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Poetical.

"MY LOVE AND I."

Written for the Irving Literary Gazette,
BY A STUDENT.

We wandered along the Monocacy,
And never a word said I;
Hand in hand and side by side,
In the twilight, my love and I.

The sun sinking low in the West,
Proclaimed that night was nigh;
The owl hooted from its nest,
But on we wandered, my love and I.

The croaking frogs and pollywogs,
With voice low and high,
All the while our path beguiled,
As still we wandered, my love and I.

The moon saw something, but what,
Never will she tell, nor I;
Katie did it as we wandered
In the moonlight, my love and I.

Some say that Katie didn't,
But what in the world care I;
The moon she saw what Katie did,
As we wandered, my love and I.

My arm was around her waist,
And love shone from her eye;
But what she did I mustn't tell,
In the twilight, my love and I.

What Katie did and Katie didn't,
The world may live and die,
And never know, unless, indeed,
We should tell it, my love and I.

With her arms around my neck,
She gave a long-drawn sigh;
And planted a kiss upon my lips,
As we wandered, my love and I.

So now it's out what Katie did,
But then we will not cry,
It doesn't matter in the least,
For we are married, my love and I.

For the Irving Literary Gazette.

FLOATING.

Floating, floating down a turbid river,
Sailing on, no lagging, James,
Quick as flies a weaver's shuttle,
Flying, darting e'en more speedily,
Swift as a rapid current
Life, as ripples, glides fast away.
Stopping never the fog-robed river,
Chasing as the mist-veil'd Thames,
Rent the vesture in its scuttle,
Sleeping, resting e'en so cloudily;
Mist, grey dress of foggy fluent,
Life, vapor's dreams too pass away.
Fleeting the ephemeral river;
Starting on ebon rolling Haines,
Night, as bright star rays twinkle,
Shining, glim'ring, staid not shadily,
Spent soon those rays effluent;
Life e'er west twilight steals away.

ANONYMOUS.

The poet Longfellow is credited with the following story: A Parisian once remarked to him that there was one American word that he never could understand or find in any dictionary. "What is it?" inquired the poet. "Thaeldo," was the reply. "I never heard of the word," said Longfellow. Presently a servant came in to replenish the fire. After putting on a little fuel Longfellow remarked to him, "That will do." "Ha! exclaimed the Frenchman, "that is the very word which has troubled me.

For the Irving Literary Gazette.

The Union of the Central American Republics.

PIERE AUMERLE.

Washed by the waters of the Caribbean sea, battered by the surges of the Pacific; extending from the Hondo and gulf of Tehuantepec on the north to the Chiriqui and gulf of Dulce on the south is a large territory.

Fixing one leg of the compasses at Tegucigalpa, a circle is described across which lie in broken outline the two hundred and twenty thousand square miles of the Central American Republics.

Here where the smoking mountain raise their belching craters to the sky; where the rapid rivers pour their torrents into the ocean; where the placid waters of lakes Nicaragua and Leon reflect the midnight star live 3,000,000 of people.

Not withstanding their many advantages these states present the spectacle of Liberty standing supine while at her feet lie the fragments of her broken balance. But Liberty without her balance is anarchy. To revive the drooping spirit of Liberty here the union of the Central American Republics is necessary.

The time was when these Republics were united. During their colonial period a quasi-union existed. Not until the inquisitorial grasp of Spain had been torn from the throats of the Toltecas was the Confederacy of 1824 formed with Manuel Jose Arce as first President of the Republic. Then the word union thrilled the breast of the Central American. It rose and swelled like the song of the mocking-bird at day break but died away in an echo at the approaching storm. Contending factions and clashing petty interests dissolved the Confederacy. The ghost of the departed Confederacy haunts the ruins of Huehuetlapallan and Palenque. Since the rupture several futile attempts at union have been made.

To-day the Central American Republics are not united. Internal strife is not the only cause of separation. Lack of institutions, or a body of laws, usages or the like having within themselves the power of organization and perpetuity are potent factors in the solution of this problem. The institutional character of England and the United States enabled them to pass unharmed through the scenes of 1848 while the European nations were drunken men. Nor is the want of this keystone in the arch of a stable government all.

Composed of Spaniards, Indians, Chinese, French, and other nationalities the population is a kaleidoscope without beauty or symmetry.

Over this people hangs the pall of superstition and ignorance. Nine percent only of the inhabitants are educated. Deficiency in the bulwarks of education leaves these nations, as well as other powers, open to disintegrating influences.

The analogue of the family, government to be good requires purity in the domestic and social relations. Impurity has blotted many names from the book of life. Corruption has wiped many nations from the earth. Room for improvement in these

matters can be found here as well as elsewhere.

Not the least of the alienating causes is religion. That religion, whose God is the Lord, is the trap-rock in the foundation of every firmly established government. Roman Catholicism is the state religion, but Protestantism is tolerated. While "She (the Roman Catholic Church) may still exist in undiminished vigor, when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge, to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's," yet the Catholicism of the Central American Republics is the trappings of the dead ghost of the Middle Ages.

Notwithstanding all these disunion elements "God, Concord, Liberty" must again be the motto of the Central American States. For their own good these Republics must be united. Since 1820 frequent wars have marked the history of these Republics. In a majority of cases the benefits of war are doubtful. Where wars are an often occurrence they are positive evil. At almost anytime peace is preferable to war. With interests so closely related as are those of these states, peace is exceedingly desirable. If history may be trusted, then the harbinger of peace is union. If, in the past, peace was effected by union is it not only possible but also probable that a similar result would again attend union? But if it is not only possible but also highly probable that union would bring peace is not union advisable?

Federation would be conducive to prosperity. With a common cause to maintain; a common purpose to accomplish; a common center to rally round, petty strifes and personal animosities would be absorbed in the desire for the general welfare. Relieved of the fear of a foe, from without or within, a country's resources will be much more developed. A foreign foe depends largely on external causes. Internal conflicts may be avoided by union. Consequently concord would foster prosperity; because, while hostilities with alien powers would still remain dependent on extraneous causes, intestine war would be averted by making each state part of a whole. The silver stand of peace twined with the golden strand of prosperity form a fitting girdle for Liberty.

Enlargement of liberty would follow union. Fundamentally God instills in man the principle and desire for good. Liberty is a good. But where there is no law there is no liberty, since there every man is a law unto himself and anarchy necessarily results. Even in barbarous times some laws were requisite. Liberty arises when certain laws for government are laid down; these laws not coercing but protecting the people and coming from them. Experience shows that political unions are most contributive to the administration of law. Now the just is the basis of political union as the inherent and eternal nature of things is the basis of morals, or the conception of the beautiful forms the basis of the design of the Cathedral of St. Paul. But in the political sense at least the just is simply a modification of liberty, which is the vital principle in political organization. Supposing, as a matter of course, the laws of a

land to be wholesome, their proper execution is protective of the rights and liberty of the people. If the equitable administration of law is shown by the facts of experience to be achieved most successfully by political union, then by such union the rights and liberty of the people are best obtained. Hence, if liberty be procured for a few in union, then surely where there is such harmony of interests it will be more certainly secured by the union of the whole. It is, therefore, reasonable to conclude that the union of the Central American Republics will promote their liberty.

The good of the continent likewise requires their union. Commerce demands a canal between the Atlantic and the Pacific. A strong united government here would keep the control in American hands where it really belongs; and no outside force would be needed to guarantee an open passage. Our highly prized Monroe Doctrine would gain thereby a strongly ally. Waving the consideration of this doctrine, it is to be noted that in consequence the weighty responsibility of other American powers not only would be relieved, but these Republics would secure their inherent rights and interests; for the people through whose domain this canal will run are its natural defenders.

Aside from purely commercial considerations the near association of kindred governments gives a strengthening tendency to each. The establishment of a union here would be in this line, since all, or nearly all American powers are republics, or are republican in form.

Danger from foreign intrigue would be lessened. This would be a blessing since intrigue may lead to war. Even war in a territory about the size of Texas makes the world's pulse feverish. This is on the principle that the speaker puts in motion every particle of air in the audience chamber, and the universe trembles at the blow of a pebble. War is civilization's bane. Whatever lessens the chance of war is in the interest of civilization. The influence of union would be the diminution of the probabilities of war, and it would be, therefore, in behalf of civilization. Consequently, if a union of the Central American Republics would promote their own welfare and the best interests of the American continent, then that union, if not absolutely necessary, is at least very desirable.

Recent events in Central America make the prediction of the federalizing of these states not quite so Quixotic as it might seem at first. The fact of a former union is a ground of hope for a future union. A movement in that direction was lately tried. But Barrios failed. The method he employed was impolitic. Some cause, however, existed for this agitation. Is it not probable that a desire for a more stable government, which will only come with union, was the cause?

