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## Poetical.

For the *Irving Literary Gazette*.

### Thoughts Suggested by Snow at Night-Fall.

BY J. T. WARD.

The night is closing in,  
The snow is falling fast,  
And now, my thoughts begin  
To wander o'er the past.

I am a child again,  
As sixty years ago,  
And feel as I did then,  
When first I saw the snow.

This feeling, undescribed,  
Is linked to wider range  
Of thoughts, that are revived  
In combination strange.

All snowy days and nights  
That ever I have known,  
In these, my fancy flights  
Bringing lessons of their own.

The memories they recall  
Of mingled joy and pain,  
Experienced by all  
Who on the earth remain.

Seasons of sweet delight,  
With dear ones of my soul,—  
And sorrows, dark as night,—  
Which I could not control;

Loved forms and cheerful smiles,  
Greetings 'round home fires bright,  
Then, intervening miles  
Forms fading from the sight.

Full of vicissitude,  
All life on earth is found:  
Sad, sad, should we conclude—  
No better life beyond,

No faith! than all we know,  
Night, endless, swallows up;  
And, as to earth the snow,  
Despair is the shroud of hope.

But, as within my home,  
To-night there is light and cheer,  
So, faith disperses gloom  
And drives away all fear.

There is a home beyond  
The darkness of this zone,  
Where fadeless joys abound,  
And unmix'd good is known.

Christ gives us hope divine,  
And every bond of love  
In him cemented, shall remain  
Secure fore'er above.

### The Importance of Exercise in Relation to Mental and Moral Improvement.

A Brief Lecture to the Students of Western Maryland College, by J. T. Ward, D. D., Prof. of Mental and Moral Science, Delivered in College Chapel on Friday afternoon, January 7th, 1887.

It is with more than ordinary gratification, my young friends, that I meet you here to-day. The very fact of your assembling for the Friday afternoon exercises of the College, and of my being privileged to be with you to participate in the exercises, would afford me a theme for a Lecture of *Reminiscences* that might be profitable. To myself at least, it would be an easy theme, and a pleasant one, as you may readily imagine when I tell you, that on not less than five hundred occasions of

a like character, it has been my lot to meet students of the College in this Chapel and talk to them very much as I expect to talk to you now. It is said of elderly persons that they live in the past more than in the present. The scenes of the years that are gone are more vividly before their minds, at least occasionally, than those that are now transpiring; and they have a disposition to dwell upon those scenes, and are sometimes tempted to do so to a degree almost amounting to infirmity, because of its lessening their appreciation of duties and issues of the "living present." There is force in this, as we were reminded recently by one of you who recited Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," from this platform. The same great poet however in "The Builders," expresses his sense of the value of "our yesterdays" as well as of "our to-days," as "blocks with which we build" "the house where God's may dwell"—"The God's" that "see every where;" by which, as I take it, he meant not to compromise the Christian sentiment which would admit of no such expression, but simply by his classic allusion to fasten the idea conveyed by the poem, that the whole of life should be devoted to building a character worthy of our highest conceptions of grandeur and beauty. "Our yesterdays" have their influence upon "our to-days," and so will our to-days effect our to-morrows. Hence the counsel—

"Build to-day, then, strong and sure,  
With a firm and ample base;  
And ascending and secure  
Shall to-morrow find its place."

While, as I have intimated, I might profit you as well as gratify myself in going over past scenes, it may be more profitable for me to invite your attention to something that directly bears upon your College work of to-day, and the theme I have chosen in suggested by a part of that work as I think it stands intimately connected with, and may be conducive of benefit, to other and higher parts of the same work. The theme is "The Importance of Exercise in Relation to Mental and Moral Improvement." And, as I need hardly tell you, it is suggested by the more complete and extensive arrangements of the College now than ever before for systematic, physical exercise, it being the conviction of the Authorities of the College that these will promote your improvement in more ways than one; which conviction, I am satisfied, is based upon sound philosophical and scientific principles. Simply considering this in relation to health, I venture a little out of my line, to give you a brief glance at its physiology, from a high medical authority.

"All the motions of the body are accomplished by muscles, they are very numerous embracing several hundred pairs, and constitute more than one half of the bulk of the body, and consequently a very large portion of the whole quantity of the blood is devoted to supply them with nourishment. By continued exertions, their energy and materials become rapidly impaired and reduced, and can only be restored by an increased activity in the circulation. The manner in which this is accomplished will be readily understood by examining the movements of the blood vessels of any

of the limbs. Take for example the arm. By inspecting the arm, you will see that its blood vessels are covered and protected throughout their whole course by the adjacent muscles, which they furnish with blood by their numerous branches. In consequence of this position, the muscles cannot contract without at the same time compressing the blood vessels and propelling their contents forward. The increased activity of the circulation, thus induced by general muscular action, is not confined to the circulation of the blood vessels of the muscular system, but the whole frame partakes, and every organ and texture feels its good influence. Not only is the circulation invigorated, but a greater quantity of blood is required to supply the demand. It passes through the lungs more rapidly and in larger quantities, which urge the respiratory organs to more active operations in order to purify the blood with sufficient rapidity; while to supply the demand for quantity of blood the appetite is excited, more food is eaten, and the digestive organs partake of the excitement. Thus, directly or indirectly, almost every function is impelled to increased activity and the whole system receives a healthy impulse.

Exercise is the natural food of the muscles, upon it they will increase and strengthen; they will be more able to do their required work; the spinal column will then be kept straight; an upright figure and a graceful carriage, but above all, a free and easily dilated chest, and an exemption from many pulmonary disorders, and other complaints, will insure to the individual a happier and longer life."

Much stress was laid upon the importance of physical exercise by the wisest among the ancients. Plutarch tells us that Cicero, at one period of his life being exceedingly enfeebled in health travelled to Athens, where his body was so strengthened by the gymnastic exercises he practiced there, as to become firm and robust; and his voice which had been harsh was thoroughly formed, and rendered sweet, full and sonorous. Similar illustrations drawn from modern as well as ancient records might be furnished to almost any extent. But I only introduce this subject incidentally. No one will dispute its importance. If we had only bodies to take care of, there would be few subjects of greater importance. But, compoundly constituted as our nature is, it is really of comparatively little importance except in so far as health and strength of body may be made subservient to the promotion of the improvement of our minds and of our moral nature, which I think was at least a part of the meaning of those divinely inspired words of Paul to Timothy, "Bodily exercise profiteth but little." Certainly however, when judiciously and systematically practiced it is promotive of physical improvement, and is one great secret of such improvement. The use I wish to make of this fact now, is, that it affords an analogy by which we may be helped to learn at least one secret of mental and moral improvement.

That which we call the mind—the very self which thinks, feels, and wills—although not, like the body composed of parts, but one and indivisible; yet may be spoken of,

figuratively at least, as possessed of functions; or to speak more philosophically it has various and distinct powers, or if you please so to call them, modes of operation, or faculties, just as capable of exercise appropriate to them severally, as the functions of the body are capable of being exercised severally. And the analogy may be carried farther, in this, that as healthful physical development, depends upon a duly proportioned exercise of all the bodily functions, so does true mental and moral development depend upon the due exercise of all the mental and moral powers.

An immense amount of study has been devoted to the ascertainment and classification of the faculties of the mind, and I do not think the subject has been exhausted. Pope said, "The proper study of mankind is man," and Young, I think, "Man know thyself, all wisdom centers here." The sentiment was much older than the times of either of these poets. Roman, Greek, Egyptian, Chaldaric authors in some form expressed the same. Among the Hebrews, taught of God, the higher sentiment prevails that to know Him was the acme of true wisdom. But humanly speaking we must admit the importance of Self-Knowledge as vastly above that of any thing else within our reach merely as human; and yet I think we shall not be long engaged in the attempt to grasp this important aim, before we come to realize the necessity of aid from Him who made us and who alone knows us altogether. So far however, as we are capable of knowing ourselves, it seems to me that we may conclude from all that we do know, that every distinct and uniform mode of operation of the mind may properly be regarded as a distinct faculty, and that on the principle of analogy to which I have above alluded, that faculty may be, and that the philosophical way of having it to be improved, is by judicious and systematic exercise.

The most obvious method perhaps of illustrating the subject is by reference to that operation of the mind, or that power which we have to perceive inwardly by means of sensation. We know that a sensation is produced by some excitation of what we call an organ of sense. The organ indeed is a part of the body, the sensation is in the mind; but we never feel a sensation until there is a consciousness in the mind of something conveyed to it through the organ; and we know that the power of the organ to convey anything to the mind may be improved, or if you please increased by the exercise of the organ itself, that is, its use and repetition of its use for its legitimate purpose. Take, for instance, the familiar illustration of the experienced seaman's ability to discern a cloud on the far distant horizon which the ordinary observer cannot see at all. The power of vision has been improved by exercise. So we may say not only that the outward range of vision, but in consequence, the inward power of perception of that seamen has been improved, and he confidently *foretells*, as it might be supposed by an ordinary observer, a coming storm. In connection with all the knowledge which the mind receives by means of sense—perception, it is easy to see how much depends upon the healthful and normal condition of the body,



and how it is that the mind's improvement by exercise in this direction, is correlative to the due exercise of the body for its general healthfulness, having of course to do with the ability of the organs of sense to convey impressions to the mind.

