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EDITORIAL.

The business managers take this means of informing all persons, who receive this issue of the COLLEGE PORTFOLIO, that they will be considered as legal subscribers, and the magazine sent regularly, unless they order otherwise, and all persons receiving this issue will consider it an urgent request for their own subscription and also any others they may be able to procure.

Our readers will notice that our paper has been enlarged four pages. Two issues of the

PORTFOLIO of the old size have made us feel that we could and ought to publish a larger paper. We hope the change will be agreeable to our readers and beneficial to ourselves.

On account of examinations and other extra work this month, the time of handing in the Weigand Essays has been extended to April 15th. We sincerely hope many of the students will compete for the medal and will be prompt in submitting their essays to the staff.

The last term of this scholastic year began on March 15th, after three days for examinations. Many good resolutions were made for this term and we hope they will all be kept.

Easter Monday, April 11th, bids fair to be one of the "biggest" days Westminster has had for a long time. It is proposed to celebrate the semi-centennial of the organization of Carroll county, and large preparations are being made to that effect. The occasion is a fitting one and the program being adopted seems well suited to the solemnity.

It may be good to have two papers in our college, though we have always argued against it. Rivalry between the two may make them both better; constantly vying with each other may brighten the wits and increase the interest of the respective editors. But certainly no advantage can arise from issuing them both the same week. If we will publish two papers, and they to be two month-

lies let us liken them, as nearly as possible to a semi-monthly publication, let the papers be fifteen days apart. The advantage from this is twofold.

First: if rivalry does any good, its fullest benefit is certainly not obtained by immediately preceeding or succeeding one another. Time should elapse, so one could reflect upon the sentiments of the other, in order to consider them in the next publication.

Second: many subjects, especially in the local columns, must be treated by both, and it is not at all desirable that the same manner of treatment should be in each. Think, for instance, what a ludicrous effect it must have upon our subscribers, to read the same things in both papers, and it must necessarily be so if one is in press when the other is issued.

We do not mean to reflect upon the *Gazette* in the least, for we have had our turn in coming first.

However, we propose to its consideration, that we fix our times of issue as near two weeks apart as possible. This was our idea when we took the 25th of the month as our date. We remembered in one of your first issues of this year, you said it was your intention to appear about the 10th.

If the *Gazette* can show any reason why it ought to have the latter part of the month, we are willing to recognize its claim, as it is the older paper; if not we will continue according to our statement and hope you will begin to act upon yours.

It is very natural, as we near the close our school-life that we should look forward into other years, the wonderful, "To Come," when, although the scholars will reassemble, we shall not be with them; we think of the familiar walks, the halls, the rooms filled with new occupants, studying the same books, pursuing the same paths—but strange to us. I look out of my window this sullen gray day, and through the whirling, eddying clouds of

drifting snow, picture to myself how it will be another year, what changes, what new things. Is it imagination, or only coming events casting their shadows before, that causes to arise before my dreaming eyes, to the right of the main building of our well-beloved College, a long, high, bright and airy dining room, *all above ground*, and to the right of it a capacious auditorium long and wide and broad enough to accomodate all the many visitors who help to make glad our entertainments and Commencements; but this is not all, for above the auditorium arise long rows of dormitories, ready, not only for old lady students, but also for the many new girls, whom another year will bring to our halls. Then the old chambers can be combined into music rooms, art rooms and a roomy gymnasium for the girls.

The Storm King is piling his drifts high about the half-seen structure, and the gloaming is wrapping it about in mystery and silence, but the sight is very pleasant to me. What if the skeptic viewing it with the eye of an architect does say it resembles some vast bird of the long forgotten ages, which in a mighty conflict with some other prehistoric monster, has lost one wing; we do not choose to see it thus, but rather with the evolutionists will we believe, that as one wing has been evolved from nothingness, so the other will be sure to follow; nor does this idea shun the light of day, for have we not energy and industry and wisdom as our motive power? and when we see the many changes a few short months have wrought, we will believe in the new building; even though at present it may be as unsubstantial as the snow wreath formed upon my window-sill which the next whirling blast may sweep away.

Arrangements have been nearly completed for the course of lectures to be delivered in the College Chapel every Thursday afternoon. They will begin on Thursday, 21st instant, and continue six weeks. Among others, Prof. Henry Dixon Jones, of Harvard, will

lecture on "Elocution;" Attorney General Charles B. Roberts on "The Procedure of Justice in the United States;" and F. C. Young, of Johns Hopkins; on "The Origin and Growth of Parliament;" Mr. J. Frank-Suplee on "The Stepping-stones to Success."

April will be a very enjoyable month for us. Besides the usual exercises there are to be three society anniversaries.

The public exercises on Friday afternoons increase each week in interest. The variety adds to them very much. The first Friday is devoted to a lecture by one of the Professors and Themes by the Junior Class. The second Friday in every month a Musical Recital is given by Prof. Rinehart, instructor in instrumental music; Mrs. A. J. Carnes, teacher of vocal music, and their pupils. These recitals are always well attended and much enjoyed by all. On the third Friday a part of the Senior Class delivers Essays and Orations. The fourth Friday is devoted to Readings and Recitations by the Sophomore and Freshman Classes. An Oratorical contest was given in February between the Sophomore and Freshman classes, and on Friday, March 25th, the Seniors will have a disputation on "Resolved, That the tariff laws now in force in the United States are right in principal and beneficial in operation." We expect fine debates, as the Seniors are studying political economy, and they are enthusiastic in their views on tariff questions.

How much do we know of the current events of the day?

A great error in a person who has just completed a book, is to think he knows all about it and consequently need not think of it any more. But if he would continue to study over it he would find new beauties and his ideas would become much clearer.

The Audacity of Ignorance.

Contributed by D. Wilson, Chaplain of U. S. A.

Dining with a President of the United States, (by accident of course), he remarked, "I'll take Plum tarts for dessert, I always liked a sour pie." The incident is remembered, because of the appreciative delicacy of his guests, and their politeness as well, all of whom ate tarts.

At all times it is well to be deferential to the opinions and preferences of the distinguished and great. But this would scarcely be a sufficient reason why men should keep on indefinitely eating tarts. Very many people from reasons no doubt satisfactory to themselves, are thus only duplicates of others, reflecting stereotyped tastes and preferences, having really no proper individuality or personality, passing out of existence as mere reflections of other men's lives. Eating "tarts" because, forsooth a President ate them, is, after all, an obsequious subjection of one's own preferences and tastes, it may be to the whim of another! Query? How much further would the world be advanced in literature, science and art, if so many were not always willing to eat "tarts"?

We hear a good deal said of the audacity of ignorance. It might be a question of interest, to ascertain how much the world owes this "audacity," for much of its advancement in all things? Is it not to this that we are indebted for many important discoveries and inventions? Printing, the mariners compass, and the discovery of America, may all be placed to the credit of this "audacity." Surely it was rather what Columbus did not know, which was in the realm of mere conjecture, which made possible, the dangers and hardships of that perilous voyage, which in profoundest ignorance, ended so auspiciously in the discovery which has immortalized his name.

How wonderfully the world's history would be changed, if those grand achievements which,

attempted, without gauging fully the range of possibilities and contingences, defied them, and left to the prestige of effort and conflict, results which in ignorance it could foresee. The field of glory and of fame would be circumscribed indefinitely but for the "audacity of human ignorance." Would Thermopylæ and Marathon but for this be names which glitter on the historic page? "Was Lord Bacon the real Shakespeare?" This question has been discussed on the hypothesis that Shakespeare's learning and intelligence were inadequate to the production of his varied and immortal tragedies. The converse of this hypothesis has not been considered. Admitting Lord Bacon's wonderful genius and his great learning, would not these facts have made it inconceivable that he could have so delineated the human soul in the metamorphosis of its wonderful powers, as Shakespeare has done? Could he have gotten near enough to the fountain to have heard the tinkling music of its gurgling rills?

