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Poetical.

THE SILVER LINING.

There's never a day so sunny
But a little cloud appears;
There's never a life so happy
But has had its time of tears;
Yet the sun shines out the brighter
When the stormy tempest clears.

There's never a garden growing
With roses in every plot;
There's never a heart so hardened
But it has one tender spot:
We have only to prune the boarder
To find the forget-me-not.

There's never a cup so pleasant
But has bitter with the sweet;
There's never a path so bright;
That bears not the prints of feet;
And we have a Helper promised
For the trials we may meet.

There's never a sun that rises
But we know 'twill set at night;
The tints that gleam in the morning
At evening are just as bright;
And the hour that is the sweetest
Is between the dark and light.

There's never a dream that's happy
But the waking makes us sad;
There's never a dream of sorrow
But the waking makes us glad!
We shall look some day with wonder
At the troubles we have had.—Selected.

LECTURE.

Thursday Evening Chapel Lecture by Prof. S. Simpson, A. M.

In the division of academic work it appears that my department is chiefly the sciences called "natural." I do not mean by this that my colleagues have the supernatural, the artificial or the unnatural sciences; but this fact would seem to indicate that my lecture should be on some subject kindred to matter, nature, or some of the modes of energy, and that the presentation should be partly by experiment. However, the absence of lecture room and stand, appropriately furnished with apparatus and gas flame, renders this manner of presenting the subject impracticable.

Looking at the variety of material before me, I am seriously embarrassed, both by the number of subjects suggested and by the vastness of almost any of them. As a kind of general compromise, I have chosen as a basis for some remarks:

MATTER AS A LANGUAGE AND AS A VEHICLE OF ENERGY.

Matter is at least as old as creation; but while the blooming flowers of Paradise, the inscribed tables of Moses, the turquois calais of Pliny, and the cameo vase of Nero, were all matter, yet the persons who saw or possessed them knew nothing of their composition. They knew but little more about matter than the native of India who loaded some goats with stones and carried them to Simla, where he offered them for the paltry sum of one shilling apiece, until he met some scientists from Delhi, and learned that the stones were genuine rubies and worth a fortune.

The ancient philosophers taught that there were only four elements, earth, air, fire and water, and they were correct, ex-

cept the fact that neither one of these is an element, and instead of four we have as many as sixty-seven elements. The oldest treatise on matter of any value is a poem by Lucretius, 80 years B. C., but he did not know what matter is, how it came into existence, nor by what force the atoms are held together in a mass. Then followed many centuries during which the schoolmen knew too little of nature to study matter with pleasure, and the love of truth was too feeble to stimulate physical research. During these years of intellectual darkness and superstition the love of money led many to study the laws of nature. On the one hand astrologers gazed into the heavens from hour to hour during the night, trying to find some principle by which to tell fortunes and predict future events by the planets. On the other, the alchemist gave his money and time seeking some method to transmute iron, copper and baser metals into gold, or in trying to discover the elixir of life, a magic potion which would preserve the bloom of youth on a maiden's cheek and let her bask and blush in eternal beauty. Thus astrology and alchemy form a kind of background for these sciences, for these enchanting fields of investigation, in which inventors have met with princely fortunes, discoverers have tasted the sweets of undying fame, and in which successful efforts have flooded the earth with dazzling light, and enabled the rulers of the world to say good morning before breakfast. In fact, it is only within the last few years, comparatively, that the world has had an insight into this department of knowledge.

Nothing will better illustrate the recency of chemical science than the word gas. Wm. Shakespeare and Queen Elizabeth never heard the word gas, meaning a fluid. (They may have heard some gassy lectures.) In the year 1640 some German miners were asphyxiated or suffocated in their mines. The proprietor called in the scientist Von Helmont to explain the phenomenon.—What was the matter down in the mines, that the men could not live there? After careful examination, Mr. Helmont reported that there were spirits down in the mines guarding the treasures, and that these spirits could not be governed by the laws of science. Thus the German word for spirit, gheist or ghost, became the name of what was subsequently found to be marsh gas, or carbonic acid.

At the Declaration of Independence, 110 years ago, not a man in the world knew what water is, or what fire is; while 38 (more than half) of the elements have been discovered during the present century, and the whole science of chemistry has grown into its present proportions since 1810, when Dr. Dalton brought out the atomic theory, and explained the nature of compounds. From that time the science of matter has received more and more attention, amounting in many cases to enthusiasm, and to-day the sciences so-called seem to be monopolizing the attention of educators the world over.

Before coming to the science of matter, everyone knows some of its phenomena. He knows that wind is in some way connected with temperature; that the moon keeps company with the earth, and that the earth must keep some definite distance from

the sun. But it took a Newton to explain these things, and to-day it takes the most earnest study to understand them. The boy sees what he thinks to be a flash of lightning, but he is required to be informed that what he sees are particles of air heated so as to be red-hot. He looks at the stars and thinks that he sees them as they are, but he requires to be told that he sees even the nearest of them over three years ago, and if he is 25 years old and looking at Polaris, he sees that star 20 years before he was born.

When he is told that this startling information is nothing to what science can yet reveal, he is likely to marvel at the arcand of physics, and at the patient efforts of genius which have penetrated so far into the darkness shrouding the mysteries of matter.

In the language of a popular geologist:

"Thus Nature dwells within our reach,
But though we stand so near her,
We still interpret half her speech
With ears too dull to hear her."

Young ladies and gentlemen, my introduction has been much longer than I intended, but I will promise you to treat the theme more briefly.

Matter as you see it around you in rock, in iron, or in the desk, seems to be inert or powerless, and yet it is instinct with energy; it seems to be at rest, and yet it is in incessant motion; in seems to have no secrets to impart, and yet when interrogated experimentally, it turns the world upside down by the truths which it reveals.

In defining matter I will not say with Stewart Mill, that "Matter is a permanent possibility of sensation;" nor with Hegel, that "Matter is nature's self-externality in its most universal form," nor yet with Bosovich, that "Matter consists of indivisible points without extension;" but I will say that matter is objectified thought, constituted by forces which are the manifestations of the Divine will.

The material universe is not the result of chance or accident. The world was brought into existence according to a pre-conceived plan, and the plan became the law of creation—executed by forces which the scientist finds inherent and fixed in matter. Matter did not and does not accidentally or fortuitously aggregate into such masses or bodies as we see around us. Matter takes and preserves definite forms only by laws. These laws are from God. Through matter they have recorded the thought of the Creator, and these are the oldest recorded thoughts in the universe. The mighty interest that gathers around the study of matter does not come simply from matter; this mighty interest does not come from the hope of personal gain, nor from public benefits which come to us through a knowledge of the laws of matter. It comes from the fact that the study of the forces in matter is one of the principal ways opening before men through which they can look into toward the solution of the universe. Not the only way, to be sure. Revelation is what the Creator says to the spiritual man in the spiritual world, and science is what he says to the natural man in the natural world; and what he has said and does say in this way is a great problem, full of interest.

The scholar in olden times read the sup-

posed story of matter with fear and trembling. If he did not, as Von Helmont, pronounce matter to be a ghost, he at least thought it was a prophet of evil. But now, as the trained eye of the scientist reads the record in the laboratories and in the rocks; as he looks at it through microscope, and spectroscope, and telescope, he sees benevolent design, provident plans and everlasting benedictions recorded everywhere in a thousand languages, all original.

Matter, keeping the secret for ages for want of a reader, at last with many tongues publishes the thoughts, not in the words which men speak, but in the alphabet of the towering hills and babbling brook, the whistling winds and electric current, the burning lamp and clambering jessamine.

In the language of Horace Smith:

Your voiceless lips, O flowers, are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit and each leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers,
In loneliest nook.

Were I, O God, in churchless land residing,
Far from the voice of teachers and divine,
My soul would find in flowers of Thy ordaining
Priests, sermons, shrines.

