following manner: of all the essays written the judge chosen will select five of the best; all of these five will be published, and the best one will win the prize. We sincerely thank Mr. Weigand for his good wishes and encouragement, and hope he may be pleased with the efforts to win his medal.

We are sorry that we were delayed about a week in this, our first issue. The regular time for publication would have been about the 27th ult., but circumstances naturally attending the beginning of a publication, such

as disappointments in getting type, delays in some arrangements, indecision about forms, &c., have delayed us a short time. We will always try to be on time hereafter.

Parlor Night.

The most important feature of parlor night under the regime of the new President, is the speculation which is caused before the eventful occasion by the mysterious announcement concerning the plan on which it shall be conducted. This time it was neither the "new way" nor the "old way," but a "different way." When the students were requested to hand their cards to the President, they were sure it was a game of lottery and the turn of the Wheel of Fortune would decide the fate of each lady and gentleman for the evening. But, no, it resembled more a large express office. Each lady carefully ticketed and labelled awaited the possessor of the card on which her name was written to come and claim property and remove it to the upper reception room, where an "American Tea" was served. After this a test of the ability of the two sides of the house was made in a charade which separated the ladies and gentlemen only to reunite them after the game. While the ladies were quicker to guess the words, yet there was a fine display of dramatic talent in the gentlemen's acting. The next two hours were spent very pleasantly, and while the night sped rapidly away many of the young ladies could not complain of darkness as *Dry* was ever present. This being the first parlor night after Christmas, it may be considered as a general reunion. Dr. Lewis is to be thanked for his efforts to make these occasions as interesting as possible.

A chest expander was last week placed in the ladies' parlor. It is equal in itself to a whole gymnasium. It is desirable that the students' eagerness to use it shall continue unabated.

For the College Portfolio.

College Men in Journalism.

Horace Greely seldom employed a college man on his newspaper. The fact that a young man graduated from a college was a strong point against his acceptability as a practical writer. Greely was a self-made man and like many self-made men he believed that the conditions governing his success should be made to fit everybody else's case. Of course this was all wrong. Because thirty years ago the Westminster people travelled to Baltimore in wagons is no reason why their children should not use the Western Maryland railroad to-day. Because many of our successful men travelled the ox-cart route of self education is no reason why we should refuse to take advantage of the college express train.

Greely's times and our times differ radically. His was an era of journalists; this is an era of journalism.

Let me explain:

There is a certain analogy between the development of schools and colleges and the development of newspapers. There was a time not very long ago when the school teacher was an autocrat. Discipline, methods, curricula, and all the rules and features of school work were laid down and regulated by his say-so.

He was the school or college just as Louis XIV was the State.

All that has passed away. The successful educational institution of to-day is the whim of no one man; it is the product of many men. Of course there is a president or a head, and much of the success may be—and generally is—due to his leadership and management, but the credit belongs not to one man alone but also to those who work with him and without whose ability, energy and co-operation he could no more make a successful college than a brigadier general could make an army.

So it is in journalism. The newspaper of to-day is not a one-man affair. It must be complete in all its departments. It must have intelligent reliable men to look out for and serve its interests, and the better educated these men are the better will it be for the paper.

There is a splendid field in journalism for

college men, and this field will grow larger as the world gets older. Once journalism was distinct from literature. Now it is absorbing it. The leading writers of the world are contributing to newspapers and they are getting better paid than they ever were in books or in the magazines. At no time in the world's history have brains been better appreciated in a financial way than they are at present, and every year they are being more valuable. Then too, newspaper work has changed wonderfully. Bohemianism is a reminiscence only and there is to-day as much practical temperance in newspaperdom as there is in any profession or avocation, the ministry, of course, excepted.

The advantages of a newspaper experience are most useful. It brings a man in contact with the leaders in thought and politics and business and gives him a general insight into the movements and issues of the day. It broadens his views and his mind even if it does sometimes loosen his faith to such an extent that he cannot always believe a thing because it is put in a party platform. It gives him facilities, too, for advancement.

Journalism is a thorough democracy.

The best man wins whether he be self-made or college bred. His work shows what he can do. He cannot dawdle through a term and then cram for the examination. The paper, like the unmerciful recording angel that it is, shows his standing every day.

Much has been written about a chair of journalism as a feature of the college course. It is useless to talk of such a thing. You cannot make a newspaper man by recitation books any more than you can make a novelist or a poet. The successful newspaper man is built that way. He is in love with his labor, and he adds to his fitness an unremitting zeal that knows no such word as fail.

The best newspaper writer is he who expresses the most ideas in the strongest way and in the fewest words.

There is a tendency among many students to pick out the polysyllables and cover up all thought in a mass of tiresome verbiage. This is not only an evil; it is a positive sin. Don't do it. Use the little words and the simple words. They are the strongest and the best. Write your own thoughts. Don't take those of others because you think they are better. They are not. Then, express and describe

things in your own way. Naturalness is the great element of all good writing, and verbosity is to literature what a big bustle is to fashion—an exaggeration and a deformity.

The successful newspaper men write plain vigorous English. They state facts so that the facts stand out more prominently than the words in which they are set. Some people call this sensationalism and some people think that such sensationalism is falsehood. There is nothing so sensational in this world as truth, and the journalist who always tells the truth is often looked upon as a fictionist.

Journalism offers constantly expanding opportunities for bright young men—men of brain power, of energy, of good common sense, of temperate habits and of a plenty of backbone and self respect. If they enter newspaper work they will be paid for good services. If they don't like the calling they can leave it with a useful experience and fulfill the words of the witty Frenchman who said, "Journalism leads anywhere—just so you leave it in time."

And in conclusion these words apply to women as well as to men, for women have their place in journalism as well as those who in the abundance of their modesty have called themselves the stronger and nobler sex.

LYNN R. MEEKINS.

Westminster Reading Circle.

Some of our enterprising young men of the college and seminary have, in coalition with several ladies of Westminster, formed a literary society known as the Westminster Reading Circle. The society meets at some one of the lady member's residences on the second and fourth Wednesday nights of each month; and the literary programme of each meeting is restricted to selections from some special author, named two weeks previous. We are glad to hear of such a society, for besides the literary improvement that its members derive from it, it also brings them into closer connection with the people of Westminster, with whom, strange to say, college students have always had a very limited acquaintance.

You may take the greatest trouble, and by turning it around find joys on the other side.

Concentration of Consciousness.

FIRST PRIZE ESSAY, WRITTEN BY

PAUL COMBS, JUNE, 1886.

We stand before the mighty Corliss engine. The huge fly-wheel revolves with the exactness and precision of the planets of our solar system, communicating its motion to the numerous spindles and levers and looms, which work as if guided by human intelligence. Every crank turns to its appointed place, every click is in its time. The whole is like one vast living organism, every member of which performs its separate duty with great harmony. We are struck with warm admiration for the monster machine; we thrill with enthusiasm as we view its perfect movements. We look at the charts and diagrams of its many parts and the more we study its machinery, the more deeply are we impressed with its power and beauty. But there is one thing more admirable than all the complicated movements of this vast engine, more magnificent than any engine that may ever be made by human hands, it is the mind of the inventor. We must lay aside the dividers and rules of the draftsman, the charts and tables of the mechanic and study the mind of the maker, for Pope tells us that,

"The proper study of mankind is man."

The human mind is the most wonderful creation of nature, it is God's noblest handiwork. Man's form is beautiful, his frame is admirable. When we reflect that the heart in his body must continually throb by its own vital force, that but one instant of cessation and we are no more; that the blood of his arteries is separated from the external air by the very thin tissue of the lungs; that one touch upon the ganglia of his involuntary nervous system means instant death, we are compelled to exclaim with the psalmist of old, that he is "wonderfully and fearfully made." Still in all its perfections the body is the slave

of the mind, to do its errands and obey its commands: it is the link that connects the mind with this earth.

The human mind with its faculties and attributes has occupied the closest study of man from time immemorial. True, like all other studies, it has gone through every degree of attention: sometimes being entirely neglected and at others occupying almost the entire attention of men, to the exclusion of all other subjects. Aristotle is among the first of the great writers on the mind and from his time down the pages of history are full of mental philosophers. Notwithstanding all this attention there are many points still unsettled and upon which there are vast differences of opinion, chief among these subjects of discussion is consciousness, whether or not it is a faculty of the mind.

There are several distinct capabilities of the mind, powers to do certain things; these capabilities are termed faculties, for instance memory, imagination and the like. There are also several actions of the mind that seem to underlie and exist with all the operations of the mind. Among these I would class consciousness, attention and conception. This view is maintained by many able psychologists, among them Brown and Hamilton. That consciousness must be classed among these actions seems to me to be very evident. It is defined by Webster as "the knowledge of sensations and mental operations or of what takes place in our minds." We cannot conceive of an action in any one faculty of our mind without the idea of coexistent consciousness: in fact we cannot conceive at all without this consciousness; for how can I conceive unless I know I conceive. In the operation of every faculty of the mind this must play a part. I want to remember an event of days long passed by. I begin immediately to apply the rules of memory; I seek to call it to mind by some contrast it may offer, I endeavor to gain the remembrance of it by its contiguity of

time or place to some object of the past, I then make trials of the other rules of memory. All this time I am conscious of my mental operations, I am directing them. So it is with the other faculties of the mind. On account of these things, I do not think it proper to class consciousness as a faculty of the mind but rather consider it as a general mental action, embraced in the action of any or all of the faculties of the mind.

These few remarks on consciousness are necessary to the full understanding of that great subject of mental philosophy, upon which depended every advance and every great movement that the world has seen, the concentration of consciousness. It is the drawing together of all the faculties of the mind upon one object, just as the numerous rays of light that fall upon a sun-glass are brought to a focus at one point. So must all the powers of the mind be focussed at one spot if we would succeed. The attainment of the power of concentration is extremely difficult, long and hard labor is requisite to subject the mind to entire control. Years of toil are sometimes unavailing, but when once the object is gained it repays the labor a hundred fold. The best way to gain this mastery over the faculties of the mind is frequent exercise. Continued application will enable us, in a comparatively short time, to fix our thoughts upon one subject with comparative ease: but long and continued care is necessary for the full power over our minds. It all hinges on this fact, that we are conscious of our mental operations and when the mind wanders from the subject in hand, we must bring it back. Every one should begin early to gain this control, for when the mind is young and tender it yields to the continued pressure, as the shoot of the vine; but, like the old oak, it resists all efforts when it has grown strong and mature.

The advantages that accrue from this power of concentration are numerous and obvious. They may be more readily seen from the dis-

advantages resulting from the inability to control the action of our mind. How often have we met with these disadvantages? How often have we desired to perform some task, when more pleasant thoughts would drive all ideas of it from our attention? To succeed in this world our whole being must be centered in the one object, towards which we are striving. In the true and beautiful words of Owen Meredith:

"The man who seeks one thing in life and but one
 May hope to achieve it before life be done;
 But he, who seeks all things wherever he goes,
 Only reaps from the hopes, that around him he sows,
 A harvest of barren regrets."

The world has now grown too large to be thoroughly mastered by any one man. Human thought and learning have developed too much in the past decade to be ever thoroughly digested by one mind. At every one of the numerous branches of knowledge are thousands of men toiling and striving to find something new and it is impossible to keep pace with all of them. In the scientific world alone are many separate departments, each requiring undivided attention. Yes, if we would now succeed we must be a specialist. Not only must we have but one aim through life and mould our every action to the accomplishment of that aim, but in each separate action must be our full attention. Just as we would make the accomplishment of one branch the aim of our life, so must we make the accomplishment of one object the aim of our present thought and we must clasp our entire attention upon it with "hooks of steel," and never let it change or vary.

Every great man that adorns the pages of history possessed this power of taking his thoughts off from all surrounding objects and concentrating them upon one single thing. Some of these have been quite remarkable in the possession of this ability, becoming so lost in one thought as to be seemingly dead to all others. Sir Isaac Newton would often thus become deeply involved on one occasion

when he was engaged in one of his great laws of gravitation, the stove became too warm for him and he called his servant and ordered him to move the stove away from him. When asked why he did not move himself, he said he did not think to do so. This shows how entirely his mind was concentrated upon his work. His making two holes for his cats is another illustration of this concentration. History records that when Euclid was involved in his calculations, his chair could be overturned and it would not awaken him from his mathematical reverie. We do not have to review the annals of antiquity to find examples of this concentration. Edson is said to have visited his laboratory on the morning after his wedding, just before starting upon his tour, and to have become so absorbed in some of his electrical studies as to have forgotten his bride. Prof. Silvester, after walking several times around the square asked to be shown the door of the university, which was just across the street. All these are examples of great minds, becoming so absorbed in one train of thought as to be capable of no other action at the same time.

This power of concentrating ones thoughts, makes a man. Not so much a good mind, as good control over it, is necessary. "A tree must be judged by its fruits," a man by what he accomplishes and he will accomplish more as he is able to centre the faculties of his mind upon one object.

There is a very prevalent mistake, however, in regard to this subject. Many people suppose, because a man is absent minded, he is great. They mistake his abstraction for concentration, whereas, he not only does not centre his thoughts, but he does not have any thoughts at all. Often, also, will one pretend to be so occupied as to neglect all things about him. Than this we can imagine nothing more disgusting. The man, who will so openly display his conceit, as to apparently lose himself in feigned abstraction, when it is

his duty to be attentive to the objects around him, is worthy of the severest censure. For this is not concentration, that is the power to centre our thoughts when we wish to do it. Absentmindedness is the exact opposite of concentration. In the former we have control over our thoughts, in the latter our thoughts have control over us.

Have you ever noticed the action of the human mind, when allowed to meander in meditation. Collect your thoughts, sometime, as you are musing and try to trace the several steps of the mind in reaching that point. The investigation will prove a curious one. The mind takes up one subject, that suggests some more distant one and so on until a very pleasing thought is reached, there our attention dwells. Its action is like some chemical element thrown in among many substances. It seizes the one with vim for which it has greatest affinity, this compound combines with others, and so forth until all the friendly atoms are in combination. So the mind takes up the more pleasing thought with it, it advances to others. In the storehouse of the mind are many and varied materials, among these the mind roves until some pleasant recollection or darling theme is reached, upon this it dwells.

Like a ship, tossed by the waves and winds, is the mind that wanders from its straight path. She is sent scudding before the blast, now in one direction, now in another, but the haven remains afar off. The distance she has travelled may be much greater than her voyage to port, but she has gone many a useless league; so may it be with the mind, and in the end we acknowledge the truth of the old maxim, "Whatever you do, do with all your might," do with the concentrated energy of your whole mind.

Sunday, Jan. 23, was the Chinese New Year. They took a general holiday, closing even their Churches and Sunday Schools.

Alumni.

Miss Annie R. Yingling, A. M., '71, is spending the winter in Baltimore City.

Philemon B. Hopper, A. M., '74, States Attorney for Queen Anne's county, furnished one of the rooms of his Alma Mater at the opening of the year.

Thomas J. Wilson, '77, advertises as an auctioneer.

Frank H. Peterson, A. M. L. L. B., '78, is practicing his profession at Barnesville, Minn.

Miss Florence E. Wilson, A. M., '80, is assistant in the Union Bridge Elementary and High School and one of the officials of the Chataqua Circle of that place.

Dr. Wm. H. DeFord, A. M., '80, has a large dental practice in the thriving City of Anamosa, Iowa.

L. A. Jarman, A. M., L. L. B., '80, a lawyer of Rushville, Ill., is President of the Schuyler county Sunday School Association.

Louis C. Wainwright, '83, is pursuing Theological Studies at Princeton.

In Nov. 1886, W. W. Dumm, '83, was ordained and recognized as pastor of the Congregational Church at Chester and Kirtland, Ohio.

Miss Florence G. Hering, '83, is the leading soprano of the Westminster M. P. Church choir.

C. Berry Cushing, A. M., L. L. B., Principal of Preparatory Department at Western Md. College from '81 to '84, is practicing law at Union, W. Va.

Rev. Thos. O. Crouse, A. M., '71, minister in the M. P. Conference, is stationed at Centreville, Md.

F. T. Benson, B. D., '81, a graduate of the Westminster Theological Seminary, is now pastor in the M. P. Church at Georgetown, D. C.

Lynn R. Meekins, A. M., '82, is on the Editorial Staff of the Baltimore American.

Miss Ella G. Wilson, '84, has charge of a school in Cecil county, Md.

Mise Katie Smith, A. M., '81, formerly assistant Preceptress at Western Md. College now occupies the position of governess in the family of Mr. Charles Merrack, Queens Anne's co., Md.

Miss Alma C. Duvall, '85, is teaching school in Anne Arundel county, Md.

T. Harrison, '85, is teaching school in St. Mary's county, Md.

The majority of the graduates of '86 are not "reposing on their honors," but have on quitting the ranks of school boys and girls taken upon themselves the active duties of life.

B. A. Dumm and C. M. Grow, Jr., are teaching; the former Principal of Fawn Grove Academy, Penn., the latter at the Deaf and Dumb Asylum in Frederick City, Md.

E. T. Mowbray is teaching at Hampstead, Md., and also presides over a school near that place.

L. M. Bennett is in the Historical Department of the Johns Hopkins University.

W. E. Roop is on the surveying corps of Mr. Cassell of this place.

George C. Erb expects to enter the Ministry of the Reformed Church and is studying Theology at Lancaster.

Miss H. A. Stevenson is teaching in Somerset county, and Miss Emma L. Reaver has charge of a school in Taneytown, Md.

Miss Lenore O. Stone has made a brilliant *entré* into the fashionable society of Frederick county, Md.

Misses Richards, Minnie Stevens, and Jennie Wilson are taking a Post Graduate course at their Alma Mater.

Personals.

Mr. C. A. Veasey, member of the Junior Class, who was some time ago compelled to consult an oculist in Philadelphia for an eye trouble, did not return after the holidays. As soon as his eyes will permit he proposes to begin the study of medicine.

We clip the following from the Sunday Herald: "Ellicott City, Md., Jan. 15, 1887. —Miss Lilly A. England and Mr. J. Harry Steele, Jr., son of Hon. James H. Steele, of Carroll, were married on the 12th inst., at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. Thomas England, near Watersville, Howard county. Rev. Charles H. Waters officiated. The parlor in which the ceremony was performed was beautifully decorated with cut flowers. There were three bridesmaids and groomsmen. Lo-hengrin's bridal march was skillfully executed by Miss Estelle Waters, of Carroll." Mr. Steele is an old member of our College and a firm friend of many of our students. We wish him much happiness and prosperity.

We are also pleased to note the marriage of the attractive daughter of our ex-Vice-Pres., Rev. B. F. Benson. At Warwick, Md., on Thursday, the 27th ult., Miss Lida T. Benson and Mr. E. J. Merrick were joined in holy wedlock. The father of the bride, assisted by Rev. J. D. Kinzer, officiated. The ceremony was performed in the Methodist Protestant Church of Warwick, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion. The wedding was a quiet one, and none but intimate friends were invited. After the ceremony the happy couple repaired to the house of the bride's father, where refreshments were served. They left on the 5 o'clock train for a short bridal tour. Mr. and Mrs. Merrick will reside at the home of the groom, near Ingleside, Queen Anne's county. Miss Benson, though not a student of our College, resided with us for some time during her father's connection with it, and was deservedly very popular, both in the College and community. We extend to the couple our best wishes for a long and happy life.

Mr. J. C. C. Snyder, one of our popular preparatorians, did not return to College after the holidays. We learn he has gone into the commission office of his brother. We are very

sorry to lose "Jack," and hope he may like his new field of labor.

Miss Alma C. Duvall, class of '85, and an old member of the Philomathean Society, visited our College for a short while a few days ago. She came especially to witness the anniversary of her Society, and we hope she was well repaid. We are always glad to have our friends with us.

Miss Katie Roe, one of the old students of our College, recently visited Miss Wilmer, of Westminster.

Mr. H. G. Spurrier, who left the last year's Freshman Class, is now studying medicine in Baltimore.

We have heard from Mr. W. B. Mackinson, who is now in business in Kissime, Fla. We understand that he is prospering very well. He writes us that fresh vegetables and fruits are in full season with him, and flowers are as bright as in our spring. Besides, he tells us he picks oranges from the trees as we do apples. We think it would be a desirable thing to move the College down there, and, besides, we like the name of Mr. Mackinson's home very much.

Mr. W. Harcourt Woods, of St. Croix, West Indies, one of our last year's students, is now attending the Media Academy. We thank him for catalogues, &c., of same.

Mr. B. W. Wolford was sadly called to his home a few days ago by the illness of his grandfather.

Dr. Ward, who is visiting in Washington, met with quite a painful accident a day or two ago. He fell, while coming down the steps, and seriously hurt his arm. We hope, however, his arm was not broken as first reported and that the Doctor may soon recover.

Prof. McDaniel has been away from college this week on important business.

Why is *stone* musical? Because it contains both *notes* and *tones*.

Philomathean Anniversary.

The Philomathean Society held its fifth Anniversary in the college chapel on Friday evening, Jan. 28. Owing to the fact that the chapel is not large enough to accommodate all the people who attend these anniversaries, the audience were admitted by tickets issued by the college, and given to all who chose to apply for them previous to the entertainment. The exercises began promptly at half past seven o'clock. The president, Miss M. E. Stevens, after welcoming a large and select audience from the town, addressed the societies and Faculty of the college, and the Stockton society of the Seminary, wishing them prosperity in the future, and closed by giving a brief history of the society she represented. Miss M. A. Slaughter then gave an instrumental solo, followed by a well delivered declamation by Miss Underhill entitled, "The Ballad of Babie Bell"; a tableau, "The Three States of Widowhood," was presented, after which Miss Becks read a selection from Frank B. Stockton, entitled, "A Novel Style of Burglar." "Blanch of Provence" was next sung by Misses Whaley, Meredith and E. Stevens, after which Miss Phœbus read the Anniversary Essay. An instrumental duet was then given by Misses Pillsbury and Underhill.

At this point in the exercise Prof. McDaniel, on behalf of the society, announced a reading which did not appear on the program, and introduced Miss M. T. Hirata, of Japan, who rendered Portia's Speech from The Merchant of Venice. While the stage was now being prepared for the drama, the President, Dr. Lewis, took advantage of the time by speaking to the audience of the necessity of having a larger hall for such occasions, and asked the people to remember to co-operate with the college authorities when a move should be made towards such a building. The drama entitled, "Two Years From the Life of a School-Girl," was played. This drama was

written by an ex-active member of the society, Miss H. A. Stevenson, a graduate of last year's class. The *dramatis personae* were as follows:

Miss Fisher, Preceptress of Inglegcote seminary.....	Miss E. M. Adams.
Mrs. Edwards, Matron of Inglegcote Seminary.....	Miss C. M. Pheobus.
Miss Lena Hall, Painting Teacher.....	Miss A. E. Parker.
Mrs. Davenport, a Stranger.....	Miss I. B. Phillipsbury.
Miss School Girls.....	Miss E. C. Handy.
Maria Wilson.....	Miss H. E. Dodd.
Bertie Day.....	Miss E. C. Handy.
Dora French.....	Miss M. A. Slaughter.
Vera Talbot.....	Miss G. F. Beeks.
Meta Jackson.....	Miss H. E. Wainsley.
Stella Hayden.....	Miss A. Handy.
Bessie Woolford.....	Miss C. A. Meredith.
Carrie Edwards.....	Miss A. Kendall.
Dinah Johnson, a Colored Girl.....	Miss Whittington.

Under the head entitled, "Chime of ye College Bells," the audience was shown an all-together new sort of musical instrument, the Humanum Organum, which afforded much amusement. The exercises were closed with a farce entitled, "A Precious Pickle," which was much enjoyed by the audience. The evening was very pleasantly spent by all present and the Society should be complimented on its success, and feel it has added another victory to those already achieved.

VOLAPUK.—The plan for a "universal language" originated about five years ago by Herr Schleyer, of Switzerland, seems to be meeting with greater favor than has been accorded other projects of the kind. It is reported that Volapuk is already spoken with facility by thousands of Europeans; knowledge of it is being disseminated by more than fifty societies scattered over England, Germany, Austria, Sweden, Holland, Asia Minor, and other countries; Volapuk grammars for the use of Hottentots and Chinese, besides all the European nations, are either in the market or in course of preparation; and two reviews, one entirely in Volapuk and the other with a translation on alternate pages, are regularly published. The special advantage of the new language is the ease with which it can be learned, eight lessons having enabled a Parisian class to correspond readily with students in foreign countries.

A Surprise for the Students.

The new administration, under which our College came at the beginning of the present scholastic year, continues to increase in popularity with the students. Dr. Lewis is as strenuous as ever in providing for the comforts of those under his care, and spares neither labor nor money in supplying their wants. One of the Doctor's chief aims is directed towards making the College seem as a home to the student, rather than as a temporary prison in which he is to remain for a limited period, and do a specified amount of work. And when an opportunity presents itself he employs it in this direction. Saturday evening, January 23d, he announced at the supper table that he had been reading a very interesting and in many respects very peculiar book, and at seven o'clock, to those who would meet him in the chapel, he would read it. At the appointed time the students, with few exceptions, assembled, and our honored President read a story entitled "The Jekels-Hyde Case," by Robert Lewis Stevenson. The scene is laid in London, and the hero of the tale is one Dr. Jekels, who, by taking a certain drug, was metamorphosed into another person by the name of Hyde. As Jekels he represented his good nature, as Hyde his evil. The accounts of his crimes when as Hyde, and his repenting of them when transformed into Jekels, and finally the consuming of the last portion of his drug when in his Hyde state, and his inability to procure more, were very interesting. The moral which Dr. Lewis drew from the narrative was the danger which we encounter when our better nature succumbs to our worse. The reading lasted about two hours, and was much enjoyed by all, as was manifested by the hearty applause which it elicited. P.

A lawyer who can write poetry is not necessarily a legal-tender writer.

Locals.

Shorty.

"I have a secret sorrow here."

I could weep.

Who did you get?

"Sturgeon" has a white hat.

What happens when the shutters comes off?

One of the preps has heard Mr. Odd Fellow lecture.

Female Sophomore: "I'm very avaricious for I caught the mouse to-day."

"Birds of a feather flock together;" sometimes fish also, for instance, the Whale(y) and the Tailor.

Lady Sophomore: "Is the walking bad this evening?" Lady Junior: "It is not as worse as it was this morning."

Mrs. Owings was very sick for several days the first of the month.

"Oh!" exclaimed a young lady of a gentleman's eyes, "they are like two bright stars, Jupiter and Centaur." She meant Jupiter and Saturn.

A telephone connecting with the town would be a convenient article.

Mr. Measles made a brief and unwelcome visit at the seminary lately as the guest of J. McD. Radford.

The gymnasium, besides its many good points, has one that may not have occurred to your mind; it tires out the demizens of Ward Hall so completely that study hours are faithfully observed, *volens volens*.

A Sophomore conversation: Gentleman, "do you like me enough to love me?" Lady: "I like you very much but you are too short."

Which one of the muses inspired the student who wrote the following lines?

"We can fare without turkey, chicken, or pie;
We can eat strap and beef without even a sigh;
We perchance might live with neither heat or light;
But by all means give us our new parlor night."

We bring Sodium and Chlorine together and have salt for a result. But when a Lemon and a Paine come together we are perplexed to know the result.

Mr. Crockett has been furnished with a fife. We shall soon expect some good drill music from Mr. C. and our drummer, Mr. Moore.

Mrs. Pillsbury, of Baltimore, made a short visit to her daughter a few days ago.

The lady business managers of the staff are talking of *boycotting* a certain merchant down town because he won't advertise in the PORTFOLIO.

A certain upper classman was very anxious to go to see Booth play the character of Othello in Hamlet. The course in Shakespeare has changed from the Senior to the Junior year.

Mr. Caulk, while exercising on the bar in the gymnasium recently, fell and severely sprained his neck. Students should be careful how they use the apparatus of the gymnasium.

Our President, Dr. Lewis, was confined to his room several days after the holidays by a severe cold. He is now suffering from an attack of rheumatism.

One of the gentlemen of the Seminary, in a recent conversation with a college girl, remarked, "Miss—, I feel like a ship in full sail." O sad day that brought forth such a speech.

On Tuesday, Jan. 18, the Sophomores had their physiology examination, and on Monday, Jan. 31, the Seniors had their final examination in astronomy, both under Prof. Simpson. We hope all did "passing well."

Mr. Combs was confined to his room about a week soon after his return from the Christmas holidays, by a slight attack of pneumonia.

A dismal cry has gone up from "Prepdom," and has even reached our Faculty, in the shape of a petition asking that the Preparatorians be permitted to study in their rooms instead of having to study in the presence of a Professor for two hour every night. After Faculty meeting they waited patiently for a reply to their petition. It is hardly necessary to add that they are still waiting.

The campus is being cleared of its rubbish by the servants. The smoldering pile of leaves and trash reminds us that spring is not very far off any more. We are glad to see this campus cleaning begin in time, for when spring arrives the green grass can come forth to cheer us from a clean "mother earth."

Recently one of our students, who is very absent-minded and at the same time a lover of the fair sex, was asked to contribute to a benevolent cause; he began to pace up and down

the room in a bewildered manner, soliloquizing as follows: "If I spend any more money I can't buy her that present. I wonder if she will have a part in the anniversary?" His companion on hearing this soliloquy did not wait for an answer but left the room at once, thinking that when love and benevolence are weighed against each other, love goes down every time.

Doctor— "Can you tell me what the philosophers you have just been studying thought of consciousness?" The class look blank. Doctor—"Do you not know that they all tacitly assume that our subjective consciousness is in subordination and subjection to objective actuality, or that the objectivity of things is the source of our knowledge?" The class tacitly assent. The Dr. painfully remarks that he fears he will never make philosophers out of "is boys."

On Friday, Jan. 28, ult., the Webster Society held its regular quarterly election. The officers are as follows: President, A. Burgee; vice-president, Dent Downing; rec. secretary, W. I. Mace; cor. secretary, O. G. Michael; critic, H. H. Slifer; chaplain, J. McD. Radford; treasurer, W. H. Wilson; librarian, L. I. Pollitt; mineralogist, W. McA. Lease; second and third members of auditorial committee, J. B. Whaley and J. F. Harper.

Western Md. College, though born in obscurity and of an humble lineage, has at last had the star of fame rise above her horizon, and henceforth she will be distinguished in the educational world. This eminence, which our College has so recently and unexpectedly achieved is due to a single individual, hereto unknown to fame. By persistent and steady labor, he has finally invented a machine, which, with other qualities combined is that of *perpetual motion*, an invention which the world has been awaiting and which philosophers have been striving to make through all the ages. The history of the invention has been one of discouragement to the inventor who has met with draw-backs at every step of his progress. On many occasions he has been seen with a lamp in a dry-goods-box and enveloped in a blanket, working far into the weary hours of the night. But he may now feel a modest pleasure in knowing that he will be amply repaid by the honor that prosperity will heap upon his name.

Some uneasiness and not a little excitement was caused in the main building last week by the partition in one of the young ladies' rooms catching fire. The remarkable part of the affair was that the young lady was in her room at the time, and did not notice the fire until a large hole had been burned. But before the fire had made much progress, the alarm was given and Dr. Lewis with the help of the servants soon extinguished it.

On Monday evening, Jan. 17, the members of the M. P. Church gave their pastor, Dr. Murray, quite a pleasant surprise in the way of a donation party. The articles donated were quite numerous, and from their appearance when displayed in the dining-room, it would seem as though the parsonage would be sufficiently supplied with groceries for quite a period to come. The ladies of the College were represented by Misses Taylor, Whaley, Gore, Dodd and Madge Slaughter, and the gentlemen by Messrs. Whaley, Caulk and Pollitt, all of whom reported having spent a very pleasant evening. The most enjoyable part of the program being that the gentlemen were permitted to act as escorts for the ladies to and from the Doctor's. May the donation parties to the Doctor's be frequent, is the wish of those that attended from the college.

We were very much pleased to have a visit recently from our former popular professor of elocution, A. H. Merrill. He came to the town to assist in a concert given by the Westminster Band, and while there visited the college. A large and appreciative audience greeted him at the hall. His first recitation was received with much enthusiasm, and being encored he responded by reading an incident of one of Napoleon's campaigns. The enthusiasm that greeted his first appearance continued throughout the entire evening. The reception he met with in the town was no warmer than that given him by the professors and students of the college, his old companions.

The Y. M. C. A. of the College recently elected the following officers for the remainder of the scholastic year: president, N. H. Wilson; vice-president, J. B. Whaley; recording secretary, W. K. Hill; treasurer, G. W. Haddoway. The corresponding secretary, Mr. E. C. Wimbrough, was elected in September to serve for one year.

The ♦ College ♦ Portfolio.

VOL. 1.

FEBRUARY, 1887.

NO. 2.

The Domicile Erected by John.

Translated from the Vulgate.

Behold the mansion reared by dædal Jack.

See the malt stored in many a plethoric sack,
In the proud cirque of Ivan's bivouac.

Mark how the rats' felonious fangs invade
The golden stores in John's pavilion laid.

Anon, with velvet foot and Tarquin strides
Subtle Grimalkin to his quarry glides,—
Grimalkin grim, that slew the fierce rodent,
Whose tooth insidious Johann's sack-cloth rent.

Lo! now the deep-mouthed canine foe's assault,
That vexed the avenger of the stolen malt,
Stored in the hallowed precincts of that hall
That rose complete at Jack's creative call.

Here stalks the impetuous cow with crumpled horn,
Who reon the exacerbating hound was torn,
Who bayed the feline slaughter-beast that slew
The rat pred aceous, whose keen fangs ran through
The textile fibers that involved the grain
Which lay in Hans' inviolate domain.

Here walks forlorn the damsel crowned with new
Lactiferous spoils from vaccine dug, who drew
Of that corniculate beast, whose tortuous horn
Tossed to the clouds, in fierce, vindictive scorn,
The harrowing hound, whose braggart bark and stir
Arched the lithe spine, and reared the indignant fur
Of puss, that with vermicidal claw

Struck the weird rat, in whose insatiate maw
Lay reeking malt that erst in Juan's courts we saw,
Robed in senescent garb that seems in sooth
Too long a prey to Chronos' iron tooth.

Behold the man whose amorous lips incline,
Full with young Eros' osculative sign,
To the lorn maiden, whose lact-ætic hands
Drew albulactic wealth from lacteal glands
Of that immortal bovine, by whose horn
Distort, to realm ethereal was borne
The beast catulean, vexer of that sly
Ulysses quadrupedal, who made die
The old mordacious rat, that dared devour
Antecedaneous ale in John's domestic bower.

Lo! here, with hirsute honors doffed, succinct,
Of saponaceous locks, the priest who linked
In Hymen's golden bands the torn unthrift,
Whose means exiguous stared from many a drift,
Even as he kissed the virgin all forlorn,
Who milked the cow with implicated horn,
Who in fine wrath the canine torturer skied,
That dared to vex the insidious muricide
Who let auroral influence through the pelt
Of the sly rat that robbed the palace Jack had built.

The loud, cantankerous Shanghai comes at last,
Whose shouts arouse the shorn ecclesiast,
Who sealed the vows of Hymen's sacrament,
To him who, robed in garments indigent,
Exosculates the damsel lacrymose,
The emulgator of that horned brute morose,
That tossed the dog, that worried the cat, that killed
The rat, that ate the malt, that lay in the house that
Jack built.

Written for the College Portfolio.

Home Influence.

In reviewing the lives of those who have distinguished themselves in any way, we are very apt to inquire what were the surroundings of their early years, what were the characters of their parents and associates, under what influences were their minds moulded and their characters formed?

It may be safely stated as the result of our inquiry that in nine cases out of ten, those who have become in their maturer years, a nation's heroes, or the church's saints were those whose home training was good, while as large a proportion of the criminals in our penitentiaries were those whose home training was deficient.

I do not mean to state that nothing good can exist in those who have been brought up in homes where the atmosphere of truth and purity did not surround them, nor would I be understood to say that a person must of necessity be true and noble because his home training was such, for noble hearted men and women have come from abodes like the former, while murderers have come from homes where peace and love were the ruling principles, but I would say that such are very infrequent.

As a tree if bent when young, will always remain crooked, just so are our characters likely to retain the impressions made on them in youth.

The influences which are exerted upon us in our childhood shape our destinies. Unconsciously we acquire ideas and it is a matter worthy of note to observe how tenaciously we cling to our first impressions of things.

The school, the church, the outside world may have something to do in making our characters what they are, but preëminent above all other influences, one whose place nothing else can ever supply, is the home.

It cannot well be otherwise. Here our in-

terests centre in our childhood. Here are those whose lives we can see in their every phase. Not knowing it, we copy our words and actions after those of its inmates.

Children naturally look up to their parents and imitate their habits as nearly as possible. Thus parents, by their every act, are doing something towards shaping the characters of their children. It has often been noticed that children brought up in a home where good language is used, speak well without the study of grammar, from the mere habit of imitation. So also is it with their opinions, taking them from their parents without questioning their correctness, they cling to them in spite of opposition, as is illustrated by the little girl who differing in opinion from her playmate stoutly maintained, "It's true because my mother said so, and what my mother says is true, even if it's a story." Contradictory as this is, it is but an example of the simple unquestioning faith of childhood.

If parents in their words and actions exert such an influence upon their children, it is evident that according to their characters will their little ones be influenced by good or evil, and as they grow older these qualities will grow with their growth and strengthen with their strength, until they will become either nature's noblemen or criminals as the case may be.

Our observation of the home life of our parents, if they be virtuous, will do more to win us to the same paths than whole volumes by the most learned philosophers and eloquent sermons and orations from the greatest divines and most brilliant orators. When we are out in the world surrounded by temptations, the recollection of home and mother may be more of a safeguard to us than anything could be. Sometimes almost like a word spoken by a good angel, will some word of hers, some act of love and self denial come back to us, when we are in danger of doing wrong, and we think with a start, "What

would mother say if she were to see me doing this?" and with this thought in our minds our wrong doing brings double condemnation to us.

I do not think that a mother's influence in forming our characters can ever be estimated. There was never a truer utterance than this, "The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world." Being with her in early childhood, more than with almost anyone else, we are more likely to endeavor to imitate her. Though it may not always seem possible, it is nevertheless true to say that there is no individual who does not bear, stamped upon his character some traces of his mother's. Napoleon Bonaparte fully recognized this fact when he said in his usual, laconic way, that the greatest need of France, was mothers; mothers, who by their own heroic characters might impress the minds of their sons, and inspire in them a love of country and a desire for glory which no other nation would be able to withstand.

As soon as you destroy the home life of a people, its government is destroyed. No where can a more striking example of this be found, than in the French Revolution. The institutions of home and family were abolished, and the "Reign of Terrors," was the immediate result. If we take a careful survey of the European nations to-day, we shall find that those in which the home duties are held the most sacred, where the children receive in their own families the education which fits them to be the statesmen and legislators of their country, have the most stable and lasting governments; while, on the contrary, those which are in a constant state of anarchy are those in which the home is but little respected.

For the last hundred years, France has furnished an example of this, with which we are all familiar. Constantly changing its government, and convulsed by frequent revolutions, it excites no surprise in us. In other

nations it might be different, but what can be expected of a nation which has in its language no word for *home*? A person may speak of going to his house, but in the truest sense, he is homeless.

As long as a nation respects the home and its influences it is safe. When it disregards them it is lost, for, "The homes of a nation are its strongest forts."

Even though in our childhood we may slight the influence of home, in after years we will remember it. Though in early life we may differ from our parents, we are very likely to agree with their opinions when we grow older.

In the winter's twilight, I sat alone in my room and my mind wandered over the past, I had been engaged in a mental conflict and had been worsted, and my defeat seemed all the more bitter when I thought, "Mother once told me of this, but I thought she must be mistaken. Had I only heeded her advice, how easily might I have avoided this. What has passed I cannot undo, but in the future I will believe and obey what she has told me."

Again I would repeat, Home influence cannot be over estimated. Empires may rise and fall, what are now populous cities may sink into oblivion, the greatest names of history may be forgotten, but as long as time shall endure, so long shall nations be controlled by the domestic life of their people; so long shall the home have its influence upon mankind.

C. W. P.

Prof. of Classics to Soph.—"What kind of an enemy is a *hostis*?" Soph., promptly—"A foreign enemy, sir." "If you had an enemy in College what would you call him?" asked the Prof. Soph, after much thinking—"Er, er, I can't exactly pronounce it." "*Inimicus*," suggested the Professor. "Yes," sir, exactly," quickly responded the Soph. Moral: Inability to pronounce covereth a multitude of classical mistakes.

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EDITORIALS.

Once fairly started, the way seems clearer and better defined; we may proceed with less dread of withering criticism and greater confidence in success. From the open opinions of our patrons and the complimentary letters of distant friends, some of which we take great pleasure in publishing in this issue of the PORTFOLIO, we are assured that failure can never follow our endeavors if they continue up to the standard of the initial number.

We must live down the predictions of the would-be prophets and long-faced wise-acres when a new enterprise is started, that: "there can be no hope of success," for such dismal croakings are always to be found accompanying every new undertaking.

And the best way to live down these oracular sayings is to pay no attention to them whatever. We are glad the first issue is safely tided o'er.

"Vol 1, No. 1," makes so youthful an appearance that we heave a sigh of relief when "No. 2" is reached. According to popular opinion, a newspaper is like wine, it improves with age; and for that reason an editor is proud when he can head his numbers with a long column of X's, while his aspirations are not to be limited by C's.

But the only virtue some papers have is their age, and it is a wonder to mankind how they could eke out an existence through the course of years.

Probably the explanation is they were so insignificant that no attention was given to them one way or another by the world and escaping observation they escaped destruction.

In respect to this paper we hope the merits and not the age will be regarded.

What is the benefit realized from our adventurous project?

A natural question and one on which a proper understanding should be acquired. The chief end a literary journal has in view is to develop the latent talent imprisoned in the minds of our Society members. The way to do this is to bring their thoughts before the world—not the world enclosed in four stone walls, where long acquaintance has removed the fear of criticism, and intimacy of friends has broken down the barriers of self-constraint, but into a wider realm of literature, to win a greater reward than the mere hand-clap of a score or two and to kindle the subtle spark of ambition which leads to stronger action.

To a great extent the taste for literary pursuits is cultivated in school, and our instructors realizing the monotony of the same old routine in regard to essays and orations of a stated length at a stated time and delivered in a stated or rather a *staid* manner, have endeavored to vary the proceedings by introducing debates, thus renewing the flagged interest by this very species of rivalry met with in a newspaper. Here is the place for discussions

of all characters involving the vital questions and interests of the present day. While in regard to politics we preserve a strict neutrality, our columns are open to any young enthusiast who may think his ideas in regard to Political Economy, Reformation, or a "Nineteenth Century Crusade," once brought before the world will tend to revolutionize the whole state of national affairs and win for him his country's gratitude; such thoughts can do no harm—may do some good, for, seeing the world move on in its same old way even after his ardent sentiments have been expressed, he will realize that the destinies of men and nations are controlled by a wiser judgment than Young America, and learn to put a lower estimate on his own rash opinions.

In reading the works of some standard author there arises a desire to imitate his style, to acquire his power of "word-painting" and facility of writing, to smooth out the clogging sentences that are formed under the plodding pen. One idea expressed is worth a dozen in the mind. The power of expression must be cultivated and it is astonishing how great a reward the cultivation will yield.

After carefully perusing the volume in hand write a sequel or imitate the authors style in developing your own ideas suggested by the work. Such practice will soon enable one, if possessing any originality whatever, to form a manner of writing of his own which will prove more satisfactory than any imitation.

However it is human nature never to do more than is required. Fulfilling one's duties relieves the conscience and naught but the stimulus of a strong ambition can prompt one to voluntary efforts. Instances of this fact may be seen in the Society Hall and the chief end of this paper will be to shake off the sluggish habits and cultivate a spirit of emulation. Rivalry alone brings out one's rarest qualities no matter what may be the cause of contention:

We would inform those, who are privileged to compete for the Weigand Essay Medal, that the time expires on the 15th prox. and that all essays must be handed to the staff by that time. We hope many will contest for this medal and that fine essays may be written. Dr. Ward has been selected as judge of the relative merits of the essay.

Among the several mistakes in our last issue one stated that Mr. W. McA. Lease had been elected mineralogist of the Webster Literary Society, which should have been Mr. L. A. Shipley.

For the College Portfolio.

College Toboggan Song.

Tune—My Lost Cigar (Princeton Glee Songs.)

Hurrah, hurrah! how crisp the air,
How keen each snowy star!
What sport so racy, rich and rare,
What sport so popular!
For everyone's a *passenjaire*
On the toboggan train,
We're void of care and *debonnaire*,
Brimful of blood and brain.

CHORUS.

Oh, it's a jolly thing
To dart upon the wing,
Then dash away, and dashing sing,
Tobog, Toboggan-ing.

To shoot, to slide, to dart, to glide,
Down Astronomic Hill;
To feel the rhythm of the ride
Doth send a youthful thrill.
It lifts us on its silver tide
And fills us with a song,
We're joyous as a joyous bride,
Come, bear the song along.

CHORUS.

Come, lads and lassies, brave and fair,
Here's poetry in life;
Come, banish grief and cloudy care,
In happiness be rife;
For everyone's a *passenjaire*
On the toboggan train,
We're buoyant all to *debonnaire*,
Brimful of heart and brain.

CHORUS.

Oh, it's a jolly thing
To dart upon the wing,
Then dash away, and dashing sing,
Tobog, Toboggan-ing.

Written for the College Portfolio.

Military Progress Since the Late War, and its Effects.

Twenty-two years have passed since the last battle of the late civil war was fought. The young people of our country can hardly realize that this peaceful land was only so few years ago traversed by moving armies arrayed against each other—Southern courage and endurance against Northern pluck and perseverance, state against state, brother against brother. Still we of to-day, who know nothing of the late war by experience, see evidences of it in maimed soldiers, old forts, &c., which are scattered all over our country, and learn from history that such and such battles did occur, although we are sometimes perplexed to know which side was victorious, and, after comparing Northern and Southern authorities, are forced to conclude that both sides whipped.

Two decades, however, have made great changes in our country. All over our land are manufactories filled with ingenious machinery, invented for the most part by our own people. A single spindle relieves from hard toil a score of children, and requires but one to tend it. These inventions and improvements have manifested themselves in all the various pursuits of our people, and in every path of life. A man now enters his grain field and harvests from ten to twelve acres per day, whereas he formerly employed a dozen men to do the same amount of work. The place of the eleven men is supplied by the wheat binder, a recent American invention. Our cities are now lighted to a brilliancy resembling that of the sun. One late invention permits us to talk with, and distinguish the voices of our nearest friends, though we may be many miles away from them.

While this progress has been going on in the social world, equally as great has been made in the military world. The long musket

and Colt revolver have been laid aside for the magazine gun and the repeater. The largest piece of artillery used in the war of the secession would be small when compared with guns of recent construction. Although our country has not made as great advancement in this respect as some others, still it has added something to the military inventions of the world. We should not forget that the inventor of the Monitor, Capt. John Ericsson, is still living, and, like all other great inventors, he did not permit his ingenuity to become dormant with the success of his first invention, but has worked steadily on for twenty years. His efforts, however, have not been in a military direction since the invention of the Merrimack's rival (which seemed to have been called forth by the pressing necessity of the times), but his attention has been given, principally, to the study of the sun's light and heat, with the intention of inventing an engine propelled by the sun's rays. The plan of the Monitor, however, is the plan of nearly all modern ironclads, with some few improvements. Among our apostles of scientific warfare may be mentioned Prof. Mezzeroft, who has given all his time to this study. He has dealt, principally, with glycerine, but of late he has made a spontaneous burning fluid, which he considers very valuable in case of war. To illustrate the use of this fluid, let us suppose a foreign enemy to attack one of our seaboard towns with ironclads capable of resisting any fleet we now have to send against them. To protect ourselves properly against such an attack is what we want to prepare for. To go to work and build ironclads equal to those of the enemy would be a useless expense, for civilized nations are abolishing this mode of war for a more scientific one, and by the time we got such a fleet built we would have to put it aside. But suppose we establish balloon stations (if you are pleased to so call them) along our coast. At each station let war balloons of large capacity be manufactured, and

men be trained to operate them. Each station should be supplied with boats to attend the balloons on their sea excursions; also with torpedoes bombs filled with the fluid named above, and other implements of warfare that may be necessary. When the fleet of the enemy comes in sight let as many as possible of these balloons be raised and sent out to give battle. The mode of combat would be somewhat novel, for instead of grand, flaming broadsides of hot shot, there would be a lowering of shells of fluid which burst on touching the vessels, or the water, and the fluid immediately takes fire on coming in contact with the air, surrounding and covering the vessels with a sea of burning liquid that gives off a dense black smoke, deadly to all that inhale it. At the same time let torpedoes charged with dynamite be lowered into the sea, and so weighted as to sink ten or twelve feet below the surface. When these come in contact with the ironclads they will explode, and at such a part of the vessel that is least strong. The Professor says that the strongest force any nation could send against us could easily be resisted in this manner, and that such implements of warfare never become obsolete.