Whilst ignorance did not make Shakespeare, it is also demonstrable that the wings of this immortal genius were not weighted down with the golden lore of the school! Now it is precisely in those things in which learning could not greatly aid him; where he was compelled to paint from nature, and where common, human passions and frailties are described, that he stands in all things peerless and alone. Great learning might have supplemented that wonderful creative power, in which he is pre-eminent, or repressed that versatile spontaneity which seemed never to lack a word or simile for a fitting description. A fuller acquaintance with the thoughts and language of the learned would have inevitably cooled the ardor of invention, in the use of such second-hand opinions, as greatly extended knowledge would have suggested and supplied. How little was Bunyan indebted to learning (for he was not not refined) for the immortal allegory which

bears his name? It was rather the creation of ignorance and seclusion. Certainly it was begotten of the meditations and introspections which a vivid and morbidly sensitive imagination supplied, during the long years of confinement in Bedford jail. It is a creation rendered possible only by the circumstances and contingencies which gave it birth. Every shade of capacity and ingenuity has been expended in the attempted discovery of the authorship of Junius. It would not be surprising if it should be traced to some obscure and unknown person, in no other manner distinguished in the world of letters. How Goldsmith wrote his charming *Natural History* has always puzzled the learned. As compared with Cuvier, Lacapède and Audubon, he was comparatively unlearned. And yet with what vivacious delight we read these pages, never finding our interest flagging, in descriptions of birds, beasts and reptiles, whose habits and general characteristics the reader knows probably quite as well as did the author himself. An ingenious and original writer might certainly produce a very readable and entertaining volume on "what we do *not* know" of animals. And indeed the volume might be extended to a library in writing up men's ignorance of many other things. It is a fact that "in many cases all the intelligence of which a mind is capable is expended upon mere acquisition." As to getting anything out of it in the way of ideas, and especially of poetical ones, that is almost never attained. A great wit once observed, when bored by praises of a man who spoke six languages, "that he had known a man to speak a dozen, and yet not say a word worth hearing in any of them." We can never forget the wise criticism of an old preceptor on a juvenile composition, which, as usual in such productions, was somewhat florid and verbose:—"Young man, remember words are passenger cars for passenger thoughts. We never need more cars than we have

passengers to carry. It is noted that some minds seem weighted down by their acquisitions. They cannot move. The spring and elasticity, which is the normal condition of a healthy and productive intellect, is destroyed. To change the simile, it has lost its tone, and strike it as you will there is no responsive or harmonious vibration. Conversing with an old, well-to-do-farmer, whose son had just returned home, having graduated at College, he bluntly decried the utility of all higher education by the remark, "Thomas, my son, before he went to college was a pretty good plow boy. He has come home now, too proud to work, and not able to work if he was not too proud." That young man's history, mercifully cut short by an early death, fully verified his father's prediction. It was a "failure." In poetry, we know, knowledge and culture are not always indispensable to the highest achievements. This is demonstrable by the well-known fact that those productions which have conferred fame and immortality on their authors have often been their earliest efforts. Has Bryant written many things which will outlive his *Thanatopsis*, or Longfellow many which in popularity and posthumous appreciation, any, that will not probably be sooner forgotten than his "Psalm of Life" and "Voices of the Night." Whose poems will be longest read in Scotland or anywhere, Burns' or Sir Walter Scott's? We never read the *Lady of Lake* entire. We were not greatly stirred by the martial scenes in *Marmion*, but Burns' poems one and all we have read again and again. What Burns might have written if he had had the learning, "the learning of the schools," we do not know. It is fair to assume that "Holy Willie's Prayer" and "Tam O'Shanter" would not have been among the immortal creations of the rustic bard. When some unlettered poet, "loitering along some lane," perchance listens entranced to the murmur of the waterfall, or the song of the bird, it is fair to as-

sume that all the ideal world which opens to the cultured singer is entirely shut out, and that therefore the impressions produced are more original and intense. That in all things poems thus produced by these poets would be of equal merit we do not affirm; nevertheless, we should find in one the aroma of the flowers and the murmur of the brook, making music in the fall; in the other, other flowers would bloom and other brooklets would make music in the rush of the tinkling rill. To the rustic muse,

"A primrose by the river's brim,
A simple primrose is to him,
And it is nothing more."

And we are glad it is not. Such a poet may not be profound or comprehensive, in fine may be as awkward as Falstaff's soldiers, and as ill-equipped, but like them, also, he will "find linen enough on every hedge," i. e., every object in nature will supply him with needed thought and expression. In *Troilus and Cressida* the fair Helen tells Pandorus, "you shall not bab us out of our melody." It would seem, sometimes, as if knowledge and culture exerted this inauspicious influence in a poet's dreams. Would not all this be avoided by enlarged culture, as, for instance, when in "Hamlet" Shakespeare puts into the king's mouth the sentence, "I'm going back to school in Wittenberg," when the University of Wittenberg was not founded until 1502, and consequently did not exist until long after the period to which this tragedy is referable. It is not a question of perfection, but of power. Doubtless, all things being equal, the cultured would make fewer mistakes than the rustic bard. He would certainly not mistake in matters within the purview of his knowledge. We are not sure, however, that he would be as safe an interpreter of the meaning of nature's secret harmonies, and that its subtle music might not wholly escape his more discursive fancy. Science, is also indebted to the "Audacity of Ignorance." If it has grown by "deduction," it is scarcely less indebted to that

which discards all formulas and methods, and in its own brave daring, and it may be hazardous way, has really blundered on truths, which probably no investigations would ever have revealed. The heroic Empiric, even, who it may be in ignorance of the human system, and the conditions and laws of health, in very desperation has applied some unfamiliar remedy with success, has become a discoverer and benefactor. Yet he is in profoundest ignorance of the *rationale* of his methods. All those discoveries, which are classified as accidental may be set down to "ignorance," otherwise they would not be *accidental*. Science has its martyrs. Some of these have been martyrs for doubts rather than beliefs. The illustrious roll of philosophers, from Socrates to the present hour, have died for truths of the existence of which they had no certain conviction. The early navigators, in search of a Western passage to the far-famed Cathay, often laded their vessels with mica and iron pyrites, imagining these to be gold. Wholly mistaking these worthless substances for gold, may have contributed nevertheless, more than ships laden with gold, to the wealth of the nations. Pity that these voyagers were often so poorly requited for their perilous voyages and daring adventures. At no time however were these more daring, than when they were really ignorant of what they sought. There may be an exquisite appreciation of the beautiful, without a conception of those laws, of form and proportion, which seem to lie immutable and fixed. The "techniccalley trained eye," may recognize and perhaps enjoy, much more of all these than others, but this superior perceptive power "does not appear to enter, in a conscious way at least, into ordinary aesthetic enjoyment." "So far as conscious reflection can tell us," our enjoyment "rests on a vague estimation," of all these elements.*

*Popular Science Monthly, May, 1880.

There is much senseless declamation on the woes of ignorance and the advantages of knowledge. Ignorance is not an unmixed evil, nor is knowledge an invariable blessing. There may be much of real, positive enjoyment in the absence of much knowledge, and there may be much misery, though we have "all knowledge." Ignorance, "Audacious ignorance," must ever lend the charm of fascination to all human achievements, and especially to all efforts to solve the unknowing and unknown.

Henry Ward Beecher and his Fame.

A week or two past, after reading the eloquent sermon, "Swelling of the Jordan," by Dr. Talmage, of whom the public press is now speaking so much, I was constrained to ask for Beecher. Five years ago the press teemed with Beecher's expressions, the public glowed with his sentiments. He was alive in every mind, every heart revered him. Now Talmage had somewhat become his successor to public favor, it is Talmage's weekly sermons, that are published all over the country: but Talmage, though a fervent orator and acute thinker, will never reach the eminence of Beecher. He lacks that bold and fearless intrepidity, which has ever characterized Beecher's actions and which made him a leader of men. Even after his "Tilton affair" he came forward, with something akin to effrontery, and demanded almost rather than won back the confidence and affection of his flock. Such Beecher had been, but as I read the sermon alluded to, I was forced to believe that he was becoming too old for such activity and that his life's sands must be running low. It was only a few days later, when the world was startled with the news of Beecher's critical illness and, soon after, of his death.

Henry Ward Beecher was one of the most eminent divines this country has ever seen. He it was, whose eloquent and fervent sermons have caused so many sinners to "repent

and be baptized," whose numerous lectures have gathered together so many literary audiences and whose support and voice has contributed largely in electing presidents. When he died the whole of Brooklyn mourned and the whole world will feel the shock. He was a man of almost unbounded personal influence—he held together a congregation of over three thousand persons, many of the wealthiest and brainiest men of Brooklyn. He gathered among its numbers all classes, the white and black, Jew and Gentile, orthodox and unorthodox, Quaker, Presbyterian, Unitarian, Methodist, Episcopalian and Congregationalist. No man ever gathered a more mixed assembly. Men of no religion would go to hear him. Presidents, senators, lawyers, doctors, financiers, merchants, mechanics, artists—all were accustomed to be among his listeners.

