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Select Poetry.

MY MOTHER'S PRAYER.

As I wandered 'round the homestead,
Many a dear familiar spot
Brought within my recollection
Scenes I'd seemingly forgot;
There, the orchard-meadow, yonder—
Here, the deep, old-fashioned well,
With its old moss-covered bucket,
Sent a thrill no tongue can tell.

Though the house was held by strangers,
All remained the same within;
Just as when a child I rambled
Up and down, and out and in:
To the garret dark ascending—
Once a source of childish dread—
Peering through the misty cobwebs,
Lo! I saw my trundle bed.

Quick I drew it from the rubbish,
Covered o'er with dust so long;
When, behold, I heard in fancy,
Strains of one familiar song
Often sung by my dear mother
To me in that trundle bed:
"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber!
Holy angels guard thy bed!"

While I listen to the music
Stealing on in gentle strain,
I am carried back to childhood—
I am now a child again:
'Tis the hour of my retiring,
At the dusky eventide;
Near my trundle bed I'm kneeling,
As of yore, by mother's side.

Hands are on my head so loving,
As they were in childhood's days;
I, with weary tones, am trying
To repeat the words she says;
'Tis a prayer in language simple
As a mother's lips can frame:
"Father, Thou who art in heaven,
Hallowed, ever, be Thy name."

Prayer is over; to my pillow,
With a "good-night" kiss, I creep,
Scarcely waking while I whisper,
"Now I lay me down to sleep."
Then my mother, o'er me bending,
Prays in earnest words but mild:
"Hear my prayer, O heavenly Father,
Bless, oh, bless my precious child!"

Yet I am but only dreaming:
Ne'er I'll be a child again;
Many years has that dear mother
In the quiet graveyard lain;
But her blessed angel spirit
Daily hovers o'er my head,
Calling me from earth to heaven,
Even from my trundle bed.

For the Irving Literary Gazette.

Literary Culture.

PIERE AUMERLE.

In its comprehensive sense literary culture may be said to embrace a knowledge of language and its practical application. These two parts—a knowledge of language and its practical application—are inseparably connected in a general view of this subject. As a matter of course a knowledge of language lies at the foundation of this culture and, in the very nature of the case, unless an ability for the practical application of the theoretic principles exists, literary culture can not be thorough. For this purpose it is not enough simply to know the rules of grammar and rhetoric by heart; the practical application of these

known rules is a necessity in complete literary culture. It is not meant by this to imply that in reading or in writing a servile subjection of the mind to the principles laid down by grammarians and rhetoricians is to be made. Certain limitations and exceptions must be born in mind; and the application is to be natural and unforced, coming spontaneously and by reason of an acquired aptitude for the application of the rules. The necessity for this is apparent when a criticism is to be made on some work or literary effort. The rule for metaphors is that they shall not be mixed. According to a strict interpretation of this rhetorical law the old, familiar, and much loved hymn "Rock of Ages" would be a failure from a literary point of view. In it the person of Christ is confounded with a rock. But then the language in which it is written and the object for which it was written must be remembered, and then the difficult is obviated. Were it not for these facts the beauty of the hymn would be destroyed and it is questionable whether it would have maintained its accredited position. On the principle of adaptation, which supersedes that of mixed metaphors, it passes criticism. From this it becomes evident that the application of rules cannot be made like the compass and square in building. A knowledge of orthography, the rules of punctuation, grammar, and rhetoric is included in this as well as the ability to express one's thoughts with correctness, either in conversation or in writing.

While it is true that a knowledge of language may belong properly to the department of philology and not to what in the broad sense is frequently styled composition, yet these two parts, of necessity, sustain the relation of correlates. Deficiency in one is likely to be a cause of deficiency in the other, and imperfection here is fatal, as the ready grasp and wide scope so desirable is hampered. When these two branches have the proper reciprocal relations the study of literature is a pleasure and the enjoyment derived from its pursuit becomes an incentive for its further prosecution.

It may be well to note that too great care can not be taken in laying the ground work for the successful study of literature. A great defect is noticeable in our common schools in the language culture. The written compositions of the scholars give unmistakable evidence of this. Possibly the cause of this is due to ignorance of the manner of applying the theoretical knowledge. This very ignorance is a lamentable want. It is not to our purpose, however, to discover at whose door the blame for this ignorance should lie.

The preceding may be termed primary culture. Because it is concerned with the rudimentary part does not in the least detract from its importance. Of the importance of trifles, or seeming unimportant matters Goethe well says:

"Would'st know the whole? Then scan the parts:
for all
That moulds the great lies mirrored in the small."

It is the elementary part that constitutes the basis of what in the more restricted sense is called literary culture. The importance of the primary culture is enhanced by the fact that on it is to be raised the

literary superstructure. A man might as well build a castle in the air as to expect to succeed in any undertaking without a good preparation for the enterprise; and what is true of other things, in this respect, is equally true of this.

Culture in general may denote the refining and humanizing influence whereby a delicate taste and a higher and purer intellectual enjoyment is secured. It is the application of means for the production of an ameliorated and advanced development of the sensibilities and the creation of a susceptibility for the true, beautiful, and good in nature and art. The elevation of the taste and the higher enjoyment of the mind obtained by the study of literature may be defined not improperly as literary culture. In its higher sense then literary culture is that culture derived from the study of literature.

The field of study is wide and far-reaching. Each nation has its own literature. Greece has its Homer; Rome, its Virgil; Spain, its Cervantes; Germany, its Goethe, Schiller and Richter; Scandinavia, its Björnson; Russia, its Ivan Turgeneff; England, its Chaucer and Milton, its Shakespeare and Jonson, its Bacon and Locke; and America has its Irving and Longfellow. Literature is the pulse of a nation. It contains the heart throbs of its thinkers, the men who have exerted a powerful influence on the people. Embalmed in the leaves of the works of their poets and sages is found the richest treasures of the nations. When Daniel Webster said "I still live," he spoke what was true, not of himself alone, but what was true of the men of brain and thought the world over in every age. Heroes die, and "dust to dust," "ashes to ashes," is said over their remains; cities fall, and the owl and the bat haunt the palaces once the scene of music and revelry; sceptres depart and thrones decay as the threads of time slip from their monarch's hands; but history records the brave deeds, poetry extols the virtues and philosophy treasures the deep things of the mind. The thoughts that were powerful centuries ago in shaping the course of events still exercise a potent influence. Of all nations, the literature of the English is the best equipped. The day has come, too, when to speak of English literature means more than it did a hundred years ago; for it now opens up the literature of the Anglo-Saxon races, peopling England and America. There are embraced in this range works of the greatest excellence in all the various departments. Extending from Caedmon to Tennyson, English literature presents a long series of illustrious names, whose works are invaluable for the purposes of literary culture. The value of this literature, in comparison with others for the purpose of literary culture, is brought out in the well-known lines of Dryden's famous epigram—

"Three poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn,
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed,
The next in majesty, in both the last,
The force of nature could no further go;
To make a third she joined the former two."

When we think how many people to-day care so little for what is noble in literature, cultivating, instead, a perverted taste; how many, having the opportunity to acquaint themselves with the standard works of our

language, neglect the study of the English classics, the necessity for literary culture becomes apparent. It is no unfrequent occurrence to find a boy or a girl, or an older person, who will tell you that Daniel Webster wrote the Dictionary, that Dickens died in America, that Tennyson is dead and Milton is living; and they cannot quote a line from Shakespeare any more readily than they can from Goethe. Even those who do know that George Eliot is a woman and that Mrs. Partington is a man, often read no deeper than the ink on the paper. No other argument is required to show the need of this culture than that exhibited in the difference existing between an uncultured and a cultured man. The intellect of the one has never been trained to think, his faculties remaining in their untutored state. For him there is nothing but the dull images along the dusty road, and the dark clods of the field turned by his plow are expressionless for him. Of course this is not meant to be predicated as a universal truth; for Burns, poor Burns! who sang the sadness of Scottish song, must not be forgotten. The other, the man of culture through the medium of his books, finds a sympathetic existence everywhere. He is not confined to any one age, but his library enables him to live in times long passed, and makes him acquainted with men long since dead.

That there is a need for this none can doubt. An intimate connection is found to exist between the social condition of a people and their literature. Whatever evils may exist in society gradually creep into literature, and the evil is spread, unless a counteraction is started. In this day of fast living many writers pander to a depraved taste. A check for the bad results of "yellow-backed" literature is found in the study of the classics. By this means the taste is elevated and the mind is improved.

