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Original Poetry.

MY TEACHER'S GRAVE.

Written for the Irving Literary Gazette,
BY C. T. WRIGHT.

In the quiet churchyard, 'mid the mounds
Raised o'er the confined forms of the dead,
Alone with the thoughts my memory stirr'd,
In search of a grave I softly tread.

Around me the tombs of the loved and lost
Rose over green hillock, and vine, and wreath,
While I gently drew near to each sentinel stone
And read the name of the sleeper beneath.

'Twas a sacred spot in that quiet place,
I sought, as I read, and moved away
From each silent grave in search of the sod
That pressed its earth to her slumbering clay.

Traced in the marble that marked the spot
Where some loved one lay, a name I read;
'Twas the name of her whose grave I sought—
'Twas my teacher who slept in that lonely bed.

As I stood and gazed on the sodded earth,
And the name there cut in the cold white stone,
I saw again a pale, kind face,
And listened again to a low, gentle tone.

That face from my vision can never fade,
It is stamped for aye on heart and brain;
And the voice with its softened melody, still
Is thrilling my soul like a sweet refrain.

Ah, never again will a wayward lad,
Just ready to step into life's broad way,
Feel the guidance of love more pure than this,
Or be led by a hand with a gentler sway.

Yet thy memory lives—not lettered in stone—
'Tis a heart that gives room to that precious boon;
And its beatings but waken new grief for a life
That fled with its beauty just ready to bloom.

Thy lessons would live but in memory's hall,
Were they traced now in precepts of letters alone;
But example has graven them deep in a heart,
Whose pulses yet quicken with memories bygone.

Thy tomb is a shrine, and affection sincere,
Kneels weeping above what it places within,
While it fain would reclaim the gift it resigns,
And possess with its life the fond relic again.

Autograph Verses by our President, Dr. J. T. Ward.

Each autograph that in this book appears
Will well remind you, in the coming years,
Of friends, whose love for you caused them to write
The lines they hoped would give you some delight.

I place my humble name upon this page,
That I may thus your kindly thought engage;
May God's best blessings all your steps attend,
And Christ be chosen as your dearest Friend.

'Make proof of all things, what is good hold fast;
God speaks to man, His truth shall ever last;
He speaks by Christ, the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Schools may contend, but here is end of strife;
'Come unto Me, and I will give you rest—
Rest for your soul'—Whosoever comes is blest.

An old man's blessing on his gentle friend,
May peace and joy her every step attend;
Her mind be filled with wisdom from above,
Her heart endued with grace and heavenly love;
Her deeds be those to which reward is due,
Her friends be many, ever kind and true;
And Christ, above them all, be dear to her,
That she may dwell with him forever more.

May all the joys that mortal e'er can know,
Be thine while thou sojournest here below;
And all the bliss of an eternal heaven,
To thee when life on earth is past be given.

Life is God's gift to thee for holy use,
Be careful that it suffer no abuse;

Its moments well employed will bring reward
Richer by far than mines of gold afford.

With faith in God, and patient toil in good,
Alone, or midst the busy multitude,
Little by little let the building rise,
A character that's fitted for the skies.

Though life on earth be brief, 'tis never vain
To those who in it life eternal gain;
The way is upward, may be rugged, too,
But fear not! God will surely crown the true.

OPPORTUNITY.

Every man has an estate allotted to him.
It is a valuable estate indeed. Its continual improvement or gradual waste depends entirely on the untiring perseverance of its possessor. This priceless estate will yield no fruits without wise and proper cultivation. But it will abundantly reward the labors of the diligent, if every part of it is regularly, properly, and seasonably cultivated. Noxious weeds should not be allowed to grow within the limit of this estate because they will prove to be a detriment to proper and successful cultivation.

If we fully comprehend and rightly appreciate the motto of an Italian philosopher who said "Time is my estate," we will succeed in our cultivation. This should be our motto—everybody's motto. Since life is so short and time so fleeting, it is of the utmost importance to improve our opportunities so that we will be able to cultivate our estate properly and lead on to fortune, as the dramatist says,—

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune:
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries."

Opportunities are the conditions of our success or failure. They are the offers of divine Providence to mankind. Their import, if they are not slighted, is success, satisfaction, remuneration, and wisdom. If, on the other hand, they are allowed to glide heedlessly by, their import is failure, dissatisfaction, loss, and folly. The nature of opportunities has also an invaluable significance. It is interesting, advantageous, and edifying to almost everybody to study and distinguish the various properties of different objects. It is just so with opportunities when they are carefully contemplated. They are transient, frequentative, and occasional.

Life is made up of days, months, and years, and yet we call it short at best. With greater applicability can we say that opportunities are transient. Suppose a favoring breeze to spring up around a sailing-vessel. If the sails are set and the entire crew on board and awake, the vessel will be wafted to the desired haven; but if the tars are asleep or ashore the breeze may calm down so that when they wish to sail they cannot. Opportunities do not occur at regular intervals like milestones, but frequently, unless entirely neglected. They are also specially sensitive because, if we slight their first visit, we rarely see them again.

Some gifts are appreciated by everybody. They are intended to cheer the heart of the recipient and serve as an encouragement to nobler actions and a more symmetrical development of the higher life of man. They are given with a view to elevate and

edify. Opportunities are gifts that are not capable of accumulation. They must be used—and wisely used—if the donee is to be cheered, disciplined, and edified. The donee who makes a failure or wreck of life does not enter the door opened for him. There are many young in every part of our country who wish to get rich and yet they look with disdain on such opportunities as the Astors, Stewarts, and Vanderbilts improved. These young men should begin at the bottom of the ladder and not wait to be lifted up by somebody. Neglected opportunities never come back; they are irrevocable. We have from the Latin a very appropriate suggestion on opportunity. "Opportunity has hair in front, behind she is bald; if you seize her by the forelock, you may hold her; but, if suffered to escape, not Jupiter himself can catch her again."

The proper use of opportunities is illustrated by the law of growth. True growth is gradual, and means much. The law of growth is illustrated by means of a tree. A tree does not grow by fits and starts. It grows gradually. A person may watch it and never see it actually growing; but at intervals of weeks and months it will be manifest that the tree is larger every way. The tree is doing something all the time. By a continuous growing the small twig becomes a stately oak. In like manner by carefully improving the opportunities, the abecedarian may become one of the profoundest scholars of his age. Constant and faithful employment has an elevating tendency. A person does not become wise in a day nor will he establish his moral character at once. He must develop as the tree. "Hourly fidelity in little things does not seem to be of much consequence, but the habits which it cultivates are of inestimable value, and the growth that will result from it,—the growth that will fit us for the paradise above, who can foretell its beauty and its blessedness?" This hourly fidelity is characteristic of an exemplary life and worthy of imitation by one and all.

There is a rich reward in store for everybody who is faithful in duty and judicious with his gifts and talents. In divine government every good deed has its appropriate reward,—"Behold, the righteous shall be recompensed in the earth." By persevering industry a person gains the approbation of his relatives and friends; success in the attainment of wealth, knowledge, and a holy life; and the gracious favor of God. "Warm, hearty, sunny endeavor will unflinchingly meet with its reward. Good uses are never without result. Once enacted, they become a part of the moral world. They give to it a new enrichment and beauty, and the whole universe partakes of their influence. They may not return in the shape wherein played forth, but likelier after the manner of seed which never forgets to turn to flowers."

Moments seem only trifles but they complete the cycle of years. "Little and often" has wrought wonderful deeds. The Brooklyn bridge was completed by a continual gathering-up of opportunities and a judicious use of "little by little." Elihu Burritt, it is said, could keep silent in forty languages. The present superintendent of public instruction of Lancaster has risen to

his scholarly attainments by heeding his opportunities while even a youthful lad on the canal.

The usefulness of a single person may spread far and wide. A person who makes good use of his time elevates and enriches himself to such a degree that even the state will feel the power and influence of his deeds and actions. This is best illustrated in the life of Franklin who "presented a model of excellence of the highest standard." He was a great benefactor to his state and country as well as to the world. Constancy, diligence, and self-denial led him to eminence and renown. He was the means of securing the first book in the present extensive library at Philadelphia. His inventive genius brought about the paving of the streets of the "Quaker City" and lighting it with gas. His public official career was equally useful. That Franklin was a benefactor to the world is evident from the eulogy bestowed on him,—"Franklin is dead! The genius which gave freedom to America, and scattered torrents of light upon Europe, is returned to the bosom of the Divinity!"