He was a most ready speaker, always eloquent upon any subject that could be sprung upon him. He has written and spoken a great deal, averaging three or four times a week and all of his utterances will bear a verbatim report: he never repeated. Lincoln once said that Beecher had the most wonderful fertility of mind of any man in the nation and that this was his most distinguishing quality. In this he was certainly remarkable. He was one of the comparatively few Americans who enjoyed a world-wide reputation.

Notwithstanding all this, we cannot say Beecher was a great man. There was that about him which would dazzle, not illumine mankind. Webster says, in his tribute to Adams and Jefferson, a truly great man is "a spark of fervent heat, as well as radiant light, with power to enkindle the common mass of human mind; so that when it glimmers in its own decay and finally goes out in death, no light follows, but it leaves the world all light, all on fire, from the potent contact of its own spirit." This Beecher will not do. He leaves no system either of theology or of church government. His influence, except as a personal

recollection, ends with his life. He will go down in history as an elequent orator and a great worker, he will be a bright ornament to its pages; but his influence will scarcely last to the end of another generation.

Henry Ward Beecher, was born at Litchfield, Conn., June 24, 1813; he was the eighth child of Lyman and Roxana Foote Beecher. His father's fame as a theologian, orator and leader in movements, such as the temperance and anti-slavery causes, is well known. The name of Harriet Beecher Stowe, his sister, is deeply carved on the monument of literature. The childhood of Beecher was spent in very much the same manner as other children of his time. He was let alone, and very little attention paid to him. He was fond of nature, and roamed a great deal by the brook and through the glen. His early school life certainly did not forecast his brilliant career, for he was deficient in memory, bashful, painfully sensitive and embarrassed by a thick, indistinct voice. At the age of ten he went to a private school at Bethelham, later he went to school at Hartford. When he was twelve, his father moved to Boston and he attend the Boston Latin School. He was averse to studying and after reading the travels of Nelson and Cook, was imbued with the desire to become a "midshipman and afterward a commodore," and he planned to run off to sea. His father discovered his intention and told him a knowledge of navigation was necessary to the furtherance of his desires and promised to send him to Mt. Pleasant in Amherst, for preparatory studies. He remained here two years and soon forgot his desire to go to sea. He graduated at Amherst in 1834 and studied theology in Lane Seminary. He finished here in '37 and his first call was to Lawrenceburg. At this place, Mr. Beecher says, they was so poor, that he was janitor, as well as pastor and the only reason he was not bell-ringer also, was that they were too poor to have a bell. Of his career after this all are familiar. He was

prominent in the anti-slavery move. He soon became famous as an orator, writer and thinker. He made several lecture tours abroad and though he had to overcome fierce opposition, opposition, it hardly does him credit to say he was always equal to the emergency. In Brooklyn alone his personal influence can be appreciated: there he swayed an immense multitude both religiously and politically, as if by magic power. No movement could stand his opposition and his concurrence was sure success to any enterprise.

As a writer of books Beecher is not so renowned though he has written several. "Norwood" is probably the best novel he has written. His "Yale Lectures on Preaching" is his solidest work, while the unfinished "Life of Christ" is probably the most portentous one he has ever attempted.

It is safe to say that no living American has ever been so much talked of as Beecher. Whether history will accord him as much fame as his contemporaries have given him remains to be proven. The visitor at Greenwood, however, will long be pointed to the spot where he rests and will be told one of America's noblest and bravest and most eloquent sons lies there.

P. S.

A New Method of Analyzing.

Written for the College Portfolio.

Since it is the avowed purpose of many college students to familiarize themselves with the modern poets, the writer takes the liberty of presenting his method of study hoping it may prove advantageous to his fellow workers, and be a step forward towards the consummation of a system most devoutly to be wished.

As an example of the course we pursue, and a text upon which to work out our method we will take the first few lines of Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," familiar doubtless to all, but repeated here merely to refresh the memory.

"Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream,
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are seldom what they seem."

Now the meaning of the stanza depends largely upon its punctuation, and we see no reason why the ordinary student may not accord to himself the privilege assumed by the various editors, and adjust this little matter to suit himself, according to his interpretation of the authors meaning—if he has any.

Adopting this view of the case, *our* understanding of the first two lines is, that the poet forbids the presentation to his notice of any gloomy views of life giving the two lines immediately following as his reason, but, really, the more we pursue this line of thought the further we are led into the mists of doubt and uncertainty. However perhaps a close analysis of the words of the passage may elucidate some what.

"*Tell*," doubtless refers to the renowned Swiss patriot who has become immortalized in song and story, and whose skill in archery has fired many a young arm to emulation, perhaps sometimes with disastrous results. Of the pronoun "*me*" we can each make personal application.

"*Not*" of course refers to the knot of all knots, the knot matrimonial, around which clusters so many thoughts of the average student. "*In*" is the hostelry where our poet halted to refresh and regale himself and his friends after his exertions in importing Wm. Tell to grace his rhyme. "*Mourn*" means to lament and wear weeds. "*Full*" is completed, so *mournful* means to lament and wear completed weeds. "*Numb*" according to all accepted authority is paralyzed. "*Burs*" are those pestiferous little seed pods endowed by nature with adhesive properties which some times cause them to over-load the caudle appendages of the cattle which roam over autumn pastures. These "*numbers*" are pods which adhere to a paralyzed cows narrative. The word "*life*" holds for each of us the shade of meaning which is covered by the individual imagination or is determined by the point of view from which we contemplate it.

"But" is an indefinite number of gallons estimated by actual measurement of the cask in question this by some erroneously supposed to be the exclusive property of Billy Goats.

"An" is an abbreviation of Ann Boylin whom we take the liberty of introducing here to keep company with our first importation—Wm. Tell.

"Empty" (M. T.) if seen now a days at the conclusion of a numerous article is at once understood as the non-de-plume of Clemmens.

But why pursue the analysis further? Enough has been given to suggest to any *imaginative* mind a course of study, which if carefully pursued will in increase the knowledge and appreciation of any devotee of the muses.

IOWA.

College Journalism.

The first college paper ever published was the Dartmouth Gazette, edited by Daniel Webster. Like many other enterprises started by that distinguished man, this one succeeded admirably, and the publishing of college papers has become very popular among our colleges.

The amount of journalism done by the colleges of this country is very large—surprisingly so, when we consider that no pecuniary inducements lead on the vast majority of editors and publishers. Literary gain and the advancement of its *alma mater* are the chief aims of nearly every college paper of the Union; and they are certainly very vague, to the average student at least. Still it is a fact, according to the most reliable sources, that the 333 colleges of this country, issue nearly half as many college papers; the exact number, as far as ascertained, is 157. Of this number, about 110 are monthly publications, about 20 semi-monthly, 8 weekly, 4 daily, and the others published every two months, every quarter or at no specified intervals. The four dailies are published at Harvard, Cornell, Princeton and Yale. The

average circulation of all these papers is somewhat more than five hundred per month, which would aggregate over 75,000 ventures, upon the sea of journalism from the colleges of the country.

We will not speculate much upon facts of this large amount of current literature. It is well known that some few papers of this host are of no good, either to themselves or to the outside world. Still a great many do benefit both.

There are few things capable of giving a better impression of a college than its paper, if it is a good one. Nothing scarcely, can be a better advertisement. So much for the college. As to the student, excepting a well organized literary society, there is nothing in the whole college curriculum from which he can derive more practical benefit, than from contact with a good publication. It trains him for that independent position he must take when he leaves his college walls; it gives him an idea as to how he will be called upon to express his thoughts to the world.

The educational world is beginning to recognize these advantages, and so highly does it regard them that much is talked of instituting a chair of journalism in the faculty. Whether this would be expedient we are unable to say, but we do think that if the faculty would be more careful of their college papers, much good would arise, both for the students and the college.

C.

The Raving (Professor).