Paradoxical as it may seem, the causes which overthrew the old confederacy will reunite them. This may not be until many a Barrios has fallen. But there still remains some of the old spirit of the Quiches who could conceive the heroic and sublime plot of Utatlan.

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NOW.

"Now is the accepted time."
"There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at its flood, leads on to fortune."
"In hoc momento vinces."

Man, by his very nature, seems given to wasting his resources. He wastes his strength, his talents, his property, his powers for good to himself and others, nay, even his very life itself, as if they were of no value, and he was not accountable to God and his fellow-man for their right use. But of all things ever wasted by this wasteful race, time, the most valuable of all our earthly possessions, time, that jewel so rare, so precious, that once lost it can never again be found, is the one thing for whose preservation we show the least care. Yet, as if to warn us of its great value, and the danger of wasting it, it is granted to us in only a single instant at a time; an instant which we call now. What, then, is now? An infinitesimal point between the past and future; a bridge of hair dividing the mighty gulfs of two eternities. The past, what is it? It was, and is no more; it is gone forever, its record fixed and unalterable as the law of God. The future is not yet, is unknown; who then can reveal its secrets? What is to-morrow? A glittering rainbow, seeming so near as almost to be in our grasp, yet, like an ignis fatuus, ever flying as we approach, drawing us on and on, a fatal guide, until in the darkness of procrastination, we are swallowed up in the sluggish mire of indolence and sloth. To-morrow! there is no such thing! It is but a phantasm, a delusion of the mind, conjured up by the idler's brain, to excuse himself when shrinking from his plain, though perhaps unpleasant duty. O, beware, lest any such idea should enter your minds, that you safely put off until another time what you can and should do now. When to-morrow arrives, it is already now—or else it is never. The past is dead, the future yet unborn; the present lives, is ours; then let us use it. Let us use it, I say, for even as I write the fitting moment is gone, lost in the ever encroaching ocean of the past. It is dead, but let no regrets be spent over it, for naught can ever restore it to us.

Then have you ought of duty to do? Do it now. Have you any opportunity for benefitting yourself, and doing good to your fellow-man? Take it now. Have you any noble impulses or lofty aims, any desire to make the world better for your having lived in it, and yourself the better for having lived there? Then up and be doing, for there is no time to spare for sitting down and building castles in Spain, while the moments glide away from you forever.

But one may say "I have nothing to do." Nothing to do? Then why is so much in the world undone, because there are none to do it? Awake, and look at the world around you, and look within at your own mind and heart, and see if you cannot find quite enough to do. Reflect for a moment if you have ever done all you could. Until you are spotless in mind and heart, there is much work, more than lies in mortal power to do; yet while one duty, to yourself, to others, or to your Maker, remains undone, say not that there is time for idleness; for every idle moment, an account will be required of you.

"But a man must have some leisure." Granted. It is a law of our nature. But who has the most true leisure? The punctual and diligent, while the procrastinator must be always chasing his duties, to keep from being distanced by them, and is harassed by duties unperformed, when the other is done and resting. "How then lighten an irksome duty?" By doing it, and doing it now. The longer we delay,

the greater its difficulty. Then let us do our best, for that is all we can, and do it now.

The path upward and onward has always been steep, rough and slippery, but in this age of ours it is more so than ever. In this nineteenth century, when every avenue of life is teeming with activity, when competition is more intense than ever before, when hundreds rush to fill every vacancy, there is a great necessity for promptness and activity. There is no time now for idleness. We cannot fold our hands lazily and wait for help; we must work our own way, and carve out our own futures. Let us not think that we were put here to thrive on doing nothing; we are not here to play, but to work, not to waste our time and talents, but to use them for those ends to which God gave them to us.

Now, then, is the time to prepare for this; when we are young, when body, mind and heart are fresh and active, when every faculty is vigorous and growing, let us haste and make ready. Let us take this tide at its flood, lest it leave us stranded forever. Youth is but for a few brief years, swiftly they fly, soon are they gone. Let us use them well while they last, lest when they are gone forever, and age has come upon us, we shall look back in vain but bitter regret upon a wasted life, now forever beyond recall.

Let us not halt then on the road, peering into the past and future. The one is gone, then let it go. The other is not come, and is hidden; do not pry into it. The present has enough in its brief space for all. Let us work therefore while we may; let us do our duty now while we can; for we know not the hour when the account of our time will be required of us. Let us act, I say, in the present, and leave the future in the hands of God.

For the Irving Literary Gazette.

Luther—the Man and His Work.

Martin Luther, the grand central figure of the Reformation, was the oldest child of Hans and Margaret Luther, humble peasants, residing at Eisleben, a village of Saxony. At the time of his birth their poverty was extreme, but with heroic self-denial, and untiring effort, they determined their son, who gave early promise of remarkable ability, should receive a classical education. At the age of six, when most American children scarcely know the alphabet, young Martin could read and write fluently; but the recollection of his early schooldays can hardly be called happy, as he was treated with uncalled for severity, and was flogged by the master fifteen times in one morning. He continued at this school in Mansfeldt, (where his parents moved soon after his birth) until his fourteenth year, at which time his father's circumstances improved to such an extent that he was enabled to send him away from home to school, first to Magdeburg and afterwards to Eisenach. Here a happy change awaited him, for he became a member of the Cotta family; and thus exempt from want and care, his religious impressions deepened, and his thirst for knowledge became more intense.

The swift and happy passage of four years brought the young man to the beginning of his university career at Erfurth. At the age of twenty the degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon him, and then, by the advice of his friends, seconded by his own ambitious desires, he commenced the study of law, which was then, as it is now, an avenue to celebrity and wealth. His advancement in his studies was most marked, while by his cordial and genial manner he won alike the hearts of students and instructors. One day—after having

been at the University for two years—he was attracted by the antique aspect of a mouldy and cobwebbed volume. Upon investigation he found it to be a Latin Bible, the first he had ever seen. He read and reread it with ever increasing interest, returning at every leisure moment to learn more of this most wonderful book.

His conscience became partially awakened and he began to realize he lacked "the one thing needful." A severe illness, the assassination of a beloved friend and a violent thunder storm awoke him to the consciousness of his lost condition. Feeling his soul in jeopardy, he determined to abandon the study of law and qualify himself for the priesthood. Without his father's consent, in spite of the expostulations of his fellow-students, he entered the convent of the St. Augustinian monks in Erfurth, on the 17th of July, 1505.

The first years of his monastery life were ones of hardship and trial. He gave himself up to a life of abstinence and prayer, endeavoring to become holy by works of righteousness. He was grievously disappointed by his failure to find peace, and he learned by bitter experience during his residence in the monastery the utter heartlessness of the religion of popery.

Through the council of the devout Stanpitz he placed his trust in the Rock of Ages, and peace and tranquility filled his tempest-tossed soul. At the age of thirty-four Luther had been ten years a priest. For five years he was the professor of philosophy at the celebrated University of Mittemberg, and for the same period professor of theology. The degree of Doctor of Theology had been conferred upon him, and his reputation as an orator and divine had become widespread. At this time the sale of indulgences was resorted to by Pope Leo X., as a means of raising money to complete the Church of St. Peter at Rome. John Tetzel, an unscrupulous Dominican monk, was most active in this traffic. Luther's soul was filled with indignation when he first learned of this fraud imposed upon the people, and his expressive though not very elegant exclamation was—"God willing, I will make a hole in his drum."

He found his earnest appeals to the authorities of the Church and State ineffectual to stop this infamous procedure, so he resolved upon an act of moral heroism engirt with peril, for God's time had come, and Luther was His chosen instrument in this work of Church reform. He prepared a paper containing ninety-five distinct but connected propositions, in which he maintained that men were justified by faith, and the forgiveness of their sins came through the blood of Christ, and not the indulgences of the Pope.

The excitement and condemnation caused by his famous theses startled without appalling him, for he still thought he would be allowed to follow his own conscience in regard to his preaching, without a direct collision with the Latin hierarchy.

When his theses were burned, because they were diametrically opposed to the teachings of Catholicism, and he was commanded to appear before Cardinal Cajetan at Ausburg, he displayed his dauntless courage and refused to make any retractions unless convinced by the word of God he was in error. After this interview he burned the papal bull of excommunication, surrounded by the students of the University and sympathetic friends, and by this act severed all connection with the Church of Rome.

