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Western Maryland College Monthly.

VOL. 1.

WESTMINSTER, MD., OCTOBER, 1887.

NO. 1.

Western Maryland College Monthly.

PROF. JAMES W. REESE, A. M., Ph. D.,
EDITOR IN CHIEF.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS,

EDWARD C. WIMBROUGH, of the Irving Society.
CARRIE L. MOURER, of the Browning Society.
JAMES McD. RADFORD, of the Webster Society.
L. LORENA HILL, of the Philomathean Society.

Business Manager, W. R. McDANIEL, A. M.

TERMS.—One Dollar per year of ten numbers, cash in advance.
To ministers and resident students, half price.

CARD.

Believing that the continuance of two journals would be for the best interests neither of the Societies having them in charge, nor of the College under whose sanction they appear, it has been decided by the Irving Literary Society to suspend the publication of its journal, the GAZETTE, and by the Webster, Browning and Philomathean Societies to discontinue the PORTFOLIO, of which they are joint owners. The resolution thus taken enables the Societies to unite with the Faculty in the publication of one journal, on which may be concentrated the energy and enterprise heretofore divided between two. We earnestly ask from our friends and subscribers a transfer to this new periodical of the patronage so kindly accorded to the old ones.

EDWIN C. WIMBROUGH, Irving Literary Society.

JAMES McD. RADFORD, Webster Literary Society.

CARRIE L. MOURER, Browning Literary Society.

LORENA HILL, Philomathean Society.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

In reference to the above, the management takes occasion to congratulate the friends of the College on the consummation of a plan by which both periodicals hitherto published here have been honorably discontinued to make room for a paper which shall combine all the talent and interest of the Societies, and which shall add to this whatever the experience and ability of the Faculty can give.

Prof. James W. Reese has been selected for the responsible position of editor-in-chief, and each Society has selected an editor to represent it in the work of the paper. Prof. Reese has been connected with the College almost from the beginning, and his name is a guarantee that the paper will ably represent the best interests of all concerned.

The paper will be issued at the low price of one dollar per annum, and while there is no intention or expectation of making money out of the publication, it will be necessary to have the co-operation of a large number of students and friends to meet the actual expenses. There have been over a thousand students registered at the College, and it surely is not an unreasonable expectation that five hundred of these can be induced to subscribe for this paper.

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The plan of consolidation requires the new paper to fill out all paid up subscriptions to either of the old papers. But this number is also sent to those who were in arrears to the old papers, and to many others, all of whom, we trust, will favor us with a remittance of one dollar to secure them the paper for one year. The College was never stronger or more favorably known than at present, and it only needs a closer union and co-operation of its friends to make its success permanent.

By way of salutory, the editors beg leave to announce that it will be their aim to make the MONTHLY not a literary magazine, but a College journal, so that the undergraduate may see reflected in its pages every phase of his academic life as it passes by, and every old student may be kept, by its perusal, *en rapport* with the Alma Mater.

To the patrons of the College, also, the MONTHLY should be a welcome visitor, as it will keep the home circle informed of the environment of the boys and girls—the kind of academic air they are breathing. It will be an interesting supplement to the letters which go, by every mail, from school to the homes all over the state. There will be sore disappointment in the editorial sanctum if it does not soon become evident to all families represented in the College by a son or daughter that they “cannot keep house” without the MONTHLY.

We trust the students will become, to the best of their ability, contributors to the MONTHLY. Their offerings will receive careful and impartial consideration, and, whenever suitable for our columns, will be gratefully accepted. The effort to prepare matter for the College journal will furnish, in itself, a wholesome exercise, and may disclose talents the existence of which was unsuspected. Some of the brightest and most widely-known of our younger literary men received their earliest training on the College papers. The list, which might be largely increased, contains the names of Robert Grant, Edgar Fawcett, John K. Bangs, of *Life*; Frank Dempster Sherman, Samuel Minturn Peck, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, of *Science*; Dr. Herbert Satterlee, William Ordway Partridge and Brander Matthews.

College opened promptly on the 6th of September. Many of last year's students were registered, and the addition of new names sent the number up to 145 before the close of the month. The attendance is the largest in the history of the institution. For the first few days the President was kept at his desk, receiving the incomers, from “early morn to dewy eve.” He looked very tired, but yet he seemed to like it.

The first thing to attract the attention of the returning students was, of course, the new wing, erected during the summer vacation, on the north side of the main building, known as “Smith Hall.” Its dimensions are 104x39 feet. In the basement is the new dining room, 75x36 feet, with ample space for 250 students

at one time. Few hotels have so large and handsome a place in which to seat and feed their guests. The long tables have disappeared to make way for small ones, capable of seating from six to eight persons. Adjoining the dining room are a dish pantry, butler's pantry, the kitchen, 23x30 feet, a general pantry, 15x18 and a bake room.

The auditorium, 98x37 feet, which is above the dining room, is not quite ready for use, but will be formally opened about the last of this month. Here will be held the Commencement exercises and the entertainments of the Societies. The stage, 37x20 feet, is at the end next to the Chapel, and the feeblest-voiced and most bashful "girl graduate," standing upon its boards, will be heard all over the room, so perfect are its acoustic qualities. Light and air are generously provided for by eighteen windows, nine on each side of the hall.

The new rooms, twenty in number, for the young ladies, in the second story of "Smith Hall," would make the occupant of the most expensive apartments at a first-class summer resort pine away with unavailing envy. They are sweet, comfortable and of good size. And then the view! To command the outlook from one of those windows is worth twice the amount of a College bill for a year. This floor has everything needed for the comfort of the girls, and, to be on the safe side, even a superfluity—a kind of fifth wheel to a wagon, so to speak—has been added, in the shape of an infirmary. A generous and well-meant superfluity, but still a superfluity, because no one ever gets sick at Western Maryland College—that is, very sick. True, there occurs, now and then, a sickness of mild and evanescent type, which, after a careful diagnosis, we have named the "classical disease," but it has never been known to require removal to an infirmary. It lasts only from thirty to sixty minutes generally, and always attacks the patient while his *class* is reciting. It has been found, by long experience, that this disease yields more promptly to the treatment used by the Faculty of the College for its cure, than to any which a faculty of physicians could invent.

The large hall in the basement of the main building, the dining room of old times, is now the recitation room of the Professor of Mathematics, and, from its great size, is admirably adapted for the drill in calisthenics, to which it is also devoted. The Department of Physical Culture has found, at last, in this hall, "ample room and verge" for development into a useful and successful work. In order to be fully abreast with the improvements now making in this most important branch, Professor McDaniel availed himself, during vacation, of the course of instruction given at the Summer School of Physical Culture, under the charge of Dr. D. A. Sargent, Professor of Physical Culture at Harvard University, assisted by Gen. F. W. Lister, of Allston, and Mr. Chr. Eberhard, of the Boston Turnverein. The session continued five weeks, and was held at Cambridge in the Hemenway Gymnasium. The course included lectures on anatomy and hygiene, and instruction in gymnastics of all kinds. Those in attendance were all teachers, representing the leading schools in the country.

The corps of instructors has been increased by the addition of the well-known teacher, Mr. Edward Reisler, who has charge

of the Commercial and Normal course. As many of our students voluntarily become teachers after leaving school, and as all the State scholars are under bond to do so, the importance and advantage of this course become evident. By establishing it, the College is doing a valuable work for the entire school system of Maryland.

Miss Rinehart, our new art instructor, is a niece of the celebrated sculptor, Wm. H. Rinehart, and a graduate of the Art Students' League, of New York city. Besides being an artist of high grade, she is an experienced and accomplished teacher, and the Department of Fine Arts, under her direction, promises most excellent results. It would be a reflection upon the good taste of Westminster to doubt that many of its citizens will gladly avail themselves of the opportunity thus offered for art culture.

The experiment of last year, the Primary Department, has become an assured success. The increase in the number of little pupils is so great that it has been found necessary to appropriate to their use the former recitation room for girls, in the rear extension of the main building. Their Society, the "St. Nicholas," was reorganized at the beginning of the term, and a list of its officers will be found in the "Society Directory" of the MONTHLY. This interesting society of youngsters is going to be a valuable feeder for the older organizations, just as the department itself is going to be for the grammar school.

It has often been said, and there are people thoughtless or stupid enough to believe it, that a collegiate training is unpractical, and fails in the great object of fitting young people for real life and its demands. Politics is generally considered among us as a very practical kind of thing, and will, therefore, furnish a good test by which to try the truth of the charge brought against the academic curriculum. Well, of the seventeen Presidents of the United States, eleven were college graduates; of twenty Vice-Presidents, ten; of twenty-nine Secretaries of State, nineteen; of forty-one Associate Justices of the United States Supreme Court, thirty. The English are nothing if not practical. Anything at all visionary is condemned off hand by that vigorous people as "not English, don't you know!" Well, from the last edition of the London "Pall Mall Gazette Extra," devoted to Parliamentary statistics, we learn that the number of university men in the present House of Commons is 296. Of these 150 were at Oxford, 93 at Cambridge, 20 at the Scotch universities, and 16 at Trinity College, Dublin, while 17 graduated at London University. Evidently an academic training doesn't disqualify a man for public life in Great Britain any more than it does in America.

Prof. Simpson spent a part of his vacation in attendance at the summer session of "The Sauveur College of Languages," Oswego, N. Y., and has kindly furnished us the following account of it: "In this school French, German, Italian, Spanish, Latin and Greek are taught by native teachers, who speak the different languages. The French department was under the direction of Dr. Sauveur, of Philadelphia, and Dr. Van Daell, of Boston, assisted by Dr. Mutzirelli and Chabut, from the University of Paris, and Mlle. Dissec, of Wellesley College, Mass. Dr. Bearnhardt,

of Washington, and Dr. Foulhahn, of Boston, assisted by three others, had charge of the German classes. The Greek was in the hands of Dr. Leotsachus, from the University of Athens, and the Latin, of Dr. Ventura, from the University of Pisa. Last summer was the twelfth session of this College under Dr. Sauveur as President. There were in the Faculty twenty-five teachers, and on the roll, three hundred and sixty students, many of them professors in colleges, and speaking from three to six different languages."

Undergraduates, old students and friends of the College every where will read, with pleasure, the "Friendly Greeting" extended to the "Monthly" by our venerable and revered ex-President, Dr. Ward. We hope he will often use our columns as a medium of communication with the hundreds of pupils who have passed through the College during his administration.

On another page will be found what has never appeared in print before—a complete list of the Valedictorians and Salutatorians of all the classes which have graduated from the College. Besides Dr. Ward and the senior professor, there is now in the Institution no one whose connection with it dates back to 1871, the year in which, for the first time, a class took its position on the Commencement stage of Western Maryland College.

THE LIBRARY.

The Western half of the second story of the main building has served many purposes and undergone many changes in arrangement in the history of the College. The older students will recall it as once occupied by Prof. Brockett's recitation room, and Prof. Gatch's recitation room and suite of private rooms; others will recall it when it was taken up by Prof. Brockett's room, town students' study hall, and the vice-president's rooms; others, still, when the Physical Science room was enlarged, under Prof. Zimmerman, and the remainder into two dormitory rooms, then two dormitory being changed into a mathematical class room last year. It is now a library and museum. This last change is the best of all, and has the prospect of permanence.

It is 50x25, and is 14 feet high. Large windows on all sides afford abundance of light, and make the room bright and cheerful. It is handsomely carpeted with Brussels, and supplied with reading tables and suitable chairs. Such portions of the wall as are not occupied with book and mineral cases are adorned with pictures of members and former members of the Faculty, and of groups of former students.

One of the museum cases contains a very valuable collection of Japanese minerals, cereals and curios, the gift of Rev. F. C. Klein, Missionary of the M. P. Church at Yokohama. Through the kindness of Hon. Frank T. Shaw, the College has been made the depository for the Second Congressional district of all government publications, and persons desiring to consult such documents may do so.

The library proper is made up of very select literature, and, while not large, it is yet sufficiently so to meet the demands of the ordinary reader, and the reading tables are supplied with most of the standard monthly and weekly magazines and newspapers.

The room is open every day from 3 to 6 p. m., and it is pleasant to report that the opportunities thus afforded the students are appreciated and being turned to good account.

A Word from the President.

I could not feel content to let the first number of the WESTERN MARYLAND COLLEGE MONTHLY go out and not express in its pages somewhere my great satisfaction in the accomplishment

of so desirable an object. I hail this periodical with great joy. When we were discussing names for it, there was one name I liked particularly well, but it was deemed impracticable on account of its length, for all were agreed that "Western Maryland College" should be a part of the name whatever the rest might be; and to put "Literary Union" after this would be perhaps more than the columns would stand. So it was abandoned, but the fact remains nevertheless, and no fact of my short administration gives me more pride or pleasure, than that in this periodical we do have a real and, it is to be hoped, permanent "literary union." The four Societies have found an honorable ground on which to meet, abandon their individual enterprises and co-operate with the Faculty in the work of publishing one paper to represent all the Societies and at the same time cover a larger field. I rejoice in this as an evidence of unity of feeling and community of interest in the furtherance of the work of the College, and I shall be greatly mistaken if this feeling so plainly to be seen now among those at the College, shall not work as effectively among those once here, but now widely scattered. And one of the first evidences of this union I hope to see, is the interest in the periodical itself manifested by these friends enrolling themselves as subscribers. I can think of many inducements which will operate to this end and I will mention some:

1. The name of the Editor-in-chief is a name to conjure with among students of Western Maryland College. Not many of the one thousand students who have been here have not at some time come within the range of the influence of Professor James W. Reese. He started with the institution nearly twenty years ago and he is here still as full of vigor and enthusiasm and hope as he ever was. And in all these years not one student—it is safe to say—has ever come within the range of his influence, but has felt a sense of loyalty to him as a chief. Not one of these students but will feel, I believe, that Professor Reese's paper is his paper and will feel a strong desire to have it.

2. Nearly every student who has been at College knows how strong are Society ties; and even after leaving College a dear remembrance of these old associations is still cherished. Now I believe that this paper will appeal to "Society" love as strongly in many respects, as a paper bearing the Society name; while in some respects it will make a stronger appeal. Here is Society without the erasure of a trace of individuality locked in the arms of Alma Mater.

3. I hope too and believe that the College has not lived all these years without enlisting warm friends in its interest who were never students within its walls. Some of these are in the ministerial ranks, working steadily there to promote the interest of the Church and its institutions; others are in business life who yet feel that this College is their College and its interests are theirs. Others have had children educated here and can never regard with indifference the scholastic home of those who were dear to them. To these, this paper will be welcome and its right to be, unquestioned.

Now to all these dear friends I wish to send a greeting of good cheer. There was never a better time to help the College than now, because there is so good reason to believe the help will abide. We are in good heart here. The year is financially oppressive. Students are not as numerous as they would have been had the harvest been more abundant; but nevertheless we have the largest school ever gathered here; we have the finest buildings ever possessed here; and we have the smallest debt ever known here.

Send the word around, then, that we are moving to the front!

T. H. LEWIS.

A TRIP TO PENMAR.

As it is the general experience of many in frequent visits to our mountains, which make Penmar a favorite resort of pleasure seekers, that the charm and beauty of the scenery is not diminished by repetition of the sight, so may an account of a party's first

trip not be wearisome to those who have seen it time and again, and profess an ennui of the subject. Since the beauties of nature can never become stale to a man with a soul, he should not deem it burdensome to have them recalled to his mind.

But should this language fail to describe in a manner satisfactory to cultivated ears the manner in which the magnificent scenes impressed the observer, only recollect how you yourself became charmed when that natural panorama met your gaze, and pardon the humble vehicle of the thought.

Well, to begin at the beginning, there was a merry crowd of us Saturday morning, October 1st—thirty College students, all hungering for a sight of the grace and symmetry of Nature's lines, instead of rigid mathematical wonders that have only one thing in common with nature, and that is they are awful. Also to come into a closer knowledge of that mother who inspired the ancient poets, and who for a lack of appreciation or an account of the strictly practical tendencies of the age, does not vouchsafe to converse with us.

We were not burdened with lunches, as we had determined to dine at the hotel, hence hands and feet could perform the necessary gesticulations resulting from a superabundance of emotion, which the many beauties glancing by the car window occasioned. As the train swept around Horse Shoe Curve every one was on the *qui vive* to point out "just where we were half a minute ago," and the little valley, all aglow with its autumnal glory of crimson and gold, seemed well protected by the rugged mountains, whose sides, though not as brilliant, showed amidst their verdant robes shades of color deepening from gold to russet. It was a perfect day. The few fleecy clouds sweeping across the ethereal blue and the purple tinge of October haze only added to the beauty of the landscape.

The train labored up the mountain side, and seemed to puff much easier after our crowd was landed at Penmar Station.

We lost no time, but proceeded to satisfy our keen appetites, which the bracing mountain air had awakened, and after doing ample justice to an excellent dinner, took our places in hacks and were driven to the most prominent points of interest.

First High Rock, such a wonderful curiosity in itself that it at first sight strikes us unpleasantly that man should so mar nature by putting a building of his own puny workmanship upon it, but we forget this when we mount the observatory and see what a glorious view is presented to us by this increased altitude.

The broad expanse of country to the northwest, dotted here and there by villages and larger towns, presented what might be called a bird's-eye view of a beautiful and prosperous country. The neat and trim farms, set with orchards that from that height looked like shrubs, and marked off with fences making every conceivable angle, afforded more of an example of orderly thrift than of wild, disorderly picturesqueness; but after being inspired by our more romantic surroundings, we would not have thought of uttering the prosaic remark with which we were shocked by one of our party, that "the country is perfectly lovely; it looks just like a crazy quilt." On seeing our look of horror she said "I mean, of course, the way the fences divide the fields into irregular shapes." We said nothing. If the sublime was to be converted into the ridiculous, right then and there we determined at least to hold our peace, and proceed "up higher," both in thought and actual ascent, Mt. Quirauc being our next destination.

It possesses but one advantage over High Rock, and that is that in addition to the vast view spread out on the Pennsylvania side, we see the gorgeous slopes of the mountains on the other side, a break in the range forming a vista, through which, to the right, may be seen another beautiful valley. The mountains are dotted here and there with queer little cabins, the inhabitants of which seem vastly more interested in us than the scenery. The thought arises, is it possible for people to become regardless and

unappreciative of these wonders of nature by repetition of the sight? It seems a wondrous pity that such is true. We drove to Ragged Edge, Brinkwood, Blue Mountain House, and returned to the pavilion laden with the autumnal trophies of leaf and flower, and either viewed or participated in the sports arranged there for the entertainment of the public.

Of course the photographers' rustic studios were besieged, and many were the forlorn looking would-be picturesque photos struck. The amusements were those generally found at most summer resorts, and the remaining hour or two were spent in a very agreeable manner.

We again boarded the train for our return home, but not until we saw the sun go down in a glory of gold and purple clouds, while in the east silvery Luna arose, and, in absence of the King of Day, ruled supremely as Queen of Night. LORENA HILL.

Greetings from a Old Friend.

Joyful indeed to me was the information that all the Literary Societies of Western Maryland College had enlisted in the enterprise of which this Monthly is to be the organ and representative, under the able editorship of Prof. James W. Reese, A. M., Ph. D. who has been identified with the College through all the years of its history.

When the College was in its infancy and there was but one Literary Society, an effort was made to establish a College paper, very properly named after that Society, "*The Irving Literary Gazette*." Only three numbers were published, bearing date February, March and April, 1868. During that year another Literary Society, "*The Browning*," was organized; and in 1871, another, "*The Webster*." But there was no College paper, until in June 1879, Rev. T. H. Lewis of the Class of '77, and a member of the Webster Literary Society, published the "*College Week*," containing a full report of the Commencement Exercises, June 15th to 19th, 1879. In June '80, Mr. Lynn R. Meekins of the Class of '82, also a member of the Webster Literary Society, published "*The College Record*," and again in June '81. Previous to the latter date, namely, in February '81, The Irving Literary Society resumed the publication of "*The Gazette*," and its number for June was also devoted to the Commencement Exercises; so that there were two full reports of those exercises for that year, '81. Afterwards however, no College paper except "*The Gazette*," was published, until "*The College Portfolio*" appeared in Jan., 1887, as the organ of the Webster and Browning, and also of the Philomathean Society, which was organized in 1882. Many friends both in and out of College hailed this new enterprise with delight and only regretted that the Irving as well as the other Societies, was not enlisted in it. Still, it was natural that the oldest Society should desire to continue "*The Gazette*," which had been so long published; and so, both periodicals were sustained until the close of the Collegiate year, June 1887.

The College entering upon its 21st year in September 1887, under brighter prospects than ever before, it became a matter of earnest consideration, on the part both of the Faculty and of the Literary Societies, whether this would not be a favorable time to establish a new College periodical in which *all* the Societies would be equally interested, and the result has been the unanimous consent to enlist in the publication of the "*Western Maryland College Monthly*." This appropriate name will henceforth be the watchword of all friends of the College, and into the columns of the new periodical these friends will vie with each other to place articles that shall interest, entertain and instruct the wide circle of readers which I have no doubt it will have, both near and far.

All hail to the MONTHLY, and long may it live,
To cheer and to bless by the light it shall give;
By its faithful reports of the progress and fame
Of the College that bears, with high honor, the name
In which all its sons and its daughters delight—
"Western Maryland!" noble, exalted and bright.

J. T. WARD.

THE COLLEGE WORLD.

THE COLLEGE OF WILLIAM AND MARY, VIRGINIA.—Hon. N. H. R. Dawson, U. S. Commissioner of the Bureau of Education, thus describes the present condition of this once prominent seat of education:—"The college of William and Mary, founded in 1693 by royal grant, and long supported by popular legislation in Virginia, has been suffered to decline almost to ruin since the civil war, which destroyed the greater part of its property. The oldest college in the South, in fact the oldest in the country with the exception of Harvard University, has been left to decay. The old college at Williamsburg, which gave Washington his first degree as civil engineer and to which he gave his last public service as chancellor, the college which trained in law and politics Thomas Jefferson, Governor Randolph, Chief Justice Marshall, and nearly all of the Virginia statesmen of the revolutionary and formative periods in our Federal history, has not now a single student. Its classic halls are closed and deserted. From a once flourishing faculty, which early and ably represented both history and political science with other liberal arts, only the President, who is also Professor of Mathematics and Physics, now remains. At the opening of every academic year, in October, Doctor Ewell causes the chapel bell to be rung, reminding Williamsburg that the ancient college still lives. To friends of the higher education in all of our States this fact will echo as a note of warning against public neglect and legislative indifference toward higher institution of learning."

Hidemaro Namboo, of Japan, was graduated at Princeton in 1878. He is now court astronomer at Tokio. When he accepted the court appointment his name was changed to Hidemaro Oken-na. Seeing stars reminds him of the old college days when he took part in cane rushes.

The number of students enrolled at the University of Leipzig for the summer semester is 3,054, of whom 1,446 are Saxons. Last winter the whole number of students in attendance was 3,251.

Wellesley College opened Thursday. Six hundred and fifteen students registered, of whom 180 are members of the freshman class. Freeman cottage, which will be completed in December, will accommodate 50 students.

Harvard opened September 29. It is expected that there will be fully 2,000 students in the various departments.

Iowa Wesleyan University receives \$10,000 from citizens at Mt. Pleasant, which insures the erection of a greatly needed new building.

A few rich Chicago Presbyterians are to give \$250,000 a year for five years to Lake Forest University, a Presbyterian institution near Chicago.

Rev. A. S. Weber, pastor, for the last four years, of St. Paul's Reformed Church, Westminster, has resigned to take the presidency of Wichita College, Kansas.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE'S NEW DOCTORS.—On April 15, Columbia College, New York, celebrated its one hundredth anniversary. One pleasing part of this celebration was the announcement by President Barnard that an endowment of \$100,000 was expected from certain Hebrew gentlemen for a chair of Rabbinical Literature for the School of Comparative Philology. On this occasion the venerable and vigorous institution was unusually liberal in her distribution of Honorary Degrees. As we count, there were 23 persons who received the degree of Doctor of Letters; 28 that of Doctor of Laws; and 8 that of Doctor of Divinity—59 in all. The great majority of these, however, had already received one or more of these Honorary Degrees from other Colleges and Universities in America or Europe. Among those who were thus honored by Columbia, we note the following names:

L. D.: Andrew D. White, Francis A. March, Richard S

Storrs, Horace H. Furness, Henry Barnard, George William Curtis, Alice E. Freeman, Martin B. Anderson, George Bancroft, Francis J. Child, William D. Whitney, Amelia B. Edwards, L. L. D.: Abram S. Hewitt, Julius H. Seelye, James B. Angell, John C. Dalton, Simon Newcomb, Maria Mitchell, Daniel C. Gillman, Francis A. Walker, Morrison R. Waite, John Tyndall, Lewis M. Rutherford, John W. Dawson, Daniel Manning, Edward S. Holden. D. D.: Frederick D. Huntington, George W. Smith, Albert Z. Gray, Henry A. Coit, Philips Brooks, John R. Magrath. We believe that all of the D. D.'s belong to the Episcopal Communion.

We are glad to learn from the last number of the *Pennsylvania College Monthly*, that our neighboring institution begins the new year with a large accession of students. The Collegiates are 113 and the Preparaterians 38.

One hundred new students are enrolled this year in Lafayette College, making a total of 278. One of the freshmen is a son of the head of the department of Marine Engineering in Japan.

Yale University began the new collegiate year September 22 with 204 men in the freshman class. This is the largest class that ever entered. In the scientific department there are nearly 100 new men.

The largest university in the world is Oxford, in England. It consists of twenty-one colleges and five halls.

BASE BALL.

Since the beginning of this collegiate year Mr. Gieman has very kindly permitted us to play ball in his field, adjoining the College campus. On the 8th instant the students of New Windsor College came down to play us a match game. The afternoon was a beautiful one, and all seemed anxious for the game to begin. At 3.30 p. m. the game was called by the umpire, Mr. Driscoll, of Westminster, who kindly tendered us his services. Our boys were much encouraged by the frequent applause of the ladies, who, in company with the Faculty, had come down to see the fun. The game was very interesting throughout, our side making only four runs after the first inning, and the other side making none. Several excellent plays were made and seven errors were scored against our team. Eighteen were struck out—thirteen by the New Windsor and five by our pitcher, Mr. Stone. The score was as follows:

Western Maryland College	6	0	0	0	2	0	2
New Windsor College.....	2	0	0	0	0	0	0

As the eighth inning was not finished the score was called back to the seventh, the score standing 10 to 2 in favor of W. M. College. After the game the New Windsor boys were cordially invited to remain to supper, but, as they had to meet the train, they could not do so. Then both nines were invited into the calisthenic room, where refreshments were served. The game was notable for the gentlemanly behavior of those playing. Not an angry word was spoken during the entire game, and all left the grounds feeling glad that they had attended. This is the fourth consecutive game our club has won this season.

It is probable that a new sensation among the lovers of the study of language will soon reach these Western shores, coming from Germany and Austria, while lovers of new ideas will entertain with favor the hope of a universal language. Volapük is the name of the new language invented by Professor Schleier, and intended for all nations. It has found two thousand students in Vienna during the past winter, and is said to be simple enough to be learned in ten lessons.

SOCRATES.

[In the case of a name of such wide significance as Socrates, it were superfluous to encumber the page with any display of learned notes. Suffice it to say that everything in the ballad is strictly historical, and taken directly from the original authorities. The indifference shown by Socrates to the necessary laws of physical science, as contrasted with the freedom of practical reason in which moral science delights, is distinctly emphasized by Xenophon in the opening chapters of the *Memorabilia*; and the argument with the atheist—a little perking, self-sufficing creature, as atheists are wont to be—will be found at full length in the same sensible and judicious writer. It is this argument, commonly called the argument from design, that, passing through the eloquent pages of Cicero in his book *De Natura Deorum*, has formed the groundwork of all works on Natural Theology up to the present time; and it is an argument that, however misapplied here and there by shallow thinkers and presumptuous dogmatists, has its roots so deep in the instincts of all healthy humanity, and in the very essence of reason, that, though it may be illustrated indefinitely by example, it never can have anything either added to its certainty or abstracted from its significance. The early occupation of Socrates as a moulder of statues is mentioned by Pausanias; and the name of Critias is introduced to indicate the offence given by the free-mouthed talk of the great teacher to the leaders of the political parties of his time, which may have had as much to do with his martyrdom as the charge of irreligion that, according to Xenophon, was the main count of the indictment against him. His big round eye, and other features of his personal appearance, are minutely and humorously described by the same author in the *Banquet*.—J. S. B.]

I will sing a Greek, the wisest
Of the land where wisdom grew
Native to the soil, and beauty
Wisely wedded to the true.

Socrates, the general sire
Of that best love which teaches man
In a reasoned world with reason
Forth to shape his human plan.

Not of fire he spake, or water,
Sun or moon, or any star,
Wheeling their predestined courses,
From all human purpose far.

Booted not to ask what fuel
Feeds the sun, or how much he
Than the lady moon is bigger
When she sails up from the sea.

Fool is he whose lust of knowing
Plumbs the deep and metes the skies;
Only one great truth concerns thee,
What is nearest to thine eyes.

Know thyself and thine; cast from thee
Idle dream and barren guess;
This the text of thy wise preaching,
Reason's prophet, Socrates.

Him in school of honest labor
Nature reared with pious pains,
With no blood from boasted fathers
Flowing in his sober veins.

As a workman works he stoutly,
Plies his task from day to day;
For scant silver pennies moulding
Tiny statues from the clay.

But, when thought was ripe, obedient
To the God-sent voice within,
Forth he walked on lofty mission,
Truth to speak and souls to win.

Not the lonely wisdom pleased him,
Brooding o'er some nice conceit;
But where the main-mingling strife
Of man with man made quick the street,

There was he both taught and teacher;
In the market where for gain
Eager salesmen tempt the buyer;
By Athena's pillared fane;

In the Pnyx, where wrangling faction
Thunders from a brazen throat,
And the babbling Demos holds
The scales that tremble on a vote;

In the pleasant Ceramicus,
Where the dead most honored sleep,
In Piræus, where the merchant
Stores the plunder of the deep.

There was he with big round eye
Looking blithely round; and ever
He was centre of the ring
Where the talk was swift and clever.

There, like bees around a hive
Buzzing in bright summer weather,
Flocked, to hear his glib discourse,
Sophist, sage and fool together.

Statesmen came, and politicians,
Strong with suasive word to sway;
Alcibiades, bold and brilliant,
Dashing, confident, and gay.

Critias came with fearless daring,
Sharp to wield a despot's power;
Aristippus, wise to pluck
The blossom from the fleeting hour.

Came a little man, an atheist,
Said in gods he could believe
If with eyes he might behold them;
What we see we must believe.

Said the son of Sophroniscus,
Do you see yourself, or me?
You may see my hand, my fingers,
But myself you cannot see.

When I spread my guests a banquet,
Delicate with dainty fish,
Though unseen, unnamed, unnoted,
'Twas a cook that sauced the dish.

In the tragic scene, when mountain
Rock, and river, well combined,
Hold the sense, the show delights thee,
But the showman lurks behind.

So in all the shifting wonder
Of the star-bespangled pole,
What we see is but the outward
Seeming of the unseen soul.

Let not shows of sense confound thee,
Nothing works from reason free—
All within, without around thee,
Holds a god that speaks to thee.

So he talked and so he reasoned,
Casting seeds of truth abroad,
Seeds that grow with faithful tendance
Up to central truth in God.

But not all might thole his teaching,
Weak eyes shrink when light is nigh,
Many love the dear delusion
That lends glory to a lie.

'Mid the throng of gaping listeners,
Idle dangles in the street,
When from front of vain pretender
Deft he plucked the crude conceit,

Many laughed; but with a sting

Rankling sore in bitter breast,
One departed, and another,
Like a bird with battered crest.

And they brewed strong hate together.
And with many a factious wife
Drugged the people's ear with slander,
Stirred their hearts with sacred bile.

And they gagged his free-mouthed preaching;
At Religion's fretful call
He must answer for his teaching
In the solemn judgment-hall.

And they hired a host of pleaders,
Subtle-tongued like any thong,
To confound weak wits with phrases,
To convert most right to wrong.

And they mewed him in a prison,
And they doomed him there to die,
And he drank the deathful hemlock,
And he died, as wise men die,

With smooth brow, serene, unclouded.
With a bright, unweeping eye,
Marching with firm step to Hades,
When the word came from on high.

Prof. John Stuart Blackie, in—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

HONOR ROLL.

VALEDICTORIANS.

CLASS.

1871. Annie R. Yingling, A. M.....Baltimore
William S. Crouse, A. M.....St. Michaels
1872. Annie Price Roe.....Massey
H. Dorsey Newson.....New York
1873. Mary V. Nichols.....Johnsville
Thomas B. Ward.....Washington
1874. Sarah L. Whiteside.....Cassville, Pa
Samuel R. Harris.....Henderson, N. C
1875. Ida Armstrong *Prettyman*.....Newark, Del
Rev. Thomas H. Lewis, A. M., D. D.....Westminster
1876. Laura K. Matthews.....Bowie
Richard B. Norment, A. M., M. D.....Woodberry
1877. Lilian N. Young *Mills*.....
Winfield S. Amoss, A. M., LL. B.....Baltimore
1878. Mary V. Swormstedt.....Washington
DeWitt Clinton Ingle, A. M.....Millersville
1879. Mollie J. Lankford *Maddux*.....Westover
1880. *M. Emma Selby.....Horsehead
Lewis A. Jarman, A. M., LL. B.....Rushville, Ill
1881. Laura L. Stalnaker .. Pruntytown, W. Va
George W. Todd, A. M., M. D.....Salisbury
1882. Laura J. Bishop... Wilmington, Del
Edward L. Gies.....Reisterstown
1883. S. Nannie James *Cuddy*, A. M.....Belair
Harry F. H. Baughman, A. M.....Westminster
1884. Ella G. Wilson.....Warwick
Rev. Frank T. Benson, A. M., B. D...Georgetown, D. C
1885. Eudora L. Richardson.....Church Creek
J. William Moore.....Palatka, Fla
1886. Hattie A. Stevenson.....Hopewell
Leyburn M. Bennett.....Waverly
1887. L. Lorena Hill.....Long Corner
Paul Combs.....Leonardtown

SALUTATORIANS.

1871. Mary Ward *Lewis*.....Westminster
*Henry E. Norris, A. M., M. D.....New Windsor
1872. Mary E. Johnson *Clousher*.....McDonogh
William P. Wright.....New York

1873. Alice A. Fenby *Gist*.....Orange Lake, Fla
B. Franklin Crouse, A. M.....Westminster
1874. Mollie E. Jones.....New London
*William H. Ogg.....Westminster
1875. George W. Devilbiss, A. M.....Norrisville
1876. Drucilla Ballard.....Westover
Louis L. Billingslea, A. M., LL. B.....Westminster
1877. M. Virginia Starr *Norment*.....Woodberry
Wilson R. Cushing, A. M., M. D.....Virginia
1878. Lulu E. Fleming.....Philadelphia
Frank H. Peterson, A. M., LL. B.....Barnesville, Minn
1879. Lizzie Trump, A. M.....Manchester
1880. Florence E. Wilson, A. M.....Union Bridge
William R. McDaniel, A. M.....Westminster
1881. M. Kate Goodhand.....Kent Island
J. Fletcher Somers, A. M., M. D.....Crisfield
1882. Gertrude Bratt, A. M.....Oxford
Calvin B. Taylor, A. M.....Berlin
1883. Georgie R. Nichols.....Johnsville
Rev. J. Wm. Kirk, A. M., B. D.....Crisfield
1884. Ruth H. Edelin.....Duffield
1885. Ida E. Gott.....Walville
Archibald C. Willison.....Cumberland
1886. Nellie H. Sappington.....Rock Hall
William E. Roop.....Westminster
1887. Carrie L. Mourer.....McDonogh
Dent Downing.....Horsehead

*Deceased.

THREE MASTERS.

A Lecture Delivered Before the Students of Western Maryland
College, September 16,
BY T. F. RINEHART,
PROFESSOR OF INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

YOUNG LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I wish to preface what I have to say to you and to play for you this afternoon by a few words concerning that much misunderstood expression, "classical music." To a great many people it signifies nothing more nor less than a jargon of unmeaning sounds, in other words a noise. Concerning this kind of music, when written for the piano, the idea is rather prevalent that the loud pedal is put down at the beginning of the playing and kept there till the close; as much sound as possible is to be banged out of the instrument, and the audience, *volens volens*, is to be enchanted with the result. How very different is the actual meaning!

Classical music is only music that has become standard; music that contains innate excellence that causes it to last. Some people may say that they do not understand it; that it is unmeaning to them. That is very likely. But are there not great works in other realms of art equally blank to the minds of many? Does everyone understand all that Homer says, especially when coming to the untutored ear in its original form? Or does everybody appreciate all the niceties of thought and diction that are found in Hamlet or the Merchant of Venice? It seems to me that the same reverence that we show to great works in literature that we do not fully understand, we should extend to the majestic symphonies of Beethoven. But then one will say, "I don't hear any tune in it." Well, in Shakespeare's *Tempest* every line does not smack of the most delicious alliteration, each sentence is not a love story in itself, nor is every shade of color in one of Raphael's paintings a vivid blue or an intense yellow. In order to appreciate sunshine one must have shadow. It is a trite but true saying that contrast and variety make life spicy.

Besides, great musical works are often greatest because they are written scientifically. The genius in music is the man who can

clothe these bare and rattling bones of science, of theory, with the warm, beautiful covering of exquisite melody. What the complainers of classical music should do is not to cry classical music down to their standard, but earnestly endeavor to elevate themselves to its proper understanding. It is a wise maxim to never condemn a thing because one cannot understand it. It is much more becoming to bear in mind Goethe's last words, "more light." It is much more becoming to humbly and zealously set about the study of music, and to cultivate a taste for works of merit.

Many people, even in this enlightened day, hold to the false and foolish idea that music is simply an accessory accomplishment, unworthy of a strong mind, and only suited to the ladies. I hasten, young ladies, to add that I do not believe a single word of it. But the inclination with such people to play a *little* or sing a *little* is too strong to be overcome, otherwise they would banish music into oblivion. Music is not a superficial fashion nor an accessory accomplishment. It is an art governed by laws as rigid as those of painting or sculpture.

Nor is mere mechanical dexterity, in piano playing for instance, all that is necessary in order to consider a musical education complete. One makes a ridiculous travesty of good music who says that. You might as well say a reader who glibly pronounces words of five syllables is an elocutionist. The cases are about similar. Musical taste is necessary, and musical taste will come to him or her only who industriously sets about the study of standard music.

Several of the selections that I will play this afternoon are what are called sonatas. I wish to tell you what that word means. A sonata is a form of composition consisting of several movements, each one having a unity in itself, yet all uniting so as to form a perfect whole.

MOZART.

I cannot conceal from you, young ladies and gentlemen, that I have a preference for Mozart, a feeling that has a love and a compassion combined. It is impossible to think of him without this commingling of joy and sorrow, awe and familiarity. His was a nature singularly at variance with his surroundings. A gentle, refined, sensitive man plunged into a chaos of triumphs and embarrassments.

We can all appreciate the beauty of a life devoted to the advancement and perfection of one of the most refining and elevating of the arts. But when we see that man struggling against poverty, surrounded by miserable, designing friends, who rob the very hand they clasp in pretense of affection, liberal in his views, conciliatory toward his enemies, writing works worthier of a god than a man, and persisting in his labors till his hand actually refused to hold pen to paper,—respect and love are hardly enough; one wishes to do something abject to show appropriate veneration and awe. That was Mozart! One of the sweetest, truest, gentlest, noblest hearts that ever beat in human breast.

It is a mistaken idea formed by some that Mozart had no need to study; that he was what might be called an intuitive musician. There never was a harder student of musical composition than he. And yet his genius was something remarkable.

At the age of six years he was so far advanced in piano playing that, under the care of his father, he made an artistic tour to Vienna, Paris, London and other art centres, astonishing the musical world by his able rendition of difficult classical works. When seven years of age he composed and published sonatas for violin and piano, and in his fourteenth year he wrote his first opera. The Philharmonic Academy of Bologna unanimously elected him a member, an honor rarely accorded to even celebrated musicians. It was customary, in joining the Academy, to be required to elaborate and complete a stated musical form before formal admission could be granted. It is said that Mozart, although the youngest musician who had ever come up for membership, wrote out in a

finished manner the required composition in much less time than was ordinarily consumed by older and more pretentious composers.

His powers of memory were as remarkable as his fertility of invention and composition. He was once at Rome with his father during the celebrated Passion Week. At that time the miserere from the mass of Allegri was performed with all the pomp and concomitants so effectively used by the Catholic Church in every age and country. A miserere, as you may know, is the fifty-first Psalm set to music. The manuscript of this justly celebrated work was in the hands of the church officials, and under no circumstances was it allowed to be used by any one else. During its rendition the Cathedral gradually becomes darkened, the candles of the singers go out one by one, and with each diminution a voice ceases the chant, till only one is left, wailing on in sorrow and contrition. It finally dies away, and the vast room is wrapped in sable silence.

The effect that night on the susceptible heart of young Mozart was indescribable. When his father turned to leave the church he found his son lying on the cold floor in an almost insensible condition. He roused him with difficulty and led him to their lodgings, but while the father slept Mozart arose, threw open the window, and, with the moonlight streaming across the paper, wrote out a *fac simile* of the entire miserere without omitting a single note or making a single mistake. That is what the world calls genius, pure and undefiled.

Mozart's best efforts lie in his operas, upon which he lavished a wealth of beautiful melody, fresh, rhythmical and charming. The benefit his talent gave to that noble form of composition is incalculable. Before his time the opera was on a dead level, the arias consisting of a tedious round of passionless runs, with interminable trills and difficult passages; intended more to show off the smooth execution of popular singers, while the orchestration was the merest background, colorless and empty. Mozart made his orchestras tell a different story. His overtures are effective premonitions of the tragic or comic events about to take place when the curtain rises.

A remarkable story is told concerning his wonderful mastery of detail in complicated writing. The night previous to the first performance of one of his most celebrated operas he was presiding at a supper given in honor of the completion of the new work. It was to be rendered the next morning. During the banquet, while congratulations were showering on the happy composer beaming at the head of the table, some one spoke jestingly of the fact that, a few days before, the overture had not been written out. Mozart hurriedly rose and announced to the speechless guests that in the press of affairs he had neglected to write the overture, but jocularly assured them that he had it composed and stored away in his head, whence it would soon come out at his bidding. Nevertheless he left for home at once to set to work. The happy gathering broke up in silence and dejection. No one imagined for an instant that an overture of merit, a work that gives occupation to an orchestra of from twenty to fifty instruments, could be written in the short time now left. Some even suggested that an overture from one of his other works had better be used; others thought that such a proceeding would spoil the new opera at once; but all agreed that a really good overture, worthy of the opera about to be given, could not be written in so short a time. Mozart, however, knew more about his abilities, it seems, than did his friends. He wrote rapidly all night, the music, with the ink still undried on the paper, was brought in from the copyists, and about the proper time to begin the composer came strolling into the orchestra pit as unconcerned and light-hearted as though he could do that sort of thing any day. It was one of the most famous of all his famous works. When we think that over these overtures composers toil months, and sometimes years, correcting here, polishing there, and often then giving the world a work that sinks

into obscurity and silence, this feat of Mozart is truly astonishing.

The most pleasing features about his operas are, perhaps, the beautiful airs that run through them like threads of choicest gold. Many of them, by their subdued, half melancholy, religious shading, are especially suitable to be sung to the words of hymns.

In his writings for piano forte it must be confessed that Mozart's works are somewhat antiquated and thin. He wrote not so much to develop the resources of the instrument as to put a dollar in his pocket, cramped as he constantly was for money by a generous heart and an inability to manage financially. Hence, while his piano sonatas are full of beautiful thoughts, they have not nearly the greatness of his more elaborate works. His talents lay more in the line of the massive, the large, the complicated, and it is to Don Juan, The Magic Flute, The Marriage of Figaro, that we must look for a proper exposition of his greatness.

So, as I said at first, the true musician, while awe-struck at the inexhaustible talent and acute penetration of harmonic, form and rhythm of this great man, feels for him a love and touching compassion that springs from a contemplation of him in his every day life and bearing. He was so generous, so unsuspecting and childlike, so naively cheerful, so readily imposed upon by designing persons, that one feels a sentiment of indignation over his sorrows and financial misfortunes, and an irresistible inclination to cover up his few little foibles and weaknesses. It is a great man's undisputed privilege to smother out by his greatness, by the excellent benefits he has bestowed upon his fellows, the little flaws that the morbid seekers after faults may find.

BEETHOVEN.

Beethoven, universally acknowledged as the greatest of all composers, was born at Bonn on the 16th of December, 1770. Unlike Mozart, his talent for music did not develop itself at a very early age, although it is probable that his musical education began when he was a mere child. It is said that his youth was made very unhappy by the severity of his father, who, a musician himself, very likely aspired to have in his son a musical prodigy. He passed the summer of 1786-7 in Vienna, and took a few lessons of Mozart, who was then at the zenith of his fame. Beethoven's appearance at that time is described as that of a young man of small, slender figure and sallow complexion, his face strongly marked by small-pox. His hair was thick and curly, his forehead large and open, and he possessed a pair of fiery black eyes.

Vienna, at this epoch, was a music centre for all Germany. Gluck, Haydn and Mozart had made it famous by residing there when they wrote their best works, and in that city Beethoven, who was to eclipse them all, finally took up his abode.

No other artist, perhaps, has had as sad an experience in private life as has Beethoven. At the age of twenty-seven a disease of the ears afflicted him, gradually depriving him of the sense of hearing. In writing to a friend at this time he says—"My hearing has become gradually worse during the last three years. My ears are buzzing and ringing perpetually, day and night. I can truly say my life is very wretched. For nearly two years past I have avoided all society, because I find it impossible to say to people I am deaf. In any other profession such a condition might be more tolerable, but in mine it is truly frightful." And it was frightful!

Indeed, the lives of several of the most prominent musicians in history are replete with incidents of the most melancholy character. Handel was blind; Haydn and Mozart were constantly pinched by poverty; Beethoven was deaf at twenty-seven, and Schuman, a man of indefatigable toil, unflagging zeal, and possessed of a noble and generous disposition, finally succumbed to a disease of the brain, and died a hopeless imbecile.

On the 26th of March, 1827, in the fifty-seventh year of his age, Beethoven painfully died during a severe storm of thunder and lightning.

In attempting to speak of the results of his genius, one can hardly help feeling an incompetence. Wagner, the greatest of modern composers, said that after he (Beethoven) had written his ninth symphony the realm of purely instrumental music was exhausted. One who has heard his symphonies played by a competent orchestra will feel inclined to think as did Wagner. He wrote his finest works after he was nearly totally deaf. He composed nine symphonies that excel anything that had gone before or have come after as the sun excels the stars. He discarded the stereotyped rules of composition and made his own rules, and everybody had to be silent for he was superior to everybody.

