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Poetical.

The Old Man in the New Church.

BY JOHN H. YATES.

They've left the old church, Nancy, and gone into the new;
There's paintings on the windows, and cushions in each pew;
I looked up at the shepherd, then around upon the sheep,
And thought what great inducements for the drowsy ones to sleep.

Yes! when I saw the cushions, and the flowers fine and gay
In all the sisters' bonnets, I couldn't help but say—
"Must I be carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize, and sailed through bloody seas?"

The preacher read the good old hymn sung in our youthful days—
"Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing my great Redeemer's praise!"
And, though a thousand tongues were there, they didn't catch the fire,
And so the good old hymn was sung by a new-fangled choir.

I do not doubt but the people called the music very fine,
But if they heard a word they said they'd better ears than mine;
For the new tune in the new church was a very twisting thing,
And not much like the tune of old that Christians used to sing.

Why, Nancy, in the good old times, the singing sounded more
Like the noise of many waters as they beat upon the shore;
For everybody knew the tunes, and everybody sang,
And the churches, though not quite so fine, with hallelujahs rang.

Now I'm not an old foggy, but I sometimes want to scold,
When I see our people leave good ways simply because they're old.
I've served the Lord nigh forty years, and 'till I'm 'neath the sod
I shall always love the simple, good old ways of serving God.

"The Lord's ear is not heavy." He can hear a sinner's cry
In a church that is not painted like a rainbow in the sky;
"The Lord's arm is not shortened." He will save a sinner now,
Though he may in a lonely hovel, on a cold earth altar bow.

But they've left the old church, Nancy, and gone into a new,
And I fear they've gone in more for style than for the good and true—
And from what little I heard said, I fear that sadder yet,
In beating other churches, they've got badly into debt.

We didn't think of lotteries and grab-bags years ago,
As a means of raising money to make a better show!
When the church demanded dollars we all with one accord,
Put our hands down in our pockets and gave them to the Lord.

While I sat there at the meetin', looking 'round from pew to pew,
I saw no familiar faces, for the faces all were new;
When the services were ended, all the members passed me by,
None were there to greet the old man with gray hairs and failing eye.

Then I knew that God had taken to the temple in the skies,

All the soldiers that with you and I fought hard to win the prize;
I sometimes doubt if Christians now-a-days will reach the gates of gold
Any better in the new ways than others did in the old.

For the Lord looks not on tinsel, His spirit will depart
When the love of worldly grandeur takes possession of the heart;
Oh! I know the Lord of glory will pass through a hovel door
Sooner than through the temple portals where are no seats for the poor.

In a little while, dear Nancy, we will lay our armor down,
And from the King Eternal we'll receive our starry crown;
Then we'll meet the blessed pilgrims that we worshipped with of old,
And we'll worship there, together, in the city built of gold.

The Teacher as the Guardian of English.

An Address Delivered Before the Maryland State Teachers' Association, at the Blue Mountain House, July 7th, 1886.

BY REV. JAMES W. REESE.

If the struggle made by the several European governments for the possession of North America had ended differently, our language to-day might be Spanish or French, possibly Dutch; at all events it would not be English. At one time, indeed, it looked very much as though it might be French. England had a foothold on the Atlantic border only, while France owned Canada and was vigorously prosecuting the magnificent project of the Bourbon for a vast colonial dominion, to extend from the St. Lawrence to the Ohio and the Mississippi. But the final supremacy of England, and the consequent spread through the colonies of her laws and institutions, decided, once for all, that our national tongue should be English; that our literature should be written in the language of Shakespeare and of Milton, not in that of Molière and of Racine. And as by that supremacy it was decided that the doctrine and the practice of constitutional liberty, elaborated in the slow progress of the centuries on English soil, should prevail here too, so, as a part of our inheritance, there came to us that language, which, starting as a rude dialect in the forests of Germany and on the shores of the Northern Ocean, has developed into the most perfect instrument for the expression of human thought, Greek possibly excepted, which the world has ever known. This perfection of our mother tongue as a medium for the transmission of ideas and emotions, its infinite flexibility, its inexhaustible richness, its indefatigable strength, constitutes its primary claim on our loyalty and devotion. But it makes, besides, two appeals to our pride, one on the score of its antiquity, the other on the score of its world-wide diffusion.

As the language of conversation for the people of England, the language of the hearthstone, the language in which men transacted business and lovers exchanged their vows, English can count back fourteen centuries from the time when Gladstone is fighting the battle of Home Rule for one branch of the Celts to the time

when the Teuton, in wave after wave of immigration, was driving another branch of the Celts westward into Wales. As the language of a distinct and noble literature, it is nearly as old. If we reckon, as we have a perfect right to do, the Saxon poet Caedmon as the first of the long line of authors who have used our tongue for literary purposes, we can count back from Longfellow and Tennyson to the second half of the seventh century, and proudly claim for English literature an existence of twelve hundred years.

Then, again, no other language is so widely diffused as ours. Whitney truly observes "that the English is already, perhaps, spoken and written as mother-tongue by a greater number of persons than any other existing dialect of high cultivation, and its sphere seems to be widening, at home and abroad, more rapidly than that of any other." And you all know that when, from time to time, speculations are indulged in as to the possibility of there ever being a world-language, one tongue for the whole human race, these speculations uniformly point to English as the only possible claimant, among existing dialects, to so proud a position. This language, so solidly planted on its Saxon foundation, so enriched by the Romanic additions which it has assimilated, so venerable and yet so vigorous, pulsing with the life and energy of the great race which uses it, widening its vocabulary to meet the ever-new requirements of a civilization daily becoming more complex, and of a knowledge constantly expanding its borders; equal to any demands which can ever be made upon it, since even a Shakespeare could not exhaust its resources; percolating through a dense population trained in the sacred law of the Sanscrit Vedas and penetrating regions of India traversed twenty-two hundred years ago by the hosts of Alexander the Great, patiently waiting for the hour to strike when it shall voice the aspirations of a world made free by truth and fraternal by love; this language is our national tongue, and its possession makes us joint owners with the mother-country of the richest, the purest, the most varied, the most robust literature the world has ever seen.

It is truly a noble possession, but it is also a trust, a responsibility. We all unhesitatingly acknowledge our civil and religious liberty as a sacred trust, to be transmitted unimpaired to those who are to follow us. Well, let us not forget that the same providentially ordered historic processes which gave us our priceless liberty, gave us, also, our language, and that it is no less our bounden duty to hand this down to our posterity pure and undefiled. We all owe unswerving loyalty to our native tongue, as we owe it to our native land, and this debt we can pay only by precision, by care, by directness, by honesty in our use of English, so that those who receive it from us may receive no diminished inheritance, but one, if possible, increased and made still worthier by our faithful and judicious management. We all owe loyalty to our country, but the burden of responsibility rests more heavily on those who are in positions of public trust, executive, judicial or legislative. In

the same way we all owe loyalty to our country's language, but the burden of responsibility here presses with a special weight upon those who have been entrusted with the training of our young citizens, the teachers of our common-schools. "Burden of responsibility," I said, but permit me to recall the phrase and substitute the word "privilege," for, as a member of the pedagogic guild, I am too heartily in sympathy with my brothers and sisters of the public school system to add, even by word or phrase, to the many burdens they already have to bear. On every side they encounter criticism, condescension, even praise sometimes; every kind of treatment, in short, except adequate pay for services, the loss of which for a single generation would plunge us into barbarism. The position of our teachers bears a sad resemblance to the position of honesty in Rome when Juvenal wrote—*Probitas laudatur et alget*. "Honesty is praised and freezes." So I prefer to remind the common-school teacher that he enjoys the proud privilege of standing as almost the sole guardian of pure English, so far as the mass of the people are concerned, and to aid him, if I can, by a hint or two, in the discharge of the duties of this lofty and honorable trust. They are duties not easily discharged, no matter how well-equipped for the work the teacher may be, because of difficulties inherent in the work itself. Probably the purest, because the most jealously guarded language ever spoken among men, was the Attic dialect of the Greek at the time of Athenian supremacy in literature and art. On the 14th of last May I witnessed the performance, by undergraduates of the University of Pennsylvania of the Acharnians of Aristophanes in the original Greek. As I listened to the mad humor of a comedy which had elicited shouts of laughter from the citizens of Athens twenty-three hundred and eleven years ago, its utter defiance of probability, its unsparing local and personal jests, I could not fail to be reimpressed with the artistic sense, the pure taste of a populace which demanded from the broadest farce of the stage Greek as unimpeachable in its correctness as that which the most solemn and stately tragedy would use. But uniform correctness of diction was not very difficult of attainment in a small, homogeneous community like that of Attica, jealous of outside influences, and occupying a territory about half the size of our little Rhode Island. A Greek schoolteacher at Athens, say in the time of Pericles, had, I imagine, quite an easy position to fill as the "Guardian of Greek." But to guard the purity of a language spoken by a population spread over a vast continent, subject to numerous and subtle local variations and exposed to foreign influences by the steady tide of immigration, this is a task of difficulties so great that they would be even insuperable if the tendency to local variations and dialectic divergencies were not, to some extent, counteracted by our modern facilities for travel and intercommunication.