I can barely touch the periphery of a subject like this in the brief time allowed for this Lecture, but unless I am greatly mistaken there is no ground for questioning the value of exercise to the improvement of any power of the mind, whether intellectual, emotional, or having to do with the will and even with the conscience or moral nature. I have often heard persons complain, as if God had not given them minds possessed of the necessary faculties for the purposes of life—no keen power of perceiving inwardly, no ability to form just conceptions, no memory, no control of imagination, no ability to understand things, none to discriminate, to analyze, to classify, no power to reason well, nor to judge correctly, none to adjust the movements of their emotions or keep one from trenching upon another, and no will-power, and even no power to know right from wrong. And people may indulge this sort of complaining supposing it to be against themselves when it is in fact against the God that made them, until they settle down into absolute fatalism. Depend upon it, that mind and heart of which we are conscious, are as real, though not material, as the bodies in which they dwell; and possess the faculties that are needful to them just as surely as our bodies do the functions needed to them; and we can no more improve the one than the other without due exercise. It is true indeed and most surely realized by us all that for a reason which we could never have found out but by divine revelation we are, both as to body and mind, not what the first parents of our race originally were as to the condition of our powers, nor what we ought to be, nor what we are capable by the blessing of our God of becoming. But He has left us possessed of all the powers with which He created humanity, and by the due exercise of them under His direction and with a view to His glory, we may improve in every respect, and rise to the condition of absolute restoration not only to the favor but also to the image of Him that created and graciously provided to redeem us. Along the line of this improvement we should not fail to have regard to the higher as well as lower part of our nature, nor be offended if we hear the divine voice pronouncing us foolish and sinful if we do so. Young people need the home, and the play-ground, and the school for labor appropriate, and the school-room, and the State relations, and the Sunday School room and the Church relations—all these in which to exercise with a view to *their whole nature's proper culture for what lies before them, whether living or dying.*

For the Irving Literary Gazette.

### Life Is Not All Summer.

What bright anticipations and bitter disappointments, lofty hopes and stern realities go to make up our ever changeable lives. From infancy to youth, from youth to old age we are ever chasing the phantom pleasure, too frequently to grasp the reality pain. The little toddling infant tries in vain to catch in its wee dimpled hands the bright sunbeams that dance playfully over the carpet before its delighted eyes. But, how soon smiles give place to tears on that childish face when it fails to gather the brightness in its eager little palm. Fit emblem is this of life—the clouds and sunshine that brighten and darken life's pathway. Smiles and tears still follow us as we tread the intricate mazes of fancy and youth. How the future, with all its

brightness, looms up before us. We wonder how we could have been content with the trivial things of the past, when such a glorious future awaits us. The busy world holds out her allurements to our enthusiastic senses. Happiness, the one great object which the possession of the wealth and fame, but just precedes seems almost within our grasp, only a little beyond. We hasten on; we may perhaps grasp its companions; but the boom that we have toiled for our end, our aim, before we reach that bright beyond, is swept from our sight and we look around in the same sorrowful amazement as when we failed to catch the sunshine in our baby fingers and wonder how it eluded us. When this downfall comes, how lovingly our hearts turn to the past. How old memories twine themselves around the heart, wearing a wreath whose flowers never fade, or die; how we treasure up and guard with jealous care the relics of dead joys that have been ours. How we build castles of the far off past and people them with friends of other days. When weighed down by the burdens of life we would exclaim:

"Backward, roll backward, O Time in your flight!  
Make me a child again just for to-night!  
Mother come back from the echoless shore,  
Take me again to your arms as yore;  
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care  
Smooth the few silver locks out of my hair,  
Backward, flow backward, O tide of years!  
I am so weary of toil and of tears;  
Toil without recompense and tears all in vain;  
Take them and give me my childhood again!  
I have grown weary of dust and decay;  
Weary of flinging my soul wealth away;  
Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue;  
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you!  
Many a summer the grass has grown green,  
Blossomed and faded our faces between,  
Yet with strong yearnings of passionate pain,  
Long I to-night for your presence again,  
Over my heart in the days that are gone,  
No love like mothers love ever has shone,  
No other worship abides and endures,  
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours,  
Clasped in your arms in a loving embrace,  
With your long lashes just sweeping my face,  
Never hereafter to wake or to weep,  
Rock me to sleep mother rock me to sleep."

Ah! the bright threads and sombre ones we daily weave into the web of our strange lives. Past experience has taught us that life is not all summer. Tempest must come, clouds must gather, stern battles must be fought; but after the tempest comes a calm, after the clouds a sunshine—after the battle a victory. Yet there are times when life seems to be a burden, when our dearest aims are wrecked, when all our hopes are baffled, when troubles and trials beset us on every side, while the gaunt skeletons of many a ruined design are continually flitting before our gaze, shaking their long, bony hands. In telling us there are yet more to come. In many cases we heed not their warning, but struggle on fondly believing that we are nearing and will speedily reach the object of our design—the goal of human happiness is always in sight tempting us with decoying glances, but always gliding at our approach. We, who waste the swiftly fleeting moments, hours, days, and months in wanton idleness, will sooner or later awake to the sense of our folly; and while deeply, but vainly bewailing those neglected opportunities, conscience will upbraid us in bitter terms for having done ourselves so great a wrong. It is true, that to many of us, life presents but few inducements to tempt us on to great exertions. We can see nothing ahead but the same dull, monotonous existence of hard daily labor filled with vexations and troubles; a few hours of brief repose at night and then to awake to pursue the work over again. Should we, in lighter and more joyful moments of our existence, imagine that somewhere, dark, undefined and vague, but somewhere in the future there is a period when we can

lay care aside and spend the remainder of our days in quietude and peace, time will surely prove the falsity of such an idea. Again many a life has been wholly blighted, bright hopes and brilliant anticipations cruelly destroyed by some great misfortune. They are like some noble ship, wrecked and dismantled upon the breakers, and left to be tossed hither and thither before its voyage is fairly begun, they are left drifting aimlessly upon the sea of time. We may never know the anguish that is hidden beneath smiling eyes. We may sit by the same fireside, clasp hands at the same social band and look into each others faces, but we may never know the sadness of that heart, the soul pining for a father's hand to lead them beside the still waters of peace and rest. Then there comes a time in our history when the world and things of the world recede from our vision. We call it Death. The throbbing heart is stifled, the life current ceases to flow, the tired soul goes out to try the realities of the spirit world. Mirth gives place to mourning, prayers are said. Why is it that death is with us an occasion of so much grief? What is there in this world that we dread as the dark robed visitant? And, why is it that we stand by so helpless and sorrow stricken, when He enters noiselessly into homes and robs us of a fond father, a sainted mother or a lovely sister. True, we cannot stay His course or arrest His purpose as He closes the eyes that once beamed on us so lovingly and makes cold and rigid the hands whose tender pressure has so often thrilled our hearts; but should we not bow to the blow with cheerful resignation and murmur, "With will not mine be done?" There is a hope beyond the grave and we should not hang so despairingly about the tomb, we should try to mould our lives so that we may meet them and be happy in that land where sorrow never comes. Death strikes harder when a sinful life is over, such was the case with "the sweet singer of Isreal," when he mourned over the loss of his son, "Oh Absalom, my son, my son, would God that I had died for thee." We can picture the old man wringing his hands and rending his garments when he heard of the death of his unfortunate and rebellious son. His life was not all summer, clouds gather alike in the lives of the patrician and plebian.

None of us know the power of temptation when may assail us, or the degree of strength we shall have to resist them, we can neither fathom the influence of inherited tendencies nor foresee how future events are to shape our course. But we can all form a fair, general idea of what is right to be done; we can all cherish a conception of a pure virtuous and beautiful character of just, generous and noble conduct and strive to conform our daily life to our highest ideal. The only true way to our highest ideal to love our duty and find it a pleasure.

"Life is not all summer,  
The roses bloom and fade,  
But the love that lives in sunshine,  
May still be love in shade."

SADIE KNELLER.

### The Land of the Mikado.

Delivered in Chapel by Miss L. L. Hill, on Friday, Jan. 21.

In the golden days of the good Haroun Alraschid, a few thousand miles would have been of little moment to the fortunate possessor of the wonderful tube through which all things were visible, for a single glance would be sufficient; or what is still better, by the aid of the wonderful carpet he could be instantly transported to the field of his thoughts in whatever clime it might be located, for by the rules of magic as practised by the seers of Bagdad and the

surrounding country of the Euphrates, such things were possible.