In the year following (1521) Luther was summoned by Emperor Charles V. before the Diet of Worms, to answer to the charge of heresy. To the tearful entreaties of his friends to save his life by flight, he courageously replied—"I will go to Worms,

even if I should encounter as many devils as there are tiles on the houses." During the two weeks he was journeying towards the German city he preached at several villages, his words stirring the hearts of his hearers, and producing radical changes in the hearts of many. As he came in sight of the spires of Worms he arose in his chariot, and, in a clear, sweet voice, sang "Ein Feste Burg ist unser Gott," which has truly been called "The Marseillaise of the Reformation." Most of his hymns, and he wrote many, breathe the same spirit of courage and confidence in God as this, which for four hundred years has borne the name of "Luther's Battle Hymn." Strengthened by earnest and long-continued prayer, he appeared before the imposing assemblage, a lone man against two hundred and four persons of rank and fame. Bravely, though modestly, he acknowledged the authorship of the works placed before him, and refused most positively to apologize or recant. His famous reply to Dr. Eck, the Archbishop's officer, who gave him a final opportunity to retract, electrified the entire congress.

The result of this conference was an edict of Charles V., publicly proclaiming the sentence of excommunication by secular officials, and prohibiting both his sermons and writings. Alarmed by this, his friends concealed him in Wartburg Castle for ten months. Here he wrote numerous tracts and hymns, also beginning the translation of the Bible into the German language. This it took him twenty-three years to complete, and it was by far his most important work. It was of almost incalculable value to the German people, assisting immensely in the spread of the Reformation, and proved his vigor of character and his resources of intellect to undertake such a momentous work at a time of bodily peril.

The translation cost him much trouble, as he tried to use as much as possible words in familiar use, and he succeeded to such a degree that, in spite of its many inaccuracies and obscure passages, it still remains in use in the schools and churches of Germany at the present time. Greatly to the surprise of his friends, about this time Luther, at the age of forty-two, married an ex-nun, Catherine Von Bora, which was an act of boldness equaling the burning of the papal bull.

The union was a most happy one. His character lost much of its ruggedness in his wife's society, and his home was always a haven of rest where he could turn, sure of sympathy and affection when harassed by doubts and wearied by contention. And here it may be aptly remarked, though he was "rough, boisterous, stormy, and altogether warlike" in public life, he was social in his disposition, a lover of poetry and music, an affectionate husband and father and a constant friend. He had an unfeeling delight in music. Of it he said—"Music is a gift and present of God. Through it one forgets all wrath, impurity, superciliousness and other vices. After theology I give to music the next place and highest honor." Although his writings were multitudinous, and their sale immense, owing to a conscientious scruple he could not be persuaded to accept any money for his manuscripts, so his circumstances for some years after his marriage were most straitened. But instead of being cast down by the many vexations poverty brings, this monk of indomitable will exclaimed—"If the world will not support us for the sake of the word, let us learn to support ourselves by the labor of our own hands." So he earned his bread for a time by turning, gardening and clock making. Possessing that love of nature which enabled him to understand her "various languages," he experienced unbounded pleasure in his

garden. Like Burns, even the sight of a mountain daisy unsealed the fountains of his nature, and the commonest things became to him an Aaron's rod, blossoming with life and beauty. Every object brought to his mind some pleasant thought or allegory. A grain of barley, a branch of a tree loaded with cherries, a little bird settling itself for the night, all awoke higher aspirations, and let him to return thanks to the bountiful Giver of every good and perfect gift.

His greatest happiness was in his family, and never does he appear to a better advantage than in his domestic character.

Much of the ruggedness of his nature was due to the times in which he lived, while the work he had to do demanded energy, and even vehemence; but in his private life he was gentle and affectionate to a degree.

One of Luther's principal characteristics was his great courage. His life was spent amid excitement and danger, but he never faltered, and was always ready to sing "A might stronghold is our God, a sure defence and weapon." This confidence sustained him to the last, and when, at the age of seventy-three, after fourteen years of bodily suffering, he realized the time of his departure was at hand. He experienced no fear to cross the Valley of the Shadow of Death, but trustfully commended his spirit into the hands of the Saviour whom he had so earnestly loved and fearlessly confessed.

Four centuries have passed since the great reformer was laid to rest in the castle church at Wittenberg, beneath that pulpit from which his eloquence had so often startled the German nation.

In spite of the lapse of ages, his name is still revered by millions of hearts as one of the greatest benefactors of the human race.

He did not belong to the fifteenth century, but to all time; "he was not them in-ister of a city, or of a land, but of the whole world"

A monument of brass has been erected to his honor in a country that was scarcely heard of in his life, and generations yet to come will look upon his name with love, and with the reverence due to one who freed the church from the bondage of superstition and error.

Eulogies have been written in his praise, and statues have been erected to perpetuate his memory, but

"Nothing can cover his high fame but Heaven;
No monument set of his memories
But the eternal substance of his greatness."

Why Dickens Left His Wife.

James A. Siddons in the Chicago Tribune.

The real cause of Dickens's separation from his wife has never been made public, but it was pretty well known to his intimates. Buckstone, of the Haymarket Theater, said: "It was was all the fault of Mrs. Dickens." Chapman (the publisher, of Chapman & Hall) simply observed, in reply to my inquiry. "They were unfitted for each other." But Mark Lemon was infuriated; he, the closest intimate, said: "Dickens was a scoundrel, and Mrs. D. had been taken under Mrs. Lemon's protection." The secret was revealed on the publication of Dickens's will. The first bequest is £1,000 to Miss T—— (Ternan), the daughter of a worthy woman and distinguished actress. It seems that Dickens, who had sent her to Italy for musical education, became enamored of the girl, and she bore him three children. Nothing more need be said.

Prof. in Systematic Theology: "Where is the lesson to-day, gentlemen?" Student: "It begins at good angels and goes to the devil."

I'll Call To-Morrow.

It is never quite safe to be churlish or impolite. A Boston manufacturer once lost some extensive orders from Russia by want of attention to visitors; and the following incident, said to be literally true, is told of a Philadelphia trader, who subjected himself to great mortification by impoliteness to Washington Irving. He had been much annoyed by idle calls, and became a little crusty.

About this time the owner was one day standing in his door, when up came a rough looking man, in a well-bundled overcoat, wearing coarse, unpolished boots, and carrying in his hand a whip, who thus accosted him:

"Good day, sir. Are you the owner of this establishment?"

"Well, I am," replied the other, with a look which seemed to say, "now you want to try it don't you?"

"Have you any fine carriages for sale?" inquired the stranger, apparently not heeding the boorishness of the other.

"Well, I have."

"At what price?"

"Different prices."

"Ah, yes. Can I look at them?"

"You can do as you please, stranger.—They are in here."

The stranger bowed politely and passed in, examined the vehicles for a few minutes, returned, and said:

"There is one, I think will answer my purpose," pointing towards one "what is the price?"

"Two hundred dollars."

"Is that the lowest?"

"That is the lowest."

"Well sir, I will call and give you my decision to-morrow," and the stranger walked away.

"Yes, you'll call to-morrow! Oh, yes, certainly," replied the owner in a tone of irony, not so low but the stranger heard him; but he kept on his way, taking no outward notice of it.

"Fool me, will you?" and the owner commenced whistling.

The next day came, and with it the stranger also.

"I have come according to promise," said he.

"I see you have sir," replied the owner, a little abashed.

"I will take that carriage, sir," and to the astonishment of the other he pulled out an old wallet well stuffed with bills, and deliberately counted out two hundred dollars.

The owner was completely staggered. Here was something new. A cabman with so much money! He took the money, looked at it and at the stranger, eyed him from head to foot, and even examined his boots attentively. Then he counted his money over, and held up each bill to the light to see if it was counterfeit. No all was good. A thought struck him—he would find his name.

"I suppose you would like a receipt," said he at length to the stranger.

"It may be as well."

"Yes, sir, what name?"

"Washington Irving."

"Sir," said the other, actually starting back with amazement, "did I understand your name was?"

"Washington Irving," replied the other, an almost imperceptible smile hovering around his lips.

"Washington Irving—sir—my dear sir," the owner stammered confusedly, "I—I—really; sir beg ten thousand pardons, sir, I mistook you for a cabman, sir, I did, indeed."

"No excuse, my friend," replied Irving. "I am no better than you took me for. You did perfectly right;" and having at length succeeded in getting his receipt,

amid a host of apologies, he politely bade the humble carriage-maker good day, and left him to the chagrin that he had mistaken for a cabman a man whose lofty genius had commanded the admiration of the whole world.

The friend who related the anecdote, ascertained that it was a fact, and was told by the veritable owner himself. It doubtless proved a lesson to him not to judge people by their dress.

Hazing at Princeton.

