

Parlor night P. 5-

Rev. H. W. Richards  
City.

# The Irving L

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WESTMINSTER, M

NO. 1.

## Poetical.

### ASHES.

Soft and still, cold and grey,  
A pile of ashes before me lies;  
I, motionless, wonder if they still stir,  
When the first faint breath of morn shall rise.

All night long I have watched them fall,  
Softly and silently, one by one;  
A grey, cold mass 'neath the blackening grate—  
They all have fallen, my watch is done.

Some hours ago, when I lit the fire—  
Is it hours or years I've passed since then?—  
My heart beat high with a strong desire,  
A love, a hope, like other men.

The cheery flame leapt quick and high,  
As if it waited the touch of my hand,  
And flashed a reply to my inmost thought,  
I almost think it did understand.

What pictures I saw in the glowing coals,  
What a truthful limner bright thoughts can be;  
And mine were as bright as the dancing flames,  
As they painted me pictures fair to see.

What was it that dimmed the picture's glow?  
A letter, a marvel of delicate art,  
"We have both been quite mistaken,  
And so you must see it is better that we should part."

'Twas a dainty sheet, like a rose leaf pale,  
Its breath of perfume filled all the air,  
Since I crushed it in my bruising hand,  
There's a scent of rose leaves everywhere.

"Give it to me," the fierce flames cried;  
I smoothed it out and kissed it thrice,  
Then laid it upon the glowing coals—  
'Twas turned to ashes in a trice.

O God! how it writhed in the flame's hot grasp,  
I strove with my might its mad course to stay;  
Then I knew by the coldness I felt within,  
'Twas my heart that had burned away.

There is no flower when the root is dead,  
What need of hope when the heart is gone?  
So I said farewell to my hopes so bright,  
And turned them to ashes, one by one.

They were sweet as the first warm breath of June,  
And fair as the blossom on Alpine snow;  
My hand was ice and my lips were dumb,  
As I yielded them up to the crimson glow.

My fair, false love, could you see them now,  
The heart and the hopes that were yours be-  
fore;  
Would you care, I wonder, that naught remains  
But a pile of ashes on the marble floor?

The night is passed, the day dawns fair,  
Below, the street echoes with busy tread;  
I open the door, and leave behind  
"Only a handful of ashes—dead."

### Juncta Juvant.

Term Oration delivered before Irving Literary Society by A. C. Willison, Feb. 8.

"Juncta Juvant"—"United they assist." I am scarcely justified in translating this, the motto of glorious old Irving, to her members, and I only do so because it is such a true saying and such a strong motto, such a firm bond between those who observe it. We all know and can understand the evils which attend a loose and quarrelsome community or nation. Whenever men are drawn together in the same community and do not make the maintenance of equal rights and the common cause of the community their paramount objects, in that place will be universal discord and ill-will reign supreme. If each work entirely for his individual interest or if small parties work for the advancement

of that section, it must follow most naturally that only a minority of the whole body will be pleased with the result of any public action. If, on the other hand, they work for equality and common good, and respect the desires alike of the majority and minority, each will be pleased and harmony will prevail. We have an excellent example of the result of the violation of this advice in the condition of Mexico. There every small district places its own interest before all thought of national welfare. The power of these rival parties is almost as vacillating as that of the parties in the government of Nicaragua as portrayed by the pen of Max Addler. Selfishness breeds dissatisfaction and annihilates true honor. Every man's hand is turned against his neighbor; all honesty and uprightness are destroyed. The country's substance and best men are consumed in the bitter wars that attend the periodical change of rule. Nearly every one is poverty stricken, desperate. All is gloomy and miserable.

With such an illustration of the unhappy results of sectionalism before our eyes, what herculean efforts ought we to make rather than allow seeds of discord to be sown in our fertile and prosperous government. Our national directors and fathers ought to, with all their influence and energy fight against anything which has the slightest tendency to produce in any part of the republic, a feeling of animosity toward the central government. It is most true that the present prosperity of these United States is unequalled by that of any other country, or even by its own condition at any previous period. True it is, that our public treasury is filled to such repletion that it is a burden, and there is no room for more. Our statesmen inform us of this and are so very patriotic that they clamor and struggle for the privilege of relieving the overburdened government, and taking it upon their own shoulders, or rather into their pockets.

In 1776 it took sixty U. S. bonds to secure the par value of one. Now every one is as good as its face value in gold. Sixty times have we improved our financial standing, and still have so great a surplus that it is a burden. We say we have improved, and are now more blessed than ever before. But can we say we are now in a more honorable and blessed condition than then? Then law-making was a duty and men attended to it conscientiously as such. Now it has become a pursuit and a mart in which the laws are often sold to the highest bidder. Can we call that a blessing which lowers the consciences standing of our nation! Can we call those things advantages which reduce our young men from the path of virtue and make them slaves to ambition, passion and avarice! Shall we prefer a wealthy but corrupt government to a steady-going but honor abiding nation? Our law makers of to-day seek the office by all means, and in too many cases empty their purses depending on the chances which Fate may give them, to refill them out of the pocket of the nation. It offers many new chances for our youth. But shall we encourage them to part with their love of chastity and honor in order that they may live independent of manual labor? God forbid such an issue! May we never reach that

No, they as well as other people need en-

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...vised. Let us observe these and then  
...pass our judgments. Let us come East  
...once more and go through the South. We  
...start but alas we must leave behind us the  
...swift gliding car. We must sit cramped  
...up in an uncomfortable stage-coach built a  
...score of years ago. As we go on we see  
...along the road old fashioned houses, delap-  
...idated and desolate. It seems like another  
...country. Now and then a negro passes; g  
...some times a white man; and still more t  
...seldom a mounted white man. Surely a  
...this is not 1884! Time has played us a t  
...trick; he has turned a score of pages back  
...into the book of ages, or has kept these g  
...people that far behind the outside world. t  
...It seems impossible that all this lumber, all  
...these rich minerals, all these treasures should  
...remain untouched here in the heart of a n  
...busy country in this enlightened age of Iron  
...and Steam. Can our capitalists be like the  
...camel which was blind in one eye and  
...cropped the herbage on one side, while the  
...rich food was on the other side untouched? T



opposed to the general government. But like an insidious disease, discontent works steadily at the root of the nation and unless cast out will one day spring out, a giant grown, and over-throw the government at one fell blow. O, Americans! Let us stand together. Let us cast out from us the many corruptions which exist among us. Let us scour up and keep clean the legacy left us by our fore-fathers. And when in the centuries to come, our progeny inhabit the country, let them say of their ancestors as we say of ours.—*Juncta Juva-  
bunt.*

Rutgers College, in New Brunswick. Kings, now Columbia College, New York, is the next on the list; then came Pennsylvania with the University at Philadelphia; Rhode Island, with its college at Providence and New Hampshire, followed these illustrious examples and transformed Wheelock's Indian Charity School into Dartmouth College. So between 1746 and 1776 six new colleges were added to the original three.