Again, matter has nowhere forgotten its own history more fully than in the crust of the earth. Bacon says facts are the voices of God reared in things, a proposition fully demonstrated by the story of the rocks. What the earth is doing to-day it has been doing for ages. What, then, is taking place at present? Well, the rain water that falls on the hills and valleys is carrying rocks and clay and specimens of plants and animals away to the oceans to build continents for future ages. From the hydrographical basin of the Mississippi the aqueous agencies carry every year seven and a half billions cubic feet of soil into the Gulf and into the Atlantic ocean—a mass sufficient to cover one square mile 26 feet deep annually. All this is spread out over the ocean's bottom, making rock. What record is it preparing? Well, it is writing the history of the Mississippi Valley. What items of fact may be found in this history? The fins and bones and skeletons of fish and animals and reptiles that now throng the waters. Hither are gathering from the valley the leaves and reeds and trees torn up by the storm, and swept oceanward by the current. Specimen skeletons of animals, plants and birds are rapidly finding their graves in the rock, to perpetuate the memory of their species. Ships wrecked and broken, with cargoes unclaimed, and drowned mariners lying in the rubbish, unconscious of the driving storm above—all furnishing chapters for the history. As Steele has aptly expressed it, "The bottom of the ocean is the cemetery in which lie the dead from the kingdoms of nature." This makes us able to read in the everlasting mountains the history of plants and of animal life, swarming, and busy, and bustling in the olden times. Here is a fragment of schistose slate that came from far down in the mines of an adjacent state. (The speaker holding a fossil fern in his hand.) This records the history of a delicate fern leaf, with

"Fairly pencilling, a quaint design;
Leafage veining, fibres clear and fine."

As to antiquity, the language in which this history is recorded dates far back behind the Rosetta Stone, the hieroglyphic or the papyrus along the Nile. Pthaho-

tep's book, the oldest in the world, now preserved in Paris, is only of yesterday when you compare its existence to the duration of this record.

To stand on the first land that was ever lifted above the waste of waters, to follow the shore where the earliest animal and plant life were created, and where the thought of God first expressed itself in organic form, to break off a bit of stone and behold the remains of the oldest life of the globe. This to the scientists is immensely more interesting than to examine the relics of our own race. Not only is the history ancient, but it unfolds a record of the finest workmanship. Upon the painted ceilings of Italian palaces the living foliage is not so beautifully sketched by decorative art, as are the forest scenes in mountain caverns and on schistose slate, where nature, by her inimitable pencillings, has traced them in gorgeous canopy or graceful festoons. Also, as the student opens nature's original volume, with its luminiferous pages and rocky binding, he is permitted to admire the unfolding plan of a beneficent Author. In abundant material for statues, temples and dwellings; in veins filled with gold for commerce, and iron for machinery; in deep beds of coal for the stove and oil for the lamp; in towering mountains to gather the clouds in shivering torrents and pour them over the earth in refreshing streams. In all these man reads the purposes and designs of a provident Creator. Is it any wonder that the man of science finds delight in looking at the Creator in His works?

Perhaps there is no word in our language so little understood, or so generally abused as the word law. Ask the man even of fair education what is meant by the laws of motion, and he will quote the three principles demonstrated by Newton. To the question why does a stone fall to the earth? The majority of educated men will reply: "Because of the earth's attraction for the stone; on account of the laws of gravitation." This is given and usually accepted as a perfect explanation of the phenomenon; yet it is no explanation at all, but simply a declaration that the stone falls according to a law of gravity, or it falls because it does fall. The law is only the expression of a great fact that all bodies in the universe tend to move toward one another. The law is not the force; for the law is not a force, and it has no coercive power. The law differs as far from the force as a theorem in Geometry differs from the mind of Euclid. A College governed by law does not mean that the law governs the College, but it means that the College is governed according to law, that is, that the governing power acts within certain fixed limits laid down by itself. The power that makes the law does the governing. The law shows the will of the power back behind. So all the laws of matter, heat, light, electricity and chemie affinity reveal the will of the Creator, and matter is the language in which that will is written. In studying matter we are getting back to some of the thoughts of him who made it and fixed its laws or modes of action.

After Kepler, the illustrated astronomer, had bestowed 18 years of toil on the great problem of the solar system; and when step by step, he had worked his great genius into the principles behind the laws determining the distances, circles and motions of the planets, and when the divine plan of governing burst as a new sun on his vision, he was swept into an uncontrollable ecstasy of joy, and uttered an ejaculation of thankfulness because he had been (as he said) permitted to "think the thoughts of God." He felt that he was getting into the plan by which God had built the world and given the ebon goddess her diadem of stars.

When he wrote the last line of his treatise he exclaimed: "Nothing holds me. The die is cast, the book is written; to be read now or by posterity, I care no which. I can wait 100 years for a reader of my work, as God has waited 6,000 years for a reader of his work." Hence we find that electric force, and magnetic force and crystalizing forces are simply thoughts of the great first cause written down in the beginning, thus making matter the oldest book and forces in nature the original language. And secondly, I wish to notice matter as a vehicle of energy. Matter is not only a receptacle of energy, but it is the instrument through which all the sensible energy or force in the world exerts itself. Energy is not matter, nor is force matter; and yet here is a most important point to be noticed; energy is never found except associated with matter. This fact, that matter is the medium thought which all energy is exerted, has in the last few years created new sciences, extended the boundaries of the old, and has perhaps quickened thought more than any other discovery in a thousand years.

We know that energy is back behind the matter and that the different modes of force are manifestations of an omnipotent will exerted through matter; but that which is the marvel of science and which is astonishing the world to-day is the multiform variety and well nigh unlimited extent of these forces which have been recently discovered, and which come to us through this medium.

Hold a piece of metal in your hand; it gives you the sensation of weight and may be said to be in an impassive mood melt it, and though the same metal yet you can not handle it, and it is in heated mood; fire it from a gun and it will make its way against opposition and is in a very destructive mood; pass a current of electricity around it and it will hold a thousand iron filings to its surface and it is in an attractive mood. Not only is it the same metal in all of these conditions, but what is most astonishing is it is the same energy under different modes of action. Energy is one of its modes of acting will preserve my mother's voice for a number of years; this energy in another mode of acting will enable me to talk to my friend in Philadelphia in my home in Westminster; in another mode of acting it makes me warm in freezing weather; in another this energy will enable me to see the faces of those I love, or show me a thousand colors in a ray of light; in another mode of acting it will take a message to New Orleans in 5 minutes; and in the language of Paul I will say with all reverence, eye hath not seen nor ear heard what are the mysteries of energy stored up in matter. And yet in all and through all it is the same energy having its origin in the great first cause.

The works of this energy are everywhere causes for amazement or marvel of beauty. In the laboratory of nature this force works upon the black sooty charcoal, and converts it into diamond, the glittering jewel kings and nobles. It seizes the common mud in a clay-bank, and from a part of it it makes the costly jasper and cornelian gems; and out of the other it elaborates the shining ruby, the red sapphire of the orient.

We can burn or fuse these substances, but no mysterious geometry, no ingenuity of chemistry, and no critic. Skill can ever reproduce them as gems of value and beauty. Their formation is the secret of nature and science hitherto has in vain asked for the law. This century will be noted for its demonstration of the indestructibility of energy, and the convertibility of force from one mode to another of acting.

Heat energy turns to motion energy,

motion into magnetism, magnetism into electricity, and this into some other mode of force like the magician in the Arabian Nights. When for a time it seems to disappear, it only vanishes to reappear in another form.