Modern forts are built on an altogether new principle. Instead of massive embattlements to oppose the solid shot, the flat earth is used as a protection. Forts are now built almost entirely under ground, nothing remaining in sight but a few turrets to locate them by. They are dug to a considerable depth, and the inside is walled up and cemented securely, so as to resist the heaviest explosions that may occur on the surface. Small openings are made to the interior in which the guns are raised and fired, and then lowered again. If poison gasses are formed around the fort by burning fluids, air pumps are applied, which, by producing currents, drive off the gasses and supply fresh air. Such a fortress would be almost impregnable.

The greatest advancement in military

science, however, is that made in the use of nitro-glycerine for the purpose of warfare. Military men have found in its compounds an explosive of almost unlimited power. To discover the best method of applying this explosive has been the work of some of our greatest military men, and they have so far succeeded that the largest ships can be destroyed by applying it with projectiles or by means of torpedoes as explained above.

So we see that progress in the form of inventions and discoveries has been made in the military world as well as in the social. The effects, however, of this progress in the two spheres is quite different. Improvements in the social world tend to extend and enrich that world. A machine that does the work of a hundred men, when placed in a factory will greatly increase the quantity of manufactured articles in that line. It is owing to such inventions as the cotton gin, the modern cotton loom and the spinning frame, that we have such an abundance of cotton goods on every hand. With military inventions the result is quite different. As they increase in number and proficiency, war does not become more frequent, but it decreases. Since Krupp guns have been manufactured, no other guns have been made to equal them in power. It became necessary for all civilized nations to supply themselves with Krupp guns in order to protect themselves from one another. War became more dangerous than before, and less of it was engaged in. It is as easy now to destroy an ironclad vessel as it formerly was for a Krupp gun to destroy a common sail vessel. Hence, wars are becoming less and less frequent among civilized nations. We are rapidly approaching a time, if we have not already reached it, when war will be a thing impossible between enlightened nations. I don't believe that any nation, unless greatly oppressed, would go to war when it knew that that step meant almost immediate death to millions of its inhabitants. War is

no more a slow march over Alps, and a manœuvring excursion of eighteen years in the enemies country under the leadership of a Hannibal. It is a quick move, a short fight, and a fearful destruction. Nor is it the execution of a deep laid scheme, by some Napoleon, for the conquest of a continent. A declaration of war has a more terrible significance than in the time of Hannibal or of Napoleon. It is something that men shun rather than seek. Russia and England may quarrel bitterly with each other, and war be talked of on every hand; but as long as England has as far-seeing a statesman as Gladstone at her helm, we need fear no war in that direction. The papers tell us that France and Germany are preparing for war. The more thoroughly they prepare, the greater is the security of peace. America is, possibly, worse prepared for war than, (at least), four of the European powers. Let her heed the old maxim, "In time of peace prepare for war." She must also remember that if she would prevent war, she must prepare for it by furnishing herself with the latest improvements in the art.

N. H. W.

THE BENBOW'S BIG GUN.—The largest gun yet made was tested at Woolwich arsenal on Thursday of last week. It is called the 111-tonner, is 44 feet long, and its maximum service charge of powder is 900 pounds. It is to be mounted on a recently launched British ironclad, the Benbow. It was fired three times on Thursday in the presence of a large company of ladies and gentlemen. The first charge of powder was 600 pounds, the second 700, and the third 800. The noise was not as great as might be expected from the explosion of such enormous quantities of powder. The recoil was up an inclined plane, the machinery of which was so admirably adjusted that there was no violent wrench or wear. The total weight of the gun and platform is 225 tons, and the projectile was a mass of iron weighing 1,800 pounds, which will pierce 33 inches of armor at the mile range.

Chapel Exercises.

The regular weekly exercises continue to increase in interest and to vary in character. They are usually much enjoyed by all and already can be seen the advantages the present system confers upon the students. At almost any time can you see a boy writing or committing his oration or reciting his declamation. The girls are kept busy preparing essays and practicing music. This extra study cannot fail to have its good effect on the students themselves and also makes the exercises vastly more enjoyable to all present.

The first Chapel exercises of the month were those of Friday, the 4th inst. The program was arranged for a lecture by Prof. J. W. Reese, and four themes by members of the Junior Class. Prof. Reese lectured on "The Importance of the Study of History," and splendidly developed his subject. Among many other things he spoke of the effect upon our own condition of long-past historic movements, and beautifully illustrated this by tracing the various consequences of the actions detailed in the Anabasis and of Cesar's wars. He also touched upon the formation and preservation of our United States. In the course of his address Prof. Reese had occasion to refer to the "Hotel de Invalids" of Paris, and Westminster Abbey. Professor lectured in his usual terse style, and his discourse was much enjoyed by all, and was also highly instructive. Owing to the importance of his subject, he was asked not to cut short his lecture on account of time; he therefore occupied the whole hour, and the Juniors were compelled to omit their themes. We were assured, however, that we should hear the Junior's later, and we were thus consoled for the disappointment.

As Dr. Lewis had promised that we should not miss the pleasure of the Junior's themes; the school was not very much surprised by the announcement that all should assemble in the

Chapel at 1.30 o'clock, Wednesday, February 9th. The part of the program postponed from the previous Friday was given. The first theme was delivered by Mr. H. D. Mitchell, on the subject "Men cannot covenant themselves out of their rights and duties."—Burke. Miss C. M. Phœbus followed with a theme on "Was it well for civilization that Hannibal was defeated." The exercises were closed by Mr. J. McD. Radford, who discussed the subject "What is the effect of the wealth upon the morals of a nation?" The custom of having the Juniors read themes monthly is entirely new with us this year, and we feel that it is but another mark of the advancement we have under the new administration. The three read on this occasion reflected credit upon their authors and were much enjoyed by all present.

The interest in our musical recitals felt by the community, seems unabated and on Friday, the 11th, thought the weather was very inclement, quite a number of visitors gladdened us by their presence,

The following program was excellently rendered.

1. Waldesrauschen—Fr. Braungardt...Miss E. C. Handy.
2. In Memory's Kingdom—Jackson
Miss Georgette Hearlan.
3. Idylle—Jungman
(a. Waltz—Chopin) Miss G. F. Beeks.
4. b. Melodie, op. 3—Rubenstein
(c. Impromptu, in Bb.—Schubert)
Prof. T. F. Rinehart.
5. "The Day is Done"—Balfé Mrs. A. J. Carnes.
6. Overture to Poet and Peasant—Suppe
Miss J. F. Wilson, Primo. Miss M. Stevens, Secundo.

The recital was by many considered the best of the season and was very much enjoyed by all. The instrumental solos by Prof. Rinehart, the instrumental duet by Misses Wilson and Stevens, and the vocal solo by Mrs. Carnes, were especially enjoyed. The next recital will be on the 11th of March, which will be the last one of the season.

The Seniors delivered their monthly orations and essays on Friday, the 18th. The program was quite interesting and gave evidence of much preparation. The exercises were opened with an essay by Miss C. L. Mou-

rer, subject "A Gentleman." Miss R. E. Dodd then read an essay on "Silent Influence" by Miss I. B. Pillsbury, who was prevented from reading by sickness. Mr. H. C. Stocksdale followed with an oration, "Consider the End." At this point of the program the "En Route March," was executed by Misses I. J. Whaley and G. F. Beeks. An essay on "The Mysteries of Nature," was then read by Miss Madge Slaughter, after which Miss S. E. Wilmer read an essay on "The Influence of Praise." The exercises were closed by Mr. H. H. Slifer, who read Mr. A. Burgee's oration on "Principle," Mr. Burgee also being prevented by sickness. At the close of the exercise Prof. G. W. Devilbiss, the former vice-president of the college, gave a few remarks which were much enjoyed by all present.

The Library.

Quite an addition has been made lately to this department of our institution. Through the kind influence of Congressman Shaw, the College has been made a general repository for all government documents. Already about seven hundred have arrived. Their neat and tasty arrangement upon the shelves, some of which before were vacant and some filled with old and time-worn books, makes quite an improvement in the appearance of our library. Though these books contain many reports and details, which are not very entertaining, still they make splendid books of reference and no library is complete without them. Also there are among them many gems, which are of the highest interest and which afford the reader much pleasure. Among such we would mention the memorial speeches on occasions of the death of many of our distinguished countrymen. Some of these are types of the highest oratory and are to be found nowhere else. We would advise all students to familiarize themselves with these books, acquire some skill in referring to them and they will prove the source of inestimable benefit.

How We Were Received.

A man's first duty is to do right, to the satisfaction of his own conscience; his next to escape the censures of the world; if the latter conflict with the former, it should be entirely disregarded. However, it is a most pleasant thing to have our actions approved by the public-actions in which we are conscientious. A man is always more sure of his conduct, when the verdict he has passed on his own behavior is thus warranted and confirmed by the opinion of those who are in any manner connected with his action. We cannot forbear, therefore, to publish a few extracts from some of the many letters, that have come under our observation. We have selected representative extracts, some from persons, who are entirely disconnected with the school, others from those, who have once, as students, reaped some of its benefits.

The following is from a late graduate: "Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon your paper for the admirable judgement and good taste displayed in its general make up. * * The selections are well chosen, the locals are *spicy*; the general college news is precisely what those who were formerly connected with, and still feel an ardent interest in the institution, wish to know. I speak from experience. I know the many difficulties that lay in the way of its beginning, and seeing the first issue can predict its success."

An uninterested person, an editor of a college paper, writes: "I think your journal is delightful; I enjoyed reading it very much and wish to extend my congratulations to its staff. I take pleasure in exchanging with you."

From a graduate of '80 the editor in chief received: "Portfolio at hand. Vol. one No. one exceeds my expectations and does honor to the institution it represents. The Alumni personals are to me like so many letters from as many friends. I wish you and your colleagues, the societies represented and our alma mater unbounded success."

An old student says "he has long wanted something to keep him informed as to what is taking place at his alma mater."

From the *Frederick News* we clip: "We have received the COLLEGE PORTFOLIO. * * * In style of typography and quality and quantity of matter the new magazine is decidedly a credit to its enthusiastic editors and to the noble old college from which it emanates."

We can but publish the following letter entire: It was received a short while after our first issue. We are very grateful for the good wishes of the writer and heartily concur with the author in the hope that we will receive the support of all our friends.

Editors of College Portfolio.

"Having read the first issue of the COLLEGE PORTFOLIO, I feel, that, as an ex-member who still preserves unflinching interest in your prosperity, I cannot refrain from expressing my approval of your commendable undertaking, whose success seems heralded by the first issue. I am glad to know that the long since apparent need of a paper representing each of the societies, is now to be supplied, (we believe with satisfactory and very beneficial results), by the "COLLEGE PORTFOLIO."

Those students who have passed so many days within the College walls, and have mingled with such beneficial results in the varied exercises of the different societies, and are now unavoidably scattered, pursuing their several duties, can but feel it not only a duty but a pleasure to aid this new enterprise, and will not fail to remember their societies now in this struggle to advance their literary interests, and thus promote the interests of the Institution, in whose prosperity we all feel such deep concern.

The COLLEGE PORTFOLIO will serve each month as the visit of an old friend; recall the halcyon days of school life; acquaint us with the surroundings of schoolmates, and doubtless awaken feelings of interest, which might otherwise grow indifferent for lack of information.

One of the leading editorials, in the first publication, stated that already the staff had begun to "tumble" for the fate of the paper; I sincerely hope the "tumble" ended there, and was merely a *tremble*, wholly admissible under the circumstances. I take pleasure in congratulating the staff upon the first issue, and can only wish that all the friends of the societies, who have experienced the embarrassments attendant upon a new enterprise, may realize the situation of the COLLEGE PORT-FOLIO, and may feel it a duty to give it the hearty approval, and support which it merits."

F. E. W.

ALUMNI.

REV. T. H. LEWIS, A. M., D. D.

The subject of this sketch was born December 11th, 1852, near Dover, Delaware. He spent his boyhood there and in Caroline and Talbot counties on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, where he received the rudiments of the education which was subsequently pursued with high credit to himself and his instructors. In his nineteenth year he entered the Freshman Class of Western Md. College. Notwithstanding the fact that he was at the same time taking a Theological course, he graduated in 1875, with a grade higher than has ever been attained by any other student in the College.

In 1875 he was made pastor of the M. P. Church, Cumberland, Md., where he worked successfully until he was called to St. John's Independent Methodist Church, Baltimore. His appointment was renewed for five successive years, during which time he availed himself of the opportunity of studying the The-mitic Languages at Johns Hopkins University.

In 1877 he married Mary M. Ward, daughter of President Ward, of Western Maryland College.

He was chosen in 1882, by the Board of Governors, President of the Westminster Theological Seminary, which position he retained until the close of the Seminary year in May last, when he resigned in order to assume the more responsible position of President of Western Maryland College.

He was one of the representatives from the Maryland Annual Conference to the General Convention, which met in Baltimore in May, 1884, and took a prominent part in the work of that body. He was Secretary of the M. P. Conference from 1880 to 1886.

In June, 1884, he preached, by invitation, the Baccalaureate Sermon at Adrian College, Michigan, and in 1885, that institution honored him with the degree of D. D.

Thoroughness and indomitable perseverance characterize all his attempts. His reputation as a scholar is the result, not of fortuitous circumstances of early advantages and later "props," but the natural result of the combination in his character of those elements of real success which make servants of circumstances and stepping-stones of obstacles.

As President of Western Maryland College he has and will have enlarged opportunities for the exercise of those rare qualities which have so distinguished him in other positions. And it is believed that under his intelligent direction, the College which has already taken such high rank as an educator in our State, will reflect credit on his administration, and also on the wisdom which has chosen him for the honorable position.

Miss Nellie H. Sappington, '86, A. B., is spending the winter very pleasantly at her home in Kent county, Md.

Miss Lizzie Thompson, '86, is enjoying herself in Westminster.

Rev. Frederick Klein, '80, A. M., is M. P. Missionary at Yokohama, Japan. Mr. Klein has been in Japan for some time and has succeeded in doing a great deal of good. He has established quite a large school there

from which we have one student, Miss M. T. Hirata. Mr. Kline does not forget his alma mater, and many Japanese curiosities in our collection are gifts from him.

Mr. A. C. Willison, '85, is U. S. mail agent on the Huntingdon and Broad Top and Bedford Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Mr. J. J. F. Thompson, '83, is taking a post graduation course at Yale Divinity School.

All the members of the class of '75, save one, was at the college on Friday, 18th inst. There was no great jollification, but we are sure the meeting, though a quiet one, was much enjoyed by all present.

Miss Beckie Royd is teaching school at Hancock, Washington county, Md.

Miss Carrie Yingling, '83, is a society belle at her home in Tiffin, Ohio.

Miss Annie Ames, '85, who resides in Westminster, frequently visits her friends at the College.

Mr. Lynn R. Meekins, A. M., class of '82, was recently elected president of the Journal Club, of Baltimore, Md. This is quite an honor for so young a man, as many old experienced journalists are members. We congratulate Mr. Meekins.

We cordially invite all our alumni to fill spaces in this column. Letters from you are always very acceptable and any notes of interest to other alumni. One of our friends says that it affords the greatest pleasure to glance over the alumni column and see what those, with whom you have once been so intimately connected, are doing. A letter to us reaches dozens of your friends, and that which in most cases would be enjoyed by only one, will be a source of pleasure to them all.

Make people happy, and there will not be half the quarreling or a tenth part of the wickedness there is.

Personals.

Misses Mollie and Georgie Nickols were present at the last Musical Recital.

Miss Lottie Owings, the preceptress, and Miss Retta Dodd have been to Baltimore lately. Miss Hodges who has been quite ill at College accompanied them as far as the city on her way home, where she will remain until well. We hope that she will soon be with us again.

Mr. Vandyke one of last years' students at the Theological Seminary has just returned. Since last summer he has been engaged in secretary's work in Ohio, for the Y. M. C. A. We hope his labors were productive of good results.

Mr. Reisler, formerly a student of W. M. C., is now the principal of a school in Union Bridge, and the editor of the *Carroll News*: he paid us a short visit last week.

Mr. Mackinson, one of our former students, who is now in business in Kissme, Florida, made a flying visit to his friends at College a short time ago, and we were much pleased to to see him.

Mr. Miskimmon, who suffered considerably from an attack of neuralgia, has now entirely recovered.

Mr. Slifer was at his home for a few days about the middle of the month.

Miss Ada Roberts is enjoying the pleasures of a winter in Baltimore's fashionable society.

Miss Carrie Nicodemus of Buckeystown, Frederick county, Md., is spending a quiet winter at home.

Mr. Walter H. Brown has begun to study medicine with Dr. Shreeve in Uniontown.

Mr. Buffington, who for sometime has been somewhat unwell, went to his home, near Uniontown, to recuperate.

Misses Jennie Burroughs and Nannie Powell are having a merry time in their southern home in Henderson, North Carolina.

Mr. H. W. Andrews is in the firm of J. B. Kendall, hardware merchants in Washington, D. C.

Miss Glennie Taylor paid her sister, Miss Laura Taylor, a short visit some time ago.

Prof. G. W. Devillbiss made the College look natural to some of the old students by his presence a few days ago. Prof. Devillbiss was made principal of the Preparatory Department of our College in 1876. In the following year he obtained the chair of mathematics, which he held until — when he became Vice-President, and remained in this office until 1883. He was a classmate of our President. He spoke complimentary of the many changes and improvements in the institution in the past few years and said he thought we were steadily marching to success. He gave us a short address in the chapel, full of good advice and kind feeling. We enjoyed his visit very much and hope he may soon come again.

Miss F. M. Grove had her brother to see her not long since.

Mr. W. C. Clayton, who was with us for a part of last year is now attending the Bryant & Stratton business college, Baltimore, Md.

The number of friends who attend our weekly exercises is still quite pleasant. Our efforts seem to be more enjoyed, and we trust they are more successful. We are always glad to see our friends and hope they may continue to favor us with their presence.

Mr. C. C. Hopper, of Centreville, Md., an old student of W. M. C. is pursuing a course of law at the Maryland University, Baltimore.

Washington's Birthday.

It is a subject of some discussion whether the anniversary of our Country's Father's birthday should be celebrated on the 11th, 22nd or 23rd of February, and the student who can settle upon one of these dates and give satisfactory reasons for it, displays no small

amount of knowledge of the history of our calendar and general chronology. But be this as it may, we have decided that the 22nd is the proper time, and on Tuesday last the College joined the rest of the country in perpetuating his memory and honoring his life. Never has the college given such a celebration of this occasion. The students did certainly "see something they had never seen before," but which we hope to see at each returning 22nd. Indeed so very pleasantly was the day spent that we would love to have it oftener, and suggest it is hardly fair that Columbus, the great discoverer of America, should lay in his grave unsung.

Our exercises began at 1 p. m. At that hour all students were invited to the chapel, where they were treated to the unexpected pleasure of the following program, performed with the exception of the prayer, by faculty members exclusively. It was opened by the hymn "My Country 'tis of thee," which being sung, Dr. J. T. Murray offered up a fervent prayer. Selections from Washington's Farewell Address were then read by Prof. Schaeffer. Prof. Rinehart followed with "Three Songs without Words." The speech of Webster on the character of Washington was read by Prof. McDaniel. The popular "Melange Musicale" was followed by "The City of the Living," read by Miss Owings. Piano Transcription, by Hodges was next and Dr. Lewis closed the exercises with a very comical reading, "Barney O'Reardon, the Navigator." The exercises lasted about two and a half hours and were very much enjoyed by all.

After feasting on literary treats we were somewhat more substantially fed and a menu of five courses was fully discussed. Oyster soup, boiled rock with maitre d'hotel sauce, fillets of veal, chicken croquettes, etc., were the order of the day. It is rare that a college student ever is invited to a better dinner within the college walls, and we may add, it is rare one is more enjoyed.

The first calisthenic exhibition of the year took place and was altogether a delightful affair. The program opened with a grand promenade, participated in by sixteen young ladies fancifully and gaily costumed. They carried decorated wands, and at the conclusion of a beautiful and intricate march used them in a very pretty exercise. Attitudes and bell tapping by a group of boys followed. The members of this class were designated by their boutonnières of jacqueminot buds, and the bells they carried. The odd and striking postures assumed presented successive pleasing tableaux, after which they played very distinctly with their bells the familiar air "The Camels are Coming," accompanying each tap of the bells with an appropriate movement. A class of young ladies now came up, wearing suits of the national colors, and jaunty caps to match. Their exercise was club-throwing, which they did with the utmost precision and grace to the strains of a stirring waltz. They were followed by the "Black-capped Knights," so called from the black caps covering the entire head to the shoulder, which they wore, and the lances they carried. They gave an excellent exhibition of their tactics and closed their performance with a very laughable nondescript, helter-skelter gallop. After these a set of veritable Martha Washingtons, if we might judge from their dress, exhibited their skill in the execution of a well arranged dumb bell exercise, and rivalled the class of boys that had preceded them, in tapping a pleasing air. But for no single performance was more skill required, and more grace exhibited than in the series of fascinating free hand movements which were given next by the young ladies. The exhibition closed with a club drill—the boys participating wore white flannel jackets trimmed in brass buttons, and conspicuous neckties of red. The first part of the drill was devoted to club swinging, and the clubs were handled in a masterly manner through very complex and difficult movements. The

second part of the drill was fancy marching, the clubs being used in various positions about the body, and in forming fancy figures on the floor. The whole performance was greatly enlivened by piano, piccolo and drum accompanying each number of the program with music to which it was adapted.

On the whole the day was one very much enjoyed by all the students, and is one that many will remember with pleasure. We hope, however, that pleasure was not all realized, that the prime aim of the faculty has not been missed, that Washington incites an increased zeal in our breasts and strikes a more tender chord in our hearts.

Old Books.

In the library of the Seminary are some very old and valuable books. All of the oldest books were published in London. These books worn by the hand of time were presented to the Seminary by the members of the Methodist Protestant Church who have long since passed away. The oldest books are as follows: Primitive Christianity, by Wm. Cave, gives an interesting description of the early christians and how they suffered in enduring the tribulations with which they were confronted. This book is the oldest in the library it being published in 1672. Next come the sermons of Derham and Waterland, published respectively in 1711 and 1720. Horace, to whom the Juniors will soon be introduced is the oldest of the classic books, it was published in 1720. Moral Reflections on Select Parts of the New Testament is a valuable book to the theological student as it contains some very interesting and old opinions. This book was published in 1736. Also another valuable book to the theologians is A Common Place Book to the Holy Bible. This contains the references to the different parts of the bible in an alphabetical order, it was published in 1738. Many others might be mentioned but the space will not permit. If the students can spare the time we would advise them to peruse these veteran pages with care as we think they would benefit therefrom.

Exchange.

Of course as we are still so very young, our last issue not being a month since, our list of exchanges is very limited. We hope, however, that it will soon increase to a pleasant number. We desire all college papers, with whom we meet, especially those published at distant institutions to exchange with us. It is a great source of pleasure to the editors to read and gather the ideas of other editors and also a guide to them in their own work. Among the few exchanges we have, we take pleasure in naming the Dickinson Liberal, and the Advocate, the Evening Capital, News and Adrian World.

We have seen the idea advanced in a college paper, that curricula generally are too full; that no time is given for acquiring general information. Now we do not propose to know how to regulate these matters, but we do believe that there should be some time permitted for such things. The average college student, graduate, if you please, is almost wholly ignorant in regard to general information. He is acquainted with only such literary works as was taught in his course of literature and knows nothing scarcely of the current news of the day. This often places him in a very embarrassing position. There is no danger of the world requiring too little of a man, and generally a college graduate is looked upon as a "walking encyclopedia." Certainly this is unreasonable. It is reasonable, however, to require that he be tolerably well-informed on general subjects. It is mainly the lack of this sort of knowledge that has decried *college-bred* men and raised the shout for *practically-educated* ones. Of course this is injurious to the college, it is strong enough to keep some students away from it, and it is very hurtful to the country at large. We should think therefore, that all colleges, in justification to themselves, would so arrange their curricula to permit each student, if not to re-

quire him, to keep himself posted on the current topics, and to be able to give such information as would reasonably be expected of him.

The Steam Table.

There are many different ways to gain the affections of persons with whom we are thrown, and certainly one of the surest roads to a student's heart leads across the dinner table. Dr. Lewis has made great efforts to have the domain through which this path runs a *warm* one, in order that glowing affections may be thereby enkindled. To accomplish this, he has lately added to the culinary department a great convenience in the shape of a "steam table." Every one knows how much better hot food is than the same food cold, and all persons who have had any experience in providing for large numbers, know how very hard it is to keep food hot. The "steam table" does this very nicely. It consists of a flat copper box, six or eight feet long, about three feet wide and three or four inches deep. It has large openings, by means of which the steam from the hot water, with which it is filled, may come in contact with the dishes above. The water is kept hot by oil-flames beneath. This is a marked improvement on the old style. We now have hot food during the entire meal, whereas it used to be difficult for the first few who were helped to have warm fare. The student, who is now *unavoidable* late, may not fear getting the "cold shoulder."

The measles have been playing havoc with our students, and swollen eyes and spotted faces are very common. It would not do to mention all those who have been sick, or our friends might think we had turned into a hospital. Fortunately however it is a very mild form of the disease and no one has been very ill.

LOCALS.

22nd.

Review.

Capitillah.

What next? Examination.

Recognition. Did you get one?

"Don't you call me snowball."

A lady Senior wishes to know if lobsters grow on trees. Can any one enlighten her?

Prof. R. to Miss A.—"Who was Gany-medes?" Miss A., promptly—"He was that old hoss."

What gentleman do the girls all think about when they eat pie? Mr. Moore.

A graduate of '85 has a beau so tall that she talks of running a tuck in him. We suggest that it would be easier for her to tie a knot with him.

Prof. Reese attended the meeting of the alumni of Princeton in Baltimore on the 10th inst. He answered a toast to his Alma Mater in a bright, eulogistic speech.

The combination of Lemen and Payne, the result of which was asked in the last PORTFOLIO, has proved a very serious one, afflicting the latter, the weaker element, with both measles and pneumonia.

A student of the Seminary thinks it is unnatural for two hills to be together, without even a dale, so he proposes to try to make a separation between two that are near here.

Mr. Slifer is passionately fond of the following verse:

Jones' Falls, that classic stream,
No longer marks the line between
The old and new.
Improvements great have taken place,
And soon I hope to bridge the space
Between the old and new.

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One of the bright Preps, as soon as he sees a couple of Seniors with their large-flap collars on, immediately sings "White wings that never grow weary."

There are two new students at the Seminary, Mr. Chas. K. McCaskin and Mr. Chas. E. Lanberd, both of Baltimore, Md. This makes a total of fifteen students, a larger number than they have had for some time.

We know not whereof his meaning, but have an idea that the "old" refers to some lady of the past, and the "improvements" some advances in a new direction.

A Prep. was recently asked who Washington was. He boldly answered—"First in war, first in peace (his memory failed him) er, er—first President of the United States," he triumphantly added.

Question to a Senior—"Miss H., what letter do you think the prettiest in the alphabet?" Reply—"Oh! L. See!" (O. L. C.)

Lady Soph., ignorantly—"O, please tell me the difference between veal and mutton." Lady Freshman, with assurance—"Why, veal is sheep and mutton calf." The Freshmen are continually getting mixed up, and this is one of many instances.

"Shoat" is going to enter the ministry, in order that he may become prime minister to England. May he reach the goal of his ambition crowned with laurels of honor.

A boy at the theologue table,
Who tried hard a Soph to mash,
Soon found out he was not able,
And has now cut off his moustache.

One of the students is determined to B. conspicuous, and wears a front door plate upon his breast. He boasts of the good quality of the nickel of which it is made. We advise him never to go among savages, as they have a particular fancy for such articles. As this gentleman is the son of a farmer, the plate may have been taken from a bridle, as the initial is carved on it in a somewhat flourishing manner.

The new Theologues have already learned how to smile.

Ward Hall narrowly escaped a fire recently. A coal oil lamp exploded while no one was

around, scattering the oil and burning some paper and trash. Fortunately it was discovered and extinguished before any real damage was done.

"De gustibus non disputandum est," but how tastes will differ. After feasting on cod-fish balls the other day, some of the boys were heard to comment on the good breakfast. Mr. Whaley said, "Good gracious, do you like cod-fish? I would not give one *taylor* for all the cod-fish that swim in the sea.

Quite an improvement has been made by making a hall through the old "book room," by which the ladies may more conveniently go to their class rooms. The change was made with a view also to utilize space and make spare room for some new students.

Prof. to Senior class. "How do you take measles to be, singular or plural; 'it' or 'they'?" The class differ, one member asks, "How do you prefer to take measles, Professor?" "I prefer to take it singularly, very decidedly, one at a time." One of the class, "Prefers not to take them at all."

The soliloquy of a lady Senior. "Can it be that we are related? Yes we bear the same name and may perhaps be cousins. Oh that is terrible," She seems to abhor this thought. Why is it?

A bright Prep. from Calvert, after recently reading "Rip Van Winkle" observed a male fowl of the chicken kind, who had been considerably deprived of his pride of plumage, and remarked that he was a literal representative of Irving's "hen-pecked husband."

If the Professor's suggestions could be realized, the oratorical contest, Feb. 25th, would have been quite expensive for the contestants. One needed a patent stump extractor to draw out the words; and another ought to have a galvanic battery to inspire animation enough to speak "Webster's reply to Calhoun."

One of our ladies has a "cute" way of winning a box of candies and receiving a long letter to boot. The wager of a box of candies, was made for the longest letter in a given time. His letter we know nothing of but presumes it was short and to the point.

We judge of hers from the following:

Behold the casket, view the prize
And see what you have realized;
Three thousand words you did surely write,
Scribbling (I presume) both day and night;
The fruit is yours, I do confess,
And send the same by Adam's Express.

Do not class me as a poet
Or anything of the sort,
As I do not want any one to know it,
Until I have more fully learned the art.

This bit of information came in our hands quite accidentally, it being evidently wafted from the ladies room, so "for goodness sake don't say we told you of it."

Many of our students will be sorry to learn of the burning of the Albaugh building. On Thursday morning, the 10th inst., early, it was discovered to be on fire and notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of the fire company, was entirely destroyed. The loss was estimated at about \$60,000, which was partly covered by insurance. Mr. Albaugh himself was not carrying on the whole store, but only one part of it; Kann, Son & Co., and A. E. Hurly doing business in other portions. Mr. Albaugh was always popular with our students and we sympathize with him in his loss.

The following is supposed to have been written by some one, bewailing his sad fate of being small:

Some boys are quite large enough,
While others are much smaller;
Indeed I'd give all Pap is worth
To be three inches taller.

For then that Senior would have to go,
Although he desires to remain;
And notwithstanding my real hair,
"I'd get there all the same."

Now boys, I ask you to pray
That I, in course of time
"May be ahead" as the boys say,
And that senior way behind.

Oh could I but realize this,
Wouldn't I feel saucy ;
I'd leave College right away,
And prepare to live in Massa.

But then there comes another thought,
Which is by no means pleasant ;
That all my money was spent in vain,
In buying many a present.

Dr. Ward, whose painful accident we had occasion to report in our last issue, is still confined to his house. His arm was reset and he suffered considerably. We miss the Doctor very much and hope he will soon be able to be with us.

Laundry ! Laundry ! Laundry !

Mr. A. Burgee, having taken sub-contract is now prepared to have laundrying done at regular prices and deliver same. Give him a call. Mr. B. by the way is a senior.

A bashful male student practicing in the music room next to the girl's was startled slightly by a rap on the door. He practiced the "rests" in the piece. Lady student at the door. "What time is it?" Boy remains very quiet. Lady, with a bang on the door, "What time is it, I say?" Boy looks around nervously for his hat. Lady student, grasping the doorknob, with a violent wrench, "Are you deaf; who's in here anyway?" The boy grasps hat, springs to the door and passes out as quietly as the husband, who has been on a *lark* in the evening, returns about three in the morning.

A new feature of the Newton apple anecdote has been developed by one of our seniors. He thinks it struck Newton on the head; his version may be true, for we believe it would have made a deeper impression in that case than otherwise.

Mental Philosophy Class. Subject, Identity. Prof. "Miss —, what is the difference between a man and a cabbage?" Student—"There is no difference between some; they are both green."

What will happen next? Without the

least reflection upon his party, it is our privilege to announce that one of the few Republican students of the College, has turned traitor to his party and joined the Democrats. He was heard to say, "I'm in favor of Civil Service Reform," and to prove that he meant what he said, he left College a short time afterwards and the next day one of the students received a letter, one clause of which read as follows: "I'll stand a Civil Service examination in Washington tomorrow." Upon his return he was greeted by all, especially the Democrats and being asked what he expects to do, replied: "I would like to be Surveyor of the port of Chesapeake City, but if I can't get that I'll be stationed at Hagerstown. It is unnecessary to say he passed his examination, and we predict before many years he will be heard in Congress. We wish him success.

"Susan's ghost" looked in upon a musical student of the College who was at the time deeply inspired by his rendition of a difficult and classical selection which was before him. He jumped from the stool, exclaiming, "Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" He is Hamlet No. 2.

Western Md. College boasts of quite an acquisition to its corps of teachers in Mrs. Carnes, the instructor in vocal music. A class of no small number has been organized including both ladies and gentlemen, and twice a week the building is filled with harmonious strains emanating from the throats of the pupils. Each member of the class also receives one private lesson a week. In the recent musical recitals Mrs. Carnes and several of her pupils have been represented, and the applause they elicited showed the appreciation both of the instructor and instructed. Indeed too much praise cannot be given our worthy teacher, Mrs. Carnes. Her deep interest in the success of her pupils and her very congenial disposition have entirely won the hearts of her scholars.

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Westminster, Md.

The ♦ College ♦ Portfolio.

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EDITORIAL.

The business managers take this means of informing all persons, who receive this issue of the COLLEGE PORTFOLIO, that they will be considered as legal subscribers, and the magazine sent regularly, unless they order otherwise, and all persons receiving this issue will consider it an urgent request for their own subscription and also any others they may be able to procure.

Our readers will notice that our paper has been enlarged four pages. Two issues of the

PORTFOLIO of the old size have made us feel that we could and ought to publish a larger paper. We hope the change will be agreeable to our readers and beneficial to ourselves.

On account of examinations and other extra work this month, the time of handing in the Weigand Essays has been extended to April 15th. We sincerely hope many of the students will compete for the medal and will be prompt in submitting their essays to the staff.

The last term of this scholastic year began on March 15th, after three days for examinations. Many good resolutions were made for this term and we hope they will all be kept.

Easter Monday, April 11th, bids fair to be one of the "biggest" days Westminster has had for a long time. It is proposed to celebrate the semi-centennial of the organization of Carroll county, and large preparations are being made to that effect. The occasion is a fitting one and the program being adopted seems well suited to the solemnity.

It may be good to have two papers in our college, though we have always argued against it. Rivalry between the two may make them both better; constantly vying with each other may brighten the wits and increase the interest of the respective editors. But certainly no advantage can arise from issuing them both the same week. If we will publish two papers, and they to be two month-

lies let us liken them, as nearly as possible to a semi-monthly publication, let the papers be fifteen days apart. The advantage from this is twofold.

First: if rivalry does any good, its fullest benefit is certainly not obtained by immediately preceeding or succeeding one another. Time should elapse, so one could reflect upon the sentiments of the other, in order to consider them in the next publication.

Second: many subjects, especially in the local columns, must be treated by both, and it is not at all desirable that the same manner of treatment should be in each. Think, for instance, what a ludicrous effect it must have upon our subscribers, to read the same things in both papers, and it must necessarily be so if one is in press when the other is issued.

We do not mean to reflect upon the *Gazette* in the least, for we have had our turn in coming first.

However, we propose to its consideration, that we fix our times of issue as near two weeks apart as possible. This was our idea when we took the 25th of the month as our date. We remembered in one of your first issues of this year, you said it was your intention to appear about the 10th.

If the *Gazette* can show any reason why it ought to have the latter part of the month, we are willing to recognize its claim, as it is the older paper; if not we will continue according to our statement and hope you will begin to act upon yours.

It is very natural, as we near the close our school-life that we should look forward into other years, the wonderful, "To Come," when, although the scholars will reassemble, we shall not be with them; we think of the familiar walks, the halls, the rooms filled with new occupants, studying the same books, pursuing the same paths—but strange to us. I look out of my window this sullen gray day, and through the whirling, eddying clouds of

drifting snow, picture to myself how it will be another year, what changes, what new things. Is it imagination, or only coming events casting their shadows before, that causes to arise before my dreaming eyes, to the right of the main building of our well-beloved College, a long, high, bright and airy dining room, *all above ground*, and to the right of it a capacious auditorium long and wide and broad enough to accommodate all the many visitors who help to make glad our entertainments and Commencements; but this is not all, for above the auditorium arise long rows of dormitories ready, not only for old lady students, but also for the many new girls, whom another year will bring to our halls. Then the old chambers can be combined into music rooms, art rooms and a roomy gymnasium for the girls.

The Storm King is piling his drifts high about the half-seen structure, and the gloaming is wrapping it about in mystery and silence, but the sight is very pleasant to me. What if the skeptic viewing it with the eye of an architect does say it resembles some vast bird of the long forgotten ages, which in a mighty conflict with some other prehistoric monster, has lost one wing; we do not choose to see it thus, but rather with the evolutionists will we believe, that as one wing has been evolved from nothingness, so the other will be sure to follow; nor does this idea shun the light of day, for have we not energy and industry and wisdom as our motive power? and when we see the many changes a few short months have wrought, we will believe in the new building; even though at present it may be as unsubstantial as the snow wreath formed upon my window-sill which the next whirling blast may sweep away.

Arrangements have been nearly completed for the course of lectures to be delivered in the College Chapel every Thursday afternoon. They will begin on Thursday, 21st instant, and continue six weeks. Among others, Prof. Henry Dixon Jones, of Harvard, will

lecture on "Elocution;" Attorney General Charles B. Roberts on "The Procedure of Justice in the United States;" and F. C. Young, of Johns Hopkins; or "The Origin and Growth of Parliament;" Mr. J. Frank Supplee on "The Stepping-stones to Success."

April will be a very enjoyable month for us. Besides the usual exercises there are to be three society anniversaries.

The public exercises on Friday afternoons increase each week in interest. The variety adds to them very much. The first Friday is devoted to a lecture by one of the Professors and Themes by the Junior Class. The second Friday in every month a Musical Recital is given by Prof. Rinehart, instructor in instrumental music; Mrs. A. J. Carnes, teacher of vocal music, and their pupils. These recitals are always well attended and much enjoyed by all. On the third Friday a part of the Senior Class delivers Essays and Orations. The fourth Friday is devoted to Readings and Recitations by the Sophomore and Freshman Classes. An Oratorical contest was given in February between the Sophomore and Freshman classes, and on Friday, March 25th, the Seniors will have a disputation on "Resolved, That the tariff laws now in force in the United States are right in principal and beneficial in operation." We expect fine debates, as the Seniors are studying political economy, and they are enthusiastic in their views on tariff questions.

How much do we know of the current events of the day?

A great error in a person who has just completed a book, is to think he knows all about it and consequently need not think of it any more. But if he would continue to study over it he would find new beauties and his ideas would become much clearer.

The Audacity of Ignorance.

Contributed by D. Wilson, Chaplain of U. S. A.

Dining with a President of the United States, (by accident of course), he remarked, "I'll take Plum tarts for dessert, I always liked a sour pie." The incident is remembered, because of the appreciative delicacy of his guests, and their politeness as well, all of whom ate tarts.

At all times it is well to be deferential to the opinions and preferences of the distinguished and great. But this would scarcely be a sufficient reason why men should keep on indefinitely eating tarts. Very many people from reasons no doubt satisfactory to themselves, are thus only duplicates of others, reflecting stereotyped tastes and preferences, having really no proper individuality or personality, passing out of existence as mere reflections of other men's lives. Eating "tarts" because, forsooth a President ate them, is, after all, an obsequious subjection of one's own preferences and tastes, it may be to the whim of another! Query? How much further would the world be advanced in literature, science and art, if so many were not always willing to eat "tarts"?

We hear a good deal said of the audacity of ignorance. It might be a question of interest, to ascertain how much the world owes this "audacity," for much of its advancement in all things? Is it not to this that we are indebted for many important discoveries and inventions? Printing, the mariners compass, and the discovery of America, may all be placed to the credit of this "audacity." Surely it was rather what Columbus did not know, which was in the realm of mere conjecture, which made possible, the dangers and hardships of that perilous voyage, which in profoundest ignorance, ended so auspiciously in the discovery which has immortalized his name.

How wonderfully the world's history would be changed, if those grand achievements which,

attempted, without gauging fully the range of possibilities and contingences, defied them, and left to the prestige of effort and conflict, results which in ignorance it could foresee. The field of glory and of fame would be circumscribed indefinitely but for the "audacity of human ignorance." Would Thermopylae and Marathon but for this be names which glitter on the historic page? "Was Lord Bacon the real Shakespeare?" This question has been discussed on the hypothesis that Shakespeare's learning and intelligence were inadequate to the production of his varied and immortal tragedies. The converse of this hypothesis has not been considered. Admitting Lord Bacon's wonderful genius and his great learning, would not these facts have made it inconceivable that he could have so delineated the human soul in the metamorphosis of its wonderful powers, as Shakespeare has done? Could he have gotten near enough to the fountain to have heard the tinkling music of its gurgling rills?

Whilst ignorance did not make Shakespeare, it is also demonstrable that the wings of this immortal genius were not weighted down with the golden lore of the school! Now it is precisely in those things in which learning could not greatly aid him; where he was compelled to paint from nature, and where common, human passions and frailties are described, that he stands in all things peerless and alone. Great learning might have supplemented that wonderful creative power, in which he is pre-eminent, or repressed that versatile spontaneity which seemed never to lack a word or simile for a fitting description. A fuller acquaintance with the thoughts and language of the learned would have inevitably cooled the ardor of invention, in the use of such second-hand opinions, as greatly extended knowledge would have suggested and supplied. How little was Bunyan indebted to learning (for he was not refined) for the immortal allegory which

bears his name? It was rather the creation of ignorance and seclusion. Certainly it was begotten of the meditations and introspections which a vivid and morbidly sensitive imagination supplied, during the long years of confinement in Bedford jail. It is a creation rendered possible only by the circumstances and contingencies which gave it birth. Every shade of capacity and ingenuity has been expended in the attempted discovery of the authorship of Junius. It would not be surprising if it should be traced to some obscure and unknown person, in no other manner distinguished in the world of letters. How Goldsmith wrote his charming *Natural History* has always puzzled the learned. As compared with Cuvier, Lacapède and Audubon, he was comparatively unlearned. And yet with what vivacious delight we read these pages, never finding our interest flagging, in descriptions of birds, beasts and reptiles, whose habits and general characteristics the reader knows probably quite as well as did the author himself. An ingenious and original writer might certainly produce a very readable and entertaining volume on "what we do *not* know" of animals. And indeed the volume might be extended to a library in writing up men's ignorance of many other things. It is a fact that "in many cases all the intelligence of which a mind is capable is expended upon mere acquisition." As to getting anything out of it in the way of ideas, and especially of poetical ones, that is almost never attained. A great wit once observed, when bored by praises of a man who spoke six languages, "that he had known a man to speak a dozen, and yet not say a word worth hearing in any of them." We can never forget the wise criticism of an old preceptor on a juvenile composition, which, as usual in such productions, was somewhat florid and verbose:—"Young man, remember words are passenger cars for passenger thoughts. We never need more cars than we have

passengers to carry. It is noted that some minds seem weighted down by their acquisitions. They cannot move. The spring and elasticity, which is the normal condition of a healthy and productive intellect, is destroyed. To change the simile, it has lost its tone, and strike it as you will there is no responsive or harmonious vibration. Conversing with an old, well-to-do-farmer, whose son had just returned home, having graduated at College, he bluntly decried the utility of all higher education by the remark, "Thomas, my son, before he went to college was a pretty good plow boy. He has come home now, too proud to work, and not able to work if he was not too proud." That young man's history, mercifully cut short by an early death, fully verified his father's prediction. It was a "failure." In poetry, we know, knowledge and culture are not always indispensable to the highest achievements. This is demonstrable by the well-known fact that those productions which have conferred fame and immortality on their authors have often been their earliest efforts. Has Bryant written many things which will outlive his *Thanatopsis*, or Longfellow many which in popularity and posthumous appreciation, any, that will not probably be sooner forgotten than his "Psalm of Life" and "Voices of the Night." Whose poems will be longest read in Scotland or anywhere, Burns' or Sir Walter Scott's? We never read the *Lady of Lake* entire. We were not greatly stirred by the martial scenes in *Marmion*, but Burns' poems one and all we have read again and again. What Burns might have written if he had had the learning, "the learning of the schools," we do not know. It is fair to assume that "Holy Willie's Prayer" and "Tam O'Shanter" would not have been among the immortal creations of the rustic bard. When some unlettered poet, "loitering along some lane," perchance listens entranced to the murmur of the waterfall, or the song of the bird, it is fair to as-

sume that all the ideal world which opens to the cultured singer is entirely shut out, and that therefore the impressions produced are more original and intense. That in all things poems thus produced by these poets would be of equal merit we do not affirm; nevertheless, we should find in one the aroma of the flowers and the murmur of the brook, making music in the fall; in the other, other flowers would bloom and other brooklets would make music in the rush of the tinkling rill. To the rustic muse,

"A primrose by the river's brim,
A simple primrose is to him,
And it is nothing more."

And we are glad it is not. Such a poet may not be profound or comprehensive, in fine may be as awkward as Falstaff's soldiers, and as ill-equipped, but like them, also, he will "find linen enough on every hedge," i. e., every object in nature will supply him with needed thought and expression. In *Troilus and Cressida* the fair Helen tells Pandorus, "you shall not bab us out of our melody." It would seem, sometimes, as if knowledge and culture exerted this inauspicious influence in a poet's dreams. Would not all this be avoided by enlarged culture, as, for instance, when in "Hamlet" Shakespeare puts into the king's mouth the sentence, "I'm going back to school in Wittenberg," when the University of Wittenberg was not founded until 1502, and consequently did not exist until long after the period to which this tragedy is referable. It is not a question of perfection, but of power. Doubtless, all things being equal, the cultured would make fewer mistakes than the rustic bard. He would certainly not mistake in matters within the purview of his knowledge. We are not sure, however, that he would be as safe an interpreter of the meaning of nature's secret harmonies, and that its subtle music might not wholly escape his more discursive fancy. Science, is also indebted to the "Audacity of Ignorance." If it has grown by "deduction," it is scarcely less indebted to that

which discards all formulas and methods, and in its own brave daring, and it may be hazardous way, has really blundered on truths, which probably no investigations would ever have revealed. The heroic Empiric, even, who it may be in ignorance of the human system, and the conditions and laws of health, in very desperation has applied some unfamiliar remedy with success, has become a discoverer and benefactor. Yet he is in profoundest ignorance of the *rationale* of his methods. All those discoveries, which are classified as accidental may be set down to "ignorance," otherwise they would not be *accidental*. Science has its martyrs. Some of these have been martyrs for doubts rather than beliefs. The illustrious roll of philosophers, from Socrates to the present hour, have died for truths of the existence of which they had no certain conviction. The early navigators, in search of a Western passage to the far-famed Cathay, often laded their vessels with mica and iron pyrites, imagining these to be gold. Wholly mistaking these worthless substances for gold, may have contributed nevertheless, more than ships laden with gold, to the wealth of the nations. Pity that these voyagers were often so poorly requited for their perilous voyages and daring adventures. At no time however were these more daring, than when they were really ignorant of what they sought. There may be an exquisite appreciation of the beautiful, without a conception of those laws, of form and proportion, which seem to lie immutable and fixed. The "technicalley trained eye," may recognize and perhaps enjoy, much more of all these than others, but this superior perceptive power "does not appear to enter, in a conscious way at least, into ordinary aesthetic enjoyment." "So far as conscious reflection can tell us," our enjoyment "rests on a vague estimation," of all these elements.*

There is much senseless declamation on the woes of ignorance and the advantages of knowledge. Ignorance is not an unmixed evil, nor is knowledge an invariable blessing. There may be much of real, positive enjoyment in the absence of such knowledge, and there may be much misery, though we have "all knowledge." Ignorance, "Audacious ignorance," must ever lend the charm of fascination to all human achievements, and especially to all efforts to solve the unknowing and unknown.