These institutions were all children of the various churches. Ministers and their congregations chief patrons and pecuniary supporters. Harvard, Yale and Dartmouth were controlled by Congregationalists, Princeton by Presbyterians, New Brunswick by the Dutch-Reformed; William and Mary, and, to some extent, Kings or Columbia College, by the Anglicans and American Episcopalians; while Rhode Island college (now Brown University) was under the patronage of the Baptists. A chief and distinct aim in these schools in early times was the education of ministers; their patrons believed the Bible to be the inspired word of God and insisted upon the teachers in these colleges so receiving and interpreting it. They, at the same time, however, favored latitude of investigation, diversity of study and breadth of culture. These colleges were founded as nurseries of piety, intelligence, liberality and patriotism as well as of learning.

Now, after a lapse of more than a hundred years, in the case of even the youngest of them, all these institutions are living, most of them flourishing, and with but one or two marked exceptions, as that of Harvard, adhering to their original orthodoxy.

Between the close of the Revolutionary War and 1800 almost a score of new colleges sprang up. Three of these (St. Johns, Washington and Frederick) in the State of Maryland, one (Williams) in Massachusetts; one (Union) in New York; one (Dickinson at Carlisle) in Pennsylvania; two (one at Charleston and one at Winsborough) in South Carolina; two (Hamden-Sidney and Lexington) in Virginia, and one in the District of Columbia at Georgetown. Four of the Southern States—North and South Carolina, Georgia and Tennessee—founded universities which bore in each case the name of State. Thus we had at the beginning of this present century a total of twenty-six colleges having great similarity in their aim and purpose, and all, or nearly all, from the beginning, identified more or less closely with some branch of the Christian church, and are monuments bearing witness to-day to the interest the church in this country has taken from the beginning in the subject of superior education.

If we glance at theological schools we find there was a department in some of the first colleges assigned to theological instruction almost from the first. The earlier distinctively theological seminaries were, among Roman Catholics, one at Baltimore, founded in 1791, and another at Emmittsburg, Maryland, dating from 1808. Of those sustained by Protestants, Andover leads in years, founded in 1807, followed by Princeton Seminary in 1812, Cambridge in 1817, Bangor 1818, and New Haven 1822.

The statistics furnished by the last report of the Commissioner of Education in the United States show that there were in our country in 1881 three hundred and sixty-two universities and colleges and one hundred and forty-five schools of theology or theological seminaries.

The London *Telegraph* thinks the time is not far distant when every nightfarer will carry his own ray or electricity about him, inclosed within the compass of a machine not larger than the watch now ticking in his pocket.

### Popular Delusions.

There are many persons in this age, as there have been in time past, who cling to old superstitious beliefs. The minds of most men are naturally romantic, and need but little persuasion until the most absurd principles and doctrines gain their admirers and devoted followers. There is a trite old saying something after the order of the following: "Many men of different minds." If there had been appended to this, that in these minds many curious and amusing ideas arise, it would not have been deprived of any of its truthfulness. Many are the tales of witchcraft, omens, signs, and tokens which were indulged in by our credulous ancestors, some of which are regarded in some localities with superstitions and dread, even in the present age of enlightenment. Believers in palmistry have been, and are still, quite numerous. This is the art or rather the deceit of telling fortunes by means of the lines in the palm of the hand. The fortune-teller of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries was almost as indispensable as the physician of to-day. The art is said to have had its origin in early history among the Egyptians, and is practised in many countries by wandering bands known as Gypsies. The heart of many a rural swain has been made supremely happy, after having had his palm examined, upon being told that some dark-haired, dark-eyed damsel loved him; and although he had a rival and a deceitful friend, yet he would be the successful suitor and live many a long and happy year with her. He would willingly deposit the shining coin, which is a necessary part of the ceremony, for without it the spell would be broken, carrying with him the parting injunction to take counsel with no one, but to foster in his bosom the secrets revealed to him of the future. An instance of this practise came under our observation some time since, in which the aptness and quickness for which they are noted was very amusingly portrayed. After depositing the nugget in the hand of the weird-looking old crone, who acted as soothsayer for the band, a gentleman with our party presented his palm for examination. She examined it critically for a few minutes, and then proceeded to unravel the future, telling him that it would not be long before he would have the pleasure of leading to the altar a tall, dignified blonde, whose beauty and wealth would make him happy forever. He interrupted her at this point by telling her he had a wife and two children at home already. "Oh!" replied she, without being in the least disconcerted, "I know that, but that wife is not going to live forever." A delusion prevalent in the mind is the belief in dreams. It is believed by many that they portend something of good or bad, according to the nature of the dream. There were among the Egyptians dream interpreters, who were regarded as having communication with the spirits. Their interpretations were blindly received, and if they failed to be verified they ascribed it to an offence which the person had committed in the meanwhile, which was displeasing to the gods.

Geologists assert that if the continents and the bottom of the ocean were graded down to a uniform level the world would be covered with water a mile deep, so much greater is the depression of the ocean bed than the elevation of the existing land.

Old putty can be removed without injury to the sash or glass by passing a hot soldering iron over it. The heat of the iron softens it readily, and permits its removal with a knife or chisel without much trouble.

### American Colleges and Theological Seminaries.

There were three colleges in America in the year 1700. The first was Harvard, founded eighteen years after the landing of the Pilgrims. Fifty-five years later Virginia followed the example of Massachusetts and began in 1693, William and Mary College. Yale goes back to the early days of the New Haven Colony, though its foundation dates from 1700.

For more than forty years these were the only degree-giving institutions in the colonies.

In 1746, the College of New Jersey was chartered, and opened at Elizabethtown. The charter was greatly enlarged in 1747, and after the institution was conducted for a little while at Newark it was removed, in 1757, to Princeton. New Jersey was the first colony to found a second college within its limits, which was called Queens, now



## VICIOUS LITERATURE.

At a recent meeting of ministers in the city of Pittsburg Rev. J. F. McCrory read a paper on "Bad Literature" which most vividly presents the evils of this moral poison. The following extracts are commended to the serious attention of all parents, all newsdealers and the public authorities. Referring particularly to the police publications and their like, Mr. McCrory said:

"We must consider for a little the contents of these publications. There are printed matter and pictures. As to the printed matter, the first thing that may be said against it is that it is a tissue of lies. Occasionally a real occurrence may be the basis of the narrative, but all the facts are so perverted and distorted that it doesn't know its own face, and usually all the creations of fancy are unreal and all the feats performed by these unreal characters impossible. That might be enough to condemn the stuff, but that is nothing in comparison with the real evil that is found in the matter itself. To say that all these stories and narratives are vulgar, is to speak mildly indeed. Many of them are very profane, blanks being left to be filled out by the reader, with enough suggested to lead him to involuntarily think or utter the oaths intended. Sometimes the blanks are filled out with blasphemy that makes one shudder to even scan the page. The majority of them are indecent, allusions and expressions being employed that would scarcely be tolerated in a police court. Not a few are baldly obscene, only the merest veil being cast over the vilest pictures which the imagination at once snatches off, and they stand forth in all their hideous deformity.