True manhood consists in taking into account our whole life—our probation and our fruition. Active benevolence is indicative of a true manhood. It polishes the soul and makes investments for it in heaven. J. B. Taylor fully apprehended the meaning of life. With child-like docility he betook himself to the study of his Bible, and determined to be an uncommon christian. He searched it with commendable diligence and constancy "to ascertain what affections ought to be cherished, and what duties performed." His frequent charge was "Set your standard high." In such a life we cannot help but see the very essence of a true manhood. In it are sufficient reasons to show the importance of the improvement of our opportunities.

Everything around us in nature smiles. The warbling bird, the twinkling star, the glittering dew-drop, the blooming rose, the dazzling sun, and perishing mortals declare a universal first cause. This great first cause is God. Our lives are in his hand. We are wholly dependent on him. It is our duty to use wisely and well that with which we are entrusted. "The sphere of duty is infinite. It exists in all stations of life." To do the greatest good to the greatest number of persons possible, while we are able, and to serve God with the highest and purest motives, is our duty. If we fail in these ministries, we fail in the great problem of life, and to fail in this great problem means a misuse of our time.

"Whate'er thy race or speech, thou art the same;
Before thy eyes Duty, a constant flame,
Shines always steadfast with unchanging light,
Through dark days and through bright."

A judicious improvement of opportunities presupposes constant and persistent labor. Labor has accomplished herculean projects and promulgated to the world the harmony and nicety of the laws of the universe. It clears the forest, tills the soil, quarries the marble, founds cities, extends commerce, advances civilization, propagates the Gospel, and enlightens the world.

A man of good discipline, sound judgment, and scholarly attainments possesses greater independence, that is, educationally and intellectually, than an unlettered one.

Independence is essential to happiness, and this is not attained without constant labor. The man given to idleness can feel the genuine independence of him who earns his daily bread wisely and manfully. The truest independence is found in God's great plan. The idler is outside of this plan. The idle man can not claim the noble independence of the truly faithful one. It was the united power, the undaunted courage, the improved opportunities, and the praiseworthy vigilance of our Revolutionary sires that gained our independence. The victory of those honored sires laid the foundation-stone of our country's advancement. Our progress is seen in all departments of life. We are recognized as one of the leading countries of the world. Our educational facilities and commercial advantages are also evidences of a rapid advance.

These results are not wrought by the magic wand, but are the achievements of constant and persistent labor. Words have their effect, looks their meaning, and actions their influence. All human beings are centers of influence. If words, looks, and actions have such a power, we should endeavor so to live as to shed a wholesome influence all around us.

*"The lightest wave of influence, set in motion,
Extends and widens to the eternal shore."*

The influence of the busy hand of agriculture benefits all mankind. Its gentle influences fill our land with "plenteousness and riches." This abundant supply of necessities is a boon that cheers the people of our land in all stations of life.

Neglect leads to negligence. One hour wasted in idleness offers a strong inducement for a repetition of the same. "Be firm," "be diligent in good works," and "yield not to the enticement of words or the allurements of the world" are good watch-towers. To yield to evil means to decline. If a person is once started on the decline, it is difficult to stop. This decline is clearly and graphically set forth in the first Psalm. First, "walk;" then, "stand;" and lastly, "sit." This decline is often begun by not heeding the laconic proverb. "Delays are dangerous." Through delays moments are lost and deeds never accomplished.

What is the result, if the true purpose of life is not the chief end of our existence? The result is loss—two-fold loss—the loss of the good that might have been done and the loss of a soul. This is extreme prodigality—yea, truly madness. As stated, opportunities are sensitive, therefore entertain them well. Solicit their frequent visits and thus learn to "gather roses while they bloom."

D. R. B.

Address Delivered at the Commencement Exercises of Matthew Academy, N. C., by Prof. S. Simpson, at That Time President of Yadkin College.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—When the invitation to address you reached me I did not see that I could spare the time, but the conscientious devotion of your Principal to the cause of education in this part of the state, and the growing reputation of your school, seem to demand more than regard simply for my own interest.

Doubtless the general opinion is that I will speak on education, and yet, if you were frank, you would perhaps say to me as the authorities said to Mr. John Morley last year, when he was selected to deliver the prizes of the Birmingham Midland Institute—"Pray talk about anything you like, if it is only *not* on Education." It is my purpose to say some things in reference to what it is that makes the greatness of a state or determines the influence of a coun-

try. One says it is the broad acreage, rich in loam and mineral deposits. This can not be true. There were more fertile soils and golden ore on this continent when the Indian chief was monarch of all the wide plains than at the present time. Another says that a country's greatness is to be found in its cities, factories, splendid houses and wealthy bond-holders. Xerxes, Hannibal and Belshazzar thought so once. Paris thought so before the Reign of Terror shook her empty citizens blighted and blasted over the gulf of perdition.

Beyond all controversy, the glory of a country is in the race and culture of the citizens. The true manhood of a country makes its fame, its literature and its ever-growing influence.

Among the ancients the Greeks approached more nearly to the true ideal of human excellence, but their ideal was too physical. They combined aesthetic taste and culture with symmetry and proportion of body. With them the graceful form, the elastic step and the well-knit frame commanded the meed of honor, and won every prize that "wealth and beauty had to give." I have nothing to say against physical beauty and physical culture, but the true ideal of manhood must be higher than grace of form or brawn of muscle.

Nevertheless, there are in North Carolina to-day many ideals of citizenship much inferior to those of the ancients. In my imagination, I will take plain Farmer A., who has 300 acres of land, \$2,000 in money, cattle, corn, and all the necessary agricultural equipments. Go into his house and look over his library. He has a half dozen books on the Revolutionary War, and the heroes of our early national life, Sketches of the Life of Columbus with one back off, several Patent Office reports, a dusty Bible with a score of leaves out, a newspaper which he brought from the store wrapped around some merchandise, and a few American tracts from the Sisters of Charity.

Do you think he is going to train up in this style sons and daughters to meet the demands of the present day? He might just as well put pigs in a pen and try to make fat hogs by feeding them with stramonium or the Jamestown weed. What is Farmer A's idea of the duty which he owes as a citizen? To buy all the land near him, to make all the corn and raise all the cattle he can for his own benefit, and to make all the money in his power, and bury the gold and silver in the ground.

What is his idea of a merchant? That all merchants are defrauding the community by extravagant prices. What is his idea of editors? That the country would be better off without them? What is his idea of lawyers? They are men who study lying to swindle their clients, under the pretense of helping them. What is his idea of teachers? They are too lazy to work, and therefore they try to get into a school or college to make a living.

Call on such a man for money to support the various charities of the land, and his reply would be about as original and nonsensical as Quidam's response to the request of a grave-yard committee—"I have been," said he, "helping to keep up that cemetery for twenty years, and it has not yet benefited me or my family." In a word, plain Farmer A., with despicable selfishness, devotes all the energies of his active years to the sordid business of making money.

This ideal as to the duties of citizenship is too low, too low, unquestionably too low! Such citizens would make a country in which to live would be a public calamity. In the economy of this world, under the sovereignty of God, our country must have colleges, newspapers, churches, and a hun-

dred and one charities besides. Every man that counts himself a first-class citizen must bear a fair and proportional part of all contributions for the public good. There are at least three obligations binding upon every man of a family to take one or more newspapers. He owes it to those who furnish the news; he owes it to the public that he may know on which side to take his stand in questions of state; and he owes it to his own family that his children may become intelligent citizens rather than blundering dullards.

The families that do not read the news are a quarter of a century behind. The great questions that come before us for solution demand wide-awake citizens.