What Shakespeare was to literature Beethoven was to music, and one might with as little propriety attempt an adverse criticism of Beethoven as of Shakespeare. Indeed, I do not know but that pages of Shakespeare might with greater temerity be ridiculed than pages of Beethoven, for, while the writer of Hamlet had his faults, the composer of the Fifth Symphony never had any.

Beethoven was a moody, silent, reserved man, his nature, unlike the cheerful, open-hearted, lovable nature of Mozart, possessing none of the old-fashioned courtesy of Haydn, or the winning magnetism of Mendelssohn, was wrapped up in self-communings. He had few friends and no intimate associates. He was not appropriately appreciated till dead, as very few understood him, and even those few were repelled by his peculiarities of manner. Beethoven possessed a more subjective nature than did his great predecessors, and his tone forms are filled with much deeper emotions, the inheritance, as Ritter says, of a great soul formed amidst struggles, hopes and sorrows. It is a fact that I have never seen noted elsewhere, but nevertheless a fact, that the movements of his piano sonatas that embody the most of majesty, dignified sorrow and a seeming hope for future happiness, are in four or five flats keys best suited to emotions of that order. Mozart's best piano works, on the contrary, are in sharps. The key of D seemed a favorite with him.

It is pleasant in summer time, in walking through a meadow dotted with daisies and dandelions, to come across a stream of clear water, bubbling and hurrying on its way to join some larger stream. The grass along its banks is greener, the skies above it seem a deeper blue than elsewhere. One may have happy thoughts there, and yet feel a sorrow hard to define. There is a rest about it, and as you sit in meditative silence all the bright images of the past come thronging up, and tears rise to the eyes with the thought that future days and friends and affections will not have all the joy and gladness that have been found in days past, and in the old familiar faces now hidden under mounds of earth.

But when you stand on one of the bluffs of the Hudson river and note the majestic flow of its waters, resistlessly, surely pressing on to the goal, coming down from the rocky fastnesses of the Adirondacks as though triumphant over many sorrows and tribulations and successful in its mission, all thoughts of past joys and sorrows fade away, and in their place comes an emulation of the mighty river, a desire to rise above petty ills, to be noble and good, and to accomplish a glorious destiny. The meadow stream is Mozart and the great river Beethoven.

CHOPIN.

Chopin was a mild, unobtrusive man, reserved, nervous, shunning notoriety, and loving music for its own sake. A Pole by birth, his musical efforts possess the peculiarities we would naturally expect to see come from that sad and oppressed yet fiery-hearted people. His finest works are in minor keys. The gayety and freedom that are expressed by the broad and open character of major chords and passages were entirely foreign to his nature. His preference ran toward the sad and plaintive, sometimes so intensely sorrowful as to be almost painful to the listener. His happiest efforts were in his embodiment in artistic form of the national airs, the folk-songs of the Poles. His mazurkas, of

which he wrote over half a hundred, are peculiarly national in their character. But even the mazurkas, with all their wealth of beautiful feeling and fancy, are inferior, if such a thing be possible, when compared with his nocturnes. In this last named form of composition he stands alone. The nocturne may be described as a form of piano work of serious and meditative style, more suited, from its very seriousness, to the minor key. It had been brought to some degree of excellence by Fields, who wrote several famous numbers. But Chopin, with his wonderful poetic invention and inexhaustible vein of melody, breathed into it an animation, a brilliancy, a luxuriance that it had never before possessed. His nocturnes contain the quintessence of poetical feeling. They do not require a brilliant and dashy execution. A suitable manipulation of the sustaining pedal and a quiet dexterity of the fingers may be mentioned as necessary to their proper performance. For their proper interpretation an intelligent musical mind is necessary, alive to the significance of delicate shades of sentiment, capable of rousing to enthusiasm at the flights of fervid fancy, or of sinking into despondency over the never-ending tinge of melancholy with which these fine compositions are thoroughly permeated.

In his more comprehensive works Chopin was encumbered by the very freedom which goes with large movements. He never wrote an opera or oratorio, and even in his orchestral efforts the instrumentation is meagre and lacking in color. His talents were lyrical in the extreme, and with rare good sense he devoted himself to the piano almost exclusively. Indeed, such high-strung passion as is embodied in his works could not be prolonged into a form of elaborate dimensions.

In order to give you an idea of his position among musicians by comparing him with a great master in some other department of art, he might be called the Keats of music, or, perhaps, more strikingly still, the Robert Burns of the tone world. The grace and tenderness and pathos of the Scottish ploughman will be by no means sullied when he is spoken of as the Chopin of poetry.

THE ALUMNI.

Miss Emma L. Reaver, '86, is teaching school near Taneytown.

Miss Maggie E. Rinehart, '76, was married this summer to E. Frank Tracy, a graduate of Pennsylvania College, now practicing law in Westminster.

Miss Belle Orndorff, '85, is taking a course in music at the College.

Paul Combs, '87, has been appointed Principal of the Preparatory Department of the Maryland Agricultural College.

Miss Edith M. Richards, '86, is teaching in Kent county. She took the first prize in Embroidery at the Maryland State Fair, at Easton in September.

Miss Ella G. Wilson, '84, is teaching in Cecil county.

Miss Bessie Hodges and Georgia Harlan, both of '87, are teaching, the former in Charles, the latter in Cecil county.

Charles M. Grow, '86, has been appointed teacher in the Deaf and Dumb Institute at Fulton, Missouri.

Miss Sadie N. Abbott, '87, has been appointed clerk to the general delivery, main office, Baltimore City Postoffice.

Harry C. Stocksdales, '87, is a clerk in the mailing division, same office.

B. Frank Crouse, A. M., '73, is Chairman of the Democratic Central Committee for Carroll county.

Rev. Hugh L. Elderdice, A. M., '82, pastor of Broadway M. P. Church, Baltimore, delivered a sermon, a few Sunday ago, before Maryland Council, No. 2, Junior Order American Mechanics,

of whom about 100 were present in regalia. His theme was "Beware of Foreign Influences."

Miss Emma M. Adams, '87, is teaching in Kent county.

Miss Mary E. Nicodemus, '85, paid a brief visit to the College recently.

Miss Carrie L. Mourer, '87, is now a resident-graduate student, and pursues, also, the studies of the Normal Course. She acts as instructor in Calisthenics in the Primary Department.

Miss Jennie F. Wilson, '86, returned to her far western home Fort Meade, Dakota, last month.

Miss May Nicodemus, '81, visited the College, a short time ago, and attended a Society meeting.

Miss Sally Wilmer, '87, is taking some of the studies this year.

Miss Lorena Hill, '87, is assistant teacher in the Preparatory, and Primary Departments. She is, also, a resident graduate student.

B. Alfred Dumm, '86, is Principal of an Academy at Fawn Grove, Pa.

Rev. Thomas O. Crouse, '71, is pastor of a congregation at Centreville. The dedication of the large and beautiful church, which his people have built, will take place on the 23d inst.

Rev. Edwin A. Warfield, A. M., B. D., '82, attended the Summer School of Hebrew, at the Divinity School of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in Philadelphia. It was conducted by Prof. Wm. R. Harper, of Yale, in June and July, assisted by Profs. Peters of the Episcopal Seminary, Moore of Union College and Taylor of Crozer Seminary, Pa.

Miss Retta Dodd, '87, received first prize for embroidery at Maryland State Fair.

Frank M'C. Brown, '85, is assistant paymaster of a Rail Road in Georgia.

J. Wm. Moore, '85, is Principal of the High School at Palatka, Fla.

Joshua W. Miles, A. M., '78, has been renominated by the Democrats of Somerset county, candidate for States Attorney.

H. Dorsey Newson, '72, is in the publishing business in New York City.

William M. Gist, '82, with his wife Alice Fenby Gist, '73, spent a great part of the Summer at their old homes near Westminster. They returned to Florida and Oranges a few weeks ago.

Harry F. H. Baughman, A. M., '83, is now a Tutor in the College, pursuing, at the same time, an advanced course of study.

John H. Cunningham, '85, is now assistant Cashier of the Farmers and Mechanics National Bank of Westminster. He is still loyal to the "wheel" which formed the subject of his Commencement Oration, and thinks nothing of a ride on his bicycle to Frederick or Baltimore. He often makes the latter run without a dismount.

QUONDAM STUDENTS.

John L. N. Henman, of Berlin, who spent two years here, is now Cashier of the Oglethorpe National Bank of Brunswick, Ga.

Frank E. Cunningham, of Westminster, has resigned his place as Teller in the People's Bank of Baltimore, and is now assistant Cashier in Henman's Bank.

Harry D. Mitchell, of last year's Junior Class, has entered the ministry of the M. E. Church.

Paul W. Kuhns, a former member of the Class of '88, is now a clerk in the First National Bank of Westminster.

W. C. Hammer, a Sophomore of last year, has returned to North Carolina. It is thought he has his eye on Vanderbilt University.

All who knew him will be saddened by the news that Preston Devilbiss is dead. We hope to give particulars in our next number.

Walter H. Brown, of Uniontown, has begun the study of medicine in the University of Maryland. He read first in the office of Dr. T. J. Shreeve. The latter was a delegate to the Carroll County Democratic Convention.

Winter Davis Huber will attend the College of Pharmacy, in Baltimore, this winter.

Albert H. and Edward L. Billingslea are in business in Cincinnati.

Charles T. Reifsnider, Jr., has been winning distinction as a student at the Episcopal High-School, Alexandria, Va.

Arthur F. Smith has entered Penna. College, Gettysburg.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Dr. Kuhns delivered an eloquent and exceedingly interesting lecture in the Chapel Tuesday at 3 p. m., Sept. 27. His subject was "The Path to Usefulness." The room was well filled and the listeners more than gratified by the Doctor's exceedingly instructive effort.

Prof. Simpson has recently purchased the pleasant little property in which he has been living near the college.

Two new pianos, a Decker and an Estey upright, have been added to the music department. The Decker sits in the chapel and will not be used for practice nor lessons but will shine forth only on public occasions. The new Estey is for Mrs. Carne's use in vocal teaching and for general practice. The college now owns seven pianos, all of standard make.

This year the female preparatory students are required to attend study hour in the school room from 7 to 9 under the direction of the teachers. No excuse, now, for unprepared lessons next day!

Latest instructions in pronouncing modern languages: Flatten your tongue, squint your eyes, elevate your eyebrows and say *une tete*.

Startling discovery in History. "Beowulf and a monster called Grendell engaged in a conflict in which Grendell was slain. On the following night Grendell slew Beowulf's mother." Truth is stranger than fiction. Isn't it Mr. L?

Prof. Rinehart presided at the new organ of Ascension Church the first time it was used, Oct. 2.

Grow has gone home to attend the Fair. Frederick county expects every man to do his duty.

Mr. J. H. S. Ewell, of the Junior Class, in the Seminary, has kindly consented to furnish the MONTHLY with News from that Institution. His contributions will be signed "Stockton."

PARLOR NIGHT.

The first monthly social assembly, or "parlor night," as it is known in College parlance, took place on the evening of September 24th. In order to accommodate the large number of students, it was not held in the President's parlors, as has hitherto been the custom, but in the spacious library. This room is one of the many improvements of the past summer, and, with its new furnishings and decorations of various kinds, is very pretty and attractive. It was especially so on this occasion. The sociable was really in the form of a reception by the resident members of the Faculty, who at the opening formed a group in the centre of the room. The students, after paying to them their respects, with the usual handshaking and exchange of greetings, collected in parties about the room, which by this time presented a very animated scene. The old students were happy in recounting to each other the pleasures of the vacation just over, and at the same time endeavored to make the new students have just the best time possible.

It is needless to say the occasion was one of enjoyment to all, and gave a pleasant foretaste of what is to follow each succeeding month.

[From W. S. Gilbert's "Babb" Ballads.]

TO THE TERRESTRIAL GLOBE.

BY A MISERABLE WRETCH.

I

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!

Through pathless realms of space

Roll on!

What though I'm in a sorry case?

What though I cannot meet my bills?

What though I suffer toothache's ills?

What though I swallow countless pills?

Never you mind!

Roll on!

II

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!

Through seas of inky air

Roll on!

It's true I've got no shirts to wear;

It's true my butcher's bill is due;

It's true my prospects all look blue—

But don't let that unsettle you!

Never you mind!

Roll on!

[It rolls on.]

SEMINARY ITEMS.

After a pleasant vacation the Junior and Introductory students of last year, excepting O. L. Corbin, have returned, looking hearty and well.

Wm. Anthony, Baltimore; Lemuel Fisher, Hampden; J. E. Grant, Penn's Grove, N. J.; C. W. McAllister, Cambridge; G. A. Ogg, Woodberry; J. E. Selby, Easton, W. Va., and A. T. Taylor, Baltimore, represent the new students. More are expected. The Seminary will be full this year.

A reunion of the Theological students and the members of the M. P. Church was held September 11th. Prayer was offered by the pastor, Dr. Murray. Addresses were made by Dr. J. T. Ward, Rev. E. A. Warfield, G. W. Haddaway, class of '88; Jas. Cody, class of '89, and Wm. Anthony, class of '90. It was interspersed with music by the choir.

O. L. Corbin will not return this year. He is now preaching at Patterson, N. J.

We learn that Rev. J. W. Kirk, Crisfield, Md., is holding an interesting revival. To date there have been 103 conversions.

L. L. Albright, class of '87, is at Nagoya, Japan. He likes his new field of labor very much.

The Stockton Society met on the 9th ult., and elected the following officers for the present term—President, James Cody; Vice-President, C. E. Lamberd; Recording Secretary, J. H. S. Ewell; Corresponding Secretary, G. W. Haddaway; Critic, T. E. Davis; Chaplain, M. E. Grant; Treasurer, W. S. Phillips.

Young People's Meeting has been started at the M. P. Church, beginning at 6.45 p. m. Theological students are conducting them.

By what we have seen in the new students' rooms, we are reminded of the familiar expression, "The girl I left behind me,"

T. E. Davis and James Cody will represent the Seminary at the Missionary Alliance, which meets on the 27th inst., in Alexandria, Va.

STOCKTON.

FRIDAY AFTERNOONS.

ELOCUTION.

The chapel exercises of September 23rd, consisted of recitations and readings by some of the members of the Freshman and Sophomore classes. The exercises were very interesting and showed faithful work on the part of the participants. The program was as follows:

The Song of a One-dollar-bill.....	Mattie S. Biggs
The Parting of Marmion and Douglass.....	Albert S. Crockett.
A Sermon without a text.....	Mary J. Fisher
The Raven.....	Chester N. Ames.
My Neighbors Baby.....	Cora T. Nelson.
The Bards.....	David F. Harris.
Awfully lovely Philosophy.....	Georgie E. Franklin.
The Ballad of the Oysterman.....	Willis M. Cross.
Only a Woman.....	Avarilla Sappington.
Advice to a Fire Company.....	F. Neal Parke.
Death of Washington.....	John F. Harper.
Don't use Big Words.....	Lena E. Gore.

JUNIOR THEMES.

The exercises on Friday, Sept. 30, consisted of Themes composed and read by members of the Junior Class. The participants were Misses Beeks, Dodd and Grove and Messrs. Lease, Michael and Myers. Miss Beeks opened the exercises by reading a Theme on "Painting." Mr. Lease followed, his subject being "Is Perpetual Motion Impossible?" Miss Dodd, a new student, had for her subject "Decision of Character Necessary for Success in Life."

The audience was here very agreeably entertained by an Instrumental Solo performed by Miss Maud Mills.

Mr. Michael then read his thoughts of "Are Trade's Unions Lawful?"

The "Beginning of English Literature" was read by Miss Grove. Mr. Myers closed the exercises by his theme entitled "The Farmer's Future in Maryland."

These Themes evinced labor and skill, and the composers are to be congratulated, especially as it is the first attempt many of them have made to read their own compositions in public.

SENIOR ORATIONS AND LECTURE BY PROFESSOR M'DANIEL.

The program for Friday afternoon, Oct. 7, consisted of an oration by Edwin C. Wimbrough, '88, whose subject was "Retrospection." The speaker handled his subject with vigor, and his denunciation of Herr Most and his fellow Anarchists was heartily applauded. Miss Carrie W. Phœbus, '88, read a thoughtful and well written essay on "Joan of Arc." It was listened to with close attention, which was all the more readily accorded as the young lady read her theme in a clear and distinct voice. Professor McDaniel's lecture, entitled "A Plea for Physical Culture" filled up the second half-hour of the period. It was a masterly presentation of the subject in which he takes so intelligent an interest, and well deserves to be published and distributed broadcast as a tract on a subject but little understood. We hope to give our readers an opportunity to enjoy it in the next number of the "MONTHLY."

THE MUSIC RECITAL.

The first of the course of recitals to be given through the year by the Department of music, took place in the Chapel, Sept. 16th, at 1 P. M. Prof. Rinehart after making some general remarks on classical music, took up as the theme of a lecture, "Three Masters." The first was Mozart, and after speaking of his life and style of compositions, he illustrated what he had said by playing the Sonata in D Major; the second was Beethoven, and the selection, Sonata Op. 26.; the third, Chopin, and the selection Nocturne Op. 27. No. 2. To have the characteristics of these repre-

sentatives of the art so fully described and contrasted in words, and then impressed by the rendition of typical selections was not only pleasant but highly instructive. The subject could hardly be presented in a more agreeable and at the same time more forcible way.

At the beginning of the exercises Mrs. Carnes sang Bischoff's song Marguerite, and at the close "O, Salutarus Hostia" by Wiegand, and "Charity" by Pinsuti. Mrs. Carnes is always greeted with rounds of applause because it is always a pleasure to hear her sing.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Will you please give me the rule for turning Greek Olympiads into the year B. C? Respectfully yours, "Studiosus."

The first year of the first Olympiad began 776 years and six months before our era. Hence, in order to reduce the date by Olympiads to the year B. C., multiply the number of past olympiads by 4, add the odd years and subtract the sum from 777; the remainder will be the year B. C., if the event happened in the first six months of the olympic year, that is, between July and January; but if it happened in the last six months, that is, between January and July, the remainder must be diminished by one. For example: Socrates was put to death in Thargaleon (11th month of the Attic year,) year first of olympiad 95. Here the number of complete olympiads is 94. Multiply this by 4, which gives 376. Now add the 1 year of the 95th olympiad, which gives 377. Subtract that from 777 and we get 400 B. C. But the event occurred in the second half of the Attic year, so the remainder, 400, must be reduced by 1. Thus we find 399 B. C., to be the year in which Socrates was martyred.

Is it true that a citizen of Frederick county is disfranchised if he fails to attend the county Fair? "Prep."

No, Preppy, it is not true. It is only a mistaken inference drawn from the fact that no student from that county can be kept at school during the continuance of the fair.

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Western Maryland College Monthly.

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NO. 2.

Western Maryland College Monthly.

PROF. JAMES W. REESE, A. M., Ph. D.,
EDITOR IN CHIEF.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS,

EDWARD C. WIMBROUGH, of the Irving Society.
CARRIE L. MOURER, of the Browning Society.
JAMES McD. RADFORD, of the Webster Society.
L. LORENA HILL, of the Philomathean Society.

Business Manager, W. R. McDANIEL, A. M.

Published monthly during the school year.

TERMS.—One Dollar per year of ten numbers, cash in advance. To ministers and resident students, half price. Single copies 15 cts. Advertising rates furnished on application. Entered at the Postoffice, Westminster, Md., as Second Class Matter.

The second number of the MONTHLY follows close on the heels of the first, but it is confidently hoped that, from this time on, the regular four-weeks interval between the issues will be maintained.

The second month of the College year is near its close, and the good humor, contentment and readiness for work which happily characterized the beginning of the term still prevail among the students. The forty-three new preparatorians and collegiates have been duly gathered in by the four Societies, while the eleven new primarians have been left to the tender mercies of that gigantic monopoly—the St. Nicholas. Order reigns; the relations existing between teachers and pupils are never, for a moment, strained and the academic machinery moves like clock-work—without the noise.

This year the society anniversaries cease to be “moveable feasts”. The date of each is fixed in the Calendar, and a cause of frequent misunderstanding, uncertainty and confusion thereby removed. The Brownings lead off, and the friends and ex-active members of this organization will have an opportunity of seeing, on Wednesday the 23d of the present month, whether or not the high reputation of the society is safe in the hands of those who now control its destiny.

The number of new students who have entered since the beginning of the term, Sept. 6, is fifty-four, exclusive of those who are taking a special course in Music or Painting. These latter, if counted, would add considerably to the list which appears on another page.

As to the old students, whether Alumni or not, we trust their interest in the College Monthly will not end in subscribing for, and reading it. We want it to begin with that, and then to manifest itself by letting the Editors hear from them as often as they have anything to communicate about themselves or their classmates, suitable for our columns. The fulness and accuracy of our two departments devoted, respectively, to the “Alumni” and “Quondam Students,” must, of necessity, depend largely on information furnished us by those who are thus designated.

The probable arrival of Volapük in America was announced in the October number of the MONTHLY. Now that it has actually come, we are glad that we are enabled, by means of E. Steiger & Co.'s “Sketch,” to tell our readers something about it. First, as to the name. *Vol* in the new language means *World*, and as the addition of the vowel *a* to any noun makes a Genitive case of it, *vola* means “of the world,” and this prefixed to *pük*, the word for *language*, gives us Volapük, the world language. It is designed to be a scientific international language especially for commercial purposes, and does not claim, we believe, any fitness for use in literature proper.

Volapük is the invention of Father Johann Martin Schleyer, a retired Catholic priest. He was born in 1831, is a graduate of the University of Freiburg, and entered the priesthood in 1856. Failing health obliged him in 1885 to retire on a small pension, and he is now living at Constance, in Germany. His grammar of Volapük was first published in 1879, and attracted immediate attention; all the more, as its author's acquaintance, more or less familiar, with sixty languages, peculiarly qualified him for such a work. It has already gained a firm footing in Germany, Switzerland, Holland, Hungary, Italy, France, Sweden, and especially in Austria as well as in Syria and Arabia, and also in Southern Russia, Asia and Northern Africa. And now, at last, it has reached our shores, and become accessible by means of Seret's Grammar and Vocabulary of Volapük for all speakers of the English language.

The great merit claimed for Volapük is its simplicity which makes it far easier to learn than any existing language. It has no artificial genders, only one conjugation, and (just think of it, ye beginners in Greek!) no irregular verbs. The roots of its words have been borrowed from all the languages of Europe, about forty per cent. of them from the English. The adjective, verb and adverb are regularly formed from the substantive and have invariably the same termination. The plural of any word is formed by adding “s.” The vowels *a, e, i* (in the plural *as, es, is*) added to any noun form its Genitive, Dative and Accusative. We give as an example of the Declension (deklin) of a Substantive (subsat) in Volapük, the word for Father.

Singular (banum)		Plural (plunum)	
Father,	Fat,	Fathers,	Fats,
Of the Father,	Fata,	Of the Fathers,	Fatas,
To the Father,	Fate,	To the Fathers,	Fates,
The Father,	Fati,	The Fathers,	Fatis.

This is certainly very simple and renders quite probable the assertion that the grammar can be learned in a week. It is probable, too, that Volapük may, in course of time, provide a common means of intercourse between all nations, but it can possess little of the linguistic grace of euphony if it be true, as stated by an expert, that it sounds like “double Dutch spoken by a Choctaw with chronic croup.”

The presence of many of the students of the College among

his hearers, the first Sunday after the opening of the session, prompted the Rev. Dr. Murray to make the "Abuse of Gifts," the subject of his discourse, and its appropriateness has led to the request that it appear in the MONTHLY. The sermon, in full, will be found in this number.

A PLEA FOR PHYSICAL CULTURE.

A Lecture to the Students of Western Maryland College,
October 7th, 1887,

BY PROF. W. R. MCDANIEL.

It is eminently proper for one who makes a plea, to state in precise and unmistakable terms what he is pleading for. So even though we may have some ideas of what is meant by *physical culture*, I shall run the risk of being tedious in giving form to those ideas and in telling in more than a dictionary way what is meant by it, believing a right understanding to be of itself a strong argument in its favor.

What then is physical culture? Think for a moment of a bush out on the prairie; it grows, has leaves and bears a flower, yet who stoops to admire it for its growth or its beauty? Transplant that same bush to the garden, give it its share of rich nourishing soil, of warm sunshine, train its unshapely branches to the trellis and you make it the queen of the garden. Its thrifty stock, rich green leaves, and delicately tinted fragrant buds are the admiration of all. What has wrought the change? Culture, horticulture as we term it.

Think of a youth who grows up without seeing the inside of a school-house, or even the inside of a book, how he sinks below his fellows in the scale of life; how profoundly ignorant he is of all the wonders of the world that surround him, how far below the place his Creator intended him for, he is! Compare with him the youth who is sent early to school, and rises through all grades from the primary to the high school and college. If he does not move the world by his thought, he is at least head and shoulders with his race and can live a life noble in its purposes, and grand in its achievements. This too is the result of a culture and which in this case we call mental culture.

Now physical culture is a parallelism to the cases sighted. The prairie rose contained within itself, the capability of becoming the garden-queen, the street-urchin of becoming the statesman, jurist or divine, and they attained to the utmost reach of these capabilities by cultivation. The human body too, possesses the germ of a certain perfectability, is capable of attaining a certain increased stature, symmetry, strength and soundness, and cultivation is likewise requisite to bring about these results.

Physical culture then is to promote and direct the growth of our bodies, to develop the highest perfection of form and gracefulness. It is the means of which development in size and action, and healthfulness is the end. It is doing for the body what education does for the mind, bringing out all its latent forces, training them to ready, graceful, useful activity.

Man as we know him comprises three great parts, each complete in itself yet all interdependent. Every one recognizes the importance of the cultivation of the mind and nothing less than long years of patient pains-taking labor is spent upon it. Nor does it ever cease, even when it has been carried to a point where it seems to meet the demands of life, it must still be sustained by continued effort. The same is true in reference to that higher and better part of man—the soul. It needs to put into practise the lessons given from the pulpit, to follow the ordinances of the church and to participate in all christian exercises for its growth in the virtues and graces which build it up and adorn it. Is it not reasonable then to suppose that there should be a culture of the third part, along with the culture of the other two which depend so largely upon it? Would it not be strange for it alone to come to its best, without such processes as are granted necessary to develop

the other parts, and are recognized in all other forms of life? The fact is the body will not reach its best without such processes of culture any more than the mind or soul will and only he who has carried on the three kinds of culture can claim the unique distinction of full development.

Physical culture is not a new idea. It dates back to a very early period of the world's history, but having once through abuse, lost the esteem in which it was held, it seems strangely enough to have been kept under through centuries. Physical strength was a veritable god of antiquity, and therefore traces of a crude gymnastic practise are found among the earliest nations, but it was in Greece, that same small district from whence emanated so much of science, art and literature, so much to help onward civilization, that physical culture first received that systematic attention which raised it to its true rank among the liberal arts. Here fostered by the free, active, open-air life of the natives, the fondness for it became almost a passion. In education it was held first "both logically and chronologically" and it has been asserted that more time was spent upon it than upon all other departments put together. The whole education was given in the gymnasias, philosophers and sophists lectured and talked in the gymnasias, and these became places of resort for all intellectual pursuits as well as physical pursuits, and thus in these times mental culture was an adjunct of physical culture and not the reverse as now. "From the early age of seven" says Grote describing the supreme devotion of the Spartans to the subject in his elaborate history, "throughout his whole life as youth and man no less than as boy, the Spartan citizen lived habitually in public, always either himself under drill, gymnastic or military, or as critic and spectator of others." To excel in it was one of the surest and shortest roads to personal distinction and to the highest honors the State could bestow. "It was consecrated by every sentiment literary, domestic, and religious and blended with all his ideas of individual culture and personal dignity, beauty, health, prowess, literary power, philosophy and political renown."

The Romans too, practiced corporal exercises, but never with the zeal or laudable purposes of the Greeks. Under Nero, Greek ideas were imported and a gymnasium established, but they made gymnastics only a sport and a pastime and not an end in itself. It consequently never flourished as it had in its native soil.

With the dawn of chivalry it rose again into great prominence but obtained no permanence. From the decline of chivalry onward through the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, it became more and more disesteemed, disregarded and less practiced. But although the practical details may have relaxed their hold upon the attention of the people, the theoretical standing of physical culture in any comprehensive plan of education was on all hands most abundantly and emphatically asserted. Rousseau in his *Emile* calls attention to this indifference and speaks at length of its injurious consequences. Montaigne in a very brilliant essay on the education of youth says: "I would have a boy's outward behavior and disposition of his limbs formed at the same time with his mind. It is not a soul, it is not a body that we are training up, it is a man and we ought not to divide him into two parts."

Within the last century it has risen rapidly in Germany and in France until it equals if not surpasses the high position it held in Ancient Greece, and within the last half-century, it has forced itself into light in this country, and through the labors and endeavors chiefly of German educators is leavening the whole of the educational lump. The report comes from every direction that the old truth that education must deal with the physical as well as the intellectual and moral nature of the pupils is being realized.

Physical culture is coming to be recognized as a branch of education and an important branch at that.

Educators are beginning to take more notice of the fact, that the mind acts through the brain, that the brain is a part of the

body, and as a part of the body depends for its own welfare largely upon the body as a whole; while all who are interested in the advancement of mankind, are anxious that the growing and coming generations should approximate that type of physique which is at the same time a model of fair proportions, and the best fitted for its purpose of being the tenement of the mind and the soul.

There must be no confusion of physical culture with gymnastic, athletic or acrobatic sports. A Greek in the time of Solon might have told us that it was to enable the Athenian youth to win the laurels in the Olympic games.

A Roman expressing the high esteem in which he held it, might have told us it was a preparation for pugilism and gladiatorial combats. A knight of the chivalric age might have told us that it was to make its devotee excel in fencing, wrestling, boxing and horsemanship. Or in modern times there are some who believe its only purpose is to produce oarsmen who can row the fastest, football men who can endure the most brutality, pitchers who can give the base ball the greatest rapidity or exactness of curve, or men who can perform some unique feat that is equally as useless as dangerous. It is needless to say however, that all this is not only wide of its real purpose, but wide of what it actually did and is actually doing, throughout the country, and whoever thinks these the objects and results of Physical Culture is greatly in the wrong.

The similarity of physical to mental culture, to which I have already alluded, runs still farther. When a boy enters College almost his first experience is an examination to find out what he knows, to ascertain what has already been done towards the cultivation of the mind. His class is then assigned in accordance with his relation to the class standards. So too, might there not be a physical examination and the strong and weak points of the body found out, and a general comparison between any subject and the typical man instituted, so that the proper agents of physical culture might be administered, and the correct amount and kind of exercise be prescribed.

Just here, let me say a word about what is meant by the typical or representative man—the ideal standard for the proper size, perfect conformation, and highest capacity of the human body. Suppose a great number of men, for example ten thousand, to be examined. Of course in so large a number, there would be a great many having the same height. Lay off a separate column for each different height found and after assorting the men according to their heights, it will be noticed that the greatest number are in the column marked 5 ft. 7.7 in. This, then is the mean, typical, or representative height of the American man. In a precisely similar way we could find the weight, girth of head, neck, chest, length of arms, &c., and in addition to these measurements, could find the capacity and strength of lungs, strength of back, chest, legs, &c. I have called it an ideal standard because not one in a thousand would come up to *all* the typical measurements. It would be to us the ideal of physical perfection, and from it could be deduced the laws giving the relation of one part of the body to another. By means of these laws when given the age, height or sufficient factors, we could determine all the other measurements, and thus ascertain how long an arm ought to be, how large a neck, how strong a back, so that after comparing any subject with this standard, it would be a small matter to prescribe the needful exercise to bring up the part that was lacking, or to reduce the part in excess. The work of the teacher would then resemble the work of the doctor, but it would be a much better work in that it would prevent disease, instead of curing it after it had overtaken its victim. Few of us have any idea of how great and startling the imperfections of our bodies are. William Blaikie, the author of a much read and excellent book, entitled "How to Get Strong," says: "Probably more men walk past the corner of Broadway and Fulton streets, in New York city, in the course of a year than any other point in America. Look at them

carefully as they pass and you will see that scarcely one in ten is either erect or thoroughly well-built. Some slouch their shoulders and double in at the waist, some overstep, others cant to one side, this one has one shoulder higher than the other, and that one has both too high. Some have heavy bodies and light legs, others the reverse, and so on, each with his peculiarities. A thoroughly well-proportioned man, easy and graceful in his movements, is far from a frequent sight." These same things might be said of many young people at our schools and colleges. Is there not, then, great need of availing ourselves of these means which will raise the stooped shoulder to the height of its fellow, that will increase the arm to the size of its mate, that will change the thin, narrow, hollow chest into one round, full, deep and roomy, that will replace the feeble lungs and heart by vigorous ones, that will overcome the tendency to lean the head forward, and that will give an erect carriage and a firm tread.

Physical culture comprehends all such subjects as clothing, food, bathing and ventilation; and they all have their great importance in bringing about such results as I have referred to. But exercise of all the agents of physical culture, is brought most prominently before us, and I might say is most important to us, because it is so liable to be misunderstood, misapplied or neglected. We may dress too thinly, eat too much or too little, and we are immediately warned of its consequences by bodily discomfort. With exercise the case is different, and we may go on from day to day, exercising in a wrong way, or not at all, without any perceptible disadvantage until the great harm dawns upon us all at once. The penalty comes more slowly, but none the less surely.

I desire then to call your attention to the advantages to be derived from intelligent, systematic exercise, first in point of health, and then bodily development. It will be necessary in considering the advantages to health, to recall some little knowledge of physiology. We must remember how the heart is the great reservoir of the blood, how it sends it out through all parts of the body by means of the arteries, and receives it again by means of the veins, thus having the whole quantity of blood travel through it fifty times in the course of an hour. The blood in this process of circulation accomplishes two great purposes, first, collecting and carrying off the dead tissues, for the whole body is composed of tissues which are constantly dying, and secondly, conveying the fresh material out of which new living tissues are to be made. The whole question of health turns upon the death and removal of these tissues, and this in turn depends upon the circulation of the blood. If the tissues die more rapidly than they are replaced, disease ensues, and hence the slightest change in the blood of quantity or quality, makes all the difference in the man. No wonder the blood is called the life current. The more rapidly the blood is pumped into the arteries and forced on its journey, the more quickly the wasted material is removed and the fresh material substituted, and the more frequently are the parts of the body built anew. Now, what exercise does, is to set the heart in more rapid action, as many of you have experienced in this daily practice, sending the blood rushing in all quarters, reddening the surface, and animating and invigorating the whole body. In this way it assists growth and prevents disease.

The muscles for our purposes may be said to be made up of numerous fibre-like cords bound together, which produce motion by shortening in much the same way that a piece of stretched rubber does. No motion of the body can be made except by shortening one of these muscles. They are so composed that their very existence, certainly any healthy existence, depends on their being used. They were made to encounter and overcome resistances, and being created for this, their strength will be developed in the proportion in which this design is remembered. We are all familiar with the experience of having these muscles strengthened by use and made capable of exerting more power, and some of us have seen the fact still more clearly brought out by the entire

disuse of a muscle, as for instance when a broken arm is laid in plaster of Paris for some weeks, how it shrinks and becomes thin, the muscles dwindle and lose their contractility. Now bear in mind the fact that there are over five hundred pairs of muscles woven around the body, and think of all the motions these by their combinations are capable of producing, and it is easy to see that they are not all brought into use by the ordinary affairs of daily life, and that if we would keep them toned up we must exercise them daily by some such methods as the gymnasium affords. Not to use a muscle enough has the same effect as stretching a piece of rubber too often. It has perhaps never occurred to the most of you that the secret of so many heads sunken between the shoulders is that the muscles of the neck are not sufficiently used, or that the secret of so many drooping shoulders is that the muscles of the back and legs are not brought into play often enough. It is for this reason that the first training of the soldier is the "setting up" drill.

Let me cite one case out of many where exercise through muscular development prevents disease. Twenty per cent. of all people die from lung trouble of one kind or another. Consumption first attacks the extreme longitudinal parts of the lungs. The American race has a particularly long narrow chest, thus placing these extreme parts very deep into the interior. In ordinary every day life, we breathe easy, not deep, setting only the part of the lungs next to the windpipe in motion, and only where we breathe heavy and deep are we setting the lung lobes farthest from the windpipe in motion. People of a quiet passive temperament whose lives flow calmly without excitement, one day like the other, accustom themselves in time to a light superficial mode of breathing, so that the extreme points of the outside lobes of the lungs are never set in motion. The lungs as you know consist of muscular tissue and if never fully inflated will undergo the same process of degeneration as the arm I spoke of in the bandage, and the result as you might suppose is consumption. Exercise would undoubtedly enlarge the chest and keep the muscles active and elastic.

Exercise acts as well on the other parts of the body as the blood and the muscles. The stomach is aided in its work of digestion, the skin by increased perspiration drains off the impurities that collect in the system, the intellect is sharpened and the whole nervous system is toned up. "Sharp hot work till the muscles are healthily tired insures good digestion, the cleared brain, the sound sleep, the buoyant spirits."

Few persons seem to be aware that any limb or any part of it can be developed from a state of weakness and deficiency to one of fulness, strength and beauty, and that equal attention to all the limbs and parts of the body will work like results throughout. To see what exercise can accomplish along this line, let us consult the records of those who have carried on the work systematically. Maclaren, the great English physical culturist, says, that some years ago twenty non-commissioned officers selected from all branches of service were sent to him to qualify as instructors in the British Army. They ranged between nineteen and twenty years of age, between five feet five inches and six feet in height, and between 128 and 174 pounds in weight. After carefully registering the measurements of each at start, and at different times throughout their progress, he found that the muscular additions to the arms and shoulders and the expansion of the chest were so great as to have absolutely a ludicrous and embarrassing result, for before the fourth month several of the men could not get into their uniforms. One of the men gained five inches in girth of chest. And who shall tell the value of that five inches additional space for the heart and lungs to work in. Dr. Sargent tells of a student who in four hours a week, for one year, increased his upper arm one and a half inches, his chest three and a half, and his height one inch. Now, these facts become all the

more significant when it is known that the chest does not increase a hairs breath scarcely in twenty years, unless exercised. It has been estimated that an increase of three inches to the circumference of the chest will permit the lungs to contain 300 cubic inches of air instead of 250 cubic inches. And this additional fifty cubic inches will prevent any kind of lung trouble. A striking example of how repeated exercise of any one kind constantly kept up affects the limbs, is that children's arms have been found to lengthen by sustaining the small weight of their books as they carried them to school. The force is very, very small, but constant, and little by little will have its results. It must be conceded then, that a delicate body may be made a robust one, and it is equally plain that a sound body may be maintained so.

We must not forget that youth is the time for this development. It is the growing time of the body and the mind; it is the time to apply "the ounce of prevention." The work should commence when all is plastic and movable, changing and capable of being changed. The one shoulder that is now a little higher than its mate will not be half so hard to restore to its place now as when confirmed to its position by long years of a bad habit which should never have been tolerated a day. If the chest is weak or flat, now is the time to remove the defect. Build up the arms to be strong and comely now, accustom the chest and shoulders to their proper place, cover the work which comes so easy and natural to them, and the same boy who would have grown up half built, ungraceful, and far from strong, will ripen into a vigorous, wellknit man of sound mind and body. Not only is the growing time the best time but it is the only time. It has been said, "with steam we work, with steamlike haste we live, and often in like manner go to destruction. An old boiler may be repaired or replaced, but the human organism is limited in its working possibilities, and often is exhausted or worn out before its time never to be fully restored." This is particularly true of the mental portion of our being, which especially in student life is always on the go, always working, always exercising, always developing while the physical remains almost at a standstill, becomes weak and delicate from inactivity, and finally can no longer support the brain in its work, like machinery rusting from resting.

There seems to be reason to believe that physical culture is not only not understood by some, but positively misunderstood, and in view of this I wish to speak of some of the objections that are frequently offered to it. Those of intellectual pursuits are apt to think that systematic exercise produces only muscular power, power to travel great distances, carry great burdens, lift great weights, or overcome great material obstructions, and as this would be to them comparatively of no value, they will not give their time and effort to it. But the notion is a mistaken one and can only come from ignorance of the part the body plays in the activity of the brain.

As I have already said, muscular power is but one result of systematic exercise, and that not the greatest. Regulated exercise can be brought to bear upon those delicate and important structures which encase and contain the vital organs, and on whose fair and full development, the health and functional ability of the organs depend, thus making exercise of as much value to him who works with his brain as to him who works with his hands, and it will be sought for with a desire proportional to his intelligence, because it will enable him to prolong and sustain his labors with safety to himself and increased value to his fellowmen. There is no profession, no occupation, no calling in life, there is no position, no state in which man can be placed where a fairly developed frame, a little of that bodily stamina, a little of that material hardihood, a little of that power of enduring fatigue, acquired by physical exercise, will not be valuable, and you may re-

member to have heard on another occasion, that it was not over-study that made the palefaced student, or led to his early grave, but lack of exercise.

Another objection offered, is that while there are many faultily grown and imperfectly developed and weak, the majority are not so and do not need the corrective effect of exercise. What would you think of a teacher, who, because a boy was apt and capable, would leave him to his own resources and inclinations. Whatever may be the capacity of the untrained body, it is as far from the symmetry and strength to which it may attain with proper culture as is the clever, but self-taught man from what he would have been through educational training. While it has the crowning glory of all culture and knowledge of benefiting most bountifully those whose needs are greatest, it yet benefits all, giving added strength to the already strong, increased dexterity to the active, speed to the already fleet of foot and accumulated health to the already healthy.

Still another objection offered, is that the play of boys and girls ought to afford sufficient exercise. The truth is, that physical culture is often necessary to overcome injury done by most games, and the very first piece of apparatus for a gymnasium were devised to remove defects brought on by certain sports. The difficulty with them is that they do not go far enough and develop the entire body. They tend to one-sidedness. For example in base ball, how many can pitch or throw with either hand sufficiently well to be of any use? The batter bats, not from either shoulder, but from one nearly always. The movements in such exercises are executed by the parts of the body which can do them best, and not by those which need employment most. Use gives facility of execution, and facility of execution causes frequency of practice, because we all like to do that which we can do well, and thus inevitably becoms because on the organic law of development being in proportion to activity, certain parts of the body will be cultivated to the exclusion of other.

Again, some have the opinion that what is known as light gymnastics, or calisthenics do not require enough exertion to be of any effective use. They think a gymnasium is the place where one must go to spend all his energy, instead of regarding it as the place where one is to store up energy. Let one who raises such an objection try light gymnastics, and see how soon he is ready to take a breathing spell. Such an objector, too, is unmindful either of the way the apparatus is used or of a fundamental principle of mechanics. Momentum is made up of two factors, weight and velocity; allowing momentum to remain the permanent quantity, the greater the weight, the less the velocity, and the greater the velocity, the less the weight.

Passing to gymnastics, that term which corresponds to momentum, is the amount of exertion each one is capable of putting forth with safety, and it is plain that if you have heavy weights, you must have slow movements, and vice versa if you have rapid movements you must have light weights. It costs as much effort to move a light body through the air swiftly, as it does to pass a heavy one slowly. In light gymnastics, by which I mean freehand exercise, wand, dumbbell and club movements, we give prominence to the idea of velocity rather than weight, and hence have lively, moderate exercises instead of violent, exhausting ones; exercises, which in addition to bringing up the muscles, require skill, accuracy, a quick eye and hand, presence of mind, and self-control; in brief, which demand a vigorous and complete exercise of all one's powers.

Take almost any piece of the usual heavy apparatus of a gymnasium, its movements are slow, simple and tiresome, besides such apparatus is made for the most infrequently used muscle, and worked continuously even for a short while produce an undue disturbance of the circulation and cause weariness, while the movements with any piece of light apparatus will bring at once

all the muscles, the longitudinal, the transverse, the oblique into immediate use. Think of the scores of different attitudes and positions assumed, of the dashing movements executed, and of the varied contortions and evolutions made by every limb and realize how fully it brings every part into play.

Now, in addition to the great advantage of a sound body and sound health which I have said ensue from physical culture, I wish to speak briefly of some advantages which come along with these and are not of minor importance. First, the added grace resulting especially from our method of physical culture. The word Calisthenics is very significant, coming from the Greek word *Kalos*, meaning beautiful, *Sthenos*, meaning strength, beautiful strength, strength beautifully put into action, agile, graceful firm use of solid, comely limbs. Every graceful movement tends to make the person executing it more graceful, and the graceful movements of wands, bells and clubs are therefore invaluable aids in rounding off the angles of boisterous youth.

It teaches the most effective lessons of self-control. The mind must govern the body, and every articulation and limb must be habituated to a prompt and ready obedience to its will. All physical exercises, however pleasant at first, tend to become irksome and distasteful when pursued systematically day after day, but the very energy one is obliged to put forth in overcoming this distaste is a wholesome discipline. Let one pursue it with all the energy and vigor he is capable of throwing into any other duty or line of conduct, and by so doing the training of the will is added to the training of the body, and the self-mastery thus acquired contributes an important element in the formation of character.

It teaches exactness. Heels together, toes outward, knees joined, body erect, shoulders back, eyes front, mouth shut, all must be obeyed to the letter. Some of the exercises are matters of the utmost simplicity, but accuracy and precision give them beauty and attraction, and interest increases with the skill of the performer. When to the precision of mode of execution, precision of time is added, as when the exercises are gone through with to a musical accompaniment, it still further intensifies and impresses the lesson of exactness, until the whole frame seems permeated with the spirit of harmony.

Finally, it inspires a self-confidence, a self-dependence, and a justifiable self-pride, that makes one desirous of equalling his associates and raising himself to a higher rank. In short, physical culture, like all true culture means training, means discipline, means growth, development, improvement and refinement, excellence and worth. It represents care-taking, the elimination of bad qualities and the substitution of good ones, thus leading always to results that are higher and better.

The New Steam Heating Apparatus.

Western Maryland College stands over one thousand feet above the sea, and perched on the summit of one of the highest hills of Parr's Ridge, it catches all the breezes that blow from the Blue Mountains, not far distant toward the West.

While this is delightfully pleasant in summer, it is not so agreeable in winter, when the refreshing zephyrs have become icy blasts. The temperature on College Hill is usually several degrees below that of Westminster, at its foot. All this gives a special importance to the means of heating the College. Previous to this time the whole institution has been heated by having a stove in each room, with the exception of one furnace in Ward Hall. The great danger attending so many fires, the labor of carrying coal, and the great expense, have always made heating by steam greatly to be desired, but it has always seemed impracticable. President Lewis has demonstrated, however, that the thing could be done, and accordingly Smith Hall, Ward Hall and a large part of the main building are traversed by neatly painted steam pipes, and each room has its radiator.