But in the present age, to bring up the vision of foreign climes, the imagination is our only resort, as other modes of instantaneous transportation belong to the past and are associated with the lost Arts. Calling freely upon that power, let us leave the snowclad hills of Maryland, and turn our thoughts to the East—the far East—across ocean, islands, continents, to our very Antipodes. The land of the Rising Sun—that nation just beginning to thaw under the warm influence of Christianity and enlightenment, that is our destination, "The land of the Mikado." At the word Mikado, a variety of thoughts is suggested to different individuals; to that fashionable lady is brought the latest styles taken from the character in last night's representation at the opera; to the swell, her brother the vision swims mistily before his eyes of a bewildering medley of light color, sound, bright eyes fine forms and entrancing voices as seen through the haze of too much wine imbibed before entering the theatre; but it is not to bring before your eyes the opera, the latest colors, styles, bangs, twists or even the ruler of Japan himself that you are bidden enter a nation whose people, customs and faith shall be the subject of our thoughts. The history of Japan, like that of other ancient nations has a mythological legend concerning its origin. It is recorded in the holy books of Shinto, and reads: "In the beginning the world had no form but was like unto an egg. The clear portion (the white) became heaven, and the portion (the yolk) became earth." The god Izanagi lifting his jeweled spear stirred the sea from its lowest depths, the drops which fell from the point congealed forming an island, the abode of the god and his goddess; their offspring, a daughter being so beautiful and resplendent in body ascended into heaven and became the sun. From her descended the reigning family of Japan a line of Mikados; such is the tradition, but it is much more probable that the islands of Japan are of volcanic origin as the frequent shocks and terrific volcanic eruptions to which they are subject show that the power sufficient to cast them above the sea still continues to exert its influence over the islands as a gentle reminder of the source of their existence. Japan presents a variety of climates, the vegetation of the tropics being strangely intermingled with that of the temperate and frigid zones. The character of the Japanese and Chinese nations, for while they are similar in minor affairs and perhaps in the heathenish methods of worship, they are altogether dissimilar in habits of industry and energy; the Chinese being as indolent as the Japanese are industrious and while the former are proficient in craftiness and shrewdness, the latter excel in intelligence and general thrift. It is also evident that the Japanese take a pride in their nation, as they are not constantly sending forth hordes of emigrants to flood the foreign lands with their rejected scum. Home interests and home industries are never forgotten, and in those they found the sources of their nation's wealth. Our western states are overrun with Chinese emigrants, which shows on their part a lax government, worse than no government at



all, under which Chinese subjects, never thrilled by the sentiments which stir the breasts of patriots under well organized governments becomes dissatisfied and abandon their country without a regret seeking better living and better pay in free America. Since the opening of Japan in 1854 by American diplomacy to foreign nations, it has made vast strides towards attaining a high position in commerce, formerly an isolated, haughty, selfish people, they have gradually shaken off the shackles of their prejudices and advanced both socially and politically approaching an equality with the great power of the world. Like England she is not restrict by tariff laws, but launching her vessels under the vessels under the banner of Free Trade is proving for herself at least that Free Trade is most conducive to a nation's wealth and happiness; a fact that the U. S. can not realize until the speakers in Congress and elsewhere wax more eloquence in their arguments that protective tariff protects only the monopolists and convince the people that the standard of worth will be elevated by foreign competition; in that respect they may be said to claim a superiority over our nation as that theory brought into practice at least does not minimize their empire. In regard to religion, where Christianity is preached, the people accept it willingly and gladly and it is incomprehensible to them how persons hearing the story of Christ even for the first time can resist believing—so simple is their faith. They have two religions. Buddhism and Sintoism, also the doctrine of Confucius is held by some of the literati of China under the name of Soohs, the way or method of philosophers, but it is less a religion than systems of morals and philosophy.

The faith of the Mikado is Sintoism and being more of a spiritual magistrate than a political law-maker is opposed at the safe distance of 300 miles however by another ruler, the Tycoon, whose legislation is not recognized by the Japanese themselves and which was invented to deceive foreigners. There never were two emperors of Japan and the title tycoon which means "great sovereign," is absurd, but it has caused us great diplomatic mistakes as ever made in the history of the world by foreigners making treaties with the tycoon not ratified by the signature of the mikado. The Japanese have a great power of imitation and are constantly sending out persons to be educated in the ways of other nations, learn their improved methods and introduce them into their own nation. The women of Japan occupy a much higher, social position than those of most heathen lands, as even the highest offices are not closed to them; there are no accounts of there being Woman's Suffrage, but that is yet to come under the head of modern improvements, in all enlightened lands. After a woman is married she blackens her teeth, shaves off her eyebrows and disfigures herself in all possible means, an indication that the chief desire of life has been gained, and after marriage there is no further use of making herself attractive, but even that is only a great exaggeration of customs common to other countries of the highest civilization. Taking all things into consideration, the educational, social, political and ecclesiastical advantages other nations have had over the Japanese empire, it is safe to prophesy, that, the rising sun of Japan in its rapid progress toward the zenith will eclipse many nations whose decline and fall will proclaim them inferiors.

Harvard boys call the female department of the University the "Ann X."—*Burlington Free Press.*

The world owes us all a living; but the great difficulty is to collect it.—*Puck.*

*For the Irving Literary Gazette.*

### War Never Leaves Where It Found a Nation.

BY W. H. GRAMMAR.

Our subject is taken from Edmund Burke's article entitled "France at War with Humanity," but in order to present it more clearly we shall quote the sequel. "It is never to be entered into without mature deliberation—not a deliberation lengthened out in a perplexing indecision, but a deliberation leading to a sure and fixed judgment. When so taken up it is not to be abandoned without reason as valid, as fully and as extensively considered. Peace may be made as unadvisedly as war. Nothing is so rash as fear, and the counsels of pusillanimity very rarely put off, whilst they are always sure to aggravate, the evils from which they would fly." It is not necessary, nor have we the time to enter into a full elucidation of the causes and results of war, but merely to notice a few of the most important and most applicable to the occasion. War is devastating in its effect. The pages of history reveal to us the fact that nations have fallen prostrate, and homes and property have been destroyed by this fell agent. Wars and strifes have occurred from the earliest dawn down to the present time. The causes of war are numerous and various, yet sometimes wars have occurred without sufficient cause. A nation engages in battle. In a short time she is conquered, and shorn of her former grandeur and prominence. Her people are made destitute and anguish is depicted upon every countenance. The victorious army inflicts dire cruelty upon the defeated. Wives are separated from their husbands; children from their parents; and lovers from their loved ones. The surviving soldiers march on to act the same scene over again elsewhere; and the remnant of the scattered inhabitants return to find the mangled bodies of those they had loved amid the blackened ruins of their homes; to mourn, with more than agonizing grief, over the missing, of whose fate they are uncertain; to feel themselves bankrupt in the world's stores and look from their children to the desolate fields and garners, and think of famine and pestilence, engendered by the rotting bodies of the half-buried myriads of slain. The soldier marches on and on, inflicting and suffering as before. War is a continuance of battles, an epidemic, striding from place to place, more horrible than typhus, the pestilence, or the cholera, which, not unfrequently follow in its train.

The siege is an aggravation of the battle. The peaceful inhabitants of the beleaguered towns are cooped up, and cannot fly the place of conflict. The mutual injuries inflicted by assailants and assailed are aggravated; their wrath is more frenzied. Then come the storm and the capture, and the riot and excesses of the victorious soldiery, striving to quench the drunkenness of blood in the drunkenness of wine. Between destruction and the wasteful consumption of the soldiery, poverty invaded the land. Hopeless of the future, hardened by the scenes of which they are daily witnesses, perhaps goaded by revenge, the inhabitants become lawless and dishonest. Seldom does it occur that the defeated ever reach a position better than the one they formerly occupied; yet sometimes this is the case, as will be verified hereafter.

Wars which have occurred in foreign countries will claim our attention first. The thirty years war in Germany a contest between the Protestants and Romanists, had a good cause—religious liberty—it was for this that the Protestant fought and were victorious. Napoleon the greatest military genius that France has ever produced, went

on conquering and to conquer, and many were the states that fell before him and his army, but at last he was conquered and banished to the Island of St. Helena where he ended his days in misery and poverty; his nation was fallen. And not yet has she regained her former position. Again, we remark, that some wars are beneficial. Look at the Revolutionary War. Was it not beneficial? Did it not secure our freedom from British oppression? Were not the shackles of tyranny broken by it? Most undoubtedly we became free and independent by it. It was accompanied by carnage and other results of war, but this was a small affair compared to what it produced, liberty. In the late civil contest, which was a war for the emancipation of the people of color, the south was defeated and the north was victorious.