There is another class of citizens that do not help a country. The fop or dandy, living in the dalliance of ease, "dressed in unimpeachable broadcloth, with kid and linen of immaculate purity," sporting a cane and a ring, vain even to superciliousness of his

*"Weak, watery smile,
And educated whiskers."*

Not only is this ideal false; but it is simply impossible to make anything out of that kind of material. You have seen some persons haughty, grossly rude, and unbearable, because their grandfather had shaken hands with an English nobleman, or because their father had stolen \$20,000 in a banking fraud. Vain and presumptuous, they go swaggering and simpering about with an air that seems to say, let all smaller crafts get out of these waters if they don't want to be run over by a regular bucentaur. Such persons are often the terror of dry goods clerks, school teachers, editors and hotel proprietors. Instead of being like the rest of us, made out of dust, they would have you think that they "fell out of heaven on a lump of ambrosia," and in their amazing vanity they think no community can afford to be without them.

I want to tell you, young ladies, that you cannot afford to be married to such a man. He would actually be more objectionable than a young man in Virginia some time ago, who was engaged to a young lady. The year in which they were to celebrate their nuptials being very dry and the crops short, the young man modestly suggested to his betrothed that he saw no way to make a living, and she, after some musing, said—"Well, I would rather live on bread and water than to live this way." The young man, somewhat disconcerted, came again with—"Well, miss, if you'll make the bread I'll try to scratch around and get the water."

It is not what a person's ancestors have done, but what he does for himself, that makes him a worthy citizen; it is not where a man comes from, but where he goes to, that fixes his everlasting weal or woe.

It takes true men to make a good country.

Not necessarily great men who are sometimes worthless, nor ambitious men who grasp glory at any price; but men who are true to themselves, their country and their God; men who have the sinews of manhood from the crown of their heads to the soles of their feet; men who never yield the path of right to friend or foe; men who have intelligence enough to know and courage enough to do their duty even in the face of frowning opposition.

Secondly, how shall we reach ideal citizenship, render every family happy and prosperous, and make the country rejoice and blossom as the rose?

Intelligence and virtue are the cornerstones upon which the enduring glory of any people must rest. The real strength and prosperity of a nation are to be found in its universally educated citizens. Not only must ignorance be exterminated, but every child, of whatever sex, color, or na-

tionality, must be thoroughly taught and trained.

But how shall we make citizens intelligent and good? How do you make anything good? All education should be moral rather than intellectual, and must embrace the development of the whole man, body, mind, and soul. When you deal with boys and girls, you deal with life. Citizens are different developments of life. The answer of the question must be found in solving the problem of life. The mind of the child is at first a blank and this life force a mere point, but it may enlarge and expand to the utmost limits of human capacity. The mental life has growth. All life grows. All growth requires nutriment or food; and if the mental growth of the child is to reach the highest results, the nutriment must be, first, the right kind secondly, it must be furnished to the child at the right time; and thirdly, it must be furnished in the right manner.

What influence do you throw around your children? If you let them lounge and loiter in reckless Sabbath-breaking, if you let them run uncontrolled in a profane and vulgar crowd of boys, if you turn them loose like hogs in the sty for their noble aspirations to root and rot, you need not expect their minds to grow in the right direction. This is the glaring folly in which a son asks bread and you give him a stone, or he asks a fish and you give him a serpent. You must throw around young people good influences, and give them wholesome instruction; in a word, you must feed their minds on truth; for truth is the food of intellectual and moral growth.

It is better for a child never to see any amusement in the world, than for him to become mean; it is better for him never to hear a single word, than for him to hear only abusive, vile, and profane language; and it is better for him not to go into a house during his whole life, than for him to lose his soul in whisky-shop or a gambling saloon. Manhood is made in childhood; the seeds sown in the nursery often produce a harvest to be gathered in the fierce horrors of the pit, or in the bright glories of immortal life.

There must be more home training. The parent must do more for the child before he gets into the hands of the teacher. John Stewart Mill claims that the home training of his father placed him twenty-five years in advance of his cotemporaries. Turgot, according to Mr. Morley, "passed at once from infancy to manhood, and was in the rank of sages before he had shaken off the dust of the play-ground."

There are families in which the broadcloth is the best, the linen is the finest, the carpets rich, and the curtains ample, and yet there is no library of books in the house. You can no more make men and women out of wardrobes and fine parlors than you can make fine horses out of silver currycombs and marble stalls. Next to religion, the highest obligation rests upon every man to educate himself, and his family, next to this is the obligation to assist and influence his neighbor to become educated, until every individual shall become intelligent enough to act wisely in any emergency of life.

A distinguished statesman once said "Liberty can never be certain and complete unless among a people sufficiently enlightened to listen, in every emergency, to the voice of reason." Ignorance generates poverty, crime and corruption so that demagogues, traitors and corruptionists feed and fatten upon its ignoble spoils. An intelligent, virtuous and diligent people cannot be deceived, corrupted, nor betrayed.

My plea is for universal education, so that every person that casts a ballot may be made competent to wield his own reason,

judgement and conscience, and cast it intelligently, honestly and fearlessly.

Why do we find civilization with its countless blessings in one country, and barbarism with its manifold curses in another? Why do we find in one country poverty, vice, and servitude, and in another, wealth, refinement and liberty? The answer must be found in the intellectual enlightenment and moral character of the citizen. Not machinery nor muscle, but mind makes wealth. If a country has no intelligence, it has no wealth-producing labor. "Hence wealth is a child of the cultivated human brain."

To sum up all I have said in one sentence, culture combined with religion is the wealth-producing refinement-making and peace-procuring power in the world. Horace man said on one occasion:

"A man who sends his son into the world uneducated defrauds the community of a lawful citizen, and bequeaths to it a nuisance." Sidney Smith says—"Let every man be occupied, and occupied in the highest employment of which his nature is capable, and die with the consciousness that he has done his best."

We know nothing to which the best gifts of genius and the highest intellectual and moral culture can more worthily be consecrated than to this truly noble work of bringing on as speedily as possible the glad day when popular education shall have been made literally universal.

Every educator, every statesman, every man of wealth or personal influence, every college-bred young man or woman, may well count it an object worthy of the highest ambition and fondest dreams to help forward a work on which depends to a very great extent not only the welfare of our own country, but the happiness of the whole human race.

Rome Was Not Built in a Day.

Essay Delivered by Miss Florence Trenchard, at the Anniversary of the Browning Literary Society.

This familiar proverb had its origin in the fact that Rome was at one period, and a period of long duration, the largest and most magnificent city on earth, and the capital of an empire that embraced almost the whole of the then known world.

Although much that historians have written in regard to the origin of the city is mere fable, it cannot be questioned that it was founded by Romulus 753 years before the Christian era; that it was at first very small and insignificant as compared with other cities of the ancient world, such as Babylon, Nineveh, and Jerusalem, for instance; and that by various augmentations and embellishments which it received during successive ages, it became at length not only the "mistress of the world," considered as the capital of the almost universal empire, but also in itself the grandest, the richest and the most populous of all cities, and so continued to be through many centuries. Its site originally was the Palatine Hill, and its houses, consisting of humble huts, were enclosed by a rude wall of a quadrangular form, pierced by three or four gates. Like all ancient Italian cities, it appears to have had a clear, unoccupied space both within and without the walls, but from time to time, as the number of buildings increased, and this space was filled with them, the walls of the city were made to embrace the area, and thus the bounds of the city were greatly enlarged. The new walls, begun in the time of Tarquinius Priscus, and completed in the reign of Servius Tullius, about 570 years before the Christian era, embraced a circuit of nearly five miles, and continued for nearly eight hundred years to be the recognized

limits of the city, although there were extensive and populous suburbs in the vicinity in various directions outside of the walls. The number of gates in the Servian walls, according to the historian Pliny, amounted during Vespasian's reign to thirty-seven. The city, at the height of its extent and grandeur during the reign of Casar Augustus, is said to have contained within its limits a population of over three millions. The kingdom or empire of which Rome was the seat is alluded to in the inspired prophecy of Daniel, and the events which he was enabled by Divine wisdom to foretell all came to pass, and are now matters of history demonstrating and forcibly illustrating the truth of God's word. The eagle, with outspread wings, was the standard sign used by the Romans, and hence when any new territory was added to the empire it was said to be covered by the Roman eagle's wings. That empire extended from the river Euphrates in Asia to the Atlantic coast westward, and from the Scandinavian wilds in the north to the immense deserts of Africa and to the cataracts of the Nile southward. The very name of Rome was feared and respected by almost every nation on the globe.