To do this amount of heating requires three eight-horse-power boilers. They have been tested to stand 100 pounds pressure, are set in solid masonry and supplied with automatic draft regulators, safety valves, water and steam gauges. They are guaranteed to warm all departments to a temperature of 70° with zero temperature outside and only ten pounds of steam in the boilers.

The automatic draft regulators are arrangements of chains and pulleys, geared in such a way that should the fire burn up unexpectedly, increasing the steam to more than the usual amount, the force of the steam itself closes the fire-drafts. They are patented by Messrs. Moore and Frick, steam heating engineers, of Waynesboro, Pa., who had the contract for putting in the apparatus.

The weather has already been sufficiently cold to give it a fair testing, and it is pronounced a great success. It economizes space and money, diminishes liability to accidents by fire, and affords increased comfort.

LIST OF NEW STUDENTS.

Mary Elizabeth Baer.....	Westminster
Clara Magdaleine Bankert.....	Westminster
Hannah McLean Blandford.....	Clinton
Ellen Imogene Caulk.....	McDanieltown
Temperance Elizabeth Caulk.....	Sassafras
Annie Lucile Dodd.....	Wye Mills
Maria Rebecca Eader.....	Westminster
Susan Dulaney Eader.....	Westminster
Carrie Gehr.....	Westminster
Helen Kate Gorsuch.....	Westminster
Annie Hamilton Griffen.....	Denton
Elsie Wharton Grimes.....	Westminster
Mary Evans Harlan.....	Leeds
Hattie Roberta Keen.....	Westminster
Ivy Lowe.....	Greensboro
Maud Cleves Mills.....	Onancock, Va
Marian Emma Money.....	Leeds
Ada May Myers.....	Westminster
Lizzie Reese Nusbaum.....	Westminster
Ethel May Roach.....	Hopewell
Grace Scrivenor.....	Eldersburg
Janie Butler Thomas.....	Westminster
Ida Frances Underhill.....	Baltimore
Minerva Alberta Utz.....	Westminster
Janie Englar Woodward.....	Westminster
George Irwin Barwick.....	Kennedyville
James Alexander Bond.....	Westminster
Frank Shaw Cain.....	Warren
Lawrence Alnutt Chiswell.....	Dickerson
Grafton Ellsworth Day.....	Darlington
Philip Henry Dorsey.....	St. Clement's Bay
John Heiginbotham Dulaney.....	Baltimore
William Cassell Englar.....	Wakefield
Ernest Strayer Fooks.....	Salisbury
John Nelson Forrest.....	Union Bridge
Albert Dale Gantz.....	Westminster
Denton Gehr.....	Westminster
Alonzo Harris Green.....	Cockeysville
Harvey Prindle Grow.....	Frederick
Robert Lee Hoppe.....	Westminster
Bartlett Burleigh James.....	Baltimore
Harry Malcom Keen.....	Westminster
William Grove Lawyer.....	Westminster
James Edward Lynch.....	Westminster
Joseph Graham Maloy.....	Union Bridge
Charles Hewlings Mills.....	Onancock Va
Charles Joseph Mott.....	Baltimore

Edgar Read Nicodemus.....	Buckeystown
John Earnest Nelson.....	Westminster
George Joseph Parke.....	Westminster
Kennerly Robey.....	Bryantown
Halbert Lewellyn Stone.....	Mt. Pleasant
George Washington Ward.....	Daisy
William Scott Zepp.....	Westminster

THE ALUMNI.

James. A. Diffenbaugh, A. M., '74, School Examiner for Carroll county, has been confined to bed since Oct. 14, by an attack of malarial fever. He is now convalescing.

Miss Sadie A. V. Kneller, 85, now living in Baltimore, paid a visit of several days in Westminster the third week in October.

Charles H. Baughman, A. M., '71, is Worshipful Master of Door-to-Virtue Lodge of Freemasons in Westminster.

Richard B. Norment, Jr., A. M., M. D., '76, is Master of the Pickering Masonic Lodge, Woodbury, Baltimore county.

Two of the Alumni are journalists. Edward P. Leech, A. M., LL. B., '82, is Editor of the "Press and Knickerbocker," Albany, N. Y., and Lynn R. Meekins, of the same class, is a member of the Editorial Staff of the "Baltimore American."

Miss Lenore O. Stone, '86, is passing her time pleasantly at her Frederick county home.

Miss Alma C. Duvall, '85, is teaching in Anne Arundel co.

Miss Florence E. Wilson, A. M., '80, is Principal of a High School in Union Bridge, Carroll county.

Mrs. Maggie Rinehart Tracy, '76, who was married last June, is we regret to announce, already a widow. Her husband, E. Frank Tracy, died of peritonitis, on the 28th of October, at Gettysburg, Pa.

QUONDAM STUDENTS.

Miss Emma Abbott has been appointed principal of the Female department of the Annapolis High School. The Annapolis Republican speaks of her as "especially capable and efficient."

Dr. J. T. Hering was one of the ushers at the wedding, on the 19th of October, of E. P. Brundige and Miss Carrie Starr. The fair bride is a sister of Mrs. Ada Starr Gehr and Mrs. Virginia Starr Norment, both of '77.

J. Milton Reifsnider is junior partner in the law firm of Reifsnider and Reifsnider, Westminster. His uncle, Charles T. Reifsnider, is the senior member of the firm.

Charles H. Sullivan, a last year's Sophomore, is now one of the public school teachers of Carroll County.

Frederick R. Owens, Kent County, Del., of the Freshman class of '85 and '86 is studying law.

George O. Garey, of the Junior class, '78-'79, is Editor and Proprietor of "The North East Star," North East, Md.

Miss India May Cochel, M. D., of the Freshman class, '82-'83, is the first one of our female students to enter the medical profession. She took her degree at the Womens Medical College in Baltimore, and is now a regular practitioner in that city.

William P. S. Duncan, a member of the Junior class in 1879, is in the ministry of the M. E. Church. His residence is Sonora, Tuolumne County, Cal.

George B. Fundenberg, M. D., who left at the close of the Junior year, 1881, graduated from the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania, and is practicing his profession in Pittsburg. It is said that every male member of his family for several generations has been a physician except one, and he was a druggist.

George R. Brown, Jr., once a member of the Class of '88, is

now preaching near Atlanta, Ga. He is the youngest member of the Georgia Conference, and is generally spoken of as the "boy preacher."

Preston L. Devilbiss died Monday, the 23d of August, after an illness of nearly three weeks, from typhoid fever, aged 29 years, 7 months and 14 days. He was born on the farm of his father, the late John H. Devilbiss, about three miles southeast of Liberty. After preparation at the public school and the Liberty Academy, he entered Western Maryland College, where he took rank among the best scholars, and easily led in his class. Hard study was more than his physical constitution, naturally delicate, could stand, and so, before the completion of his third year, he was compelled to leave school and return home. This was to him one of the saddest disappointments of his life. Abandoning all thoughts of the law, which he had selected as his profession, he engaged in farming, and followed this occupation until the time of his death. While at College he became a member of the M. P. Church, and continued to be one during the remainder of his life. In his 22d year he married Mollie, daughter of George Wm. Buckey, of Mt. Pleasant. His wife, three sons and one daughter survive him. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. S. T. Ferguson, and the remains were interred in the presence of a large concourse of sorrowing relatives and friends. The Irving Society, of which Preston when a student was an enthusiastic and brilliant member, has passed appropriate resolutions on his death, which will be found in another part of the MONTHLY.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The Physical Science Department has recently had a very valuable addition in White's Physiological Manikin. While it consists only of a series of flat plates, they are so admirably executed and adjusted, that they give to the pupil all the advantages of a dissecting table, without its disagreeable features, and from it the student must learn the position and relation of the various parts of the body in spite of himself.

The Brownings have lately provided themselves with a very handsome chair for their President.

The conversations at dining-room table, No. 1, are said to be very interesting, especially those on French and new movements in calisthenics.

The Philos. had a spirited debate last Friday, on the question: "Is the country a better place for a college than the city?" The negatives won.

Misses Dodd, Mills and Caulk, spent a few days in Baltimore, and Miss Kendall visited her home, during the month.

The following is "The Defence of the Red Lights," by our Autumn Poet.

O those red curtains with dainty white ties,
They help our complexions but hurt our poor eyes,
But without them we could not exist a whole day,
So spare them, don't tear them, don't take them away.

"Don't you hear them bells a ringing" is frequently asked by the girls concerning the baker's musical chimes.

One of the boys was so startled in the German class, the other day, at the appearance of the word "damit," that it took him several seconds to muster enough courage to say it.

On Saturday nights the young ladies go into the gymnasium to practice calisthenics and to go through various other exercises. These evenings are enjoyed very much.

Miss J's experience in practicing a dialogue—I did not mind being called "my dear" and "my love" at first, but I am tired of it now.

Why did Mr. P. blush at the mention of the Shepherd of Salisbury Plain?

One of the students has handed us the following notice which

he wishes inserted. "Wanted! Five pounds of epidermis to replace that which has adhered to the steam pipes." Ward Hall is now heated by steam.

Indignant Junior to Freshman. "Have you the audacity to doubt my veracity or do you insinuate that I would prevaricate?" Freshman replied; "you are another sir."

One of our Juniors says that ladies in making their purchases are not governed by the *price* so much as by *caprice*. We have promised not to expose him.

John F. Harper went home, Oct. 21, to attend the dedication of the new church built for Rev. T. O. Crouse, '71.

A party of fifteen young ladies from New Windsor College, accompanied by the teachers, Misses McVeigh and Reese, visited our College, Saturday afternoon, Oct. 22, and were shown through the buildings. They professed to be delighted with the entire arrangement, included both in the extra conveniences of the new building and the improvements of the old. Our young ladies, who were glad to act as guides to their guests, were cordially invited to return the visit, which they anticipate doing some time in the future.

It takes all the nerve and back bone a fellow has to come in to breakfast late and wend his long bewildered way the whole length of the dining room to his chair, amidst the battery of glances from a hundred or so bright eyes. It corrects, however in a great degree the tendency to tardiness, formerly the characteristic of some of our students.

Watson, '89, thinks that "a ball, a base, a bat" has as fair a claim on a Collegiates, attention as "amo, amas, amat."

Opening of Smith Hall.

The formal opening of the new addition to the main building, known as Smith Hall, took place on Friday night, October 28. In spite of the weather, which was wet and disagreeable, a large and brilliant audience assembled in the Auditorium, then for the first time used, and witnessed the carrying out of the following program:

Invocation.....	Rev. J. T. Ward, D. D.
Music: Valse Brillante— <i>Schulhoff</i>	Prof. Rinehart and Miss Beeks
Presentation Address.....	Prof. J. W. Reese
Music: Let Thine Hand Help Me— <i>Handel</i>	Mrs. A. J. Carnes
Calisthenics: Club Swinging.....	By Young Ladies
Declamation: The Militia General and His Forces— <i>Corwin</i>	Mr. W. M. Weller
Recitation: Katie Lee and Willie Gray— <i>Anon</i>	Miss Clara W. Lewis
Character Piece: Sir Peter and Lady Teazle <i>tete a tete</i>	<i>Sheridan</i>
	Mr. Lease and Miss Jones.
Music: Three Fishers— <i>Hullah</i>	Mrs. A. J. Carnes
Calisthenics: Dumb Bells.....	By Young Men
Recitation: Per Pacem ad Lucem— <i>A. A. Proctor</i>	Miss M. T. Hirata
Recitation: Mary's Ghost— <i>Hood</i>	Mr. T. E. Reese
Character Piece: Courtship Under Difficulties.....	
	Miss Taylor and Messrs. Wimbrough and Pollitt.
Music: { a. Sonata, Opus 14— <i>Beethoven</i>	Prof. T. F. Rinehart
{ b. Recollections of Home— <i>Mills</i>	
Calisthenics: Marching.....	By Young Ladies

At the close of the entertainment in the Auditorium, many of the visitors availed themselves of the opportunity to inspect the new building and see what had been done, during the past summer, for the comfort and convenience of the students. We regret that an occasion so memorable in the history of the College cannot receive a more extended notice, but it comes just as the MONTHLY is going to press, and this is the best we can do under the circumstances.

JOAN OF ARC.

As we glance over the history of the Middle Ages, we cannot fail to receive a very powerful impression from the study of a character utterly unlike any other which has either preceded or followed it; the contrast is so strikingly marked that we cannot refrain from inquiring why it was that a poor obscure peasant girl should rise to be the deliverer of her people.

Just on the borders of the forest of Domremy, that wonderful region of stately trees and grassy carpet, the profound stillness of which was broken only by the chimes from the bells of monas-

teries, scattered at wide intervals through the forest; a region around which still lingered the old traditions of elves and fairies, and where the parish priest read mass every year to keep them within proper bounds, Joan of Arc was born and passed her early life, engaging in the humble employments of her station and performing her tasks diligently and quickly that she might be able to slip away and spend her leisure hours in the parish church with its rude carvings and paintings of the sufferings and triumphs of the saints.

Meanwhile the great world in which she had such little part was agitated by the struggle of the Dauphin to maintain his hereditary title, and defend his possessions against the claims of his haughty English foes. Henry V., the brave and generous conquerer, who had ever been kind to the vanquished was dead; the power had passed into less gentle and generous hands; the English soldiers committed the most shocking barbarities upon the helpless people and were not restrained in their career of violence. Every day the Dauphin lost ground, every day his dominions became less, and France groaned beneath the unmerciful English yoke.

Though her own home was removed from the scenes of strife, reports of the English cruelty reached her ears, and fired her soul. She recalled the old prophecy that France was at sometime to be saved by a maiden, and she believed that this was the time, and she chosen instrument of deliverance. Praying alone in the old church, she persuaded herself that visions of the saints had appeared, urging her to undertake the work of freeing her country from the invaders.

Whether she was really inspired to this work, or was only a pretender, is a question which has been much discussed ever since the close of her strange career. It seems almost incredible to some that any one in an age far distant from that of revelation should be inspired by heaven, yet if she were an impostor, her deception was so skillfully planned as to give no one, in all the years which have passed since her death, a clue by which to solve the mystery. This question will always remain a puzzle for the wise of all ages.

But in whatever way she obtained the belief of her divine mission, having once obtained it, she clung to it with the greatest pertinacity, allowing nothing to hinder her from putting it into action. Overcoming the various obstacles which barred her way, she presented herself to the Dauphin. He hesitated to believe her; she pressed her services upon him. Finally he granted her request and placed her in command of his army which appeared almost nothing in comparison to the mighty hosts of English soldiers who were flooding unhappy France, like angry waves driven upon the land from a tempestuous sea.

Assuming male apparel, and girding on the old sword, shown her, she said, by St. Catharine, Joan took command of this handful of soldiers.

Every student of history knows the result, how every day the English were defeated, and driven back; how the Dauphin's dominions gradually returned to his possession, and how after he had been crowned King of France, in the old cathedral at Rheims, Joan kneeling at his feet, told him that her duty to him, and mission of deliverance to her country were accomplished, and begged him to permit her to return to her former station, and resume her simple employments.

But such a course was not allowed her. Her family was enriched and ennobled. Joan herself received the title of "Maid of Orleans," and by the request of the king, kept her position at the head of the army.

But a storm cloud, soon to burst in fearful rage, was gathering over her head, and the day which saw her greatest exaltation, was for her the beginning of troubles which involved her in insult, suffering, and a most cruel death.

The generals of her army, growing jealous of a woman's ob-

taining all the glory of the victories gained, began to plot against her. They swerved from their obedience, and finally in a moment when the English, having gained a temporary advantage, had repulsed the French, and driven them from the field of battle to their fortifications, the governor of the castle admitted all the rest, but shut out Joan. In sight of the garrison, not one of whom lifted a hand to save her, she was dragged from her horse, and carried off by the English soldiers, who heaped the most insulting epithets upon her.

The remainder of her sad story is soon told. None of those who in the days of her prosperity, had professed themselves her friends, made one effort to save her; her sovereign himself, forgetful of every thing, deserted her. She was tried by the English as a witch, and condemned to perpetual imprisonment, her abode being a gloomy dungeon, her only food, bread and water.

But alone in this dismal situation, forgotten by her ungrateful countrymen, her courageous spirit could not be subdued. Again came those mysterious voices, telling her of a rescued France and the blessing of future generations, teaching her bravery in her affliction, and filling her heart with a tranquil peace, such as she had felt when, in her early girlhood, she had knelt before the altar of the old parish church, and looked, through the dim twilight, to the crucifix, and the gentle brow of the Savior, crowned with thorns, but still wearing around it, the radiant halo of glory.

Meanwhile her foes were not idle. They wished to wreak their vengeance to the full upon the defenseless woman, now beyond the power of doing injury to any one; and it is a sad picture to see bishops and prelates of the church, sitting in solemn council, planning how best to entrap their victim, and bring some fresh charge against her.

They were not long in finding it, for crime is seldom at a loss to find some way of accomplishing its cruel designs. They placed in her cell, things calculated to recall to her memories of her former life, and when one day they entered her cell to find her clad in a suit of armor, which she had put on sadly as she thought of her victories and reverses, they declared that she was not fit to live, and passed the death sentence upon her.

On a bright May morning they led her forth to die. They had accorded her the most cruel death, within their power to inflict. They chained her to the stake, and kindled the fire around her. Unresisting she stood in the midst of the flames; her crucifix was clasped to her breast, her eyes were uplifted in prayer. In that position she stood, until the fire had done its work. With her last breath she called upon the Saviour's name, and sank lifeless upon the ground.

They strewed her ashes upon the limpid water of the river which flowed past her place of execution, and marked the spot where she died by a black stone, but as the river flowed onward to join the vast ocean, it bore to distant, and, then undreamed of climes, the story of this wonderful life; it told of a blot on England's proud name which oceans of water could not remove, and of a day of reckoning when God will judge the mighty and punish them for the shedding of innocent blood.

Thus the story closes. We cannot attempt to understand her character, we can but admire her love, her loyalty and patriotism, and twine a wreath from the immortelles of glory for the memory of France's greatest heroine, Joan of Arc.

CARRIE W. PHOEBUS.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

From the New York Tribune.

Mr. Stevenson could not pass for anything but the thorough Scotsman that he is. His speech betrays him. In appearance he is just the man one would expect to find the author of the Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde to be. His clear-cut features are emphasized by sunken cheeks that tell a tale of ill-

health and literary toil, and his dark eyes, beneath black, pronounced eyebrows, form a striking contrast to the pallor of his countenance. His long black hair is brushed straight back from a high forehead, and clusters around his shoulders. As he talks, his eyes acquire a deeper intensity, and the listener seems to see nothing beside them. Mr. Stevenson's figure is slight, and he is not above middle height. He is still a young man, perhaps thirty-five or six.

The author of *Kidnapped*, *Treasure Island*, and *Dr. Jekyll* is as remarkable for the versatility of his genius as for its fertility. He is fresh from another literary triumph, having gained new laurels by his recently published poems called *Underwoods*, and he is on the eve of publishing another book. He did not distinctly indicate to the reporter what this would be; but it will probably consist of a collection of sketches. At least, when conversing about Edinburgh University and the recent students' fancy fair, the reporter said:—

"You wrote something for the album of autograph contributions of celebrated authors which was sold at the fair?" and Mr. Stevenson replied:—

"Yes, I wrote a piece for it; and I intend to incorporate it in my next book."

The sketch referred to is one of personal recollection, in which Mr. Stevenson tells how, when he was an Edinburgh student, he did not attend regularly and study hard.

"The last time I came to America," said Mr. Stevenson pleasantly, "was when I crossed in the *Devonia* as an emigrant. I travelled second cabin; and I was engaged all the way in writing a certain bad story. The Captain and passengers as well were highly amused at seeing me constantly writing. When I landed I went to California. I blame that for undermining my health. That was before I wrote any of my best-known books."

"You are aware that a dramatized version of *Dr. Jekyll* is to be produced here shortly?"

"Yes. The dramatization has been done with my consent; but really I don't know how it will succeed. It seems to me it is too ugly, too repulsive a story to put on the stage. It is not pretty enough. And, indeed, I have the same objection to the play of Deacon Brodie, which I wrote in conjunction with Mr. Henley. It is nothing new for me to receive requests for permission to dramatize my novels. I get lots and lots of letters about it and I am sorry to say I don't answer them all; I have not time. But when I do reply, most politely according the permission asked, I write with an infinite sense of humor; because the fact is I could not hinder any one from dramatizing my plays; and probably if people did not get permission they would do it just the same. I don't think a novel makes a good play anyway. The two are so essentially different. A first-class tale may make a poor drama, and *vice-versa*."

Mr. Stevenson was interested to hear that the son of Nathaniel Hawthorne, in collaboration with Inspector Byrnes, was writing detective stories.

"I should like to read them," said he. "I have often thought of writing a detective story, but life's too short."

"Wilkie Collins could have made a success of such a book."

"Yes. If you have not already read it, read his *Armadale*. It stands at the head of that class of work."

Mrs. Stevenson, who is her husband's literary helper, is a bright, dark-eyed little woman. She is possessed of great ability, and her name appears along with her husband's on the title-page of *The New Arabian Nights*. Their plans both as to the duration of their stay in America and the places they will visit, are not yet settled. Probably they will spend the winter in Indianapolis, Mrs. Stevenson's birthplace.

THE ABUSE OF GIFTS.

A Sermon Preached in Westminster, September 11, 1887,
by Rev. J. T. Murray, D. D.

Wherefore is there a price in the hand of a fool to get wisdom, seeing that he hath no heart to it?—Prov. xvii. 16.

We wonder whether this reflection of Solomon was not the result of self-communion, and an instance of thinking aloud about himself? For it would seem that he is himself a most striking illustration of its meaning, as there was never a more impressive example of folly allied to wisdom. He was endowed with wisdom unparalleled in his own age, and since, perhaps; and yet a sensualist compared to Louis XV. An example of the "terrible irony of history for those who abuse gifts."

He was of most illustrious descent—the royal house of David; he was endowed with splendid natural abilities; of the most fascinating grace of person and manners; he was educated under the special instruction of a prophet-priest; he came to the kingdom of Israel at the time of its greatest power; he had fabulous wealth at his command; and, added to all this, pre-eminent wisdom. The Lord had said unto him, "Ask what I shall give thee." He asked for wisdom; and the Lord said: "Because this was in thine heart, and thou hast not asked riches, wealth or honor, nor the life of thine enemies; neither yet hast thou asked long life for thyself; but hast asked wisdom and knowledge for thyself that thou mayst judge my people, over whom I have made thee king, wisdom and knowledge is granted unto thee; and I will give thee riches, and wealth, and honor, such as none of the kings have had that have been before thee, neither shall there any after thee have the like."

What did he do with these rich endowments? Did he use them wisely, beneficently, and to a happy end? In the end there comes the sad sigh of a wasted life and desolate heart—"Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!" Well, therefore, might he record as a sentence against himself and a warning to others who abuse their gifts: "Wherefore is there a price in the hand of a fool to get wisdom, seeing he hath no heart to it."

"The term fool is not used in the modern sense of a man without reason; but rather in the sense of an unreasoning man. It is not a man who is idiotic, or approaching to idocy, but a man who, in the possession of his faculties, perverts them and is perpetually acting foolishly. The figure in the text is one drawn from commerce. It represents a man who has given him a sum which he is to invest. He spends part of it in dissipation, part in shadows and cheats and pretences; and when that sum is expended he is bankrupt."

Put anything in the hand of any one who does not appreciate its true value and use and he will be but a fool with it. The young prodigal used his patrimony only as a passport to the field of swine. Another rich fool to devote himself chiefly to barn-building on earth, losing his soul and leaving his barns and their store to others just when he thought he was ready to take his ease and enjoy them. Still another to waste his riches in fattening his body, and wrapping it in purple and fine linen preparatory to its being cast into hell to be tormented. According to the adage: a fool and his money soon part company. * * * Put means of instruction, and it is like casting pearls before swine. Give him power and office, and he becomes a petty despot, despised and dreaded, or the puppet of men of stronger will; a pigmy in Goliath's armour, an ass in lion's skin; or is puffed up with vain conceit—

Drest in a little brief authority—

Most ignorant of what he's most assured,

His glassy essence—like an angry ape,

Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven

As make the angels weep; who with our spleens

Would all themselves laugh mortal.

What is wisdom? It is distinguished from knowledge. Knowledge is extrinsic and artificial. Wisdom is innate and real. A man may have knowledge without wisdom. Wisdom is the right use of knowledge. Wisdom is the knowledge of the best ends and the best means. Knowledge dwells

In heads, replete with thoughts of other men,
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge, a rude, unprofitable mass,
The mere materials with which wisdom builds,
Till smoothed and squared and fitted to its place
Does but encumber whom it doth enrich.
Knowledge is proud that he hath learned so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

According to the figure in the text men have committed them a price, or capital, or, in New Testament language, talents; but what use is it to them if they have no heart to use it aright? What good does it do them if they do not emp'oy it as they should? The idea of religion is that you are to invest your capital and render an account of the increase when the Master shall return and make an investigation.

First, every one has an opportunity which wisdom will turn to good account, but which folly will neglect. Bacon says, "A wise man will *make* more opportunities than he finds." A fool is like Wilkens Micawber, always "wating for something to turn up," with not sense enough to discern it when it does turn up. Some men think themselves born to ill luck; that they never have a chance; and make up their minds that the world invariably goes against them, without any fault on their own part. Like Tribulation Trepid. * * One said he believed if he had been a hatter, the people would have been born without heads; more likely if all hatters were like him, the people would have had to go bareheaded.

Wisdom sees the opportune circumstance, and seizes upon the opportune moment. An old proverb says: "Opportunity has hair on the front of its head, behind it is bald; seize her by the forelock, you may hold her, but if suffered to escape, not Jupiter himself can catch her again." Shakspeare has said:

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures."

A greater than all has said, lamenting the blindness of the people of Jerusalem: "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace; but now they are hid from thine eyes." Never was there so sad an illustration of the irreparable past as when the Saviour came to his disciples whom he requested to watch while he prayed in the garden of Gethsemane, and found them sleeping, and said to them: "Sleep on now, and take your rest: behold the hour is at hand, and the Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners."

He who hath "determined the bounds of the habitation" of men, has put a great price in the hands of us who are born in this land. This is truly a goodly heritage. Not to speak of its climate and soil and abundant resources, giving the means by which industry may secure to every man a competence, here all are eligible to the highest distinctions and positions. The tailor and the canal boy may, from the bench and the tow path, rise to the chair of the President; the tanner to the command of our armies; the page in the Senate chamber to be a peer of those he served in his humbler place. But if he be not wise enough to improve his chances his capital is wasted. No external hand can lift him to a high place if he have not in himself the disposition or the energy to scale the successive rounds of the ladder. It is not done by a leap, but mounting rung after rung from the nethermost to the topmost.

Call the roll of honor: and all the names illustrious in government, literature, science and art, and in the church, are almost all of men who have risen by self-help to their great eminence—in ancient and modern times—in this country and elsewhere. Jeremy Taylor, the celebrated divine; Sir Richard Arkwright, the inventor of the spinning jenny; Cook, the navigator; Drake and Nelson, the celebrated naval heroes; Kepler and Copernicus, the astronomers; Goldsmith and Burns, the poets; Sir Christopher Wren, to whom St. Paul's of London, stands a monument, while it is a sacred fane for the worship of Him who endowed with genius this son of a humble clergyman; Disraeli, who, spite of the proscription and prejudice clinging to his race, rose to be the premier of England; Hugh Miller, the geologist; Livingstone and Stanley, the heroic explorers. To confine the call to our own country, and select a few out of the many. George Peabody, a poor boy employed in a grocery store, and enriching England and America with his benefactions; Franklin, the printer boy; Stephen A. Douglas, the cabinet-making apprentice; Clark Mills, the millwright and plasterer; Washington Irving, having only an ordinary school education which ended in his sixteenth year; Calhoun, Clay, Bancroft, Lincoln, Garfield, and, coming to our very home, the pride of American art, Wm. H. Rinehart, the sculptor.

It is not the advantage, or the disadvantage, of birth, riches, powerful influence, which makes for or against men, irrespective of the personal use of their own capital. Despite of these, the mighty fall and the humble are exalted. Burke's "Vicissitudes of Families" strikingly exhibit the rise and fall of families, and show that the misfortunes which befall the rich and noble are greater in proportion than those which overwhelm the poor. He shows that two of the lineal descendants of the Earl of Kent, sixth son of Edward I., were discovered in a butcher and a toll-gatherer; that the great grandson of Margaret Plantagenet, daughter of the Duke of Clarence, sank to the condition of a cobbler; and that among the lineal descendants of the Duke of Gloucester, son of Edward III., was the sexton of a church in London. Hugh Miller, the mason, who rose to such eminence, was served by a hod-carrier who was one of the claimants for the Earldom of Crauford. The workingmen would twit him by calling from the walls: "John, Yearl of Crauford, bring us another hod of lime."—in my observation of old Maryland families, I could furnish instances where poor and obscure men have become owners of splendid estates, on with they were once hirelings, while the wealthy and socially distinguished landlords have been reduced to a humble and straitened condition.

To many have descended the price of the good name and fame of their parents. They were enriched with the ornaments of distinguished moral virtues; they were intelligent, industrious; they were trusted and honored. "A father's good name is a letter of introduction to every one. They introduce the child easy into life." They have respect to the kindly sympathies which grow up around about good men, honest men, useful men in society. How easily all this may be thrown away. A wise son will make good use of this capital; a fool will squander it by his recklessness and worthlessness, and his shame and degradation will be the more profound by the contrast with his father's honor; and his godlessness the more Santanic in contrast with the piety of his parents. Honor your birthright; be jealous of the good name of your family; fulfill the just expectations of your parents; and in honoring them you will bring honor to yourselves.

The educational advantages placed in the hands of the youth of our times is a great price. The opportunities for getting wisdom are such that none need go without a fair education. Common school, colleges, seminaries; the best appliances for philosophical, scientific and technical instruction. Books can be had for a nominal sum; public libraries are accessible, and the newspaper is everywhere. "So," says a distinguished divine, "if a man has a

heart for knowledge if he has the ambition to acquire it, and if he is quick to discern, the ear, the eye every sense becomes a minister of education to him. But alas, that there should be so many who care nothing for it! They invest all this capacity and all this privilege in the most frivolous pleasure. They buy laziness; they buy frivolity; they buy enjoyment, which means gratification of the lowest animal appetites; they buy everything but knowledge; they live to be twenty or thirty-five years of age, and are scarcely at all advanced, and had laid up in themselves no competency of knowledge by which, as by an engine, they can take gold from life and amass treasure."

Here is our College. What will you do with this price? How will you invest it? * * * What will be the result? Will you use it to get wisdom, or only as a nursery of folly? You may graduate by imposing upon your teachers a pretence of knowledge, by surreptitious practices, and get the badge of honor at the price of the real thing of honor itself, and go out to the world a certified scholar, but an actual fool. You may so use advantages as to be a champion ball chaser, or as some day to return, as it has occurred in the history of Western Maryland College, to be the honored head of the college in which you were once an honored student.

Here is our Seminary. My brethren, my relation to you as pastor and teacher in the Seminary makes me bold to say a word to you. What a price has been placed in your hands by the energies and sacrifices of those who have succeeded in the ministry without such aid. There have been instances where those who have had the benefits of our institutions, have only used them to minister to their own self-importance, and to raise a sneer at the lack of scholarship of the very men to whom they are indebted for their own means of education. Use your price to buy that wisdom by which you may win souls, and so will you justify the wisdom of the Church in establishing this institution, and the benevolence of its generous patrons in contributing to its support.

To apply the text spiritually. By this I would not have you think that I have not been preaching the gospel in the foregoing application of the text. The gospel applies to all things, the things of this life as well as that which is to come. To trade, domestic and social life; the use of our bodies, the use of our mental faculties, our time, our wealth; as well as to church-going, Sabbath-keeping, singing and praying. Everything is to be done religiously, and the Lord will make an investigation after a while as to the investment of the capital he intrusted to us. He will come as the bank examiner comes, unexpectedly.

But a more strictly spiritual application is to the rich provisions—the means and helps of salvation. God has given us the Bible, a "lamp unto our feet and a light unto our path;" by which we may be made perfect, thoroughly furnished unto every good word and work; so adequate that if one would return from the other world he would add nothing to its adequacy. The Holy Spirit. * The preached gospel—Sabbath-schools. * Home instruction. He has given His Son.

Heaven's inexhaustible, exhausted fund,
Amazing and amazed, poured forth the price,
All price beyond; though curious to compute;
Archangels fail'd to cast the mighty sum;
Its value vast, ungrasped by minds create,
Forever hides and glows in the Supreme.

God has given you a spiritual instinct, faculties by which you may know him. As he has given us minds capable of education in the things which are seen; so in the things which are unseen. Neglect in the one case follows the law of neglect in the other. "He that hath ears to hear let him hear." * * * "They have ears and they hear not."

The gospel provision is set before us as treasure more valuable than all treasure—a pearl of greater value than all pearls. As a royal wedding feast. You are bidden—you have no heart to it.

You have for a carnal feast, for revelry and dissipation—wasteful living leading to the husks that swine do eat. No heart for it—no taste for it! Suppose you saw a man with no appetite for sweet, wholesome food, but for the acrid, tainted, deleterious substances. It is vitiated taste, and the indulgence of it produces death. * * * "Ephraim feedeth on wind; a deceived heart hath turned him aside."

The multiplying of gifts, if they are abused, increases condemnation. The Saviour upbraided the cities in which most of his mighty works were done, saying, "Woe unto thee, Chorazin, woe unto thee, Bethsaida, for if the mighty works which were done in you had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago." In the case of the unused talent, the lord said, "Take the talent from him, and give it unto him which hath ten talents. For unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance; but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath."

He that does not improve his day of grace is a fool. This is illustrated in the parable of the wise and foolish virgins. The latter neglected their opportunity, and when they awoke it was too late, the door was forever shut.

Will you use the price put in your hand to get wisdom, or religion, as the word imports? Or will you waste it in folly and dissipation? Esau for one morsel of meat sold his birthright; alas, how cheaply sold! Lysamichus, King of Thrace, when suffering from extreme thirst, bartered his kingdom for the means of quenching it; but after having indulged in that costly drinking exclaimed, "Ah, wretched me, who for such a momentary gratification, have lost so glorious a kingdom." But what of him who for the enjoyment of sin for a season loses the kingdom of heaven!

FRIDAY AFTERNOONS.

MUSICAL RECITAL.

October 14th was the date appointed for the second recital of the present academic year, and when the hour of 1 P. M., arrived, it found the Chapel crowded with students and visitors. Of the latter, the attendance would be very large were it not that the hour is an inconvenient one for the townspeople, and, even as it is, a few lovers of music avail themselves of every occasion offered by these recitals and never fail of ample compensation for the trouble they have taken in climbing college hill at mid-day. The first piece on the program was a selection from Brunner's *Orphée aux Enfers*, played as a duet by Prof. Rinehart and Master J. Galt. The sparkling music was brilliantly rendered and the almost faultless execution of the pupil reflected credit upon himself and his instructor. Mrs. Carnes, who followed, soon changed the applause with which she was greeted, into a hushed and breathless stillness as she poured forth the plaintive, pious strains of Stradella's *Pieta Signore*. Next in order was Haydn's *Sonata in D*, which Miss M. C. Mills performed with excellent taste and accuracy. "Cleansing Fires," by Gabriel was then sung by Mrs. Carnes, a piece well suited to her stately style. Prof. Rinehart then gave the audience Rubenstein's *Barcarolle* and *Romanze*, with S. B. Mills' "Variations on Home, Sweet Home" thrown in. The last of the regular program, Schulhoff's *Valse Brillante*, was played by the Professor and Miss Gertrude F. Beeks, '89, who gives promise of becoming a very accomplished pianist. As the hour was not quite up at the close of this duet, Prof. Rinehart, by special request and for the benefit of the new students, executed his popular and original "Musical Melange," in which the several Departments of the college are introduced and given a pleasing and harmonious *notoriety*.

JUNIOR THEMES.

The period from 1 to 2 p. m., Oct. 21st, was devoted to the reading of original Themes by members of the Junior class. The program was as follows:

The Influence of Hannah More.....	Annie Laura Jones
Who is responsible for Poverty.....	Levin Irving Pollitt
What is the use of Poetry.....	Laura B. Taylor
Characteristics of Cowper's Poetry.....	Thomas E. Reese
Nothing in a Name.....	Harriet E. Wamsley
The Use and Abuse of College Sports.....	Harry G. Watson

The themes were all well written and showed careful study of the subjects treated in them. The manner of their delivery was, also, very pleasing. Between the reading of the third and fourth essays, Prof. Rinehart appeared on the stage and persuaded the new Decker piano to tell all it knew about Leybach's *La Harpe Eolienne*.

DECLAMATION.

The exercises for the afternoon of the 23th of October, consisted of readings and recitations. The following is the program :

Sunday Morning.....	Bessie Baer
Eulogium on Andrew Jackson.....	B. W. Woolford
The Singer.....	Misao Tsune Hirata
An Inquisitive Customer.....	Chas. P. Merrick
Taking care of the Baby.....	Hannah McL. Blandford
Thanatopsis.....	Geo. W. Ward
Poultry at Rudder Grange.....	Adelia Handy
Spirit of Liberty in 1792.....	Geo. E. Waesche
Traps.....	H. Geneva Blanchard
A Georgia Volunteer.....	Kennerly Robey
Robert of Sicily.....	Mary E. Harlan
The Lightning Rod Dispenser.....	Wm. I. Mace

SEMINARY ITEMS.

This year our President is devoting all his time to the Seminary. The change is one which the students like as it increases their studies and renders them assistance which they were deprived of last year. In addition to this the Doctor lectures once every week on Mental Philosophy.

Lemuel Fisher was compelled to go home on account of a disease of the eyes. We are glad to say that they have so improved that he is able to return and continue his studies..

Rev. J. D. Corbin, Deer Park Circuit, is holding a series of meetings. Some of the Seminarians have been assisting him.

A board walk connecting the College with the Seminary is the only improvement this month.

St. Jerome studied Hebrew, it is said, in order "to mortify his sinful passions"—now, it seems to arouse *these passions* in the students.

C. E. Lamberd left on the 24th for an absence of one week. He intends spending the time at home and at the convention of the Missionary Alliance, which meets at Alexandria, Va.

The Young People's Meeting at the M. E. Church, led by Wm. Anthony and C. E. Lamberd alternately, has been and is very interesting. Though a meeting of this kind is held at the M. E. and M. P. Churches at the same hour, we believe that Westminster has more young people than will fill both.

Services are held every Sunday at the jail and alms house by the students of the Seminary. By this means instruction is brought to the inmates of these institutions, and much good accomplished.

The discussion of the following question on the 14th inst., viz: "Resolved, That Christians should mingle with the world," is said by Senior Haddaway to have been the best that he has ever heard in Stockton Hall. Much interest is taken by all, and well may we venture the remark that "Excelsior" is the Society's motto. The Society has nineteen active members—the largest number ever enrolled at one time.

After the roosters had ceased crowing for midnight, and had fallen asleep, Senior D. might have been seen wending his way up to his room with his shoes under one arm and a pot of flowers under the other. He did not wish to awake those who were in the arms of "Morpheus." We extend our sympathies to the young lady on whom he called. [We are indebted to his roommate for this information.]

STOCKTON.

W. L. S.

The ex-actives of the W. L. S. will be glad to learn that their society is still in a prosperous condition. At present we have

thirty-three members. Our debates are always freely participated in by both the older and younger members. Our library is constantly increasing and there is at present a plan before the society by which we hope to increase it still faster. Believing what was said by our prototype: "There is always room at the top," we press on ever striving to advance, in every way that we can, the interests of our society. Seven volumes have been added to our library within the past month.

MEMBER.

Resolutions Adopted by Irving Literary Society on the death of Preston S. Devilbiss.

IRVING HALL, October 25th, 1887.

WHEREAS, It has pleased an Allwise and Merciful God to remove from this world an ex-active of Irving Literary Society, be it

Resolved, That in the death of our brother, Preston S. Devilbiss, we have lost a true and loving friend, a faithful member, and a staunch supporter of our society.

Resolved, That, through his many kindnesses and loving disposition, he had won many friends who mourn his loss; and moreover, by his love for, and his loyal assistance toward our society, he has endeared himself to the memory of all her members;

Resolved, That we do hereby extend our heartfelt sympathy to his family in this their great grief and bereavement;

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the wife and children of the deceased, and a copy also be given to the *Western Maryland College Monthly* for publication.

Committee, } E. C. WIMBROUGH,
 } PHILIP H. MYERS,
 } W. M. WELLER.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Can you tell me the name of the writer who first used the expression: "What is one man's meat is another man's poison?"

READER.

It is, most likely, a proverbial saying of great antiquity. Its first appearance in English literature, so far as we know, is in Beaumont and Fletcher's play called *Love's Cure*, Act. III, Sc. 2., where it takes this form:

"What's one man's poison, signor,
Is another's meat or drink."

But it can be found in the *De Rerum Natura*, IV, 635, of Lucretius (98-55 B. C.).—

"Ut quod ali cibus est aliis fuat acre venenum."

Is the motto of Arkansas, "Regnant populi," good Latin?"

JUNIOR.

No; ask one of the Freshmen to correct it.

In what book is to be found the first use of the oft quoted question: "Who can answer a sneer?"

PHILO.

Paley's *Moral Philosophy*, Bk. V, Chap. IX. He asks "Who can *refute* a sneer?"

What were the ceremonies observed in elevating a deceased Roman emperor to divine honors?

"X."

Neither the time nor the space at our disposal permits us to give a full answer to this question. The ritual of apotheosis was very elaborate. The most minute account of the ceremony which has reached us is from the pen of Herodianus, a Greek writer on Roman history, who flourished about A. D. 238. His description, to be found in the 3d chapter of Bk. IV., is used or quoted in most Dictionaries of Greek and Roman Antiquities, one of which you had better consult.

Is there any good literal translation into English of the Orations of Lysias?

"THIRD TERMER."

No. If you expect to ride comfortably through the Greek of the third term on a pony, you are foredoomed to disappointment. Horace is the only classical author who has asked to be *ponyed*, (see line 17, Ode XXII, Book I.) and if he is conscious of what is going on now in the schools where he is read, he, no doubt, heartily wishes he hadn't done it.

Western Maryland College Monthly.

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NO. 3.

Western Maryland College Monthly.

PROF. JAMES W. REESE, A. M., Ph. D.,
EDITOR IN CHIEF.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS,

EDWARD C. WIMBROUGH, of the Irving Society.
CARRIE L. MOURER, of the Browning Society.
JAMES McD. RADFORD, of the Webster Society.
L. LORENA HILL, of the Philomathean Society.

Business Manager, W. R. McDANIEL, A. M.

Published monthly during the school year.

TERMS.—One Dollar per year of ten numbers, cash in advance. To ministers and resident students, half price. Single copies 15 cts. Advertising rates furnished on application. Entered at the Postoffice, Westminster, Md., as Second Class Matter.

A copy of this issue of the MONTHLY will be sent to a number of old students and friends of the College who have not yet become subscribers. We believe they do intend to subscribe, and the paper is sent them as a reminder; that they may signify their intention of the same by forwarding, *as soon as possible*, ONE DOLLAR, with their address, to the

BUSINESS MANAGER.

It is with natural pleasure and pardonable pride that we lay before our readers, in this number of the MONTHLY, the words of cheer and encouragement which have greeted its two predecessors. Those to whom our journal is addressed and on whose patronage its success depends—undergraduates, old students and friends of the College—are, we believe, unanimous in their approval of the enterprise and of the manner in which it has been, thus far, conducted. This is very gratifying and cannot fail to inspire the Editors with a stronger purpose than ever to make the MONTHLY worthy of the commendations it has received, to secure it an honorable rank in collegiate journalism and to render it indispensable to all who, having been students here, retain the least affection for the College and its Societies, or the least recollection of their academic life and its happy and tender associations.

Every observant person whom duty or inclination has made a listener at College commencements, Society anniversaries and similar academic occasions must have noticed, within the last ten or twenty years, the almost total disappearance of the inflated style which used to characterize undergraduate oratory, and which was known by the name of "sophomorical." The indulgence in glittering generalities, and second-hand classical allusions which once was pardoned, if not enjoyed, by the audience, meets with scant favor, now-a-days, from listeners accustomed to a plainer, more direct and more practical style from the pulpit and the hustings. Partly cause and partly effect is the change which has come over academic oratory and composition. These now take for a theme some question on which men's thoughts are dwelling and treat it in a straight-forward, business-like manner, not endeavoring to overdeck the thought, or conceal its tenuity, by what William Wirt called "the flounces and furbelows of rhetoric." This new departure is in the direction of good taste as well as of good sense. It is a return to the better methods of the Greek

orators, to the graceful simplicity of Lysias and Demosthenes, after a surfeit of the more florid diction which savors of barbarism rather than of culture.

The severer, chaster style, which follows the canons of Hellenic art, need not and, in fact, does not discountenance ornamentation, any more than Horace's bewitching Pyrrha did, but uses it judiciously and sparingly and charms like Pyrrha by the appeal it makes to a refined taste as *simplex munditiis*. It is marked by purity and precision in the choice of words and gives the preference always to those which are fittest to express the writer's meaning. Metaphor and simile are employed not for their own sakes but for the attention they may win for the thought or for the light they may throw upon it. The resources of historic fact, ancient lore and modern science are drawn upon not to make a lavish and vulgar display of intellectual wealth, but to reinforce an argument, reveal an unsuspected analogy or expose a plausible sophism. The style called Sophomorical, on the contrary, knows little about discrimination in the use of words and cares less. Their sound is the chief, if not the only test of their merits, just as if the unwritten law of this spurious rhetoric was, "take care of the sound, the sense will take of itself." Imagery is not introduced, in a subordinate way, to illustrate a fact or an argument, but the fact or the argument is lugged in to serve merely as a dummy for the display of imagery more or less tawdry. If it has at its command any fragments of information, gathered in the course of a desultory reading, it tosses them about as the boys of El Dorado in Voltaire's *Candide*, did their nuggets of gold, and with about the same appreciation of their real value.

That such a style should have woven its meretricious spells so successfully and for so long a time in the undergraduate world, where the canons of good taste in literature might be supposed to prevail, is a matter of wonder—to the uninitiated. That its tinsel charms have lost their power is a matter of congratulation to all who have, themselves, felt their baneful influence or witnessed it as operative in others. We can remember when it required courage to write a college theme or oration that was not more or less "flowery," and still greater courage to venture on a criticism of the prevalent mode. For argument has no more effect against a fashion in literature than it has against a fashion in bonnets or bustles. But where reasoning cannot penetrate, ridicule often can, and the retreat of the "Sophomorical" was hastened by the keen blade of satire. One of these weapons, labeled "Freedom of Speech," we draw from its long repose in the armory of "The Princeton Magazine" and exhibit on another page of the MONTHLY, not only as a curiosity belonging to the warfare of the past, but as a warning to the sophomoric style of what it may expect if it should ever go stalking about the stage of Smith Hall.