Henry Ward Beecher and his Fame.

A week or two past, after reading the eloquent sermon, "Swelling of the Jordan," by Dr. Talmage, of whom the public press is now speaking so much, I was constrained to ask for Beecher. Five years ago the press teemed with Beecher's expressions, the public glowed with his sentiments. He was alive in every mind, every heart revered him. Now Talmage had somewhat become his successor to public favor, it is Talmage's weekly sermons, that are published all over the country: but Talmage, though a fervent orator and acute thinker, will never reach the eminence of Beecher. He lacks that bold and fearless intrepidity, which has ever characterized Beecher's actions and which made him a leader of men. Even after his "Tilton affair" he came forward, with something akin to effrontery, and demanded almost rather than won back the confidence and affection of his flock. Such Beecher had been, but as I read the sermon alluded to, I was forced to believe that he was becoming too old for such activity and that his life's sands must be running low. It was only a few days later, when the world was startled with the news of Beecher's critical illness and, soon after, of his death.

Henry Ward Beecher was one of the most eminent divines this country has ever seen. He it was, whose eloquent and fervent sermons have caused so many sinners to "repent

*Popular Science Monthly, May, 1880.

and be baptized," whose numerous lectures have gathered together so many literary audiences and whose support and voice has contributed largely in electing presidents. When he died the whole of Brooklyn mourned and the whole world will feel the shock. He was a man of almost unbounded personal influence—he held together a congregation of over three thousand persons, many of the wealthiest and brainiest men of Brooklyn. He gathered among its numbers all classes, the white and black, Jew and Gentile, orthodox and unorthodox, Quaker, Presbyterian, Unitarian, Methodist, Episcopalian and Congregationalist. No man ever gathered a more mixed assembly. Men of no religion would go to hear him. Presidents, senators, lawyers, doctors, financiers, merchants, mechanics, artists—all were accustomed to be among his listeners.

He was a most ready speaker, always eloquent upon any subject that could be sprung upon him. He has written and spoken a great deal, averaging three or four times a week and all of his utterances will bear a verbatim report: he never repeated. Lincoln once said that Beecher had the most wonderful fertility of mind of any man in the nation and that this was his most distinguishing quality. In this he was certainly remarkable. He was one of the comparatively few Americans who enjoyed a world-wide reputation.

Notwithstanding all this, we cannot say Beecher was a great man. There was that about him which would dazzle, not illumine mankind. Webster says, in his tribute to Adams and Jefferson, a truly great man is "a spark of fervent heat, as well as radiant light, with power to enkindle the common mass of human mind; so that when it glimmers in its own decay and finally goes out in death, no light follows, but it leaves the world all light, all on fire, from the potent contact of its own spirit." This Beecher will not do. He leaves no system either of theology or of church government. His influence, except as a personal

recollection, ends with his life. He will go down in history as an eloquent orator and a great worker, he will be a bright ornament to its pages; but his influence will scarcely last to the end of another generation.

Henry Ward Beecher, was born at Litchfield, Conn., June 24, 1813; he was the eighth child of Lyman and Roxana Foote Beecher. His father's fame as a theologian, orator and leader in movements, such as the temperance and anti-slavery causes, is well known. The name of Harriet Beecher Stowe, his sister, is deeply carved on the monument of literature. The childhood of Beecher was spent in very much the same manner as other children of his time. He was let alone, and very little attention paid to him. He was fond of nature, and roamed a great deal by the brook and through the glen. His early school life certainly did not forecast his brilliant career, for he was deficient in memory, bashful, painfully sensitive and embarrassed by a thick, indistinct voice. At the age of ten he went to a private school at Bethelham, later he went to school at Hartford. When he was twelve, his father moved to Boston and he attend the Boston Latin School. He was averse to studying and after reading the travels of Nelson and Cook, was imbued with the desire to become a "midshipman and afterward a commodore," and he planned to run off to sea. His father discovered his intention and told him a knowledge of navigation was necessary to the furtherance of his desires and promised to send him to Mt. Pleasant in Amherst, for preparatory studies. He remained here two years and soon forgot his desire to go to sea. He graduated at Amherst in 1834 and studied theology in Lane Seminary. He finished here in '37 and his first call was to Lawrenceburg. At this place, Mr. Beecher says, they was so poor, that he was janitor, as well as pastor and the only reason he was not bell-ringer also, was that they were too poor to have a bell. Of his career after this all are familiar. He was

prominent in the anti-slavery move. He soon became famous as an orator, writer and thinker. He made several lecture tours abroad and though he had to overcome fierce opposition, opposition, it hardly does him credit to say he was always equal to the emergency. In Brooklyn alone his personal influence can be appreciated: there he swayed an immense multitude both religiously and politically, as if by magic power. No movement could stand his opposition and his concurrence was sure success to any enterprise.

As a writer of books Beecher is not so renowned though he has written several. "Norwood" is probably the best novel he has written. His "Yale Lectures on Preaching" is his solidest work, while the unfinished "Life of Christ" is probably the most portentous one he has ever attempted.

It is safe to say that no living American has ever been so much talked of as Beecher. Whether history will accord him as much fame as his contemporaries have given him remains to be proven. The visitor at Greenwood, however, will long be pointed to the spot where he reats and will be told one of America's noblest and bravest and most eloquent sons lies there.

P. S.

A New Method of Analyzing.

Written for the College Portfolio.

Since it is the avowed purpose of many college students to familiarize themselves with the modern poets, the writer takes the liberty of presenting his method of study hoping it may prove advantageous to his fellow workers, and be a step forward towards the consummation of a system most devoutly to be wished.

As an example of the course we pursue, and a text upon which to work out our method we will take the first few lines of Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," familiar doubtless to all, but repeated here merely to refresh the memory.

"Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream,
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are seldom what they seem."

Now the meaning of the stanza depends largely upon its punctuation, and we see no reason why the ordinary student may not accord to himself the privilege assumed by the various editors, and adjust this little matter to suit himself, according to his interpretation of the authors meaning—if he has any.

Adopting this view of the case, our understanding of the first two lines is, that the poet forbids the presentation to his notice of any gloomy views of life giving the two lines immediately following as his reason, but, really, the more we pursue this line of thought the further we are led into the mists of doubt and uncertainty. However perhaps a close analysis of the words of the passage may elucidate some what.

"Tell," doubtless refers to the renowned Swiss patriot who has become immortalized in song and story, and whose skill in archery has fired many a young arm to emulation, perhaps sometimes with disastrous results. Of the pronoun "me" we can each make personal application.

"Not" of course refers to the knot of all knots, the knot matrimonial, around which clusters so many thoughts of the average student. "In" is the hostelry where our poet halted to refresh and regale himself and his friends after his exertions in importing Wm. Tell to grace his rhyme. "Mourn" means to lament and wear weeds. "Full" is completed, so mournful means to lament and wear completed weeds. "Numb" according to all accepted authority is paralyzed. "Bars" are those pestiferous little seed pods endowed by nature with adhesive properties which some times cause them to over-load the caudle appendages of the cattle which roam over autumn pastures. These "numbers" are pods which adhere to a paralyzed cows narrative. The word "Life" holds for each of us the shade of meaning which is covered by the individual imagination or is determined by the point of view from which we contemplate it.

"But" is an indefinite number of gallons estimated by actual measurement of the cask in question this by some erroneously supposed to be the exclusive property of Billy Goats.

"An" is an abbreviation of Ann Boylin whom we take the liberty of introducing here to keep company with our first importation—Wm. Tell.

"Empty" (M. T.) if seen now a days at the conclusion of a numerous article is at once understood as the non-de-plume of Clemmens.

But why pursue the analysis further? Enough has been given to suggest to any *imaginative* mind a course of study, which if carefully pursued will in increase the knowledge and appreciation of any devotee of the muses. IOWA.

College Journalism.

The first college paper ever published was the Dartmouth Gazette, edited by Daniel Webster. Like many other enterprises started by that distinguished man, this one succeeded admirably, and the publishing of college papers has become very popular among our colleges.

The amount of journalism done by the colleges of this country is very large—surprisingly so, when we consider that no pecuniary inducements lead on the vast majority of editors and publishers. Literary gain and the advancement of its *alma mater* are the chief aims of nearly every college paper of the Union; and they are certainly very vague, to the average student at least. Still it is a fact, according to the most reliable sources, that the 333 colleges of this country, issue nearly half as many college papers; the exact number, as far as ascertained, is 157. Of this number, about 110 are monthly publications, about 20 semi-monthly, 8 weekly, 4 daily, and the others published every two months, every quarter or at no specified intervals. The four dailies are published at Harvard, Cornell, Princeton and Yale. The

average circulation of all these papers is somewhat more than five hundred per month, which would aggregate over 75,000 ventures, upon the sea of journalism from the colleges of the country.

We will not speculate much upon facts of this large amount of current literature. It is well known that some few papers of this host are of no good, either to themselves or to the outside world. Still a great many do benefit both.

There are few things capable of giving a better impression of a college than its paper, if it is a good one. Nothing scarcely, can be a better advertisement. So much for the college. As to the student, excepting a well organized literary society, there is nothing in the whole college curriculum from which he can derive more practical benefit, than from contact with a good publication. It trains him for that independent position he must take when he leaves his college walls; it gives him an idea as to how he will be called upon to express his thoughts to the world.

The educational world is beginning to recognize these advantages, and so highly does it regard them that much is talked of instituting a chair of journalism in the faculty. Whether this would be expedient we are unable to say, but we do think that if the faculty would be more careful of their college papers, much good would arise, both for the students and the college. C.

The Raving (Professor).

'T was upon a moonlight evening,
While I slept with A. T. Moore,
On an old time husky mattress,
About two feet above the floor;
That a noise like some one banging,
Banging on our Ward Hall door,
'T was only this and nothing more.
'Tis some robber, thus I snattered,
And at the thought I greatly shuddered,
For my life and nothing more.
But alas! the door was fastened,
Fastened like 't was one before,
Like 't was in the days of yore,
By a prop against the door.

Off me then I flung the covers
 As I stepped upon the floor
 Only this and nothing more.
 Then I found by close inspection,
 That that voice I'd heard before,
 Coming from that outside section
 On the outside of the door.

'Tis the "Prof." then I muttered,
 Whom I'd often heard before
 Knocking on my chamber door.
 There I stood, there I shuddered
 On the inside of the door,
 Then he cried as if he'd blundered
 Open up—Mr. Moore.

As the door was opened slowly,
 The jaunty figure I knew wholly,
 'T was then at length with faith he asked me,
 As he had done once before;
 If I knew who was so lowly
 As to lock the old front door
 Quoth the locker—"Never more."

H. H.

Gems from Lucile.

"Let any man once show the world that he feels
 Afraid of his bark, and 'twill fly at his heels;
 Let him fearlessly face it, 'twill leave him alone;
 But 'twill sawn at his feet if he flings it a bone."

Excuses are clothes which, when ask'd unaware,
 Good Breeding to naked necessity shares."

"Do you think we should live
 With the living so lightly, and learn to survive
 That wild moment in which to the grave and its gloom
 We consign'd our heart's best, if the doors of the tomb
 Were not lock'd with a key which Fate keeps for our
 sake?"

If the dead could return, or the corpses awake?"

"The heart of a man's like that delicate weed,
 Which requires to be trampled on, boldly indeed,
 Ere it give forth the fragrance you wish to extract,
 'Tis a simile, trust me, if not new, exact."

"The man who seeks one thing in life and but one,
 May hope to achieve it before life be done;
 But he who seeks all things, wherever he goes,
 Only reaps from the hopes which around him he sows
 A harvest of barren regrets. And the worm,
 That crawls on in the dust to the definite term
 Of its creeping existence, and sees nothing more
 Than the path it pursues till its creeping be o'er,
 In its limited vision, is happier far
 Than the Half-Sage, whose course, fixed by no friendly
 star,

Is by each star distracted in turn, and who knows
 Each will still be as distant wherever he goes."

"We may live without poetry, music and art;
 We may live without conscience, and live without
 heart;
 We may live without friends; we may live without
 books;
 But civilized man cannot live without cooks,
 He may live without books—what is knowledge but

grieving?"

He may live without hope; what is hope but deceiving?
 He may live without love—what is passion but pining.
 But where is the man that can live without dining?"

Use and Habit are powers,
 Far stronger than Passion, in this world of ours."

"This world is a nettle; disturb it, it stings;
 Grasp it firmly, it stings not. On one of two things,
 If you would not be stung, it behooves you to settle:
 Avoid it, or crush it, she crush'd not the nettle;
 For she could not; nor would she avoid it; she tried
 With the weak hand of a woman to thrust it aside,
 And it stung her. A woman is too slight a thing
 To trample the world without feeling its sting."

Man is born on a battle field. Round him, to rend
 Or resist, the dread Powers, he displaces attend,
 By the cradle which nature, amidst the stern shocks
 That have shattered creation, and sharpen it, rocks,
 He leaps with a wall into being; and lo!
 His own mother, fierce nature herself, is his foe.
 Her whirlwinds are roused into wrath o'er his head
 'Neath his feet roll her earthquakes: her solitudes spread
 To daunt him: her forces dispute his command:
 Her snows fall to freeze him: her suns burn to brand:
 Her seas yawn to engulf him: her rocks rise to crush:
 And the lion and leopard, allied, lurk to rush
 On their startled invader.

Among Our Exchanges.

We feel gratified to see the number of our exchanges gradually increasing. It is a source of pleasure to us to make new acquaintances, and we hope to find many friends among them; also to learn methods other than our own inexperienced ones and to profit by the knowledge of others. We hope that after this issue we may receive several more, especially some one or two from the South, to whom we are desirous of being introduced; but as we have no friend to do so, we will take the liberty of introducing ourselves.

The March number of the *Dickinson Liberal* is at hand. This paper is one of our first friends. It is a well established College journal; its articles are interesting, its editorials good, and we enjoy reading it.

Prominent among our new arrivals is the *Seminary Monthly*, Hagerstown, Md. It congratulates itself that it will soon celebrate its tenth birthday. We wish it long life and continued prosperity.

The *Georgetown College Magazine*, pub-

lished by the Literary Societies of that institution, makes its first visit to us. We will forbear criticism until we are better acquainted.

The *College World*, Adrian, Mich., contains some interesting College news.

Princeton College has a native of Egypt. Adrian has one from Turkey.—*Ex.*

Western Maryland College has one from Japan.

We take from the *Campus* the following. "Over a year ago the change from Saturday to Monday as a day of recreation was made, and although a little strange to us at first, it is now a pronounced success. It has removed the temptation to study on Sunday, and gives better class-room results for Tuesday than the old system for Monday."

The *Simpsonian* comes to us all the way from Iowa. We appreciate its visits and wish to know it better.

We have also received the March number of the *Pennsylvania College Monthly*. We will reserve our compliments for another time.

We rejoice in having a daily paper, the *Evening Capital*, Annapolis, Md., among our exchanges.

We thank the *Delaware College Review* kindly for the welcome it gives to us: We appreciate your good wishes and are obliged for the encouragement you give.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The Freshmen and Sophomores of Cornell recently had a big *rumor* on the day of their annual banquets.

Mr. J. A. Bostwick, of New York City, has given \$50,000 to Wake Forrest College, N. C. This is in addition to \$20,000 previously given. The income is to be used to increase the salaries of the Professors and for current expenses.

Yale "College" is a thing of the past, the resolution making it a "University," lately passed the Senate, at Hartford.

Mr. Robert Garrett, a few days ago, gave \$8,000 toward the new art museum of Princeton, in addition to the \$7,000 contributed, not long ago, by Trustee Harrison Garrett.

Sam Jones proposes to get up a college at Cartersville, Ga. He has already received \$10,000 in contributions.

The Science Hall of the Case School of Applied Sciences at Cleveland, Ohio, was recently destroyed by fire. The loss was \$200,000, and insurance only \$75,000.

Of the 2,000 graduates of Williams College, ex-President Mark Hopkins has taught all save about 40.

It is said that the University of Pennsylvania is the oldest legally titled University in the United States; the College of Philadelphia becoming University of Pennsylvania in 1791.—*Ex.*

In Illinois there are more colleges than in the whole of Europe and one college in Europe has more students than the whole State of Illinois.

The question is often asked, in regard to the pronunciation of Latin, how do the majority of American colleges teach it. According to the most reliable statistics, 155 of the entire number, 333, pronounce by the Roman Method, 144 by the English Method, and 34 by the Continental.

The Oxford Military Academy, of Md., which was built up to a school of over 350 students with such phenomenal quickness, has lost Major Burgess, and it seems to be sinking almost as rapidly as it raised.

The first degree of D. D., ever conferred by Harvard, was upon Increase Mather in 1682, and the first LL. D., upon George Washington in 1776.

Dr. McCosh, of Princeton, has said, "If ye can chase secret societies out of colleges, ye'll do a good thing. We did it eight years ago."

There are catalogued at Harvard, 1,688 students, of whom 271 are in the medicine

school and 180 in the law department. Both she and Yale will graduate more this year than ever before. This great number of students have 189 courses to select from. The late endowments to this grand institution of learning have been a half-million from an old miser of Boston, and \$400,000 from John Q. A. Williams.

Students at Madison University are not allowed to marry during the course. A freshman lately evaded the rule by marrying before he entered.

The University of the South, at Swanee, has its vacation in the winter. An exchange says that this is done to save fuel.

The Oxford and Cambridge race is to be rowed on the Thames, March 26th.

Princeton has also joined the rank of Universities, says an exchange.

In the gymnasium of Corryville is a class of charming young ladies, about fifty in number, who seek to render themselves more charming by scientific exercise. Some time ago, in the absence of the professor, they organized a game of foot-ball, and for a time the fun waxed fast and furious. After several goals and touchdowns, one of the girls in her endeavor to give the ball a violent kick, missed her aim, and the result was the loss of six, beautiful, white, pearly teeth, two of which have never been found. We would recommend to the young lady students of this country, that foot-ball is not a suitable game for them, "they ain't built that way." The next game among the Corryville girls has not been announced.

Miss Van Zandt, who so persistently tried to marry the Anarchist Spies, is a graduate of Vassar. She has recently graduated, and they say a Vassar girl never sees a man; this possibly accounts for her strange fancy, as Spies may have been the first man she saw when she left.

Students be comforted! Henry Ward

Beecher only made an average of 57 out of 100 possible.—*Ex.*

In a late speech before the Phi Beta Kappa society, President Dwight said: "Finally we come to one of the main differences between Yale and Harvard. Yale cares for the individual, Harvard for the institution. Yale tries to develop a mans character, and we should have an excellent and definite statement as to what that character should be. Yale tries to give men to the world. Harvard tries to give an institution to men, to give them a place where they can develop themselves and work out their own character. Harvard's principle recognizes more fully the difference in men. It has far larger possibilities and is based on a great confidence in human nature."

DE ALUMNIS.

Class of '83.

This is the largest class the College ever graduated, consisting of eleven male and ten female members. As is the case with all classes, quite a number who started with it did not continue to graduation. The female portion, however, of this class was an exception in this respect, as it carried through all its members from the Freshman year with two or three exceptions. We give below a brief account of the members as near as we have been able to ascertain facts regarding them.

Miss Florence B. Diffenbaugh has remained at her home near Westminster since graduation.

Miss Florence G. Hering resides with her father in Westminster, and has given her attention principally to music. She is at present taking vocal lessons at the Peabody Institute, Baltimore.

Miss S. Nannie James, A. M., recently married to the Rev. G. L. Cuddy, is now living in Harford county, Md., where her husband was sent by the late Baltimore Conference of the M. E. Church.

Miss Lillie M. Keller, A. M., has remained at her pleasant home in Buckeystown.

Miss M. Agnes Lease, A. M., has pursued

her studies since graduation at her quiet home near Mt. Pleasant, Frederick county.

Miss Georgie R. Nichols, daughter of Rev. J. K. Nichols, is teaching at Johnsville.

Miss Jessie Smiley, A. M., is pursuing a course at Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa.

Miss Virginia Smiley is teaching in a Female Seminary, Tenn.

Miss Lizzie Swarbrick is teaching in Calvert county.

Miss Carrie W. Yingling, recently married to B. W. Wilson, is living in St. Louis, Mo.

Harry F. H. Baughman has been principal of the Crumpton High School, Queen Anne's county, since '84.

Rev. Wm. W. Damm, A. M., B. D., entered the Yale Divinity School in September, '83, and received the degree of B. D. in '86. He united with the Congregational Church, and at present has a charge in Ohio.

Franklin B. Fenby, since leaving school, has been giving his attention to agricultural pursuits near Westminster.

Rev. J. Wm. Kirk, A. M., B. D., was elected tutor in the college immediately after graduation and held the position for two years. In connection with his duties in this capacity, he pursued the prescribed course in the Theological Seminary, and graduated from that institution in May, '85. He was then received in the Maryland Annual Conference of the M. P. Church and sent to Crisfield where he is still stationed.

L. R. Linthicum, A. M., is taking a course in the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania.

Alonzo Miles, A. M., is a member of the Crisfield bar. On leaving school, he studied law under the direction of Edgar A. Gans, Deputy States Attorney for Baltimore, and at the same time took a course in the Maryland Law University.

Rev. Jesse W. Norris, A. M., spent one year at the Seminary and has since been in active work in the M. P. Church.

Rev. Smallwood C. Ohrum, A. M., B. D., after taking a two years course at the Seminary, entered the Maryland Annual Conference of the M. P. Church and at present is stationed in Virginia.

Prof. Franklin H. Schaefer, A. M., shortly after graduation, made a trip to the West, visiting among other cities St. Louis, Kansas City and Denver. He returned to Maryland in '84 and engaged in teaching school in Car-

roll county. In '85 he was elected tutor in the College, and in September last was made principal of the Preparatory Department.

John J. F. Thompson entered the class in the Junior year. Immediately after graduation he entered the Yale Divinity School with the intention of preparing for the ministry.

Louis C. Wainwright entered in the Junior year, having previously graduated at the Princess Anne High Scholl. He taught school for a short time after leaving college, and is now pursuing a course in the Princeton Theological Seminary, preparatory to entering the Presbyterian ministry.

A. D. Brockett, nephew of Prof. R. L. Brockett, left the class in the Sophomore year. He is now engaged in the mercantile business in Alexandria, Va.

Dr. J. Hering was a member of this class till the Junior year, when he entered the Maryland University of Medicine, from which he graduated in '85. He now has an extensive practice in Westminster.

Rev. J. M. Gill entered in the Freshman year, but left in '82 to engage in work in the M. P. Church. He is now stationed in Baltimore county, Md.

Chas. C. Hopper was in the class but a short time. After leaving school he was appointed assistant postmaster at Centreville. He is now at the Maryland Law University, Baltimore.

S. M. Leech left the class in the last term of the Senior year. He was then appointed by President Arthur Assistant Superintendent of the Yellowstone Park, but soon afterwards resigned on account of the hardships attached to the position. Afterwards he engaged in the newspaper business at Albany, N. Y., and was establishing quite a reputation at the time of his death, which recently occurred.

F. W. Elgin left the class in the Junior year, and engaged in teaching in Montgomery county, Md.

Prof. J. A. Crowther discontinued his studies with the class in the Freshman year. He then attended the Virginia Military and Agricultural College, where he graduated with first honors. He was appointed after graduation to the position of assistant in mathematics. He is now in charge of a private high grade school for boys at Savannah, Ga., and is assisted by competent teachers in the classical and literary departments.

Dr. G. W. Todd, '81, has a very fine practice at Salisbury.

Miss May C. Meredith, '82, is teaching school near Still Pond, Kent county.

Miss Fudora L. Richardson, '85, is taking lessons in housewifery at her home in Church creek.

Rev. E. T. Mowbray, '86, has been stationed by the late M. E. Conference at Hunt's, Baltimore county. Mr. Mowbray has the charge alone, and we feel sure he will have a successful ministry. He will remain at Hampstead, his old circuit, until his school closes, and has arranged with his successor, Rev. W. J. Thompson, to that effect.

Personals.

Miss Grace Garrison is visiting some friends in town.

Mr. H. Etchinson is practicing medicine at Gaithersburg.

Mr. Columbus Day is teaching school near Browningsville, Montgomery Co.

Mrs. Dr. H. W. Harding of Virginia visited her son Otis at the college on the 2nd and 3rd inst.

The Rev. F. T. Tagg, Cor. Sec. of Board of Missions, of the M. P. Church, visited Westminster on Sunday, the 13th inst. In the afternoon he made an address before the Y. M. C. A., of the College.

The University of Maryland School of Medicine held its commencement on 22nd inst. Messrs. W. F. Elgin and Jas. A. Melvin are among the graduates.

Miss Lillie W. Barkdoll, '87, who left college at the end of last year, is teaching school near Fairplay, Washington Co.

Two of our old students, Messrs. Geo. O. Quesenberry and S. A. Boucher, are in this year's graduating class of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Baltimore.

Miss Nannie M. Heyde, of the Preparatory Department, has left school to accompany her father, the Rev. G. W. Heyde, to his station in Harford county.

Mr. Reese, who left college with the measles on Feb. 23, returned on the 8th inst., and

stood his examinations. Mr. Reese feared that he would make some *measly* examinations, but we learn that he did very well.

Prof. A. H. Merrill, who left us last year to accept a position at Vanderbilt University, read by invitation before the Annual Chataqua Reunion at De Funiak, Fla. He was very enthusiastically received by an audience of more than a thousand people.

Mr. J. J. Buffington, who left school on the 17th ult., will return in a few days. Mr. B. was one of a large number of our students that the measles visited in their rounds. In his case they were particularly unwelcome as they came during review and examination.

Mr. John H. Baker, of Buckeystown, who, on account of weak eyes, left school in November last, had expected to return to college this term, but the doctor advised him not to resume his studies till September next. Mr. B. writes us that he tries to make himself useful at home by running errands and fishing.

Dr. Ward is now suffering from an attack of quinsy. His broken arm had scarcely mended before this last sickness come on. We are glad to learn, however, that he is slowly but steadily recovering, and the prospects are that he will soon be with us again.

We take pleasure in announcing the marriage of one of our old students, Mr. W. F. Elgin, to Miss Estelle White of Poolesville, Montgomery, Co. The wedding took place on the 21st inst. after which the bridal couple made a short visit to Baltimore to attend, on the following day, the commencement exercises of the University of Maryland School of Medicine in which Mr. Elgin participates as a graduate. We congratulate Mr. Elgin on his double success.

President Lewis was absent from College on Wednesday 16th inst. on the very pleasant mission of uniting in matrimony Miss Minnie W. Jarman, his niece, and Mr. J. Edwin Willis, at Greenboro, Md. Miss Jarman

spent the year 1881-2 at Western Maryland and two of her brothers have also been here, one graduating. The ceremony took place in the M. E. Church, which was beautifully trimmed for the occasion. After a short reception at home the happy couple departed for a trip to Philadelphia. Mr. Willis is a promising young merchant of the firm of Willis & Roe, and like his bride has a host of friends wishing long life and happiness. In this wish the PORTFOLIO heartily joins.

We clip the following from the Centreville Record of Feb. 26. St. Paul's P. E. Church in this town was crowded on Monday afternoon by friends and relatives who gathered to witness the marriage of Miss M. Emma Taylor, daughter of the late Geo. W. Taylor, Esq., and Mr. William E. Rolph, assistant deputy clerk of the Circuit Court. The church was darkened and the lamps lighted, and the effect heightened by the heavy Christmas decorations, which have not yet been removed, was very pleasing. The ceremony was performed at 2.30 o'clock by the rector, Rev. James A. Mitchell. The bride, handsomely attired in an olive green satin dress with hat to match, entered the church upon the arm of Mr. Wm. J. Price, and was preceded to the altar by the ushers, Messrs. P. B. Hopper, J. Fletcher Rolph, David D. Taylor, W. J. Price, Jr., T. S. and G. C. Roberts. At the altar the groom, attended by his best man, Mr. Noble C. Rolph, awaited the coming of the bride. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Rolph repaired to the residence of the bride's mother, where the congratulations of friends were received. They left on the afternoon train for a short trip to Washington and Richmond.

Seminary News.

The Seminary students are reviewing for final examinations, which take place the last week in April.

Rev. L. R. Dyott of Harpers Ferry has been elected to preach the sermon before the Mis-

sionary Alliance of the Seminary on May 1.

The Stockton Society of the Seminary elected the following officers on February 25th: Pres., L. Albright; vice president, G. W. Hadaway; rec. sec., J. H. S. Ewell; cor. sec., O. S. Corbon; critic, J. D. Corbon; chaplain, J. C. Cody; treasurer, C. E. Lanberd.

Crisfield, Md., the victim of so many conflagrations of recent years, was again visited by a destructive fire on March 17th, by which, we are sorry to learn, Dr. O. B. B. Ewell and A. W. Ewell, brothers of J. H. Ewell of the Seminary, were the heaviest losers.

R. S. Williamson, who recently left the Seminary and E. H. Vandyke will join the Maryland Conference of the M. P. Church, which will be held at Easton, beginning April 6th, prox.

Chapel Exercises.

The Chapel Exercises on Feb. 25th were hastily improvised on account of the expected Oratorical Contest being postponed until the following Friday—sickness having rendered several of the orators unfit to perform their duties. No program was arranged but the Freshmen and Sophomore classes of boys were represented nearly unto the entire number of both divisions. The selections were very interesting and well delivered.

The next Friday saw nearly the same persons assembled as contestants in oratorical skill. The male portion of the Sophomore and Freshman classes were arrayed against each other in elocutionary contest. The selections were principally from Webster and the following is a program of the proceedings:

Bunker Hill Monument.....	Mr. C. H. Sullivan, '89.
The Secret of the Murderer.....	Mr. C. F. Merrick, '90.
Supposed Speech against the Declaration,	Mr. I. G. Michael, '89.
Supposed Speech of Adams in Reply,	Mr. J. F. Caulk, '90.
Fourth of July, 1831.....	Mr. P. H. Myers, '89.
DISCUSSION WITH CALHOUN.	
Calhoun's Speech on State Veto Power,	Mr. J. F. Harper, '90.
Webster's Speech in Reply.....	Mr. W. O. Keller, '90.

Music, "Hunting Song," Mendelssohn-
Miss J. F. Wilson.

DISCUSSION WITH HAYNE.

Eulogium on South Carolina..... Hayne.
Mr. W. M. Weller, '89.

South Carolina and Massachusetts..... Webster.
Mr. H. G. Watson, '89.

Hayne's Reply..... Mr. C. E. Ames, '90.
Webster's Rejoinder..... Mr. L. I. Pollitt, '89.

Webster's Peroration..... Mr. W. M. Lease, '89.
Description of the Webster-Hayne Contest,
W. C. Johnson.

Mr. J. B. Whaley.

Ode on the same..... W. C. Wilkinson.
Mr. W. I. Mace.

Music, "On Blooming Meadows" Waltz..... Rive-King.
Prof. T. F. Rinehart, Primo.
Miss M. E. Stem, Secundo.

After the well delivered recitations, which reflected great credit both upon the members of the classes and their instructor Dr. Lewis, were brought to a close, Mr. J. A. C. Bond as spokesman of the Judges, made a short address in which he said that with some reluctance he declared the victory in favor of the Sophomores.

The 11th was the day for the Musical Recital, but as examinations came on the same day, it was indefinitely postponed.

On Friday, March 18th, the exercises consisted of a Lecture by Prof. Rinehart and themes by four Juniors. Prof. Rinehart took as a subject "The Pernicious Influence of Lord Byron's Writings," and handled it with an unsurpassable skill. Although his first lecture at our College, it was sufficient to create within us a great desire to hear him speak to our sensibilities by word of mouth as well as through that instrument of whose melodious voice he is the complete master. His lecture was followed by a piano solo, Harp Evlienne. Mr. P. W. Kuhns read a theme on "Who is responsible for depraved newspapers," followed by Mr. E. C. Wimbrough, subject, "Thomas DeQuincy" and Miss E. M. Wallis, "Lessons from the life of Andrew Johnson." The themes were all fine productions, and worthy of high commendation.

Locals.

Spider!

Its over! Examinations past, Students easy.

Larkin got a ten!

Girls, did you see him run?

She even preserved the oyster shells!

Shorty get your hair dyed.

Have you heard Soph. Wh. sing bass yet?

Who took the girls' napkins and rings?

Who??

The Chinaman" is still in business. Give him a call. Prompt attention *guaranteed*.

Mr. Moore lately indulged in a shave which by the way was his first.

One of our preps from Crisfield, Md., asked recently "if they did not give holiday here on *pancake day*."

Class in Geometry. Prof.: "Mr. M., what is a complement? Mr. M. quickly—"The difference between two right angles.

"Once to every College student,
Comes the moment to decide,
In the strife with Greek and Latin,
If he walk or if he ride.

Truth forever wed to study;
Wrong forever wed to play.

"Ponies" carry for the moment:
But upon that final day,

When there comes a test of knowledge
Ah! the "ponies" where are they?"

Will the Prof. of music please inform us what is the grammatical scale?

Who got a *billet doux* from the Faculty?

Friday morning breakfast—the fish being discussed—Miss D.—on refusing to partake said: "I was fond of *herring* last year but my taste has entirely changed since then for I do not like even that kind now.

We have ascertained by close observation that there is but one young lady in the dining room who never looks at the boys during meals and she is not cross-eyed either.

Senior class in geology. Lesson volcanoes

Prof. "Miss W. where is Vesuvius?" Miss W. thinks awhile. Prof. "Is it in South America?" Miss W. is offended and does not answer. Then Prof. tried another, Mr. S. "Where is Etna?" "In Iceland, sir." "Where?" Mr. S. "In the middle of France, —I think." Prof. says the moral is that people are not careful enough to look up the things about which they read: he is right too.

"We two and no more" is very agreeable under some circumstances, but in a certain instance one Moore was very acceptable and we would not have objected to a dozen.

Was it a Soph. that said he "admired the writings of Anon more than any other poet?"

Scene in the kitchen—a tramp appears on the scene of action. Reuben—steward-commander in chief of kitchen—would-be-boss of all creation—with quite a superior air: "Oh, here you are again are you, you don't know me I suppose?" Tramp: "Humph, yes I think I do, we were both in the Penitentiary together twenty years ago." Reuben does not reply but wears quite a crest-fallen air the rest of the day.

The following lines were wafed from a young lady's window, by Fate we suppose, and were picked up by an Editor.

Two lovers do I now possess
The one measures five feet eight,
The other is not so high
Three inches shorter I guess,
And I hardly know of late
Upon which to cast my eye.
Two hearts do I now hold
The one belong, to "Sturgeon"
The other one to Shorty
Yes, I now them both enfold
Must I hear others urging,
Or flirt until I'm forty?
Two pairs of eyes on me gaze, —
But I've been thinking of late
That I can keep only one
And I do myself amaze, —
And think I have met my fate
Since the taller has begun.

The public have requested that no more poetry be published on this subject. We are public servants.

Some of our lady students took part in the missionary meetings of both the M. E. and M. P. Churches in town.

Lately one of the gentlemen had his mother to visit him and while she was here, we are happy to say she was shown a great deal of attention by a certain lady senior. So much was the lady senior seen with this strange lady that a Prof. in the class-room one morning inquired: "Miss A—, has your mother gone home yet?" In vain did the other members of the class attempt to suppress their "noisy smiles." P. S. Report says that the lady senior has accepted an invitation to visit Virginia next summer.

One of the Preps think the best *teeth*-dentists he knows are in Baltimore. We would not imagine he knew many.

"The morality of a lie" is a subject that has been very much discussed lately. We hope by next issue to have a theme on the subject from the Prep. who discusses so eloquently on it.

A certain Senior wants to know what a buffalo is. He thinks he has seen one's picture—something like a gorilla, isn't it?

The following answer was given by one of our collegiates recently to the inquiry if he could perform on the horizontal bar. "Well yes, I used to turn 'round the *pole* a little—guess that's what you mean, don't you? When we made ours we *jobbed two stobs* in the ground and bored holes in each and *ran a pole through the holes.*" We expect he meant a bar but are not certain, his brogue is Southern.

TABLEAU VIVANT IN FIVE SCENES.

1st. Tableau, red light first flares up and startles music Prof. who thinks it is fire. 2nd. He sees through the joke, makes one wild desperate leap over the rostrum, music scholar, piano and all. 3d. Girls fly pursued up three flights of stairs. 4th. Heads peeping out the doors all along the corridor. Prof. thunders "Who's room is this?" 5th. Silence—the girls picking up the buttons.

Our popular housekeeper, Miss Hiner, has been sick with the measles lately, but we are glad to hear she is getting better for we missed her very much on "pie-day."

Some of the members of the Sophomore class experienced some difficulty in answering the question: "Name five great living Englishmen." The following conversation was heard among the male members: Mr. Wa—"Who was Canon Farrar?" Mr. R—"An American orator." Mr. Wa—"You are off, for I saw where he had returned home to England the other day." Mr. R—very earnestly: "Why he has been dead for fifty years." Mr. W. thinks it rather risky to put him down as an Englishman. Mr. Mi—named Oscar Wilde and Lord Lytton as to of his men and Mr. R. would have put Oliver W. Holmes, being, as he said a great English orator, but he had an idea he was dead.

The Philomathean Society has received quite an acquisition to the mineral department in some magnificent specimens of iron ore from Mr. Geo. F. Riley, of Ashland. Also an especially beautiful piece of limestone rock and Cuban iron ore.

Auction! Auction! Auction!

We will sell at public sale on the 31st of March, some of our thoroughbreds, as we desire to get a new lot, better suited to ride during the third term, the following distinguished animals will be offered:

1 young colt, known as "Equus Cicero,"
1 old mule, known as "Old Plantus," we desire especially to get rid of, (this animal threw its rider lately, wounding him in six places); 1 fine black horse, we desire to call especial attention to, he is noted as a saddle horse and will carry double; the only trouble is, he was nearly worked to death on his last trial of speed, but came out conqueror, his name is "Iliad, The Chief of the Turf." Be sure and attend the sale.

(Signed) Amor Equorum.

Aliquis Vir, Auctioneer.

Quite a startling affair has occurred in College. Susan's Ghost has assumed larger proportions than ever and is now accompanied by another and equally as frightful companion. They suddenly appear before the same music scholar the other night. He at first was not alarmed, however, and when one said: "I am thy father's ghost!" said boldly: "Spirits avaunt, I fear thee not!" But when the other said "I am the ghost of thy prospective mother-in-law," he jumped from the piano stool, turned wildly round, and in his haste fell down the steps nearly dislocating every limb. He is the one about whom the fair damsel said she "was perfectly entranced by his musical eyes."

Conversation among three Freshmen.

Miss F—"Girls, Sweden Borgian is just taking the place down in Caroline."

Miss T—"What is it?"

Miss U—"I think it must be some terrible disease."

Miss F—"O, no it is an insect eating up all the grain and vegetables."

Oh ye unsalted freshmen!

A short time ago one of our worthy Sophs. with a palpitating heart, wended his way down town with the avowed purpose of calling on Miss—. On arriving at his destination, he rang the door bell and while awaiting an answer to his summons hastily arranged his cravat and heart, the latter beating a lively tattoo. But alas! the father came to the door. The Soph has no definite recollection whether he spoke to him or not, at any rate he remembers inquiring for the daughter. Now the old gentleman is noted for his *whispering*, so opening the door wide he went to the front of the stairs and began *whispering* for her. The Soph. was stupefied, and at that moment glancing on the other side of the street beheld two college students smiling blandly at him. He awaited no longer but rushing wildly up street to the College, took a severe headache which resulted in the mea-

sles. He is now convalescent and hopes are entertained for his final recovery.

In examples, even the best scholars sometimes get woefully confused. In one paper, Moral Philosophy was strangely intermingled with Geometry, that is, in a description of the angels at the right hand of God, the student wrote in an eloquent manner about "God's right angles."

Miss G——, gazing fixedly at the windowless side of the Seminary, soliloquy: "Would that my anxious gaze could penetrate yon stony wall which so effectually causes our separation."

The latest is, "When your mother comes to see you, before handing her the last Gazette, be careful to clip out the local concerning the flourishing state of your moustache, for fear it may reach the ears of your best girl. You forget, however, other intact copies are procurable and you will feel more *down* in your mouth than you ever felt before, when you find out she knows the receipt for your moustache.

Miss A. wants to know who was the mother of Aeneas—Venus de Milo, Venus de Medici, or Virgil's Venus. Who will inform her?

Prof. S.—"Where do you suppose tan yards are situated?" Prep.—"In the penitentiary."

Prof.—"Mirzah saw the people crossing the bridge." Soph. repeating, "Misery saw"—she never finished, interrupted by the laugh.

Many are the laughable mistakes culled from the examination room: One Senior in Latin talks about the "celestial air of the lower regions." A Soph says the reason sand will not dissolve in water is, "because it is insoluble."

Boys to tramp hanging around the premises:—"Look here fellow, what are you fooling around here for, don't you know this is a

College?" Tramp—"Oh, its a College is it, I thought it was an Insane Asylum, judging from the inhabitants."

A committee of ladies waited upon the staff and requested space to address the following to the gentlemen. Of course it was granted, who could refuse the tender—pleading ladies—not the cold hearted editor, surely. "Gentlemen: How came you to return the napkin rings? You were perfectly welcome to the napkins, for we have others and could easily have spared them, especially since you were evidently in need of them, being compelled to steal them." THE LADIES.

NELVIL—EDGERMOND,

Reported for the Portfolio.

The female portion of the Senior class in preparation for examination in French, having become so disgusted with the love lorn story of Corinne and Oswald, in their desperation determined if they could once successfully pass through the trying ordeal without murdering the language in their desire for vengeance, they would inflict the direst punishment possible upon them, if not in person, at least in effigy. Burning at the stake was first proposed, but was rejected on account of the short duration of the punishment and matrimony was at last decided upon as the surest way of increasing our pleasure and their misery.

Hence a great wedding was prepared and the bride and groom selected to answer the aforesaid characters, not particularly on account of their natural "softness" however, represented quite creditably the Saxon type of an English Lord in contrast with the rich Southern beauty of an Italian genius. Although the wedding was contrary to the story (for Oswald after his long courtship with Corinne eventually married Lucille) the reader must remember that it was partly on account of the young ladies' sympathy for Corinne and partly because they thought Oswald deserved the just punishment of married life as his reward for his deceitful, irresolute and perfidious conduct.

Invitations having been sent to the ladies of the Faculty and all the female collegiates, at half-past seven the Chapel was filled with an eager, expectant throng, whose eyes remained fixed on the door until the grand wedding march pealed forth, and the bridal party, preceded by the ushers, marched to the improvised chancel rail, where the surpliced priest with a sepulchral countenance awaited them.

During the responses the groom's stentorian voice had a triumphant ring, while the bride's sweet voice pronounced the vows with an impressive earnestness.

The priest alone seemed somewhat frustrated, when the time for congratulation came, dropping his prayer book on the floor, wiping the moisture from his heated brow, and wringing the bride's hand in a confused manner, begged the assembled company to be seated and not stand on the top of the benches while the bridal party marched out. The cortege, after the ceremony, again swept down the aisle and ascended to the ladies' parlor, where a grand reception was held, followed by a magnificent "set up" in the way of refreshments. The ushers, like two little busy hornets, were flying hither and thither, very useful in their places, but an awful nuisance out of them. They were attired in neat costumes of black and red, with black kid gloves and buttoniers of mar-
chal niel buds.

The bride was beautiful in full evening dress of cream satin *en train*, with lace veil, white tips in hair, handsome corsage bouquet and diamond necklace—a gift of the groom. The groom was *not* arrayed in the "conventional suit of black," but wore a costume embodying the merits both of a Highland costume and court dress à la Walter Raleigh. His curling moustache was a great delight to himself and to several others, who had chances to observe it rather closely, somewhat to the

bride's displeasure and jealousy. The bridesmaids and groomsmen wore lovely and picturesque costumes, taking as their models distinguished representatives of foreign lands in the time of "good Queen Bess." The two little pages looked very quaint and pretty in white and red.

After refreshments were served by six charming young ladies in milkmaid costumes, a procession was formed which moved to the President's study, where the Faculty was entertained. On the return to the parlor a grand promenade was organized, in which the whole assembly participated, in time to the spirited music, and the fun was kept up fast and furious 'till near ten o'clock. In fact, the grotesque frolic grew to so wild and high a pitch that it bore a strong resemblance to Bedlam broke loose. We must not overlook the bride's cake, on a piece of which every guest dreamed three nights in succession. The bride advanced, and with a formidable looking knife plunged it with a dull thud into the large and handsome cake, which was afterwards divided into fifty pieces. However, the strange part of the affair was that many of the gentlemen of the occasion, instead of dreaming of their lady loves, dreamed of other gentlemen—entire outsiders of the wedding *fete*.

After the wedding the bride and groom in a confidential chat agreed that they felt extremely nervous during the ceremony, and that they would "never get married again," which was very consoling to both; but as we are right well acquainted with their dispositions, we believe the latter statement is greatly to be doubted.

The moral (if a moral can be found in such revengeful proceedings) lay in the fact that notwithstanding the many trials of the week, the doubts, fears, hopes and mental agonies experienced under the ear of Juggernaut—the second term examination—love, like a silken cord, was interwoven through each and every

heart, joining them in a common bond of sympathy, and eventually came out triumphant.

SPECTATOR H.

Some excitement prevails at Atlanta, Ga., over a contemplated duel which was to have been fought at Sand Bar Ferry to-morrow morning at daybreak between two State University students. They left Athens on different trains. Walter S. Chisolm, Jr., and Hugh Moss, his second, were arrested here this afternoon and put under bond of \$1,000 each to keep the peace. Thomas R. Call and W. W. Martin, his second, left the train to-night at Grovetown, twenty miles from Augusta, to avoid the police. Reports are current that the duel will take place at the ferry, as the peace bond does not hold in South Carolina. The difficulty is said to have grown out of an accusation of cheating in the examination.

Forty Knots An Hour.

The idea that it is impossible to propel ships at the rate of forty knots an hour is being discussed in Europe. Professor Thurston of London has recently taken up the subject, and concludes that it is possible. The ship that he proposes is to be 800 feet long, 80 feet beam, and 25 feet draught, with a displacement of about 38,000 tons. He estimates the power required to propel her at 250,000 horses. He calculates that her machinery and boilers will weigh only sixty pounds per horse power, or 7,500 tons in all. She would burn about 175 tons of coal an hour, 3,200 tons a day, and 10,500 tons for a voyage from Liverpool to New York. The total weight of fuel and machinery would be about 18,000 tons, leaving 20,000 tons for the ship and cargo. For the hull he allows 12,000 tons, leaving 8,000 tons for crew, passengers and cargo.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Sunday school teacher to little boy: "What part of the 'Burial of Sir John Moore' do you like best?" He quickly responded: "Few and short were the prayers they said."

Man has been defined by a person fond of technical terms as a "cosmic microsmic tricotomy."