"To this must be added the fact that all these books and papers concern themselves not with the virtues but with the vices of society. An upright man, a virtuous woman, a good boy or a modest girl, a kind parent or faithful husband or wife, a good citizen or consistent Christian are never found here but as the subject of a sneer, a jeer or scoff. It is the dishonest man, the fallen woman, the bad boy or brazen girl, the faithless husband or wife, the outlaw and the hypocrite or apostate that figures in their tales and narratives. And then these characters are brought forward and their shortcomings and vices are paraded, not for the purpose of exposing the evil and warning the young against such things. That is the excuse of more modest and decent, if less honest, publishers when parading their columns of nastiness before the eyes of the public. The great daily press defends the publication of whole batches of filth gathered out of the reeking slums of society on the ground that public exposure essens crime, but the publishers with whom we are specially concerned write what they write because it will sell. If, therefore, their purposes are better served, and generally they are, by making vice attractive and commending a life of lawlessness and crime, it is done.

All these publications are illustrated by cuts which greatly assist in the work of ruin. Here is a scene in a low den in the slums of the city, and so clearly is every detail of the place, its occupants, paraphernalia and doings portrayed, that the boys or girls might as well spend an hour in the sink as have the cut before their eyes. On another page will be found the gilded parlors of her whose steps take hold on hell, and here are pictures of naked men and nude women—there is a street brawl yonder, and an arrest—there is the burglar at his work with the dim light of his lantern; here is a boy with a smoking pistol in his outstretched hand, and there his victim lying, with blood oozing from breast or forehead. But it would be impossible to give

any idea of the scenes of debauchery, murder and lasciviousness that are in this way paraded before the eyes of the youth who read these publications. It is unnecessary to add that such scenes are quickly and almost indelibly photographed, as by the devil's magic, on the memory and imagination of the young, so that they are constantly being reproduced, sleeping and waking, and thus the life is spent, as it were, amid these debauching scenes.

If we now consider the direct effects of such matter on the lives of those who read, we must attend to the effect first upon the mind. So vivid are the pictures presented, so profusely illustrated are the styles and so fascinating withal, that it requires no mental effort to read and understand what is written.

"This is an indictment that will lie with equal justice and force against nine-tenths of the novel writing of the present day, and ought to condemn it to extinction by all sensible, thoughtful men and women. The result of such reading is a weakening of mental grasp and vigor, culminating in not only a disinclination but an actual inability to take hold of and deal with subjects of importance. The brain becomes mere pulp and thought a muddy, sluggish stream, or even a stagnant pool. The result is not merely an arrest of mental development, but the destruction of all right mental processes and forces. Of course this has its influence on the will, vitiating and weakening that in the same proportion as the mind is weakened, and thus rendering the subject incapable of forming good resolves, or of keeping them when they have been made. This leaves the subject a creature of mere impulse, all his actions dependent entirely on his tastes, passions, appetites, etc. But what are his tastes? They have been utterly depraved by his reading, his mental companionships. His days and nights have been as really in the society of the profane and vicious as though he belonged to the lowest, vilest gangs of criminals and blacklegs. Indeed, he has become familiarized with forms of vice and wickedness that even the most abandoned have scarcely dared to tamper with. His passions have been given full play in thought and he has received an imagination in forms of vice that would shock the denizens of perdition. And, lead on by tastes, passions, appetites, God alone knows what impetus he will follow, what crimes commit and to what sinks of iniquity he will descend.

"In a word, he has made himself the devil's willing slave, and he will do him service to the full measure of his ability in whatever line he may be fitted to labor. He becomes the lowest kind of drunkard, and performs the most loathsome and cruel offices for houses of prostitution. He makes up largely the rabble that patronize low plays and public dance-houses. He figures in our police courts as a mere child to answer to the charge of murder or arson or manslaughter and highway robbery, larceny, forgery, train wrecking and the like, the instances being not a few where boys all the way from the ages of 16 down to 6 years have been found guilty, and the origin of the crime traced to their vicious reading. It must be borne in mind that it is not the lowest classes of society that feel the blighting, damning effects of this literature. It finds its way into the very best society—Christian society. The boys and girls of Christian parents are caught in the snare of this follower, and many are the sad tales of temporal and eternal ruin that are told by heart-broken fathers and mothers. It finds its way into colleges, schools, seminaries—all places for the instruction of the young—and many are bright intellects that are blighted, the pure minds that

corrupted, the high hopes, the noble purposes and aims that are forever blasted by it there.

"There are fathers and mothers all over the land heart broken and disgraced by sons and daughters from whom they had hoped everything, and they will moan out their sad complaint, 'We can't understand it; we can't understand it,' while the whole matter would be explained if they but knew what their boys and girls had been reading. No one who has not given this subject some study will ever dream of the extent of this evil of vicious literature, of the countless thousands who are being utterly ruined for both worlds by it, and of the crimes of every character and grade, especially among the young, which are directly traceable to this source."

In view of the dreadful facts recited above Mr. McCrory thinks that it is not only the duty of all parents to exercise their utmost vigilance to keep this moral filth out of the hands of their children, but also to organize and appeal to the courts of justice to suppress all such publications. His words should stir up to action the people who read them.

## BOSTONESE.

High o'er the Emyrean mount,  
Where stern Euphrates plumes his wings,  
While by the pure Castilian fount,  
Cephalia softly sips and sings.

There on his huge agetic seat,  
Great Atropos his treasure spreads,  
And heeds no more the storms that beat  
In doubled thunder o'er our heads.

Oh, Atropos, majestic name,  
One boon I crave, one blessing seek.  
One spark of that celestial fame  
That animates our modern Greek.

I yield, I bow; I know not whence  
The highest intellects flow;  
But though they may not be a Thence,  
The present Thisness I would know.

He heard, and from his torch of light  
One lambent ray responsive shook,  
Which, darting through the nether bright  
A hitherward direction took.

And on my brow its radiant glow,  
Absorbed, resistant, reign sublime;  
I thrill with ecstasy; I know  
The Thisness of recursive time.