PRINCETON, N. J., Sept. 23.—When the 132 innocent freshmen, who are Dr. McCosh's latest pride, woke up from their first dreams of cannibal sophomores on last Thursday morning, they found various things about the campus, including the old cannon painted green, as an indication of what the sophomores thought of them. As soon as the freshmen had got settled the sophomores had called on them formally. Young Alexander of New York, whose father is a trustee, was one of those whom the sophomore thus honored.

"You won't do anything to me," he said, when a dozen sophomores told him how pretty he looked, "because my father is a trustee." The sophomores did not love him a bit more because he was so naughty and rebellious toward them, and so they put him to bed five times on Saturday night and four times on Sunday. He had to spend almost all of the Sabbath, when he wasn't at church or chapel, putting on and taking off his apparel at the bidding of the kindly-disposed sophomores, who wanted to make sure that he had learned how to dress himself before he left home.

Another youthful freshman was studying hard when his sophomore preceptors made their first formal call on him. They made him write the following note:

DEAR FATHER:—I have just returned from prayer meeting, and am now playing cards and throwing dice. I hope you are doing the same. Lovingly,
YOUR SON.

The sophomores took the note and mailed it home, where the young man's father is probably wondering about the sudden changes of college life. One freshman was accused of having unclean feet, and the sophomores made him use his hair brush as a flesh brush, and, perched on his table, he was made to scrub them until they attained a pearly whiteness.

The faculty did not like these and other manifestations of fatherly kindness on the part of the sophomores, and Proctor Goldie especially was displeased. He found out the names of about ten of the most painstaking sophomores and warned them that they must stop or be expelled. The rest of the class signed a guarantee petition that they would stop hazing, and everything would have been peaceful if it had not been for upper classmen. They invited the freshmen who on Friday night had a rush around the big cannon on which the paint was still green and sticky. Proctor Goldie tried to interfere, but there were too many students for him, and he was knocked down and trampled on in the tussle. The seniors and the juniors diverted the attention of the faculty by getting up a sham rush in another part of the campus. Two or three sophomores had their ankles twisted, and a freshman had his shoulder sprained, but nobody was much hurt. President McCosh went into the freshmen class rooms before he had heard anything about the rush, and delivered a lecture on the evils of rushing. Everybody was pledged not to engage in rushes, but it was too late, as the rush had come off the night before. The sophomores decided that the provocation of the freshmen absolved them from their pledge, and there was some more harmless hazing.

The faculty found out who had been doing it, and this morning it was announced that David Gilbert Adler, of Philadelphia; Alexander Britton, of Washington; Wm. Lawson-Harvey, of Cincinnati, and Robert Elliott Todd, of Scotland, had been expelled. The cases of others are under consideration. Eight or nine freshmen have been questioned by the faculty. They may be suspended, but it is likely that no further action will be taken.

NEW HAVEN, Sept. 23.—The usual sophomore-freshman rush has occurred at Yale College, and several freshmen were injured severely. One was trampled by a crowd of Sophomores, and had to be assisted to his room.

Filial Thoughtfulness.

Heinric Heine, the German poet, was not a happy man. He had not only been disappointed in early life in some of his most cherished projects, but was half-blind and paralyzed. Even in that condition, in need of sympathy, he was brave enough to carry out a kindly deception of his mother, whom he dearly loved. Alfred Meissner, in his reminiscences of the poet, relates the following incident:

Visiting Heine one evening, I interrupted him when he was just dictating a letter to his secretary, and, upon my asking to whom he was writing, he replied:

"To my mother."

"Is she still alive," I asked, "the old lady who lives by the Dammthor?"

"O, yes," said he; "it is true she is old, sick and weak, but she has still the warm heart of a mother."

"And you write often to her?"

"Regularly, every month."

"How unhappy she must be on account of your condition!"

"On account of my condition?" answered Heine. "Oh! as regards that, there exists between us a peculiar arrangement. My mother believes me to be as well and as healthy as I was when I last saw her. She is old and reads no newspapers; the few friends who visit her are in a similar condition. I write often to her, as well as I can, in a merry humor; speak to her of my wife, and tell her how well I am faring. And thus she is happy. That a son can be as sick and miserable as I am, no mother would believe."

Ruskin's Advice to a Young Man.

Mr. Ruskin gives the following advice to an Edinburgh student in a letter dated August 6, 1854, which has just been printed: "I am sure I never said anything to dissuade you from trying to excel or to do great things. I only wanted you to be sure your efforts were made with a substantial basis, so that just in the moment of push your footing might not give way beneath you, and also I wanted you to feel that long and steady efforts made in a contented way does more than violent effort made from some strong motive or under some strong enthusiastic impulse. And I repeat—for of this I am perfectly sure—that the best things are only to be done in this way. It is very difficult to thoroughly understand the difference between indolence and reserve of strength, between apathy and severity, between palsy and patience; but there is all the difference in the world, and nearly as many men are ruined by inconsiderate exertion as by idleness itself. To do as much as you can healthily and happily do each day in a well-determined direction, with a view to far-off results, and with present enjoyment of one's work, is the only proper, the only essentially profitable way."

THE
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P. W. KUHNS & C. M. GROW, Jr., EDITORS.

E. C. WIMBROUGH, - Business Manager,
To whom all communications should be addressed.

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Literary Society.

For some time a general wail has gone up from nearly every college in the land, lamenting the decadence of the time honored, and once highly prized literary society. That such should be the condition of literary societies in so many institutions of learning is indeed deplorable. Possibly a failure on the part of the student to recognize the advantages of this adjunct of the college is the cause of this decline of interest in the society. While we are unwilling to believe this to be the chief reason, we are ready, nevertheless, to accept this as a minor cause for this most unfortunate state of the literary societies in our colleges. When too late to reap the reward the former student feels the fulness of his loss; the profit and benefit to be received in the society becomes patent when the principal remembrance of society is one of regret.

Assuming ignorance of the advantages of the literary society to be a principal reason for this singular disinterestedness in the literary society on the part of the student, confidence in ones power to speak; ability to think while on your feet; a knowledge of Parliamentary laws, meagre though it be, are three things acquired in a literary society and are things not to be despised in this day of associations and citizens' meetings. Of course, in this as in everything else, the profit depends on the amount of interest taken in the organization. A student who attends his society just often enough to keep his name on the roll; or a student joining a society to escape a recitation, or other college duty can not expect to derive the same benefit from literary society as the regular and hard working society man. If it were possible to do such paragons of millstone weight about a society's neck any good William Wirt and Henry Clay might be set before them as examples to follow.

A change in the status of the literary societies, it is hoped will be effected during the present academic year. Nothing is so disheartening to ex-active and honorary members and friends of a society as to know that their labors in accumulating libraries, cabinets, and the general paraphernalia of a society are thrown aside unappreciated, and are allowed to go to waste from a most disreputable carelessness and

negligence. Under such circumstances it is not surprising that appeals for help meet with poor response. This is such a splendid time to change that it might be well to ask the literary societies to furnish us a practical illustration of "Backward, turn backward time in your flight."

In thus commenting on this subject it is not to be understood that the societies at W. M. C. are worse than those of any other college, but simply this that low water mark in society matters has been reached and it is time for a change.

EVEN a Theologue sometimes misses the truth! Not very long since one of our Theologues tried his hand at "drumming" in the interest of a sister (in this case brother) society; and, to make an impression, we suppose, told the new student that the Irving Society did not have any devotional exercises, also that there were a number of worldly fellows in the Irving Society. As to the worldly fellows,—suppose they are in the Society, what of it? Has our brother been trying to missionate among them and failed? For the good of those poor worldly fellows we hope he has not. The effort to prevent the new student joining a society in which there were worldly fellows was certainly laudable and was the act of a good Samaritan,—a priest might have passed by on the other side. As to the no devotional exercises,—that is incorrect. Irving Society has a chaplain, and all the devotional exercises customary for a literary society to have. During these exercises there is neither any talking, or whispering, or disorder; perhaps in the Seminary this is not considered devotional. For the future that Theologue is advised to post himself better and at least to stick to the truth. If he finds it difficult to do this let him keep away from where he has no business. It is hoped he will not take it unkindly if his attention should be most respectfully called to the consideration of I. Pet. 4:15, especially to that clause of the verse which reads thus, "or as a busybody in other men's matters." If he is studying Hebrew he will probably know whether "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor" is a correct translation of Exodus 20:16. This may have escaped his notice and his attention is only directed to it as it might make a good text for a sermon, if Homiletics do not forbid the use of such texts. Possibly this is a rare instance of a singularly phenomenal case of *lapis lingua*.

