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Original Poetry.

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HORATIANA.

IN AVAROS.

How long mankind like asses still will bray,
What fortune gives, or chance throws in their way,
Nor live content, but praise another's lot,
A brown-stone front, or the more modest cot!
The soldier, sore with stove-in stomach, cries,
"O lucky merchant!" while the latter sighs
O'er watered stock, and feels a growing taste
For navy-blue, gilt buttons, and gold lace;
In fancy rushes on where sabers thicken,
To win his spurs, or fall a damaged chicken.
He skilled in law the farmer praises more,
When a client knocks at cock-crow at his door,
And interrupts his nap—likewise his snore;
And yet the rustic, green as a donkey dressed,
Will swear that none but city folks are blessed.

Of such as these, so full's the precious store,
They'd bore a barber, though himself a bore;
But patient be and learn where the story'll lead,
That finds its favorites in this favorite creed.
Suppose some god should say, "Come here, ye braves,
Merchants I'll make of you; and you, ye knaves
Whom the law doth feed, shall guide the sturdy
plow;

Mutatis partibus, what say you now?
Alas! why move not on to fill the bill?"
Yet all may happy be who have the will.
Why should great Jove his swollen rage repress,
Nor strike with ponderous fists your stubborn crests?
Be sure he'll lend no willing ear to songs
That find their cadence in imagined wrongs.

But these are serious things—I will not run
The tragic buskin into comic fun;
Yet who forbids a little mirth to wield,
To chide the erring and the truth reveal?—
The modern pedagogue his dullards rules
With doughnuts fashioned to the taste of fools!

But jokes aside—this farmer here, this *tar*,
This knavish caterer, and this man of war,
With such persistency their arts apply,
They fain would make artful apology:—
"The golden horde will ease the luckless day;
As the little ant, of labor great," say they,
"Piles heap on heap, as much as she can bear,
Mindful her store lays up for winter fare."—
'Tis true; but, sirs, she uses well her store,
Nor till the winter's spent seeks she for more,
Unlike yourselves, whom neither summer's heat,
Nor winter's cold, nor waves, nor war's defeat,
(While lives some millionaire, of Wall-Street fame,
Can drag from your one purpose—sordid gain.

Does a brick of gold, or weight of silver ore,
For being buried treasure charm the more?
"It does," you say, and then to clinch it fast,
"Diminished oft, 'twill dwindle to an as."
Or if your cribs a thousand bushels show,
Not yours the paunch that more than mine can
stow;

Nor, if your slaves a market basket drag,
That breaks their backs, as any huckster's nag,
Can you of pork and cabbage more digest
Than he who has of pork and cabbage less.

Whether a thousand acres or a hundred
Furnish the grits, to one from greed discumber'd,
What does it matter? "O 'tis sweet, you know,
From a great pile to take!" Just so, just so!
But if enough my little stack supplies,
Why boast of barns that like elevators rise?
Or if our little urn supplies the want,
When fiery thirst yearns for the liquid font,
Still, still you say, "Please none of that in mine,
Only a river full suffice my kind."
And so 'twill often happen that the greed
That dares the treacherous bank without the need,
The rushing torrent quenches in a twinkle,
Nor leaves of the sad mess the faintest wrinkle;
While he of modest want gets a clean fill,
Uncalled to pay stern Nature's final bill.

Of men the greater part, not up to snuff,
But duped by avarice, deem no sum enough;

Think as one's riches are, so is his worth,
Whate'er his virtue or whate'er his birth.
What would you do with a case such as this?
Doom him to misery would not be amiss.
"But once at Athens lived a singular chap,
Sordid and rich, who in the face would slap
Your sentimental cant. 'They hiss at me,'
He said; 'all right! but often as I see
My safe, well-filled with greenbacks and the like,
I *bravo!* cry, and all the tighter gripe.'" Hold,
hold! a Tantalus once died of thirst,
While to his chin the copious waters burst.
You needn't laugh; *mutato nomine*
The story is of you. Methinks I see
You yawning, gaping o'er your treasured mint,
Compelled, as 'twere some sacred thing, to stint,
Of no more pleasure than a mezzotint.
Are you so stupid as not comprehend
The power that money has, its use—to spend?
'Twill buy a loaf of bread, a bottle of wine,
A pint of oil—so many things in fine,
The lack of which to our poor stomachs makes
Them empty of chyme, but full of troublesome aches
And then to watch half dead from silly fear,
Whole nights and days, to dread some evil near,
As thieves or fires, or your own servants, lest
They rob you and skip to that haven of rest
Blest Canada—does this delight you more?
For me—I'd rather be forever poor.

"But if my body is by chills afflict'd,
Or by some mule I'm accidentally kick'd,
And have to go to bed, I'll have, in seat,
To wait upon me, mix my *lod*, entreat
The doctor dear to get me on my pins,
Restored again to my own kith and *kins*."—
Your wife and children e'en will wish you dead,
Your neighbors, all who know your miserly tread,
The very boys and girls who hear you talk,
Will hate the very paths on which you walk.
And do you wonder, since you place your gold
Before all else, if there is no living soul
Who loves you? thus think you to keep as friends
Those whom kind Nature gratuitously lends?
Unhappy wretch! you ruin all your aim,
Just as that other fool, who tried to train
A stubborn jack, obedient to the rein
To be, while skamp'ring o'er the grassy plain!

In heaven's name, let be some end to greed,
You have enough, no longer poverty plead,
Begin some end of grasping toil to find,
Enough 's enough, contentedly incline.
Nor do as one who in the fable's told,
So rich he was he measured in his gold,
So sordid that he dressed as menials do.
And to the last feared want would end him too.
But he—his mistress, bravest of the fair,
Cut him in two, as if he'd been a hair.

"But what would you persuade me to? that I
Should live as *cashiers* do, and that *frj*?"—
By no means; there you hasten in your scorn
To couple things contending horn to horn.
When I forbid you to a miser be,
Persuade I not to prodigality.
There is a difference between the prude
And one who is in simple virtue good.
There is a happy mean, and there are fields,
As to whichever side himself who yields,
He's bound to go wrong sure as *eels* is *eels!*

But to return—of all this precious flock
The avaricious man's the best in stock;
But do not others follow in his wake,
And praise alone the course their neighbors take?—
Covet their she-goats, udder-full and fat,
And mew and cry as *under* *tabby's* cat?—
Their donkey heads butt up against the fence
Of every other's enterprise and sense?

The over-rich forever stand in way
Of all who hasten on to win their day.
As when the jockey starts upon the race,
Receives the *nod*, and settles to his pace.
He presses on to beat the foremost horse,
Despising all who're distanced in the course.

Thus does it rarely happen that we find
One who has lived contented in his mind,
And at the close yields up his little life
Without regret, but gladly quits the strife.

But here I pause—lest some kind friend complain,
I ride my *pony* without bit or rein.

R. K. DOUBLET.

For the Irving Literary Gazette.

WASHINGTON.

In selecting this for my subject, I will not pretend to do it justice, but will endeavor to extol the virtues and greatness of him who is dear to every American's heart in the most earnest term that my feeble pen can express for the admiration he has excited within me. A man of truth, integrity and justice. He spurned those who lacked those principles, and cast from his confidence those whom he discovered wanting them. "Give honor to whom honor is due." But I do not believe that Washington ever has or ever will receive his due. The most eminent and literary men of the world have failed to do him homage. The star was too bright and dazzling to be scanned minutely in viewing it. It threw about it such a dazzling splendor that but few could see its true brilliancy. Though this star was watched with intense interest in every movement it made yet every eye looked on with a throbbing intense eagerness, to see it glide on in its beauty and glory until it shall reach that pinnacle for which it is toiling and enter a "Haven of Rest." Though at times gloom gathered around this light of the social universe and threatened to engulf it in the obscurity of its hideous darkness, and fly away with it in its tyrannical embrace; yet its infinite number of rays melted the links of the chain of this tyrant, that seemed to impede its course, and dispersed the clouds like mist before the rising sun. O, star! by whose light our feet were guided; how can we praise thee enough. If thou hadst fallen we would have been cast into oblivion; but the Great Jehovah did not intend that you should fall from your sunny paradise into eternal misery of irons. But for your guidance and protection we may have still been living under the fetters and bondage of English tyrants. Happy, proud Washington! The temptations of earth could not seduce your patriotism. Washington was born in Westmoreland County, Virginia, on the 22nd of Feb., 1732, of one of Virginia's noblest families. His forefathers left England on account of the persecution of Cromwell and came to Virginia, where George Washington, our hero, was born. When George was eleven years old his father died and thus leaving him under the sole care of his mother and, as history tells us, she was a woman of remarkable excellence of character. She devoted her whole life in instilling noble principles in the boy which had so much weight in forming his purity of character. He had a pride in mathematics, and at the early age of sixteen we find him quite devoted to surveying. At this time the French had infringed upon the rights of the colonies, and broke up their posts on the Ohio river and establishing posts instead in Pennsylvania for themselves, which the colonies determined to resist. They accordingly elected Washington adjutant general, and sent him to negotiate with them. Who can imagine the dauntlessness and bravery of that spirit as he led his company over the mountains at night, and being a target for the Indians by day. I do not believe that Washington was ever destined to be

shot; for we know that on one occasion an Indian shot at him repeatedly, and although he was but a few paces off and took deliberate aim, the arrows passed by harmless. It was during the French war that Washington gained that immortal name that afterward established for him that reputation that endeared him to the American people.

