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Poetical.

POEM.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Read at the 250th Anniversary of Harvard College,
Nov. 8th, 1886.

There are patriarchs looking vaguely round
For classmates' faces, hardly known if found;
See the cold brow that rules the busy mart,
Close at its side the palid son of art,
Whose purchased skill with borrowed meaning
clothes,
And stolen hues the smirking face he loathes.
Here is the patient scholar; in his looks
You read the titles of his learned books;
What classic lore those spidery crow's feet speak,
What problems figure on that wrinkled cheek.
For never thought but left its stiffened trace,
Its fossil footprint on the plastic face.
As the swift record of a rain drop stands,
Fixed on the tablet of the hardening sands.
On every face, as on the written page,
Each year renews the autograph of age;
One trait alone may wasting years defy—
The fire still lingering in the poet's eye:
While Hope, the siren, sings her sweetest strain,
Non omnis moriar is its proud refrain.

Three grave professions in their sons appear,
Whose words well studied all well pleased will hear.
Palfray ordained in varied walks to shine,
Statesmen, historian, critic, and divine;
Solid and square behold majestic Shaw,
A mass of wisdom and a mine of law;
Warren, whose arm the doughtiest warriors fear,
Asks of the startled crowd to lend its ear;
Proud of his calling, him the world loves best
Not as the coming, but the parting guest.

As to that hour with backward steps I turn,
Midway I pause; behold a funeral urn.
Ah, sad memorial, known but all too well
The tale which thus its golden letters tell:
"This dust, one breathing, changed its joyous life
For toil and hunger, wounds and mortal strife;
Love, friendship, learning's all prevailing charms,
For the cold bivouac and the clash of arms.
The cause of freedom won, a race enslaved
Called back to manhood, and a nation saved,
These sons of Harvard, falling ere their prime,
Leave their proud memory to the coming time."

While in their still retreat our scholars turn
The mildewed pages of the past, to learn
The ceaseless labor of the sleepless brain,
What once has been and ne'er shall be again,
We reap the harvest of their patient toil
And find a fragrance in their midnight oil.
But let a purblind dare the task
The embryo future of itself to ask.
The world reminds him, with a scornful laugh,
That times have changed since Prospero broke his
staff.

Could all the wisdom of the school foretell
The dismal hour when Lisbon shook and fell.
Or name the shuddering night that toppled down
Our sister's pride, beneath whose mural crown
Scarce had the scowl forgot its angry lines,
When earth's blind prisoners fired their fatal mines?
New realms, new worlds, exulting science claims,
Still the dim future unexplored remains:
Her trembling scales the far-off planet weigh,
Her torturing prisms its elements betray.
We know what ores the fires of Sirius melt,
What vaporous metals gild Orion's belt;
Angels, archangels, may have yet to learn
Those hidden truths our heaven-taught eyes discern;
Yet vain is knowledge, with her mystic wand,
To pierce the cloudy screen and read beyond;
Once to the aient stars the fates were known,
To us they tell no secrets but their own.

How strange the prospect to my sight appears,
Changed by the busy hands of fifty years!
Full well I know our ocean-salted Charles,
Filling and emptying through the sands and marls
That wall his restless stream on either bank,
Not all unlovely where the sedges tank
Lend their coarse veil the sable ooze to hide
That bares its blackness with the ebbing tide.

In other shapes to my illumined eyes
Those ragged margins of our stream arise;
Through walls of stone the sparkling waters flow,
In clearer depths the golden sunsets glow.
In purer waves the lamps of midnight gleam,
That silver o'er the unpolluted stream.
Along his shores what stately temples rise,
What spires, what turrets print the shadowed skies.
Our smiling mother sees her broad domain
Spread its tall roofs along the western plain;
Those blazoned windows' blushing glories tell
Of grateful hearts that loved her long and well;
Yon gilded dome that glitters in the sun
Was Dives's gift—alas, his only one!
These buttressed walls enshrine a banker's name,
That hollowed chapel hides a miser's shame;
Their wealth they left—their memory cannot fade,
Though age shall crumble every stone they laid.

From high-arched alcoves, through resounding halls,
Clad in full robes majestic Science calls,
Tireless, unsleeping, still at Nature's feet
Whate'er she utters fearless to repeat.
He lips at last from every cramp released
That Israel's prophet caught from Egypt's priest.
I see the statesman, firm, sagacious, bold,
For life's long conflict cast in amplest mould;
Not his to clamor with the senseless throng
That shouts unshames, "Our party, right or wrong!"
But in the patriot's never-ending fight
To side with truth, who changes wrong to right.

Let not the mitre England's prelate wears
Next to the crown whose regal pomp in shares,
Though low before it curtsy Christians bow.
Leave its red mark on younger England's brow.
We love, we honor the maternal dame,
But let her priesthood wear a modest name,
While through the waters of the Pilgrim's bay,
A new-born Mayflower shows her keels the way.
Too old grew Britain for her mother's beads—
Must we be necklaced with her children's creeds?
Welcome alike in surplice or in gown
The loyal lieges of the Heavenly Crown!
We greet with cheerful, not submissive, mien
A sister church, but not a mitred Queen!

For the Irving Literary Gazette.

The Philanthropy of Thomas Hood.

BY PROF. T. F. RINEHART.

English literature is comprehensive and searching. While the thought of other nations branches off to some particular province, the German to abstruse argument, the French to scientific investigation, and the Spanish to romance and adventure, English literature, in its all-embracing sweep, comprehends these in the fullest manner. Bacon first brought the strong light of common-sense to bear upon philosophy, and did away in great part with useless controversy. Darwin, Tyndal and Huxley have materially assisted in the investigations of natural science, and Dickens and Scott stand foremost in the ranks of modern fiction and feudal romance. Nor does the shrine of each passion which sweeps across the human heart lack its English worshiper: hope has its Campbell, tenderness its Burns, love its Keats, melancholy its Cowper, misanthropy its Byron, and bitter hatred its Swift. The ponderous tome of history has been filled by the assiduous hands of Gibbon, Macaulay Bancroft, Prescott; while with characteristic curiosity and persistency the English traveler has investigated the source of the Nile and the barren wastes of Greenland.

But while these men receive the reward and admiration due their exertions and self-sacrifice, writers of another class present themselves, who, without arousing one by what is very novel or wonderful, claim

a no less strong hold on our esteem and affection. They have walked in an humbler, meaner path. The aims and aspirations of some of them, however lofty, have generally been crushed by the hand of rigid necessity, and their bright genius, which under more favorable circumstances might have climbed to an exalted height, has been compelled to grovel in irksome rounds for the pittances of monthly periodicals. And yet from such misfortune provoked no bitter rejoinder, no sentimental, Byronic self-commiseration, but seemed rather to soften and sweeten, and make, if possible, more human-like their hearts, as the fruit of autumn has been mellowed by the fierceness of an August sun. Their philanthropy had the virtue of sincerity and earnestness. They looked at life not from the philosophical, but from the practical side. With them an orphan's tear weighed more than a coronet; to them a beggar's sigh told greater things than did a play of Shakespeare. With admirable self-abnegation they consecrated their talents to the amelioration of the poor and the neglected. Such men are the ligatures of society. Humanity cannot live upon philosophy and science alone. Affairs reduced to unbending law freeze up the heart-springs of domestic affection and social feeling. Since the morning stars first sang together the human soul has reached out after the infinite love. Its despairs, its hopes, its fears, its joys, have all blended into one pathetic cry for sympathy. Isolated from this, it stands like a barren rock between two seas—between two eternities. The greatest thinkers do not, perhaps, experience this yearning. They are in very essence solitary. They are the pioneers, the leaders. But the so-called second-rate writer feels its full force. He mingles with the common people. Their pleasures and depressions are his. He is made a confidant for the sake of his own humbleness. He cannot escape the commonplace. The practicalities of life crowd in upon him at every turn.

A striking exponent of this class of literary men is Thomas Hood. In attempting a short exposition of his philanthropy it may be well to initiate our remarks by a word concerning his character and disposition. He was remarkable for his modesty, simplicity and humility. He never seemed to have very much confidence in himself. He loved a quiet fireside more than the turmoil of public life. He was more a silent observer than an active participator. He was taciturn, but not gloomy; pensive, but not melancholy; humorous, but not volatile. His thoughts were as pure and white as the snowdrift; not a single spot stains the cleanliness of his writings. He possessed the contentment of a true philosopher. The key note to his disposition he strikes himself when he says:

"In me
Naught that proceeds from Nature's hand
Awakens an antipathy.
But what I like the least are those
Who nourish an unthankful mind,
Quick to discern imagined woes,
To all their real blessings blind;
For that is double want of love
To man below and God above."