The cause of material progress is shown in history to be the exceeding potency of religious ideas, as the power of the Infinite spirit is shown in all the phenomena of nature. It is true that ambition, avarice and curiosity stimulate men to make discoveries and explorations, to found enterprises, establish and foster governments; but fanaticism, faith and spiritual convictions are the world's true pioneers. These are what move the passions of mankind more profoundly, quicken the energies more intensely, and develop results more sublime. Faith feeds the cour-

age of the believer, and missionaries penetrate the wilderness of the Antipodes and establish a civilization which will flourish over their martyr graves; fired by a religious enthusiasm, they dare the ocean, the desert and the savage. Hope and a religious purpose stimulate and sustain them; they confront every peril, survive all suffering and hinderance, and at last triumph over every difficulty in the adorable name of God. Faith it is that causes the benevolent and generous to establish churches, hospitals and institutions of learning, with the hope of benefiting their fellow man, to the honor and glory of their Father which is in heaven. It was this that prompted in 1868 the Maryland Conference of the M. P. Church to establish our dear Alma Mater, which, from a small beginning, under our beloved President and able assistants, the Faculty, has grown to the proportions and success it has now attained. We are glad to be able to report that every student here, with very few exceptions, under the moral and religious influence brought to bear upon them, are either members of church or have strong religious tendencies. Parents sending their sons and daughters to this institution may be sure that every attention will be given to their welfare and intellectual advancement, and that their associations will tend to a healthy morality. We bespeak for the College which we love so dearly a long and prosperous future, and hope that the relation of friendship existing between students and teachers may last and grow stronger year by year.

We give here the additions made to the College and Preparatory.

ADDITION TO SENIOR CLASS.

Jacob Grape, Jr., Baltimore, Md.; Edith Richards, St. Michaels, Md.

ADDITION TO JUNIOR CLASS.

Paul Combs, Leonardstown, Md.; Lilla Barkdoll, Smithsburg, Md.

ADDITION TO SOPHOMORE CLASS.

Harry G. Mitchel, Balto., Md.; Clarence A. Veasey, Pocomoke City, Md.

ADDITION TO THE FRESHMAN CLASS.

John N. Baker, Buckeystown, Md.; Jacob H. Brubaker, Uniontown, Md.; Wm. W. Clayton, Caytonville, Md.; Frederick R. Owens, Harrington, Del.; L. Irving Pollitt, Salisbury, Md.; Harry G. Watson, Centreville, Md.; Wm. M. Weller, Cumberland, Md.; Gertie Beeks, Stillpond, Md.; Carrie Nicodemus, Buckeystown, Md.; Harriet E. Walmsley, Annapolis, Md.; Dolly Whittington, Crisfield, Md.

ADDITION TO THE PREPARATORY.

Fletcher Calk, Sassafras, Md.; Albert S. Crocket, Solomon's P. O., Md.; Joseph A. Hoppe, Westminster, Md.; Wm. B. Hull, Westminster, Md.; Howard E. Koontze, Westminster, Md.; Thomas H. Linthicum, Columbia, Md.; W. Irving Mace, Church Creek, Md.; Joshua S. Reifsnider, Westminster, Md.; John H. R. Wolf, Glenwood, Md.; Benjamin W. Woolford, Woolford, Md.; Grace Garrison, Norfolk, Va.; M. Kate Slaughter, Chestertown, Md.; Nannie McThompson, Centreville, Md.

The total number of new students en-

rolled is 30; the total number of old students is 71, making a grand total of 101. Now that all the students have been classified and we have commenced the work of the year 1885-1886, it is the wish of the GAZETTE that each will improve every opportunity to increase his or her store of knowledge.

College Locals.

Circus.

Excused.

Boys parade.

Did you see the monkey? Have they taken the elephant down yet?

Read the poem—by our new poet.

The Seniors are spluttering about in their new fledged dignity.

Messrs. Baker and Spurrier of '89 have been compelled to return home on account of sickness, the former has returned to College again.

We miss a number of our students. We wish you success in whatever you are doing.

The following ladies were elected at the recent election of officers for the Browning Literary Society:—President, Miss Emma Reaver; Vice President, Miss Mary Galt; Rec. Sec., Miss Carrie Mourer; Cor. Sec., Miss Jennie Wilson; Treasurer, Miss Annie Stitely; Librarian, Miss Lizzie Thompson; Critic, Miss Sallie Wilmer.

A class in Phonography has been formed in the college through the kindness of our honored president, Dr. J. T. Ward, and we feel sure of its success under such an able instructor.

Through a mistake, the names of Prof. Benson and Miss Nannie Davis were unintentionally omitted in our editorial on *Opening Day* in our last issue. We regret this, and would say that the Prof., as well as his colleagues, was at his post of duty. But it is with regret that we announce that Miss Nannie Davis has been unable to return to her duty on account of sickness. It is our wish that she may soon be with us.

Let every new student be a subscriber to the GAZETTE, not only a subscriber but a paying one.

There is a member of our Junior Class who has become quite proficient in the art of embroidery, and he is very enthusiastic over his newly acquired art. Mr. Junior is it the art or instructress?

The following ladies were elected at the recent election of officers for the Philomathean Society:—President, Miss Nellie Sappington; Vice. Pres.; Miss Minnie Stevens; Rec. Sec., Miss Retta Dodd; Cor. Sec., Miss Eula Handy; Treasurer, Miss Blanche Pillsbury; Librarian, Miss Ada Roberts.

One of our Sophs. on circus day met a damsel of color who recognized him as an old acquaintance, "How is you? How am de old folks.

Junior S.'s report:—Cutting finger nails in class room ten demerits.

Our college has among its students, three men who are famous by name, Sullivan, Mitchel and Mace. Look out for our muscle.

A prep on entering a Sophs. room was ordered out as follows: "Get out of here, I don't want to catch the catarrh from you."

Prof. in Soph. Math.: "What are you doing Mr. S.—" Mr. S. (Having drawn a prism on the blackboard) "I am drawing a plane for this prism to rest on." Prof. "Oh! that will do Mr. S., it looks like a grain elevator now.

One of our Seniors, at the recent circus

parade, saw an elephant for the first time in his life.

Prof. in Requisition Latin class. "Mr. S., translate '*Gloria magna Lucii Cassii*.'" Mr. S.: Great Glory, Lucius Cassius! Class roars.

The pleasure of the Parlor was granted to the students last Saturday evening (Sept. 26th), and was indulged in by most of them. We would advise some of the younger students to have their hearts more under control or their studies might suffer.

The following gentlemen were elected at the recent election of officers for the Webster Literary Society:—President, Mr. L. M. Bennett; Vice. Pres., Mr. A. Burgee; Rec. Sec., Mr. J. B. Whaley; Cor. Sec., Mr. Wm. Lease; Critic, Mr. W. E. Roop; Treasurer, Mr. B. A. Dumm; Librarian, Mr. W. H. Woods; Chaplain, Mr. E. T. Mowbray.

As we go to press we learn that the young ladies of the College and several young gentlemen are going on an excursion to Pen Mar. We wish them a pleasant day.

One of Seniors was in Baltimore last summer for the first time, and while walking along the streets one day suddenly pointed up the street and said: "See them things, they run along and don't run into each other." It was a street-car.

"We cook our own supper now," "Coffee for three."

Prof. in Soph. Retic. "Mr. T.—," read the sentence, Cromwell was bitterly opposed to all jurisdiction in matters of religion, so as to make complete sense." Mr. T.—. "In matters of religion Cromwell was literally opposed" (stops). Prof. "Go on Mr. T.—" Mr. T.: (remains silent). Prof., finishes the sentence. Mr. T.: "Yes sir, I was going to say that but I could not get it out." Class express their sympathy in the usual way and then proceed with the recitation.

The following gentlemen were elected at the recent election of officers for the Irving Literary Society:—President, Mr. Geo. C. Erb; Vice. Pres., Mr. C. M. Grow; Rec. Sec., Mr. W. H. Brown; Cor. Sec., Mr. J. P. Smith; Critic, Mr. E. C. Wimbrough; Treasurer, Mr. T. E. Davis; Librarian, Mr. E. L. Bowman; Ass. Librarian, Mr. H. C. Stockdale; Chaplain, Mr. W. H. Grammer; Sergeant-at-arms, Mr. Chas. Sullivan; Term Orator, Mr. P. Myers.

Prof. Cox, who held the chair of mathematics here in 1868, and Prof. Wilson, who is lecturing on Science in Maryland, visited our College Sept. 29th, and spoke to the students in College Chapel.

ACCIDENT.

A dreadful accident occurred on the night of the 1st, at 12 p. m. A small mouse of attenuated form, being on a "war path" fell from the 4th story of Ward Hall, and fractured his left leg.

