

The ❖ College ❖ Portfolio.

VOL. 1.

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NO. 2.

The Domicile Erected by John.

Translated from the Vulgate.

Behold the mansion reared by dædal Jack.

See the malt stored in many a plethoric sack,
In the proud cirque of Ivan's bivouac.

Mark how the rats' felonious fangs invade
The golden stores in John's pavilion laid.

Anon, with velvet foot and Tarquin strides
Subtle Grimalkin to his quarry glides,—
Grimalkin grim, that slew the fierce rodent,
Whose tooth insidious Johann's sack-cloth rent.

Lo! now the deep-mouthed canine foe's assault,
That vexed the avenger of the stolen malt,
Stored in the hallowed precincts of that hall
That rose complete at Jack's creative call.

Here stalks the impetuous cow with crumpled horn,
Where on the exacerbating hound was torn,
Who bayed the feline slaughter-beast that slew
The rat predaceous, whose keen fangs ran through
The textile fibers that involved the grain
Which lay in Hans' inviolate domain.

Here walks forlorn the damsel crowned with new
Lactiferous spoils from vaccine dugs, who drew
Of that corniculate beast, whose tortuous horn
Tossed to the clouds, in fierce, vindictive scorn,
The harrowing hound, whose braggart bark and stir
Arched the lithe spine, and reared the indignant fur
Of puss, that with vermicidal claw

Struck the weird rat, in whose insatiate maw
Lay reeking malt that erst in Juan's courts we saw,
Robed in senescent garb that seems in sooth
Too long a prey to Chronos' iron tooth.

Behold the man whose amorous lips incline,
Full with young Eros' osculative sign,
To the lorn maiden, whose lact-actic hands
Drew albulactic wealth from lacteal glands
Of that immortal bovine, by whose horn
Distort, to realm ethereal was borne
The beast catulean, vexer of that sly
Ulysses quadrupedal, who made die
The old mordacious rat, that dared devour
Antecedaneous ale in John's domestic bower.

Lo! here, with hirsute honors doffed, succinct,
Of saponaceous locks, the priest who linked
In Hymen's golden bands the torn unthrift,
Whose means exiguous stared from many a drift,
Even as he kissed the virgin all forlorn,
Who milked the cow with implicated horn,
Who in fine wrath the canine torturer skied,
That dared to vex the insidious muricide
Who let auroral influence through the pelt
Of the sly rat that robbed the palace Jack had built.

The loud, cantankerous Shanghai comes at last,
Whose shouts arouse the shorn ecclesiast,
Who sealed the vows of Hymen's sacrament,
To him who, robed in garments indigent,
Exosculates the damsel lacrymose,
The emulgator of that horned brute morose,
That tossed the dog, that worried the cat, that killed
The rat, that ate the malt, that lay in the house that
Jack built.

Written for the College Portfolio.

Home Influence.

In reviewing the lives of those who have distinguished themselves in any way, we are very apt to inquire what were the surroundings of their early years, what were the characters of their parents and associates, under what influences were their minds moulded and their characters formed?

It may be safely stated as the result of our inquiry that in nine cases out of ten, those who have become in their maturer years, a nation's heroes, or the church's saints were those whose home training was good, while as large a proportion of the criminals in our penitentiaries were those whose home training was deficient.

I do not mean to state that nothing good can exist in those who have been brought up in homes where the atmosphere of truth and purity did not surround them, nor would I be understood to say that a person must of necessity be true and noble because his home training was such, for noble hearted men and women have come from abodes like the former, while murderers have come from homes where peace and love were the ruling principles, but I would say that such are very infrequent.

As a tree if bent when young, will always remain crooked, just so are our characters likely to retain the impressions made on them in youth.

The influences which are exerted upon us in our childhood shape our destinies. Unconsciously we acquire ideas and it is a matter worthy of note to observe how tenaciously we cling to our first impressions of things.

The school, the church, the outside world may have something to do in making our characters what they are, but preëminent above all other influences, one whose place nothing else can ever supply, is the home.

It cannot well be otherwise. Here our in-

terests centre in our childhood. Here are those whose lives we can see in their every phase. Not knowing it, we copy our words and actions after those of its inmates.

Children naturally look up to their parents and imitate their habits as nearly as possible. Thus parents, by their every act, are doing something towards shaping the characters of their children. It has often been noticed that children brought up in a home where good language is used, speak well without the study of grammar, from the mere habit of imitation. So also is it with their opinions, taking them from their parents without questioning their correctness, they cling to them in spite of opposition, as is illustrated by the little girl who differing in opinion from her playmate stoutly maintained, "It's true because my mother said so, and what my mother says is true, even if it's a story." Contradictory as this is, it is but an example of the simple unquestioning faith of childhood.

If parents in their words and actions exert such an influence upon their children, it is evident that according to their characters will their little ones be influenced by good or evil, and as they grow older these qualities will grow with their growth and strengthen with their strength, until they will become either nature's noblemen or criminals as the case may be.

Our observation of the home life of our parents, if they be virtuous, will do more to win us to the same paths than whole volumes by the most learned philosophers and eloquent sermons and orations from the greatest divines and most brilliant orators. When we are out in the world surrounded by temptations, the recollection of home and mother may be more of a safeguard to us than anything could be. Sometimes almost like a word spoken by a good angel, will some word of hers, some act of love and self denial come back to us, when we are in danger of doing wrong, and we think with a start, "What

would mother say if she were to see me doing this?" and with this thought in our minds our wrong doing brings double condemnation to us.

I do not think that a mother's influence in forming our characters can ever be estimated. There was never a truer utterance than this, "The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world." Being with her in early childhood, more than with almost anyone else, we are more likely to endeavor to imitate her. Though it may not always seem possible, it is nevertheless true to say that there is no individual who does not bear, stamped upon his character some traces of his mother's. Napoleon Bonaparte fully recognized this fact when he said in his usual, laconic way, that the greatest need of France, was mothers; mothers, who by their own heroic characters might impress the minds of their sons, and inspire in them a love of country and a desire for glory which no other nation would be able to withstand.

As soon as you destroy the home life of a people, its government is destroyed. No where can a more striking example of this be found, than in the French Revolution. The institutions of home and family were abolished, and the "Reign of Terrors," was the immediate result. If we take a careful survey of the European nations to-day, we shall find that those in which the home duties are held the most sacred, where the children receive in their own families the education which fits them to be the statesmen and legislators of their country, have the most stable and lasting governments; while, on the contrary, those which are in a constant state of anarchy are those in which the home is but little respected.