T'was upon a moonlight evening,
While I slept with A. T. Moore,
On an old time husky mattress,
About two feet above the floor;
That a noise like some one banging,
Banging on our Ward Hall door,
T'was only this and nothing more.
'Tis some robber, thus I muttered,
And at the thought I greatly shuddered,
For my life and nothing more.
But alas! the door was fastened,
Fastened like t'was one before,
Like t'was in the days of yore,
By a prop against the door.

Off me then I flung the covers
 As I stepped upon the floor
 Only this and nothing more.
 Then I found by close inspection,
 That that voice I'd heard before,
 Coming from that outside section
 On the outside of the door.

'Tis the "Prof." then I muttered—
 Whom I'd often heard before
 Knocking on my chamber door.
 There I stood, there I shuddered
 On the inside of the door,
 Then he cried as if he'd blundered
 Open up—Mr. Moore.

As the door was opened slowly,
 The jaunty figure I knew wholly,
 'Twas then at length with faith he asked me,
 As he had done once before;
 If I knew who was so lowly
 As to lock the old front door
 Quoth the locker—"Never more."

H. n.

Gems from Lucile.

"Let any man once show the world that he feels
 Afraid of its bark, and 'twill fly at his heels;
 Let him fearlessly face it, 'twill leave him alone:
 But 'twill fawn at his feet if he flings it a bone."

Excuses are clothes which, when ask'd unawares,
 Good Breeding to naked necessity shares."

"Do you think we should live
 With the living so lightly, and learn to survive
 That wild moment in which to the grave and its gloom
 We consign'd our heart's best, if the doors of the tomb
 Were not lock'd with a key which Fate keeps for our
 sake?

If the dead could return, or the corpses awake?"

"The heart of a man's like that delicate weed,
 Which requires to be trampled on, boldly indeed,
 Ere it give forth the fragrance you wish to extract,
 'Tis a simile, trust me, if not new, exact."

"The man who seeks one thing in life and but one,
 May hope to achieve it before life be done;
 But he who seeks all things, wherever he goes,
 Only reaps from the hopes which around him he sows
 A harvest of barren regrets. And the worm,
 That crawls on in the dust to the definite term
 Of its creeping existence, and sees nothing more
 Than the path it pursues till its creeping be o'er,
 In its limited vision, is happier far
 Than the Half-Sage, whose course, fixed by no friendly
 star,

Is by each star distracted in turn, and who knows
 Each will still be as distant wherever he goes."

"We may live without poetry, music and art;
 We may live without conscience, and live without
 heart;

We may live without friends; we may live without
 books;

But civilized man cannot live without cooks.
 He may live without books—what is knowledge but

grieving?

He may live without hope; what is hope but deceiving?
 He may live without love—what is passion but pining
 But where is the man that can live without dining?"

Use and Habit are powers,
 Far stronger than Passion, in this world of ours."

"This world is a nettle; disturb it, it stings;
 Grasp it firmly, it stings not. On one of two things,
 If you would not be stung, it behoves you to settle:
 Avoid it, or crush it, she crush'd not the nettle;
 For she could not; nor would she avoid it; she tried
 With the weak hand of a woman to thrust it aside,
 And it stung her. A woman is too slight a thing
 To trample the world without feeling its sting."

Man is born on a battle field. Round him, to rend
 Or resist, the dread Powers, he displaces attend,
 By the cradle which nature, amidst the stern shocks
 That have shattered creation, and sharpen it, rocks.
 He leaps with a wall into being; and lo!
 His own mother, fierce nature herself, is his foe.
 Her whirlwinds are roused into wrath o'er his head
 'Neath his feet roll her earthquakes: her solitudes spread
 To daunt him: her forces dispute his command:
 Her snows fall to freeze him: her suns burn to brand:
 Her seas yawn to engulf him: her rocks rise to crush:
 And the lion and leopard, allied, lurk to rush
 On their startled invader.

Among Our Exchanges.

We feel gratified to see the number of our exchanges gradually increasing. It is a source of pleasure to us to make new acquaintances, and we hope to find many friends among them; also to learn methods other than our own inexperienced ones and to profit by the knowledge of others. We hope that after this issue we may receive several more, especially some one or two from the South, to whom we are desirous of being introduced; but as we have no friend to do so, we will take the liberty of introducing ourselves.

The March number of the *Dickinson Liberal* is at hand. This paper is one of our first friends. It is a well established College journal; its articles are interesting, its editorials good, and we enjoy reading it.

Prominent among our new arrivals is the *Seminary Monthly*, Hagerstown, Md. It congratulates itself that it will soon celebrate its tenth birthday. We wish it long life and continued prosperity.

The *Georgetown College Magazine*, pub-

lished by the Literary Societies of that institution, makes its first visit to us. We will forbear criticism until we are better acquainted.

The *College World*, Adrian, Mich., contains some interesting College news.

Princeton College has a native of Egypt. Adrian has one from Turkey.—*Ex.*

Western Maryland College has one from Japan.

We take from the *Campus* the following. "Over a year ago the change from Saturday to Monday as a day of recreation was made, and although a little strange to us at first, it is now a pronounced success. It has removed the temptation to study on Sunday, and gives better class-room results for Tuesday than the old system for Monday."

The *Simpsonian* comes to us all the way from Iowa. We appreciate its visits and wish to know it better.

We have also received the March number of the *Pennsylvania College Monthly*. We will reserve our compliments for another time.

We rejoice in having a daily paper, the *Evening Capital*, Annapolis, Md., among our exchanges.

We thank the *Delaware College Review* kindly for the welcome it gives to us: We appreciate your good wishes and are obliged for the encouragement you give.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The Freshmen and Sophomores of Cornell recently had a big *rumpus* on the day of their annual banquets.

Mr. J. A. Bostwick, of New York City, has given \$50,000 to Wake Forrest College, N. C. This is in addition to \$20,000 previously given. The income is to be used to increase the salaries of the Professors and for current expenses.

Yale "College" is a thing of the past, the resolution making it a "University," lately passed the Senate, at Hartford.

Mr. Robert Garrett, a few days ago, gave \$8,000 toward the new art museum of Princeton, in addition to the \$7,000 contributed, not long ago, by Trustee Harrison Garrett.

Sam Jones proposes to get up a college at Cartersville, Ga. He has already received \$10,000 in contributions.

The Science Hall of the Case School of Applied Sciences at Cleveland, Ohio, was recently destroyed by fire. The loss was \$200,000, and insurance only \$75,000.

Of the 2,000 graduates of Williams College, ex-President Mark Hopkins has taught all save about 40.

It is said that the University of Pennsylvania is the oldest legally titled University in the United States; the College of Philadelphia becoming University of Pennsylvania in 1791.—*Ex.*

In Illinois there are more colleges than in the whole of Europe and one college in Europe has more students than the whole State of Illinois.

The question is often asked, in regard to the pronunciation of Latin, how do the majority of American colleges teach it. According to the most reliable statistics, 155 of the entire number, 333, pronounce by the Roman Method, 144 by the English Method, and 34 by the Continental.

The Oxford Military Academy, of Md., which was built up to a school of over 350 students with such phenomenal quickness, has lost Major Burgess, and it seems to be sinking almost as rapidly as it raised.

The first degree of D. D., ever conferred by Harvard, was upon Increase Mather in 1682, and the first LL. D., upon George Washington in 1776.

Dr. McCosh, of Princeton, has said, "If ye can chase secret societies out of colleges, ye'll do a good thing. We did it eight years ago."

There are catalogued at Harvard, 1,688 students, of whom 271 are in the medicine

school and 180 in the law department. Both she and Yale will graduate more this year than ever before. This great number of students have 189 courses to select from. The late endowments to this grand institution of learning have been a half-million from an old miser of Boston, and \$400,000 from John Q. A. Williams.

Students at Madison University are not allowed to marry during the course. A freshman lately evaded the rule by marrying before he entered.

The University of the South, at Swanee, has its vacation in the winter. An exchange says that this is done to save fuel.

The Oxford and Cambridge race is to be rowed on the Thames, March 26th.

Princeton has also joined the rank of Universities, says an exchange.