Oh joy superm! O extant bliss!  
Oh, ye who understand the These,  
I know the Otherness of This!  
I'm one of you; I'm Bostonese!

## Personal Mention.

Miss Aline Richardson, a student of the Freshman Class last year, and Mr. S. A. Galt, of the Sophomore, paid the College a short visit last week.

Miss Florence Wilson, '80, was present at the last parlor night, and added much to the attraction of the evening.

We are pleased to learn the excellent standing of Mr. G. F. Landers, a student here last year in the Class of '85, now, a Cadet at West Point. Mr. Landers ranks second in a class of one hundred, and has their, as he had here, a spotless character.

Mr. Joshua W. Miles, '78, of Princess Anne, Somerset county, Md., and well-known in this city, was married February 4th, to Miss Lillian M. Rider, of Princess Anne. The bridal party missed the train at Wilmington, Del., and had to wait some time.

When a woman wants to get rid of her husband for an hour, she sends him up stairs to get something from the pocket of one of her dresses.

Three large stones having deeply indented footprints of birds have been taken from the quarries in Portland, Conn., 300 feet below the surface.

## Origin of Chess.

Chess is such an ancient game that its origin is unknown. Many of the most learned Oriental scholars have written upon the subject, appealing to history and philology to support their theories. It has been ascribed to a Chinese mandarin by the name of Han-Sing, who, it is said, invented it as an amusement for his soldiers when in winter quarters, about 174 B. C. They call it "the play of the science of war." Sir William Jones, the great Sanscrit scholar, claimed that Hindoo traditions, the names of the pieces, and other particulars, indicate that chess was played in India in the earliest times. He writes that a learned Brahmin assured him that it was mentioned in several of the oldest books of India, where it was declared that it was invented by the wife of one of the most ancient kings of Ceylon to amuse that monarch while Rama was besieging his metropolis. This, by their reckoning, was 2,000 to 3,000 years before the commencement of our era. On the other hand, several later scholars of Sanscrit think it was invented in India by Buddhists some time between the third and ninth centuries, A. D., a theory inconsistent with the unwarlike nature of Buddhism and the fact that the Hindoo name of the game, "chaturanga," is a military name, signifying the game of armies, corresponding with the Chinese name for chess, given above. Others have ascribed this game to the Babylonians, Persians, Scythians, Egyptians, Jews, Greeks or Romans, according to their several theories, but the weight of evidence is in favor of its being of Indian or Chinese origin, and this is now the generally accepted belief.

## A Short Study For Boys.

The life of Charles O'Conor, the eminent lawyer, shows what diligence and perseverance will accomplish.

When eight years old he was an office-boy and a newspaper carrier. His father published a weekly newspaper, and Charles, besides attending in the office, delivered the journal to subscribers in New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City. He used a skiff to cross the rivers, and frequently would be out all Saturday night serving his route. It is said that he never missed a subscriber.

When seventeen years old he entered a lawyer's office as an errand-boy. He borrowed law books, took them home, and read them by the light of a candle far into the night. Several lawyers, noticing the boy's industry, aided him in his studies.

When he was twenty-four years old he was admitted to the bar, and even then it was said that young O'Conor's legal opinion was worth more than that of many other lawyers.

But success comes slowly to a young lawyer, and it was not until his thirtieth year that clients recognized the legal learning and skill of O'Conor. He was very poor, but industry and ability were his capital. He worked hard at the smallest cases, never slighting any trust, and in time secured the reputation of a man who would do his best for those employing him. To this conscientiousness and industry he owed his success.

The largest school in the world is said to be the Jews' Free School, in Spitalfields, London. It has a daily attendance of over 2800 pupils. The institution is also a training college, and nearly every teacher in the school has been trained within its walls. Besides the ordinary branches, the Jewish child has not only to learn Scripture history and the elements of religion and morality, but has also to be taught to read Hebrew fluently, and to translate some portions, at least, of his prayer book and of the Hebrew Scriptures.



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**WILLISON & HENMAN, - - EDITORS.**

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A person never feels so singular as when he has an unacquainted duty to perform, a duty not confined to the consideration of a few individuals, but is thrown out to the criticism of the public. The duty of the inexperienced editor is perhaps the most arduous, and this only becomes a position of pleasure as he grows in the experience of its obligations. In assuming the editorship of this organ, we feel that we are about to perform an untried and difficult duty, one that can only be perfected by a large degree of experience and the sacrifice of many enjoyments. We ask you, dear reader, to give us your indulgence. We can not withhold expressing our appreciation of your kindness in the past, and hope that we may be able to possess you with a strong desire to peruse its columns during our term.

Perhaps the most neglected branch in the curriculum of any school is the department of composition and especially is it appreciable in the case of the undergraduate. In some cases the importance of the department is ignored by the authorities of the school, and as a natural consequence the student beholds nothing attractive in the performance of the duties imposed upon him. There can be presented no earthly reason why this department should not receive the appreciation and sanction of both teacher and student. It undoubtedly does. But why should it be neglected or ignored by either?

Assuredly not from its lack of importance, for there is nothing to be more desired and appreciated than a ready, accurate composer; not, that it does not afford an excellent training for the mind, for there is nothing that more enlivens and cultures the imagination or more improves and develops the intellectual faculties than frequent practice in composition. A person may study and digest thoroughly the profound thought of imaginative minds and with an understanding eye penetrate the most abstruse problem; yet, with all this study and research his knowledge can be almost estimated at naught, unless he can mould these thoughts into forcible expressions for the consideration of those around him. The imagination ought to be the subject of careful culture, for it quickens the individual to some grand idea of excellence, and not only suggests a sublime thought, but prompts the individual to endeavor. Without it the student, the statesman, the artist,

and even the chaste, can never attain to any great degree of eminence. Every heroic efficacy is a monument more durable than brass and is to be desired more than riches. An accomplishment greater than a well cultivated imagination can scarcely be mentioned. It is impossible for a person to possess the qualities of a ready composer in a month or, even in a year; but, to be such, it is necessary to apply himself to close and diligent study. And, as a volume of air enlarges by rarefaction, so will he perceive his intellect to expand, his capacity for knowledge to dilate. A person may be proficient in all the other branches, but, unless he has the faculty of communicating his familiarity to others, his education can almost be estimated as nothing—assuredly he does not deserve the name of scholar. His incomplete education can be likened unto the miser; who, through fear of poverty, hoards up everything possible, too stingy to acquaint himself with the world around him; while the former, is too lazy to cultivate his taste of expression in order that he may communicate his education to his fellow-beings. Every student should consider his opportunity and act according to his conviction. Let these golden opportunities never pass you by, but work while it is yet called day, and in the end will you receive due compensation. We hope, in the near future, to see a different opinion possess the students of this College, and the regulations of this department fully complied with.