"There are some students so devoid of reverence as to make discordant sounds while singing sacred songs, drum with fingers on the benches, stamp violently on the floor, make groaning and

grunting noises, indulge in coarse laughs, slink out during prayer, assume uncouth and slovenly attitudes, and kindred offenses."

It is not the tongue of slander which utters these words. They are copied from the editorial columns of a journal published by one of the oldest and most respectable Colleges in America and they describe the behavior of some of the students of that College in chapel during morning and evening prayer. It is an ugly indictment and preferred as it is, not against Chicago anarchists or Comanche Indians, but against young men, in the enjoyment of the privileges of a Christian College and subject to its humanizing influences, it reveals the presence of a moral dry-rot, which, if not soon checked, will make the Institution, where such actions are possible, a good place to stay away from. It is simply inconceivable that the conduct so properly censured by the leader from which we quote could be tolerated for a moment if a healthy sentiment existed among the body of the students. We earnestly hope our "esteemed contemporary" may succeed in creating a sentiment in its college which will save it from the humiliating necessity of again calling attention to offences against decency and good-breeding like those which it condemns in the November number.

The irrepressible book-canvasser may be looked for, now, almost any moment. His fell purpose, this time, is to hold us with his glittering eye while we beat our breast, yet, like Coleridge's Wedding-Guest, "cannot choose but hear" him urge upon us the necessity of owning a copy of "The Great Cryptogram; or, Lord Bacon's Cipher in the so-called Shakespeare Plays" by Ignatius Donnelly. Some German wisacres discovered, years ago, that Bacon did not write the *Novum Organum*, but stole it, and now Ignatius demonstrates mathematically, that is, by a *cipher*—which fitly expresses the value of his demonstration,—that Shakespeare did not write Hamlet and Lear and Othello, but that Bacon did. The new book, which is so elaborately constructed for the demolition of our most cherished literary faiths, is, after all, only the expansion into an octavo of what has been quite as convincingly, and much more amusingly, expressed in a couple of verses in the *Saturday Review*:

Shakespeare wrote the *Novum Org'non*;
Bacon stole it, but suspected
How by learned future Germans
All the fraud would be detected;
And despairing of admission
'Midst the philosophic Lamas,
Like an overrated person,
Went and wrote all Shakespeare's dramas.

Ignatius starts out on his iconoclastic mission with one convert, the only one we have heard of yet,—Ben. Butler. We doubt, however, whether Benjamin is capable of exercising a nice discrimination in cases of literary, or other, piracy. It is altogether likely that his experience as a politician and a criminal-lawyer has disposed him to give a too ready credence to the charge that anybody has stolen any thing.

Probably the most stupendous literary enterprize ever undertaken is the translation into English of the Mahabharata, and but for the enthusiasm of one Hindoo scholar, Babu Protap Chandra Roy, it never would have been undertaken nor brought so far on the way to completion as it now is. It has been the desire and

the life-work of this extraordinary man to make the great religious productions of India accessible not only to his countrymen but also to readers everywhere who feel an interest in the study of comparative theology. His energy, perseverance and hopefulness have gained him great success, and he now proposes to crown the self-denying labor of his life by presenting to the world, for the first time, a complete, literal English version of the most voluminous Epic poem in the Sanskrit or any other language. To form some idea of the magnitude of the task which Protap Chandra Roy has undertaken, we must compare the Mahabharata, as to size, with the other great Epics with which we are familiar. The Iliad contains 15,693 lines, the Odyssey, 12,110, together, 27,803. The Mahabharata consists of 220,000 lines exclusive of a supplement called the Harivansa which, by itself, is longer than the two Homeric poems put together. The English translation is issued in monthly numbers of about 74 pages, octavo, and the 34th number, which is the last we have received, brings the work only about one-third of the way towards the end. The completed work will fill, therefore, about 7650 pages, and the cost of publication will be 100,000 rupees, or \$50,000. The pecuniary difficulties which the publisher has to encounter in the execution of his project, which includes the gratuitous distribution of a large number of copies among the scholars of Europe and America, are necessarily, very great, and they would be insuperable if it were not for the generous aid accorded by the Princes and people of India. But towards the prosecution of a work which will, for the first time, make English readers acquainted with their Aryan ancestors, English aid is due, and it will be a shame if it is not promptly forthcoming.

As we have hardly more than got under way in our journalistic voyage, it is not in our power, just yet, to do full justice, by comment or quotation, to the Exchanges now lying on our cabin table. We shall have to content ourselves, this month, with acknowledging the receipt of the following periodicals and with expressing the hope that our relations with them may always be cordial and agreeable:—We have received the October number of the *North Carolina University Magazine*, the *Evening Capital*, weekly, and November numbers of the *Fordham Monthly*, *College Message*, *Georgetown College Journal*, *The Thielensian* (thanks for kind notice), *Wolf Hall Banner*, *Dickinson Liberal*, *Vanderbilt Observer*, *Roanoke Collegian*, *The Stylus*, *Davidson Monthly* and *College World*.

WORDS OF CHEER FOR THE MONTHLY.

Believing the friends of the MONTHLY will be glad to know how it is being received, we publish these short extracts from papers and letters:

We have the Western Maryland COLLEGE MONTHLY, Vol. 1st, No. 1, October, 1887. It is a quarto of sixteen pages on fine white, heavy paper, and of clean-cut, typographical execution.

* * * It is printed in two wide unruled columns, making a handsome and *recherche* appearance. The squibs are piquant and the leaders full of information, touching the improvements of the College buildings and the satisfactory outlook in every respect. * * * The College Notes are well furnished, the whole making a monthly reminder that no ex-student can do without, while the current value of such a periodical under College auspices cannot be overrated. Success to the COLLEGE MONTHLY.

METHODIST PROTESTANT.

We are much pleased with the first number of the MONTHLY. It is certainly one of the best of its kind. J. B. W.

I sincerely trust the MONTHLY may meet with success. W. S. A.

To say that I am pleased at the union of interests of the Societies and the College, and at the beautiful make-up of the MONTHLY, is to express my feelings very mildly. * * *

I send you my most hearty congratulations. D. W. C. I.

I hail with no ordinary pleasure the inauguration of this enterprise. It has my full sympathy and my best wishes.

F. T. L.

We welcome to our review table its new visitor the "Western Maryland COLLEGE MONTHLY," a journal published by the four literary societies of the College. It is replete with items of educational interest and contains essays, lectures, original poems, and full accounts of whatever of interest that transpires at the College. We welcome the COLLEGE MONTHLY to the field of journalism and wish it the success it so deservedly merits.

THE EVENING CAPITOL.

I do not know that *any* information from the College Societies could have given me more pleasure than the fact of their union in the matter of a publication. * * * I shall welcome with much pleasure the MONTHLY, and do all in my power to support and encourage it.

C. T. W.

It is with much pleasure I received the COLLEGE MONTHLY. I urged a consolidation before and am delighted that it is accomplished.

G. W. D.

With best wishes for the success of the MONTHLY. Find enclosed, &c.

D. B.

I received by to-days mail a copy of your valuable MONTHLY.

* * * In perusing its contents I enjoyed seeing so many Alumni Cards of my old companions of other days. Wishing the enterprise much success, &c.

H. A. L.

The publication of such a periodical is but in keeping with the rapid advancement the College has been making under the administration of President Lewis. * * * The press work of this new and handsome journal is all that could be desired. * * * The style and make-up of the paper reflect much credit upon the management, and the friends of the College have good reason to be proud of it. * * * The MONTHLY deserves a wide circulation. It cannot fail to be of interest to all who are in any way interested in Western Maryland College. The name of the editor-in-chief is assurance of the fact that the MONTHLY will be in every respect a first-class College Magazine.

CARROLL NEWS.

The initial number of the new magazine made its appearance last week, and its promoters are to be congratulated on having presented to the public a journal that can compare favorably with any College paper published. * * * The friends of the institution should accord a hearty support to the enterprise. It is deserving of it.

CARROLL DEMOCRAT.

Accept my congratulations on the establishment of a College paper and the high standard of the MONTHLY. A. L. M.

The MONTHLY makes a handsome appearance, much success to it.

L. A. J.

I am delighted with the MONTHLY. V. M. B.

I feel an interest in the success of the MONTHLY. If it is ever in my power to aid it or the College, please consider my services at your command.

W. I. T.

Why the Poet Shelley Failed in Attempting to Reform Society.

BY PROF. T. F. RINEHART.

Shelley, whom fame calls one of the greatest poets of the

age, has had the misfortune to be either lauded to the skies or utterly condemned. During his short life (he was drowned by shipwreck when about thirty years of age) he strenuously endeavored to "reform society," or, in other words, to convince the world that the accepted forms of government and religion were wrong, that man should be influenced entirely by his own right motives, and should enjoy the greatest possible freedom, politically, socially and morally. It may not be uninteresting to those whose minds incline to such subjects if I endeavor to show why he failed in his attempt at reform. Shelley was in very essence an extremist. Born in an age when abuse in church and state was a matter of common occurrence, he grew up with the intensest hatred of tyranny in any form. No half-way course could suit him. He was all advocacy or all condemnation. His nature was singularly pure and noble. In conduct he was shy and scholarly, but unselfish, humane, and keenly sensitive to distress, eager for reform at any cost.

He was suited to be a reformer, because he guarded with jealous eye his own powers; because he acknowledged no man his arbiter; because he opened his mind to truth as the spring flower opens its petals to rain and sun; because he condemned pleasure and pain when compared with his mind's energy; because, full of philanthropy and untrammelled by the bonds of sect or party, he recognized in all his fellows the Divine image and offered himself a willing sacrifice in their behalf; because he did not mechanically follow stereotyped forms of past generations; because he had no rules precise to great nicety.

These are requisites of an advanced and accurate thinker, of a successful reformer, and Shelley possessed them all to a remarkable degree. But it is one thing to have the necessary tools and quite another to successfully use them.

The reasons for his failure, as we see it, are four: First, he had no religion; second, he wrote in verse; third, his conceptions were too vague and ideal for application to practical life; fourth and last, he paid no attention to established forms of society and religious belief.

(1) What nation has ever succeeded in this world without belief in a God? What did atheism ever accomplish? An atheist reformer is an impossible conception, a contradiction in terms. Why should he seek reform if he believes in no Eternal Justice, no future? In the name of truth, what aim can he have in view as he runs the long race of life through a valley deepening and blackening into the gloom of eternal death? The Ingersols and Paines would cry, "Better the world," but why better the world if death ends all? Why cultivate heart and mind that they may experience a sharper, more excruciating agony, as the hideous pall of night shuts out the little light of the soul?

(2) Shelley failed because he wrote in verse. Argument and persuasion deal with unornamental facts. Their strength, at least their greatest strength, lies in irrefutable, solid statements stripped of all poetry and distracting beauties. Argument is the stuff from which convictions are made. Poetry is a kind of moonshine that silvers, beautifies, and yet mystifies prosaic conduct. Conformity to actual fact is not required in poetry. Hence when one sees a seeming argument in verse his distrust is aroused. He approaches cautiously, and if the idea is a strange one, as a reformer's conceptions to a certain degree necessarily are, in nine cases out of ten he will not believe it.

(3) Mentally Shelley was more a phantom than a man, more a dreamer than a worker. Not one of his poems can be found uninvested with the air of remoteness. There is an Indian Summer haze about them, beautiful and sweet and golden, like his own pure, loving thoughts, and yet attracting the poet more than one who sweats for his bread. He does not touch the heart. On the far, cold, massive heights of idealism he stands, like "Eve's one star" above a cloud, and points into the rosy depths beyond. But how can we poor mortals ever see those gorgeous lands which the poet's soul of souls alone can see?

I have reserved for the last what to my mind is the strongest reason for Shelley's failure—his disregard for established forms of religious belief and of society. You cannot strike an Englishman upon a more sensitive point, nor on one which he will defend with more vigilance and vigor, than his religion. He has spent centuries in quibbling over trifling differences. Look at the long line of martyrs who suffered the flames rather than discard one iota of their creed. Look at those grave and simple Puritans who dared shipwreck, wild beasts, wilder men and even blank starvation, that they might make a gloomy thing of life! Certainly Shelley or any one else would have failed in attacking such men. But Shelley was not satisfied in attacking any one creed or any one dogma; he assailed the whole system as one without foundation or substance.

In as indiscriminate a manner he condemned society. Perhaps he was right in part. Certainly it seems hard that one man should be oppressed and another the oppressor; that one should work from dawn till dark for a pittance, and another revel in luxury, indolence and sensuality, as is the case this very day in England. However, a certain conformity with established rules is vital to success in making a change. Men demand respect. They cannot be driven like a herd of cattle. Lash society for its follies and inconsistencies if you will, but with discrimination and with your eyes wide open. Take the example of Nihilism in Russia. Perhaps they have no other course, but it is a very dubious course indeed, because it is not according to law; it will destroy competition and retard advancement; and it offers nothing nearly as good as Russia has now.

In brief, Shelley failed either because he did not know how to, or would not harmonize himself with the masses. No one could understand his wild and visionary schemes. His atheism was despised and abhorred, and his children even were taken from his care lest his views of life should make foul and black their own.

In late years a kinder feeling has grown up toward him. The true nobility of his character, the purity of his life have been recognized by everyone; and however egregiously he may have erred in execution, his motive will never be questioned.

DR. HOLMES' CENTENNIAL ODE.

[Of the two odes which constituted the poetical part of the centennial anniversary celebration of the adoption of the Constitution, on the 17th of September, one was contributed by the novelist F. Marion Crawford, the other, being additions to "Hail Columbia," was by Oliver Wendell Holmes.]

HAIL COLUMBIA.

1798.

Hail, Columbia! Happy land!
Hail, ye heroes—heaven-born band,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoyed the peace your valor won.
Let independence be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost;
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.
Firm—united—let us be,
Rallying round our liberty;
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

* * * * *

JOSEPH HOPKINSON.

1887.

Look our ransomed shores around,
Peace and safety we have found!
Welcome, friends who once were foes!

Welcome, friends who once were foes,
To all the conquering years have gained,—
A nation's rights, a race unchained!
Children of the day new-born,
Mindful of its glorious morn,
Let the pledge our Fathers signed,
Heart to heart forever bind!
While the stars of heaven shall burn,
While the ocean tides return,
Ever may the circling sun
Find the Many still are One!

Graven deep with edge of steel,
Crowned with Victory's crimson seal,
All the world their names shall read!
All the world their names shall read,
Enrolled with his, the Chief that led
The hosts, whose blood for us was shed.
Pay our sires their children's debt,
Love and honor,—nor forget
Only Union's golden Key
Guards the Ark of Liberty!
While the stars, etc.

Hail, Columbia! strong and free,
Throned in hearts from sea to sea!
Thy march triumphant still pursue!
Thy march triumphant still pursue
With peaceful stride from zone to zone,
Till Freedom finds the world her own!
Blest in Union's holy ties,
Let our grateful song arise,—
Every voice its tribute lend,—
All in loving chorus blend!
While the stars, etc.

O. W. HOLMES.

FREEDOM OF SPEECH.

However jealous we may be of this prerogative in politics and social life, there is one department in which we are far from enjoying its perfection. I refer to composition and the use of language for rhetorical or literary purposes. That so few of our educated young men become eminent as writers, may be owing to this very restriction. Knowing something by experience, as well as observation, of its sad effects, I may perhaps do some one a kind office by a simple statement of my case, leaving others to derive from it such precepts and examples as may seem to be afforded by the narrative.

I was taught when young that in order to write well I must be careful to use words in their established and familiar meanings, and that in order to do this, I must know precisely what I meant, as well as how to say it. Upon these fundamental rules I practised many years, and I am purposely adhering to them in these prefatory observations, for the purpose of showing their necessary tendency to produce a dry and rigid style. Another rule of the same kind is the one requiring some coherence in the thoughts, if not a close logical connection. By adhering to this antiquated method for some years I was at last convinced, that I could never accomplish any thing by means of it, and under this conviction was about to abandon the whole effort in despair, when it was happily suggested to my mind, that these rules of composition were tyrannical restrictions imposed by arbitrary power on the human mind, and therefore gross violations of that precious and inalienable birth-right, Freedom of Speech. This idea I soon carried out to its remotest consequences, and thus reached the conclusion, that the customary requisition of precision in the use of words, distinctness in the thoughts, and coherent unity in the

discourse, is ruinous to all ease and fertility in writing, and that a general emancipation of men's minds from this degrading bondage would inevitably flood the world with an abundance and variety of writings, both in prose and verse, sufficient to supply the whole race with "light reading" to the end of time. Were this discovery introduced into our colleges and schools, and there allowed to supersede the old and worthless rules of rhetoric, who knows but that every man, nay every child, might soon become an author? That a consummation so devoutly to be wished is not by any means chimerical, I undertake to prove by my own experience. I have said already that I never could write any thing at all satisfactory to myself or others, on the ancient method. But no sooner did I make this great discovery, than a multitude of rich veins were opened in my mind, and I was able, with a very slight expenditure of time and labour, to supply the columns of a dozen periodicals with essays, tales, and sonnets, not only pleasing to myself but perfectly congenial to the taste of the contemporary public, which has long since given me a place among its choicest favourites. Let me illustrate the foregoing statement by a few examples. Had I been required, under the old regime, to write a chapter of historical romance, full of local and personal allusions and well stuffed with dates and proper names, I might have spent whole years in searching libraries, without being able to assure myself that I was right on any one point of geography or history. But in writing on the new plan, I am freed from the necessity of pausing for a moment to consult authorities or even to recall my long-lost knowledge. I have only to give free loose to my thoughts, and write as fast as I can move the pen, in order to produce any given quantity of matter like the following, which I here by certify to be the genuine product of my method, furnished instantanously and for this occasion.

On the green bank of the Ipecacuanah, near the base of the majestic Pampas, lived in early times a saponaceous Barbican, descended from the royal Serf of ancient Opodeldoc. In his small but comfortable saraband, composed of green viaticum and aromatic certiorari, this neglected surrogate enjoyed a varicose retirement with his only child, the fair Sarsaparilla. Oft in the still night, the traveller, as he crossed the Gutta Percha, or gazed from the summit of Papyrus on the valleys of Neuralgia, has heard the voice of this insensate anodyne, as she swept the chords of her bandanna, and poured forth one of the sciatic capsules of her native Gypsum. Sometimes her plastic form was seen, hypothetically muffled in an olla podrida of dark senna, or more abstrusely veiled in a habeas corpus of thin centipede. One morning in the spring of the year 1539, soon after the defeat of the Pragmatic Sanction on the field or Bonafide by the gallant Discount, as the aged Barbican was sitting with his daughter at a table of highly polished emory, partaking of stewed parasangs and neuter verbs, the shrill sounds of a chrysolite aroused them, and the form of a Fandango, clad in chloroform and armed with a calvinistic diaphragm, appeared before them. Sarsaparilla trembled as she gazed upon the obese stranger; then applying her lips to a catapult of silver, which she wore suspended by a bill of lading, she uttered a cameo so subdued and piercing, that the fierce Fandango grasped his tocsin and withdrew into the ottoman.

So much for romantic fiction; but this method is equally effective in declamatory eloquence. When a boy at school and college, I could never write a speech to save my life or credit. Why? Because I foolishly waited till I should know what I meant to say, and could find words exactly to express it. But now, you have only to suggest a theme, and I am ready to declaim upon it ad infinitum. Let us take for example, as the subject of a Fourth of July speech,

THE FALL OF HUNGARY.

Amidst the wild swell of tumultuous misanthropy, careering on the asteroids of public grief, methinks I see an oleaginous

paralogism slowly ascending from the miasmatic vestibules of hapless Hungary. From a thousand viaducts of blooming iodine, the poor mephitic paynims of Bulgaria and Tyrol mingle their beatific sighs with those of aboriginal siroccos. Oh what a diatribe of stalwart curses must distill upon the petrified antennæ of the tyrant, as he sits devout upon his callous throne, and wields his nascent and sporadic sceptre. From the unctuous pinions of the palsied eagle, as he flaps them over the inchoate altar, there exudes a palinode of arid tears, enough to cauterize the iris of a Goth or Vandal, while from every tear an apoplectic whisper fills the lurid ear of benedictine Europe with the galvanizing distich, *Vox populi, Kossuth go brag!*

With equal ease, I can apply my method to the most abstruse metaphysical inquiries, which of old only served to give me a headache or a fit of nausea. At that time, I would just as soon have undertaken to square the circle as to venture an opinion upon any question of philosophy; but now I am ready, at a moment's warning, to grapple with the hardest, for example with the

DIAGNOSIS OF THE I AND THE NOT-I.

Assuming, as we safely may, that all the reflex actings of the rational idea towards the pole of semi-entity are naturally complicated with a tissue of non-negative impressions, which can only be disintegrated by a process of spontaneous and intuitive abstraction, it inevitably follows, as a self-sustaining corollary, that the isolated and connatural conceptions, formed in this ante-speculative stage of intellectual activity, must be reflected on the faculty itself, or, to speak with philosophical precision, on the I, when viewed concretely as the not-I; and in this reciprocal self-reproduction, carried on by the direct and transverse action of the Reason and the Understanding, modified of course by those extraneous and illusory perceptions, which can never be entirely excluded from the mutual relations of the pure intelligence on one hand and the mixed operations of the will and the imagination on the other, may be detected, even by an infant eye, the true solution of this great philosophical enigma, the one sole self-developing criterion of the elemental difference between the not-I and the I.

I might multiply these specimens forever, with the utmost ease and pleasure to my self; for it is really delightful to write on currente calamo without the trouble or anxiety of finding either thoughts or words; but my decreasing paper warns me to conclude, and I shall therefore only add one other sample, which indeed I could not possibly omit without doing gross injustice to myself and my discovery. However useful this might be in helping the whole population, old and young, male and female, to write prose with a fertility and ease almost appalling, it would not after all claim a stand-point in the first rank of world-historical discoveries, if it did not afford equal aid in the production of good poetry. I know that it is like showing the brick as a sample of the house to give a single specimen of my poetical manufacture; but as I cannot now do more, and certainly will not do less, I proceed at once to plan and execute a beautiful

IMPROMPTU TO THE SPIRIT OF DREAMS.

How evanescent and marine
Are thy chaotic uplands seen,
Oh ever sublapsarian moon!
A thousand caravans of light
Were not so spherically bright,
Or ventilated half so soon.

II.

Methought I stood upon a cone
Of solid allopathic stone,
And gazed athwart the breezy skies;
When lo, from yonder planisphere
A rapid atrabilious tear
Was shed by pantomimic eyes.

III.

Adieu, Miasma, cries a voice,
In which Aleppo might rejoice,
So perifocal were its tones;
Adieu, Miasma, think of me
Beyond the antinomian sea,
Which covers my pellucid bones.

IV.

Again, again, my bark is tossed
Upon the raging holocaust
Of that acidulated sea,
And diapasons pouring down
With lunar caustic join to drown
My transcendental epopee.

With equal ease and equal elegance, I hereby pledge myself to write instantaneously any quantity of prose or verse, on any subject, known or unknown, at the lowest market prices. Should additional samples be required, I hold myself in readiness to furnish them in any measure, style, or quantity, at a moment's warning, with a view not only to my personal emolument, but also to the demonstration of my darling dogma, that the grand prerequisite to universal authorship is neither genius, sense, nor taste, but unrestricted and irrevocable

Freedom of Speech.

EDUCATION AND LAWLESSNESS.

BY BISHOP HUNTINGTON.

The whole apparatus of education, from top to bottom, fails unless it chastens and moulds the mind to orderly methods. Not more self-reliance, but more intellectual humility, is now our national want. To create in the scholar a patient, modest and obedient action of the whole intellectual nature is a benefit that lasts on in the personal experience and makes an abiding element in character, opening the soul to all the light of truth. Of two graduates from college, one carries out a store of things learned, the luggage of his mind. The other carries the secret how to learn, and how to be taught, which is the better part of wisdom, his faculties being set in the order of the Maker's plan. Which will be the master of his place and the master of other men in the fight of after years, who can doubt? When the Duke of Wellington received a very intrepid battalion returning from a bloody campaign it was observed that he said nothing of their courage praising only their discipline and subordination to command. Civilians were surprised. The field marshal's reason was ready—Englishmen are expected to be brave, but obedience is the higher honor. War itself, as a science of slaughter, is not a lofty kind of work, as the most courageous warriors in later days always admit. Yet the military profession is an elevated one in civilized countries, because it is a discipline of character in the principle of authority. The fascination in the presence of an admiral or general is not in the strap or title. Great commanders, great statesmen, true gentlemen the world over never gain their places by self-assertion, but by steadfast drudgery under orders, each obediently observing the limits of his rank and post. How sternly the public judgments of heaven have instructed both Cæsars and democracies that presumption is weakness; that military dash and extemporization and "headquarters in the saddle" and contempt of "red tape" and all that raw brood are sure agencies of national self-destruction!—*The Forum, October.*

WHAT SHALL I READ?

The present is an age of books. At no time in the past have we enjoyed opportunities of reading like those we enjoy to-day. The great number of writers in the different departments of literature, and the increased facilities of publication, have placed books within the reach of almost every one. And as these opportunities of reading increase, the question "What shall I read?" increases also in its import. For as the books of any period are the reflec-

tion of the sentiments of that period, so are they also a powerful agent in shaping the sentiments of their own and succeeding ages. They have enslaved empires, and broken off the chains of slavery; shrouded a nation in the mists of infidelity and atheism, and scattered the clouds by shedding abroad the light of the Gospel. Their effect on the individual is no less marked. Every book read leaves the reader either better or worse for having read it; stronger or weaker, both mentally and morally. This question, then, since it directly concerns not only our temporal, but also our eternal interests, deserves our most careful consideration. And it is a question, too, which cannot be properly answered until we have given it our most earnest thought. For while there are some principles which serve as guides in the selection of our literature that are simple and self-evident, there are others not so apparent, though almost equally important. Now let us consider some of the principles which should guide us in the selection of our books.

First, one should select such books as are most useful to him in his chosen profession. This is so evident that it need not be discussed. No one can succeed in his profession, however humble it may be, who does not keep himself thoroughly informed with respect to all that directly concerns that profession. And his information must, to a very great extent, be gathered from books. To him who thinks he can succeed without this sort of information there is but one result, and that is failure. The cry is for men—men who are abreast with the world in its progress. There is no place for the careless and indifferent, and the only purpose they serve on earth is to show to men the folly and the danger of such a course of conduct.

But besides this necessary reading, there is another class, not affecting any one of the professions in particular, but affecting all alike, and in no small degree. This is the class called fiction, and this class should by no means be neglected in the choosing of our books. No library is complete without it, and no person can truly be called an educated person who has not some acquaintance, at least, with this class of literature. And here we find some difficulty in choosing our books, for fiction comprises so many books, both good and bad, that the greatest care is necessary to select from this mass the purest and the best. And yet the question seems to be a simple one, since there are two principles which alone would guide us to a wise selection—purity of style and purity of sentiment.

Purity of style is important for several reasons. It affords one more real enjoyment to read the thoughts of another expressed in well chosen words, than to read the same thoughts expressed in an awkward and uninteresting manner. But there is one reason which alone makes it well worth our attention, and that is the influence of the style of the author upon the style of his readers. This influence can scarcely be estimated. Do you question the truth of this statement? Make an experiment with yourself and you will find that it is true to the very letter. Read such a book, if indeed it may be called a book at all, as "Jess" or "She," and then sit down to literary composition and see how unnatural and strained will be your own style. Again read the speeches of Webster, or the writings of Washington Irving, or of John Ruskin, and observe how unconsciously you will employ the same style in which they have written; and it is but natural that you should adopt the style of those whose books you read, just as it is natural for the little child who has been reared in a refined home to use the best of language.

The cultivation of a pure and an attractive style of expression is of the utmost importance to us. We are thereby enabled to speak more effectually to those to whom we speak at all. How often have the most powerful arguments fallen unheeded upon the ears of the people, simply because they have been presented in an unattractive manner. The speaker or writer has no other means of reaching the minds and hearts of his fellow men than

through his own words, and if he would impress them with the truths which he has to teach, his words must be judiciously chosen.

But there is something more important than even purity of style, and that is purity of sentiment. The former may very greatly affect our temporal welfare, it is true, but the latter affects our temporal and our eternal interests. And a very large proportion of the popular literature of the present day is a literature of questionable sentiment. Books filled with erroneous ideas of heroism, exciting sympathy for sin, destroying confidence in humanity, filling the mind with distorted ideas of virtue and vice, and making of life one grand farce, are put into the hands of our youth every day. Not only that class which public opinion condemns, and which in some states has already been suppressed by law, but that class which, under the protection of the law, insidiously strikes at the very foundations of morality and religion. And these books are most to be feared, since in pleasing and attractive style they express the most degrading and pernicious sentiments. So complete is the disguise that it is no longer safe for the young mind to wander unguided through our public libraries. For these writers, knowing the style of literature which is most fascinating to youth, have employed it in their books, and it is not their exaggerated and distorted pictures of life and of human nature which we are to fear, so much as their skeptical tendencies. In books whose name would suggest nothing whatever of religious views, either pro or con, they have advanced these poisonous ideas clothed in a beauty of language which give to them almost an air of truth. They dare not assert atheistical views, for the mind would revolt at the very idea, but they hold out vague questionings concerning religion, and thus raise in the mind doubts that otherwise would never have existed. Such books are more dangerous by far than the most blasphemous productions of the atheist. Against such there is no statute in our code of laws, but we must believe, as Christians, that in that other world the authors of these books shall pay their penalty.

Then the question arises, "How am I to know what are good and what bad books?" What is a safe guide in the selection of my literature? Is popular favor? No. While it may be in literature that has for a long time been before the public, still there is a momentary, transient popularity which attends some of the vilest publications; on the other hand, some of the finest literary productions have for a long time been unnoticed, but at the last have taken their proper place in literature, there to remain. And books like these should be found in every home. But this transient popularity is no proof at all of the merits of a book. Appealing only to the curiosity, as soon as the novelty wears off they are forgotten. Haggard's novels have risen quickly to eminence. A few years of popular favor, a fortune perhaps to the author, and his books will be forgotten. Written for money, they will have served their purpose.

But we are not left entirely without a guide in the selection of our literature. Every book of any note is sure to elicit the opinion of the critics. If it fails to do that, we may rest assured that it is not worth the reading. And if it be objected that books have sometimes received unfavorable criticism, we reply that this is the exception and not the rule. Let us then receive the advice of those who have made it their business to know the merits and demerits of books as they come before the public, and be as well satisfied of their character before we place them in our library, as we would be of the character of a man before we admit him to our confidence, and thus gather around us only such books as will benefit us here and make us fit for eternity.

J. MCD. RADFORD.

THE ALUMNI.

The following is a list of the Officers of the Alumni Association for 1887-88: President, Alonzo L. Miles, A. M., '83. Vice-President, Franklin H. Schaeffer, A. M., '83. Secretary,

Miss Hattie Bollinger, A. M., '81. Assistant Secretary, John H. Cunningham, '85. Treasurer, Franklin P. Fenby, '83. Trustee of Savings Fund, William R. McDaniel, A. M., '80. Executive Committee, A. L. Miles, A. M., '83, Charles H. Baughman, A. M., '71, Rev. E. A. Warfield, A. M., B. D., '82, Mrs. Clara Smith Billingslea, '73, and Miss Lizzie Trump, A. M., '79. Orator, Philemon B. Hopper, A. M., '74, of Centreville; Essayist, Miss Mollie E. Jones, '74, of New London.

Mr. Nelson Mitten, father of Mrs. Imogene Mitten Ensor, '71, died in Westminster, on Sept. 7, in his 62nd year.

Lynn R. Meekins, A. M., '82, paid a flying visit to Westminster, on the 27th of October. He presided at the reception given by the Journalists' Club in Baltimore, Nov. 3, to Frederick Warde, the actor.

Mrs. Joseph Bollinger, mother of Miss Hattie Bollinger, A. M., '81, died in Westminster, on the 28th of October, in the 58th year of her age.

Mrs. Julia A. E., widow of the late George E. Wampler, once Clerk of the Circuit Court for Carroll county, and mother of Mrs. Lou Wampler Hudgins, '79, died in Westminster, on the 3rd of November, in her 63rd year.

Louis L. Billingslea, A. M., LL. B., '76, is contemplating an early visit to Tacoma, Washington Territory, with the view of locating there permanently.

Miss Sadie A. V. Kneller, '85, was pleasantly surprised at her home in Baltimore, on the evening of October 31, by a number of young ladies and gentlemen who came to welcome her to their Sunday school and circle of friends. Miss Sadie entertained the company by exhibitions of her rare elocutionary and dramatic ability. Among those present were Dr. Geo. Y. Everhart, A. M., '81, and Miss Sadie N. Abbott, '87.

B. F. Crouse, A. M., '73, took an active part in the political campaign which closed on the 8th of November, and was in frequent demand as a speaker at Democratic meetings.

Rev. Hugh Latimer Elderdice, A. M., '82, delivered a discourse, Nov. 6th, on "Social Evils," to a large congregation at Broadway M. P. Church, Baltimore.

Joshua W. Miles, A. M., '78, failed of a re-election as State's Attorney of Somerset county on the 8th of November. He had filled the office, for one term, with signal ability and wished to retire, but in compliance with the urgent demands of the Democratic party in his county, he consented, reluctantly, to be a candidate again.

Miss Janie Norment, '82, was married in Orlando, Florida, on the 26th of October, to Mr. R. T. Packwood, jr. The bride is the daughter of R. B. Norment, Esq., ex-Trustee, sister of Dr. Richard B. Norment, jr., '76, and niece of ex-President Ward. We congratulate her on receiving the honorable degree of M. R. S.

Rev. Edwin A. Warfield, A. M., B. D., '82, officiated, at Hyattstown, November 9th, at the marriage of his sister Della to Mr. William Bell.

Rev. Smallwood C. Ohrum, A. M., B. D., '83, was married, on the 5th of July, to Miss Fannie B. Gregory, of Virginia. The minister who performed the ceremony writes to the "*Democratic Advocate*," that Ohrum met his fate like a man.

Edward L. Gies, '82, was married in Baltimore, Nov. 14th, by Rev. A. J. Gill, to Miss Etta Seaman, of Washington, D. C.

At a recent session of the Chopin and Chaucer Club of Anamosa, Iowa, Dr. Wm. H. DeFord, '80, read a paper on Irving's "Life of Mahomet." Judging from the monthly programs, this club is a literary circle of high order.

Lewis A. Jarman, A. M., LL. B., '80, is attorney for the corporation of Rushville, Ill. He distinguished himself at the last sitting of the circuit court in a suit brought by the Trustees of Rushville against the drug stores of the town for the sale of intoxicating liquors in violation of town ordinances. A Rushville paper states: "Mr. Jarman conducted his part of the prosecution with marked ability."

QUONDAM STUDENTS.

Miss Hollis C. Grumbine, a member of the Junior Class in 1882, was married Nov. 1, to Mr. Reese Bixler, in the M. P. Church, Westminster, by the pastor, Rev. J. T. Murray, D. D. The wedding march was played by Miss Florence G. Hering, '83.

Paul W. Kuhns has left the service of the First National Bank of Westminster, and entered Pennsylvania College at Gettysburg.

C. Robert Miller, once a member of the Class of '81, was one of the speakers at several of the Democratic meetings held during the late campaign.

J. Milton Reifsnider entertained the Lawn Tennis Club at his residence, Green street, Westminster, on the 3rd of November. Among those present were Louis L. Billingslea, '76, and John H. Cunningham, '85.

Dr. Edwin Fenby, of the 1876 Junior Class, is a successful and rising physician in Baltimore. His father, Mr. Wm. Fenby, is one of the Trustees of the College, and his wife, *nee* Miss Martha Smith, '76, is the daughter of Mr. John Smith, President of the Board of Trustees, in whose honor the new annex, Smith Hall, is named.

Rev. Luther M. Kuhns, a student of 1878-80, now pastor of the Lutheran Church in Braddock, Pa., visited Westminster the first week in October. He is a graduate of the Theological Seminary at Gettysburg, Pa.

William L. Seabrook was the Republican candidate for State's Attorney in Carroll county at the late election. He was defeated, but has no reason for feeling at-all lonesome.

Charles E. Smith, of the Sophomore Class, '76-'77, has been, for several years, a clerk in the Commercial and Farmers National Bank of Baltimore. He stands very high in business circles.

Miss Lena A. Frizell, of the Class of '84, was married Nov. 17th, at Ascension Church, Westminster, by the Rev. W. Strother Jones, Rector of St. Thomas' Church, Baltimore county, to Mr. Philip Cooke Kennedy, of New York city.

Dr. Joseph T. Hering, of the Junior Class of '81-'82, has been appointed by the County Commissioners of Carroll county physician to the jail.

B. A. Cunningham, C. E., once a member of the Class of '80, is now on the Lehigh Valley Railroad Corps of Engineers, and located at Wilkesbarre, Pa. He graduated with distinction at Lehigh University in June last.

H. O. Nicodemus, who for several years past has lived in Nebraska has returned East, and is now engaged in business as a commission merchant in Washington, D. C.

Henry A. Long is in the main office of the Norfolk and Western and Richmond and Danville Railroads, at Lynchburg, Virginia.

John B. Thomas, Ruthsburg, will represent Queen Anne's county in the House of Delegates at the next session of the Maryland Legislature.

C. C. Hopper and J. Paul Earnest are law students at the University of Maryland.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The St. Nicholas Society elected the following officers on Friday, the 28th of October: President, James Alexander Bond, Vice-President, Charles Clarence Billingslea, Secretary, Miriam Lewis, and Treasurer, Elias Oliver Grimes, Jr.

The Rev. H. W. Kuhns, D. D., for the last nine years pastor of Grace Lutheran Church, Westminster, left, on the 2d of Nov. for Omaha, Neb., his future home. Dr. Kuhns was a good friend of the College, in which, at one time, he was instructor in German, and the donor of that object of a Freshman's ambition, the Kuhns Medal.

Philip H. Myers has withdrawn from school. He will be greatly missed by the I. L. S. of which he was a devoted member.

The once familiar face of Harry D. Mitchell, '88, was visible in the dining-room on the 4th of November. He attended the meeting of his Society, the Irving, in the afternoon and was warmly welcomed.

When Dr. Lewis' procession passed through the corridor, in the second story of Smith Hall, on the night of the opening, a call of the roll would have proved that not a boy was missing. They wisely availed themselves of the opportunity of a life-time, even at the risk of being cross-eyed for a week.

If the Professor of Latin had any intention of offering a prize, at the end of the year, for the best translation, he probably abandoned it after hearing one of his pupil's render "*virī mulieresque*," "men and mules." Nothing, surely, at final examination, can surpass that. We hasten to add, in order to keep peace in our happy scholastic family, that it wasn't a boy who did it.

It is rumored that the President, the Professor of Ancient Languages and the Professor of Mathematics are studying Loissette's "Physiological Memory or The Instantaneous Art of Never Forgetting." The boys are glad to hear it and hope that the system will enable these teachers to remember all the pranks they played when they were school-boys, so that they won't be too hard on the fellows now.

The Irving Literary Society elected, on the 28th of October, the following officers: President, Edward C. Wimbrough; Vice-President, David Fulton Harris; Recording Secretary, George W. Ward; Corresponding Secretary, William M. Weller; Treasurer, Bartlett B. James; Librarian, Grafton E. Day; Assistant Librarian, Harvey P. Grow; Critic, Willis M. Cross; Sergeant-at-Arms, Charles A. Roop, Chaplain, William B. Grammer; Essayist, John E. Nelson; Orator, John N. Forrest.

Next term the Seniors study Political Economy. M—wants one written from a prohibition standpoint.

The "Perpetual Motion Agitator" and the "Bird Stuffer" hold frequent consultations in the room of the latter. It was thought at first that they were on scientific investigation bent; but it turns out that they have only been laboring over the following question, which they intend to submit to the "Notes and Queries" column of the MONTHLY—the answer to be given any time before June 1889: "If it takes x dollars to pay the fare of two girls to St. Louis, how many will it take to transport two boys to the same place?"

Lost, strayed or stolen—Thursday, Oct. 13—an old family horse belonging to the Sophomore class. The said horse was a very gentle animal, as many as four persons having been known to ride him at the same time. A suitable reward will be given for its recovery. Address by letter, or apply in person to, room No. 5, Ward Hall.

Our local reporter overheard the following, last Parlor Night: Miss Scholastica: "Mr. Green, do you like Haggard's books?" Mr. Verdant Green: "No, Miss, I don't care any thing at all for poetry." "She" dropped the subject.

Miss Rinehart has made a free and *kneesy* sketch of the features of the Faculty. The picture shows a good-deal of *soul* and a considerable amount of *polish* (Mason's), while it makes evident the fact that the *understandings* of the Professors are quite up to the average. As a companion piece and a pleasing contrast—in size—the artist should place—'s intellect under a microscope and paint it.

"A thought" says Longfellow "often makes us hotter than a fire." What a moderate—not to say cool—temperature some students must maintain!

At the meeting of the Philological Association in Hopkins'

Hall, Baltimore, Nov. 18, there was read a paper, contributed by Prof. Karl Brugmann of Germany, on "The Origin of the Latin Gerund." The Association must be hard pushed when it has to depend on distant Europe for a slight matter like that. Our teachers, only thirty miles off, could furnish, from examination papers, any number of the most entertaining theories, not only on the origin, but also on the final destiny, of the Gerund.

The locust trees along the College drive have been dug up and replaced by vigorous young maples, which, in a few years, will make a beautiful avenue. If there is "no royal road to learning," that is no reason why we should not have a pretty one.

The young man who lost one of his collars a week ago, looked very suspiciously at one which appeared at the Senior ladies' table last Sunday.

We have a new scientific term. "The shadow of the earth on the moon proves the earth's 'rounditidity.'"

W says that the king of beasts loses his power when he becomes a dude, for then he is only a dandelion.

W, of the class of '91, startled his class and his teacher a few days ago by stating that Macedonia was ruled by "Helen Blood." He explained by saying that he meant kings of Hellenic blood.

The Webster Literary Society elected, on the 18th of November, the following officers: President, Isaac G. Michael; Vice-President, John H. Baker; Recording Secretary, John F. Harper; Corresponding Secretary, Benjamin W. Woolford; Treasurer, Levin I. Pollitt; Critic, George E. Waesche; Librarian, Charles H. Mills; Chaplain, Charles P. Merrick; Mineralogist, Kennerly Robey.

The class of 1890 had an election for officers on the 15th of November with the following result: President, Wm. Irving Mace; Historian, Chester N. Ames; Prophetess, Anna McFeeley Thompson; Secretary, Willis M. Cross; Treasurer, John H. Baker.

When Nicodemus couldn't sing his little ditty at the Saturday-night games, but stood speechless and helpless, Watson broke the silence by remarking that it was a neat illustration of "songs without words."

Misses Fisher, Griffin, Mills and Whaley spent a few days in Baltimore during the past month.

Miss Lottie Owings was agreeably surprised by the young ladies of the College on her birthday, the 21st of November. Returning to her apartments after a momentary absence, she found the furniture increased by a handsome rattan rocking-chair which was the first intimation she had that any one in the building had premeditated the gift or even knew of the day. It was a great pleasure to the girls to signify, on this occasion, the high esteem and affection they feel for their Preceptress.

The third week in November, set apart by the international Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association, as a week of prayer for young men, was duly observed by the Y. M. C. A., of the College. Meetings were held daily at 5 p. m., under the direction of Messrs. Whaley and Haddaway. Addresses were delivered, also, by Drs. Ward and Lewis and Professor Simpson.

Scene: the Parlor. Time: Parlor Night, ten minutes before ten o'clock. He—"Well I don't know what else to say." She—"Nor I either." As they had been talking since seven we do not wonder that they had talked out.

A Junior says if he had not returned this year he would have been married now. Ah! M., we hardly believe that.

One evening as an associate editor was passing by the door of one of the rooms on the fourth floor of Ward Hall, he heard the following soliloquy: "Ah! me I loved her once and I believe she cared for me. But alas! I kept my secret and she, poor

creature, thinking her affections were wasted have bestowed them upon another. What shall I do? o-o-o." Poor boy, we feel sorry for him and would recommend a dose of poetry.

It will, we are sure, be gratifying, though not surprising, to his many friends in the College and elsewhere to learn that Austin H. Merrill is duly appreciated at Vanderbilt University. The November number of the "Observer" says: "For Prof. Merrill, the instructor in Elocution, we entertain the highest regard as a gentleman and as a teacher. We have heard one man only who was in our opinion superior or even equal to him. We have reference to Jas. E. Murdock."

The honorary member of the Junior Latin class looks in, every now and then, to see how the siege of Saguntum is progressing. His sympathies are so enlisted on the Roman side of the contest that he loses sight, occasionally, of the laws of fair-play, as for instance, when he struck Hannibal, the other day, after he was down.

The Philomathean Society elected the following officers on the 18th November: President, Ida J. Whaley; Vice-President, Dollie Whittington; Recording Secretary, Hattie E. Walmsley; Corresponding Secretary, Adelia Handy; Treasurer, Clara V. Underhill; Librarian, Edith Stevens; Critic, Annie L. Dodd.

The new officers of the St. Nicholas Society, chosen on the 25th November, are, President, Nathaniel Keene; Vice-President, Harry C. Gorsuch; Secretary, C. Clarence Billingslea; Treasurer, Lewis K. Woodward. This Society favors rotation in office and holds an election on the last Friday of every month.

The examination with which the first term closes will begin on Thursday, the 1st of December. The second term will begin on Tuesday, the 6th. Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the boys and girls will be so busy telling the Faculty how much—or how little—they know about the studies of the term, that they will hardly have time to look and see if their names and exploits appear in the MONTHLY. Humorous literature loses a great deal because the unwritten law of honor forbids the publication of examination papers.

The Brownings having made their bow to the public, the next Society entitled to the stage is the Webster. Tuesday, December the 20th is the date, "and don't you forget it."

Prof. McDaniel enjoyed his Thanksgiving dinner at his home in St. Michaels.

Dr. Ward and wife were guests of the President on Thanksgiving Day.

William K. Hill, a student of last year, spent a few pleasant days with his friends at the College and stayed for "parlor night."

Prof. Rinehart rejoiced in a Thanksgiving box from Michigan.

Miss Minnie E. Stevens, '86, and Miss Retta Dodd, '87, were present at the Browning anniversary.

"Parlor Night," Nov. 26, will be especially remembered as the occasion upon which Dr. Lewis' baby was baptized. Dr. Ward, the grandfather, performed the ceremony, assisted by Dr. Murray. At its conclusion the happy father and mother were presented with a silver cup from Miss Lottie Owens, and a silver spoon from the young ladies, both gifts being of exceedingly handsome design. Little "Marjorie" preserved a becoming silence and dignity during the whole scene, till the gifts intended for her august self were handed over, when her infantile feelings were too much for her and she burst forth into a series of rapturous crows and chuckles, to the convulsion of all the listeners. After this interesting episode, Parlor Night proceeded in the same old way, even new and agreeable to the students as the "red letter" evening of the month.