Our teachers are met by corrupt English arising from two sources—First, the ignorance, or, at least, the carelessness which prevails in so many of our American homes. The children who come to the public schools from these homes have never heard from

their parents words correctly pronounced or sentences correctly framed. They are placed at a disadvantage at the outset; they have started wrong. At the age, however, when they first come into the teacher's hands, the linguistic faults contracted at home are happily not inveterate. But unless our guardian of English is prompt and faithful, they soon do become so deeply rooted that no amount of after training can eradicate them. I have known boys well up in mathematics and making fair progress in the classics whom it was almost impossible to make understand the difference between "this here book" and "this book here."

The second source of the corrupt English which the teacher has to encounter and correct is to be found in foreign immigration. But while the vigilance of the teacher is at this point often tasked to its utmost, because the integrity of our language is at this point most often threatened, there is still the encouraging fact that the children of our foreign-born citizens, notably Germans, are often ambitious to learn English and apt in acquiring it. The pride of citizenship is a potent inducement to master, as soon as possible, the language of the country of their adoption. Some of you may have heard of the American-born son of a German immigrant, whose sore lament at the chastisement inflicted upon him by his father was occasioned, not by the physical pain which he suffered, but by the humiliating thought that he had been flogged by a "blamed foreigner." I need hardly say that this occurred in the days of Know-Nothingism.

I would urge, then, upon our teachers, and especially upon those of them who meet with children at the very beginning of their school life, a genuine loyalty to the mother-tongue. Being, first of all, accurate and correct themselves in the use of English, they must be living, constant examples to their pupils of a devotion to pure diction which never, for a moment, relaxes. But this, I fear, they will hardly be, if all the knowledge they have of the vernacular is derived from the study of grammar. Indispensable for themselves as well as for their scholars is, of course, a thorough drill in grammar, but the makers of these useful text-books sometimes exceed their proper functions and assume to dictate laws for the language instead of merely registering good usage. Our grand old tongue was no more made by grammarians and lexicographers than the weather is made by the thermometer, but "by the usage of the community, by the voice and opinion of speakers and hearers." And it is by these that its character for the future is to be determined; by these, if at all, that its purity is to be maintained. The teacher, then, should saturate himself with good English, so that he may not only write it, speak it, but think it; and this he can do only by habitual contact with its best literature—with its best literature of all periods, if possible; with its best literature of the present and of the past hundred years, by all means. In these days of cheap books, surely the demand is not an unreasonable one, and no teacher who has not tried it can appreciate the augmentation he is thereby making to his happiness, his culture, and, more than all, to his usefulness in his profession. Those of you who have drunk from "the pure well of English undefiled" will never again look upon the language as a stagnant pool hedged about by a wire-barbed fence of grammatical rules; rather, to change the figure, you will realize that you are learning, using and teaching a *live* language; that you are dealing with an organism full of vigor and with endless capabilities of growth, and that it is your part not to cramp its limbs, but to allow them free play on the line of healthy

development; you will discard the theory, probably held before, that it is a corpse to be dissected in the class-room by the scalpel of the grammatical surgeon.

Brother and sister teachers, let your English be pure; this first and always; but in your earnest, faithful endeavor to secure this, avoid that stiff, pedantic style which has been called, and with some justice, schoolmaster's English. Remember that our language is essentially Saxon; do not let the shorter, older, or, if you will, homelier words of our vocabulary be crowded out by the longer, later and more pretentious foreigners of Latin birth. One of the results of the July temperature in this crowded room to-night is what, in our modern refinement, we call perspiration. But if any reviser were bold enough to alter a familiar passage in the third chapter of Genesis in conformity with this refinement, and read "In the perspiration of thy face shalt thou eat bread," I am sure that the shock of disgust experienced at the substitution of the Latin for the Saxon word would be in exact proportion to the purity of your taste and the delicacy of your culture. I retain from my boyhood a vivid recollection of the regret expressed by that gentle scholar, the late Henry Reed, at the threatened disappearance from the language of the words "begin" and "beginning." "We commence everything now," he would mournfully exclaim, "we never *begin* anything." But how would you like the incomparable English of our Bible to be subjected to the insult of a revision which should give us sentences such as these: "In the commencement God created the heaven and the earth;" "The fear of the Lord is the commencement of wisdom;" "In the commencement was the Word, &c.?" And the same wise authority used to caution us against the grammatical heresy which ignorantly and stupidly objects to the use of prepositions at the end of a sentence, a usage which, in fact, is peculiarly and characteristically English, and he would ask the wisecracks to improve Bacon's words—"Houses are built to live in and not to look on," or the nervous diction of Dr. Donne, "Hath God a name to swear by? hath God a name to curse by? hath God a name to blaspheme by? and hath God no name to pray by?" or the declaration of that greatest of modern teachers, Arnold of Rugby, "Knowledge must be worked for, studied for, thought for, and more than all, it must be prayed for."

Be on your guard, then, against undue and tasteless encroachments upon the birth-right of the Saxon, the simpler, robusier element of our composite tongue; yet I would by no means have you neglect the just claims or deny the invaluable services of the Latin or Romanic portion of our great vocabulary. How much of beauty, variety and euphony it contributes to the language may best be seen and felt in the stately, sonorous lines of Milton. To what blemishes, to what a violation of simplicity, to what a fatal separation between the speech of the people and the language of the books an undue preponderance of the Romance element leads, may be seen on almost any page of Dr. Johnson, while he, again, seems clad in Robes of Saxon clearness, compared with the ornate investiture of Latinity with which Sir Thomas Browne hides his beautiful thoughts from the vulgar. What reader, knowing only his dear mother-tongue, could make anything out of a sentence like this, from the last chapter of "The Garden of Cyrus:" "But the quintessence of heaven runs low, and 'tis time to close the five ports of knowledge. We are unwilling to spin out our awaking thoughts into the phantasms of sleep which often continueth precogitations." It would be hard, indeed, for plain folk to recognize the

familiar "strain at a gnat and swallow a camel" in the paraphrase of the words which Sir Wm. Hamilton applies to certain of his philosophical opponents—"It is strange that throats which can so pleasantly open for the reception of a camel should be so painfully constricted at the prospective phantom of a gnat." One of the professors at Princeton, during my student life there, an able and learned man, was a great sinner against the simplicity of the language, and specimens of his Latinized English still cling to my memory, as for instance, his definition of dancing: "Dancing, young gentlemen, is but a refined and sublimated modification of ambulatory locomotion;" or his allusion, in a lecture on Mental Philosophy, to "the exiguous line of demarcation between expiring reason and nascent insanity." But to multiply examples or to go into further details would be beyond the scope of my purpose, the limits of my time and the patience of my audience. If I have helped the public school teachers whom I have been addressing to see with somewhat clearer vision that English is a living and therefore a growing language, and that, by reason of their contact with the children of the people, they, more than any others, are to determine the character and direction of its growth; if I have brought them to realize that they are the guardians of English, I can safely leave the manner in which this high trust is to be discharged to that fidelity to duty and that devotion to the public good for which they are so honorably and preeminently distinguished.

GOD IN HISTORY.

Oration delivered by Harry D. Mitchell on behalf of Irving Society at the Oratorical contest June, 1886.

The ancient people of Greece and Rome, before they ever knew of that then "unknown God" to whom they had erected an altar at Athens, who worshipped numberless divinities in all the works of earth and heaven, ascribed all their successes and reverses, their victories and defeats, to the favor or displeasure of the gods. Before going into battle or assuming any personal or national obligations, the gods were consulted and their guidance solicited. In their ignorance they knew not the God who, by his divine power, controls the laws that govern the powers of earth and heaven, whose eye is over all, and in whose hands are the destinies of men and nations. They had but a shadowy glimpse of the true source of divine assistance, yet according to the promptings of the human breast throughout all ages, they sought to worship and adore a power which they recognized to be far superior to their own. But who in this enlightened age, with a revealed God and a clear conception of his power and his dealings with man, can fail to recognize the hand of God in the history of the world. From the creation down to the present time the divine hand is seen in every work. All along the coast of time, where shipwrecked nations and shattered monarchs are heaped together in one mass, may be plainly distinguished that powerful hand, ever upholding the right and opposing the wrong. Nations have risen, and mounted steadily until they have reached the apex of glory, yet through their own profligacy, disregard of justice and the utter ignoring of God, have sunk into oblivion, as lasting as eternity itself. Some unforeseen accident has turned the tide of many a battle which, had it been in human power, would certainly have been avoided.

At critical moments in all histories bright lights have appeared in all departments of science, politics, religion and war, which have shaken nations to their very founda-

tion, possessing a power almost supernatural, which has swayed the hearts and minds of the people as does a mighty wind toss the ship which falls its prey, and have invariably led on the right triumphantly. The tide of war was turned at Waterloo by the non-arrival of Blucher at the critical time which caused that brightest star in the annals of war, Napoleon, to sink forever at rest and consigned him to a lonely grave on the island of St. Helena, but saved Europe from the possible despotic rule of one man.