Here the fountain-head of that benevolence for which Hood is known and esteemed sparkles into existence. True phi-

lanthropy, true contentment, true manhood, derive their greatest vigor from the acknowledgment of an Infinite goodness.

In turning the pages of Hood's works, the observer first of all marvels at their variety. Every class of life, shade of feeling and individual peculiarity of man and nature finds ready expression through his pen. This versatility gains for him that greatest of his characteristics, the humorous. A witty or a humorous man is always a keen observer, but a wit is not necessarily a humorist. Both create surprise and pleasure by a striking association of ideas, but they differ in that wit laughs at you, while humor laughs with you; one originates from the head, the other from the heart. Hood was essentially a humorist.

The funny side of anything never escaped him. He would dissect a subject down to microscopical dimensions to find the one item which might make a laugh. If not much a respecter of persons in this process, he never in the least hurt anyone's feelings. Although the butt of his jests, you would be forced to laugh yourself.

Now the most convincing evidence of the philanthropist is his desire to benefit. This he may accomplish in various ways, depending upon the material in hand and the subject under operation. If he be a rich person, and he meet a poor man, probably the best thing he could do would be to give him a dollar. That would be philanthropy in its most practical form. But in dealing with the extravagancies and absurdities of society, perhaps the most effective remedy is amiable satire—a firm yet gentle raillery. We think Hood's humorous writings possess this essential to a remarkable degree. Effective in their exposure of frivolity and false pretension, they nevertheless are genial as a summer day. His wit never descends into the slums of lampoonery. He never strikes a blow which emanates from hatred or spite. The humorous element, which invariably accompanies his ridicule, softens its pungency, and corruscating, as it does, in every line, speaks more of the loving heart than the exprobrative head. It may be argued here that humorous satire is vulgar and unbecoming the noble field of literature, but this position we unequivocally deny. Humor of the right sort is never debasing. It is the just balancer of man's faculties. It is the most powerful humbler of pride. It opens the source of tears as well as laughter. It sweetens life with a thousand heartfelt sympathies. It makes us forgetful of anger, envy, hatred, fear, and fills the soul with divine contentment.

The force of his satire is weakened perhaps by one thing, and that is his habit of constant punning. A pun is well enough when in its proper place. We may describe it by saying that it consists in giving to a word two meanings which by their incongruity and ludicrousness provoke laughter. This species of wit, seen from its very definition to be trifling, is carried to excess in Hood's works. In his purely humorous writings it fulfills its proper function, although even here it scarcely avoids falling into cheap buffoonery when the true vein grows thin and rare. But what shall we say when its grotesque face shows itself in those sadder, sweeter strains

of this great man—where thoughts too deep for words rouse every tender and manly feeling? It is out of place; it weakens the reader's attention; its repetition leads on and on into a labyrinth of byways from which one feels no inclination to return to the main road. A satire and a pun cannot go hand in hand.

Finally, it is when we come to those solemn, plain pictures of lowly life, which Hood has painted with such thrilling accuracy, that we feel like bowing the knee.

Here his most admirable qualities shine forth surrounded by the godlike halo of philanthropic love. He detested with the utmost detestation frivolity, cant, and selfishness. In the "Lay of the Laborer," after graphically displaying the wretched condition of England's poor, the half-remunerative wages of the willing, despairing toiler, he says, "To me there is something deeply affecting in the spectacle of a young man, in the prime of health and vigor, offering himself a voluntary slave in the labor market without a purchaser—eagerly proffering to barter the use of his body, the daylong exertion of his strength, the wear and tear of flesh and blood, bone and muscle, for the common necessities of life, earnestly craving for bread on the penal conditions prescribed by his Creator, and in vain—in vain! Well for those who enjoy each blessing of earth that there are volunteers to work out the curse! Well for the drones of the social hive that there are bees of so industrious a turn, willing for an infinitesimal share of the honey to undertake the labor of its fabrication."

And again the philanthropy of his soul swells forth in rugged words: "My heart swells with indignation, my soul sickens with disgust to recall the sobs, sighs, tears, and hysterics—the lamentations and precatious bestowed by pampered selfishness on a sick bird or beast, a sore finger, a swelled toe, a lost rubber, a missing luxury, an illmade garment, a culinary failure! To think of the cold looks and harsh words cast by the same eyes and lips, eloquent in self-indulgence, on nakedness, starvation, and poverty! Wealth with his own millions of money pointing to the new half farthings as fitting money to the million; gluttony, gorged with dainties washed down by iced champagne, complacently commending his humble brethren to the brook of Elisha and the salads of Nebuchadnezzar; and fashion, in furs and velvets, complacently beholding her sisters shivering in robes of zephyr woven by winter itself with the wrap of a north and the woof of an east wind."

Thus spoke that great heart, which, even when death with bony hands was knocking at the door, forgot his own sufferings to write in the "Song of the Shirt" the woes of the London needle women.

This is the kind of a physician the world needs. This is the samaritanism the bible teaches. This is the hand that scourges from power the monopolist, that hurls down tyrants. This is the philanthropy that builds happy homes, that cultivates loving hearts, that makes contented lives.

Harvard's 250th Anniversary.

The Story of the College Told by Edward Everett Hale.

The celebration of the 250 anniversary of Harvard College, which is being held at Cambridge, has led to the publication in the New York Tribune of an account of the progress of the college by Edward Everett Hale, from which we select the following:

The Colony of Massachusetts Bay, which founded Harvard College in 1636, contained a larger proportion of men educated in college themselves than have ever lived in Massachusetts from that generation to this;

probably there was never any considerable community in the world which had so large a proportion of college-bred men. The leaders of this Colony early showed their interest in public education. In 1635 John Winthrop is found joined with others in the establishment of a Free Grammar School in Boston, which was the foundation of the Boston Latin School of to-day. The next year, 1636, the General Court of the Colony, in a session which began on the 8th of September, passed an act which created the college. This act appears to have passed on the 27th of October, which corresponds to-day to the 7th of November. The record is in these words: "The Court agree to give Four Hundred Pounds towards a School or College, whereof Two Hundred Pounds shall be paid the next year, and Two Hundred Pounds when the work is finished, and the next Court to appoint where and what building."

This vote was undoubtedly urgently pressed by Winthrop. Fond students of the history of the college have found the immediate stimulus for the energy in which the plans for it were pushed forward in a letter to him from his sister, Lucy Downing, who was doubting whether she could or would remove her family to a wilderness. In particular, she feared that the education of George Downing, her son, would suffer. As she and her husband and this lad arrived in 1638, and as George Downing was one of the first graduates in 1642, there is some reason to connect the eagerness of Winthrop with his sister's entreaty. Downing's grandson repaid any such debt which the younger Cambridge then contracted to the older in his munificent endowment of Downing College.

The appropriation made by the General Court to found Harvard is quite without precedent. "I must appeal to gentlemen around me," said Governor Everett in 1836, "whether, before the year 1636, they know of such a thing as a grant of money by the English House of Commons to found or endow a place of education. I think there is no such grant before that period, nor till long after; and therefore I believe it is strictly within the bounds of truth to say that the General Court of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, which met in September, 1636, is the first body in which the people, by their representatives, ever gave their own money to found a place of education."

Whatever the good feeling of the General Court or of their leaders, it is certain that the enterprise did not move forward with great alacrity at first. In 1637 a committee of twelve was appointed to begin the college at Newtown. They selected for it the place it now occupies. A well-organized colony, led by Hooker, from England had established a settlement there, which they had, however, abandoned, that they might remove to Hartford.

The committee on the college was made up from the most distinguished leaders of the Colony. Not long after the court changed the name of "Newtown" to "Cambridge," in honor of the university in England, where so many of its founders were educated. The enterprise still halted, however, until, in the next year, at the death of John Harvard, it found that he had left half his estate and all his library to the college.

John Harvard was a graduate of the English Cambridge, where he had been a student of Emmanuel College. He arrived with his wife Anna in America in 1637, was made freeman at Charlestown at once, and entrusted with some duties which show the respect paid to him there, and died in 1638.

Harvard's will placed in the hands of the

trustees of the college a considerable sum of money at once. The example spread, and subscriptions were made in books, in money, in silver plate, in land, in sheed, in cotton cloth, in gifts as small as five shillings and as large as thirty pounds. With these means the erection of a college was begun under the charge of Nathaniel Eaton. But Eaton proved so unfaithful to his trusts that he was fined, dismissed from the management of the school, and fled the Colony. The Rev. Henry Dunster, who arrived from England in 1649, was appointed the first president of the college, and took charge of every detail in its completion, and in its endowment and in the work of education. In 1642 its first class of ten students was graduated. Some of them were men who filled important positions afterward. Of twenty scholars who were graduated before 1646, twelve went back to Europe and eleven of them never returned to America.