"Rome, the city that so long
Reign'd absolute the mistress of the world;
The mighty vision that the prophet saw
And trembled; ranked at first the very least,
The lowliest village, with but here and there
A reef-roof'd cabin by a river side;
Grew into everything, and year by year,
With fearless patience worked her onward way
O'er brook and field, o'er continent and sea,
Up and in arms at length subduing all."

Who can think that all this greatness was achieved in a day? No, it required a long lapse of time. But time, with patience and perseverance, will accomplish all things possible to man.

As each day passes and is treasured as one more link in the golden chain which binds the years together, it leaves an impression strongly imprinted upon every object; and though this impression may not be visible at the end of the twenty-four hours, yet when days have become years, and years have elapsed into centuries, then it is that we are enabled to see plainly the footprints made by Time in its onward march.

Every other city and country which has risen to any prominence and won for itself honor in the time of its prosperity, and a noble tribute of remembrance after the accomplishment of its work, has, like the "Mistress of the World," gained these marks of distinction only after years of patient and untiring labor.

Look at the ancient kingdoms of Assyria, Persia, and Greece. Each at one time was the most flourishing in the world, but not in a day did any of them attain such perfection, but after years and centuries of patient industry and toil by the people.

Our country, though young in years compared to these old countries, is yet old in prosperity, but this prosperity has not been only the work of a day. No; it too has seen the rising and setting of the sun for many days, and witnessed many revolving years since its beginning.

Even this earth on which we live was not completed in a day, but was once, no doubt, a glowing mass. In process of time it cooled from a gaseous to a liquid form. It then assumed a spherical form, according to the laws of God, which round a drop of dew. As ages passed various changes took place, until it reached its present form; but it has not stopped; it is still undergoing changes.

No material greatness is completed at once. That it was meant to be thus is shown by the example of God, who, by a single word or command, might have arranged all in an instant as he created all, yet he took six days to establish the heavens and the earth in all their completeness.

Neither the trees nor the flowers have reached perfection in a day, and can we, so much greater than these inanimate objects, hope to attain to perfection in life in a day? This is even more difficult than founding nations, and requires our whole attention. To form good habits, to reject evil ones, to make our lives a complete success and honor, is by no means the work of a day; but requires us constantly, every day we live, to watch and work. But may not we fall like Rome if we ever attain this perfection?

Its decline, like its power, was not accomplished in a day. It was gradual and continued for many years. It is now but the shattered relic of what it once was.

"The scene
Once proudly peopled with the gods of earth
Spreads unempurpled, unimpassion'd forth,
While, curtain'd with her ancient glory—Rome
Slumbereth, like one o'er wearied."

Every Man is the Architect of His Own Fortune.

Second Quarterly Essay Delivered in the College Chapel on February 13th, by Miss Florence Trenchard.

"All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.
Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest."

When God created man he bestowed upon him moral and intellectual powers. He was created in the "image of God," and was destined, like the Being in whose likeness he was made, to an endless existence. God also gave him a body, so fully developed that, with the co-operation of his physical and mental faculties, he would be capable of building for himself a fortune worthy of being called great.

Every man is the architect of his own fortune! How difficult it is to believe this. We see a young man entering life. Everything is bright and beautiful. He has wealth, honor, and fame at his hand; but as he steps forward, farther and farther on the journey of life, these gradually desert him; and when his weary pilgrimage is nearly o'er, he finds, to his sorrow, that in building his fortune he was a careless architect; his foundation was not firm; he laid the corner-stone and from this continued to build his life, step by step, stone by stone, until the structure was nearly completed, when he beheld, but too late, that his past work was a perfect failure; his past life was a barren waste, and his hopes, one moment so high, were now blasted and destroyed. But again, notice the histories of some of our great men. Trace them back to their boyhood. We can find them working from the rising of the sun to its setting for the purpose of acquiring a livelihood; and when nature no longer allows them to work, they turn their weary steps towards home; and, wearied as they are, spend hours in study, while others are sleeping around them. They are trying to be great. Success is their aim, and if it be possible, they will obtain it. Thus, while everything else in nature is wrapped in slumber, these architects are building their fortunes. We watch them. Notice the difference. Their foundation is firmly laid; their work is perfect; their structure towers high; and, as the result of their careful and earnest toil, the reward for their labors is a name, high among the honored of the world. Even wealth and fame become their companions.

Look at Napoleon Bonaparte, one of the greatest warriors the world ever knew. He was noted for his diligence in study when a boy; and when a young man he distinguished himself in fighting for his beloved France, and was fast promoted from one position to another, until he was a be-

loved and esteemed general, and, after many battles, he was proclaimed Emperor. Surely he was the builder of his fame and renown; he was the architect of his own fortune.

Cæsar, one of the greatest orators on record, the most successful general that ever commanded an army, a man whom everybody honored and obeyed. Cæsar was noted from childhood for his indefatigable diligence in study, and though in early manhood he encountered misfortune, he overcame all by his energy. What was it that elevated his name high among the distinguished of the earth? It was his own actions. He was the architect. High aspirations and noble ambition were his characteristics, and the result of his work was the fortune achieved by his own exertions.

Let us look at some of our own men. Recall the history of the Father of Our Country—noble Washington. See him at his home, and in his childhood, the obedient and studious boy, and in early manhood the difficulties and dangers he encountered, the tribulations and trials he bore. What was it that has so immortalized his name? It was the love of his country, the honor and nobility of his nature which caused him to suffer such sorrows for his fellow-countrymen.

Refer again to the lives of others of our presidents—men occupying the highest position of our country. Some of them were born in log cabins, reared in companionship with the wild beasts of the woods, deprived of every advantage afforded by wealth, they entered upon life dependent upon themselves. Thus alone they trod the weary path of life, every step of which brought them nearer and nearer the moment when their names became famous on the pages of history.

What is the cause of the great difference between the lives of men? It is not wealth or fame, for men having these at their command have left their duty in life wholly unperformed. No;

" 'Tis not worldly gain, although by chance
The sons of learning may to wealth advance;
Nor station high, though in some favoring hour
The sons of learning may arrive at power;
Nor is it glory, though the public voice
Of honest praise will make the heart rejoice."
But it is a true sense of right, a belief in the Divine Mediator and Heavenly Father. Man, the architect, can only successfully build his fortune by laying well the foundation, with faith in our Savior, and with diligent performance of duty he will be a perfect builder, and the character established by his own exertions will be so admirable in its structure that his name will become immortalized and honored wherever it is mentioned.

So, as we are the architects of our own fortune, let us select now our principles of action, lay a firm foundation, begin our work and so perform it that our lives may be complete standing as a monument of our patient industry and devotion to the right.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of Time;
Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.
Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

"Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.
Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky."

The crowning fortune of a man is to be born to some pursuit which finds him in employment and happiness, whether it be to make baskets, or broadswords, or canals, or statues, or songs.

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To whom all communications should be addressed.

WESTMINSTER, MD., MARCH, 1885.

The Ward Hall Enterprise.

Dr. Ward informs us that the success of his effort to raise funds for completing the Hall has not thus far been such as to warrant him in promising to go on with the work, as he greatly desires to do this spring. The amount of contributions has not up to this time reached \$300, whereas \$1,500 will be required. The donations thus far received average about \$2 each. A few friends have given \$10; more \$5, but most \$2 or \$1. Even at this rate, however, about 500 donations would meet the case. Surely Western Maryland College has this number of friends willing to give the needed means. A much larger number of donations made up the amount for building the first half-section of the Hall, and we cannot think that the completion of the work will be allowed to fail. The College needs the additional room which would thus be provided, and which can only be provided by voluntary contributions, the trustees having no means at command beyond what are necessary to meet the regular expenses. Every friend of the cause of education in our state is interested in this work, and we sincerely hope that our President will be made able to have the Hall finished during this year. Reader, send him your contribution at once, and thus encourage the good work.

SCHOOL DISCIPLINE.

BY C. T. WRIGHT.

From the Democratic Advocate.

In venturing another article upon this subject I shall take it for granted that teachers and others interested have perused my former one, and remember the points which were presented. The first thought that occurs now is to make a few inquiries of those who are preparing to enter the list of teachers.