This war was of long duration and terrible suffering was undergone by the people and soldiers. The cause was good, the means employed were good and the natural result was good. That result was the emancipation of those who had been held in slavery, who were bought and sold as cattle, who served under a galling yoke, by this they were made citizens with the right of franchise. Not only were the people of color benefitted by this war, but the south, which is now beginning to see the beneficial result of it. The south has developed wonderfully since the war. So wonderfully has it developed that if any one had predicted this prosperity at the close of the war, he would have been considered a madman.

Here can be observed the applicability of our subject. "War never leaves where it found a nation." It found the south, as has been shown, in a wretched condition on account of slavery, it left it in a condition which is daily growing better and will continue to grow until it reaches the zenith of maturity.

In this war, at the beginning, mature deliberation was engaged in; nothing was done hap-hazardly.

During its progress there were doubtless many times when peace appeared almost necessary, but when it was remembered that: "Peace may be made as unadvisedly as war," all such thoughts were discarded and the war proceeded.

There are many biblical injunctions for and against war, and these are quoted by the advocates and non-advocates of it. But it should be remembered that war is right and should be waged when there is a just cause for it, and not waged where there is not. We read in Holy Writ of many wars that were waged under the supervision of God against the enemies of his people. And if those means were used by the Almighty to exterminate the enemies of his people, is it not reasonable to suppose that they may be used now?

Wars will continue to occur and many will suffer thereby. Nations will revolt against tyranny and oppression; and it is safe to affirm that arbitration will not be successful in all cases. For where wrongs have been committed and dire cruelties inflicted by one nation upon another, the natural results will undoubtedly follow, though efforts may be put forth to stop the difficulty by a conference of the aggrieved and the aggressors, a compromise and amicable relations can not always be established, and when arbitration fails, then war is engaged in to settle the difficulty, and the success or failure depends upon how it is engaged in and by whom.

An Australian has invented an electrical machine-gun, which he claims is capable of firing 120 rounds every few seconds from any position and in any direction.

### The Height of Great Men.

*From the Washington Post.*

A correspondent inquires of us if there is any truth in the general belief that the leaders of any particular age are large men, "or is it merely superstition?"

There is a modicum of truth in it. While there are numerous exceptions, it seems to be a fact that great poets, essayists, scholars and philosophical thinkers are, as a rule, small; while great generals, orators and politicians—those who are engaged in doing rather than thinking—are, as a rule, above the average size of man. There is a reason for it; those who possess the most vitality are apt to make the biggest noise in the world.

Washington was a large man; so were Cortez, Charlemagne and Wellington; so were Webster, Clay, Tom Corwin, Tom Marshall, Lincoln, Chase, Sumner; so are Gladstone, Bismarck, Ferry, Cleveland, James G. Blaine and Gen. Sherman. When men who have won distinction are not tall, they generally make it up in breadth, like Bonaparte, Stephen A. Douglas and Sheridan.

The thinkers of the world have generally been small; as Cicero, Aristotle, Bacon, Alexander, Pope, Alexander Hamilton and Oliver Wendell Holmes. The members of the senate, ever since that body was established, have been, it is alleged, about an inch taller than the average height of American men. Successful American editors have generally been tall men, averaging six feet high and over 200 pounds, as the elder Bennett, Thurlow Weed, James Watson Webb, Horace Greeley, Wilbur F. Storey, Murat Halstead, Joseph Medill, Whitelaw Reid, Joseph Pulitzer, and Charles A. Dana—all fine specimens of full grown men.

Great orators are almost always large men, and such specimens as Joseph Cook, Henry Ward Beecher, Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, Mr. Moody, Roscoe Conkling and De Witt C. Talmage are familiar to the eye of the present generation of Americans. The orators are not only alike in weighing 225 pounds apiece, but they further resemble each other in possessing a keen sense of both humor and pathos, and in being coarse grained—of the earth, earthy. If they had not been coarse of texture they would have died young, and if they were not large they would have lacked the physical strength to surpass in the sharp competitions of their time. In New York it is proverbial that the great merchants outweigh their clerks.

### Jots and Clippings.

We are pleased to learn that Professor Samuel P. Langley, of the Allegheny Observatory, Pittsburg, has received from the Royal Society of London the Rumford medal for meritorious discoveries in light and heat. The medal is of solid gold, 260 pennyweights, and is accompanied with a facsimile of itself in silver.

The most heavily endowed educational institutions in the United States are Girard, \$10,000,000; Columbia, \$5,000,000; Johns Hopkins, \$4,000,000; Harvard, \$3,000,000; Princeton, \$2,500,000; Lehigh, \$1,800,000; and Cornell, \$1,400,000.

Said a Professor to a notorious laggard, who for once was prompt at prayers: "I mark you, sir, as present this morning; what is your excuse?" "I couldn't sleep, sir," was the response.

"Professor," said a graduate, trying to be pathetic at parting: "I am indebted to you for all I know." "Pray don't mention such a trifle," was the not very flattering reply.



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To whom all communications should be addressed.

WESTMINSTER, MD., JANUARY, 1887.

The Gazette.

With this issue, the sixth volume of the GAZETTE is completed; and on the threshold of another year while looking back over the past history of our journal, with its many conquests, struggles through which it has past, and the many barriers which have presented themselves, we feel proud of the success which she has achieved, and jealous of the position she occupies. The GAZETTE is the only journal in our college which has survived, and has lived to see the rise and downfall of other attempts. Opposition of the severest kind has been met with, but the perseverance and pluck of the Irvings, to whom the GAZETTE has ever been dear, has surmounted every obstacle, broken down every barrier and marched steadily on to success. The history of the GAZETTE, how it grew out of the "Crayon Miscellany," is too well known to our many readers for repetition, and in sending out the last issue of the sixth volume we commend our paper to the charity of our patrons, wishing it many more years of prosperity, and long life, happiness and honor, to its noble progenitors.

With this issue the present editors make their profoundest bow and retire. We gently back out and give place to those whom we trust, and feel sure, will manage it more successfully than we have. If anybody takes the position for a "snap," they will be sadly left and after a year's work on the editorial staff of the GAZETTE we can safely say there is no fun in it. We are thankful for the kind remarks made concerning the paper during our term of office, and more than grateful that the missiles thrown were no larger than bricks, although we have not received enough of them to build "our chimney a little higher." That savage monster, the critic, has certainly dealt kindly with us and we feel proud that we have come out free from its scathing cuts. We desire to thank our exchanges for their kind recognition and flattering comments. In the words of the immortal Shakespear we would say: "Farewell, a long farewell, to all our greatness." But no more of the journalistic life in our cup for we want it distinctly understood that we are not in love with it. Journalism doesn't seem to be our forte; we would "rather do or go a fishing," and if the ladies go along we don't object, provided

they furnish the lunch. We are not very proficient in making bows, but "such as we have, we give unto you," and dropping a silent tear, say adieu.

Since our last issue, two men equally great in their spheres, have fallen from the ranks of the living and "gone to the home from whence no traveller ever returns." We refer to Gen. John A. Logan and Edward Olney L. L. D., the one, filling a most prominent place in politics the other in science. Gen. Logan's name is endeared to every patriot while that of Olney carries with it to every student the idea and vision of curves and angles but still is equally dear to him from long association. For twenty five years Prof. Olney occupied the chair of mathematics in the Michigan State University and his text book is authority in nearly all the colleges of our land.

It is again our privilege to publish a lecture from the pen of our honored Ex-President, the Rev. J. T. Ward, to which we desire to call the special attention of all students. The Dr. is a man of broad experience and thoroughly conversant with the needs of students life, thus making his opinion on such subject sought after, especially by those who have had any connection with him during their lives, and we feel sure that anything from the pen of this beloved man will be warmly received by every alumnus and former student.

We are glad to be informed, not long since by our instructor in gymnastics, that the present site of the gymnasium is but a temporary one, and that it is the object of the college to build a suitable brick building as soon as possible, that is when sufficient money has been raised. As was first thought, the location will not in anyway interfere with those occupying rooms below, as it is not allowed to be open during study hours. On the whole everything is highly gratifying and much appreciated by the the students.

We take pleasure in publishing an address delivered before the "Chesterfield Literary Society, of Chestertown, Md.," by an ex-active member of I. L. S., the Rev. Thos. O. Crouse. It will be remembered that Mr. Crouse delivered last commencement, the annual oration before the Alumni Association, and all those who heard him on that occasion will no doubt take great pleasure in reading this oration.

The five hundred and sixty jolly maidens of Wellesley College enjoyed an old fashioned husking party in the college gymnasium the other night. The girls were appropriately costumed, and the refreshments were doughnuts and cheese, and other viands of our mothers. What happened when the red ears were discovered is not revealed.