The same mighty influence which has exerted such a power over nations and people is also seen in nature. All things are adapted for the use, care and preservation of man. The remarkable regularity with which the heavenly bodies move through space without even the slightest jar, shows unmistakable evidence of a power far, far superior to that of man, and in our admiration we are compelled to exclaim with the Psalmist, "the Heaven declare thy glory and the firmament showeth thy handiwork." By some, the works of nature, the regularity of the Heavenly bodies, and even the creation of the world are attributed to *chance* while in matters relating to men and nations, they are pleased to term it *luck*. But who, on a proper investigation can fail to see the impress of the Divine Being shining forth from every hillside, or fail to hear His voice in every babbling brook. The work of His Hands are as perceptible in the *ant* as in the elephant and "not a sparrow falleth to the ground without his notice."

Among the nations which have been peculiarly blessed and which seems to be the especial care of divine providence is our own beloved land America "The land of free and the home of the brave." Who as they think of this once barren wilderness, inhabited by savages, and as they see the Pilgrim fathers landing on Plymouth Rock in the dead of winter amid the most trying circumstances, the action teeming with danger, leaving their native land and scorning the outstretched arms of other nations who would gladly have welcomed them, bearing with them the seeds of a holy religion and a mighty nation, can think for an instant they were not led by the Almighty's hand. Think how they grew and prospered despite the terrific odds with which they had to contend; think how their scalps were miraculously preserved from the scalping knife of the red warrior, and their lives guarded from the intrigues of tricky Frenchmen. That little band was under the same care and control of Him who planted the desire for freedom of worship in their breasts, who delivered them safely from the dangers of the deep and who had promised "to guide them with His eye." The shield of Divine providence and protection was thrown around them to ward off the blows of the savage and to calm the rage of the jealous.

The hand of divine providence was clearly perceptible at the time when it became our forefathers to assert their independence. Why the consternation and confusion in the legislative halls of her mother country at the revolt of those few weak colonies? Why the gift of that fearless American champion in the House of Parliament, Wm. Pitt? Why the gift of the immortal Washington to lead the colonies to victory and independence? Think you it was all chance? Ah! no, but in the thought of Patrick Henry "that God who presides over the destinies of nations raised up men to fight their battles for them." Myriads of the Heavenly hosts were encamped round about them who soothed the suffering of Valley Forge and assuaged the pangs of hunger with a

love for liberty. Again, in that trying period, the war of the rebellion did he not by his almighty hand lead our nation through successfully, bridge over the yawning chasm, and preserved her to be a monument of his wonderful mercy and a refuge for poor oppressed and persecuted humanity? We, to-day, have the prestige over other nations from the mere fact of our adherence to religious principles and our open bible. Take away the bulwarks of christianity and down falls the whole structure. Do away with Sunday and religious worship and some future people will read upon the moss covered remains of our once stately cities the vengeance of an offended God. Shall we rise in our might and splendor, soar to the heights of fame and honor and then fall, as did the mighty nations of ancient times? Shall the inscriptions be written over the doorposts of our nation, as we revel in drunkenness and debauchery, "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting?" Shall the hosts of *Infidelity, intemperance* and party strife invade our land, tear down our beautiful temples and knock away the props of the nation? God forbid, but may she ever progress from century to century, from age to age, still trusting in Him who has so wonderfully led her thus far, until she shall stand, not only as a refuge for oppressed people, but the counsellor of nations.

Notwithstanding the peculiar advantages with which our country is blessed, still there are events and circumstances arising which seriously threaten her prosperity. We do not desire to plant ourselves before you as a prophet, but we venture to say that the organization known as the Anarchists must either be swept from our beloved land or else her business interests will forever be ruined and her valleys and rivers flowing with blood. Anarchism and Socialism can never go hand in hand with republican institutions. They utterly disregard the foundation of a free republic. They obey no law, they recognize no God and as long as the citizens of America permit these "Sore Heads" of other countries to parade our streets on Sunday, thus desecrating the very day of which our nation boasts and for the sacredness of which we are the pride of all good thinking people, to fly incendiary banners and propose to destroy all social fabric and even despoil the government by means of the dynamite and bomb, we are living over a charged mine which threatens at any moment to hurl government and people into eternity.

The little cloud which showed itself in Chicago but a short time ago, will soon, unless we either discriminate in emigration or make all who come to our land conform to our laws, darken the whole heavens and deluge the nation in bloodshed and war which will only be comparable to the "Reign of terror" in France. We are continually boasting of our *liberty liberty*, but the fact is, we have *too* much liberty and the sooner we restrain the liberty or put a plaster over the mouths of such men as Herr Most and Justus Schawb, the better it will be for the country and to the interest of the workingman. I am glad to say that since I wrote this oration, the law has thrown off its fetters, and arising in its power has arrested that foul mouth infidel Herr Most, for incitement to murder, and is now enjoying liberty only under a heavy bond. God will be vindicated and infidelity must go under. I do not believe in altering the divine intentions in any way that this should be a place of refuge, but I do not believe that God ever intended us to harbor those persons inimicable to a government planted by his own hand and sustained by the "word of His power," or that we should allow them to use that language

and make such public speeches as are calculated to excite all the devilish passions of mankind leading to murder and incendiary.

We talk about Benedict Arnold as a traitor and say he deserved to be punished for betraying his country, but in these villains we have even worse than traitors with a plot in existence as huge as Guy Fawk's had they the opportunity to consummate it, and yet we say, oh! its a free country, if we interfere it will be taking away liberty, and sit by and wait until our laws are utterly ignored and our officers brutally murdered. This mob are the worse kind of traitors, and ought to be death with as such.

They are aiming most dangerous blows at our institutions and are pleased to call them "republican equality, reorganization of the army and our plan of taxation." We do not say that our government is perfect, but we believe it to be the grandest institution ever reared under heaven. We have no *feudal system*, no *aristocracy*, no oppression into the army, no unjust taxation and if the Socialist, Anarchist and Communist want to be continually at war with these things they ought to remain in those countries where they exist and not come into our grand and noble land inflaming the minds of weak men with imaginative oppression.

Central Labor Unions are nothing but secret organizations plotting for the overthrow of our government and ought to be dealt with as similarly as are the dynamiter and the Nihilist. Because this is a free country is no reason why they should carry on their vile schemes and use our protection as a cloak. Are we to have no protection, but be compelled to wait until the deed is done? We are continually harping about the circulation of indecent literature through our mail and are endeavoring to suppress it, but I tell you the pamphlets of these Anarchists and Socialists and their organ published in Philadelphia, know as the "Socialist" breathing murder, reorganization of the government, equal distribution of all monies and free loveism are the worst kind of literature one can conceive of, aiming blows which threaten the perpetuity of our land and the peace of our homes. It is far better to suppress this evil in its infancy while it is in the power of the law, than to wait until it gets to be a full fledged man, when it will require the sacrifice of father and son on the battle field. Some one may say oh! you are an alarmist; there is no danger to be feared from a hand full of men in this sea of population; but my friend they are increasing every day; the old country is being completely drained and is pouring into our land a perfect stream of discontented and oppressed beings, filled with communistic ideas, ready to sacrifice the lives of innocent women and children to accomplish their vile purposes. If they were on the decrease nothing could be feared, but such is not the case and call for immediate action.

Another may say, they are a benefit to the workingman, but my friends I say they are not. Now, understand me, for I do not say that the Knights of Labor, rightly managed, cannot be subservient to the interest of the laboring man, for I believe they have as much right to organize for protection as the capitalist has to form Boards of Trade, Corn and Flour Exchanges or syndicates, but I do say that the Central Labor Union is not in sympathy with the working man, or the elevation of labor, no matter how much they may profess to be. It is insult to associate the two and the action of Mr. Powderly in condemning the action of those cut-throats in Chicago, and advising all honest

workingmen to assist in bringing them to justice, is a commendable action and worthy the praise of all good citizens.

The most serious blow which these so called reconstructionists are dealing is on the morality of our country. As we have said, the foundation of our land is christianity and our perpetuity depends on our observance of its principles; yet these men who are flooding our great West have no God; there is no creed in existence sufficiently comprehensive enough for them and their doctrine has ever been to do away entirely with, not only governments, but to abolish all forms of church and church governments, they not only disregard the law of the land but heed not the law of Moses. The greatest bearer to the progress of christianity in the west is from this very source. They come to our shores filled with their infidel doctrines, and are not content to abide by either the civil law or the holier one, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," but strive to convert that day of peace and rest into one of drunkenness and debauchery. Why are the beer gardens and theaters open all day on Sunday in Chicago and St. Louis? Is it not due to this class of foreigners? Whenever this has been the case, oppression and discontent has filled the land and the people like the prodigal son, "have ever found a famine in that country." Were it not for one thing that cheers me and bouys me up, I should fear this state of affairs for our beloved land, but I believe that same God who led Columbus to first introduce to the world the mysteries of the Western continent, who planted in the hearts of the patriots of '76, a love for freedom and who saved our country from dissolution in 1860, is still guarding jealously the destiny of our land and I believe the day is coming when right shall be right, and those coming to our shores will be compelled to abide by our laws and honor our institutions. I say give a hearty welcome to every honest, industrious foreigner, but as to that other gang who are in all matters aliens to us and enemies to a free republic and true nature; who use our freedom as a protection and a cloak; who as a rule come here because they have no other place to go and while here continue to agitate the country and to propogate their vile doctrines, the quicker they are lashed into obedience by our laws or cast out as a public nuisance, the better it will be for all classes.

Influence.