In every college the innate spirit of rivalry shows itself, coupled with pride. Suppress it in one place and it will be bound to come to the surface at another spot. If the student have much spending money the pride will show itself in the costly trappings of his person and room. If he have little money and an energetic mind, it will show itself in his neatness and general well appearance. You can generally tell his aspirations and pride upon entering his room.

One room you will find fitted out with fine furniture, carpet fit only for a drawing room, and the finely papered walls trimmed with costly ornaments. The door is always latched, to secure the occupant from intrusion, and the walls are strung with cords, so that you may open the door from any part of the room without leaving your chair. Thus, much money is spent for conveniences, which tend in all cases to lessen energy and promote effeminacy. The only evidence of the expenditure that you carry away with you is the memory of those days of slothful ease, accompanied with useless regrets and vain lamentings that those days are gone. The want of energy here cultivated will prove in the highest degree deleterious to the progress one makes in the outer world.

Will we then cultivate a neglectfulness and want of spirit, in the very place where we go to become independent, and fit ourselves for the outer world? If this be the case, it would be better to stay away; better to enter business and beget habits which would be of service to us in our battle of

life. If we come here to have merely a pleasant time, we are fitting ourselves to become idlers in life.

We do not mean to say that a student should not fix his room up neatly. Far from it. We desire every room to show a careful occupant by its neat, orderly appearance. More than that, we advocate the completeness in the outfit of a room, but we wish it to be not only attractive, but useful as well. Some may say that they can buy all the useful articles and still have some money left, with which they may as well fix up the room as anything else. Now we come to an important question.

Is there a way of spending money on the decoration of a room with unessentials which will nevertheless be of practical benefit? One word will answer this as well as volumes. A library is the most appropriate as well as the most attractive ornament a young man can have in his room. It is something which is fitted to every room, and which will be of the greatest benefit to the owner. Nothing will strike the eye of a visitor as a well-filled book case. Nothing else will meet with the universal approbation awarded to a nice library. At the same time nothing will be of more service.

It used to be that only a wealthy person could possess a library. Now the books are gotten up and printed so cheaply that a choice selection of our best authors is in the reach of everyone. You can purchase books at a mere nominal figure, and yet in good type and on good paper.

When we say get cheap books, we do not mean such as are sold at some places. The eyesight should be taken into consideration whenever we buy a book. It should be printed on good paper and in large, plain type, and with a fair back.

The mind of a reader is formed from the articles he has read. We cannot read the works of any author without having our minds impressed to some degree with his thoughts. There are, for instance, many little boys in every town who have aspired to follow the example of Peck's Bad Boy. This simple, natural style strikes the little boy, he is taken with it, and in the end, if continued, it will form part of his character. On the other hand, the mind of the grown-up reader is taken with the thoughts of profound mind laid before him. Who can read Dickens and not get a conception of some unique character in common life? Who can read Scott and not be inspired with thoughts which never approached his conception before? Who can read Milton without thinking of eternity and the blessings of God? Who can read any of our standard authors and not be inspired with their thoughts?

Even as the mind of the untutored man and the unread man is formed by his experience, the mind of a well-read man is formed from his conception of the thoughts of others. Through the medium of his library a man can pass through centuries of experience in a year. We hear it said that history repeats itself. If this be so, then the person who is read up on the his-

tory of the past is prepared to face the future.

Many persons lament that they may not live their lives over again. Yet they let this opportunity go by. They go blindly on to the future when they might find the very experience which must come to them laid out before them in the life of some historical character.

There is no one that would not feel highly gratified to talk confidentially to one of the great men of our day; yet even when we have an opportunity to learn their inmost thoughts we neglect it.

If a young person gets interested in solid matters it frees him from the otherwise prevalent desire to peruse exciting or passionate writings, which impart such a false nature to one. Parents should start a library for their children, and should teach and encourage them to increase and take care of it. It will be a profitable guide in his young days and a lasting comfort when he gets old.

#### Our Exchanges.

The January *Simpsonian* has a splendid article on Irish Ideas, and follows it with other interesting matter.

The *Campus* gave us an extra fine lot of reading in January, and we congratulate it on its articles.

The *Roanoke Collegian* issued a good number in January.

The *Heidelberg Journal* for February is a good sheet, and shows a decided improvement over the last number.

The January *Wittenberger* allows its locals and personals to take up just half its space. We like to see locals. We like to have personals. But this is beyond the proper proportion. There is a limit to all things, even locals.

The January number of the *Heidelberg Journal* is a splendid specimen of a local newspaper and may be read by those who are familiar with the locality, with much pleasure. Taking it as a literary journal connected with a college it does not meet with approval.

The *Volante* for January has some very good contributions, and the only criticism we have to make is there were too few of them.

We read with great interest in the *Pennsylvania College Monthly* an article on the advantages of "The College Literary Society." It was well written, and should be read by all those who intend going to a college, as well as by those students who have not yet availed themselves of this privilege. There is also some advice in it which would have a most salutary effect upon the members if they were to heed it. His closing advice is especially valuable and assuring. "Join one of the societies, I say, but when you do, resolve to be as active, faithful and efficient as you can. In this way you will get the full benefit, and find, as I did, that the duties are fully equal in value to any other exercise of the week."