From the necessity to the importance of literary culture, the transition is easy. Its necessity is the ground of its importance. Scarcely anything need be said of this in comparison with other studies. This equals in importance that of any branch of study, and in not a few respects excels the importance of many. If it were a question where the truest enjoyment is found, whether among the educated or uneducated, then the importance of this subject would be a question. But it cannot be doubted that the highest enjoyment is found among the cultured. If the enjoyment of an educated person were less than that of the uneducated, it then would seem better for a man to remain uneducated. But the general verdict favors education as fitting a man for better usefulness by a development of his powers. It is not necessary to accept the theory of evolution to believe in development. In development we look for the improvement of the individual. The idea of education is to train and improve the mind, and to develop the latent powers. It is to accomplish these that we educate. Hence, if this be accepted, then the importance of literary culture must be received.

It is important as enabling us to better enjoy known truths and to see in those old landmarks a hidden beauty and sublimity

before unfelt. Take, for an illustration, a passage from Habakkuk, the third chapter and sixth and tenth verses: "He stood and measured the earth: he beheld and drove asunder the nations; and the everlasting mountains were scattered, the perpetual hills did blow: his ways are everlasting. The mountains saw thee, and they trembled: the overflowing of the waters passed by: the deep uttered his voice, and lifted up his hands on high." This lifts us up from the earth and we stand gazing upon the glory Moses desired to see. There is something sublime in the prophet's description of the Almighty. This enables us to rise above pantheistic idea and see God above nature creating it and directing its forces by his own power. God is here outside of the universe and apart from it, and it is of his majesty and splendor that Habakkuk writes. The following from Shelley is also an illustration:

"The point of one white star is quivering still,
Deep in the orange light of widening morn,
Beyond the purple mountains: though a chasm
Of wind-divided mist the darker lake
Reflects it; now it wanes; it gleams again."

Beneath is a wide plain of billowy mist,
Encinctured by the dark and blooming forests,
Dim twilight lawns and stream-illumined caves,
And wind-enchanted shapes of wandering mist;
And far on high the keen sky-cleaving mountains
From icy spires of sunlike radiance fling
The dawn."

Shelley has painted a glorious sunrise. As we read the east threatens the coming day in the "one white star quivering" in the sky. In this is apparent the deep passion and fervid imagination of the poet. It seems as if the heart and not the eye had witnessed the dawn. Certainly no one can dispute the refined and elevating air surrounding this passage. If it is desirable to cultivate a delicate and refined imagination; if what is ennobling be desired, then it can be found in richness, in abundance, and in variety in the English classics.

To attain to literary culture several things are requisite. Primary culture comes in as an efficient aid enabling us to more readily apprehend and appreciate an author. Torise above simple ignorance and become familiar with the best thoughts of the world reading becomes necessary. Every intelligent person is convinced of the advantages to be secured by reading. The cream of thought is not obtained without some preliminary labor. It is only after much patient endeavor that the subtle charms and refined thoughts encased in books are perceived in their full measure. But neither primary culture nor reading are alone sufficient. Thought is required. Discrimination is necessary. When thought is presented, thought must meet thought. When the mushroom strikes the flint rock, there is no concussion, but when rock strikes rock a spark flies off. When an author places before us

"Thoughts that breathe and words that burn,"

they are worthy of some consideration. Discrimination too is necessary to distinguish the several elements composing the various ideas and the elements in turn must be properly classified. This is not meant to imply that a person must be a second Sir Hudibras of whom Butler says:

"He was a logic a great critick,
Profundly skill'd in analytic;
He could distinguish and divide
A hair 'twixt south and south-west side;
On either which he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute.
He'd undertake to prove, by force
Of argument, a man's no horse.
He'd a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a lord may be an owl,
A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
And rooks committee—men and trustees.
He'd run in debt by disputation,
And pay with ratiocination.
All this by syllogism, true
In mood and figure he would do."

System is of use in this to derive much benefit from the study of literature. The advantage of this is twofold tending to give discipline as well as culture. A variety of methods can be adopted, often depending

on the inclinations of the person. The plan of a studying single author is sometimes selected, and in that event the works of no author will better repay careful reading than those of him whose name is found in the following acrostic:

"In easy, natural, graceful charm of style,
Resembling God's 'V' year,—free from guile;
Vein of rich humor through thy sketch-book flows,
Imagination her bright colors shows.
No equal hast thou 'mongst thy brother band,
Genial thy soul, worthy our own loved land."

HARD TIMES.

First Quarterly Oration, Delivered in College Chapel, November 13th, by Mr. E. T. Mowbray.

In the treatment of this subject it is our purpose to consider our own nation only. While it is true that our nation is young in years, yet it is old enough in experience to have demonstrated beyond question the principle that nations suffer from every mistake and wrong of theirs just as surely as individuals.

If in the selection of this subject, however, I have presented to your minds any gloomy picture of our country's future, let me first dispossess you of this, for I am not of those who see the clouds of adversity to gather close around the nation, thick and black, ready to break in showers of destruction on our heads. Nor can I even see in the many faults and mistakes that are ours, anything so terrible as the approach of harder times.

Knowing, as I do, that the greatest intellects of our times, prompted by the pleadings of a depressed and suffering people, have labored in vain to find a remedy for these periods of stagnation; it would be presumption for me, in my inexperience, even to ask your attention to this subject, were it not for the fact that its consideration is of vital importance to all to whom this is addressed, and the few suggestions I can offer may stimulate you to valuable reflections.

We all know that it is human nature to complain. As soon as the slightest shadow of unpleasantness is seen we raise the cry of distress. If there is a very warm day we are ready to say, "Oh, it is so hot I can't live." If it should be cold above the medium, "Gracious, I shall freeze." If more dry than usual, "I shall choke to death with dust, or if we don't the crops will all fail and we will starve, sure." Yes, the present warm day is the warmest, the present drought is the driest, and the storm and flood now sweeping over is the most terrible and destructive ever known.

It is on this principle that men often say "that of all the hard times I ever felt these are the hardest." Of course much of this we know to be imagination, and because of this, and because so many people "holloa before they are hurt," many who do not suffer from the hard times have believed that most of what we call hard times is imagination. To think this is a great mistake. Hard times are a reality; at least there have been hard times so real that Senates have met to advise concerning them. So real that corporations have convened to discuss what can be done, and conventions assembled, driven together by one and the same great necessity. Yes, there are hard times, so real that the sound of business ceases in the streets. So real that the discharged and unemployed husband gives away to despair. Times that make the loving and sympathizing wife to weep, and helpless children to cry for food. But can these things be in a land of abundance and plenty? Yes; for right here is the whole philosophy of our hard times. Plenty has become poverty to us, and abundance has made us to want. Oh! that's impossible, you say. Then let us consider

for a moment what is our country's position in this matter. Ever since the Pilgrim Fathers around the Indian's wigwam fire partook of bountiful repasts of hominy and venison even until this day, Americans have known little except plenty. The wonderful fertility of our soil never has permitted an honest workingman to suffer for the necessities of life. This known world-wide; floods of emigration have come in upon us; and to-day the stern hand of necessity pushes on, and the pleasing reward invites 50,000,000 of people to gather up the good things of this land. The hills of New England are dotted all over with enterprising manufactories. Thousands of people hoe the cotton fields of the South, and the vast plains of the West are alive with humanity, and resound with the tread of hurrying teams and the clatter of reapers. Well, you say, this don't seem much like hard times.

But because of the very activity of the manufactories, articles of manufacture have become abundant, and even exceed the demand. The great quantities of such goods, of course, has a tendency to decrease their value, until now they have become so cheap that expenses for material and labor exceed the profit, and mills must "shut down."

The productiveness of the cotton and tobacco fields has depressed the market of these Southern staples, and the thousands and thousands of bushels of wheat and corn that the great Mississippi Valley and the Pacific Slope yield have filled the elevators of the country to overflowing, the State of California alone producing enough wheat to feed this whole nation. But perhaps some of you will say, can't we eat what we raise, and in that way none of us suffer, at least. No; overproduction impoverishes. Let me illustrate: Here is a man who is a farmer; owns a fair farm in the State of Maryland, and depends on it for a living; corn and wheat are his principal crops, but owing to the great plenty of corn and wheat, corn can only be disposed of at 40 cents a bushel and wheat at 75 to 80. He must make some outlay for such needed articles as plows, harrows, drills and reapers; he also must employ some labor during the year, and last but not least he must provide for his fertilizers. Now, when harvest and threshing are over, the wheat sent to market at this price and he comes to balance the account, he hasn't money enough left at the end of the year to pay his taxes. Now, don't you see that the greater the abundance in the country the lower will be the selling price of the produce, and the lower the selling price the closer the farmer must sell off to meet expenses. In fact, the more the country produces the less each farmer will have as his own, and the poorer the farmer becomes the poorer all others become, because in this country all others depend upon the farmer. In this way we realize hard times. Business has stagnated because of overproduction, and we see our nation in its very youth suffering from the gout. What can be done? If you have the gout, where is the doctor? Remedies are plentiful. Hundreds can usually advise, but only a few effect a cure? Some say give us a boom. Anything for a boom in business. But I am persuaded that a boom is not what we need. Too much booming is what ails us now. You let a man with the gout eat too much and his big toe will pain him. Let this country have a boom and hard times will follow. Excess is not good in any case. Water is one of the most essential elements of God's creation, but too much water will drown a man. Meteors flash, but they soon go out. I tell you we don't want everything at once. We have been booming and booming and booming, until we have set a large part of our population to bumming.