Personalia.

'72. Prof. Edward Reisler is Principal of the Union Bridge Elementary and High School for both sexes.

'75. Prof. G. W. Develbiss, A. M., for two years Vice-President of Western Maryland College, is Principal of the Fawn Grove Academy for both sexes, at Fawn Frove, Pa.

'78. Mr. B. J. Burgess is Superintendent of the Maryland Military and Naval Academy at Oxford, Md.

'79. Miss Lou B. Wampler and Mr. Jesse V. Hudgins, of Portsmouth, Va., were united in marriage Sept. 29th, by Rev. H. W. Kuhns, D. D. Our best wishes go with them.

'81. Dr. Geo. Y. Everhart is visiting his friends in Westminster.

'82. Mr. Geo. B. Fundenburg was in Westminster the 1st.

'82. Mr. E. L. Gise is at Vanderbilt University.

'82. Mr. E. A. Warfield on his way home paid the College a flying visit. He is enjoying the best of health; and is preaching at Cambridge, Md.

'82. Mr. E. P. Leech tendered his resignation to the Secretary of War last July and accepted the telegraph editorship of the Press and Knickerbocker, published at Albany, N. Y.

'82. Rev. H. L. Elderdice in company with Rev. J. J. Murray, D. D., were among the visitors at our Elocutionary Exercises, held in College Chapel, September 25. We welcome all our friends to these exercises.

'83. Mr. W. W. Dumm made his brother Alfred of '86, a short visit last month. Mr. Dumm is pursuing a Theological course at Yale.

'83. Miss S. Nannie James and Rev. G. L. Cuddy, of the Baltimore M. E. Conference, stationed in West Harford, were united in marriage July 29th in the Belair M. E. Church, by Revs. J. H. Marsh and J. P. Wilson.

'83. The GAZETTE had a very pleasant letter from Rev. J. W. Norris. He is pleasantly situated at Kennedyville, Kent county, Md.

'85. Mr. F. McBrown spent a few days at College recently. Come again Mac.

'85. Miss Irene Everhart is Preceptress of the Silver Run Academy.

'85. Mr. Theo. Harrison is teaching school in St. Mary's county.

'85. Miss Mamie Nicodemus is teaching music in *Alma Mater*, in the absence of Miss Nannie Davis.

'85. Mr. A. C. Willison is postal clerk on the Cumberland Valley Railroad.

'86. Mr. Geo. E. Nonnemaker, a former student of this College, died near Westminster, August 30th, 1885.

'86. Mr. W. H. White spent a week in Westminster recently. We were informed by telegraph that he would stop over on his way from Pen Mar.

'87. Mr. Wm. R. Edwards has entered Dickinson College.

'88. Mr. Wm. B. Makinson is in the grocery business in partnership with Mr. Ewing, at Level, Harford county, Md.

'88. Mr. W. P. Brooks is at Eaton and Burnett Business College.

'89. Mr. H. W. Andrews, a former editor of the GAZETTE, is now a clerk in Blake Kendall & Co's. wholesale and retail hardware store in Washington, D. C.

'89. Mr. E. Gehr Smith has turned his attention to farming.

The College World.

Girard College has educated over 3,450 orphans.

In the City of New York there are about 3,621 school teachers.

It is found that there are over 3,000,000 scholars of both sexes in the schools of Italy. This is the ninth part of the whole population of the kingdom.

Minister to Siberia Hopkins was once a hotel porter in Pittsburg, and during his services in that capacity prepared himself for college.

Prof. Mommsen is at Brussels, and is hard at work at his "Corpus Inscriptionum Romanarum."

Professor Adelaide Randolph, of the chair of Latin, Kansas State University, is a niece of Mrs. Lucretia Garfield.

Dr. Samuel W. Duncan, a Baptist minister of Rochester N. Y., has been elected President of Vassar College.

Rev. S. J. Fisher of Swissdale, Pa., has declined the presidency of Biddle University for colored students at Charlotte, N. C.

Miss Leona Call has filled a Greek professorship in the Iowa State University so acceptably since her brother's death, that it is likely she will be formally elected his successor.

The students of the Baptist University of Chicago are invited to enter on the fall term as usual, notwithstanding the announced reversion of the property to the Douglas heirs. President Anderson has resigned, but most of the professors remain.

Gen. G. W. Lee, oldest son of General R. E. Lee, has recalled his resignation as president of Washington and Lee University, at the request of the Board of Trustees.

By the authority of the general of the Jesuits in Rome, the College of the Sacred Heart, at Woodstock, Md., has been declared the "Collegium Maximus," the principal institution of the Society of Jesus in the United States. In case the provincial of the order dies in office the rector of the college succeeds him, and should the procurator die in the office of the procurator of the college becomes the procurator of the province.

Matthew Arnold, in his speech on giving away the prizes at Dulwich College, declared that the reign of the English middle classes is now just over, and that that of the democracy has begun.

What educational institution owe to rich men is shown by these figures, collated in the Pennsylvania "College Monthly": Johns Hopkins gave \$3,148,000 to the University which bears his name; Ezra Cornell gave a million to Cornell; Vassar endowed the College on the Hudson with eight hundred thousand dollars; and three men gave over \$100,000 each to Amherst. Many theological seminaries also have been built up largely through the gifts of one man.

Miss Alice B. Jordin, of Coldwater, Mich., a graduate of the academic and law departments of the University of Michigan, entered Yale Law School Oct. 1st. She is the first lady ever entered in any department of Yale outside of the art school.

Town Notes.

Frank A. Robbin's circus and menagerie exhibited her Oct. 1st.

Mr. F. K. Herr is erecting a dwelling adjoining his carriage factory.

Mr. W. H. Bixler owner of the Westminster shoe factory, was married, Sept. 29th, to Miss Lizzie, daughter of Mr. J. P. Sadtler, of Baltimore, Md.

A Camp-fire and festival will be held by Burns Post, G. A. R., at the skating rink, on the evenings of the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th of this month. The proceeds are to be applied to the paying of funeral expenses incurred in the burial of comrades.

The Mayor and Common Council have shut off the gas in the street lamps, on account of the debt of the city. It is hoped that some arrangement may be affected by which the lights will be continued.

It is with regret we announce the death of Ex-Judge Wm. N. Hayden, who died at his residence, September 14th, after an illness of several months, aged sixty eight years. Judge Hayden was a prominent member of the bar, having been admitted in Sept. 1844, two years later he was ap-

pointed deputy attorney general (states' attorney). In 1856 he was chosen Associate Judge for the fifth judicial circuit, and served fifteen years, his term expiring in November 1882. His funeral took place on Sept. 16th at St. John's Church, and was largely attended by relatives and friends.

Scissors Among the Colleges.

Freshmen still a head. Dr. F. to M.: Mr. M., what kind of a machine was invented during Queen Elizabeth's reign? Fresh. M.: The thrashing machine, Dr.

A young lady at the Senior table remarked a few days ago, that if this was her "Alma Mater," where was her "Alma Pater?"

How bright! only Seniors make such brilliant (?) remarks.

Freshie remarked as they were going up the stairs. "Good morning Miss—, how are you this morning?" She—"Oh! I'm as cross as a bear." He—"Is that so?" Well then I guess we ought to be caged for I'm that way too." She—"You wouldn't scratch would you?" He—"No indeed, bears don't do that, they hug don't they?" Exit reporter.

When a Freshman doesn't hear plainly the Prof's question, he says in a subdued tone, "Pardon me, Professor, but I didn't understand you." The Sophomore says, "Will you please repeat your question?" The Junior says, "What, sir?" The Senior says, "Huh?"

The mental Philosophy class holds the banner this month. Here is an extract from the minutes: Dr. F. to Mr. M.: "He was inoculated." M.: "Yes sir." Dr. F.: "Do you know what inoculation is, Mr. M.?" "Why, yes, it's—(receiving encouragement from one of the class) "oh yes, it's the installment of a new president." Class collapses.

Fresh (reading Virgil)—"And thrice I tried to throw my arms around her—what was as far as I got, Professor." Professor—"That was quite far enough."

The *Lyons Medical* says that Prof. Mal'argui is much dreaded by students on account of his irony at examinations. One day he was discussing some obscure points in a student's thesis, and the candidate replied almost at random. "Now sir," exclaimed the irate examiner, "can you tell me what to create means?" "Cr-create?" stammered the youth, "it means to make something out of nothing." "That's good sir," said the Prof.; "we will now make you a doctor."

Prof. in Logic: "How many notions are there in this following statement: 'Columbus Sailing on the Atlantic?'"

Student: "Two."

Prof.: "How do you make that out?"