In the cellar of Ward Hall lies a dark mass of mineral coal. Particles of air in contact with it darting about in all directions strike against this coal some eight millions times per second. Now if I raise the temperature to a certain point, the molecules of coal and the molecules of oxygen will expand so that the atoms of a molecule of coal can intertwine or lock in the atoms of oxygen. The energy of affinity is so violent that the friction of atoms rushing in between atoms produces heat force until all of the coal is consumed. The heat produced by that coal turned into mechanical force would be sufficient to toss this whole college to Baltimore. The same energy converted into electric force would record this lecture in London before to-morrow morning. There is almost no end to the application of this principle in science and art. Not long ago in the Exposition room in New Orleans throngs of people stood around in kind of nonchalant mood. Suddenly a dispatch was sent to the President in Washington informing him that the Exposition machinery was all ready; and in a few minutes the President's answer came back. Then the presiding officer mounted a platform and waving his handkerchief, ordered the signal to be sent to the nation's capital. The President in Washington put his finger on the electric button, and instantly the great Corliss wheel began to move—rumbling, rumbling, rolling rolling. The facts were overwhelming and 15,000 spectators clapped and shouted. One finger in Washington 1200 miles away, put in motion all the gigantic machinery.

Once Newton predicted that in future time science would make such progress that men would be able to travel 50 miles an hour. The people cried impossible. Voltaire ridiculed, and the whole laughed. Dr. Lardner proved by exact mathematical calculation that a steamer could not carry coal enough to cross the ocean if she should carry nothing but coal. But now we can get energy enough out of a load of coal to carry 100 vessels across the ocean; and I predict that the time will come when ships in crossing the ocean will get their energy neither from coal nor from gas but from the water alone over which they are sailing. The history of the impossibilities that have become possibilities would fill more volumes than a student could carry. The fact is we are standing between two eternities, the impossibilities conquered and the impossibilities yet to be conquered. Of the common things around us we know only a very small part, and our knowledge is exceedingly fractional and superficial. Before going far in any direction we reach the sealed palaces of the unseen—the cloud lands of shadows within whose domain dwell all the mysteries of created nature and the supernatural. To-day there is enough unknown in matter to keep scientific thought on the stretch till the judgment day.

In reference to work and reward some one has most beautifully said, "The path to the gods may be steep but it's starry too."

I wish to say to you as students that studying the play of forces in crystal, shell, or in amorphous rock is not always an enchantment; the work requires persevering devotion here as well in any other department, and many turn away through lack of zeal; but conquests in physical research and cosmical science will repay the student a thousand fold and lead in the ways of God in nature. In science the field that opens before you is broad and inviting,

strown with flowers, set with gems of beauty and spanned by the rainbow of promise writing victory across the arch of coming years. But in natural science as well as in revelation we look through a glass darkly; nevertheless the history of the past inspires enthusiasm and says to the student be not *faithless but believing*.

When scientific art shall have harnessed the material kingdom under appropriate apparatus; when by telescope of larger power untiring investigation shall have lighted up the nebular homes of mystery in remote space; and when in answer to repeated experiment, nature shall have given up the secrets enchainning protean energy to plastic matter, and shall have put this energy under the control of human skill, then science will have accomplished her exalted mission, will have explored the material kingdoms, and led the nations into the enlargement of whatever blessings God designs to give them through the laws of matter, and by scientific demonstration will have proved that the God of nature is infinite in goodness, omnipotent in power, and confers blessings upon men according to the law of obedience.

Young ladies and gentlemen thanking you for your attention I will close with a sentence which I heard spoken by Canon Farrar, the scholarly Archdeacon of Westminster, England:

"Science has not only revealed infinite time, infinite space and infinite organism; but she has been a great arch angel hovering beneficently over mankind. She economizes time, multiplies labor, extends human life and extinguishes human pain. She gives sight to the blind, reason to the insane, mitigates hydrophobia and tramples disease under her feet." In the face of all these services we are not surprised to find her increasingly cultivated with enthusiastic devotion.

For the Irving Literary Gazette.

A Worthy Title.

Who has not a title? Who is not grateful for it? Who does not undervalue it? These questions concern us personally. They pertain to us in a two-fold sense. They also belong in the one, or higher sense, to manhood in general when duly regarded as such. It is in this higher sense that we purpose to consider some of the chief characteristics requisite to make us fully and rightly worthy of our noble title—*man*.

To find a man in Jerusalem in the time of Jeremiah, was a hard thing to do as the words of the prophet clearly imply or even set forth: "Run to and fro through the streets of Jerusalem, and see now, and know, and seek in the broad places thereof, if ye can find a Man."

Even in the time of Herodotus, the ebb of morality must have reached a low mark, because this celebrated historian, who in the chronicles of his own observation, has become a "real model of truthfulness and accuracy," says so himself: "*Homines permulti, viri perpauca*." The flood had not yet begun in the days of the celebrated cynic philosopher, Diogenes, who was seen passing through the streets of Athens once with a lighted lantern at noonday; when asked what he was doing, replied, "I am seeking for a good man." At another time he was standing in the market-place calling aloud, "Hear me, O men!" and when a number had gathered round him and inquired what was the matter, he replied, "I called for *men*, not for pigmies."

Still later, one of the literati of the "Mistress of the Sea," expresses a like want in stating that the population of his country consists of so many millions, "mostly fools." As seen from the given testimony, there

teph's book, the oldest in the world, now preserved in Paris, is only of yesterday when you compare its existence to the duration of this record.

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Once Newton predicted that in future time science would make such progress that men would be able to travel 50 miles an hour. The people cried impossible. Voltaire ridiculed, and the whole laughed. Dr. Lardner proved by exact mathematical calculation that a steamer could not carry coal enough to cross the ocean if she should carry nothing but coal. But now we can get energy enough out of a load of coal to carry 100 vessels across the ocean; and I predict that the time will come when ships in crossing the ocean will get their energy neither from coal nor from gas but from the water alone over which they are sailing. The history of the impossibilities that have become possibilities would fill more volumes than a student could carry. The fact is we are standing between two eternities, the impossibilities conquered and the impossibilities yet to be conquered. Of the common things around us we know only a very small part, and our knowledge is exceedingly fractional and superficial. Before going far in any direction we reach the sealed palaces of the unseen—the cloud lands of shadows within whose dormain dwell all the mysteries of created nature and the supernatural. To-day there is enough unknown in matter to keep scientific thought on the stretch till the judgment day.

In reference to work and reward some one has most beautifully said, "The path to the gods may be steep but it's starry too."

I wish to say to you as students that studying the play of forces in crystal, shell, or in amorphous rock is not always an enchantment; the work requires persevering devotion here as well in any other department, and many turn away through lack of zeal; but conquests in physical research and cosmical science will repay the student a thousand fold and lead in the ways of God in nature. In science the field that opens before you is broad and inviting,

strown with flowers, set with gems of beauty and spanned by the rainbow of promise writing victory across the arch of coming years. But in natural science as well as in revelation we look through a glass darkly; nevertheless the history of the past inspires enthusiasm and says to the student be not *faithless but believing*.

When scientific art shall have harnessed the material kingdom under appropriate apparatus; when by telescope of larger power untiring investigation shall have lighted up the nebular homes of mystery in remote space; and when in answer to repeated experiment, nature shall have given up the secrets enchainning protean energy to plastic matter, and shall have put this energy under the control of human skill, then science will have accomplished her exalted mission, will have explored the material kingdoms, and led the nations into the enlargement of whatever blessings God designs to give them through the laws of matter, and by scientific demonstration will have proved that the God of nature is infinite in goodness, omnipotent in power, and confers blessings upon men according to the law of obedience.

Young ladies and gentlemen thanking you for your attention I will close with a sentence which I heard spoken by Canon Farrar, the scholarly Archdeacon of Westminster, England:

"Science has not only revealed infinite time, infinite space and infinite organism; but she has been a great arch angel hovering beneficently over mankind. She economizes time, multiplies labor, extends human life and extinguishes human pain. She gives sight to the blind, reason to the insane, mitigates hydrophobia and tramples disease under her feet." In the face of all these services we are not surprised to find her increasingly cultivated with enthusiastic devotion.

For the Irving Literary Gazette.

A Worthy Title.

Who has not a title? Who is not grateful for it? Who does not undervalue it? These questions concern us personally. They pertain to us in a two-fold sense. They also belong in the one, or higher sense, to manhood in general when duly regarded as such. It is in this higher sense that we purpose to consider some of the chief characteristics requisite to make us fully and rightly worthy of our noble title—*man*.