For the last hundred years, France has furnished an example of this, with which we are all familiar. Constantly changing its government, and convulsed by frequent revolutions, it excites no surprise in us. In other

nations it might be different, but what can be expected of a nation which has in its language no word for *home*? A person may speak of going to his house, but in the truest sense, he is homeless.

As long as a nation respects the home and its influences it is safe. When it disregards them it is lost, for, "The homes of a nation are its strongest forts."

Even though in our childhood we may slight the influence of home, in after years we will remember it. Though in early life we may differ from our parents, we are very likely to agree with their opinions when we grow older.

In the winter's twilight, I sat alone in my room and my mind wandered over the past, I had been engaged in a mental conflict and had been worsted, and my defeat seemed all the more bitter when I thought, "Mother once told me of this, but I thought she must be mistaken. Had I only heeded her advice, how easily might I have avoided this. What has passed I cannot undo, but in the future I will believe and obey what she has told me."

Again I would repeat, Home influence cannot be over estimated. Empires may rise and fall, what are now populous cities may sink into oblivion, the greatest names of history may be forgotten, but as long as time shall endure, so long shall nations be controlled by the domestic life of their people; so long shall the home have its influence upon mankind.

C. W. P.

Prof. of Classics to Soph.—"What kind of an enemy is a *hostis*?" Soph., promptly—"A foreign enemy, sir." "If you had an enemy in College what would you call him?" asked the Prof. Soph, after much thinking—"Er, er, I can't exactly pronounce it." "*Inimicus*," suggested the Professor. "Yes," sir, exactly," quickly responded the Soph. Moral: Inability to pronounce covereth a multitude of classical mistakes.

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EDITORIALS.

Once fairly started, the way seems clearer and better defined; we may proceed with less dread of withering criticism and greater confidence in success. From the open opinions of our patrons and the complimentary letters of distant friends, some of which we take great pleasure in publishing in this issue of the PORTFOLIO, we are assured that failure can never follow our endeavors if they continue up to the standard of the initial number.

We must live down the predictions of the would be prophets and long-faced wise-acres when a new enterprise is started, that: "there can be no hope of success," for such dismal croakings are always to be found accompanying every new undertaking.

And the best way to live down these oracular sayings is to pay no attention to them whatever. We are glad the first issue is safely tided o'er.

"Vol 1, No. 1," makes so youthful an appearance that we heave a sigh of relief when "No. 2" is reached. According to popular opinion, a newspaper is like wine, it improves with age; and for that reason an editor is proud when he can head his numbers with a long column of X's, while his aspirations are not to be limited by C's.

But the only virtue some papers have is their age, and it is a wonder to mankind how they could eke out an existence through the course of years.

Probably the explanation is they were so insignificant that no attention was given to them one way or another by the world and escaping observation they escaped destruction.

In respect to this paper we hope the merits and not the age will be regarded.

What is the benefit realized from our adventurous project?

A natural question and one on which a proper understanding should be acquired. The chief end a literary journal has in view is to develop the latent talent imprisoned in the minds of our Society members. The way to do this is to bring their thoughts before the world—not the world enclosed in four stone walls, where long acquaintance has removed the fear of criticism, and intimacy of friends has broken down the barriers of self-constraint, but into a wider realm of literature, to win a greater reward than the mere hand-clap of a score or two and to kindle the subtle spark of ambition which leads to stronger action.

To a great extent the taste for literary pursuits is cultivated in school, and our instructors realizing the monotony of the same old routine in regard to essays and orations of a stated length at a stated time and delivered in a stated or rather a *staid* manner, have endeavored to vary the proceedings by introducing debates, thus renewing the flagged interest by this very species of rivalry met with in a newspaper. Here is the place for discussions

of all characters involving the vital questions and interests of the present day. While in regard to politics we preserve a strict neutrality, our columns are open to any young enthusiast who may think his ideas in regard to Political Economy, Reformation, or a "Nineteenth Century Crusade," once brought before the world will tend to revolutionize the whole state of national affairs and win for him his country's gratitude; such thoughts can do no harm—may do some good, for, seeing the world move on in its same old way even after his ardent sentiments have been expressed, he will realize that the destinies of men and nations are controlled by a wiser judgment than Young America, and learn to put a lower estimate on his own rash opinions.

In reading the works of some standard author there arises a desire to imitate his style, to acquire his power of "word-painting" and facility of writing, to smooth out the clogging sentences that are formed under the plodding pen. One idea expressed is worth a dozen in the mind. The power of expression must be cultivated and it is astonishing how great a reward the cultivation will yield.

After carefully perusing the volume in hand write a sequel or imitate the authors style in developing your own ideas suggested by the work. Such practice will soon enable one, if possessing any originality whatever, to form a manner of writing of his own which will prove more satisfactory than any imitation.

However it is human nature never to do more than is required. Fulfilling one's duties relieves the conscience and naught but the stimulus of a strong ambition can prompt one to voluntary efforts. Instances of this fact may be seen in the Society Hall and the chief end of this paper will be to shake off the sluggish habits and cultivate a spirit of emulation. Rivalry alone brings out one's rarest qualities no matter what may be the cause of contention.

We would inform those, who are privileged to compete for the Weigand Essay Medal, that the time expires on the 15th prox. and that all essays must be handed to the staff by that time. We hope many will contest for this medal and that fine essays may be written. Dr. Ward has been selected as judge of the relative merits of the essay.

Among the several mistakes in our last issue one stated that Mr. W. McA. Lease had been elected mineralogist of the Webster Literary Society, which should have been Mr. L. A. Shipley.

For the College Portfolio.

Collegé Toboggan Song.

Tune—My Lost Cigar. (Princeton Glee Songs.)

Hurrah, hurrah! how crisp the air,
How keen each snowy star!
What sport so racy, rich and rare,
What sport so popular!
For everyone's a passenjaire
On the toboggan train,
We're void of care and debonnaire,
Brimful of blood and brain.

CHORUS.

Oh, it's a jolly thing
To dart upon the wing,
Then dash away, and dashing sing,
Tobog, Toboggan-ing.

To shoot, to slide, to dart, to glide,
Down Astronomic Hill;
To feel the rhythm of the ride
Doth send a youthful thrill.
It lifts us on its silver tide
And fills us with a song,
We're joyous as a joyous bride,
Come, bear the song along.

CHORUS.