Some others who would advise say give us a war in Europe; then business will be brisk, money will be plentiful, and every drooping industry will revive. That is very true. But suppose a terrible war should wage in Europe for two or three years. It would be to us just like eating up everything to-day and having nothing to-morrow. As soon as the war was over every enterprise that has sprung up because of the war would die, and men thus employed would have nothing to do. Besides, Europe would be so shattered and drained that she could not afford to pay near what she does now for produce; neither would she have demand for the quantity she has at present, for thousands, perhaps millions of her population, would during the war find homes in a land where they don't eat American wheat.

No foreign demand for produce at all; men out of employment here; everything would fall so flat that hard times of the severest nature would follow. Then where would be the benefit to us from an European war?

Many others, having no remedies of their own, wait with constant expectation for the fulfillment of the wonderful promises made during the last political campaign. As the tides of party ebb and flow, both Democrats and Republicans, when power has ebbed away, produce some theory to the people to convince them that days of prosperity will return only when they are in power, having no idea, however, of its fulfillment, except that they will individually prosper on the spoils of the capital. If we wait until promising politicians bring to pass what they have promised, hard times will depress us for many generations yet.

Well, is there nothing we can do? Yes much. 1st. Let the people study for themselves these great problems, and not wait for the politicians to suggest to them what they will do, but let the people demand of the politicians what is best. 2nd. If we would have sound and healthful increase, let all growth be brought to the normal. Our growth in population is far beyond normal. Millions of emigrants come to this country shorn of everything except their physical strength, without the first cent with which to use up the produce they grow. In this way they have gone into the fertile valleys of the West in such numbers that they have overstocked and broken down our Eastern market with raw produce. Let emigration be stopped, and our increase in population become normal, and then the Eastern farmer will be able to live, and not until then. 3rd. We must also pay attention to the manner in which we are to dispose of our produce, as well as to the producing of it. Encourage commerce with other nations. In this we are very careless. Only a few days ago an officer from the Persian court waited on the American minister to that country, asking that he would do all in his power to open commerce between the two nations. This is what we need. Feed Asia where she is. She will be the better, and we will no longer be burdened by overproduction. Lastly, let our people learn from what they have seen of excess to practice economy.

To learn is the prime object of man's life. The history of this world has been but a series of lessons to mankind. Look at Babylon, blighted and her people led away into captivity in the midst of her pride, a lesson for the vain and high-minded. The names of the haughty Kings of Egypt have long since been forgotten, and their once boasted fame has returned to the insignificance that gave it birth, a lesson to the ambitious. The brazen legions of Macedonia no longer conquer the whole world, but are as the dust they trod, a lesson in power. See how the middle ages, spent in

extravagance, immorality and infidelity, culminated in the most horrible scenes of bloodshed and death the world ever witnessed; well-written lessons to the licentious. And hard times are nothing more to the American people than easy lessons, teaching them that possession does not always imply success; neither plenty, satisfaction nor gain happiness. In a greater degree, perhaps, my schoolmates, than you appreciate, the learning of these lessons depends on your aptness, and as they must affect your whole life, I am sure that you are all alike anxious with me that this nation, so blessed in the past with good customs, good morals and good institutions, and having such bright hope for the future, may be protected from the galling effects of harder times.

Fidelity.

First Quarterly Essay Delivered in College Chapel November 13th, 1885, By Miss Jenny F. Wilson.

"Be thou faithful unto death."

What a volume of meaning this short sentence contains? Faithful in the present; faithful in the future, even until we have reached the bank of the great river whose expansive surface stretches beyond our vision; true and constant to ourselves; our friends, and above all to our God—until death.

How many thousand of instances there are of unswayed fidelity? Some on record; others buried far from the reach of human knowledge. Buried we say? but not forever. As the day when the secrets and mysteries of the world will be disclosed, a veil as it were will be lifted and they will be exhibited to our view.

And then how striking and apparently terrible are some illustrations which we have heard of those who have perished amid the flames rather than abandon their fidelity to their Maker.

The martyrs of past years writhed in mortal agony at the stake, while the hungry flames devoured their tortured bodies, and converted them into a heap of ashes.

At the thought of such wanton cruelty we are filled with a feeling of horror, and thank God that the freedom of the present day forbids the enactment of such dreadful laws.

But, despite the torture they endured, were they not gloriously rewarded for their resolute fidelity? for their unchanging faith? Their test was severe, but they came forth from the trial wholly cleansed.

Fidelity to our aged parents we consider one of the greatest virtues, and there is no period in life when they do not claim our attention and warmest affection.

There are such dutiful children; men whose chief aim in life it is to promote the welfare and happiness of their parents.

When, on the contrary, there are others who seem never to bestow a thought upon them, and by their conduct increase their cares, embitter their lives, and bring their grey hairs in sorrow to the grave. Oh, how fearful must be the doom of such unfaithful children!

Even the constancy of nature is sought by universal experience. God has given us the power to count its uniformity, and when we behold its constancy we also behold the God of nature true to his criterion; and this is a mirror which reflects upon mortals the truth that is unchangeable, the ordination that never fails.

We have many wonderful illustrations on record where even writer have seen so constant and faithful as to neglect the calls of hunger, and by ardent labor and perseverance, which seems unnatural. They have passed through many difficulties to gratify their feeling of fidelity.

The noble St. Bernard dog, on the snow-clad peak of St. Bernard, goes forth to seek some traveler who has perhaps been buried beneath the ice and snow, and conveys him to the monastery, where the dutiful monks bestow upon him the most faithful attention.

What a beautiful thing it is to be loyal and true in hours of adversity, when our friends faint and fail. Is it not the very time when they mostly need our comfort and attention? When our sympathy is as a healing balm to their wounded hearts?

Yes, it is grand and noble to be faithful always to our profession, and when men desert it at the end, and act, as it were, the traitor, how much misery they bring upon the heads of others and often upon themselves? The four great men who occupy the most conspicuous places in history, Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar and Bonaparte, having reached the dizzy heights of ambition, ended their lives in misery and exile, all for the want of fidelity in their subjects; those who had followed them in the hour of victory, but proved traitors in the end. "Wise were the kings who never chose a friend, till with full cups they had unmasked his soul and seen the bottom of his deepest thoughts." Thus we see to prove the fidelity of a friend we should have some means of trying them, and in like manner God our best friend tests and counsels us by his words,—"We thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life."

Education and Success.

College education, considered as a preparation for active life, has suffered, and must always necessarily suffer a good deal, from the sort of conspicuousness which surrounds undergraduates and graduates, and from the high expectations which the expense and elaboration of a college course naturally create in the minds of parents and guardians. The truth we believe to be that at twenty-one the chances of achievement and comfort and foothold among successful men at thirty, are as good for the graduate as for the boy in the store, or in the machine shop or counting-room. The ability after saving, borrowing, or inheriting \$10,000, to invest it in a business in which it will go on yielding twenty or thirty per cent. for a series of years—say ten—in the teeth of competition, is, we believe, as rare as ability to succeed in any of the learned professions, and is as little the creation of training of any sort.

Training is of enormous value. Nobody can rate its power more highly than we do. But we are inclined to believe that in most discussions about the conditions of success in life, as in most of the recent discussions about college curricula, a great deal too much has been made of it. It cannot either harm or help a man nearly as much as many people imagine. We doubt very much, for instance, whether Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Jr., was nearly as much damaged by the attempts to teach him Greek at college as he fancies he was. And no elective system, and no substitution of modern for ancient languages, or of science for literature, is going to make the human brain much more capacious or receptive than it now is. In spite of all the improvements made of late years in educational machinery, the difficulties of effecting an entrance into the pupil's skull remain very much what they used to be. This applies to the store and the shop and the counting-room as well as to the school and college. Every one of them does something toward enabling a mediocre man to earn his bread. But none of them does much to enable an able man to win the prizes of life. Hence attempts to formulate the conditions of success are rarely

satisfactory. Most of the books which tell young men how "to make their mark" are ludicrous failures. Success in life in all the callings means ability to

"Grasp the skirts of happy chance,
And breast the blows of circumstance."