To find a man in Jerusalem in the time of Jeremiah, was a hard thing to do as the words of the prophet clearly imply or even set forth: "Run to and fro through the streets of Jerusalem, and see now, and know, and seek in the broad places thereof, if ye can find a Man."

Even in the time of Herodotus, the ebb of morality must have reached a low mark, because this celebrated historian, who in the chronicles of his own observation, has become a "real model of truthfulness and accuracy," says so himself: "*Homines permulti, viri perpauci*." The flood had not yet begun in the days of the celebrated cynic philosopher, Diogenes, who was seen passing through the streets of Athens once with a lighted lantern at noonday; when asked what he was doing, replied, "I am seeking for a good man." At another time he was standing in the market-place calling aloud, "Hear me, O men!" and when a number had gathered round him and inquired what was the matter, he replied, "I called for *men*, not for pigmies."

Still later, one of the literati of the "Mistress of the Sea," expresses a like want in stating that the population of his country consists of so many millions, "mostly fools." As seen from the given testimony, there

always was a felt want—genuine christian men.

This same want is pre-eminently manifested in our day. The truth of the matter rests in the fact that there are too many who are simply passive men who "have the patience of Job, the meekness of Moses, the amiability of John, but lack the boldness of Peter, the enthusiasm of Paul, and the moral heroism of Luther." This want of perfect symmetry of character demands amelioration; amelioration requires a numeric augmentation in true manliness; and true manliness enjoins thorough cultivation of *genuine moral courage* and daily growth in *true personal piety*. These two enviable and comprehensive traits of character, when sincerely cherished, constantly nurtured, and consistently lived, so ennoble the sons of the race as to be meet for the noble title—*man*.

By this genuine moral courage, we do not mean the "battle-bravery which mailed warriors have shown," nor the knightly valor exhibited in the achievement of martial deeds, nor indeed the daring gallantry in bold adventure, but that elevated attainment which, in the esteem of true manliness, adorns its possessor, "yields not the citadel of truth," "has its root in rational judgment and right decision," and "is seen in great exploits that justice warrants, and wisdom guides."

It was this "calm, steady determination of purpose, that will not be diverted by solicitation or awed by fear," that David, on the eve of his life, enjoined upon Solomon: "Be strong and show thyself a man;" that Paul addressed to the Corinthians: "Quit you like men;" and that Bishop Kennet gave to the world in didactic measures:

"Stand but your ground, your ghostly foes will fly:
Hell trembles at a heaven-directed eye.
Choose rather to defend than to assail;
Self-confidence will in the conflict fail.
When you are challenged, you may dangers meet—
True courage is a fixed, not sudden heat;
Is always humble, lives in self-distrust,
And will itself into no danger thrust.
Devote yourself to God, and you will find
God fights the battles of a will resigned."

Neither do we mean by this true personal piety; "the stiff Formalism of the Pharisees, nor the loose Liberalism of the Sadducees, nor yet the inactive Mysticism of the Essenes," but that essential quality of true character, which "involves every noble virtue," "harmonizes every power of man's being with God's perfections and will," and "sheds a divine luster through the soul—a balmy, hallowing light, sweeter than earth can give."

It was this "reverent and virtuous purity of spirit in which the human and the divine meet and embrace each other," that distinguished Job; that styled John, the "Apostle of Love;" and that sustained Baxter amid conflicting parties. We have thus endeavored to show, yet only suggestively, that "morality is fulfilled, virtue consummated, and reason satisfied when man has cultivated his spirit to its highest worthiness." D. R. B.

Wealth brings noble opportunities, and competence is a proper object of pursuit, but wealth, and even competence, may be bought at too high a price. Wealth itself has no moral attribute. It is not money, but the love of money, which is the root of all evil.

President Adams has become popular with the Cornell students. Although attendance is voluntary at Cornell, yet the chapel is usually full and often overcrowded.

A poem of one hundred lines has to be written by every Senior at Trinity before graduation.

Amherst has a "College Senate."

For the Irving Literary Gazette.

A New Subject for An Old Text.

The selection of a subject or a topic is often a matter of no little difficulty either because of ignorance, lack of interest, or for fear the writer should have to say to his readers as an Irish theatrical gentleman was once forced to say to his auditors: "Ladies and gentlemen, as there is nobody here, I'll dismiss you all; the performance of this night will not be performed, but will be repeated to-morrow evening." If such and such were the case, then the subject might be so and so. One either loses himself in a maze of collated themes for composition, like those to be found in the back part of a "First Lessons in Composition," "Writing Made Easy," and books of a kindred nature; or else one wonders what Gladstone will do for Ireland, gets a tariff bee in his hat, or wishes he knew what the Senate does when in secret session. After all this, after racking your head for a subject, a new and novel subject, the brilliant, the poetic, and fascinating subject, "It Might Have Been," flashes, like a meteor, across your mind. To the unmerciful individual who dares to even suggest that the subject is old and trite you reply, that the bridge "Cæsar crossed the Rubicon" on is just as good to-day as when Cæsar crossed that stream.

It is possible that it is because there is so much that is true of daily life in them that makes the words of Whittier:

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, "It might have been!"

start a strain of thought in so many minds.

The key to the sadness in these words seems to be found in a wish, which is occasioned by a certain condition of life, this condition presenting no prospect of fulfillment. This is the result, it would appear, of advantages due largely to opportunities, and opportunity is often dependent on trifles, which, because of their seeming insignificance, are neglected too frequently. We wish something "might have been;" but, unfortunately, it cannot be, since some opportunity has been neglected that was requisite for the accomplishment of the desired result. The wish is the direct cause of the sadness, but the neglected opportunity is the indirect cause. The indirect cause, lying back of the direct, gives direction to the immediate cause, and thus secures the key to the position. A neglected opportunity of some sort somewhere made the paths of Maud Muller and the Judge divergent,

"A nameless longing filled her breast—
A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known."

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay."

How this matter of seizing or neglecting opportunities gives rise in after years to many sad thoughts of the might have beens. How this is exemplified in the lives of individuals. Daniel Cady, the great New York lawyer, knew the value of this. So did Brunelleschi, the painter. The victories of Sherman and Thomas make it evident that they were not unmindful of this. It is failure to appreciate this that has caused "It might have been" to be written as the epitaph of so many. "The great wonder flower blooms but once in a lifetime."

This is to be found also as an element in deciding the history of nations. But for the victory of Charles Martel in 732, the history of Europe might have been different. By that victory the Musselman tide was staid. To-day the crescent floats over a comparatively small portion of Europe. At present "the sick man of Europe" is troubled with dyspepsia. The result may be convulsions. The happy termination of the battle of Lutzen in 1632

gave religious freedom to the world. If Wallenstein had defeated Gustavus Adolphus, the great toe of the Pope might have become sore by having it kissed so often by Henrys. Of course Wallenstein may have intended it as a coup d'etat to rid the Pope of gout. It is unnecessary to multiply instances to show this fact. It is at once apparent.

But there is another side to these sad words, "It might have been." What is meant is best illustrated in the case of nations. Before the revolutionary war was dreamed of by perhaps the most sagacious, the fate of America for a hundred years was decided in the wild wilderness of western Pennsylvania. The victory of Gen. Bouquet over the Indians of the Pontiac conspiracy at Bushy Run in August, 1763, was the battle that determined the fate of America for a hundred years at least. For the Indians this was unfortunate, but for us exceedingly fortunate. What is for the Indian a "might have been" is for us a realized hope. But because we are glad, the sad potent of these words is not destroyed. They bear a tone of sadness in themselves. They stand as their own commentary.