Origin of the Habeas Corpus.

Great Britain owes the Habeas Corpus act to an adroit fraud. The reader must not suppose that I am advocating or excusing such things, my object being merely to mention a strange historic fact. The privilege of habeas corpus is contained in Magna Charta, but its operations had been nullified by royal authority, and this was one of the causes which led to the civil war in which Cromwell reached distinction. In 1674 the House of Commons passed a bill fully defining the nature and power of habeas corpus, but the House of Lords opposed it, and yet it was eventually carried in the above mentioned manner. In the final vote in this body the yeas were 57 and the nays 55—in all 112; whereas the journal shows that the whole attendance at that time was not more than 100. This discrepancy is explained in the following manner: Lord Grey, who was one of the tellers, favored the bill, and as a very corpulent nobleman voted Grey exclaimed: "You ought to pass for five." The other teller did not (in the confusion of the moment) notice this, and the fraud escaped detection. The bill to which humanity is so deeply indebted thus entered existence, and I need hardly add that the writ of habeas corpus as it exists in America is a close copy of the bill which was enacted in the above mentioned manner.

The great secret of avoiding disappointment is not to expect too much. Despair follows immediate hope, as things fall hardest to the ground that have been nearest the sky.

Great efforts from great motives is the best definition of a happy life. The easiest labor is a burden to him who has no motive for performing it.

Books are the negative pictures of thought, and the more sensitive the mind that receives their images the more nicely the finest lines are reproduced.

The greatest gift that ever the gods bestowed upon man is beauty; for it both delighteth the eye, contenteth the mind, and winneth good will and favor of all men.

When coal began to be used as a fuel it sold for \$27 per ton. It is likely to become that high again if there are many more coal "pools."

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REV. T. H. LEWIS, A. M., D. D.,

Westminster, Md.

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Editorials.

April has been one of the very busiest months in this year. The first event of importance being the lecture, in the College Chapel, by Henry Dixon Jones, professor of elocution at Harvard University. He to the surprise and gratification (?) of several of the students, asked their assistance in his lecture, and the selections which he gave them to read,

and the Professor's criticism on them, were exceedingly enjoyable and instructive. That he is well informed in regard to the art as well as the science of elocution was fully demonstrated at the entertainment given at night by him in the hall. A full account of his lecture is found elsewhere.

The next lecture by J. Frank Supplee, a prominent merchant of Baltimore, was very entertaining, abounding in humorous illustrations which completely won the hearts of our students. Two society entertainments have kept their respective members at work preparing for them and the remainder of the school in anticipation of an enjoyable time. The result reflects much credit on their endeavors. Again, debates and contests have received especial notice as the two debates of the senior class, two society debates, subjects—"Woman's Suffrage," and "The Advantages of Parlor night," and the oratorical contest between the Sophomore and Freshmen gentlemen and the recitation contest between the ladies of the same classes bear witness. The students will be kept very busy from this time on until commencement with preparations for that event and we are glad since school life is so much more pleasant when one has something besides his regular recitations to look forward.

One of the most interesting portions of a College paper to the students of that institution, is the locals. Into that department is

put the laughable mistakes, which are heard by the local editor. The students read and enjoy them, then apparently forget that there are such things as ludicrous mistakes. Ought they not rather remind us of our own carelessness in regard to the use of our mother-tongue, and also teach us to employ in our conversation the knowledge, the acquirement of which is our purpose in coming to such an institution of learning.

Our readers will notice that in this issue of our paper, two of the essays competing for the Weigand Medal is published. We will publish the five best productions before the close of the scholastic year. Some very good efforts have been made in this direction and we hope they will prove satisfactory to our readers in general and especially to Mr. Weigand, to whom we owe a debt of gratitude. It is not likely that any ideas put forth by our students will revolutionize the temperance move, but they may give other students some little knowledge of this great reform and thereby do an immense amount of good.

We think the love of a scholar for his Alma Mater is always commendable; it indicates that his relations with his instructors and fellow-students were pleasant; for who would entertain an affection for any place or any person that is not congenial; surely very few if any at all. There are several ways of exhibiting this attachment; the most usual one as we all know is by visits after leaving the institution. As a remarkable large number of ex-students of W. M. C. have lately made visits, even if they were short ones, we would naturally infer that their recollections are exceedingly pleasant.

Our Sophomore Class have lately began to study surveying. They have been taking the exact position of the college and they assert that it is precisely 39° 38' 13" North Lat. and 76° 57' 50" West Long.

As the collegiate year is drawing to a close and the students are planning and building air-castles for the coming year, would it be presumption in us to advise them to leave their castles alone for another year and decide to return to school again? We think such a decision would be especially advisable for the lady members of the class of '87, since the curriculum for the fourth year in the course embraces several studies, Logic, Political Economy, German, Astronomy, etc., which are entirely new to them and which they will probably find very useful after leaving school. The possession of such knowledge is as essential to a young lady as to a young gentleman.

At the recent annual conference of the Methodist Protestant Church, it was agreed to negotiate a loan for the erection of an additional building at our college. The structure is to be eighty-six feet front and to be annexed to the left side of the main building. It is to contain ladies dormitories, dining-rooms and a commencement hall with the seating capacity of a thousand persons. More definite plans have not been agreed upon; the design is now in the hands of two skillful architects and the work will begin immediately and be rapidly pushed forward to completion.

The frequency of society anniversaries—the Browning and Webster holding theirs in the present month and the Irving on the 6th prox. seems to be bad management or, at least, unfortunate selection of dates. These occasions are always sources of much pleasure to students and community and also they require much work on the part of the members of the society giving them. If they were scattered about through the year, they would be more enjoyable and they would not take so many students from the school at one time, thereby interfering seriously with college work. Our president has seen the defects of the present arrangement and has proposed that certain dates be fixed for the anniversaries, scattered

about equidistant through the year. We think the idea an excellent one. Let faculty, or Societies, or both, arrange the dates, rotate them regularly and we believe that nothing but good results would follow. It is very much easier for a society to prepare for an anniversary, if it feels that it must come by a certain date and it would prevent their being crowded in the end of the session, when all are so busy. Moreover it would make a system and work done with a plan is ever easier than unorganized labor.

Competive Essays.

We publish below two of the best five essays written in competition for the Weigand medal. The essays of this series will be numbered and the authors will be given in the commencement issue of the PORTFOLIO. The reader will remember that these essays are limited to twelve hundred words, though this limit is exceeded a little in some cases.

NUMBER 1.

THE BEST METHOD OF PROMOTING THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

This is a subject which is engaging the attention of our best men and women. It is a subject of greatest importance to all mankind, and should arouse in the mind of everyone at least interest sufficient to insure a careful investigation. It is a subject, too, which must be discussed in the light of the present day. However it might have been discussed twenty-five or thirty years ago, that can aid us but little at the present. We no longer have to labor, as did the temperance workers of that time, to convince the world that the cause of temperance is right in principle and beneficial in practice; this is a fact admitted by all right-thinking people everywhere. But all the people of the world are not right-thinking people, and this proportion of them is great enough to keep strong drink forever in our midst. Our work must be to find some way

of compelling those wrong-thinking people to abandon their devilish occupation. And while this work shall have for its ultimate aim the accomplishment of the very same thing that all temperance movements have had for their aim, that it is the saving of men from drunkenness and debauchery, it must be prosecuted in a different manner and in a manner consistent with the present time.

This we believe is to be found in the third party movement. It is not to be supposed, however, that previous efforts have been failures, for they have not. The Sons of Temperance, the Independent Order of Good Templars, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and the many other like organizations, have done, and still are doing, a great and good work. It is to those organizations that the present movement owes its very existence. Those organizations were but the fore-runners of this grand final movement which will, we believe, sweep the curse from our land. And this is why we believe it will.

First, because the people are ready for this issue. A few years ago the cry was that the whisky trade was a powerful factor in increasing the wealth of the nation; and that to prohibit the sale of it was to take away the rights of the people. The temperance advocates set to work to investigate those claims, and found that instead of the whisky trade being productive of wealth it was productive of poverty. In states and counties where the sale of intoxicating liquors was comparatively small the expenses of government were much less, that those sections where prohibition prevailed were by far the most prosperous, and that in every instance the traffic was a source of taxation instead of revenue. As a medicine physicians were ceasing to use it to so great an extent, because they had found other things as good and even better. Instead of prohibition taking away the rights of the people it gave them greater liberty wherever it prevailed. These facts they have made known

to the people, and to-day the people are prepared to vote intelligently whenever the opportunity is given.

But perhaps some one may say, if it is universally admitted that prohibition is best, why do we not have it? We answer, simply because we have not been sufficiently organized in our efforts. Hitherto the temperance work has been in societies and has been reclaiming the individual and educating him in those truths which have just been mentioned. A national movement has not been attempted because prohibitionists did not believe that the people were ready for the issue. But now they do believe the people are ready, for already by the vote of the people the traffic has been driven from many of our counties, cities, and villages. What they now propose to do is to combine the vote of prohibition territories with the vote of prohibitionists everywhere in the United States and drive it from the country.

Again the third party has adopted a platform which is neither Republican nor Democratic in sentiment. Leaving to the common sense of the people the question of low tariff it has made prohibition the great issue, feeling that if men can only be kept sober other and minor matters will adjust themselves. In this new party the hackneyed question of free-trade is laid aside and Democrat and Republican may join hands in the great work of temperance reform. Whatever difference of opinion may exist regarding other matters, they may be in perfect harmony.

The avowed purpose of all political parties is to promote the nations welfare and to suppress whatever tends to weaken or in anyway injure it. The evil of intemperance is a national evil and should be so treated. It can receive such treatment only through the third party. This is said advisedly, for right recently both Democratic and Republican parties have openly refused to incorporate the temperance issue in their platforms. Thus they have closed their doors against the temperance

cause and the third party is the only possible way of bringing this issue into politics. The third party, believing their cause to be the cause of humanity, have *determined* to bring this national evil fairly before the people by whom all national evils should be abolished. They have not endeavored to call for a ballot in which the voters of the United States may say whether whisky shall be manufactured in her borders or not, but have adopted even a surer method of reaching their aim. The prohibition party has been organized that temperance men may be put into office, and when the majority of our legislators and senators are prohibitionists the curse of intemperance will be banished. But perhaps some one may say that the third party will never succeed in filling the offices with prohibition men. They do not hope to do this in one year, or even two years, but like all political parties to rise gradually until they have reached the ascendancy. Their prospect of this is surely as good as were the prospects of any political party in the past. The temperance cause is growing in interest every day. Beginning in the north and east it has spread through the south and is now fast making its way westward. Our ministers are proclaiming it from their pulpits every sabbath. Our Sunday school teachers are implanting it in the minds of the children. In many of our public schools it has been required that the injurious effects of strong drink upon the human system should be taught to the students. Does not all this make it seem that temperance is gaining public favor? Do we find in these facts any reason to despair of its final triumph?

Another strong argument in favor of the third party is that it will be composed of our very best men. In it will be gathered our ministers and teachers and our best lawyers and statesmen. With these men as our leaders we shall not fail. They are men whom the people at large will believe and follow. Temperance lecturers may be disregarded, but

when these men speak the people listen. An instance of this, I will relate. A few years ago Chief Justice Jackson of Georgia, in an address before the young men of Atlanta, said: "After an experience of forty years at the bar and on the bench I can safely affirm that ninety-nine cases out of every hundred that have come under my observation have originated either directly or indirectly in strong drink." This statement aroused the people. It was repeated from the pulpits and in the Y. M. C. A. rooms, and was one of the strongest arguments used in the campaign when strong drink was voted out of the city.

We believe the "third party" will succeed because it is the cause of humanity. We believe it will succeed because the noble women of our land are helping it on with their prayers. Finally we believe it will succeed because it is right and right must prevail.

NUMBER 2.

"THE BEST METHOD OF PROMOTING THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE."

The United States has established her independence and holds her position among the nations of the earth the freest of the free. She has avenged the insults that were from time to time perpetrated on her seamen and has caused Great Britain to feel her power and recognize her independence. The scar which the wound of her great civil conflict produced has disappeared, and to-day, she has entered upon an era of prosperity, equaled by no other. Her government is a model and an example of the enlightenment of the nineteenth century. Such is the perfected which our democratic form of government, established by liberal thinking and wise statesmen, seconded by a free and patriotic people, has reached, that America has risen to almost the highest pinnacle of glory, and stands forth presenting a model of civil and political completeness of government, worthy the adoption of any nation. The outward, or foreign af-

fairs of a nation having been placed upon such a favorable footing, its citizens look for other channels in which to direct their attention, and legislation drifts to some home issue, and if there is no one of importance, it is only a matter of a short time for energetic politicians to manufacture one. But there is an issue at hand to-day that is not one of the products of the manufacture of designing politicians, or a vain dream of enthusiasts, but it is one of those outcomes of a demand for reform. It is the temperance question. The temperance question and the agitation that attends it is no longer a thing of the future, but such is the advance which prohibition has been making for the last two or three years, that it has surpassed, in its results, even the most sanguine expectations of its promoters, and has forced a recognition from our ablest statesmen, thus establishing its right to be classed among the living issues of the day. Having grown into such importance, and its claim to consideration becoming more just every day, we would naturally turn and ask ourselves the question, "What is the best method of promoting the temperance cause?" This question is a natural and likely one, inasmuch as there is such a diversity of methods adopted, or at least of opinions entertained, as being the best for furthering the temperance cause.

Opinion is undivided on the point that the liquor traffic is morally wrong; everyone admits that. But how it shall be done away with, is a problem of more difficult solution. Some say that the mere fact of its being a moral wrong should be sufficient, in this age of moral and intellectual advancement, for its overthrow. Some say that it should be made a state issue and subject to state legislation; while others prefer the plan of making it a local one only. But the plan that is now winning favor, the one that the great mass of temperance people are adopting, and the one that we shall advocate in this article as being

the best and the only one that can effectually stamp out this evil, is the third party movement. The liquor traffic has been, and is still ascending the throne of American politics. It has secured a firm footing by the laws that have been passed from time to time for its protection; and to oppose its strength, more powerful methods than those usually employed in checking a wrong, will have to be made use of. Slavery, though a recognized curse to the country, was yet unable to be abolished until a third party had been organized. Intemperance is another national curse, and the best element in both of the great political parties, is trying to devise some method for its correction. The less active in the cause—those opposed to such a revolution in the constitution of a national party—are in favor of leaving the question to the legislation of the two parties now in existence; that one, or both, insert in their platform a plank embracing prohibition. But in the possibility of such a thing being done, would it be practicable, or even desired, by the prohibitionists at large? A prohibition control within either of the old parties, by a balance of power vote, is impossible, on account of the constitution of these parties, and because national politics dominate state politics, thus rendering state legislation, in itself, useless as a means of securing the desired result. Then the demand for the third party movement becomes imperative.

The reasons that would justify the formation of a third party are numerous, but we will only enumerate a few. In the first place political parties exist to advocate, or represent, political principles. Secondly, political questions which involve great and opposite interests, and which, being under consideration, are hotly contested, are seldom, if ever settled without party representation and support. Thirdly, there is nothing the whiskey rings fear more than the formation of such a broad, elective, national, reform party. And

lastly, the liquor traffic, by its insolence, its wickedness, its attempt to rule the nation, is an outlaw, and a new political party is necessary for its overthrow.

The National Republican Convention at Chicago, refused to favor the submission of Constitutional Prohibition to the vote of the people, and recently, sixteen Republican Legislatures have made the same refusal. The Democratic party has made like refusals and has shown itself just as averse to the movement, as is demonstrated by its action and policy when in power. Then we draw the conclusion, that a new national party is the medium through which temperance can act most advantageously, and the agent by which it is yet to banish intoxicants from among us.

But how shall the third party be formed? As an answer to this question, we would simply endorse the method at present pursued by the third party advocates. In many communities and localities, and, in some instances, states, high license has been granted. But instead of lessening the evil, it has increased it. Legislatures have passed sumptuary laws bearing upon it, but generally they were mere failures, and consequently resulted in no good. What is wanted is agitation of the temperance question in the town, in the village, in the hamlet. The liquor vender does not fear state, but local action; for he knows when this is taken, his doors must close against his customers. Moreover, for any national measure to receive due consideration in legislative halls, the law framers must receive the hearty support and cooperation of their constituents. The Dominion Parliament, of Canada, by a vote of 140 to 122, has already pledged itself to pass a national law to prohibit the importation, manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, as soon as it shall be shown that a majority of the Canadians are in favor of it. Will our national congress do the same? This is a practical age, an age

of progress, and we believe that our country has at heart the liberty and happiness of its citizens, and will soon begin a record unshaken by the liquor traffic.

Thoughts Without Words.

While we have daily before us an abundance of evidence to justify almost any conclusion in relation to words without thought, yet when we try to ascertain to what extent connected thoughts may exist in the mind or a process of reason be carried on without words, we find the task quite difficult. Although a word has no necessary relation to a thought, yet when we have once learned to associate them, the connection appears inseparable. If the word is spoken the thought follows, when the thought arises in the mind the name is suggested; and thus we are not surprised that a philologist like Max Muller, who has spent his life in examining words, should believe that they could never be dissociated from ideas, and that a man cannot reason without words. It requires close introspection and careful mental examination to find in the mind thoughts that are not fitted to symbols, and to what extent people could derive conclusions without words, it is impossible to say. Put a man in a solitary place, alone, to interpret his sensations with no effort, no inducement to communicate his convictions, and he would no doubt use some reason without language, gain some experience, and acquire some skill in protecting himself and making a living; but this is pure speculation, because the experiment has never been tried under circumstances which would give the result. A fine French mathematician who came to America a few years ago, and who speaks English very well, and is a very successful civil engineer, told me last summer that he had to do his thinking and his reasoning in French words. These facts certainly make it imperatively necessary for the student to give great attention to words,

names, symbols—written and spoken language.

But notwithstanding the emphasis we here give to spoken language, yet in order and in importance ideas come before words and thoughts before sentences. As a general rule idiots of low intelligence (if you will allow the modifier) cannot speak because they have no ideas. To speak, one must have some kind of thought to prompt expression—something to say. If the intelligence is feeble, the desire to speak is small and hence the power of speech is lost. A large proportion of imbeciles can understand what is said to them without being able to respond. The fact that idiots who cannot speak can sometimes hum tunes correctly, tends to confirm the view that the sound centre in the brain is different from the word centre. This seems to be the explanation of Blind Tom's musical power. On the other hand one of my class mates who is a fine scholar was never known to whistle a tune or strike a note.

Not only is it a fact that our words are preceded by ideas and our voluntary acts, by thoughts, but it is also evident that man's capacity for thinking is greater than his capacity for speaking. No man can speak all of his mental operations. The finest thoughts for lack of words are unsaid. Webster's reply to Hayne, grand as it was, left much that could not be expressed. A man who closely studies natural phenomena often feels that there are many gaps between what he knows and what he can tell. This explains the fact that eminent scientists are often utterly oblivious of all manner or attitude while delivering a lecture. They are conscious that they have many things in their mind which must remain unsaid because fact and thought are in advance of the medium of communication. When it was my privilege to hear Sir William Thompson, I was struck forcibly with this fact. Indeed no true thinker is satisfied with words as most men use them. When Coleridge coined the word *intensity* and Dundas, the word

starvation no word in the language would serve as a medium, and the men had to get new symbols—"find a way or make." The artist knows the how and the why, but cannot communicate the secret to others. The sculptor conceives of a figure of surpassing beauty; he moulds his ideal in clay, and then chip by chip he works it out from the marble block; but the mental process could not be expressed in words.

Sometimes the greatest thinkers bury themselves in their own thoughts, become unconscious of all surroundings, and think without words. His biographer tells us it was from this reason that Newton could often give no account of the process by which he arrived at his conclusions. There were no words by which to remember or to communicate the connecting links.

It is said that Robert Houdin and his son prepared themselves for the tricks termed *second sight* by rapidly passing before toy shops and windows displaying a variety of wares, and by glancing quickly at the objects which could be seen. A half hour later each would write down on paper all the objects momentarily seen in passing—all whose names could be remembered. Taking this experiment as a suggestion, I have tried to note the difference between the ability to reproduce the objects whose names are known, and those whose names are unknown. My experience is that we have far less ability to retain in the mind the image or picture of those objects whose names are unknown.

Lest I should call the reader's attention to words without thought, I will close.

S. SIMPSON.

Photography and a Few of its Applications.

In this brief article, it is my purpose to call attention to some facts about the history of photography and to a few of its modern uses.

The discovery of the art of photography

was, like so many other great discoveries, accidental and is due to the alchemists. In their vain search for the "philosopher's stone" they produced a substance, which they named *luna cornea*. This was observed to blacken on exposure to light. Here the idea originated, and it only remained to devise a manner of "fixing" the picture. To Thomas Wedgwood is generally conceded the honor of being the first to produce pictures by the action of light on sensitive plates. An account of his experiments was published in the Journal of the Royal Institution in the year of 1802, so we see the practice has not been in operation very long. The first attempts were necessarily imperfect and it was not until after Sir John Herschel proposed the plan of "fixing" the picture by hyposulphite of soda, that there was much value attached to the art. About thirty years after this, Daguerre and Niepee applied themselves to the study of photography and the result was the great process that bears the name of the former, daguerreotyping. This process was published in France in July of 1839, but not until the French government had secured to Daguerre a pension of six thousand francs and to Niepee two thirds as much, both for life, and one half in reversion to their widows. These handsome pensions were granted by France, because the invention could not be secured by patent and she was willing to give it for the glory of affording the world of science this most surprising invention.

Time is not permitted to mention the many ways in which the photographic art is applied in the modern sciences, so I will state only a few of its latest and most remarkable uses. Among the most wonderful developments of this art is the recent composite photography. This consists in so combining the photographs of any number of persons as to get the average face. Mr. Francis Galton was the first to suggest the blending of the portraits of the individuals of a group by means of photo-

graphy, which he did in 1877. The method of doing this is very simple: the portraits are all placed so that they superimpose each other as nearly as possible, any feature of one upon the same feature of the other. They are allowed to be exposed for the same length of time to the sensitive plate, as they are successively removed. This produces the average of them all, as nearly as possible. The uses of this average are many. Typical portraits are necessary for the study of race or family characteristics. The most obvious application of composite photography is in the field of ethnological research. It has also been employed in detecting the genuineness of a doubtful signature by testing it with the composite made from many known to be genuine. A satisfactory portrait of any one may be obtained by this means, by combining several likenesses taken at different times. In various other ways may the art prove useful.

It has been suggested that the camera may become a very useful agent in medical diagnosis, and I have no doubt that ere long the suggestion will be heeded. In not a few recent experiments symptoms of disease have been thus discovered, before they were otherwise perceptible. Not long since in the negative of a child the face was shown as thickly covered with an eruption, no trace of which could be seen on the child itself until three days afterwards, when its skin became covered with spots due to prickly heat. In another recorded case, invisible spots were brought out on a photograph taken a fortnight before an attack of small-pox. This shows how very useful this art may become in the science of medicine and what a blessing it may be to mankind.

In no case has a modern application of photography been accompanied by more beneficial results, than its use in astronomy. It is well known that the sensitive plate of the camera is affected by light in the shortest space of time; it is also equally certain that the effect

of light energy upon such a plate is cumulative: Thus it is that, if a plate is exposed for a long time to a very dim light, a distinct image is formed. The value of this in astronomy is obvious. Plates are exposed to the heavens and the faintest stars are distinctly photographed—stars which were not only invisible to the eye, but also beyond the reach of the most powerful telescopes. Thousands of new stars and patches of nebula have been thus discovered. The time has now come, when Dr. Draper's prophecy, "that we should soon photograph what we could not even see," has been verified. When we reflect that an hour's exposure of a plate makes a more perfect star-chart than years of labor of the astronomer and that the skill in preparing these sensitive plates is daily becoming more perfect, we are struck with what results may follow.

Many other applications of photography might be mentioned, but I will content myself to close this little sketch with the truly wonderful results of the co-application of the microscope and camera. Large photographs of very small objects may be thus taken and of course such is very desirable in studying a great variety of small objects. I, myself, have seen the fac-smile of the photograph of the Lord's Prayer, taken from a very small original. The photograph is about one and a half by two and a quarter inches. The copy it was taken from has the whole two hundred and twenty seven letters of the prayer in 1-129,654 of a square inch. It was written by Webb, of London, on a glass plate, with a diamond point instrument called the micro-pantograph. Just think of the smallness of this space, at this rate 29,421,458 letters could be written in a square inch, which is more than eight Bibles, the Bible containing only 3,566,480 letters. This seems almost incredible, but the space was micrometrically verified by Dr. Woodward, of the U. S. Medical Museum of Washington.

P. S.

The Power of the Unseen.

"We stand upon a hill, green, and of mild declivity," with life all untried sweeping out before us, and feel "The soul expand in the simple luxury of being." A gala day, in which laughing hours dance in tune to joyous spirits. All things are what they seem; friends who throng around us all true; professions all to be trusted.

No storms can arise to disturb this sunlit glory; only a distant shower, just to give us a rainbow. Here we will make our home, we say. But the awakening comes, no matter how; in a night or in a day, the illusion is no less gone.

Fortune may have averted her smiling face, or some chance breeze of penetration blown aside the conventional curtain, and we see behind the scenes, beneath the surface. "Ah, from the gilt surface we recked not of the steel beneath."

We had been warned, but—"The torrid suns of Guinea think scorn of icy seas, and the frost-bitten Greenlander disbelieveth suns too hot." The friends who seemed so congenial that "Each shade that either spirit took was straight reflected in the other's face," concealed but cold policy, calculating with feigning deceit.

The smiles, which had all a syren's sweetness, had also a syren's power to lure to destruction. Right at our feet in the lovely summer landscape a dark chasm yawns, and in the glittering gloom we see no bridge; all is waste, desolation and danger, and alas! we know not what to trust.

Ah, it is hard to learn that beneath the surface there is a callous heart, which only some fleeting caprice moved to a feigned sensibility.

The world grows dark—a dim reflection—itsself a darker shadow, and the soul withdrawn within itself, and too often "The mild dreaming youth, whose very life was love and hope, becomes the world defying, world-de-

spising misanthrope." Then if we can grow stronger, and reach a hand through time to "pluck the far-off interest of tears;" if we can turn from the flimsy happiness of gilded fraud and lieu find blessedness, we stand upon a firm foundation. Let us take home the lesson, "and look a little lower than the surface, garb, dialect or fashion, and *feebly* pronounce for a saint, and *jaintly* condemn for a sinner." Reality is very successfully marked. Many a true heart wears frivolity and caprice to hide its quick throbbing.

There is a concealment that is right; a Christian, loyal heart is bared to but one eye. Man knows him not as a champion, so softly and humbly He walks. Oh! so often in the black serge cloth of crime there is a silver thread of goodness interwoven, which no careless scanning reveals.

We live upon a world of hidden beauty, wealth and wonder. To the student, the miner and the thinker is given to find its mysteries and these unravelling.

Of late years what wonders has the geologist revealed in opening to us the nature of the almost fathomless deep, and digging for miles beneath the surface of the earth, to behold the history of past ages. And then Dame Nature also lent a helping hand by disclosing the nature of the inside of our earth by the upheavals through her volcanoes, where melted lava pours forth in great streams, showing us that beneath the crust of the earth a melted ocean lies. What a vast amount of riches are buried under the surface of our globe, and also what great supplies of coal, iron, and hundreds of other minerals and metals which administer so largely to our joy and comfort. Then in the deep study of art, which teaches us by its reserved power, hundreds realize the pleasures therein contained. There are paintings whose meaning lies in the surface, and is exhausted by a single look; and there are others which disappoint at first, yet, reverently studied, gradually glow with beauty,

disclosing new marks of skill at each examination, till at last the genius of the artist stands confessed, and you gaze transfixed as by a mighty enchantment. And again reserved power gives yet greater force to power in action. Indeed, power exerted, however great, never impresses us in the profoundest degree, unless we feel that behind it there is a power greater than itself, by which it can be at any moment augmented. No one is thrilled to his being's core by an exhibition of power that is evidently draining itself to the very dregs. The race horse that, panting and gasping, just reaches the goal; the locomotive that tugs at its load; the philosopher with one idea; the governor elected by one vote, provokes our sympathy rather than our respect. Who are the men that impress us most in history? Are they not those that are felt to be greater than their deeds, who by their acts only beget an expectation that outruns all their performance.

It has been often said that a speech never seems truly great unless there is a man behind it who is greater than the speech.

In reading the great masters of English thought we are constantly impressed by this reserved force. We feel, as we slake our thirst at these "wells of English undefiled," that we can never drain them dry; that they are not cisterns, but living fountains, whose depths are fathomless. Read a page of Macaulay and you exhaust the thought at a single perusal. Read a page of Bacon twenty times, and at each reading you will discover new meanings, unobserved before.

Thus we see that by investigation and careful study we can drink at the deep wells of science, art and literature.

Had man not possessed that inquiring mind which incites him to look into these problems, and searching beneath the visible to reveal the invisible, what strangers we would have remained in God's creation.

We can thankfully exclaim, "Oh! glorious

reason, that in its developement to endow us with such rich blessings.

SONG.

Written for the College Portfolio.

Nature has decked the fields with the beautiful garb of green, and dotted the earth with forests of beautiful and varied foliage; has reared the stately oak to giant-like proportions, as if to command obeisance from the surrounding woodlands; has created mountains of huge dimensions, whose summits bathe their lofty heads in the reservoir of the clouds, and also formed the fertile valleys at their base; has put in motion the tiny brooklet, and directed its course until it finds its proper level, increasing its size by contact with streams of larger proportions, which by accumulation have formed the beautiful river; and still onward it progresses, deepening and widening, when finally the great and turbulent ocean receives its contribution. She has filled the land with cattle of divers kinds, and the forests with birds of every plumage; she has inhabited the seas with the finny tribes of every conceivable shape and size, and lastly man, the noblest work of God in nature, has been created, whose dominion extends far and wide, over "every living thing that creepeth," and yet, wonderful as is everything in nature and lovely to behold, still harmony was not complete until song was given to break the monotony, and draw all nature toward Him who created all to worship, praise and adore.

Man, captivated by the appearance of everything in nature, raises his eyes heavenward, exultant with joy, pours forth his gratitude in volume of song to his Creator. The feathered songster, when the sable curtain of night is fast dissolving by the appearance of the coming dawn, uncovers the head from its wing, and with swelling throat warbles its morning carol in gratitude for its creation. The tiny brooklet, coursing its way

adown the mountain side, leaping o'er the pebbly bottom in its serpentine course, is heard in song on every passing zephyr, in the stillness of the valley below, while the surging waters of old ocean sing their siren song as they dash their spray upon the distant beach. The lowing herds rejoice in song, as they wend their way homeward to their accustomed retreat, and the frisking lamb breaks the stillness of the morning air in song, when romping o'er the verdant fields beside the protecting care of its dame, as if grateful to an all-wise Providence for the prospect. Thus all nature, in one glorious accord, pay tribute to God in song. Song lightens the burden of the day, and banishes to oblivion all evil forebodings. Song begets afresh the cheerful smile in the countenance of the despondent, inspiring new life and zeal, and awakens fresh resolves. Song soothes the afflicted, comforts the last hours of a departing soul, and is ever present when the clouds of the valley fall gently upon the coffined remains of humanity.

Man enters Heaven with song, angelic choristers joining in the glad refrain, fill the portals of glory with perpetual song throughout an endless eternity.

Song inspires the soul with thoughts of heavenly things, and draws the tender affections of the heart away from contaminating influences, instituting a well of love within the human breast, whence proceedeth that ardent desire to free the soul from its house of clay, and wend its flight to the realms of eternal bliss, where song unalloyed, pure and undefiled, greets the ear of saints with melody the most enchanting.

Song inspires the youthful mind
To grasp the beauties given;
It cheers the soul of the sightless blind,
It paves the way to Heaven.

F.

A Boom in Foreign Tongues.

The world recently received the Latin Address despatched to Harvard by some Cam-

bridge Undergrads. It was received with unparalleled enthusiasm in America, and the following strictly classical reply was agreed to at a recent "Bump-Supper," on this side of the Atlantic. Its elegant Latinity, like that of its predecessor, speaks for itself:—

DUDI CANTABRIDGIENSES, CONSANGUINE CHAPPIES!

HODIE recepimus vestram epistolam Latinam de nostro anniversario. Bullyus pro vobis! Multi Bullyi! Vestrum Latinum est scrumptiosum. Sed nostrum, si non flatiteramus nos ipsos, est plus scrumptiosum.

Dies anniversarii erat equalis expectationibus. Habebamus, facto, altum antiquum tempus. Presidens erat presens, CLEVELANDUS appellatus, Democraticus vir, et innumeri reportores et interviewores newspaperum. LOWELLUS—uns, ut tuus immortalis *Chuz-zewit* dixit, "notissimorum hominum in hæc republica" — speechificavit speechum non malum; et OLIVARIUS WENDELL HOLMESIUS cepit opportunitatem recitare longum poema, concoctum pro occasione; sed neuter horum erat in Latino, gratiæ ad cælum! Non sumus mors pravè dicitis, Anglicam.

Non substamus totam vestram epistolam. Quid in natione sunt "Proctores"? Et "Bull-dogs"? Ss ullus Professorhic attempavit mittere canes post nos, calculamus ut ille preciosè cito esset pendens de proxima poste lampadam, condemnatus Iudice LYNCHIO, —alià splendidi institutione Americanâ.

Nostrum flumen, sine dubio, est A unum, et porro melius quam Camus vel Isis, in antiquo mundo. Calculamus, facto, Europam est effetam; ut BRETUS HARTIUS—auctor "Paganî Mongoliensis" — dicit, "Caucasianus (Europiensis) exladitur." Hæc est maxima et liberrima et grandiosissima Respublica que unquam existavit, et nostra Universitas posset facile flagellare omnem creationem. Yoicks! (expressio Anglica.)

Ubi, pro instantiâ, sunt Bossi similes nostris in Viâ Muri? Ubi "ausuli mercatorii," et

"anguli porcini," similes Chicagensibus? Vos, infortunati juvenes, lugetis sub pondere Systemæ Feudalis, et Ædificiū Dominorum—quamvis probabiliter non noscitis factum. Aquila Americana, superba volueris, non potest digestare tales res ullā viā.

Sed sumus nunc obligati ludere ludum "vilis globi," et cportet siccare. Valet!

QUINDECIM VIRI HARVARDIENSES.

Hubbo Mundi, Cal. Nov. vel prope.

Smiles from a Scientific Standpoint.

Smiles are those invincible objects often seen flitting about in a company of ladies and gentlemen. Like other objects, they observe the first law of motion; that is, they move in a straight line. But if impeded by an external force, and if this force is continuous, the result is curvilinear motion.

A smile once produced is never in a state of equilibrium until it reaches its destination. For example: Suppose when a smile is sent forth on its journey it meets three impenetrable objects. By the first law of motion, it moves in a straight line; then its direction being changed at three points, it executes a curve in reaching the desired goal. A smile cannot be annihilated. The size of a smile depends upon the amount of energy used to produce it, the velocity on the size of mouth, and amount of exertion employed in its expulsion.

One of the most important laws of motion to the smile is the third, which is: To every action there is an equal opposite reaction. If it were not for this we do not know what the gentlemen would do who sit with their backs to the ladies. But by this law a double-back-action-self-adjusting-india-rubber smile is produced. That is, a smile moves in a straight line to the opposite wall, rebounds with its original force, and reaches the one for whom it was intended. There are exceptions to all rules, and sometimes a smile gets *boy-cotted*;

that is, it sometimes is taken by one for whom it was *not* intended.

The latest name for a smile is "a recognition."

Exchanges.

Among the first of our visitors to greet us in the beginning of the new month was the Georgetown College Magazine, which contained several articles of the highest literary merits, which were both interesting and instructive.

From the description of the Seminary Sociale contained in the last number of the Penn. College Monthly, we believe the students are having a royal time this term in our neighboring college, as we are here. The monotony of school days is broken by these social events which, when introduced into colleges, prove so beneficial to all the students.

We congratulate ourselves in having in exchange for our monthly PORTFOLIO a daily journal, the Evening Capital, which, though its visits are sometimes irregular, we enjoy very much.

The Carroll News is also a welcome visitor, and though we are supposed to exist in a world of our own, bounded by the college walls, a county's news is always acceptable to a county's college.

We agree with the reply of the Campus to the Acamadician, that a college paper is bound to be of more interest to a former student than to an outsider, and the public should not always expect us to pander to their edification so much as to those in whom there is more interest manifested.

The Democratic Advocate exhibits a great interest in all the proceedings of the college, and we in turn congratulate the editors on the great success of the paper.

The Seminary Monthly, from Hagerstown,

greet us for the first time this month and we desire to make an inquiry concerning the editorial staff. We are all anxious to know who has charge of so interesting a paper and would suggest that the names of the members of the staff be printed in the paper.

We all appreciate kind remarks very much especially when they seem so earnest and as did those in the last number of Dickinson Liberal and Beaver College Messenger. Other things in connection with kind speeches make them appreciated—who say them, and when such papers speak, we know their words are worth pondering on.

Alumni.

Miss Irene Everhart, of '85, after having faithfully performed her duties for the scholastic year, is now anticipating a pleasant and happy vacation.

Mr. Calvin E. Becraft, of '82, is practicing medicine at Brownsville, Md.

Miss Bessie Miller, of '81, proposes visiting the College and her old associates during Commencement week.

Miss Sadie Kneller, of '85, formerly a resident of Westminster, reports a lively time from Baltimore.

Rev. J. W. Kirk, of '83, sends word to the present graduating class that he is building a new parsonage, and it is inferred that the cards will soon be out.

Miss Alma Duvall, of '85, is teaching in Annapolis, her school not closing until June.

Rev. Hugh L. Elderdice, of '82, has charge of the Broadway M. P. Church, Baltimore, Md. It is reported in Easton that the young ladies are playing *dice* with the *elder*.

Miss Lizzie Adams Carver, of '72, is leading a happy domestic life near Marion, Md.

Miss Laura F. Stalbacker, of '81, is teaching at Pruntytown, W. Va.

Miss Annie Bruce, of '85, is visiting in Baltimore.

Mr. J. Wm. Moore, of '85, is teaching at Grosvenor Hall, Palatka, Florida.

Mrs. Emma Jones Willis, of '74, sister of Miss A. Laura Jones, will visit the College shortly.

Miss Mamie Nicodemus, of '85, is teaching music in Frederick city.

Mr. E. T. Mowbray, '86, paid a short visit to his friends at college recently. Mr. Mowbray is looking very well, his new duties seem to agree with him.

Personals.

Mr. J. L. N. Henman formerly a student of the college having left in 1884, is teller in a bank at Brunswick, Ga. and paid us a short visit lately.

Mr. F. Mc. Brown, of '85, teacher in a public school at Uniontown, Md., was present at Carroll's celebration and of course included his Alma Mater in his visit.

Miss Blanche Zimmerman former resident of the college was married to Mr. Thomas E. Longwood on March 23rd, '87, at the bride's residence, Powhatan, Baltimore county.

We were glad to welcome Mr. Frank Shriner to our halls who left in '85 and since has entered business with his father in Baltimore.

Rev. S. C. Ohnum, of '83, recently paid the Seminary a short visit.

Miss Sadie Abbott, of '87, visited Conference at Easton during the holiday and reports a delightful time.

Mr. G. S. Woodward, who left the college in 1885, and has since entered the hardware business in Wilmington, Del., paid us a brief visit week before last.

Mr. Reese Woolford, a student of Md. Agr. College, recently visited his cousins, Mr. B. Woolford and Mr. W. J. Mace.

Mr. W. P. Brooks, of Woodberry, Md., visited college friends whom he left in '85.

We were also visited by Rev. J. R. Wooden and Rev. E. T. Mowbray '86, of Rider, Baltimore county, Md.

Miss Lillie Keller, of '83 was present at the college for several days and attended the Webster entertainment.

Miss Carrie Nicodemus, of '89, who left last year was also in the Philo. ranks at the entertainment.

Mr. Jno. M. Denton who left in '85, is engaged in business with his father, the Line Stock Insurance Company of Baltimore.

Mr. John Baker, of the class of '89, who recently left the college returned to his society's entertainment on Friday evening. We are always glad to see old members.

Miss Mary Galt, of '87, recently attended the Browning entertainment, she being an old member of the Society.

Miss Eloise Bond frequently visits her friends at College.

Misses Jennie Wilson, Lena Gore and Addie Handy paid a short visit to Union Bridge on Saturday, April 23.

Mr. C. A. Veasey, who left college during the present scholastic year on account of his eyes and who was a member of class of '88, has entered Jefferson Medical College, Phila. He writes us he is much pleased and has had the pleasure of meeting an old member of his society, Mr. R. Gordon Simmons, who was a member of class of '80, he is now a student at Jefferson.

Prof. Simpson has been invited to deliver the annual sermon to the students of Thompson School, Silver City, N. C.

Dr. Ward has been selected to decide the merit of the belles lettres-essays of Adrian College.

Prof. Rinehart gave a piano recital to the Maryland Annual Conference of the Meth-

odist Protestant Church at Easton, Md., April 9. Professor rendered the following program:

- | | |
|--|---------------|
| a. Rondo Capriccioso..... | } Mendelssohn |
| b. Duell..... | |
| c. Down by the Seashore..... | |
| a. Forget Me Not..... | } Gottschalk |
| b. Last Hope..... | |
| 3. a. Waltz in Ab, Op. 69..... | } Chopin |
| b. Nocturne, Op. 22, No. 1..... | |
| 4. La Rose, variations..... | } Hunton |
| a. Prentissimo from Sonata Op. 2..... | |
| 5. b. Adagio from Sonata Op. 13..... | } Beethoven |
| c. Second Movement from Sonata Op. 90..... | |
| 6. Impromptu in Bb..... | } Schubert |
| 7. Three Songs } a. Resignation..... | |
| Without Words } b. The Early Dawn..... | } Rinehart |
| c. The Winding Path..... | |

Prof. Rinehart played with his usual grace and skill, and the recital was very much enjoyed by all the ministers present.

Seminary Notes.

Final examinations at the Seminary are over, and the commencement will be held on May 1st, 2nd and 3rd. The graduating class is composed of L. L. Albright, J. D. Corbin and E. H. Vandyke. The Staff thankfully the receipt of an invitation to attend the commencement exercises.

President Ward will preach the annual sermon Sunday morning, May 1st, and in the evening Rev. L. R. Dyott will preach the sermon before the Missionary Alliance of the Seminary.

E. H. Vandyke was compelled to go to his home during the month on account of sickness, but he has returned much improved.

O. L. Corbin preached at St. Michael's April 23, text—"I am the true vine, you are the branches."

E. H. Vandyke has been appointed to the circuit of St. Michael's, Talbot county, Md.

All the students except the Seniors expect to return to the Seminary next year.

The past year has been full of work, and it is hoped that much useful knowledge has been gained by the students. While the effort has been made to benefit the head, the heart has not been neglected. Special as well as regular religious exercises have been held during the year. The monthly meetings

of the Missionary Alliance have been very interesting, and have left lasting impressions.

Locals.

Two eggs!

Entertainments!!

Steamboat Ned!!!

Only a stamp.

A new dish—Pepper sauce (gravy).

A Soph says hot water comes from the reservoir.

Senior final examinations begin May 16th.

Réné Descartes: who is she? Miss Ab—wants to know.

Miss Whi—asked if "Artemus Ward's Lecture" was not from Shakespeare.

WARNING.—Stateroom No. 38 on steamer Ida is either haunted or sea-sick. Beware.

Mr. L—, alias "Spoopendyke," says that Romulus and Remulus were nourished by a bear.

"Aro you going to have a combustible train to your dress?" asked Miss W—.

Freshman C— defines love as "an invisible link connecting two hearts together." He speaks from experience.

A Sophomore asked the other day if Southern people were not called Yankees. Oh! ye silly Sophs.

Ladies speaking of different authors name George Eliot. "What are some of his works?" asked Miss Ad—.

Did the famous orator know that Sky Parlor was vacant when he said, "There is plenty of room at the top?"

Sunday, 23d inst., being such a fine day, the Sophomores turned out in their cutaways and the Freshmen with their white wings.

Act I, Scene II—Miss Gr—: S— Please give me a pickle. Miss Ab—: I will if you

will give me a pretzel. Scene II—"Get away from that 'window.'" Grand rush.

Prep.—The Sophs certainly ought to beat the Freshmen. Soph.—I don't see why. Didn't God give the Freshmen as good powers as the Sophs?

Freshman Class in Greek: Prof. R.—Mr. C—k, who was Thetis? Mr. C—k: Why, she was the wife of Juno. Prof. R.: That will do. Class dismissed.

Parlor Night.—Lady: Mr. S., why are you so pensive? Mr. S.: Because I do not like to expatiate without extempore. The lady was quite pensive also.

We heard one of the students accusing somebody of stealing his key-hole. It is not necessary to say he was coming in after the lights were out.

One of the Seniors said they were going to play out in the streets at Marion. It happened to be a drama, "Out in the Streets."

Senior Class in German, after reading a piece from Alexander Humboldt.—Mr. W—Prof. is this the same Humboldt who discovered the Pacific Ocean? The same gentleman also asks if 40,000 Israelites were not fed in the wilderness on manna.

"Have you any rivisene?" asked a Freshman of a post graduate. "What?" "Rivisene; that stuff you make scenery out of." She meant ribbosene, which is used in embroidery.

A certain gentleman of the Freshman class, returning from an entertainment, and being impressed with one of the scenes, attempted to enact it himself. He, however, found himself in the mud instead of "Above the Clouds."

Lady Freshman, seated at the window, sees one of the gentlemen coming. She turns and says: "Oh, girls, do my bangs look all right?" After he has passed, she says, the *day* is gone and a feeling of sadness comes o'er me that I cannot resist."

A Senior, not having studied geography for several years, was not willing to trust his memory. Having no geography convenient, he sought the aid of a bright Prep, and was informed as follows: Sr.: "M—y, what is the capital of England?" Prep: "Wales." Sr.: "Ever so much obliged."

One of the young ladies since last parlor night has been cherishing the hope of sometime in the dim distant future becoming the lady of the White House, since one of the young gentlemen seems to be of such *sterling* worth as to become President, and he said if he did he certainly would make her the President's wife.

Senior conversation on board a train: "Oh, dear me, just listen to the sweet warbles of those birds; arn't those canaries, M—dg?" "Why no, B!—; that noise you hear is the croaking of frogs coming from that meadow there." The conversation attracted considerable attention, and the Senior seeing her mistake, remained in deep reverie until the train arrived at the desired station.

Male Seniors reciting Evidence of Christianity to Dr. Ward in the President's room. Ring at the telephone. Dr. W., after taking down the phone and placing the wrong end to his ear, shouts, "What's the matter?" Class laugh and tell him his mistake. Dr. takes his seat, and very soon another ring is heard. Dr.: "Boys, won't one of you go to the telephone who knows more about it than I do?" Mr. S!— answers call and shouts, "Halloa!" Dr. to Mr. S!—: "Who is it?" Mr. S!—: "Miss—." Dr.: "Don't say halloa, then." Senior bows to lady at other end of line, and now says he has learned a new lesson in etiquette.

SENIOR RECEPTION.

What is old to the students of the College may be new and interesting to the outside world. An event that transpired nearly a month ago is much too brilliant to have become stale already and classed among the

"chestnuts." As it is, Parlor nights never grow tiresome and a sweet remembrance lingers from one to another and forms a slender but indissoluble chain under the strain of a months scholastic duties. Parlor night, ever varied as it is this year, assumed a more pleasing character than ever on March 26th.

The Senior Class of ladies composed of eleven members gave a reception to which were invited all the College students and those of the Seminary. Of the one hundred and ten invitations issued not six were declined and the spacious parlors of the president were very comfortably filled at half past seven. The decorations were very unique and beautiful. A great number of blooming potted plants having been arranged into artistic mounds as a rich back-ground to the charmingly attired receiving party. The class was in full evening dress, and the dignity, grace and beauty as befitting seniors was not assumed for the occasion but was exhibited as qualities intimately pervading the character of all the members of '87. After the reception the entire assembly divided into three sections proceeded in couples to the refreshment room where substantial and delicacies were served in elegant style. This room as well as the others was prettily decorated in an appropriate manner, and the entire management and the eclat of the whole affair reflected great credit upon the preparation of the young ladies.