No man can be either taught to do this, or be hindered from doing it by teaching. In winning the prizes of life the "personal equation," as it is called, does nine-tenths, the education not over one-tenth of the work. In other words, it is easy to educate a man to earn a bare livelihood, but nobody can be educated to take a seat on the front bench, or be prevented from taking it by any particular kind of education. So that we think it may be safely said to any youth who feels he has the seeds of greatness in him—that is, has the right kind of moral constitution—that it cannot hurt him to go to college, even if he means to be a machinist or a dry-goods man, while it is likely to add enormously to the finer pleasures of a prosperous career.—*The Evening Post.*

The Hair of the Presidents.

Here is a curiosity. It is a case containing the hair of all the Presidents, from the fine gray locks of George Washington down to the semi-blonde one of Garfield. This case shows that the color of a man's hair is no sign as to his Presidential success. Jefferson had red hair, and we are told that he was freckled. John Adams wore a wig, and his son, John Quincy Adams, had the baldest head which ever rested on the pillows of the White House. Martin Van Buren was also slightly bald, but his baldness came more to the front of his head than Cleveland's. Van Buren's hair was beautifully wavy, and he combed it well back from the side of his face. While he was President he wore it short, and it had become gray. Some of Jefferson's portraits represent him with his hair banged in front and coming down over his forehead in the style of the dude of to-day. Every one knows how Jackson's hair stood up all over his head as straight and stiff as the quills of a porcupine, but all are not aware that he was as gray as a badger during his Presidential term, and that his hair was as fine as the thinnest strands of spun silver.

John Tyler was also fine-haired, and he was a very fine-looking man. William Henry Harrison combed his hair well to the front of his ears, and he was gray at the time he was elected. Frank Pierce had thick curly hair, which fell down upon his forehead, and James Buchanan kept his gray head well trimmed, combing his hair so as to show to the full his high brow. Polk patterned after Jackson in combing his hair straight back, with hardly a part, and both Fillmore and Taylor parted their hair on the left side of the head, while Frank Pierce parted his boldly on the right. President Arthur had dark hair, which was growing gray when he left the White House. He kept it well combed back from his face and wore it short. President Lincoln did not pay much attention to his hair, and most of his pictures represent it as rather long. It was dark and straight. President Cleveland's hair is brown and thin. He wears it short and combs it up from his forehead, as though he wished to increase the size of his face. His head is bald at the crown, and the baldness is daily increasing, though he plasters his hair over in a vain attempt to hide it.

NOT TO KNOW B FROM BULL'S FOOT.—The letter B somewhat resembles the bull's parted hoof, and anyone but a fool is supposed to know the difference.

College World.

There is a lady taking the military course at Cornell.

The Mormons are about to found a college at Salt Lake City.

Princeton makes gymnasium work compulsory for the two lower classes.

The universities of Denmark, Italy, Switzerland and Sweden are now open to women.

The Russian universities are strictly guarded by detachments of troops quartered in them at the expense of the institutions themselves.

Westminster college has received a present of an Egyptian mummy. It has been classified among the co-eds, as it is a young lady.

Mr. Vanderbilt has just added several thousand volumes to the library of Vanderbilt University.

Virginia has \$1,650,000 worth of property in universities and colleges.

Each member of the Bowdoin College Faculty has set apart one evening a week to receive visits from the boys.

A debt of \$140,000 against the University of Pennsylvania at the close of the fiscal year 1884 has been paid off, and the institutions is now free from encumbrance.

At the recent royal visit to Dublin the degree of Doctor of Music was conferred upon the Princess of Wales by Dublin University.

A copy of Horace used by the poet Longfellow during his college course has been given to the Bowdoin College library.

John G. Whittier was a member of the first class at Haverhill Academy. At a reunion of the survivors, who now number thirty two, he read a poem written for the occasion and also an ode, written when he was in the Academy.

Tyndall, the distinguished English scientist, has bestowed \$10,800 each on the Universities of Yale, Columbia and Pennsylvania. Columbia has decided to found a "Tyndall fellowship" to be held by a student recommended by the Faculty, the income being \$648.

Senator Leland Stanford has deeded property valued at over \$3,500,000 toward the founding of a great university in California. The University is to be located at Palo Alto, 30 miles from San Francisco, and Mr. Stanford proposes to endow it further and make it the foremost university in the world.

Dr. Noah Porter has tendered his resignation as President of Yale college, to take effect after commencement next year. He proposes, however, to continue in connection with the College as Professor of moral science. On resigning, President Porter, will have reached the age at which President Day resigned, and will have held the office 15 years.

At Atlanta there are three well-organized colored colleges. One thousand young negroes attended the three colleges during the last term. Besides, there were two thousand negro children in the public schools of the city. A high standard of scholarship has been established.

Harry Garfield, son of the late President Garfield, has a professorship at St. Paul's school, Concord, N. H., where he prepared for college.

The Boston Advertiser says that hazing and similar disorders were cured at Harvard by an appeal to the gentlemanly instincts of the students, coupled with a grant of increased freedom from unnecessary tutelage. Students elsewhere, we doubt not, will appreciate and respond to such treatment.

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WESTMINSTER, MD., DECEMBER, 1885.

The Study of Ancient Languages.

It has long been the opinion of many eminent promoters of education that the time spent in the study of Ancient Languages in many of our colleges might be employed to a much greater advantage. This is a progressive age, and we are awakening to the necessity of a purely practical education, one that will be of benefit to a man in his every-day life. The majority of students spend three or four years in the vain acquisition of a mere smattering of the knowledge of Latin and Greek for no other purpose than because they are made necessary in the curriculum for the acquisition of the degree of Bachelor of Arts. After graduation even this little knowledge is put to no practical use, and never again enters their lives. Of course the study of these languages is eminently proper for those in whose course of life the knowledge of them will be necessary, and we do not mean to say that they should be entirely banished from a college course, but think that they should be made special studies for the benefit of those whose occupation will make research into ancient manuscript necessary. To ministers, doctors and college professors, such a course is necessary, but to the majority of college graduates who, in the hurry and bustle of business, have little or no time for research, it is unnecessary and a waste of time. What is needed in this progressive age is a complete knowledge of political economy, a fuller comprehension of physical science, metaphysics, and the general application of mathematics, thus enabling a man to apply his knowledge to the routine of every-day life. The Faculty of Harvard, seeing this, have passed a resolution that Latin and Greek be made optional, to go into effect after 1887. We venture to predict that it will not be long before our college will come into line in this grand march of progress, and our Faculty institute an elective course here, as the subject has already been somewhat agitated. This is a consummation devoutly wished for by our Freshmen, who stand in awe of the Professor of Latin and Greek, and whom the intricacies of the Greek verb nearly drive to despair, detracting from his other lessons the time might have been more usefully em-

THE "Succession Question" has been sprung on the country again by the sad and unexpected death of Vice-President Hendricks. The way in which this question has been discussed in some of the papers is calculated to create a feeling of disquietude. This is a matter for sober consideration, and to attempt to create any unrest in the public mind is uncalled for and of questionable propriety. Some have grown eloquent in their feverish excitement lest the government should "go to sticks." Doubtless a few have been surprised upon waking up in the morning to find the "Ship of State" still sailing. Others have dealt with this subject in a quieter mood. No one can doubt the necessity of some immediate action on this question by Congress. The welfare of the nation requires some action on this very important matter, and that too speedily. At the same time, it is hard to understand why this question can not be discussed calmly without such particular reference to its political significance. Of course this too is not unworthy of consideration. But, when the subject is better suited to calm deliberation than to fights of Aurora Borealis eloquence, it might be well for the daily papers to give the public mind some proper direction. It is exceedingly edifying to read columns of mere speculations on Senator so-and-so's chance of becoming Vice-President pro tem., when some information on the subject underlying all this is so desirable. This is not a matter for party stratagem. There is too much involved in this subject for that. It is concerned with neither party, for it rises above such considerations, affecting the entire nation as such. Fortunately the better class of our daily papers have discussed this subject from a national standpoint and they are to be commended for it. Matters of this kind are always best considered in their broadest range rather than in a single limited phase.

England's New Departure.