It has been the problem for ages to solve the mystery of life. The astronomer has soared into the very heavens, and explored the wonders of the other worlds, vainly endeavoring to find some solution of the problem. The geologist has dugged into our mother earth as far as nature would allow him, and exhumed the bodies of extinct animals, as if to establish some connection between them and our existence. The Frenchman has made his manakin, complete in itself but void of life, and the evolutionist, in his fanatical imaginations, has traced our being as far back as the spawn of an oyster. With all this investigation and opinion of so-called wise men, we are forced to return to the divine word for its solution, which we believe to be in the words, "And God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life." But why all this vain striving after something we know nothing of? We are here endowed with the faculties to *think* and *do*, and instead of asking the question "From whence am I?" we should ask what influence am I exerting? am I a blessing or a curse to others?

We move through life, very often, in a careless sort of way, believing that no one

is taking any notice of us, often using the old saying, "I don't care," and adapting our lives to the "don't care" idea; but the fact is we must care, for our very words and actions are not only making a lasting impression on some dear friend or companion, perhaps, but they are shaping and molding the character of some one, unconsciously it may be, whose destiny will likely depend on the character thus formed.

How often do we hear men and women say "had it not been for this one or that one I would never have been led astray." How often the young man, bowed down with premature age and on the verge of a drunkard's grave, points sorrowfully the finger of contempt, and says there goes the man that gave me my first glass. How often does the criminal, about to pay the penalty of his crime on the gallows, cry out with almost his expiring breath, in heart-rending tones, "My companions brought me here," and then, as if to warn some one lest they should share the same fate, he exclaimed, "Oh, shun evil associations!" If they are forced to bear such disgrace in this life, what are the feelings of such an one when he stands before the Judge of the universe, in full view of his victims, and hears the awful sentence, "depart from me, ye workers of iniquity, into everlasting punishment."

Since such is the case one might ask, can I not make my influence good? Can I not live so as to cause those with whom I come in contact "to rise up and call me blessed?" How can I accomplish this? To the first question we would answer decidedly yes. It is said that Queen Elizabeth feared John Knox more than any man in her kingdom, because he was fearless of the truth and lived the words he spoke to her every day. When it was announced that the venerable Alfred Cookman was dead, a saloon keeper, whom he had passed for several years in his daily missions of love, is said to have bitterly wept, and to testify that in his walk and manner on the street he exhibited the traits of a good man. Oh, how blessed it is to shed such an influence around us, and to have the consciousness, when we are about to depart from this sphere, that we have not lived in vain. We believe, in order to exert a good and lasting influence, the best way is to have our lives permeated with the religion of Christ. This is the incentive to all good, prompting all to live pure and holy lives, to love their enemies, and thereby exert an influence for good even over those who wish us harm. Oh! that all would go to this well-spring of life and drink of its waters until their minds, souls and bodies were saturated with its living truths, and then they would have no one to reproach them for an evil example, or curse the day in which they were born.

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us,
Footprints on the sand of time."
"No man liveth to himself, or no man dieth to himself."

The heads of the bank notes of different denominations are not generally known, and very few persons can tell what portraits are on the different notes. They are as follows: On United States—\$1, Washington; \$2, Jefferson; \$5, Jackson; \$10, Webster; \$20, Hamilton; \$50, Franklin; \$100, Lincoln; \$500, General Mansfield; \$1,000, DeWitt Clinton; \$5,000, Madison; \$10,000, Jackson. On silver certificates—\$10, Robert Morris; \$20, Commodore Decatur; \$50, Edward Everett; \$100, James Monroe; \$500, Charles Sumner, and \$1,000, W. L. Marcy. On gold notes—\$20, Garfield; \$50, Silas Wright; \$100, Thomas H. Benton; \$500, A. Lincoln; \$1,000, Alexander Hamilton; \$5,000, James Madison, and \$10,000, Andrew Jackson.

THE
Irving Literary Gazette

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H. D. MITCHELL, & P. H. MYERS, Editors.

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To whom all communications should be addressed.

WESTMINSTER, MD. SEPTEMBER, 1886.

The old students who should find it convenient for them to visit our college and should have the opportunity to once more wander through its halls would scarcely recognize the institution, so marked have been the changes under the charge of our new president, Dr. Lewis. The changes we are glad to say have been for the better, and no doubt from present prospects, young blood and energy will place our beloved college along side of the best in the land.

The room once known as the mathematical and which is associated to the student with the idea of dust, angles and triangles, has been changed into one of uniqueness and beauty. The whitewashed walls have been covered with paper of a lovely "fern-leaf" design, and the bare floor is most beautifully carpeted. The furniture is simple exquisite, and much taste has been displayed in the general make up of the room. It is now known as the office and recitation room of the president. The addition to Ward Hall is underway and will be completed in a month or so. The most signal change and the one most pleasant to the student is the departure from the primitive and ancient style previously existing in the dining hall. We consider that in the past, table etiquette was totally ignored and not deemed essential to the student's culture, but now instead of one butter dish for eight or ten students, we are inducted into the more refined and modern style of side dishes for butter. When once the rule existed (among the students) "he who reached the table first, secured the best piece of beef," and that oftner cold than warm, is now no more, and beef (not Chicago) is served up to each student without discrimination. Another benefit is the result physically. When once we ate as rapidly as we could, now it is necessary, in fact compulsory, to take it more moderately, consequently there will be less dyspepsia. On the whole the improvements in the culinary department are all that could be wished for, and when the comfort of the student is considered in this department, we deem the proper changes have been effected.

During the past month the country has been visited by several severe shocks of earthquake, which has resulted in serious amages in some parts of the United States. The city of Charleston, S. C., suffered more

than any other place, at which place 30 or 40 persons were killed and several wounded together with fearful loss of property.

Several causes have been assigned for these marvelous freaks of nature but the theory of Prof. McGee is generally accepted, which plainly stated we quote from an exchange as follows:

It is that east of the Appalachian are two great formations. The granite and the fragmental. The first extends from the mountains to about Columbia; the latter from Columbia to the sea. The first is the Piedmont escarpment, the other the coastal plain. The escarpment is granite, the plain is made up of composite rocks and fragments, resting on a granite bed about 3,000 feet thick. The granite bed that holds this mass of earth is inclined towards the sea, and about one hundred miles from shore, dips suddenly. The tendency of the fragmental plain is to slide down the granite plane on which it rests. This tendency is increased by the deposits of sand and gravel constantly brought into the fragmental mass by the rivers that flow down from the mountains. Professor McGee holds that a seaward slip of this coastal plain has taken place, and that the disturbance results from sudden dislocation of an area 900,000 miles square and 2,000 feet thick.

His reasons for believing this are that such a seaward movement has been taking place steadily in the middle of the Atlantic States, and its progress has been accurately noted. That no volcanic action ever disturbed anything like so great an area, nor could possibly do so. That the so-called volcanic mud and sulphurous waters are simply marls and salts or sulphurites, released from the layers of the earth by the tearing motion and forced upwards through suddenly made rifts. That all the phenomena of this earth are explicable by the theory of the land-slide, but not by the volcanic theory, and that no volcanic force having operated on this continent in thousands of years, and none being apparent now, volcanic force cannot be taken as the cause.

W. M. C.

Western Maryland College has commenced the present scholastic year under most flattering prospects. Never before in her history were so many new students registered on the first day, as there were on the opening day of this year. The energy and advertising ability of our new president, Dr. Lewis, were strained to their utmost point and we consider that he is worthy and deserving of the success that has crowned his labors. Advertising has always been deemed the best medium of success and had the school not measured up to, and even above, its usual numbers the theory would have been entirely exploded, for no means were left unused by our president, by which he might present the claims and advantages of our college before the people. The following is a list of our new students:—

Miss Carrie Meredith, Kent county, Md.
Albert Moore, Seaford, Del.
Samuel C. Lemon, Williamsport, Md.
Miss Ada Mather, Hanesville, Md.
Miss Laura Jones, Chesapeake City Md.
Miss Mary J. Fisher, Denton, Md.
D. F. Harris, Montgomery county, Md.
G. C. Smith, Centreville, Md.
Miss Carrie Phœbus, Somerset Co., Md.
J. Frank Harper, Centreville, Md.

Clinton Stephan, Westminster, Md.
M. Victor Strasburger, Westminster, Md.
F. Neal Parke, Westminster, Md.
Miss Adelia Handy, Somerset Co., Md.
Otis Harding, Wicomico Church, Va.
Miss Fannie M. Grove, Hagerstown, Md.
Chas. A. Roop, Uniontown, Md.
Miss Maggie A. Stem, Sams' Creek, Md.
Miss Hilda Stem, Sam's Creek, Md.
Chas. P. Merrick, Merrickton, Md.
Miss May Nelson, Westminster, Md.
John Nelson, Westminster, Md.
Robt. L. Nelson, Westminster, Md.
John W. Lawson, Urbana, Md.
W. K. Hill, Washington, D. C.
M. L. Sterling, Crisfield, Md.
W. O. Keller, Buckeystown, Md.
Miss Ida J. Whaley, Whalesville, Va.
Miss Clara V. Underhill, Baltimore, Md.
James F. Caulk, Sassafras, Md.
Miss Georgie E. Franklin, Westminster.
Miss E. May Wallis, Belle Buckle, Tenn.
Miss Mattie S. Biggs, Mt. Pleasant, Md.
Miss Ella A. Lamotte, Finksburg, Md.
John J. Buffington, York Road, Md.
Miss May Smith Usilton, Fairlee, Md.
Miss Cora H. Sellman, Warfieldsburg, Md.
Miss Herati, Yokohama, Japan.