The Harvard College annex for women seems to flourish. The last report shows that there were seventy-three students in attendance, against fifty-five during the previous year. Twenty-two of these were enrolled in the undergraduate classes and the remainder were special students.

For the Irving Literary Gazette.

Simple Plan of Preserving for Reference, the Results of One's Reading and Study—An Encyclopedic Common-Place Book and Index.

Every student finds the necessity and importance of adopting some method for preserving the fruits of his study for future reference and use. When quite a young man my attention was called to Rev. John Todd's Index-Rerum, and I used it for many years. I afterwards met with other works which some-what improved Todd's method; but with none that were to me entirely satisfactory. Finally, in 1853, I adopted a simple plan of my own, which, having used it for 34 years, I have no hesitancy in recommending young, and even old students to adopt.

Write, (under a proper heading in capital or italic letters, what you wish to preserve, (whether thoughts of your own, or notes upon what some one else composed, or extracts, or abstracts, or mere references to articles in books, &c.) on common note paper, half or whole sheets as may be needed. If clippings from newspapers are used, paste them neatly on the sheet. Then file the articles in their proper alphabetical order, and when new articles are to be added, place them on file in the same order, and there they are ever ready for any use you may have for them. It will not be long, if you are a diligent student, before you will have enough sheets to make a volume. Procure good, stiff manilla paper, and make a cover of the proper size, put your matter in it, write upon the back in pencil the letters necessary to indicate the contents, and set the volume on your book shelf. When your matter increases sufficiently to form another volume, combine it with the matter of the former volume, keeping up the alphabetical arrangement, and with the whole, fill the two covers, changing the index letters on the backs to suit the case. In the course of years you will thus make an Encyclopedia of your own, which will be worth more to you than any that you could buy at whatever cost. I have now 125 volumes formed in this way, which I value more than any books in my library, although they might not be worth much to a stranger. There is one objection to this plan, but I have not found it a serious one. The papers, being loose, are liable to be misplaced in handling, and if a volume should be let fall, there would be a troublesome scatteration. But with proper care, no such accident will happen; and even if it should, all can be made right again, by re-arranging the sheets as before. As to Scripture texts I arrange them in the alphabetical order, just as I do topics. The title I give to my collection is as follows: "J. T. Ward's Alphabetical Literary and Biblical Register of Extracts, Abstracts, Notes and References; the whole constituting a General Index and Common-Place-Book of such items (selected and original) as he may deem worthy of preservation in this way; to promote his improvement in knowledge and virtue, and his usefulness as a man, a christian, and particularly as a Minister of the Gospel of Christ." Under the heading Aard-Vark is a Magazine article giving an illustrated description of that animal; next, under Abbot, Rev. Benjamin, is a biography taken from Dr. Steven's Hist. of the Methodist Episcopal Church; Abbott, Francis, the Hermet of Niagara, (Reference to one of the volumes of may library containing an account of him) Abbott, Rev. Jacob, Review of his writings; Abbott, Hon. C. M.; Abbott, Col. Robert O., &c. (References.) Abbreviations, Explanations of some, and References to works containing Lists of many others; Abernethy, the noted Surgeon, Anecdotes of, &c.; Abridgements, Remarks concern-

ing, original and selected; Absalom, Articles from books and newspapers, and References; Absence, Poems on, and other Notes and References; and so on, and so on, all through the alphabet. Under Acts of the Apostles, a series of articles published in the Methodist Protestant years ago from the able pen of Rev. Dr. A. Webster, and many References to books, &c.; under Acts I. 1, 2, &c. Notes and References. So, in their proper order, whatever I have thought might be made useful on texts in every part of the Bible. I have found my Register of more practical value than any Commentary, because the matter it contains is what has passed under my own review, and been made a subject of study at times when I was specially interested in it. When about to prepare a Sermon, or an Address, or Lecture, I can almost always find something suggestive or helpful by reference to the Register. And what has been so useful to me, I feel it my duty to recommend to others.

J. T. WARD.

Westminster, Md., Jan. 1887.

Personalia.

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

'83. Mr. A. L. Miles has gone to Crisfield, Md., where he intends practicing law. Our best wishes for his success.

'85. Miss Alma C. Duval attended the Fifth Anniversary of the Philomathean Society.

'85. Mr. A. C. Willison is studying law under A. Hunter Boyd, one of the most prominent lawyers in Cumberland. Archie is still in the mail service, and desires his friends to address him either at Cumberland, Md., or at Huntington, Pa., care of Leister House. We wish him abundant success in this new undertaking.

'87. Mr. Stirling A. Galt, a former member of this class has gone to Los Angeles, Cal., on a visit.

'88. The firm of Baumgartner & Everhart, carrying on the book and news depot at Westminster, has been dissolved by the retirement of Mr. Baumgartner. Mr. Jno. F. Everhart, '88, has associated with him, his brother, Dr. Geo. Y. Everhart, '81, and will conduct the business at the old stand.

'89. Mr. Harry E. Goodwin is attending school at Reisterstown, Md.

'87. Mr. R. Gist has returned home from Florida. The climate there seems to have agreed with him.

'89. Mr. John M. Nail has gone to Cedar Rapids, Iowa., where he contemplates entering a Business College. His address is Lock Box 48, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Over 5,000 Indian children are now attending schools supported by the General Government, religious societies and the State of New York. At Hampton Institute, Virginia, a number of married couples are in attendance, and six cottages have been erected for their use. About fifty Indian girls have been admitted to the public schools of Philadelphia and they mingle with the white children in attendance. Nine out of the twelve prizes offered for proficiency were taken by Indian girls, the first being given to one of the Omahas.

Lehigh University is about to lose its prospective \$10,000,000 endowment from the Packer estate. Asa Packer died in 1879, leaving a widow, two sons and a daughter—all are dead save the daughter, aged 43, who has married, and if an heir is born, he and not the university will get the \$10,000,000.—*Courier Journal*.



Locals.

Plato.  
Measles.  
Mama Oranges.  
We, Us & Co.  
Sunday debator.  
Three ounce snoozer.  
Sturgeon the cow boy.  
C. O. D.—Chestnuts out of date.  
Miss W.—is the moon a luminous body?  
Anniversaries will be all the rage this spring.  
The latest—who are you going down with?  
What is the latest thing in chestnuts?  
Worms.  
'Tis sweet to joke, but oh! what pain  
To make a joke you must explain.  
Mr. "Crank Turner," will you please  
pull out the stop. He *stopped* the crank  
—C. O. D.  
Mr. Woolford, '88, was suddenly called  
home recently, owing to the severe illness  
of his grandfather.  
"Macbeth, I am the father's ghost"—  
Revised version of Shakespeare, as edited  
by one of our Seniors.  
Mr. Otis Harding who was detained at  
home on account of sickness, returned re-  
cently and entered his class.  
Scene in Prepdom—Mr. M. (reading)—  
"Job had great patience—say, professor,  
wasn't Job a school teacher."  
Prof. in Science—"Did you see the new  
moon?" Miss H.—"Professor, why it is  
the same old moon." Class nearly faints.  
One of our seniors while translating  
Greek, becoming suddenly stuck, said Prof.  
"I can't get the proper accent of that  
word."  
One of our students is fond of singing  
since the anniversary "Sweet Spirit, Hear  
My Prayer." He means the "spirit" of  
the widow.  
Among the visitors to attend the anni-  
versary of the Philomathean Society were  
Mrs. Pillsbury, of Baltimore, and Miss  
Alma Duvall.  
Prof. S. Simpson, who has been suffering  
with a most severe cold for some weeks  
past, is rapidly recovering, and has resumed  
his lectures.  
It is estimated by one of our students  
that the number of college girls who cannot  
pass a mirror without glancing into it av-  
erages about twelve in every dozen.  
What is the difference between a boy  
who has "flunked" in examination and a  
brace? One has a bitter lot and the other  
has a lot of bits. One, two, three—bat.  
Miss Minnie Stevens, '86, has returned  
to college and entered the post graduate  
course. Her sister Miss Edith returned  
with her and entered the college depart-  
ment.  
We are sorry to record the fact that our  
President, Dr. Lewis, has had a most se-  
vere attack of rheumatism, but is at present  
able to walk about with the assistance of a  
cane.  
One of our young ladies who recently  
visited Baltimore reports having seen, dur-  
ing her drive, "deers" in the park. We  
should like to know if she didn't see a  
"dear" also.  
Don't you think there is a "mutual  
strike" between the musical talent of our  
school? Look out, or the W— fellow  
might make a little different kind of music  
when he hears about it.  
One of the members of the class of '89  
was seen on last parlor night, while laboring  
under a temporary (female) embarrassment,  
attempted to eat his cheese with a spoon,  
thinking it was butter.