Have you, before deciding to teach, given serious thought to the nature of the labor upon which you purpose to enter? Do you fully realize the magnitude of the responsibility you are about to assume? Are you seeking for an opportunity to do what you think to be a useful and noble work, or are you simply desirous of a place where you can dispose of your surplus time, and legally make a little extra pocket money?

A proper sense of justice recognizes the right of the teacher to make his living and a little over by his profession, but I have never known a man or woman, whose highest motive was pastime or money alone, to be a good teacher. Such have

no soul in their work, and soul, after all, is the best, highest, grandest motive power in life.

Some people think that teachers and preachers ought to "work for nothing and board nowhere." I think the teacher should work for duty, for humanity, for God, and take his wages because he has earned them fully and faithfully, and because he, with all others, has an equal right to comfort and a competency.

Are you prepared to endure undismayed and unmoved the uncharitable and detrimental criticisms of those who condemn you and your methods without investigation, without discrimination, without justice?

Do you understand the philosophy of what Franklin calls "stooping?" Not in a cringing, obsequious, cowardly spirit, but manfully and gracefully bending to meet the just demands of your profession and the exigencies of the hour, remembering that "a wise man adapts his measures to his exigencies," and thus becomes the master of circumstances, which would otherwise render him subservient to their requirements.

The teacher who cannot, when occasion demands, step out of the cloak of unbending dignity with which he too often envelops himself, is neither graceful nor wise, and before he attempts the difficult task of governing, he should apply himself very diligently to the study of human nature. A teacher's progress and usefulness ends just where self-satisfaction and self-conceit begin. Inordinate self-conceit is disagreeable in any one, but in a teacher it is simply pitiable, if not despicable. What do we know if we spend a lifetime in the severest study and the most searching investigation? Only the extremely ignorant think they are wise, for they have never formed a conception of anything beyond the narrowed circle of their own vision. I remember a few years ago of traveling by rail across a range of mountains. As the train moved on I glanced ahead from the window, and right in front of the laboring engine there seemed to rise an unpierceable wall of rock; nothing could be seen beyond it; the track was to all appearance closed by this impregnable barrier; but suddenly the train shot onward, the frowning gateway was opened, and far ahead the winding and graceful curves beckoned us forward to interminable scenes of beauty and grandeur. "How true," I thought, "of life. we must pierce the dense wall of ignorance before us before we can see the splendor of the great unexplored world beyond." A certificate or diploma, strange to say, frequently becomes this barrier to the progress of the young man or woman who contemplates teaching. Having barely "squeezed" through the examination, the worthless piece of paper or parchment is flaunted in the face of all concerned, or unconcerned, as an evidence of superior culture, or even of perfection, after which the blissful and accomplished (?) recipient settles down in happy unconsciousness of anything more to learn. From this slight diversion I will return to the subject of my article. I was once asked by a gentleman to take charge of his school for a few days in his absence. Upon arriving at the school I found a young lady assistant in charge, who proved to be an element of positive weakness in the discipline of the pupils, because she possessed not the slightest particle of self-command, nor did she appear to have the faintest conception of womanly dignity. I have often wondered since, when I so frequently hear of the failure of young ladies to succeed in school government, whether their failures are attributable to the lack of those qualities that constitute firm, dignified, self-reliant womanhood. Young ladies will never

be competent to secure and maintain the decorum of the schoolroom until they give more attention to the cultivation of those quiet, modest and intellectual graces so beautiful in every woman's life, and so potent to win and retain respect, and depend less upon the display of those forward, superficial accomplishments that become useless, and positively injurious, in the hour of trial and responsibility. The pupil who cannot pierce at a glance the flimsy texture of such shallow-brained womanhood, and see that the would-be teacher sadly needs teaching in the first rudiments of substantial character, must possess an obtuse intellect indeed. I do not desire to discriminate here in favor of young men, for they, as well as young women, too frequently form but a shallow conception of the grave nature of the teacher's profession. They often look upon their work as ordinary, irksome; become careless, teach stupidly, lose the respect and control of their pupils, and receive from their trustees or directors at the end of the term the complimentary and inspiring notice that they are not wanted any longer. This should not be. This cannot be, and the teaching profession escape the stigma of incompetency and inutility.

In my next I desire to dwell upon the importance of a correct interpretation of laws and rules in the discipline of truth.

Stewartstown Academy, Pa.

All Feet Tread Not in One Shoe

Second Quarterly Essay Delivered in the College Chapel, February 18th, by Miss
Eudie L. Richardson.

The sentence chosen as the subject, although figurative in form, is one whose meaning is apparent to all at the first glance. If you search the annals of history you will find the truth which it contains strikingly set forth in the lives of the characters who have played the most conspicuous parts in the records of the past ages. Indeed, we need not go a single step backward to find the proof of its truth, for we have abundant illustration in the individuals with whom we are associated in our every-day life. Similarity in all respects is a thing unknown. There may be a likeness in some characteristics, yet there will be a variation to meet the peculiar requirements attending the vocation of the individual. This variation may be the strongest point in the character, and be that which distinguishes the commander from the commanded, or it may be so slight that a fellow-man would not see, or even suspect, that it existed, and the person himself may not know that such is the case until he shall have finished his work, and, looking back upon his life, wonder why it is that he has not reached the desired end, when another who was thought to have possessed the same qualifications has more than gained the object of his ambition. Perhaps lack of energy has been fatal to his success, or perhaps he has not been as shrewd in getting the advantage of his fellows; but no matter what the deficiency may be, its influence is seen and felt in the declining years of life. The history of our lives is the history of advancement. We are compelled to go forward. Each has his or her separate task to perform, and to each has been given the ability to accomplish that work, and that only, is the surest, although it may not apparently be the easiest way.

Just as all feet tread not in one shoe, so all minds are not fitted for the same sphere in life. If everybody were desirous of following the same vocation, we would have a very strange world, and a very unpleasant one at that. If in the beginning all minds had been so constituted as to

follow the same inclination, I am sure we now would be compelled to do without many of our modern conveniences and luxuries, which we consider so essential to our comfort and enjoyment. But with the great diversity of thought, and with every mind planning to make known the results of its labor, we have the happy state of affairs to-day. Each goes on its own way, and studies the best and most expeditious mode of carrying out its ideas and making them of the most use to mankind, and thus does what is required of it. If Columbus had been like those persons by whom he was surrounded, afraid to venture beyond a certain point in the great ocean, we would perhaps never have known that there were beautiful bodies of land lying in the West. If Fulton had not possessed the spirit of invention and the courage to brook the sneers of his friends, no doubt we would now be riding over the ocean and seas in sailing vessels. If the thoughts of one man's mind had not led him to the discovery, we would have been ignorant of the wonders of electricity, and the many conveniences with which it supplies us. If the inquiring mind of the great philosopher, Sir Isaac Newton, had not prompted him to investigate the reason why the apple fell to the ground, we would never perhaps have known the existence of the law of gravitation. Had the men who, by arduous and untiring labor, solved the problem of the solar system, remained satisfied with the theory that the earth was the centre, and all the other bodies revolved around it, and never put forth their efforts to prove the incorrectness of the declaration, we might have remained in ignorance of the true theory of the motions of the heavenly bodies. Again, if all minds had turned towards invention and discovery, what would the inventors and discoverers have done for something to sustain life, and somebody to settle their disputes, and somebody else to restore them to health and strength when both had been exhausted? Here you see another wide field of labor opening to those minds, and hands ready and willing to be employed. We should sadly miss the farmers, were they all to stop their useful and profitable employment and engage in some other (as some people think) more genteel occupation, which idea I think is a very erroneous one, for where can you find a more elevating and honorable business than farming? To sow the seed and watch it germinate and grow until the harvest time comes, laden with beautiful crops, is to my mind a most elevating work, for it leads the mind from "Nature up to Nature's God."

The other vocations are equally worthy of praise—those of the physician, lawyer and merchant. There is work enough for all, and plenty to more than supply the needs of those who work willingly and cheerfully.

There is also a moral view of the subject as well as a practical. All feet tread not in the same path, but all must walk in one of two ways, and these two ways are those of virtue and vice. They are open for our choice, and happy are those who take the virtuous way. The path of evil may look the most attractive at the starting point, but the snares which are hidden beneath the beautiful flowers are without number, and what encouragement can there be in the end? Only sorrow, disappointment and despair. But to those who choose the safe road of virtue, what if the way is hard and rough, does not the promise of sure and final success encourage and assist them in their labor? Have you not the privilege of looking onward and upward to where all is bright? The things easiest to obtain are not the most appreciated, and the more troublesome the way the sweeter the rest after toils are over.

