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Education and Educators.

BY S. SIMPSON.

The Disraeli, the late Earl of Beaconsfield, was once on his candidature asked upon what he stood. "Upon my head," was the reply. We have come to the time when a man can go through the world better on his head than he can on his feet.

Dr. Deems, of New York, in his address before the Bryant-Stratton Business College, said: "It is wisely directed mental power, however and wherever acquired, that lifts a man above the masses, and makes him their ruler and their master." In the olden time caste and birth gave rank to men. In the monarchies of the world titles confer too many honors to-day; but we can stand in the free air of heaven, with our feet unfettered on the turf, and thank our Creator for the privilege of making our own destiny in life, letters and the honors of a great nation.

There are some false standards of social recognition in this country. A silk dress and a painted house have too much to do with people. Sometimes the coat has more influence than character—the boots more than brains; but immaculate linen and unimpeachable cloth can no longer hide the blemish and defects of vice and ignorance. The Greeks in their ideal of manhood combined æsthetic taste and culture with symmetry and proportion of body. I have nothing to say against the graceful form, the elastic step and the strongly knit frame, but the true ideal must be higher than grace, beauty or muscle. The victory that is worth winning is not in a man's form, it is not in his dress, it is not in his fist, it is not in his pistol, it is not in his purse, but it is in his head and heart. Character that needs to be supported by blows and pistols will bear to be watched by police, and by all who are honest and pure.

On one occasion Mr. Gough, the great temperance lecturer, said to the students of Oxford University, who were trying to disturb him, that he could whip any of the five hundred of them singly. When a doughty six-foot athlete was sent upon the stage, Mr. Gough, stepping back, said to the pugilist: "You misunderstand me, sir; this is to be a head fight and not fisticuffs." I take this reply to be significant, and that in future brains and not bullets will rule the world, and that fame and honor and fortune are to be sought along the line of an educated mind and a pure heart. In the past men of moderate attainments and proverbial stupidity might have some chance in the world; but in these sharp, stirring times, when even Jehovah's lords are tested in the workshops of the brain, when swindling is a science, hypocrisy an accomplishment, and counterfeits are such fac-similes that you can scarcely tell for two days after eating whether you had mutton-chops or cotton rags for breakfast, men must go through the world wide awake. The pulpit, though a mighty power, can not alone furnish and equip men for life and reform the world. We need an army of teachers, with flaming hearts and praying spirits and burning zeal, to carry religious faith and scientific truth hand in hand into the schools, and to lead the

classes to a higher life in holiness as well as to a higher life in knowledge. I would a thousand times rather have a child to die in ignorance than to die in infidelity or sin. The real strength and glory of a nation are to be found in its universally christianized and educated citizens. Not only must ignorance be exterminated, but every child of whatever sex, color, or nationality should be taught and trained. Next to the worship of Almighty God, the highest obligations rest upon every man to educate himself, and next to this is the obligation to assist his neighbor to become educated until each individual becomes intelligent enough to act wisely in the emergencies of life. Every teacher should have some definite object in view. Bulwer says: "What men want is not talent, but purpose." The teacher should have a clear insight into the most approved ways and methods of accomplishing the object of his work—that object should be universal education. In this government there should be no rest in the education fraternity until every person who casts a ballot is made competent to wield his own reason, judgment, and conscience, and to cast it intelligently, honestly, and fearlessly—until every individual can discriminate between sense and sound, between truth and error, wisdom and folly, virtue and vice in the affairs of this world, and between the horrors of perdition and the glories of immortal life in the next. Let the teacher go forth teaching the people that wisdom is the principal thing; therefore to get wisdom, and in all their getting to get understanding. The rounded and complete conception of universal education is this, to reach all classes of society with the means of development and culture, and to teach every individual what he personally most needs to know to make him useful, happy, and successful.

I know of nothing to which the best gifts of genius and the highest culture can more worthily be consecrated than to this truly noble work of bringing on as speedily as possible the day when all persons may have their understandings enlightened and their hearts brought under the influences of a higher life. Surely every senator, every politician, every teacher and every man of personal rank or influence may well count it an object worthy of his highest ambition to help forward a work on which depends, to a great extent, the welfare, not only of his country, but of the whole human family.

When destiny says that a man's birth shall be low and obscure; when fortune says that his property shall be scant, hope comes out in her queenly splendor and says: "Doth not wisdom cry and understanding put forth her voice? She standeth in the top of high places, by the way in the places of the paths, she trieth at the gates, at the outcry of the city, at the coming in at the doors. Length of days in her right hand, and in her left riches and honor. She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her, and happy is every one that retaineth her. She shall give to thine head an ornament of grace, a crown of glory shall she deliver to thee. For wisdom is better than rubies, and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared to her."

Christian education is the hope of our

civilization. It strikes off the crown from kings and emperors, wrests the sceptres of usurped authority and arbitrary power from the grasp of haughty tyrants. It destroys the customs and edicts of a thousand years, gives the humble peasant a chance, crowns with roses the sons of toil, puts the president's chair in the visible horizon of every school-boy, and "hangs the star of hope over the cradle of the poor man's babe."

The benefits of education are to be brought to the people by the office and services of the teacher. The teacher for these times must be 3,000 miles long and 2,000 miles wide; his training must go through all fields of through and beyond; he must have experience in carving a way through the hard things that lie in the road to success; learning from all schoolmen living and dead, and morals from Mt. Zion alone. The teacher must be full of knowledge on his own subject. Carlisle says: "How shall he give kindling in whose soul there is no live coal, but is burnt out of a dead grammatical cinder?" Every day the teacher should carry something new to the class-room. He should read no fewer than four good newspapers: an educational journal, a state daily, a national daily, and a good church organ, and also the current works on science, arts, mechanics, and agriculture.

Out of these he must get something new, rare, and racy for his own head and heart, and for the general intelligence of the students. Wendell Phillips says:—"The man that takes the paper has a telegraph wire that connects him with all the world, and the man that does not might as well be Robinson Crusoe on his solitary island." When Arnold of Rugby was asked why it was that he studied his lessons when he had been over them so many times, he replied: "I want my students to drink from a running stream and not from stagnant water." I believe it is a proposition capable of demonstration that when a man ceases to grow himself he loses the power to expand and develop the intellectual faculties of his pupils. Wide-awake students are eager to get new facts any way. The great question to-day that is thundering oftenest and loudest through the land is, What's the news? In this intensely intense and growingly busy world no fewer than 100,000 new items of information are sent out broadcast every day. The money, skill, and perseverance with which the seven papers in the associated press of New York collect and distribute news is simply marvelous. Its agents are all over the United States, in Europe, in China, in Central and South America, and everywhere that news can stir or facts interest. The wires come right in the room where the news is set up every hour in the day. A fire on 5th Avenue, a burglary in Brooklyn, a duel in San Francisco, a railroad accident in Canada, an assassination in Ireland, a bank failure in London, an earthquake near Italy, or a volcanic shock at Java, would each and all be set up in some paper of this association in perhaps less time than you have been reading the IRVING LITERARY GAZETTE.

The teacher should stand between the world of truth and the student of inquiry, awaken thought, gratify curiosity, and lead

his pupils with enriched understanding to higher plains of intellectual vision.

At the request of the polite and gentlemanly editors of this paper, I have written this article, which is twice the length I intended; and now, begging pardon for this trespass upon your time and patience, I will close.

Wit and Learning Win.

COLUMBIA SOPHOMORES BEAT THE FRESHMEN BY A WISE MANŒUVRE.

The N. Y. Sun of October 9, says:—Forty studious members of the sophomore class of Columbia College and fifty ambitious members of the freshman class debated the question yesterday on the old Manhattan Athletic Club grounds, at Fifty-eight street and Eight avenue, whether the freshmen should have the right to carry canes from to-day to next Washington's birthday.

The debate was carried on with a club. If the sophomores could take it away from them in fifteen minutes, it was to be announced that the arguments of the sophomores had prevailed, and that the freshmen must respect their adversaries as superior to them in wit and learning, and drop the dignity of a plug hat and a cane.