They loved him, and were not afraid to put their fate in his hands when necessity compelled them to throw off the yoke of slavery and cry for freedom, which could be gained only by taking up arms and fighting for it. It was soon that the cry of freedom and independence echoed and reverberated from the mountains, hills and valleys and the swelling tones of an indignant people crying to arms and resist the pouring in of the tyrants from the mother country. There were but two alternatives, freedom and slavery, life and death. The colonies knew how sweet was life, and they knew how to appreciate it. They knew that a noble death was preferable and more acceptable for the good of their country than a miserable life in chains. It was a life they knew would characterize and elevate them, at least to an equality with other nations in after years; and when the eagle of the enemy came soaring over the land it did not frighten them, but made them more determined to grasp the sword with a firmer hand and be more zealous in the cause for which they were about to contend. I imagine I can almost see the old eagle as she sat perched upon the topmost rounds of the ladder and held in her claws the glorious banner of Independence, with a kindled and elevated eye watching the movements of the enemy and drawing in wings closer and huddling them together, and protecting them from danger as a hen does her young when the birds of prey appear. Although the old eagle beheld a powerful and formidable enemy approaching her own dear land, being a sickle to destroy its vitality, yet she did not swerve or falter one iota from the duty she had been destined to perform, but sat with head erect calmly awaiting the blow that should wound her side, hereby causing her to give a shriek that would startle the nation and rouse them to action. This blow was soon to be struck and every preparation was being made to ward it off. At this critical period they were without a leader; but no sooner was one called upon to command and lead them in battle, than one mighty unanimous shout went up that was heard to every side of the colony, Washington! It seems as if God selected him for this position. He realized the great importance of the step; but knowing that his Maker does all things for the best, he accepted trusting in His protection for the right discharge of his duties. 'Tis needless for me to relate the incidents of that war, and the consequence that attended the same. But we know that success followed his footsteps wherever he went. Of course the Americans had much suffering to bear. Look at them at Valley Forge, in an almost starving and naked condition, enduring the hardships of a soldier's life contently. See Washington administering to their wants, sharing his food with them and allowing himself scarcely enough food for

mere existence. Surely there was never a man in the annals of history that was his equal. What a pure, undefiled, noble character was his. He was too lofty in his elevation to be envied by others, for all knew that his standing could not be attained by any other living being. He was a tall, fine featured, face full of animation and expression, a graceful form with all the symmetry of fashion. It was not with ambition that he was inspired, but to win the love of his countrymen, and see his own dear native land rank first among nations, and he did all in his power to promote her interest. After conquering the enemy and casting the shattered and bleeding booty at his feet, establishing peace between the two nations, he refused the immortal crown which he had won, and accepted no pay; he retired to his peaceful home, there to remain but a short time before he should be called forth to rule the people whom he had given a life, and who now wanted him to govern them. He again went to their aid and the fruits of his administration have not yet been surpassed by any of his successors. He again retired to his home, where he died in 1799. By his death the nation lost the brightest star that ever adorned its firmament.

W. F.

For the Irving Literary Gazette.

"The Whole Man Moves Under the Discipline of His Opinion."

It is a well established fact, that no restrictions can be placed upon the human mind. The mind naturally resists compulsions, and the opinions of men will ever be free. How, in the first place, was it ever proven, that the human mind cannot be restricted? Can you look into the human brain, and see the fruits of its operations? In other words, can you read the minds of men otherwise than by outward signs? If you can, you are equal to the Supreme Being that made you; you know "even the thoughts of our hearts." It is only by the movements of men, their external workings, that we can possibly get any idea of their views of things. Mind reading is an impossibility; God alone can perform such a wonder. If men do not move under the discipline of their opinions, what do they move under? By what are their actions governed? We do not know. We are completely at sea. If such a thing were a fact, our mind would be a blank. We would be nothing more than automata, mere toys, placed in this beautiful world for no other purpose than for the amusements of some god. Man, under such circumstances, would be inconsistent with things as they are. We could not possibly do any thing without being acted upon by some external force. What an utter failure this world would be. The religion of Jesus Christ would be as false as the Mohammedan faith, and I can truthfully say there would exist no religions whatever. The Bible would be on a level with the "Arabian Nights." Man would no longer be a free agent; no longer would he be responsible for his acts. This world would be a vast panorama. I am of the opinion, that, if men were not governed by their opinions, it would plainly show that there are more gods than one. It would further show that each of these gods, with different views, rules over different classes of men. For it is not to be supposed, that, if there were only one god, the actions of men would be so different. The Aristotelean philosophy would not be different from the Baconian philosophy. We would still hold to the ancient elements, earth, air, fire, and water, as constituting every thing, and our modern science would not exist, as it certainly does.

Therefore, it would be wrong, for any man with common-sense, ever to think of such absurdities, as being true. Throw away our literature, our arts, our institutions, and every thing that has been wrought by man, and our minds, then, and not till then, will the automatic beings exist. Ages have proven, that as man thinks, so will he act. Ages, which brought old Galliles before the assembly of the wise and learned, and to have announced to him—, "though seven grave cardinals," the ecclesiastical curse of the church. "That to maintain, the sun to be immovable and without local motion in the center of the world, is an absurd proposition, false in philosophy, heretical in religion, and contrary to the testimony of the scripture, that it is equally false and absurd in philosophy to assert that the earth is not immovable in the centre of the world, and, considered theologically, equally erroneous and heretical." Ages, with Socrates, shut up in prison, compelled to take his own life, because he taught "false doctrines" and "corrupted youths;" with Faustus flying from Paris after his Bibles had been put up for sale. Ages, with the smoke rising from the funeral piles of Hess and Mortimer, because they would not denounce their own opinions, and act according to the dictates of others. Everything has been done to keep men from acting according to their own views. The civil arm has often been exerted in favor of some one doctrine which has come uppermost through some good luck. Power of the laws has been put forth, and the effects of pecuniary penalties have been tested. The flames of persecution have been kindled; fire has been tried upon the flesh to cure the irregularities of the mind. Everything which ingenuity or devilish cruelty could think of has been tried to restrain the inquiry of men, and compel them to conform to the predominant opinions of others. It is impossible to force men to an opinion. You might as well try to stop the heavenly bodies in their course, or live without eating. When you attempt to compel men to believe in a doctrine that is opposite to their own views, you extend to them an invitation to doubt, and doubt generally leads to disagreement. Such things as these are not according to human nature. The illustrations which I have used show believers in one doctrine striving against those of contrary doctrine. But I do not mean to say that those who held to what I think was false doctrine were not governed by their opinions. I believe that the majority of them were governed entirely by their own opinions, and that they would have suffered any torture, even the pain of death, before they would have succumbed to the belief of others. Why do oriental devotees inflict the severest tortures upon themselves? Some take an oath to sit or stand in one posture for months; others to carry heavy loads, or drag heavy chains for miles. Some have doomed themselves to swing with their heads down, exposed to the hottest flames; others have condemned themselves to roll on the ground from the banks of the Indus to the shores of the Ganges. Why does the poor Hindoo throw himself under the wheels of the car of Juggernaut, and the poor Hindoo mother feed her babe to the sacred alligators? Do they thus torture themselves for no reason whatever? Have they no end in view? Yes, they are appeasing their angry gods according as their opinions are disciplined. These things are drawn out from nothing but their strange tenets respecting the Deity. It is a fact, that there are some persons who wish to express their opinions but hold back for some reason which in most cases is timidity, and such persons generally conform to the opinions of others. Therefore, one can not help seeing the utter failure of such a man's life. He is not taking advantage of his privileges, but is undoubtedly a slave to the opinions of others. If we do not have opinions of our own, but look up to others for these opinions by which we may be guided, we place ourselves below them. Up to the close of the sixteenth century men of learning had to submit to the Aristotelean philosophy. Every thing was taken for granted, and knowledge was based entirely upon theory. No one ever dared to step from the platform of scholasticism, until Francis Bacon, "The great Secretary of nature and all learning," led the way. Bacon was of the opinion, that the Aristotelean philosophy was nothing but speculation and vain imaginings; a philosophy of words, not of investigations and experiments. Holding to this opinion, he sought reformation for this time-worn Scholasticism, tumbling it forever out of existence. The Puritans, to avoid the persecutions of the English Church, and to have the liberty of following their own beliefs and doctrine, set sail for this country, at that time, an "howling wilderness," peopled by a race more savage than wild beasts. Yet, these things did not turn back those hardy Pilgrim Fathers. They were fully conscious, that it were better to cast their lots among the savages of America, than that the savages of religion in England should take away from them freedom of thought. The intellect of man *alone* places him at an almost infinite space from the brute creation, and gives to him the boundless sphere of celestial intelligences. The mind would not elevate man at all, if it were not for his opinions, because man's opinions are the fruits of his intellect. Opinions stand in the same relation to the mind, as an oasis to the desert. One is the fertile spot in the mind, the other the fertile spot in the desert. Man is the summit of the pyramid of creation; his vast intellect makes him that summit, and the fruits of the mind show us these things. E. C. WIMBROUGH.