## College Locals.

"Hey now! O pshaw, keh! keh! keh!"  
 "By zeus, said the accuser."  
 Have you received your "billet doux?"  
 Junior H.—"We *brung* him along up."  
 Very good.  
 "How did you make out?" is the latest quiz.  
 Lady at festival to prep.—"What will you have little boy?" Wilted prep.  
 One of our Sophomores is troubled by visitors on parlor night. "We pity him."  
 "Who is that tall fair-haired gentleman, who sings tenor?" "O that's little Dicky M."  
 We have at last procured a real "jumbo." He looks very natural though.  
 One of our Preps, afraid to trust the mail, delivered two valentines in person.  
 Examinations have passed; any number of "quadrupeds" for sale below par. Call at the office.  
 Theologue to Junior. "Say! what year is this, 84 or 85?" One for the Seminary.  
 A Junior lady was seen throwing kisses at one of our "big" Preps. She "Sade" so any how.  
 One of our town Preps wrote an essay on "The Warbling Little Buzzard bird." How is that?  
 One of our esteemed Sophies is the frequent recipient of "billet-doux." "Great Scots! I Grow scared."  
 Fresh. in History.—"The Romans *fight-ed* for their liberty."  
 Prof. B. L. "How—how is that?"  
 Theologue W. need not feel so bad. The lady is near-sighted and did not mean to slight him.  
 That must have been a very brilliant Freshman who said that, "That was a quantity of *equal inequality*."  
 Mr. Be—says he will put a head on the editors if they localize him this issue.  
 Freshman M. looking at Sallusts' Cataline. "Say! didn't Cicero write this book?" Go it Freshie; we'll back you.  
 "No loafing allowed in *hear*!" is the inscription on a Freshie's door. We admire the motto, but not the orthography.  
 Mr. S. says he has *St. Antonics* dance. We don't know what that is, but hope he is not in a bad condition.  
 That warm hearted Theologue had better quit smiling at that lady. The Editors have a representative interrupting his line of vision.  
 Mr. W. I. Todd purchased a fine set of "Dickens" in fifteen volumes, a few days ago. That's right Wood. Increase your library; for it pays.  
 Mr. Sl—a Freshman says he is not only studying for A. M., but also for A. B. He likes to see them written A. M. B. Mr. A. a Prep. aspires to C. E.  
 St—"I wish those ladies would come down and see me skate. I can skate now." The ladies came and saw, but refused to express an opinion.  
 Mr. S. had *lots* of fun at the "Valentine." He and his allotted partner received the prize awarded to the most mashed couple in the crowd.  
 A Freshie informs us that he will take departure for the wild West in a very few days. Ah, Freshie, you are too young to reap those *yellow-back*, half-dime novels.  
 A Freshie wrote in a ladies album:  
 'Tis sweet to love,  
 But O how bitter  
 To love a boy,  
 And then not git him.  
 Miss Ida, sister of Mr. W. P. Brooks,

returned to Baltimore after spending a week here on a visit to Prof. Benson's family. She was very well pleased with her stay.

Prof. to Freshie—"Reduce 1144 sq. yds. to acres."

Freshie, after working—"I have the answer."

Prof.—"What is it?"

Freshie—"629,000 acres, sir."

Prof.—"That will do you are a bright student."

Will that Sophie ever cease to burden our ears with his elocutionary powers? There is one selection that is an especial favorite with him, its about Maggie. "I wish she *was* here."

A glee club is being organized among us. Prof. Merrill has been unanimously chosen president. A competent instructor will be engaged, and we hope ere long to have the sweet (?) sounds of the glee lull us into sweet repose.

A Junior, it is rumored, gives his lady friend good-by six times before his departure, and then sighs because the clock has plodded to almost twelve. "Watchman tell us of the night."

That Soph. who at last accounts was studying negro jokes, succeeded in getting off several with fair success on parlor night. He also said to a young lady—"I'm like Mr. D; I'm struck on you." Cheek.

We heard one of our Preps, a few days ago, dolefully punishing Pinafore. We are in favor of having a Glee Club; but if this is what it leads to, may Fate ward off all such notions.

Professor of Physical Science to a Junior "Mr. H—Why can't you get a cloth dry by ringing it?" Mr. H—"Because you can't get all the the water out." This was evidently very far-fetched.

Mr. R. Moore had his right hand badly hurt on Saturday, Feb. 2. Mr. Todd was skating after Mr. Moore, when he fell. Mr. Todd's skate passing over his hand and little finger, cutting it to the bone.

We see by the clothes-list of one of our theologues, that he had four pairs of *hocs* in wash. We would suggest that he wash them in the horse-trough with the other farming utensils, instead of putting them in among wearing apparel.

Two Freshies were overheard in the following innocent conversation. Mr. S—"How is the best way to run a girl when she has the best of you?" Mr. M—"Why, I always run from them." This is evidently true of the *would-be*.

One of our young ladies found a hat in the Chapel and wrote a notice of the fact, beginning as follows: "Found! a dudes hat in the chapel of the latest style." We were not aware that we had chapels here of more than one style, but such must be the case.

The following officers were elected at the last meeting of the Webster Literary Society. President, E. T. Mowbray; Vice-President, H. H. Slifer; Rec. Sec., B. A. Dumm; Cor. Sec., L. M. Bennett; Treasurer, Amon Burgee; Critic, A. Billingslea; Librarian, W. P. Brooks; Chaplain, T. H. Gardner.

We wish to know why Secretary pro tem M. of Juniors so utterly neglected the male portion in a late meeting. He went back among the ladies and could not be induced to come forward, even to read a resignation.

The members of the Irving Society have elected the following officers for the ensuing term. W. H. White, President; W. I. Todd, Vice-President; A. C. Willison, Rec. Sec.; J. L. N. Henman, Cor. Sec.; J. W. Moore, Critic; R. Moore, Librarian; H. C. Stockdale, Asst. Librarian; Chap., F. McC. Brown; Term Orator, J. H. Cunningham; Essayist, Harry Haines; T. Goodwin Sergeant-at-arms.

The officers of the College Y. M. C. A., elected Feb. 2, are: President, W. C. Rhymer; Vice-President, E. T. Mowbray; Rec. Sec. F. T. Benson; Treasurer, L. R. Dyott; Corresponding Sec., J. W. Moore; for the year of 1883-84, was elected in September. The President appointed the committees as follows: Devotional Committee, Messrs. Henman and Kindley; General Missionary Committee, Messrs. Benson and E. J. Wilson; Missionary Meeting Committee, Mr. Ohrum.

The Senior quarterlies of the class of '84 were held in the Chapel on yesterday. The exercises were opened with an instrumental solo by Miss Nicodemus, during which the class took their place on the stage. The first essay was by Miss Ruth Edelin, on "Await the Issue," in which she set forth the many chances of disappointment which arise to thwart one's plans. The "Sweetness of Adversity," by Miss Ella Wilson came next. She said that we would only learn to appreciate the misfortunes of others by our own adversities. Though it is hard to find we have nourished false friends, yet the happiness is doubled when we see those who remained steadfast. In adversity all the nobility of nature is brought forth. Mr. F. T. Benson closed with an oration on "Excelsior." He likened Fame to a mountain; to climb which all have aspirations, though few attain the heights which are raised "high above the fleecy clouds which limit the vision of the average people." The oration was a good one, but in one place he stated the name of Edgar Allan Poe would go down into oblivion. We are obliged to disagree in this, for his name will go down through all the ages. The exercises were closed with a well-rendered vocal duet by Misses Newman and Bell.

The joint exercises of the Elocution and Music classes will take place in the Chapel on Friday, February 29.