It is impossible, in so short a paper as this, to follow the history of the college in any detail for the two hundred and fifty years since its foundation. It has, on the whole, been fortunate in the men to whom its interests have been intrusted. Dunster dissatisfied the purists by bearing testimony against the administration of baptism to any infant, and he was compelled to resign in 1654. Chauncey, who followed him, died after a service of eighteen years. He had been a professor of Greek and afterwards of Hebrew at Trinity College, Cambridge. For the first half century of its history the college went through the ups and downs of all such institutions in their youth. It came to a crisis when the "usurpation" of Andros deranged the whole government of New England, and for several years its history is largely mixed up with the political relations of the time.

In 1650 its government had been regulated by a charter granted by the General Court, which is substantially the constitution under which it is carried on to-day, although some changes have been made in the methods of election of overseers.

So soon as the struggles of the Revolution came on the college and its alumni were in the forefront of the patriots.

It almost seems as if some college club must have had the digesting of their "resolutions" and preambles. Both Adamses, Hancock, Otis, Quincy, Cooper, Chauncey, were all Harvard men—and indeed most of them were closely connected with the government of the college. So soon as the siege of Boston began, the headquarters of the patriot army were at Cambridge. The students and their books were moved to Concord, and the college buildings were used for officers of the army and for barracks for the troops. Washington himself occupied the President's house for the first fortnight after he arrived in Cambridge. After the great success of the "siege," on the very day before he left for the South, he was made Doctor of Laws by the college. This was the first time it had ever conferred this degree.

The college shared with the country in the trials brought on by disordered business and the variable currency. It had a special grievance of its own, because John Hancock was its President, and, while he was in the service of the nation, it was almost impossible to make him pay any attention to college affairs. The college was finally obliged, in as delicate a way as possible, to turn him out of office. In this quarrel, for it was one, is to be found, probably, the origin of the dislike felt toward Hancock by the old-time gentry of Boston, a dislike which for fifty years wrought its results in the politics of Massachusetts.

For more than 150 years the President

of the college was an officer of the State of Massachusetts. He received his salary from its treasurer, under an appropriation from the General Court, and a part of his salary was made from the rents of Massachusetts Hall, which the Province had built. The total income of the college from all sources in 1715 was £1900 of the Colonial standard—about \$7000 of our currency. When Massachusetts became a State the property of the college besides its real estate was about \$50,000. Three-fifths of this was lost by the depreciation of the funds in the war and after it. But by 1793 the funds had been handled so carefully that a report then made represents the personal and real estate of the college as amounting to \$182,000.

As the country began to advance in wealth, especially as Eastern New England found its prosperity in the great maritime ventures of the early part of the century, the liberal endowment of the college became one of the favorite expenditures of the rich men and women of New England. In our own time it has been said to be a habit of the Massachusetts courts to rule that any legatee is *non compos mentis* who does not devise something to Harvard College. In this spirit of liberality, and in the trust of its government to a board of distinguished men of affairs, a custom now long held to, may be found the secret of its growth, within this century, from a little "seminary," as even President Quincy used to call it, till it has become a university deserving of that name. The title university was first given to it, in form, in the Massachusetts Constitution of 1780.

During the last twenty years, while its resources have been largely increased, its policy has been to extend to the very furthest the principle of selection of studies, so that the government no longer dictates to the student his course, but rather offers to him such instruction as it can give, and asks him to choose what course he will follow. This freedom has made it the resort of many more students, and especially of more mature students than would ever have come to it otherwise. The steady elevation of the standard of study has also followed, of course, and Harvard College, in its various departments, is now more than ever a place for the education of men, while it offers less than ever to those who are merely boys.

Since this century began it has added to the original "college" a School of Divinity, a School of Medicine, a School of Law, a Scientific School, a School of Agriculture, a Dental School, and a School of Veterinary Surgery. The Agassiz Museum, the Observatory, the Botanic Garden and the Arboretum are other branches of the university, all of which receive students in special studies. Every student may, under the proper conditions, elect courses pursued in every branch of the university.

The enthusiasm with which the graduates maintain the honor of their alma mater has given great dignity and heartiness to the preparations for the festival now in progress. All omens indicate that in the new quarter millenium Harvard will go forward, without halting, in the career which receives to-day the hearty congratulations of her sons.

Dr. G. S. Baur, assistant professor at the Peabody Museum at Yale, was knocked senseless on Nov. 20th by the explosion of an ostrich egg. Scientists at Yale say it is the most remarkable explosion on record. The eggs were shipped to Yale from Cape Town, November 14, 1885, for experimental purposes, and owing to the delay one of them fermented generating a gas inside of it which caused such an explosion that the building was shaken.

EXPLORING THE BAD LANDS.

The Princeton College Expedition.

Princeton College sent out last summer another expedition to visit the Bad Lands of the West for the purpose of gathering specimens for the museum of the college, and the members have just returned. Some of the results of the journey are given in an account by Professor Nicholas Murray Butler in the *New York Tribune*. The expedition of 1886 left Princeton on June 21 last, and was composed of eight members, Professors Scott and Sloane and Messrs. Paton, Reynolds, Hervey, Harlan, Kane and Baucus, of the newly graduated class. For personal reasons Professors Scott and Sloane were obliged to return early in July, and Francis Speir, Jr., of New York City, a gentleman of scientific training and wide experience in the Western country, went out to take charge of the work.

The first permanent or working camp of the expedition was on the south side of Henry's Fork, one of the smaller tributaries of Green River, about thirty miles south of Fort Bridger. The expedition of 1886 chose this particular locality as its first camping-ground, because just as last year's expedition was concluding its work, a splendid head was found which, on being examined at Princeton, was pronounced to be the skull of *uintatherium*, a very large animal of the eocene age. This year's work was begun at the spot where the head was found, and by a happy stroke of fortune the remainder of the skeleton was taken from the same hole. Numerous remains of *uintatherium* have been found, but the bones that will now occupy so prominent place in Princeton's museum have the unusual distinction of belonging to one and the same skeleton and are not patched up from the remains of several.

MORE FOSSIL REMAINS.

This find was considered excellent, but even its glory paled before the next discovery. Working at Twin Buttes, a magnificent bit of Bad Lands, some 28 or 30 miles from the camp on Henry's Fork, a fossil *mesonyx* was come upon in excellent preservation and almost complete. This is, perhaps, the most valuable fossil exhumed by this expedition, for with one possible exception it is the only skull yet found of a carnivorous animal of the American eocene period. It is expected that careful study of *mesonyx* will add some interesting and valuable details to our knowledge of the fauna of the eocene formation.

MARCHING ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS.

By the time that *uintatherium* and *mesonyx* were dug out and packed, the time allotted to work in the beds on the northern slope of the Uintah Mountains expired, and the expedition, now wholly under the careful leadership of Mr. Francis Speir, jr., '77, prepared for the march across the mountains into the White River country. It was found that the climb over the mountains was to be very difficult, and orders were given to leave everything save the absolute essentials at Burnt Fork, a cluster of half a dozen houses at the foot of the mountains. This was done, and on the afternoon of July 22 the expedition set out from Burnt Fork in a driving rain. As the procession crossed the last bit of open country riding slowly along in single file, it resembled very strongly the pictures one sees of Russia officers in Central Asia. Hats were drawn closely down to keep the blinding rain out of the face, rubber coats were buttoned tightly, and the rolled blankets and shining rifles gave the cavalcade a very military aspect.

PICTURESQUE SCENES.

The traversing of the mountains proved

to be very interesting, though the marches were short, because of the extreme steepness and difficulty of the road. Some of the views and bits of scenery, cañons, snowpeaks and mountain meadows—parks, the guides call them—were superb, and it was unanimously voted that the Uintah Mountains, uncelebrated in poetry or books of travel, concealed scenery quite as grand as some the name of which is known all the world over. Particularly fine is the formation of Ashley Canon at the foot of the south slope and near the Mormon settlement of Ashley. The entrance to it is more imposing than that of Colorado's Garden of the Gods, and the precipitous sides of the canon are very imposing. The highest elevation reached in the passage of the mountains was at the summit of the pass, something over 10,500 feet high. Camp was pitched just beyond the summit on July 25, and that night there was a hard frost, so much so that black ice was broken in the morning in the creek near by. As the descent began the weather grew much warmer, and the Ashley Valley was found to be a most thriving agricultural region, thanks to careful work and irrigation that seemed to make water flow up hill. The expedition camped at Ashley, both going into the White river country and coming out, and only one valid complaint was lodged against the reputation of the settlement, and that was in regard to its mail facilities or lack of them.

CAMPED AMONG INDIANS.