For the Irving Literary Gazette.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

"When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there."

This flag was first unfurled in Boston, amid scenes unparalleled in the history of the United States. The most prominent position it held was Bunker Hill, where it waved over the gallant and brave; who fought long and well, under the sweep of its folds, and who were driven back only when there was no longer any possibility of success, and then the noble old flag, all shattered and torn, was carried in sorrow with them from the field where so many of their noble companions fell, the most illustrious among whom was Gen. Warren, who fell, fighting bravely for his flag and country. Oh, who can give praise sufficiently worthy of such men! I have often looked upon the stars and stripes with the deepest reverence, wishing that I had been able to have fought under its folds with Washington, Gates, Greene, Lee, Lafayette, and all of those noble patriots of the Revolution, a war which drew men from their families and all whom they held most dear to fight for their country, and to die under the old flag in the cause of liberty. Lafayette, the most distinguished foreigner who sided with America's cause, left all the pleasures and comforts of his home, and the penalty of the French law, which prohibited all of that nation from taking part in the American Rebellion; but such was the character of Lafayette, that his hands clenched, and his feelings rose with righteous indignation, at the unjust demands of Great Britain; and he left

his own country under the penalty of death; hiding by day and travelling by night, and never considering himself safe until he was aboard an American vessel; and all this he did, in order that he might fight with Washington under the Star Spangled Banner, and he remained under its stars throughout the war, enduring all the hardships which the American people were suffering, the horrors of Valley Forge, and the defeat at Long Island, rejoicing with them in the glorious victory of Yorktown, in which Cornwallis surrendered to Gen. Washington.

Look at the storming of Palmetto fort by the English, in the heart of the conflict, when every thing seemed going in favor of the enemy, the flag-staff was shot in twain, and fell without the walls, when the bullets were falling thick and fast, Sergeant Jasper sprang over the wall, seized the flag and once more it floated and waved in the breeze, and inspired the inmates of the fort with still greater activity, and the enemy were driven from the ground. And in the naval fight, when thousands of Americans were looking on, unable to take part in the noble strife, the flagstaff was shattered by a shot from the enemy, and great was the cry of anguish when they saw the flag lowered, but not so it had fallen in the water, and one of the sailors springing overboard, bore it back in triumph to the vessel, which was shattered by the balls of the enemy to such an extent that it was impossible to remain on board of her any longer, and as she was sinking Commodore Perry seized the flag and stepping in a small boat was rowed through the fire of the English, who were doing all in their power to stop their progress; but the brave soldiers were not to be subdued by so contemptible a thing as fear of the English, and upon reaching another ship belonging to Perry's fleet, the old flag was once more unfurled to the gaze of the dismayed English. I claim this battle in honor of the American flag, because the soldiers fought to sustain their honor by protecting the flag. In travelling down in the history of the United States we see this flag continues to wave even more gloriously, and stands higher than ever in the wars with Great Britain and Mexico, in which the American Eagle was victorious, as we all know. But still further down we see a mist collecting around the head of the glorious Eagle, and it grows darker and darker, until darkness prevails over the entire country! and the shrill screams of the eagle echoing from the Gulf of Mexico on the South, to the great lakes on the North, reaches the ears of President Lincoln with such force that he called for seventy-five thousand troops to defend it, and then the glorious eagle was divided against itself; the swift and terrible one of the North chose General Scott for its bearer, and that of the South chose Gen. R. E. Lee; upon a better or superior man the sun never set; a man whom all acknowledge a Statesman and all must acknowledge a General inferior to none, a man noted for his magnanimity and generosity, beloved by his soldiers as a father is by his son; he was always willing to bear the blame due to others; and Gen. Scott, knowing his worth, would have resigned to him the command of the entire United States forces, but no! He was never destined to fill Gen. Scott's position, he became the Commander of the Confederate forces, and throughout the whole war filled his position faithfully, discharging all of the duties that pertained to his office, for four long years, and then he was compelled to surrender; and the Southern eagle, stripped of its plumage, was cast bleeding and torn to the ground, and not fully was the other restored to its supremacy, for today there is a chasm between the two which nothing but time will close.

O, that that time may soon come; when all will join their hands in friendly forgetfulness of past differences, even as they did in the days of our ancestors! Let us raise the old Eagle to the position it once held, unsullied and untarnished by the world's pollution, and let us write upon its crest "Justice and Liberty forever."

"And this be our motto: 'In God is our trust,'
And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph shall
wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the
brave."

D. B.

For the Irving Literary Gazette.

"Hot House Education."

It is said, that the brain is in childhood the most delicate of all the human organs. Physiology teaches us this is a fact. It also teaches us, that here is the center of the nervous system. It again teaches us, that over-taxing the brain ruins the nervous system, and that, if the nervous system is ruined, our constitution is ruined. Since these things are so, the American people are doing a thing that should not be done, a thing that should never be said of a nation like ours. That is the over taxing the minds of children. Before the age of four we commence to tax the child's mind with the names of different things, and compel it to learn what would be even a severe tax to an adult. At the age of seven he or she, as the case may be, is wrapped up deep in the mysteries of Mathematics, Grammar, Geography, Latin, and Greek; at twelve rushed into College; at seventeen or eighteen has passed through a four years' course, having acquired a little of every thing and a thorough knowledge of nothing. The American parents (as a general thing,) dote upon what their children know, the number of books they study, their class standing, and "last, but not least," what eminent men and women they will become in the future. Dr. George Morse says, "Those who obtain the highest honors of their *Alma Mater* are generally diseased men, and they are also like phosphorescent insects, their brilliance lasts but a little while, and is at its height when on the point of being extinguished forever." Would that parents who try to make their children prodigies of untimely development in knowledge would sometimes let nature take its course! If they would look more to the physical than to the mental training of their children, this country would be better off, both in physical and intellectual attainments. Who are the men of intellect; those who are crammed with knowledge when young, or those who take to study as they become matured? Let the statistics of the past generations speak for themselves. Let the boyhood days of men who have astonished the world by their brilliancy but be revealed. Then we will have the answer. It is true that there have been men who have become great on account of their excessive study in youth, but they are "few and far between." Cato, the younger, was in his infancy called an idiot. Sir Isaac Newton was "The dummy" of his class. Dr. Adam Clark, the great Biblical commentator, was considered a great dunce in school, and was never praised by his father except for his ability to roll large stones. Liebig, the distinguished chemist, was a "booby" in school. Do not these facts show that over-taxing the child's brain ruins the mind instead of building it up? This idea, that a child should be crammed full of knowledge before it can talk plainly, should be done away with. If we would do justice to a child, we should first see to the development of their limbs and muscles, then to the development of their minds.

W.

Harvard has 189 courses of study.

"Consider the End."

BY H. C. STOCKSDALE.