Come, lads and lassies, brave and fair,
Here's poetry in life;
Come, banish grief and cloudy care,
In happiness be rife;
For everyone's a passenjaire
On the toboggan train,
We're buoyant all to debonnaire,
Brimful of heart and brain.

CHORUS.

Oh, it's a jolly thing
To dart upon the wing,
Then dash away, and dashing sing,
Tobog, Toboggan-ing.

Written for the College Portfolio.

Military Progress Since the Late War, and its Effects.

Twenty-two years have passed since the last battle of the late civil war was fought. The young people of our country can hardly realize that this peaceful land was only so few years ago traversed by moving armies arrayed against each other—Southern courage and endurance against Northern pluck and perseverance, state against state, brother against brother. Still we of to-day, who know nothing of the late war by experience, see evidences of it in maimed soldiers, old forts, &c., which are scattered all over our country, and learn from history that such and such battles did occur, although we are sometimes perplexed to know which side was victorious, and, after comparing Northern and Southern authorities, are forced to conclude that both sides whipped.

Two decades, however, have made great changes in our country. All over our land are manufactories filled with ingenious machinery, invented for the most part by our own people. A single spindle relieves from hard toil a score of children, and requires but one to tend it. These inventions and improvements have manifested themselves in all the various pursuits of our people, and in every path of life. A man now enters his grain field and harvests from ten to twelve acres per day, whereas he formerly employed a dozen men to do the same amount of work. The place of the eleven men is supplied by the wheat binder, a recent American invention. Our cities are now lighted to a brilliancy resembling that of the sun. One late invention permits us to talk with, and distinguish the voices of our nearest friends, though we may be many miles away from them.

While this progress has been going on in the social world, equally as great has been made in the military world. The long musket

and Colt revolver have been laid aside for the magazine gun and the repeater. The largest piece of artillery used in the war of the secession would be small when compared with guns of recent construction. Although our country has not made as great advancement in this respect as some others, still it has added something to the military inventions of the world. We should not forget that the inventor of the Monitor, Capt. John Eriesson, is still living, and, like all other great inventors, he did not permit his ingenuity to become dormant with the success of his first invention, but has worked steadily on for twenty years. His efforts, however, have not been in a military direction since the invention of the Merrimack's rival (which seemed to have been called forth by the pressing necessity of the times), but his attention has been given, principally, to the study of the sun's light and heat, with the intention of inventing an engine propelled by the sun's rays. The plan of the Monitor, however, is the plan of nearly all modern ironclads, with some few improvements. Among our apostles of scientific warfare may be mentioned Prof. Mezzerooff, who has given all his time to this study. He has dealt, principally, with glycerine, but of late he has made a spontaneous burning fluid, which he considers very valuable in case of war. To illustrate the use of this fluid, let us suppose a foreign enemy to attack one of our seaboard towns with ironclads capable of resisting any fleet we now have to send against them. To protect ourselves properly against such an attack is what we want to prepare for. To go to work and build ironclads equal to those of the enemy would be a useless expense, for civilized nations are abolishing this mode of war for a more scientific one, and by the time we got such a fleet built we would have to put it aside. But suppose we establish balloon stations (if you are pleased to so call them) along our coast. At each station let war balloons of large capacity be manufactured, and

men be trained to operate them. Each station should be supplied with boats to attend the balloons on their sea excursions; also with torpedoes bombs filled with the fluid named above, and other implements of warfare that may be necessary. When the fleet of the enemy comes in sight let as many as possible of these balloons be raised and sent out to give battle. The mode of combat would be somewhat novel, for instead of grand, flaming broadsides of hot shot, there would be a lowering of shells of fluid which burst on touching the vessels, or the water, and the fluid immediately takes fire on coming in contact with the air, surrounding and covering the vessels with a sea of burning liquid that gives off a dense black smoke, deadly to all that inhale it. At the same time let torpedoes charged with dynamite be lowered into the sea, and so weighted as to sink ten or twelve feet below the surface. When these come in contact with the ironclads they will explode, and at such a part of the vessel that is least strong. The Professor says that the strongest force any nation could send against us could easily be resisted in this manner, and that such implements of warfare never become obsolete.

Modern forts are built on an altogether new principle. Instead of massive embattlements to oppose the solid shot, the flat earth is used as a protection. Forts are now built almost entirely under ground, nothing remaining in sight but a few turrets to locate them by. They are dug to a considerable depth, and the inside is walled up and cemented securely, so as to resist the heaviest explosions that may occur on the surface. Small openings are made to the interior in which the guns are raised and fired, and then lowered again. If poison gasses are formed around the fort by burning fluids, air pumps are applied, which, by producing currents, drive off the gasses and supply fresh air. Such a fortress would be almost impregnable.

The greatest advancement in military

science, however, is that made in the use of nitro-glycerine for the purpose of warfare. Military men have found in its compounds an explosive of almost unlimited power. To discover the best method of applying this explosive has been the work of some of our greatest military men, and they have so far succeeded that the largest ships can be destroyed by applying it with projectiles or by means of torpedoes as explained above.

So we see that progress in the form of inventions and discoveries has been made in the military world as well as in the social. The effects, however, of this progress in the two spheres is quite different. Improvements in the social world tend to extend and enrich that world. A machine that does the work of a hundred men, when placed in a factory will greatly increase the quantity of manufactured articles in that line. It is owing to such inventions as the cotton gin, the modern cotton loom and the spinning frame, that we have such an abundance of cotton goods on every hand. With military inventions the result is quite different. As they increase in number and proficiency, war does not become more frequent, but it decreases. Since Krupp guns have been manufactured, no other guns have been made to equal them in power. It became necessary for all civilized nations to supply themselves with Krupp guns in order to protect themselves from one another. War became more dangerous than before, and less of it was engaged in. It is as easy now to destroy an ironclad vessel as it formerly was for a Krupp gun to destroy a common sail vessel. Hence, wars are becoming less and less frequent among civilized nations. We are rapidly approaching a time, if we have not already reached it, when war will be a thing impossible between enlightened nations. I don't believe that any nation, unless greatly oppressed, would go to war when it knew that that step meant almost immediate death to millions of its inhabitants. War is

no more a slow march over Alps, and a maneuvering excursion of eighteen years in the enemies country under the leadership of a Hannibal. It is a quick move, a short fight, and a fearful destruction. Nor is it the execution of a deep laid scheme, by some Napoleon, for the conquest of a continent. A declaration of war has a more terrible significance than in the time of Hannibal or of Napoleon. It is something that men shun rather than seek. Russia and England may quarrel bitterly with each other, and war be talked of on every hand; but as long as England has as far-seeing a statesman as Gladstone at her helm, we need fear no war in that direction. The papers tell us that France and Germany are preparing for war. The more thoroughly they prepare, the greater is the security of peace. America is, possibly, worse prepared for war than, (at least), four of the European powers. Let her heed the old maxim, "In time of peace prepare for war." She must also remember that if she would prevent war, she must prepare for it by furnishing herself with the latest improvements in the art.