## Death of the Matron.

It becomes our painful duty to announce the death of our esteemed Matron, Mrs. M. A. Quesenbury. She died this morning at 1.30 o'clock of the rheumatism of the heart, from which she has been a constant sufferer for two weeks. She bore her pain with christian fortitude and smiled at the approach of death. She has been connected with the College in the position of Matron since the Spring of 1881. During her stay with us she has, on account of her pleasant disposition and kind hospitality, formed acquaintances which will ever be remembered and revered. Her capacity for filling the position is known to every one who was acquainted with her and the loss which the College will sustain at her death is almost irreparable. She leaves one son, George, to whom she was very much devoted, who was a student here until January 1st, 1884, leaving at that time for the South. The students accompanied her remains to the depot, when, at 10.05 she was sent to her friends in Rappahannock county, Virginia, where the last token of esteem will be paid to her deceased body. Our heartfelt sympathies to her friends and relatives.

## Lincoln's Inn Fields.

It may be of some interest to the many admirers of Charles Dickens to know that the Metropolitan Board of Works, having been informed that the old dwelling No. 14 Portsmouth St. (Lincoln's Inn Fields) is unsafe, have reluctantly ordered it to be demolished. This is the place, which Dickens, "who draws all the world after him," after deliberation, selected as the sight of much of "The Old Curiosity Shop."

## Parlor Night Notes.

A great deal more interest is being manifested now, in these sociables, than ever before. They are becoming more pleasant every month, and the students ought to be thankful toward the members of our Faculty, who endeavor so successful to make this monthly reunion a success. At the last sociable the students were agreeably entertained, at intervals during the evening, by Mr. Clinton Wright, of Baltimore. This gentleman is a fine vocalist, and during the evening sang in a splendid manner several popular melodies. He also rehearsed a very amusing negro sermon. The game of "Clap in—Clap out" was started, but the boys raised such forcible objections, that it was not finished. They said it kept them separated, too long, from the ladies.

From the appearance of one of our young gentlemen, particularly the way in which his fingers were twitching, we should say that the lives of certain fair-haired *soms* are in imminent danger.

One of our Preps looked very sleepy this night; but perhaps that was because he had been skating in the afternoon.

We would suggest that Mr. Do—wait till the lady gets close enough to take his arm, before he starts across the room.

## Peculiarities.

Some of our students have very noticeable peculiarities. One may be observed to clench his fist and move his lips as in a phrenzy of passion, every time the New Windsor College is mentioned.

Another, every time he hears the report of a revolver, starts straight for the Lutheran Church at double-quick.

One *more* of the same name considers it a breach of etiquette to remove his overcoat when he makes a call.

Mr. S. who is frequently before our readers, aspires to get up and orchestra consisting of a mouth-organ, a flute, flageolet, pair of bones, cornet, guitar, banjo, tambourine and an accordeon. He wishes it to accompany his singing.

Another considers it his sole right an duty to invent machines to make the most hideous noise.

During the examination, many became extremely nervous, and exhibited a wonderful and universal propensity for taking their *watches* out of their vest pockets.

THE ORIGIN OF UNCLE SAM.—The name of "Uncle Sam," as applied to the United States Government, is said to have originated during the war of 1812. An inspector of army provisions at Troy, N. Y., named Sam'l. Wilson, was called by his workmen "Uncle Sam." One day somebody asked one of the workmen what the letters "U. S." (United States) meant. The workman replied that he supposed they must mean "Uncle Sam." The joke was afterward spread in the army, and this, according to the historian Frost, was the origin of the national nickname.

The Diary of Queen Victoria, which was given to the London press February 11th, deals largely with the affairs of the royal family, and alludes only incidentally to politics. The extracts printed to-day in the cable dispatches show that its prevailing tone is one of great sadness, if not of settled melancholy, and, in spite of passages which must provoke a smile from those who have no special sympathy with some of the domestic subjects to which the Queen alludes, the majority of readers will pity the royal authoress, whose griefs are so akin to those of humbler men and women.



**T. J. Jackson.**

The subject of this essay was born on the 21st of January, 1824, in the town of Clarksburg, Harrison county, Va. His father studied law and acquired a very extended practice. A short while after he married the daughter of Thomas Neale. He died in 1827, leaving four children; the youngest, Thomas Jonathan, being only three years old. His father before his death had lost all his property through the meanness of his neighbors and friends. Our hero was then put under the care of his uncle, who resided on a farm. As he grew older he worked on the farm in the summer and fall, but during the three winter months he went to school and obtained a common school education. He was then seized with the desire to enter West Point. Accordingly we find him on his way to Washington, against the wishes of his uncle and guardian. He ventures to ask a gentleman who resided in West Virginia to try to get him an appointment to West Point. This gentleman was intimately acquainted with Mr. Hayes, who was then a congressman from West Virginia, but he seemed to regard the young man's application as utterly absurd; but after long persuasion he gained a letter of introduction to Mr. Hayes, and set out forthwith for Washington. Arriving at the Capital, "all mud as he was," for it had been raining, sought out Mr. Hayes, who received his letter kindly, and then presented him to the Secretary of War, who granted him the appointment, and thus he was rewarded for his ambition.

When he entered West Point he was three years older than any of his classmates, but far inferior to them in advancement in his studies. It is stated that he was very dull, though very diligent, and what he learned he retained. He was very taciturn, but when in conversation this seemed to forsake him. He once tried to learn to play the flute, but after trying six months to play "Love Not," he gave up music entirely. Many strange tales are told of him whilst at West Point. He had a presentiment that he had consumption and would die a very painful death. He graduated on June 30th, 1846. He was seventeenth in a class of fifty-nine. The class of '46 has been considered the most remarkable of any that ever graduated at the academy. There appear the names of McClellan, Stoneman, Sturges, Foster, Conch, Reno, Seymour, and many others who became distinguished during the late war. He entered the army of the United States as a Brevet Second Lieutenant of the First Artillery. During the campaign in Mexico he proceeded thither as one of the officers of Magruder's battery. He was several times promoted for his bravery and military conduct. For his bravery at Contreras and Cherusco he was promoted to Lieutenant in August, 1847, with the rank of Brevet Captain, which was awarded the following year. He received after the battle of Chapultepec the brevet rank of Major. In 1852 Jackson resigned his commission in the U. S. Army and became a professor of mathematics at Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, Virginia. The students did not seem to like him, and on one occasion he very narrowly escaped assassination at the hands of one of the students. He soon after married the daughter of Rev. George Junkin, D. D. She died the next year, however. In the year 1857 he was again married to the daughter of Rev. Dr. Morrison, President of Davidson College, North Carolina. At the commencement of hostilities between the North and South, Jackson joined the noble cause of the South. He conducted himself as a skilled officer and soldier should through

the war up to the time of his death. It was during the battle of Bull Run that he obtained, through General Bee, who was trying to rally his men, the sobriquet of "Stonewall." He was noted for his presence of mind and skillful planning, but his beautiful career ended in a sad manner: he was mortally wounded at the battle of Chancellorsville by his own men, and died of the wound on the 10th of May, 1863.