Miss M., translating French by ear, called "*Peut elle me dire*," a "bottle of Madeira." She had evidently not recovered from the Thanksgiving festivities.

If any student feels that he has been neglected in this

column of the MONTHLY—we hear there is some such feeling—all he has to do is to say something witty in the presence of at least two witnesses, and present their testimony, together with a certificate of vaccination, to one of the editors. We hope that by thus reducing the requirements for “honorable mention” to a minimum, all grounds of complaint will be removed.

THE GYMNASIUM PROPER.

Gymnastic exercise meets with more favor day by day in institutions of learning. For a full development of the mind, we must have a constitution sound and healthy.

A giant intellect is seldom if ever found in a delicate body. You may find men of this type, but they are exceptions. You may be a hard student, and stand high, and perhaps first, in a large class, yet, if you never have sufficient exercise you stand there with injury to your self. What is a bright mind within, if its supporter is frail and unsteady? What do the endeavors of such a mind amount to, if nipped early in the bud?

What use would one have for two telegraph instruments, if there was no wire to connect them? Or if that wire be in bad order from the neglect of the owner? Our body is the wire connecting our brain and its faculties with the rest of mankind.

Our body is in a great measure, if not in the greatest, our promoter in successful affairs. We might build two steam engines of the same size, carrying the same amount of steam, but of different material, and have, by so doing, engines of the same speed; but the one having the best material and finest workmanship on it, is bound to outlast the other. After the commoner one is worn out, steam, used by it, has no effect. Steam is simply steam, until it is converted into force, and for this purpose it must have an agent. So is the human mind the steam of the human body. Although two persons may have the same force of intellect, but the one encased in a healthy and strong body, and the other shut up in a miserable case, scarcely fit to be called a human body, the former will certainly outstrip the latter in every undertaking.

Thus we see the necessity of a well formed body, if we would have a clear and bright mind, and furthermore much of our future happiness depends on a healthful organism which commonly may be acquired by *suitable* and *sufficient* exercise.

Now we have two means of obtaining exercise here, and the student, not taking advantage of such, should be censured.

First; Prof. Mc Daniel gives the students each day, except Friday, Saturday and Sunday, calisthenic exercises, lasting twenty minutes. These exercises, no one disputes, are highly beneficial, giving tone to the muscles, symmetry to the body, and grace to all our movements.

Secondly; We have heavier apparatus in the gymnasium, which is open to students at all times, except during the hours of study.

With these advantages for keeping sound bodies the student is to blame, who neglects exercise. We see that Calisthenic exercises are suitable for development, yet here they are in a manner compulsory, and moreover they, in the short time allotted to them are not sufficient. We can not complain of the management, if we receive no benefit, for they have amply supplied us with apparatus which we can almost at any time make use of.

Now we come to the point. Our gymnasium is slighted outrageously by our students excepting a few. We all more or less attend all the calisthenic exercises, yet only a few get the benefit of them, because *they* follow them up by the heavier exercises of the Gymnasium. Half exercise is worse than none at all. We might as well dispense with the whole concern, Calisthenics and gymnastics both, if we will always treat these matters negligently. It has come under our observation, of late, that physical exercise in our gymnasium is at a low ebb. It is true we have lots of noise in the gymnasium, and have the apparatus

torn up and slung “helter skelter,” yet it is quite evident, such persons know not the use of the apparatus, and care less than they know, for its use, or they would do otherwise.

We have heard that the gymnasium will be thoroughly cleaned and repaired, and it is hoped that the students will show their appreciation, by using prudently the machines, and also by keeping the room neat and tidy. We know that there are some here who like this kind of exercise, and consider it pleasure, rather than work. Yet others, believing it to be unnecessary work, hold aloof, entirely forgetting its importance. These should cultivate a love for this kind of sport, for such it truly is, and more over it is highly beneficial as well. Frequent the gymnasium, instead of lounging about in your rooms, and you will soon find its advantages. When we say *frequent*, we do not mean that one should go up into the gymnasium, stand around with his hands in his pocket, and watch some one else “skin cat,” or do the “drop”; but that he must, when there make use of the apparatus for his own benefit.

Remember, we have comparatively a very neat gymnasium with the necessary apparatus, and that it is comfortably heated by steam. Let us show our appreciation of these things, by using them, and, by so doing, give our mind a machine by which it can have full play. *Meta mousicen gymnastice.*

THE HORIZONTAL BAR.

A NOVEL ENTERTAINMENT.

On the evening of the 19th, President Lewis announced at the supper table that those of the young men who desired to spend an hour pleasantly together, might assemble in the auditorium at the ringing of the bell. No one could guess what the program was to be, but at the first stroke of the bell the students began to congregate, feeling sure that there was something good in store for them. When all had come in, Dr. Lewis announced that there was no program to be followed but that we were to enjoy our selves by participation in games, music and in whatever manner we chose. The first feature was a sparring match. Watson (“Tommie”) walked upon the stage and placing himself in position, challenged the school. Instantly James in true Jno. Sullivan style sprang up and at a bound, placed himself in position before the challenger and the fun began. In a few moments both were satisfied. Then music was proposed, and Weller, Watson and Wimbrough went out for the instruments, and soon returned with a violin, two harps and a banjo. Prof. Rinehart took his seat at the organ and music was had, such as was never before heard within our walls. After a little while, the president proposed a game. As we do not know the name of it, never having seen it before, we will give a short description. A slip of paper was furnished to each student. The student wrote upon this something to be performed. The slips were then well mixed and each student drew one, it being obligatory for him to do whatever was written on the slip which he drew. Some of the requests were as follows; “Stand on your head,” “Crawl round the room on all-fours,” “Kiss your room mate,” “Make a one-minute address on matrimony,” and many other things equally as ludicrous. One incident was especially amusing. Shipley drew a ticket requesting him to kiss Dorsey. He marched up on the stage very reluctantly; Dorsey followed still more reluctantly. For a moment Shipley stood undecided, wearing upon his face the expression of a very martyr, but summoning all his courage he threw his arms around Dorsey shut his eyes and the thing was done. They then took their seats amid deafening applause. We were then favored with readings from “Uncle Remus’ stories.” So ended one of the most pleasant evenings of our college life.

“RASTUS.”

THANKSGIVING DAY.

That good, old fashioned day inaugurated by our forefathers and so enjoyable to all persons blessed with strong digestion and a palate appreciative of substantial cheer, was duly celebrated at the College this fall. To students who, with unspeakable longings, turn their minds to "mother's pies," and the turkey gobbler strutting proudly around in the far away home, Thanksgiving is not always a day of unalloyed pleasure. There is something so essentially domestic about the day, so suggestive of home comforts and that dear circle of near relatives whom we love above all other earthly friends! However, it is not straining the truth to say that everybody seemed cheerful and even gay about the College during this Thanksgiving day. The morning dawned gray and gloomy with dripping clouds and a decidedly autumnal aspect. But the students all felt good. There was no school. Hard sleepers enjoyed a longer nap than usual that morning. Some went to town; a number to church. The Brownings fluttered excitedly round the chapel and auditorium completing their final preparations for their anniversary exhibition to be given in the evening. At about two o'clock the dinner bell gave its welcome summons and the students flocked into the dining hall in expectant mood. At each plate lay a beautifully printed "Menu" announcing:

STEWED OYSTERS.
Crackers.
Pickles.
BOILED HADDOCK WITH CREAM SAUCE.
Bread and Butter.
Cold Slaw.
BAKED WILD DUCK, STUFFED WITH ONIONS.
Celery.
Cranberries.
ROAST TURKEY.
Parsnips, Mashed Potatoes.
Saur Kraut.
MINCE PIE. COFFEE.

The repast lasted till about half past four and was a thoroughly enjoyable occasion. The rest of the day was passed in genial relaxation. At seven o'clock the different societies met at appointed places and marched into the auditorium to listen to the Browning anniversary performance, an account of which will be found elsewhere in these columns.

THE BROWNING ANNIVERSARY.

In the way of anniversary performances the Brownings opened the ball this year, their exercises taking place Thanksgiving night. The advantages of the Smith Hall auditorium over the old chapel where public performances of this kind have been held heretofore, were clearly demonstrated. The much larger seating capacity, the roomy stage with its convenient connection with the chapel, obviated all necessity for crowding or confusion to both spectators and performers.

The Brownings were complimented by a large and thoroughly appreciative audience that generously applauded each feature of the program. Miss L. B. Taylor, the society president, opened the exercises with an able and much appreciated address, and was followed by Misses Franklin and Heyde who sang a beautiful duett entitled "From Our Merry Swiss Home," one of Glover's compositions. "First Climb the Hill then View the Landscape," was the subject of a carefully written and ably delivered essay by Miss Fannie Grove. Then followed a unique and entertaining series of "Pictures," from Kate Greenaway, a "Tea Party," "Three Funny Bonnets," "Four Little Sisters," and "Going out to Tea." The participants were Nannie Galt, Lillie Woodward, Miriam, Clara and Hubert Lewis. The pictures were rapturously applauded. The Infantry Drill that was next on the bill also had the charm of novelty. Fourteen young ladies with baby carriages and doll babies, marched around the platform to a piano accompaniment. They finally formed in a half circle and in a charming manner sang "Bye bye, Baby, Bye bye," after which each young lady advanced to the foot lights and amused the audience with one of the old familiar nursery rhymes, ostensibly singing it to her doll baby.

A piano duett, "Perlen Waltzes," was skillfully rendered by Miss M. A. Stem, *primo*, and Miss L. R. Nusbaum *secundo*. In the farce in two acts entitled, "Ladies at Home, or Gentlemen, We can do Without You," the *dramatis personae* were as follows:

Lady Antidote.....Miss F. M. Grove
Lady Lucretia } Nieces of Lady Antidote {Miss C. L. Mourer
Miss Laura }Miss L. E. Gore
Miss Banter.....Miss L. B. Taylor
Mrs. Lenient.....Miss M. L. Shriver
Miss Prim } Two old maids {Miss H. P. Stem
Miss Buckram }Miss L. R. Nusbaum
Jennie—the servant.....Miss M. A. Utz

The farce contained a number of humorous situations and was appreciated as far as it could be heard. Many of the listeners were standing in the rear of the room, all the seats being taken. This necessitated some little confusion and it was difficult for one not in the front row of seats to hear all that was said. Miss M. A. Shriver gave an especially good rendition of Krueger's "Harpe Eolienne," a piano solo full of poetic fire and brilliancy. When the curtain next rolled up it disclosed a pyramid of human sun flowers, if the expression may be allowed. Fourteen ladies wore masks resembling a sunflower bloom. They wore also long green gowns to represent, no doubt, the stalk and leaves. They sang a number of choruses and solos in a very pretty manner.

This concluded the program. The audience slowly filed out, and the fair participants mingled with their friends and modestly wore their honors amid congratulations and other pleasant speeches.

FRIDAY AFTERNOONS.

SENIOR ORATIONS AND DR. WARD'S LECTURE.

The exercises, November 4th, were begun by Miss Elizabeth May Wallis, who read a carefully prepared essay on "Ancient Sculpture and Painting." Mr. James McD. Radford followed with a well-written and gracefully delivered oration in which he discussed the important question: "What shall I read?" The second half-hour of the period was occupied by Dr. Ward, whose subject was "The Evidences of Christianity." The venerable ex-President was accorded by the students a hearty outburst of applause, as he rose to address them, and the closest attention, during the delivery of his interesting and instructive lecture.

MUSICAL RECITAL.

The first thing on the program for the afternoon of November 11th was a piano duett, Strauss' Cagliostro Waltz, by Prof. Rinehart and Ada Kendall. Mrs. Carnes then played the accompaniment while Mary E. Harlan sang Pratt's "Bonnie Blue Eyed Bessie." The next performer was Nannie M. Heyde, who favored the audience with Lange's "Heather Bells," as a piano solo. Tennyson's "Tears, idle tears," the music being the Professor's Composition, was sung by Mrs. Carnes, after which Misses Whittington and Whaley gave as a piano duett Spindler's *Trot du Cavalier*. Lena E. Gore sang Dale's "Silver Bells of Memory," and Prof. Rinehart ended the program by a brilliant execution of Schulhoff's *Carnaval de Venise*.

JUNIOR THEMES.

The first essay on the afternoon of November 18th, was by Gertrude F. Beeks, whose subject was "The Power of Concentration." William McA. Lease imparted to the audience some instructive "Lessons from the Life of Gladstone." Ida F. Underhill then played Weber's Storm, which was appropriately greeted with thunders of applause. The next essay, on "The Demand for Fashionable Women," was by Ida J. Whaley. "Obligations to Party," was William M. Weller's theme, but Dollie Whittington soon made the hearers leave such commonplace topics as politics behind them while she acted as their guide on "An Imaginary Trip to the Moon." The audience was now recalled to terra firma by a duett—Abt's Adieu to the Woodlands—very sweetly sung by Nannie Heyde and Edith Stevens. The last essay on the program—"The Folly of War"—was not read by its author, John B. Whaley, who was unavoidably absent on a visit to his oculist, but by his classmate Harry G. Watson. At the conclusion of the exercises, the President announced that Misses Wallis, Beeks, Stem, Mills and Griffin had kindly consented to take charge of the musical part of the "Friday Afternoons," with the exception of the regular monthly Recital, and he suggested that the school mani-

fest its appreciation of the fact by a hearty round of applause. Whereupon the school promptly proceeded to manifest.

DECLAMATION.

The Literary Recital on the 25th of November was interesting both because of the variety in the selections and of the elocutionary ability displayed by several of the performers. A little more care in memorizing the pieces to be declaimed would, in one or two instances, have greatly improved the delivery. The program was as follows:

Justice to Frontier-men.....	George I. Barwick
Beth Gelbert.....	Ada Kendall
All for the Nomination.....	John F. Harper
Music—Hearest Thou.....	Ida J. Whaley
Mrs. Prindle's Soliloquy.....	Ivy Lowe
Death of J. Q. Adams.....	John Buffington
How Girls Study.....	Lizzie Caulk
Blessings of Education.....	Lawrence A. Chiswell
Music—Sleigh Bells.....	Misses Mills and Whittington
The Picket Guard.....	William O. Keller
Catiline's Defence.....	Willis M. Cross
Pyramus and Thisbe.....	Ada C. Mather

SEMINARY ITEMS.

A Course of Lectures is in progress at the Seminary. The first lecture was given by Rev. J. T. Ward, D. D., President, on Monday, Oct. 31st. Subject, "Famous Preachers down to the time of the General Reformation." The second Lecture of the Course was by Dr. J. W. Hering, Monday, Nov. 7th. Subject, "Hygienic Science in its Application to Preachers and other Public Speakers." The facts and views presented by Dr. Hering were highly interesting. The third Lecture of the Course was delivered Nov. 14th, by Rev. T. H. Lewis, D. D., President of Western Maryland College. Subject, "The Emotional in the Pulpit." The philosophy of the human mind was ably and eloquently discussed, and lessons drawn from the same, which, in their application to preachers, were very instructive and valuable. The fourth Lecture was delivered by Rev. S. Simpson, A. M., Professor of Natural Science in the College, on Monday, Oct. 21st. Subject, "Some of my Reasons for Believing the Bible." This, like the rest, was very interesting. The students express their earnest hope that all will lecture to them again at an early date.

M. E. Grant delivered a missionary address at the M. P. Church last month. W. S. Phillips one this month.

Wm. Anthony, W. S. Phillips, C. E. Lamberd, G. A. Ogg and C. W. McAllister were away for a few days visiting their friends.

G. W. Haddaway preached at Zion, on Deer Park Circuit, Oct. 30, in the morning, and Rev. E. A. Warfield in the evening.

Lemuel Fisher had the misfortune to fall and so injure himself as to be confined to his bed for several days.

For the second term of the Stockton Society the following officers were installed: President, Daniel E. Day; Vice-President, Thos. E. Davis; Rec. Sec., Geo. R. Hodge; Cor. Sec., James Cody; Critic, J. H. S. Ewell; Chaplain, C. K. McCaslin; Treasurer, Lemuel Fisher.

Among the visitors at the Seminary this month, were Rev. W. S. Hammond, President of the General and Maryland Annual Conferences of the M. P. Church; Revs. L. D. Stultz and J. W. Grant, of New Jersey M. P. Conference; Revs. J. D. Kinzer, Elmer Simpson, J. D. Corbin, R. S. Williamson, of the Maryland Annual, and Mr. Mina Nicholson, of Baltimore.

A Webster's Unabridged Dictionary has been forwarded to Rev. L. L. Albright, Japan. It was presented by some of the students and ex-students of the Seminary.

Junior P.—having a dead latch on his door left his key in the room and on going out pulled the door too. Result, fun

in watching him get a ladder, place it on a goods-box, and see it fall short of reaching the window sill by one or more feet. Being a plucky fellow, he removed his shoes and succeeded in gaining an entrance by climbing. This was the first of the month. He thinks of his key now before closing the door.

"Luna," beaming down on a short figure approaching the Seminary near midnight, made us think that if she Had(d)-away she would stop the Seniors from prowling around so late.

We have the pleasure of adding M. L. Cohee, Preston, Md., to our list of students.

"STOCKTON."

NOTES AND QUERIES.

When and by whom was the "Arabian Nights" written?
'83.

The date and authorship are alike unknown. A copy of the Arabic MS. was brought from Syria in the latter part of the 17th century by Antoine Galland, a French antiquary and linguist, who, from marginal notes and internal evidence, fixed upon the middle of the 15th century as the probable period of the composition of the work. The translation by Edward William Lane, the orientalist, published in 1840, which has made these stories familiar to English readers, will be superseded, in the case of scholars at least, by Sir Richard Burton's new version. The conclusion reached by the veteran explorer, (who, by the way, is master of thirty-five languages,) after twenty-five years study of this famous collection of tales, is that they have no author, for, like Topsy, they have "grewed." The oldest stories he assigns to the eighth century; thirteen, occupying one hundred and twenty nights, he places in the tenth century, while the latest, he thinks, belong to the sixteenth century.

Of how many members is the present House of Commons composed and how are they classified?
PUPIL.

The last general parliamentary election was held in July, 1886, and was fought on one distinct issue and one only—For or Against Gladstone and Home Rule? The present House consists of 670 members—465 for England, 30 for Wales, 72 for Scotland, and 103 for Ireland. When the new Parliament met, parties stood: Gladstonians, 194; Parnellites, 85 (together 279); Conservatives, 318; Liberal Unionists—opposed to Home Rule in Ireland—73 (together 391). The majority against Mr. Gladstone was 112, but elections held since, to fill vacancies, have been, generally, unfavorable to the Conservatives, and this majority has been somewhat reduced.

What was the cause of Ovid's banishment by Augustus?
"QUONDAM."

The cause is purely conjectural, and the question is as puzzling to modern scholars as those propounded by Tiberius were to the grammarians of his time, viz.: "What song did the Sirens sing?" and "What name did Achilles assume when he hid himself among women?" Ovid's scrape is one of the mysteries of the imperial court which will never be solved.

Where is the story of Cupid and Psyche to be found?

T. F. P.

It is the fifth episode in the Golden Ass of Apuleius. The story begins in Book IV, and ends in Book VI. The original is in prose, but English readers generally owe their knowledge of the beautiful story to the metrical version of Hudson Gurney, or to the celebrated poem of Psyche by Mrs. Tighe.

The Association of Collegiate Alumnae is an organization made up of women graduates of colleges. Their first publication in book form, just issued, is called Home Sanitation, a manual for Housekeepers, and treats directly and practically of the subjects within its scope.

Western Maryland College Monthly.

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NO. 4.

Western Maryland College Monthly.

PROF. JAMES W. REESE, A. M., Ph. D.,
EDITOR IN CHIEF.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS,

EDWARD C. WIMBROUGH, of the Irving Society.
CARRIE L. MOURER, of the Browning Society.
JAMES MCD. RADFORD, of the Webster Society.
L. LORENA HILL, of the Philomathean Society.

Business Manager, W. R. McDANIEL, A. M.

Published monthly during the school year.

TERMS.—One Dollar per year of ten numbers, cash in advance. To ministers and resident students, half price. Single copies 15 cts. Advertising rates furnished on application. Entered at the Postoffice, Westminster, Md., as Second Class Matter.

There is always more or less difficulty in getting a new periodical into perfect circulation through the mail, and subscribers occasionally fail to receive a number. When notified of such failure, the Business Manager will be glad to forward another copy. It is the intention to issue the MONTHLY the first week of every month, and parties not receiving copies at least by the 15th, should let it be known.

It was unfortunate that a copy of the first issue of the MONTHLY, giving its *raison d'être* and explaining how it came to supersede the *Irving Literary Gazette* and *College Portfolio*, could not be sent to all the Exchanges of these papers. Our second issue which was sent to these Exchanges, so far as they could be ascertained, was accompanied with a notice of the change, but the circumstances seem to be not understood or else ignored, and papers still come addressed to the *Gazette* and *Portfolio*. We take this occasion to say again that the Societies hitherto publishing these journals have united with the Faculty in publishing the WESTERN MARYLAND COLLEGE MONTHLY, and that it is hoped that all papers formerly exchanging with the *Gazette* and *Portfolio* will extend that courtesy to the MONTHLY.

It affords us pleasure to announce the appointment of Mr. Charles H. Baughman, A. M., '71, as assistant teacher in the Preparatory Department. Mr. Baughman has been engaged in teaching ever since his graduation, so that he enters upon the duties of his new position with the very practical equipment of an experience of sixteen years. His successful management of the Central School in Westminster, of which he has been Principal for several years, has given him a high reputation throughout the County as an instructor and a disciplinarian, and furnishes a valid guarantee of his fitness for the work assigned to him in the College.

By the will of the late William Hilton, of Boston, Phillips Academy at Andover is to receive \$50,000, the income to be for the preparation of young men for the ministry; Williams, Harvard and Amherst get \$50,000, each, for the education of young men without reference to their future calling, while \$10,000 is left to

the Abbott Academy of Andover. The will of Stephen M. Buckingham, of Poughkeepsie, devotes \$50,000 to Trinity College, Hartford, for the endowment of a professorship, which of course, is to bear the honored name of the donor. These are noble and princely benefactions, and they are not for one day or generation but for generation after generation on into the illimitable future. Now just what these rich men have done in a large way, it is possible and proper for every friend of education to do, in a small way, for the College which has educated him or his children. If the current demands of life render it impracticable or, at least, inconvenient, to give of his substance to the promotion of sound learning, he can well afford to remember the College in his will, and the accumulation of modest legacies would in a few years amount to a goodly sum. With this chairs might be endowed, the library enlarged, the scientific apparatus increased, and financial soundness and security substituted for the precarious tenure by which so many useful schools hold their existence from year to year.

Scholarship has sustained a great loss in the death, December 2nd, of the Rev. Robert Scott, D. D., Dean of Rochester, at the age of seventy-six. From 1854 to 1870 he was Master of Balliol, the most prominent of the Oxford Colleges, and in the latter year he was appointed, on the recommendation of Mr. Gladstone, to the Deanery of Rochester, the position which he held at the time of his death. Dr. Scott was a contributor to the Speaker's Commentary, the translator of some portions of the "Library of the Fathers," and one of the revisers of the authorized version of the New Testament. Valuable, however, as his services have been in many directions, notably in Biblical exegesis, he is best known to the college world as joint author, with Dean Henry George Liddell, D. D., of Christ Church, Oxford, of the Greek Lexicon, which, published first in 1843, has been used ever since in every school in England, the Colonies and America. A great scholar has passed away, but his name will be held in grateful remembrance by all lovers of the rich and noble language, the study and understanding of which his labors did so much to promote.

In addition to the Exchanges mentioned on page 36 of our December number, we have received copies of the *York Collegian*, Oct.; the *Washburn Reporter*, Nov.; *The Portfolio*, Hamilton, Ontario, Nov.; *The Binghamite*, Nov.; *The Acamedian*, Nov. 29, and Dec. 15; the *Lutherville Seminarian*, Nov. and Dec.; *Ogontz Mosaic*, Nov. and Dec.; the *Bellevue College Star*, Nov. and Dec.; *The Owl*, Nov.; *The Shurtleff College Review*, Nov.; and December numbers of the following: *Pennsylvania College Monthly*; *University Argus*; *Maryland Bulletin*, school for the Deaf; *Kentucky University Tablet*; *High School World*; *College Student*; *The Dickinsonian*; *The Campus*; *The Undergraduate*; *College Messenger*; *The Simpsonian*; *Washburn Argo*; *Academy Monthly*; *Carthage Collegian* and the *Yankton Student*. To all its co-workers in the field of undergraduate

journalism, the WESTERN MARYLAND COLLEGE MONTHLY extends its heartiest wishes for a happy and prosperous New Year.

WHAT IS A STUDENT?

One of the greatest obstacles in the way of attaining and preserving a pure English is the very common practice of using words loosely, that is, in a manner not warranted by their real or original signification. Both beauty and strength of language demand words that exactly fit the thought—not hanging about it “like a giant’s robe on the limbs of a dwarf,” but clinging closely and becomingly, without crease or fold or irregularity to mar its smoothness or destroy its symmetry.

Among the words frequently thus misapplied is the word student. This word, if we may judge from its use in our high schools, academies and colleges, designates any one whose name is enrolled upon the register of any institution of higher education, and implies that every one so registered is a seeker of knowledge. This rendering of the term is exceedingly liberal to those so denominated, but more liberal, we fear, than the actual facts justify, for we are convinced that many called students cannot lay just claim to those qualities of mind and habit which characterize the genuine lover of culture and the earnest investigator in the realm of thought.

Those who use the word with the aforementioned signification, and frankness compels us to plead guilty to our own arraignment, would do well to consult its original meaning as a pure derivative of *studens* from *studere*, and learn the essential qualities of the mental act which it represents. “To be eager, or zealous, to take pains about, to strive after a thing, to apply one’s self to learning;” these are the renderings of the word as used by those to whose vernacular it belonged, and they understood well the art of making nice distinctions in thought and its expression.

What proportion of those in attendance at our institutions of learning meet the requirements of these definitions? What proportion of them are earnestly, eagerly, honestly engaged in the pursuit of knowledge, in the search for truth, in the culture, development and elevation of mind, and that unlimited expansion of all the intellectual powers made possible by Him who gave, and in giving endowed with the innate force of self-growth?

To study, then, means more than being a “student;” more than attendance upon recitations at stated periods; more than compliance to the letter with the regulations of the school having the direction of a scholastic course. Memorizing is not studying in the sense of that higher exercise of judgment and reason demanded by ripe scholarship. Bending over pages of Latin and Greek, with no profounder thoughts than those born of the terrors of the recitation room and the grade-book of the Professor, is not the study that extracts richness and sweetness from the flowers that bloom in classic fields; a careful, methodic arrangement of the lines and angles and formulæ in the preparation of geometric theorems, in order that they may come readily to the mind, and fall glibly from the tongue at recitation, is not in itself that pure exercise of reason which seeks and grasps the sublime certainties of mathematics, and in its very efforts to discover truth does a work infinitely more valuable than any mere superficial exercise of the power to commit to memory.

He who would be a student in the highest and purest sense of the term must recognize the mental law that makes a clear distinction between the subjective and the objective in the operations of mind. The grandest truths may exist and be as clear as the sunlight, as immutable as the laws of the Omnipotent, and yet we have no consciousness of them, no proof within our own mental grasp of their existence. We may be led to contemplate them objectively as facts within the knowledge of other minds, but they are not ours because our intellects have never been applied to the

lines of thought leading away to their dwelling places in the mysterious realm of realities. Objects of thought may be presented to us, and this is done every day by books, by teachers, by the world. Do we look at them merely, or are we impelled to thought, deep, earnest, concentrated thought, by their presentation? In a word, does the labor we perform day after day *culture* us as well as *instruct* us? Is the work in which we are engaged as so-called students a process only from without inward, or is it also a mighty power of mind and soul moving from within outward?

We may be *instructed* when we sit obediently and passively to receive that which is given to us by a teacher, but we are *cultured* only when the indwelling powers of our minds are digesting and assimilating the food that comes to them from without, and by the strength thus gained are shaping new ideas and evolving original conceptions. Instruction may come from without, but culture must be wrought within; instruction is a means; culture is an end.

He who is instructed may be only a listener; but he who is cultured must be a thinker. He who only passively receives truth is a pupil; but he who discovers truth must be a student. The mere pupil enlarges by accretion like the hailstone—possibly by absorption like a sponge—the student grows like a vigorous plant, with a natural, healthy growth. The man who gleans a field is not of necessity an agriculturist, but he may become one by studying the art of the producer, and making it his own by mastering its principles; so a man, though he does not bring great principles to light, may become a student by endeavoring to master principles discovered by others. The great outgrowth of education is the acquisition of power, and this power to do can be gained only by doing. The ability to think must be wrought out on the hard anvil of thought, and the more steady and more skillful the blows of the hammer, and the more active and vigorous the flame that glows at the forge, the finer will be the material produced.

“Think for thyself; one good idea
But known to be thine own,
Is better than a thousand, gleaned
From fields by others sown.”

We hear much about men being “walking encyclopædias;” it is no doubt a great satisfaction and convenience to have facts and figures by the thousand at tongue’s end, but we do not believe that such mnemonic prodigies are always such by virtue of the highest development of the leading faculties of the mind. Word mongering is not studying. “The learning of words,” says Dr. Hudson, “is a noisy process, but the virtue of things steals into the mind with a noiseless step, and is ever working in us most when we perceive it least.”

Here lies the grand secret of that deep, silent, unseen evolution of power, compared with which the superficial puffing up with the mere swell of phrases is as the frothy crest of a surface wave to the invisible, resistless, eternal heaving of the fathomless depths below.

He who studies must not become discouraged because he is not always conscious of learning, for that knowledge which we can see without effort is not the best, for remember that by the law of specific gravities the lightest bodies float on the surface.

The best students never study hurriedly. We are too often so eager to amass knowledge, and know a little of everything, that we attempt to bolt it down like the man at the railway eating-house bolts his food, fearing lest something will pass him that he shall not lay hold upon. If we try to “grasp all” in the wide field of learning we shall certainly “lose all,” or nearly all, of value, for the simple reason that the mental powers are kept, as it were, oscillating among objects of thought, swinging in vacaney, stopping nowhere, accomplishing nothing.

Inconstancy is not a mark of the genuine student. Spasmodic

study is like spasmodic physical exercise, it tires and exhausts, but gives no real development, no abiding strength. Systematic, persevering, patient must be the labor that leads to the ambitious student's goal. The power to do, as occasion arises and life demands, must be his primary acquisition; the mastery of radical, underlying principles, rather than mere acquaintance with formulated methods, must be his aim, and the highest possible expansion of all the powers of his soul must be the ultimate end of all his thought.

CHAS. T. WRIGHT.

TOMMY'S LATIN POEM.

"Yes, certainly. The study of the Classics must be maintained at all costs at our universities and public schools," said Paterfamilias, decidedly. "I'll set Tommy some Latin verses to do. Gray wrote an ode on a 'Distant Prospect of Eton College.' Tommy's holidays are nearly over; he shall write one on a near prospect of returning to the same ancient seminary. It will show me how the lad has progressed."

Tommy's progress may be estimated from the following lines.

"They seem to want finish," said Paterfamilias, reflectively, at the end.

"Oh! I could have finished them ever so long ago, if I'd known that was what you wanted," replied the unabashed youth.

Herce! Gubernator notionem cepit atrocem!

Me nunc desiret pumpere de studiis!

"Ad scholam (cælo gratias!) mox, Tomme, redibis;

Fac igitur, versus," dixit, "elegiacos;

Addressum ad scholam, de finibus holidierum,

Fac," repetit. "Aliter, frivole, cave canem!"

Mi ocule! Ille "canem" considerat esse "flagellum"!

Antiqui pueri classica lingua tremit.

Latinam (admitto) linguam cordialiter odi;

Cogito rem totam jollius esse pudor!

Quantum humbuggum! Sed rem tentare necesse est,

(Rem pendere volo!) quum pater ipse jubet.

Me posuit, timeo, nunc in cavo regulari,

Nam "Gradus," ille liber optimus, est alibi.

Cribbus abest etiam, et Dictionarius, et non

Sum multum dabbit scribere versiculos.

Quid Romæ faciam? Felix cogitatio! Versus

Forte Pater pravos twiggere non poterit.

Hic it! "Arma virumque cano, qui primus ab oris"—

(Hei mihi! Quæ, Dickens, proxima linea sit?)

Nunquam mens! Hic it iterum! "Casus Genitivus

Concordat numero, genere, cum"—reliquis.

"Et Balbus muros (stultissimus!) ædificabat."

(Forsitan antiquus is "jerry-builder" erat?)

"Nunc subit illius tristissima noctis imago,"

(Cogito, sic dicit beastlius Ovidius.)

Quum Scholam repetam, condemnatosque Magistros,

In tergoque pedes accipiam juvenum.

Hem! Videor post omne tumor de versibus esse;

"Addressum ad Scholam" non ita difficile est!

Nos vapulat sævus, cognomine Busbe, Magister;

Post quod sittere down est dolor exercians!

Nos pueri grubbum non primæ classis habemus,

Nec (nisi in camino) utere Bacche licet.

Fumabam quondam. Socius twiggebat odorem;

Et domino (sneakus!) nunciat omne scelus.

O! mihi qualis erat data castigatio tonans!

Sed lixi sneakum commode, crede mihi!

Nigratos oculos in nullo tempore habebat.

O! post omne, scholæ gaudia vera tenent!

Et sunt, quæ stomachos implent, emporia tucki;

Deque domo veniunt hampera—dulce domum!

Et, generale, Gubernator est tippere trumpus;

Admiror quantum post opus hoc dabitur!

Quid! Solum Pater exfurcavit semi-coronam!

O pudor! O mores! Sordidus est, timeo.

From Punch.

A WALK THROUGH THE UNITED STATES MINT.

Thinking that some of the readers of the MONTHLY have not had an opportunity to visit any of the United States Mints, and that a short description of the same with the different stages that our money has to pass through before it is ready for use, might be interesting to some of them, I have attempted to write a short description of the mint at Philadelphia.

This mint is a large marble building, on the upper side of Chestnut street, just below Broad and next to John Wanamaker's grand depot. You walk up the large steps, pass through an outer door into a circular hall provided with seats, and here you are met by a very polite guide, who has only one arm and who tells you that "in just four minutes you will be shown through the building."

The number of minutes stated by the guide having passed, you follow him into a small yard, around which the building is centered, where you see large bars of silver piled up and surrounded by wire cages provided with government locks. Each one of these bars, about the size of one of our ordinary clay bricks, is worth \$1,000, and in converting them into money 10% of some other metal is alloyed with it. You will notice on the edge of every bar a small piece missing, which has been cut out by the assayer for the purpose of testing it. It is stated that three millions of dollars worth of these bars are kept constantly on hand.

You pass from this yard into the melting and molding room. Here the metal is melted and alloyed. The silver is melted and molded into ingots 12 inches long, 2 inches wide, and 1½ inches thick. It is known exactly how much every cup used in this room holds, and every little chip is saved and thrown into the melting-pot again.

Next you are shown the rolling and cutting room. Here the ingots received from the preceding room are put into powerful machinery, where they are rolled twelve times for the dollar strips and several more for the smaller coins. Then the strips are annealed and placed under cutting machines, where two hundred and twenty-five dollars are cut every minute. The process of annealing has to be used, or the silver would crumble while being cut.

You now pass into a room where the different coins are stamped and the guide remarks, that "like every other business in life the ladies have to be in ours also. We can't get along without them." You see ladies sitting at a great many pieces of machinery which are at work stamping the different coins. The machines have upright tubes which the ladies keep filled with the unstamped coins, and almost as fast as they put them in they roll into a receiver underneath, all stamped and ready for use. The machine for stamping dollars has a pressure of 40 tons, and will stamp 80 dollars in one minute, or 4,800 an hour. Then they are counted and weighed and the silver put up in bags of \$1,000 each, and the gold in bags of \$10,000 each. Just before being stamped, however, the coins are put through a process known as "milling." If you will look at a silver coin you can see it at once. The edges on the sides of the coins are dented so they will wear longer.

One of the chief objects of interest in this room is a weighing-machine. There are several upright tubes above and three compartments beneath. The coins are placed in these tubes before they are stamped, and the ones that are too heavy are thrown into

one compartment, the ones that are too light into another, and the correct ones into the third. All this is done by the scales and the operator has only to keep the tubes filled. The heavy ones are filed until they reach the standard weight, the light ones are molded again, and the correct ones stamped.

The next place visited is a weighing and deposit room. In this room is received and weighed all metal brought in by large dealers in old gold and silver. They are given a receipt for it and if they return in about a week, they will find their metal converted into bright, shining coin, or into bars, just as they desire. And just here let me say that the "Adams Express Company" has a room in the building, and through them barrels and bags of money are sent all over the country, to the different banks.

The scales used for weighing in the mint are inclosed in glass cases, and have to be tested every morning before using. They will weigh from 1,000 ounces down to the 1-100 of an ounce. And now I think you can see how it is that even if less than one cent was taken, it could be detected. Every piece of metal is weighed, and as one official receives it from another, he sees it weighed and gives a receipt for it. It is known just how much it ought to lose, and how much the next person ought to have when he gets through with it. After going through all the processes, it is turned over to the cashier and placed in the vault. The mint is provided with a very fine cabinet of coins, of almost all countries, and of almost all dates. Here you can see a specimen of every coin that has been stamped since the mint was erected. Here you find coins from ancient Greece, Turkey, Switzerland, Germany, and from many other countries. Here you find Roman coins from the time of the Republic, down to the time of the later Emperors.

In another place you will find a Greek coin over 2,000 years old, and the "widow's mite," spoken of in biblical history, which was worth about one-third of a cent. To collectors of old coins, and to students of Ancient History, this is indeed an interesting room. From it you pass down the steps, watched by officials, to the outer door, and thence out to the street, thinking of what have been, what are now, and what are still to be the wonderful improvements brought about by civilization and science.

C. A. VEASEY.

TWO SONNETS.

ADDRESSED TO PROFESSOR J. W. REESE, ON PRESENTING HIM A STONE CONTAINING CURIOUS IMPRESSIONS.

In order fully to understand the two following sonnets, as well as the objects to which they relate, it may be necessary to inform the reader that the metallic impressions referred to (by some called "arborisms," by others "dendrites"), were found *deep inside* the limestone rock (itself originally far under water-level). The rock itself was first opened by gunpowder, and then subdivided by powerful sledge-hammers. The seams or close fissures containing the pictures were so tight as actually to be in juxtaposition, as if glued together; hence, of each picture there was a duplicate, so wonderful are Nature's doings in the dark.

I.

I wish I could present you something, Reese,
More worthy your acceptance—something more
Brilliant and rich—some tablet pictured o'er
With mimic ruins, such as never cease
To pique the fancy, and with new increase
Of thought, to add to memory's garnered store—
Some marble marked with shell or madrepore,
Or rare moss-agate flecked with shrubs and trees.
In place of this, lo! pictures on the hard
Coarse limestone, disimprisoned, freed,
Like flowers from winter's thrall upblossoming!

Yet even these are curious. Avon's bard
Would have admired them; for *he* loved to read
"Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

II.

Deep underground, where not the faintest gleam
Of starlight or of sunshine ever stole,
Deeper than haunt of subterranean mole,
Those mystic forms were gendered. Like a dream
They sprang to being. 'Twixt the close-knit seam
Of the thin-fissured limestone, perfect, whole,
Stem, branchlet, twiglet, flow'ret, foliole,
In darkness they upstarted. It might seem
As though a subtle fairy of the mine
Deep-versed in magic arts and elfin lore,
(The whilst she made full many a mystic sign),
Had melted into drops some choicest ore,
And interposed the rocks with pictures fine
Of ouphant plants and forests crystalline.

(From "*The Flight into Egypt and Other Poems*," by Thomas E. Van Bibber.)

FREEDOM OF SPEECH, No. II.

Besides the tyrannical restrictions usually imposed upon young writers, as to the use of words and phrases, there is another equally oppressive, as to the train of thought or succession of ideas. It is surely an intolerable check upon the active and excited mind, to require a close adherence to one subject, which moreover tends to weary and disgust the reader. Freedom of thought and speech in this respect, would render composition a source of pleasure to both parties. This improvement might indeed be pushed so far as to recognise variety of topics, not merely as allowable, but as a most desirable end, to be deliberately sought by the exercise of ingenuity and skill. For example, if instead of wearing one theme threadbare, in our books prepared for children, they were constructed on the plan of the kaleidoscope, with what delight would the youthful reader turn away from the monotony of Esop, Bunyan, or De Foe, to such a treat as the following

ZOOLOGICAL TALE.

As I was sealing up a letter of importance, and for that purpose had a taper burning on my table, I was startled by a loud noise at my door, and running out beheld, to my astonishment, a man holding a reindeer by the horns. Before I could interrogate him, the rhinoceros suddenly sprang towards me, and before I could avoid it, threw me down, and wrapped its trunk around me. Having heard of such a case before, I silently drew out my pen-knife, and plunged it into the throat of the serpent, which immediately relaxed its grasp. Perceiving that it was about to roar, and dreading the effect upon my nervous system, I seized the lion's mane and twisted it about my arm until its eyes began to start out of its head. I seemed now to have it in my power, but remembering that the ostrich, by the flapping of its wings, can break a man's arm, I contrived to mount upon the bird's back, and was carried by it into the great desert. After riding several hours, I began to feel exhausted, and by pressing on the camel's hump, induced it to kneel down. I then alighted and surveyed with admiration the variegated stripes of my zebra, which was browsing in a lazy and indifferent manner; but a shrill cry from the desert made it lift up its head and stretch out its long neck in a manner peculiar to the young giraffe. Having suffered it to rest, I once more mounted on my antelope, which started like an arrow from the bow, but afterwards relaxed its efforts. This is not uncommon with the best Arabian horses, such as mine unquestionably was. At length it neighed and stood still, nor could any thing induce it to go on. I threw myself upon the ground and slept. On waking I discovered that my hippopotamus was in the

water, but it soon came out and quietly received its burden. As I knew the habits of the animal, I was afraid that other crocodiles might see mine and attack it, and I therefore kept as far as possible from the river's side; but to my extreme mortification, I had not gone more than half a mile before I saw a herd of buffaloes approaching, exactly like the one on which I rode. I therefore urged mine in an opposite direction, till we reached a precipice of rugged rocks. Forgetting the peculiar habits of the creature, I used no precaution to prevent its leaping from rock to rock, in a way which nothing but a wild goat could have practised. I was every moment in the most appalling danger, but at length arrived safely at the bottom of the precipice, where my faithful beast regaled my ears with one of those sonorous brays peculiar to the wild ass of the desert. This brought immediately around me a large flock of sheep from all the neighbouring pastures. An ungovernable instinct led my wolf, and me upon his back, at once into the midst of the poor animals. As soon as he had slaked his thirst of blood, he set off in the same direction as before; but we had not gone far when the cry of hounds apprized us that a fox-chase was in progress, and my sly fox stole away into the mountains. Here the cold would have been insufferable, but for the warm shaggy coat of the bear on which I sat. As we approached the inhabited part of the country, he began to run, and did not stop till with a loud bark he set me down at my own door. Patting my faithful dog upon the head as a reward of his exertions, I took him up and carried him into my chamber, where I laid him on the table. Having trimmed my lamp and mended my fire, I took up the sealingwax again and sealed my letter.

With suitable questions at the bottom of the page, such as "Zebra, how coloured?" "Giraffe, what kind of neck?" this story would no doubt be well received by that class of teachers who are chiefly afraid of tiring their pupils or allowing them to see with their own eyes.

But it is not merely to the very young that this improvement is adapted to be useful. It may serve an equally important purpose for those children of a larger growth who love variety of incident, and care not how fictitious or improbable it may be, if only free from uniformity and sameness. For such, provision may be made, not only in the form exemplified above, but with a slight modification, which instead of introducing new themes in perpetual succession, blends two or more of them together through the whole course of a narrative, as in the following

ORIENTAL TALE.

As Reis Ibrahim was one day walking in the great square of Zakakah, his mule stumbled, and threw him on his head, which destroyed the equilibrium of the boat, and it began to fill with water. At this critical moment, an adventurous stranger made a sudden jump at the horses' heads, and brought them to a standstill, whereupon Reis Ibrahim threw open the window and implored the people to save him from the devouring element. As several engines were now playing on the flames, it was supposed that they would quickly be subdued; but at a sudden turn in the road, they again took fright, and by a violent motion, brought the gunwale under water. The passengers, perceiving the imminent danger, alighted on the very edge, and looking down the precipice, beheld Reis Ibrahim lying senseless in the street, and his mule standing by him. The smoke was so thick and the flames so hot, that they could not reach him, as he stood at the window, making gestures of entreaty and despair. At length, one of the firemen belonging to the Hook and Ladder Company, threw off his coat, and jumping overboard, swam round the vessel, and by means of notches which he cut with a hatchet in the surface of the rock, reached a projecting ledge about half way down the precipice, and raising Ibrahim upon his feet, assisted him in walking to a neighboring shop, where he was laid upon the floor, and all the methods used for his resuscitation, which are

commonly resorted to in cases of drowning. While they were thus employed, old Abdallah came upon them unarmed, and seeing his son in that condition, drew his sword, and rushing on the advanced guard of the enemy, was taken prisoner. A loud shout from the Hook and Ladder Company followed this exploit. Excited by the example of their comrade, they descended one by one into the water, till they reached the ledge, and thence by means of ladders got upon the roof, which was now fast disappearing as the waves washed over it. The crackling of the timbers aroused Reis Ibrahim, who no sooner saw his aged father chained and guarded by the enemy, than he rushed into the thickest of the battle, and had just succeeded in disentangling the frantic animal by cutting the harness, when the roof fell in, and at the same moment, the mainmast went by the board, crushing the carriage and severely injuring the driver. Old Abdallah was now hanging by a twig over the precipice. Another wave would either cause the wreck to disappear, or break his hold upon the vessel. At this awful crisis, while the smoke and flame prevented any one from entering, and all were waiting in breathless terror for the next wave to wash over them, the twig broke, and the enemy advancing rapidly without a shot or shout, surrounded them and called upon them to lay down their arms. At this insulting summons, Abdallah took his stand upon the burning rafters, and Reis Ibrahim upon the bowsprit which was still above the water, while the terrified postilion still retained his seat upon the remaining horse, and the lady remained inside of the carriage. In this posture, while the drums and trumpets mingled with the roar of the artillery, they all leaped headlong from the verge of the precipice into the flames, and were buried together in a watery grave.

WOMEN AND COLLEGE.

BY ARTHUR GILMAN.