N. H. W.

THE BENBOW'S BIG GUN.—The largest gun yet made was tested at Woolwich arsenal on Thursday of last week. It is called the 111-tonner, is 44 feet long, and its maximum service charge of powder is 900 pounds. It is to be mounted on a recently launched British ironclad, the Benbow. It was fired three times on Thursday in the presence of a large company of ladies and gentlemen. The first charge of powder was 600 pounds, the second 700, and the third 800. The noise was not as great as might be expected from the explosion of such enormous quantities of powder. The recoil was up an inclined plane, the machinery of which was so admirably adjusted that there was no violent wrench or wear. The total weight of the gun and platform is 225 tons, and the projectile was a mass of iron weighing 1,800 pounds, which will pierce 33 inches of armor at the mile range.

Chapel Exercises.

The regular weekly exercises continue to increase in interest and to vary in character. They are usually much enjoyed by all and already can be seen the advantages the present system confers upon the students. At almost any time can you see a boy writing or committing his oration or reciting his declamation. The girls are kept busy preparing essays and practicing music. This extra study cannot fail to have its good effect on the students themselves and also makes the exercises vastly more enjoyable to all present.

The first Chapel exercises of the month were those of Friday, the 4th inst. The program was arranged for a lecture by Prof. J. W. Reese, and four themes by members of the Junior Class. Prof. Reese lectured on "The Importance of the Study of History," and splendidly developed his subject. Among many other things he spoke of the effect upon our own condition of long-past historic movements, and beautifully illustrated this by tracing the various consequences of the actions detailed in the Anabasis and of Cæsar's wars. He also touched upon the formation and preservation of our United States. In the course of his address Prof. Reese had occasion to refer to the "Hotel de Invalids" of Paris, and Westminster Abbey. Professor lectured in his usual terse style, and his discourse was much enjoyed by all, and was also highly instructive. Owing to the importance of his subject, he was asked not to cut short his lecture on account of time; he therefore occupied the whole hour, and the Juniors were compelled to omit their themes. We were assured, however, that we should hear the Junior's later, and we were thus consoled for the disappointment.

As Dr. Lewis had promised that we should not miss the pleasure of the Junior's themes; the school was not very much surprised by the announcement that all should assemble in the

Chapel at 1.30 o'clock, Wednesday, February 9th. The part of the program postponed from the previous Friday was given. The first theme was delivered by Mr. H. D. Mitchell, on the subject "Men cannot covenant themselves out of their rights and duties."—Burke. Miss C. M. Phœbus followed with a theme on "Was it well for civilization that Hannibal was defeated." The exercises were closed by Mr. J. McD. Radford, who discussed the subject "What is the effect of the wealth upon the morals of a nation?" The custom of having the Juniors read themes monthly is entirely new with us this year, and we feel that it is but another mark of the advancement we have under the new administration. The three read on this occasion reflected credit upon their authors and were much enjoyed by all present.

The interest in our musical recitals felt by the community, seems unabated and on Friday, the 11th, thought the weather was very inclement, quite a number of visitors gladdened us by their presence,

The following program was excellently rendered.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. Waldesrauschen—Fr. Braungardt..... | Miss E. C. Handy. |
| 2. In Memory's Kingdom—Jackson..... | Miss Georgie Hearlan. |
| 3. Idylle—Jungman..... | Miss G. F. Becks. |
| { a. Waltz—Chopin | } Prof. T. F. Rinehart. |
| { b. Melodie, op. 3—Rubenstein | |
| { c. Impromptu, in Bb.—Schubert | |
| 5. "The Day is Done"—Balfe..... | Mrs. A. J. Carnes. |
| 6. Overture to Poet and Peasant—Suppe..... | Miss J. F. Wilson, Primo.. Miss M. Stevens, Secundo. |

The recital was by many considered the best of the season and was very much enjoyed by all. The instrumental solos by Prof. Rinehart, the instrumental duet by Misses Wilson and Stevens, and the vocal solo by Mrs. Carnes, were especially enjoyed. The next recital will be on the 11th of March, which will be the last one of the season.

The Seniors delivered their monthly orations and essays on Friday, the 18th. The program was quite interesting and gave evidence of much preparation. The exercises were opened with an essay by Miss C. L. Mou-

rer, subject "A Gentleman." Miss R. E. Dodd then read an essay on "Silent Influence" by Miss I. B. Pillsbury, who was prevented from reading by sickness. Mr. H. C. Stockdale followed with an oration, "Consider the End." At this point of the program the "En Route March," was executed by Misses I. J. Whaley and G. F. Becks. An essay on "The Mysteries of Nature," was then read by Miss Madge Slaughter, after which Miss S. E. Wilmer read an essay on "The Influence of Praise." The exercises were closed by Mr. H. H. Slifer, who read Mr. A. Burgee's oration on "Principle," Mr. Burgee also being prevented by sickness. At the close of the exercise Prof. G. W. Devilbiss, the former vice-president of the college, gave a few remarks which were much enjoyed by all present.

The Library.

Quite an addition has been made lately to this department of our institution. Through the kind influence of Congressman Shaw, the College has been made a general repository for all government documents. Already about seven hundred have arrived. Their neat and tasty arrangement upon the shelves, some of which before were vacant and some filled with old and time-worn books, makes quite an improvement in the appearance of our library. Though these books contain many reports and details, which are not very entertaining, still they make splendid books of reference and no library is complete without them. Also there are among them many gems, which are of the highest interest and which afford the reader much pleasure. Among such we would mention the memorial speeches on occasions of the death of many of our distinguished countrymen. Some of these are types of the highest oratory and are to be found nowhere else. We would advise all students to familiarize themselves with these books, acquire some skill in referring to them and they will prove the source of inestimable benefit.

How We Were Received.