So wonderfully united and interwoven are the events and occurrences of this life that we may say there is conservation and correlation in life as well as in physics. On this score one might run riot on the "It might have beens." It is almost impossible to pick up a daily paper without reading of blighted hopes, of wishes that have warmed the heart but froze upon the lips, of dire calamities and misfortunes which might have been averted by some means. It is often the old story of the aged couple, who, having had their wish for a piping hot plum pudding granted, began to quarrel. The old wife wished the hot pudding to stick to the end of her husband's nose; and, after vain spookendytic efforts on the part of Mein Herr to remove the steaming viand, desired the fairy to take back the pudding. Doubtless these old people, but especially their relatives, who are lamenting the unlucky wish that deprived them of the pleasure of having four rounds in the "mill" over the will regardless of the Marquis of Queensbury rules, are sorrowing over this "might have been." Though this is an old fairy tale, it serves to illustrate the force of "the Quaker Poet's words, showing that the fortunes of many men might have been different from what they are.

The relation between wish and opportunity is also shown. The beggar might have been the merchant prince; the miner, the banker; the hod carrier, the contractor; the judge, the felon; and the maid, the queen.

"Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;
And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away."

Unfortunately men frequently wish for a thing without ever putting forth any effort in the direction to obtain its fulfillment. They wish for a chance to do this or do that, but never once avail themselves of the opportunities lying around them. It may be family pride; it may be "sisters proud and cold" that deter him, or some other cause. But it must be remembered that action here, as everywhere else, is essential to achieve the desired end or aim. The failure to observe this fact makes "It might have been" a familiar old saying which carries a world of meaning in its four little words, and daily gives us a new subject for an old text. U. E. U.

Brown University has abolished commencement orations.

The University of Chicago was sold under a mortgage of \$275,000.

For the Irving Literary Gazette.

"Know Thyself."

More than twenty centuries ago, there flourished in "the land of scholars and nurse of arts," a sage whose simple yet grand injunction, "Know thyself," calls even now for the closest attention and greatest care of man so as to be able to rightly solve such an intricate problem.

The Ancient sage, Thales, in giving his laconic reply, "gnothi seauton," to the question, "What is the hardest thing in the world?" well knew its profound import. To know self "implies faith in man as the highest and most perfect being." It implies, furthermore, that self-knowledge, by means of which man becomes actually cognizant of his powers and possibilities. Only by the ascertainment of his abilities and sentiments, virtues and vices does he become fully acquainted with his true moral state. Without doubt, by means of the acquisition of such self-knowledge can he readily perceive both the defects of his character and the intrinsic excellence of his being.

To attain to the desired state of self-consciousness, or knowing self, requires a thorough discipline of all the mental powers of man as well as a close observation of his every act of both mind and body.

"By a faithful application of the study of self, does man acquire such a clear insight into such a convincing knowledge of his disposition that he is enabled to arrange properly his course of life. The true medium of self-knowledge is one's self. To know ourselves we must examine and inquire into ourselves."

The acquisition of self-knowledge is both proper and necessary. To have a diverse and extensive knowledge of nature, man, and the world, and fail to have the most important information—a knowledge of self—exhibits a serious inconsistency. Where there is such a defective possession of self-knowledge, there is generally too great zeal for a profound knowledge of the macrocosm and only a partial examination, instead of a thorough-going scrutiny of the microcosm. Hughes puts it in these words: "Every individual is so unequal to himself that man seems to be the most wavering and inconsistent being in the universe."

Moreover, self-knowledge is indispensable to success in both private and public enterprises. Unless man has a true insight into his real power, he is likely either to undervalue or overrate it, and thus expose himself more readily to failure in purpose, plan and project. The words of another are confirmatory of the same: "Usually, men fail because they incorrectly estimate their powers, and such naturally select unfit times, employ unwise methods, adopt defective plans, and select unsuitable agents."

Furthermore, it is essentially necessary for man to know himself ethically for his well being here as well as hereafter. The fact that he must first be conscious of the faults of his manhood before amendment takes place is axiomatic; therefore, does the injunction, "Know thyself," pre-eminently demand a faithful personal application of its upbuilding truths. These truths aim at character; and, since character is the thing which makes up the man, it must follow as night the day that man can only be improved as his character—the essential moral worth of himself and the true basis for a good name is improved. B. R. D.

A student of Yale recently gave \$650 to have the athletic grounds of that college improved.

Georgia chartered, built and conducted the first female college in the world.

LOCALS.

Spring.
Flowers.
Violets.
Ah then!
Quarterly orations.
Easter—Coming.
Base ball.
Who stole the knives?
Who got left last parlor night?
Mr. H. C. Stocksdale '87, lately enjoyed a visit from his father.
Miss Lula Jarboe, of West Washington, recently paid a visit to her sister Miss Minnie Jarboe.
Our President, Rev. J. T. Ward, who has been confined to his house on account of sickness, was present at the chapel exercises on the 14th inst.
Rev. B. F. Benson, our retiring Vice President was appointed, by the Maryland Annual Conference of the M. P. Church, to Warwick, Cecil county, Md. We extend to him our best wishes for his success in his new charge.
Prof.—(Latin class)—“Mr. G. you may read.”
Mr. G.—“Professor I read the lesson over but I think I am not able to translate that passage very well.”
Prof.—Mr. E.—“You may translate.”
Mr. E.—“Professor, I am in the same case.”
Prof.—“I wonder what case that is. It must be the ablative of separation.”
Student.—No. Sir,—Professor it is the dative of disadvantage; he was at a disadvantage with the lesson. Class quite hilarious.
Mr. Mitchel, '88, was suddenly called to Baltimore on the 14th inst., to serve as pall bearer at the funeral of a young lady for whom he served as usher at her wedding just ten months ago.
The *periodical joke* occurred during this month. By some means (and we don't suppose they walked either) the knives and forks gently retired from the dining hall on the night of the 7th inst., and at breakfast the following all manner of means were resorted to in order to appease hunger, such as,—using pen-knives, spreading butter with a spoon, &c. Fortunately we did not have our accustomed “beef” for breakfast that morning but mackerel and hominy which were more easily managed with spoons, &c. On the whole no one fared badly, and it passed off as a pleasant joke.
Have you heard the latest sensation? What will be the next? Inquiries should be made at room No. 3.
We have a student who is said never to have been found asleep. This statement may seem strange to a great many, but for the benefit of such persons we would say that his room is opposite our sanctum and we have always found his light burning no matter at what hour we may be called to arise. Possibly this accounts for his enormous appetite.
At a recent meeting of the Y. M. C. A. Mr. L. M. Bennett '86, and Mr. H. D. Mitchell '88, were elected as delegates to represent them at the convention of the Maryland State Temperance Alliance to be held in Baltimore on the 20th and 21st of this month.
The third quarterly exercises of the first division of the class of '86, was held in the chapel on Friday afternoon the 9th inst. The exercises were opened with an instrumental solo by Miss Minnie Stevens. Mr. L. M. Bennett delivered the first oration taking for his subject “A Day on College Hill,” which was followed with an essay by Miss Beaver, subject,—“Life as a Battle