In the gymnasium of Corryville is a class of charming young ladies, about fifty in number, who seek to render themselves more charming by scientific exercise. Some time ago, in the absence of the professor, they organized a game of foot-ball, and for a time the fun waxed fast and furious. After several goals and touchdowns, one of the girls in her endeavor to give the ball a violent kick, missed her aim, and the result was the loss of six, beautiful, white, pearly teeth, two of which have never been found. We would recommend to the young lady students of this country, that foot-ball is not a suitable game for them, "they ain't built that way." The next game among the Corryville girls has not been announced.

Miss Van Zandt, who so persistently tried to marry the Anarchist Spies, is a graduate of Vassar. She has recently graduated, and they say a Vassar girl never sees a man; this possibly accounts for her strange fancy, as Spies may have been the first man she saw when she left.

Students be comforted! Henry Ward

Beecher only made an average of 57 out of 100 possible.—*Ex.*

In a late speech before the Phi Beta Kappa society, President Dwight said: "Finally we come to one of the main differences between Yale and Harvard. Yale cares for the individual, Harvard for the institution. Yale tries to develop a mans character, and we should have an excellent and definite statement as to what that character should be, Yale tries to give men to the world. Harvard tries to give an institution to men, to give them a place where they can develop themselves and work out their own character. Harvard's principle recognizes more fully the difference in men. It has far larger possibilities and is based on a great confidence in human nature."

DE ALUMNIS.

Class of '83.

This is the largest class the College ever graduated, consisting of eleven male and ten female members. As is the case with all classes, quite a number who started with it did not continue to graduation. The female portion, however, of this class was an exception in this respect, as it carried through all its members from the Freshman year with two or three exceptions. We give below a brief account of the members as near as we have been able to ascertain facts regarding them.

Miss Florence B. Diffenbaugh has remained at her home near Westminster since graduation.

Miss Florence G. Hering resides with her father in Westminster, and has given her attention principally to music. She is at present taking vocal lessons at the Peabody Institute, Baltimore.

Miss S. Nannie James, A. M., recently married to the Rev. G. L. Cuddy, is now living in Harford county, Md., where her husband was sent by the late Baltimore Conference of the M. E. Church.

Miss Lillie M. Keller, A. M., has remained at her pleasant home in Buckeystown.

Miss M. Agnes Lease, A. M., has pursued

her studies since graduation at her quiet home near Mt. Pleasant, Frederick county.

Miss Georgie R. Nichols, daughter of Rev. J. K. Nichols, is teaching at Johnsville.

Miss Jessie Smiley, A. M., is pursuing a course at Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa.

Miss Virginia Smiley is teaching in a Female Seminary, Tenn.

Miss Lizzie Swarbrick is teaching in Calvert county.

Miss Carrie W. Yingling, recently married to B. W. Wilson, is living in St. Louis, Mo.

Harry F. H. Baughman has been principal of the Crumpton High School, Queen Anne's county, since '84.

Rev. Wm. W. Dumm, A. M., B. D., entered the Yale Divinity School in September, '83, and received the degree of B. D. in '86. He united with the Congregational Church, and at present has a charge in Ohio.

Franklin B. Fenby, since leaving school, has been giving his attention to agricultural pursuits near Westminster.

Rev. J. Wm. Kirk, A. M., B. D., was elected tutor in the college immediately after graduation and held the position for two years. In connection with his duties in this capacity, he pursued the prescribed course in the Theological Seminary, and graduated from that institution in May, '85. He was then received in the Maryland Annual Conference of the M. P. Church and sent to Crisfield where he is still stationed.

L. R. Linthicum, A. M., is taking a course in the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania.

Alonzo Miles, A. M., is a member of the Crisfield bar. On leaving school, he studied law under the direction of Edgar A. Gans, Deputy States Attorney for Baltimore, and at the same time took a course in the Maryland Law University.

Rev. Jesse W. Norris, A. M., spent one year at the Seminary and has since been in active work in the M. P. Church.

Rev. Smallwood C. Ohrum, A. M., B. D., after taking a two years course at the Seminary, entered the Maryland Annual Conference of the M. P. Church and at present is stationed in Virginia.

Prof. Franklin H. Schaefer, A. M., shortly after graduation, made a trip to the West, visiting among other cities St. Louis, Kansas City and Denver. He returned to Maryland in '84 and engaged in teaching school in Car-

roll county. In '85 he was elected tutor in the College, and in September last was made principal of the Preparatory Department.

John J. F. Thompson entered the class in the Junior year. Immediately after graduation he entered the Yale Divinity School with the intention of preparing for the ministry.

Louis C. Wainwright entered in the Junior year, having previously graduated at the Princess Anne High Scholl. He taught school for a short time after leaving college, and is now pursuing a course in the Princeton Theological Seminary, preparatory to entering the Presbyterian ministry.

A. D. Brockett, nephew of Prof. R. L. Brockett, left the class in the Sophomore year. He is now engaged in the mercantile business in Alexandria, Va.

Dr. J. Hering was a member of this class till the Junior year, when he entered the Maryland University of Medicine, from which he graduated in '85. He now has an extensive practice in Westminster.

Rev. J. M. Gill entered in the Freshman year, but left in '82 to engage in work in the M. P. Church. He is now stationed in Baltimore county, Md.

Chas. C. Hopper was in the class but a short time. After leaving school he was appointed assistant postmaster at Centreville. He is now at the Maryland Law University, Baltimore.

S. M. Leech left the class in the last term of the Senior year. He was then appointed by President Arthur Assistant Superintendent of the Yellowstone Park, but soon afterwards resigned on account of the hardships attached to the position. Afterwards he engaged in the newspaper business at Albany, N. Y., and was establishing quite a reputation at the time of his death, which recently occurred.

F. W. Elgin left the class in the Junior year, and engaged in teaching in Montgomery county, Md.

Prof. J. A. Crowther discontinued his studies with the class in the Freshman year. He then attended the Virginia Military and Agricultural College, where he graduated with first honors. He was appointed after graduation the position of assistant in mathematics. He is now in charge of a private high grade school for boys at Savannah, Ga., and is assisted by competent teachers in the classical and literary departments.

Dr. G. W. Todd, '81, has a very fine practice at Salisbury.

Miss May C. Meredith, '82, is teaching school near Still Pond, Kent county.

Miss Fudora L. Richardson, '85, is taking lessons in housewifery at her home in Church creek.

Rev. E. T. Mowbray, '86, has been stationed by the late M. E. Conference at Hunt's, Baltimore county. Mr. Mowbray has the charge alone, and we feel sure he will have a successful ministry. He will remain at Hampstead, his old circuit, until his school closes, and has arranged with his successor, Rev. W. J. Thompson, to that effect.

Personals.

Miss Grace Garrison is visiting some friends in town.

Mr. H. Etchinson is practicing medicine at Gaithersburg.

Mr. Columbus Day is teaching school near Browningsville, Montgomery Co.

Mrs. Dr. H. W. Harding of Virginia visited her son Otis at the college on the 2nd and 3rd inst.

The Rev. F. T. Tagg, Cor. Sec. of Board of Missions, of the M. P. Church, visited Westminster on Sunday, the 13th inst. In the afternoon he made an address before the Y. M. C. A., of the College.

The University of Maryland School of Medicine held its commencement on 22nd inst. Messrs. W. F. Elgin and Jas. A. Melvin are among the graduates.

Miss Lillie W. Barkdoll, '87, who left college at the end of last year, is teaching school near Fairplay, Washington Co.

Two of our old students, Messrs. Geo. O. Quesenberry and S. A. Boucher, are in this year's graduating class of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Baltimore.

Miss Nannie M. Heyde, of the Preparatory Department, has left school to accompany her father, the Rev. G. W. Heyde, to his station in Harford county.

Mr. Reese, who left college with the measles on Feb. 23, returned on the 8th inst., and

stood his examinations. Mr. Reese feared that he would make some *measly* examinations, but we learn that he did very well.

Prof. A. H. Merill, who left us last year to accept a position at Vanderbilt University, read by invitation before the Annual Chataqua Reunion at De Funiak, Fla. He was very enthusiastically received by an audience of more than a thousand people.

Mr. J. J. Buffington, who left school on the 17th ult., will return in a few days. Mr. B. was one of a large number of our students that the measles visited in their rounds. In his case they were particularly unwelcome as they came during review and examination.

Mr. John H. Baker, of Buckeystown, who, on account of weak eyes, left school in November last, had expected to return to college this term, but the doctor advised him not to resume his studies till September next. Mr. B. writes us that he tries to make himself useful at home by running errands and fishing.