BROWNING ANNIVERSARY.

The Browning Literary Society held its Nineteenth Anniversary in the College Chapel on Friday evening, April 15th. The bell rang at a quarter of seven o'clock for the assembling of the societies, and by seven o'clock they were all seated in the chapel, after which parties holding tickets were admitted. By half past seven, the time for opening the exercises, the room was well filled with an appreciative audience.

Miss Jennie F. Wilson, the president, welcomed the audience in a neat and appropriate

address. She was surrounded on the stage by the society, and prominent among the rest were its two youngest members supporting the society banner. The address was followed by a vocal quartette, entitled "Cheerfulness," which was given by Misses Wilson, Franklin, M. Shriver and Gore. This was followed by the Anniversary Essay which was read by Miss Carrie L. Mourer, her subject was, "Shun Delays, they Breed Remorse." A piano solo, entitled "Gems of Scotland," was then performed by Miss Jennie Wilson.

A farce, "The Mouse Trap," by W. D. Howells, was next played. The *dramatis personae* were as follows:

Mrs. Somers—a young widow.....	Miss C. Mourer
Mr. Willis Campbell—her betrothed.....	Prof. Rinehart
Mrs. Roberts, Mr. Campbell's sister.....	Miss Laura Taylor
Mrs. Curwen.....	Miss F. Malehorn
Mrs. Bemis.....	Miss M. Shriver
Mrs. Miller.....	Miss J. McKellip
Jane—the servant.....	Miss Fannie Grove

The farce was presented in one act and scene, and was full of humor from beginning to end. The bravery of Mrs. Somers as a supporter of Woman's Suffrage, the novel way in which Mr. Campbell tested her courage and the dilemma in which he was thrown by his mouse story, are points of interest in the play, and were well rendered by those who took the respective characters. While the stage was being prepared for the next part of the program, Misses A. Shriver and Wilmer gave a piano duett, entitled "Artist's Life."

The third and last part of the program was next rendered, an operetta in one act and scene by Luigi Bordese, entitled "The Crown of Virtue," or "Coronation."

This was rendered in an excellent manner, and was much enjoyed by the audience, which gave frequent applause. The singing of Misses Stem and Franklin was particularly appreciated. The part of "Little Peter," was well filled by Mr. A. T. Moore. The piano was presided over by Miss Sallie Wilmer.

The Anniversary was considered a grand

success by all present, and indeed it was thought by some to be the best entertainment ever given by the society. We congratulate the Brownings on their success, and hope they may always illustrate the truth of their motto, *vita sine literis mors est*.

WEBSTER ANNIVERSARY.

On Friday night, April 22nd, in spite of the pouring rain, a large and appreciative audience was assembled at Odd Fellows' Hall, to witness the celebration of the 16th Anniversary of the Webster Literary Society.

Although Mr. Burgee, in his admirable President's Address solicited a lenient criticism upon the result of the Society's labor for the year, since some of their most able workers had left, apology was altogether unnecessary, as the success of the entertainment was as great when the work devolved upon the shoulders of the younger members as in former times.

The latent talent of the younger members only, needed an opportunity to display itself. The acting throughout was unsurpassable.

The opening address was followed by the anniversary oration, delivered by Mr. N. H. Wilson, subject, "Liberty as seen by Lafayette and Bartholdi."

The drama, entitled "Above the Clouds," was the feature of the evening, and every character was well sustained.

Philip Ringold, "Crazy Phil," a Mountain Hermit.....	Paul Combs
Alfred Thorpe, a City Nabob.....	J. G. Michael
Amos Gaylord, a Country Gentleman.....	L. Irving Pollitt
Howard Gaylord, his Son.....	W. McA. Lense
Titus Turtle, a Gourmand.....	Amos Burgee
Curtis Chipman, "Chips" in the Rough.....	H. G. Watson
Nat Naylor, Thorpe's Protege.....	J. R. Whaley
Grace Ingalls, a Young Artist.....	Miss Mollie H. Hopple
Hester Thorne, Gaylord's Housekeeper.....	Mrs. Wm. H. Vanderford
Susy Gaylord, Gaylord's Daughter.....	Miss Mary B. Shellman
Lucretia Gerish, "so romantic".....	(Miss) Chester Ames

The ladies, who so kindly assisted the Webster's in their entertainment, and thereby manifested their interest in it, took their characters to perfection. Miss Shellman is particularly to be commended for her life-like acting. Mrs. Vanderford rises as a new

star in the zenith of the Webster's success, though she has often appeared before Westminster audiences; while Miss Hoppie is to be congratulated in her manner of sustaining the character of Grace Ingalls.

Every character seemed especially adapted to the person who assumed it. It is the unanimous opinion of those present that "Crazy Phil," Nat Naylor, "Chips," and Titus Turtle could not have been better selected or more admirably carried out than in this instance.

The progress of the Society and its flourishing condition was made manifest, and reflects great credit upon its supporters.

LECTURES.

In accordance with the announcement made in our last issue, a series of lectures was begun at the College Thursday, March 31st. Prof. Henry Dixon Jones, of Harvard University, was the first to lecture. His subject was "Elocution," and he lectured for about two hours, his remarks at no time losing interest. At the beginning of the lecture he informed the students that he did not propose to do all the work, but would ask them to assist him. Five of the gentlemen were selected, one from the preparatory department, and a collegiate from each class. He began the lecture by giving position of body. This, he said, should be natural and easy, with free and ready movements on the balls of the feet. He then turned his remarks to the subject of voice, and made very plain to the students what muscles were brought into action in producing sound. At this point in the lecture one of the above students was asked to read an extract selected by Mr. Jones. He was duly criticised by the Professor, and his errors pointed out for the benefit of the school. The book was then passed to another, and another, till finally it moved around promiscuously among the students. A goodly number of gentlemen read, and the Professor got quite a variety of voices to criticise. In answer to

Dr. Lewis' question, "what fault in this respect is the most common with students?" the Professor answered that it was a failure to get a conception of the piece rendered, and proper control of the voice in speaking. The Professor closed the lecture with two recitations, "Little Joe" and "Adoon the Lane," which were greatly enjoyed.

In the evening an appreciative audience gathered at Odd Fellows' Hall to attend a reading given by Prof. Jones. He read from Dickens, "Little Emily;" Shakespeare, several scenes from "As You Like It;" Holmes, "The Boys;" Longfellow, "Sandalphon;" and from Mrs. H. B. Stowe's Old Town Stories, "Laughing in Meetin'." He read several other selections, all of which were much enjoyed by the audience. We feel safe in saying that if Prof. Jones appears among us again he will be greeted by a large and enthusiastic audience.

Mr. J. Frank Supplee, of the firm of Daniel Miller & Co., Baltimore, lectured on the 14th inst., on the subject "Stepping Stones to Success." He was introduced by Dr. Lewis as a man worthy to speak on such a subject, from the position he had made for himself in life. His lecture lasted for about an hour and twenty minutes, and was full of good sound advice, interspersed with anecdotes, which made it interesting.

Hon. Chas. B. Roberts was to have lectured on the 21st inst., but he was prevented from so doing by being called away on business. He will lecture on May 5th.

Prof. F. C. Young, of Johns Hopkins University, will deliver the next lecture on the 28th inst.

Since our last issue Prof. McDaniel has delivered a course of four lectures, on the "Theory of Determinants," to the upper classmen. The lectures were delivered every Monday afternoon, beginning on March 28th, ult., and omitting Monday, 11th inst. Space would not permit the publication of the lectures here,

and a synopsis of them could hardly prove useful, as the lectures themselves required the practical and thorough illustration the Professor gave them.

At the close of the last lecture, however, a brief summary was given of the history of the subject, in which it was stated that Leibnitz, as early as 1693, seemed to have a foreshadowing of the theory of determinants, and Cramer, in 1750, independently of Leibnitz, came to a somewhat fuller conception of the subject. In 1771 Vandermonde introduced a notation which was very helpful to progress. LaGrange made some improvements, and Gauss gave the name determinant. After these, in 1812, came Cauchy, who is justly called the founder of the theory. He carefully and systematically arranged the work of his predecessors, and added the connecting links between the theorems they had established. A sudden powerful impulse was given to the subject by the two great English mathematicians, Cayley and Sylvester, and partly during their connection with the Johns Hopkins University. Muir's Theory of Determinants, Peck's Treatise on Determinants, and the introduction to Salmon's Higher Algebra, were recommended as the best books of reference.

To say that these lectures were interesting is to speak comparatively, for mathematics is not an equally interesting subject to all, but at least they were very instructive. From the little we gained of the subject we were made to regret that we had not learned of determinants before we left algebra, but the Professor assures us that we will find it equally useful if we ever continue our mathematical studies. We are sure that the students are highly grateful for the knowledge of this subject they have gleaned from the lectures, especially since it was not a curriculum branch, and the Professor had to make extra preparations for them.

CARROLL COUNTY'S GREAT DAY.

On April 11th, Easter Monday, the semi-centennial of the formation of Carroll county from Frederick and Baltimore counties was celebrated in Westminster. For several weeks previous to the eventful day preparations had been in progress to celebrate it in a becoming manner and in a manner that would do Carroll credit. The people of Westminster were so enthusiastic in anticipation of the event that they began the decoration of their residences and places of business several days beforehand. The three days immediately preceding were days of the finest spring weather, thus giving ample opportunity for perfecting all preparations. Visitors began arriving in the city as early as Saturday, and by Sunday evening Main street presented a scene more suggestive of a thoroughfare in one of our great cities than one of the usually quiet streets of Westminster. Monday brought a beautiful day, which made the city present even a more magnificent appearance. Main street looked as though it was one long tunnel, the top and sides of which were composed of flags, bunting, evergreens, flowers, etc. Early in the morning people from the surrounding country began coming into town, and every train from Baltimore, Frederick, Hagerstown, and intermediate points brought hundreds of visitors. The programme for the day consisted of a grand parade in the morning and speaking in the afternoon. The bicyclists formed on Main street and the trades display on Liberty. Holding a prominent position at the head of the latter was the float of Western Maryland College, upon which was burlesqued its faculty. The writer, perched on a goods box in front of Willet's store, kept out of view of the august body as much as possible, for he was not far from the college ladies, at whom he would occasionally cast furtive glances. Mr. Combs, as King Louis I., tried in vain to call the faculty to order; for the Professor of Science, Mr.

Mitchell, was too busily engaged in observing a star just discovered through the Simpsonian to attend to other business; three of the Professors were engaged in quelling a disturbance in Prepdom; one had just gone out in a surveying party; Mr. Lease, as Dr. Reese, A. M., D. D., Ph. D., LL. D., F. R. S., was training his pony; and Reuben was making hash. However, a grave offence, committed by Little Peter, was promptly reported by his music teacher, Mr. Burgee, as Prof. Rinehart, which offence, being considered of so grave a character, King Louis' diminutive gavel promptly called an extra faculty meeting and the culprit was expelled and sentence read by the Secretary of the Faculty, etc., etc., Prof. McDaniel, alias Mr. Slifer.

The trades display was very fine, but the fifty-five bicyclists, noiselessly speeding along, were decidedly the most attractive thing in the parade. In addition to the trades display and bicyclists there were also several hundred horsemen in line. In the afternoon an historical address was read by Colonel Maulsby and an oration delivered by Dr. Hering, both of which were well received. At night there was a grand magic-lantern display and centennial hop. There were estimated to be about twenty-five thousand people in the city, and the day will long be remembered as the greatest in Carroll's history.

Chapel Exercises.

On March 25th, the Senior Class had a disputation, subject "The Tariff Laws now in force in the United States, are right in principle and beneficial in operation." Messrs. Slifer and Wilson were on the affirmative and Messrs. Combs and Downing for the negative. Miss Richards drew the conclusion. After carefully comparing the arguments on both sides, she decided in favor of the affirmative. These orations showed much labor and skill.

On April 1st, we had a lecture by Prof. McDaniel, and themes by a portion of the Junior Class. The subject of the lecture was, "René Descartes." Prof. J. McDaniel treated it in a very adroit and interesting manner. "Poet's Harp," a selection from Mendelssohn was well rendered by Miss Madge Slaughter. Miss Phoebus then read a theme

entitled, "The Sphere of an Educated Woman." This was followed by "The Causes, Conduct and Results of the War of 1812," by Mr. Mitchell. The exercises were closed by Mr. Radford, whose subject was "Samuel Johnson."

April 8th being Good Friday, there were no exercises.

April 15th, the 1st section of the female portion of the Senior class had a debate on "The right of suffrage should not be abridged on account of sex." Affirmative, Misses Adams, Dodd and Hill. Negative, Misses Abbott, Handy and Harlan. Mr. Stocks-dale, who had the conclusion decided that the right of suffrage *should* be abridged on account of sex. The arguments on both sides were sharp and witty and were much enjoyed by all.

Friday, April 22nd, was the day for the Recitation Contest between the female members of the Sophomore and Freshman classes. Following is the programme:

Where do you live?	Josephine Pollard
Invocation to Light	Miss F. W. Sappington, '90.
7 he Good of it	Miss M. Shriver, '90.
The Burning Prairie	Miss M. J. Fisher, '90.
A Singing Lesson	Miss L. B. Taylor, '89.
An Interesting Husband	Miss M. E. Steen, '90.
The Sullote Mother	Miss A. E. Parker, '89.
Nothing Lost in Nature	Felicia Hemans
A Night of Troubles	Miss L. E. Gore, '90.
Carnival of Venice	Miss Abigail Dodge ("Gail Hamilton.")
Fan	Miss Carrie Meredith, '89.
The Maestro's Confession	Miss Adelia Handy, '90.
Miss Malony on the Chinese	MUSIC.
The Lost Chord	Miss M. E. Stevens.
Sim's Little Girl	Elizabeth B. Browning
"Topsy"	Miss M. L. Shriver, '89.
Death of Eva	Miss G. E. Franklin, '90.
	Miss A. Whittington, '89.
	Mary M. Dodge
	Miss A. Whittington, '89.
	Mary M. Dodge
	Miss A. Whittington, '89.
	Adelaide A. Proctor
	Miss C. V. Underhill, '90.
	Mary Hartwell
	Miss H. E. Walsley, '89.
	Harriet Beecher Stowe
	Miss N. M. Thompson, '90.
	Harriet Beecher Stowe
	Miss I. J. Whaley, '89.

DECISION BY

Mrs. S. K. Herr, Miss McKellip and Miss Thayer.

The members all did very well. They had learned their recitations perfectly and recited them in a very pleasing manner. The judges after consulting for a short time appointed Mrs. S. K. Herr to announce their decision. This she did in a very neat way, and it was in favor of the class of '90.

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REV. T. H. LEWIS, A. M., D. D.,
Westminster, Md.

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Editorials.

How do you expect to spend your vacation? is the question asked by one student of his schoolmates. The answers are various. Some will visit their "College chums;" others will seek amusement at a favorite summer resort, and the majority will once more join their relatives and friends at home.

"*Laber Omnia Vincit*," the well-known motto, is suggestive of what we may hope was accomplished when the young ladies selected from the several College classes lifted the virgin earth from the foundation site of the new building to be erected for their occupancy. It was right that they should participate in the impressive ceremony, which inaugurated a new era in the history of Western Maryland College. Stronger hands than theirs will finish their work.

"Some books are to be tasted, others swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested." Since the beginning of the present collegiate year our College has opened a reading room in its library, and we have had access not only to the works of standard authors, but also to the best periodicals of the day. As different people have different tastes, some works are "tasted," that is they are glanced over, and not being palatable to the literary mind, are cast aside, when perchance they are taken up by another reader with a different taste and "swallowed." From this we conclude that various material is necessary to replenish the hungry desires of the literary mind, so we have many periodicals on our library table, which keep us informed of the current news, and also of the productions of new authors attempting to place a star in the crown of literary fame. Among the many periodicals found on our library table are the following: The Atlantic Monthly, The Century, The

Forum, The New Princeton Review, Harper's Weekly, The Christian Herald, The Christian Advocate, The Critic, The Methodist Protestant, The Nation, The Queries, Family Fiction, The Youth's Companion and the Watchman.

A plan is on foot for each society to arrange the works by their respective authors, and then the miscellanies, in a stated order, and furnish each other three societies with a catalogue of its books. By this method each society will have the names of the books in all the libraries of the societies.

Glory! The name resounds like a surging sea. It dazzles us with a blaze of splendid meaning. It is the end and object of all the triumphs that human power can achieve. It has been fiercely fought for by all men; it has been pursued throughout all time; it has been sought more passionately than even love or money.

The commencement exercises in June promise to be of unusual interest. The exhibition in gymnastics and calisthenics will take place on the 10th, and on the 11th a concert will be given, in which the musical talent of the College will participate. On Sunday morning the long line of students will slowly wend their way to the M. P. Church, to listen to their new president, Dr. Lewis, in his Baccalaureate Sermon. Dr. B. F. Benson, our former vice-president, will address the Christian Association at night. The joint entertainment of the Browning Literary and Philomathean Societies will be held on Monday night, and this will be followed on Tuesday morning by the reading of the grades for the year and the awarding of prizes.

We wish our ex-active members and friends to notice particularly here that the time for the Society reunion, which has in former years taken place on Wednesday, has been changed to Tuesday afternoon. The oratorical contest between the Irving and Webster Literary So-

cieties will take place on Tuesday night. The Class Day Exercises on Wednesday morning will be followed at night by the Annual Oration before the Literary Societies of the College, which is to be delivered by Col. H. Kyd Douglass, of Hagerstown, Md.

The Commencement Day Exercises, on Thursday morning, will be the crowning feature of the week. The Senior Class, consisting of eleven ladies and six gentlemen, have been making every effort to "launch" themselves into life with great honor and success.

If we can judge the interest of the exercises by the number of "class meetings" and "committee meetings," we may truly expect to be highly entertained by the Class of '87 during the entire commencement week.

We can with great candor, however, compliment the graduating class of this year upon their very successful career through College, and we hope that the education bestowed upon them by their dear old Alma Mater, and which they seemed to have received with so much appreciation, may prove a great blessing and honor to them, both in the business and social sphere of life.

The Annual Oration and Essay before the Alumni of the College, on Thursday night, will close the festivities of the week. The Oration will be delivered by Mr. Lynn R. Meekins, of the Baltimore American, and the essay read by Miss Bessie Miller, of Elkton, Md.

Beyond doubt the most salient characteristic of life in this latter portion of the 19th century is its speed—what we may call its hurry, the rate at which we work—and the question to be considered is, first, whether this rapid rate is in itself good; and next, whether it is worth the price we pay for it, a price rarely reckoned up, and not very easy to ascertain thoroughly. Unquestionably life seems fuller and longer for this speed; is it truly richer and more effective?

No doubt we can do more in our eighty years for the speed at which we travel, but are the extra things we do always worth doing? No doubt we can *do* more, but that is "doing" everything, and "being" nothing.

The business managers of the PORTFOLIO are very desirous of straightening up its books and bills by the close of the present year. Like all other persons they like to begin with beginning and end with the ending. All our readers will know what is to be said next. The PORTFOLIO is very sorry to have to apply to its friends for funds when so young, but we really think this a very good reason. We had no previous treasury, nor any donation to start with, and of course there is no way for us to pay unless we are paid. If our subscribers will remember that their subscriptions are due in advance and pay at once, we will be able to settle up the few bills we have. The matter of a subscription is quite small to you, but it aggregates a good deal for us. We earnestly request you, therefore, to send your dues as soon as possible.

The next issue of the PORTFOLIO will be the last issue of the year, and we hope to make it a good issue. We will attempt to have it appear on Thursday of commencement week and promise our readers a full and accurate account of the proceedings of the coming commencement, which bids fair to be the most interesting one in the history of the Western Maryland College. We advise all persons to obtain a copy of our next issue and as the number will be limited, it will be safe to order before hand.

The Best Method of Promoting the Temperance Cause.

We publish below two more of the Weigand prize essays. The last essay of this series will appear in the next issue. We wish also to state that these essays are limited in length.

When by man's first sin a knowledge of right and wrong was brought into this world, it was accompanied not only by a strong inclination to follow evil ways, but also to pervert the bounties of God's providence to an evil end. The necessities of man's existence, wholesome and harmless in their proper use, by the instigation of Satan, become the fatal instruments of his downfall and ruin. Perhaps no country has ever realized as keenly the terrible effects of intemperance in the rising generation as our own. Not that the evil has taken greater root in our mother soil than elsewhere, for that would denote a national degeneracy inconsistent with one whose moral principles are unquestionable, but that the alert minds of our citizens are ever-ready to seize the hydra-headed monster vice in its infancy before it reaches overwhelming proportions and endeavor to effect its extermination. It must be remembered that America was the first country to adopt measures for resisting the inroad liquor was making on the people, the origin of the first temperance movement dating from the beginning of the present century. The effects of intemperance are too well known to enter into detail concerning the enormity of the evil, so it shall principally concern us to decide upon some method by which the liquor-traffic may be suspended and the temperance cause promoted. Since the evil exists, to effect its cure. Many expedients have been tried, but with little success and total prohibition looms up as the best and only resource which will insure perfect freedom from the curse of nations.

The impetuous will of man can be controlled only by the strong arm of the law and compulsion is much superior to persuasion or personal option to induce total abstinence.

The argument may be advanced that in a free country the people should have the liberty of selecting their own food and drink, and deciding upon the amount consumed, and an act of the legislature in regard to prohibition

would infringe upon the independent rights of the citizens. This would be true of the upholders of the liquor traffic were not already in bondage—if not to their insatiate appetites to mammon their god. It is strange they consider themselves free people when they are slaves to the greatest of tyrants King Alcohol!

Strange they rebel against the power that would lift them from the sloughs of degradation into which they have cast themselves by the use of liquor, and prefer the cankering chains of an eternal bondage to one of earth's greatest curses!

Free indeed! The drunkard knows no such word as freedom! His fetters were forging, his liberty of soul and body was being bartered when he began his downward career by his first glass of wine.

The inebriate is no longer responsible for his actions, his opinions in regard to legislative acts should have no weight with those by whom they are enacted. Also it is not likely that the liquor seller would advocate prohibition to the utter ruin of his trade.

Unless the liquor traffic be abolished by law, all the efforts of temperance lecturers and advocates will be in vain. Moral suasion may do much but since the time of Eve there has been a disposition of the human mind to partake of forbidden fruit. You see this illustrated in the predilection of Young America for the use of tobacco.

Older persons preach of its injurious effects—that it is poisonous and ruinous—but boys cannot be satisfied until they have tested it for themselves and puffed cigarettes in defiance of the fact even that it dwarfs their stature and mustache. It is the *law* which prohibits the sale of intoxicating liquors to minors that prevents it from working wholesale ruin.

The whisky sellers are profuse in their arguments that "prohibition does not prohibit." They maintain that a legislative act in favor of prohibition would tend to impoverish those to whom liquor has become a necessity. Not

being able to procure it in their own district or State, they go beyond the prohibitory limits and buy it at any price however exorbitant.

We reply that liquor never becomes a necessity to those in whom there remains one feeble spark of manhood and independence. If, however, they have sunk to the level of the brute order of creation, if it has come to the point when to relinquish their master death is the inevitable sequence, far better would it be that death be even *forced* upon them, than that they should live a disgrace to themselves, then kindred and their race!

Prohibition is not to save the old toppers so much as to remove the temptation and contaminating influence from the youths of our generation.

It is true where but a small section of country declares prohibition the thirsty inhabitants flock across the borders and make the fortunes of the outside whisky sellers, but let our whole grand Union enter into a Temperance League and the result will be quite different. Let liquor be put clear beyond the reach of man State by State until one indissoluble Temperance Union is formed, then can we be said to exist free from the baneful influence of earth's greatest curse. The liquor sellers are but another class of monopolists. They grasp eagerly at any method of twisting or screwing the money out of the poor man's pocket into their own.

All conscientious scruples were long since laid aside when they entered into the liquor traffic or rather the human soul traffic, for they may be considered commission merchants for Satan since they supply him with the majority of victims for eternal punishment.

These monopolists by their influence, opulence and power hold the poorer classes alike with their opinions in subjection. The poor man dares not strike at the hand which after a day of unremitting toil on his part grudgingly gives him his daily bread, for his tyrannical master at the least provocation, does not

hesitate to withdraw the mere pittance which serves as his support.

The liquor sellers forms so cogent a factor in political power that an individual effort in opposition is sheer self destruction. But for all that, there is great power in the working class if they would but realize it. Let them collectively resist their employer and their might is equal to his own. And here lies our greatest hope for success.

It is to bring all classes to a realization of their strength and a desire to exercise their freedom of opinion. Remove the fear of oppression by showing the excess in numbers of the employees over the employers. Rouse them to such a state of enthusiasm that words will be succeeded by actions and in boldly attacking one tyrant, two will be dethroned, first, the despot of all classes—liquor, and second the poor man's ruler—the liquor seller.

A step is advanced in the right direction when an effort is made to gain the attention and interest of the people.

All may have some influence in this matter, but of course the higher the rank or position of the man who advocates temperance principles, the greater will be the interest manifested and a higher position will the question assume. When the leading men of our community advance eager and are willing to devote their whole lives to the promotion of the temperance cause, the respect they gain by such an action is inestimable.

Prominent among such men may be named Mr. Weigand who has evinced so clearly his devotion to the cause.

Our army of prohibitionist headed by such strong and worthy characters, and aided by the prayers of godly women, should, until election day, enlist the attention and feeling of the masses, and on that day declare total prohibition, and crush the evil intemperance clear out of existence by the right of ballot.

The Best Method of Promoting the Temperance Cause.

The saloon is bad, and only bad. Its evil

effects are to be seen all around us. It gathers from our firesides, our homes, where the fountains of joy has always run full the most promising youths; even in our public schools and churches it finds victims. We cannot overtake it in its march, nor can we deprive it of its prey. What shall we do? Let me say that I use the term "saloon," where some may judge it to be used wrongly; but it is evidently the desire of the prohibition movement to do away with the *saloon* entirely. No law can stop a man from *drinking*, only inasmuch as it prohibits him from getting anything to drink. Now as to our question, some may say, warn against. Yes. That is what we have been doing these many years, and it is now bolder than ever. Others say, "Form societies, circulate the pledge. Yes. This has been done, and you are bound to acknowledge that it has not accomplished its purpose. The only way to check its progress is to annihilate it—blot it out. This is certainly a sure plan, but, how can it be done?"

This is evidently a question of no small concern; a question which arrays the cardinal principles of society; a question in which our whole nation is deeply concerned. Surely this question must be settled by the American people. But how shall the people do this? There seems to be two courses which can be taken with a great deal of security, and either would be undoubtedly effectual, if the people *unitedly* would take a determined stand. They are the "Third party movement," and by a popular vote of the people, or in other words prohibition versus anti-prohibition.

The latter alternative is the method of action which I shall advocate, and which I shall endeavor to prove to be the best.

How are all great questions of the day settled? Our answer would be by the people. Still the answer is not definite. How shall the people vote, if questions are to be settled this way? Shall they cast their ballots with the Third party, which specially denounces the

liquor traffic or shall it be definite legislation pro or con. Let us see why we should have definite legislation without regard to party. First, we shall consider how useless it would be to look for legislation from either of the old parties. That the principles of the old parties have become ineradicably wrought in the hearts and minds of the American people is clear to every one; to such a degree that, no matter what question is before them they will not desert their colors. This has been shown by both parties refusing to have anything at all to do with the question. Party must be upheld, right or wrong. And while party principles are upheld, the principles of right are often crushed. Indeed we feel justified in saying that there are more voters in either the Democrats or Republican parties, than in the Third party, who are in favor of prohibition, but who will not vote according to their convictions, simply because, as they say, they are "Democrats" or "Republicans." The great desire of both parties at the present day is to "keep in power," without regard to justice and morality. "All is fair and right in politics" is the motto.

Again: Let us consider why a Third party movement is not the most desirable plan of action. As we said before there are too many Democrats and Republicans in favor of prohibition, who will not ally themselves with the Third party, for it to gain much power. People see the great need of reform, but are not in favor of creating a "party" to accomplish this. All long standing public evils are not to be settled in any other way than by a united vote of the people. This will never be accomplished, we think through a created party.

While I am not a third party man, still I believe its principles to be the very best. But I do say that its work is ineffectual. While indeed it may gain many triumphs, they are only for a time; for these victories must be gained at every election. To the most ignorant this must surely appear to be a most dan-

gerous plan. While we most earnestly desire prohibition, we, at the same time, want it lasting. What is the use of having prohibition this year and license next? And this we will surely have if we have a third party. Again: It is not to be thought that the habit of drinking among our people is the only evil with which we are to contend; nay a much worse practice our people are engaging in—that of opium eating. And would it be thought a thing incredible if I should say that in a few years our nation will be fighting against this evil? Is it, then, improbable that we shall not have a fourth party? At least we may safely conclude that there will be many "soreheads," who will arise and proclaim themselves the head of another party—the fourth. Without uniting, prohibitionists prefer to send a part of their forces to fight against them. What would have been thought of Lee's generalship if, at the battle of Manassa, he should have caused a part of his army to fight on the side of the enemy, or even sent them home, saying that he thought they could win the battle without their help? No, we want all the recruits that can be secured on our side, if we ever expect to have *prohibition*. And to have this we must throw away party animosities, forget party, and then every man of prohibition principles would cast his ballot pro. I want no better proof that this plan of definite legislation is better than any other, than experience. And what has been the experience of prohibitionists in this country? Has it not been that whenever the question comes before the people in this way, that it generally carries the day? True, it is often defeated; but shall we not expect this? A thing that is not worth laboring for is not worth having. So we expect resistance.

I shall not go into detail and tell the number of counties, and states even, in our Union that have secured prohibition through this means; but I shall merely call attention to the number of counties in our own state that have

secured this. And ere long there will not be a single county that will not have prohibitory laws. People must be convinced that this state of affairs is the better before they will cast their votes for it; and this is what is being done. We cannot hope to make a national issue of this at present. The country is not ready for it. Let the states and counties act first, and when the time comes for more complete action then let the nation act. It must be clear to every one that prohibition men are not acting together under the present circumstances; but let the question come "for" or "against," and will not prohibitionists of all parties join hands and sweep it from our midst? Let us then, while advancing this grand work, draw the line between those who are for and against, and send men of known prohibition principles to our legislative halls, and thereby secure an opportunity of unitedly voting against this traffic.

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For the College Portfolio.
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Arcana.

There is a species of ephemeral literature well known to College Faculties, of which, so far as the present writer is aware, no collection has ever been made for publication; certainly not because the amount of it is too meagre to afford material for such a collection, but perhaps because the publication of it would be deemed a violation of secrecy that should be sacredly maintained, or perhaps because no one acquainted with this literature has supposed it of sufficient importance to justify making it, or any portion of it, known beyond the walls of the Faculty room. The writer, who has had abundant opportunity of making such a collection as has been referred to, if he had been disposed, has not done so, and he does not now hold out to his readers the idea that he proposes to gratify them with an exposure of specimens of the literature in question, even though he believes that such as he would ex-

pose—only choice specimens—would do no discredit to the authors, and might afford, to say the least, some entertainment. And yet it is the writer's intention to tell some secrets—namely, some of his own secret thoughts, awakened by the attention he has given at various times to literary productions of the kind which were read in Faculty meeting, considered, acted upon, and then consigned to the waste basket, and afterward to the flames. Hence he has alluded to this literature as ephemeral. Still it did not perish before it had accomplished the purpose for which it was designed, any more than many a newspaper that lost all its interest after the day on which it was printed.

One of my secret thoughts while listening to the reading by the Secretary of the Faculty of the communications of students setting forth the causes of absence from College appointments, failures to prepare recitations, or neglect of assigned duties, has been that the noticeable sameness of excuses, especially of several coming from the same individual, indicated the possibility, if not probability, of something radically wrong in the premises. It would be uncharitable to suppose that any ingenuous student would intentionally deceive the Faculty as to the real cause of a delinquency, but I have sometimes not been able to resist the impression that certain stereotyped terms used in the literature under consideration—such as "sickness," "indisposition," and "unavoidable circumstances"—may have been employed with some "mental reservations," so that the terms themselves would hardly bear strict construction, except perhaps the second one cited—"indisposition"—in a certain sense. Another of my secret thoughts has been that students sometimes glide into a habit of excusing themselves on imaginary grounds, forgetting that even if they succeed in getting the Faculty's approval, they are losers by their gain. They ought to have the approval of their own consciences, or they will only be

laying up regrets for the future, which will be unavailing as well as painful. That there are circumstances under which a student is really justifiable in writing an excuse, is undeniable; but, as a rule, the less of such literature he is the author of the better it will be for him.

Other secret thoughts I have had when listening to students' appeals to the Faculty for permission to do things admitted to be contrary to the established regulations, as if it would be no harm just to allow them for once to break the law. I have thought that the earnestness and eloquence of some of these appeals were such as would be worthy of praise if they were put into compositions required to be read on Friday afternoons, and I have further thought that no students who had right views of things would employ his talents in trying to persuade his instructors that they ought to modify the results of their mature judgment to conform to his opinions on matters, of which in the nature of things, he knows very little, and which opinions indeed are rather expressions of what he feels that he would like to do, than of what he really thinks he ought to be allowed to do, even though these opinions are urged so pressingly. So my secret thought further has been that a Faculty's decisive refusal to grant any request for permission to do wrong, was the best way of impressing upon students the wrong of asking such permission. Of course the reader understands that the present writer has been a member of a College Faculty long enough to know all those "mysterious" things which students think transpire when the Faculty is in session—things that they would "give ever so much to know." Well, let me assure them that even if all the secrets of the Faculty were revealed, there would be found in them nothing to object to any more than to such secret thoughts of one of the members as I have here brought to light.

Tricks of Expression.

For the entertainment and amusement of the readers of "THE COLLEGE PORTFOLIO," I propose to give some specimens of what may be called tricks of expression, by which gullible people like myself have sometimes been "caught," or "sold," much to their annoyance and vexation at the moment, but perhaps after all, not to their injury, since thereby their "wits were sharpened" a little:

"If Mathuselah was the oldest man that ever lived, how is it that he died before his father?" This is a mere trick of expression, for his father (Enoch) did not die at all; he was translated, without dying.

"If a man have twenty sick sheep, and ten of them die, how many will remain?" Most persons would answer sixteen; but of course ten is the true answer. The "catch" is in the similarity of sound between "twenty sick sheep," and "26 sheep."

"Is it proper to say six and seven *are* eleven, or six and seven *is* eleven?" Many have answered with great positiveness, "Of course, 'are eleven' is correct;" but of course it is not, for six and seven are thirteen. The "catch" is in emphasizing the "are" and "is," which diverts the mind for the moment from the "eleven," which ought to be "thirteen." I knew a gentleman who was as vexed by being "caught" with this, that he actually threatened to "knock down" the friend who asked him the question.

"There is a man in Westminster whose face is all black on one side," was a statement that caused me to be on the look out for a week to find the man; but I gave it up when the further statement was made that his face was black on the other side too, for then I knew that I had seen him frequently.

I felt complimented by being informed that there was "a man in town who would give a hundred dollars to see me," until the friend who told me added, that "the man was blind."

"If you were to meet a lion and a bear, which would you rather, that the lion should eat you, or the bear?" Many will answer, "Neither;" but certainly you would rather the lion should eat the bear.

"What is the difference between six dozen dozen, and a half a dozen dozen?" Many will say, "No difference," and be "caught."

"A man writing to his friend had occasion to use the word *cat*; now can you tell in five guesses how he spelled the word?" Many will guess five times and miss it; for the true answer is "c-a-t."

A gentleman who prided himself on his "sharpness" walked into a bank, and said to the Cashier, "Did you ever see a pencil that would write any color you name?" "No, sir," was the reply, "Well, I have one; just name any color." "Write blue," said the cashier. No sooner said than done. The gentleman took his pencil and simply wrote the word "blue." "That is very smart said the Cashier; and now sir, did *you* ever see any of the new coin—three pieces to a dollar?" "No, sir," was the reply, "Well," said the Cashier, "I will show you some," and immediately laid before his "sharp" friend—a half-dollar and two twenty-five cent pieces! Here was "a Roland for an Oliver." Both "catches," it will be seen, were by tricks of expression.

"In the low lands of Maryland there are mosquitoes so large that many of them would weigh a pound," is startling, but it is never the less true.

I once said to an old friend that "Mr. ——— had died and made a will in which he bequeathed a large sum to ———." "Never heard of such a case in my life" said my friend. He relieved me of my surprise at his remark however by adding, "I presume that you meant to say, Mr. ——— made a will, &c., and died afterwards." "Oh, yes; I see it now."

A gipsy woman having told two young ladies, that, for a shilling each, she would show them the faces of their future husbands, they gave her the money; whereupon she produced a pail of water, and bade the young ladies' look into it, saying to them: "There you see them." "Why" they replied, "we only see our own faces." "Well," added the gipsy, "and will not those be your husband's faces when you are married?"

"Did you say that I never missed a drink, sir," asked a man of his neighbor, in an angry and threatening manner. "I may have done so," replied the neighbor. "But you know, sir, that I never drink, and detest the very smell of liquor." "Well, then," replied the neighbor, "you never miss a drink, do you." That put the matter in a different light. There was a trick in the expression.

In a little play called "the high jump" there is a trick of expression. You say to the company, "Who can place two chairs back to back about three feet apart; then pull off his shoes and jump over them?" The "catch" is in the application of the pronoun "them," which of course is properly to the "shoes," not to the "chairs."

A teacher who in a fit of vexation called her pupils a set of young adders, on being reproved for her language, apologized by saying that she was speaking to those just beginning arithmetic. Here was a trick of expression.

A genuine Yankee in San Francisco, having bored a new comer with every conceivable question relative to his object in visiting the gold country, his hopes, his means, and his prospects, at length asked him if he had a family.

"Yes, sir; I have a wife and six children, and I never saw one of them."

After this reply the couple sat a few minutes in silence, when the interrogator again commenced:

"Were you ever blind, sir?"

"No, sir."

"Did you marry a widow, sir?"

"No, sir."

Another long interval of silence.

"Did I understand you to say, sir, that you have a wife and six children living in New York, and had never seen one of them?"

"Yes, sir; so I stated it."

Another and a longer pause. Then the interrogator again inquired: "How can it be, sir, that you never saw one of them?"

"Why," was the response, "one of them was born after I left."

A correspondent of the *St. Paul Pioneer Press* was fishing at Nantucket with Rev. Robert Collyer, Robert Bardette, and several other serious gentlemen. He says:

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J. T. W.

For the College Portfolio.

While We May.

In the harmonious plan of creation everything moves in its appointed sphere. The beautiful order which pervades the natural world is charming to contemplate. Nowhere throughout the vast universe, with its many worlds which revolve without ceasing, do we find a single discord in the melody which so delights and entrances our minds, although it is inaudible to our material ear. Listen attentively as we may, no sound breaks the stillness which reigns throughout immensity; not even a murmur makes itself heard when we strive to catch, by means of our material sense, some portion of the music of the spheres, but turn the ear of the intellect, which is more nearly akin to the great master mind, and which can appreciate, at least in some degree, the beauty and grandeur of his handiwork, then what strains of marvelous music, bespeaking the divine omnipotence, fall upon and awe the listener. Every planet and star has its appointed place in which to move, and is kept there by the hand which formed and assigned it to that particular orbit. All things are arranged in beautiful order. In the creation of our world, first was the mineral deposit out of which the soil of the earth was formed; then vegetation sprung up in brilliant beauty, to form the connecting link between the mineral and animal kingdoms; then came the lower classes of animals, and finally, after the earth had passed through the necessary change in order to fit it for the abode of man, he appeared in the image of his creator, to be the sovereign of the land, and "have dominion over everything." In the natural world all things are directed by an overruling power. Season follows season, each bringing its products and pleasures for the support and enjoyment of man. Winter, with its snow and ice, is but the preparation of the earth for its springtime beauty. Spring brings with it sun-

"Were you ever blind, sir?"

"No, sir."

"Did you marry a widow, sir?"

"No, sir."

Another long interval of silence.

"Did I understand you to say, sir, that you have a wife and six children living in New York, and had never seen one of them?"

"Yes, sir; so I stated it."

Another and a longer pause. Then the interrogator again inquired: "How can it be, sir, that you never saw one of them?"

"Why," was the response, "one of them was born after I left."

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shine and flowers, and is but the promise of the joyous summer to follow. Autumn, rich with its ripened fruits and full garner, comes on to remind us that another year has almost passed away, and that winter approaches to provide a period of rest, in which to prepare for the spring time again. Seed time and harvest, sunshine and shadow follow each other in quick succession, and are the result of the overruling providence of God. He orders all things as they are and should be, governs them as He thinks best, and they respond to His sway as a flower turns to the sunlight. Thus we see how inanimate nature is governed, and that it can but recognize and respond to the power which directs it. No opportunity is given the plant to grow or stand still as it may choose, even if it had the ability to make the choice. It must carry out the plan God has designed that it shall, it must grow to its full development, and then die, because so it has been ordained, and there is no departure from that law. The brutes are guided by a voice which they must follow, and which has been assigned them by their Maker. To man alone, of all God's creatures, has He given opportunity. Endowed as he is with intellect and reasoning power, it is for him to choose whether he will make the best of or not the life with which he has been entrusted; he is to decide for himself what destiny is to be his; he is capable of looking forward to the future and of reasoning out what will most probably be the result of his labors; he is aware that virtue brings its own reward and vice its punishment; he knows that an upright life has the approval of God, while "wickedness is an abomination in His sight," and he is cognizant that a wasted life brings no happiness, either to himself or others, but is productive only of misery and remorse.

The flowers have no power to ascertain what plan to adopt in order to reach their highest development and beauty. The All-wise Father has provided for them the means

by which to grow and flourish without any effort upon their part. In like manner the beasts of the field are provided with instinct, and by that they are directed in the proper way, and our Heavenly Father cares for them as much as He cares for us who bear His likeness, yet we sometimes repay His loving kindness with much less gratitude than the brutes or the flowers which adorn the earth with beauty. Opportunities for advancement are offered in almost all conditions of life, and when they do appear and are neglected, it is very seldom that they are presented again. No matter what we may be or where we may be, if we take advantage of such opportunities, as are presented, we will find that they will multiply and finally lead us up to a height we never expected to reach.

If, while we may, we improve the chance to do something toward our own elevation, that very opportunity may prove to be the "flood-tide which leads on to fortune" and the permitting it to pass by unnoticed may prove the means of dragging us down to poverty and ruin. God has given to man the power of deciding for himself and has placed before him too destinies to choose between. There are in all lives such times when upon the decision of a moment depends the destiny of that life, whether it shall be high or otherwise, and happy are those who take this first step in the right direction, for after this is accomplished the remainder of the way is comparatively easy. There will be some difficulties and obstacles to be overcome, but look to the end in view and strive for that only. We may take the right way if we will and if we do so while we may, we will never regret having done so. Start in the path of honor and virtue and opportunity after opportunity will arise to help us on to success. This is also true of the opposite, start in the wrong way and the succeeding steps downward will follow each other quite rapidly and be much easier to take than was the first. The present moment is the

best time to decide the important question as to what we will make of ourselves. We know not what to-morrow will bring, it may be life or death to us. We cannot afford to await to-morrow, time speeds onward, the chance may be lost by the delay and once lost can never be recalled. We should decide at once, now, while we may, and be sure to choose the right way and there persevere to the end. We should not wait thinking that there is no immediate necessity for action, that the opportunity will soon again be presented, for if we rely upon that hope it will prove but an idle dream whose waking will be disappointment and regret. We will then find ourselves much worse than we were at first, since the tide flowing in the opposite direction will have borne us farther away from the right which we are delaying, and even if we should at last choose the better part, it will be too late. Old habits will have been formed which will be as iron bands linking us to the former way of living and to break these will prove a task beyond the strength of man. Then we think what we might have accomplished had we acted promptly when the time came for the decision, the decision which was apparently at that time so insignificant yet has had such an appalling effect upon the course of our lives. The contrast of what is and what might have been is now, when it is too late, overwhelming. Useless regret, yes more than useless, for the past overcomes every other feeling, and the only remaining desire in life is to crush out the remorse which continually causes the heart to ache and deprives us of all happiness. We may during the remainder of our lives, by acts of kindness and deeds of charity, attempt to atone, in some degree for the mispent days, months and years that are gone, we may strive in various ways to silence the still, small voice of conscience which unceasingly utters stinging words of condemnation, yet how small this seems in comparison with the destiny which might have been ours. We might have been

happy, we are now miserable. We might have been loved and honored, we are now passed by with indifference. We might have been able to teach men how to be better and nobler, we are now compelled to learn from them how to live. We might have lived so that others would have pointed us out as examples for the young people to follow, whereas now we are held up to them as a warning. We might have been able to say from experience, "come, this is the way of peace and happiness," now we can only, from a bitter experience, say, "Beware of that road, it will lead you to misery."

The method of remedying the evil by doing good, is seldom adopted. More often do we find the efforts to drown the sorrow, to be of a character which will degrade the individual who has thus far lived a mistaken life. Such efforts defeat their own ends. Instead of decreasing the remorse they but add to the flame. The better plan is to avoid, while we may, the necessity for such efforts, by deciding for the right and holding to our decision. Then there will be no regret and in the end all will be peace.

E. L. RICHARDSON.

Poetical.

SINCERITY.

Of what avail's an idle word,
A heartless laugh, a cruel jest?
The world no better grows:
The soul by noble impulse stirred
Esteems a generous action best
And honor to it shows.

Of what avail are feigned tears,
Or frail pretense, or hollow show?
Too much of honest grief
Feels now the world mid all its fears,
Feels now the world mid all its woes,—
Fears, woe without relief.

The need of needs is serious men;
Men with clear purpose, like a star,—
Serene, supernal, steady flame,
Shining most warm and helpful when
The storms of selfish interest war
With life's true purpose, life's true aim.

Alumni.

Four members of the Class of '80 are conducting what they term the Q. Q. C.—Quarto Quill Clique."

Prof. McDaniel writes to Jarman and DeFord. Jarman sends that letter with one of his own to DeFord and McDaniel. DeFord then takes out McDaniel's letter and sends Jarman's and one of his own composition to McDaniel and Jarman, et cetera.

The "mail bag" gets around once a month. At the end of every third month the letters are forwarded to Klein who in return replies to the twenty seven letters (poor Klein) and his takes the rounds with the others. It is pleasant, instructive and profitable.

C. H. Baughman '71, A. M., Principal of Grammar School, Clerk to City Council, and Secretary of Water Company, Westminster, Md.

Miss Loulie Cunningham, '81, is spending her time very pleasantly at her home in Westminster, Md.

Miss Beekie Boyd, '85, is teaching school at Hancock, Washington county, Md.

Miss Flora Trenchard, '85, is a very successful teacher in Caroline county, Md.

Mr. E. A. Warfield, '82, at the close of the exercises at the Seminary where he occupies the chair of Ecclesiastical History, returned to his home near Hyattstown, Montgomery county, Md.

Frank W. Shriver, '73, is a carriage dealer in Philadelphia, Pa.

Miss Ruth Edelin, '84, is teaching school in Charles county, Md.

Mr. F. H. Peterson, '78, A. M., LL. B., University of Maryland, is practicing in Kansas.

Miss Bessie Miller, '81, of Elkton, Cecil county, Md., has been appointed to read the essay before the Alumni, on June 16th.

Dr. Geo. Y. Everhart, '81, A. M., M. D., University of Maryland, is practicing in Baltimore county, Md.

Joshua W. Miles, '79, A. M., is State's Attorney of Somerset county, Md.

Prof. C. T. Wright, A. M., formerly of W. M. C., is Principal of Stewartstown Academy, Pa.

Mrs. Bettie Braly Willis, '81, resides in Baltimore.

Mr. Lynn R. Meekins, '83, A. M., a member of the editorial staff of Baltimore Daily American has been appointed to deliver the oration before the Alumni, June 16.