Some interesting figures are given in the *London Truth*, showing the earnings of well-known writers. Disraeli, it is stated, made by his pen £30,000; Byron, £23,000. Lord Macaulay received £20,000 on account of three-fourths net profits for his history. Whiers and Lamartine received nearly £20,000 each for their respective histories. Thackeray is said never to have received £5,000 for any of his novels. Sir Walter Scott was paid £110,000 for eleven novels of three volumes each and nine volumes "Tales of my Landlord." For one novel he received \$10,000, and between November, 1825, and June, 1827, he received \$26,000 for literary work. Lord Lytton is said to have made £80,000 by his novels; Dickens, it has been computed, ought to have been making £10,000 a year for the three years prior to the publication of "Nicholas Nickleby;" and Trollope in twenty years made £70,000. The following sums are said to have been paid to the authors for single famous books "Romola," George Eliot, £10,000; "Waverly," Scott, £700; "Woodstock," Scott, £8,000; "Life of Napoleon," Scott, £18,000; "Armada," Wilkie Collins, £5,000; "Lallah Rookh," Thomas Moore, £3,000; "History of Rome," Goldsmith, £300; "History of Greece," Goldsmith, £250; "History of England," Goldsmith, £600; "Vicar of Wakefield," Goldsmith, £60; "Decline and Fall," Gibbon, £10,000; "Lives of Poets," Johnson, £800; "Rasselas," Johnson, £100.

"PIPING HOT."—Lemon's Dictionary, 1783, says that "this expression is taken from the custom of a baker blowing his pipe or horn in villages to let the people know his bread is just drawn, and, consequently, 'hot' and light."

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**College Notes.**

Ripon College, Wisconsin, has 251 students of whom more than one half are ladies.

Beloit College, situated at Beloit, Wis., has 229 students.

Hillsdale College, Mich., has an attendance of 867 students.

Prof. Egbert C. Smith, of Andover, has declined to accept the Presidency of Bowdoin.

Rev. Dr. Robinson, of Harrisburg, Pa., has decided to accept the Professorship of Pastoral Theology in the Western Theological Seminary, at Allegheny, Pa.

President Potter, of Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., has been unanimously elected President of Hobart College. He has been urged to accept.

At a meeting of the Corporators and Trustees of the New Western Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church, which is to be established at Chicago, the gifts of land and \$200,000 in money, by Dr. Thomas Wheeler, were formally accepted.

While in America dozens of papers are published by Colleges and other educational institutions, Germany has only one. This is the Allgemeine Deutsche Studentenzeitung.

Prof. Vogel has received the order of Crown of Iron, and is raised to the rank of Chevalier. This is an unexpected tribute paid, by so catholic a government as Austria, to the work of a Protestant Professor of the Faculty of Theology at Vienna.

The Methodist Episcopal College, at York, Neb., is in a flourishing condition. Recently a ladies dormitory was completed.

The National Educational Association will hold its annual meeting July 15th, at Madison, Wis.

Don Juan Valera, the newly appointed Spanish minister to this country, is a member of the Academy and an admirable critic.

During the past year, gifts and improvements have been made to the educational institutions of Vermont, to the amount of \$500,000.

Hon. Alden Speare, has given the sum of \$40,000, to the Boston University, to endow a chair, in the College of Liberal Arts, to be called in memory of a daughter, the Emma Speare Huntington Professorship.

An important step has been taken by the Faculty of Williams College in substituting German, in place of Latin, for the winter term of the Sophomore year.

The graduating class of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, has decided by a vote of 98 to 65 that the members shall appear on commencement day in black gowns and mortarboard caps. The sixty-five who voted against the innovation has petitioned the faculty to permit them to appear in dress suits or such other becoming attire as they see fit.

Dr. Willis Lord, formerly president of Wooster University, has accepted the presidency of the new college at Del Norte, Col., and is now in that place looking after the interests of the institution. The work on the buildings is under way and it is designed to have the recitation-rooms ready for students by the 1st of April.

All female medical students in St. Petersburg, a class from whom many Nihilists have been enlisted, are compelled to live in a house provided by the authorities, and to be at home before 9 in the evening.

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Gotham Gossip.

NEW YORK, Feb. 12th, 1884.

Mr. Villard, the unfortunate President of the Northern Pacific, is gradually recovering from his physical and mental prostration, and his condition bids fair to enable him to take an active interest in affairs again. A great deal of sympathy was created for him at the time of the Northern Pacific collapse, by the statement that he had given up his entire fortune to satisfy his creditors. A Wall Street man, however tells me that out of the ruins he scraped together a little fortune which will prove little short of a million, and with this the poor man may get along. In fact he is said to have made another haul of half a million during the recent bull raid in Wall Street on Northern Pacific and similar kindred securities. "Take my word for it," said an old student of Wall street, "Villard may not be ready for decided action until the fall; he may not wish to have his summer's rest broken, but he will be back on the Street, with his way clearly marked out, and, as he is a good hater and has plenty of pluck, some of the men who brought about his ruin, will have reason to regret their folly."

The authorities at the University Medical College are much annoyed over the reports published in the newspapers of the rows among the students, and particularly over the sensational account of an assault on one student during which he was so badly used as to necessitate his confinement to bed for some time. The facts in the case are simply these. As in all colleges where young men are gathered together, there is at times a great deal of horseplay, but which never results in anything serious providing everybody retains his good nature. Thus for instance, it is a glaring violation of one of the fundamental maxims of etiquette to come to the college with a high hat or cane. Any such infraction of the unwritten code results in the prompt destruction of the offensive articles. A favorite sport is for the students to crowd a stairway, and then taking up one of their number, and passing him over their heads up to the head of their staircase. Providing the victim does not kick or struggle unnecessarily, no accident can happen. Now the student who was hurt last week was a crabbed fellow. When his turn came to be "passed," he objected violently, and of course that made the others all the more anxious not to allow him to escape. He was taken up, and had been passed half way up when he managed to extract from his vest pocket a vial containing a liquid extremely offensive to the smell, and dropped it over the heads and clothes of his fellow students. Such conduct incensed them, and although they did not drop him, those who had their clothes ruined, and emitted from their hats and coats an odor which might have roused the entire Sanitary Corps, used him not tenderly when he reached the landing, but there were no broken bones and no bruises.

A new afternoon paper is to make its appearance very shortly. It is to be called *The Dial*, and is, I am informed, well backed by a strong financial syndicate. The other two penny afternoon papers which were recently established, *Truth and Echo* and *The Standard*, are still dragging along a precarious existence. I don't see how they manage to live. One never sees them, and if one really wants to buy them, one has to go to their offices. Thus it is evident that neither of them fills, according to the time honored newspaper prospectus, "a long felt want."

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