To many who were unable to be present at the Church Congress at Louisville, the reports of the discussion of the education of women in the more advanced lines were very interesting, but to some it appeared that much was left to be said. There certainly has been a considerable change in the views of men on this subject since the day when Vassar College opened its doors. There was no doubt nor timidity on the part of the generous founder of that pioneer institution at that important juncture; but there certainly was a great deal of it among the American people, and if such a discussion as that at Louisville had been possible then, it would have brought out much feeling eloquence, mainly opposed to the new scheme. Many then thought that no woman could venture upon such an unheard-of course as Mr. Vassar proposed unless she were "strong-minded," or "advanced" beyond the limit of the agreeable. The best of men and women shuddered a little in private and timidly expressed in public their fears as to whereunto this would grow. The number of those who now shrink at the thought of giving the fullest education to their daughters is smaller than it was a quarter of a century ago, or the Louisville debate would not have been possible.

There is, however, a fallacy that seems still to give solicitude to many. I refer to the thought that it is the intention of those who favor the highest education of women that every member of the sex should be put through a collegiate course. So far as I am aware no such intention is cherished by any one. No one demands that all boys should be sent to college, and much less does any one urge that such a course should be prescribed for girls. The writer, who has for years held the collegiate and preparatory education of women as his chief object of attention, has always urged that to such women as think they need a collegiate course, it should be open; that each woman ought to have freedom in the matter. Many boys are now in college who would not have gone there if their parents had given them this advice, and the world

is seldom the better for their going. Whatever may be said in favor of forcing boys to go through college, let us not attempt to oblige our girls to go against their wills.

The complete education of woman is not a simple private matter. The State has an interest in it. In all schools, public and private, for boys and for girls, women are the principal teachers. In Massachusetts there are nearly ninety per cent. of women teachers in the public schools. In all New England the percentage rises above eighty. This great body of women (seventeen thousand out of a total of twenty thousand) is laying the foundation of the educational structure of our boys—of the men of the next generation. How can they perform their duties well if they are not themselves properly taught. That teacher is not able to teach her young class who is furnished with but small supplies of knowledge. The first foundation-stones in the temple of education are the ones on which all above them rest. Shall they be laid in quicksands? The young woman who comes before her little class of girls or boys with poor preparation, or who relies upon the text-book for the information she is to give—who has no stores of her own to draw from, will infallibly dwarf their intellects, give them a hatred of learning, or teach them that cramming is education. She, on the other hand, who comes with a mind cultivated on all sides, who can draw her illustrations from many sources, who shows that her mind is full, will give her pupils a fondness for knowledge, that will follow them through all their preparatory studies and be difficult to kill in after life. It is therefore much to the interest of the State that her girls should have opportunities similar to those that have so long been afforded to her boys.

There are many difficulties in the way of a girl who desires to pursue a course of education covering a number of years. Girls are often more useful at home than boys, and for that reason are kept from school more. Besides this there is the idea that the boy must earn his living, while the girl will be cared for. This causes the educational career of a woman to fail of completeness many times when under similar circumstances that of her brother would have been carried forward in spite of the difficulties. The matter of expense interferes in the same way with the girl's progress, though it only stimulates parents to greater efforts in the case of the boy. It is the sister who deprives herself that the brother may go through college, and seldom the reverse.

The girl, therefore, who actually goes to college in these days is a girl in earnest. She has learned enough to know her needs, and to wish to make the furnishing of her mind complete. She is not a member of the college community because it is "the thing" to go to college, nor because there she will find amusement; but simply and purely because she wants that for which the college stands. She may be intending to fit herself for the teacher's profession, and if she is, she ought to have the warm encouragement of every father who has girls or boys to be trained to proper views of life and to that mental condition which will make it possible for them to perform their social duties for the best of the world and the time. Perchance the college girl has no desire to teach. She may be an independent heiress who will soon become the head of a household. In that case she merits our encouragement, for she will be a better member of society after her career of scholarship is over than she would have been had she entered upon her social position without it. It will not do for any one to tell us at this time that the educated woman will not turn out a good mother or an efficient head of the household, for there have been too many examples of good housekeeping by educated women, and too many good mothers are at present on the stage who enjoy the pleasures of the mind as well as their uneducated sisters are gratified by the lower luxuries of sense.

The purpose of this article was, however, to refer to the fact that no one demands that all women should go to college, but

rather simply that all of the sex should have the opportunity to enjoy the benefits of collegiate education if they need it, and that they should be the judges themselves of what their needs are.

The Churchman.

THE ALUMNI.

Joshua W. Miles, '78, ex-States Attorney for Somerset county, has formed a co-partnership with Henry Page, under the style of Page & Miles, for the practice of law in Princess Anne.

At the last meeting of the Carroll County Teachers' Association, in November, Miss Irene J. Everhart, '85, presided at the organ? Wm. E. Roop, '86, gave a declamation, and Miss Emma L. Reaver, '86, a reading.

The very able report of James A. Dittenbaugh, '74, school examiner for Carroll county, has attracted general and well-deserved attention. He says "there must be more money or less school. It is for the people to say which they prefer."

Mrs. Clara Smith Billingslea, '73, recently visited her school-mate, Mrs. Susie T. Kenly Eccles, at Salisbury, Md. Miss Kenly was a member of the Sophomore Class of 1870-71.

Winfield S. Amoss, A. M., LL. B., '77, spent the evening of December 8th in Westminster. He stayed with Dittenbaugh, met the President and two of the Professors "upon the level," and had a good time generally.

Dr. Wm. H. DeFord, '80, was married December 21st, at Anamosa, Iowa, to Miss Sarah Isabelle Bell. Congratulations!

Rev. Hugh L. Elderdice, A. M., '82, who has been seriously ill with typhoid fever, has, we are glad to learn, entirely recovered.

John H. Cunningham, '85, attended the December meeting of the Maryland Bicycle Club in Baltimore. If that organization has a better wheelman than John, the "Rambling Cyclers" of Westminster would like to see him.

Edward S. Baile, '80, is—or ought to be—the most thoroughly educated man the College has ever turned out. The foundation was laid broad—if not deep. It covers twelve years. Baile was committed to the fostering care of Alma Mater—as little "Eddie"—in 1868, and was dismissed—as Edward—with her blessing and diploma in 1880. He is a good example of what an academic training can do for a farmer, for there is not a foot of land in all the many acres of his splendid Carroll county farm which does not exhibit evidences of the highest culture.

Dr. Richard B. Norment, Jr., '76, came near being burned out of house and home on the 10th of December. About six o'clock in the evening a fire was discovered in his house in Hampden, Baltimore county, which, but for the speedy help of his neighbors, might have proved serious. As it was, the loss was slight.

Frank McC. Brown, '85, is one of the directors of a branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, recently established at Brunswick, Georgia, and also assistant treasurer of the Cumberland Club, lately reorganized in the same place. He spent the Christmas holidays at his home in Uniontown.

Miss Nellie H. Sappington, '86, of Rock Hall, Kent county, was married on Wednesday evening, December 28th, at half-past seven o'clock, to Mr. James M. Wood. We congratulate the fortunate groom on securing a Western Maryland College girl for a wife.

Louis L. Billingslea, '76, has been appointed to the pleasant and lucrative position of assistant passenger and land agent of the Northern Pacific Railroad, with headquarters at Philadelphia, and will report for duty on the 2nd of January. His territory will embrace parts of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia and Virginia, and his duties will require him to do a great deal of traveling. "Lou" will be very much missed in

Westminster, where, for some years past, he has been a leader in society events. In recognition of his rare social qualities, and as a sort of formal good-bye, the young men complimented him, on Friday evening, November 25, by giving a full-dress hop in his honor at the City Hotel, which youth, beauty and fashion combined to make a brilliant affair. Among those present were Dr. Jos. T. Hering, of the Class of '83, and John H. Cunningham, '85.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll county, December 20th, the Hon. Charles B. Roberts announced the death of E. Frank Tracy (husband of Mrs. Maggie Rinehart Tracy, '76), a member of the bar, and moved an adjournment as a mark of respect to his memory. Judge Smith adjourned Court, after which the lawyers and court officers assembled and adopted appropriate resolutions.

Charles H. Baughman, '71, Principal of Central Hall School, Westminster, was presented by his pupils, December 22d, with a handsome silk umbrella and Christmas card.

Miss Sadie A. V. Kneller, '85, gave a lotto party, on the 29th of December, at her residence, 1618 West Fayette street, Baltimore, in honor of her guest and classmate, Miss Belle Orndorff, '85, daughter of the well-known Westminster merchant, J. T. Orndorff, Esq. Among those present were Miss Ida Blanche Pillsbury, '87; Miss Florence Malehorn, '85-'86; John F. Everhart, '82-'83, and C. Robert Miller, of the Class of '81.

It is with great sorrow that we record the death of Theophilus Harrison, '85, which occurred at the residence of his mother, near Charlotte Hall, St. Mary's county, on the 20th of December. He joined the Sophomore class in September, '82, and graduated, in due course, three years later. His gentle manners and amiable disposition made him a favorite with his fellow-students who will be grieved to learn that "Theo." has died almost at the beginning of his useful career as a teacher and in the very dawn of his early manhood. The Leonardtown *Enterprise* says that his death "is a source of regret and sorrow, not only to his near relatives, but to the entire community. He was a young man of unobtrusive manners, sincere in his every act, faithful to a promise, polite to all, talented in a great degree and eminently worthy of the fullest esteem. As a teacher, he was successful and greatly beliked; as a friend, he had no superiors and but few equals." All of us, here at the College, who witnessed, during Mrs. Harrison's sojourn in Westminster, the beautiful and devoted affection of the widowed mother for her only son, sympathize most keenly with her sorrow and tender her our most heart-felt condolence.

QUONDAM STUDENTS.

Clarence Seabrook, '69-'77, the efficient local reporter of the late "Carroll Democrat," has accepted the position of legal reporter on the Baltimore "Morning Herald."

Miss Florence K. Jones, of the Freshman class of '81 and '82, whose mother, Mrs. S. M. F. Jones, taught music at the College during the years '77-'82, has attained great success as an elocutionist and holds the position of Instructor in that branch in the Annie Wright Seminary at Tacoma, Washington Territory.

The first Annual Catalogue of the College, 1868-'69, contains the names of three students who are now among the most prominent and prosperous business-men of Westminster—Joseph B. Boyle, Druggist and Post-Master, Charles V. Wantz, wholesale Tobacconist, and Joseph W. Smith, '80, dealer in lumber and coal.

Louis M. Sellman, merchant and post-master at Warfieldsbury, Carroll county, was married, December 14th, to Miss Virdie C., daughter of Mr. Wm. P. Jean, of Baltimore county.

Dr. James E. Shreeve, of the class of '74, is the Dentist of Ellicott City. "Jimmy"—who, by the way, was named after Professor Reese—is prosperous, happy, respected, married and the

father of several handsome children. He is an active worker in the Temperance cause.

Harry C. Wampler, '69-'70, was for some time a drug clerk in the medical department of the U. S. Navy. After cruising about the world in various war vessels, he has, at last, come to anchor in a drug store in Washington, D. C. He is a brother of Mrs. Lou Wampler Hudgins, '79.

Charles S. Trump, of the Freshman class in '72-'73, brother of Miss Lizzie Trump, A. M., '79, is pastor of the Lutheran congregation at Stone Church P. O., Pennsylvania.

It is an interesting fact that three of the students whose names appear in the First Annual Catalogue are now represented in College by their children. These three are Jennie M. Roop, now Mrs. Dr. Woodward, who has a daughter, Lillian, in the Preparatory Department, and a son, Lewis K., in the Primary; Clara Smith, '73, now Mrs. Dr. Charles Billingslea, whose son Clarence is a Primarian, and Mary M. Ward, '71, now Mrs. Dr. T. H. Lewis, who has two daughters, Miriam and Clara, in the Primary Department. Next!

Mary Zacharias, '68-'69, is the wife of Milton Schaeffer, Esq., the enterprising hardware merchant and Mayor of Westminster.

Few among the ex-pupils have been more regular in attendance upon the exercises of Commencement week than Miss Aurelia Miles, of Somerset county. She has many friends here always glad to welcome her on her annual pilgrimage to the school where she herself has left so pleasant a record, and where four, we believe, of her brothers have been students.

Abram W. Wright entered the Freshman class in '72, and left at the end of the Sophomore year in '74, because of an appointment to a State scholarship in St. John's College. From that Institution he graduated with distinction, and entered, at once, into the profession which he has ever since followed. He taught first in Westminster, then in New Jersey, and finally established the private school which he is now conducting, with success, in Baltimore city. He is married and has three children.

John S. Mills, '70-'72, is married, lives in Washington and holds a position in the Government Printing Office. He takes a prominent part in the Masonic affairs of the District.

Dr. Jos. T. Hering has removed his office from the West End, Westminster, to the Mitten property, nearly opposite the Union National Bank.

Frank E. Cunningham, '69-'80, formerly of Westminster, has been elected one of the directors of the Young Men's Christian Association lately organized at Brunswick, Georgia, and John L. N. Henman, '82-'84, formerly of Berlin, Worcester county, Md., has been chosen treasurer of the Cumberland Club of the same city. Henman made a hurried visit to Westminster in December, and spent Tuesday night, the 20th, at the College.

William Armstrong, '69-'71, formerly of Westminster, has devoted his life to music and literature. After graduating from the Royal Conservatory of Music at Stuttgart, Germany, he continued his studies for about a year in Vienna, and after his return to America, taught in Washington, D. C., for five years, with distinguished success. Armstrong is the author of "THEKLA. A story of Viennese musical life," published a few months ago by Lippincott, Philadelphia, which has met with a flattering reception from the critics and the reading public. He has been busy during the past Summer on another work which will probably soon see the light. His present residence is Wheeling, W. Va.

Mrs. Lena Frizell Kennedy, of '84, now living in New York city, spent the Christmas holidays in Westminster with her parents.

James Harry Steele, Jr., died on the 19th of December, of typhoid fever, at his residence, near Watersville, Carroll county. He was engaged in farming and dairying and had been married only a year. The interment, Dec. 21st, was in Mount Olivet Cemetery, Baltimore, and was largely attended. The burial service was read by the Rev. David May, assistant minister of the Church of the Ascension.

COLLEGE NOTES.

W. I. Mace had the pleasure, on the 29th and 30th of November, of entertaining his father, Wm. W. Mace, Esq., a member of the Board of School Commissioners for Dorchester county.

At the last election held by the Browning Society, December 2nd, the following officers were chosen to serve for the ensuing term: President, Fannie May Grove; Vice-President, Marianna Shriver; Recording Secretary, Lena Ewell Gore; Corresponding Secretary, Mary Louise Shriver; Treasurer, Hilda Paulina Stem; Librarian, Julia Fisher McKellip; Critic, Minerva Alberta Utz.

Thursday, Friday and Saturday, December 1-3, were devoted to the closing examinations of the first term. Monday, the 5th, was given to the students as a breathing spell between the two terms, while the Faculty employed the time in making out reports. On Tuesday morning the grades were read to the school, after which the classes repaired to their respective recitation rooms, and the work of the second term was begun.

One of the sequels to examination was the following conversation, by telephone, between Paterfamilias, at home, and young Scholasticus, at the College: Pater—"How is this, my son? I see by your report that you got only seven in Greek?" Filius—"Why, father, I think that's a very good grade." Pater—"How do you make that out?" Filius—"Because it's seven more than I expected."

The girls availed themselves of the holiday on December 5th by a stroll down town with one of the lady teachers. They called on Albaugh, the confectioner, and on their return they carried candy canes, presumably to support their weary steps up the College hill. A citizen of taste told one of the editors that as they passed his office, girls and candy, he thought it was one of the "sweetest" sights he ever witnessed.

Louis L. Billingslea, '76, while making an extended tour in the Northwest a few years ago, collected a large number of Indian and other curiosities. These he has presented to the College, and they make a valuable addition to the cabinets in the library.

President and Mrs. Lewis celebrated the 10th anniversary of their marriage on the 11th of December. The occasion, though less formal than originally intended, because of Dr. Ward's sickness at the time, was nevertheless a very pleasant one. We wish them many happy returns of the day.

We desire to correct the report that Shipley was slaughtered by one of the servants on the 12th of December. If uncontradicted it might work injury to Shipley, the College and the innocent servant. Murder in the dining room would be at variance with our established customs, and the Faculty would indignantly frown it down as a serious breach of order and as an unwarrantable innovation. The facts in the case are that one of the waiters, while in the discharge of his duties, unfortunately but accidentally emptied a plate of slaw down Shipley's back; that damages were promptly repaired by means of a table napkin, and that some of the boys and girls, strangely insensible to the sufferings of a fellow mortal, smiled audibly.

Major-domo Reuben Walker was appointed by the Carroll county School Board, December 5th, one of the trustees of the colored school on Charles street, Westminster.

The only boarder who remained at the College during the

Christmas recess was James McD. Radford, of Georgia. The others went home, with the exception of Miss Wallis, of Tennessee, who was the guest of Miss Dodd, at the hospitable mansion of her father, Mr. John Dodd, at Wye Mills, Queen Anne's county, and Miss Hirata, of Yokohama, Japan, who spent the holidays with friends in Baltimore.

D. W. Hering, C. E., Professor of Mathematics in the College, '79-'83, now Professor of Physics in the University of the City of New York, was in Westminster December 28th and 29th, and made a visit to the Hill to see the changes and improvements there.

Edward H. Norman, '80-'82, Professor of Accounts in the Bryant and Stratton Business College, Baltimore, visited Westminster and alma mater during the holidays.

Professors Rinehart and Schaeffer spent several days of their vacation in Washington. The closing days of the recess were very pleasantly passed by Prof. Rinehart in St. Michael's as the guest of Prof. McDaniel.

The young ladies begin the new year with new calisthenic costumes. They are of navy-blue flannel trimmed with white braid. The blouses have bishop sleeves. The suits are comfortable, appropriate and pretty. Now let the girls ask for the military drill described by Lieut. Hamilton, U. S. A., in the January St. Nicholas. They have shown their proficiency in marching and they are ready, we think, for the manual of arms.

One of our students, Ethel May Roach, has been visited with a sad affliction. Her father, Mr. William H. Roach, one of the wealthiest and most highly respected citizens of Somerset county, died, on the morning of the 2d of January, at his residence, about three miles from Crisfield, in the sixty-second year of his age. "Mr. Roach" says the Baltimore *Sun* "was well known, not only in his county, but throughout the State. He was active in politics, and was several times honored by his party. His first office was that of county commissioner, he having been elected to that position by the Democratic party in 1853. In 1863 he was elected sheriff. He represented Somerset county for two consecutive terms, from 1872 to 1876, in the Maryland Legislature, and was six years a member of the Democratic State central committee for Somerset county. Throughout his life he was an energetic farmer and merchant, and accumulated quite a large estate. His trouble was an acute disease of the kidneys." Mr. Roach was one of the earliest and most steadfast patrons the College has ever had. Besides his daughter, Ethel May, who entered last September, six of his children have been pupils here, viz: Jennie E., '69-'70; Clara L., '70-'73; Julia F., '70-'72; William E., '77-'79; Charles H., '80-'82, and Carrie V., '82-'83.

Harry G. Watson had the pleasure of his brother Graham's company at the College for a few days just before the recess.

B. Alfred Dumm, '86, visited the school during the holidays. He must have felt "like one who treads alone

Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
And all but "Rad" departed."

One of the Eastern Shore boys had a truly jolly Christmas. He was out gunning and killed a booby-owl, a rabbit and a rat: shot them all on the wing, too, he says. His success makes W— of Dorchester green with envy. The latter youth went ducking: but the gun kicked him over and the duck, if it has any sense of humor, hasn't stopped laughing yet.

In old times the teachers used to cane the boys, but, as they say in France, "*nous avons changé tout cela.*" Here the boys cane the teacher: at all events, that is what the First Year Preparatorians did to Professor Schaeffer on the night of the 20th of December. It was a handsome, silver headed cane, and though Mr. Schaeffer was much *touched* by it, he didn't seem to be a bit hurt.

Miss Nannie H. Davis, teacher of music in the College, '81-'86, arrived in Westminster, January 4, and is the guest of Wm. A. Cunningham, Esq. Her many friends and former pupils are all glad to see her.

The Webster Society had a special meeting, January 4th, and adopted appropriate resolutions, which will be found in another column, on the death of Theo. Harrison. Similar action was taken as to the loss of another ex-active member, J. H. Steele.

THE COLLEGE WORLD.

Of the 365 colleges and universities in the United States, about 150 publish papers. These periodicals vary in times of issue all the way from the quarterly to the daily. The most of them are monthly. Some of our larger colleges are represented by very indifferent magazines, and, if they should be taken as a true index of what the institutions themselves are, the public estimate of them is wide of the mark. From the large attention given to athletic sports, one would suppose they were little else than large boating houses or enormous base-ball associations. It is amusing to notice the patronizing air they manifest in speaking of the colleges that do not figure largely in these sports. If they are right, the colleges that hold closely to the work of the curriculum are far behind the age.—*Pa. College Monthly*.

Two ex-Presidents of Yale are still living—Drs. Woolsey and Porter. Of the two, Dr. Woolsey has the greater power of recollecting the names and faces of Yale graduates. He is in his 87th year, but his wonderful memory often enables him to astonish an alumnus by recalling some trivial detail of the past, which had entirely passed from the mind of the younger man. The venerable ex-President of Princeton College, Dr. Maclean, who died August 10, 1886, was equally remarkable for his ability to remember the old students.

A perfect recitation is called a "tear" at Princeton; "squirt" at Harvard; "sail" at Bowdoin; "rake" at Williams, and a "cold rush" at Amherst. A failure in recitation receives the title of "slump" at Harvard; a "stump" at Princeton; a "smash" at Wesleyan, and a "flunk" at Amherst and the University of Pennsylvania.

Prof. John H. Wheeler died October 10, at Newbury, Vt. The *Nation* says of him that he was an ornament to American scholarship, and that his premature end at the age of thirty-six cuts short a career of great promise. He graduated from Harvard College in 1871; was a fellow of the Johns Hopkins University in 1876-7, and held a Parker fellowship of Harvard University in 1877-80, which gave him three years in Germany and Italy and earned him the degree of Ph. D. from the University of Bonn in 1880. After his return to America, he was for one year Professor of Latin at Bowdoin College, and then, in September, 1882, became Professor of Greek in the University of Virginia. He resigned his post, because of failing strength, during the past summer. Among his unpublished literary remains are scholia on difficult passages in Horace and Euripides which deserve to see the light.

The venerable head of Princeton College, New Jersey, has resigned, his retirement to begin February 1 next. No successor has been appointed as yet, but the matter is under consideration by a committee. Dr. McCosh, who will probably continue in the college as Professor of Philosophy, is building a home at Princeton, where he will, it is likely, end his useful days. The fine old man who has been for years a fountain of wisdom and inspiration to many of the choice sons of America, is still in vigorous health of both body and mind. He prefers to retire from the responsibilities of the presidency before the infirmities of old age overtake him.

Senator Stanford, who is founding a great university near San Francisco, says: "It will be built with a sole regard to the

poor. No rich man's son or daughter will want to go there. The houses for the comfort and convenience of my guests will be plain but substantial, and due regard will be had to every want of the pupils, but nothing ornate or grand will be allowed. This institution will absorb my wealth and be a monument to the memory of my son. The poor alone will be welcome; it will not be built for the rich."

The Rev. Alfred J. Church, Professor of Latin in University College, London, the accomplished author of "Two Thousand Years Ago, or the Adventures of a Roman Boy," has just published a historical novel called "The Count of the Saxon Shore," treating of the evacuation of Britain by the Romans.

At the recent anniversary of the Johns Hopkins University, at Baltimore, Prof. Gildersleeve said: "I live in the abiding assurance that what is inwrought the structure of our history and our literature must survive so long as the history of our race and the history of our language survive. To disentwine the warp of the classics from the woof of our life is simply impossible. One mediæval writer every one must know, and measured by modern standards Dante was not a classical scholar of the first rank. His perspective of antiquity was false, his estimate of the poets of the past was far from being just, and yet what is Dante if you loosen his hold on the classic time? I will not speak of Milton, steeped in classic lore. I will speak of Shakespeare. None but those who have read Shakespeare with the eye of a classical scholar know how much the understanding of Shakespeare is dependent on training in the classics; and more than once when I have hesitated as to whether it was pedantry or not to use a Greek word in my English discourse, I have turned to Shakespeare. Scarcely had I set down these words when the following passage fell under my eye. It is to be found in the recent introductory lecture of the Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. "The thorough study of English literature, as such—literature, I mean, as an art, indeed the finest of fine arts—is hopeless unless based on an equally thorough study of the literatures of Greece and Rome. When so based adequate study will not be found exacting either of time or of labor. To know Shakespeare and Milton is the pleasant and crowning consummation of knowing Homer and Æschylus, Catullus and Virgil. And upon no other terms can we obtain it."

THE WEBSTER ANNIVERSARY.

The report of this interesting occasion in the *Democratic Advocate*, for December 24, is so full and accurate that we gladly make use of it for our own pages:

The Webster Literary Society of Western Maryland College celebrated its seventeenth anniversary on Tuesday evening, the 20th instant, by an interesting program of exercises given in Smith Hall. The weather and walking was so extremely bad as to prevent the assembling of so large an audience as is usual on these occasions. When the curtain arose it disclosed a group of thirty-seven young gentlemen arranged around their President, Mr. I. G. Michael, of Grantville, Garrett county, who made the opening address. He gave the usual hearty welcome to the sister societies, and friends, and alluded to the prosperous condition of the society. The next item was to be the recitation of Lowell's poem, "The Rose," by Master C. J. Mott, of Baltimore, but owing to sickness he was not present. Miss Maud Mills, of Onancock, Va., and Miss Annie Shriver, of Westminster, of the Philomathean and Browning Societies, respectively, gave Weber's "Invitation to the Waltz," as a piano duet. Mr. J. McD. Radford, of Jersey, Ga., followed with the anniversary oration on "The Price of True Greatness," and his production was of exceptional merit, both in thought and in the expression of it. After this Mr. L. Irving Pollitt, of Salisbury, gave the character-piece, "The Trial of Roaring Ralph," and in his impersonation of the

Kentucky lawyer, kept his listeners in a peal of laughter. Whoever enjoys the touchingly pathetic scene introduced in Dickens' works would have had a great pleasure in the recital of "The Death of Little Jo," with Mr. B. W. Woolford, of Dorchester county, as Woodcot, and Master G. E. Waesche, of Mechanicstown, Frederick county, as Little Jo, for it was all portrayed in a most realistic way. Mr. Thos. E. Reese, of Carroll county, was very successful in a humorous selection, "He Wasn't Used to Hotels." Prof. Rinehart at this point varied the program with a piano solo, *Jaell's* "Troisime Meditation," and pleased his audience as he always does. A reading of "The Polish Boy," by Mr. W. Irving Mace, of Dorchester county, came next, and was followed by Mr. H. G. Watson, of Centreville, in a humorous oration on "Echoes from Life." The continuous laughter and applause of the audience was proof of his success in this line. After a tableau representing the "Rescue of Captain John Smith," the program was closed with the very laughable farce entitled "The Great Elixir," which was certainly carried out to perfection.

The *Dramatis Personae* were as follows:

Waldimer Wiggins—The seventh son of a seventh son.....	I. G. Michael
Gunnybag Greenbax.....	T. E. Reese
Nervous Aspen.....	L. I. Pollitt
Major Fingers—discontented bridegroom.....	H. G. Watson
Chas. Freedly—dissatisfied heir.....	C. H. Mills
Harry Quilldriver—an author.....	W. I. Mace
Herbert Easel—his friend.....	J. H. Baker
Dennis McGrath—Doctor's help.....	W. McA. Lease
Bob—Doctor's boy.....	B. W. Woolford

The whole entertainment was one of the most successful the Society has ever given, and demonstrates clearly that an entertainment not so dramatic as they have usually given, could be made quite as attractive and as much appreciated.

THE COLLEGE CHRISTMAS TREE.

We had a Christmas tree at the College this year: the night of the Webster anniversary. The students were to give each other Holiday tokens, of a humorous rather than costly character, and they were all to be hung on a great evergreen tree planted firmly at one end of the calisthenic room. So all the long afternoon while the Websters were anxiously practicing for their entertainment, the presents came pouring in at both doors of the calisthenic room. Sometimes three or four persons would come down with noise and laughter and deposit a basketful of funny things. Sometimes a solitary individual would skurry down the steps like a Dr. Jeckel or Mr. Heyde and hand in a monkey-on-a stick with a sort of beseeching dont-give-me-away air as though he were rather ashamed of the whole affair. The three or four teachers who were labeling and hanging up the gifts were pretty well worn out by the time the last toy had received its proper name and position. But you may be sure the tree looked handsome. There were tin elephants and tin whistles and tin horns and tin sleeve buttons; monkeys on a stick and monkeys to dangle with a gum string; doll babies of all shapes, sizes, colors and grades of beauty, devils in a band box that struck terror into the breast of the unsuspecting victim upon whom they were sprung; sweet cakes for people who were supposed to be rather at the top (who "took the cake," you know), horses on wheels with necks decidedly stiff and stubborn, musical instruments of every imaginable kind, from the degraded mouth organ up to the elevating and inspiring Jew's Harp. Many a young lady's heart was made glad that night by an elaborate tea set of malleable pewter. Many a young man rejoiced in "taffy-on-a-stick," or blew his own horn with appalling violence and courage. But we anticipate.

After the Anniversary (of which you can read above in this number of the *Monthly*), the whole college population hurried to the basement where the Christmas tree loomed up in silent majesty. The ball was opened by a bat (joke: please laugh) for Mr. Radford, in honor of his success in the national game. Dr. Lewis

received a horse on wheels that could actually nod his head when you tapped him on the crown. A diminutive china tea set, labeled, "for a good girl," was bestowed upon Miss Lottie Owings amid thunderous applause. Miss Hill was the recipient of a voluminous, but, alas! bogus, letter from Washington, D. C., while a bottle of catchup, *a la Francaise*, was called off for Prof. Simpson. Everyone was remembered and everyone was happy. But one of the best features of the Christmas tree episode was the refreshments that were served after the presents had been distributed, lemon ice and ice cream. Each gentleman was given a slip containing a lady's name. Armed with this as a warrant, he marched out toward the dining hall and received two dishes of refreshments and then sought the lady whose name was on his slip and together they sipped and talked to their hearts content.

It was the last night before vacation, the last night that was to intervene between them and home, and everyone felt happy and contented, a fitting state of mind to be in before merry Christmas and all its attendant blessings.

FRIDAY AFTERNOONS.

DECLAMATION.

The entertainment for December 9th consisted of a literary recital by members of the Sophomore and Freshman classes. The following is the program:

Lady Clare.....	Nannie M. Heyde
Danger of Vast Fortunes.....	Philip H. Dorsey
Extract from Fanny Fern.....	Maud C. Mills
Lessons in Cookery.....	Fannie W. Sappington
Piano Solo—Theme Allemand.....	Clara V. Underhill
Mr. Coville Counts His Shingles.....	Grace Scrivenor
Union.....	John H. Baker
The Swan's Nest.....	Minerva A. Utz
Bardell vs. Pickwick.....	Bartlett B. James
Vocal Solo—Going to Market.....	Maggie A. Stem
The Faithful Lovers.....	Marianna Shriver
Sandalphon.....	Marian E. Money
Leedle Yawcob Strauss.....	Mary L. Shriver

The pieces were, as a general thing, well memorized and well delivered, but several of the young ladies were not heard at all at a distance from the stage. They will have to speak a little louder, and with more distinctness, if they wish their efforts to be appreciated. What the audience did hear it evidently enjoyed, notably James' admirable delivery of the speech of Mrs. Bardell's lawyer in her famous suit vs. Pickwick. Let your voices out, young people, when you are on the Smith Hall stage; you have no difficulty in doing so when you are on the play ground.

JUNIOR THEMES.

On the 16th of December six members of the Junior Class occupied the stage and the attention of the school. The first essay read was by Annie Lucille Dodd, whose subject was "The education of Laura Bridgman." Isaac G. Michael followed with a speech on "The Temperance Question," and was succeeded by Fannie May Grove, who imparted her ideas on "Use and Beauty." A divertimento was now furnished by Georgie Elsie Franklin, who sang "Stars of Night Adorning." Then Levin I. Pollitt discussed "Webster's Speech for the Union," and Annie Laura Jones showed "The Influence Our Disposition May Exert on Our Surroundings." The literary part of the program was closed by Thomas E. Reese with a speech on "Our Mexican Neighbors," and the musical part by Marianna Shriver, with "Heather Bells" on the piano.

DECLAMATION.

On account of the Christmas holidays, the literary recital for the fourth Friday of December came off on Tuesday, the 20th, instead. The participants were members of the Sophomore and Freshman classes. The performances, which were enjoyed by the school, were enlivened and diversified by a song by Miss Harlan and a piece on the piano by Miss Wilmer. The following is the program followed on the occasion:

The Last Leaf—*Holmes*..... Mary J. Fisher
 The Constitution—*Webster*..... Grafton E. Day
 Peaceful Conquests—*Dix*..... Kennerly Robey
 Our Balloon—*Anon*..... Cora A. M. Sellman
 Vocal Solo—The Night Bird's Cooing..... Mary E. Harlan
 The Swan's Nest—*Mrs. Browning*..... Minerva A. Utz
 Invective—*Prentiss*..... Charles P. Merrick
 Caudle's Wedding Day—*Jerrold*..... Hilda P. Stem
 Beyond—*Anon*..... Clara V. Underhill
 Democracy—*Anon*..... Charles H. Mills
 Piano Solo—En Route..... Sallie E. Wilmer
 Six Love Letters—*Anon*..... Ida F. Underhill
 Pictures of Memory—*Cary*..... Anna McF. Thompson
 Difficulties in Rhyming—*Anon*..... Edith Stevens
 The Chambered Nautilus—*Holmes*..... Maggie A. Stem
 Faithless Nelly Gray—*Hood*..... Larkin A. Shipley

SENIOR ORATIONS AND PROF. REESE'S LECTURE.

Miss Caroline W. Phœbus began the exercises for the afternoon of January 6th with an essay on "True Courage." This theme was made interesting, not only by the able manner in which it was treated, but also by the illustrations introduced from the lives of the martyrs and other exemplars of moral heroism. A piano solo, "Sweet Rest," by Miss Ada C. Mather, followed, after which Mr. Edwin C. Wimbrough delivered an oration on "Fame." When fairly warmed up to his subject Mr. Wimbrough is an energetic speaker, and easily commands the attention of his audience. Miss Lena E. Gorenow sang "*Cantique de Noel*," which pleasantly closed the first half of the hour. The second half was occupied by Professor Reese with a lecture treating of "Philology and Geography."

SEMINARY ITEMS.

On the 28th of November we assembled in our hall and listened to a lecture on "The True Doctrine of the Resurrection of the Dead," by Professor Reese. This, like all we have heard, was instructive, and we feel that from it, as well as those which preceded, we have derived much benefit.

We regret to say that our President, Rev. J. T. Ward, D. D., was confined to his bed for a few days. We are glad to add that he has recovered.

A Bible Atlas, The Christian World, 2 volumes of '40 and '41, edited by Rev. T. H. Stockton, and Methodist Protestant paper, 5 volumes, beginning with '52, all in book form, were presented to the Seminary by the relatives of the late Rev. U. S. Greenaway, of Alexandria, Va. The one containing the M. P. paper is the largest book in our library. It is 20x28 inches.

The first term of the year is now among the things of the past. As we look back we see that it has been our privilege to have with us at their appointed time our tutors, with a few and very few exceptions. If we have not profited by the advantages that we have had, no one can be censured but ourselves.

It is considered a great thing to receive the photograph of a young lady. One of the inmates of No. 8 came home on the evening of the 10th with three.

It was our privilege to see at the Seminary this month the Rev. E. H. Van Dyke, of St. Michael's.

M. L. Cohee, T. E. Davis, Jas. Cody and Lemuel Fisher occupied some of the pulpits in the vicinity of Westminster recently.

On each side of the walk leading from the Seminary to the front gate, at a distance of a few yards apart, may be found a row of young maple trees recently planted, which, in a few years, will shade more than one student on warm spring and fall days.

The Juvenile Missionary Society of the Westminster M. P. Church was addressed by T. E. Davis, on the afternoon of December 4th.

A copy of "The Student's Manual," by Rev. John Todd, was presented to each of the students. The donor was Rev. J. T. Ward, D. D. We were much pleased with the gift, and are ready

at all times to receive and acknowledge receipt of such favors.

Politeness is something that all should practice. A Junior said he thought it was carried to an extreme at a festival in this city on the 3d inst., for, when he asked the lady whom he was with to partake of the various delicacies, she could say nothing but "If you please."

STOCKTON.

Resolutions Adopted by Webster Literary Society on the Death of Theophilus Harrison.

WEBSTER HALL, January 4th, 1888.

WHEREAS, we members of Webster Literary Society of Western Maryland College have learned of the death of Theophilus Harrison, A. B., and

WHEREAS, Mr. Harrison was an earnest, active and efficient member of our Society,

Be it resolved, That while we deeply regret and deplore the loss of our esteemed friend and fellow member, we humbly bow in submission to the will of Him who gave the life which in his providence He has taken away.

Be it resolved, That our Society has been deprived of a loyal and excellent member, and that we extend our sympathies to the family of the deceased in their bereavement.

Be it resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased; that they be published in the "WESTERN MARYLAND COLLEGE MONTHLY," and that a copy be inserted in our minutes.

JAS. McD. RADFORD, }
 H. G. WATSON, } Committee.
 W. McA. LEASE, }

NOTES AND QUERIES.

By what classical author are Christians first mentioned?

"JUSTIN."

The first distinct mention of the Christians in Pagan history is to be found in the Annals of Tacitus (XV. 44), written about the year 115. Suetonius, in his life of Nero (chapter 16,) written about five years later, is the next to speak of the "Christians." He calls them "genus hominum superstitionis novae ac maleficae." The celebrated letter of Pliny, the younger, to Trajan, asking for instructions as to how to deal with the Christians in his province of Bithynia, was written in the year 112.

I have seen the date of Chaucer's birth given as 1328 and 1340. Which is correct?

"QUERIST."

The inscription on Chaucer's monument in Westminster Abbey states that he was born in 1328, but this was not erected until a century and a half after his death. Sharon Turner was, we believe, the first to question the correctness of the accepted date, and to assign 1340 as the true year. In this he has been followed by most modern English scholars, such as Thomas Humphry Ward and others. Some good authorities, however, Henry Morley for example, seem inclined to favor the old date. As to the year of Chaucer's death, 1400, there seems to be no dispute.

In case of the death of the German Crown Prince, Frederick William, who would be heir-apparent to the imperial crown?

"CARROLL."

His eldest son, of the same name, who was born on the 27th of January, 1859, and who married, February 27th, 1881, the Princess Augusta Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein. He is, on his mother's side, a grandson of Queen Victoria.

Who is the author of the expression: "Small by degrees, and beautifully less?"

"OUTIS."

It is a mis-quotation from Matthew Prior's long and tedious poem "Henry and Emma," line 323. Prior wrote "fine" instead of "small."

What is the real name of Hugh Conway, author of "Called Back" and several other popular novels? "CASTOR."

Fargus—his first name we don't know.—He was an auctioneer in one of the provincial towns of England. You mustn't think, because new books by him are appearing, every now and then, that he isn't dead, for he is.

Who was the first to call money "the sinews of war?"

F. B.

We can recall no use of the phrase earlier than Cicero's fifth Philippic, where "*pecunia*" is spoken of as "*nervi belli*."

THE NEW PYGMALION, OR THE STATUE'S CHOICE.

A LYRIC DRAMA.

*T'image que fist Pymalion,
Qui n'ot pareil premiere ne seconde.*

PERSONS IN THE PLAY.

PYGMALION, a Sculptor of Cyprus.

A Sculptor's Ghost. Statue (afterwards GALATÆA.)

SCENE—PYGMALION'S Studio. A chryselephantine Statue of a Woman on a pedestal. PYGMALION discovered, heaping incense on an altar at the foot of the pedestal. His costume is sumptuous, and his attitude graceful.

PYGMALION (*prays*).

Oh, Aphrodite, kind and fair,
That what thou wilt canst give,
Oh, listen to a sculptor's prayer,
And bid mine image live!
For me the ivory and gold
That clothe her cedar frame
Are beautiful, indeed, but cold;
Ah, touch them with thy flame!
Oh, bid her move those lips of rose,
Bid float that golden hair,
And let her choose me, as I chose,
This fairest of the fair!
And then an altar in thy court
I'll offer, deck'd with gold;
And there thy servants shall resort,
Thy doves be bought and sold!

[*He throws incense on the flame of the altar.*

Exit PYGMALION.

A Sculptor's Ghost rises, a sordid figure stained with clay. He peers cautiously around, shuts the trap-door, and kneels at the altar.

Sculptor's Ghost (*prays*). O Aphrodite! hear him not,
But turn his words to wind,
And bid this image without spot,
My work, to me be kind.
O goddess! lady of all lands,
Let this fair maid be mine,
For mine the thought, and mine the hands,
That wrought the work divine.

[*Throws incense on the flame, and disappears by trap-door.*

The incense smoke thickens, rises into a column, and takes the form of APHRODITE floating among her doves.

Aphrodite (to the Statue). O maiden, in mine image made!
O grace that shouldst endure!
While temples fall, and empires fade,
Immaculately pure:
Exchange thine endless life of art
For beauty that must die,
And blossom with a beating heart
Into mortality!

Change, golden tresses of her hair,
To gold that turns to gray;
Change, silent lips, forever fair,
To lips that have their day!
Oh, perfect arms, grow soft with life,
Wax warm, ere cold ye wane;
Wake, woman's heart, from peace to strife,
To love, to joy, to pain!

[*The Statue moves, and lifts her arms in the attitude of adoration.*
Statue.

What world is this I know not of
What flutters in my breast?

Aphrodite. 'Tis thy first hour of life and love,
Thy last of dreamless rest!

Descend, and leave thy marble shrine;

Lo! this one day thy birth
And wedding brings; no more divine
Shalt thou inhabit earth!

And thou shalt love the man who wrought

Thine image in such wise

That neither new-born life, nor thought

Add beauty to thine eyes.

[*The Goddess fades into the altar smoke.*

Enter PYGMALION. He throws himself at the feet of the Statue, who advances to embrace him.

Statue. Ah, who then made me,—was it thou!

And who made thee so fair?

Pygmalion (*with presence of mind*). I wrought thee, maiden,
even now,

From dreams, and clouds, and air!
And thou, that werest my statue, art
My bride while life endure!

Statue. A woman with a child-like heart,
"And passionately pure!" [Sculptor's Ghost

Ghost. Believe him not—believe him not. [*rises.*
Celestial apparition;

I made thee—I; he only got
(Confound him!) the commission!

Pygmalion. Nay, rich men, tyrants, ladies fair,
Have seen me working daily on
Thine image; and in court will swear
The sculptor was—Pygmalion.

Ghost. I did the sketch; that scented wretch
Me of mine own would rob;
Concealed I lurk, and do the work,
When he's secured the job.

Pygmalion. High priests have watched me modeling,
Improving chins and noses!

Begone, thou dull, opprobrious thing,
Thou serpent 'mid the roses?

Ghost. Ere he can toil he needs a "squeeze,
A skull upon a stick!

While independent quite of these
I always do the trick!

Statue. Myself will choose: couldst thou design
And finish, furtive one,

Another shape as fair as mine,
To look upon the sun?

Ghost. Why, give me time, and give me clay,
And ivory, and gold,

And girls like thee, in bright array,
All Cyprus shall behold.

Statue. And thou, Pygmalion, couldst thou frame
My shape from gold and wood?

Pygmalion. I could not, ah, transcendent dame,
And would not, if I could!

Statue. Then thine am I! That envious Ghost
Could fashion, so says he,

A troop of girls, a perfect host,
That might compete with me!

But thou, my sculptor, thou mine own,
Hast no such cursed art,

All I will be thy bride alone,

And thine this eager heart! [*They embrace. Ec-
it Ghost, swearing in Greek, Etruscan, and Hittite.*

CURTAIN.

A. LANG.

Western Maryland College Monthly.

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Western Maryland College Monthly.

PROF. JAMES W. REESE, A. M., Ph. D.,

EDITOR IN CHIEF.

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JAMES McD. RADFORD, of the Webster Society.

L. LORENA HILL, of the Philomathean Society.

Business Manager, W. R. McDANIEL, A. M.

Published monthly during the school year.

TERMS.—One Dollar per year of ten numbers, cash in advance. To ministers and resident students, half price. Single copies 15 cts. Advertising rates furnished on application. Entered at the Postoffice, Westminster, Md., as Second Class Matter.

The appeal made to our old students, in the November number, has not met with such a response as we had hoped for and as we had a right to expect. Words of cheer for the MONTHLY have been received, it is true, and they have been most welcome and encouraging, but, with a few exceptions, nothing has been heard from the Alumni, directly, which could be viewed as contributions to the literary or personal columns of our journal. We are justified, we think, in a certain degree of insistence, on this point, and we, therefore, remind our ex-students again that what they do, the successes they achieve, the adventures they meet with, the callings they pursue, and whatever else of their lives is suitable for publication, is a part and parcel of the history of the College, and, as such, should find permanent record in the pages of the College MONTHLY. We are doing our best, here, to supply the absent with a full and accurate account of all that is going on, in the way of work or play, within the academic precincts, so that, by the slightest exercise of fancy, they can project themselves into the once familiar scenes and live over again the once free and happy life. But we consider this to be only a part of our journalistic duty. We desire, also, to keep the pupils who are now on the stage informed, from month to month, of what their predecessors are engaged in, out in the world,—in what spheres of usefulness or honor those are now moving who once trod the same campus, thumbed the same text-books, listened to the same bell, played the same games, "hooked" the same recitations, rode the same ponies, got into the same scrapes, belonged to the same Societies, in short, met with the same experiences as those through which the undergraduate of to-day is passing.

This part of our plan is impossible of accomplishment unless there be constant streams of intercourse flowing from the widely scattered offices and homes of our old students to the editorial reservoir. And the judicious distribution of what is there kept in store is not, it should be remembered, for the use and benefit solely of those now at school, but for the pleasure and instruction, also, of those to whom our appeal is made. Surely they must want to hear about each other, to know what has become of this

or that classmate or fellow-student whose studies or amusements they shared, who worked by their side in the promotion of society interests, who were united to them, in their most impressionable years, by ties so various and so strong. Now, this most natural want we shall be able to supply if every man or woman, every boy or girl, who acknowledges any debt of gratitude to the College for intellectual or moral help, or cherishes any sentiment of loyalty to the Institution, will become a co-worker with us in making the "Alumni" and "Quondam Student" columns full, accurate and entertaining. We ask, then, and we ask with great earnestness, for items of information from the old students about themselves and others. We beg them to notify us of occupations, marriages, deaths, births of children, changes of residence and all other incidents in their lives or in those of their families which the readers of the MONTHLY will expect to see and be glad to see in its pages.