A man's first duty is to do right, to the satisfaction of his own conscience; his next to escape the censures of the world; if the latter conflict with the former, it should be entirely disregarded. However, it is a most pleasant thing to have our actions approved by the public-actions in which we are conscientious. A man is always more sure of his conduct, when the verdict he has passed on his own behavior is thus warranted and confirmed by the opinion of those who are in any manner connected with his action. We cannot forbear, therefore, to publish a few extracts from some of the many letters, that have come under our observation. We have selected representative extracts, some from persons, who are entirely disconnected with the school, others from those, who have once, as students, reaped some of its benefits.

The following is from a late graduate: "Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon your paper for the admirable judgement and good taste displayed in its general make up. * * The selections are well chosen, the locals are *spicy*, the general college news is precisely what those who were formerly connected with, and still feel an ardent interest in the institution, wish to know. I speak from experience. I know the many difficulties that lay in the way of its beginning, and seeing the first issue can predict its success."

An uninterested person, an editor of a college paper, writes: "I think your journal is delightful; I enjoyed reading it very much and wish to extend my congratulations to its staff. I take pleasure in exchanging with you."

From a graduate of '80 the editor in chief received: "Portfolio at hand. Vol. one No. one exceeds my expectations and does honor to the institution it represents. The Alumni personals are to me like so many letters from as many friends. I wish you and your colleagues, the societies represented and our alma mater unbounded success."

An old student says "he has long wanted something to keep him informed as to what is taking place at his alma mater."

From the *Frederick News* we clip: "We have received the COLLEGE PORTFOLIO. * * * In style of typography and quality and quantity of matter the new magazine is decidedly a credit to its enthusiastic editors and to the noble old college from which it emanates."

We can but publish the following letter entire: It was received a short while after our first issue. We are very grateful for the good wishes of the writer and heartily concur with the author in the hope that we will receive the support of all our friends.

Editors of College Portfolio.

"Having read the first issue of the COLLEGE PORTFOLIO, I feel, that, as an ex-member who still preserves unflinching interest in your prosperity, I cannot refrain from expressing my approval of your commendable undertaking, whose success seems heralded by the first issue. I am glad to know that the long since apparent need of a paper representing each of the societies, is now to be supplied, (we believe with satisfactory and very beneficial results), by the "COLLEGE PORTFOLIO."

Those students who have passed so many days within the College walls, and have mingled with such beneficial results in the varied exercises of the different societies, and are now unavoidably scattered, pursuing their several duties, can but feel it not only a duty but a pleasure to aid this new enterprise, and will not fail to remember their societies now in this struggle to advance their literary interests, and thus promote the interests of the Institution, in whose prosperity we all feel such deep concern.

The COLLEGE PORTFOLIO will serve each month as the visit of an old friend; recall the halcyon days of school life; acquaint us with the surroundings of schoolmates, and doubtless awaken feelings of interest, which might otherwise grow indifferent for lack of information.

One of the leading editorials, in the first publication, stated that already the staff had begun to "tumble" for the fate of the paper; I sincerely hope the "tumble" ended there, and was merely a *tremble*, wholly admissible under the circumstances. I take pleasure in congratulating the staff upon the first issue, and can only wish that all the friends of the societies, who have experienced the embarrassments attendant upon a new enterprise, may realize the situation of the COLLEGE PORT-FOLIO, and may feel it a duty to give it the hearty approval, and support which it merits."

F. E. W.

ALUMNI.

REV. T. H. LEWIS, A. M., D. D.

The subject of this sketch was born December 11th, 1852, near Dover, Delaware. He spent his boyhood there and in Caroline and Talbot counties on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, where he received the rudiments of the education which was subsequently pursued with high credit to himself and his instructors. In his nineteenth year he entered the Freshman Class of Western Md. College. Notwithstanding the fact that he was at the same time taking a Theological course, he graduated in 1875, with a grade higher than has ever been attained by any other student in the College.

In 1875 he was made pastor of the M. P. Church, Cumberland, Md., where he worked successfully until he was called to St. John's Independent Methodist Church, Baltimore. His appointment was renewed for five successive years, during which time he availed himself of the opportunity of studying the The-mitic Languages at Johns Hopkins University.

In 1877 he married Mary M. Ward, daughter of President Ward, of Western Maryland College.

He was chosen in 1882, by the Board of Governors, President of the Westminster Theological Seminary, which position he retained until the close of the Seminary year in May last, when he resigned in order to assume the more responsible position of President of Western Maryland College.

He was one of the representatives from the Maryland Annual Conference to the General Convention, which met in Baltimore in May, 1884, and took a prominent part in the work of that body. He was Secretary of the M. P. Conference from 1880 to 1886.

In June, 1884, he preached, by invitation, the Bacchalaureate Sermon at Adrian College, Michigan, and in 1885, that institution honored him with the degree of D. D.

Thoroughness and indomitable perseverance characterize all his attempts. His reputation as a scholar is the result, not of fortuitous circumstances of early advantages and later "props," but the natural result of the combination in his character of those elements of real success which make servants of circumstances and stepping-stones of obstacles.

As President of Western Maryland College he has and will have enlarged opportunities for the exercise of those rare qualities which have so distinguished him in other positions. And it is believed that under his intelligent direction, the College which has already taken such high rank as an educator in our State, will reflect credit on his administration, and also on the wisdom which has chosen him for the honorable position.

Miss Nellie H. Sappington, '86, A. B., is spending the winter very pleasantly at her home in Kent county, Md.

Miss Lizzie Thompson, '86, is enjoying herself in Westminster.

Rev. Frederick Klein, '80, A. M., is M. P. Missionary at Yokohama, Japan. Mr. Klein has been in Japan for some time and has succeeded in doing a great deal of good. He has established quite a large school there

from which we have one student, Miss M. T. Hirata. Mr. Kline does not forget his alma mater, and many Japanese curiosities in our collection are gifts from him.

Mr. A. C. Willison, '85, is U. S. mail agent on the Huntingdon and Broad Top and Bedford Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Mr. J. J. F. Thompson, '83, is taking a post graduation course at Yale Divinity School.

All the members of the class of '75, save one, was at the college on Friday, 18th inst. There was no great jollification, but we are sure the meeting, though a quiet one, was much enjoyed by all present.

Miss Beekie Royd is teaching school at Hancock, Washington county, Md.

Miss Carrie Yingling, '83, is a society belle at her home in Tiffin, Ohio.

Miss Annie Ames, '85, who resides in Westminster, frequently visits her friends at the College.

Mr. Lynn R. Meekins, A. M., class of '82, was recently elected president of the Journal Club, of Baltimore, Md. This is quite an honor for so young a man, as many old experienced journalists are members. We congratulate Mr. Meekins.