One of our would be witty students rush-  
ed up to a fellow student and "commanded  
his money or his life." He informed him  
what little he had he thought he could  
command himself.  
Scene in dining hall. Prof. to waiter—  
"Please take this note to Miss W." Wait-  
er—"No, sar; my orders am not to carry  
any notes from the boys to the girls."  
That end of the table perspires.  
Scene in dining hall—Prof. McD. to  
waiter—"Three of the gentlemen have not  
been served; please bring in three pieces of  
pie." Snowball, the waiter—"I ain't  
gwine to do it; you done had your pie once."  
And he didn't.  
The jolliest place in our dining hall is  
the end of the table presided over by Prof.  
Rinehart. If the old saying of "laugh and  
grow fat" would always hold good, we think  
the students at that end would be mon-  
strous by this time.  
In our report of the Philomathean anni-  
versary we neglected to make mention of  
the reading of Miss Hirati of Japan. The  
speech of Portia from Shakespeare was  
most gracefully rendered much to the  
pleasure of the audience.  
Is this a case of the anxious kind?  
A pretty maiden fell overboard, and her  
lover leaned over the side of the boat as she  
rose to the surface, and said: "Give me  
your hand." "Please ask papa," she said  
as she sank the second time.—Ex.  
A Rockford man advertised for a wife  
and quickly secured one with a bank ac-  
count of \$10,000.—Ex.  
Moral—Young man "go thou and do  
likewise." Advertisement is a great  
scheme and always brings big returns.—Ed.  
Several of our students availed them-  
selves of the excursion rates to hear the  
celebrated tragedian Edwin Booth, during  
his recent engagement in Baltimore.  
Among those who went were Profs. Mc-  
Daniel and Schaeffer, J. Ford Caulk, N. H.  
Wilson, H. H. Slifer, Miss Laura Jones  
and Miss Sadie Abbott.  
Professor R— has offered the following  
cause for the hump on the camel's back:  
"In Africa after the railroad had been run  
through the camel was appointed conduc-  
tor of the train. The elephant one day  
came along and wanted to put his *trunk*  
on board the camel objected, *got up his  
back*, and it has never lowered since."  
Hand over the chestnut boys.  
Quite a number of our students have  
recently been on the sick list. Miss Hodges,  
who had a severe attack of heart trouble,  
was sufficiently recovered to be in the au-  
dience at the anniversary of her society.  
Mr. Radford, who was confined to his room  
with measles, is out again and reciting.  
Messrs. Whaley and Man have both been  
slightly indisposed, but are about again.  
One of the members of the chemistry  
class, while prowling around in his stocking  
feet the other night, made an unpleasant  
discovery, to which he gave the following  
chemical description:  
Chemical name—Ferro Tactius.  
Common name—Carpet tack.  
Formula—6 fe+14 & c t.  
Proportion—Hard, sharp.  
The reception tendered by Judge John  
E. Smith to his son, Chas. Smith, and wife,  
was one of the most elaborate affairs ever  
given in Westminster. The decorations,  
consisting of smilax, primroses, calla lilies  
and geraniums, were arrayed with artistic  
beauty through the parlor and library, and  
added a most charming appearance to his  
beautiful home. The collation, which was  
prepared by Baltimore caterers, was indeed  
a marvel of success, and was beautifully  
served. Mrs. Smith was assisted in re-  
ceiving by Miss Winnie, her daughter,

Mrs. Charles Smith and Mrs. Mrs. M. M.  
Smith, of Baltimore. The editor of the  
GAZETTE, Mr. H. D. Mitchell, had the  
pleasure of being present.  
The monthly Senior Essays and Orations  
were delivered in the College Chapel on  
Friday the 21st. They were more than  
above the average and deserve special  
mention for their merit. The following is  
the order and subjects:  
Essay....."Well Directed Effort."  
Miss H. E. Dodd.  
Oration....."Unknown Heroes."  
Mr. Dent Downing.  
Essay....."Earth's Battle Fields."  
Miss E. C. Handy.  
Essay....."The Silent Foot."  
Miss Georgia Harlan.  
Oration....."Lawyers."  
Mr. H. H. Slifer.  
Essay....."The Land of the Mikado."  
Miss L. L. Hill.  
Essay....."Perseverance."  
Miss M. E. Hodges.  
The occasion was enlivened with music  
by Misses Jennie Wilson and Minnie  
Stevens.  
The regular monthly musical recitals  
which are becoming so popular, was held  
in the College Chapel on Friday, January  
14th. Quite a number of visitors were  
present and appreciated the music very  
highly. Too much praise cannot be given  
to our Prof. of music, and the proficiency  
which the students display reflects great  
credit to him. Prof. Rinehart was assisted by  
the vocal instructress Mrs. A. J. Carnes.  
Among the visitors were Miss Mamie  
Wilmer, Mrs. E. O. Grimes, Mrs. Dr.  
Woodward, Miss Jennie Smith, Miss Sadie  
Kneller, Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Ward, Miss  
Ada Smith, Mrs. S. Simpson and many  
others. The following is the program:  
1. Il Trovatore.....Sidney Smith.  
Miss Whittington.  
2. Rondo Capriccioso.....Mendelssohn  
Prof. T. F. Rinehart.  
3. Marguerite so Fair.....Macfarlane.  
Miss G. E. Franklin.  
4. First Bolero Brilliant.....Leybach.  
Miss S. E. Wilmer.  
5. Roma.....Campana.  
Mrs. A. J. Carnes, Miss S. N. Abbott.  
6. Prestissimo from Op. 2, No. 1. Beethoven.  
Prof. T. F. Rinehart.  
**Philomathean.**  
Perhaps the most refined and apprecia-  
tive audience, ever assembled in the Col-  
lege Chapel, gathered on the evening of  
the 28th inst., to witness the fifth anni-  
versary of the Philomathean Society. The  
"noisy boy," "tom cat yells," and "roughs  
in the rear," were features noticeably ab-  
sence, much to the satisfaction of the au-  
dience and the joy of the students. This  
was due to the forethought and manage-  
ment of our President, Dr. Lewis, who  
conceived the idea of admitting no one  
only by tickets, which could be secured  
through any member of the faculty, and  
the plan was carried out to perfection, with  
the assistance of the ushers, Messrs. Wha-  
ley, Lease, Weller and Mitchell. The  
Chapel was tastefully decorated with pic-  
tures, loaned by the societies and students,  
prominently among which, was the bust  
picture of our own beloved *Irving*.  
Long before the hour announced for the  
exercise, the chapel was filled with bright  
and expectant faces, eager for entertain-  
ment, but their admiration knew no  
bounds when the curtain was raised reveal-  
ing a veritable "Fairy land." The stage  
which had been beautifully decorated con-  
tained about 35 charming young ladies at-  
tired in white, prominent among whom was  
Miss Hirati, of Japan. Miss M. E. Ste-  
vens a post graduate of our college, deliv-