Perhaps those to whom we are appealing do not realize that a prompt response will do much more than serve a merely transient and temporary purpose. Suppose that in addition to the monthly chronicle of college events which we pledge ourselves to furnish, our correspondents enable us to put on record the doings of all who have ever attended our school, what is the result? Simply this: that the journal which the Faculty and the Societies are now publishing becomes, at once, a History of the College, or, to put it more modestly, it is raised from the position of an ephemeral sheet to the dignity of Annals which the future historian of Western Maryland College will mainly depend upon for his facts, as he relates the story of her origin, her growth, her vicissitudes, her triumphs and, best of all, the good deeds and useful lives of her sons and daughters.

The lamented death of the eminent lexicographer, Dean Scott, of whom we gave a brief sketch last month, may well serve to remind the school-boy of our times of the advantages he enjoys, over his grand-father, in the study of Greek. All the Greek dictionaries used in England and in this country sixty years ago gave the definitions in Latin. No Greek-English lexicon was then in existence. The student had to work his way laboriously and slowly through the Attic writers by such aid as he could derive from the book known to our ancestors as "*Cornelii Schrevelii Lexicon Manuale Græco-Latinum*." If he consulted this for light on the word "*mén*," for example, he found, no doubt to his intense edification and delight, that "*mén*" was a "*conj. cum dè sequente facit orationem adversativam, distributivam, vel copulativam*," and this was all his Schrevelius had to tell him about a word to which, in Liddell and Scott, three closely-printed columns of English are devoted. To an American scholar belongs the honor of the first successful attack on the cumbrous and pedantic method of acquiring Greek which had so long prevailed. In August, 1826, after years of careful preparation, Pickering's Greek-English Lexicon was published and from that day to this, in the schools of England and America, the Greek-Latin diction-

aries have been discarded. The author of this book, which did so much to lighten the tasks of a generation of school-boys and which paved the way for the indispensable Liddell and Scott, was John Pickering, who was born in Salem, Mass., on the 7th of February, 1777. He was the eldest son of the celebrated Timothy Pickering, adjutant general and quartermaster-general during the Revolutionary war and then, successively, Postmaster General, Secretary of War, and Secretary of State under Washington and Adams. After his graduation from Harvard, John was selected for the post of secretary of legation by William Smith, of South Carolina, the Minister to Portugal, and two years later Rufus King, Minister to the Court of St. James, made him his private secretary. On his return to America, he resumed the legal studies which four years of diplomatic life had interrupted, and rapidly rose to eminence in his profession. But no demands made upon him by the most exacting of professions could make him forget the studies of his youth or lose his interest in them, and thus came to pass the notable fact that his Greek lexicon, "a work requiring immense labor and profound scholarship," as it has been truly said, was achieved "not in the learned leisure of an English or American University, but in hours snatched from sleep or recreation by one of the busiest lawyers in New England."

Of all the censures passed upon the essays and orations of college students none is more common than the charge of a want of originality, and none, we may add, is more unjust. It is a criticism often made by listeners who themselves never had an original idea or uttered an original sentence in their lives, and it arises from a thoughtless tendency to confound originality with the dazzling and the extraordinary. All that his teachers or the public have a right to expect from the undergraduate is a careful, correct and well-expressed discussion of themes found ready to his hands and on which the best thoughts of the best writers have already been expended. Nine tenths of the literature of the world is made by working, over and over again, the same material and moulding it into new and different shapes. Of originality, pure and simple, there is very little, and the student of literature is not long in reaching the conclusion that most things which have been well said were said very long ago, and have been repeated with varied success ever since, in thousands of volumes hid away in the dust of a hundred shelves. Moliere is the pride of French literature, but Moliere, it has been well said, is only Plautus in a French court-mask. His humor, his plots, his characters shine with a very borrowed light. The great comic dramatist need not feel lonesome or ashamed. He has plenty of company to keep him in countenance. Yet, none the less is he a great and original writer, for if he uses borrowed material, he transforms it and puts upon it the ineffaceable stamp of his own individuality. It is absurd to demand of the school boy or girl an originality of form (for original *matter* is out of the question) which, in reality, is the last and crowning achievement of authors of the first rank. These often begin by borrowing their *form* from other great models, and by compelling their thoughts to run in a groove which they find already made. Milton has been cited as an illustration of this, and yet Milton is one of the greatest of imaginative poets. He started, as one of his admirers has remarked, with the purest reproduction of the classics, and was a copyist before he became an

"inventor" of thoughts or of harmonies. He imitated Latin, he imitated Italian, he imitated Greek, and finally he grew to his full stature and invented English. Every quick-minded student will reveal in his compositions the impress made upon him by his favorite author, and this imitation, often unconscious, is only the graceful and grateful homage of the disciple to the master. And after all, the essence of genius does not reside in novelty but in force, and it would be unjust and unreasonable to require either of the immature collegiate whose work is rather to absorb than to produce and whose attainments and experiences cannot be adequate for the exhibition of that rarest of literary qualities—originality.

Our readers all know Dr. J. W. Hering, personally or by reputation, and will therefore give him a hearty welcome on his first appearance as a contributor to the MONTHLY. His timely and able paper on the deadly "Cigarette" is only a fore runner of other good things to follow, for our pages will be enriched, from time to time, by articles on subjects suggested by his professional studies and experience, and which his lucid and finished style enable him to present in the most pleasant and instructive manner.

DISSIPATION IN READING.

While many people do not read enough, there undoubtedly are many others whose reading is downright dissipation. This may not always be as to quantity, nor always as to quality. It may be either or both. While here and there we find an omnivorous reader like Macaulay, able to assimilate the most amazing numbers of books, taking an author's sense, as it were, through the pores of the skin, and without danger of intellectual dyspepsia, absorbing poetry, history, metaphysics, and fiction to an unlimited extent, such a reader is indeed only here and there. He is a sort of gigantic obelisk as compared to ordinary steeples—a thing set apart and peculiar, and by no means to be regarded as a standard by other mortals. What is sport to him would be death to them. The average person cannot overread without peril of mental plethora, any more than he can overfeed with impunity. Literary dissipation is as weakening in its effects as dissipation of any other kind.

Temptations to indulge the appetite for reading to an unwise extent are not wanting in these days. To say nothing of the magazines with their varied attractions of beautiful illustrations and vivacious descriptions, by which one, sitting in his library, may visit the ends of the earth, there are the papers, daily and weekly, and there are books falling from the press like leaves from the trees in the autumn. The marvelous cheapness of many excellent publications places them within the reach of everybody. And, not content with following some one track to its legitimate end, we are all ambitious to go everywhere and see everything. The latest poem is elbowed out of place by the last biography. Gossiping reminiscences; diplomatic unfoldings, plots, and plans from the long-veiled, profound abyss of the past; deft dovetailings of science and art; criticisms, piquant, picturesque, and slashing, with a perfect flood of fiction, allure us from all sides. We may, like the mariners of old, stuff our ears, and refuse to hear the songs of the sirens; or we may, thinking it the part of discretion, determine to hear as much as we please, and be deaf to the rest. But, to drop a figure before it grows embarrassing, he who dallies with the temptation to dissipate in literature is lost. The habit of irresponsible and ill-chosen reading is a habit fatal to mental discipline and real culture. Unthinking parents frequently feel entirely contented if their children are busy with a book or paper. Reading has, in some eyes, a certain respectability. It has that sort

of aristocratic bearing which is suffered to pass without a challenge. But a boy or girl may be badly employed in indiscriminate reading, even though the individual things read may be beyond the shadow of blame.

When the mind becomes a bit of glass, impervious to impressions, when the facile memory lets slip what it receives as fast as it is claimed by something new, when the desire for what pleases clamors down and paralyzes the desire for what instructs, then the dissipation of reading is doing its work. Reading for amusement and reading for study are separate performances. There are thousands of book-loving young people in the land whose sole definition of a book is that it is a story, which gives them diversion, without taxing their powers of thought. The circulating libraries of the great cities are witnesses to this fact. The latest popular novel is taken from their shelves with eagerness, while the standard works, unless sought by specialists or by the trained few who know how to read for profit, remain in unworn binding in their niches.

To take an example which is easily verified: How many of our boys and girls, even of those who are pursuing courses in our highest schools, know much of general literature, outside the anthologies prescribed by their teachers, and provided for in the curriculum of their colleges? Are not Milton, Dante, Wordsworth names, with a nimbus of glory, indeed, but merely names, to numbers of our best educated people? The rapid, sketchy, superficial way of reading which is common, has made solid scholarly attainment far rarer than it should be in a land of general intelligence.

We have never been greatly in favor of rigidly marked and predestined courses of reading, unless they who undertake them have the will to carry them out, and the judgment to allow themselves a margin for profitable excursions beyond their confines. Mrs. Browning, in "Aurora Leigh," says, with a truth which is self-evident:

. . . We get no good,
By being ungenerous even to a book,
And calculating profits,—so much help
By so much reading. It is rather when
We gloriously forget ourselves and plunge
Soul-forward, headlong, into a book's profound,
Impassioned for its beauty and salt of truth—
'Tis then we get the right good from a book.

The culture which is resultant from special cramming, without antecedent training, or happy associations, is not seldom one-sided and angular. It is the culture of poor Mr. Bradley Headstone, who appears on Dickens's page in such mortifying contrast with the elegant young gentleman whose social ease is his defiance and despair.

While not feeling much trust in inelastic reading, for duty's sake only, however, we confess that it is, in our view, far superior to the fly-from-flower-to-flower style of some literary bees, who gather small store of honey in their touch-and-go method. The great formative books of the world are few, and they are alas! lightly thrust aside by those who dip into everything, and never know what real thirst is nor the delight of satisfying it at a sparkling spring. We have seen a bright girl standing in the center of a room filled with books, aimlessly gazing here on the classical authors, and there at the poets, and then, with a plaintive sigh, bemoaning her evil fate that there was nothing in the house to read. Because the pity of it was that her taste had become thoroughly vitiated, and her early dissipation had left in her a morbid craving for sensational and stimulating fare, and for no other. To such a one Jane Austen would be monotonous, and George Eliot incomprehensible.

The remedy for dissipation in reading is, first, abstinence till the point of hunger is reached. A week at a little inland inn, with constant rainy weather, and no resources to speak of, would

prove a capital tonic to some mentally jaded people. Cowper's "Task," with its delightful flowing style, would, after that experience, be less a task than a pleasure to them. After abstinence, the next best remedy is a resolute determination to find some good from every book read, and to read nothing which leaves imagination exhausted and the reasoning powers dull. Something higher than diversion should be the ultimate object of the person who reads.

A PRAYER.

"Let there be light!"—th' omnific word went forth;
All darkness fled away:
And thus began, for earth,
The first glad day.

Prime Source of light! bid from our souls depart
All ignorance of thee;
And let thy beams impart
Felicity.

In thee we live, and move, and being have,—
Thou only Source of all!
"Let us know thee!" we crave,
We cry, we call:

"Know thee as in thy Son thou art revealed—
Thy sovereign grace to prove,
And, by the Spirit sealed,
Dwell in thy love."

J. T. W.

THE CIGARETTE.

BY J. W. HERING, M. D.

That we may be able more fully to appreciate the evil consequences of Cigarette Smoking, we must have some knowledge of the conditions and physiological needs of the human body; and understand also, that there is a wide difference in these conditions and needs, in the young and in those of more advanced age.

There is no part of our physical structure that is not useful and important, but there are certain organs, more important than others. So important, indeed, that life depends upon their proper action. In consequence of the superior office which they perform, they are called vital organs. And the pernicious influence of cigarette smoking in the young, is mainly seen upon these very organs; first in an insidious and indirect way, and then, if the habit is persevered in, openly and directly. I shall name two or three of these organs.

The Brain is one of them, and is called the presiding organ of the whole body. It sits enthroned in the head, and by its great system of nerves is constantly sending out messages and receiving communications from various parts of the body, adjusting and controlling and moving all, like a great general moves his army. So important is the Brain, that if you have it seriously diseased or injured all the other organs stop and the body dies.

The Heart is another of the vital organs and stands at the head of the circulation of the blood; acting like a mighty force-pump within us; beating more than 100,000 times in every twenty-four hours. Now, if this little organ stops but for the shortest time, life is gone, and if it is crippled in its action, health is gone.

The Lungs are also classed among the vital organs, and are equally important in the office which they perform. We breathe with the Lungs, and do this in order to make our blood pure, so that it may go to the heart, to be sent out again to nourish and invigorate the body.

And so we might go on and speak of many of the other organs, each one having its separate work to do, and yet all acting with the most perfect harmony in the healthy body.

Is it not wonderful that this complicated machinery should be kept in motion so long; that it does not quickly come to a standstill; that life should sometimes be prolonged to sixty, seventy, eighty years and more? We know that with every heart-beat and every act of breathing, each organ is losing something of its substance; that the body is constantly wasting and wearing away, and if there were no source of supply, it would soon exhaust itself and perish.

How is this continual wasting of tissue counteracted? Why, we take food, take it in such quantities and at such times as to meet the demands of the system. The food taken undergoes a process called digestion, and its nourishing properties are taken up and distributed throughout the body; some going to make bone, some muscle, some nerve, and so on, until the whole body is supplied with its appropriate kind, and so the machine moves on.

Now we come to the point, to which I briefly alluded in the beginning, where we meet with a marked physiological difference, between the young and those of more mature years, as to their respective conditions and needs.

In the fully grown man, to supply the waste of the body, of which I have spoken, is all that he has to do. If he accomplishes that, and as long as he continues to accomplish that, he lives and has health. But not so with the youth, he has much more to do. He has not only to live, but to grow. He must add to height and breadth of body, to length and strength of bone, to size and firmness of muscle, in order that he may reach perfect development. So that you see at a glance, he has much more to do than a man. The gathering up of 140 to 150 pounds, from his babyhood to his manhood is about what he has to accomplish.

Then it must not be forgotten that all the organs in the young are tender and delicate, and cannot stand the strain that can be put upon them when the body is fully grown. This extra call for growth puts all the organs vigorously at work. Not one of them can be idle for a moment, or even weak in its action, if developed manhood is to be reached.

Nor must we fail to remember that with each individual there is a certain normal degree of growth to attain, and a fixed time in which to accomplish it. Just as we see in vegetable life and growth, to reach the point of ripening and of full maturity is the great aim—the season comes and goes and the plants and grain that fail to mature in that season amount to nothing in the harvest. So with the growing boy. If for any reason during this period the system is weakened and the vital powers restrained, life, it is true, may be preserved, but growth will be interrupted, and robust, vigorous manhood rendered impossible. There are vast numbers of men to-day who are leading miserable, puny lives, unable to accomplish anything that requires strength and vigor of body, whose condition is directly traceable to the improprieties of their youth. And among the sources of physical weakness affecting the youth of the present generation, and from which there will be reaped a fearful harvest, none is, in my opinion, more common or more hurtful than that of Cigarette Smoking.

Now let us examine the Cigarette—take it to pieces and see what it is made of. We find the outside covering or wrapper to be of paper, unsized paper, and of all qualities. In the wrapper of the cigarette there is the opportunity to use any quality of paper, from the best to the worst, even to that which is made from the imported rags of foreign pauper-houses. And the young man, in smoking the cigarette does not know where the paper comes from that he is holding with such apparent satisfaction between his lips. We go now to the inside of the wrapper and find it filled with tobacco, and being rolled in paper, we have here again a splendid chance to use any quality of tobacco, from the best Havana to the foulest refuse that is found upon the bar-room floor or in the street-gutter.

But it is not with the quality of the cigarette so much, that we have to do, in this article, as with the cigarette itself—the best you can buy, if you please. Nor will we discuss the deleterious effects of the smoke of the burning paper, as it passes over the surface of the mouth and throat, and with those who inhale the smoke—and most Cigarette Smokers do—as this same smoke comes in contact with the delicate mucus membrane of the lungs—but shall proceed to consider some of the effects of tobacco upon the human system.

There is no article, of which I have any knowledge, that more powerfully depresses the system, when fully under its influence, than tobacco. This is due to an active principle or alkaloid, called nicotine, which is itself a most deadly poison. I could relate many curious cases, showing the violence of this poison. "A child burned its lip. The mother placed upon the burn some of the oil out of a pipe to heal it. The child died in a few hours with convulsions." "Three children had their heads rubbed with the ointment of tobacco; were suddenly attacked with vertigo, excessive vomiting, fainting and sweating, and for twenty-four hours staggered about like drunken men." The same effect was produced upon a little girl, upon whose head some snuff was used for a disease of the scalp.

An account is given of two brothers, one of whom smoked seventeen and the other eighteen pipes of tobacco. Death occurred in both cases.

"A case is related of a man, accustomed to smoking, who swallowed a small piece of the hardened tobacco juice from his pipe; he soon after fell down insensible, and would have died if assistance had not been rendered."

"A smuggler covered himself with tobacco leaf, which, being dampened by perspiration, almost caused his death by the absorption of the poison through the skin."

"A man troubled with itch made a decoction or tea of tobacco, and rubbed his body with it. Alarming symptoms immediately came on, and he was with difficulty saved from death."

I could go on and give many other cases, but these are sufficient to show the powerful action of tobacco on the human system. And while, with the physically mature man, its ordinary and moderate use is not followed by any of these alarming symptoms, because of a "tolerance" which has been established, yet, with the young, all authorities agree that its effects are of the most injurious character. Dr. Richardson, one of the very best writers, says: "Before the full maturity of the system is attained, even the smallest amount of smoking is hurtful."

And Dr. Hare, in a prize dissertation on the effects of the use of tobacco, says to young people especially: "Tobacco is a perfect curse; stunting their development, injuring, irreparably their general physique and growth, and often entirely altering their dispositions by bringing on a state of constant irritability."

It impairs the action of the whole nervous system, and renders the brain, which is, as I have said, the great regulating organ of the human machinery, utterly powerless to carry on, in a proper manner, its functions. In consequence of this, the digestion of the food is feeble; the nutrition of the body is necessarily imperfect, and growth thus interrupted.

In addition to this impression upon the brain and nervous system, the action of the heart is seriously interfered with by the effects of tobacco in the young. It is said that one-fifth of all the boys examined at the Washington Navy Yard Barracks are rejected on account of heart disease, and this condition brought on by smoking. It is the testimony of the surgeons of this department, who have large opportunities for observation, that cigarette smoking, by boys, is productive of heart disease.

And it is not hard to understand this, for anyone under the influence of the toxic effect of tobacco, sickened, as we say, by smoking, will find the heart not only acting much more rapidly

than usual, but if the effect is kept up for any length of time, its action becomes unsteady and irregular.

A heart embarrassed and crippled in this way can not long proceed without damaging its structure, and at the same time its feebleness prevents it from sending out the blood in nourishing quantities to the system.

Then the lungs, which are the blood purifiers, are involved in the same general trouble. While the heart's action is hurried, the respiration is also necessarily quickened. What the lungs lose in strength of action they are compelled to make up in frequency. And hence, when the system is under the influence of tobacco, there is always quick pulse and quick breathing. Under this condition the blood loses its richness, becomes more and more broken down, and finally we see the effect plainly in the face of the boy. Previously rosy-cheeked and robust, he is now pale and sunken; his muscular strength is gone, the power of his mind is impaired, so that he can not endure study; everything is a burden to him, sleep does not restore his strength. He loses his interest in his plays and recreations, in a word, his health is broken; his young life has been sacrificed to the cigarette.

And it not only entails upon the boy himself the miseries and disappointments of a feeble and half-developed manhood, but its pernicious effects will extend to his posterity, and will be shown in the weakly constitutions of those who come after him. The cigarette may seem, to the uninformed, to be simple and harmless. It is not so. But upon the contrary, because it is wrapped in the white garb of innocence, makes it the most deceptive and dangerous of all the forms in which tobacco has ever been presented to the young. Avoid the Cigarette.

THE SUBJECTS OF SONG.

BY HENRY S. LEIGH.

O MULETEER!—my Muleteer!—you haunt me in my slumber
Through ballads (O, so many!) and through songs (O, such a
number!);

You scale the Guadarrama,—you infest the Pyrenees,
And trot through comic operas in four-and-twenty keys.
I hum of you, and whistle too; I vainly try to banish
The million airs that you pervade in English, French and Spanish.
I hold your dark Pepitas and your mules immensely dear,
But *you* begin to bore me, O eternal Muleteer!

O Gondolier!—my Gondolier!—pray quit the Adriatic;—
That cold lagoon will make me soon incurably asthmatic.
Enough of barcarolling when the moon is in the skies;
I'm sick of the Rialto and I hate the Bridge of Sighs.
Your craft may suit, on summer nights, the songster or the
dreamer;

But, both for speed and elegance, give *me* the penny steamer.
Your city is romantic, but your songs begin, I fear,
To pall upon me sadly, O eternal Gondolier!

O Cavalier!—my Cavalier! For ages and for ages
You've glared upon me darkly out of scores of titlepages:
I've joined in all your battles, in your banquets, and your loves
(Including one occasion when you found a pair of gloves):
I've seen you kiss and ride away,—most cowardly behavior!
But then, to damsels in distress I've seen you act the saviour.
You're vastly entertaining; but I fancy that I hear
A deal too much about you, O eternal Cavalier!

READING ALOUD.

The art of reading aloud should be practiced by every reader. A book read in a clear voice, with proper emphasis and feeling, seems quite different from the same book read in a sing-song drawl. The noblest words ever written are likely to fall upon deaf

ears when read as task work and without animation. The mind of the reader does not come into contact with the mind of the writer; and so the thoughts uttered, however beautiful and worthy, make little if any impression on those who hear them. Every child will have noticed this in a church. One clergyman has read the words of Bible or Prayer-book so as to compel him to listen: another has read the same words so as to send him to sleep. To read well you must understand and feel what you are reading, and the more alive with meaning the words are to you the better will you utter them. Thus a good reader not only makes his hearers understand the books he reads but proves by his clearness of utterance and modulation of tone that he understands it well himself.

A good voice is what we call a gift of nature and the charm of its sweetest tones cannot be acquired; but the voice is so flexible an organ, that, however naturally defective, it can be trained and improved, and every young person may learn the art of elocution, or of distinct and forcible utterance, which is essential to good reading. Poetry and rhythmical prose, that is to say, prose that moves in a kind of harmonious measure, should be read aloud, and if possible in the open air. Let the boy or girl begin by a clear and energetic recitation of such stirring verses as Drayton's "Agincourt," Scott's "Flodden Field," Campbell's "Hohenlinden," Macaulay's "Lays," and Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade." From these he might pass on to descriptive and pathetic poetry—to the incomparable "Elegy" of Gray, to Goldsmith's "Traveler" and "Deserted Village," to Wordsworth's loveliest lyrics, and to the many noble passages in Shakespeare which are fitted for recitation. And lastly, let him turn to the sublime and unapproachable harmony of Milton, whose majestic verse, although perhaps but dimly understood, will fill the ear and gladden the heart with its enchanting music and superb beauty of form. Every word in the works of a great poet has a special meaning, and so you will see how necessary it is that every word should receive due attention from the reader. In reading prose it is possible to slur over words, to clip them, and to treat them with something like contempt, but in reading verse this is not so easy to do, and therefore it will be well to study the art of reading aloud through the help of our great poets. And, in order to succeed in this accomplishment, it is advisable—I had almost said necessary—to commit poetry to memory. Thus only will it become a part, as it were, of your mental property, and only by this familiarity with poetical words and imagery will you be able to read poetry as it deserves to be read. It is not necessary to do more than mention the conspicuous faults of bad readers. Some read as if they were crying, although the subject may be the merriest in the world; some whine and drawl; some assume an artificial tone of voice, altogether unlike the voice in which they talk to a friend; some lay an emphasis on the wrong words; some mumble their words so indistinctly, and read in such a monotonous tone, that it is impossible to listen to them with patience. Remember, then, in reading aloud, to avoid all tiresome effort. Be natural; speak with clearness; understand and feel what you read; and you can hardly fail to read well.

"DENNIS."

ARTIFICIAL LIGHT, OR FOUR STEPS FROM SUNSHINE TO THE ELECTRIC BLAZE.

A Lecture to the Students of Western Maryland College,
BY PROFESSOR S. SIMPSON, A. M.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—Dr. Carpenter once began a Lecture before the Royal Society on Charcoal, by saying that the subject was not only very dry, but that it was also very dark. I think I may be allowed to say that if my Lecture should not illuminate the minds of my hearers, at least the subject is very enlightening.

Not many years ago an alabaster vase was found in an Egyptian tomb; there was nothing in it except a few hard, dry blackened seeds. Through curiosity, the discoverer brought them to England and planted them. To his great surprise, the seeds, which had been sealed up in an ancient tomb for three thousand years, sprouted and grew and in the harvest time yielded fine ears of wheat. To my mind an interesting parallel exists between the vegetable energy, the vital force, shut up in the wheat kernel for thirty centuries and the solar energy which was locked up in the coal forests a million years ago, and which is to-day, by the magic wand of science, called up from its sooty tomb again to drive darkness from our cities, and glow and dazzle in our homes as fossil sunshine on exhibition at the hour of midnight.

Although Astronomers think that there may be comets and nebulae whose light is not produced by heat, yet all the systems of light known to us depend on heat. Light is the result of heat developed either by combustion, chemical action or in some other way. In all luminous flames, the light is emitted by solid particles. This fact should be emphasized; that light is emitted from solid particles; and a flame containing no such particles will, at best, emit a feeble light, no difference how high the temperature. A flame produced by burning hydrogen in Oxygen will give no light, although the heat is sufficient to burn steel wire. If we introduce into this flame some solid like lime, the light will become too dazzling for the eye. This is the "Drummond Light," and it has been seen one hundred and eight miles in daytime. Burn Phosphorus in Oxygen, the light is intense, for the new particles are solid; burn it in Chlorine, and we have no light, because the product of Combustion is gaseous. The particles of Carbon are solid, hence it is a good substance out of which to get light. Oils, fats, and illuminating gas are composed largely of hydrogen and carbon. These will not burn by themselves. To burn them we must have Oxygen from the air. It is only a recent thing that the philosophy of burning has been understood. When the hydrogen and oxygen and carbon are heated up to 800° F., affinity is excited, and the atoms of oxygen, one at a time, rush between the two atoms of hydrogen so violently as to produce intense heat by friction, and this heat raises the carbon to incandescence, and the carbon emits the light. Perhaps it would be well to explain this word incandescence. When solid particles are heated, the color of the light depends upon the temperature to which they are elevated. As the temperature rises, the colored rays appear in the order of the spectrum; first the red, then orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet. At about 2100° F., all the colors are reflected and blended into white light. This is incandescence. I cannot pass from this point without calling attention to the amount of oxygen required in combustion. This is a very practical point; and it is not generally understood that to burn 12 tons of coal requires 32 tons of oxygen, and as oxygen is only one-fifth of the air, it requires 160 tons of air. Or practically, one pound of coal takes thirteen pounds of air to burn it; therefore one ton of coal requires thirteen tons—410,000 cubic feet—of air to be passed over it to burn it completely.

For lighting purposes the ancients had to use bronze and terra cotta lamps, without chimneys or globes, and to burn oils and resins, amid a deal of smoke and soot. In 1812, just seventy-five years ago, the first gas lights were used. They were in London; but Paris in 1815 tried the new experiment, while one year later Baltimore fell in line. The people fought physical darkness with pine knots, lamps and candles for eighteen hundred years after the Christian era, with but little progress in science and arts. Everything proclaims the world's progress, the past seventy-five years, under the gas flame, and as light is a measure of progress, what may we expect the next seventy-five years under the glowing flame of the electric current.

Many amusing as well as serious accidents have happened in

bringing electricity to its present application. In his first experiment Mr. Muschenbroek was so thunderstruck (and in this case it was natural thunder) that he declared he would not take another shock for the crown of France. Prof. Richmann was instantly killed by a discharge, and Dr. Franklin was twice knocked senseless before he learned to respect properly this mysterious force.

To the intensely practical, who estimate everything at a money value, many of the electrical experiments seemed altogether fanciful and unprofitable. When a man of unscientific turn asked Dr. Franklin what was the use of certain facts which he had just discovered in electricity, "What is the use of a baby?" retorted the philosopher. To those who saw nothing useful in the development of the little spark, Faraday's reply was equally sententious: "Endeavor to make it useful," said he. Not many years after this he saw that tiny spark expanded into the magnificent blaze of the South Foreland lighthouse, with one hundred and eighty thousand candle power—one-third the brilliancy of the sun.

The force which moves or tends to move an electric current along a wire from one point to another is called electro-motive force, and it is just about like the pressure in a system of water pipes, which sets or tends to set the water in motion. Place a tank of water above the ground, connect a pipe with it; the water will run down.

What determines the flow? Elevation or hydrostatic power. Place two tanks above the ground, one higher than the other. The water will flow from the higher to the lower, simply because of the difference in height, and this difference determines the flow from one to the other. We say of water that its ability to do work by pressure depends on its elevation. What is pressure in the case of water is electro-motive force or potential in the case of electricity. The difference of pressure in the water of the reservoir and in the pipes causes the water to flow through the pipes; so the difference of potential between the positive pole and the negative pole causes the electricity to flow from one to the other. The amount of electro-motive force generated to drive the current is measured by volts. One galvanic cell will produce from one to one and a half volts per second, and a dynamo machine will yield several hundred. The energy wasted on the conductors or in the circuit is called resistance, and it is measured in ohms. One ohm is the resistance opposed by about 455 feet of telegraph wire. The energy that flows through the circuit is called the current, and it is measured in amperes. With a cell producing one volt per second, and with a circuit of one ohm of resistance (455 feet of telegraph wire), the amount that flows is called one ampere. These are the electrical units; the volts measuring the energy made, the ohms measuring the energy lost in resistance, and the amperes the energy which gets through the circuit. The energy wasted is called resistance, and a few years ago the electricians considered this waste the chief difficulty in this science. Resistance was the pest, the plague, the useless waste that ruined all their beautiful theories. The persevering students of nature were determined to work through the difficulty. This is only one case among thousands which show the invincible purpose and untiring zeal of the scientist. It is among the unsolved problems, the multiform entanglements of forces, on the far-sweeping horizon of the unknown, out in the cloud lands of nature's mysteries, it is there that the student of physics rejoices in his fond pursuit. In the language of Faraday, they endeavored to make something out of the resistance, and, by the indefatigable labors of scores of electricians, this resistance, this useless waste of energy, has been turned into the electric light, certainly the brightest wonder of the age. The first scholar who succeeded in converting this resistance successfully into light was Sir Humphry Davy, in the year 1807, 80 years ago. By using a battery of two thousand cells he passed sufficient current over two carbon points to raise them to a glowing heat and make a brilliant light. But it cost a large amount of

money and trouble, and the world looked on it as a beautiful experiment, to be repeated only a few times in a century, for the admiration of kings. More than a half century of hard study, defeat and apparently useless experiment was devoted to the problem how to find a ready method of making the resistance useful in light and heat. The problem was really to find a cheap method of converting mechanical energy into electricity. When in 1867 Mr. Siemens and Mr. Wheatstone began a series of experiments which resulted in the dynamo machine, the problem was practically solved. When the acknowledged leading scientist of the Royal Society was asked what was the greatest discovery of modern times, he replied "That the dynamo machine is reversible," meaning that the dynamo could be worked backwards or forwards. If you supply electrical force at one end it will be converted into mechanical, or, vice versa, if you supply mechanical force it will be converted into electricity. Thus the mechanical force obtained from burning coal becomes electricity. This is getting electricity out of the cheapest form of energy known, and it makes it cost just one forty-second part what electricity costs when obtained from zinc in a battery. The only thing left then was for some one to fit up the appliances for turning this vast energy into light. Mr. Edison's experiments on this problem are the most far-reaching ever conducted. Many and expensive were the failures with which he met before his labors became remunerative. He made costly experiments to obtain the light by raising different metals to incandescence; but even the most infusible metals, like platinum, were melted. He then discovered a process by which he made platinum four times as hard to melt as ordinary platinum, but this failed. In 1879 he took out a patent on carbon prepared from different kinds of paper, cotton and linen threads, wood splints, lamp black, &c.; but while the light was very good, it would last but a short time, and was worth nothing in practical use. In 1880 he took out his patent on carbonized bamboo, which will produce a flame of any candle power desired, and will last for one thousand hours. This solved the problem, and Mr. Edison, with many others, shares the honor of bringing the light to its present perfection.

When we remember that light is emitted from solid particles heated to incandescence, and that a current of electricity in passing over a poor conductor like carbon is converted into heat, then the explanations of the electric light are quite simple. For the arc lamp sticks of carefully prepared carbon are placed in the circuit, and a powerful current of electricity is forced to pass over them. These short carbon sticks oppose 3,000 times as much resistance as copper, and about 3,000 times as much energy is converted into heat which raises the carbons to incandescence, vaporizes the carbon, and sweeps it over in a glowing flame of intense brilliancy any where from 600 to 5,000 candle power. This makes the most powerful artificial heat known, in some cases 8,700° Fah. In the arc lamp the carbon is oxydized and consumed at the end, and consequently many devices have been resorted to to move the points forward so as to keep them about one-fourth of an inch apart,—the distance corresponding to the highest intensity of light. At first they were fed forward by hand, but at present the current is conveyed to the carbons through an electro-magnetic coil provided with a soft iron core called the plunger, thus using the current to feed the points forward automatically. However, the carbon points are kept in place automatically by a great number of devices, thus giving rise to as many electric light companies all based on the same principle. The current will not pass the open space between the points when the lamp is not burning, consequently to light the lamp, the points must be in actual contact; but when it is burning, the vaporized carbon and hot air make less resistance and the current passes the open space. The little globules which may be seen on the burning carbons, and which

roll to the point and disappear with a slight hissing sound and a diminution of light are fused silica or quartz in the carbon. For ordinary street lamps the carbons are about 2-5 of an inch in diameter, and 12 inches long; they last about eight hours and furnish a light of 800 candle power. The arc lamps are used in railway stations, streets and light houses where from 1,000 to 5,000 candle power is wanted. The most intense arc light in the world is the condensed beam of the great blaze at Souta Point, England, 800,000 candles, one-third the brilliancy of sunlight. The largest electric light ever proposed, is the establishment of an electrical sun of 18 million candle power on a tower 1,200 feet high, for the illumination of Paris.

The other form of electric light is the glow lamp, from one to one hundred candle power, hermetically sealed up in a vacuum globe. This lamp is used in private houses, cars, boats, &c., where a steady light from ten to twenty candle power is wanted. The principle is the same, but in the glow lamp the circuit is not broken, and the light is sealed up in a vacuum globe, consequently no mechanical contrivance is needed to feed the carbons forward. The lamp is made by carbon threads or filaments two and a half inches long, which close the circuit in these glass bulbs. The filaments are prepared by taking sticks of bamboo three inches long, splitting them into six strips, being careful to remove all the silicious covering of the bamboo. These little strips are then placed in horse-shoe shaped grooves cut into nickel plates, and a flat nickel plate is fixed on them so as to inclose them air tight. The plates are then raised to white heat to char the strips. When the moulds are opened, the filaments are carried through chemical treatment, much of which is kept a secret, then electroplated to platinum supports and introduced into the lamp bulbs or little glass globes. The globe is then attached to the Laid—Fox air pump to exhaust the air in the bulb. Then, while the exhaustion is going on, the filament is alternately heated and cooled by the current, in order to render it homogeneous, elastic, and tough, and to test as well as increase its power of endurance. When all the air is exhausted, and while the filament is in full glow, the globe is sealed up by fusion at the point where the exhaustion tube connects with the lamp. To make these glass globes capable of enduring the intense heat was one of the most difficult works of Mr. Edison.

When this lamp bulb is placed in the circuit and the current turned on, the resistance met with, as the electricity passes over this carbon filament, is converted into heat; this heat raises the carbon to incandescence, vaporizes some of it, and keeps the little solid particles at a temperature sufficient to emit the light of this dazzling lamp.

There are more than twenty different ways of preparing the carbon filaments for these lamps, giving rise to the numerous companies, such as the Edison, the Swan, the Victoria, the Weston, &c. For the Swan lamp, the carbons are obtained from cotton threads twisted in small cords which are first placed in sulphuric acid, washed and dried; then they are put in crucibles, covered with powdered charcoal, and heated for some time to redness, then soaked in sirup and charred again. In the Victoria lamp, the carbons are raised to white heat while immersed in oil; then they are boiled in caustic soda or potash, and then carried through some treatments not made public.

The amount of electricity necessary for an intense light is very great. To supply one Edison glow lamp of sixteen candles requires a current of seven-tenths of an ampere; this is just fifty times as strong as the telegraph current. To run one arc lamp of twelve hundred candles requires ten amperes; this is seven hundred and fourteen times the telegraph current. The magnificent blaze of six thousand candles requires about five thousand one hundred (5,100) times as much electricity as the telegraph. This is a tremendous force, and one which would instantly kill a thousand men connected in a circuit.

The largest galvanic battery ever made is used in the Royal Institute, London. It has 14,400 chloride of silver and zinc elements, and with 243 such batteries connected we could make a veritable lightning flash one mile long; so it would seem that the thunderbolts of Jove are in the hands of the scientist, and if he cannot shake Olympus by his nod, he can hurl the lightning's fury upon the devoted heads of his enemies. This results from the fact that the air offers to the passing current great resistance, which is converted into heat, making the particles luminous, and so the electric light is as old as the thunder storm. But just imagine the fate which would have awaited Plato or Pliny if either had predicted that the time would come when the streets of Athens and Rome would be lighted by Jupiter's thunderbolts quietly blazing on the top of long poles.

Without discussing the origin of energy, it may be noticed that the earth receives annually from the sun heat sufficient to melt a layer of ice one hundred feet thick all over our globe, and that the amount of heat radiated annually into space by the sun is 2,138,000,000 times that which the earth receives. That is, the sun's radiant energy is 7,000 horse-power per second from every square foot of its surface. Some of this heat and light, ages ago, was stored up in the woody fibre of the carboniferous forests to make the coal of the mineral coal mines. This is the first step from sunshine to the electric light. When we burn this coal, the potential energy is converted into mechanical energy; this is the second step. This mechanical energy in revolving an electromagnet is converted into electricity; this is the third step, and for the fourth step this electricity in passing over the carbons is converted into heat and light again. This completes the round of this indestructible, world-enlightening energy.

One of the most important questions concerning the electric light is, What is the cost? In answering this question there are so many variable elements, such as candle power, number of lamps demanded, distance of lamps from the dynamo, &c., that we cannot treat this part of the subject satisfactorily in the short time allowed for this paper.

The arc lamp of 1,500 or 2,000 candle power costs ten cents an hour, or forty cents a night of four hours, by the year. If the lamps burn all night, and if several lamps are fed by the same dynamo, the cost is reduced to six cents per hour. Considering the great extent of surface illuminated by the arc lamp, when we compare it to gas, where several arcs are wanted, we find by careful calculation that we get from electricity four times the amount of light at two-thirds the expense of gas. With the glow lamp for private houses and small rooms the cost is different. In New York city, the central station of the Edison Co. feeds 13,000 lamps of sixteen candle power each at a cost of one and one-eighth ($1\frac{1}{8}$) cents per hour, which is half as high again as gas; but the light is every way superior, as it gives off no carbonic acid, no smoke, no odor, and almost no heat to the room.

At the electric light exhibition it was proved that a dynamo machine will yield, per horse power, 1,440 candles for the arc lamp, but it will supply only 176 candles, per horse power, for glow lamps. This is eleven 16 candle lamps per horse power. Consequently a nine horse-power dynamo would be required to furnish the electricity to light this College, with ninety-nine lamps, each lamp being of 16 candle power.

Or practically, if there were an electric light station in Westminster, it would, at the rate of the Company in New York, furnish to the College fifty glow lamps of 16 candles, $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours per night, at a cost of \$1.97 per day. Or the first cost of a local installation would be \$850 for the machinery and outfit for fifty glow lamps. To this would be added the fuel and the annual replacement of the lamps, at a cost of one dollar each; because each glow lamp would last from five to six hundred hours, or about one year.

The electric light is rapidly working its way in the cities of the United States. At present there are about 125,000 arc and 300,000 glow lamps in this country, with an investment of no less than \$75,000,000 in the business of electric lighting.

Notwithstanding all grumbling, and growling pessimists to the contrary, with an increase of scientific knowledge and machinery, there has been a corresponding increase of the comforts of life. By careful comparison of factory work it is found that in 1840, the amount of cotton sheeting per hand was 9,600 yards a year, now it is 28,032 yards per hand; the value of what one hand produced in 1840, was \$868, now it is \$1,973.00; the rate of wages per hour in 1840, was $4\frac{1}{2}$ cents, now it is 8-10 cents. Since the laborer gets double and the necessities are half the cost of what they were 50 years ago, it follows that a working man to-day can buy with one day's work four times as much as his father could a half century ago. For the first time in the world's history, a skilled mechanic can buy a barrel of flour for a single day's work.

In building the pyramids of Egypt, 30 centuries ago, the laborers received, on the average, three cents a day; those employed on the Brooklyn Bridge, received on the average, \$2.50 a day. Just one hundred years ago, Paris paid 29 cents per hour, for six hundred candle power; to-day New York pays 6 cents per hour for 2,000 candle power—three times as much light for one fifth the money.

No one thing shows more fully the progress of the world in science and art, than the wonderful and varied application of this new illuminating agent. In addition to the usual purposes of lighting, the electric flame is now used in night signalling, in military operations, photography and microscopy; and in various surgical operations it is made to illuminate successfully the cavities of the liver, the stomach and many other internal organs.

But as we have already taken more than the time allowed for this lecture, we will close this paper until our enterprising President has placed the incandescent lamp in every room in the College, and then you will have more light on the subject.

THE ALUMNI.

Dr. Richard B. Norment, jr., '76, of Woodberry, Baltimore county, in the presence of the eminent surgeon, Dr. McLane Tiffany, performed the cesarean operation, recently, and with great success, upon one of his patients.

At a meeting of the citizens of Somerset county, held at Princess Anne, on the 19th of January, Joshua W. Miles, '78, was made a member of the committee appointed to visit Washington with a view of obtaining an appropriation for the purpose of improving the navigation of the Manokin river.

Paul Combs, '87, a member of the Faculty of the Maryland Agricultural College, was one of the ushers at the marriage, January 25th, of Prof. J. Burton Starr, of the same college, to Miss Katie Munroe, daughter of ex-Postmaster Grafton Munroe, of Annapolis.

Miss Loulie M. Cunningham, A. M., '81, of Westminster, left Baltimore, on the 30th of January, in the steamship William Crane, for Savannah. Her destination is Brunswick, Ga., where she purposes to spend six weeks on a visit to her brother, Frank E. Cunningham, '69-'80, assistant cashier of the Oglethorpe National Bank.

Harry F. H. Baughman, '83, entered the Johns Hopkins University on Monday, January 30, as a graduate student, and will take an advanced course in Greek and Latin.

Rev. Jesse W. Norris, '83, will soon officiate in a new church which has been built by his congregation at Pottersville, near the Maryland and Virginia boundary line.

George C. Erb, '86, spent the Christmas holidays in Westminster. He is now in the second year of his theological course at Franklin and Marshall Seminary, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Jas. A. Diffenbaugh, '74, was one of the guests present at the second Tuesday evening reception, given by General and Mrs. Thomas J. Shryock, January 10, at their residence, 1401 Madison Avenue, Baltimore.

Alonzo L. Miles, '83, has just been appointed Collector of customs for the eastern district of Maryland, with head-office at Crisfield.

QUONDAM STUDENTS.

John B. Thomas, '73-'75, of Queen Anne's county is Chairman of the Committee on Temperance, and a member of the Committees on Agriculture and Federal Relations, in the Maryland House of Delegates.

At the leap-year masquerade hop given by the young ladies of Westminster, January 12th, at Bowers' Hall, Miss Jennie S. Smith, '82, appeared in the character of a "Scotch Highlander," Miss Maggie Huber, '77-'80, as "French Tambourine Girl," Miss Ada Smith, '78-'83, as a "Gypsy Fortune-teller," John H. Cunningham, '85, as an "Ethiopian," John F. Everhart, '82-'84, as a "Chinaman," and Frederick D. Miller, '82-'83, as a "Japanese."

At the annual election of officers held by the Westminster Fire Department, January 18th, William L. Seabrook, '69-'72, was chosen President, and Denton S. Gehr, '69-'70, Librarian.

William A. Malehorn, '81-'83, the only son of A. J. and Ella B. Malehorn, died in Westminster on the 15th of January, aged 19 years, 3 months and 11 days. Willie was a bright and promising lad and greatly esteemed by his many friends.

George H. Gist, '72-'77, after teaching for several years in the public schools of Carroll county, has entered the service of the United States Government and now holds a position in the Baltimore Custom House.

Rev. Charles S. Trump, '72-'73, of Stone Church, Pa., assisted in the installation of the Rev. P. H. Miller, pastor of Grace Lutheran Church, Westminster, Sunday, January 29th.

Miss Nannie E. Powell, '84-'86, of Henderson, N. C. was married in that city during the Christmas holidays to Mr. Young.

Dr. Frank W. Elgin, '79-'82, has removed from Bean to Bethesda, Montgomery county, where he has a large and growing practice.

Miss Maude Chaplain, '80-'81, is acting as assistant to her father, Alexander Chaplain, Esq., School Examiner for Talbot county.

Harvene E. Bowers, '81-'82, now the wife of Rev. C. S. Levan, pastor of the Reformed Church, Easton, Pa., is making a visit of several weeks to her mother, Mrs. John Bowers, in Westminster.

COLLEGE NOTES.

John B. Whaley, of the Junior class, was a delegate from the Y. M. C. A. of the College, at the sixteenth annual convention of the Yong Men's Christian Associations of Maryland, West Virginia and the District of Columbia which was held in Baltimore, January 12-15. He was appointed a member of the Committee on Business. The Association at the College has a membership of forty-five, of which thirty-five are active workers. Their work is not confined to the school, but extends to the Carroll county jail and almshouse.

Prof. William H. Zimmerman, A. M., who is well known to many of the old students of our College as their instructor in Physics and Modern Languages, has been elected to the professorship of these branches in the Maryland Agricultural College.

The coasting on the hill back of Ward Hall has furnished the boys much enjoyment. On Saturdays the scene is a very an-

imated one. "*Facilis descensus, sed revocare gradum, hoc puos, hic labor est.*"

Col. Edwin Wilmer died on Friday, January 27th, at his residence, "Blitho," Govanstown, and was buried on Sunday the 29th, at Greenmount cemetery. Col. Wilmer was the father of Mr. Edwin M. Wilmer, 1300 Madison Avenue, Baltimore, who was Principal of the Preparatory Department in the College during the years '71-'74.