Dr. Joseph Hering is practicing in Westminster, Md.

Personal.

Mrs. Leatherbury, of Baltimore, accompanied by Misses Carrie and Lillie Roach from Crisfield, Md., visited the Misses Stevens this month.

Miss Sadie Kneller, '85, of Baltimore, was in Westminster a short time the first of the month.

Prof. B. F. Benson, former Vice President of W. M. C., has been elected to preach the sermon before the Christian Associations on Sunday night, June 12th.

Mr. F. McBrown, of Uniontown, and Louis Sellman, of Warfieldsburg, both former students of the college were in attendance at the anniversary of the Irving Society.

Miss F. E. Wilson, '85, A. M., of Union Bridge, paid us a short visit about the first of the month.

Mr. A. S. Crockett visited his parents in Baltimore for a few days about the first of the month. Messrs. Harris and Stocksdale have also paid short visits to the city.

Miss Sadie M. Abbott was confined to her

room for about a week on account of a sprained ankle. We are glad to see her able to be out again.

Mr. F. H. Whitaker, formerly of the class of '87, is practicing law in Enfield, N. C.

Rev. L. R. Dyott, of the class of '86, of the Seminary, delivered the sermon before the Missionary Alliance of the Seminary, on May 1st.

Post Chaplain David Wilson, U. S. A., of Dakota Territory, has obtained a leave of absence and with his family, is spending several months East. Dr. Wilson is the father of one of our students. He preached in the M. P. Church, of Westminster, on Sunday, the 15th inst.

Mr. Hammer was recently visited by Mr. J. M. Badgett, of Lexington, N. C.

Miss I. May Cochel, a former student of the College, graduated at the Woman's Medical College, Baltimore, lately.

Dr. George Fundenburg, of Pittsburg, Pa., paid Westminster a short visit during the month. Dr. Fundenburg has recently graduated at Jefferson Medical College.

R. L. Linthicum, an old student of our College, graduated a short time ago at the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. J. B. Whaley and sister, Miss Ida, were visited by their parents a short time ago. Miss Ida accompanied them as far as Baltimore on their return.

Prof. Edward Reisler, A. M., Principal of High School and Editor of the Carroll News, Union Bridge, Md., paid the College a flying visit last week.

Miss Nannie Powell, formerly of the class of '87, is having a very pleasant time at her home in Henderson, N. C. She expects to be present at the graduation of her class.

Exchanges.

We always welcome our exchanges joyfully. Through them we hear the news of other colleges, which we are always glad to receive.

We are glad to receive the Delaware College Review which arrived this month. It contains some very interesting and instructive news.

We were happy to receive the May number of the Pennsylvania College Monthly. It is an excellent monthly. This month it contains the Graeff Prize Essay, which is a very excellent production, on Heroe's and Hero Worship, by Herbert C. Allman, of Shippensburg, Pa. We wish to congratulate the author.

Our business managers are thankful to the Georgetown College Magazine for suggestion as to persons to whom the PORTFOLIO is sent becoming subscribers, but would say that they do not send magazines to every name they can find. We are young it is true, but we do not sow our magazine broadcast, but only send to persons whom we think ought to be subscribers to their college paper. We only mention this to show the *Magazine* that we think we were justified in making the announcement.

The Haverhill Life was received and contains very interesting "Bits of Life." From among them, we select the following:

A Vienna writing master has written forty French words on a grain of wheat. The writing is said to be easily legible to good eyes. This curiosity has been placed in a glass case and presented to the French Academy of Science.

The Campus was welcomed by all. It was one of our first friends and is a very nice monthly. We hope to see it for a long time.

The York Collegian published at York Col-

lege, Nebraska, is another friend. It contains some very instructive matter. We hope to see it often.

We received for the first time, the last issue of the University Magazine, of North Carolina. It has more the appearance of a regular monthly, as Harper and Scribner, than of a college paper: but it is excellent even in its sphere. This issue contains an excellent sketch of Rt. Rev. Thos. Atkinson, D. D., LL. D. We are very sorry we did not receive the March issue, as we would like much to read Dr. Battle's sketch of Senator Vance, for he is a man we Marylanders very highly respect.

The S. W. P. U. Journal was received and duly perused: we will reserve any criticisms until later.

Seminary Notes.

In close connection with our own institution, and regarded with the greatest friendship by all our students, is the Theological Seminary, which held its commencement on the 1st, 2nd and 3rd of May. The exercises opened on Sunday morning with the annual sermon, delivered by the President, Dr. Ward, and was followed that evening with a sermon before the Missionary Alliance by Rev. L. R. Dyott, a graduate of the Seminary. The sermons of both morning and evening were highly edifying and interesting.

The sermon before the Missionary Alliance has formerly been preached by an older member of the conference, but the Stockton Society showed its appreciation of one of its former members by placing him in this responsible position.

On Monday evening the anniversary of the Stockton Society took place. The entertainment was opened with prayer by Dr. David Wilson, Chaplain U. S. A. Mr. Albright, the President of the Society, then delivered his address in a very pleasing manner. After

a solo by Mrs. Spurrier, Mr. Cody recited a poem on Stockton by Mrs. Amelia Welby. Mr. G. R. Hodge then followed with a reading, entitled "Idols." These were both very interesting and worthy of great praise. A vocal solo, "In Sight of the Crystal Sea," by Mr. J. D. Corbin, was much enjoyed by all. The anniversary essay, subject *Kata Skopin Dioko* was then delivered by Mr. O. L. Corbin in a very agreeable manner. After music by the choir the questions, What shall the people expect of the minister? and What shall the minister expect of the people? were ably discussed by Messrs. J. D. Corbin and G. W. Haddaway. The exercises were then closed for the evening with the doxology and benediction. But the night of nights, at least to the three graduates, was Tuesday, when again the Seminary students were all assembled on the stage erected on the pulpit to hear the graduating theses. The exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. J. D. Kinzer; then the following program, interspersed with music, was admirably carried out:

Open Doors, L. L. Albright; The Great Protestant Doctrine, J. D. Corbin; Our Denominational Title, E. H. Vandyke; presentation of diplomas, President Ward; doxology and benediction.

Prof. Warfield, of the Seminary, has been spending a short vacation at his home. About the last of June he will attend the American School of Hebrew at Philadelphia, where he will take the summer course.

Mr. L. L. Albright has been sent by the Missionary Society to Japan. Mr. Albright was always a pleasant visitor to the editor's sanctum, and he has our warmest wishes for success in his new vocation.

Mr. J. D. Corbin will preach through the summer at Patterson, N. J.

Mr. E. H. Vandyke is stationed at St. Michaels, Md.

Locals.

Goodbye.

Bossism.

Final Exams.

Who got his throat cut?

A Soph speaks of the dead languages as "dried tongue."

"Birds" of a feather flock together.

A young lady speaks of the epistle of St. Paul in the book of Esther.

Please inform business managers who cut Reeces hair.

Teacher: What is cochineal? 1st Prep: An island. 2nd Prep: No, its a peninsula.

I—, Why this thushness? I cannot see (C).

Miss Ste— translates Vestigia Nulla Retrosium as Always stand up to your motto.

A Preps idea of evolution. 1st, merry age; 2nd, marry age; 3rd, marriage; 4th, Mary rage. 'Tis a pity Darwin could not have lived for this.

The students are thinking of petitioning to the faculty, asking them to prohibit our base ball club going away from college to play ball.

Mr. La—n, the dude of the second Prep, says his next suit will be a Prince-Albert. His chum, Larkin, advises him to get a bustle also.

The Seniors rejoice that their final examinations are over. They have worked hard and well and deserve the rest, which they now have. From the preparation they seem to be making, it would seem that commencement will be an interesting affair. Most of the class have left college and the PORTFOLIO wishes them all a very pleasant and profitable vacation.

Biographical essays are all the rage, a Sophomore says her next essay shall be a biographical essay on the Battle of Bunker Hill.

Two Seniors witnessing Reuben decapitating the fowls for Sunday dinner, Bi-e: "R-ta, is it *friction* that causes the chickens to jump around after their heads are cut off?" They are preparing for examination in Physics.

Prof. of History. What caused the war of 1812? Lady Student. The suppression of seamen. (See men?)

The Theologues on the eve of their departure serenaded the young ladies of the College. The airs they sung were very sad, befitting the occasion, and not a few were affected to tears.

The Senior Preps are making great prep(ositions) for their graduating theses; they quit prepdom formally on Friday last.

Miss W—n remarks that she finds Thackeries novels insufferably tiresome, she thinks she never will finish the Mill on the Floss.

A Senior translates the Class' Motto: "I do not seek nor hope for any honors."

Miss A— who hears that Mr. G. is paying attentions to her sister in her absence determines to lock her up on her return home; she anticipates making her graduating dress do double service.

Freshman Dude, I was down town last night to see my girl and contracted an awful cold. Prof. How do you account for it? F. Dude. I forgot to wear my eyeglass.

The barber at Chesapeake City having died recently, Mr. M—c has been a close student of the tonsorial art under Prof. M. F. Hann, in order to be able to open shop as soon as vacation begins.

The prep occupant of room 9, Ward Hall was heard by his chum to continue muttering in his sleep about something being in the last part of a book. It was afterwards discovered that in the last part of an album, in which he had recently written, was the name, whose initials are G. F. B. and on the opposite page were his.

Soph P. escorted a lady to church lately, and one of the Westminster citizens in a very mysterious voice inquired of a professor if she was married.

Miss Ab. wants to know who the Eclogues were.

A certain Soph says he will never care to get a LL. D. if, he can only be successful in procuring a B. L. H.

Examination in Geology—Question. What was the ichthyosaurus." Senior St. "It was one of those things that stood on its hind feet and put its front ones up in a tree and eat leaves."

It is reported that a certain prep attempted to go up Sam's Creek not long since with his new Lord Chesterfield hat and a pair of new schooners on; but, finding that he could not stem the tide, gave up in despair and went back Under (the) bill. Advice from an upper classman. Jahocabus you can not beat Frankie's time, remember a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

The Sophomore Class will hold a banquet at Hotel Albion on the night of May 27th. Unlucky for the class the menu, which was presented as a suitable one by a member of the class, fell into the hands of the editors. Over the well chosen class motto: "Apprehendeto Diabolus extremum" is a bunch of trailing Arbutus. Then follows the menu:

Crab apple soup,
Entree—Chestnuts,

Baked Ploughshares.

(Oh! to beat the Freshman) with D'Hotel Sauce
Chicken toes and Asparagus buns.

Fillet of hash stuffed with puns,

Stewed sayings from upper classmen,

Croquet balls—Mashed base ball bats,

Boston Baked Brains. Sweet snails.

Chalk and water. Cigarette ends.

The Seniors "have met the enemy" and all came off victorious. At the last recitation the Senior Class had to Prof. Reese,

they were given some kind words. The Prof. spoke to them for about fifteen minutes, and after complimenting the class in the highest manner, said "That in after years no one would ever hear of the success of any member with more pleasure and satisfaction than he." Let him rest assured that he can not cherish any more pleasant recollections of the class than each and every member of it will cherish for him who has always been held in highest esteem. Professors Simpson and McDaniel made very kind remarks also which were highly appreciated. The class feels proud to leave college with such pleasant feelings from the faculty.

A SENIOR.

BASE BALL.

A "picked up" nine of our students visited New Windsor on May 7th, and played ball with the College team of that place. We congratulate our brother College on having such a good "diamond" to play upon. We think it would not only be acceptable but also beneficial if our faculty would provide us with a good base ball ground when we return next year. Nearly all the colleges have base ball, foot ball and other teams, and if wish to keep up with the times we must also have these physical exercises. The game which was played was not very interesting for the first three innings. From this the game was close and interesting, as will be seen by the score below. Our team composed of R. Smith, c., A. Smith, p., W. K. Hill, 1b., P. Myers, 2b., H. G. Watson, 3b., H. Zepp, s. s. and p., G. Smith, r. f., W. I. Mace, l. f., J. Caulk, c. f. When Zepp went into the box, the New Windsors struck at the air.

New Windsor College, 9 0 9 0 1 1 0 1 3—24
W. M. College, 1 0 0 0 0 1 0 2 0—4

CLOSING EXERCISES OF THE PRIMARY DEPARTMENT.

The parents and friends of the students of the Primary Department together with the ladies of the Senior Class and post graduates

were invited to attend the first public examination of the children and the celebration of the first anniversary of the St. Nicholas Society. The children acquitted themselves remarkably well and in the great progress they made in the last scholastic year reflect not only great credit upon their instructors but also upon themselves as being bright, industrious students. In geography, Arithmetic, spelling, history and grammar, the questions which might have been posers to older people were readily answered. After the examination was an exhibition in calisthenics followed by the young folks' entertainment.

It opened by a chorus of the whole Society, Holy Night. Then

Singing, Holy Night.....	Society
Address of Welcome.....	Ollie Grimes
Recitation, the Giant "Just Once".....	C. Billingslea
Enigma, Composed by.....	Lewis Woodward
Enigma, Solved by.....	Harry Gorsuch
Recitation, the Merry Mice.....	Geo. Sharrer
Rehearsal, Where is she?.....	Jewel Simpson
Singing, Little Mouse.....	Society
Recitation, Twenty Froggies.....	Paul Reese
Singing, Little Buttercup.....	{ Lillie Woodward
	{ Miriam Lewis
Recitation, the Mountain and the Squirrel.....	Nattie Keen
	{ Clara Lewis
Dialogue, Anna Bell.....	{ Jewel Simpson
Goodbye.....	Elting Reifsneider

The children carried out their parts most admirably and considering their youth and inexperience in public entertainments they deserve the highest praise. The whole proceedings were very gratifying to all present.

IRVING ANNIVERSARY.

The Irving Literary Society of our College celebrated its twentieth anniversary on May 6. The success of Society entertainments has gained confidence for them with the Westminster public. On this occasion there was quite a fine audience and every one seemed well pleased with the performance. The PORTFOLIO has no hesitation in pronouncing it the best entertainment the Irving Society has given for some years. The program opened with the President's Address by Mr. H. C. Stocksdale. After this was introduced a new feature in the college entertainments, which was repeated several times during the

evening, vocal music by a quartette of male voices. Mr. W. M. Weller then delivered the anniversary oration, "The Alhambra" being his subject. Part II of the program consisted of the drama, "The Turn of the Tide, or Wrecked in Port." Below is the cast.

Jonas Aldrich.....	P. H. Myers
Capt. Hugh St. Morris.....	W. K. Hill
Col. Ellsworth.....	J. F. Caulk
Herman Clyde.....	W. C. Hammer, Jr
Bowie Knife Jack.....	R. O. Harding
Sling Shot Rube.....	D. F. Harris
Pepper.....	E. C. Wimbrough
Aunt Rebecca.....	Miss Mary B. Shellman
Susie Aldrich.....	Miss Kittie S. Noel
Lillian Laey.....	Miss Lottie F. Moore
Frisky.....	Miss Ada Trumbo
Quartet and Chorus.....	Turn of the Tide

The parts were quite well sustained throughout. Miss Shellman, as "Aunt Rebecca," was excellent, as also all of the ladies who assisted. Misses Noel, Trumbo and Moore. Mr. Wimbrough took the character of Pepper, well and Mr. Harding in the "stealing scene" slayed his role very finely.

The Society displayed taste in the selection of its drama and played it very well. The entertainment well, we believe, only heighten the interest which is felt in the college entertainments. We congratulate the Irving upon its success in this entertainment and assure them that it may be proud of its "china anniversary."

LECTURES.

Mr. F. C. Young, of Johns Hopkins, delivered the third lecture of the "lecture course" on the 28th ult. He lectured about an hour on the "Origin and Development of Parliament." Mr. Young displayed much research and told the students of the origin of parliament, way back before King John signed the treaty of Runnymede. The lecture was highly instructive and enjoyed.

Prof. Simpson has just closed up the study of geology with the Seniors by a series of lectures on the "Cosmogony of Moses in its Coincidence with Science." He delivered four lectures on the subject, all of which were very highly appreciated by the class, and were

full of interest and instruction. In his usual clear, explicit style Professor showed that the first chapter of Genesis was seemingly in accord with science, as far as we can trace back by geology, and it cannot be proved otherwise. It is certainly very pleasant to feel the old gulf between science and revelation is being bridged, and every thinking student may study as much science as he chooses without even being *considered* an infidel. The substance of these lectures would take too much space, to be published, even if they were greatly condensed, so we must be content to express the thanks of the class to the Professor for the pleasure and instruction they have derived from them.

THE SENIOR BANQUET.

The word banquet has a peculiar fascination for college student, even Seniors are not excepted from this feeling of wide-scribable pleasure, when such a thing is announced. We also know that when our President attempts to do a thing, he *does* it. You may imagine, then, what pleasure was anticipated when a few days ago the cards came out for "Senior Supper." We think Dr. Lewis selected an elegant occasion for his entertainment, for it was a consoling thought all through examinations that there were good things ahead. But the anticipated pleasure was naught in comparison to that realized. Shortly after 6 o'clock on Thursday evening last the senior class, consisting of Sadie N. Abbott, Emma A. Adams; Amon Burgee, H. E. Dod, E. C. Handy, Paul Combs, Georgie Harlan, L. L. Hill, Dent Downing, M. E. Hodges, C. L. Mourer, H. H. Slifer, I. B. Pillsbury, M. A. Slaughter, H. C. Stocksdale, S. E. Wilmer and N. H. Wilson, paid their respects to the President, at his private parlors, and enjoyed a somewhat final reunion. The President's sister, Mrs. Massey, of Baltimore, and our preceptress, Miss Lottie Owings, assisted in the reception. Shortly after seven the class retired to the private dining room,

where a table which fairly groaned under the weight of silver, china and the delicacies of the season, greeted their view. The President sat at head, with Miss Owings on his right and Mrs. Massey on his left. In the centre of the table arranged upon a mirror was a large bouquet, with centre of cacti fringed with flags, lillies of the valley, pansies and heliotrope. On each side of this were the massive silver fruit stands of the President. The following menu was amply discussed: Beef tongue—a la ture, fricassee of spring chicken, deviled crabs on lettuce, tomatoes with mayonaise sauce, Saratoga chips, Maryland biscuits, sweet bread, tea, chocolate, ice cream (vanilla), strawberries and cake.

During the supper, Dr. Lewis kept the table quite lively with his pleasant jokes, and the party was in continuous outbursts of merriment. After supper all returned to the parlor, where everyone will acknowledge, was spent one of the most pleasant hours that ever any of the seniors have spent at our College. It is true there was some regret that we were so soon to leave old W. M. C., but we consoled ourselves with the thought that such occasions as this one did not occur often. We feel justified, however, in stating that at our College much more attention is paid to making the time pleasant for the students than at most of the colleges of to-day. One notable feature of the banquet was the absence of all toasts; we were to have a social supper and did not care to make it so formal as to require toasts. We preferred to have a last *talk* with our President not to make *speeches* to him. When the time came for leaving there was a perceptible feeling of sadness over the whole class and they parted from President Lewis expressing their best wishes for a long and prosperous administration.

THE NEW BUILDING.

The ceremony of breaking the ground for the new hall was appropriately celebrated on the 9th inst. Dr. Lewis opened the exercises

with a short address, giving a brief sketch of the building and dedication of the main building, after which he read from Psalm CXXI. Dr. Ward, the ex-president, who performed the similar service at the dedication of the main portion of the college twenty years ago, then dedicated the new hall with fitting prayer. After this, Misses Richards, Adams, Wallace, Parker, Fisher, and E. Stevens, representing six classes of the college, broke the ground in as many different places. Dr. Ward then closed with benediction. The shovel is to be painted nicely and kept by the ladies as a souvenir. Immediately the work began and now the excavation for the basement is nearly completed. This work will be pushed forward as rapidly as possible, and it is hoped to have the building ready for occupancy by the opening of next session, in September. The addition will be 85x40 feet, three stories high, with a tower of same height as the present cupola at extreme end. It is on the east side of the present building, and will contain commencement hall, with a capacity of seven hundred, ladies' dormitories, and dining-room, all to be heated by steam and having other modern improvements. The dirt from the excavation has been usefully employed to level the campus and roads, which is a decided improvement.

Chapel Exercises.

On April 29th the program consisted of readings and recitations by members of the Freshman and Sophomore classes. The selections were very good and proved very entertaining to the school. The following is the program:

Gendo (in Japanese).....	Miss M. T. Hirata
Press On.....	Mr. J. D. Feeser
John Janikin's Sermon.....	Miss Ada Kendall
My Husband's Toothache.....	Miss G. F. Beck
Revolutionary Rising.....	Mr. C. E. Ames
Blessings of Education.....	Mr. W. M. Weller
The Masochist's Confession.....	Miss G. F. Franklin
On the Other Train—A Clock's Story.....	Miss F. M. Grove
Funeral of Charles I.....	Mr. W. M. Cross

I Dreamt that I Dwelt in Marble } Halls.....	Prof. Elnhart
The Early Dawn.....	Miss A. C. Mather
Freedom and Patriotism.....	Mr. I. G. Michael
The Singer.....	Miss A. C. Mather
Too Late for the Train.....	Miss A. L. Jones
Plea in Conspiracy Trial.....	Mr. W. I. Mace
Footsteps on the Other Side.....	Miss T. H. Malchorn
The Guerilla.....	Mr. C. F. Merrick
Mary's Ghost.....	Mr. T. E. Reese

On May 6th, after a most interesting lecture by Prof. Reese on Proper Names, were read the Junior themes. The following are the participants:

Mr. Grammar, subject, The Unnatural Order; Mr. Kuhns, Warp and Woof; Miss Willis, The Elizabethan Age; Mr. Wimbrough, Reading.

May 13th the last division of the Senior class read their essays. The program is as follows:

Miss M. E. Hodges, Some Murmur when the Skies are Clear; Miss Mourer, William Wordsworth; music by Miss Wilson and Prof. Rinchart, Overture to the Caliph of Bagdad; Miss Pillsbury, Novels; Miss Slaughter, Mary Somerville; Miss Wilmer, The Poetic Test.

The last chapel exercises took place on the 20th. It was preparatorian day, all the participants being students of that department. They all did their parts very nicely, and we congratulate both the students and their instructors. Below is a program of the exercises:

1, Railroading, J. H. Kuhns; 2, The Singer's Alms, May Nelson; 3, The Last Hymn, T. B. Miskimon; 4, Miss Samantha Smith becomes Mrs. Josiah Allen, M. S. Usilton; 5, The Death of Osceola, A. S. Crockett; 6, To Her Own Country, Hilda P. Stem; 7, John Maynard, J. L. Reifsnider; 8, The Sad Man, Edith Stevens; 9, Rienzi's Address, G. E. Waesche; 10, Justin, the Temperance Man, Nannie H. Galt; 11, The National Emblem, M. L. Sterling; 12, A Good Rule, C. A. Sellman; 13, Decline of the Celtic Race, B. W. Woolford; 14, Sues Wedding, H. G. Blanchard; 15, Eulogy and LaFayette, D. F. Harris; 16, The Discontented Man, Mattie S. Biggs; Music, Jolly Little Players, waltz, Nannie H. Galt and George P. Galt.

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Editorials.

Our readers will notice that this issue is almost double the regular size of the paper. We have thought it well to give a somewhat full account of Commencement Week for the benefit of our subscribers and parties who may be interested in the exercises.

This issue is necessarily made up largely of synopses of essays and orations, and we have allowed these synopses considerable room, hoping thereby to give some idea of the papers from which they are taken.

We regret that we cannot publish the papers in full, especially those of the graduates. While many of the synopses published in this issue may not be read by a majority of those who receive the paper, still a true feeling of pleasure and pride is felt by the friends of those who are the authors of the extracts given. Especially is this true of very dear friends and relatives. We hope that those who read with pleasure the articles of their friends, may also bear with the articles in which they feel no particular interest.

As all human designs must end, so must this staff bring its work to a close; but while this corps of editors and business managers moves out and makes room for those who are newly elected, we feel that the undertaking which we began six months ago has prospered admirably, and been satisfactory to the societies and college we represent. With this issue we complete our work as editors of the COLLEGE PORTFOLIO and sever our active connections with it. The majority of the present editors will leave college at the close of this scholastic year. A new staff will be elected on whom will fall the responsibility of editing

the paper, and on whom the success of the paper will largely depend, but not wholly, for, be a staff ever so zealous and energetic, it cannot succeed without the co-operation of its friends. Among the friends of the COLLEGE PORTFOLIO there are none who will stand more ready and willing to lend a helping hand than the retiring staff. Although not actively connected with the paper, still there is a deep ex-active love which prompts us to watch with anxious care the progress of the paper which we labored with during the first days of its struggle for an existence. Anything in the way of advice which we are able to give from our limited experience, will be cheerfully given. And let not the incoming corps of editors and business managers hesitate or neglect to ask information of the retiring staff; for if they show themselves interested, it will be an indication of the future prosperity of the paper. After leaving school, wherever we go, and in whatever occupation we are engaged, it will give us pleasure to assist the paper in any way we are able. We will always welcome the COLLEGE PORTFOLIO in our mails, and look with much pleasure on its prosperous condition. So, as we expect to be thus connected with it in the future, we cannot say farewell, except as a teacher would say farewell to a student who has passed from under his immediate instruction, but for whom he still entertains the most tender affections, and whose welfare he regards with paternal care.

It is not with a feeling of relief that we bring our work to a close, for it has never

been a burden to edit the PORTFOLIO. There have been difficulties to overcome which attend the starting of a paper, in addition to other difficulties connected with its publication. But with all the difficulties there has been mingled a sense of pleasure at the thought of the benefit derived from a paper, and a feeling of pride in making the paper as good as possible. In this manner our work has been carried on for the past six months, and it is more with a feeling of regret than pleasure that we close our work with this, the last issue of the COLLEGE PORTFOLIO for this scholastic year, and say farewell.

THE essay in this number of the PORTFOLIO closes the series of competitive essays for the Weigand medal. Essay No. 1, in April issue, was written by Mr. L. Irving Pollitt; No. 2, in same issue, by Mr. J. McD. Radford. The first essay in the May issue is by Miss L. L. Hill; the second essay in the same issue by Mr. I. G. Michael. The essay in this issue is by Mr. Paul Combs. We would here state that this competition was open to members of the three societies publishing the PORTFOLIO, and were limited to twelve hundred words. The best five of the lot submitted were selected by Dr. Ward, which have been published. Dr. Ward has also decided that the essay appearing in this issue was the best one handed him, and deserved the prize. We congratulate Mr. Combs upon his essay, and hope that he may put in practice his ideas of "promoting the temperance cause."

We wish also to express our gratitude to Mr. Weigand for the assistance he has offered us, and hope that all the essays may have met with his approval.

Commencement Week.

We have considered it appropriate to fill up nearly the whole of this issue with the proceedings of this week, and below will be found accounts of the several exercises. We do not hesitate to pronounce this Commencement the most successful and satisfactory one that the college has ever given. The senior class is large and a fine one; they have not spared trouble or expense, and made their part of the exercises very successful. And also, new features have been added, which could not have failed to prove interesting. There has been only one regret, and that is that the new hall was not ready to be occupied for this year. We hope, however, by the next Commencement we will be able to invite our friends in a hall and not compel them to attend the exercises in a temporary pavilion. We will now proceed to give full accounts of the exercises of the week.

FRIDAY.

The Calisthenic Exhibition.

The commencement exercises of Western Maryland College began under favorable auspices on last Friday evening with an exhibition of the department of physical culture. It is the first time in the history of the college that this department has been carried to such a high degree of excellence as to devote a whole evening to it. Before this year the ladies alone have been instructed in calisthenics, and an exhibition of their skill in the use of wands and dumb bells and in the art of graceful club swinging, was generally given as a part of the joint entertainment of the ladies' societies on Monday night of the week. But this year has been a year of improvements, and not the least of these is a well equipped gymnasium and calisthenics hall, with com-

petent instructors for gentlemen and ladies. How much the ladies have improved, was also shown on Friday night. At eight o'clock two long lines of ladies and gentlemen were seen marching down the grove to the beat of a drum; they marched directly on the stage alternating a lady and gentleman, continuing in a snake-like course until all were on the rostrum marching. At a signal from the drum all stopped and Dr. Lewis made a short address telling the progress of the students in this department. After the address the coil unwound and marched off the stage. Then appeared the class in wands; the gentlemen gave the salute, drilled in pairs, etc.; some of their movements were quite soldier-like and were executed with military precision. Next on the program was the ladies' club swinging; they marched on and around the stage in single file before taking position. The exercises consisted of parallel and opposite circles, extended arm, wrist circles, cross movements, inner and outer, and combination movements; some of the movements were very intricate and difficult. Perfect time with the music was one of its attractive features. The gentlemen's dumb bells followed, consisting of arm exercise, postures, rocking and tapping. A medley of all the popular airs added much to the exercise. The next exercise was the free hand movements of the ladies; all parts of the body were exercised—head, arms, hands, feet and fingers. This concluded part first of the program.

The gentlemen's club swinging opened part second. Long arm circles, quarter circles, under and over arm, double extension and combination movements, constituted this exercise. The same class marched with their clubs. The figures, many of which were difficult, were made with military precision. One of the figures most admired, was where all were marching in a

small circle in the middle of the rostrum and at a given signal all touched clubs at the centre, then separated, forming a large circle. Although not difficult, the effect was very pretty. The ladies' dumb bells came next; the movements were performed with ease, the anvil chorus was very pretty. One of the very best parts of the gentlemen's exercise was the free gymnastics; the attitudes were perfect; the swinging movements, the attitude of prayer, etc., were exceedingly effective.

The entertainment was concluded by the ladies' umbrella drill. The figures in marching, the counter-marching, reverse squares, wave-line drill, reverse wheel, figure eight, diamond, cross, moving bows, etc., were beautifully made. The bowing and the movements in the drill added much to its beauty.

It would take too long to describe the movements separately, if we were able to do so; but words cannot show the beauty to you. You should have seen it; the *tout ensemble* was perfect. The ladies looked very pretty in their pink skirts and blue, and their cream blouses; and the gentlemen quite handsome in their cream cloth shirts; the college monogram, embroidered in light-blue, dark blue and pink, added much to their appearance.

Much credit is due to the instructors, Miss Wilson and Prof. McDaniel, for the success of the exhibition. The department will be still further improved next year since Prof. McDaniel, who will have entire control of both the calisthenics and gymnastics, will spend his vacation at Harvard University, taking a course in Physical Culture.

On returning to the college after the exercises, Prof. McDaniel, in behalf of the instructors, presented Prof. Rinehart with a neat cane as a symbol of their appreciation of the excellent service he had ren-

dered to the success of the exercises by his music. He was overpowered with appreciation and made but a brief, still a hearty reply.

SATURDAY.

Annual Concert of the Department of Music.

One of the most attractive features of Commencement Week was the Concert on Saturday evening. To all lovers of good music it was a rare treat. Under the instruction of Prof. T. F. Rinehart and Mrs. A. J. Carnes the department of music has attained an unprecedented excellence. The program, consisting of classical music only, was as follows:

PART FIRST.

1. Piano duett: Overture to the Merry Wives of Windsor (Nicolai), Misses Wilmer and Stevens.
2. Vocal solo: The Flower Girl (Bevignani), Miss M. A. Stern.
3. Piano solo: a. Polonaise in E flat moll. b. Waltz in a flat dur. (Chopin), Miss I. B. Pillsbury.
4. Vocal duett: Guarda Che Bianca Luna (Campana), Misses Franklin and Abbott.
5. Piano solo: Home, Sweet Home (Thalberg), Miss M. A. Slaughter.
6. Vocal solo: Longing (Millard), Mrs. A. J. Carnes.
7. Piano solo: a. Fruhlingsnacht (Schuman-Liszt), b. La Rose (Hunten), Prof. T. F. Rinehart.

PART SECOND.

8. Piano trio: Overture to the Marriage of Figaro (Mozart), Misses Becks, Richards and Handy.
9. Solo and Chorus: La Carita (Rossini), solos by Misses Whaley and Underhill.
10. Piano solo: Sonata Pathetique (Beethoven), Miss J. F. Wilson.
11. Vocal solo: Loreley (Liszt), Mrs. A. J. Carnes.
12. Piano duett: Larghetto and Allegro Molto—Second Symphony (Beethoven), Prof. Rinehart and Miss Wilson.
13. Pilgrim's chorus: Lombardi (Verdi), vocal class.

The audience was very appreciative, and the order maintained throughout the exercise was unusually good.

SUNDAY.

Upon this day began the exercises of Commencement proper, the two preceding evenings being given rather to entertainments by the calisthenic and musical departments than to any exercises directly connected with the Commencement. But the regular baccalaureate Sunday is a necessary occasion in the closing exercises of every college. With us this day is set apart also for the annual sermon before the Christian associations. The day was bright and beautiful and also cool—something very unusual for the occasion, for old students will remember how proverbially hot baccalaureate Sundays have been with us. At promptly ten o'clock the line of somewhat more than a hundred students started for the Methodist Protestant Church at the usual slow gait. At the end of the line followed the senior class, together with the resident members of the faculty. When the church was reached the line, which had previously marched by twos, opened, allowing the seniors and faculty members to march through them. As soon as they reached the door the organist played a march, and they were ushered to the first pews. The church was crowded to its utmost capacity, showing very conclusively the interest felt by the general public in the baccalaureate sermon of our new president. After responsive readings by the president and the students and some singing, Dr. Lewis offered a very fervent prayer. He invoked God's blessing upon the members of the senior class, who were about to leave college, and returned sincere thanks for the prosperity and health of the college. He touched pathetically upon the sad affliction that had recently visited the home of one of the students, and expressed heartfelt sympathy for the mourning family. Dr. Lewis then delivered his baccalaureate sermon. He only spoke

for thirty-five minutes, but his sermon was deep and very logical. He made frequent allusions to the senior class, by whom his sermon was particularly enjoyed. Below we publish his sermon in full.

Philippians iii, 8. "The excellency of the knowledge of Christ."

These words form at once the text and theme of this discourse, and are therefore not necessarily connected for our purpose with any other Scripture. But their history is so thrillingly interesting that one finds it difficult to dismiss it without notice. When Paul wrote, "Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, my Lord; for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ," he wrote what seems to me the thoroughly noblest sentiment in human literature. This is the revised and deliberate judgment of a man who went the whole length of affirming it even unto death. Thirty years before, the subject had been presented to him for the first time.

He had, at that time, acquired the right to glory in things held most dear by his age. His birth, his education, his talents, his religious associations and conduct, his zeal and success and honors, made it possible for him to say with propriety, "If any other man thinketh that he hath whereof he might trust in the flesh, I more." In this height of success and ambition, Jesus met him, revealed himself to him and won him. Without hesitation he threw away the gains of a lifetime and meekly asked "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" This was his first decision. And now he has tested this passionate submission in the sober, serious experiences of thirty years. He sums up the record: "In labors more abundant, in stripes above measure, in prisons more frequent, in deaths oft. Of the Jews, five times received I forty stripes, save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I have been in the deep; in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness. Besides those things that are without, that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches."

The end of it all is close at hand. He lies in a Roman dungeon. The sentence of death is already sounding in his ears. What then has been the effect of these labors, these sufferings, this approaching ignominy upon that decision made thirty years ago? Like as we linger with strained attention about dying saints to catch their final declaration concerning the faith they have found sufficient for life, so our hearts pause in tremulous expectation before the clos-

ing scene in the unparalleled life of this prisoner of the Lord. O watchman, disappearing in the settling mists of the everlasting sunset, what of the night? Speak out thy last word clear and strong! The thousands to whom thou hast blown the jubilant notes of "Grace, mercy and peace," are waiting; the millions yet to come to whom thy life and work must be a moving inspiration or a paralyzing despair are waiting. O Paul, what after thirty years? Without a pause he lays upon the finished temple of Christian experience the cope-stone of a dying jubilee, with shoutings of "yea," "yea." "I count now as I counted then, all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord." It is this secret of Paul's exceeding joy and triumph that I have chosen as an appropriate theme for this occasion.

Paul speaks here of the "knowledge" of Christ. He thus gives us not only the thought, but the very word we desire. In the manifold relations and connections between Christ and the individual there is one connection through "knowledge," or to use another translation equally faithful, "science." We may speak then of "the science of Christ," and we may find in the pursuit and possession of this science a power and a joy with which no other science is to be compared, but for which it is the highest wisdom to count every other but loss.

There seems to be special fitness in emphasizing this word in this presence. You, my friends, have caught the inspiration of knowledge. The sweet promises of scientific research are luring you on. Your nature is opening more and more to the harmonies and majesties unfolding before you. The earth is laying bare her treasures to you; the skies are bending in lowly ministry to whisper their secrets in your ears; the mystic meanings of figure and number and relation are growing into definiteness; the marvels of your own being are dawning upon you, and the world is changing for you, becoming transformed, transfigured even, as you live and move and have your being in science. It is well. A conquest long delayed, but none the less certainly approaching, is this subduing of the world of mystery and hidden force by him whose charter destines him to "have dominion."

It is my pleasant duty to call you to the fullest expansion of this charter. I wish to persuade you not to deny nor abdicate a single right, but rather to add to your already valuable possessions. I desire to emphasize the fact that the pursuits of this hour are in strict accord with those of the year just closed; that when we greet you in the Christian's sanctuary, you are still in the temple of science; that when we open before you the Christian's Bible, and call you to its immortal themes, we are offering you not a divine mystery only, not a faith only, not a motive and inspiration only, but a science, an exact science. We are leading you on from height to height, and engaging you to enter into the labors and rewards of "the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God."

I. Let us assure ourselves, first, that we are not using figures of speech, and that such knowledge as this is possible to us. That native opposition to God in the human heart, ever crying out to itself, like a frightened child in the night, "there is no God," finds it constantly necessary to abandon effete forms of denial, while holding on to the substance. Men used to reject God with boasting. We are strong enough, said they, without bringing in supernatural power; we are wise enough, without bringing in supernatural wisdom. But now men reject God with a sigh. "Alas," say they, "if there be such an one as God, he is too great, too far from our little sphere, for our poor faculties to apprehend him. You tell us of one who inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy. We do not deny; we do not assert, we simply say *agnosko*, we do not know, we cannot know." It is unnecessary to meet this last phase of atheism with elaborate argument. One need use only the simplest logic to show that this pretended humility really arrogates to itself unbounded prerogative. For the agnostic not only assumes to know all the powers and capabilities in man, so as to say with confidence: We have searched him with a candle, and there is nothing in man that can take hold of God; but even to so fully know that Being he professes to be unable to know as to say that God has no method to reach the very intellect He has created, that not only can we not find Him out, but that He cannot find us out and reveal Himself to us.

Agnosticism is pure assumption; daring and captivating it may be, but absolutely "in the air." One plain man comes into Court and calmly testifies—"I know whom I have believed," and the bubble vanishes. For the reasonableness of the testimony renders it as irrefutable as it is satisfying. If I am able to know matter by its contact with that which is material in me; if I may know the intellectual by bringing to it that which in me is intellectual, why may I not also know Him who is a Spirit by the witness of his spirit with mine? I scan with my telescope the worlds of the sky, tell their elements, their motions, their relations, and I call this science. Why should I be forbidden in the name of science from listening to the music of these worlds

"Forever singing, as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine!"

Where is the essential difference between marking the actions of men, the overthrow of kingdoms, the progressive steps in civilization, and calling this the science of history; and reverently attending to those changes, those steps, those workings of human activity towards ends higher and broader than human wisdom could foresee or govern, and calling this the science of Providence?

O dreamer, why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should be known? Believest thou thy reason, thy conscience? I know that thou believest.

II. Compare, now, this knowledge with every other, and learn its excellence from its *certainty*. There are three avenues by which we may gain knowledge, and only three: the senses, the intellect, the spirit, and all we know we have earned through one of these.

It is the exceptional, the incomparable glory of the knowledge of Christ, that it has come to us through them all. In response to the weakness and blindness of humanity, He who enjoyed the fullness of the Father's glory clothed Himself with a visible human form, that our senses might take knowledge of Him. He spoke to us with a human voice, touched our weary, sick, dead bodies with a human hand, manifested sympathy for human woe in human sighs and tears, and by many signs and wonders approved Himself the Lord of Glory to those who were eyewitnesses of His majesty. "And the word was made flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth."

Then for those who could not see, but might believe with greater blessing, He impressed Himself on the page of history. Here he approaches man through the avenues of intellect. He offers Himself to the observation, the criticism of succeeding ages. Here is His record, His words, His works. His ways offer to all, without distinction, His own challenge: "What think ye of Christ?" And these things are written "that ye may know that ye have eternal life, and that ye may believe on the name of the Son of God."

But it was not sufficient—for a profound reason to which we shall presently attend—that man might see and touch Christ; might read and reason of the Christ. There must be another entrance made. That soul made by him, made for Him, must be thrilled by the consciousness of His presence. And that our knowledge may be entire, lacking nothing, He responds in the gracious declaration: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."

Now consider the true force of the inference to be drawn from these observations. No man is equally developed in all his receptive powers; but here is a knowledge that demonstrates its universality by its power to meet every man at that point of approach where he is most sensitive to knowledge. No man feels willing to venture great interests on the testimony of one faculty, but here is a knowledge that admits of verification from three independent sources. We may support our senses by our reason, and both by our experience.

Whence is this knowledge, which is so unlike all other; which has such marvellous adaptability and which fits and fills every knowing faculty we can discover in man? Who, indeed, could reveal a universal teaching but a universal teacher? We must either refuse to go the next step or be swept on to the assurance that this knowledge is of God.

Think what this characteristic of certainty must have been to Paul. He knew something of the science of this world. He was skilled in all the learning of the Rabbis. He was familiar with their puerile exegesis, their endless quibbles over words and letters, their trifling traditions, with which they hedged about the law, leaving all scripture to the mercy of every man's fantastic reasoning; and this knowledge, so sound, so clear, so reasonable, so certain, swept over his spirit like the breath of the mountains.

And I think such knowledge will commend itself to students of the present day. They cannot be unmindful—if they are not ignorant of the instability of science as we know it. Indeed, it is the boast of its disciples that it is flexible and must ever wait receptive for new knowledge. We know that the science of to-day is the refutation of the science of yesterday. "Brother Jasper" furnishes amusement to the continent for affirming what the greatest scientists of a few centuries ago solemnly taught. And to-day, among the highest authorities, text-books change, methods change, so-called facts change, and must change to be true to their own principles, for they are built upon a foundation of uncertainty; they assume that we do not as yet know. No wonder Paul cries out, "I consider all such knowledge but loss, if I may gain that knowledge which is certain, abiding."

III. To stop here in the discussion of this theme would be unjust to the subject. We want certainty, to be sure; it is a primary want, but we are not thoroughly furnished unto every good work when we have attained to a condition of rest in our knowledge. The mighty reasons for Paul's sacrifice are to be traced in his expectations of the effects this knowledge of Christ was to work in him.

(1.) And first, he expected *righteousness* as an outcome of his knowledge. "That I may be found in him not having mine own righteousness which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ the righteousness which is of God by faith."

It is no doubt the effect of all knowledge to quicken, refine, elevate our faculties. Knowledge is power in making a man master of his forces, and knowledge is also culture, that insensible influence which envelops and goes forth from the scholar, humanizing him, giving polish and symmetry to the whole man. But, my friends, let us remember well, that *power* is not righteousness: power only renders possible and actual the disposition of the heart. Unsanctified power knows no God but a giant, no religion but hero worship, and no bible but "might is right." And let us recall the truth—men are drifting from it to-day—that culture is not righteousness. We may polish the walls of the sepulchre as highly as the pillars of the temple. It is not the tendency of unsanctified culture to reach the heart. It may be content if the voice is gentle, if the word is courteous, if the manner is suave, if the bearing is refined, though beneath all this—all this worn as a mask—there rage the

fierce fires of a heart corrupt, hard, selfish, careless of all save form and show and applause.

Now the knowledge of Christ aims at producing righteousness. Not simply to correct men's errors and make them think right, though this it accomplishes as no other science can. This knowledge is the true "power, not ourselves, that makes for our righteousness" the true culture that refines by sanctifying all human relations. Righteousness is right thinking and the right harmony of thought, but it is more. It permeates and regulates the will and affections, making us feel right as well as think right. It is the inspiration of true courtesy, the moving of every kindly, unselfish sympathy, the swift judge of every unholy desire. It is not content with that which is within, but follows and forces the right feeling into right action. It controls conduct, filling human lives with whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely and of good report. But it is more. Righteousness is life. It is the bringing up of the whole man, body, soul and spirit, from death unto life. It is the everlasting supremacy of the best in us over that which is worst. It is harmony with ourselves, but, much more, with God.

(2.) The knowledge of Christ is to Paul the pledge of immortality. His longing for this knowledge finds its first explanation in what he sees of righteousness as its sure result, but going on from this, he sees righteousness necessarily issuing out in eternal life. To know Him is to know "the power of His resurrection" and to "attain unto the resurrection of the dead." I shall not dwell here; the subject is too vast for passing treatment, and lifts itself sufficiently without our emphasis. The argument is one entirely of experience. We know that the knowledge of Christ has already raised us unto life, and by the token of the present life we know we shall go on to the heights and glories of eternal living. "I am crucified with Christ; yet I live."

Oh, my friends, how infinitely does this knowledge rise above that which is power, that which is culture, when it becomes for every sinner that which is righteousness, that which is eternal life! May we not call this incomparable? What can all else be worth if it cost us this? What can be lost to us if we have this? It is, as we have tried to point out to you, the power to know Him who is incomparable, and to know Him in the same way in which all other science is gained, and in a far more excellent way; to study His word, his wonders with the same fidelity to scientific methods; to assure ourselves of our knowledge not only as we verify other learning, by questioning sensation, by questioning reason, but to enter the sublime laboratory of the soul, and question faith, question consciousness, and so gain the irrefutable results of experience; to have wrought in us the certain and blessed effects of this knowledge; see the paralyzed powers of righteousness putting on new strength, feel the decay and falling down of the temples built within us to hate, to passion, to selfishness,

and the new temple rise sacred to Righteousness and dedicated to the Holy Ghost; to walk with Him who is Righteous, to follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth; to experience the awakening energies of new life working in us, to lift up our spiritual vision day by day to behold Him who made us and redeemed us, breaking up the heavens to reveal to us the transcendent glories of a new dawn, and the dawn breaking into morning and the morning climbing into a high, eternal noon; a day without a shadow to suggest an evening, a sky without a horizon to suggest a sunset, but over us and in us the everlasting, radiant zenith! This, this is life eternal, to know the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom He has sent.

After the sermon Dr. Murry expressed, in a few words, his sorrow at having to part with so many of the students, especially those belonging to the Methodist Protestant Church. He advised all students leaving, who had been members of the church, to obtain certificates of their membership before leaving. Dr. Ward then pronounced the benediction.

In the afternoon the Christian Associations had a meeting in the college pavilion. Dr. Lewis explained the great good the associations had wrought upon the students during the year. Prof. B. F. Benson offered up a prayer and the president of the associations made a brief speech. In the evening, the Christian Associations proceeded to the Methodist Protestant church to listen to the annual sermon, by the ex-Vice-President of the College, B. F. Benson. After the opening exercises, Prof. Benson prayed for God's grace upon the associations and expressed the hope that their members would continue in the good course. He then delivered the annual sermon, which was very good and highly appreciated. He spoke for about three-quarters of an hour, giving lots of practical advice. Every one enjoyed the sermon very much. Below we publish a full synopsis of it:

THE LAW OF HAPPY LIFE.

"Son, go work to-day in my vineyard." Matt. 21:28.