Locals.

No, Mr. W., we did not attend the *inaugural ball*.

One of our Freshies informs us that he had a *female governess* before he came here.

A lady Senior who is studying about logarithms, asked one of her classmates, "What are *logarithms*, anyway?"

Who was that Theologue that addressed his lady friend by letter and began it "Dear Madam?" That's perfectly *Lawless*.

In looking over the programme of the Browning anniversary, one of our lady Juniors was heard to inquire of a friend whether Joan of Arc was a man or a woman.

While discussing the coming eclipse of the sun a few days ago, our inquisitive Soph. wanted to know whether it would take place at night or in the day time. He was told to wait and see.

While watching several of the girls who were practicing angular writing, a Junior lady standing near remarked: "I don't see why the girls all want to write *triangular*, for I think it's awful ugly."

We call especial attention to the address of Prof. S. Simpson, which he kindly consented to give us at our solicitation. The address is replete with good thought and useful advice.

One of our lady Seniors has lately taken quite an interest in dancing. She was heard to remark a few days ago: "Come on, Annie, let's go down in the Chapel and *skottische*."

Conversation between a lady Junior and Senior. L. J.—"Say, is the ground we ride on the centre, surface or circumference of the earth?" L. S.—"Why, it isn't any of them; it's the diameter, of course."

We would suggest to the young gentleman who occupies the "Sky Parlor" of Ward Hall to be more careful with his correspondence. If he desires to burn a letter he should not throw it down his register, with the expectation that it will "float gently" down into the furnace beneath.

Miss Annie Bell Hart, who has been confined to her room for some weeks with a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism, has almost recovered. Her mother has been present with her for some time. She seems to have become a general favorite with the ladies. We hope to see Miss Hart in her accustomed place soon.

While playing charades at our last parlor night, the party was unable to guess one of the words, and was assisted by the players by being told that it was the name of a city, when immediately Mr. R. triumphantly called out from his corner, "Mississippi." Geography is a useful study.

A young lady who recently began the study of geometry, while studiously preparing for her recitation, suddenly looked up and exclaimed: "Oh, I do love to study geometry; it has so much in it about A. B." For those in the dark as to why "A. B." interests her so much, we would state that they are the initials of a "Hall boy."

We witnessed a remarkable exhibition at our recent parlor night. One of the young gentlemen seem to realize the fact that the time for conversation was short, and to be determined to make use of what he had, as when we noticed him he was talking to his partner with his mouth and on his fingers at the same time. That is what we call "Carpe diem."

One of our Freshmen, while attempting to draw his glove off his hand by the use of his teeth, met with the sad misfortune of raking out a few of his false incisors and molars. He can now be seen wandering around with his text book pressed closely

to his mouth to hide the fatal void. He informs us that a new set is in preparation. We would suggest the next time he pulls off his glove with his teeth that he hold them in with his other hand.

The Senior Class was translating Latin a few evenings ago. One of them was reading it aloud, when he came to the word "*opperiar*." Thinking of the popular song of to-day (he's a songster), he translated it "*I'll await my love*," while his brother Seniors favored him with a round of applause.

It is amusing to see the disgusted look that comes over a boy's face when, after successfully navigating up or down a part of one of the several pairs of icy stairs we are blessed with. At the moment he thinks he is safe to see his feet slip from under him, and he gaily coasts down the steps into the snow or ice beneath. Many, indeed, have been the sudden falls in crockery, coal buckets, coal, &c., and when we see the fallen painfully limping back, we think of the empty arnica bottle in the editorial dispensary, sigh and exclaim:

"Oh, there is not lost
One of earth's charms, Upon her bosom yet,
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her far beginning lies,
And yet shall lie."

The young ladies of the College assembled in the Chapel on February 10, at 6.30 p. m., and organized a Young Women's Christian Association with a membership of seventeen. The organization adopted the general constitution of the Y. M. C. A. The time appointed for regular devotional meeting was every Wednesday at 6.15 p. m. The following officers were elected: President, Miss Ida E. Gott; Vice-President, Miss M. E. Nichodemus; Recording Secretary, Miss Eudie L. Richardson; Corresponding Secretary, Miss C. D. Price; Treasurer, Miss A. M. Bruce. We are glad to see the young ladies taking an interest in this work, and wish them success.

Some of the students during the past month have had some amusing accidents happen to them, but of course they don't see where the fun comes in. Two of our students who live some miles away, while trying to pass another sleigh coming up the College hill, forgot the presence of a stone pile, which of course they ran into, and their exultations were cut short by their taking a graceful but hurried flight through the air into a snow-drift on the side of the road. An overturned sleigh and two pair of rubber boots showed where the owners of the sleigh were, and how they came to be there. After scrambling out of the drift, and having a good brushing off, they righted their sleigh and finished their visit to the editors.

Two Sophomores, a town and boarding student, thinking what a good time they would have if they went sleighing, took advantage of the fine condition of the roads, hired a cutter and a good horse, and started one bright moonlight night for a nice long ride. It was just as nice as it could be for about six miles. Everything had up to that point gone all right; then came the trials and tribulations of the trip. It happened that the driver was from the city, and, having about as much knowledge of a horse as most city boys have, succeeded in getting upset. The horse in the meantime taking an unceremonious departure, left them to follow and catch him as best they could. After an unavailing chase they started to "homeward plod their weary way." The next day the horse was captured and returned to the owner.

The 23rd ult. was a day long to be remembered by the boarding students of W. M. C. This day being set apart for the commemoration of Washington's birthday, and a holiday with us, the gentlemen were kindly permitted by the Faculty to take

the ladies sleighing. Accordingly, at half-past one in the afternoon, the sleighs which the committee, Messrs. Willison, Whittaker and Moore, had secured, drew up, and were quickly loaded with their expectant freight, and started towards their destination, New Windsor College. The roads were in fine condition, the air sharp and bracing, but not cold, and it was just such a day as we would have chosen. After a pleasant ride over the snow-clad hills of Carroll, we were received at the College by Mr. Clark, the Secretary of the Faculty, to whom our thanks are due for his courtesy and kindness. After visiting the cupola (from which we could see our own college, Sugar Loaf Mountain, the Blue Ridge Mountains and the surrounding country), the recitation rooms and other points of interest, we started on our homeward trip, which was accomplished quickly enough for us to be in time for supper, which we were hungry enough to enjoy. This day will be a pleasant one to look back upon in after years, while thinking over the many pleasant times we had at W. M. C.

The Browning Anniversary.

The Browning Literary Society of our College celebrated its 16th anniversary in the Chapel on March 13th. Notwithstanding the extreme inclemency of the weather, the people from the town shewed an interest in the endeavors of their young friends by facing the snow-storm of that night, and by 7.30 o'clock, the time at which the programme opened, the room was literally packed with an expectant and appreciative audience. The entertainment opened with a tableau representing the Circassian Slave Market. The slaves, bound with chains, sat around, and on the stand, ready to be sold, stood aslave (Miss Sadie Kneller) under the inspection of the dealer (Mr. A. C. Willison), while the owner (Mr. J. W. Moore) awaited his decision—the whole making an attractive scene. The next rising of the curtain displayed the Society in a body, with their President, Miss Becky E. Boyd, at their head, while in the background could be seen the dressing of the stage with its tasteful decorations. The President then stepped forward, and in a well-worded address welcomed the Societies of the College and the friends of the town to the anniversary of her Society. Miss Mary DeWitt then read "Good-Night, Papa," after which Misses A. and M. Shriver sang a duet entitled "List to the Evening Bells," then followed a tableau called "The Two Valentines," representing in a humorous manner the glad surprise of the young lady (Miss Grace Smith) at the reception of a handsome valentine, and the disgust of the old maid (Miss Thompson) at the reception of a comic one. The Anniversary Essay was then delivered by Miss Florence Trenchard, her clear voice and good delivery setting off to advantage the well-composed production. During the playing of an instrumental duet by Misses Wilson and Richardson the tableau "Joan of Arc at the Stake," was arranged, which at the rise of the curtain showed Joan (Miss Jennie Wilson) tied to the stake, with the flames from the burning wood at her feet encircling her. This was undoubtedly the most attractive tableau of the evening. After this Miss Sadie Kneller recited one of Mark Twain's productions, entitled "Membranous Croup and the McWilliamses." The raving of the mother at the sickness of her child, and the discomfiture of the father at being awakened so often from his slumbers, and his final triumph over his wife upon finding out the illness of the child was caused by a splinter in the throat and not the croup, were all well rendered by the reader, calling

forth frequent applause from the audience. Miss Kneller then by special request recited "Tom's Little Star." Part I. of the programme was closed with a vocal trio, "The Distant Chimes," sung by Misses Bell, Richardson and Wilson. Part II. opened with the drama entitled the "School for Daughters." The caste of characters was as follows:

Agnes, an Old Cottager.....Miss Belle Orndorff
Jenny, her Granddaughter.....Miss Nannie Heyde
Evelina, an Unknown Wanderer, Miss Sadie Kneller
Miss Howard, a West India Heiress.....
Miss Jennie Wilson
Sambo, her Attendant.....Miss Carrie Mourer
Mrs. Woodville, a Widow Lady of Wealth.....
Miss Beekie Boyd
Mrs. Friendly, on a visit to Mrs. Woodville.....
Miss Emma Reaver
Augusta } Daughters of Mrs. Woodville.....
Jemima } (Miss Mary De Witt
(Miss Florence Trenchard
Lucretia, a Visitor.....Miss Anne Ames
Susan, Mrs. Woodville's Housemaid, Miss Grace Smith
Martha, another Servant.....Miss Mary Galt
Mrs. Racket, a Housekeeper.....Miss Ada Trumbo
Fanny, a Little Beggar Girl.....Miss Sallie Wilmer
Farmer Grub.....Prof. A. H. Merrill
Farmer Clodpole.....Mr. J. M. Bennett
Young Ladies invited to the fete.

The drama was well committed to memory by the participants, and each character was strongly sustained. To single out any one person for comment or compliment would be doing injustice to the others, as each and every one covered herself with credit. At the close of the drama Miss Jennie Wilson performed on the piano "Old Black-Joe," with variations. The recitation by Miss Nannie Galt, which followed on the programme, was omitted on account of the illness of the young lady. The programme then closed with a Fan Drill by eight of the young ladies. They marched in pairs, as follows: Misses Ames and Bell, Malehorn and A. Shriver, DeWitt and Heyde, Richardson and Trenchard. After a very pretty march the participants arranged themselves in two rows and went through the various flirtation movements with the fan, to the time of the music. The cream-colored dresses and the red fans made a good contrast, and the drill formed the feature of the evening. The entertainment was indeed a marked success, and bespeaks great credit to the Society.

Personals.

Mr. W. H. White, formerly of the class of '86, has secured the position of Clinic Assistant in the University of Maryland Hospital, Baltimore.

Mr. W. I. Todd, class of '85, favored us with a visit and attended the inauguration with some of the students. He then returned and spent a few days at college. We were very glad to see our old friend, who tells us that he is fast becoming a lawyer. We wish him success.

Mr. Luther M. Kuhns paid us a short visit during the first part of the month. We were very glad to see him, and hope he will soon repeat his visit.

We are glad to see Mr. J. B. Ellis again able to attend recitations and other College exercises. He has been confined to his bed for some weeks with a severe gathering and swelling in his left ear.

Wm. R. McDaniel, who was some years ago tutor in Latin, Greek and Mathematics here, has accepted the position of Professor of Mathematics in Prof. Thomas' place. Prof. McDaniel has been pursuing a special course at Johns Hopkins University, and we have no doubt but what he will successfully fill his present position.

We notice the graduation of George Y. Everhart, class of '81, and Jos. T. Hering, class of '83, at the University of Maryland. The former took the surgical prize. We are informed that Dr. Hering will take a special course in eye, ear, throat and chest diseases. We congratulate them both on their honorable graduation, and wish them much success in the profession they have chosen.

Recollections of the Past.

Second Quarterly Essay Delivered in the College Chapel, on February 13th, by Miss Sadie Kneller.

There are certain periods in the life of man which sometimes appear like unbidden guests, and leave an impression on the mind which after events can never wholly efface; periods which stand prominent in the paths which we have trod; that on looking back we discern them standing as when we met. Some of these periods afford us joy, both at the time they happen and in after years; others seem to start up like spectres, only to afford sorrow and pain, and others have so much of joy and sorrow mingled as to produce both extremes, according to the light in which they are viewed. There is scarcely a living person who can look back over his past life without some regret, and happy is he who cannot recall anything of which he is ashamed. The most happy recollections are those of youth, that period in life when the heart was as light as a bubble dancing upon the water; when the feet ran with the wind or danced to the music of the heart; when all the paths were decked with flowers, and the footsteps guided by the hand of some kind parent, while brightest hopes were cherished for the future. But in after years how many of our youthful friends can we gather together to talk of "lang syne?" Some have gone to distant lands, and the silent messenger has called many of them home. Yet time can never efface them. We may form friendship in later life, but we can never appreciate it as we do the friends of our youth; their faces are engraved upon our hearts with "pens of steel," and, though time has constantly rubbed the features as he passed, memory has as often deepened them. Oft when climbing the hill of difficulty have we taken fancy's telescope to view the joys of happy childhood, and when some favored spot came to view how we lingered. And our school days, bright, happy, care-free school days! Would they could last forever; but alas! too soon they pass away, and we lay aside our books and begin to learn the sad lesson of life; our ways are no longer guided by kind, well-wishing instructors, but we begin to battle with stern realities alone. Youth, like everything else, passes quickly. "'Tis like the morning cloud and early dew." In youth there are many thorns lurking beneath the rose-leaves, and if we strive to gather every flower that grows by the wayside we will be lost in the mazes of error; but if the straight path be kept, with the proper end in view, we will always look back with pleasure and pride to the golden hours of youth.

Then there is a recollection of a more sober character; youth has passed; all the cares of life are upon us; no longer is the heart light and happy; sorrow and trouble have chiseled heavy lines on that brow. In many hearts are locked up the romance of a life; and, when a thought of the past is brought before them, how the tears unbidden flow, when they look back to that fair, sunny summer, and think "it might have been." To others comes the remembrance of a loved parent, who is now silently sleeping; a recollection of the time when mother kissed the tears away when the imaginary clouds seemed to be gathering about the young life, and when she died it seemed as if all the light of their lives went out with her. But the cares of the world and the duties of life engrossed the attention, and only can we recall the past; yet whenever we desire to look back memory wakes her golden lyre, and with her magic brush she paints in a moment the scenes which then took place. We

know the past, we live for the present, we hope for the future; and if it were suddenly revealed to us we might give up in despair, and say the burden was too heavy to bear; but God has mercifully ruled it from us. If we strive to improve the golden moments of the present, we will always have pleasant recollections of the past.

Silence is Golden.

Second Quarterly Essay Delivered in the College Chapel, on February 13th, by Miss Katie McKee.