Judges were appointed to determine who won in the contest. The debate began with the word "Go!" and the sophomores rushed at the freshmen and began to claw their shirts off. This was a strategic move. The freshmen, aware of the fact that they did not know one another, and were liable to attack friend as well as foe, had marked their shirts before and behind with a cross of shoe blacking. When their shirts had been pulled off they did not know sophomores from freshmen. The sophomores, who had had the advantage of college education for a year, yelled "Eighty-six! Eighty-six! C-o-l-u-m-b-i-a!" and continued the debate with earnestness and ability.

In the first five minutes the freshmen's shirts had all been pulled off. At the end of ten minutes contestant who were fainting in the struggle to get at the club were dragged out by the heels to get fresh air. Many fainted. When time was called at the end of fifteen minutes, it was found that the arguments of the sophomores had prevailed. They had twelve panting men who had their hands on the club, while only seven perspiring freshmen had managed to retain their grasp on it.

Then three cheers were given by each class.

Nearly all our able preachers, statesmen, merchants and bankers and successful business men have been reared amid rural surroundings and in well ordered country homes. Mothers in the country are devoted to their families and household affairs rather than to fashion and frivolity. Four-fifths of our great men attribute their success in life to early marriages and sound maternal training.

The late Bishop McIlvaine, of Ohio, must have had a serene faith in the destiny of his charge. On one occasion he gave notice from the pulpit: "The audience will please rise and continue rising." Query: What about the roof?

LES CASQUETTES.

A Brilliant New Poem by Algernon Charles Swinburne.

Philadelphia Press, Sept. 29.

The launch of no recent literary undertaking has been awaited with more interest than that of the new "English Illustrated Magazine," and there has been great competition among newspaper publishers in New York and elsewhere to obtain the advance sheets with particular reference to the new poem by Swinburne and a novelette by William Black. The Press has been successful in obtaining the former, and it is herewith presented. This poem is on Mr. Swinburne's favorite subject—the sea. It is characteristic effort, and is particularly rich in alliterative lines, such as, "Of fear and of fate are the frontlets fashioned," and "Here walled in with the wide waste water," and, again, "Of strength to curb and of craft to capture." But take the poem as a whole and it is vigorous and salty, like a dash of ocean spray.

From the depths of the water that lighten and darken
With change everlasting of life and of death.
Where hardly by noon, if the lulled ear harken,
It hears the sea's as a tired child's breath,
When hardly by night, if an eye dare scan it,
The storm lets shipwreck be seen or heard,
As the reefs to the waves and the foam to the granite
Respond one merciless word.

Sheer seen and far, in the sea's live heaven,
A sea-mew's flight from the wild sweet land,
White-plumed with foam if the wind wake, seven
Black helms as of warriors that stir not stand.
From the depths that abide and the waves that environ
Seven rocks rear heads that the midnight masks;
And the strokes of the swords of the storms are as iron
On the steel of the wave-worn casques.

Be night's dark word as the word of a wizard,
Be the word of dawn as a god's glad word,
Like heads of the spirits of darkness vizarded
That see not for ever, nor ever have heard,
These basnets, plumed as for fight or plumelless,
Crowned of the storm and by storm discrowned,
Keep ward of the lists where the dead lie tombless
And the tale of them is not found.

Nor eye may number nor hand may reckon
The tithes that are taken of life by the dark,
Or the ways of the path, if doom's hand beckon,
For the soul to fare as a helmless bark—
Fare forth on a way that no sign showeth,
Nor aught of its goal or of aught between;
A path for her flight which no fowl knoweth,
Which the vulture's eye hath not seen.

Here still, through the wave and the wind seem lovers
Lulled half asleep by their own soft words,
A dream as of death in the sun's light hovers,
And a sign in the motions and cries of the birds.
Dark auguries and keen from the sweet sea-swallows
Strike noon with a sense as of midnight's breath,
And the wing that flees and the wing that follows
Are as types of the wings of death.

For here, when the night roars round, and under
The white sea lightens and leaps like fire,
Acclaimed of storm and applauded in thunder,
Sits death on the throne of his crowned desire.
Yea, hardly the hand of the god might fashion
A seat more strong for his strength to take,
For the might of his heart and the pride of his passion
To rejoice in the wars they make.

When the heart in him brightens with blitheness of battle,
And the depth of its thirst is fulfilled with strife,
And his ear with the rattle of bolts that rattle,
And the soul of death with the pride of life,
Till the darkness is loud with his dark thanksgiving,
And wind and cloud are as chords of his hymn,
There is naught save death in the deep night living,
And the whole night worships him.

Heaven's height bows down to him, signed with his token
And the sea's death, moved as a heart that yearns,
Leaves up to him, strong as a heart half broken,
A heart that breaks in a prayer that burns.
Of cloud is the shrine of his worship moulded,
But the altar therein is of sea-shaped stone,
Whereon, with the strength of his wide wings folded,
Sits death in the dark, alone.

He hears the word of his servant spoken,
The word that the wind has servant saith:
Storm writes on the front of the night his token,
That the skies may seem to bow down to death,
But the clouds that stoop and the storms that minister
Serve but as thrall that fulfil their tasks;
And his seal is not set save here on the sinister
Crests reared of the crownless casques.

Nor flame nor plume of the storm that crowned them
Gilds or quickens their stark black strength.
Life lengthens and murmurs and laughs right round them,
At peace with the moon's whole breadth and length,
At one with the heart of the soft-sounded heaven,
At one with the life of the kind wild land;
But its touch may embrace not the strengths of the seven
Casques hewn of the storm-wind's hand.

No touch may loosen the black braced helmets
For the wild elves' heads of the wild waves wrought.
As flowers on the sea are her small green realmlets;
Like heavens made out of a child's heart's thought;
But these as thorns of her desolate places,
Strong fangs that fasten and hold lives fast;
And the vizards are framed as formless faces
That a dark dream seems to go past.

Of fear and of fate are the frontlets fashioned,
And the heads behind them are dire and dumb.

When the heart of the darkness is scarcely impassioned,
Thrilled scarce with sense of the wrath to come,
They bear the sign from of old engravings,
Thou peace be round them and strife seem far,
That here is none but the night-wind's haven,
With death for the harbor bar.

Of the iron of doom are the casquets caryen,
That never the rivets thereof shall burst,
When the heart of the darkness is hunger-starven,
And the throats of the gulfs are agape for thirst,
And stars are as flowers that the wind bids wither,
And dawn is as hope struck dead by fear,
The rage of the ravenous night sets hither,
And the crown of her work is here.

All shores about and afar lie lonely,
But lonelier are those than the heart of grief,
These loose-linked rivets of rock, whence only
Looks one low tower from the sheer main reef,
With a blind, wan face in the wild, wan morning,
With a live lit flame on its brows by night,
That the lost may lose not its word's mute warnings,
And the blind by its grace have sight.

Here, walled in with the wide waste water,
Grew the grace of a girl's lone life,
The sea's and the sea-wind's foster-daughter,
And peace was hers in the main 'mid strife;
For her were the rocks clothed round with thunder,
And the crests of them carved by the stormsmith's craft;
For her was the mid storm rent in sunder,
As with passion that wailed and laughed.

For her the sunrise kindled and scattered
The read rose leaflets of countless cloud;
For her the blasts of the springtide shattered
The strengths reluctant of waves back-bowed,
For her would winds in the mid sky levy
Bright wars that hardly the night bade cease;
At noon, when sleep on the sea lies heavy,
For her would the sun make peace.

Peace rose crowned with the down golden
Lit leagues of triumph that flamed and smiled;
Peace lay lulled in the moon—beholden
Warm darkness making the world's heart mild,
For all the wide waves' troubles and treasons;
One word only her soul's ear heard
Speak from stormless and storm-rent season,
And nought save peace was the word.

All her life waxed large with the light of it,
All her heart fed full on the sound;
Spirit and sense were exalted in sight of it,
Compassed and girded and clothed with it round.
Sense was none but a strong, still rapture,
Spirit was none but a joy sublime,
Of strength to curb and of craft to capture
The craft and strength of Time.

Time lay bound as in painless prison
There, closed in with a straight small space,
Never thereon as a strange light risen
Change had unveiled for her grief's fair face.
Three white walls flung out from the basement
Girt the width of the world whereon,
Gazing at night from her frame-lit casement,
She saw where the dark sea shone.

Hardly the breadth of a few brief paces,
Hardly the length of a strong man's stride,
The small court flowers—lit with children's faces
Scarce held scope for a bird to hide.
Yet here was a man's brood reared and hidden
Between the rocks and the tower and the foam,
Where peril and pity add peace were bidden
As guests to the same sure home.