Leaving Ashley to the north of them, the expedition proceeded thirty-five miles nearly due south, to Ouray, the agency of the Uncompahgre Utes. The agency is a mile or so above the junction of White and Green rivers, and was the point at which Green river had to be crossed by the expedition. Wm. A. McKewen, the efficient agent in charge, Dr. Cuttle, the medical attache, and Messrs. McDowell and Curry, of the store, did all in their power to aid the expedition, and the assistance and information gained from them was of the greatest value. The crossing of Green river, with its quicksands and rapid current, was a most difficult undertaking, for it was too deep to ford. But a few hours' hard work accomplished it, and the march was resumed up the north bank of White river. All this is on the Uncompahgre Reservation, and for weeks the expedition was camped in the midst of Indians as treacherous, filthy and degraded as any wild animal of that country.

The working camp was located about twelve miles east of Ouray, where an occasional overflow of the river provides some little sustenance for the horses. The country itself is desolate in the extreme. It has rarely been explored by white men, and, save to the geologist, is anything but inviting. The formation and coloring of the Bad Land buttes are very wonderful, and they contain many fossil treasures. But the heat is intense, and, as shade is unknown, save at night, the toil and heat of excavating them can be imagined. On the northern slope of the Uintahs the nights were so cool that the heat of the sun was not much noticed, but on White river the nights were very hot, and to add to the discomfort, clouds of mosquitoes, whose ingenuity and tactics would put the Jersey animal to the blush, appeared promptly at sundown, and refused to be driven or enticed away before dawn.

CAMP LIFE AND PROSPECTING.

The camp life was so systematized that the work of prospecting for fossils went on rapidly and successfully. Breakfast was announced between 5 and 5.30, and before 7 the blankets had been put to air, the camp set in order, horses driven in and the start made for the working place. The

whole country within a twelve-mile radius from camp was carefully prospected, and men with picks, chisels and hammers followed the prospectors, taking out the bones that the latter discovered. If prospecting requires some geological knowledge and a trained eye, so digging out requires infinite patience and care. But the work of packing the bones that they may be safely transported to the East is more laborious even than digging out. Teeth and delicate fragments are always wrapped first in cotton, then in tissue paper, then in small canvas sacks, which are finally tied up in gunny sacks. In the case of larger and heavier bones the cotton is dispensed with. But fossil hunting properly regulated is not play, but real work, and to find anything worth bringing home, and then to get it there safely, is no small undertaking. This same White river country has been explored years ago by two prospectors sent out by Prof. Marsh, of Yale, and the results of their work are to be seen to New Haven. But this year's expedition brings back to Princeton many more and finer specimens than Prof. Marsh has of that period and formation. The largest and most important bones found were of *amynodon*, an ancestor of the rhinoseros, and somewhat larger than the living representative of the family. Numerous and beautiful tapiroids—the group now represented by the tapir—were found, many of them in excellent preservation, and a small animal, believed to be the ancestor of the horse, is also in the collection. But the scientific value of the expedition will be accurately determined when Profs. Scott and Osborn and Curator Hill study and classify the bones.

RETURNING HOME.

Having remained on White River until the provisions were exhausted, the expedition broke camp and started on its return journey with its prize in the shape of gunny sacks full of fossils, weighing perhaps 1200 pounds in all. Ashley was again looked forward to as the promised land of fresh vegetables and mail, and, while it furnished the former, the "tri-weekly" farce was still in progress as regards the latter. At Burnt Fork, Wyoming, the expedition broke up, the members feeling amply repaid by the number and character of the fossils they had found, and by the splendid vacation they had had, for any superabundance of heat, mosquitoes and bacon that they had endured. Francis F. Kane, of Philadelphia, took about 150 views of the country passed through, but its beauties and grandeur, as well as points of political and social interest, must be omitted from any bare account of where the expedition went and what it did.

On 'Change.

We welcome to our table the *Campus*, published at Alleghany College, Meadville, Pa., as a bright, newsy journal. Come again.

We are in receipt of the *Cosmopolitan*, edited by Schlight & Field, Rochester, N. Y. It is charming, and we desire to thank you.

Here is our old friend again, as cute as ever, the *Lutherville Seminary*. We are always glad to see you.

Among the new exchanges none is welcomed more warmly than the *College World*, of Adrian College.

Before us is the *Heidelberg Journal*, the *Holcad*, the *University, Pennsylvania College Monthly*, the *Fisk Herald*, *Pennsylvania Western*, *Maryland Bulletin*, the *National View*, the *Southern Collegian*, *Delaware College Review*.

Nature the Great Teacher.

In his new book, "Nature's Teachings," the Rev. J. G. Wood has discussed a subject not before handled at length. Its object is to show how man's implements and mechanical devices have been anticipated in nature. He asserts that there is no invention of man which is not anticipated, that all his mechanical devices have been used in nature for countless centuries. He claims that the great discoverers of the future will be those who carefully study the natural world.

The burr stones of mills are a copy of molar teeth. The hoofs of a horse are made of parallel plates like a carriage spring. The finest file made by man is a rough affair when compared with a Dutch rush used by cabinet makers. The jaws of the turtle and tortoise are natural scissors. Rodents have chisel teeth, and hippopotami have adz teeth, which are constantly repaired as they are worn. The carpenter's plane is anticipated by the jaws of a bee. The woodpecker has a powerful little hammer. The diving bell only imitates the work of the water spider. This insect, although as easily drowned as any other, spends a great part of its life under water. Having constructed a small cell under the water, it clasps a bubble of air between its last pair of legs, and dives down to the entrance of its cell, into which the bubble is put. A proportionate amount of water is thus displaced, and when all of it is expelled, the little animal takes up its abode in this subaqueous retreat.

In laying its eggs on the water, the gnat combines them in a mass shape somewhat like a lifeboat. It is impossible to sink it without tearing it to pieces. The iron mast of a modern ship is strengthened by deep ribs running along its interior. A porcupine quill is strengthened by similar ribs. When engineers found that hollow beams were stronger than solid ones, they only discovered a principle which had been used in nature for centuries before the creation of man. A wheat straw, if solid, could not support a heavy head. The bones of the higher animals, if solid, would have to be a great deal heavier to bear the weight which they have to support. The framework of a ship resembles the skeleton of a herring, and he who would improve aerial navigation might study the skeleton of a bird with advantage. Palissy made a careful study of the shells by the seaside, in order to learn the best method of fortifying a town.

The ship worm feeds on wood, and gradually tunnels its way through any submerged timber. It also lines its burrow with a hard, shelly coating. Brunel, taking a hint from this, was the first to succeed in subaqueous tunneling. The Eddystone Lighthouse is built on the plan of a tree trunk, and fastened to the rock in a manner somewhat similar to the way a tree is fastened to the soil. It is supposed that the first idea of a suspension bridge was suggested by the creepers of a tropical forest.

Mr. Wood gives an interesting account of the origin of the plan for the Crystal Palace. Mr. Paxton, a gardener, having noticed the structure of the great leaves of the *Victoria Regia*, a plant which had been introduced into England a few years previous, struck the plan of copying in iron the ribs of the leaf and filling the remaining space, which corresponds to the cellular portions of the leaf, with glass. Thus, by copying nature, an obscure gardener became Sir Joseph Paxton, the great architect.—*Wilmington Collegian*.

To be wise is to feel that all that is earthly is transient, and to experience misfortune is to become wise.

THE
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To whom all communications should be addressed.

WESTMINSTER, MD., NOVEMBER, 1886.

WE understand that there will be another paper in the field very shortly, edited by our brother and sister societies. This, no doubt, is the outcome of our decision last spring, refusing to consolidate with any other paper interests of the College, desiring rather to manage our own paper, as we have done in the past. Now we would not say anything harshly about our prospective competitor, but only wish it more success than some of the past attempts have had, and that it might live to be an honor to itself and the College. We shall regard it most friendly as long as it is disposed to be so inclined towards us, and we trust that no bitter feeling will ever exist between the papers. IRVING LITERARY GAZETTE will be continued, as in the past, the organ of Irving Literary Society, and in order to make it a bright, attractive college paper, and an honor to the time-honored institution it represents, we earnestly appeal to all our friends and expectives to give us their hearty support and sympathies.

We are contemplating some change in our paper, which we think will make it a most acceptable visitor to the homes of all those interested either in Irving Society or in W. M. College. "Competition is the life of trade," is a truth too well-known to need comment, but, notwithstanding the fact that the Irving boys will do all in their power to give success, we must have the enthusiastic support of our friends.

THANKSGIVING day was long to be remembered in the history of our College, at least by those who were permitted to partake of the dinner on that day. It was the most sumptuous affair ever given at our College, and verified the statement of our President, Dr. Lewis, in his address at the reception last commencement, viz., that he was fond of good things to eat, and should watch with especial care the comfort and pleasure of the students in the culinary department. The Doctor so far has been all that he promised to the students, and no complaints are heard, except, perhaps, from some of our *thin blooded* students, who can't "get heat" enough. The following was the menu for Thanksgiving dinner:

Stewed oysters, crackers, pickles, roast turkey, boiled ham, sweet potatoes, saurkraut, mashed potatoes, apple sauce, cranberries, mince pie, custard, cream crackers, cheese, coffee.