In the Temple of Apollo at Delphi, upon those lofty and ancient walls, were inscribed seven mottoes by seven eminent men. Chilo of Sparta, one of the seven sages of Greece, considered that the great virtue of man was prudence, or well grounded judgements as to future events and inscribed as his motto "Consider the End." We all, no doubt recognize what a vast and glorious universe this is, which God has made for man. As one has said, Its channels He has paved with diamonds. Its banks He has fringed with flowers. Overhead He has arched with stars, and around them He has spread the glory of the physical universe with suns and moons, from which light is poured down on the just and unjust. All of these things have been done for the promotion of man, and all that is needed to complete man's happiness, is left to him, who has to battle with life, either by working or idling. To promote and exalt ourselves, we must use those powers which have been bestowed on us, free and gratuitously, to the best advantage. There are many men who are very ungrateful to their Maker, because others possess more powers than they, and complain and become agitated because they are excelled in this contest. We should never do this, but press on and keep in view the end, and use what powers we possess. When we are about to make the start in life, we have open to us two roads. One leads to honor, success and happiness; the other to shame, failure and poverty. If we select the right and sure road, we have an opportunity of reaching the top-most round in the ladder of fame, as did these great and famous men of the past.

We have before us an object, and end in view which should solely occupy our attention. We must either make for ourselves a name which will never be forgotten or a name which will be sunk in oblivion. Men cling to life with an unyielding grasp. Yet, at the same time they complain of the path as thorny, rugged and wearisome, but are ever tormented with the fear that they shall, too soon, come to its termination. Some enjoy the pleasant pathway, and wish it would never end, others are never satisfied, always grumbling and wishing that the end of life was terminated. The moments when passing, move too slowly; when passed, they have gone too soon. They wish that to-day would give place to to-morrow, and yet every successive morrow advances them a step toward the dreaded termination. They quarrel with life, because it does not bless them, and love it, because it has a blessing for them. Now, why is this? The reason is, they do not understand life, what it purposes to do for them and do not keep in mind what they will be when the end of life comes. If those men who have been so victorious in leading our armies on through fire and blood, pressed on through success and failure, had not kept constantly in view an end, we would not have had the advantage of observing what there is gained from considering before hand, an end. If Sir Wm. Herschel had not considered the end, when a poor fifer's boy in the army, to-day he would not rank as first among astronomers. He, there marching every day with those large and powerful men, realized what life was for, and by so doing, his name has been handed down from generation to generation. One of our greatest orators and statesmen, when seated on his shoemaker's bench, considered the end, and during his work had constantly a book before him, studying every moment that his eyes could be spared from

his occupation. By doing this, Roger Sherman, was awarded for his honest and laborious toil, a seat in Congress for 19 years. It is said of him, that others were more admired for popular eloquence, but in that assembly of intelligent men, there was no one whose judgments were more respected or whose opinions were more influential. Alexander, after "having climbed the dizzy heights of his ambition," looked down upon a conquered world and wept that there was not another world for him to conquer. Hannibal, to the astonishment and consternation of Rome, passed the Alps, having put to flight the armies of the world and "stripped three bushels of golden rings from the fingers of her slaughtered knights." These men by keeping the desired end in view, were awarded for their efforts, and how gratifying it was to them to know that they accomplished what they had set out to do. It was a source of enjoyment for them to look back on their past life, with pleasure and delight. There is an old saying, which I think is appropriate to say here, that if we do not aim at the mark, we will never hit it. How true this is, and we see around us this principle carried out in human nature. So many of our young men waste their time in early life in fruitless endeavors. Instead of applying themselves to one thing, they are doing nothing, but yet, at the same time, have a great desire to do something, and something worthy of themselves. They will try this and that, offer themselves to do anything and everything, never considering what will result in the end. They cannot educate themselves, for the very reason that they do not know the benefits which will result from applying themselves. They waste their time and money, which vanishes as rapidly as the wind, and find out that they are just as ignorant as they were at first. We can see around us to-day, swarms of these men, or really idlers, who do nothing, and never think of the present or future. The most of them are gentlemen idlers, or spongers, who live off of their relations or any one who has a very tender and kind heart. The difference between these men who never had an object in view and never considered the end, and those who have, is of a great contrast. The great and chief end of life is to build up for one self, a character and business. This will never come to him by wishes or prayers, but must work as well as wish, labor as well as pray. His "hand must be as stout as his heart, and his arm as strong as his head." Every young man, who has any pride about him, has in himself the seminal principle of great excellence and he may develop it by cultivation, if he will try. If he is poor, he should remember that most men whose names are as household words, were also the children of poverty. Rely not on others, but keep in mind a calm decided and all prevailing principle. Have an object in view and pursue it steadily. Never give up in despair, but act his part well, and then he can hail with the "liveliest emotions of joy his exit which leads him out of a field of labor and care into a boundless field of unsullied enjoyment." It then becomes us to be wise, to take life for what it is, to remember that it has an end, and compel every period of it to make a denotation of happiness to the last hour, to seize upon every day as it passes and say to it, as did the patriarch to the wrestling angel, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me."

The earliest professorship of law in this country was established at William and Mary College in 1779.

All Europe has fewer colleges than Illinois, and one of the European colleges has more students than all Illinois.

For the Irving Literary Gazette.

No Man Liveth For Himself Alone.

Without knowing the nature of things it might be supposed that men are here to attend to their own personal affairs, and never to help others along. We all know that a person can attend to his own business better than anyone else can attend to it. And does not evil rather than good follow, when each man neglects his own affairs, and attends to the affairs of others? God did not intend that men should live for themselves alone, but that they should be helpers of one another. He did not make our ears to turn inward, so that they can hearken only to the circulation of the blood; but he made them so that they can listen to the music of the whole universe. He did not make our eyes to introvert their gaze, and look behind themselves at the play of the muscles and nerves; but to take in objects that float before us. Neither did he make the heart to concentrate its affections on what is inside; but he made it to throw its tenderness abroad. The mother will cling to the child, so will the child to the mother. We even see this in dumb brutes. The memory of the babe that expired on its mother's breast is still fresh in that mother's mind. The Deity knows that for men to help others is the only way of securing good for themselves; therefore, he involves upon us many things which he could have done as well as left undone. He could stop the heathen from worshiping idols. He could stop the weeping Hindoo mother from throwing her infant to the alligators of Ganges. He could stop the Hindoo widow from ascending the funeral pile of her husband. He could stay the hand of the murderer and sweep out of the land all the liquor saloons. He could stop all the hellish and barbarous scenes, but he will not. Why, some may ask? Because he desires these things before our vision, so that the eye can convey it to the heart, and the heart be melted into love and sympathy. Because for us to do the work is for our own good. By these scenes God wishes to teach us the duties of our life. He wishes us to do good, and be benevolent. At one time Napoleon on entering a cathedral and seeing twelve silver statues, said, "What are these?" "The twelve Apostles," was the answer. Napoleon then said, "Take them down, melt them, and coin them into money, and let them go about doing good, as their Master did." Be sure to do good always, and help others. Then in our prayers we can say:

"Good Shepherd, we've been seeking
The lambs that went astray;
Heart-sore, and faint with hunger,
We heard them making moan,
And lo! we come at night-fall
Bearing them safely home!"

E.

The *Dartmouth Gazette* was the first American College paper. It was published in 1810 at Dartmouth College. Daniel Webster is said to have been one of its editors.

Egypt has a college that was 900 years old when Oxford was founded, and in which 10,000 students are now being educated, who will some day go forth to spread the Moslem faith.

There were five colleges established in Dakota during the past year.

Forty-two college graduates are working on Boston papers.

The wife of the Mikado of Japan is a graduate of Vassar.

President McCosh, of Princeton, is 80 years old.

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WESTMINSTER, MD., FEBRUARY, 1887.

Vol. VII.

The seventh volume of the IRVING LITERARY GAZETTE begins with this issue. Irving Literary Society feels proud of her paper, and always rejoices at its success. It has always been successful, because it has always received the greatest attention from its editors in the past. "Labor has sure reward." Those who have worked on THE GAZETTE have always found this maxim true, and know that this paper is the germ from which the greater part of their success has sprung. Work bestowed upon any periodical is a great help in obtaining knowledge; this has been shown by the way journalistic work has been appreciated in the different colleges of the United States. Some of these colleges have made *belles lettres* departments optional to those who occupy the editor's chair of their several journals. There is not a college in the land but what appreciates its medium, "Our College Monthly." If such an institution could possibly be found, the different colleges should hold an indignation meeting, and pass resolutions, condemning such a literary nothing. THE GAZETTE has been appreciated by our college, and our thanks are due for the assistance given by her in the past. THE GAZETTE has had many obstacles, but she has surmounted them all, and has mounted one round higher. May she ever mount up and be of much service, and ever carry forward the good work she has already begun. "Onward and upward" is our motto.