Here would pity keep watch for peril
And surest comfort his heart with peace.
No flower save one, where the reefs lie sterile,
Gave of the seed of its heart's increase.
Pity and surety and peace most lowly
Where the root and the stem and the bloom of the flower,
And the light and the breath of the buds kept holy
That maid's else blossomless bower.

With never a leaf but the sea-weed's tangle,
Never a bird's but the mew's note,
It heard all around it the strong storms wrangle,
Watched far past it the waste wreck's float.
But her soul was stilled by the sky's endurance,
And her heart made glad with the sea's content;
And her faith waved more in the sun's assurance
For the winds that came and went.

Sweetness was brought for her forth of the bitter
Sea's strength, and light of the deep sea's dark,
From where green lawns on Alderney glitter
To the bastioned crags of the steeps of Sark.
These she knew from afar beholden,
And marvelled haply what life would be
On moors that sunset and dawn leave golden,
In dells that smile on the sea.

And forth she fared as a stout-souled rover,
For a league-long raid on the bounding brine;
And light winds ferried her light bark over
To the lone soft island of fair-limbed kine.
And her heart within her was vexed, and dizzy
The sense of her soul as a wheel that whirled:
She might not endure for a space that busy
Loud coil of the troublous world.

Too, full, she said, was the world of trouble,
Too dense with noise of the things of earth,
And she turned her again to replenish with double
Delight her desire of things of her birth.
For joys grow loftier in air more lonely,
Where only the sea's brood fain would be;
Where only the heart may receive in it only
The love of the heart of the sea.

It is a celebrated thought of Socrates, that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy would prefer the share they are already possessed of, before that which would fall to them by such a division.

Advice to Youth.

AN ELOQUENT ADDRESS BY M. RENAN ON THE VALUE OF LIFE.

Subjoined are some of the more striking passages from an address made by M. Renan to the pupils of the Lycee Louis-le-Graude in Paris:

Consider the life before you as a matter serious and full of responsibilities. But is that reason to regard you as less favored by fate than your predecessors? Quite the contrary, young people! Never say, as did those malcontents of whom the prophet speaks: "Our fathers have eaten sour grapes, and their children's teeth are set on edge." Your lot is fair, and I see a thousand reasons to envy it, not merely because you are young, and because youth is the entry upon an excellent thing, namely, existence: but you will see what we seek for restlessly; you will possess the solution of many a political problem about which we hesitate, because the facts have not yet pronounced themselves with sufficient clearness.

Your years forbid you to be cautious. Nobody is fearful about life when beginning it. A kind of blindness skillfully arranged by nature, present existence to you as a tempting booty which you burn to seize upon. Wiser men than you will warn you against the illusion which underlies your youthful ardor. They will tell you of disappointments; they will say that existence does not keep its promises, and that if people only knew what it was they took in hand, they would not have the naïf emprovement of your age. But I declare to you that is not my sentiment. I have traversed this life, which opens before you like an unknown and limitless land. I expect to encounter nothing much more in it of the novel; as its termination which seems to you indefinitely far off, is very near for me.

Well, with my hand on my heart, I say that I have found this life, which it is the fashion to calumniate, good, and well worthy the appetite which youth shows for it. The one real illusion of which you are guilty about it is to believe it long. No, it is short, very short, but even thus I assure you it is well to have existed, and the first duty of man toward that infinitude from which he emerges is to be grateful. The generous rashness which makes you enter without a shadow of regret upon a career, at the close of which so many enlightened folks aver they have found nothing save disgust, is really very philosophic after its kind.

Forward, therefore, with good hearts; suppress nothing of your ardor; that flame which burns within you is the same spirit which providentially spread through the bosom of humanity is the principle of its motive force. Forward, forward! say I; lose not your love and passion for living. Speak no evil of the boundless bountifulness from which your being emerges, and in the special order of individual fortunes bless the happy lot which has bestowed on you a generous country, devoted teachers, kind relations, and condition of development in which you have no longer to strive against the old barbarisms.

That joyous intoxication, then which springs from the weak complaints of the feeble hearted, is legitimate. Do not be ashamed to abandon yourselves to its influences! You will find existences full of sweet savor, if you do not expect from it what it cannot give. When people complain of life it is almost always because they have asked impossible things from it. Upon this believe wholly the teaching of the wisest there is but one foundation for a happy life, the pursuit, namely, of the good and of the true. You will be well

pleased with yourselves. A noble sentence is that which says: "Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven, and all the rest shall be added unto you."

On a similar occasion to this of to-day, but forty-three years ago, the illustrious M. Jouffrey addressed the following stern words to the pupils of the Lycee Charlemagne: "Our duty, to whom experience has unveiled the ultimate truths about the things of this world, is to announce it to you. The mountain's top of life hides from you its farthest slope; of its two sides you see but one, that which you are ascending; it is bright, beautiful, fragrant as spring time. You are not able as we are, to contemplate the other fall, with its melancholy aspect, its pale sunlight, and the icy river flowing at the bottom."

Well, my lads, I say no to all that. It is to mournful! The sunlight is never pale, though it is often veiled. Because a man grows old, has he the right to say that flowers have grown the less lovely, and the springtide less radiant? Are we, forsooth to grumble because we cannot live forever on earth? What rubbish is this, just heaven. Amidst all the flowers (and how sweet and fair that flower world is) only one seems to me without any charm. It is sickly, dry, stiff, withered, disagreeably glittering thing which gardeners wrongly call the "immortelle." I do not call it a flower. I prefer the bright and sweet rose, though it has the defect of fading away all too soon.

You will behold the twentieth century young scholars. Ah I confess I envy you that other privilege, you will see the unforeseen! You will hear what there was of solid and what of frail in our dreams. Be kind to us who preceded you. This poor old nineteenth century, which will be so well abashed, had good people in it faithful souls, warm hearts and heroes of duty. Generations as they follow each other are oftentimes unjust to each other. You are the nursery garden of the talent of the future. I fancy I descry amid you very critic who about the year 1910 or 1920, A. D., will sit in judgement on this age. I imagine I read, his indictment (permit me to indulge my idea): "What a sign of the times, what a complete reversal of all proper notions of things, to choose in 1883 for our President at the distribution of prizes, a man harmless enough, but the very last who should have been selected, &c., &c. He gave some good advice, but what feebleness, what lack of indignation against his times!" Thus, doubtless, will write the conscientious critic of the twentieth century, and perhaps he will not be far wrong; but do not let him forget to add how glad I was among you; how your marks of sympathy went to my heart and how the touch of your youth revived and rejoiced me.

A neat statement of the case was that made by a Western farmer who had tried to make a living on some of the arid government grants of the far West. Some one said to him: "That's a pretty good law giving a man 160 acres if he will live on it five years." "No such thing," said the other. "This is all there is of it: The government gets a man there, and then bets him a quarter section agin nothin' that he'll starve to death if he tries to live there five years. And Uncle Sam wins nine times in ten."

The property belonging to the Princeton Theological Seminary has grown greatly in the last quarter of a century. Its trustees report that investments made for its financial support now amount to \$1,015,695.95; the real estate and buildings at \$374,000. Total, \$1,398,695.95.

For the Irving Literary Gazette.

Time Lifts the Veil of Truth.

Living in a land of picturesque beauty, beneath sunny skies, the Greeks were famed for their refined taste, and their love and cultivation of the fine arts.

Although they did not emerge from barbarism until long after the Egyptians and Chaldeans (from whom they derived the rudiments of learning and art), yet, in a few centuries after, they attained such a degree of perfection as entirely to eclipse their master. They gave expression to the ideal, not only by mental manifestations in myth or fable, but in sculpture and painting. Their genius and skill were shown not only in the massive and magnificent creations of Phideas and Praxiteles, and the paintings of Apelles, Protogenes and others, but also in the beautiful engraving of gems.

Some of these, most beautiful in design and exquisite in workmanship, have been handed down to the present day. Among them is one representing Time lifting a veil from a fair young virgin, who is a personification of Truth. To this beautiful imagination of the artist we owe purpose giving a historic reality by noticing the many false theories which time has disproved, and the many true ones, though opposed by prejudice and false philosophy, which time has verified.