On Friday afternoon, November 26th, memorial services commemorative of Washington Irving's birthday were held in the College Chapel. The recitations were selections from Irving's works, and the following was the programme:

William Cullen Bryant on Irving, Mr. W. M. Weller.

Discovering Land, Life of Columbus—Miss Ada Kendall.

The Rights of Discoverers, Knickerbocker—Mr. H. G. Watson.

The Last Sigh of the Moor, Grenada—Miss L. E. Gore.

Sorrow for the Dead, Sketch Book—Mr. J. F. Harper.

The Pipe Plot, Knickerbocker—Miss Adelia Handy.

The Broken Heart, Sketch Book—Miss G. E. Franklin.

Washington's Resignation, Life of Washington—Mr. J. B. Whaley.

The Stout Gentleman, Bracebridge Hall—Mr. J. F. Caulk.

Rip Van Winkle, Sketch Book. Rip at Home, Miss Whittington; Rip Asleep, Miss Whaley; Rip Awake, Miss Becks; Recognition, Mr. Ames.

WE are sorry that this issue of the GAZETTE is so late in appearing, but circumstances of an unavoidable character have delayed us. One of the editors has been sick and the other has been from College a great part of the month, and the work has necessarily fallen on other shoulders. The credit in a great measure is due to Mr. Wimbrough and Mr. Stocksdales, to whom we desire to give the honor. Our plan has ever been "to give honor where honor is due," so it is our purpose to withhold no praise from these gentlemen. We will endeavor earnestly in the future to have our paper out in the early part of the month, and in order to do this we must have the hearty co-operation of all interested.

The effort made some time since to purchase the skating rink for gymnasium purposes has proved a failure. This is a great disappointment to all, as we were in hopes that the College would not only have a permanent building for a gymnasium, but also a hall for its public entertainments. Having failed in this attempt, but determined to have a room for this purpose, Dr. Lewis has changed the upper floor of new Ward Hall into one room, which he intends to furnish with suitable apparatus as soon as possible.

Errata.

There appeared in our last issue an article by our most honored ex-President, Dr. Ward, in which he was made to say "that the only Perfect Man was not equally the Perfect God." This, of course, was a typographical error, for we know of no one who is more orthodox than the Doctor. The article in which the mistake appeared was in the "Essay on Self-Culture," and should have read that the "only Perfect Man was equally the Perfect God."

We may long for a certain boon, and wish for it in vain. It is when we make an effort to obtain it that very often the fruit falls at our feet, before we have time to shake the tree.

Literary Notes.

Julian Hawthorne asserts that there are not ten authors in England who can sell a novel for \$300.

At a recent sale of autographs in New York, that of Napoleon Bonaparte brought \$60, of Samuel Adams \$35, of Robert Treat Paine, \$22, and of Roger Sherman \$25.

Dr. S. W. Johnson, of Belfast, Me., possesses a book entitled, "The Works of Thomas Chalkley," which was printed by Benjamin Franklin at Philadelphia, in 1749.

The great international literary prize, founded in Sweden in honor of Finn Magnusens, and thus far only twice distributed, has recently been awarded for the third and last time to the German writer Franz Siking, for his historical novel "Wolfram von Eschenbach."

Mr. Rider Haggard's story, "King Solomon's Mines," has been one of the greatest literary successes of the day. Up to the present time 50,000 copies have been sold, and now Cassell & Company announce a new edition in cloth at \$1, also a new edition just ready in paper covers, at twenty-five cents.

At a book sale in Edinburgh recently two commonplace books, containing MSS. of Burns, attracted a keen competition. One of the volumes brought 310 guineas and the other 270 guineas. A Kilmarnock edition of Burns' poems, dated 1786, sold for eighty guineas, and another copy of the poet's works, of which only fifty had been originally printed, realized forty-seven guineas. The last mentioned work included the original manuscript of "The Calf."

Dr. Houler, the German scholar who discovered the Sallust fragments last winter in the National Library at Paris, is only twenty-seven years old. He was sent to Paris by a learned society of Vienna to collate some Latin MSS. there, and found that one of the palimpsests contained some decipherable writing beneath that which he was reading. By the aid of powerful lenses and endless patience—working often fourteen hours a day—he made out successfully many of the lost pages of the old Roman's history.

Charles L. Webster & Co. have recently issued 15,000 more sets of General Grant's Memoirs, and the sales continue steadily. They are also preparing an *edition de luxe* of the General's autobiography, which will be unique in the history of publishing. The edition will be limited to 500 or at most 1,000 sets, and each will probably cost \$100. Each set will contain a page or part of a page of the original manuscript written by the General. The usual 70 per cent. of the profits will go to Mrs. Grant. The edition is to be finely illustrated, among the photographs being two which are wholly new. One is of the General sitting in bed writing the last pages of the book, and the other is of him four days before he died.

Rev. Dr. Murray, of Carlisle, Pa., has among the rare and valuable old books in his library a copy of "The Confession of Faith, the Larger and Shorter Catechism," etc., printed and sold at Philadelphia by B. Franklin, in 1745. Also, a copy of the first American edition of the Bible in English, published by Robert Aitken, Philadelphia, 1782, and having for its introduction the action of the United States Congress approving and recommending it to the American people. Among his curious books is a geographical treatise in Greek and Latin hexameters, or the Geography of Dionysius, amended and enriched by additional matter, with sixteen maps, by Edward Wells; sixth edition, London,

1761. But his oldest book is a complete copy of Robert Stephens' very large and elegant edition of the Bible, in Latin, by Jerome, printed in Paris in 1532, bound in heavy boards, roped or twined together and covered with embossed parchment. Ex

The College World.

There are now 1,164 students in the Girard College, and a new building is in process of erection that will accommodate 200 more.

Miss Lindley, of Meadville, Pa., a Presbyterian, left by her will \$10,000 to Alleghany College, at Meadville, for the benefit of needy students.

Prof. W. S. Tyler, who has just brought out an edition of the Iliad, has been an active member of the Amherst College Faculty for more than half a century.

The new Williams gymnasium is one of the finest in the country. It is one of gray stone; on the first floor are the lockers, bath rooms, base ball cage and bowling alley; on the second various kinds of apparatus; in the gallery a sawdust track extending around the room.—Ex.

President Dwight, the head of Yale College, has already added to his popularity among the students by his always prompt and gracious acknowledgment of the customary "low bow" of the classes as he passes them on his way from chapel each morning.

The sharp statistician of Public Opinion has discovered that in this country the distinctively scientific schools number 92; manual schools, 255; medical colleges, 145; institutions for the higher education of women, 236; law schools, 57. There are 370 universities and colleges in the United States, with 65,522 students in attendance.

The two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Harvard University was celebrated November 6th, 7th and 8th. Its foundation day was November 7th, 1636, when the General Court of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay voted "to give four hundred pounds toward a school or college." John Harvard's bequest was made in 1638, and the General Court gave his name to the college the next year. This was the earliest foundation of a university on this continent.

The celebration of the 250th anniversary of Harvard brings into more than usual prominence the claim of antiquity of that institution of learning. In connection with this the dates of the founding of other American colleges will be of interest. The list given below includes those founded before the present century: Harvard University, 1636; Yale University, 1701; Princeton College, 1746; University of Pennsylvania, 1749; Columbia College, 1757; Brown University, 1768; Dartmouth College, 1769; Rutgers College, 1770; Hamden Sydney College, 1775; Washington and Lee University, 1781; Dickinson College, 1783; St. John's College, 1784; University of Georgia, 1785; University of North Carolina, 1789; Georgetown College, 1789; University of Vermont, 1791; Williams College, 1793; Bowdoin College, 1794; Union College, 1795; Kentucky University, 1798.—*N. Y. Evening Telegram.*

To battle successfully against the natural impulses and promptings of the heart, is the hardest of all struggles which fall to the lot of humanity.

Very often what appears the right and indeed the only course at the moment, will seem to have been the wrong one in the light of after events.

It is not so much a question of what you have been, or what you will be, but what you are just now.

Locals.

"Oh, My!
Turkey!!
Bill of fare!!!
"Pap's teeme!!!!"
"Sick him Lige!!!!!"
"Bruno won't bite!!!!!"

Take part off, and he will be larger.—Whale(y).

In what language are all the letters silent letters?—The Deaf and dumb language.

We are glad to see Mr. Lemon out again, having fully recovered from his recent illness.

Senior to Junior, What is the genitive, singular, of the latin word, which means wall?" Junior, "Wallis."

Mr. G. on being asked, whether he was broken down physically or mentally, replied, "No, mechanically."