We take the text, not in its connection with the context, but as the incidental announcement of the great fundamental law of healthy, useful, dignified and happy life—*The Law of Work*. This, my young friends, may not fall pleasantly on the ear, but we come to know after awhile, at least, that the measure of human obedience under the regulations of Divine Wisdom as ex-

pressed in Nature and Revelation, marks the degree in which the hidden fountains of bounty and pleasure are opened to the human creature, and gauges his capacity both of achievement and enjoyment. To do little is ever to be little; to work little is ever to have little, and not to work at all in the divine mission of life is to make of life a total failure. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," compasses the totality of human life and destiny. God gave this world to man as a book is given to a school-boy who has not learned his alphabet. He must first learn how to read it; and then what is in it; and then what to do with what he has learned. We must work our way to facility in working—work from darkness into light, from ignorance to knowledge, from weakness to strength, and from want to plenty. It is work that interprets the mysterious characters in the book of Nature, forms their combinations, spells out their thought in luminous sentences, reveals Nature's infinite treasure to the understanding and applies her munificent bounty to all the various conveniences and needs of the human family. God is found in the ore, not in the coin. * * * * *

But, if physical necessity and intellectual pleasure call us to activity in the relations of industrial and intellectual life, there is another sphere where the work is still more glorious, and the call to give the best service in our power to bestow, is far more solemn and imperative. The great and beautiful creations of art and the wonderful achievements of science and literature do not sanctify and save the lost for whom Jesus died. The tradesman flourishes in the pursuit of silver and gold, but perishes for lack of "the milk and honey," which is "without money and without price." The artisan builds great ships that weather the terrible storms of the seas, but for want of the "Ark of safety" is wrecked on the rocks of vice and iniquity. The mechanic erects houses to shelter himself and his fellowmen, but drops his tools on the bench and goes out of the world with no title to the "House not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." The scientist discovers the long concealed secrets of nature, but not the "Pearl of great price—the one thing needful." The man of letters reveals amid the lore of the ages, but dies without having learned "The fear of the Lord which is the beginning of wisdom." It is, my young friends, to your relations to this sphere of action, this field of labor, this employment of your religious faculties and talents, this holy work for God and humanity, that I desire to call your serious attention to-night. * * * We would say with loving candor, and yet with a firmness unshaken by a single doubt, that you must work to live, no less in the religious than in the secular relations of life.

1. *Work is the legitimate response of Divine gifts and endowments.* A gift that is not to be put to any pleasurable or profitable use is a worthless incumbrance. It is a burden to carry without compensation. It can awaken no gratitude in

the heart toward the giver since it produces no benefit and gives no pleasure. It is the "stone" for "bread" and the "serpent" for a "fish." It is, therefore, to think most unworthily of God to entertain the idea for one moment that any of His gifts, whether in the form of religious endowments or dispensations of grace and mercy, are given to be held in disuse. Even our human parents act more wisely and more kindly toward us in their most trifling bestowments. When your father gave you the first pocket-knife he expected you to cut sticks, even at the peril of your own little fingers. When he gave you the first pair of long boots, he intended that you should walk and run in them, though he well knew how you would strut and ape the man, and choose the muddy street in preference to the dry pavement, and the deep snow in preference to the beaten way. So, too, when your mother gave you the first doll with the tint of the rose on its cheeks, flaxen hair and bright blue eyes, she expected you to love and caress it, and with your own little fingers to ply the scissors and needle until its wardrobe should include the child's imitation of the costumes of the season. Think of putting that knife away in the bureau drawer to rust! Think of hiding that doll away in the garret to be the prey of vermin! Do you exclaim "how absurd!" Truly it is absurd; but why? Because the principle is so obvious that all gifts are for that good use of which they are capable. The good use is the only justification of the gift and the only proper object in the reception of it. Think, my young friends, of what God has given to you, of intellect, of affection, of physical endurance, of this world's literary culture, of providential opportunity, of Bible knowledge—all the endowments of nature and all gifts of Divine grace. For what end are they given? Surely not to lie dormant. No, they mean just so much work for God, and lost fellow men, as with the Divine blessing their energetic and continual employment is capable of accomplishing. This is their legitimate response to the blessed Giver.

2. *Work is the Divine Method of Development.* We have capacity for Religion. We may receive God, His truth, and His sanctifying grace. We are the "Temple" of God and vessels of the Holy Ghost. We are "workers together with Him." The reach of our endowments passes the bounds of the material and the finite, and lays hold on the spiritual, the divine and the eternal. Our capacity for religion, therefore, is incomparably our highest capacity, and our religious talents are, by far, our noblest talents. But we begin with the littleness and weakness of infantile life. Surely to give to this capacity and to these talents the highest possible development is the first concern and duty of life. * * * The degree of capacity is the measure of capability. Our capacity to take in is the limit of our ability to give out; and our capacity to contain is the limit of our power to do. Only the grain that is in the garner may be dispensed to feed the hungry; only the force that

is in the engine can be communicated to its wheels to send it along the track of its mission.

How, then, may this highest capacity, these noblest talents, be developed in the highest degree of excellence, and beauty, and power, of which they are capable? How may littleness become largeness? How may weakness grow into strength? How may narrowness be broadened into wideness? How may shallowness be extended into depth? There is but one way — one method of development into holy vitality and symmetrical unity and force, and that is the method of work — the continual, active use and exercise of these powers according to the will of God. * * * *

The expansion of physical organs, mental faculties and moral attributes, the knowledge that has power to seize the physical organism and run it in the light of heaven, along all the lines of divine command, the facility in working that claims eminent fields of usefulness and commands high respect, and the skill that masters difficulties and consummates undertakings, and wins admiration and praise, are all evolutions of work, as impossible to him that worketh not as an effect without a cause, or (if I may be allowed an allusion to Yale or Princeton), as impossible as the first distinction of scholarship to one who attempts to ride to it on his limbless pony. Paradoxical as it seems, that pony is always a "kicker," and never fails to hit the head and the heart of the rider at the same time.

3. Working is the way to find work. A piece of work done affects the future career at least in two ways: It proves certain ability to do, and certain skill in doing, and thus gives the true ground of confidence to undertake; and it becomes the worker's advertisement, and in the degree of its excellence, the true ground of claim to recognition in his line. What one has done, he knows he can do as he could not have known before, while to others it is the guarantee of the character of the quality of his workmanship. Thus it is that work is the way to find work, from the simplest beginning, step by step, to the greatest undertakings and the grandest achievements.

The early attempts of Michel Angelo, made under the admiring eye of his foster mother, before he entered the workshop of the brothers Cherliandaro, placed him in the line of advancement, along which he passed from work to work, until he reached an eminence in art that stands to this day unequalled. The earnest efforts of John Wesley at Oxford to break away from a dead journalism and find the power and joy of vital godliness, gave him the story of his happy experience to tell the world, and the task of showing that his blessed experience was in harmony with the word of God; and this involved the varied and wonderful works of his ministry. And his ministry opened up all that stupendous and glorious work which stands to-day under the name of Methodism, with more than four and a half millions of souls at work, in a field

that extends from Norway, Sweden and Denmark in the North to New Zealand in the South, and from the Fiji Islands in the West to China and Japan in the East. He wrought by prayer and the study of God's word to find personal salvation in the fulness of its power and grace. He found it, and with it the mission his endowments and culture fitted him to fill. Thus it is in every life. Work leads to work, in successive disclosures step by step, to the full extent of the abilities and opportunities of every faithful worker.

How are we to account for the multitudes of idlers who, either negatively or positively, hinder the Lord's work? Some of them tell us that they cannot do anything; they have no gifts. Some say bitterly, that they have been overlooked and unfairly dealt with; others have been pushed up into prominence while they have been left in obscurity. Another class affirm that they are so pressed by their worldly business that they have neither time nor thought for the work of the Church. When you count the self-confessed "nothings," the whining martyrs or so-called church partiality, and those who may be classed under the head of "All for Money and nothing for Christ," you have taken the many and left the few busy in spiritual tillage. How shall we account for these "cumbers of the ground?" Whatever else may be true in the detail of fact and incident, the explanation of all will be found in their practical relation to the Christian Law of Work. The Master said to them, "Go work to-day in my vineyard," but they did not obey him. They did not weigh the fact that the Divine condemnations—"Thou wicked and slothful servant" falls inevitably on him who "hid his talent in the earth." They never felt the real force of the solemn truth, "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven. * * * They coveted the mountain top, but would not climb. The militia man who had habitually neglected the drill, proudly refused a place with the rank and file, and demanded to be made lieutenant, or captain, or colonel, or even brigadier general, and when the demand was not accorded he posed as a martyr immolated on the altar of unappreciated greatness. The hatchet would be the axe or nothing. * * * *

The hatchet with its short handle and little blade, disdains its own useful sphere, and would supersede the axe with a loud boast of the facility with which it could fell the largest oak of the forest. Thus refusing willing, cheerful, gentle obedience to the law of Christian work, their unreliability, immodest assumptions, utter inefficiency and general indifference brings the natural result of nothing to do. Had they been faithful to their consecration from the beginning of their Christian life, work would have opened up before them, and the honor and dignity in God's work they have coveted in vain would be theirs to-day, instead of the painful sense of personal insignificance, disesteem and unprofitableness.

Work is the law of happy life and destiny. The notion that exemption from labor, toil and struggle, freedom from responsibility and relief from obligations, with means and leisure to gratify all desire makes a happy life, finds no sanction in the Word of God nor in the experience of men. Millions of gold cannot banish discontent nor beds of down give rest to unexerted powers. Weariness hangs on the repose of inaction more heavily than on the exertions of industry. Reflection finds no true satisfaction for him who looks upon a dismal waste of life, in which stands no memorial of benevolent endeavor. Hope shines only to make disappointment doubly poignant for him whose divinely assigned mission in the world remains unbegun. Unused talents not only fail to confer the good for which they were given, but they cease to be like the fruit of the orchard that was never plucked, or the grain of the field that was not gathered in the harvest time. An aimless life is like a ship at sea without a rudder, powerless to resist the tides or to choose a port. Idleness may find pleasure on short lines, like the beast that finds blooming clover on the way to the slaughter-house, or the bird whose joyous song signals the falcon; but work has its burden and its pain on short lines, while the long lines that reach through the vineyards and across the battlefields, and over the mountains, and beyond the turbulent waters, comes at last to fountains of peace and joy that never cease to flow. Work digs down to the rock foundations and finds the blessed sense of safety, no matter what storms may rage. Work climbs to the light above the clouds, and dwells in serene faith however the skies may be overcast or the earth darkened by the shadows that fall. Work gives a retrospect, like an entrancing landscape rescued from the tangled wilderness and barren desert, on which thought dwells with humble, grateful, joyful satisfaction, while the ear is saluted from all along the way with the rejoicings of healed lepers, and of those who say, "Whereas I was blind now I see; I was lost but now am found."

God has ordained that true happiness shall be the reward of making this a better world to live in, and those who must go out of it fit for the perfect society and the eternal blessedness of heaven.

My young friends, I beseech you vow the most loyal allegiance to the Christian law of work. Respond to the Giver of all your powers by their use according to His revealed will; give them development by holy exercise; work faithfully at what first comes to hand, and you will find work on an ascending scale of dignity and honor. Work, for he that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall return again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

Prof. Simpson, of the College, then offered a prayer, and the service was closed with benediction by Dr. Ward.

MONDAY.

Joint Exhibition of the Browning and Philomathean Societies.

The weather Monday night was delightful—a pleasing contrast to the chilling evenings that had just preceded. The pavilion was packed with an extremely appreciative audience whose regular rounds of applause attested to their unflagging interest in every particular of the program. The performers sat in a semi-circle in the center of the stage, while the remaining members of the two societies occupied benches ranged on one side.

The program was opened by a piano duett "Radiense," by Gottschalk, performed by Miss Jennie Wilson, of the Browning and Miss Minnie Stevens, of the Philomathean societies. The selection was certainly appropriate, its dash and fire making an inspiring and promising prelude to the good things to follow. The piece difficult and rapid in its movement, was smoothly and brilliantly rendered, and the fair performers were saluted with a warm round of applause at its conclusion.

A reading, "A Senator Entangled," was then given by Miss Gertrude Beeks (Philo.) The Senator, a matter-of-fact American, and a married man at that, has been unconsciously talking love matters with a fascinating and beautiful Italian countess, quoting from his favorite poet, Watts. Miss Beeks entered thoroughly into the spirit of the reading, and was inimitable in her rendition of the language of soft vowels and ear-soothing syllables.

"The Ideal and Real" was the subject of a charming essay by Miss Sallie Wilmer, president of the Browning Society. The essay was replete with beautiful thoughts clothed in choice and appropriate sentences. Possibly had the lady read in a louder tone of voice the performance would have

created a more favorable impression on the audience at large, but in the open air it is difficult to gauge the proper volume of tone necessary for all to hear.

A vocal solo, entitled "To the Woods," by Campana, was sung with much expression and good taste by Miss Sadie Abbott (Philo). It may be said here that all the music of the program was of a character to please the average audience, being neither too classic to pall on the popular ear, nor on the other hand, did it at any time sink to the common place or trivial level.

Miss Grove, (Brown.) in a selection from Dickens, told in a spirited manner how Mr. Pickwick (poor, innocent, dear old man!) became hopelessly entangled in a maze of difficulty while attempting to carry on a perfectly harmless conversation with his landlady, Mrs. Bardell.

An able essay, "The land of the Lotus," by Miss Lorena Hill, president of the Philo. Society, next followed. The lady read in a distinct and pleasing manner. The essay was redolent with choice and sparkling thoughts. Then followed a touching and beautiful song, "Good Night, Sweet Dreams," rendered by Miss Maggie Stern (Brown.) The clear, sweet voice of the singer had in it the true ring of pathos so suitable, so appropriate to this admirable composition, and many hearts throbbed responsive to the swelling notes as they echoed out under the long folds of canvas and reached to even the most distant listener. A whirlwind of applause followed, but evidently no encore was to be given, for Miss Mollie Shriver at once stepped forward and convulsed the audience by her humorous story (as told in the first place by "Uncle Remus") of the encounter of sly old "Brer Rabbit" with the "Tar Baby" that had been set as a trap by "Brer Fox," who, it seems, had a hankering after the juicy meat contained in "Brer Rabbit's" plump body.

The transition from tears to laughter, after all, is only a step, and so this humorous selection very appropriately followed the "Good Night, Sweet Dreams."

A novel feature came next in the way of a so called "Recitative," by Miss Clara Underhill, who read that most exquisite of all Coleridge's shorter poems, "Genevieve," the poet's story of how he won his "bright and beauteous bride." An accompaniment was extemporized upon the organ by Prof. Rinehart, intended to interpret the sentiment (in music) so beautifully set forth by the writer.

A second novelty, the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet," was charmingly recited by Miss Jones (Philo.) as Romeo, and Miss Franklin (Brown.) as Juliet. Too much praise can hardly be bestowed upon this meritorious and beautiful rendition of one of the most celebrated passages from one of Shakespeare's most celebrated plays.

A chorus, entitled "Commencement March," sung by all the performers, closed a program that was unmarred by a single fault worthy of note, but, on the other hand, abounded in evidences of talent and true conception of the high sphere of poetry, music and declamation.

TUESDAY.

This is not the regular day for reading grades and society reunions, but they took place on this day this year. The morning dawned bright and beautiful, and at 10.30 the students wended their way to the pavilion, where a blue board, dangling with eight gold medals, greeted their view and made their hearts beat with suspense as to who would be the happy recipients. It is unusual to have so many medals here, but we believe it a good plan; for while we do not encourage study for prizes, we would

encourage any kind of study in preference to idleness, and a medal generally incites to study. Below is a list of honors, which were awarded after the reading of the yearly grades:

SENIOR CLASS.

Female Valedictorian, L. Lorena Hill, Long Corner, Md.

Female Salutatorian, Carrie L. Mourer, McDonough, Md.

Male Valedictorian, Paul Combs, Leonardtown, Md.

Male Salutatorian, Dent Downing, Horse Head, Md.

As the honors of the senior class are awarded according to the standing of the members in the last two collegiate years, we deem it appropriate to give the distinctions that were won by them in the junior year. Miss Hill received certificates of distinctions for grade of over nine in mutual and moral science, belles lettres, ancient languages, physical science and French; she also took second prize for best undergraduate essay. Miss Mourer received same certificate in ancient languages, mathematics, physical science and French. Mr. Downing received same distinction in mental and moral science, belles lettres, mathematics and physical science. Mr. Combs received same distinction in mental and moral science, belles lettres, Latin, Greek, mathematics and physical science. He also took the first prize for best undergraduate essay and also the Dr. Benson gold medal for best grade in belles lettres.

JUNIOR CLASS.

Gold medal (female student), Carrie W. Phoebus, Princess Anne, Md.

SOPHOMORE CLASS.

Gold medal (female student), Laura B. Taylor, Waverly Md.

Gold medal (male student), Isaac J. Michael, Bloomington, Md.

Honorable mention, L. Irving Pollitt, Salisbury, Md.

FRESHMAN CLASS.

Gold medal (female student), Anna McS. Thompson, Centreville, Md.

Gold medal (male student), W. Irving Mace, Church Creek, Md.

Honorable Mention—Msao Tsunc Hirata, Japan; Clara V. Underhill, Baltimore, Md.; Mary J. Fisher, Denton, Md.; J. F. Harper, Centreville, Md.

PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT.

Second Year.

Female Department.

Certificate of Honor—May Nelson, Westminster, Md.

Honorable Mention—H. G. Blanchard, Westminster, Md.

Male Department.

Certificate of Honor—D. Fulton Harris, Mt. Ephriam, Md.

Honorable Mention—Benjamin W. Woolford, Allen, Md.; Albert S. Crockett, Solomon's, Md.; F. Neal Parke, Westminster, Md.; Larkin A. Shipley, Daniel, Md.

First Year.

Female Department.

Certificate of Honor—Annie H. Galt, Westminster, Md.

Male Department.

Certificate of Honor—J. Frank Nelson, Westminster, Md.; John H. Kullius, Westminster, Md.—tie.

Medal in Painting—Gertrude F. Beeks, Still Pond, Md.

Medal in Embroidery—M. Edith Richards, St. Michaels, Md.

Certificate in Resident Graduate Course—M. E. Richards, St. Michaels, Md.

Gold Medal for Weigand Prize Essay, competition open to all members of societies publishing the COLLEGE PORTFOLIO, Paul Combs, Leonardtown, Md.

Browning Reunion.

One of the pleasantest of the many pleasant reunions upon which the B. L. S. can look back occurred upon the afternoon of the 14th in the ladies' parlor. The Society was favored by the presence of a goodly number of ex active members and visitors, who showed by their kind participation that the love of her members for their Society is no evanescent feeling, but abides with them.

Amongst those who assembled soon after two o'clock all were pleased to welcome Mrs. Denton Gehr, Misses Maggie Rinehart, Mary Rinehart, F. Hering, Frank McKinsty, Nicodemus J. Smith, Riam, Kneller, Noel, Freyelle, Galt, and Male-

horn, and we must certainly not forget Miss J. Norment, who, from her sunny Southern home, has come again to visit her many Maryland friends.

Among the visitors we mention Misses Hammond, Emory, Mowbray, and most of the members of the Faculty, with Mr. Benson, our much esteemed ex Vice-President of the College.

Miss Wilmer, President of the B. L. S., welcomed all in a few well-chosen words, and after a brief history of what the Society has done in the year just closing, called upon Miss Noels for a reading, "In Chalem Bay," which was much appreciated. Then Miss Maggie Rinehart told us of "The Travelled Parson," which blends humor with pathos. Mrs. Gehr and Miss Hering pleased every one with their beautiful rendering of a vocal duet, "Speed My Bark." Their voices never were sweeter than when they fell upon the ears of the delighted Brownings that evening. Miss L. Owings then read an essay, "What Can I Do for Her;" "Her" being, of course, "Our Girls," with their needs and how to supply them.

Miss Mary Rinehart's "Heathen Bell Polka" was given in her usual brilliant style and good execution. Miss McKinsty then read "The Meeting Place." It was sweet and sad at the same time, and hopeful as looking to the far "Beyond." It was followed by Miss Franklin with a vocal solo, "Night Birds Cooing," exceedingly well done.

Miss J. Malehorn rehearsed "The Car-tain" in most excellent taste and expression.

An instrumental duet, "Qui Vive Galop," by Misses Z. A. Shriver and Wilmer, was followed by Miss Maggie Stern, who, by particular request, sang "Good Night, Sweet Dreams," the song which so much pleased the audience at the Concert. Dr. Ward's presence added much to the pleasure of the evening. He made a few appropriate remarks, ending with a sentiment composed expressly for the occasion, as follows:

"May the ladies of the Browning
Ever deserve the crowning
Which to excellence is given,
Long may they live and flourish,
And every virtue nourish,
Which fits the soul for heaven."

The reunion closed with refreshments, beautiful and delicious, to which all did full justice. May another year give us another as happy reunion; and, as a member of the Browning Society, we thank all our visitors for their presence, and the pleasure they gave us, and invite them to her again with us when a twelve months' journey has been made and the time occurs again for the annual reunion of the B. L. S.

Philomathean Reunion.

The annual reunion of the Philomathean Society, which took place in the college chapel Tuesday afternoon of commencement week, was a source of great enjoyment, and, we trust, profit to all present. Besides the regular active members of our society, we had the pleasure of seeing with us many who in bygone days were members of and zealous workers for it. Several members of the faculty—Dr. Ward, Prof. Simpson, Miss Owings and our former vice-president, Prof. Benson—together with a number of visitors, friends of the students, honored us with their presence.

About three o'clock P. M. we found ourselves comfortably seated in the neatly arranged chapel, prepared to listen to the literary programme, which was as follows:

1. President's address, Miss L. L. Hill.
2. History of the Society for the past year, Miss A. L. Jones.
3. Instrumental solo, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," Miss Pillsbury.
4. Reading, "Mouse Hunting," Miss Walmsley.
5. Essay, "Concentration and Oneness of Aim," Miss Stone.
6. Recitation, "A Night of Troubles," Miss A. Handy.
7. Vocal solo, "The Merry Gypsy Band," Miss Underhill; pianist, Miss Beeks.
8. Reading, "Her Letter," Miss N. Sappington.
9. Recitation, "Alice Cary's Best Poem," Miss Thompson.
10. Essay, "Procrastination," Miss Richards.
11. Recitation, "The Little Girl," Miss Simpson.
12. Instrumental duet, "Sparrows Chirping," Misses E. Handy and Whittington.

At the conclusion of the literary programme an abundant supply of refreshments, consisting of ice-cream, cake, cherries, oranges, bananas, etc., were served to the company. After these had been fully

discussed, our beloved ex-president, Dr. Ward, arose, and, in a few beautiful remarks, wished success and glory to the Philomathean Society.

Prof. Benson and Prof. Simpson also made brief remarks, the latter saying that he had come to receive, not to communicate, but expressing his hearty enjoyment of the occasion.

It is with pleasure that we celebrate these reunions, for they seem to bind together the broken links in our Society, and to teach us that, though absent from the College and filling a place in the busy world, we are still "lovers of learning," and will endeavor to encourage all who are following in our footsteps to gain their wished-for end.

May our Society have many happy returns of the day.

A PHILOMATHEAN.

Webster Reunion.

Webster Literary Society held its annual reunion on Tuesday, 2 P. M. of commencement week.

At the appointed hour exactive and honorary members of the society, friends and relatives of the members, began to assemble in the hall, which is the largest in the college, and soon completely filled the room. After roll-call and prayer by the chaplain, the following programme was carried out:

President's Address.....Isaac G. Michael
Reading—Bad Boy and His Girl...S. C. Payne
Declamation—The Present Age...H. G. Watson
History of Society.....F. I. Pollitt
Oration—Story of the Bell.....Wm. McLease

DEBATE.

Resolved, That the fire on the sun is fast going out.

<i>Affirmative.</i>	<i>Negative.</i>
J. W. Lawson,	T. B. Miskimon,
G. E. Naesche,	A. S. Crockett.

VOLUNTARIES.

Criticisms.....T. E. Reese

REFRESHMENTS.

It seemed to be the desire of the committee to have something new and surprise those present. In this they succeeded very well. They deserve to be congratulated for the programme, which was printed on a

neat little card, and carried out in a manner which showed that there had been care taken in its preparation.

Mr. Payne is deserving of special mention for the comic manner in which he read of the "Bad Boy," who was wandering like a spectre since his girl "went back on him."

Mr. Lease's oration was also very fine and humorous.

The debate was very interesting, more so on account of the participants being the youngest members of the Society. They deserve much credit for the manly manner in which they spoke. The decision was rendered in favor of the negative, notwithstanding the sound arguments and eloquent speeches of Messrs. Miskimon and Crockett.

This was followed by voluntaries from Frank T. Benson, Dr. J. Murray, Dr. Ward and L. M. Bennett.

All of these speeches were very interesting, and the speakers complimented the Society in the highest terms upon its success in the past year, dwelling especially upon the success achieved by and in conjunction with the two ladies' societies in the publication of the PORTFOLIO. Time would not permit more speaking, and all retired to the dining-room, where refreshments were bountifully served.

Oratorical Contest.

In the evening the annual oratorical contest between the Webster and Irving societies took place. The programme was opened with prayer by Rev. B. F. Benson. A new feature in the college then furnished music, it was the College Glee Club, consisting of Messrs. Mitchell, Stocksdale, Watson, Harding, McCready, Sterling, Whaley, Burgee, Hill and Wimbrough. The club sang several times during the evening, and showed itself very creditable upon this, its first appearance before the public. Music was furnished by the Union Bridge brass band also. Mr. L. Irving Pollitt was the first speaker and of the Webster Society; he delivered a very fine oration on "The Latest Star the Brightest." He was followed by Mr. J. Ford Caulk, of Irving; his very good oration was termed "The Power of a Single Idea." Mr. J. McD. Radford then spoke well in behalf of

Websters on the subject: "Room at the Top." Next came Mr. W. C. Hamner, of Irving, on "From Darkness to Light." The last speaker of the Websters, Mr. J. G. Michael then delivered an excellent oration on "Letting the Angel Out," and Mr. H. D. Mitchell closed the contest for the Irvings with a passionate appeal on "The Oppression of Childhood." All of these orations were very fine, and the orators may be proud of their success. We believe it would be a very good idea to decide these contests; but, of course, as it is not customary, we will not take it upon ourselves to do it in this case. We regret very much that space will not permit us to publish the orations in full, those of to-night as well as others during the week, and at least we would like to publish synopses of them, but we cannot; so we must satisfy our readers with this short and unsatisfactory account.

WEDNESDAY.

Class Day Exercises.

The day appointed for the final meeting and separation of 87's class was looked forward to with some curiosity by the remainder of the school, and the proceedings amply fulfilled the expectations of all.

The programme of the occasion assured the spectators that there was nothing to fear in the solemn-looking procession which issued from the college and wended its mournful way to the pavilion. It consisted of the entire class of 17 members, clad in black Oxford caps and gowns, preceded by their worthy President, Mr. Wilson, attired in a similar manner and mounted on a donkey.

The programme is as follows:

TRIUMPHANT PROCESSION.

"Ah, There!".....Paul Combs, Sec'y.
 What Has Been.....Harry H. Ilifer, Historian.
 Music, Doughwraymhphasolaughseedo,
 by Carlos Bassin Boritellio.....Class.
 What Will Be....Blanche Pillsbury, Prophetess.

The Descent of Annals.
 Designating the Renowned.

Presentation of Class Memorial—

Nathan Wilson, Pres't.

The Class Plants Its Tree—

Planter, Carrie L. Mourer.

The Farewell Ode, by Lorena Hill.....Class.

The expression "Ah, There" is, in itself, an enigma, but on this occasion by it the roll call was designated. The names of the 40 members, of which the class once could boast, were called and responded to either by the persons themselves or their substitutes.

Between the history and prophecy the music consisted of the rendition of the latest piece out:

The Doughwraymhphasolaughseedo,

by Carlos Bassino Brittelio.

The histories and prophecies of the members of the class were abounding in wit and humor, and justice cannot be done them if taken separately, and an attempt at a description of them in the brief sketch would be futile.

It is sufficient to say they were to the point, and though many an unexpected thrust was given, they were received good-naturedly, with no thought of lurking malice.

Of course, in the history every ludicrous act or prank was brought up before the enactor and appeared doubly dyed in the presence of the spectators. While the prophecy either opened a vista through which might be seen a panoramic view of matrimonial bliss or, perhaps, a still better one of single blessedness.

After these were read, the annals were handed down to the succeeding class, and, no doubt, in 87's opinion, was a descent in every sense of the word.

The transfer was accompanied by appropriate speeches by the donor and receiver.

Then the class prizes were awarded, but it must be understood that the renowned were designated by chance, the names of all the class having been put in a box and four drawn, hence the characteristics may not be strictly accurate:

First, the Oscar Wilde prize, a small cane, was presented to Miss Mourer, the dudine of the class.

Second, the James Means prize, a very large shoe, was awarded to Mr. Slifer.

Third, the Walker prize (so named after Reuben Walker, the steward), a large ladle, presented to Miss Pillsbury, the largest eater of the class.

Fourth, Cupid's prize, a large picture of a colored washer-woman, presented to Mr. Combs, the most susceptible member of the class.

Fifth, Mr. Pandora's box, to be preserved by the President of the Class, and to be filled with blessings which will be distributed among the members in after years.

Immediately after the burlesque presentations, Mr. Wilson presented to the college the Class Memorial to be placed in the new auditorium.

It consisted of a large brass shield, with the names of the members of the class thereon.

Mr. Wilson made a very appropriate speech, the following is a brief outline:

One part of our program is completed. We now come to another and more sober exercise; so let us lay aside all burlesquing, and enter on the remainder of the program in a sober earnest spirit. We have here a tablet to dedicate, presented by the Class to the College, and to be placed by the College authorities on the wall of the auditorium that is now being built.

It is with feelings of regret that we bring our work to a close at this institution, for it is here that we were united in class union four years ago; years, it is true, of hard work, but for all that they were our school days, which, perhaps, are our happiest. The members have always been loyal to class principles, and it is with feelings of pride that we have seen our class undertakings carried out successfully from the first business transaction until now. Love of class has been manifested to a large degree by every member; it is this love that prompts us to do something by which we can be recognized as a class in the future. While we have been loyal to class, and love it, still there is a greater loyalty and love due to our College from which the class springs.

We hope by this memorial to seal the bond of love that exists at present between the Class and College.

This short oration was followed by the planting of the class tree and a burlesque address by Miss Carrie Mourer. She said: "Ladies and gentlemen, we welcome you to the planting of our tree. Although now small, it will soon tower into the skies, as none around this place now do; but our only fear is, that when it shall have risen to the moon, and obstructed its silvery beams by its shade, the man in the moon will order it to be hewn down; but one hope is left us; we know nothing can kill the tree of so illustrious a class, so that, though hewn up for firewood, its roots, which surround the great Tartarus, will live and send out branches in China, which the inhabitants will be sure to recognize as off-shoots from our tree, and thus our fame shall live.

We now invoke Jupiter not to allow the worms to eat it, nor the rain to beat it, nor Sol to shine too hard upon it, nor the small

boys to hack it to pieces with their little hatchets.

You will now please bedew it with the weeps of the class; these weeps have been saved during the week in order that the tree may feel its indebtedness to the Class of '87.

After the planting of the tree the class gathered around it and sang the ode written by Miss Lorena Hill, to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne."

We give it in full below:

CLASS ODE OF '87.

Real life divested of the gold,
Which Fancy's hand doth lend;
Before us opens stern and cold
Our fleeting years to spend;
Our fun and frolic now are o'er,
Sad thoughts engross our minds,
As classmates we may meet no more,
Though love each heart entwines,
As flowers on one stem have grown,
All nursed by Nature's care,
Till wintry winds with bitter moan
Have stripped the branches bare;
So, comrades, on Commencement Day,
Though else so filled with joy,
Dark shades of parting round us play,
And make our pleasure eloy.
These halls, with strangers will be filled,
And strangers' footsteps fall;
That bell who peals for us is stilled
Will now to strangers call;
But hope inspires a brighter thought,
We will not part for aye;
Friends are too dear to be forgot
When we have said "Goodbye."
The world, though large, is yet too small
To keep us all apart,
And Alma Mater's loving call
Will bring us heart to heart;
But should our earthly plane decay,
Dear Father, then in heaven,
On that last great Commencement Day,
Crown all of "Eighty-seven."

And thus close one of the most interesting class-day programs that has ever been performed at the Western Maryland College.

At eight o'clock in the evening, Col. H. Kyd Douglass, of Hagerstown, Md., delivered the annual oration before the literary societies of the college. Space does not permit the publication of his oration, and it is needless to tell the public that Col. Douglass delivered a fine one, for he is too well-known for any one to think it was otherwise. We regret very much that we

are unable to give our readers the same pleasure we have enjoyed upon hearing the oration.

THURSDAY.

Commencement Day.

This day was looked forward to with much pleasure, and proved to be one of the most interesting of the entire week. The class was large, and have always had the faculty's approval; and when their final examinations were over, they had the pleasure of hearing from every member of the faculty regrets at their departure from the college. It was truly a sad occasion for many of the class, leaving, as they did, all pleasant associations of the college and their classmates. We know it must be an occasion of sadness, though the undergraduates look forward to the occasion with so much joy and pleasure; but, as expressed by the male valedictorian, Mr. Combs, "it seemed strange that the classmates of '87 should part for different tasks; we, who have been so intimately connected for the past few years, who have had same recitations and other duties, should now separate for different tasks, but it is too true." The PORTFOLIO feels sorry to lose the senior class, and wishes each individual member joy and prosperity.

The class is composed of seventeen members, all of whom were very handsomely and tastefully dressed. The program opened with prayer by Rev. J. T. Murry, D. D., and was interspersed at various intervals by music from the Westminster Brass Band. The essays and orations were all well delivered, and showed careful preparation and reflected much credit upon the authors. One of the principle features of the program was the singing of the old university chant, "Non Nobis Domini," by the class.

Miss Carrie Mourer, of McDonogh, Md., read the salutatory essay. In a very appropriate manner she welcomed the President, Honorable Board of Trustees, respected Faculty, ex-President, schoolmates and friends of Westminster and vicinity. She then read the salutatory essay, subject—"Voices of Unrest."

Man is constantly restless; if he cannot do good, he will wield his power for evil. In most cases dissatisfaction is the root of evil, while unsatisfaction carries with it an influence for good.

There are persons who are never satisfied and who never try to make their lives worth living. These belong to the class of dissatisfied ones. Others are not satisfied, but they strive to reach higher things, and to make the world better for their living in it. To the class of unsatisfied persons these belong. Of the latter class are the successful men of to-day. They have had ever before them their ideal, which they have been trying to reach, but the greater their progress, the swifter it eludes their grasp.

It is the unsatisfaction of their present position which carries them ever onward. The ideal is a perfect image which will never on this earth be reached, no matter how great they may become.

It is much better, however, to keep pressing to the mark than to give up in despair at the beginning.

When we quietly and solemnly look at life we find it composed of three simple elements: joy, sorrow, and work. To perform these duties and to enjoy these pleasures requires a state of action from childhood to old age.

"Voices of Unrest" are calling over the whole world. One is crying for Temperance and Prohibition; another seeks Free Trade or Protective Tariff; while another in such a *gentle* and *pleading* tone calls for Woman's Rights. Many other voices are calling, and they make a constant discord and confusion. But it is this confusion which shows that the world is in a progressive state and that its inhabitants have an ambition to reach a higher mark of civilization and to procure the best form of government.

Glancing out of my window one hazy May day I could see the busy workmen digging the foundation for our new building. They were hurrying to and fro bent on their task and seemed eager to push the work forward. I thought of the lofty building rising from the ground and standing firm and secure toward the heavens. This scene brought many thoughts to my mind, and the

foremost one was, that it was unrest which caused the erection of this building, and it not only caused progress here but throughout the entire universe.

The future of a student is generally not difficult to be foretold by his habits while at school. One who is satisfied with a careless manner of reciting, hoping to get through by the aid of others, will never become a successful man. He who is satisfied to allow others to labor for him will find it the more disagreeable when at last he will be compelled to take up the duties of life alone. He will then be forced to step backward and learn many lessons which he had neglected but which were necessary to his success.

Experience will teach him that it is best to be independent and to have unrest enough not to be satisfied with himself until he has earned his knowledge by the exercise of his own intellect.

Life's paths are rugged and steep and it takes determination and dissatisfaction to climb them; but is not a difficult lesson mastered by an unrest until it is learned? In like manner all obstacles will be overcome and the more labor each requires the greater will be our reward and the better we will be fitted for still greater difficulties. The greatest victories are gained by the bravest and most industrious. These all require a constant movement and unrest.

We will never be at rest until we have accomplished the duties which fill up our lives. In truth there is no true rest in this world. The duties of life require unrest, and as there is no perfect thing in this world we cannot expect a perfect rest. The nearer one lives to God the more perfect will their rest be. These persons enjoy rest in the truest sense of the word. For them the "Voices of Unrest" become fewer and more feeble each day until at last the "boatman cold" comes to convey them across the dark river of Death, and then these voices are stilled to them forever. They are heard only by those remaining who have a part of the journey of life before them; those who have not become perfect enough for these voices to cease their tones of unrest.

Mr. Downing then delivered the Salutatory Oration, of which the following is a brief:

Curatores honorati ac reverendi, vos imo corde salutamus. In vitæ academicæ felicissimis diebus: eheu nunc paeteritis, nobis commōda bona et præcepta sapientia circumdare connixi estis. Multum interest Collegii et discipulorum vos adesse et ad studium virtutis landisque summæ cohortari. Pro tantis in Collegium et maxime in nos meritis, ego, in nomine classis, vos collando gratias-que refero iustissimas.

Te, Præses honorandi et dilecte, potissimum salutatione dignum putamus. Cum, curatores experti essent quam bene ac feliciter emeris tuis sederet imperium academicum, te Wardii venerabilis successorum creaverunt. Et cum Wardius quidem æterius succæporis curam fanamque obruisset, tu, namen, in rebus ordinandis atque gerendis clarissimus et spectatissimus fuisti et Collegium Mariæ Terræ occidentalis honore; gloriaque auxisti atque amplificavisti. Per annum præteritum tuas virtutis administrationas admirati sumus, laborem in negotiis, industriam in agendo, celeritatem in corficiendo, concilium in providendo. Tibi, o Præses, impertimus salutem plurimam plenissimamque.

Vobis quoque. Professores doctissimi, salutationem facere volumus. Nos parvos tutelæ vestræ commendarunt parentes. Hoc munere constanter et fideliter perfuncti estis. In nostram tutelam nunc venimus, sed nec benignitatis vestræ nec præceptorum oblivisci possumus. Gradum in artibus primum, coram vobis, suscipere animos nostros gaudio explet. Itaque semel iterumque vos salvare jubemus.

After concluding the portion of the salutatory to the citizens of Westminster and vicinity, visitors and schoolmates, he passed to his subject, which was: "Nothing Ever Dies." The following is a brief synopsis:

We begin to die when we begin to live. The external man is completely renewed every seven years. Yet, Life is the real ruler, Death only the apparent ruler. Death, sweeping on in its course, spares no man. But, although the physical man falls, there is in man an immortal spark of divinity which can never die, and will survive all the convulsions of nature.

The volcano bursts forth, flame and lava pour out, and the surrounding country is laid waste. The volcano becomes extinct, but it has produced an effect which the warring elements of nature cannot efface in millions of years. A generation is cut down; the good fall with the bad. Another generation springs up to fill the vacant place. Marble monuments, like all the physical works of man, are perishable, and must return to their original dust; but every man builds for himself an imperishable monument, composed of his thoughts, words and deeds. Every man has his silent influence, which even time cannot weaken, which, like the tiny stream bursting forth from the mountain-side, gathers strength as it proceeds on its course, until at length it becomes a mighty river, making fertile the vast plains below, and rolling on to the endless deep. Homer lived when the earth was shrouded in intellectual darkness. He was the first to attempt to pierce the gloom which hovered around him, and enable the sun of wisdom to shine on his benighted race. Twenty-seven centuries have not effaced the result, and to-day his works are as well known as those of Shakespeare, Byron or Longfellow. Nations have risen and fallen, cities have been built and have crumbled in decay, but his works, like their contemporaries, the pyramids, stand out as living memorials of the younger days of our earth. Mankind is a vast machine—vast beyond all our ideas. God is the builder of this great fabric; each man is a part; one a bolt, another a rod, another a wheel; but it makes no difference what part he is to perform, he is to perform it well; and, though he may be but a small part, every mistake he makes jars the immense engine, adds friction to the easy-moving parts, and its effect will remain. "We are links welded at the forge of Providence into the golden chain of history." A thought or deed may be compared to a small stone, which, falling from the mountain-peak, awakens from its lethargy the sleeping avalanche which, plunging down the mountain-side, overwhelms cities and whole districts. No matter where a man's future resting-place is, his actions will tell the story of his existence to future ages. "Living we act,

dead we speak; the whole universe is our audience; forever looking, forever listening." We are building monuments; every thought, word or deed is a stone; they will stand the wear of wasting ages, and will live through eternity.

The first essay was then read by Miss Georgia Harlan, of Elkton, Md., on "The Transmuted Curse."

"Labor has been imposed on mankind as a curse. In the beginning, after the creation of all things, and our first parents, Adam and Eve, were tempted by the serpent and had eaten of the forbidden fruit, the Lord God appeared unto them, and declared: "Cursed is the ground for thy sake, in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life; thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee, and thou shalt eat the herb of the field. In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread until thou return to ground; for out of it thou wast taken; for dust thou art and to dust thou shalt return;" and Paul also says "that if any would not work neither should he eat," thereby placing on man the necessity of earning his own bread and placing what would be supposed a terrible curse on man, and to those who are of an indolent disposition and lacking in energy it is; but to those who are able and willing to work this curse may be transmuted into one of the greatest blessings. * * *

Shakespeare, in Macbeth, says: "The labor we delight in physics pain," and the truth of this is self-evident. The talented young man fond of study and if given the opportunity would devote himself to it; if put to the hard task of farming would indeed think the curse a terrible one, but if his work was that of the brain instead of manual labor, he would go cheerfully to it, and would devote himself to performing that duty correctly. While on the other hand if a young man, fond of outdoor life should be compelled to learn a trade or follow some profession against his taste, nothing could make him more miserable. The mathematician struggling over an abstruse question spends hours puzzling his brain to find the correct solution, but in nearly every case this is a labor in which he takes great delight, and his toil is lightened by this and by his hope

of success. When urged on by the hope of success it matters not what great trials and toils stand in the way, we cheerfully do all that is necessary without thinking what toil it will cost. On the eve of a great battle the general in command does not regard the great hardships and toil which it will probably require to gain the victory, but to the one great master-thought of his mind—success. * *

Reviewing this curse from another standpoint, this weary world with its many vexations and cares, after all may be the very thing that will make us appreciate eternity. Before a piece of metal is ready to serve its purpose, whether for use, ornament or strength, it must be wrought with the most assiduous care, beaten, hammered, moulded and polished, until all its imperfections are removed and it remains a grand example of the workman's handiwork.

So in our case the labor we endure, the many cares under which we feel we must succumb, perhaps are necessary for the refinement of our coarse natures for the great hereafter, and to work out all the dross of our characters, leaving the pure, refined gold.

Second essay was delivered by Miss Eula Handy, of Marion, Maryland. Subject—"Music of Yesterday."

As the gentle zephyrs, wending their way through the autumnal forests, produce among the faded leaves a low, sweet murmuring, so our thoughts roaming through the forests of past events, in which are scattered far and wide the withered leaves of yesterday's joys and sorrows, make to vibrate the tender chords of our heart, and produce music which lulls the agitated mind to quietness and lifts the soul above to-day's trials. Perhaps some words were uttered yesterday which its auditors scarcely deigned to listen to, which we grasp to-day with eagerness; perhaps some energetic thinker was silently at work in solitude, whose fame to-day resounds through all nations.

What precious gifts have been placed in our keeping by great minds of former men; they throw off the ghastly mantle of the grave, and converse with us, warn us, in-

struct us; is this not an honor to boast of? How limited would be our field of enterprise if the extent of it was the small space which to-day occupies, and how much we should prize the privilege of inheriting a language which former generations by their labor and care have prepared, slowly cleansing away the dross, until there remains only the choicest gems which we may combine into lofty thoughts, with which we may express the deepest emotions of the heart, finally out of which by a wise combination we can make for ourselves a crown more lasting than that of kings. We with our greatest efforts cannot penetrate very far into the darkness which is gradually enveloping the past; the cloud sinks lower and lower, obscuring it from our view, but as the lightning which sometimes rends assunder the dark clouds and reveals itself in all its sublimity, so the great names of the past frequently break through the darkness which surrounds them, and flash upon us in all their glory. Much of the literature, discoveries in science, art and improvements of life echo the names of those who lived yesterday, but to-day only in their works, which they give to posterity; they cannot appear to mortal vision, but still life is filled with their beneficial influence. Virgil, Homer, Shakespeare and Milton still hold us spell-bound by their enchanting songs; and not only that, their works stand as monuments of grandeur of yesterday unrivaled by any of to-day. The life clock ticks regularly on and the pilgrim is ushered to the portals of light. Youth as it journeys thence thinks of the pleasant day of childhood; man would turn his steps backward and walk again the sunny path of youth; and old age is somewhat relieved of its weight of years by the remembrance of manhood's deeds and actions. Thus we proceed onward towards our destiny, and though there is always an object towards which we are directing our lofty aspirations, it alone is not our support, for as we near the long sought for objects they dwindle into insignificance; we find that we have been vainly pursuing a phantom, which eludes our grasp; then we turn our thoughts back to the past, and we are soothed by the music of yesterday, whose delicate harmony we

could not distinguish when so deeply absorbed in future aspirations; now its melody is rapturous,

"We would not forego

The charm which the past o'er the present can throw,

For all the gay visions, that fancy can weave
In her web of illusion, that strive to deceive,
We know not the future—the past we have felt,
Its cherished enjoyments the bosom can melt;
Its raptures anew o'er the pulses may roll,
When thoughts of the morrow fall cold on the soul.

The day may be darkened, but far in the west,
In vermilion and gold sinks the sun to its rest,
When in calm reminiscence we gather the flowers

Which have scattered round us in happier hours."

Third essay, by Miss S. E. Wilmer, of Westminster, Md. Subject—"Where the Brook and River Meet."

As truly as the command, "Let there be light and there was light"—so surely has the command been given to the tiny brook. Go forth water, fertilize and bless wherever an ever ruling Providence shall direct thy way. Onward is thy mission. On, on thy course through the meadow and glade; down, down the hillside hurrying to the valley below. Wider and wider spreads the little band and deeper and deeper flows the gathering waters, until the tiny brook that left its mountain home a mist, a drop, a fount, a rill, now the broadened, deepened, rushing stream, heeding no obstacles, leaping no bounds, sweeping away no barriers, a power for good or ill, sounds out the grand chorus:

"As out again I curve and flow,

To join the brimming river,

For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever."

Such is the song of young life as it starts from its cradle home with the glee of the infant heart and the merry prattle of the baby tongue. As year after year glides on, the shallow rill of youth flows on, now fresh, pure and as clear as crystal in its innocence and truth, slipping from pleasure to pleasure in the glad expression of its impulses; gathering new ideas, gaining increased stores of information from all surrounding objects, until "the seven

times one are seven" finds a fund of intelligence greater, perhaps, than will be acquired in any other seven years of after life.

What is impossible to youth's aspirations and determinations if directed to high and noble purposes and attainments? Then may the ripples of truth and joy that played on the face of the clear, crystal rivulet and sparkled in the sunshine of youth, become the wavelet of the broadening and deepening stream of advancing years, which shall bear on its current the accumulation of early labor and earnest endeavor. Let the seed that has been sown by loving parents and faithful teachers spring up, bud and blossom, and bear fruit in glorious harvests of good deeds and heroic endeavors, that shall bring good cheer and brighten our pathway through life, and bless all with whom we shall intercourse.

The great river of life is before us with its currents and billows, its busy stir, its great and weighty responsibilities. How shall the brook and river meet? Shall it enlarge and beautify, dignify and bless; or shall it poison and defile as it enters the broadened and deepened channel? Shall its added waters aid in the bearing on to their destination the great industries and enterprises of the busy world, until it shall be swept into the weighty depths of the fathomless ocean? So let it be! the ever broadening, deepening powers of mind and soul, consecrated to an exalted and holy purpose, talents improved and energies applied to what is noblest in human character and loftiest in human deeds, with an earnestness which shall give title to the crown of faithfulness, and merit the plaudit "Well done thou good and faithful servant." The work of life shall cease when time shall be no more, but the advance of the soul and the rewards of eternity are forever.