Astronomy, at an early day, claimed the attention of mankind, for in the book of Job, perhaps the oldest literary production, we read of Mazzaroth, the Pleiades, Orion, Arcturus and his sons; yet the idea of the heavens which were held were vague, confused and imperfect. The age of Crotona caught a glimpse of truth through the almost impenetrable veil, and asserted that the sun was the centre of the universe and the source of light and heat. But Ptolemy, who lived 600 years later, in reducing the earlier astral theories to a system, obscured the light which Pythagoras had shed, and taught that the earth was in the centre, and that the sun and planets revolved around it. His system was undisputed till the close of the 15th century, when Copernicus, having determined the revolutions and periods of the planets, overturned the Ptolemaic theory. Time thus lifted partially, at least, the veil of Truth in relation to the solar system, though a decree of excommunication from the Vatican was the reward of the discoveries by Copernicus, nor was the sentence annulled till 1821.

In 1610, by the discovery of the varying phases of Mercury, Venus and Mars, Galileo established beyond a doubt the motion of the planets around the sun and their dependence upon it, and thus confirmed the truth of the Copernican system. Yet when, in 1632, he printed his great work on the systems of Ptolemy and Copernicus, he was assailed by the mathematicians and ecclesiastics who maintained the theories of Ptolemy and Aristotle, his discoveries were received with derision and regarded as crimes, and he was forced upon his knees to renounce and abjure the great truths which he had demonstrated. Under surveillance as a prisoner, deaf, blind and infirm with age, this martyr of science, the "starry Galileo with his woes," lived on with the confident assurance that Time would lift the Veil of Truth, and future ages acknowledge his discoveries, and do justice to his memory. Nor were his hopes futile; the whole world admits the truth he asserted, and, in 1737, a magnificent monument was erected to him in Florence, beside that of Michael Angelo. The year he died, 1642, the great Newton was born. He received, as it were, from the hands of Galileo, the torch of philosophic enquiry,

and his investigations and discoveries have left little further to be known in relation to the solar system.

The theories of philosophers in relation to our earth were not less imperfect and contradictory than those they entertained in relation to the heavens, yet glimpses of the truth were at times obtained. The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle had with his mental eyes seen true visions of the world, and described it as a circle begirt by the strength of ocean. Eratosthenes and Strabo admitted the probability of its roundness, while Herodotus and others ridiculed the idea. Plato spoke of the Atlantis, and the Greek had their Hesperides and Islands of the Blest, in the western waste of waters. The poet Seneca, as if inspired, foretold that in later years a great land should be discovered, and the sea disclose new worlds. What had been a passing imagination with these, became an absorbing thought with Columbus. A careful examination of the works of different cosmographers, and a consideration of the roundness of the earth and its terraqueous character, convinced him it could be circumnavigated, and that by sailing west he could reach India, and must find some great extent of land to counter-balance the eastern part of the globe. Filled with the idea of discovering new lands, and carrying into them the lights of civilization and Christianity, he was a suitor at different courts and in the halls of nobles for means to prosecute a voyage of discovery. But he was regarded as an enthusiast and adventurer; his theories met with opposition, and a learned assembly of sages and ecclesiastics pronounced his enterprise vain and chimerical. As he passed along the street he met the smile of derision from those that esteemed themselves wise, and boys placed their fingers on their forehead, to indicate the presence of a crack-brained visionary. Yet, with a faith that never wavered, and an energy that never tired, he pursued his purpose till after eighteen years of poverty, neglect and contumely, the noble-hearted Isabella favored his enterprise, and from Palos, with three small ships, Columbus directed his western way across the wilderness of ocean. With vessels scarcely seaworthy, and poorly equipped, and timid sailors filled with vague fancies and superstitious fears, he sped on his course, undaunted by the dangers of the sea or the mutinous spirit of his men, till, on the evening of October 11th, 1492, along the dusky horizon he beheld a moving light, and when a light breeze lifted the mists of morning the great mystery of the ocean was revealed, and a beautiful island lay before them. Time had at length lifted the veil of Truth; his theory, which had been the scoff both of the lettered and the unlearned, was verified, and the discoverer of a new world was covered with imperishable glory.

Nor is it in natural philosophy alone that truth has had to contend for a long time with prejudice and false theories, but in physiology also, and medical science. When Harvey made known to the world his great discovery of the circulation of the blood, it met with most decided opposition from scientific men, but Time lifted the Veil of Truth, his discovery was acknowledged, and he was honored and rewarded by being appointed physician to two successive sovereigns.

When Dr. Jenner discovered a remedy for that scourge of our age, small-pox, in vaccination from matter obtained from the cow, he was decided as a great calf, and honored with the soubriquet of Dr. Scabb but investigation and experiment verified his discovery, and Time not only lifted the Veil of Truth, but opened the door to riches and honors. The University of Ox-

ford conferred a diploma on him; the Royal Society elected him a member; Parliament voted him £20,000 sterling, and several continental sovereigns sent him autograph letters, in which they acknowledged his talents and his services to the human race.

The power of steam was known at an early day, but centuries after, when it was thought it could be applied to navigation, the idea was regarded chimerical. Hulls tried it on the Thames with little success, and fifty years later Fitch tried it on the Delaware with no better results. He attributed failure to the imperfection of material and workmanship employed in the machinery, and with enthusiastic devotion continued to labor on and hope for success until death surprised him amid his efforts. Before his death he charged his friends to bury him on the banks of the Ohio, that he might hear the puffing of the engine and scream of the whistle on the steamboats that would in time plough its waters. Time has lifted the Veil of Truth here also. Fulton, Watts and Newcomer have perfected what Hulls and Fitch began, and floating palaces not only crowd the Ohio and our other rivers, but for more than half a century have traversed the great Atlantic and Pacific.

Some years ago a French painter conceived an idea that filled his head by night and by day. He could scarcely eat or sleep, so haunted was he by the chimera that he could fix the image of the camera. His wife, pale and troubled, waited upon Dumas, at the close of one of his lectures in the Sorbonne, to know whether the thing could be done, or was her husband mad. Yet time relieved the enthusiast from the imputation of madness by the great discovery of photography, an art which has contributed so much to human happiness, by preserving to affection the features of the absent and the dead—and Daguerre, who was thought to be mad, was made an officer of the Legion of Honor, and received an annuity of 6,000 francs from the French Chambers. But there was a problem more important than any to which we have referred—an inquiry which interested alike the simple and the sage: "If a man die shall he live again?" For hoary ages the infant of days and the man of centuries had descended to that undiscovered realm.

"From whence no traveler returns."

Speculation had indulged in vague fancies, philosophy had sent forth inquiry o'er the vast unknown of death; but it returned like the weary dove of the Deluge—without its having found a spot on which to rest its foot. The enthusiast dreamed, the Sadducee scoffed, and Love stood weeping at the tomb of buried affection with her passionate inquiry: "Oh! say do they love us yet?" but no answer came from the hollow caverns. Faint glimpses, however, as of the coming dawn of truth, appeared. Cicero beheld them amid the shades of Tusculum, and Plato in the groves of Academus; Job saw them and rejoiced. "I know that my Redeemer liveth and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth, and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet with these eyes shall I see God."

But time at last lifted the veil of Earth's greatest Truth, when, on Easter morn, the angel rolled back the stone from the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, and the "Son of Mary," rising from the dead, proclaimed our immortality, and planted forever the roses of Sharon amid the mosses of the sepulcher, and "because he lives, we shall live also." What that life beyond the grave may be, we know not; in what seas of heavenly rest the weary soul may bathe itself, we cannot tell; to what heights of knowledge it may aspire, we cannot conceive; nor can we imagine what revelations of glory may burst

upon us in that world of blessedness. Time alone can lift the veil that hides that future from our eyes. There are pleasures in the world, but to taste them is death. There are promises specious indeed to the sight, yet, like the apples of Sodom, but dust and ashes upon the lips of the unthinking who trust to them for happiness. There are couches of ease, but to repose upon them enervates the soul. There is a spell of music, but, like that of the Sirens, lures to ruin. There is a cup of luxury, but like that of the Circe, it intoxicates and maddens with its spell. There are gratifications, but, like the angel's scroll in the Apocalypse, though sweet to the taste, they afterwards turn to bitterness. Let us strive to distinguish the specious from the real, the false from the true, the evil from the good. Putting ourselves early and ever under the protection and guidance of Heaven, let us go forth with quiet hearts to meet whatever the future may bring, whether loftiness or lowliness of station, fame or obscurity, affluence or poverty, joy or sorrow; knowing that all things shall work together for good to them that walk uprightly. Time may not lift that veil, but when his palsied hand shall fall, and when the angel of the Apocalypse, with one foot upon the sea and the other on the land, shall lift his hand to Heaven and swear that time shall be no more.