There seems to be no hope for that Senior who tried a short time ago to commit suicide by jumping over Jones' Falls.

The Sophomore boys have laid aside their level heads. They now wear very neat gold badges. Quite an improvement.

A number of new books have been added to our College library; a full list will be given in our next issue. Prof. Rinehart is Librarian.

Prof. McDaniel has introduced the drum in the calisthenic exercises for the gentlemen. Our drummer, Mr. Moore, is quite an expert on "Yankey Doodle."

A member of the Sophomore class has discovered a new and valuable remedy, which is guaranteed to be of great service to persons with tangled hair. Advertisements may be seen at any time down the Grove.

A Senior and a Sophomore, as they both think a great deal of the same young lady, vie with each other to obtain her preference. The Senior not long ago, receiving a very sweet smile from the lady, and looking feelingly at his rival, who was looking his best, triumphantly exclaimed, "I have not got on my best clothes, but I get there just the same." "Go it Rube."

Every afternoon after recitations, the Senior, mentioned in our last issue, may still be seen at the depot paying his addresses to the same lady. It is reported, that the Railroad Company have met to look into the advisableness of charging Mr. D—, room rent. He says, "I do not think the Company can be so cruel as to charge rent."

At the recent elections of the several societies, the following were chosen as officers: Browning:—Pres., Miss Laura Taylor; Vice-Pres., Miss Jennie Wilson; Rec. Sec., Miss Fannie Grove; Cor. Sec., Miss Sallie Wilmer; Treas., Miss Maggie Stem; Lib., Miss Georgie Franklin.

Philomathean:—Pres., Miss Sadie Abbott; Vice-Pres., Miss Lorena Hill; Rec. Sec., Miss Bessie Hodges; Cor. Sec., Miss Georgie Harlan; Treas., Miss A. Parker; Lib., Miss Madge Slaughter; Critic, Miss Carrie Phebus.

Webster:—Pres., H. H. Slifer; Vice-Pres., J. G. Michael; Rec. Sec., H. G. Watson; Cor. Sec., E. Reese; Treas., Paul Coombs; Lib., J. Frank Harper; Chap., L. I. Pollitt; Critic, J. M. Radford; Mineralogist, Neal Parke; Com., J. M. Radford, Amon Burgee and N. H. Wilson.

Irving:—Pres., W. H. Grammer; Vice Pres., W. M. Weller; Rec. Sec., Paul Smith; Cor. Sec., Ford Caulk; Treas., P. H. Myers; Term Orator, W. K. Hill; Term Essayest, R. Smith; Lib., D. F. Harris; Asst. Lib., C. A. Roop; Chap., P. W. Kuhns; S. A., E. C. Wimbrough; Critic, H. D. Mitchell.

The Second Musicale, under the direction of Prof. T. F. Rinehart, Professor of Instrumental Music, and Mrs. A. J. Carnes, instructor in vocal music, was held in College Chapel on Friday, November 12th. The students seem to relish these entertainments very much, and as far as we can judge, they are interesting in the extreme.

PROGRAMME.

1. } a. Slumber Song.....Schuman.
b. Op. 90, Second Movement..Beethoven.
Prof. T. F. Rinehart, A. M., B. M.
2. "Let Thine Hand Help Me".....Handel.
Mrs. A. J. Carnes.
3. Sonata in A.....Mozart.
Miss Madge Slaughter.
4. Op. 53, No. 24 ("The Flight") Mendelsohn.
Miss Jennie F. Wilson.
5. Sunset.....Dudley Buck.
Mrs. A. J. Carnes.
6. Larghetto and Finale from 2d Symphony,
Beethoven.
Prof. T. F. Rinehart, Primo.
Miss J. F. Wilson, Secundo.

The second section of the Senior class held their exercise in College Chapel on Friday the 19th inst., 1 p. m. The program was as follows:

- Essay.....Ambition.
Miss Georgia Harlrm.
- Essay.....Witchcraft.
Miss Lorena Hill.
- Oration.....Hope
Mr. H. H. Slifer.
- Music.....Miss Jennie Wilson.
Essay.....Old Things Have Passed Away.
Miss M. E. Hodges.
- Essay.....The Value of an Education.
Miss C. L. Mourer.
- Essay.....The True Hero.
Miss I. B. Pillsbury.
- Oration.....Woman, Her Influence.
Mr. H. C. Stocksdale.

One of the Preps, in his geography recitation sometime back, gave the Professor in charge a very good reason for not knowing where the North Pole is. The dialogue was as follows:

Prof.—"Mr. S—, Where is the North Pole?"

Mr. S—: "I don't know, sir."

Prof.—: "Don't know! Are you not ashamed, that you do not know where the North Pole is?"

Mr. S—: "Why, sir, if Sir John Franklin, Dr. Kane, and others couldn't find it, how should I know where it is?"

Of course, it is useless to inform the reader of the above, that said Prep. has long since, "Passed in his checks."

Judging from the contents of a private essay picked up in the grove by the Owl of our Sanctum, the author must be in the same predicament and of the same opinion, as the heroine of the following lines:

A maiden once, of certain age,
To catch a husband did engage;
But, having passed the prime of life
In striving to become a wife,
Without success, she thought it time
To mend the follies of her prime.

Departing from the usual course
Of paint, and such like, for resource,
With all her might this ancient maid
Beneath an oak tree knelt and prayed,
Unconscious that a grave old owl
Was perched above—the mousing fowl!

"Oh! give—a husband give!" she cried,
"While yet I may become a bride;
Soon will my day of grace be o'er,
And then, like many maids before,
I'll die without an early love,
And none to meet me there above!"

"Oh! 'tis a fate too hard to bear;
Then answer this, my humble prayer,
And, oh! a husband give to me!"
Just then the owl up in the tree,
In deep base tones, cried, "Who—whoo—whoo!"
"Who, Lord? And dost thou ask me who?
Why, any one, good Lord, will do!"

'89. Miss Laura Taylor and Miss Underhill spent Thanksgiving in Baltimore.

'90. Messrs. Merrick and Harper were in Baltimore on Thanksgiving day.

'89. Mr. J. B. Whaley and his sister, Miss Ida, spent a few days in Baltimore last week.

'87. Miss Sadie Abbott went home to enjoy Thanksgiving day.

'88. Miss E. May Wallace visited Miss Abbott in Baltimore last week.

Mr. Rodger Coombs paid his brother, Mr. Paul Cooms, '87, a visit on Thanksgiving day.

'90. Mr. Irving Mace enjoyed a very pleasant visit from his father last week.

'88. Mr. Harry D. Mitchell left College last Friday, the 26th inst., to spend a few days with his father in Baltimore.

'89. Mr. John H. Baker has returned home on account of his failing eyesight.

Messrs. Wimbrough, '88, and Stocksdale, '87, spent a few days some weeks ago in Finksburg, Carroll county, visiting Mr. Stocksdale's father.

'88. Mr. C. A. Veasey has gone to Philadelphia to have his eyes operated upon. We hope his case will not prove serious, and that he may return with his sight fully restored.

Personalia.

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

'81. Mr. J. Paul Earnest of the U. S. Signal Service, is stationed in Baltimore.

'82. On November 11th, Miss Sarah I. Henderson, and Dr. J. Edward Deets, were united in marriage at Neelsville Church, Md. Dr. Deets is an ex-active of the "Irving," and has always taken a deep interest in her welfare. We extend to you the congratulations of "old Irving," and best wishes for your success.

'83. Mr. A. L. Miles, well known in this city, where he graduated at Western Maryland College, was taken suddenly and seriously ill at the residence of his father, Capt. Southey F. Miles, at Marion, Somerset county, Md., on the 8th inst. He was taken with a congestive chill, which affected his brain. Though better, he was still very sick at last accounts. The above is taken from the *Democratic Advocate*. Mr. Miles, is an ex-editor of the *GAZETTE*. We wish him a speedy recovery.

'85. Mr. F. M. Brown has been elected Principle of the Unsontown Graded School. Congratulations.

'85. Woodland I. Todd recently entered into a partnership with Hon. N. H. R. Dawson, of Selma, Alabama. Hon. Mr. Dawson is one of the most prominent men in Alabama. He was one of the leading candidates for Governor in the late canvass, and in August was appointed Commissioner of Education by President Cleveland. Mr. Todd was very popular while at College and was one of the leading members of Irving Literary Society. He is deserving of his good fortune and the best wishes of his Society attend him.

'88. Mr. Harvey Jordan frequently comes down to Westminster on business. We are always glad to see him.

'89. Mr. R. Gist has gone to Orange Lake, Florida, to spend the winter.

The Mounds of Florida.