Mr. Nathan H. Wilson, of Woodville, Md., delivered the first oration, on the subject, "Let us Honor our Public Men." A synopsis is given below.

"Let us understand public men to be those who hold public office by the direct vote of the people, by appointment, or by examination.

"There is a growing tendency among Americans to abuse and revile public men, no matter what their character may be. * *

"Why they are so regarded is obvious for several reasons. Gigantic frauds have been perpetrated on our people by men in public trust, and the guilty parties have, by their financial and political influence, escaped the penalty of the law. * * Again, political parties very often make personal ends their main object, and accomplish that object to the detriment of the public welfare. * * * For such things as these public men deserve well to be censured, and if all the abuse they receive was the outgrowth of such crimes, no one could censure the people for abusing such a class. But by far the greater part of the abuse heaped upon our public men is the direct result of jealousy. Not that jealousy which would guard our office holders from snares and dangers that beset them on every hand, but that other kind of jealousy which looks on everybody with a suspicious eye as though some personal wrong was feared, or that is aroused by seeing preference shown to another. All abuse arising from such a cause can not help but have a degrading influence. * * If such abuse is preached from the pulpit, Christians will soon find that they have a very low regard for the men who interpret and execute the laws of the country. If the press reviles the candidate; makes the most scrutinious examination into his private as well as his public character, and with an eye to bring out all the evil in that character; if after election every action is carefully watched, the errors and mistakes being blazed forth by an opposing political organ, while a friendly paper only makes a passing notice of the good actions,—then the readers can not help but lower their estimation of men thus constantly reviled." * * * * *

He then used some illustrations to show the frequency of this abuse among Americans, and after offering an exhortation "not to injure our country by continually crying down the man who is at its head," he proceeded as follows:

"There is another, and perhaps the greatest of all the evils that grow out of this every-day abuse of public men. It is the influence that is exerted on the minds of our young men. It completely unman-

them as far as an ambition for statesmanship is concerned, and destroys their interest in the country's welfare. Show me an American

"Who never to himself has said
This is my own, my native land;
Whose heart has ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he has turned,"

and I will show you one who has been reared in the polluting influence of abuse of public men, and who has thus learned to regard his country as a loosely constructed organization, controlled by a lot of wire-pulling politicians." * * * * *

He then spoke briefly of the final results of this abuse, if allowed to continue, as being destructive to the country. He showed by an illustration the difference between the feelings that existed toward public men in Calhoun's day and in our own time, and closed as follows.

"It is our duty to suppress all the crime we can, whether it appears politics, in religious affairs, or wherever it may appear. But in the destruction of one crime let us not commit another and a greater. Let us not abuse and revile our public men, and by our influence disgust and turn away from politics and the state those who are pure and good; for by so doing we leave our country in the hands of corrupt men. But let us honor our public men and spread abroad before all the world that which is honorable, and pure, and noble in their characters; and let their crimes and wickedness be silently, but justly, and as effectively dealt with. Let morals and talent commingle in the stream that flows on to the 'ship of state,' and in a few years we will not have to listen in vain for a good speech in the Congress of the United States, but the halls of Congress will resound with the eloquence of Clays, and Calhouns, and Websters."

Fourth essay, by Miss Blanche Pillsbury of Baltimore, Md. Subject, "The Test of Fire."

"The wise men among the ancients regarded fire as an attribute or manifestation of creative power, or as the creative power itself, the vital spirit of the universe; and thus the sun was by many nations regarded

with peculiar veneration and adopted as the chief object of worship. History tells us how fire was once worshipped by the Persians as something divine in its nature." * * *

Then follows a description of the different uses of fire.

"We all at some time in life must pass through the fire of temptation, hardship, struggle and defeat, and it is with us whether we come out unhurt, made purer, having holier aims, higher purposes, or whether we are made weaker by our distresses. In this wild element of a life, man has to struggle onward; now fallen, deep-abased, and ever with tears, repentance, with bleeding heart, he has to struggle again, still onward. That his struggle be a faithful, unconquerable one, that is the question of questions. But there has been given us that from above which, if we pray for earnestly, steadfastly, will enable us to stand the test, to come out unscorched—yea, more, with song upon our lips. * *

"In my room is a small globe representing in gay colors the different countries of the world. Turning it slowly on its axis, I see Switzerland, Bulgaria and Norway. What of the people? They are strong, healthy and hardy, because of the rugged climate. Just here is the desert of Arabia. I can see, in imagination, the long caravans passing over that treeless region, coming at intervals to the oasis, where they, man and beast, both of great physical endurance, may find water, shade and rest, after which they will take up their burdens and pass on and away into the distance, until only a little speck is seen in that great sun-heated region." * * *

She then mentions Rome—how her warriors were trained from infancy for the hardships of battle; the Moors, a people accustomed to ease, inertia and effeminacy; then South America, peopled by a feeble race. "As nations are affected, so are individuals. As the Swiss, Arabs and Romans are given greater strength by their trials, so we are made stronger, happier, nobler by our suffering. So in all our trials we should press forward with a purpose; and if our names are not written in history and handed down to posterity, if we are faithful, they will be found in the *Great Book*."

Fifth essay, by Miss Bessie Hodges of Pomfret, Md. Subject—"Seed Time and Harvest."

Man's mission in life is a noble one. He enters life endowed with great and noble faculties for doing good, and as he grows up to his full estate of manhood these powers gradually develop themselves until he stands with a mighty influence and power, able to sow the seed which shall bring forth for him a rich and glorious harvest.

Yet this power too often is used in an evil way. For there are careless and evil seed sown; then what is the harvest but a fearful increase of the evil grain which was cast into the earth?

Voltaire and his influence is then given as an example of evil sowing; its pernicious results shown. Judson as an example of good sowing and his benefits to mankind shown.

But turning from great things we find that the same rule applies to small things. What may a word kindly spoken do to one who is in the deepest depths of misery, a kind word that breaks the dark cloud which had enveloped them so long? While on the other hand a thoughtless word or act may bring sorrow when we little meant it.

One small cloud can hide the sunshine;
Loose one string, the pearls are scattered;
Think one thought, a soul may perish;
Say one word, a heart may break.

To us, as scholars, comes this precious time of sowing, and it lies largely with us how we shall improve it, and what kind of harvest we shall reap.

If we have spent our time in faithful and diligent application to study and improvement, and have made honor and truth our first principles of conduct and duty our guiding star, we have but little to fear, though our seed may often seem to have been wasted, though the ground into which it has been cast may seem rocky and sterile, and the heavens above appear as brass; yet the grain we sow is more imperishable than the solid rock. It cannot be annihilated, and in a time, when perhaps we little expect it, will come a harvest, rich in golden sheaves, heavy with precious grain, and ours will be rejoicing and thanksgiving that the infinite Father did not let the seed die which we watch sometimes with hearts al-

most breaking because we thought it had perished. From the seeds of idleness, hatred and jealousy we cannot hope to reap a harvest of honor, for these seeds of character are like all others, we cannot hope to reap honor from seeds of an opposite nature. Steel has said with equal application to the soul and body, "We reap as we sow, and we may either gather in the thorns one by one, to torment and destroy; or rejoice in the happy harvest of a hale old age."

In sowing our seed we must have an object steadily in view. We must have in mind a fixed purpose; it is then, and only then, will it be of any consequence. Owen Meredith, in his beautiful poem, *Lucie*, says:

"The man who seeks one thing in life and only
one,
 May hope to achieve it before life be done;
 But he who seeks all things wherever he goes,
 Only reaps from the hopes which around him he
sows,
 A harvest of barren regrets."

We have sown our seed; our school days are ended, and the world with its stern realities crowds upon us. One step may hurl us over some hidden precipice and crush our high hopes; another may lead us to victory, to glory and to honor. Let us be as the stately oak, though winds and rains beat upon it, though its branches bend, yet after the storm is over it stands as stately as before. So are we strong after overcoming hardships; storms may beat upon us and we may falter, yet if our seed have taken a firm growth we will not fall in the end, but reap an abundant harvest.

Sixth essay, by Miss Retta Dodd, of Wye Mills, Md. Subject—"Apples of Gold in Pictures of Silver."

The Orient resplendent in its gorgeous attire, the gift of Nature, forms but an appropriate setting for the thrilling acts of ancient times, from which we derive our chronological record, and lends an inspiration to the inhabitants who clothe their thoughts in a language of most beautiful figures, while apparently seeking enigmatical phrases, as possessing the greatest force in

all their utterances. What more pleasing impression can be conveyed in describing pleasant words than the *simile*: "Like Apples of Gold in Pictures of Silver"? The very rhythm of the words, the very image presented by the imagination in uttering them, produces the most charming impression on all who regard them with attention. The origin of language has been a question of great moment and perplexity to the wisest men. Trace back through the ages, as far as the eye of investigation can penetrate, and yet no decided originator; hence the inference is, that words were derived directly from God himself, and that one of his greatest gifts to mankind was that of speech. * * * * *

In the whole vocabulary of words used by our best conversationalists, at least one-half have an idle or frivolous meaning, which are so closely interwoven with words that may have a cogent meaning, that an intricate network is woven which takes our most discerning faculties to discriminate between whether the words are intended or not, hence causing the whole conversation to be regarded with suspicion. * *

Could we but substitute for the many idle words we speak a few serious, thoughtful words, the good we might do is immeasurable. We are prone to waste the best part of our lives in idle trifling, and the mind, the fountain-head of words, when shallow, can emit but a stream of noisy, babbling, idle words. But the word fitly spoken—who can measure its importance or weigh its worth?—words of kindness in an hour of need, words of counsel in perplexity, words of comfort in affliction, words of congratulation in victory, they will cheer the despondent, chase away the clouds of doubt and indecision, shed balm upon the wounded heart, make bright the hours of rejoicing. And these, the priceless gems, are within the reach of all. God has given us these treasures in rich abundance, to be used as all fond gifts, for his honor and glory; and, as nothing is given for ourselves alone, to be used for the help and comfort of our fellow men. * * *

Always remember that "words are the wings of action," and that "what you keep by you, you may change and mend, but words once spoken can never be recalled."

The second oration was delivered by Mr. H. H. Slifer, of Poolesville, Md. Subject—"In All There is a Strangeness."

That a strangeness exists, and is everywhere prevalent, is sufficient evidence that such was intended by the Creator. * * * The beautiful verdure of spring is followed by the scorching rays of summer. Next comes autumn with its frosts and golden leaves, which, in turn, is followed by the snows of old King Winter. The scene is forever changing. * * * * Matter is alternately living and dying. * * * * The most hard and crystalized rocks crumble into grains, and these are still further decomposed. * * * * In the organic world we are met with things just as strange. The germ becomes a seed; the seed a sapling; the sapling a tree. When arrived at mature age the tree begins to decay and at length moulders into the elementary mass to furnish fresh fuel for new generations of animal and vegetable existence. * * * * * * * * * * *

If you dig up a stone and remove it from one place to another the stone will suffer no alteration by the change; but if you dig up a plant and remove it the plant will instantly suffer, perhaps die. If you break the stone every little piece will be a stone still and have the same properties as the larger mass; but if you tear a branch off a plant the branch will instantly wither. The stone was once a small grain and grew by the addition of other grains to its surface. The plant was produced from a little seed, and has grown by drawing food from the earth, air and water. How beautiful is everything we see around us. Only take a quiet ramble and note down the objects that interest you. Notice the blue arch of the heavens, adorned with clouds and lit up by the declining sun. Every imaginable color and every degree of brightness is spread before you mingled in delightful, sublime and harmonious confusion. Proceed along the fields and a valley lies before you; the murmuring of a rivulet reaches your ear, and yonder stands an aged oak tree, ivy-clad to its topmost branches. Here is a pleasant place; yes, a sweet, sequestered vale. Its beauties grow upon you. Pause awhile on the stepping-stones and muse on the rippling waters as

they proceed onward to swell the mighty deep. Mark the glittering bubbles that, like earthly expectations, shine so brightly one moment and burst the next. Whether you gaze upon the glowing heavens above or gaze upon them mirrored in the waters running at your feet, they appear equally beautiful. How balmy is the air; how lovely is the scene. Nature reigns and revels here in seclusion. Ahead is the forest waving its branches and turning up its leaves to the breezes. The gloom thickens around; the last rays of the retiring sun are gilding the ridges that rise up in the forest scenery one above another, to the table land. The moon appears in the sky. At this moment the solitude and silence become perfect, if the faint rustle of the breezes playing in the verdure is excepted. Far off in the distance clouds appear piled one above another in calm tranquility with silvery edges; and the moon sailing onward is now obscured and now again revealed. Deep and solemn thoughts come over one, for the loveliness is almost oppressive. "What a pigmy is man, and how poor are his proudest works when compared with the handiwork of the Almighty. How wonderful and strange are His works."

Seventh essay read by Miss Sadie N. Abbott, of Baltimore, Md. Subject—"The Uses of Ornament."

The beauty of objects is frequently regarded with more interest than their utility.

While to-day may not rank high among the ages as especially distinguished for its progress in art, it has achieved as great a success if not greater, in properly arranging the works of the great masters, so that their dreams and life thoughts chiseled in marble or painted on canvas may speak to our own artists and create a spirit of emulation and fame.

This may be considered an age of adornment; progress in Science and Art has wrought a proportionate advancement in the application of ornaments to useful purposes. Not in the sense of their intrinsic value as much as in the pleasure contributed by their use and presence.

In the true use of ornament, display must not be the one aim and object; in pro-

portion as the desire of display increases so does the real value of the means diminish. Ornaments may be abused as well as used, and in one case are as great a nuisance as in the other they are a blessing.

The happiness and comforts of home life may be attributed, in a great measure, to the modest and tasteful arrangement of objects which render the surroundings pleasant and attractive.

Instead of being greeted by four cheerless bare walls on entering that most sacred spot called home, the modest decorations of the place lend a charm which is indescribable. The rigid outlines of straight walls, stiff furniture, ungraceful hangings are softened into lines of beauty by the harmonious blending of colors used in simple but effective works of decorative art.

Fashion in household matters is quite as variable as in matters of dress, even in material comfort; good taste is the real economist as well as an enhancer of joy. Scarcely have you passed the door of your neighbor's house when you can detect whether or not taste presides within it; there is an air of neatness, order, arrangement, that gives a thrill of pleasure, though you are unable to define it or explain how it is. But into another house you will see great profusion, without either taste or order; the expenditure is large, yet you can not feel "at home" there, the very atmosphere of the house seems to be discomfort, and notwithstanding the amount of money that is spent, it does not alter the condition: taste is wanting for the manager of the household.

The generation immediately succeeding the American Revolution was devoted by the people of the young republic to adjusting its commercial and political relations at home and abroad. Early in the century, however, numerous signs of literary and art activity became apparent; this period being a literary event was the point in times when the characters of the various intellectual influences began to develop a certain form, it being about the same time that art began to assume a more definite individuality, and to exhibit rather less vagueness in its yearnings after national expression. Art was influenced by exactly the same courses as literature of the same period, and like our national civilization, presents a singular

blending of original expression together with an unconscious aspiration to copy contemporary foreign styles and methods.

"Art is not gained by effort of thinking, nor explained by accuracy of speaking; it is the instinctive and necessary result of the powers which are only developed through the minds of succeeding generations, and which finally spring into life under social conditions, as slow of youth as the faculties they regulate." These arts and artists of life teach us of its mysteries; the more beautiful the art, the more it is essentially the work of persons who feel themselves wrong—those who are grasping for a loveliness which they have not yet attained, and after vain endeavors to attain such, it is farther from their grasp.

In science or literature the truths involved from the depths of research are enhanced in value and more attractive in form when the wording glows with rhetorical ornamentation. A simple style of writing is perhaps more forcible, but in "word painting" it is not necessary to interfere with the simplicity of arrangement while a much more pleasing effect may be produced.

But while all exterior adornment of person may be most admired, there is an ornament—virtue, mind and character—which is most valuable of all. By it a spirituality of expression is exhibited which lends a greater charm to personal appearance than all the gems of the world.

Let us, therefore, cultivate the virtues of the mind, ornament our understanding by bright and brilliant truths, and enjoy the blessings which true taste can give.

Eighth essay, read by Miss EMMA ADAMS, of Marion, Md. Subject, "Singing in the Rain."

A dark, gloomy day in the spring time. The sun *had* been smiling upon the earth until he had warmed her brown fields and woods so that the tender bud and blade and leaf burst their cold prison-house and began to wear a robe of vivid green, decked here and there with blossoms. Yesterday the day was glorious; we felt glad to be living, and as the last lingering rays of the Day God fell aslant over hill and dale we felt to exclaim: "How beautiful is our earth; what a vast, grand, happy world is ours."

That was only yesterday, now dark, ragged clouds hang over the earth, shedding gloomy shadows, darkening all beauty and silencing all rejoicing; a sullen rain is falling a slow persistent drizzle, save when the Storm King, ever and anon, dashes great sheets of water in the faces of the shuddering traveller. A willow stands close to my window. I cannot see to-day the living green which yesterday seemed creeping through all its veins; to-day the long swaying branches have a motion "like wringing of hands," while through their waving tops comes the whisper: "Weep, oh weep."

A tiny bird, its beautiful plumage, all wet and drooping, shelters itself in an angle of the branches, and drawing its little form up, shrinks close for protection.

Oh! how dreadful life is; nothing but trouble and sorrow and pain, even when—

Hark! what is that? A strain of delicious music, a long, sweet gurgle of melody, a full burst of glorious bird-song. The tiny, wet, miserable bird has stepped out from its shelter, and, with full-swelling throat, it seems pouring out its very soul in melody, and as it sings, the sun bursting through a rift in the clouds, lights up the scene, and Nature is gorgeous. * * *

Cheerfulness is a homely virtue, but a very comfortable one, and we see its beautiful effects even in children. The bright, contented spirit that can see God's hand in the cloud as well as in the sunshine, in storm as well as in calm, makes many other hearts happy, and renders life a pleasure instead of a burden. * * * This singing in the rain is simply being contented with God's will, and thankful for all He sends us, trouble as well as pleasure, knowing, with a child's trust, that our Father doeth all things well.

"Thanks for the darkness that reveals
Night's starry dower,
And for the sable cloud that heats
Each fevered flower;
And for the rushing storm that peals
Our weakness and thy power.
Thanks for the sickness and the grief
Which none may flee;
For loved ones standing now around the
crystal sea;
And for weariness of heart
Which only rests in thee.

Miss MADGE SLAUGHTER, who was not allowed to compete for honors on account of missing half of the junior year, then read an essay. Subject, "The Marble Waiteth."

"Make me a statue," said the King,
"Of marble white as snow,
It must be pure enough to stand,
Beside my throne at my right hand,
The niche is waiting—go!"

The great King of heaven and earth bids us each to thus carve, but our ideal, "The Marble Waiteth," the tools are in our hands, the niche in Time's great archway is vacant, and his voice says "Go!" The sculptor realizes the fact as he gazes upon the vacant slab of marble before him that it is within his power to either produce something very beautiful or something hideous, as Michael Angelo, when his gaze rested on the cold piece of marble before him, exclaimed: "There is an angel in that marble." He had the ideal of an angel firmly fixed in his mind. No one else could see it; but he set to work with hammer and chisel. He chipped all day long and late at night, yet you could scarcely perceive any difference. Still he toiled with patience and perseverance, until finally you could distinguish the faint outlines of a figure. Still you could hear the beat of the hammer as it broke the dead silence of the night, until finally the cold, damp clay dropped off, and you beheld before you the beautiful figure of an angel. * * * The idealist is not necessarily the poet; anyone can be an idealist. But the true idealist loves Nature. He sees beauty in everything around him. Just as the hard blows of the chisel are necessary to cause a beautiful statue to come from the marble, so the blows of suffering, self-denial and patience are needful to make our characters beautiful. As the great artist carves the statue, so God fashions and shapes us. The sculptor knows how to bring out the beautiful statue; God knows how to make our characters lovely. The marble, could it speak, must suffer during the process of carving; so we must suffer if we would be made noble in character. * * * The living marble is better than the cold stone for us to carve; the influence of the beautiful which is stamped upon it will remain

forever. Let us think of our lives, not as many years made up of hours, days, weeks and months, but as a whole block of marble, out of which we are to carve a name, a character. Time and intellect, health, perseverance and industry, are so many tools which God has given us to work with, and day by day the statue should grow in beauty and perfection. Alas! sometimes the work stands still; sometimes false blows are struck, which mar instead of beautifying, but if the earnest will, the patient endeavor, is ours, and if a bright ideal is ever before us, God himself will prosper the work, until when, with fear and trembling, we bring our statue to the King, He will, seeing our obedient, living work, say—

"Thou shalt not unrewarded go,
Since thou hast done thy best,
Thy statue shall acceptance win,
It shall be as it should have been,
For I will do the rest."

"He touched the statue, marvellous change,
The clay fell off and lo!
A marble shape before him stands,
The perfect work of heavenly hands,
An angel pure as snow."

Mr. BURGEE, who also was not allowed to compete for honors on account of dropping the Greek of the course, then delivered an oration. Subject, "Graduation."

"In this beautiful world of ours the scenes of life are ever changing. Nothing appears to be lasting; our sweetest flowers fade and our dearest bonds are severed. Change is the universal law of mind and matter. All nature proclaims the law of gradual unfolding; forward and backward, development or decline, life or death mark the course of every living thing. Even man the crowning work of the Creator, is a creature of change. Endowed with faculties capable of development, he is ever changing. Thus, in direct obedience to the laws of Nature, the *Class of '87* has undergone change after change until we have reached that point in our college life which our teachers have been pleased to call graduation. As defined by Webster, graduation is simply the admission to a certain grade or degree. To the college boy it is the grand centre towards which all his hopes

and wishes tend. The Prep., when weary from the repetition of *amo, amas, amat*, receives nourishment and inspiration from the thought that someday he will graduate. Not only to the Prep, but to the Freshman, Sophomore and Junior, yea, to the Senior, it is the one remedy for the mind when troubled by Butler's Analogy, or that worst of all terrors to the College boy, Greek. Like all medical remedies it can be used until it will no longer produce the desired effect, when another must be applied. So it is with the *Class of '87* to-day. That which has ever been the zenith of our ambition is reached. It is pleasant to think that one set of books can be closed and laid upon the shelves as relics of the past;—but we know unmixed happiness is a cup seldom presented to mortal lips; and while we write "Finis" or "Graduation" at the end of the volume of college life, we take up another larger and more difficult. *Graduation* is but an imaginary line that ought by no means to be regarded as a boundary. It should be but the beginning of a lifetime devoted to pleasurable, intellectual pursuits. We are Seniors to-day, but to-morrow we shall be Juniors in the school of life. Life moves on like a book, forever changing, unperceived the change. Thus far we have glided down the gentle rolling stream together, and in our ecstasy we seemed to see nothing but the realization of our greatest desire to graduate. But the gently rolling stream has born us on and on until we have at last reached the ocean, whence we must embark over an unfathomed water to reach our respective harbor. Classmates no longer, but students; still the desire for knowledge is a principle implanted in our nature, and we wish to let it grow from more to more. We are entering a day and age when mind rules the world. In ages past and gone, the *sword* was the power by which a nation commanded respect and honor. To-day we see the nation whose *people are the most enlightened* is the nation that stands at the head. Notwithstanding all that is known, new discoveries are being made constantly, which assures us but few steps have been taken up the heights of knowledge. Though graduates, we realize that we have taken but one step up the hill of learning, mounted but one round in the ladder of life,

standing to-day at the foot, the golden sunlight glimmering over us, the snow-topped heights of knowledge are just visible. We behold the glorious prospect, and with new zeal we determine to keep on climbing until we reach the top. Our diplomas, though pleasant and helpful companions, can not shield us from the stern duties of life; whatever field we enter there will we find opposition. The Alps, piercing the clouds and soaring with glittering pinnacles into the heavens, will rise before us, but we remember the words of that victorious, General, Napoleon, to his soldiers: "Beyond the Alps lies Italy."

Education is a lifetime work. Graduation simply the foundation. The hoary-headed scholar, as he stands on the verge of the grave, realizes but too plainly how little he knows, and how vast is the field of knowledge."

At this point in the programme President Lewis made a short address to the class, giving them practical advice, and expressing his sorrow at parting with them. The degree of A. B. was then conferred upon all the graduates, after which the class sang the Latin ode, "Non Nobis Domine."

The valedictory essay was then read in a very pleasing style by Miss Lorena Hill, of Long Corner, Md. Her subject was: "Women's Helpers." She treated the subject very skillfully and uniquely. The valedictory was also interesting and touching. No doubt her schoolmates are as sad at parting with her as was she, for her friends here are numerous.

So much has been said by women suffragists concerning the rights, or rather the wrongs of the sex, that the condition of a nineteenth-century woman, when viewed through the distorting glasses of fanatical opinions, seems most deplorable.

To be born and reared in bondage, as these reformers would represent it, is calculated to convince our freedom loving citizens that there is need of change in the form of government, and when to this is added the assertion that woman is the slave to the domineering will of man, the feeling of misseration for woman's lot is changed for one of antagonism to man, who has so unjustly defrauded her of her rights.

This erroneous idea is due either to ignorance or ingratitude—ignorance of the progress of woman, both socially and intellectually, or ingratitude to the strong supporters which have sustained her for years, and exalted her to the position she now occupies. While clamoring for more rights, she is unappreciative of what she has. But on such an occasion as this, when you see the sister and brother enjoying the same educational advantages, nurtured at the same fountain-head of knowledge, and now emerging into life with equal training, intellect and ambition, can it be said that woman is down-trodden and her brother the usurper of her rights? Would it not be better, in considering the *real* slavery in which she has existed in ages past, to be thankful for the blessings she now enjoys, to attribute them to their proper source, and, by showing her appreciation of some slight recompense, stimulate her helpers to continue their endeavors for her advancement. The ballot will never be granted as long as women call men "wretches," "usurpers," "oppressors," and prove time and again the equality, if not superiority of intellect, judgment, etc., and use these worn-out proofs for rights of which they have no definite idea and view from a defiant standpoint of injured independence. * * *

To form a true idea of women's advancement it is necessary to view some of the conditions in which she has existed.

Compare life dragged out in the darkness of heathenism to a life clouded but here and there by a few dark spots of childish discontent. Compare the slavery of ignorance with the so-called slavery of a few petty restrictions, and you will arrive at a proper estimate of her progress.

And to what is all this due—the natural progressive tendencies of the sex? An unquenchable ambition, which, despite the crushing weight of defeat, would spring into new life and vigor? I think not; woman though hated for many things, is truly described by bards as being a precious, yet frail treasure, and without help she would never win the honors which now so lightly sit upon her brow. Undoubtedly Christianity has exerted a greater influence in elevating the condition of woman than any other power. * * * * *

Hand in hand with Christianity is education; in fact, they are inseparably connected, so that the elevation of human beings from the lowest depths of degradation is due to both. While the vast strides in science and literature made by the scholars of early ages have never been surpassed in modern times, our men of to-day have made a greater advancement in the true sense of the word than the ancients could ever hope to make.

We do not say it is pure unselfishness in man; probably he finds it to his advantage in lifting woman as his equal to his side; two level heads in the boat, one to steer and one to row, may make better progress down the stream of life than when each regard the other with contempt or fear.

We cannot help it, if in the beginning man got the start of woman, *that, probably*, was one of Nature's oversights. * * * But affairs existing in the present state, man having gained pre-eminence by his own individual efforts is not to blame for thus far outstripped his helpmeet, but is to be commended for his attempt at a reparation of woman's wrongs and grant her the recognition of an equality, if not a precedence in all pursuits.

So as we to day sever the ties that bind us to our foster mother, as we are borne far down the current of life to meet many a conflict ere we reach the Eternal shore, we look back with a longing to dear old Alma Mater, our greatest helper, and regret our many unimproved opportunities. Never did she seem so dear as now when we are forced to part.

'Tis finished, the days of preparation are now at an end, and we are called forth to labor in the world hitherto clad in Fancy's robes of brightness, which now stern Reality removes and disclosed all its rugged proportions. * * * * *

Our schoolmates, whom we regard with equal love and interest, may not at present realize or appreciate their opportunities nor the sadness of our separation, but the swift course of time will soon reveal to them, as it does to us to day, the solemn meaning of the word, we must say: "Farewell."

Mr. Combs, the male valedictorian, closed the exercises of the day with the valedictory oration. His remarks upon the rise and progress of republicanism, and consequent downfall of Caesarism, and his connection of this with his valedictory proper were very appropriate. Below is found a synopsis of his oration, and we say may his prophecy of no more emperors be fulfilled in the near future. Below is a sketch of his oration:

The Last Caesar.

Two very profound thinkers of England have averred that the world is retrograding. Like Aristophanes of old, they point back to the palmy days of antiquity with something akin to ecstasy, while they satirize and discourage the present and utter gloomy prophecies for the future. In Aristophanes this spirit may be pardonable. Bred, as he was, with the idea of the good old times of the aristocracy, and living under a poorly constituted democratical government, we can understand his bitter opposition to the tendencies of his time. But it is hard to reconcile ourselves to such views from Carlyle and Tennyson. Men who could read, if they would, on every leaf of the record of our times, the prophecy that overweighs all possible discouragements, and assures the present that the future will be worthy of it—the prophecy, namely: that we are at the end of despotism, and can already see enthroned in civilized government the last man claiming the august title of Caesar.

As civilization advances the tendency is to enlarge the power of the people and restrict that of the rulers. The people are the sources of the nation's strength, and why should they not also control its power. The nation is the people, and government should be the expression of the will of the people. It is true that the republican form of government may not have reached a state of perfection, and there may be other forms in which the power of the people may rule more satisfactorily than in the representative democracy of the present, but at least it is a vast improvement on former systems.' * * * * * "It was an experiment for the framers of our constitution, but it succeeded wonderfully well. They assumed that all men are born equal, that a ruler is a public servant and cannot be born to power and authority; he is but a man.

'Imperious Caesar dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.'

"The struggle between popular rights and despotic power has been going on from the earliest dawn of antiquity, and we can trace the gradual development of republicanism through all the forms of government that have existed in the world. The absolute power of the ruler has been gradually lessened, until now he has little else to do than execute the laws passed by the peo-

ples' representatives." Mr. Combs then gave the list of republics, heading it with "Our own glorious Union, standing pre-eminently first, and constituting a bright exemplar to other nations desiring a recognition in their governments of the rights of the people."

"But what is the tendency of all this? What means this gradually lessening kingly power; this constantly increasing number of republics? All empires are in a state of turmoil and cannot long exist. * * * The people feel that they are the source of power, and that it is but just that they should wield that power. They feel that there is no truth in the doctrine of the divine right of kings—and that no one can rightfully rule whose power is not derived from them. As civilization advances they recognize this fact, and the day is not far distant when empires and kingdoms shall fade into purely popular governments and the world will hail with delight the last of the line of Cæsars. * * * As progress and improvement is the law of the universe, it is not probable that we have yet reached the most perfect form of popular government, as said by an author of some note of the present day:

'How little lasts in this brave world below!
Love dies; hate cools; the Cæsars come and go,
Gaunt hunger fattens and the weak grow strong,
Evea republics are not here for long.'

"Firm believer as I am in the superior excellence of a republican form of government, and that our institution is the best that has ever been devised for the welfare and happiness of mankind, I have deemed it not inappropriate to say thus much of the rise and progress of republicanism and the consequent downfall of Cæsarism before proceeding to the sad task assigned me on this occasion. * * * * *"

"I have the honor to be your valedictorian; to me has fallen the sad lot of formally severing our connections with our alma mater, and, must I say also, of dissolving the bonds which have joined us in one strong union. No, for though to day we separate for widely different fields, and it may be never to meet again, still I believe there is that in the hearts of every one of us that will tell us in years to come we were members of the class of '87. * * * * *"

"Mr. Combs then spoke of the sadness consequent upon leaving the school, where so many pleasures had been realized and the teachers who and so earnestly striven to prepare us for the battle of life just beginning. Wishing "to our young alma mater Godspeed in the course of prosperity; in which she has lately made such rapid progress, and trusting that higher and broader fields of usefulness are yet before her. * * And assuring our teachers that they have sent forth upon the busy world none who will appreciate more highly their instruction or cherish with more pleasure the recollection of them than the graduates of '87." After dwelling for a short while on the stern realities of actual life, which to-day would be entered by the graduates, Mr. Combs spoke a brief farewell to

his classmates, and, in conclusion, said: "I have, and confidently have, hopes that the names of some of my classmates may fill the future trumpet of fame, and be assured that none will feel more pride or pleasure in your success than the humble classmate who now addresses you. And in the end, when the days of your activity have passed and the sun of your existence has lowered behind the western horizon, may your last valedictorian truly pronounce:

'Quiet consummation have
And renowned be thy grave.'"

Art Exhibition.

The exhibition of this department shows that it is not behind the other departments of the college in the improvement it has made. In the art-room this year are to be found considerably more work than heretofore, all of which, with one exception, was performed by the students; this exception being a very fine picture of Dr. Lewis done by the painting teacher, Mrs. H. H. Troupe.

In the embroidery work special attention has been given, and consequently the exhibit in this line is particularly large and fine. Dr. Lewis' private parlors have been transformed into an art gallery, and the appearance of the room is gorgeous. Upon every available spot of the wall is placed some painting or other piece of artistic work, while several large stands contains many other pieces.

There are in all thirty-five paintings and forty-one pieces of embroidery, and as some of these are very large, it makes quite an array. We briefly describe some few of the pieces—of course we are not acquainted with many of the fine points of the several pieces and must leave much for the reader to imagine. The prize painting was a Porcelain Placque, ornamented with blue flags. This piece is remarkable for its fidelity of coloring and graceful grouping of flowers. It was executed by Miss Gertrude F. Beeks during this scholastic year. Among other pieces deserving particular mention, we would note "Scene on the Rhine," by Miss H. E. Dood. It is on canvass, 48x50, and very much admired, and has probably more work on it than any other piece in the room. "The Startled Stag," by Miss E. Mary Wallis is also a very fine picture. It is on canvass, 48x60, and its special feature is its perspective and sky painting. "A Study of Birds," by Miss M. A. Slaughter, is also beautifully done and bears close inspection. Miss Mamie Slaughter's "Shield of Magnolias," consisting of a metalized shield, supported on crossed spears, painted with magnolias, is also well worthy of mention. We notice also, among other beautiful things in this collection, the shower with which the ground was broken for new building. It has been beautifully painted by Misses Dodd, Wallace, and Fisher. Space will not permit us to describe more of the paintings.

In the embroidery the "mantle lambrequin" of Miss M. Edith Richards took the prize. It was of green felt, embroidered in full blown poppies, leaves and seed pods. Among other very beautiful pieces was an "old-gold sofa cushion" of Miss I. J. Whaley; plush, embroidered in cockscomb and thistles. Mrs. R. E. Dodd's "piano cover" was the largest piece of work and one of the handsomest. It was olive felt with border of cardinal plush, embroidered with a rich wreath and elaborate corner pieces. The buffet scarf and Doilies of exquisitely fine-drawn work and embroidery of etching silk, by Miss S. N. Abbott, was particularly fine. The black satin sofa-cushion, embroidered in poppies and gilt-pilagree work on peacock blue band of E. W. Adams, and the handsomest black satin banner, with cream rosebuds, by Miss C. V. Underhill, will be all that space will permit us to describe.

But we would say that every piece in the catalogue is well done, and we congratulate both teachers and students upon the success of this year's work in these arts. The art room was open daily from three to five in the afternoon.

Personal.

Miss Annie Dodd had been spending the week with her sister, Miss Retta Dodd, of the graduating class.

Mrs. Pillsbury, of Baltimore, Md., is visiting her daughter, Blanche.

Miss Georgie Harlan has as a guest her sister, Miss Belle Harlan, of Elkton, Md.

Mrs. Hanay is visiting her daughters, Misses Addie and Eula Hanay, and attended the graduation of the latter.

Miss Mary Galt, of Copperville, Md., a former student of our college, is spending a few days with her friend, Miss Edith Richards.

Miss Lillian Constable, of Kent Co., Md., is a guest of Miss Madge Slaughter, '87. Miss C. was a member of the illustrious Class '86, but she failed to return to graduate, and the Class regretted the fact very much, losing in her one of its ablest members.

Miss Sallie V. Pennington is visiting her friend, Miss Blanche Pillsbury. Miss Pennington was formerly connected with the college as a student.

Past Chaplain David Wilson, together with his son and daughter, paid a short visit to Westminster during the commencement week.

Rev. B. F. Benson and family are spending the week at Prof. Simpson's residence.

Mr. Roger Combs, Leonardtown, Md., is visiting his brother, Mr. Paul Combs, '87.

Rev. L. L. Albright, a graduate of the Seminary, arrived here yesterday from his home in North Carolina.

Mr. C. A. Veasey, a former student of the college, is visiting in Westminster.

Mr. Fletcher Caulk received a visit from his father last week.

Mr. W. K. Larrimore, of Easton, Md., is staying at "The Albion."

Mr. D. E. Abbott and family, Baltimore, Md., are staying in Westminster, and were present at the graduation of the daughter, Miss Sadie.

Mr. Edward Delcher, Jr., and William Eller Bacon, Baltimore, Md., spent commencement day with friends.

Mr. G. S. Woodward, a former student of our College, is now visiting Westminster.

Mr. G. H. Gorch is visiting his brother-in-law, Prof. S. Simpson.

Mr. C. A. Veasey is spending a few days of commencement with his old room mate, Mr. Burgee.

Dr. J. Sprigg Poole, resident physician at the Maryland University Hospital, is the guest of Mr. Slifer.

The Maryland State Teachers' Association meets this year at the Hygeia Hotel, Old Point, Va., on the 5th of July, the session closing on the 8th. Prof. Reese has been invited to address the Association on "English Literature in the Public Schools;" the alumni will be represented by Jas. A. Diffenbaugh, A. M., '74, and Chas. H. Baughman, A. M., '71; the former reading a paper on "School Superintendence and Supervision," and the latter speaking on the subject of "The Education and Training of Teachers."

Mr. J. A. Melvin and W. Frank Elgin are both practicing medicine and doing fairly. The former at Oxford and the latter at Bean, Montgomery county.

Alumni.

Commencement week brings with it quite a number of alumni. Old students seem to show their love of their alma mater in this way, and seem to enjoy a visit to it. The present students are always glad to see those who have finished their duties here, and they are always welcome guests. Among the arrivals of Alumni are the following:

Miss Anna R. Yingling, A. M., '71, of Baltimore, Md.

Mrs. Dr. Fenby, '76, of Baltimore, Md.

Miss Mamie McKinstry, A. M., '79, of McKinstry's Mills, Md.

Miss Lizzie Trump, A. M., '79, of Manchester, Md.

Rev. E. A. Warfield, A. M., B. D., '82, of Frederick Co., Md.

Miss May Nicodemus, '81, of Wakefield, Md.

Mrs. Mary Clousher, '72, of McDonogh, Md.

Mr. Lynn R. Meekins, A. M., '82, of Baltimore, Md., who will deliver the oration before the Alumni to-night.

Miss L. O. Stone, '86, of Mt. Pleasant, Md.

Miss Bessie Miller, A. M., '81, of Elkton, Md., who will read the essay before the Alumni tonight.

F. T. Benson, B. D., '84, of Washington, D. C.
Mr. Leyburn M. Bennett, '86, of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.

Miss Nellie Sappington, '86, of Rock Hall, Md.
Mr. W. E. Roop, '86, of Meadow Brook, Md.
E. T. Mowbray, '86, of Riders, Md.

Mr. Alonzo Miles, A. M., '83, of Somerset Co., Md.

Mr. MacC. Brown, '85, of Uniontown, Md.
Miss Emma Reaver, '86, of Taneytown, Md.

Miss Sadie Kneller, '85, of Baltimore, Md.
Miss Annie Bruce, '85, of Trappe, Md.

Mr. George Erb, '86, of Union Mills, Md.
B. A. Dunner, '86, of Johnsville, Md.

C. M. Grow, Jr., '86, of Frederick, Md.

At the close of Tuesday morning's exercises very neat little souvenirs were given to all the students. They consisted of small cards and contained the names of students and faculty.

On Commencement Day the College gave a dinner to the students and visiting friends, and, like all other occasions of this kind at our College, it was one of enjoyment. With his usual becoming grace Dr. Lewis presided. Most of the faculty members were present, besides quite a number of visiting friends. The following menu was amply discussed and fully enjoyed:

	Clam Soup,	
	Fried Chickens,	Bolled Ham,
	Roast Beef,	
	New Potatoes, dressed with Cream,	
Corn,	Stewed Prunes,	Lettuce
	Ice Cream and Pineapples.	

It was Dr. Lewis' final dinner for the year, and we can assure him that it was very much enjoyed by all.

Locals.

The new staff elect of the COLLEGE PORTFOLIO comprises the following members: Browning Society, Misses Carrie L. Mourer and Laura B. Taylor, editors, and Miss Maggie Stern, business manager. Philomathean Society, Misses Laura Jones and Carrie W. Phoebus, editors, and Miss Ida J. Whaley, business manager. Webster Society, Messrs. Isaac G. Michael and J. McD. Radford, editors, and Mr. L. Irving Politt, business manager. The new staff has the most earnest wishes of the retiring one for success and advancement of the paper.

We regret that we were unable to publish the synopsis of Mr. H. C. Stocksdale's senior oration, but as we were compelled to press early, time was not permitted for him to prepare it.

During the month an old-time spelling match was, held and Miss Laura B. Taylor was the last to be puzzled, and therefore won the prize, a very nice dictionary.

Miss Meredith was sadly called to her home recently by the death of her sister. The PORTFOLIO desires to express its sincere sympathy for the sad bereavement.

A few days ago, Dr. Lewis presented to the college a splendid crayon of our old President. The picture is life-size and set in a magnificently carved hard wood frame. It was placed in the public parlor of the college.

The senior program for class day is certainly one of the most beautiful designs we have ever seen, and the unique type-work is such as only Wright can do.

The memorial tablet is also a very handsome tablet; it is a brass shield, mounted on hard wood, 18x24, bearing the engraving of the class motto: "Me quaerere me speruere honorum;" below this is the list of class members. Their invitation to commencement day exercises was also a very elegant design. We heartily congratulate the class upon its success in these particulars.

COMPETITIVE ESSAY.

This essay closes the series of competitive essays for the Weigand medal. The result of the competition and authors of the essays will be found elsewhere.

No. 5.

THE BEST METHOD OF PROMOTING THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

Under a system of government like our own, security for its institutions is found only in the purity of its citizenship. A debased citizen is always a tool in the hand of corrupting influences, and therefore a constant menace to free government and a besetting danger to popular liberties. To secure to the greatest number the fullest enjoyment of rational and personal freedom, should be the chief purpose of all governments, and especially of our government, the preamble to whose constitution states that we are organized "to insure domestic tranquility." In order to accomplish this end, government is required to deal with well-defined evils, which curse and infest society; to grapple with and crush them. Drunkenness is a well-defined evil. It deranges voters, it pauperizes many citizens, it fills our prisons with criminals, it insults peaceable persons and it

demoralizes communities. Statistics for the State of Maine for 1884 show that the crimes of several cities were in almost a direct ratio to the number of liquor licenses issued to them. Dr. Dugdale's excellent article, "Marguerite, the Mother of Harlots," will inform the reader of the strong tendency there is for degradation and crime to follow successive generations. Over \$800,000,000 of the hard earnings of the American laborer is consumed annually in the liquor traffic. An evil of such magnitude certainly demands most careful governmental attention, and the question naturally arises: "How shall government treat with it; what is the best method of crushing it?"

National issues require national parties to promote them. The temperance cause will never be gained until its party becomes strong enough to demand legislation in its favor. And why should not a third party be organized? The liquor question must certainly remain a matter of secondary consideration to the old parties of the country; neither of them can afford at present to engross it in its platform, because it is opposed by such a number of laborers that the defeat of the party so favoring it would necessarily follow. No! temperance needs a party of its own; one that will come out squarely on this basis and fight the campaigns for its own victory; and there surely could be no time more favorable to the success of such a party than the present. For certainly all opposing parties must be divided on common issues, and such a division does not now exist in the Democratic and Republican parties of to-day. The issue that gave them birth has passed away. They are not uniform on the tariff question. Both promise civil service reform and judicious management of public moneys, while neither fulfill the promises. In such a condition of old parties, new-

born ones are likely to be most prosperous. It is true that Prohibition is not a new party. Its statistics show that, as early as 1872, it received over five thousand votes. Still, it is only in the past few years that it has gained much prominence.

I have heard ministers object to the Prohibition party because God, in His Scriptures, did not forbid the use of wine—did not, forsooth, declare it a sin to taste the juice of the grape. These ministers seem to forget that drunkenness is forbidden, and that moderate use of wine begets a strong passion for drink in so many instances. Moreover, can we reasonably expect a civil code written out around those laws which are intended for man's soul-government? Is there anything in the Bible prohibiting the reckless use of firearms in cities? and still, who can deny the necessity of such a law? God never intended the Bible to be a statute-book of civil government. But how would these ministers rout this evil out from society? They are among the first to decry it—and how do they propose to crush it? Many of them will tell you *moral suasion* is the proper armor for the combat. Ministers, however, surely ought to know that moral suasion will not accomplish this purpose. The men with whom we have to treat are too degraded and too insensible to their own advancement to be reformed in this manner. When the loving wife and starving child cannot persuade a man to reform, nothing can. Furthermore, in this country of popular liberties, citizens are apt to consider its laws as the only necessary restriction, and to think that whatever they sanction is right.

That other alternative of prohibition—high license—seems equally as unable to accomplish the desired result. To increase license is to make liquor higher, and thus to take more from the purchaser—for experience surely teaches that if there is liquor, people *will* have it.

The morality of licenses seems to me questionable; they give persons legal right to do a thing at least productive of much misery, and the government that does so seems certainly unfaithful to the best interests of its citizens.

"What right has man to license the things God stamps as wrong;

What right to hurl torpedoes among a senseless throng.

What right to license murder? what right to license rape?

To make of men and brothers fiends in human shape.

What right to deal damnation, to covenant with crime?

What right—what right to license."

High license might and would put liquor out of the reach of some of the very poor, but it certainly would not stop the majority of people in their use of intoxicating beverages.

It seems, therefore, that no manner bids fair to promote the temperance cause as effectually as the Prohibition party. Political economy, patriotism, humanity and Christianity demand prohibition by State and national law. That such prohibition be effective it must be bedded in organic law, and must be secured by political party organized for the purpose. The argus-eyed monster of intemperance stalks up and down the country, overthrowing all that dares to oppose it. Every kind and sex are its victims. To overthrow this, strength is needed, and that strength is to be found only in the Prohibition party.

The first aim of this party should be the abolition of saloons. They are so many dens of iniquity, the destroyers of so many happy homes and upright characters. They are prevalent on every hand, nearly every block in the city has them; at every cross-road country store we find them; they are so common, indeed, that we lose sight of the danger connected with them, and therefore, they are more dangerous. After crushing out the saloons, Prohibition can take up the other evils of the liquor traffic and finally abolish the sale of intoxicating spirits altogether, as has lately been done in some of the States. Opponents of Prohibition will tell you that it will never succeed, that people will never vote for it. They do not remember that it is a com-

paratively new party. Compare it with the anti-slavery movement; both received less than 10,000 votes the first year, and at the end of the first decade, the number polled was over 150,000. It is true that the war consummated the end of the anti-slavery party, but would it not have succeeded without the war? Prohibition will also succeed; honest men must see its right, and when it grows a little older they are bound to support it. Men are affiliated to their old parties, and are likely to distrust new ones, but the Prohibition party will outgrow this distrust. It will improve the public by suppressing drunken orgies, which disgrace army and navy. It will abolish liquor traffic, the source of so much crime; idiocy and poverty, entailing excessive taxation upon the citizens of the United States, and it cannot be long before men will "vote as they pray."

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