The last editors of THE GAZETTE have retired with their "profoundest bow," and the Irvings have lost able workers and managers in this part of their literary field. She has placed the work and prosperity of her monthly contribution to the literary world into comparatively new hands, and we trust that the favor shown towards us may not be misplaced. We are not proficient in making bows; or if we were, could not give you an illustration for we have no cuts prepared. We will endeavor to learn as quickly as possible all the "tricks of the trade." We are only beginners and have much to learn, so we ask mercy and consideration at the hands of our critics. We feel like the young orator who said:

"View me not with a critic's eye,
But pass my imperfections by."
We earnestly ask the assistance of our many friends and patrons, and every help

will be gratefully received. Give us your support and you will always be remembered by us and by all those who have THE GAZETTE at heart.

Paddle Your Own Canoe.

Although somewhat trite, there is in: "Paddle your own canoe," a force and meaning for to-day. This pertinency is not the idea of "taking care of number one," that maintains in it, but that other, the idea of self-reliance than which nothing, scarcely, is more essential to success. For want of this many young men, and older ones too, make signal failures of their lives. After the death of one of his most powerful friends, it was his awaking to the importance of this that developed to the fullest extent the mighty genius of Angelo. One's true strength, what inheres in his soul only comes to its might when facing opposition. Before opposition there is need of that concentration of purpose that can only be affected where there is consciousness of individual integrity. Not only before opposition but in his every act and word, not conceit, but a proper sense of his reserve strength is of value. Such a feeling, one when rightly understood that is estimable, only is apt to exist where there is consciousness of responsibility. Where there is this sense of personal responsibility, self-reliance is usually no mean factor. In not a few instances in Colleges there is a sad want of this. Students fail to examine for themselves, contented simply to take the opinions of text books and others without doing their own thinking. Giving proper credence to the opinions of others the student should be one in the strictest sense of that word; should rely on his judgements and original investigation more than is usually the case. In his preparation for the class room and in every other department of the college life the student should be mindful of his debt to himself, and in knowledge of that let him have some degree of self reliance. Nothing is cheaper than getting some one else to do your studying. The only difficulty is, that person secures an education, while the student who does not rely on his own personal endeavor fails to obtain anything deserving that name. To be sure he may be *smart* enough to get a diploma, but such a document in the hand of a graduate who has borrowed his recitations is much like the patent medicine circular.

Labor-Education.

With the recent agitations in labor circles comes up the subject of industrial schools. America must and will have skilled labor. This is a certainty; and capital will seek that labor and will pay it the highest wages. In Europe there are industrial schools and, to enable American labor to compete with foreign skilled labor, the establishment of such schools on this side of the ocean are indispensable. These schools must be incorporated into our educational systems as much as is the case with our Business and Agricultural Colleges.

Mayor Grace, of New York, in writing

a letter to the School Board of that city on the subject of industrial schools for girls has done well. This might be a valuable experiment and result in the extending of industrial education. With advances made and making in every branch of industry there is no reason why we should not have men trained for mechanical pursuits as well as for professional life.

Of course this is not meant to do away with either academic or common school education. Edward Everett Hale was right when he said before the Institute of Civico: "It is a mistaken notion which people have that the standard of popular or common school education needs to be toned down so as to meet the prospective requirements of boys and girls who are to pursue the ordinary vocation of life, with aim solely to the getting of a living." No, there is a wide difference between the status of the American working man and that occupied by him in Europe. In the Republic he is part of the integral whole as well as the capitalist. As such there is need of him being an educated intelligent citizen. And there is nothing incompatible in the existence of industrial and common schools.

THERE is a disposition manifested among our larger Colleges to become Universities. Princeton, however, will not be a university this year. At least that is the decision of the Board of Trustees of that institution. The matter was presented to them at their recent meeting by Dr. McCosh, who, for some time, has been fathering the scheme. Notwithstanding the earnest plea presented by the venerable Doctor in behalf of the idea, the Board referred the matter to a committee, and there the matter will rest, anyway for a time.

While Dr. McCosh doubtless feels disappointed at the result, there can hardly be any question that eventually not only Princeton but our other first rate colleges will become universities. In matters educational America is not backward, and the time is not distant when this growing country, so fully alive to its interests, will demand the advantages of universities. To affect this both time and money are indispensable requisites; especially time, for a university is a growth. Neither can there be any question that the Alumni will demand recognition in the management of the affairs of *Alma Mater*, and *ex necessitate rei* will have any recognition in its councils.

ACCORDING to the Brooklyn Magazine, the author of that famous poem, "Curfew must not Ring To-night," is Mrs. Rose Hartwick Thorp, who resides in San Antonio, Texas. She is a native of Litchfield, Mich. Although she has written several very fine and beautiful poems, this one alone has given her great reputation in both hemispheres. It has been published in innumerable forms and has been translated into almost every language. In speaking of this poem herself, Mrs. Thorp writes: "It raised me from a shy, obscure country girl into public notice, and brings to my side yearly hosts of new and delightful friends. Wherever I go, my

friends are there before me, and the poem, which I gave to the public with no right reserved, while it has made a fortune for others and dropped golden coins in other pockets, has reserved for its author admiring friends." For the benefit of those who may desire to know how she came to write the poem, we give her own story which appeared in the Brooklyn Magazine some time back:

"The poem was suggested to me by the reading of a story, 'Love and Loyalty,' in April, 1867. I was then a plain country school-girl, not yet seventeen, residing with my parents at Litchfield, Mich., and under the pretext of working out mathematical problems, with my arithmetic before me, I wrote the poem roughly on my slate. I was forced to carry on my literary work under these difficulties because of the opinion of my parents, that my time could be better employed than in 'idle dreams and useless rhymes.' I wrote the first copy on my slate between four and six o'clock in the afternoon, but much time has since been spent in correcting and revising it. I had no thought that I would ever be able to write anything worthy of public notice. The poem was first published in the Detroit 'Commercial Advertiser' in the fall of 1870. The editor, upon receipt of my manuscript, at once wrote me a lengthy letter of congratulation and praise, in which he predicted the popularity for the verses which they have since received. I had no literary friends, not even a literary acquaintance at that time, and did not know the simplest requirement for preparing my manuscript for publication."

The Citizen.

President Cleveland, being invited to the tenth anniversary of the Catholic Club, Philadelphia, wrote, in reply to an accompanying letter stating that "a good and exemplary Catholic was *ex necessitate rei* a good and exemplary citizen":

"I know you will permit me, as a Protestant, to supplement this noble sentiment by the expression of my conviction that the same influence and result follow a sincere and consistent devotion to the teachings of every religious creed which is based upon divine sanction. A wholesome religious faith thus inures to the perpetuity, the safety and prosperity of our Republic, by exacting the due observance of civil law, the preservation of public order and a proper regard for the rights of all; and thus are its adherents better fitted for good citizenship and confirmed in a sure and steadfast patriotism. It seems to me, too, that the conception of duty to the State, which is derived from religious precept, involves a sense of personal responsibility which is of the greatest value in the operation of the Government by the people. It will be a fortunate day for our country when every citizen feels that he has an ever-present duty to perform to the State which he can not escape from or neglect without being false to his religious as well as his civil allegiance."

There is much truth in this. What we want more and more in our schools and colleges is to have there impressed on the youth of the country a due sense of their obligations to their country. More of the spirit of true patriotism should be inculcated in our seats of learning. Spread-eagle-ism is not

meant—that is common enough, stump oratory is full of it—but that higher, loftier spirit commended by the Bible. Yet, while the Bible sanctions *patriotism*, it recognizes the very broad distinction existing in the relations of church and state.

THE COLLEGE PORTFOLIO is the name of a monthly magazine published by the Browning, Philomathean, and Webster societies of our college. It is a very fine monthly, and speaks well for those who have it in charge. It contains twenty pages, and is handsomely bound in a pea green cover. It is very seldom that a college paper, when first started, makes so favorable an impression. The societies are to be congratulated. We now have two papers published at this college. Some think that two college papers are too many for one college, but that remains to be proven. Theory will not do in this case. Irving Literary Society is among the few societies of our colleges that publishes monthly magazines under one society alone. THE GAZETTE has been in existence for six years, under the auspices of Irving Literary Society, and it is likely to remain there.

Locals.

Squash!

One Lung!!

Recognitions!!!!

Cod fish balls!!!!