Student: "Well, 'Columbus Sailing on the Atlantic' is one notion, and the Atlantic is an ocean also."

(Blue lights and tableau.)

At a college examination a professor asked: "Does my question embarrass you?" "Not at all sir," replied the student; "Not at all: It is quite clear. It is the answer that bothers me."

A specimen of a student's thoughts at his worst Aggravated Prof: "Mr. A. I want you to be able to give me this point if I should call for it ten thousand years hence." Student (to himself): "Yes, old fellow, about that time how do you think I'll be able to yell from heaven to hell."

Student, (translating)—"And er—then—er—he—er—went—er—" Professor: "Don't laugh, gentlemen, to err is human."

Prof. trying to illustrate his point: "Now no one would doubt that two times two make three."

THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

Theories About the Cause.

Lieutenant Frederick Schwatka's Views on the Phenomena—Some Esquimaux Theories on Many Subjects.

From the New York Times.

Like the icebergs borne southward on the polar currents from the frigid zone, which stretch along the upper edge of the Gulf Stream resembling a row of dangerous spectators watching the vessels of civilization pass by, so the wonderful northern lights shooting overhead form other and more acceptable visitors from the arctic regions which occasionally wander into our own latitudes. How far into the temperate or even the torrid zone they extend I will write presently when the discussion of such a point is introduced by a few simple preliminaries.

I once heard a polar explorer say, with exaggerated emphasis, that there was a theory regarding the aurora borealis for every display it had made, and to come down to the more sober realm of cold facts, it may not be a very great exaggeration to say that there is nearly one for every expedition into its hyperborean home, the more modest explorers who have advanced none being compensated for by those which have sprung up in the meditating minds of the parlor polar explorers at home. A few students have made careful studies of auroral displays, seeking rather to obtain more authentic data from the vast amount of confusing statements already written, than to building up further conjectures therefrom as to what the northern lights may be; or, more properly speaking, narrowing down the many theories by a *reductio ad absurdum* reasoning, showing what the aurora is not, than advancing others to be heaped upon the old, showing what it may be. Prominent among these students are Fritz Lemström and Tromholt.

It is almost impossible to give all the theories which have been offered and tried to grasp the facts regarding these fireworks of the frigid zones, and, even if known, they would not be interesting matter. On the insane theory usually called "Syms's Hole," which represents the earth as a hollow shell, with two huge "fuze holes" at the arctic and antarctic poles, was attached an idiotic annex for the northern lights, representing them to be caused by great streams of light emanating from these holes, like the glare from an open furnace-door, and lighting up the northern and southern regions much the same way as the open door illuminates surrounding scenes. Of course there must be a play of this light on something to be reflected backward to us and allow us to see these auroras. The highest clouds, the cirrus form, are estimated to be about six miles above us, and a glare thrown upon them, say in New York city, might be visible, if everything was favorable, in Philadelphia, or even beyond; but it would hardly account for the aurora being visible in the latter city, as it has been, unless Syms's Hole is in this State or south of the Canadian border. Even the sun, as it sets, requires only about 18 degrees in which to expand its twilight, but the aurora has been seen in Southern Mexico, and giving Syms's "fuze holes" the power of this luminary and the superimposed 45 or 46 miles of air above us for reflecting purposes, and this same mythical hole would hardly be as far north as Texas. But to drop this waste of words and space on this idea, not worth even this superficial reasoning to disprove it, we find many more, which, having a clear idea here and there breaking through them, have captured more or less adherents. Lyon or Parry I believe it was who thought a satisfactory ex-

planation could be found in the reflection of the sun's rays from the vast fields of polar ice, and that this peculiar illumination, a vast ice-blink, if it could be called such, thrown into the atmosphere, produced the lights. Against such a theory is the fact that when the sun's rays are pouring into these ice-fields with their greatest strength, or about the sun's northern solstice, the aurora is not necessarily the brightest, even in the night, in lower latitudes. In the arctic, of course, it would be dimmed or lost in the ever-shining summer sun of that country, but it should be visible at this season, if this theory was correct, far enough south to have the nights quite dark. Another theory that the reflection is from the waters of the Polar sea also passed long ago into the list of gratuitous guesses. The reflection theory is not done for with these allusions to terrestrial reflectors, and things have been sought for high in the air as a more reasonable way to explain matters, such as electrical clouds, suspended crystals of ice floating in the atmosphere, and everything that can float in the air almost. Even the atmosphere has been passed with its supposed forty-five to fifty miles of air, and it is supposed that on it rests thick layers of lighter gas, hydrogen, or something akin, as the atmosphere rests on the denser fluid, water, and that within this gas probably another fifty miles thick, occur all the phenomena of the northern lights. Not exactly a display like lightning in the atmosphere nor phosphorescence in the sea, but something of an electrical display between them in this theoretical strata above us.

Again, some persons have advanced a theory that the display was not unlike that of frictional electrical displays, the upper surface of the atmosphere, whether this be the air we breathe or a superimposed layer of lighter gas, striking against the supposed etheric vapor, or either, of space by the earth's motion in its orbit. This display results electrically from the friction produced. This idea, of course, presupposes that space is filled with a medium having some density or resisting power, however attenuated—a theory which does not conflict with some astronomical ideas on the same subject in explaining certain cometary phenomena. As the rapid motion of the air, blowing from a fair wind to a violent gale, can produce waves upon the surface of the denser water, so, it is argued, the impact of the light either may produce waves in the extremely attenuated upper strata of air as the earth revolves, and this produces the throbbing waves of light so often seen running toward the magnetic zenith of the observer. That is, a fish on the bottom of the sea, and able to see its surface disturbed by a storm which had lashed it into a froth of phosphorescence, would see these running waves of light somewhat the same way, although on a much reduced scale. Of course this ether in space must be quite variable in density, or we should have a steady aurora from a steady friction, at least in the Northern Hemisphere, while that portion was foremost in the earth's flight, and *vice versa*. Again, this ether would have to vary in density every eleven years, reaching a maximum once in that time, to correspond to a well-known periodic variation of the northern lights, and this certainly seems quite unlikely. A steady aurora with a steady friction on the outer envelope, if the ether was uniformly dense, would dispense with those sporadic displays with which we are familiar in lower latitudes. So constant are the auroral displays in some portions of the north that some authorities say the northern lights may be seen every day the year round, dimmed or destroyed only by clouds or the light of the moon or sun, so after

all it would only be necessary for the ether to vary in density and not actually be lacking at any time. However, this theory is not very well received. Tromholt tells of a wild theory imparted to him in a letter, in which the author states he thinks that the aurora is the glow from the interior molten matter of the globe shining through the thin crust of the earth at the poles, this thinness being caused by the diurnal rotation. Two gigantic volcanoes, one at either pole, assist the author out of the worst hole a theorist ever got into. Before I leave the theory department of my subject I will speak of that advanced by the Esquimaux of North Hudson's bay, among whom my travels were cast, and which is remarkable more for the fact that it is a physical theory to account for a physical phenomenon than that it really throws much light on the subject, and not some superstitious tradition or wild flight of miraculous fancy to account therefor, so common among savages, and even with some people whom this word would insult. And this simple theory is that it is caused by the wind blowing on the clouds. And singularly enough, most students of the northern lights speak of the part played by the clouds in these displays. Tromholt writes that he had often an opportunity of confirming in the most striking manner the theory held by some *savants*, that the aurora borealis affects the state of the clouds. The sky might be ever so clear, but after an unusually vivid burst of aurora in the zenith it always became at once covered with clouds. These dispersed, however, generally immediately afterward.

Simple as their answers always were, I was often surprised to find the Esquimaux making some attempt, in all cases, to account for natural wonders around them by theories based on the very little they knew regarding natural laws, and at the risk of digression from my main topic for a short time I will briefly give another instance of the same kind. The Netschilluk and Ookjoolik Esquimaux around King William's Land and at the mouth of Back's Great Fish river have never seen or even heard of growing timber, and the large drift logs which are occasionally thrown upon the beaches of their country, washed there by currents that must have brought them from more favored climes, naturally give rise to speculations regarding their origin. Instead of ascribing this to miraculous power or superstitious origin, as all other savages would have done, their theory, though not correct, is ingenious. They suppose these trees grow from the bottom of the ocean, making the most rapid progress in the summer, when all other plant-life around them is so doing. At this time the ice on the ocean channels and bays is broken up and drifting around in packs so as to leave many areas of open water where the trees can force themselves nearly to the water's surface, and when the new ice again forms in the fall and early winter these topmost branches are entangled therein as it descends, and when the ice breaks up again next summer the entrapped tree is pulled up by the roots and is cast upon the beach, when its topmost branches are melted out or broken off in attrition against the shallow shore. The large number of limbs cut and ground off by the moving pack as the drift timber is carried in its icy grasp is sufficient reason for them to add this idea to their theory of its origin. The deeper the water the taller the trees before they are pulled up, while many escape destruction by the breaking off of the top branches year by year. The water-logged trees, projecting like Mississippi-river snags from the shallow beaches where the ice-cakes have left them after many years of imprisonment, bear out their theories well, and,

taking it altogether, it cannot be doubted that it looks more sensible than the average of our own theories that have crept into print regarding the aurora borealis, which brings us back to our main subject.