England is on the verge of a new departure. The Tory ministry has appointed Mr. Matthew Arnold a special commissioner to examine into the subject of "Free education" in France and Germany. This is one thing in which the Tories have done well, and in so doing they have showed good sense. The move is certain to be popular. Mr. Arnold has said some cutting things about the Tories but, notwithstanding this, they appointed him as the person to undertake the work. No one better qualified for the mission could have been selected. Than Mr. Arnold no one in England knows more about this subject, and those who know anything of this matter except from a pedagogic point of view are almost a cipher. As a question affecting the State it has received little, if any attention from her statesmen. Until lately her statesmen have been carried along in the tide of the economic doctrine that struck England about 1840. Like many other questions, this was in consequence of the movement of 1840 left largely and solely to private enterprise. Education has suffered in England because of the let-

alone cry so long popular along the Thames. Mr. Arnold did not join in this cry, therefore, the fitness of his appointment. He has given this subject much attention and study. The fact of his appointment speaks well for the success of the new enterprise. Mr. Arnold's report will be awaited with great interest.

"GO WEST, YOUNG MAN!" This was Horace Greeley's advice to young men. It is as sound, sober and sensible advice to-day as when the sage gave it utterance. The "West" is a synonym for energy. By going west Greeley thought young America would become energetic. "Go," signified action. It is legitimate, consequently to argue that this advice means, be an active, energetic man. If a man is active and energetic he can go West. He can also stay East if he desires. In case he is neither active nor energetic he need not go West. He is not wanted out on the plains. How would he escape a mad buffalo? Run! why he would not have the energy to be active. Run! he could not. Then the folks at home would mourn his loss and the buffalo, having worked off his energy would become quiet. Besides he would starve. Such being his leading characteristics, he had better remain at home, as it costs us no more to starve in the East than in the West, and he would save his traveling expenses. Queen Bess, on her death-bed, said, "millions of money for a moment of time." To starve is to die. Now young America could beat Queen Bess bargaining if he would buy a few moments of life with his travelling expenses. Yes. "Go West, young man" by all means. The East can spare a few of the Mr. Micwabers. If you can not live in the East, you can not live in the West. But "Go West." The East is full of cemeteries, and there is more land out there on which to lie down and die. Do that for your country. Be patriotic in your last moments and save the State the expenses of your funeral. No woman wants a man who will set by the fire while his wife saws the wood. A woman wants a husband who can throw a burglar out off a second-story window, and who will bring home a spring chicken on her birth-day. "Go West, young man" but do not wait for the lightning to take you there. If you do that you might find yourself in the Artic regions, or some other place. This system of interpretation may not be scientific; it may not be allowable according to the dictionary, but Greeley wrote such a miserable hand that this may be what he intended to write.

The Elective System.

A short time since Professor Adams was installed President of Cornell University. Much of his inaugural was occupied with the discussion of certain phases of the elective system. He spoke in commendatory terms of President Eliot's administration of Harvard, stating that President Eliot was deserving of "the distinction of forming a great epoch in the development of higher education in America." The "Elective System" received support, in a

degree at least, in the address. As showing the direction educational matters are taking in this country President Adams's address is important, owing to his position and the standing of the University of which he is president. Cornell is one of the higher institutions of learning in America. In consequence of this, everything relating to the subject of education emanating from it carries a certain force. With a president favoring the "Elective System" the tendency will be for Cornell to throw her weight to the support of that system.

When about three years ago Charles Francis Adams made his vigorous attack on "A College Fetich" the present status in educational affairs could scarcely have been expected in so short a time. The results of the oration were immediate and important, producing a very radical change in the college curriculum. Considerable discussion was occasioned by the oration; some opposing and some supporting the old system. But Harvard soon adopted the elective system and has ever since championed its cause. Under the leadership of Harvard many other institutions adopted the elective system with various modifications. To-day there is hardly a college in the United States that has not been affected in some way by this radical change.

FROM appearances it seems that Mr. Gladstone's party has been defeated. The Tories owe their success to the Liberals themselves rather than to any thing they have done. Unfortunately for the Liberals their ranks were divided while the Tories presented a solid phalanx. The Disestablishment question too was worked for all it was worth to the detriment of the Liberals. If we may judge from the personalities indulged in by the Tories, the Billingsgate element can not be wanting in their ranks. Possibly it was merely an Aristophanic effort to mulch Mr. Gladstone. In case this was the intention the Tories were not as successful as Aristophanes was in accomplishing the destruction of Socrates; for Midlothian returned Mr. Gladstone by a very handsome majority. The prospects, however, are that Conservatives will have a working majority in the next Parliament.

BEFORE our next issue appears the most joyous season of the whole year will have come and gone. It is a time when the streets look like a fete-champetre and everybody is happy. Joy is the prevailing feeling. It is the season that perfumes the year with gladness. No one feels like being morose, the season is too full of joy for that. The wanderer looks to heaven, and the starlight reminds him of that strange new light that fell on the Judæan plain, the light of the Guiding Star. The tenant in the garret feels a thrill of joy at the tintin-abulations of the merry bells, telling so sweet a story. The rich feel more charitable toward the poor then, and the purse-strings are loosed by the magic spell. The poor do not feel so poverty stricken, for the most blessed gift to men is his as well as the millionaire. This season is one

to cause the educated people to rejoice; for to what do we owe our enlightenment and liberty, what is the basis of law and order? It is needless to inform the students that this season is the yule-tide. The editors wish our readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Locals.

Snow!!!!

Mince pies!!!

Turkeys and celery!!

Cranberry sauce and cake!

Thanksgiving gone Christmas next.

Who stuffed the white owl? Tell us do.

A Senior says "giving us mince pies is only a sly way of making us eat *hash*."

At a recent meeting the Faculty decided to close school for the Christmas holidays on Saturday the 19th inst. This will give us two solid weeks of fun and confectionery. Hooray!

The Freshmen have introduced the Oxford mortarboard cap among our students. They are very neat and something the students have been trying to introduce for some time. It is amusing to see how the Sophomores turn green with envy and the Freshies hold up their noses when they pass each other.

The Junior class has been enlarged by an addition in the person of Miss Hill of Howard co. Miss Jarboe of West Washington, D. C., has entered the Preparatory department; and Mr. Smith from New Windsor is enrolled in Prof. Merrill's department.

Miss Sadie Abbott received a visit from several of her relatives on Thanksgiving day. Miss Emma Abbott ('83) of Annapolis, Mr. Usilton, and her brother Robert from Baltimore. Mr. Abbott remained several days at the College and made many friends. Will be glad to see him again.

Miss Ada Roberts spent her Thanksgiving in Baltimore. Miss Minnie Stevens visited friends in Frederick county. Messrs. Mowbray and Dumppaid their addresses to Mr. Dumm's parents at Johnsville. Mr. Bowman ate Turkey in Baltimore, and Messrs. Stocksdale and Mitchell attended parties and flirted with the girls about Finksburg and Reisterstown.

Our Vice-President has selected a very bad part of the year in which to get a new silk hat. Snow-balls fly from—no body knows where sometimes.

A Sophomore had as a heading in his framework for a composition, "The deleteriousness of the non possession of honor and the highly advantageousness of the possession of the same." Say Sophie is this one of your "Marvelous wonders of the Polar World?"

Prof. of Belle lettres: "Mr. N., how was war proclaimed in ancient times?" (Student prompting, "it was published by herald.") Mr. N., "The king had it published in the Herald." Beans for the class.

Mr. Sinkinson was called home recently by the serious illness of his brother.

The following puns upon the names of some of our students were recently handed in. If any of our readers have any presents to make to the author, in the shape of brick bats, decayed cabbage, etc., please do not send them through the editors.

Can a cat which steals milk be called a Slifer?

If a horse with a burr under his saddle runs off to the right, can that be called a Burgee?

When there are two room mates, when one is well can the other be Weller?

If a room has Combs in it, is it necessarily a toilette?

A student with his first mustache should never be Downing the mouth.

Number Seven is afflicted worse than Job, it always has a Boyle.

A good thing for farm horses this slippery weather, Caulk.

Turkeys were pretty free from roup this year until Thanksgiving when Roop caught the turkey.

All the good things that were sent him Thanksgiving day have Bennett.

After you have read this don't get excited, but V-eazey, and don't send any Christmas gifts.

Messrs. Linthicum and Clayton spent their Thanksgiving at home, and report having a splendid time.

Mr. B-w-n drank so much cider Thanksgiving that picking up a book and finding it upside down he laid it upon the floor and tried to read it standing on his head. He failed.