"It's only a Joke"!!!!!!

Prof. Reese on Feb. 10th attended the reunion of the Maryland Alumni of Princeton College. He reports a very enjoyable meeting.

Kid W—, said he was very fond of sauerkraut because he is of German extraction. To make his assertion more forcible he said, "All my *descendants* were Germans."

No one would for a moment suppose our waiters were educated, yet one of them can handle Webster's Unabridged very skilfully. It was in the following dialogue:

Mr. P—(to waiter who has his hands full, and is about to take Mr. P's plate, containing a large bone.) "Let me take that large bone off."

Waiter, "O, do not trouble yourself at all, just precipitate it in this receptacle." Mr. P— has since shown signs of insanity.

Rev. T. H. Tagg was here on the 7th inst. Mr. Tagg is the General Agent of the Missionary Alliance of the M. P. Church.

Mr. Frank McC. Brown, principal of the High School of Uniontown, Carroll county, and Mr. Harvey G. Jordan, of the same place, spent the afternoon of the 4th among us, and we were very much pleased to see them looking so well. Come again; we are always glad to see you.

Mr. Van Dyke, a last year's student of the seminary, who was absent the first term, has returned, and has resumed his Theological studies. We are very glad to see him in his accustomed place.

"Let me see, if your heart is beating?" "Alas, I haven't any; it has flown." A conversation between a Junior and Senior.

The Laundry Agent of W. M. C. is a good fellow, and thoroughly understands his business. Any one, desiring good washing done, ought to give "Wun Lung" a trial.

One of our Preps sometimes gets matters mixed, especially Indian affairs and

musical notes, as is evident by the remark he made to a senior. "I say S—, Sitting Bull was a great violinist, wasn't he?"

Prof—. "Mr. W—, do you know of anything that will transmit light perfectly?" Mr. W—. "Yes Sir, a hole." It seems, that additions to Science will never end.

Since our last issue, the measles have been visiting our students. They have been rooming with the following gentlemen, viz: Messrs. Harding, Lawson, Payne and Pollitt. They have gone over to pay their respects to the ladies, and they are at present being entertained by Miss Madge Slaughter. The contest in declamation between the members of the classes of '89 and '90, was postponed on account of this disease until March 4th.

One of our Freshmen says he belongs to a recognition society here, and gets a large number of smiles from a certain young lady. He adds, "I have sent in my *recitation*, because I was neglecting my meals, and it is impossible to get fat on smiles."

On the 10th of this month the lamp in Messrs. Lemon and Payne's room exploded, but luckily no damage was done. No one was in the room at the time, so it is not known what caused the explosion.

"Otis a mustache and side-lights I want." A Prep. was heard to say the other day. Said Prep has very fine side-lights, but his mustache is rather far fetched. It is not visible, yet it can be felt. He is not discouraged though, and still applies his dyes with a will. The following composes his mustache toilette: Mason's Blacking, a Faber's lead pencil, ink, mucilage, and a shoe brush.

Misses Minnie and Edith Stevens spent from the 4th to the 7th of this month in Baltimore.

The way some people mark time is a caution. Such people ought to have a time piece hung around their necks, or at least machinery sufficient to keep the same time throughout the same piece of any thing that requires music.

One of our Seniors who wears a tremendously large shoe (we will not give the size) was seen developing his feet with the chest expander, while others stood by, and looked on with *amazement*. All pronounce his a wonderful *fete*.

Miss Hodges of '87 has gone home on account of illness. We hope that she will soon be able to be with us again. She was accompanied as far as Baltimore by Miss Owings, our preceptress, and Miss Dodd of '87.

Mess. Reese '89, and Payne of the Preparatory Department have gone home to spend a few days. They have been sick with the measles, and have left college to recuperate.

Dr. Ward has been confined to his house for the last month with a broken arm. We understand the Dr. is much better and is rapidly improving. We hope to see him with us again at an early date.

One of our students has a horse which he calls, Epicure. When asked what its significance is, replies, "It means a *cure* for *Epics*."

Miss Grove received a very pleasant visit from her brother about the middle of this month.

Mr. Slifer, of the class of '87, spent a few days home during this month.

The next thing on the program for the students is examination. It will begin on the 10th of March and will end on the 12th. Heretofore we have only been having two terms, but under the present administration we have three. Consequently our examinations do not occupy as much time as formerly. Where we used to have one

whole week, we have now only three days for each. This latter is a much better plan; it is not so tiresome.

Mr. J. H. Baker of '89, who went home before Christmas on account of his failing eye-sight, will return in a few days. His eyes are much better, and he will be prepared to resume study with his class, when he returns.

Prof. (who is showing, that after looking at a thing very close to the eyes, that it is impossible to distinguish an object at a distance, after removing it from the eyes.)

"Miss M—, place your pencil close up to your face between the eyes, then take it away, and see if you can see my hand."

Miss M. Prof., do your mean the pencil or my eyes?"

The question has never been answered yet, but it is well to say *something* was moved.

We are glad to see Mr. Miskimon who has suffered very severely of late from an abscess in the head, out again. He has recovered entirely.

Two new students have lately arrived at the Seminary, and have entered the Introductory class. They are Mess. C. K. McKaskin and C. E. Lambert, both of Baltimore city. The Seminary now has fifteen students, and it is in a very flourishing condition.

We would judge from a receipt calling for Lemon and Payne that the result would be awful, but an experiment proved the dish to be very agreeable to the taste. It was an *lemon py(i)e*.

The following poem was brought in by *Our Elephant* who reports as having found it in an out-of-the-way corner of his trunk. It was written about the time of the unveiling of the Bartholdi Statue, October 28th, 1886:

Oh Liberty! thy glorious light
Illumine the cloud that enshrouds right,
And with thy powerful raised arm
Protect thy children from all harm.
America! thy children's heart enthuse
Not this jewel to abuse.

Pure their country's name to keep,
That no wronged one needs to weep.
Liberty of heart within
To resist the power of sin.
Virtue, Truth and Loyalty
Ever shall our ensign be.
These then guard, O Liberty,
Glorious blessings! To be Free.

At a meeting held some time ago, when all were present, a bold Soph. takes the floor and eloquently remarks "Sic semper tyrannus. We are all present." The gentleman evidently has come across a new vocabulary, or has made one to suit his purpose.

Student.—"Professor, did Mr. W— enter 'Leleigh' as a full freshman?" Prof.—"I don't think he did, but it is his intention to come out *full*." The class catches on, and the joke went round.

The present Junior Class have been studying "Optics" this term and on the 18th Prof. Simpson gave us a magic lantern exhibition, illustrating light. The class spent a very enjoyable time, and it is hoped, got a great deal of *light* upon the subject before them.

On the night of the 19th Prof. Reese and wife celebrated their nineteenth anniversary of their wedding. A few friends were entertained by them at tea the same evening. The GAZETTE extends its congratulations to the Professor and his faithful helpmeet, and wishes them long life and many happy anniversaries.

On the 15th Miss Laura Taylor received a visit from her sister, Miss Glennie.

Prof. G. W. Devilbiss, formerly Vice President of our College, paid us a short but very pleasant visit on the 18th. He

spoke to us very nicely in chapel, and gave us sound advice, exhorting us ever to stand by our *Alma Mater*. This is the duty of every student who passes through college, to work to the advantage of, and uphold that institution of which he is a graduate. Come again Professor, our doors are always open to you.

We have in Ward Hall a young aspirant to the Medical Profession. He calls himself *Dr.*, now. Sometime ago we observed the following notice on his door. We will not give his name, but inform you that his office is in No. 6.

NOTICE.

Having graduated from three Medical Colleges, I feel capable to attend any case of cracked or cut head, sore throat, dog bites, bruises, cuts, sprains, tackholes, bunions, corns, black eyes, headaches. Treatment for these diseases will cost but very little. Give me a call.

The *Dr.* had better leave this part of the country, or it will be our duty to inform Lum Smith of his *quackery*, for the Editor of the "Public Herald" says he will expose all frauds. So beware.

As Spring draws near the poets begin to tune their lyres for sending forth their most musical and expressive songs. Our school is *blessed*, (I scarcely know whether I mean blessed or not,) but any way we have a few in our midst who send forth verses which are bound to create sympathy. The poem that we publish here is full of feeling, and we offer him our consolation.

My girl so loves another boy,
I'm afraid I cannot woo her,
Oh! how I wish she didn't live
Way out in Missouri.

No one knows how I feel,
When I think of her being his,
Still there's nothing but tears and pain
In a sinful world like this.