When the heavens and earth are rolled away,
And there shall be no more sea."

Eternity shall lift the veil from those celestial glories, "which eye hath not seen nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive."

The following is, word for word, a copy of a letter found on our college campus by one of the boys, and handed to us:

"MY DEAREST DARLING: Too long have I waited to tell thee the feelings of my heart towards thee. Oh! Darling, I love thee. Would that I could embrace thy slender form in my most loving arms, and whisper into thy ears the unbounded love which lies in the depth of my heart! O, Dearest One! wilt thou still remain true to me? Wilt thou give to me thy whole heart, and thy beautiful hand, in order that I may attain that height of bliss superior to an angel? In all my dreams, in all my thoughts, in all my all, thou, Dearest Duck, art first. Hoping that the sentiments herein expressed may find a ready response in thy loving heart, I remain, thy true, faithful and fondest admirer and lover, H."

[The Editors would suggest to the author of the above that he is mistaken in his sentiments. What he considers love is only a slight attack of biliousness. We would prescribe a dose of castor-oil.]

The consumption of gold for other than monetary purposes in Europe, America and Australia has more than quadrupled in thirty years, and has quite trebled in twenty years. It is more than five times what it was half a century ago. The great mass of gold which has flowed from the mines has been absorbed in the same opulence and luxury of the times which have swallowed up the flood of gems, great in volume beyond any former precedent, from the diamond-fields of South Africa, and increasing prices will be quite as likely to whet the appetite for both as to check it. Five-sixths of the current production of gold is absorbed in the arts and manufactures in the Western world and in British India. A part of the remaining sixth is lost in the wear of coins and by fires, shipwrecks and forgotten hoards. What is left to increase the stock of gold money in proportion to the increase of population, exchanges and wealth of the world?—*North America Review.*

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MOORE & TODD, - - - EDITORS.

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When first Jehovah's mighty hand fashioned this strange "Homo," when first he placed within him a mind for his guidance and a soul for his enlightenment, he created within that mind a motive power to urge and goad him on toward renewed exertion and extended labor, a hope and desire to obtain some nobler end, and high and holy purpose. Never was there even created a listless blue-bird but what had its mission to perform its task to accomplish. Never was there a daisy that bloomed and withered by the country roadside but what had a message to impart, a tale to teach this plodding world. And every little mavis as he carolls amid the dews and damps of the morning his love song to our God, tells in tones so mellow and so resonant with beauty and eloquence that man has a higher destiny than to plod out his existence toiling in the weary ruts worn by the footsteps of his predecessors. It sings of the great beyond, of what this world should do to live. It tells in notes sublime that, in the mighty march of spheres and worlds above and of civilization and christianity below, we also must progress and advance or we, when too late to repair the error, will sing o'er the grave of our dead hopes and withered prospects "It might have been." To accomplish anything in this world, to raise ourselves out of the niche into which we have been cast by the Lottery of Fate, we must advance with the world and progress with its ideas, enlarge the capabilities of our minds to comprehend the many varying phases of human intelligence and mental culture and train our intellect by constant application to think for itself, to branch out into the world of thought and warning on its own dependance alone find for weal or woe. What is true in this instance for individuals is also correct for institutions.

The institutions in a country also must advance and take into consideration the needs of the times, appreciate the exigencies of the people and present to them the demands of a busy world. And that institution that neglects these wants and heeds not their warnings will languish and die as one who, in the full vigor of manhood's strength imbibes into his system a deadly poison and rejects the nutritious sustenance offered him, and with shattered constitution and emaciated figure, with gaunt and hollow form that gazes at us as a specter from the dead past sinks slowly into his tomb with the glare of a maniac in his eye and the

brand of a fool upon his forehead. These times are severely and intensely practical and things which are not practical in their tendencies are not in sympathy with the people and must slowly and gradually perish. This is a need that is not properly attended to and supplied in many of the colleges of to-day. We find them holding to the same curriculum that has been in vogue for many years past but which does not now meet the demands of the student. This is the objection of many to a college education. A boy goes to college and spends four years of valuable time and a deal of money and comes out with indeed a diploma but with no knowledge of the ways of the world, its customs and its laws, and is no better prepared, if as well, to earn a living and gain a livelihood than when four years before he entered the halls of college a verdant Freshman. Then as this is an objection just and reasonable how can we expect those colleges that adhere to this style of curriculum to prosper? They can not and the public will in time withdraw its patronage from an institution that perseveres in this line of conduct. What we need and must have is a change in the curriculum of our colleges. Take out the dull branches of fifty years ago and substitute some practical and useful studies and arts. Put more stress upon modern than ancient languages and literatures. Introduce some things that will enable a man when he leaves behind him the thoughts and habits of childhood and adorns himself in the garb and habiliments of a man, to run the race of life with safety and facility and not to grope his way along in the dark, to teach him to proceed boldly and with confidence and not be compelled to feel each step carefully lest he may encounter some obstacle which will interrupt and injure him. This is a matter that our colleges should heed and those that hear not the mutterings of the bursting storm and fly to a retreat of safety, must bear its fury and its lashings, must breast its turbulence alone and unaided and if they suffer as a consequence of their folly must take the result, profit by it in the future and be wise. What is especially needed in our college now is a course of lectures. It is a need that has long been felt and which can easily be supplied. Persons who will give unbounded satisfaction can be secured to give lectures at a very moderate amount. Think of it, Boys! We only give this latter as a subject for thought. We only had space to give the germ of what will be fully discussed in all its branches in our next issue.

THE EDITORS are now beginning to feel a little more comfortable since the "ice has been broken," and the GAZETTE ushered into another year's career by last month's issue. It was not without a feeling of misgiving that we crossed the threshold of the editorial sanctum for the first time and started on a ten months' revolution. But we are somewhat encouraged now, since we know that we can issue a paper, however imperfect it may be; and therefore strong in the belief that our readers will lenient in their criticisms, we beg leave

to submit another issue for their perusal.

But when we take up our pen to write the first question that presents itself is, "Why do we issue this paper?" For many years after the foundation of our institution no attempt was made to start a paper, which should herald abroad to the departed Alumni the news transpiring within the hallowed precincts of their Alma Mater; no effort was made to send forth a messenger to the friends of W. M. C. that might tell them of the success and prosperity of her whom they patronized; nothing was attempted whereby the trustees at a distance might know how she prospered, whom they so wisely governed; no enterprise was undertaken by which the student might express the thoughts crowded in his mind, and thereby learn, however limited the knowledge, to use his own Mother's tongue. After awhile, when these things became so evident, some attempts were made to start a paper, but after a few issues they proved unsuccessful and were discontinued.

Thus things were until the February of '81, when the GAZETTE first made her appearance and rocked in the cradle of infancy, but yet by the hands of those who knew how to nurse, she started upon her career of usefulness, which, we flatter ourselves enough to think, has been manifest to the institution from which she springs; and after three years of nurturing, she now presents herself, to call up pleasant recollections to our Alumni, and to tell to our friends the long strides of prosperity we are making. But far is it from our intention to make the GAZETTE a dispenser of pleasure and benefit to outside friends alone, for we have close at heart the welfare of those at present enrolled at college. But how shall we accomplish this end in view? It seems almost presumption for us, students as we are, to take upon ourselves the authority to counsel and advice, but we feel that all will take such advise in the same spirit in which it is given.

In the first place, let us be assured that we know exactly why we come to college. Surely our parents, some of whom work hard to satisfy their ambition to see their children educated, do not send them here to while away the time in the pursuit of useless sport or unprofitable work. Do not understand us to say that relief from study is not beneficial, for it is; but let us be certain that we are seeking the proper kind of relief. After a period of hard study the elastic frame and buoyant spirits of the boy do need some relaxation and exercise; then the pleasure of the gymnasium or the exhilarating effect of the base-ball game may be profitable. But for actual relief do not seek the quiet recesses of your room to con over the pages of trashy literature. The artificial excitement may run high and be strongly fascinating, yet in that very excitement and fascination lies the harm. At first the student is able to point out the defects and superabundant falsity of the whole thing, but after awhile he loses this ability, and is no longer alive to the absurdities, which at first appeared so evi-

dent. Then it is that his taste becomes vitiated, and he finds himself losing his desire for better literature.