In a paper read some days ago before the Parker Memorial Science Class, Boston, Dr. J. F. Frisbie Newton gave much interesting information about the mounds that lie scattered along the Atlantic coast and Gulf of Mexico, on the banks of the St. John's river and the lakes. They are composed of sand, earth and shells, and were built by the race called Mound Builders. These mounds, whether of shells, earth or sand, were raised for places of burial or for sacrificial and religious rites.

Rarely they may have been built for look-outs or points of observation. Sepulchral mounds were those in which were buried the dead. These were the burial places of the common people. Those high in authority or those held peculiarly sacred were buried singly and the mounds were erected over them. Near the base of those erected for sacrificial purposes or religious rites is often found an altar on which are ashes, bits of charcoal and fragments of bone. Above this was raised the mound to the desired size and height. These mounds are from fifty to one hundred feet or more in diameter, and from thirty to fifty feet in height. They are quite similar in appearance. One of the most interesting mounds in Florida is situated above Old Enterprise on the eastern shore of Lake Monroe. It is a rounded cone of three sides, the fourth trailing out more than a hundred feet. It was constructed of small shells, having just enough sand added to give greater solidity. Trees and shrubs are growing on the sides and top of this mound, and on the summit are the remains of an ancient cellar showing it to have been chosen for the site of a home by some early white settler. In my opinion this was built for a sacrificial mound. The location and the surroundings are well adapted to give solemnity to religious thought and expression. The Indians were ignorant of the contents of these mounds until they were opened by white men, and attributed their erection to an ancient people of whom they were ignorant. They are very sensitive to the least interference with their burial places, but looked upon the excavations of these mounds and the exhuming of the bones found in them, with interest rather than indignation.

The legions and traditions of the Indians of the whole Valley of the Mississippi point to a great antiquity. In all of them there is uniform testimony that their ancestors come from the North and Northwest, and found a race occupying the whole country, differing from them in nearly every respect; that a long struggle ensued, and finally the inhabitants of this country were conquered and destroyed.

This vanquished race left "monuments in twenty-five State and Territories, extending from New York to Colorado, and from Lake Superior to the gulf of Mexico."

Whence come these two antagonistic races? One savage by name and nature, the other mild tempered and peace loving. I believe they came from two distinct and widely separated regions of the earth—from the far north and the far south. Whatever community of ancestry they may have had rests so far back in the abyss of time that they appeared here as two distinct races. The mound builders can be traced back through New Mexico to Mexico, Yucatan and Central America. It is an established fact that all civilization commenced in warm climates; that the advance from brutish barbarism up through its every grade has been from the warmer to the colder latitudes. This has been proved wherever scientific investigation has been brought to bear on those races who have almost passed into oblivion, leaving only a few relics and monuments to tell us of extinct phases of human existence, as well as on those whose history has been recorded and is now an open book for our perusal.

The wise man looking into the mirror of the past sees only the reflection of a fool.

What we deem our own we seldom strive to retain, and are often moved to abuse it.

From what we are to them others take their cue and are in turn to us.

Watch spring temper in steel is obtained at 554 deg. F.

OUR UNITED STATES.

BY E. C. WIMBROUGH.

This is a subject, that to every American ought to be of surpassing interest; for whether he behold the scenery of the Hudson; explore the central forests of this vast country; or stand on the shore of that grand and noble water, "the Pacific," he is still in the United States. It is his own country, its beauty, its magnificence, its sublimity—all are his, and how undeserving of such a birth-right, if he can turn toward it an unobserving eye and an unaffected heart. United States! How the very thought of these two words ought to fill the heart of every true American with everlasting pride and unremitting zeal.

A very few generations have passed, since this vast tract of American continent, now the United States, rested in the shadow of primeval forest, whose gloom was peopled by savage beasts and scarcely less savage men, or lay in those boundless grassy plains, called prairies,—

"The garden of the desert, these the unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful."

From ocean to ocean the copper-colored children of the forest ruled with undisputed sway. By bow and arrow, by flint and hatchet, the red man of the forest supported his rude civilization, and waited for the coming of the pale-faced races, who were decreed in the near future to snatch away the power and country of the red man, and drive him from one abode to another, until he was nothing more than a wandering exile. No citizen of ancient or modern time ever had such a country to contemplate as these United States. Our eastern borders behold the sun in all its splendor rising from the Atlantic, whilst our western shores are embraced in darkness by the billows of the Pacific. Our country has indeed a vast extent of territory with the diversified climates of the globe. On the one hand is the ever smiling verdure of the beautiful and balmy South, and on the other the sterile hills and sombre pine forests of the dreary North, and intermediate the outstretched region where the chilling blasts of winter are succeeded by the zephyrs and flowers of summer. The snow-clad summits of her mountains look down upon the elemental war of the storm-clouds, floating above the shrubless prairies, that realize the obsolete notion of the earth being an immense plain; and toward the ocean on the east and west, upon the broad, rich valleys, where the father of all waters, the "Endless River," and the majestic Columbia, with its hundred branches, gently wind along, or rapidly rush on to mingle their waters with the waves of the Pacific, the Gulf of Mexico, or some other large and magnificent sea. The mountains of New Hampshire, which has been called the Switzerland of America, almost cradle the region of perpetual snow. The Catskill Mountains of New York heave up from the valley of the Hudson like the subsiding billows of the ocean after a storm. The river scenery of America is a boundless theme, beautiful and full of sublimity, which cannot be surpassed by the craggy Rhine, with its vine-clad and ancient villages. The Hudson for natural and magnificent scenery is unsurpassed. On its banks the green hills recede like steps, by which we may ascend to a grand temple, whose pillars are these same hills, and whose dome is the blue and boundless vault of heaven. Could the power of vision at once extend over our whole wide domain, what a grand, sublime, and ennobling scene would be presented to a spectator standing upon one of the lofty peaks of the Rocky Mountains; or as Washington Irving aptly denominates it, "the crest of the world." And then to take upon a

summer day a bird's eye view of all our roads, railroads, canals, lakes, and rivers, our innumerable post coaches whirling along over our one hundred and forty thousand miles of post roads; or steamers gliding magically over our waters, our locomotives shooting off like the comet upon its track, our intercourse between the seaboard and inland cities, our ships approaching and departing with the commerce of the world, and them like "Prior on Groger Hill" to hear all the musical and discordant sounds coming up to this "Crest of the world," if he could comprehend the entire scene from the bellowing of the buffalo, leading his shaggy hundred over the prairie, to the roar of the cataract, as it shakes the very bowels of the earth with its stupendous plunge; with all this beneath the eye and upon the ear, well might the enraptured spectator exclaim—what a sublime panorama. For variety, beauty, grandeur, and sublimity of scenery, what country can surpass our own? What country can equal the life sustaining power, that slumbers in her soil? Search creation around, where can you find a country, that presents so sublime and interesting a view? The oppressed of all countries, the martyrs of every creed, may find refuge in this great and glorious country, his industry encourage, his piety respected, with no restraint except those laws, which are the same to all. Within our boundaries are the ground works of untold wealth, our mountains are filled with the riches of every mine, and our valleys invite the hand of cultivation, and smile as none other on the labors of the husbandmen. The troubled waves of Atlantic, and the placid waters of the Pacific, lave our coast; our ships whiten the ocean, and the beloved stars and stripes, that waves over them, is the harbinger of liberty and a protection to the powerful and the brave.

This country is by no means like Ancient Rome, where Plebeian contended with Patrician, the poor grew poorer, and the rich grew richer, but is as you all know, "the land of the free and the home of the brave." All citizens are on an equal footing with one another, and can hold any position, whether he be Patrician or Plebeian, rich or poor, provided he has the ability and can surpass his opponent.

It is truly said, "that the sun never sets on the British Empire." But are not the British continually at war with her conquered territory? What is the cause of it you may ask? And the answer will come back to you in a stentorian voice, England is situated too far from her territory, and can not give to them the attention she should, and besides there is not that suffrage predominant in England, that permits a man at one time to split logs in a forest, to tread the tow-path, to hold the plow handles, to be born in a log hut, and in a little more than a decade of years to take the oath as leader of a nation. With all her wealth, improvements, intelligence, and freedom, our fifty millions of people, still we have just commenced the settlement of our country and are only on the border of a great and glorious empire.