Dr. Ward is now suffering from an attack of quinsy. His broken arm had scarcely mended before this last sickness come on. We are glad to learn, however, that he is slowly but steadily recovering, and the prospects are that he will soon be with us again.

We take pleasure in announcing the marriage of one of our old students, Mr. W. F. Elgin, to Miss Estelle White of Poolesville, Montgomery, Co. The wedding took place on the 21st inst. after which the bridal couple made a short visit to Baltimore to attend, on the following day, the commencement exercises of the University of Maryland School of Medicine in which Mr. Elgin participates as a graduate. We congratulate Mr. Elgin on his double success.

President Lewis was absent from College on Wednesday 16th inst. on the very pleasant mission of uniting in matrimony Miss Minnie W. Jarman, his niece, and Mr. J. Edwin Willis, at Greenboro, Md. Miss Jarman

spent the year 1881-2 at Western Maryland and two of her brothers have also been here, one graduating. The ceremony took place in the M. E. Church, which was beautifully trimmed for the occasion. After a short reception at home the happy couple departed for a trip to Philadelphia. Mr. Willis is a promising young merchant of the firm of Willis & Roe, and like his bride has a host of friends wishing long life and happiness. In this wish the PORTFOLIO heartily joins.

We clip the following from the Centreville Record of Feb. 26. St. Paul's P. E. Church in this town was crowded on Monday afternoon by friends and relatives who gathered to witness the marriage of Miss M. Emma Taylor, daughter of the late Geo. W. Taylor, Esq., and Mr. William E. Rolph, assistant deputy clerk of the Circuit Court. The church was darkened and the lamps lighted, and the effect heightened by the heavy Christmas decorations, which have not yet been removed, was very pleasing. The ceremony was performed at 2.30 o'clock by the rector, Rev. James A. Mitchell. The bride, handsomely attired in an olive green satin dress with hat to match, entered she church upon the arm of Mr. Wm. J. Price, and was preceded to the altar by the ushers, Messrs. P. B. Hopper, J. Fletcher Rolph, David D. Taylor, W. J. Price, Jr., T. S. and G. C. Roberts. At the altar the groom, attended by his best man, Mr. Noble C. Rolph, awaited the coming of the bride. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Rolph repaired to the residence of the bride's mother, where the congratulations of friends were received. They left on the afternoon train for a short trip to Washington and Richmond.

Seminary News.

The Seminary students are reviewing for final examinations, which take place the last week in April.

Rev. L. R. Dyott of Harpers Ferry has been elected to preach the sermon before the Mis-

sionary Alliance of the Seminary on May 1.

The Stockton Society of the Seminary elected the following officers on February 25th: Pres., L. Albright; vice president, G. W. Hadaway; rec. sec., J. H. S. Ewell; cor. sec., O. S. Corbon; critic, J. D. Corbon; chaplain, J. C. Cody; treasurer, C. E. Lanberd.

Crisfield, Md., the victim of so many conflagrations of recent years, was again visited by a destructive fire on March 17th, by which, we are sorry to learn, Dr. O. B. B. Ewell and A. W. Ewell, brothers of J. H. Ewell of the Seminary, were the heaviest losers.

R. S. Williamson, who recently left the Seminary and E. H. Vandyke will join the Maryland Conference of the M. P. Church, which will be held at Easton, beginning April 6th, prox.

Chapel Exercises.

The Chapel Exercises on Feb. 25th were hastily improvised on account of the expected Oratorical Contest being postponed until the following Friday—sickness having rendered several of the orators unfit to perform their duties. Noprogram was arranged but the Freshmen and Sophomore classes of boys were represented nearly unto the entire number of both divisions. The selections were very interesting and well delivered.

The next Friday saw nearly the same persons assembled as contestants in oratorical skill. The male portion of the Sophomore and Freshman classes were arrayed against each other in eloquentary contest. The selections were principally from Webster and the following is a program of the proceedings:

- Bunker Hill Monument.....Mr. C. H. Sullivan, '89.
- The Secret of the Murderer.....Mr. C. P. Merrick, '90.
- Supposed Speech against the Declaration,
Mr. I. G. Michael, '89.
- Supposed Speech of Adams in Reply,
Mr. J. F. Caulk, '90.
- Fourth of July, 1851.....Mr. P. H. Myers, '89.
- DISCUSSION WITH CALHOUN.
- Calhoun's Speech on State Veto Power,
Mr. J. F. Harper, '90.
- Webster's Speech in Reply.....Mr. W. O. Keller, '90.

Music, "Hunting Song,".....Mendelssohn.

Miss J. F. Wilson.

DISCUSSION WITH HAYNE.

Eulogium on South Carolina.....Hayne.

Mr. W. M. Weller, '89.

South Carolina and Massachusetts.....Webster.

Mr. H. G. Watson, '89.

Hayne's Reply.....Mr. C. E. Ames, '90.

Webster's Rejoinder.....Mr. L. I. Pollitt, '89.

Webster's Peroration.....Mr. W. M. Lease, '89.

Description of the Webster-Hayne Contest,

W. C. Johnson.

Mr. J. B. Whaley.

Ode on the same.....W. C. Wilkinson.

Mr. W. I. Mace.

Music, "On Blooming Meadows" Waltz.....Rive-King.

Prof. T. F. Rinehart, Primo.

Miss M. E. Stem, Secundo.

After the well delivered recitations, which reflected great credit both upon the members of the classes and their instructor Dr. Lewis, were brought to a close, Mr. J. A. C. Bond as spokesman of the Judges, made a short address in which he said that with some reluctance he declared the victory in favor of the Sophomores.

The 11th was the day for the Musical Recital, but as examinations came on the same day, it was indefinitely postponed.

On Friday, March 18th, the exercises consisted of a Lecture by Prof. Rinehart and themes by four Juniors. Prof. Rinehart took as a subject "The Pernicious Influence of Lord Byron's Writings," and handled it with an unsurpassable skill. Although his first lecture at our College, it was sufficient to create within us a great desire to hear him speak to our sensibilities by word of mouth as well as through that instrument of whose melodious voice he is the complete master. His lecture was followed by a piano solo, Harp Evlienne. Mr. P. W. Kuhns read a theme on "Who is responsible for depraved newspapers," followed by Mr. E. C. Wimbrough, subject, "Thomas DeQuincy" and Miss E. M. Wallis, "Lessons from the life of Andrew Johnson." The themes were all fine productions, and worthy of high commendation.

Locals.

Spider!

Its over! Examinations past, Students easy.

Larkin got a ten!

Girls, did you see him run?

She even preserved the oyster shells!

Shorty get your hair dyed.

Have you heard Soph. Wh. sing bass yet?

Who took the girls' napkins and rings?

Who??

The Chinaman" is still in business. Give him a call. Prompt attention guaranteed.

Mr. Moore lately indulged in a shave which by the way was his first.

One of our preps from Crisfield, Md., asked recently "if they did not give holiday here on pancake day."

Class in Geometry. Prof.: "Mr. M., what is a complement? Mr. M. quickly—"The difference between two right angles.

"Once to every College student,
Comes the moment to decide,
In the strife with Greek and Latin,
If he walk or if he ride.

Truth forever wed to study;

Wrong forever wed to play.

"Ponies" carry for the moment:

But upon that final day,

When there comes a test of knowledge

Ah! the "ponies" where are they?"

Will the Prof. of music please inform us what is the grammatical scale?

Who got a *billet doux* from the Faculty?

Friday morning breakfast—the fish being discussed—Miss D.—on refusing to partake said: "I was fond of *herring* last year but my taste has entirely changed since then for I do not like even that kind now.

We have ascertained by close observation that there is but one young lady in the dining room who never looks at the boys during meals and she is not cross-eyed either.

Senior class in geology. Lesson volcanoes

Prof. "Miss W. where is Vesuvius?" Miss W. thinks awhile. Prof. "Is it in South America?" Miss W. is offended and does not answer. Then Prof. tried another. Mr. S. "Where is Etna?" "In Iceland, sir." "Where?" Mr. S. "In the middle of France, —I think." Prof. says the moral is that people are not careful enough to look up the things about which they read: he is right too.

"We two and no more" is very agreeable under some circumstances, but in a certain instance one Moore was very acceptable and we would not have objected to a dozen.