Consequently, make it a point to cultivate good taste in literature. Commune closely with the best authors. No doubt at first you will find them a little dull until you have trained your mind to think as they thought, to feel as they felt; but this is only a question of time and close application, and can be accomplished. You may say that your studies will not permit you to devote much time to reading; but if you will only think of the many minutes, many hours, your unnecessarily throw away in other pursuits, you will find that you have plenty of time to spare for this employment.

Take some good poetical, historical, biographical or scientific work and spend an hour every day in reading it carefully and in endeavoring to make everything there is in it clear to your mind, and you will be surprised at your rapid improvement. Study the fervent poetry of Burns, the every-day sense of Shakspeare, the sublime imagery of Milton, the wise words of Carlyle, or the biography of our martyred Garfield, and you will find yourself unmeasurably benefitted. The words "well read" are not especially applied to a person who has walked in every path of literature, who has perused all books of all styles, and who always answers a conceited "Yes" to the question, "Have you read so and so?" Far from it; the qualification depends on whether you have read *well* what you've read. It is far more credit to you to have read only one book, and sought out every thing in it, than to say that you have read many, and yet be unable to describe what they relate. In the former instance, if the book be of the proper kind and you have an appreciative mind and good-principled heart, you will find yourself involuntarily partaking of the author's emotions, seeking out his style and peculiarities, criticising every thought he expresses, and thus deriving a lasting benefit; but in the latter case you have not time to study style, peculiarity, ease of expression, or anything of the sort, but read only for the sake of saying that you have read such and such a book. Then, students, first select carefully your book for perusal, then read it attentively, and the benefit you garner will more than satisfy you.

The University of South Carolina, at Columbia, has opened for the session with a larger attendance than at any opening since the close of the war. The same gratifying reports come from the other universities and high schools of the South, showing a growing interest in home educational institutions which promises to put them on a higher plane and a more secure financial basis.

LAUGHING.—Anatomically considered, laughing is the sensashun of peeling good all over, and showing it principally in one spot. Morally considered, it is the next best thing tew the Ten Commandments. Genuine laughing is the vent of the soul, the nostrils of the heart, and is jist az necessary for health and happiness as spring water is for a trout.

College Notes.

Ring the bell! O Brooks!

Prof. Reese has a tricycle.

S. D. Leech is now visiting friends in Westminster.

Prof. Simpson has been giving some very interesting lectures to the Sophomore class during the past week.

Miss Carrie Clayton, who would have been a Senior this year has been visiting at the College for a few days.

Miss Georgia Nichols of the class of '83 has been visiting some of her friends at College during the last week.

J. D. Showell, formerly a student at the Irving Institute, Tarrytown, N. Y., has enlisted in the ranks of Western Maryland.

The new boy has now become old, has joined society, and uses "college slang" with as much volubility as the old student.

We would suggest to those boys who indulge in Sunday night rides, behind our Vice-President's gallant pony, that they are apt to catch cold from dampness of night air.

C. B. Jarman, who would have been a Junior this year, has been visiting College for a few days. He is going to enter business with his father in Greensboro, Caroline county, Md.

The Sophomore Class has elected the following members as officers of their class: E. T. Mowbray, president; J. N. L. Hennman, historian; C. M. Grow, secretary; W. E. Roop, treasurer.

An innocent little "Prep" very politely asked a lady for her company not many evenings ago, but was rejected with the gentle but firm response, "You are too young." Try again.

The monthly "parlor night" has passed, and many are the dejected countenances and broken hearts resulting therefrom. Keep your courage up, boys, and you can try again after another thirty days.

The Athletic Club has elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, J. L. N. Hennman; Vice-President, F. McC. Brown; Secretary, H. H. Slifer; Treasurer, C. M. Grow; Sergeant-at-arms, S. J. Shriner.

One of our Juniors has given up riding his Latin and Greek pony, and now practices the equestrian art on a bicycle. We would suggest to him, if he desires to dispense with his pony, that he leave it in our hands for sale.

Yes! Ward Hall has another sensation. At any time during the day may be seen two real and living boys costumed in "knee breeches" and patent leather pumps. Bravo, boys! We are not far behind Oscar Wilde, are we?

One of our inexperienced Juniors was sweetly conversing with a young lady a few evenings ago, when his fair damsel was accosted by the old gent: "What are you doing out here, Emmy? You know I never let you go with boys. Come straight in church." The Junior, oh! where was he!

The past week has been one of unusual activity and excitement in the town. The "Albaugh Building," which for some months past has been gradually showing itself above the housetops, is now completed. Mr. Albaugh, the owner, strenuously exerted himself to make the opening a success, and we think succeeded wonderfully. The boys' reports for "out after ten" were numerous.

The Sophomore Class, headed by their President, visited the residence of Prof. Zimmerman, near our campus a few days ago and were, as usually, hospitably treated by him. After showing and explaining the apparatus, which they had given him, the Professor in a few well chosen remarks thanked them for the gift, and they departed not at all dissatisfied with their decision. The apparatus con-

sists of a Phonograph and a magnetic-electric machine.

The College Base Ball nine has again revived. On Saturday a week ago they fought their own enemies, the Westminster nine, but owing to the extreme inclemency of the weather were compelled to stop playing before the game was completed. Mr. Geiman, who owns the field adjoining our campus, has kindly given the base-ballers permission to play upon his grounds, and before long we hope to have a club worthy of a "foeman's steel."

The following are the new students enrolled for this scholastic year:—H. C. Stockedale, Finksburg, Md.; C. E. Stitely, Westminster, Md.; L. C. Stitely, Westminster, Md.; A. H. Zollickoffer, Uniontown, Md.; E. J. Stouffer, New Windsor, Md.; H. F. Goodwin, Westminster, Md.; T. E. Davis, Pittsville, Md.; H. W. Anders, Washington, D. C.; R. Gist, Westminster, Md.; R. Moore, Shure's Landing, Harford co., Md.; G. E. Turfle, Westminster, Md.; A. H. Geiselman, Westminster, Md.; D. Downing, Horsehead, Prince George co., Md.; H. G. Spurrier, Mount Airy, Md.; William P. Brooks, Woodberry, Md.; Walter H. Woods, St. Croix, Danish West Indies; Walter H. Brown, Uniontown, Md.; E. L. Bowman, Baltimore city, Md.; J. D. Showell, Berlin, Worcester co., Md.; T. H. H. Gardener, Reisters-town, Md. Misses, Lulu Bell, Georgetown, D. C.; C. D. Price, Lankford, Kent co., Md.; B. E. Boyd, Hancock, Washington co., Md.; M. A. Galt, Coppersville, Md.; A. B. Leister, Westminster, Md.; M. L. Thompson, Westminster, Md.; M. A. Forrest, Union Bridge, Md.; A. M. Bruce, Trappe, Talbot co., Md.; H. A. Steyenson, Hopewell, Somerset co., Md.; L. O. Stone, Mount Pleasant, Md.; A. E. Shriver, Westminster, Md.; M. H. Shriver, Westminster, Md.; M. E. Nichodemus, Buckeystown, Md.; B. E. Pollitt, Princess Anne, Md.; C. A. Engleman, Union Bridge, Md.

Personals.

We hear that Prof. R. L. Brockett is at present visiting his son-in-law, Prof. Ingle, in Salisbury, Md., where he probably intends spending the winter. Prof. Brockett was for many years the Professor of Physical Science in this institution, during which time probably no one of the faculty wielded a more beneficial influence over the boys whom he taught. He left behind him those who will always rejoice at his prosperity.

Rev. William A. Yingling, a former student (1868-'69) of W. W. College, who has for several years been an efficient minister in the M. E. Church in Ohio, his last charge being Findlay, is about to leave for Kansas, to recuperate his health. The Quarterly Conference of the church in Findlay passed highly complimentary resolutions concerning him as "a true, faithful, pure, prudent and exemplary Christian gentleman and minister of the Gospel." We sincerely join in the hope expressed by his parishioners, that his health may be speedily restored, and that he may long live to bless the community by his useful labors.