The present issue of the GAZETTE is later than usual, this month, owing to the fact that there was an immense press of work attending our settlement, together with the fact the publisher was overrun with work. We will endeavor so to arrange our issues in the future as not to appear later than the tenth of the month. All matter intended for the GAZETTE is requested to be in by the first of each month.

Strong Government.

The great question in the United States one hundred years ago was, whether or not the Articles of Confederation should be so amended that the States should have less power than they enjoyed, and that a general government should have the right to something without the separate consent of every State and Union.

At that time there was almost nothing that Congress could do unless every State agreed, and as the States were jealous of each other, it was very seldom that they could be persuaded to agree upon anything. Out of this intolerable situation resulted the movement which led to the formation of the Constitution in 1787, and to its adoption in 1789.

Parties then grouped themselves around the opposing views of Hamilton, who wished the Government to be a strong one, and of Jefferson, who dreaded a strong Government above everything else. After a brief ascendancy of Hamilton and his party, the Federalist, Mr. Jefferson gained a great victory, and his party, variously called Anti-Federalist, Republicans and Democrats, continued in power, with three brief intervals, from 1801 until 1861, when the modern Republican party began its long term of rule.

During all that period of sixty years there was a struggle over the powers of the general Government; and although the opponents of strong government were almost constantly in power, circumstances compelled them frequently to disregard and violate their principle. Finally the Gov-

ernment asserted and maintained the greatest of powers, that of making war upon and "coercing" States.

But as soon as this power had been fully vindicated, the necessity which led to the contest mentioned—a contest which lasted from 1789 to 1877—vanished completely. That is to say, at any time before the decision of the question whether Hayes or Tilden was to be President proved the self-restraint of the American people, it was necessary for the national Government to seek, even to assume, the power to deal with disorganization.

Since that time the Government has possessed, by universal consent, not only all the power it needs to meet any emergencies that have arisen, but enough to meet emergencies that are probable, or even possible. Inasmuch as the power of a government is measured by its ability to deal with its own actual circumstances, and not with those of others, or with imagined perils, it may be said that the Government of the United States is as strong as that of any country upon the earth.

Stronger than any other, it might be maintained. The vast empire of Great Britain might be dismembered, German unity might be destroyed, the Republic of France might overturn, revolution might annihilate the authority of the Czar of Russia, Italy might be transformed into a Republic, Spain might again send her sovereign into exile—any or all these things might happen more easily than the American Union could be dissolved, a Governmental revolution of any sort be accomplished, or even a local revolt be successful.

It has at last become a matter of the deepest interest to the people of every State and of every part of the States that the Union shall be preserved. There is no question that furnishes a grievance to any community. Even sectional parties for the accomplishment of some temporary end, have become impossible.

The country is so knit together by common interests that any party which might endeavor to dictate a change of policy for the benefit of a district, would be treated as a common enemy and blotted out of existence. The people have so learned the value of their institutions that they would regard any one who tried to teach them that revolution was expedient as a charlatan and a fraud, and would drive him from the field by ridicule.

Do our readers see what we mean? The strength of the Government is in the hearts of the people. They are now one people in fact, attached both to the Union and to the form of government. The danger to Great Britain is not in England; the danger to the Russian Empire is not in the Court.

Every other great government is in peril either from peoples, like the Irish, who hate their masters, or from agitators, like the Nihilists, who hate the despotism under which they live. It is the happy fortune of the United States to have neither a discontented province nor a revolutionary class.—*The Youth's Companion.*

Little children and dogs are about the only specimens of animated nature that may be relied upon. There's more truth in a baby's dimpled smile or the wag of a dog's tail than in all the taffy ladled out during a life.

There can be no study without time; and the mind must abide and dwell upon things, or be always a stranger to the inside of them.

Be pleasant and kind to those around you. The man who stirs his cup with an icicle spoils the tea and chills his own fingers.

LOCALS.

At work again.

Did you feel the "quake"?

Ice cream for dinner on Sunday.

Soup and hash are things of the past.

Rev. W. W. Dumm, '83 was in town recently.

Already some of our boys have begun to practice the art of curving smiles.

Mr. Chas. M. Grow, '86, is at present teaching in the Deaf and Dumb asylum located at Frederick, Md.

The campus is in a state of confusion owing to the fact that the workmen are still at work on Ward Hall.

Mr. F. Mac Brown '85, paid us a flying visit shortly. Come again Mac, we are always glad to see old Irvings.

Prof. McDaniel who has become quite an expert bicycleist, reports having had a very pleasant vacation on his wheel.

Miss Madge Slaughter '87, who spent but part of the last year with us has returned and occupies her same position in the class.

The class of '89 have selected the following gentlemen as their officers: Pres., Irving Pollitt, Sec. Wm. Mac A. Lease, Treas Edwin Reese, Historian, Isaac Micheal.

The Juniors are required to deliver "Themes," once a month in the chapel. It is no doubt a benefit to them, but is a great deal of extra work. How do you like it boys?

The Seniors are studying German and it is simply horrible to hear some of them murdering that language, trying to display their profound learning before some of our unsuspecting Sophs.

Misses Jennie F. Wilson and Edith Richards both of the class of '86, have returned as post-graduate students. Miss Wilson has also assumed the charge of the calisthenic department.

The *Irving Literary Society* desires to acknowledge the addition made to their museum in the gift of "quartz crystals" and "lead ore" from Carroll co., by the Vanderford Bros. Many thanks.

Since the close of the last session Mr. B. A. Dumm '86 has met with the most serious loss of his father. Coming so soon upon him after his entrance into life, it was indeed a sad affliction and we extend to him our heart felt sympathy.

The Webster Literary Society at a recent meeting elected the following officers: President, J. M. Radford, Vice-President, Irving Pollitt, Rec. Sec., C. A. Veasey, Cor. Sec., W. Mc. A. Lease, Treasurer, N. H. Wilson, Librarian, E. Reese, critic, Paul Cums, Chaplin, John Baker.

Prof. A. H. Merrill, who was principle of the preparatorian department last year, and Prof. of Elocution is now located at Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn. The Prof. was very popular with the students and is much missed. We wish you success in your new field.

Our President, ever on the watch for the advancement of the student, has promised us enlarged facilities for gymnastic exercises, and the assistance of a trained instructor at least once a week. This is a feature that has been sadly neglected in the past, and we hope earnest efforts will be made in this department for its success and completion.

At a recent election of officers of Irving Society the following officers were elected: President, Philip H. Myers, Vice-President, Paul W. Kuhns, Orator, Wm. Wellder, Rec. Sec., H. C. Stocksedale, Cor. Sec., Paul Smith, Treas., W. H. Grammer, Es-

sayist, Feaser, Critic, E. C. Wimbrough, Librarian, Reese Smith, Asst. Libr., Chas. Sullivan, Serg. at arms, G. Galt, Chaplin, Harry D. Mitchell.

The Y. M. C. A. of our College have again organized and started out on an aggressive campaign. The work done by the association last year was marvellous and the outlook for the coming session is very flattering. The following is a list of their officers: Pres. E. A. Warfield, B. D., Vice Pres., N. H. Wilson, Cor. Sec., E. C. Wimbrough, Rec. Sec., J. M. Radford.

Prof. T. F. Rinehart, A. M., who has assumed the charge of our musical department is a man of wonderful musical ability, and the patrons of our college should feel highly flattered that they can have the privilege of placing their children under the instruction of such an accomplished gentleman. He is a graduate of Adrian College, and also of the Cincinnati College of Music.

Miss Herati San, of Yokohama, Japan, has arrived and is settled at College. She was a convert under the Rev. F. C. Kline a graduate of our College and now Missionary of the M. P. Chuach at Yokohama. Miss Herati has entered our institution for the purpose of completing her education and fitting herself more fully to carry the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ to those of her native land who are in Pagan darkness. She is a lady of about 20 years of age but looks like a girl of twelve. She is short in stature, heavy set, of copper color, and dresses in the costume of her native land. We will endeavor to give our subscribers a more interesting account of this lady in one of our coming issues, since we are unable to form an opinion of her, not having met her.

Bread is the staff of life, and good bread is the first requisite of a good table; and, with the adjuncts of good butter and a good appetite, what is to hinder any one from doing good service at the pleasantest of all exercises — table calisthenics. These thoughts were suggested by a large and beautiful loaf of bread, white as curd, brought to our notice by Reuben Walker, the polite and efficient steward of Western Maryland College, who informed us that they bake every day, in order to supply the students with fresh palatable bread all the while. Stale bread is a standing complaint against nearly all of our institutions of learning. But not so at Western Maryland College. A barrel and a half of flour is consumed every week, amounting to about sixty-five barrels for the collegiate year.—*The Advocate.*

Personalia.

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

'71. Mr. John W. Babylon is a manufacturer in Baltimore, Md.

'71. Mr. Wm. S. Crouse, A. M., is principal of St. Michael's High School, St. Michael's, Md.