Was it a Soph. that said he "admired the writings of Anon more than any other poet?"

Scene in the kitchen—a tramp appears on the scene of action. Reuben—steward-commander in chief of kitchen—would-be-boss of all creation—with quite a superior air: "Oh, here you are again are you, you don't know me I suppose?" Tramp: "Humph, yes I think I do, we were both in the Penitentiary together twenty years ago." Reuben does not reply but wears quite a crest-fallen air the rest of the day.

The following lines were wafed from a young lady's window, by Fate we suppose, and were picked up by an Editor.

Two lovers do I now possess
 The one measures five feet eight,
 The other is not so high
 Three inches shorter I guess,
 And I hardly know of late
 Upon which to cast my eye.
 Two hearts do I now hold
 The one belong, to "Sturgeon"
 The other one to Shorty
 Yes, I now them both enfold
 Must I hear others urging,
 Or flirt until I'm forty?
 Two pairs of eyes on me gaze, —
 But I've been thinking of late
 That I can keep only one
 And I do myself amaze,
 And think I have met my fate
 Since the taller has begun.

The public have requested that no more poetry be published on this subject. We are public servants.

Some of our lady students took part in the missionary meetings of both the M. E. and M. P. Churches in town.

Lately one of the gentlemen had his mother to visit him and while she was here, we are happy to say she was shown a great deal of attention by a certain lady senior. So much was the lady senior seen with this strange lady that a Prof. in the class-room one morning inquired: "Miss A—, has your mother gone home yet?" In vain did the other members of the class attempt to suppress their "noisy smiles." P. S. Report says that the lady senior has accepted an invitation to visit Virginia next summer.

One of the Preps think the best *teeth*-dentists he knows are in Baltimore. We would not imagine he knew many.

"The morality of a lie" is a subject that has been very much discussed lately. We hope by next issue to have a theme on the subject from the Prep. who discusses so eloquently on it.

A certain Senior wants to know what a buffalo is. He thinks he has seen one's picture—something like a gorilla, isn't it?

The following answer was given by one of our collegiates recently to the inquiry if he could perform on the horizontal bar. "Well yes, I used to turn 'round the *pole* a little—guess that's what you mean, don't you? When we made ours we *jobbed* two *stobs* in the ground and bored holes in each and *run a pole through* the holes." We expect he meant a bar but are not certain, his brogue is Southern.

TABLEAU VIVANT IN FIVE SCENES.

1st. Tableau, red light first flares up and startles music Prof. who thinks it is fire. 2nd. He sees through the joke, makes one wild desperate leap over the rostrum, music scholar, piano and all. 3d. Girls fly pursued up three flights of stairs. 4th. Heads peeping out the doors all along the corridor. Prof. thunders "Who's room is this?" 5th. Silence—the girls picking up the buttons.

Our popular housekeeper, Miss Hiner, has been sick with the measles lately, but we are glad to hear she is getting better for we missed her very much on "pie-day."

Some of the members of the Sophomore class experienced some difficulty in answering the question: "Name five great living Englishmen." The following conversation was heard among the male members: Mr. Wa—"Who was Canon Farrar?" Mr. R—"An American orator." Mr. Wa—"You are off, for I saw where he had returned home to England the other day." Mr. R—very earnestly: "Why he has been dead for fifty years." Mr. W. thinks it rather risky to put him down as an Englishman. Mr. Mi— named Oscar Wilde and Lord Lytton as to of his men and Mr. R. would have put Oliver W. Holmes, being, as he said a great English orator, but he had an idea he was dead.

The Philomathean Society has received quite an acquisition to the mineral department in some magnificent specimens of iron ore from Mr. Geo. F. Riley, of Ashland. Also an especially beautiful piece of limestone rock and Cuban iron ore.

Auction! Auction! Auction!

We will sell at public sale on the 31st of March, some of our thoroughbreds, as we desire to get a new lot, better suited to ride during the third term, the following distinguished animals will be offered:

1 young colt, known as "Equus Cicero,"
1 old mule, known as "Old Plautus," we desire especially to get rid of, (this animal threw its rider lately, wounding him in six places;) 1 fine black horse, we desire to call especial attention to, he is noted as a saddle horse and will carry double; the only trouble is, he was nearly worked to death on his last trial of speed, but came out conqueror, his name is "Iliad, The Chief of the Turf." Be sure and attend the sale.

(Signed) Amor Equorum.

Aliquis Vir, Auctioneer.

Quite a startling affair has occurred in College. Susan's Ghost has assumed larger proportions than ever and is now accompanied by another and equally as frightful companion. They suddenly appear before the same music scholar the other night. He at first was not alarmed, however, and when one said: "I am thy father's ghost!" said boldly: "Spirits avaunt, I fear thee not!" But when the other said "I am the ghost of thy prospective mother-in-law," he jumped from the piano stool, turned wildly round, and in his haste fell down the steps nearly dislocating every limb. He is the one about whom the fair damsel said she "was perfectly entranced by his musical eyes."

Conversation among three Freshmen.

Miss F—"Girls, Sweden Borgian is just taking the place down in Caroline."

Miss T—"What is it?"

Miss U—"I think it must be some terrible disease."

Miss F—"O, no it is an insect eating up all the grain and vegetables."

Oh ye unsalted freshmen!

A short time ago one of our worthy Sophs. with a palpitating heart, wended his way down town with the avowed purpose of calling on Miss—. On arriving at his destination, he rang the door bell and while awaiting an answer to his summons hastily arranged his cravat and heart, the latter beating a lively tattoo. But alas! the father came to the door. The Soph has no definite recollection whether he spoke to him or not, at any rate he remembers inquiring for the daughter. Now the old gentleman is noted for his *whispering*, so opening the door wide he went to the front of the stairs and began *whispering* for her. The Soph. was stupefied, and at that moment glancing on the other side of the street beheld two college students smiling blandly at him. He awaited no longer but rushing wildly up street to the College, took a severe headache which resulted in the mea-

sles. He is now convalescent and hopes are entertained for his final recovery.

In examples, even the best scholars sometimes get woefully confused. In one paper, Moral Philosophy was strangely intermingled with Geometry, that is, in a description of the angels at the right hand of God, the student wrote in an eloquent manner about "God's right angles."

Miss G——, gazing fixedly at the windowless side of the Seminary, soliloquy: "Would that my anxious gaze could penetrate yon stony wall which so effectually causes our separation."

The latest is, "When your mother comes to see you, before handing her the last Gazette, be careful to clip out the local concerning the flourishing state of your moustache, for fear it may reach the ears of your best girl. You forget, however, other intact copies are procurable and you will feel more *down* in your mouth than you ever felt before, when you find out she knows the receipt for your moustache.

Miss A. wants to know who was the mother of Aeneas—Venus de Milo, Venus de Medici, or Virgil's Venus. Who will inform her?

Prof. S.—"Where do you suppose tan yards are situated?" Prep.—"In the penitentiary."

Prof.—"Mirzah saw the people crossing the bridge." Soph. repeating, "Misery saw"—she never finished, interrupted by the laugh.

Many are the laughable mistakes culled from the examination room: One Senior in Latin talks about the "celestial air of the lower regions." A Soph says the reason sand will not desolve in water is, "because it is insoluble."

Boys to tramp hanging around the premises:—"Look here fellow, what are you fooling around here for, don't you know this is a

College?" Tramp—"Oh, its a College is it, I thought it was an Insane Asylum, judging from the inhabitants."

A committee of ladies waited upon the staff and requested space to address the following to the gentlemen. Of course it was granted, who could refuse the tender—pleading ladies—not the cold hearted editor, surely. "Gentlemen: How came you to return the napkin rings? You were perfectly welcome to the napkins, for we have others and could easily have spared them, especially since you were evidently in need of them, being compelled to steal them." THE LADIES.

NELVIL—EDGERMOND,

Reported for the Portfolio.

The female portion of the Senior class in preparation for examination in French, having become so disgusted with the love lorn story of Corinne and Oswald, in their desperation determined if they could once successfully pass through the trying ordeal without murdering the language in their desire for vengeance, they would inflict the direst punishment possible upon them, if not in person, at least in effigy. Burning at the stake was first proposed, but was rejected on account of the short duration of the punishment and matrimony was at last decided upon as the surest way of increasing our pleasure and their misery.