I have spoken of the auroral theory, which is based on the ether of space occurring in unequal densities, and, I might add, there is another not far removed from it in ideas, and about as generally accepted—that is, by the originators. Here we find the ether replaced by clouds or bands of ferruginous cosmic matter or ferric dust, and as those are entered by the earth in its flight, terrestrial magnetism, acting on this molecular matter, forces it into the most fantastic shapes, somewhat similar to iron dust on a glass plate acted on by different magnets above or below, and these in turn reflecting light, produce the varied auroral displays as they change from one shape to another. One of the best accepted theories by the students of the subject is that of Edlund, a Swedish electrician, who gives it as the effects of unipolar induction, an explanation of which depends so upon a knowledge of some of the lesser known laws of electro-magnetism, probably uninteresting to rehearse here in detail. It assumes a close analogy, or, better speaking, identity of the aurora and the lightning of thunder-storms; that is, our lightning of tropical and temperate climes becomes the northern lights of the polar regions; very sudden relief of electrical tension in the former zones, very gradually in the north. Electrical discharges (either auroral or lightning) are supposed by this idea to take place much easier and more gradually in the direction of the dip-needle (about horizontal on the equator and nearly perpendicular at the pole), and therefore in the equatorial regions, the electrical tension must become so great that it is suddenly relieved by a spark (lightning), while in the frigid zone it is constant as fast as formed, and gives rise in its passage to the auroral glow. Opposed to this theory is the fact that lightning-storms are as frequent in some parts of the north temperate zone, with an inclined dip-needle, as in the equatorial regions, and even here horizontal electrical discharges between clouds are by lightning and not in the form of an electric glow or any of the forms of the aurora. Lightning should be unknown in the arctic regions, especially near the magnetic pole, the controlling centre of the aurora, and yet I have seen quite well-marked lightning in thunder-showers on King William's Land in the summer months, and within sight of the magnetic pole as viewed from their height. Lightning, however, is quite infrequent in the polar zones, but not any less so than with us in the winter months.

But let us leave the domain of theory, and see what has been found in the realm of facts regarding this strange and beautiful display. It may seem singular to say that the northern lights have been manufactured by man—made to order, so to speak—but such is really the case, or, at least, claimed by Professor Lemstrom, in charge of the Finnish International Meteorological Station at Sodankyla, Finland. A copper wire mounted on telegraph-poles was wound around the apex of a small hill, covering about 3,000 square yards, from top to bottom, in a spiral course as it ascended the hill-side grade, points like those on a lightning-rod pointing upward, being fastened to the wire every foot and a half, one end being connected with a connecting metallic disk sunk in the earth. Many interesting experiments were made with this singular apparatus, but the most startling was when it was used by nature itself, and, the air seemingly overcharged with electrical force, an auroral glow sprang into

the air from the multitude of points, which light, analyzed by the spectrum, was identical with that of the northern lights. From this fact, indeed, Lemstrom very naturally concluded that the aurora borealis was a terrestrial display, or very near the surface of the earth; but in these claims he has been stoutly contested by others, many of whom claim that the distance to the auroral arcs has been measured to a considerable degree of accuracy, and they all agree that it is quite high, supra-atmospheric, supposing the air to be forty-six miles deep.

It is too much within the domain of dry mathematics to discuss at length the different methods employed by different observers to determine that height, but the results attained would be interesting, no doubt. Lemstrom, as I have said, thought it might reach to the ground, and has produced it in an artificial way therefrom. Sir John Ross, I believe it was, who said that he and some companions distinctly saw a brilliant ray of the aurora pass between him and a high snow-covered hill not many miles distant. Sir John Franklin's measurements in North America show it to be seven miles high. The French at Bossekop, Norway, as early as 1838-'9, got it up to between 60 and 120 miles. Tromholt put it at about seventy, and he has made more measurements and studied this part of the subject closer than most physicists. Nordenskjold, the arctic explorer, puts it at 118 miles, which Professor Fearnley follows closely at 125, and Newton gets but five miles more, or 130, as a result of his deductions. Somewhere in the vicinity of the numbers given above will probably be found the true values, if they are ever determined, and it may be that all are within the true limits, for, like the clouds, as one of the above authors remarks, the auroral displays may be found to have wide limits in their heights. Bergman does not rest contented, however, until he has published the height at 468 miles, Mairan 485, and Boscovich at 825. I have not given all authorities, but probably the most reliable and the greatest extremes.

The extent of auroral displays over the world is not uniform, the United States being the most favored, while Siberia, opposite to us across the pole, but much further north, is the least. New York city has about the same frequency of auroral displays at St. Petersburg and London, and also as Siberia, more than half way up the Behring seacoast, fully 1,500 to 2,000 miles nearer the pole. They are seen as far south as Cuba, Yucatan, Central Mexico, and Cape St. Lucas on the American continent, while in Asia they are unknown in Peking, and almost so in the Japanese Islands, Southern Europe, on the latitude of New York city, being just within the limits of visibility. In general, it is seen about 1,400 miles further south on the Western continent side than it is on the Eastern, or just the distance the magnetic pole is from the true or geographical one, pulled over the same side, so to speak, it being just north of our continent. It thus plainly shows that the magnetic pole is a central point from which the auroral force in some unknown way is dependent. The magnetic pole, approximately speaking, is on longitude 100 degrees west from Greenwich, and on that meridian the displays are more frequent than other points of the same latitude. A display in New York city would be seen to better advantage, weather permitting, at about North Platte, Nebraska, on nearly the same latitude. A person travelling north from New York city would see the auroral displays increase until Hudson strait was almost reached, when they would show their maximum number, being practically constant or visi-

ble every night. As the journey continued they would decrease, and by the time the pole was reached it is not unfair to infer that the displays may have degenerated into the New York standard of frequency again.

The auroral displays are not the most frequent at the magnetic pole, as some might infer at first sight from all that has been said, but about 500 miles south from that point, not very far from my winter camp in north Hudson's bay. I spent a small portion of a winter nearer the magnetic pole than any other white person has, and the paucity of auroral displays was marked, although considerable trouble was taken to watch for them should they occur. They were also particularly weak in effect. Further south, on the shores of northern Hudson's bay, I noticed them much more frequently, and Chesterfield inlet, which puts off from the northwest corner of the bay, is called Ak-shar-nak by the Esquimaux, which means the aurora borealis in their language, on the whole signifying "the place of the northern lights." From our camp in Hudson's bay the highest point of the auroral arc seemed to bear about west-southwest from us whenever the display seemed to take that form; but long rolling ribbons, like the streamers of a banner in a gentle breeze, seemed to be the most common, lashing the sky lazily backward and forward like a huge serpent, while every now and then some part of the broad ribbon would be suddenly illuminated, and from this part would spring rigid bars of flame toward the zenith, and this bright part would seem to run along the restless ribbon like a pulsating wave of light. The displays were seldom strong enough to give any other color but white, but now and then we had a show of light red or green. I never saw an auroral display in the arctic or subarctic countries equal in grand effect, wide extent and brilliancy of colors to that which I saw at West Point, N. Y., in the spring of 1871, as near as I can recall the date.

The aurora borealis has a daily fluctuation of frequency and brilliancy, seeming to be more marked at certain hours, and these times growing later in the night as the magnetic pole is reached. In Tromholt's tables we find this time at Quebec, Canada, about 10.20 p. m., and computing by the usual ratio outward for New York city, we would have about 10 o'clock in the night as the result. There are also yearly fluctuations, showing to the best advantage about the latter part of September and March, and to the poorest about the latter part of June and December, or near the equinoxes and solstices. The most interesting variation is the one called the eleven-yearly period, occurring at the same time and same period of maximum and minimum frequency with the spots on the sun, and between which some relation must exist, according to Fritz. Tromholt says this is true regarding the temperate zone of the north, but in the arctic regions "the law of relation between the frequency of sun-spots and aurora is reserved."

On the southern half of the world we again have about the same auroral displays, but of which we know much less than those of the north. They are called aurora australis, or the southern lights, and no doubt obey the same hidden laws of their antipodes.

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