'72. Mr. H. Dorsey Newson is a book publisher in New York.

'72. Prof. Edward Reisler, A. M., is principal of the High School and editor of the Carroll News, Union Bridge, Md.

'73. Mr. Frank W. Shriver paid Westminster a visit last summer. He is a carriage dealer in Philadelphia.

'73. Miss Mary V. Nichols is a music teacher in Johnsville, Md.

'74. Mr. Joseph D. Baker, Jr., is president of the Montgomery county bank and Citizens' Bank, of Frederick City, Md.

'74. Rev. W. W. White, of the M. P. Church, is stationed at Heathsville, Va.

'74. Rev. Thomas E. Colbourn, of the M. P. Church, is stationed at Lynchburg, Va.

'74. Mr. Philemon B. Hopper is the State's Attorney of Queen Anne's county, Md.

'74. Dr. Jas. E. Shreeve is a dentist at Ellicott City, Md.

'74. Rev. C. S. Arnett, of the M. P. Church, is stationed at Bayview, Md.

'75. Mr. John W. Biggs is farming near Westminster. He is also a director in the Farmers and Mechanics' Bank, Westminster, Md.

'75. The address of Prof. G. W. Devilbiss is Norrisville, Harford county, Md.

'75. Mr. George B. Hoppie has a flour mill in Atlanta, Ga.

'75. Mr. John S. Mills is in the Government Printing Bureau, Washington, D. C.

'75. Mr. Archie Nelson is a cattle dealer and farmer in Missouri.

'75. Mr. C. F. Norment is a real estate agent in Washington, D. C.

'76. Dr. R. B. Norment, Jr., is practicing at Woodberry, Md.

'76. Mr. Jesse Sharrer is of the firm of Sharrer Bros., merchant tailors, Westminster, Md.

'77. Mr. W. S. Amoss, LL. B., is an attorney of the Baltimore bar, and secretary of the Baltimore Title Co.

'77. Dr. Wilson R. Cushing is at Big Spring, Montgomery county, Va.

'77. Mr. C. Berry Cushing, LL. B., is an attorney at law at Union, W. Va.

'77. Mr. Preston Devilbiss is farming near Liberty, Md.

'77. Mr. John B. Thomas is farming near Ruthville, Queen Anne's county, Md.

'78. Major Benedict J. Burgess is principal of the Maryland Military and Naval Academy, Oxford, Md.

'78. Mr. Daniel Baker, Jr., is of the firm of Daniel Baker & Sons, farmers, Buckeystown, Md., and of Baker Bros., lime dealers, Martinsburg, W. Va.

'78. Dr. S. Viers Mace is practicing in Baltimore county, Md.

'78. Mr. F. H. Peterson, LL. B., is practicing in Kansas.

'78. Dr. R. B. Varden is practicing dentistry in Missouri.

'79. Rev. E. Oliver Ewing, of the M. P. Church, is stationed at Bedford, Pa.

'79. Mr. Joshua W. Miles is State's Attorney of Somerset county, Md. He is also one of the Board of Trustees of Western Maryland College.

'79. Mr. J. Smith Orrick is a property and claim agent in Baltimore, Md.

'80. Mr. E. S. Baile is farming near Westminster, Md.

'80. Wm. H. DeFord, A. M., M. D., College of Physicians and Surgeons, D. D. S., Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, is practicing in Anamosa, Iowa.

'80. Miss F. E. Wilson is assistant in High School, Union Bridge, Md.

'81. Rev. W. P. S. Duncan is a member of the M. E. Conference of California.

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

'81. Miss Bessie Miller is teaching in Cecil county, Md.

'81. Miss Laura Stalnaker is a teacher in a public school, Garrett county, Md.

'81. Geo. W. Todd, M. D., has a fine practice in Salisbury, Md.

'81. Mr. Frank Welsh is a real estate broker in Kansas City, Mo.

'82. Mr. Cleveland Anders is a merchant in Union Bridge, Md.

'82. James E. Deets, M.D., is situated in Clarksburg, Montgomery county, Md.

'82. Mr. Wm. M. Gist is farming near Orange Lake, Florida.

'82. Miss Mary C. Meredith is teaching in Kent county, Md.

'82. Mr. Lynn R. Meekins is on the editorial staff of the Baltimore Daily American.

'82. Mr. C. E. Stoner is a real estate broker, in Birmingham, Ala.

'82. Rev. E. A. Warfield is Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the Westminster Theological Seminary.

'82. Rev. Luther M. Kuhns, of the Lutheran Church, has accepted a charge at Freeport, Armstrong county, Pa.

'83. Revs. M. W. Chum, and W. W. Dumm of Yale Divinity School, are preaching in Minnesota.

'83. Mr. A. L. Miles is practicing law in Princess Anne, Md.

'83. Miss Georgia R. Nichols is teaching in Frederick county, Md.

'83. Rev. J. W. Norris is stationed at Leemont, Accomac county, Va.

'83. Rev. S. C. Ohrum is stationed at Hebron, Va.

'83. Miss Lizzie Swarbrick is teaching school in Calvert county, Md.

'83. Miss Virginia Smiley is teaching in Tennessee.

'84. Miss Carrie Clayton, has charge of a public school in Somerset county, Md.

'84. Mr. W. J. Price is teller in Queen Anne's Bank, Centreville, Md.

'85. Miss India May Cockerl is Secretary of the Women's Medical College, Baltimore, Md.

'85. Mr. John H. Cunningham received two prizes given in the Bicycle races at the Baltimore County Fair. One was a gold medal awarded to the winner in the three mile race; the other was a nickle-plated bicycle lantern awarded as second best in a one-mile race.

'85. Miss Ida E. Gott is teaching in Charles county, Md.

'85. Dr. J. T. Shreeve, M. D., has a good practice in Uniontown, Md.

'86. Mr. L. M. Bennett paid *Alma Mater* a visit during the first week of school. He expects to enter Johns Hopkins University.

'86. Mr. B. A. Dumm has taken charge of Fawn Grove Academy, at Fawn Grove, York county, Pa.

'86. Mr. G. C. Erb has entered Lancaster Reformed Theological Seminary. His address is 124 N. Pine street, Lancaster, Pa.

'86. Mr. E. T. Mowbray has been stationed at Hampstead, Carroll co., Md.

'86. One of the most popular teachers in Bryant, Stratton & Saddler's Business College, Baltimore, Md., is Mr. E. H. Norman. He is Professor of Accounts.

'88. Mr. W. H. Brown is reading medicine with Dr. J. E. Shreeve, '85, of Uniontown.

'89. Mr. F. R. Owens has entered Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.

'90. Messrs. Charles and Luther Stitely have entered the Preparatory Department at Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg, Pa.

'90. Mr. Eugene J. Heyd received the scholarship in St. John's College, held by Carroll county.

The following notice is posted conspicuously in one of Oroville's leading hotels: "Warning—This is a United States house, and that is the only language spoken here. Any guest using the words tour for tower, root for route, sweet for suit, commercial tourist for drummer, will immediately be waited upon by a committee from *Blue* County's 601 and given two hours in which to leave the county.—*Red Bluff* (Col.) *Sentinel.*"

Good will, like a good name, is got by many actions, and lost by one.

Irreproachable manners and a good life are man's true nobility.

More hope for a fool than for one wise in his own conceit.

A Sketch of the Life of Edgar Allen Poe.

BY WM. E. B.

Would that time and space might permit me to give you a lengthy description of the life of one of America's greatest writers, but it is not so! I will indulge you but a short time by giving you a brief sketch of his life. Poe's great grandfather, John Poe, emigrated from Ireland to America, and brought with him his wife and son David, who was then but two or three years old. He was distinguished during the Revolution as being quartermaster-general in the Maryland line. He married a lady from Pennsylvania, who is said by some to have been very beautiful. To her were born five children, the names of two of whom have been transmitted to us, David and Maria. Little is known of David Poe, Jr., except that while studying law in Baltimore he was sent to Norfolk on business, and during his stay became enamored of Elizabeth Arnold, an eminent English actress, who was at that time playing there. But a short time after this they were married, and David appeared on the stage with her. They lived precariously together for about ten years, and in the year 1815 both died of consumption, and left three children utterly destitute—Rosalie, Henry and Edgar. Edgar Allen Poe was born in Boston in 1809, and after the death of his parents was adopted by John Allen, a wealthy merchant of Richmond. He had at this time a very tenacious memory, and was accustomed to declaim the finest passages of English poetry to the evening visitors at Mr. Allen's residence. No one could fail to be struck by the justness of his emphasis and his evident appreciation of the poem which he recited. Mr. Allen made a tour with him to England, Scotland and Ireland, and placed him at school in Stoke-Newington, near London, where he laid the foundation for a fine classical education. At the end of this time he returned again to Mr. Allen at Richmond, and it was then that he expressed a longing desire to go to the University of Virginia. Mr. Allen, being a very kind-hearted and clever old man, and being interested in the welfare of Edgar, sent him to the place of his choice. Poe's temperament was very weak and excitable, and, being led on by his companions, the temptation was too great for him. He gave himself up to drink, and finally left, but was not expelled, as is supposed by some. Whatever his habits may have been, he was in the first rank for scholarship. After his return to Mr. Allen's house a quarrel ensued, and resulted in Edgar's leaving his home in rage. In this period the Greeks were fighting against the Turks, and he determined to fight against them too. Byron had done so and had died. The next time we hear of him he is in St. Petersburg. He got into difficulties here, and came near being sent into exile in Siberia. This is not very authentic. He could no longer stay away from his home. Mr. Allen received him, but it could not have been with as much cordiality as before. He was still interested in him; he knew his thoughts were deep and his imagination widely extended. He sent him to West Point, but he did not remain long. He was dismissed for neglect of duty and disobedience of orders. There was a second rupture between Poe and his benefactor. During his absence Mr. Allen died, but left him no share of his money. This must have been the most trying time of his life. He had now to battle alone with the sneering world. "Genius has always had to struggle, and has often starved—sometimes died—in the struggle." Edgar A. Poe had as much genius, in his way, as