Oh! boys what shall I do,
My dollar for her a present I spent,
Won't you tell her how well I love her,
And that Fred'k county is better than Kent?

Now if you don't do what I ask,
My present hopes will fail,
And I'll go back to my old love
Who lives at Maple Dale.

But since I've come to think of it,
I find myself outdone,
For the worst of all the boys to beat
Is that—*Theologue*—Williamson.

CONSOLATION.

What shall be this poor boy's fate,
Time alone will prove,
We refer him to the rule which says,
"True love never did run smooth."

Cheer up then dear old boy,
We hope you'll soon feel better,
And that before so many years,
You may beat C.'s time, and get her.

In entering Prof. Reese's recitation room, the ladies had to pass through Miss Owings'. This of course interrupted study in the latter's room, and was also a round-about way. Dr. Lewis has changed this, and now the ladies pass through the Book Room, without annoying any departments for study, whatever.

Mr. H. D. Mitchell has temporarily removed himself down town. He is staying at Col. McKellip's while the Col. is away. He has not come in contact with any burglars as yet, but he keeps himself well supplied with a pistol and ammunition. He sallied forth the other evening expecting to come across some mid-night marauder, but it only turned out to be Mr. Tom Cat who was singing that familiar air, "Mariah," in the back yard.

Mr. W. C. Hammer, of North Carolina who is to assist Prof. Schaeffer in the Preparatory Department, arrived here last Monday, the 21st. Mr. Hammer will enter the Sophomore Class. We welcome him

into our midst, and feel sure W. M. C. has acquired a good student and a good teacher. He is very much pleased with the college, professors and students.

On the 18th inst., at 1 o'clock, p. m., the second division of the Senior Class delivered their essays and orations. The following was the programme:

Essay.....	A Gentleman.
	Miss C. L. Mourer.
Essay.....	Silent Influence.
	Miss I. B. Pillsbury.
Oration.....	Consider the End.
	Mr. H. C. Stocksdale.

MUSIC:

En Route March.....	Sidney Smith
	Miss I. J. Whaley, Primo.
	Miss G. F. Beeks, Secundo.
Essay.....	The Mysteries of Nature.
	Miss Madge Slaughter.
Essay.....	The Influence of Praise.
	Miss S. E. Wilmer.
Oration.....	Principle.
	Mr. Amon Burgee.

The satire following is very spicy and rich. It gives very forcibly what the author could not possibly give in prose:

How silly for a Sophomore
To rival a Senior unique,
Although he may have red hair,
And an immense amount of cheek.

For doesn't he know that all ladies
Are sometimes fond of sport,
Just like the one who said to him,
"Mr. W—, you are too short."

The Senior seeing the poor little Soph
Could be very easily smashed,
Thought he'd do him a friendly act,
So he cut off his moustache.

But finding that the Sophomore
Would drive the lady insane,
Has consented to do her the friendly act,
So has started his moustache again.

How easy is it for one to see,
That the Senior has all the say,
So the poor little Soph will have to go,
While the Senior remains "O. K."

And although several of the Sophomore girls
The Senior is said to adore,
You can easily see his preference is
Miss W—, of Baltimore.

"Something new every day." Dr. Lewis is as good as his word, and when he said the above he meant it. Since the Dr. has had charge here, we had so many additions for the better, that "Something new" has become a familiar expression among the boys. The Dr. has much respect for the inner man, which is exemplified by the way the culinary department is conducted. This department has every thing necessary for the furnishing of a table in first class style. A very noticeable improvement to the comfort of the dining room is a steam table, an arrangement for keeping the food warm during meals. It consists of a large copper pan, with a loose top, resting on a dresser so that the bottom of the pan is exposed under the dresser. In this pan boiling water is poured, which is kept warm by an oil stove placed in such a position, that the heat comes in contact with the bottom of the pan. By this simple arrangement the vegetables and meats are kept warm, and always served warm. It is in very few colleges that one's palate is so well cared for as here, and we are always ready to praise the fare of Western Maryland College.

On Friday, Feb. 4th, the students assembled in College Chapel to hear Prof. Reese's lecture, and the readings of the Junior themes. Prof. Reese gave us an excellent and instructive lecture, and kept his audience very attentive throughout the time occupied by him. It is with great pleasure we listen to Prof. Reese, for in his talks we always hear something new and instructive. The Prof. spoke fifty-five minutes. The reading of the Junior themes

was postponed to the Wednesday following when we were entertained in a very pleasant manner. Mr. Mitchell's theme, "Men cannot covenant themselves out of their rights and duties," was treated purely from a moral stand-point, and showed much thought. Miss Phoebus handled her subject, "Was it well for civilization that Hannibal was defeated?" in a manner worthy of much praise. The theme of Mr. Radford entitled, "What is the effect of wealth upon the morals of a nation?" was a very fine article. Mr. Radford portrayed very forcibly the evil effects of wealth upon the morals of a nation. The half hour occupied by these themes was well spent, and enjoyed by all those present.

Another Musical Recital was held in the chapel on Friday, February 11th. These entertainments are by far the most enjoyable of all the Friday afternoon exercises. Although we do not pretend to be musical critics, we are of the opinion these recitals would be hard to surpass. We have some very fine musicians here, which is verified by the numerous spectators from the town. Since Prof. Rinehart has taken charge of our Instrumental Music Department, there has been much interest awakened in this department, and several new pianoes have been added to our instrumental force. Mrs. Carnes deserves much credit in training the voice for singing. For in the short time she has been instructor in vocal music here, there has been much improvement in the tone of some of our boys voices. The ladies' voices have always been very sweet to us, so it is a very hard matter to detect any change. We give the program, which was as follows:

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

Personalia.

Contributions invited. That which you would like to see in this department, let us know by letter, postal card or personally.

'74. Rev. W. W. White is pastor of the M. P. Church at Heathsville, Northumberland county, Va.

'75. Mr. Geo. W. Devillbiss, Ex-Vice President of W. M. C., paid *Alma Mater* a visit recently. He is engaged in mercantile business.

'77. We had an interesting letter from Mr. C. B. Cushing, Union, W. Va. Concerning himself, he says "I am still a bachelor and very very happy." Thanks.

'78. Mr. F. H. Peterson is practicing law in Barnesville, Minn.

'79. Mrs. Hudgins *nee* Miss Lou B. Wampler, of Portsmouth, Va., spent the winter in Westminster.

'80. Mr. L. A. Jarman, L. L. B., is practising in Rushville, Ill.

'83. Mr. J. J. F. Thompson is pursuing a post graduate course at the Yale Divinity School.

'83. Mr. L. C. Wainwright is studying Theology at Princeton.

'84. Miss Ella G. Wilson is teaching school in Cecil county, Md.

'85. Miss Bekie Boyd is the teacher of a school at Hancock, Washington county, Md.

'83. Miss Georgie Nichols recently paid a visit to *Alma Mater*.

'85. Mr. A. C. Willison desires us to make a correction in regard to his address as given in our last issue. His address is simply Cumberland, Md.

'88. Mr. W. B. Mackinson made a visit to his friends at college a few weeks back. He is now in business in Kissime, Fla. Come again.

'88. Mr. J. Frank Shriner, a former member of this class is associated with his father in the furniture business in Union Bridge, Md.

The Baltimore American, about a month ago, presented its readers with a portrait of Miss Hirata, our young lady student from Japan, accompanied by a sketch of her career as a pupil in her own country, and an account of the circumstances which led to her becoming a member of our College. The same paper, in its issue of the 27th, has a portrait and brief biography of the Rev. Hugh L. Elderdice, A. M., of the class of '82, now in charge of the Broadway M. P. Church, Baltimore. He was born, it seems, July 24, 1860, in Carlisle, Pa. After graduating from our College he studied Theology at Yale for two years, and in '85 entered upon the pastorate which he still holds. The writer in the American speaks of Mr. Elderdice as "a forcible speaker, a clear reasoner, a close student and a thoroughly industrious pastor." Our students and graduates, young as our college comparatively is, are becoming *illustrated*, if not *illustrious*.

[Reported for The Irving Literary Gazette.]

Commemoration of Washington's Birthday at Western Maryland College.

The laws of our land sanction that the 22nd of February should be observed as a holiday, in commemoration of the birth of Gen. George Washington, the father of our country. But it is a noticeable fact, that the present generation, because, we presume, of the lack of appreciation of some, at least, of the noble qualities and deeds of that great and good man, in establishing for us our freedom, are far from being as loyal as they should. This fact may be more particularly noticed among the students of the many colleges of our land. Although they are released from their tasks, the most important thought is lost sight of—the very event which the holiday celebrates. Western Maryland College, however, has always made a point of celebrating the day appropriately, but never with such complete success as this year.