We cordially invite all our alumni to fill spaces in this column. Letters from you are always very acceptable and any notes of interest to other alumni. One of our friends says that it affords the greatest pleasure to glance over the alumni column and see what those, with whom you have once been so intimately connected, are doing. A letter to us reaches dozens of your friends, and that which in most cases would be enjoyed by only one, will be a source of pleasure to them all.

Make people happy, and there will not be half the quarreling or a tenth part of the wickedness there is.

Personals.

Misses Mollie and Georgie Nickols were present at the last Musical Recital.

Miss Lottie Owings, the preceptress, and Miss Retta Dodd have been to Baltimore lately. Miss Hodges who has been quite ill at College accompanied them as far as the city on her way home, where she will remain until well. We hope that she will soon be with us again.

Mr. Vandyke one of last years' students at the Theological Seminary has just returned. Since last summer he has been engaged in secretary's work in Ohio, for the Y. M. C. A. We hope his labors were productive of good results.

Mr. Reisler, formerly a student of W. M. C., is now the principal of a school in Union Bridge, and the editor of the *Carroll News*: he paid us a short visit last week.

Mr. Mackinson, one of our former students, who is now in business in Kissum, Florida, made a flying visit to his friends at College a short time ago, and we were much pleased to see him.

Mr. Miskimmon, who suffered considerably from an attack of neuralgia, has now entirely recovered.

Mr. Slifer was at his home for a few days about the middle of the month.

Miss Ada Roberts is enjoying the pleasures of a winter in Baltimore's fashionable society.

Miss Carrie Nicodemus of Buckeystown, Frederick county, Md., is spending a quiet winter at home.

Mr. Walter H. Brown has begun to study medicine with Dr. Shreeve in Uniontown.

Mr. Buffington, who for some time has been somewhat unwell, went to his home, near Uniontown, to recuperate.

Misses Jennie Burroughs and Nannie Powell are having a merry time in their southern home in Henderson, North Carolina.

Mr. H. W. Andrews is in the firm of J. B. Kendall, hardware merchants in Washington, D. C.

Miss Glennie Taylor paid her sister, Miss Laura Taylor, a short visit some time ago.

Prof. G. W. Devillbiss made the College look natural to some of the old students by his presence a few days ago. Prof. Devillbiss was made principal of the Preparatory Department of our College in 1876. In the following year he obtained the chair of mathematics, which he held until — when he became Vice-President, and remained in this office until 1883. He was a classmate of our President. He spoke complimentary of the many changes and improvements in the institution in the past few years and said he thought we were steadily marching to success. He gave us a short address in the chapel, full of good advice and kind feeling. We enjoyed his visit very much and hope he may soon come again.

Miss F. M. Grove had her brother to see her not long since.

Mr. W. C. Clayton, who was with us for a part of last year is now attending the Bryant & Stratton business college, Baltimore, Md.

The number of friends who attend our weekly exercises is still quite pleasant. Our efforts seem to be more enjoyed and we trust they are more successful. We are always glad to see our friends and hope they may continue to favor us with their presence.

Mr. C. C. Hopper, of Centreville, Md., an old student of W. M. C. is pursuing a course of law at the Maryland University, Baltimore.

Washington's Birthday.

It is a subject of some discussion whether the anniversary of our Country's Father's birthday should be celebrated on the 11th, 22nd or 23rd of February, and the student who can settle upon one of these dates and give satisfactory reasons for it, displays no small

amount of knowledge of the history of our calendar and general chronology. But be this as it may, we have decided that the 22nd is the proper time, and on Tuesday last the College joined the rest of the country in perpetuating his memory and honoring his life. Never has the college given such a celebration of this occasion. The students did certainly "see something they had never seen before," but which we hope to see at each returning 22nd. Indeed so very pleasantly was the day spent that we would love to have it oftener, and suggest it is hardly fair that Columbus, the great discoverer of America, should lay in his grave unsung.

Our exercises began at 1 p. m. At that hour all students were invited to the chapel, where they were treated to the unexpected pleasure of the following program, performed with the exception of the prayer, by faculty members exclusively. It was opened by the hymn "My Country 'tis of thee," which being sung, Dr. J. T. Murray offered up a fervent prayer. Selections from Washington's Farewell Address were then read by Prof. Schaeffer. Prof. Rinehart followed with "Three Songs without Words." The speech of Webster on the character of Washington was read by Prof. McDaniel. The popular "Melange Musicale" was followed by "The City of the Living," read by Miss Owings. Piano Transcription, by Hodges was next and Dr. Lewis closed the exercises with a very comical reading, "Barney O'Reirdon, the Navigator." The exercises lasted about two and a half hours and were very much enjoyed by all.

After feasting on literary treats we were somewhat more substantially fed and a menu of five courses was fully discussed. Oyster soup, boiled rock with maitre d'hotel sauce, fillets of veal, chicken croquettes, etc., were the order of the day. It is rare that a college student ever is invited to a better dinner within the college walls, and we may add, it is rare one is more enjoyed.

The first calisthenic exhibition of the year took place and was altogether a delightful affair. The program opened with a grand promenade, participated in by sixteen young ladies fancifully and gaily costumed. They carried decorated wands, and at the conclusion of a beautiful and intricate march used them in a very pretty exercise. Attitudes and bell tapping by a group of boys followed. The members of this class were designated by their boutonnieres of jacqueminot buds, and the bells they carried. The odd and striking postures assumed presented successive pleasing tableaux, after which they played very distinctly with their bells the familiar air "The Camels are Coming," accompanying each tap of the bells with an appropriate movement. A class of young ladies now came up, wearing suits of the national colors, and jaunty caps to match. Their exercise was club-throwing, which they did with the utmost precision and grace to the strains of a stirring waltz. They were followed by the "Black-capped Knights," so called from the black caps covering the entire head to the shoulder, which they wore, and the lances they carried. They gave an excellent exhibition of their tactics and closed their performance with a very laughable nondescript, helter-skelter gallop. After these a set of veritable Martha Washingtons, if we might judge from their dress, exhibited their skill in the execution of a well arranged dumb bell exercise, and rivalled the class of boys that had preceded them, in tapping a pleasing air. But for no single performance was more skill required, and more grace exhibited than in the series of fascinating free hand movements which were given next by the young ladies. The exhibition closed with a club drill—the boys participating wore white flannel jackets trimmed in brass buttons, and conspicuous neckties of red. The first part of the drill was devoted to club swinging, and the clubs were handled in a masterly manner through very complex and difficult movements. The

second part of the drill was fancy marching, the clubs being used in various positions about the body, and in forming fancy figures on the floor. The whole performance was greatly enlivened by piano, piccolo and drum accompanying each number of the program with music to which it was adapted.