Field.” Miss Richards then read an essay on “The Starry Heaven,” after which Miss Abbott gave a Vocal Solo. Miss Sappington followed with an essay on the “Garlands of Memory,” and Miss Stevenson followed with an essay entitled “The Silent Cities.” After an oration on “The Exercise of Benevolence” by Mr. Erb, the program closed with an instrumental solo by Miss Wilson.
The ladies are in active preparation for the commencement Calisthenics, and the gentlemen are looking forward to their anniversaries.
The fifth lecture was delivered by Prof. A. H. Merrill, A. M., in the chapel on Thursday the 8th inst. His subject “Expression as embraced in the subject of Elocution,” was masterly handled and delivered in his own pleasing style.
Mr. George Albaugh, the enterprising merchant of our town, is about to erect a handsome residence on Main street, after the “Queen Ann” style of architecture.
Thanks are due to Prof. Spurrier of this town, for a complimentary ticket to the entertainment given by the pupils of the “Central High School.” The entertainment was highly enjoyable and the singing of the children was especially appreciable.
Among those who entered the Maryland Annual Conference of the M. P. Church at its recent session were Messrs. Dyott, Simpson, Wooden and Benson, of the Westminster Theological Seminary.
We are sorry to lose Mr. Brubaker '89, who is compelled to return home on account of ill health.
Mr. John Baker '89, who was at his home on account of sickness, has returned much improved.
Mr. Wm. Clayton '89, is at home on account of sickness.
We understand that one of our lady students will enter into the holy bonds of matrimony immediately after graduation. We do not desire to be “too previous,” but wish to extend our congratulation and best wishes for a long and happy life.
The Sophomores are having practical work in surveying.
Messrs. Vessey '87, and Caulk attended the Maryland Annual Conference of the M. P. Church held in Baltimore recently.
The annual treat of the gentlemen to the ladies took place on the night of March 27th. Refreshments consisting of ice cream, cake, bananas, oranges, &c., were served up by the committee and enjoyed by all present. Our young man, (rather boy) after filling his pockets, retired from the room during refreshments and left the contents in his room expecting to have another feast the next day, but lo! on retiring that night he discovered the “good things” to be missing. So much for being greedy.
The following dedication and poetry was written by “Rhody,” the punster, in anticipation of the coming holiday: Expressions of regret dedicated with great respect, feeling flattered that my last effort was well received:
Soon will it come,
When the year's work is done,
It seems like it is only to-morrow,
It will be with regret,
For I know I shall fret
When they leave me alone in my sorrow.
I know I shall miss them,
It is only just them,
Gone for their long vacation;
But will they return?
It's for them that I yearn;
Come back and bring consolation.
For always the sight of them
(I know I speak right of them),
Was pleasure and joy untold;
As they pass our habitation,
I, in deep agitation,
Fain my sad heart would unfold.

Pardon my expression,
But the heart in oppression,
Must break but for confession;
Forgive me my plainness,
I know I am not blameless,
For nearly I'm overcome by depression.
Regarding and respecting,
Hoping and expecting,
That you'll get back again;
Please don't forget me,
I hope you'll regret me,
Else all I have written is in vain.
What has become of the Freshies and their “mortar boards.”
Ye editors were the recipients of some shellbarks from Roddy. Thanks.
REWARD—While in attendance at the recent parlor night, one of the comrades of '89 became greatly intoxicated with love. Since then he has been missing. When last seen he was going in a west-erly direction, and it is supposed was vainly endeavoring to find his *garrison*. No other description of him is necessary than to simply say that he is a marvellous prodigy, and answers to the name of “Sis.” A liberal reward for his return. No questions will be asked. Address “Pard,” Ward Hall, room No. 1.
The third quarterly exercises of the second section of the Senior Class were held in College Chapel, April 16th, 1886. The exercises were opened with an instrumental solo by Miss Beeks, followed by an oration by Mr. C. M. Grow, Jr., subject “A Third Possible Motion of the Earth.” Miss Stevens then read an essay on “Time's Alterations,” followed by an essay by Miss Stone on the “Idols of Imaginations.” An instrumental duet was then rendered by Miss Nannie Galt and Master John Galt. The second oration was delivered by Mr. E. T. Mowbray, subject “The Love of the Beautiful.” Miss Thompson read an essay on “The Friend and Enemies of the Bible,” followed by an oration by Mr. W. E. Roop, subject, “The Knights of Labor, Politically.” The exercises were then closed by an instrumental duet, by Misses Whittington and Handy.
The campus has received a thorough sweeping adding much to the appearance of the grounds.
Messrs. L. R. Dyott, E. Simpson and J. F. Wooden of the Theological Seminary received the following appointments at the late Conference held in Baltimore. Mr. Dyott, Harpers Ferry; Mr. Simpson, Frederick; Mr. Wooden, Anne Arundel.
On 'Change.
We welcome the *Cue* to our table. It is a nice journal.
The *Richmond College Messenger* for March contains a large amount of good reading matter.
The *Roanoke Collegian* is publishing a series of articles entitled “A Traveler's Notes.”
The *Washington Jeffersonian* contains a short but good article on “Disorder in class Room.”
The *Southern Collegian* for March is replete with good solid reading matter.
We would like to have *The Ottawa Campus* come to us oftener than once every quarter. Judging from its last issue we believe it could sustain a monthly.
The *Holcad* presents a good issue for April 1st. “The Holy Grail displays good thought on the part of the writer.”
At a recent examination of a Chinese boy at Peking, he performed the wonderful feat of repeating the entire New Testament without missing a single word or making a mistake. He is now busy committing Dr. Martin's evidence of Christianity.

Philomathean.
The fourth anniversary of the Philomathean Society was held in the College Chapel on Friday evening, March 12th. Ere the shades of night had fallen over College hill many friends of the Society were seen wending their way to the College, and long before the appointed hour the Chapel was filled, with the exception of the seats reserved for the faculty and remaining societies, who, at the sound of the bell, entered in their accustomed order.
The Chapel was beautifully and tastefully decorated, and the air of expectancy which rested over the audience was only heightened to admiration when, at the appointed time, the curtain was drawn up, revealing a sight of surpassing beauty, transforming the old College Chapel into a bower of beauty and flowers, and transporting the student from his daily routine of work to almost fairy land. The ladies of the society, beautifully arrayed in white, surrounded their president, Miss Lenore Stone, who, in a neat and appropriate address, welcomed all to their fourth anniversary. This was followed by a neatly contrived representation of the craze, “See Saw,” in which Misses Dodd, Abbott, Beeks, Burroughs, Pillsbury, Slaughter and Mr. Stocksdale took part. Miss Nannie Thompson followed with a laughable recitation entitled the “Welsh Classic,” after which Misses Beeks and Whittington rendered an instrumental duet. Miss Hill, who was the anniversarian, delivered an admirable essay on “Philomathean,” which displayed a great deal of thought and was enjoyed highly by the audience. The vocal duet which followed reflected great credit to the ladies, Misses Abbott and Pillsbury. Miss Whittington then rendered, in her own peculiar but pleasing style, the laughable selection of “Josiah Allen's wife's visit to A. T. Stewart's store.” The drama—“Which is Which, or the London Fire”—was then produced by the ladies with the following cast:
Lady Davenant.....Miss Sappington
Mrs. Yates.....Miss Richards
Mrs. Coggle.....Miss Stevenson
Joan Porter.....Miss Hill
Mrs. Peterkin.....Miss Harlan
Mrs. Rudge.....Miss Walmsley
Rose Davenant.....Miss Stevens
Jane Coggle.....Miss Nicodemus
Fannie Marchbanks.....Miss Barkdoll
Anna Dorsan.....Miss Adams
Bessie Fairchild.....Miss Stone
Mrs. Dimple.....Miss Pennington
Two Babes.....
After an instrumental solo by Miss Minnie Stevens, the programme was concluded by a most ridiculous sketch, entitled “The Grecian Bend,” which was rendered in fine style by the following ladies—Misses Handy, Pillsbury, Abbott, Dodd, Jarboe, Stone and Burroughs.
Time nor space will not allow us to say all we should like to say, but, on the whole, it was an entertainment enjoyable in the fullest sense of the word, and displayed that talent which is a credit to any society.
Michigan University has been presented will all the exhibits of the Chinese Government in the New Orleans Exposition.
University of Penn. students will give a greek play soon, it is said the expenses will amount to \$3000.
The Princeton authorities have decided to make their College a university in five years.
Hon. James G. Blaine has been chosen by the senior class of Dartmouth at their commencement orator.
Yale College is exempted from taxation, while Harvard paid \$28,000 in taxes last year.

"SILENT CITIES."

Third Quarterly Essay Delivered in College Chapel, April 9th, by Miss Hattie Stevenson.

Mortality is destroyed ere immortality arises. Man, during his lifetime on earth, not being able to bear the glory of divinity, is annihilated by its terrible majesty. God and goddesses have lived as mortals, have died as deities; immortality in the dress of humanity has revealed to man the wonders and beauties of the Elysian fields, the terrors of the Plutonian realm. In this form can be easily perceived the display of great images and sublime ideas which give beauty even to the fictitious. Under the guise of human forms are variously mingled destruction, sublimity, beauty and wisdom. "Hours shed roses through the sky, Graces sprinkled the halls of Heaven with fragrant odors, Apollo played his lyre, the god of Arcadia his reed, the Muses sang the chorus, Venus danced with grace and elegance." But why tire the mind with these fictions, they are still and dead; mortality has ceased, and, silent as the midnight watches on yon mountain side, do the memories return to us.