Hence a great wedding was prepared and the bride and groom selected to answer the aforesaid characters, not particularly on account of their natural "softness" however, represented quite creditably the Saxon type of an English Lord in contrast with the rich Southern beauty of an Italian genius. Although the wedding was contrary to the story (for Oswald after his long courtship with Corinne eventually married Lucille) the reader must remember that it was partly on account of the young ladies' sympathy for Corinne and partly because they thought Oswald deserved the just punishment of married life as his reward for his deceitful, irresolute and perfidious conduct.

Invitations having been sent to the ladies of the Faculty and all the female collegiates, at half-past seven the Chapel was filled with an eager, expectant throng, whose eyes remained fixed on the door until the grand wedding march pealed forth, and the bridal party, preceded by the ushers, marched to the improvised chancel rail, where the surpliced priest with a sepulchral countenance awaited them.

During the responses the groom's stentorian voice had a triumphant ring, while the bride's sweet voice pronounced the vows with an impressive earnestness.

The priest alone seemed somewhat frustrated, when the time for congratulation came, dropping his prayer book on the floor, wiping the moisture from his heated brow, and wringing the bride's hand in a confused manner, begged the assembled company to be seated and not stand on the top of the benches while the bridal party marched out. The cortege, after the ceremony, again swept down the aisle and ascended to the ladies' parlor, where a grand reception was held, followed by a magnificent "set up" in the way of refreshments. The ushers, like two little busy hornets, were flying hither and thither, very useful in their places, but an awful nuisance out of them. They were attired in neat costumes of black and red, with black kid gloves and buttoniers of mar-echal niel buds.

The bride was beautiful in full evening dress of cream satin *en train*, with lace veil, white tips in hair, handsome corsage bouquet and diamond necklace—a gift of the groom. The groom was *not* arrayed in the "conventional suit of black," but wore a costume embodying the merits both of a Highland costume and court dress à la Walter Raleigh. His curling moustache was a great delight to himself and to several others, who had chances to observe it rather closely, somewhat to the

bride's displeasure and jealousy. The bridesmaids and groomsmen wore lovely and picturesque costumes, taking as their models distinguished representatives of foreign lands in the time of "good Queen Bess." The two little pages looked very quaint and pretty in white and red.

After refreshments were served by six charming young ladies in milkmaid costumes, a procession was formed which moved to the President's study, where the Faculty was entertained. On the return to the parlor a grand promenade was organized, in which the whole assembly participated, in time to the spirited music, and the fun was kept up fast and furious 'till near ten o'clock. In fact, the grotesque frolic grew to so wild and high a pitch that it bore a strong resemblance to Bedlam broke loose. We must not overlook the bride's cake, on a piece of which every guest dreamed three nights in succession. The bride advanced, and with a formidable looking knife plunged it with a dull thud into the large and handsome cake, which was afterwards divided into fifty pieces. However, the strange part of the affair was that many of the gentlemen of the occasion, instead of dreaming of their lady loves, dreamed of other gentlemen—entire outsiders of the wedding *fete*.

After the wedding the bride and groom in a confidential chat agreed that they felt extremely nervous during the ceremony, and that they would "never get married again," which was very consoling to both; but as we are right well acquainted with their dispositions, we believe the latter statement is greatly to be doubted.

The moral (if a moral can be found in such revengeful proceedings) lay in the fact that notwithstanding the many trials of the week, the doubts, fears, hopes and mental agonies experienced under the car of Juggernaut—the second term examination—love, like a silken cord, was interwoven through each and every

heart, joining them in a common bond of sympathy, and eventually came out triumphant.

SPECTATOR H.

Some excitement prevails at Atlanta, Ga., over a contemplated duel which was to have been fought at Sand Bar Ferry to-morrow morning at daybreak between two State University students. They left Athens on different trains. Walter S. Chisolm, Jr., and Hugh Moss, his second, were arrested here this afternoon and put under bond of \$1,000 each to keep the peace. Thomas R. Call and W. W. Martin, his second, left the train to-night at Grovetown, twenty miles from Augusta, to avoid the police. Reports are current that the duel will take place at the ferry, as the peace bond does not hold in South Carolina. The difficulty is said to have grown out of an accusation of cheating in the examination.

Forty Knots An Hour.

The idea that it is impossible to propel ships at the rate of forty knots an hour is being discussed in Europe. Professor Thurston of London has recently taken up the subject, and concludes that it is possible. The ship that he proposes is to be 860 feet long, 80 feet beam, and 25 feet draught, with a displacement of about 38,000 tons. He estimates the power required to propel her at 250,000 horses. He calculates that her machinery and boilers will weigh only sixty pounds per horse power, or 7,500 tons in all. She would burn about 175 tons of coal an hour, 3,200 tons a day, and 10,500 tons for a voyage from Liverpool to New York. The total weight of fuel and machinery would be about 18,000 tons, leaving 20,000 tons for the ship and cargo. For the hull he allows 12,000 tons, leaving 8,000 tons for crew, passengers and cargo.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Sunday school teacher to little boy: "What part of the 'Burial of 'Sir John Moore' do you like best?" He quickly responded: "Few and short were the prayers they said."

Man has been defined by a person fond of technical terms as a "cosmic microsmic triotomy."

Origin of the Habeas Corpus.

Great Britain owes the Habeas Corpus act to an adroit fraud. The reader must not suppose that I am advocating or excusing such things, my object being merely to mention a strange historic fact. The privilege of habeas corpus is contained in Magna Charta, but its operations had been nullified by royal authority, and this was one of the causes which led to the civil war in which Cromwell reached distinction. In 1674 the House of Commons passed a bill fully defining the nature and power of habeas corpus, but the House of Lords opposed it, and yet it was eventually carried in the above mentioned manner. In the final vote in this body the yeas were 57 and the nays 55—in all 112; whereas the journal shows that the whole attendance at that time was not more than 109. This discrepancy is explained in the following manner: Lord Grey, who was one of the tellers, favored the bill, and as a very corpulent nobleman voted Grey exclaimed: "You ought to pass for five." The other teller did not (in the confusion of the moment) notice this, and the fraud escaped detection. The bill to which humanity is so deeply indebted thus entered existence, and I need hardly add that the writ of habeas corpus as it exists in America is a close copy of the bill which was enacted in the above mentioned manner.

The great secret of avoiding disappointment is not to expect too much. Despair follows immediate hope, as things fall hardest to the ground that have been nearest the sky.

Great efforts from great motives is the best definition of a happy life. The easiest labor is a burden to him who has no motive for performing it.

Books are the negative pictures of thought, and the more sensitive the mind that receives their images the more nicely the finest lines are reproduced.

The greatest gift that ever the gods bestowed upon man is beauty; for it both delighteth the eye, contenteth the mind, and winneth good will and favor of all men.

When coal began to be used as a fuel it sold for \$27 per ton. It is likely to become that high again if there are many more coal "pools."

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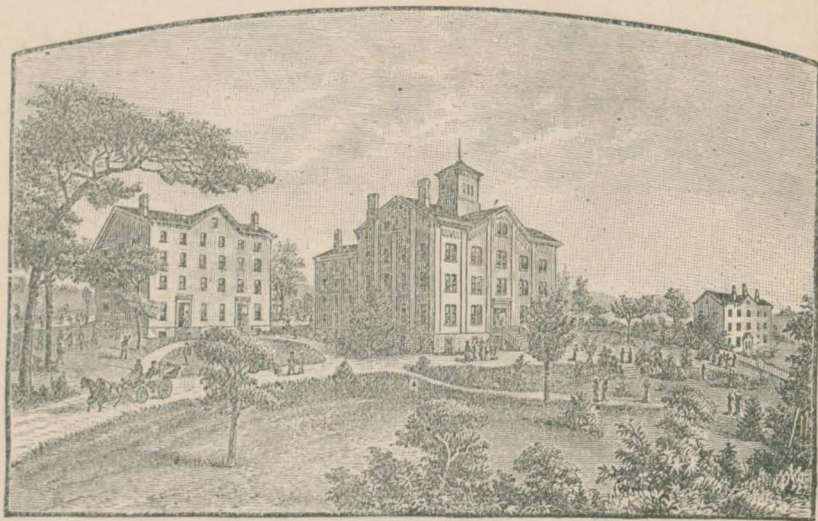
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