It is the gentle rain that falls in silence that refreshes the vegetable world after a long drouth, not the fierce wind and mighty torrent which destroys not only the tender flower, but often the mightiest tree of the forest cannot stand before it. How fresh and pure does everything seem after a shower in spring; all nature seems to rejoice; the birds even are flying gaily around, and seem to be returning thanks in sweet songs to Him who sent it. Whereas, on the other hand, after a severe storm the aspect of everything is changed; what has not been completely destroyed has been so shattered by the blast that it requires some time ere it will be perfectly restored to its former appearance. Like a nation that has been waging war, it has lost many of its most noble and distinguished men, and thousands, perhaps, of its citizens have fallen before the enemy, and many of those whose lives, although they were not lost on the field of battle, are wounded and worn out by fatigue and hardship, and are no longer fit for active life. It is the still, small voice, that pleads in silence, that is able to penetrate the deepest heart, instead of the loud, harsh tones, which are so often used. It is with the most tender words that can be uttered that we address those in distress, thereby endeavoring to alleviate their sufferings by cheering words, and showing that we sympathize with them in their sorrow, and would relieve them were it only in our power. And that is something which God requires of us. It is not sufficient that we do all in our power for our own future happiness, but that we should endeavor, as far as possible, to assist those in distress, and if we have not the means to aid them as we desire we can comfort them, perhaps, by a few words of sympathy and consolation. Who would be able to turn away without giving notice to the silent pleadings of an innocent child. Even the most savage heart would be touched with compassion, and no matter how contrary it be to his views, would sacrifice his desires and yield to its request. Many persons talk from the fact not because they have something to say, but to avoid the stupidity, as they say, of being silent. But on reflecting a moment they would perhaps perceive their error, especially when they call to mind the adage which bids them "Be silent or speak something worth hearing," they would not judge so hastily. Perhaps some one would say how stupid it would be to speak only when you had something worth repeating; yet if this were the case how much of what we now see in print would be struck out, and our literature would contain only that which is pure and noble, thereby endeavoring to increase the good qualities of its readers and hearers, instead of as much of the literature of the present day, which contains nothing good, but serves to corrupt the morals of all who may read it, and which is unworthy of the name of literature. It is the keen, quick lightning that kills and destroys, while the rolling thunder, resounding through the land, leaves no trace of its presence. We neither hear nor see many of the mightiest forces in the world around us. As for example, the

stars and planets march on their eternal journeys, uttering no sound, while the noise of the shallow brook is heard continually. On reflecting a moment we can see how this is applicable to ourselves, as we often see persons who make more fuss about something they are going to do than others would in doing it, and it is quite probable that those who are going to do so much will perhaps do nothing. It is quite true we all enjoy pleasure and excitement to a certain extent, but this is merely to pass away time; there is no depth in our thoughts; they are as light and gay as the company and objects that surround us.

The human soul which is grander than all things else, does not discover what royal treasures are in store for it in hours of noisy mirth. But on the contrary it is when all is silent that our thoughts are not on the pleasures of the world of sin, but penetrate that higher and better kingdom where nothing impure can enter, and it will be the reward of the labors of the just when the trials and temptations of this world are past. Such are the thoughts which are likely to arise in our minds when all is silent as this silence seems to produce a feeling of terror and cause us to realize our condition, if we are leading a bad life we may see the result and change our course, and if we are trying to live in God's service, we find encouragement in knowing that our Judge is an impartial one and will justly reward our labors.

Death.

It is indeed with much sorrow that we feel ourselves called upon to announce the sad news of the death of one of our Faculty. The newspapers of March 10th brought us the mournful intelligence of the death of Prof. William J. Thomas, aged 32 years, at the residence of his father, Rev. David Thomas, at No. 10 S. Calhoun st., Baltimore. Prof. Thomas took charge of the Chair of Mathematics in our College at the beginning of this scholastic year, which position he was filling at the time of his death. He was an Honorary Alumnus of Randolph and Macon Institute, a graduate of Johns Hopkins University, and a thorough master of the branch he taught. When the sad news reached us, the Faculty suspended the work of the College, met and passed the following resolutions:

WHEREAS, The sad intelligence has just reached us of the death in Baltimore yesterday of Wm. J. Thomas, Professor of Mathematics in this College, be it

Resolved, That it is with profound sorrow we learn of the demise of our esteemed friend and colleague, whose gentle and courteous manners had endeared him to us all, and whose conscientious devotion to the duties of his position had inspired our greatest respect.

Resolved, That we most heartily sympathize with his family in this their sore bereavement, and tender to them our sincere condolence in an affliction which has deprived them of so dutiful a son and so loving a brother.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to the memory of Prof. Thomas, the students of the College be assembled in the Chapel at 1 p. m., and his death be appropriately and officially announced to them, and that there be a suspension of the regular exercises of the College from the time of such announcement until after the funeral services shall have been performed.

Resolved, That President Ward, Vice-President Benson and Prof. Merrill be appointed to represent the Faculty, and Messrs. Moore, Mowbray and Whitaker to represent the students, at the obsequies of our deceased brother.

Resolved, That these resolutions be recorded in the minutes of the Faculty, that they be published in the Westminster papers, and that a copy of them be furnished to the family of Prof. Thomas.

J. T. WARD, President.
J. W. KIRK, Secretary of the Faculty.
Westminster, Md., March 10, 1885.

Professors Benson and Merrill, and Messrs. Moore, Mowbray and Whitaker were present at the funeral services and attended the corpse to the depot, whence it was taken to York, Pa., for interment. We sadly miss the presence of Professor Thomas in our midst, and extend our heartfelt sympathy to the aged parents and sister of the deceased.

Pride.

Second Quarterly Essay delivered in the College Chapel February 13th, 1885, by Miss Mamie E. Nicodemus.

Man has a natural tendency to Pride in some form, it may be pride in the evil things or in the good; it seems almost a necessity of human nature, and occasionally it can be said and with apparent truth that man takes pride in nothing, but if we could read his heart we would probably recognize the injustice of our judgment. Some would contend that it is better to have too much pride than not enough. In some cases it probably would be better to have none at all than an excessive amount. Of course it depends entirely on ourselves whether or not, we so control and govern our natural disposition and inclinations as to subordinate our pride to common sense. What is the Pride of Life? How can this question be satisfactorily answered? Is it a pride that encourages us in the accomplishment and attainment of laudable objects—a pride that urges us on, to overcome all obstacles by honorable means, and even though we fail can still have a conscience void of offence and as pure and true in the sight of God as in man's? A pride that delights to help the poor and unfortunate wherever found—to uphold the weak and defenseless. Such a pride is one of the things always to be desired and will elevate and ennoble any man's character. The sources and objects of the feelings are different in each as certainly as all dispositions differ. The only wish and ambition of some may be to attain a high worldly position with all that rank and wealth can give; others may indulge in low and vulgar tastes, and it will become almost if not quite impossible to turn their minds and thoughts to higher and nobler objects.

Pride so affects some persons in giving them false ideas of their own accomplishments and importance, as to make them almost repulsive to all with whom they come in contact, or at least they appear ridiculous even to their friends from their efforts to attract attention. With others it has no entirely opposite effect, it clothes them with modesty and gentleness and makes them attractive and pleasing by the very qualities which they suppose fail to attract attention. In the former case it is the excessive amount of pride which deforms their characters; while in the latter it is the proper amount, that makes them so refined and pleasing in their conduct. Sometimes persons are accused of being proud because the one who brings the accusation is envious and longs to occupy a similar position.

The Pride that makes a man maintain his own respect and a proper dignity is always justifiable. In Drunkenness there must be drinking, in Gluttony there must be eating, but 'tis not the eating and drinking alone that causes gluttony and drunkenness,—it is the excess of it. It is not the Pride that is objectionable, it is the excessive display of a foolish pride when good taste at least requires no proclamation of it. Shakespeare has said that "He that is proud eats up himself; Pride is his own Glass, his own Trumpet, his own Chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed devours the deed in the Praise." Can any human being with good common sense have any respect for those persons who have so much pride that they consider themselves better and more accomplished than all with whom they come in contact. Can you respect such a person who says or intimates that you know nothing at all and perhaps even doubts your word. In such a case even the Bible injunction "to be courteous" is forgotten. What can be more offensive than such pride? This is not the

kind to be desired in our friends; in such cases it chokes all the good qualities of our characters and dwarfs and blunts our best and noblest impulses. Pride is a virtue and also a vice, as a principle it is the parent of all virtuous and vicious things, those that please and those that displease mankind and as the effects are so different, it is not hard to discover whether it is virtuous or vicious pride that produces them. The first object of virtuous pride is Rectitude and the next is Independence. Does every one possess this virtuous pride or are they intermingled? Pride becomes virtuous or vicious according to the object to which it is directed or the object on which it is placed. As I have said the first step to virtuous pride is uprightness, honesty, etc.; to be honest, upright and truthful, and to take pride in all honest, upright and truthful things and maintain one's reputation as such a person under all circumstances is certainly a most desirable thing and it should afford every human being more pleasure to know that they possess such good qualities, than to look upon themselves as vicious and possessing only the evil qualities which are so objectionable. It has been said that "a people which take no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors, will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered with pride by remote descendants." Some think that the noble achievements of their ancestors are nothing at all, and are only to be looked upon with indifference and sometimes almost contempt.

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