Since the 26th ult. "set ups" seem to be quite the correct thing among the boys.

Hear the College fodder chimes!

How they cut the frosty air
With their sweet tumultuous rhymes,
As the students throng the stair.

Locked the Chapel door they say
Impatience stamped on every side;
Suddenly a voice is heard "make way,
The door is open" and in they glide.

Be sure each student did make way,
To the chair where his maiden sat,
And lots and lots they had to say
In the fifteen minutes of their chat.

Then down the stairs each escort he
A maiden took with arms locked loose,
Although she had not a turkey wing
She held the wing of a goose.

The dining hall they reached in glee,
'Ere had ceased the ringing bell.
Everything nice as it could be,
Turkeys all done, brown, and well.

"Thanksgiving! Hurrah!" they cry,
"This is the way we always do
Turkeys and celery, oh my eye!
Cranberry sauce and blanc mange too."

Then rang out the sparkling wit,
What after that we all know;
Soft, sweet nothings in her ear,
But none should ever *spooney* grow.

After supper came parlor night
With that delightful partner stealing?
The wall flowers jealous of our might
On the bashful bench vent their feeling.

Then once more the fodder chimes
Ring out. Then a voice sweet and low
Says "Gentlemen it is now ten o'clock"
And off to dreamland we must go.

Then thanking each our lady fair
For such a day with pleasures teeming,
Soon after we to our rooms repair
Are of girls and good things dreaming.

The following ladies were elected at the recent election of officers for the Browning Literary Society:—President, Miss Sallie Wilmer; Vice-President, Miss Lizzie Thompson; Rec. Sec., Miss Mary DeWitt; Cor. Sec., Miss Mary Galt; Librarian, Grace Garrison; Treasurer, Miss Carrie Mourer; Critic, Miss Jenny Wilson.

The following gentlemen were elected at the recent election of officers for the Irving Literary Society: President, H. C. Stocksdale; Vice-President, E. C. Wimbrough; Recording Secretary, Wm. Weller; Corresponding Secretary, W. H. Grammer; Critic, C. M. Grow; Treasurer, Jno. Naill; Librarian, H. S. Boyle; Assistant Librarian, Chas. H. Sullivan; Chaplain, P. Myers; Sergeant-at-Arms, E. L. Bowman; Term Orator, W. H. Brown; Term Essayist, G. C. Erb.

One of our Freshies says he don't like the way the Professor of Physical Science teaches algebra.

The Sophomores were examined in mathematics Nov. 11th.

Two of our ladies would like to see the boys playing in the museum. Don't you mean gynnasium.

Lamps have been placed at the top of each flight of stairs in Ward Hall. Let us have some light in the campus these dark nights.

The colored janitor at the Seminary lately purchased several bushels of potatoes and placed them in the basement for safe keeping. The Theologues, those young men we look up to as examples, were caught by the janitor shortly afterwards roasting about half a peck of them in the furnace. We do not know how many have been taken as this is not the only instance. The janitor, being poor, cannot afford to lose them, so we suggest that the Theologues do a Christian act by paying up like men.

One of our intelligent Preps. conjugated the past tense, indicative mood of the verb to be as follows: Singular number, I was, you was, he were. Plural number, we was thou were, they was.

Several of our young ladies laid a plan to ring the door bell about midnight recently. Everything was prepared, and one was stationed to hold Miss Lottie's door. Imagine her surprise on seeing Miss Lottie standing in the hall looking at her. Say, girls, did you ring the bell?

One of our Seniors, who has cast his second vote as an American citizen, says he was at the Centennial in Philadelphia when he was a little fellow about seven years old.

Our Vice-President, before going down town recently, placed a demi-john in his carriage. Several Sophs. saw it and asked the Vice-President what it meant, when he replied, in his jovial way—"coal oil, gentlemen." "Coal oil." The Sophs. think it looks rather suspicious.

The first quarterly exercises of the first division of the Senior Class were held in the Chapel on November 6th. The exercises were opened with an instrumental solo by Miss Wilmer. The first oration was delivered by Mr. L. M. Bennett, subject, "Some things About Progress." Miss Emma Reaver read an essay entitled "Christianity." This was followed by the reading of an essay on "Shakespeare," by Miss Richards; after this an instrumental solo by Miss J. Wilson. Mr. B. A. Dumm delivered an oration on "Fame Lives in Truth," and was followed by an essay on "Where There is a Will There is a Way," by Miss Nellie Sappington. Miss Stevenson read an essay on "Learn to Mind Your Own Business," which was followed by an oration on "Mystery," by Mr. Erb. The exercises closed with an instrumental duet by Misses Roberts and M. Slaughter.

The first quarterly exercises of the second Section of the Senior Class were held on the afternoon of Friday, the 13th of November, having opened with an instrumental duet by Misses Roberts and N. Galt. The remainder of the programme was as follows: Oration by C. M. Grow, subject, "Opposites." Essay by Miss Stevens, subject, "The Power of Adversity." Essay by Miss Stone, subject, "The Value of Character." Music by Miss Whittington, instrumental solo. Oration by Mr. Mowbray, subject, "Hard Times." Essay by Miss Thompson, subject, "Onward, Not Backward." Essay by Miss Wilson, subject, "Fidelity." Oration by Mr. Roop, subject, "Salt Lake City." Music by Miss M. Slaughter, instrumental solo.

The Philomatheans elected the following ladies as officers recently: President, Minnie Stevens; Vice-President, Hattie Steven-

son; Recording Secretary, Georgie Harlan; Corresponding Secretary, Jennie Burroughs; Treasurer, Nannie Powell; Librarian, Emma Adams; Critic, Lily Barkdoll.

The following gentlemen constitute the corps of officers for the Webster Literary Society: President, A. Burgee; Vice-President, H. H. Slifer; Recording Secretary, P. Combs; Corresponding Secretary, C. A. Veazey; Librarian, H. G. Watson; Critic, N. H. Wilson; Treasurer, E. T. Mowbray; Chaplain, B. A. Dumm; Mineralogist, F. R. Owens.

We infer from the recent actions of our ladies that they believe in light. Miss Lottie Owings, our preceptress, was recently the recipient of a most beautiful hanging lamp from the ladies of our institution. The design of the lamp is exquisite, and we complement the ladies upon their very fine taste. We extend our congratulations to Miss Lottie for the esteem in which she is held, and feel confident that those under the light of her guidance will be fitted to fill the highest positions in society, and to worthily adorn a home.

Freshman Class in Belles Lettres—
"When Paullus returned home from Macedonia what did he receive?" Mr. W.—
"A feast." Prof. B.—"No, it was something like we have here." Mr. W.—"Oh, yes! on Thanksgiving."

Personalia.

'72. Mr. H. Dorsey Newson is Manager of "The Writers' Publishing Company," 21 University Place, New York City, which has recently issued "Pieces to Speak"—neatly printed on cards, and very convenient. No alumnus of our College is more worthy of success than Mr. Newson, and he has both the talent and the spirit of enterprize which will be sure to make him successful.

'73. Mr. Frank W. Shriver spent a few days in Westminster recently. He is now engaged in business with his father-in-law, Mr. Gregg, of the firm of Gregg & Bowe, Carriage Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

'74. Mr. Edward W. Shriver was in Westminster the first part of last month. He is connected with the Brooklyn Bank, Brooklyn, N. Y.

'75. Rev. Joseph A. Weigand is preaching in Pittsville, Wicomico Co., Md.

'75. Mr. Clarence F. Normant was elected one of the Directors of the United States Electric Light Company, Washington, Nov. 10th. He is remembered as one of the earliest students of Western Maryland College, having entered the Preparatory Department in 1869, and remained until his Junior year in College.

'80. The Rev. Frederick C. Klein, A. M., Methodist Protestant Missionary at Yokohama, Japan, has under his instruction, an interesting young Japanese lady, named Heretisan, who expects to enter the Freshman Class of Western Maryland College in September next. The Mission under Mr. Kline's charge, in connection with several American lady Missionaries is reported to be in a flourishing condition.

'82. Mr. J. H. T. Earhart is attending the Medical Department of the Maryland University.

'85. Mr. Theo. Harrison made us a "pop call," Nov. 6th, he is looking well. Come again Theo.

'85. Mr. J. W. Moore, is clerking for H. S. Brewington & Co., Baltimore.

'85. Mr. T. A. Myers is a bookkeeper at Camden Station, Baltimore.

'85. Mr. T. J. Shreeve is attending the Medical Department of the Maryland University.

'86. Mr. H. W. H. Amoss is clerking in the B. & O. Central Building, Baltimore.