any American author, yet he was poor. In the spring of 1833 we find him lingering in the streets of Baltimore, hardly able to earn enough to keep him alive. It was at this time that the editors of the "Saturday Visitor," a small paper issued at that time, whose chief object being to collect original tales and verses, offered two prizes to the aspiring literati of America, one for the best tale and the other for the best poem. Among the number of persons who competed was Mr. Poe, who submitted a poem, *The Coliseum*, and six prose pieces, one of which was the "MS. found in a bottle." He received the prize for his prose piece, not because, as some say, it was written well, but because of the grand and thrilling character of the piece. For the next year and a half he remained in Baltimore, and was employed the most of his time by his pen. He had acquired the friendship of many during his stay, and among them Mr. J. H. Kennedy, author of "Horseshoe Robinson." Greatly desiring to be of some service to him, accordingly he wrote to the editor of the "Southern Literary Messenger," and endorsed Poe as being clever, classical and scholarlike, and with very little persuasion gained him a good position. He was in Baltimore but a few months longer. Much to the surprise of all his friends, when fortune was beginning to smile upon him he removed to Richmond. There were many reasons why he should like Richmond, for it had been his home for a long while, but again there were many why he should abstain from going to the place. He found here many of his old companions, who cared but little for him except that he was very generous in spending his small amount of money for their benefit. This state of affairs could not last long. His employer, although a very mild and lenient man, was compelled to discharge him. He promised to do better, and there is not the least doubt but that he did, yet he did not succeed. Following his father's footsteps, as I fear he often did to his sorrow, he married, during his residence in Richmond, his cousin, Virginia Clemm. The apparently happy young couple flitted from Richmond to Baltimore, and soon after to Philadelphia and New York. No doubt he went to this latter for the purpose of publishing his "Narrative of Author Gordon Pym, of Nantucket." The grave particularity of the title and of the narrative misled many of the critics, as well as the unauspicious publishers. After his publication of this piece he again flitted with his wife to Philadelphia. His only dependence was literature, a delusive profession which very often leaves a man in the exact place it found him. While here he became a contributor to the "Gentleman's Magazine," and devoted himself very industriously, for he produced some of his most remarkable stories and most beautiful poems. It is acknowledged by most every one that his metrical combinations and the classical impress of his poetry are equal to, if I may say, surpass those of most of his contemporaries. He published at this time a series of stories under the title of "Tales of Grotesque and Arbesque," but they were not successful, and we may charitably suppose it drove him to his cups again, and caused him to neglect his editorial duties. What a grand and noble life might his have been, had it not been for his one failure, with his mild and genial disposition and his genius. After this time he began a magazine of his own. Although his old feebleness continued to overcome him, it did not prevent him from writing many fine tales and many biting criticisms. Soon he again went back to New York, and his first literary work was on the "Mirror," an evening paper conducted by N. P. Willis. New

York has never been remarkable for its love of literary men, I believe; remarkable, that is, as Boston is, or was supposed to be, but when Poe lived there there was a perceptible flavor in its society. What is chiefly remembered of Poe is that his manners were refined and pleasing, and his style of conversation that of a gentleman and a profound scholar. His conversational powers are much dwelt upon by his admirers. He was lenient to all literary women, and much more so than he should have been, for his criticisms upon them are of very little material value. Miss Osgood became one of his particular friends, and many a pleasant hour was spent at his house by her. It was impossible for him to remain in New York, for his wife, to whom he was joined by the strongest ties of love and affection, was fast failing in health; the noise and confusion which must necessarily frequent such large cities was intolerable to her. Accordingly, with her and his mother-in-law, he removed to Fordham. This quiet little cottage was most beautifully situated, and was very suitable to his taste. His favorite haunt was a ledge of rocky ground, surrounded with pines and cedars, under which he delighted to sit, feasting his eyes upon the silent beauty of the landscape around, and dreaming dreams which were soon to put on the imperishable form of verse. On such occasions he was alone, as poets are wont to be, but in this case it was a necessity, for his dear wife was at the point of death and needed the care and supervision of Mrs. Clemm. She lived but a few months longer, when death threw his overwhelming dart at her and she was no more. Poe could not be consoled. He had lost his best friend. She was his only protector. In distress she always had a kind word for him, and in prosperity her smile was magical. A considerable time after his wife's death he announced, in New York, his intention to lecture, and did so, but before a very scanty and prejudiced audience, and therefore met with very little success. Thinking he could do better financially, he published this lecture under the title of *Eureka*, a prose poem. He went from here to Philadelphia, and from thence to Baltimore. Unfortunately for him he took a drink with one of his friends, as he thought, and when next we hear of him he is picked up from the gutter in a state of delirium, and taken to a hospital. He remained insensible for several days. When he first showed confidence was on Sunday, October 7th. He asked "Where am I?" and the doctor told him he was under the care of his best friends. "My best friend," said he, "would be the man that would blow my brains out." A few moments afterward he breathed his last. He died, but "still lives" in the hearts of an increasing multitude. Fair Baltimore, although she neglected him for a while, yet the fading embers of love and affection have been rekindled, and are now glowing in all their beauty and splendor. Haughty Rome, seated upon her seven hills, had her cathedral, her coliseum, her grand old Vatican. Learned Athens had her works of art, but Baltimore has her monuments, towering pinnacles of fame, and well may she be proud of them. She has a monument to the immortal Washington, she has one to Thomas Wildey, one to Booth, one to the memory of the battle of North Point, one to Wells and McComas, and one to the memory of Poe, beautiful and appropriate.

"Through many a year his fame has grown,
Like midnight vast, like starlight sweet,
Till now his genius fills a throne
And nations marvel at his feet."

He hath a good judgment that relieth not wholly on his own.

Wedding Bells.

News has reached us of the marriage of another "Irving," Mr. Calvin B. Taylor, 82, of Berlin, Md. Mr. Taylor was a faithful and energetic member of our society and always manifested a warm interest in her welfare. We extend to you the congratulation of "old Irving," and best wishes for your success. The following is taken from the *Hannibal (Mo.) Daily Courier*, of July 21st, 1886:

At 10 o'clock to-day Miss Mattie Collins, of this city, and Calvin B. Taylor, of Berlin, Md., were united in marriage at the residence of the bride's brother, on South Sixth street. About 100 guests were in attendance. Rev. L. P. Bowen, of Marshall, an uncle of the groom, officiated, assisted by Rev. T. D. Wallace, of the Presbyterian church, of this city. Frank R. Collins, brother of the bride, and Chas. A. Gaiser were the attendants.

The happy couple left for St. Louis on the St. L., K. & N. W. train at 1 o'clock. From there they go to Philadelphia and thence to Berlin, where they will reside in the future. Many ornamental and valuable presents were received as tokens of love from friends and acquaintances.

The bride is too well known to demand an extended notice in these columns. She is an accomplished young lady, a general favorite in Hannibal society, and one who will make an excellent wife.

The groom is Principal of the Buckingham High School of Berlin, whom it is said, enjoys the confidence and esteem of the residents of his native place.

The *Courier* but echos the sentiments of our citizens in wishing the happy couple bon voyage through life with happiness and prosperity.

For the Irving Literary Gazette.

Dates of Decease of Prominent Promoters at Western Maryland College.

- Rev. Ulysses Ward, Washington, D. C., died March 30th, 1868, aged 76 years.
- Joshua Smith, Esq., Westminster, Md., July 24th, 1863, aged 65 years.
- Rev. Daniel Bowers, Baltimore, Md., March 19th, 1871, aged 39 years.
- John Nicodemus, Esq., Westminster, Md., Oct. 5th, 1871, aged 70 years.
- John H. Yingling, Esq., Westminster, Md., July 19th, 1873, aged 43 years.
- John B. Ward, Esq., Washington, D. C., September 14th, 1873, aged 46 years.
- Prof. Wm. H. Ogg, near Westminster, Md., Aug. 4th, 1875, aged 27 years.
- Rev. John Roberts, Baltimore, September 20th, 1875, aged 57 years.
- Michael Baughman, Esq., Westminster, Md., January 2nd, 1876, aged 55 years.
- Rev. D. Evans Reese, D. D., St. Michaels, Md., April 23rd, 1877, aged 67 years.
- James Frame, Esq., Baltimore, Md., January, 1877, aged 31 years.
- Hon. George Vickers, Chestertown, Md., October 8th, 1879, aged 77 years.
- David H. Shriver, Esq., Westminster, Md., September 16th, 1880, aged 74 years.
- Joshua Yingling, Esq., Westminster, Md., October 27th, 1881, aged 68 years.
- Rev. Peter Light Wilson, Johnsville, Md., Jan. 10th, 1883, aged 60 years.
- Samuel McKinstry, Esq., McKinstry's Mills, Md., April 14, 1883, aged 75 years.
- Benedict Milburn, Esq., Washington, D. C., July 19th, 1885, aged 68 years.
- Dr. H. Fletcher Zollickoffer, Baltimore, Md., Sept. 30th, 1885, aged 61 years.