T. A. Myers, who was a last year's student, and a member of the Sophomore class, has entered his father's business at Union Bridge, Carroll county, Md. He informs us that he expects to renew his connection with us next year.

George F. Landers, a former student of college, during the summer vacation obtained the cadet scholarship to West Point Military School. He was successful in passing the strict examinations of that institution, and is now enrolled as a cadet.

We extend our best wishes to him, and sincerely hope that the life he has chosen may be agreeable to him.

Horace C. Cowan, who was a student of college last year, has for the past week been visiting us. He is stationed as pastor of the M. P. Church of Hebron, Den-wittie county, Va.

John M. Gill, a member but not a graduate of the class of '83, is now stationed at Harper's Ferry, W. Va., as a minister of the M. P. Church of that place. Mr. Gill is fast advancing in the liking of his parishioners, and is doing efficient work for the church to which he has connected himself.

College Modernism.

The college Commencement season excites more public attention every year, and the reason doubtless is that the college comes constantly more and more into sympathy with modern convictions, and places itself more in harmony with modern methods. This year general attention was concentrated upon the Harvard Commencement for two reasons: one was the omission to confer the Doctorate of Laws upon Governor Butler, which was a temporary excitement, and the other was the address of Charles Francis Adams, Jun., before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, which commanded serious attention.

Two years ago, at the centenary of the society, Weddell Phillips arraigned the college, or the educated class, for its moral timidity and avoidance of its natural public leadership. That memorable and powerful discourse will long remain one of the brilliant and valuable traditions of the society. For however it may have been criticised as too sweeping in its generalization, and too unqualified in statement, even to the point of injustice to the class which it denounced, it will long serve its undoubted purposes of making the college and the educated class for which it stands more watchful of its course and tendency, and more positively heedful of its natural and historical position in the leadership of progress.

Mr. Adams also arraigned the college, not like Mr. Phillips for its sluggish conservatism amid the great forward movements of the time and of civilization, but for failure in achieving its own especial object. His accusation was, in substance, that although the peculiar function of a college is to supply the highest education, yet our colleges to-day, and even Harvard, the oldest and in many ways the most admirably equipped of them all, is so wedded to ancient precedent that its course of study includes much that is useless to many if not most of those who must pursue it, and that its chief emphasis is laid upon branches which are but superficially acquired, and soon forgotten. With the lapse of time, argues the orator, the standards of education have changed. The proper studies for the youth of three centuries ago are unfitted for the youth of this century, yet the college still lays chief stress upon the antiquated curriculum, and the youth sees that the college course which his own age demands is of less actual honorable distinction in the college than the studies of an earlier time. Mr. Adams cites the study of the Greek language as a pregnant illustration of his position, and, himself in the fourth generation of a distinguished family of college graduates and of eminent men, he declares that it was of no service to them, and that he soon forgot all that he learned of it in college.

His criticism is not a vague general assault upon college studies. It is definite and precise. He is a college man, and not an iconoclast who strikes from a mean vanity and dull jealousy. He concedes the preference to the "classic" tongues. He

would not, nor in his opinion would "the modernists" as a class, desire that German and French should take the place of Greek and Latin in examinations for admission to college; he asks only that the preference of one should not be practically a prohibition of the other. The applicant should be required to pass in Latin and English, and in Hebrew, Greek, German, Spanish, or Italian as he may prefer, and if, selecting Greek, he can stumber and stagger through half a page of Xenophon and a few lines of the Iliad, let that suffice as now. But if instead of the Greek, he select a modern tongue, although no mercy be shown him in the examination, let him not be repelled contemptuously as now. The orator would not object to demanding two of the modern languages in place of the ancient, and an examination adequate to show that the applicant has command of them as working tools.

As he ended his clear and strenuous plea the worthy son of Harvard and of sons of Harvard might well have said, "If that is treason, make the most of it." But his demand was not a mere protest, it was the ripe and ripening conviction of many who heard him, and who feel that mere tradition has been too powerful in regulating the college course of study. The Phi Beta address of Mr. Adams was but another voice of the spirit which has within a generation changed the head of a college from an elderly clerical recluse to an active man of affairs. The change is symbolic and prophetic of that which he advocates, and which must not be mistaken as a demand for easier and more superficial studies.

On the contrary, his argument and that of "the modernists" is that nothing is more shallow, sloppy, and superficial than the present college study of Greek, and consequently nothing more ludicrous than the solemn assertion that it is an admirable intellectual discipline. Accuracy and thoroughness are indispensable in any method or pursuit which is to train the mental faculties. But these, he insists, are the fatal want of the college study of Greek, and it necessarily depletes instead of disciplining the intellectual powers. Those who are familiar with Mr. Adams's interest in what is called the Quincy system of common-school instruction know that he states the aim of that system to be accuracy and thoroughness. Its strongest criticism upon the ordinary system is that it neglects that very precision and clearness of apprehension which is the essential condition of really available knowledge.

This want of accuracy in education is illustrated in the vague and visionary apprehension of the most familiar facts and objects by school-children, as strikingly shown in a recent paper in the *Princeton Review*, by Professor Stanley Hall, one of the most thorough and accomplished living students of pedagogy. Of two hundred or two hundred and fifty school-children in Boston, twenty-one per cent. did not know the right hand from the left. Thirty-three per cent. did not know a chicken, and thirty-five per cent. had never observed the clouds.

The Quincy method, the investigations of the Pedagogical Society of Berlin and those which Professor Hall and others have stimulated in this country, and the Phi Beta orations of Mr. Phillips and of Mr. Adams, show that it is from the college that the progressive movement proceeds, and that it is educated men who purge and advance the methods of education. That such addresses are now delivered at Commencement is one of the signs of the fact that the closer the relation of the college to actual life, the more thorough and accurate will be its scholastic training, and the greater the respect and confidence in which it will be held.

The Home Fireside.

In ancient times the old Roman had his various gods, which he worshipped with all the piety and reverence of his heathenish nature. Every division of nature had its separate and distinct god, who, in his own kingdom, had a control only limited by the mandate of the god chosen to rule supreme. For mighty strength the ancient appealed to his Hercules, for control of the billowy deep he besought his Neptune, for a propitious harvest he invoked his Ceres, finally, for quiet, peace and contentment at home he adored his Penates, or household gods. And we, though living under the glorious enlightenment and blessed knowledge of one God, supreme and omnipotent, are still in a certain sense worshippers at the shrines of our daily idols; but to no one of these do we, in our modern days, show more sincere devotion than to that of household or fireside.

The rich, the poor, the high and the low, feel the fireside's happy attraction. When the day-laborer takes his way to his place of work, there to toil for a sustenance for his wife and little children, what pleasant memories hang around him! Like the storm-beset mariner gains encouraging hope from only a small blue oasis in the cloudy sky, and with this encouragement before him works on, clinging more steadfastly to the wave-tossed raft, so the laborer, amid his toils, troubles, privations and sorrows, can ever keep in his mind that one happy spot, where rest from all toil, freedom from all sorrow, bright hopes and innocent faces are ever found.

When the boy, whose life has been blessed by a mother's love and care, and whose character has been fashioned by her tender heart, has advanced to the age when he must battle with this cold, cold world, meet its disappointments, encounter its discouragements, and face its difficulties, often is the tempting wine cup pushed resolutely from his lips, and the voice of the whispering Satan left unheeded, by the thought of that happy fireside he has so shortly left; where he knows his aged mother now sits and gazes with passionate love and fond remembrance upon his vacant chair, thinking of the days gone, when he was a prattling child, sat there and entertained her by his boyish innocence. But if such a thought should not be strong enough to repel the tempter, let him but think of the consequence of yielding. We have to exercise our imagination but little to paint then the picture of that once happy fireside. The aged mother is there; the little brothers and sisters are there; the vacant chair is also there; but peace happiness and contentment can nevermore enter. The mother stoops low under the burden of her anguish, as she thinks of the once promising boy, now a slave to sin and a frequenter of dens of vice. The vacant chair seems ten-fold more painful to behold, and finally it is removed from its old place and its past occupant sits there no more. But few years pass before the mother's chair also is vacant, and she is laid to rest in her old age with a broken heart. Then it is that the fireside, with its once happy occupants, haunts him, and he prays fervently that the dead past may bury its dead, and reopen never. With such a picture passing through his mind, the young man is rendered stronger to brave temptations, and every allurements of the tempter he scorns, and blesses with fervor the recollection of that happy fireside.