On the whole the day was one very much enjoyed by all the students, and is one that many will remember with pleasure. We hope, however, that pleasure was not all realized, that the prime aim of the faculty has not been missed, that Washington incites an increased zeal in our breasts and strikes a more tender chord in our hearts.

Old Books.

In the library of the Seminary are some very old and valuable books. All of the oldest books were published in London. These books worn by the hand of time were presented to the Seminary by the members of the Methodist Protestant Church who have long since passed away. The oldest books are as follows: Primitive Christianity, by Wm. Cave, gives an interesting description of the early christians and how they suffered in enduring the tribulations with which they were confronted. This book is the oldest in the library it being published in 1672. Next come the sermons of Derham and Waterland, published respectively in 1711 and 1720. Horace, to whom the Juniors will soon be introduced is the oldest of the classic books, it was published in 1729. Moral Reflections on Select Parts of the New Testament is a valuable book to the theological student as it contains some very interesting and old opinions. This book was published in 1736. Also another valuable book to the theologians is A Common Place Book to the Holy Bible. This contains the references to the different parts of the bible in an alphabetical order, it was published in 1738. Many others might be mentioned but the space will not permit. If the students can spare the time we would advise them to peruse these veteran pages with care as we think they would benefit therefrom.

Exchange.

Of course as we are still so very young, our last issue not being a month since, our list of exchanges is very limited. We hope, however, that it will soon increase to a pleasant number. We desire all college papers, with whom we meet, especially those published at distant institutions to exchange with us. It is a great source of pleasure to the editors to read and gather the ideas of other editors and also a guide to them in their own work. Among the few exchanges we have, we take pleasure in naming the Dickinson Liberal, and the Advocate, the Evening Capital, News and Adrian World.

We have seen the idea advanced in a college paper, that curricula generally are too full; that no time is given for acquiring general information. Now we do not propose to know how to regulate these matters, but we do believe that there should be some time permitted for such things. The average college student, graduate, if you please, is almost wholly ignorant in regard to general information. He is acquainted with only such literary works as was taught in his course of literature and knows nothing scarcely of the current news of the day. This often places him in a very embarrassing position. There is no danger of the world requiring too little of a man, and generally a college graduate is looked upon as a "walking encyclopedia." Certainly this is unreasonable. It is reasonable, however, to require that he be tolerably well-informed on general subjects. It is mainly the lack of this sort of knowledge that has decried *college-bred* men and raised the shout for *practically-educated* ones. Of course this is injurious to the college, it is strong enough to keep some students away from it, and it is very hurtful to the country at large. We should think therefor, that all colleges, in justification to themselves, would so arrange their curricula to permit each student, if not to re-

quire him, to keep himself posted on the current topics, and to be able to give such information as would reasonably be expected of him.

The Steam Table.

There are many different ways to gain the affections of persons with whom we are thrown, and certainly one of the surest roads to a student's heart leads across the dinner table. Dr. Lewis has made great efforts to have the domain through which this path runs a *warm* one, in order that glowing affections may be thereby enkindled. To accomplish this, he has lately added to the culinary department a great convenience in the shape of a "steam table." Every one knows how much better hot food is than the same food cold, and all persons who have had any experience in providing for large numbers, know how very hard it is to keep food hot. The "steam table" does this very nicely. It consists of a flat copper box, six or eight feet long, about three feet wide and three or four inches deep. It has large openings, by means of which the steam from the hot water, with which it is filled, may come in contact with the dishes above. The water is kept hot by oil-flames beneath. This is a marked improvement on the old style. We now have hot food during the entire meal, whereas it used to be difficult for the first few who were helped to have warm fare. The student, who is now *unavoidable* late, may not fear getting the "cold shoulder."

The measles have been playing havoc with our students, and swollen eyes and spotted faces are very common. It would not do to mention all those who have been sick, or our friends might think we had turned into a hospital. Fortunately however it is a very mild form of the disease and no one has been very ill.

LOCALS.

22nd.

Review.

Capitillah.

What next? Examination.

Recognition. Did you get one?

"Don't you call me snowball."

A lady Senior wishes to know if lobsters grow on trees. Can any one enlighten her?

Prof. R. to Miss A.—"Who was Ganymedes?" Miss A., promptly—"He was that old boss."

What gentleman do the girls all think about when they eat pie? Mr. Moore.

A graduate of '85 has a beau so tall that she talks of running a tuck in him. We suggest that it would be easier for her to tie a knot with him.

Prof. Reese attended the meeting of the alumni of Princeton in Baltimore on the 10th inst. He answered a toast to his Alma Mater in a bright, eulogistic speech.

The combination of Lemen and Payne, the result of which was asked in the last PORTFOLIO, has proved a very serious one, afflicting the latter, the weaker element, with both measles and pneumonia.

A student of the Seminary thinks it is unnatural for two *hills* to be together, without even a dale, so he proposes to try to make a separation between two that are near here.

Mr. Slifer is passionately fond of the following verse:

Jones' Falls, that classic stream,
No longer marks the line between
The old and new.
Improvements great have taken place,
And soon I *hope* to bridge the space
Between the old and new.

(copyrighted.)

One of the bright Preps, as soon as he sees a couple of Seniors with their large-flap collars on, immediately sings "White wings that never grow weary."

There are two new students at the Seminary, Mr. Chas. K. McCaskin and Mr. Chas. E. Lamberd, both of Baltimore, Md. This makes a total of fifteen students, a larger number than they have had for some time.

We know not whereof his meaning, but have an idea that the "old" refers to some lady of the past, and the "improvements" some advances in a new direction.

A Prep. was recently asked who Washington was. He boldly answered—"First in war, first in peace (his memory failed him) er, er—first President of the United States," he triumphantly added.

Question to a Senior—"Miss H., what letter do you think the prettiest in the alphabet?" Reply—"Oh! L. See!" (O. L. C.)

Lady Soph., ignorantly—"O, please tell me the difference between veal and mutton." Lady Freshman, with assurance—"Why, veal is sheep and mutton calf." The Freshmen are continually getting mixed up, and this is one of many instances.

"Shoat" is going to enter the ministry, in order that he may become prime minister to England. May he reach the goal of his ambition crowned with laurels of honor.

A boy at the theologue table,
Who tried hard a Soph to mash,
Soon found out he was not able,
And has now cut off his moustache.