ered the Presidents address, giving all  
present a hearty welcome in her own  
earnest style. We were loathe to have the  
spell broken as the falling curtain recalled  
us to earth and earthly things, so enchant-  
ing was the scene.  
The drama used by the society was one  
written by Miss H. A. Stevenson, of the  
Class of '86. The plot was indeed good  
and was developed in a style which re-  
flected great credit to the composer, and  
we feel sure that those who produced the  
drama did in no manner detract from the  
naturalness of the play.  
The feature of the evening was the  
"Chime of College Belles," a most uni-  
que and amusing selection. Miss Lorena  
Hill was the manager of the "Human Har-  
monicon" an instrument, as she represented  
it, producing "cultivating and soul stirring"  
tones, proceeding from the brain to the  
mouth when the cranium was touched in  
the musical spot. Eight young ladies,  
their heads only protruding from a white  
sheet, represented the eight notes of the  
musical staff and by touching the "musical  
spot" on the top of each head, most "en-  
chanting music" was discoursed. Two se-  
lections were produced to the entire satis-  
faction of the audience, one of which was  
the famous "Yankee Doodle."  
Miss Hill who is a lady of talent as well  
as jollity was the "right one in the right  
place," which fact was attested by the ap-  
plause of the audience. On the whole the  
anniversary was a grand success, one which  
the Philomatheans may well feel proud of.  
The editors of the GAZETTE as well as the  
members of *Irving* all extend to our sister  
society their hearty congratulations, trust-  
ing you will add victories in the future to  
this one.  
Special mention should be made of the  
superior acting of Misses Dodd, Harlan,  
Whittington, Mather and Slaughter; of the  
rendition of the trio by Misses Meredith,  
E. Stevens and Whaley; also of the essay  
delivered by Miss Phoebus.  
The following is the program:—  
President's Address.....Miss M. E. Stevens.  
Les Rameaux—Leybach.....Miss M. A. Slaughter.  
The Ballad of Babe Bell—T. B. Aldrich.....  
.....Miss C. V. Underhill.  
Three Stages of Widoohood.....Tableau.  
A Novel Style of Burglar—Frank R. Stockton.....  
.....Miss G. F. Beeks.  
Blanche of Providence—Cherubini.....  
.....Misses C. A. Meredith, E. Stevens and I. J. Whaley.  
Essay.....Miss C. M. Phoebus.  
El Fresco Galop—Grass.....  
.....Misses I. B. Pillsbury and C. V. Underhill.  
DRAMA, by Miss H. A. Stevenson, '86. "Two Years  
From the Life of a School-Girl."  
Miss Fisher, Preceptress of Inglecote Seminary.....  
.....Miss C. M. Phoebus.  
Mrs. Edwards, Matron of Inglecote Seminary.....  
.....Miss A. E. Parker.  
Miss Lena Hall, Painting Teacher.....  
.....Miss I. B. Pillsbury.  
Mrs. Davenport, a Stranger.....Miss E. M. Adams.  
Maria Wilson.....Miss H. E. Dodd.  
Bertie Day.....Miss E. C. Handy.  
Dora French.....Miss M. A. Slaughter.  
Vera Talbot.....Miss G. F. Beeks.  
Meta Jackson.....Miss H. E. Walmsley.  
Stella Hayden.....Miss A. Handy.  
Bessie Woolford.....Miss C. A. Meredith.  
Carrie Edwards.....Miss A. Kendall.  
Dinah Johnson, a Colored Girl.....Miss Whittington  
Chime of Ye College Belles.  
FARCE—A Precious Pickle.  
Miss Rebecca Pease.....Miss E. Richards.  
Mrs. Gabbie.....Miss G. Harlan.  
Sadie Bean } City girls on a { Miss R. Dodd.  
Jennie Frost } vacation in { Miss E. C. Handy.  
Bessie Snow } the Country. { M. K. Slaughter.  
Sissy Gabbie.....Miss A. Mc Thompson.  
Juno, Miss Pease's Colored help.....Miss A. C. Mather.  
"Doctor," said the friend, stopping him  
on the street, "what do you take for a  
heavy cold?" "A fee," replied the doctor  
softly, and so passed on.—*Burdette*.  
She—"Yes, we had splendid time last  
summer. Four other Vassar girls and I  
took a tramp through the Adirondacks."  
He—"Did the tramp have a good time?"  
—*Life*.  
While excavating in Rome a house de-  
clared to be of the third century has been  
discovered.  
The average age of those who enter col-  
lege now is 17. A century ago it was 14.

School Girls.



## SELF CULTURE.

An Address Delivered Before the Chesterfield Literary Society by Rev. Thos. O. Crouse.

From the Centerville, Md., Record, of Jan. 8,

Young men of the Chesterfield Literary Society: In compliance with your request I am before you this evening for the purpose of saying a few words which may encourage and stimulate you in the commendable effort you are making for your intellectual and moral improvement. I beg leave to say, first of all, that I appreciate the invitation so unexpectedly and so kindly tendered me by your committee, and while I regret that I cannot bring to you an address more interesting, more instructive, and, withal, more worthy of your hearing than the one I shall, under favor of your patience, deliver to-night, I am glad that the opportunity is afforded me of expressing my joy in the efforts you are making for your rational entertainment and improvement. I cannot fully express my deep interest in your association, and if my address shall be found to have no other merit, I hope you will accept it as a sincere effort, albeit a feeble one, to aid in the mental recreation and stimulation of the young men of our community. While candor may compel the admission that I am fast approaching that age which is commonly known as middle life, I have certainly not grown so old as to feel as one separate from you, young gentlemen, who, having passed the limits of boyhood, have just entered, or about to enter the larger world of manhood, with its solemn responsibilities, its mighty struggles and its noble possibilities. I can well remember when I stood where many, perhaps I may say the most, of you now stand; my life-plans not fully formed, but my aspirations enkindled to be and to do according to my endowments, "all that doth become a man." I can recall the ardor, hope, faith, courage and cheer, which stirred and burned in my breast, and the eagerness with which I anticipated the duties and triumphs of manhood. And because the memory of those days and those youthful fires is so fresh in my mind I claim to feel a deep sympathy with, and a warm fraternal affection for that portion of society which I see represented before me this evening. On this account it is with no common pleasure that I meet this gathering of young men, who come together weekly to advance their self-culture through the medium of readings from choice books and interchange of thought.

In addressing you this evening, I purpose to suggest, for your consideration, a few thoughts on the subject of *self-culture*, or the duty which every one of us owes to ourselves, to our generation and to our God, to unfold and perfect all our powers and capacities, especially our nobler ones, so as to become a well proportioned, vigorous, useful and happy being—showing forth the praise of Him who hath made us in His own image and for His own glory.

In choosing the theme announced, I have not indulged the thought that it can receive from me the treatment to which it is justly entitled; to treat of self-culture exhaustively, I am aware, far exceeds both my ability and the time to be given to this address. The subject chosen gives an opportunity for stringing together a few thoughts which I consider particularly appropriate to such an assembly as I have before me.

Self-culture, in its full sense, comprehends the development, training and perfecting of our whole nature; the physical, intellectual and moral capacities, with which our Creator has endowed us. To be a man in the true and fullest sense is to have the physical, mental and moral pow-

ers of our nature brought into such harmonious and vigorous action as fits us to bear the burdens, discharge the responsibilities, perform the duties and enjoy the privileges of our respective stations, with credit to ourselves, with a regard to the rights and happiness of other beings and in obedience to the will of our Almighty Creator.

"To be twenty-one years of age and six feet high" does not, of itself, constitute a man. We must attain to something other and better than this ere we can rightly wear the proud title of man. Of physical culture, or the development and training of the body, I shall have but little to say. I do not pass over this branch of self-culture so quickly, however, because I think it of small importance. A vigorous, healthful condition of the body, is so essential to the successful prosecution of every useful avocation in life, that every one of us should recognize the obligation which is upon us to use, "with a firm purpose, as much care in the preservation of our health as any good workman would do in keeping his tools sharp, or an good soldier in having his powder dry."

The relation between the body and the mind is so intimate that mental activity and power cannot but suffer from an unsound condition of the flesh and blood. Whatever, therefore, your life-work may be you need to give wise and careful attention to the harmonious working order of this strange and wonderful made machine, the human body. You should take proper out-door exercise. Beware of intemperance. Be moderate in eating, and especially avoid whatever disagrees with your system. As to early rising, which you will find so generally and strongly recommended by those who undertake to counsel youth, I can say little about it, unless it be to lament the fact that it is a virtue in which I have never excelled and which I practiced only on compulsion.

Perhaps I sympathize more strongly than it would be wise in me to confess with that poem of John G. Saxe:

"God bless the man who first invented sleep;  
So Sancho Panza said, and so say I.  
But blast the man with curses strong and deep  
Who first found out, and then went round  
advising  
That artificial cut of 'Early Rising.'"

Coming now to the second branch of our subject, or to the matter of mental culture, I feel that I have a topic which will insure the attention of my audience, since this is, as I understand it, the first object of your association.

Mental culture consists in the acquisition of knowledge and the development of the intellectual faculties. The accumulation of wholesome, useful information is certainly an important part of our self-culture, but it is not more important and imperative than the duty of calling into exercise and rightly directing the faculties of our mental being; the building up of a force of thought which may be turned at will on any subject on which we are called to pass judgment is a most essential part of the discipline and training which every young man should resolutely undertake and prosecute for himself.

Your opportunities for the accumulation of knowledge are, young gentlemen, much more numerous than those enjoyed by any generation which has preceded you. The domain of human knowledge is widening with every successive generation, and the highways into the great field of learning are every year being broadened and smoothed and in every way made more accessible to the masses. This nineteenth century has been a very bold and aggressive one. It has interrogated Nature face to face, unlocked her treasures and appropriated her wealth. Steadily has advance been

made in the knowledge of the secrets of the skies, and the secrets of the air, and the secrets of the water, and the subtle forces of Nature have been made willing and glad slaves in man's behalf. And the fruit of all this investigation and study has been stored up for us in the books which are issuing in a steady and affluent stream from the mighty printing presses of the world.