'85. Mr. Edward H. Norman is teaching at Bryant & Stratton's Business College, Baltimore.

'86. Mr. W. H. White was in Westminster Nov. 3rd. He is still attending the Maryland University.

'86. Mr. Geo. O. Quesenberry is attending the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Baltimore.

'87. Messrs. Jas. A. Melvin, and Clinton H. Wright, are attending the Medical Department of the Maryland University.

'87. Mr. Louis M. Sellman has been appointed Post Master at Warfieldsburg.

'88. Mr. L. Howell Lamotte is at the Baltimore City College. His address is 224 E. Preston St.

'88. Mr. James H. Steele is clerking for Mr. Geo. W. Albaugh in Westminster.

Scissors Among the Colleges.

Student translating: "And the King flees." Prof. "No, use past tense—use had." S. "And the King had fleas." Applause.

Prof. of Chemistry. "Did the class prepare the lesson to sugar?" Brilliant Soph. "I tried to reach the sugar, but got stuck in the starch."

Near the close of a recitation. Professor: "Are there any questions any one would like to ask?" Pupil (not prepared and very anxious): "What time is it, please?"

Prof.: "If a body meet a body—" interrupted by students, "Coming thro' the rye." No formula deduced.

A senior says, that after trying for two years to photograph his girl upon his heart, all he got was a negative.

"In the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as fail," said the soph as he shoved a "crib" up his sleeve and started for examination.

A student at the University of Texas, being short of funds wrote to his father in Galveston: "Send me \$100 by return mail. He who gives quickly gives double." The old gentlemen replied by the next mail inclosing \$50, with the remark that, as he had responded promptly, the \$50 enclosed were equivalent to the desired \$100.

Advice to a Freshman: Honor thy professor in the days of thy youth, that thou may'st be solid with him before thy senior year.

Professor (to young lady Student)—Your mark is very low, and you have just passed. Young Lady—"Oh, I'm so glad." Professor (surprised)—why? Young Lady—"I do so love a tight squeeze."

"Are you in favor of enlarging the curriculum?" asked a rural school director of a farmer in his district. "No," replied the old gentleman, "the building is fully big enough; what we want is to teach more things to the scholars."

Said a teacher to one of his girl pupils: "If your father gave you a basket of peaches to divide between yourself and your little brother, and there were forty peaches in the basket, after you had taken your share, what would be left?" "My little brother would be left."

Some scientific person has discovered that *Cryptococcus zanthogeniacus* causes yellow fever. It will also produce lockjaw if you try to pronounce the word with undue haste.

A "prep," whose frequent blunders had nearly exhausted the patience of his instructor, capped the climax by pronouncing "similis" "see-me-less." "Hope I may," earnestly ejaculated the Prof.

A Galveston school-teacher had a great deal of trouble making a boy understand his lesson. Finally, however, he succeeded, and drawing a long breath remarked: "If it wasn't for me you would be the biggest donkey on Galveston Island!"

"Was Rome founded by Romeo?" inquired a pupil of the teacher. "No, my son," replied the wise man, "it was Juliet who was found dead by Romeo."

A Vassar, speaking of Homer, her favorite Greek author, said: "I have never read his Amied, but his Idiocy is perfectly sublime."

An Edinburgh professor, meeting a stupid countryman, said to him: "How long can a person live without brains?" "I dinna ken," replied the fellow, scratching his head. "How long have you lived yersel, sir?"

Is it the office of the Faculty to serve as suspenders for college breeches?

Little Mabel asked her father one day to taste a most delicious apple. What remained was ruefully inspected a moment, when she asked: "Do you know, papa, how I can tell you are big without looking at you?" "I cannot say," was the reply. "I can tell by the bite you take out of my apple," was the crushing answer.—*Kentucky State Journal*.

Near Enough—She—"Do you make any reduction to Clergymen?"

Gallant Old Confectioner—"Always; are you a clergyman's wife?"

She (blushing)—"Oh, no; I am not married."

G. O. C. (becoming interested) "Daughter, then?"

She (blushing deeper)—"No; but I—I am engaged to a theological student."

The Value of Character.

First Quarterly Essay, Delivered in the College Chapel, November 13th, by Miss Lenore O. Stone.

Would I be exaggerating to say that our success or failure in life depends upon the character we each form for ourselves.

We know that the greatest of modern writers has said—

"The purest treasure mortal times afford Is spotless reputation; that away, Men are but gilded loam or painted clay."

And again:

"Good name in man or woman Is the immediate jewel of their soul."

The value of character is priceless. Without it you are lost in many ways. First and greatest, you have no respect for yourself, and when self-respect is lost we are left poor indeed, without foundation upon which to rebuild the reputation which might be made firm as at first. Secondly, no one is without influence, and whereas a spotless character would have made you a power for good in your community, the absence of it brings disgrace upon all with whom you are brought in contact. Thirdly, when time comes to an end with you, as it comes to all, you are lost.

A man possessing this treasure is influential and respected by all; able to obtain any situation; honorable in all things; and with that strength of will about him which, having been necessary in building up his character, is no less necessary to preserve the beautiful fabric firm to the end.

In the formation of character nothing is of more importance than strength of will. By this I do not mean self-will, but that power of the mind which is able to bring all the intellectual powers and the desires of the heart with perfect obedience to the will, and then make this master (the will) a good and careful guardian of his subjects.

The will which allows each wandering

desire to get the mastery, oversteps the line which divides man from the brute creation, and falls to their level, or even lower, disregarding the fact that man has reason, which may be improved as his guide, while the brute has only instinct, which matures at once.

A man of character has certain rules which he has taken as his guide in a life of honor and purity; and when tempted to disregard them, if he conquers and adheres to his idea of right, he has gained a victory, and the pleasure and strength gained from this will fully repay him for the struggle he has endured. But how different will be his feelings if the places, conquer and conquered, are reversed; first he knows he has been defeated, and this seldom makes us happy; then he knows that, although he had stated rules by which he should be guided, still he was too weak to defend them; then often he gives up, which is the surest way to make a rapid run to ruin. But if he is benefited by this experience, "which, although it is the hardest, is the most thorough teacher," he may build so many good and strong rounds on top of this, that the minds of those around him may overlook this one weak spot. But it is still there, and it will take constant working and watching to prevent the whole from becoming a mass of ruin, through which is mixed both strong and weak rounds, until we can see but confusion and chaos.

Character is not the work of a day, but of a lifetime; one good deed does not form it, but the sum of all the deeds.

Lavatu has said: "Actions, looks, words, steps, form the alphabet by which you may spell character."

As is seen, character is the inner man, known only perfectly to himself and his Maker, but it is perfectly known to them, for no matter how conceited a man may be, still in his innermost self he knows what his character is, and of course He who can read the human heart as an open page, knows the true character of everyone. In this life we come in contact with every phase of character, good, bad and indifferent, but it is not hard to discover which we most admire and respect. Surely it is the one who, living this life to the best of his ability, has ever before him, leading him on, the knowledge that a very wise man has said—"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."

For the Irving Literary Gazette.

Manual Training in American Schools.

By John D. Ford, P. A. Engineer, U. S. N.

Few persons are now familiar with the extensive trials that have been made in the past with manual training schools in our country. They originated about a hundred years ago, as in Russia, from the necessities of the people, and did valuable service for about seventy years when they languished and were given up. Young men who were educating themselves had an opportunity to learn science and the mechanic arts. While the prices of manufactured articles were high, and the country was manufacturing but little, these schools supported themselves and thousands and thousands of men got their education by means of these school workshops. But as soon as manufacturing became one of the great factors in the progress of the country, these schools were no longer successful. The desire to make money was constantly tempting the students to neglect study, while on the other hand, the love of study influenced some to neglect the manual work as much as possible. The ordinary English and classical studies were taught as

well as the manual. The competition of machinery and the difficulty of making a fair division between work and study finally extinguished the manual training features when men who desired an education confined themselves to the English and classics, training eye and hand in field sports or the gymnasium. This state of affairs lasted for about twenty years when men who keenly felt the difficulties and understood the necessity of hand as well as brain workers to succeed them, seeing our young men struggling in over-crowded professions and the places that should be filled by them being taken up by graduates of the European schools, or by competent, half taught graduates of the shops, have set aside the gains of years of toil for the endowment of technical schools, in some cases to stand alone like monuments to their founders, in other cases to add this feature to some older school, College or University. The Congress of the United States, the states and a few cities have followed in the lead of these disinterested noble workers who have gone. To-day these schools are in successful operation from Maine to California, all doing good work and the last twenty years finds our manufactures mentally and physically by the training. The grades and objects of these schools is as varied as their locality. Some aspire to train the Mechanical Engineer, some the Foreman, some the Mechanic, while others simply aim to give all a knowledge of *things and the care and use of tools*. While so much has been and is being done in this direction for men. No man has not been forgotten, and we find in the Eastern, Central and Western portions of our county schools, one after another, adding a course of Domestic Science but we need to do a great deal more in these directions, and we cannot begin too soon if for no other reason, than, because it is by the eye and hand the real victory is to be achieved.