The rich man is not even exempt from this phase of happiness. In the stern duties of his business he appears reserved and harsh, but could we pierce the gloomy mist that wealth and care of business throw around, we would in many cases find him

indulging in the sweet recreation of his fireside; his reserve thrown aside, his harshness gone, and freedom of action and gentleness governing all his movements. No prettier scene can be viewed than the business man returning from the cares of his office, and gathering his family around the fireside, there indulging in the purest happiness, participating in the frolics of his little children, or, with one on his back for rider and he himself playing the horse, finding delight. Such men can be considered as enjoying the purest blessing this earth affords.

A fertile imagination is not needed to inscribe attributes to the fireside's attraction. The lives of those men, who have lived to be worshipped as our heroes, and whose names still touch the chords of their country's heart and bring the response of unlimited gratitude, testify to the beneficial influence of the home fireside. Our Washington attributed his noblest qualities and his firm perseverance to the teaching of his honored mother, and Virginia's history tells us that at this time the family hearth was the place around which the family used to sit in the enjoyment of home; and there principles of the highest integrity and honor were instilled. We can easily see the mother, with America's future pride at her knee, telling him stories and pointing out to him in the life of some great man the noble characteristics of honor and duty. That the former remained imbedded in his heart time perceives, when he rejects the crown offered under the prompting of a country's gratitude. The latter the world recognizes when it sees the man competent but inconfident in himself, hesitatingly accepting the commander-in-chief of the American armies, yet leading them through all their privations and discouragements, meeting bravely want and need at Valley Forge, and crossing the ice-bound Delaware.

Our Garfield's life testifies loudly to his home's influence. His mother there taught her forest-born son traits of perseverance and reverence for God that clung to him amid all the vicissitudes of his life. As a canal boy, as his country's representative, and as her President, they remained with him and added still more to the love and adoration which his countrymen bore him. The home fireside has been the theme upon which many a poet has spent his cultivated and refined imagination. Our Longfellow inhaled his longest draughts of pleasure when sitting in the old library chair by the fireside, surrounded by a crowd of little children; and as though he would never let this cup of happiness pass from his lips, he says:

"I have you fast in my fortress,
And I will not let you depart,
But put you down in the dungeon,
In the round-tower of my heart.
And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
'Till the wall shall crumble to ruin
And moulder in dust away!"

However hard the cold man of the world tries to steel himself to pleasure, yet sometimes there comes peeping through his practiced haughtiness indications of a heart within still warm, when he looks upon the happy picture his fireside presents; and frequently it steals up through his mind during his daily work, even making him feel lighter at heart for having entertained such a thought. But yet how some people disregard the fireside's happy influence! Sometimes wealth forms the barrier which shuts out the jolly cracking of the yule log. Sometimes pride makes the hearth beyond which no bright sparks fall, but are smothered by its cold and damp.

Could the people around such firesides but see the poor, wandering orphan boy, as he looks eagerly in the window at the

cheery blaze and the lighted room, and perceive with what lingering steps he takes his slow departure away from the place to which he is shut out, their love for their fireside would no doubt increase, and their home be rendered much more pleasant thereby.

Many a poor laborer has been rescued from a suicide's fate by the thought of that happy fireside. Many a soul has been saved from eternal punishment by its influence. Many a worker has been added to the band under the Gospel's banner by its attraction. Many a son has lived to bless his aged mother through the means of the fireside. And let it be said in conclusion that for prevention of crime and intemperance, and the instilling of respect, intelligence and other noble qualities in the heart, the Home Fireside cannot be excelled.

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After Commencement, What?

It is an ungracious thing, perhaps, to tell the young men who are just emerging from college into what they vaguely call the world; that their education is by no means complete. In fact, if they have made the very best of their opportunities, they have only learned how to learn, and have yet to add wisdom to their learning by knocking against some very hard facts which are not catalogued in their philosophies. The farther an alumnus gets from his graduation day, the more clearly he sees that his education was but the varied substructure of his manhood—the pile-driving and puddling upon which the foundation stones were to be laid. The college faculty, as wise master-builders, have done the best they could. "But let every man take heed how he buildeth thereupon."

The future is every man's personal responsibility, and the graduate who expects that the world is going to open its arms to him and coddle him with sugar-plums is pretty sure to be disappointed. A class that has been out of college twenty years can demonstrate this in its own experience. Youthful brilliancy has counted of almost nothing. The college diploma has not been a passport to special favor, much less to success. Every man who has made his mark in any line of work or thought, has done it through his wisdom in building upon the foundation that was laid. In many cases the foundation does not even appear above the surface; but it is worth having, and the superstructure is the stronger and more beautiful for it. The attempt to mark out one's path in advance is half the time a failure. Unforeseen circumstances, unexpected developments of taste and talent will appear, which will lead into strange paths. Perhaps there is no sphere in life where the "Divinity that shapes our ends" is more apparent than in the life of a young man of education; and President Steeley's advice, that each should be content with his providential lot, and seek to follow and not oppose the manifest destiny of his life, is as profoundly wise in the social and material as in the religious aspect of the case.

Mr. Robert G. Ingersoll, in a letter in favor of opening places of entertainment in Washington on the Sabbath day, says: "Nothing can be more perfectly hateful than the orthodox Sunday." We have no doubt that the "orthodox Sunday" is hateful to that class of men who hate religion and everything else that tends to remind them of their duty to God. For the same reason godly men are hated by the wicked, their very presence being reproof to folly and crime. Even so Christ said: "Ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake."—*Criterion*.

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Eli Perkins on Old Greek Wit.

Two-thirds of the fun that happen in this world is spoiled by the men who try to write a description of it. The attempts at wit and humor in our school and college rhetorics are enough to make the student want to kill himself. Even our translations of the wit and humor of Greece and Rome are so wretchedly done that the jokes are butchered.

To-day I have been reading the old jokes of Æschines, Diogenes, Plato, and Aristippus in the original Greek. I find their wit, instead of being insipid, as the translators make it, can be rendered as bright and laugh-provoking as our modern fun. Aristippus, a pupil of Plato, and afterwards a brother teacher in Athens, seems to have said the brightest thing. For example:

THE SHODDY FATHER.

A rich Athenian brought his stupid son to Aristippus one day to have him educated.

"How much will you charge to make my boy a scholar?" he asked.

"How much?" mused Aristippus, as he put his hand on the boy's head. "How much? Why, 500 drachmas."

"Five hundred drachmas!" exclaimed the shoddy father. "Why, that's too dear. Why, with 500 drachmas I can buy a slave."

"Then go and buy him," said Aristippus, "and you'll have twins. You'll have a pair of 'em."

ARISTIPPUS ON DIONYSIUS.

On another occasion Aristippus went to Dionysius, then the ruling monarch of Greece, to borrow some money.

"What! you want money, Aristippus?" exclaimed Dionysius. "Why, you philosopher, you always maintain that a wise man never really wants anything."

"Never mind about our philosophy," said Aristippus. "Just lend me the money and we'll talk about philosophy afterwards."

"Well, here's fifty drachmas," said Dionysius, handing him the money.

"All right," said Aristippus, as he counted the money. "Now, you see I don't want anything. Good morning, Dionysius!"

HOW THEY USED UP A BOASTER.

On one occasion, when Athens was running to muscle instead of brains, Sinon, a swell young athlete, came to Aristippus and others and commenced boasting about his muscle.

"I tell you, sir," said the boasting Sinon, "I can swim farther than any man in Athens."

"And so can a goose," said Aristippus.

"Yes, and I can dive deeper than any man in Greece."

"And so can a bull-frog," said Diogenes.

"And, more than that, I can kick higher than any man in Athens, and——"

"And so can a jackass," interrupted Æschines.

"And more than all of these, everybody says I'm the handsomest man in Athens."

"And so is a brass statue—a hollow brass statue—and it has neither life nor brains," said Aristippus.

These witticisms are as good as we see in our daily newspapers, and yet the translator has always spoiled them.

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