Her resources are capable of sustaining from one to two hundred millions of people. A century hence, if permitted to enjoy the blessings of peace, the United States with fifty stars upon her banner may welcome at the dawning of that New Year's morn no less than one hundred and fifty millions of bold and happy freemen. The success of our efforts, in the improvement of our schools, and in the general diffusion of knowledge, enables us to make an estimate of what our posterity of the fourth generation are likely to become. Active must be the imagination that can picture the scene at a glance. The ideal landscape

cannot equal the reality, however lively may be the imagination, the picture must be painted by the wonder-working power of the pencil of ideality. These United States have increased in territory, in population, in inches, enterprise, and renown. Her religious, literary, and political institutions, will bear a proud comparison with those of Great Britain, France, and Germany, and are excelled by none. A well known writer has wisely remarked, that "the United States are built upon the pillars of strength and beauty, that suffer no decay, and that bid defiance to the land of the oppressor and the tooth of time." We all know, that the United States are built upon the rocks of union and strength, and joined together by bands of patriotism and love, wars may come, contentions spring up, yet "our old shrip of state" will progress unrestrained. We all can see, too, that the great American Locomotive, "Liberty," still holds on its course unimpeded, gathering strength as it advances, developing new energies to meet new exigencies; and bearing its imperial train of fifty millions of people with a speed, which knows no parallel. Whilst we contemplate these glorious scenes let us remember, that we are not free from infidelity and intemperance, with their associates in crimes, error and vice. These enemies are at our very doors knocking to be admitted into our most sacred places. Our holy temples and seats of learning are breathed upon by their foul breath, and our strong and blooming youths are bowed down into the dust by their strong and sinewy arms, beneath their iron heels they trample down the loftiest hopes of earth, and by their power virtue and honor are forever crushed. There is no time to be lost. We must not let the grass grow under our feet. Let every man first secure the foundation of his own hopes, then pray for our country, that it may receive greater honor from every true and devoted patriot, and that the flashing light of religion may irradiate it in every nook and corner; then the light of prosperity, which has been bestowed upon it in the past, will shine on every island, sea, and mountain in the world, and proclaim universal freedom to both hemispheres.

Our Country! Such is thy physical greatness, and such thy intellectual and moral power, that now give promise of a glorious destiny far beyond all parallel in the annals of the world. For such a destiny may thy institutions be well sustained, and may a halo of glory play around the name of every man who honestly labors in behalf of his fellows and posterity to uphold, purify, perpetuate, and extend them. Then a more heavenly song, than the hoarse trumpet's breath, or the deep mouthed cannon's roar, shall roll its harmonies through the vocal creation, swelling its solemn sweetness to every ear—

"Peace on earth and good will to man."

WOMAN, HER INFLUENCE.

BY H. C. STOCKSDALE.

Some one has said, that the affections are as the wings and chariots of the wind, in which, if properly directed, we may like Elias, be carried towards heaven; but if left to the guidance of inexperience, and the evil passions, we may Phaeton like, be driven about madly—and hurled headlong into ruin and destruction.

When God created man, in his own image, he realized that some one was needed for the promotion of his welfare. One to comfort and exercise an influence over him in order that he should not become rude, gross and solitary. One to sympathize with him in the battles and conflicts of this life. One to illuminate his surround-

ings as the moon illuminates the heaven by night and the sun by day. One to cheer him in all his good deeds and in despondency, console him with that magical and musical language, which only woman can command.

It was not good for man to be alone and God created Eve to be a companion and help mate for Adam in the "Garden of Eden," and "one who should spread around him the flowers of existence as the creepers of the forests which decorate the trunks of the sturdy oaks with their perfumed garlands."

Woman is a sacred name. We never pronounce it but with feelings of profound respect and deep reverence. "We cannot use it professionally as we would a name in science or art and proceed coolly to write a treatise upon its statements, the extent of its discoveries, and the originality of its speculations. This might be done; we would not affirm that it never ought to be done; but we simply say that it is impossible. We have too vivid and tender recollections of a sainted mother, her deep affections, her prevailing sympathies, her unremitting care and holy life to say anything of woman without feeling. We know the bliss of home "and the sun of that beautiful world beams upon us with a light so pure and strong, that if any intelligent honest man should say we are blinded to the faults of the gentler sex, we should be afraid to deny it." What a blessing it is to those in after life, to know that they have enjoyed a home of love and peace. It was the "seminary" where they had to exercise all their faculties. Their habits too, were formed there, in order that their purpose and principles should be in a right direction, strengthened for the battles of life. The tender twig was there bent, the principles imparted, and the whole character formed under the dearest of all women, mother, who is both the morning and evening star of life. A woman of true intelligence is a blessing at home, and her influence is one of those powers equal to any that God has given to man. As the son is cared and watched over by that dear mother, so he will be strengthened in courage and principles in years to come. There is an induring tenderness in the love of a mother to her son that transcends all other affections of the heart. She will sacrifice every comfort for his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment. If misfortune overtakes him she will press him to her heart and thank the Great Giver that he is not overwhelmed. If disgrace settles upon his name, she will still love him, and if the whole world cast him off, she will be all the world to him. The most illustrious statesmen owe their greatest powers to the influence of home where woman presides. The most distinguished warriors owe their greatest victories to the influence of home.

Very many of our most distinguished men, of the past and present age, have traced their noblest qualities to their mother's teaching. "Our own Washington" referred to his revered mother and her training, with gratitude and affection. "Cornelia," the mother of the Gracchi, was a true Roman mother, and a model for many Christian mothers to imitate. Napoleon knew and felt the value of home influence when he said, "What France wants is good mothers and you may be sure that France will have good sons." No Christian people or nation can deny the influence which a mother exerts over the whole life of her children. Home in all well constituted minds is always associated with moral and social excellence. The duty of every young man and woman is to cultivate true affection for his parents. A

boy without love for his parents would be inhuman. Selfishness is one of the greatest evils a boy or girl can exhibit, especially at home.

One should remember the trials and labors cheerfully performed by mothers even in pain and weariness. What sufferings she had to endure; what anxieties she had to undergo. Remember the prayers that were offered up to God every night and morning for the prosperity and success of her children that they might become "bright and shining lights," and a comfort to her instead of a disgrace. Think how she caressed you and how she indulged you in every want. She does not exercise these influences for her own personal benefit, but for the advantages of her children. We should always obey our parents, not only for the reason that God has said, "Honor thy father and mother," but out of respect and love for those who are our guardians in life. They have superior knowledge to ours when we are under their guidance. When we are young and incapable of judging, we go to mother for advice. We know not what dangers lie in our path, we go to mother and she will warn us. Her place can never be supplied. Every one's mother is the best, if it be the mother of the lowliest she is to him the dearest being living. We sometimes do not appreciate as we should our mother while living. No doubt we love them just as dearly as we could, but yet there is that lack of appreciation. But when she is dead, when the "cares and coldness of this world come withering to our hearts, when we experience how hard it is to find sympathy, how few to love us for ourselves, how few will befriend us in misfortune, then it is that we think of the mother we have lost."

From the very dawn of history woman have never proven herself inferior to man. Although many have not had the opportunity which men have enjoyed, yet those who have, have proven to the world that woman's intellect is equal to that of man, if not superior. Her influence has been felt in the departments of art, science, literature and war. I need only mention the names of Veine Ream, Caroline Herschel, Elizabeth Browning and Boadicia.

In politics her name stands as prominent as that of man. Joan of Arc took part in politics when she drove English soldiers, like chaff before her face and crowned the weak lover of Agnes Sorel as King of France So did Isabella when she sold her jewels to help an obscure Italian sailor find the land of gold and liberty. So we see that woman's influence is felt just as strongly in these departments as in that "Home, sweet Home," where we all acknowledge her sovereignty. But at the same time woman's influence is either a blessing or a curse. She has the power of exerting a good or evil influence over the young man when "tempted to partake of the intoxicating cup." She can exert a good influence by recalling to him his mother's counsils, who endeavored to impress upon his mind the knowledge of good and evil, and what was the end of a man who partook of that deadly poison. This is more than any sensible young man can endure, who has been the pride of his mothers life.

The true gentleman or true lady is made in the majority of cases by the influence and power of woman. It is not the man or woman who lives in the grandest house, or has the most money, who is the true lady or gentleman. Garibaldi, the greatest hero was a hard working man. Henry Clay was the "mill boy of the slashes." Daniel Webster knit his iron frame into strength by working on his father's farm when young, and James Garfield trod the "tow

path." These were true men, because they were taught those qualities which make the true man, by their mother. These qualities were, virtue, courage, cheerfulness, hope and self sacrifice. Then in conclusion, let us all try to possess those qualities which our mother impressed on our minds, so that we may be a model and example to those who had not been so fortunate as we. And when God sees fit to call us to our eternal home, where the splashing of Jordan is heard at our very feet, we can look back to that place, where our first instructions were received, and where mother endeavored to exert a good influence over us, knowing that having followed her advice, we can cheerfully hymn with the poet,

"Where thy treasure, there thy heart is,
And where e'er disposed to roam,
'Tis the love you bore that dear one,
Draws thy wand'ring footsteps Home,
This the thought that cheers thy sorrow,
When thine eyes with tears are blurred,
Thought to me she shall return not,
I may sometime go to her.

Appearances are never so deceitful as when relating to the apparent motives of others.

The simplest and most trivial incidents are often the most important of our lives.

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