A good cause makes a stout heart and a strong arm.

One of the sublimest things in this world is the plain truth.

THE GREEK PLAY.

The "Acharnians" of Aristophanes at the Academy by Students of the University.

From the Philadelphia Press.

The "Acharnians" of Aristophanes was presented last night by the students of the University of Pennsylvania at the Academy of Music. The vitality which attaches to a work of art of the first order has not often more vivid proof than was furnished by the genuine success of this "revival" after a lapse of some twenty centuries for the second recorded representation of the Attic comedy in its long history. Greek at every turn—in chorus, dialogue and display, in action and incident, in scene and situation—Greek most of all to the audience, the most brilliant which any event in half a dozen years has gathered in the Academy, there still remained enough of laughter in the old wine, which had stood so long on the lees of a forgotten festival to render the presentation a matter of genuine interest, which through long lines of a strange tongue never flagged by clear force of sharply contrasted comedy and brilliant action. The great audience, to whom the speech was strange and the playwright's wit a stranger, on whom every lyric strain was lost and for whom every point was blunted on which the poet had spent his satire—object and assault meaningless, together—was held through three hours of attentive interest by sheer farce and suggestive situation, a simple record which itself justifies the selection for last evening's performance of the simplest, the earliest, and it might be fair to add in many senses the least conspicuous of the comedies of Aristophanes. Since "Agamemnon" was given at Oxford, to be followed by "Ajax" at the English and "Oedipus" at the American Cambridge, with the sequence of "Alcestis" and more recently the "Eumenides" at Cambridge, only one of the Athenian comedies, the "Birds" of Aristophanes, has been presented in these scholarly revivals of the Greek stage on both sides the Atlantic. The grotesquerie possible in the "Birds," where a bald-headed ostrich made the shrieking success of the evening, is not within the simpler and saner limits of the "Acharnians," but it was still true that last night's brilliant achievement was chiefly possible because of the prominence which could justly be given to act and utterance which sank into insignificance at the first presentation by the side of the graver political purpose of a play which stood in the life of its day for the mingled argument and ridicule in which journalism finds now its best weapon as live work. If it was not Aristophanes as Athens knew him which the audience last night recognized, it was still a striking recognition of the common web woven by the cognition of all centuries that the "Acharnians" last night moved the audience by simple mirthful methods which the stage early discovered and which it will never outgrow.

The Greek stage knew no curtain and no roof, and while the latter could scarcely be dispensed with, the stage last night stood set with the three doors which the entrance of Athenian comedy demands, the platform from which the leading characters speak and the depressed space in which the chorus of twenty-four wheeled and moved about the white altar of Bacchus, which furnished an admirable prompter's box, whose use through some 1,200 lines of Greek was happily unnecessary. From the time when *Dikaiopolis*, Mr. George Wharton Pepper, appeared in an alarmingly short chiton, and began the complaint which strikes the keynote of the long plea for peace and its blessings, there was no instant when he was

not equal to the extraordinary burden laid on his shoulders in the recitation of one-half of the play. Easy, fluent and accurate, he carried off in spirited fashion a part whose possibilities and limitations are both equally distant from the demands and aims of the modern stage. It was not until the upper stage filled in the mimic presentment of an Athenian town meeting, with the pryntany making a rush for seats after the fashion of Academy stockholders, and the Persian embassy filed across the "skena" and stood relieved against the simple Dorian setting behind, that the vivid resemblance of the Greek stage to the bas-relief grew plain. There it stood, the procession of the steps of Persepolis and of countless Greek urns, simple, severe and statuesque. There was no effort to travesty the "King's Eye" after the fashion which it is highly probable that this personage appeared on an earlier stage, and a broader, if less correct, costuming would have run closer to the spirit of the original, but, taken as a whole and in all its details, costume and grouping, presented an accuracy as extraordinary as it was painstaking. The brilliant figure of *Lamochos*, Mr. Edward Sandford Dunn, in full panoply, will linger in memory as few stage pictures can—a brilliant and graceful realization of a significant Greek ideal. At every point action and properties were necessarily stripped, as the text had been ruthlessly pruned of the great motive on which the Dionysiac festival turned; but there still remained enough to suggest the spirit and freedom with which dangerous ground was touched upon in the original.

Scene succeeded scene through an argument familiar to readers of the *Press*, each with an interest of its own and all lit by fire of choral hymns. Of choral dances dances there was little and that little scarcely successful. Such display is of all stage work the most difficult for amateurs to compass successfully. Fortunately the simple stage business of a Greek play lends itself to raw hands. When *Amphitheus* (Mr. George Brinton), in his long blue Ionian tunic and truncated cap had appeared in his elongated figure and caught the spirit of his pompous lines, it was plain that the rapid succession of characters, brief as was the stay of each, would impress themselves on the current of the piece. To a modern audience the appearance of *Euripides* (James Alan Montgomery) by the removal of a sliding scene was a familiar stage effect, which drew sharp applause for its revelation of a Greek interior in which the tragic poet had his successful say. The *Megarian* (Howard Smith Richards) managed the most striking stage business of the play with striking skill and to a surprising effect, for which the text gave little preparation, one of the many in which familiar lines were illuminated by last night's presentation. As much was true of the *Baotian* (Mr. Joseph Siegmund Levin) in the later stage of the play. The chorus is, it is scarcely necessary to add the most difficult and the least known of any share of Attic comedy. It was last night effective and of interest, but when it is remembered that it played a part as intricate as the modern ballet, enough is suggested of necessary short-comings at this point. Even here, taken as a whole and in all its parts the "Acharnians" was a splendid and deserved success.

To Professor Hugh Archibald Clarke, who served as *Chorodidaskolos*, great credit is due for the success of the musical portion of the entertainment. It was not a holiday task that he had before him. There are upwards of forty different passages, varying in length from three words to thirty lines, and introducing the complicated rhythms which were so characteristic of Greek lyric poetry. Professor Clarke

had a choice of two courses. It is tolerably certain what the peculiarities of the ancient Greek music were, and he might have tried to imitate the Lydian or Dorian measures and used only the progressions of the classic diatonic scale. Wisely, however, he determined to write the music for the play not as though he were an Athenian composer in the time of Aristophanes, but rather as an Athenian composer of the present day would write. He prefaced the play with a modern overture, which would have been much better enjoyed had the audience been at all in a receptive state. There was so much confusion and talking all over the house, however, that it was almost impossible to judge fairly of its merits. It seemed to be a more scholarly rather than brilliant composition, though it worked up to an effective climax. It was played with spirit by the respectable orchestra under Professor Clarke's baton. The music of the chorusses offered the especial difficulty of requiring music to be set to very artificial metres. That the composer managed to confine himself to the bonds of Cretics and other feet and at the same time show originality and fertility of imagination, and even inspiration, was his special triumph. He had Mendelssohn's example before him, but he happily escaped imitation of Mendelssohn, in large measure, in any measure that was not inevitable. There was real humor shown in the funeral march of the eel, and the variety which Professor Clarke succeeded in bringing about was very remarkable. The chorusses were, for the most part, sung in excellent time and tune. Perfection was not to be expected, but that there were so few noticeable hitches showed how thoroughly trained the young men were and how eager they were to do credit to their director. The auxiliary chorus which sang the really brilliant Dionysiac Hymn, was an effective addition. Professor Clarke was warmly congratulated on his success and enthusiastically called before the *paraskenion* at the close.

THE GRADUATE.

BY MRS. D. M. JORDAN.

'Twas a bounding Baccalaureate,
With his essay in his hand;
And he boldly stepped to the platform
And took his place at the stand.

And he swept the sea of faces
With a glance of his eagle eye,
And a look that was full of triumph
And courage to do or die.

There were aunts and uncles and cousins,
Relations full half a score,
All good old-fashioned people
Who considered 'larnin' a bore."

And friends who were better posted
On the needs of the rushing times,
Who knew that knowledge is power
And ignorance one of the crimes.

When the valedictory opened,
"Obscura per obscurus"
"Ore rotundo" was his style,
And momentarily grew more furious.

"Qui non proficit," deficit
Was the young man's rallying cry,
And he proved that all were turtles
Who didn't know how to fly.

He threw up a "pons asinorum"
Of an English sentence or two,
By way of helping the old folks
To sit and hear them through.

But he hurled in Greek and Latin,
And did it with such a force
That in less than fifteen minutes
His voice grew weak and hoarse.

But on the end of the chapter,
This terrible youth went in,
Raking up the dead languages
In a way that seemed a sin.

Still his voice grew weak and weaker,
In wild, incoherent mutter;
In "Hoc tempore," they seized him,
And bore him home on a shutter.

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