It had been generally understood for a month past, that there would be an exhibition in gymnastics or calisthenics, by both the girls and boys, on the evening of the 22nd, in the College Chapel. Consequently, we were all as busy as we could possibly be till Tuesday morning, practicing and making slight preparations, but were greatly surprised and had our curiosity aroused to its utmost at the breakfast table, when the Doctor announced that "dinner will be served—begin at 1 o'clock, when you will all assemble in the Chapel, where you will see something that you never saw before, and will probably never see again."

Can any one imagine an announcement more calculated to arouse a curious student than this? For what a college boy *imagines* he has not seen, and is not *likely* to see, is not worth seeing. Speculations ran very high till the tap of the bell was sounded promptly at one. On entering

the Chapel we were presented with programmes by Prof. Simpson, which, at a glance, showed that we were treated with a surprise in a nicely arranged entertainment to be given by resident members of the faculty, previous to dinner, when quite an extensive *Menu* would be served.

The first thing on the programme was the singing by the entire school of the National Hymn:

"My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the pilgrims' pride!
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

"My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love:
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

"Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song!
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong!

"Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!"

This was followed by a prayer by Dr. J. T. Murray. Then came the reading of "Selections from the Farewell Address," by Prof. Schaeffer; an instrumental solo, "Three Songs Without Words," by Prof. Rinehart; another reading, "Webster on the Character of Washington," by Prof. McDaniel; "Melange Musicale," Prof. Rinehart; "The City of the Living," Miss Lottie A. Owens; "Piano Transcription by *Hodges*," by Prof. Rinehart; and a humorous reading, "Barney O'Reardon, the Navigator," by Dr. Thos. H. Lewis.

One can readily conclude, by a glance at the above programme, that the students were pleasantly entertained. The readings were not only interesting, but instructive, while Prof. Rinehart's solos were especially pleasing and much enjoyed. Dinner was to have been served at 2.30, but, alas! Barney O'Reardon was so long detained on his "nor-east course," that as Dr. Lewis landed him safe in Ireland from his "voyage to Fingal," it was 3.15 o'clock. The dinner bell was promptly rung, and we assembled in the dining room, where we found abundant supplies for the inner man.

The following *Menu* was faithfully executed, much to the credit of those in charge, and to the appreciation of the participants whose time and attentions were devoted, for exactly two hours, to its consumption:

—MENU—

Oyster Soup.

Boiled Rock with Maitre d'Hotel Sauce.

Creamed Cold Slaw.

Bread and Butter.

Fillet of Veal stuffed with Onions.

Baked Ham.

Chicken Croquettes.

Sweet Potatoes. Boston Baked Beans.

Stewed Tomatoes. Mashed Potatoes.

Stewed Fruit.

Ice Cream.

Chocolate.

Thus ended the afternoon programme.

At 7.30 all were seated in the chapel to witness the Calisthenic Exhibition, and to "catch-on" to each other's movements with clubs, dumb bells, and wands, together with a slight contest in marching, as all these things had been kept very secret on both sides of the house. First, was the Grand

Promenade, by two classes of girls, followed by one of the same classes in Wand Tactics; Attitudes and Bell Tapping, by seven boys; Club Swinging, by twelve girls; Wand Tactics, by nine boys; Free Gymnastics, by thirteen girls; Dumb Bell Exercise, by twelve girls; and Club Drill, consisting of marching, and drilling and club swinging, by the boys.

Three classes of twelve girls each were represented by different costumes. The first in Martha Washington, and the second in Gypsy costumes, while the third were dressed in the national colors, red, white and blue. The boys were greatly taken aback at this discovery, as they had failed to make much preparation in this line. Their first class was distinguished by huge red roses on the lapel of their coats. The second, by quite a novelty in the way of black caps, fitting over their heads and shoulders, and so much did they remind one of the black caps used on criminals at their execution, that that fact, together with their rushing in and out of the room at such a boisterous and break-neck gait, would have caused a dude (or any other exceedingly nervous creature) to exclaim: "Oh! Ah! Goodness dwacious!" and faint away. We are happy to state that there were none among us.

The third class of boys looked neat in white flannel shirts, with red ties and belts, and it could be observed in their marching, when they came face to face with their best girls, that a light of satisfaction beamed in their eye, and a glance which seemed to ask, "How do you think I look?" or "Do you admire my shape?"

In our comments on the exercises of the evening, taken as a whole, we feel that we cannot better express ourselves in commendation of it than by saying it was a decided success, and we feel assured, enjoyed by all. But when it comes to drawing a line of distinction as to the merits of the girls and boys in calisthenics, we make a complete failure. Of course, it must be admitted that the girls have the odds with their innocence, beauty and gracefulness, and while a few of the boys, at least, are somewhat sadly deficient in these blessings, yet, we cannot help laying claim to some accomplishments, of which, because of modesty, we cannot speak.

The decided success of our exhibition reflects great credit upon the efforts of the teachers in calisthenics, Prof. McDaniel and Miss Jennie Wilson, for the care and interest displayed in having their students so well drilled.

Music was furnished from a Piccolo, Piano and Drum.

The exercises were finished in one hour and a quarter, when our President invited the girls and boys to enjoy themselves together, from then until ten o'clock.

Don't ask us if we did enjoy ourselves! that would scarce express it, as "all work and no play, makes Jack a dull boy." As we filed out at the appointed time, we could scarcely suppress the wish, as students, that Washington's Birthday could be commemorated the 22nd of every month, instead of the 22nd of every February; provided, we could enjoy the same privileges, and meet with as much success in the realization of many desires and anticipations as was our pleasure on the 22nd of February, 1887. W. S. P.

For The Irving Literary Gazette.

Maryland Princetonians.

The annual reunion and banquet of the Princeton College Alumni Association of Maryland took place on the night of the 10th of this month at the Merchants' Club in Baltimore. The number of members present was about seventy. The meeting

was called to order at 7 by the President, Mr. John K. Cowen. The only important business transacted was the election of officers for the ensuing year. There are as follows: President, Judge Charles E. Phelps; Vice-Presidents, Alexander Armstrong, Dr. Robert W. Johnson, John P. Poe, John H. Handy, General Bradley T. Johnson and Hon. Barnes Compton; Treasurer, Charles Beasten, Jr.; Secretary, Dr. Hiram Woods; Executive Committee, Baker Johnson, Bradley Gaither, Walter B. Brooks, Jr., J. W. Bowers, Judge J. Upshur Dennis, S. Johnson Poe, and T. Kell Bradford.

The dinner began at 7½ and lasted till 12. At the head of the table was seated the President, Mr. Cowen, with Professor Remsen, of Johns Hopkins, and the Rev. James W. Reese on one side of him, and on the other Charles J. Bonaparte and Archibald Sterling, Jr., ex-United States District Attorney for Maryland. Among the prominent members of the Association at table beside those mentioned in the list of officers, were Col. Stewart Brown, James Alfred Pearce, J. Edwin Webster, E. J. D. Cross, Rev. George A. Leakin, Dr. E. J. Michael, Rev. Samuel Beach, James A. C. Bond, George H. Birnie, Daniel Bratton, J. Walton Preston, J. Y. Brattan, W. P. Riggs, Janon Fisher, J. Clarence Lane, Severn Eyre, R. L. Blackwell and David Stewart. A quartette from the Princeton College Glee-club, who came on especially for the occasion, sang at intervals throughout the evening the old songs of "Nassau Hall," and added greatly to the general enjoyment. After the elaborate and magnificent dinner of a dozen courses had come to an end, the President, Mr. Cowen, made an admirable congratulatory address on the flourishing condition of the Association, after which he announced the first regular toast of the evening, "Our Alma Mater," and, in a few and complimentary remarks, introduce Professor Reese, of our College, as the member selected to respond. The Professor's speech was followed by one from Mr. Bonaparte, President of the Harvard Alumni Association, in response to the toast, "Our sister Colleges and Universities." Mr. Archibald Sterling, Jr., spoke to the toast, "Princeton and Politics," and Prof. Ira Remsen, to a special toast to the John Hopkins University. The other speeches of the evening, in response to volunteer toasts, were made by Hon. Barnes Compton and Judge Phelps. The reunion was a complete success, and was much enjoyed by those who were so fortunate as to be present.

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