Silence and death go hand in hand. Anything mysterious or unknown draws our minds from ethereal vanities upward toward's heaven's truths. When we witness the sudden, quiet, strange transition from life to death, we are lulled into silence and awe. What is life? the child asks the old man; the old man, the child, both receive the answer of ignorance—of doubt. Who knows? Who can tell? What is death? The answer comes: It is the ceasing to live; but how much wiser are we? We know not Life, we know not Death; we can only watch and wonder.

We see a human form laid in the grave; where does it go? We may return to the spot years after; the sunken mound and blackened stones may remain, but where is the humanity that once laid itself down to rest? Ask of the winds, perchance they may tell.

How like a city seems this vast expanse of tombs and graves! The monuments rise up in the moonlight like mighty spectres; our fears and apprehensions create their own objects, imagination seems reality, and, shuddering, we fly from these surroundings. We go out from the silent city of the dead, and when far away we ask ourselves the question: from what are we fleeing? These vain apparitions cannot harm us; there is no life there. Even beneath the moss-covered mound are only the remains of some of Nature's handiwork. Although all form has vanished and crumbled to dust, yet every grain has an unrevealed history; and even when, by being buried beneath some dark mountain side or upon the bottom of some briny ocean, the rapid decay is prevented, these remain to bear witness to a race that lived, flourished and died; and when the ocean has deserted its channel and the mountain its resting place; when the great drama of life has ceased to be enacted, these will be disinterred, and, in the words of the geologist, "will prove to be the tombstones upon which the buried dead have written their own epitaphs."

Nineveh and Babylon, those cities that once stood as rivals in splendor and magnificence, now lay in ruins. Their moss-covered stones and shattered walls form the pages upon which is written their sad history, portraying to posterity how by one man's commands a people, who although at sunset, were lords of creation, yet ere it arose were abject slaves. The greatness of these cities has perished with them; they sleep amidst their ruins; their palaces are tombs; the serpent coils in the grass and the lizard basks in their once spacious

balls, but the time of vengeance came to Nineveh and Babylon. "They that sowed the wind with conquest have reaped the harvest in the whirlwind of desolation."

Pompeii was a paragon of civilization of her age; "it was a toy, a show-box, in which the gods seemed pleased to keep the representation of the great monarchy of earth and which, afterwards, they hid from time, to give to the wonder of posterity the moral of that maxim: "That under the sun there is nothing new."

Who remembers the dark prophecy which foretold the doom of this proud daughter of the ocean: "When the mountain opens, the city shall fall; when the smoke crowns the Hill of the Parched Fields, there shall be woe and weeping in the hearts of the Children of the Sea."

Twenty-four hours before the fulfillment of this dreadful doom, this city of Pompeii was as silent as death, for it was locked under the ice of sleep; and, as one gazed upon the scene before him, it seemed to him as it did after the change of seventeen centuries—a city of the dead. Not a breath, not a murmur rose from its bosom, even the sea seemed as silent as death, save the faint murmur of its sleeping breath. In your imagination you see it, curving far out and winding its course, seeming to clasp to its bosom those fated cities, Herculaneum and Pompeii, "those darlings of the deep."

Even now we can picture them, the starlight spreads itself over the Campanian skies and seems to hide itself among the vaulted roof and lofty towers, yet this was the last night for the gay Pompeii, the last breath of the city of Hercules. Age after age, year after year, century after century had rolled on unheeded, uncounted, yet now the last sand was falling from the hour-glass, the last ray was quivering upon the dial of their doom. As a trusty sentinel rose the cloud-capped Vesuvius, and far out over the slumbering cities fell its shadows, and in the distance a pale livid glare shoots up, one instant trepid, and is gone!

Yet, ere the sun again shone on this scene, there poured forth from the cavernous mouth of this dread monster a smoke, a living fire. Down the mountain side rolled the hand of destruction; in the distance could be heard the hissing and groaning of the mighty and dreadful death, and in one instant, over the houses, over the streets, over the people, into the sea fell that awful shower. The rich and poor, the slave and free, the prince and peasant suffered the same death; the lover and loved found their only hope in the fatal embrace of death. Darker and darker spread the cloud over the city and over the people; in the pause of the showers of shells, rocks and stones, one could hear the lashing of the infuriated sea; the cries of the mighty deep.

The burning ashes were covering the living and the dead, and the stones, striking the roofs of the houses, crushed the suffering humanity that rushed there for protection. Everywhere the frailty of human hopes was exemplified, the lesson of despair was taught. This was noon, yet night in its blackest darkness swayed the scepter, and "nothing was left in all this vast machinery of energy and action."

The ultimate thought was self-preservation, and in this one thought the old man laid down by his bag of gold and bunch of keys, and the child by his pet dog, and together they found their rest in the red-hot ashes that scorched their brows.

But how softly, how beautifully dawned the light of the real day. It came back as silently, as meekly as the little child who has been playing truant, and who, fully expecting to hear the word of reproach, creeps back to its mother's side. Darkness

was dispelled and light once more reigned supreme, but where are the proud cities of yesterday? The lofty columns and gleaming walks that once reflected their image in the face of the deep were now no more. Sullen and dull were the shores where once stood the loved cities, Herculaneum and Pompeii. Century after century did the fond mother ocean call them back to her embrace, but her only answer came from the Silent Cities—the Cities of The Dead.

Nearly eighteen hundred and seven years have elapsed since these cities were locked in the embrace of death. Its colors are now faded, and its most elaborate workmanships are destroyed; yet what wonder, what admiration did it acquire when it first threw back the mantle of the tomb and seemed once more to enter life! "Yet there only remains the bones and skeletons of those who once moved the springs of that gorgeous machine of wealth and luxury."

Whoever visits the ruins of this rash panorama of life and death seems to leave earth and its harsh cares behind—to enter the land of dreams. The past and the future is forgotten; only the bright, laughing present is their joy. They are satisfied to remain there, asking nothing, hoping nothing, fearing nothing, only to contemplate the ruin, the death.

There is something of interest even in the ages past. We love to feel in us the bond that unites the distant times; men, nations, customs, all perish, but the effections are immortal. They are the ties that bind the endless generations; the past lives again when we look upon its emotions. "That which was ever is," and in our own hearts alone can we retain the dark shadow of that last day of Pompeii; the horror and desolation of that awful ruin; and we can pity that fallen race who, by their own destruction, learned the lesson of mortal fortitude, and we can acquire from their sudden death a lesson teaching us to be always ready.

Nineveh and Babylon were destroyed without a moment's warning. Pompeii and Herculaneum were hidden from earth and sky at that very moment when safety seemed surest. Let us beware! The hosts of heaven and the monarchs of the seas may come to subdue us as silently and suddenly as did the deadening cloud settle upon the loved cities of the Italian land, years and years ago.

Western Md. College.

A Visit by a Lady of Baltimore and What She Saw.

Emma Wilmot in *The Baltimorean*.

One is very naturally amused when a correspondent of *The Baltimorean* undertakes to tell of a trip, and instead of describing the Grand Canon of Colorado, the Peaks of Otter, the flower land of California or some famous points in Europe, sits down to write of a flying visit to a neighboring town.

Everybody writes about the far away points of interest, for everybody is visiting them now, so I boldly proclaim my intention of telling of a trip to Westminster—not the famous Abbey, but the old-fashioned little town spread out in the bosom of the meadows, and peeping up the hill-sides of a little space in Carroll county, where the blue mountains of the distance keep far-off guard.

The town everybody knows, and it is to be presumed that everybody knows, also, that the tall, grey building, with its annexes of new, red brick, perched on a hill off from Main street, is the Western Maryland College, owned and controlled by the Methodist Protestant Church.