With respect to your opportunities for knowledge, you dwell in a large and wealthy place. For you the historians have chronicled in pages more thrilling than romance the annals of nations and kingdoms, both living and dead. Scientists have told for you the enchanting story of their researches from the hyssop and the moss, from the invisible animalcula, on through ascending ranks of animate and inanimate nature. Poets have sung their songs of faith, of love, of hope, of peace, of war, of chivalry, of Nature in her many moods, to soothe you when you sorrow, to revive you when you sink with despair, to stimulate and brace you when you flag, and to crown you when returning victorious from the battle of the good and true. If the wise man could say 3,000 years ago, "Of making many books there is no end," what would he say could he see the great stores of literature that the ages have accumulated, and which, for the most part, are put within the reach of every one hungering and thirsting for knowledge. Young men, good books are within your reach, and I charge you make it your immediate concern to begin each for himself the formation of a library of good books. Books are so cheap that a little economy in your spendings and a little self-denial in other things you can well afford to do without—say cigarettes and tobacco—will enable you to add year by year volumes to your library, and by and by you will feel that in your books you have a mine of wealth more satisfying in its nature than hoards of silver and gold. "To be without books of your own is the abyss of penury; don't endure it," exclaim John Ruskin. Lyman Abbott declares that "the home ought no more to be without a library than without a dining-room and kitchen. If you have but one room, and it is lighted by the great wood fire in flaming fireplace, as Abraham Lincoln did; pick out one corner of your fireplace for a library and use it."

Here are sensible words from some unknown author: "Nothing is more important to young people than an early love for good books. In no way can this love be better fostered than by the formation of home libraries. No matter how few or small the books are, to commence with, they will make a beginning, and you will wonder at its growth. Don't have the books scattered about, but collect them. Any boy can make shelves, which are good enough, and the very act of getting your books together will form a desire for more. When you have thus made a beginning, make it a rule never to add a poor or 'trashy' book. A good book is worth a hundred of the other kind. In this day of cheap books there is no reason why every boy should not have something of a library." And, my friends, when you get books use them. Cultivate a taste, if you have not already done this, for reaping; and be frugal of your leisure moments. Though your leisure hours may seem but few, you will find that, wisely employed, they will yield you most valuable returns. Long winter evenings, holidays and leisure hours may be employed in the acquisition of useful knowledge. If we would but consider how many precious moments we fritter away and lose in an unprofitable manner, we should see that it is not for want of time that we do so little in this work of acquiring knowledge, but from our indo-

lence and our want of true regard for the value of time. The maxim, that "Labor conquers all things," holds especially true in the case of the conquest of knowledge. It is astonishing how much may be accomplished in self-culture by the energetic and the persevering, who are careful to avail themselves of opportunities, and use up the fragments of spare time which the idle permit to run to waste. Thus Ferguson learned astronomy from the heavens while tending sheep on the highlands of Scotland; Stone learned mathematics while working as a journeyman gardener; Burritt mastered the languages while working at the blacksmith's forge; Drew studied philosophy in the intervals of cobbling shoes; Miller taught himself geology while working in a stone-quarry. In this matter, as in all worthy achievements, "There is no secret of success but work."

"There's always a river to cross,  
Always an effort to make,  
If there's anything good to win,  
Any rich prize to take;  
Yonder's the fruit we crave,  
Yonder's the charming scene;  
But deep and wide, with a troubled tide,  
Is the river that lies between.

"For the treasures of precious worth  
We must patiently dig and dive;  
For the places we long to fill  
We must push, and struggle, and drive;  
And always and everywhere  
We'll find in our onward course,  
Thorns for the feet, and trials to meet,  
And a difficult river to cross."

Your association cannot fail to contribute to the development of your mental faculties if your plan of requiring essays or debates from the members is adhered to and cheerfully accepted by all. Reading may impart information to the mind, but the effort to produce the results of our reading and the act of communicating our knowledge to others will do more to strengthen the mind and render it capable of independent thinking than any possible amount of reading without this system of mental gymnastics. You are not wise if you are content to crowd into your mind a given amount of knowledge and load the memory with words, if you do not at the same time seek to train your mind to marshal these facts and make them do service for the delight or edification of others. I believe you could not find a better training school for these ends than just such a debating society. Practice will accomplish much for you in this line. *Nil desperandum.*

There remains one more, and that the most important, branch of self-culture. Your moral nature must be your daily and hourly care. No perfection of physical form, no strength or brilliancy of intellect can compensate for a depraved and vicious moral character. The acquisition of mere book knowledge, however desirable, will avail you but little, unless you acquire, at the same time, correct habits and principles. There can be no true manhood that does not rest on character. On character depends not only our usefulness in life, but our individual happiness. Character is more enduring than reputation, and it is worth far more. Reputation is the estimate placed on us by our fellows, and it may be true or false; but character represents what we are in God's sight, who judges righteous judgment.

"Talents, angel bright,  
If wanting worth, are shining instruments  
In false ambition's hand to finish faults  
Illustrious, and give infamy renown."

Knowledge without virtue gives to its possessor the ability to perpetrate untold evil in society and upon himself, and is far worse than a condition of total ignorance. Aaron Burr was a fine scholar and one of the most accomplished lawyers of his time, but, being wanting in the moral elements of a man, he used his great abilities and



learning for the overthrow of the most cherished institutions of his country, and died despised and abhorred as a villain and a traitor. Lord Byron, with all his genius and fine poetic sentiment, was a shameless rake, and his life was, on the whole, a terrible failure. And who has not read the laments of his bankrupt heart (36th year):

"Nay, for myself, so dark my fate  
Through every turn of life hath been,  
Man and the world I so much hate,  
I care not when I quit the scene.  
"My days are in the yellow leaf,  
The flowers and fruit of love are gone,  
The worm, the canker, and the grief  
Are mine alone."

I can not do you better service than to quote, in conclusion, the golden words of John Stuart Blackie, Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh: "Let every one who would not suffer shipwreck on the great voyage of life, stamp seriously into his soul before all things, the great truth of the Scripture text, 'One thing is needful.' Money is not needful; power is not needful; cleverness is not needful; fame is not needful; liberty is not needful; even wealth is not the one thing needful; but character alone—a thoroughly cultivated will—is that which can truly save us; and, if we are not saved in this sense, we must certainly be damned. There is no point of indifference in this matter, where a man can safely rest, saying to himself, 'If I don't get better, I shall certainly not get worse.' He will unquestionably get worse. The unselfish part of his nature, if left uncultivated, will, like every other neglected function, tend to shrink into a meagre vitality and more stunted proportions. Let us gird up our loins, therefore, and quit us like men; and having by the golden gift of God the glorious lot of living once for all, let us endeavor to live nobly."

**TO TRAIN THE HAND.**

**President Gilman Thinks it a Necessity to a Perfect Education.**

*From the New York Times, Jan. 9.*

The first of a series of ten free lectures, under the auspices of the Industrial Education Association, was delivered by President D. C. Gilman of Johns Hopkins University, on "Education in Handicraft," in the hall of the Association, at No. 9, University Place. The speaker was introduced by General A. S. Webb. President Gilman said: "I want to speak to you about the wonderful character of the human hand, and I will use the good home word handicraft. In ancient times the thumb was regarded as the ruler, but the rule of the thumb now implies a lack of education and skill. I am here to plead for a member of the human body which returns many-fold the labor spent upon it, to urge the cultivation of a wonderful instrument by which the bounds of knowledge have been so far extended. A man is a better thinker, a more accurate worker, if he can reproduce with his hand what he has thought with his brain. We are apt to think that no improvement can be made in education without great labor and expense, but I want to emphasize the case with which handicraft can be introduced by systematic effort and at small outlay. For the girl, and also for the boy, there is nothing better than the needle and scissors, and, particularly for the boy, the jackknife. Still more fundamental is the pencil. Drawing, in my opinion, lies at the bottom of all industrial training. It enables one to delineate with precision that which he wishes to express better than he can do it with the language of the pen. I do not mean for the sake of making pleasing pictures, but to record in the most concise language our thoughts.

"This cry for handicraft does not come chiefly from those who wish to make greater physical returns, but largely from those who teach by the printed page—litteratures like Matthew Arnold, philosophers like John Stuart Mill, and theologians like Canon Farrar. The hand of the nineteenth century is weak and worthless. College-students are unable to work with their hands. I believe that a great deal of the American lack of accuracy and fidelity, the American superficiality and hazy way of doing things, come from a lack of training of the hand with relation to the mind. The work of simply using the printed page is bringing poor results. This Association seems to have adopted the right principles. It is being done quite in accordance with the American way of doing things—pushing forward with a certain cooperation with private wealth, yet looking for some public support. In every community such action should be taken till the time is ripe to enlist public and school authorities. The South, freed from certain trammels, is recognizing the value of industrial training. The training must begin with rudimentary work and be adapted to the capacity of each scholar. It must correspond with our school ways and traditions. There should be journals to publish its progress. We must secure by translation the results of foreign work. We must remember that the hand trains the mind, the mind the hand, and that the eye trains both. Paris has been for two centuries the industrial centre of the world. I believe it is because Colbert, 200 years ago, set about to make all the industrial arts attractive, easy and remunerative and did his best to keep his countrymen out of unproductive occupations. France has made many mistakes, but she can teach us some very good lessons. The School of Mines and the College of the City of New York are doing a noble work, and now comes this institution, whose progress will be watched closely far and wide."

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