One of the students is determined to B. conspicuous, and wears a front door plate upon his breast. He boasts of the good quality of the nickel of which it is made. We advise him never to go among savages, as they have a particular fancy for such articles. As this gentleman is the son of a farmer, the plate may have been taken from a bridle, as the initial is carved on it in a somewhat flourishing manner.

The new Theologues have already learned how to smile.

Ward Hall narrowly escaped a fire recently. A coal oil lamp exploded while no one was

around, scattering the oil and burning some paper and trash. Fortunately it was discovered and extinguished before any real damage was done.

"De gustibus non disputandum est," but how tastes will differ. After feasting on cod-fish balls the other day, some of the boys were heard to comment on the good breakfast. Mr. Whaley said, "Good gracious, do you like cod-fish? I would not give one *taylor* for all the cod-fish that swim in the sea.

Quite an improvement has been made by making a hall through the old "book room," by which the ladies may more conveniently go to their class rooms. The change was made with a view also to utilize space and make spare room for some new students.

Prof. to Senior class. "How do you take measles to be, singular or plural; 'it' or 'they'?" The class differ, one member asks, "How do you prefer to take measles, Professor?" "I prefer to take it singularly, very decidedly, one at a time." One of the class, "Prefers not to take them at all."

The soliloquy of a lady Senior. "Can it be that we are related? Yes we bear the same name and may perhaps be cousins. Oh that is terrible," She seems to abhor this thought. Why is it?

A bright Prep. from Calvert, after recently reading "Rip Van Winkle" observed a male fowl of the chicken kind, who had been considerably deprived of his pride of plumage, and remarked that he was a literal representative of Irving's "hen-pecked husband."

If the Professor's suggestions could be realized, the oratorical contest, Feb. 25th, would have been quite expensive for the contestants. One needed a patent stump extractor to draw out the words; and another ought to have a galvanic battery to inspire animation enough to speak "Webster's reply to Calhoun."

One of our ladies has a "cute" way of winning a box of candies and receiving a long letter to boot. The wager of a box of candies, was made for the longest letter in a given time. His letter we know nothing of but presumes it was short and to the point. We judge of hers from the following:

Behold the casket, view the prize
And see what you have realized;
Three thousand words you did surely write,
Scribbling (I presume) both day and night;
The fruit is yours, I do confess,
And send the same by Adam's Express.

Do not class me as a poet
Or anything of the sort,
As I do not want any one to know it,
Until I have more fully learned the art.

This bit of information came in our hands quite accidentally, it being evidently wafted from the ladies room, so "for goodness sake don't say we told you of it."

Many of our students will be sorry to learn of the burning of the Albaugh building. On Thursday morning, the 10th inst., early, it was discovered to be on fire and notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of the fire company, was entirely destroyed. The loss was estimated at about \$60,000, which was partly covered by insurance. Mr. Albaugh himself was not carrying on the whole store, but only one part of it; Kann, Son & Co., and A. E. Hurly doing business in other portions. Mr. Albaugh was always popular with our students and we sympathize with him in his loss.

The following is supposed to have been written by some one, bemoaning his sad fate of being small:

Some boys are quite large enough,
While others are much smaller;
Indeed I'd give all Pap is worth
To be three inches taller.

For then that Senior would have to go,
Although he desires to remain;
And notwithstanding my read hair,
"I'd get there all the same."

Now boys, I ask you to pray
That I, in course of time
"May be ahead" as the boys say,
And that senior way behind.

Oh could I but realize this,
 Wouldn't I feel saucy ;
 I'd leave College right away,
 And prepare to live in Massa.

But then there comes another thought,
 Which is by no means pleasant ;
 That all my money was spent in vain,
 In buying many a present.

Dr. Ward, whose painful accident we had occasion to report in our last issue, is still confined to his house. His arm was reset and he suffered considerably. We miss the Doctor very much and hope he will soon be able to be with us.

Laundry! Laundry! Laundry!

Mr. A. Burgee, having taken sub-contract is now prepared to have laundrying done at regular prices and deliver same. Give him a call. Mr. B. by the way is a senior.

A bashful male student practicing in the music room next to the girl's was startled slightly by a rap on the door. He practiced the "rests" in the piece. Lady student at the door. "What time is it?" Boy remains very quiet. Lady, with a bang on the door, "What time is it, I say?" Boy looks around nervously for his hat. Lady student, grasping the doorknob, with a violent wrench, "Are you deaf; who's in here anyway?" The boy grasps hat, springs to the door and passes out as quietly as the husband, who has been on a *lark* in the evening, returns about three in the morning.

A new feature of the Newton apple anecdote has been developed by one of our seniors. He thinks it struck Newton on the head; his version may be true, for we believe it would have made a deeper impression in that case than otherwise.

Mental Philosophy Class. Subject, Identity. Prof. "Miss —, what is the difference between a man and a cabbage?" Student—"There is no difference between some; they are both green."

What will happen next? Without the

least reflection upon his party, it is our privilege to announce that one of the few Republican students of the College, has turned traitor to his party and joined the Democrats. He was heard to say, "I'm in favor of Civil Service Reform," and to prove that he meant what he said, he left College a short time afterwards and the next day one of the students received a letter, one clause of which read as follows: "I'll stand a Civil Service examination in Washington tomorrow." Upon his return he was greeted by all, especially the Democrats and being asked what he expect to do, replied: "I would like to be Surveyor of the port of Chesapeake City, but if I can't get that I'll be stationed at Hagerstown. It is unnecessary to say he passed his examination, and we predict before many years he will be heard in Congress. We wish him success.

"Susan's ghost" looked in upon a musical student of the College who was at the time deeply inspired by his rendition of a difficult and classical selection which was before him. He jumped from the stool, exclaiming, "Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" He is Hamlet No. 2.

Western Md. College boasts of quite an acquisition to its corps of teachers in Mrs. Carnes, the instructor in vocal music. A class of no small number has been organized including both ladies and gentlemen, and twice a week the building is filled with harmonious strains emanating from the throats of the pupils. Each member of the class also receives one private lesson a week. In the recent musical recitals Mrs. Carnes and several of her pupils have been represented, and the applause they elicited showed the appreciation both of the instructor and instructed. Indeed too much praise cannot be given our worthy teacher, Mrs. Carnes. Her deep interest in the success of her pupils and her very congenial disposition have entirely won the hearts of her scholars.

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REV. T. H. LEWIS, A. M., D. D.,
Westminster, Md.