But I venture to assert that few of our

readers have an idea of the beauty and brightness shut up within those walls, and guarded faithfully by teachers whose quick ears and keen eyes are ever on the alert. The young men, students in the annex, know it—even the theologues, who are supposed to have their minds fixed on anything but things terrestrial.

Perhaps it would be unwise to tell just how beautiful forms glide up and down the long stairs, and flit in and out the corridors; or how bright eyes, full of laughter, are seen, eagerly peering over the stairway, when the bell announces a stranger at the door.

Already the teachers have their hands full in keeping interested youths from venturing boldly up from the town, and I would not add to their care. When the great bell announces half-past 5 in the evening the tramp of many feet echoes through the building, and in the lower hall congregate all the girls, waiting to be ushered into the dining-room with its lines of tables. Most affectionate they must be, for they file down in couples, with their arms about each other. Even the teachers set this example. The young men enter at an opposite door, in less familiar style, and a very wide space separates the dwellers in the two buildings.

If anybody's heart beats the faster for a certain presence; if anybody flushes a little, or casts tender glances, it must be very slyly done, for no demure Quakeress seems more thoroughly unconscious than the maidens facing each other at the narrow tables, and no monk in cowl and gown exhibits more supreme indifference than the smooth-faced youths and bearded men across the room. One is tempted to believe that this is not mere acting, in spite of the fact that human nature has known no change since Jacob met Rebecca at the well—a fact that will never be forgotten so long as there is a lover of tea in the land, and a pottery to put out badly glazed tea-pots of clay, with an uncertain attempt at letters on their surface.

Really the girls of the college look their best and act their brightest when in their little rooms, enjoying freedom from surveillance. Such wild fragments of languages as they throw at each other, utterly regardless of moods, tenses or voices; such puns and such repartee can never be heard outside the uncertain privacy of a college lodging room.

On the evening of Friday, March 12th, an unusual amount of stir about the stairways and corridors told that something of interest was about to take place. No one who has never been behind the scenes on an "occasion" at a college can have any idea of the wonderful mixture of dresses, laces, jewelry and flowers, with a thousand other things, known and unknown, that has to be stirred and restirred, hauled over and adjusted, before a row of sedate, shy maidens answer the tap of the bell, and come forth in the halls in a style illustrating the possibility of order out of chaos.

The Philomathean Society was to hold its annual exhibition, and not only the members themselves, but all the college, president, teachers, and especially the young men, who on this occasion were free from restraint, were on the *qui vive*. The chapel was tastefully decorated and crowded to its utmost capacity.

The characters were all well sustained, and were the more attractive from the fact, that there was no costumer behind the scenes to touch lines of age and wrinkles of care into youthful faces, so that round cheeks and rosy lips smiled out of wide cap frills, or beamed from lensless spectacles.

When the curtain fell there was merry-making for a while. Alas! for the role of

Monk and Quakeress, youths and maidens laughed and chatted till the bell announced the hour to retire, and even then it took coaxing on the part of the President, and a trifle of scolding to get the young men back to their cloister. With many a backward glance the maidens glided up the stairways to their rooms, where they spent a good part of the night talking over the occasion, and reading notes and cards of congratulation.

At dawn, however, there was stirring in the dormitories, the hum of voices, the tap of feet, and soon bright eyes peered over the banisters, and gay voices called good morning from floor to floor.

From the open windows could be seen miles of fields and forest, and the pure breezes swept down from the mountains, while an early blue bird outside seemed rivaling a voice that was singing a snatch of opera, as if in answer to a deeper voice, whistling the same tune somewhere near the annex set apart to the study of theology.

Had it come from any other quarter, it might have been taken as a morning greeting; but of course that was mere fancy on the part of the listener, and when a tall form crossed the campus, a hat was lifted, and a bright face turned upward, it must have been in honor of the blue bird, that sure harbinger of spring. The rosy face at the window was doubtless flushed in pleasure at the thought that the violets were waking. Be that as it may, the blue bird refused an encore, and the breakfast bell sent both singer and whistler to the dining-room, looking as demure as if Mathematics and Greek were only pastimes in which they indulged.

Personalia.

Following is a list of appointments made by the President of the Maryland Methodist Protestant Conference. We give only those who were former students at W. M. C., with their addresses as far as we could learn.

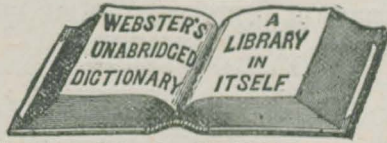
- '71. Rev. T. O. Crouse, Centreville, Queen Anne co., Md.
- '74. Rev. C. S. Arnett, Cecil.
- '74. Rev. W. R. Graham, Chestertown, Kent co., Md.
- '75. Rev. A. J. Walter, Preston, Caroline co., Md.
- '75. Rev. J. A. Weigand, Pittsville, Wicomico co., Md.
- '75. Rev. J. M. Yingling, Fawn Grove, York co., Pa.
- '79. Rev. E. O. Ewing, Cumberland Valley, Bedford co., Pa.
- '80. Rev. W. W. White, Felton, Kent co., Del.
- '82. Rev. H. L. Elderdice, 414 E. Monument St., Baltimore, Md.
- '82. Rev. W. F. Roberts, Ellicott City, Md.
- '82. Rev. E. A. Warfield, Deer Park, —
- '83. Rev. Jesse Norris, Accomac, —
- '83. Rev. J. W. Kirk, Crisfield, Somerset co., Md.
- '83. Rev. S. C. Ohlum, Amelia, —
- '83. Rev. J. M. Gill, 1st Toll Gate, Harford Road, Md.
- '84. Rev. F. T. Benson, Mt. Tabor, —
- '84. Rev. B. W. Kindley, Leipsic, Del.
- '85. Rev. S. F. Cassen, Deer Creek, Harford co., Md.
- '85. Rev. H. G. Cowan, Hillsboro, Caroline co., Md.
- '82. At the residence of the bride's parents, March 28th, 1886, by Rev. W. Rupp, assisted by Rev. J. G. Noss, Mr. J. H. T. Earhart, of Union Mills, and Miss Jennie E. Lease, of Backman's Valley. Congratulations.
- '84. Rev. B. W. Kindley, paid a flying visit to his Alma Mater, while attending Conference.

'85. Mr. T. J. Shreeve graduated from the University of Maryland Medical Department, on March 17th, '86. Thanks for an invitation.

'86. Miss Minnie Stevans went home to attend the marriage of her sister, Miss Mollie Stevans, '85, to Mr. Leatherbury. They have our best wishes.

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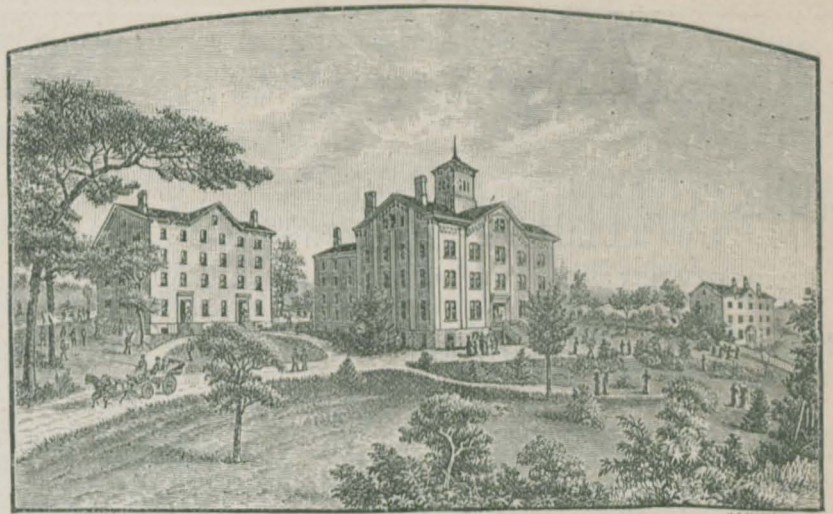


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