For the Irving Literary Gazette.

Chili.

[Extract from a letter to one of our students.]

Among the various Nations of South America, Chili by its progressive spirit, its ability to hold its own, and maintain internal and foreign peace, is attracting the greatest attention from thoughtful minds. Forming by map comparison only a narrow strip of land south of Peru, and west of the Andes it possess all those requisites of good land and successful government. Its variety of climate much resembles that of the United States. Located in the South temperate zone, it has its seasons exactly opposite to those in the states. Its productions are of the most varied character. In one section it grows the finest wheat and cereals; in another all the abundance and wealth of semi tropical regions—grapes, of unusual size, pears, peaches of luscious flavor and unusual in size and quantity—in fact all that is grown in the North Temperate Zone but with a tinge of the abundance peculiar to tropical or semi tropical climates.

By far the greatest resources of the country proper consists in the abundance of the mineral deposits. Silver is found in considerable quantities. Copper is by long odds the greatest product and is mined in large quantities, mostly by Englishmen and under the most favorable circumstances. Gold is also largely found.

To the south of the country at "Lota" where the celebrated Madame Consino has her residence and operates a large rolling mill, is one of the points in Chili where a settlement has been made by Englishmen and where great manufacturing industries are carried on. At Lota there are large deposits of coal, iron, copper, &c.; the

mines are worked and the manufacture of stove ware is carried on largely. A large bottle manufactory establishment is here and also extensive glass works, which industries are all carried on by the capital furnished by this distinguished lady viz. *Madame Consino*, a native Chileno, whose wealth is estimated at \$50,000,000. This eminent lady resides at Lota in a spacious residence surrounded by an extensive park, filled with the choicest of statuary. The residence is furnished complete in European style and is the equal of any private residence in Europe or America.

There are many beautiful cities in Chili, but Santiago, the capitol, outrivals them all in elegance and natural as well as artificial beauty. Located in the interior on the Maprocho river, it is at this writing, a town of 160,000 inhabitants. At the foot of the Andes, the mountains are always visible, and in winter the sight presented, of mountains to all appearance very near, yet really at a considerable distance, perpetually covered with snow, is a most beautiful one to look upon. The streets of Santiago are paved with Belgium blocks, not a few, but all, and are constantly kept clean by a large squad of women employed as sweepers and they clean the thoroughfares every morning before eight o'clock. The beautiful "Alameda" passes through the central portion of town, lined on each side by beautiful trees and with a promenade and carriage drive of five or six miles in extent, unequalled in the world, or at least unsurpassed, with here and there along the route a monument of "O Higgins," the great Washington, of Chili, or "San Martin," the great Lafayette, of Chili, as we might call him as he came from a distance to assist in her independence. This is lighted by electric lights and at night presents a lovely sight.

"Santa Lucia" is one of the natural wonders of Santiago, a mountain of solid rocks originally thrown up in the centre of the city. It was for a long time a point as to how it should be removed which was finally settled by the lady I have mentioned previously in this letter, viz. *Madame Consino*, who agreed from her ample fortune to defray the expenses of beautifying it and making it a permanent ornament to the city. Her plan was accepted and she has expended nearly a million of dollars, in statuary and a dozen of other devices to render the point an object of interest to both residents and visitors. At its highest point there is a chapel at which services are sometimes held. The view of the snow clad mountains of the Andes from "Santa Lucia" is one of the winter sights to be enjoyed. We are in the midst of summer and while the bleak days of November means winter in the States, the sunny days of November mean summer in Chili.

Colleges are not Made But Grow.

From the New England Journal of Education.

Twice within the past three months our attention has been called to the statement that, somebody having put down a round million, or even half that sum, we are now to have the true American University, to rival the great foundation abroad. There is no reason, certainly, why people who give money for the higher education should not indulge in "the pleasures of hope," and work with all their might to make their new school, in some respects at least, an improvement on anything now established. But when we contemplate the frightful wreck of college endowments, and the humiliating failure of the magnificent expectations of the past 50 years in all parts of our country, we may well pause and consider a few facts concerning the corner-

stones of American college life. However needful a pile of money may be in the development of an educational institution, no successful college was ever established on money as its cornerstone. The history of the half dozen new American colleges for men and women that bear the name of a wealthy founder is no exception to this remark. Vassar, Smith, and Wellesley came into being to meet a new necessity for the higher education of girls; and they, with all similar colleges for women, in the future will rise or fall according to the real demand for college culture, the breadth and thoroughness of their work, and the attractive personality of their Faculty. We believe that in the Northern States, certainly east of the Mississippi, there now exist, in the co-educational and exclusive colleges for women abundant opportunities for the genuine collegiate education of girls; and that the multiplication of such schools will either diminish the patronage of the best, or nourish that most mischievous of educational humbugs, the calling female seminaries and academies, colleges and universities, and tempting green schoolgirls to put on the airs of the higher education. The South needs one college similar to those already named, where a good girl can be educated for \$200 a year; besides the opening of the State Universities to women, John Hopkins, Vanderbilt, Packer, and other new foundations are flourishing according to the inevitable law of university life. The law is that the four corners of every valuable college must rest upon, first, the supply of genuine college material; second, the educational spirit of hard work in those that come; third, the breadth and wisdom of the scheme of education proposed; and fourth, the ability, attractiveness, and thorough consecration of the Faculty. Those given, success is assured, even to an institution built on piles in the Everglades of Florida. In the absence of either, the proudest structure, in the grandest city, with the biggest bank account behind it, will only be another magnificent failure. We heartily wish that our men of wealth could be convinced that no money can build or buy the higher education; although wise and generous gifts may do much to develop an institution that stands firmly on these cornerstones. The great colleges of our country had all small beginnings, and made their reputation in the days when great men sat in Professors' chairs, with the salaries of young city bookkeepers, and students "boarded themselves," and worked to the verge of physical peril. To such noble foundation recent donations have been a godsend; and, in almost every instance, have greatly increased the power and enlarged the influence of the college.

The Red Prince at Gravelotte.

Archibald Forbes in London News.

On the 18th of August was fought the battle of Gravelotte, a less bloody but more momentous combat than Mars la Tour. On that morning Prince Frederick Charles was stirring early in his quarter at Buxieres, to keep the 5 o'clock rendezvous he had given to his corps commanders that they might receive his instructions as to the sitting of the battle in order. What a subject for a painter, that morning gathering of the German leaders under the poplar trees on the chaussee between Vonville and Mars la Tour, with the Red Prince in their center, brusque, curt and emphatic! Around the group, conning over a new slaughter, lay the ghastly evidences of the past in the groups of dead that yet awaited burial. Keen-eyed, handsome-faced Prince of Saxony; stolid-looking August of Wurtemberg; Alvensleben, the aristocrat, with

thin, clear cut features and bright hawk eye; Voights-Rhetz, with the shrewd, keen look of a lowland Scot; Manstein, grim, gray and determined—these stood in a roughly-defined semicircle, with their horses' heads turned inward, and there addressed them in a few short, crisp sentences, the square upright man on the powerful bay. The Red Prince let his hand fall on his thigh with an audible blow, for he was very heavy-handed in every sense—this stalwart man with the massive hair-clad jaw, the strong wide mouth, cruel in its set resoluteness when the features were at rest, the well-opened, piercing eye under the arching forehead, brood square and knotted. A man this, in the tight red tunic, cast surely by nature in her special mould for a great military leader. You might think with yourself as you looked at him that you could scarcely fancy him as a friend; if you looked again you would surely fancy him less an enemy. He did not detain his generals long under the poplar trees. One of them afterward gave me his laconic parting words: "Your duty is to march forward, find the enemy, prevent his escape, and fight him wherever you find him;" and Alvensleben added in his quiet tone, "in the name of God," as the generals wheeled their horses' heads outward and the little council scattered. Almost from the beginning of the battle Prince Frederick Charles was under fire, with his finger on his pulse. On this eventful day no man in the Prussian army undecayed greater (and that justifiable) risk than the leader on whom the chief responsibility rested. Mars la Tour and Gravelotte were both essentially Prince Frederick Charles's battles.

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