The Irving Society elected the following officers on the 13th of January: President, David Fulton Harris; Vice-President, Edward C. Wimbrough; Corresponding Secretary, Charles A. Roop; Recording Secretary, George W. Ward; Treasurer, Bartlett B. James; Librarian, Harvey P. Grow; Assistant Librarian, William M. Weller; Critic, Grafton E. Day; Sergeant-at-Arms, John F. Nelson; Chaplain, Willis M. Cross.

The young lady student who under the most discouraging circumstances can still "grit her teeth and pray" surely deserves credit for her "grit."

One of the Juniors who didn't know phosphorus would burn is wiser now. His classmates say that if he doesn't "let up" on his experiments, they are going to stay out of the laboratory when he is around, as they would like to have a decent burial when they are done with this world.

The student who translated, "*Das Lied von der Glocke*,"—"He lied about the clock," was not a member of the Senior class.

Since the beginning of the present term the Juniors have had the opportunity to "read Nature in the language of Experiments." They seem to be greatly interested in their Laboratory work under the direction of Professor Simpson. One of the members of the class says that his "senses are becoming highly educated—especially his sense of smell."

Young Verdure, of the Prep. Department, encountered the poetess on Parlor Night and requested a specimen of her skill in versifying. He got it promptly and in this wise:

"The rose is red, the violets' blue,
Grass is green, and so are you."

We had thought that our musical department was equal to any demands likely to be made upon it, but Mr. R— evidently finds it unable to satisfy his aspirations. He is taking lessons down town.

On the evening of the 20th of January, the Y. M. C. A. of the College had an election of officers for the present term with the following result: President, J. H. S. Ewell; Vice-President, E. C. Wimbrough; Rec. Secretary, James Cody; Cor. Secretary, H. G. Watson; Treasurer, B. B. James. The new President appointed the following Committees: On Devotions, J. B. Whaley, G. R. Hodge and W. McA. Lease; on Music, Prof. E. A. Warfield and G. W. Haddaway; on Membership, L. I. Pollitt and G. W. Ward; on Jail, M. E. Grant and D. F. Harris; on Alms-house, J. A. Selby and B. B. James; on Thursday Afternoons, J. H. Baker and A. T. Taylor; on Missions, J. Cody and F. S. Cain; on Books, W. M. Weller and B. W. Woolford.

The third of the society anniversaries for the academic year takes place on Tuesday evening, February 21st. This time the Philomatheans will let the public see what they can do in the way of an entertainment, when they make their first appearance on the stage of Smith Hall.

Gertrude F. Beeks was called home, just before Christmas, by the illness of her uncle, Mr. J. F. Beeks of Still Pond, Kent county, who, we regret to announce, died in January. Miss Gertrude has returned to the College.

The newly elected officers of the Y. W. C. A. are: President, Carrie W. Phœbus; Vice-President, Carrie L. Mourer; Secretary, Lorena Hill; Treasurer, Misao Tsune Hirata.

The Sophomores are sporting their new badges. The design is a silver four-leaf clover with "Class of '90" engraved on a gold centre-piece.

The latest accession to the ranks of the Primarians are Masters Claude Smith and Frank Shaw, both of Westminster.

It is said that some of the girls were so occupied on Parlor Night trying to eclipse the toilettes of the others that they forgot all about the eclipse of the moon.

Rev. J. A. Weigand, '70-'73, of Milton, Delaware, very kindly offers a gold medal to that member of any of the four literary societies, who shall submit the best essay on "The most Effective Measures for Suppressing Intemperance." The essays will be limited in length to one thousand words, and must be handed to the Editor-in-Chief of the MONTHLY by April 15th. The best and second best essays will be printed in the MONTHLY, and the medal will be bestowed with the class medals on Tuesday of Commencement week.

We omitted to state in our last number that Keller's Greek Lexicon had come. We now repair the omission. It has come.

THE MASQUERADE.

A College Masquerade, Jan. 28, was the event of last month in our usually quiet community on the hill-top. Masquerades, as a general thing, to serious studious folk who view life through the tinted lenses of a sober propriety, appear to smack of the ball-room and other worldly dissipations. They seem hardly in strict conformity with the earnest practicalities of life. But it must be remembered that "a little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men." Besides, you must understand that *our* masquerade was *comme il faut* in its minutest details. No one masqueraded but the ladies. The gentlemen spent the time racking their brains over questions like these: Whose voice is it that now falls familiarly upon my ear? Can this be the hand I fancy it is? Do they laugh at me behind their masks? Am I appearing awkward or ill at ease? This ghost makes my flesh creep, what shall I say to her? &c., &c.

As for the fair maskers themselves they seemed to be the most self-possessed mortals in the room. Not totally unconscious of their graceful, appropriate costumes, and full of the youthful vigor and animation that make mere existence a luxury, they played their parts with a degree of skill that would have done credit to older and more experienced heads. The "Peasant Girl" wore an air of charming innocence and rurality; any true sailor would have sworn by "Nancy Lee;" "Night," gemmed with glistening stars, moved gracefully and *almost* silently among many admirers, while the white and mysterious ghosts did all that was necessary and proper to chill the hearts of the awe struck and subdued collegiate and prep. As for the "Gypsy Girl," "Marguerite," "Priscilla," the "Tambourine Girl," "Pocahontas," and all the others clear down to little "Eva," "The Baby," and the brisk and amusing "Topsy," we can have none but words of praise for excellent personification. Here find the list:

Topsy	Miss Thompson
Eva	Miriam Lewis
Miss Ophelia	Miss Blandford
Peasant Girl	Miss Money
Nancy Lee	Miss Mourer
Marguerite	Miss Hill
Harvester	Miss Mills
Priscilla	Miss Whaley
Night	Miss Jones
Mary Queen of Scots	Miss Dodd
Scotch Lassie	Miss Wallis
Gypsy Girl	Miss Fisher
Tambourine Girl	Miss Taylor
Pocahontas	Miss Handy
Girl of the Period	Miss Heyde
Jim Crow	Miss L. Caulk
Japanese	Miss I. Underhill
Artist of W. M. C.	Miss Grove
Ghost	Miss Mather

Muse	Miss Griffin
Baby	Miss I. Caulk
Ghost	Miss Scrivener
Poetess of W. M. C.	Miss Gore
Flower Girl	Miss Harlan
Nun	Miss Walmsley
Flag	Miss Sappington
Red Riding Hood	Miss Stevens
Folly	Miss Whittington
Martha Washington	Miss Sellman
French Girl	Miss Lowe

Now then, young gentlemen, you were gracefully and ably entertained by the ladies; there should be talent enough in Ward Hall to reciprocate the compliment before June roses are in bloom.

WHITCOMB.

FRIDAY AFTERNOONS.

MUSICAL RECITAL.

The monthly Musical Recital for January took place on the 13th. It was splendidly opened by the performance, on the piano, of the Second and Last movements from Beethoven's First Symphony by Prof. Rinehart, as Primo, and Miss Maggie A. Stem, as Secundo. The Professor was very ably supported by his pupil. In the unavoidable absence of the teacher of vocal music, Mrs. A. J. Carnes, who was to have followed the Symphony by singing Parker's "Jerusalem," the Professor favored the audience with one of his own original compositions. The next piece on the program was Leybach's "Norma," very pleasantly rendered, as a piano solo, by Miss Sallie E. Wilmer. "Sweet Heather Bells" was then sung by Miss Stem, after which the Professor delivered the following brief, but interesting and instructive lecture on Mendelssohn, his life, his style and his compositions:

"From a musical standpoint and from the position that the end, the result is above all else, it is to be regretted that Mendelssohn led a placid life of elegant ease and refined surroundings. Had he been obliged to drink from that cup of sorrow and harassment that was so often at the lips of Mozart, or had he passed through the fires of tribulation from which the majestic soul of Beethoven emerged resplendent and divine, he might, perhaps, have struck a deeper vein in the mine of music. But his life throughout was a bright glowing summer day, and his compositions are the natural result of a nature contented with itself and all around it.

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy was born on the 3rd of February, 1809, in the city of Hamburg, and died at Leipzig, Nov. 3, 1847, thus passing away at the early age of thirty-eight. His parents were in affluent circumstances, and thus it came about, in his early years at least, that music was more an elegant accomplishment to him than a means of livelihood, more a solace and companion in idle moments than a divine necessity that brooked no rival and allowed of no negligence. Under competent instruction he showed remarkable efficiency in piano playing at the age of eight years. It is an extraordinary fact that in spite of the exceeding talent he evinced for music, his parents hesitated for a long time before giving their consent to his taking up music as a profession. They were fearful that he might not reach front rank as a master in the art. Their fears were certainly unfounded.

Mendelssohn spent part of his life in London where he acquired and still holds a well deserved and extended popularity. He possessed the happy faculty of arousing in all with whom he came in contact an enthusiasm for great works, and it was through his indefatigable efforts that the master pieces of Bach and Handel (which at the time of Mendelssohn's rising popularity had sunk into a deplorable oblivion), were resuscitated and presented clearly and comprehensively to public attention.

Perhaps Mendelssohn's greatest works were his two oratorios, "St. Paul" and "Elijah." An oratorio is a composition of a sacred nature, the words being most frequently taken from the Scriptures, and consists of choruses, solos, duets, and all the different forms of vocal music peculiar to the opera. The oratorio by

many is claimed to be the highest form of musical composition, surpassing the opera in that it contains the deepest and loftiest elements of Christian religious—moral life. Untrammelled by the trappings and machinery of the operatic stage, it can aim with more chance for success at the highest ideal of pure musical art. Its heroes, heroines and incidents are drawn from Biblical history and it requires no scenic effect to add to its impressiveness. In such a form of composition Mendelssohn's talents were fitted to take a lofty flight, and his oratorio of St. Paul, had it been the only production of his pen, would have made him famous.

As an opera composer it is doubtful whether Mendelssohn would have scored so great a success. His extreme finicalness in the selection of a libretto and his early death prevented him from putting the matter to the test. His mind was hardly adapted to so sustained and closely consecutive an effort as an opera of any length, and many competent critics have considered it hardly possible that his peculiar style of composition would have been suitable to accompany a dramatic presentation.

But it is with his piano works that we are chiefly concerned, and in his own way Mendelssohn was inimitable in this field of composition. All his writings are perfect in execution, but his piano works are each and every one "gems of purest ray serene," clean cut and sparkling as diamonds. Along with his concert overtures for orchestra his piano concertos deservedly rank as his best efforts.

If one can possess the temerity to offer an adverse criticism on this great composer's writings, it might be said that they have a vein of exquisite monotony, so to speak. There is a serenity, a placid flow of contentment that palls on the taste after a time. No one will doubt for a moment the success of the extremely beautiful combinations that he evoked, the fine harmonic changes and modulations that were at his finger ends, the unerring accuracy of his forms. But after all this very infallible precision grows wearisome. One yearns for a touch of nature, for some great throb from the heart that sets the whole being in a flame of emulation and draws tears of gratitude and happy sorrow to the eyes. We do not wish to live forever in a greenhouse amid cultured and pampered flowers, the offspring of an enforced summer. One longs for the violet sleeping by a snowbank, the free open sky, and the rush of cold air.

Of all his piano works Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words," are the sweetest and the dearest, and the reason is that they have the least of conventionality, they are his best efforts at natural expression. Their very brevity is one of their strongest points. Each one is a condensed romance, and to a poetical mind most suggestive of romantic, beautiful things. One would unconsciously feel a diffidence in attempting their rendition in a large room, in a concert hall. They are more suited to a quiet evening by the fireside when the snow is on the ground and Christmas bells are not far off.

The poetical names by which they are designated on the program are hardly in conformity with strict musical etiquette as in all probability Mendelssohn himself did not prefix such titles to his writings, and the musical ear of the listener should be his best criterion by which to catch the author's drift. Nevertheless they are valuable in their way. For instance, what could be more appropriate to the first number than the title "Hunting Song!" It is written in the key of A, three sharps, a key full of brilliancy and fire; while the six-eight time beats the merry rhythm of the horses hoofs over fields and fences with the pack in full cry. In contrast with this, "Meditation" is in the sober, thoughtful key of E flat, redolent with twilight fancies and suggestive of walks under old trees that whisper to each other in a doting way of years long gone by. "Hope" is also in the key of A, full of divine promise of happier days to come. The remaining numbers, "The Evening Star," and the "Duetto," I leave to your imagination,

simply remarking, by way of explanation, that the latter is a composition in which two voices carry the melody between them, a sort of musical dialogue."

This lecture prepared the listeners for a better appreciation and enjoyment of the "Five Songs without Words," by that Master, with which the Professor brilliantly closed the Recital, viz: (a) Hunting Song. (b) Meditation. (c) Hope. (d) The Evening Star. (e) Duetto. Among the visitors present were Dr. and Mrs. Ward, with their niece Miss Gehr, of Clearspring; Miss Mary Rinehart, '79, with her guest, Miss White, the sister of Dr. Wm. H. White, '82-'84; Miss Mollie Hoppie, '76-'78, with her guest, Miss Bessie Dickey, of Baltimore; Miss Fanny Murray, Miss Florence G. Hering, '83, and Miss Ada Trumbo of the class of '86.

DECLAMATION.

The literary recital on the 20th of January, by members of the Sophomore and Freshman Classes, afforded an agreeable entertainment both from the variety of the selections and from the care with which they had been committed to memory. Every piece was delivered smoothly; several, with a fair degree of elocutionary ability; others, again, were indistinctly heard. The program was as follows:

In a Mining Town.....	Imogene Caulk
Curing a Cold.....	George I. Barwick
The Discoverer.....	Misao Tsune Hirata
Mollie Carew.....	Lawrence A. Chiswell
Guilty or not Guilty?.....	Hannah McL. Blandford
Mr. Coville's Easy Chair.....	Albert S. Crockett
Kentucky Belle.....	Mary E. Harlan
Course of Love too Smooth.....	Mattie S. Biggs
The Face against the Pane.....	Georgie E. Franklin
Housekeepers Tragedy.....	Lena E. Gore
The Ghost.....	Chester N. Ames

The music for the occasion was furnished by Nannie M. Heyde, who sang "Tit for Tat" very effectively and with a remarkably clear enunciation of the words, and by Maud C. Mills, whose piano solo, "Bells of the Cloister," was admirably performed and duly appreciated by the audience.

JUNIOR THEMES.

Miss Laura B. Taylor, of Waverly, began the exercises for the 27th of January, with a well-written and instructive essay on "The Catacombs of Rome." The next theme, "Goldsmith and Irving," was by Mr. Harry G. Watson, of Centreville, who compared, in an interesting way, the lives and works of these two authors. At the close of Mr. Watson's essay, Miss Marianna Shriver sang "The Heart Song," after which, Miss Ida J. Whaley, of Suffolk, Va., read her essay on "Living for One's Self," showing that this, in any high and true sense, can only be accomplished by living for others. Mr. William M. Weller, of Cumberland, then discussed the question, "Can anything be permanently forgotten?" and presented a forcible argument for the negative. A piano solo—"White Rose"—by Miss Lizzie R. Nusbaum, of Westminster, was followed by the tragic history of "Charlotte Corday," this being the subject of the paper read by Miss Hattie E. Walmsley, of Baltimore. The afternoon's entertainment was closed by Mr. John B. Whaley, of Suffolk, Va., whose theme was "Manners and Morals." The essayist first drew the distinction between etiquette and manners and then traced the connection of the latter with morals.

SENIOR ORATIONS AND PROF. SIMPSON'S LECTURE.

The first half hour of the period on the 3d of February was occupied by Professor Simpson. The able and instructive lecture which he delivered on the "Four Steps from Sunlight to the Electric Blaze" will be found, in full, in this number of the MONTHLY and will thus reach a wider and larger, but not, we are sure, a more interested audience than that to which it was originally addressed. The lecture was followed by a duet on the piano, appropriately entitled the "Electric Light Galop," performed

by Professors Rinehart and McDaniel. This was the first appearance of the Professor of Mathematics in the role of a musician and he acquitted himself very handsomely. The blushing debutant, as he retired from the scene of his triumph, was greeted by a hearty and spontaneous round of applause. "Oliver Goldsmith" was the subject treated by Miss Elizabeth May Wallis, of Tennessee, who came next on the program, and it received full justice at her hands. The beautifully clear, and yet soft, tones in which Miss Wallis read her paper added largely to the enjoyment which it gave to her hearers. Miss Ida F. Underhill, of Baltimore, now gave expression, on the piano, to "The Heart's Sorrow" which was the musical penultima of the afternoon's entertainment. The close fell to the lot of Mr. James McD. Radford, of Georgia, whose oration on "The Need of an Educated Ministry" was characterized by good sense, chaste style and graceful delivery.

SEMINARY ITEMS.

The 21st of December was welcomed by us as we were to leave for home on that date. The week preceding had been one of gloom, as it was spent in exposing how little we knew of what we ought to have known; however, the examination was over, the day long looked for had arrived, and away we went, filled with the thoughts of the welcome we should receive at home by relatives and friends. The iron monster as it sped along seemed to travel slower than usual—but not so—it was making its usual time; we, through heightened anticipation, were making a wrong calculation. As we stopped at Union Station, many left the train, and soon—of the large company all had separated to catch boats or other trains which would land them at their homes. One solitary figure we left behind. It was J. A. Selby, our West Virginia student, who, as we learned afterwards, found many who made his vacation pleasant for him. January 3rd, '88, reminded us of the fact that school had opened again, so bidding our friends and relatives adieu—we returned with pleasant recollections of the past two weeks, and many resolutions of improvement for the new year. Will they be carried out? Time will tell.

The officers of the Stockton Society for the third term are as follows: President, G. W. Haddaway; Vice President, Lemuel Fisher; Rec. Sec., C. W. McAllister; Cor. Sec., J. H. S. Ewell; Critic, G. R. Hodge; Treasurer, Wm. Anthony; Chaplain, J. A. Selby.

M. L. Cohee will not return.

A. J. Wolfe, Osborn's Ford, Va., entered the Seminary as a student at the beginning of the present term.

A bilious attack caused M. E. Grant, T. E. Davis and A. Tipton Taylor to submit to the inevitable. It was only for a few days however, as they are out again, pictures of health. A. J. Wolfe was taken ill a few days after his arrival and at present is confined to his bed.

Rev. J. D. Corbin has been to see us. He cannot call too often as we are always glad to see him.

G. A. Ogg spent a few days at home.

At the General Convention of the Y. M. C. Associations held in Baltimore, Jan. 12-16, G. W. Haddaway, of the Seminary was a delegate from the Y. M. C. A. of Western Maryland College, and served as a member of the Committee on Credentials.

STOCKTON.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

What helps are available for the study of the new language, Volapük, spoken of in the November number of the MONTHLY?

"ALUNUS."

The smallest and cheapest is "Kerekhoff's Abridged Grammar of Volapük, adapted by Dornbush," a pamphlet of 23 pages,

which can be had for 20 cents. Sprague's "Handbook of Volapük," a book of 128 pages, 50 of which are devoted to the Vocabulary, costs \$1.00. Students intending to do serious work in the "world-language" will find "Seret's Authorized Translation of Schleier's Grammar" indispensable. It is an octavo of 420 pages, only about 60 of which are found necessary for the treatment of declensions, conjugations and syntax, the remainder being given up to Vocabularies. The price is \$2.25.

Who are the friends of Longfellow, so touchingly and beautifully commemorated by him in the sonnets entitled "Three Friends of Mine?"

C. C.

Cornelius C. Felton, President of Harvard College, best known to our boys as editor of the "Clouds" of Aristophanes, Prof. Louis Agassiz, the naturalist, and Charles Sumner.

Who is the subject of Tennyson's "In Memoriam?"

C. C.

Arthur Henry Hallam, son of the historian Hallam. He was a graduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, was betrothed to one of Tennyson's sisters, and died, in Vienna, September 15th, 1833, in the 23d year of his age. The tablet over his grave in the parish church of Clevedon, England, says, and says truly, that, although "too early lost for public fame," he was "already conspicuous among his contemporaries for the brightness of his genius, the depth of his understanding, the nobleness of his disposition, the fervor of his piety, and the purity of his life."

Can any of your readers give the origin or authorship of the following phrases or expressions?

"A man is immortal till his work is done."

"I acknowledge the corn."

"Under the rose." "Old Fogey." "True Blue."

"Mason and Dixon's line."

"A still, small voice."

"Screw your courage to the sticking place."

"He'll never set the Thames on fire." (What does it mean?)

"Make a virtue of necessity."

"A little bird told me."

"In spite of his teeth."

"Escaped with the skin of my teeth."

"To be L. S. D'd." "Dead as a door nail."

"Benefit of clergy." "Old Nick."

"Honey-moon." "The good die first."

"The ruling passion strong in death."

J. T. W.

THE COLLEGE WORLD.

It is interesting to know, says the Philadelphia Times, what eventually becomes of the "sweet girl graduate" whose artless smile beams upon us each June on commencement day. Of the total number 38.1 per cent. marry, 36.24 per cent. become teachers, while 20.58 per cent. live, like the lotus-eaters, careless of mankind. No doubt of the proportion who become teachers many marry later in life, some after they have long passed from the sweet girl graduate ranks and been enrolled in the blood-curdling ranks of "spinsters." Yet to tell the truth the showing is a creditable one for the girls. That 38.1 per cent. of the whole number should marry, thus fulfilling the obvious duty of womankind, is creditable enough in itself, but that an almost equal number should become instructors of the youth of the land entitles them surely to a full measure of public esteem. It may be doubted, indeed, whether as fair a showing is made by the other sex of graduates, which, in its assumed superiority, rarely neglects to sneer at its better, even on commencement day.

Brown (soliloquizing at 2 o'clock a. m.) "I wish all wordsh in the English languish wushpelt wish an—ah 'sh.' Itshsssho—much cashier to shay.—*Tid-Bits.*"

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PROF. JAMES W. REESE, A. M., Ph. D.,

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The term for which the Associate Editors were elected, by their respective Societies, at the beginning of the academic year, expired with the issue of the February number of the MONTHLY. The new staff, on whose aid the Chief has relied in the preparation of the present number for the press, consists of Mr. William Morris Weller, '89, of Cumberland, representing the Irving Society; Miss Laura Bell Taylor, '89, of Waverly, selected by the Brownings; Mr. Harry Goldsborough Watson, '89, of Centerville, the choice of the Websters, and Miss Elizabeth Mae Wallis, '88, of Bell Buckle, Tennessee, a member of the Philomathean society.

When the University of Heidelberg celebrated, two years ago, its five-hundredth anniversary, the oldest American college must have felt very young. But even Heidelberg must experience a slight thrill of juvenility as it receives an invitation to be represented at the Eighth Centenary of the University of Bologna which is to be celebrated next May. And the Bolognese are really modest in calling their academic anniversary the eight-hundredth instead of the fourteen-hundredth, for their famous school is said to have been originally founded by Theodosius the Second in the year 425. Its present legal existence, however, dates from the latter part of the eleventh century and so the centenary, to be on the safe side, is called the eighth. And yet the city of Bologna is so much older than the University, that the latter must, at times, feel almost modern. So far back that history has no record of it, the town was founded by the Etruscans and named Felsina. Then, about four hundred years before our era, the Celtic Boii conquered it, changed its name to Bononia and made it their capital. When Hannibal invaded Italy, the people of Bononia espoused his cause, and in the year 190 B. C., the town became a Roman colony. It was the scene of the memorable conference held by Octavius, Lepidus and Antonius, in 43 B. C., for the purpose of sharing the government between them. Roman emperors did it the honor of making it, occasionally, a place of residence. Charlemagne constituted it a free town and thus gave it a right to the proud motto, "Libertas," which it still retains. And then came the University, destined to impart to the

old historic city such renown and prosperity as it had never known before. Students from all parts of Europe thronged its streets, and crowded the lecture halls where Irnerius and other celebrated jurists explained the Roman Law, so that by the middle of the thirteenth century, the number of pupils in attendance was ten thousand.

The roll of the University does not now contain the names of more than six hundred students, but these enjoy rare privileges. They live in the midst of the most picturesque mediæval architecture to be found in Europe, and yet the tone of their school is modern and progressive. Students of literature have the exceptional pleasure of hearing the works of men who were once pupils in the same old school—Dante and Petrarch—made the subject of courses of lectures and commented upon as recognized classics. Students of law breathe the same air and have the same environment as those who listened, in the twelfth century, to the first systematic instruction ever given in jurisprudence. Students of medicine must be dull indeed if they gather no inspiration from the thought that dissection was first practiced and the anatomy of the human frame first taught here, in the fourteenth century. Students of science feel a noble stimulus from the important and far-reaching discoveries made here, a century ago, by the immortal Galvani, while students of language frequent the same library over which Mezzofanti presided, that most marvelous of linguists who, at the age of thirty-five, spoke eighteen languages fluently and before his death, in 1849, conversed with ease in forty-two.

It may surprise those timid souls who shudder at the higher education of women as at a pernicious novelty to hear that the University of Bologna has its halls adorned with the portrait-busts of learned ladies who have been ranked among its most distinguished professors. In the early part of the fourteenth century, the Bolognese law students had the pleasure of listening to lectures delivered by the lovely and accomplished Novella d'Andrea. The pleasure of *seeing* the fair lecturer was denied them, for, in the words of an old writer, "to prevent her beauty from diverting the thoughts of the auditors, a little curtain was drawn before her." This quotation prompts the irrepressible Bayle to remark that, if the story of Novella's curtain is true, "she made the students a considerable sacrifice, which they would willingly have dispensed with. They would, probably, have been very well pleased to see her; and she, on her part, would not have been displeased to be seen, had she not preferred their improvement to her own satisfaction. This is a probable and natural account; since she was not one of those learned women who have reason to say, with Ovid's Sappho:

Si mihi difficilis formam natura negavit,
Ingenio formæ damna rependo meæ."

The rights of her sex to the honors of scholarship, won in the fourteenth century by John Andrea's daughter, were nobly maintained, in the eighteenth, by Laura Maria Bassi, who was a Ph.

D. at the age of 21, and then, after filling for a while the chair of Philosophy, became Professor of Experimental Physics, which she taught for more than thirty years, until her death in 1778. This learned lady had her domestic life as well as that public and scholastic one to which she owes her fame, for she was the wife of Dr. Joseph Verati and the mother of several children. Two other women, Madame Manzolina, Professor of Anatomy, and Clotilda Tambroni, Professor of Greek, belong to the present century, at least by the closing years of their academic life, since the last named teacher was in active service as late, we believe, as the year 1817.

The history and experience of Bologna's venerable school, we may be pardoned for adding, go far towards relieving the advocates of the highest education for women from their present defensive and apologetic attitude. The burden is now on the shoulders of their opponents who may be reasonably asked to explain how the culture which has been so nobly and successfully exemplified in the career of women from the fourteenth down to the nineteenth century can be called either novel or dangerous. Precedent even,—so dear to their conservative hearts—is against them, as common sense and common justice have always been. And as to woman's ability, on the physical side, to stand the strain of college life, or, on the mental side, to receive and assimilate any instruction of which man is capable, all we need do is to point to the Bolognese University and ask: Can not what has been done for five hundred years be done still? Are American maidens inferior, in mind and body, to their Italian sisters? Our gentle compatriots claim the privilege of being educated, a privilege sanctioned by the best traditions of the ages; shall it be granted? If not, why not?

As this number of the MONTHLY will reach the hands of our undergraduate readers just about the time they are finishing the last of their examination papers for the second term, it will probably find them in a favorable mood for enjoying a few burlesques on the wearisome questions wherewith, for a whole week, the Faculty vexed their righteous souls. We proceed, then, to lay before them, first, selections from the examination paper on *Pickwick* prepared by that brilliant young English scholar, Charles Stuart Calverley, when he was a Cambridge undergraduate. For the best answers he offered two prizes, each consisting of a first edition of *Pickwick*. These were won by Prof. Walter Skeat, the distinguished Anglo-Saxon scholar and Walter Besant, the well-known novelist and philanthropist.

The first question is:—

"Mention any occasion on which it is specified that the Fat Boy was not asleep; and that (1) Mr. Pickwick and (2) Mr. Weller, senior, ran. Deduce from expressions used on one occasion Mr. Pickwick's maximum of speed.

(3) Who were Mr. Stokle, Goodwin, Mr. Brooks, Villam, Mr. Blenkin, "old Nobs", "cast-iron head" and young Bantam?"

(4) What operation was performed on Tom Smart's chair? Who little thinks that in which pocket, of what garment, in where, he has left what, entreating him to return to whom, with how many what, and all how big?

(6) Mr. Weller's knowledge of London was extensive and peculiar. Illustrate this by a reference to the facts.

(8) Give in full Samuel Weller's first compliment to Mary, and his father's critique upon the same young lady. What church was on the valentine that first attracted Mr. Samuel's eye in the shop?

(10) On finding his principal in the pound, Mr. Weller and the town-beadle varied directly. Show that the latter was ultimately eliminated, and state the number of rounds in the square which is not described.

(20) Write down the chorus to each line of Mr. S. Weller's song, and a sketch of the mottle-faced man's excursus on it. Is there any ground for conjecturing that he (Sam) had more brothers than one?

(21) How many lumps of sugar went into the Shepherd's liquor as a rule? And is any exception recorded?

(24) How did Mr. Weller, senior, define the Funds, and what view did he take of Reduced Consols? In what terms is his elastic force described when he assaulted Mr. Stiggins, at the meeting? Write down the name of the meeting.

(27) In developing to P. M. his views of a proposition, what assumption did Mr. Pickwick feel justified in making?

(28) Deduce from a remark of Mr. Weller, junior, the price per mile of cabs at the period.

(29) What do you know of the hotel next the Bull at Rochester?

Our next specimens of the burlesque examination-paper are taken from Cuthbert Bede's "Adventures of Mr. Verdant Green, an Oxford Freshman". A youngster has come up from boarding school to be examined for matriculation, and falls into the clutches of two roguish and witty students who make him believe that they are the examining tutors, and who drive him nearly wild by the various tests of his knowledge to which they subject him. The victim is first of all required to show his ability to write Ciceronian Latin by working on this paper which his tormentors hand him:

"TO BE TRANSLATED INTO PROSE-Y LATIN, IN THE MANNER OF CICERO'S ORATIONS AFTER DINNER."

"If, therefore, any on your bench, my luds, or in this assembly, should entertain an opinion that the proximate parts of a mellifluous mind are for ever conjoined and unconnected, I submit to you, my luds, that it will of necessity follow, that such clandestine conduct being a mere nothing,—or, in the noble language of our philosophers, bosh,—every individual act of overt misunderstanding will bring interminable limits to the empiricism of thought, and will rebound in the very lowest degree to the credit of the malefactor."

The bogus examiners offered the poor fellow another piece of nonsensical English which, they sternly told him, must be turned into Latin "after the manner of the *Animals* of Tacitus," and then proceeded to find out what he knew about History by requiring him to write out answers to the following questions;

1. Draw a historical parallel (after the manner of Plutarch) between Hannibal and Annie Laurie.

2. What internal evidence does the *Odyssey* afford, that Homer sold his Trojan war-ballads at three yards an obolus?

3. Show the strong presumption there is, that Nox was the god of battles.

4. State reasons for presuming that the practice of lithography may be traced back to the time of Perseus and the Gorgan's head.

5. In what way were the shades on the banks of the Styx supplied with spirits?

6. Show the probability of the College Hornpipe having been used by the students of the Academia; and give passages from Thucydides and Tennyson in support of your answer.

7. Give a brief account of the Roman Emperors who visited the United States, and state what they did there.

8. Show from the words "Hoc erat in votis," (Sat vi., Lib. ii.) that Horace's favorite wine was hock, and that he meant to say "he always voted for hock."

9. Draw a parallel between the Children in the Wood and Achilles in the Styx.

10. When it is stated that Ariadne, being deserted by Theseus, fell in love with Bacchus, is it the poetical way of asserting that she took to drinking to drown her grief?

11. Name the *prima donnas* who have appeared in the operas of Virgil and Horace since the "Virgillii Opera," and "Horatii Opera" were composed."

Although reduced, by this time, to a pitiable state of intellectual limpness, the unsophisticated youth finds, to his horror, that his ordeal is not yet over and that he is expected to exhibit his proficiency in Euclid, Arithmetic and Algebra by giving answers to the extraordinary questions which follow. Of course he is unable to meet the requirements of his examiners, one of whom says to him: "Ah, sir, I see that you will not do for us yet awhile, and I am therefore under the painful necessity of rejecting you. I should advise you, sir, to read hard for another twelvemonths, and endeavor to master those subjects in which you have now failed:"

1. The extremities of a line are points. Prove this by the rule of railways.

2. Show the fallacy of defining an angle as a worm at one end and a fool at the other.

3. If one side of a triangle be produced, what is there to prevent the other two sides from also being brought forward?

4. Let A and B be squares having their respective boundaries in E and W. ends, and let C and D be circles moving in them; the circle D will be superior to the circle C.

5. In equal circles, equal figures from various squares will stand upon the same footing.

6. If two parts of a circle fall out, the one part will cut the other.

7. Describe a square which shall be larger than Belgrave Square.

8. If the gnomon of a sun-dial be divided into two equal, and also into two unequal parts, what would be its value?

9. Describe a perpendicular triangle having the squares of the semi-circle equal to half the extremity between the points of section.

10. If an Austrian florin is worth 5.61 francs, what will be the value of Pennsylvania bonds? Prove by rule-of-three inverse.

11. If seven horses eat twenty-five acres of grass in three days, what will be their condition on the fourth day? Prove by practice.

12. If a coach-wheel, 6 5-30 in diameter and 5 9-47 in circumference, makes 240 4-19 revolutions in a second, how many men will it take to do the same piece of work in ten days?

MY VISIT TO THE TANNERY.

By many persons the process of tanning hide is not clearly understood and as the cause of this ignorance is either the lack of an opportunity to visit a tannery or the absence of information concerning the many changes through which hides have to pass, to become leather; this article was written for the MONTHLY.

About a month ago the writer, accompanied by several other students, had the pleasure of visiting one of the largest tanneries in this State. Our route extended along the W. M. railroad towards Baltimore. We started one beautiful afternoon and in about a half hour or more, reached our destination. On the right bank of the railroad, about three miles from Westminster, is the tannery at which we stopped. The first objects to attract our attention were the long sheds containing chestnut-oak bark which is used in tanning. We marched on and arrived at the huge and towering chimney which sends forth puffs of smoke from above. This structure is a fine piece of workmanship and, I think, is higher than any I ever saw; in fact it was so high that it took all of us together to see the top. As we advanced nearer to the large building, the noise of machinery became louder. After entering the building, the first thing that struck my eye was a piece of chestnut bark flying through the air. I calmly removed the obstacle and proceeded to the hide room. Here we beheld hundreds of beef hides as they were shipped from the slaughter house. In this room these hides are unrolled and cleaned of the salt which preserved them. While in this department, I noticed that an odor was gradually getting the better of me. It was a resistless odor and resembled in a large degree that stately perfume—Ox(h)ide of beef. Thinking this was deleterious to our present welfare, we made our exit. Our guide now preceded us to the room where these hides go through their first process. We followed, and entering, saw huge vats in which the hides are placed to soak. After the hides have had the salt removed, they are placed in these vats of fresh water and are allowed to remain therein about twenty-four hours. At the end of that time the hides are then placed in other vats containing lime water which tends to loosen the hair. Here they are allowed to stay three or four days, but the time varies according to their toughness. The hides are placed in these vats in layers and are removed and replaced differently so as to allow the surface of each to come in contact with the liquid. Then they are returned to the fresh water where they remain—generally twelve hours—until entirely free from lime. In this room, also, an odor by no means sweet, invaded us with its august presence, but, as we came to look and not to smell, we passed on. In the rear of this same department, the next process takes place. This is difficult and tedious and takes practice to perform correctly. It is called "unhairing" the hides and is accomplished in the following manner: Each workman has a semi-cylinder made of boards set obliquely in the floor, on this he places a half of a hide—cut lengthways, and by means of an instrument resembling a carpenter's drawing knife, readily removes the hair by scraping. When this is finished, the half-hide is turned over and the meat left by the careless butcher is removed. The hide is then "fleshed and trimmed."

After scrutinizing every nook in this large room, we followed our leader through doors, over rickety steps, until we arrived at a seemingly empty room. We would have thought that this room was unused, had we not seen men removing the boards of the floor and placing in the large vats called "handlers," the "trimmed" hides we had seen in the other room. These "handlers" are filled with the liquor obtained from ground chestnut-oak bark. When first placed in the vats, the liquor is weak, but is gradually strengthened until the hides are colored, which requires about a

month. Then the "colored" hides are placed in vats so as to have one layer of hides, and so on until the vat is filled. They are then "tanned." Next, the leather is dried and oiled with the essence of cod fish. We wandered around—as our guide was called away—until we came to the room where a Dutchman was pressing some leather. I asked the man what kind of oil he used, and then he began to spit out dutch by the wholesale; he looked at me in such a tone of voice that I replied, "I think it does;" then all laughed, and the old man growled in dutch, so we hastily departed. After the leather is pressed it is hung up to dry in a large room admitting drafts in many places, so that currents of air can pass through to quicken the drying. The leather is then ready for market; the best brings about thirty cents a pound, wholesale. It requires from five to six months for hides to pass through all the processes necessary to tan them.

We next visited on the opposite side of the railroad track, the place where the hair of the hides is dried. Here we saw "Micky" covered with dust packing the hair in bags ready for market.

After thanking our guide, Mr. Charles P. Cassell, '69-'72, for his kind and intelligent services, we bade the tannery adieu and wended our way collegeward.

HAGOWA.

DETHRONING TENNYSON.

A Contribution to the Tennyson-Darwin Controversy.— Communicated by Algernon Charles Swinburne.

The quarter from whence the following lucubration is addressed cannot fail to give it weight with the judicious reader whose interest has been aroused by the arguments in support of Lord Verulam's pretensions to the authorship of *Hamlet*. I regret that I can offer no further evidence of the writer's credentials to consideration than such as may be supplied by her own ingenious and intelligent process of ratiocinative inference; but in literary culture and in logical precision it will be apparent that her contribution to the controversial literature of the day is worthy of the comparison which she is not afraid to challenge—is worthy to be set beside the most learned and the most luminous exposition of the so-called Baconian theory.—A. C. S.

HANWELL, NOVEMBER 29, 1887.

"The revelations respecting Shakespeare which were made in the columns of the *The Daily Telegraph* have attracted great attention and caused no little sensation here." With these impressive and memorable words the Paris correspondent of the journal above named opens the way for a fresh flood of correspondence on a subject in which no Englishman or Englishwoman now resident in any asylum—so-called—for so-called lunatics or idiots can fail to take a keen and sympathetic interest. The lamented Delia Bacon, however, to whom we are indebted for the apocalyptic rectification of our errors with regard to the authorship of *Hamlet* and *Othello*, might have rejoiced to know—before she went to Heaven in a strait-waistcoat—that her mantle had fallen or was to fall on the shoulders of a younger prophetess. If the authority of Celia Hobbes—whose hand traces these lines, and whose brain has ex-cogitated the theory now in process of exposition—should be considered insufficient, the *Daily Telegraph*, at all events, will scarcely refuse the tribute of attentive consideration to the verdict of Professor Polycarp Conolly, of Bethlehemopolis, U. I. S. (United Irish States), South Polynesia. The leisure of over twenty years, passed in a padded cell and in investigation of intellectual problems has sufficed—indeed, it has more than sufficed—to confirm the Professor in his original conviction that "Miss Hobbes" (I am permitted—and privileged—to quote his own striking words) "had made it impossible any longer to boycott the question—and that to assert the contrary of so self-evident a truth was to stand groveling in the quicksands of a petrified conservatism."

The evidence that the late Mr. Darwin was the real author of the poems attributed to Lord Tennyson needs not the corroboration of any cryptogram: but if it did, Miss Lesbia Hume, of Earlswood, has authorized me to say that she would be prepared to supply any amount of evidence to that effect. The first book

which brought Mr. Darwin's name before the public was his record of a voyage on board the *Beagle*. In a comparatively recent poem, written under the assumed name of "Tennyson," he referred to the singular manner in which a sleeping dog of that species "plies his function of the woodland." In an earlier poem, *The Princess*, the evidence derivable from allusion to proper names—that of the real author and that of the pretender—is no less obvious and no less conclusive than that which depends on the words "hang hog," "bacon," "shake," and "spear." The *Princess* asks if the Prince has nothing to occupy his time—"quoit, tennis, ball—no games?" The Prince hears a voice crying to him—"Follow, thou shalt win." Here we find half the name of *Darwin*; the latter half, and two-thirds of the name of *Tennyson*—the first and the second third—at once associated, contrasted, and harmonized for those who can read the simplest of cryptograms.

The well-known fact that Bacon's *Essays* were written by Lord Coke, the *Novum Organum* by Robert Greene, and the *New Atlantis* by Tom Nash (assisted by his friend Gabriel Harvey), might surely have given pause to the Baconite assailants of Shakespeare. On the other hand, we have to consider the no less well-known fact that the poems issued under the name of "Wm. Wordsworth" were actually written by the Duke of Wellington, who was naturally anxious to conceal the authorship and to parade the sentiments of a poem in which, with characteristic self-complacency and self-conceit, he had attempted to depict himself under the highly idealized likeness of "the Happy Warrior." Nor can we reasonably pretend to overlook or to ignore the mass of evidence that the works hitherto attributed to Sir Walter Scott must really be assigned to a more eminent bearer of the same surname—to Lord Chancellor Eldon: whose brother, Lord Stowell, chose in like manner (and for obvious reasons) to disguise his authorship of *Don Juan* and *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* by hiring a notoriously needy and disreputable young peer to father those productions of his erratic genius. The parallel case now before us.

[But here, we regret to say, the language of Miss Hobbes becomes—to put it mildly—contameliuous. We are compelled to pass over a paragraph in which the name of Tennyson is handled after the same fashion as is the name of Shakespeare by her transatlantic precursors or associates in the art of the task of a literary detective.—Ed. XIX. Cent.]

Not all the caution displayed by Mr. Darwin in the practice of a studious self-effacement could suffice to prevent what an Irish lady correspondent of my own—Miss Cynthia Berkeley, now of Colney Hatch—has very aptly described as "occasional slipping off of the motley mask from hoof and tail." When we read of "scirrhous roots and tendons," of "foul-fleshed agaric in the holt," of "the fruit of the Spindle-tree (*Euonymus europæus*)," of sparkles in the stone Avanturine," "of shale and hornblende, rag and trap and tuff, amygdaloid and trachyte," we feel, in the expressive words of the same lady, that "the borrowed plumes of peacock poetry have fallen from the inner kernel of the scientific lecturer's pulpit." But if any more special evidence of Darwin's authorship should be required, it will be found in the various references to a creature of whose works and ways the great naturalist has given so copious and so curious an account. "Crown thyself, worm!"—could that apostrophe have issued from any other lips than those which expounded to us the place and the importance of worms in the scheme of nature? Or can it be necessary to cite in further proof of this the well-known passage in *Maud* beginning with what we may call the pre-Darwinian line—"A monstrous eft was of old the lord and master of earth?"

But the final evidence is to be sought in a poem published long before its author became famous, under his own name, as the exponent of natural selection, of the survival of the fittest, and of the origin of species. The celebrated lines which describe Nature as "so careful of the type, so careless of the single life," and those which follow and reject that theory, are equally conclusive as to

the authorship of these and all other verses in which the same hand has recorded the result of the same experience—"that of fifty seeds she often brings but one to bear."

But—as the Earl of Essex observed in his political comedy, *Love's Labor's Lost*—"satis quod sufficit." The question whether Shakespeare or Bacon was the author of *Hamlet* is now, I trust, not more decisively settled than the question whether *Maud* was written by its nominal author or by the author of *The Origin of Species*.

Feeling deeply the truth of these last words, I have accepted the office of laying before the reader the theory maintained by the unfortunate lady who has intrusted me with the charge of her manuscript.—A. C. SWINBURNE, in *The Nineteenth Century*.

ANDROMACHE.

Ah me, my happy youth, my woful age!
The daughter of a king, and now a slave,
A captive, serving at a stranger's hearth,
Widowed and childless, mother once and wife,
Great Hector's wife and mother of his child.
All comfortless, did not some pitying god
Pour o'er my sleep the light of suns long set;
One dream all night, and every night the same:
So bright my dream, so pale my life, that oft
I ask: "Is *that* the life and *this* the dream?"
Methinks I stand upon the Trojan wall
At eventide, his baby in my arms;
I hear the tramp of the returning host,
I see their glancing plumes, *his* plume o'er all;
Then, nearer drawn, he notes us and he smiles
And signals with his sword: I hurry down
To the Scæan gate and meet him entering in;
I lift the child to kiss him, and I feel
His mailed arm around me:—then I wake,
And wake to know that 'twixt their graves and me
Roll the wide waters of the Ægean sea.

W. G. C.

TRANSLATING.

Securely to seize the essence of a sentence in a foreign language, and then turn that sentence into one's own tongue without letting any of the original essence escape during the process, is, no doubt, the highest, as it is the most difficult, task of the translator. To do this successfully requires no mean amount of specific talent—not to speak of a pretty exhaustive knowledge of at least two languages. It has even been suggested that the best method of obtaining a fine translation of a foreign work—say an English translation of a German book—would be to have one version made by an English-speaking German, another by a German-speaking Englishman, and then fuse the two translations together. Leaving poetry out of the question, and confining ourselves to the matter of prose, it may be said that, of the more familiar modern languages, English is the most difficult to translate into, German the easiest. A French or Italian novel can be more easily turned into German than into English, and will lose less of its original flavor. The chief reason of this is that our English tongue, although it has a very full vocabulary, and may be called an exceedingly rich language, from the lexicographer's point of view, has the very poorest syntax of all the *great* languages now spoken. We have a vast assortment of words, but a comparatively small choice of phrases. Our almost total lack of inflexion in nouns and the cognate parts of speech,—especially in the definite and indefinite articles,—the well-nigh universal sway of the neuter gender, and our paucity of verbal inflexions, all render our syntax poor, unwieldy and incapable of making delicate distinctions such as are easily made in other languages. The German language, on the other hand, besides having an enormous vocabulary, has an exception-

ally rich and subtle syntax. The more equal distribution of nouns among the three genders (of which Mark Twain complains so bitterly), the vast variety of oblique forms in verbs, nouns and pronouns, all make the German syntax very complex, if you will, but so supple and delicate that it is equal to the performance of rhetorical feats which our English tongue hesitates to attempt. Again, the capacity of the German language for what may be called legitimate neologism is practically limitless. French and Italian, although possessed of a comparatively small, at times even over-scanty, vocabulary, have a far richer syntax than English. The poverty of the French vocabulary has often been remarked; indeed, Schopenhauer once said, in his witty way, "What on earth can you do in a language which has no single words for the ideas *stand*, *sit* or *walk*?" Yet the French language is extremely supple and manageable, for all that. In richness of both vocabulary and syntax, German is equaled, if not surpassed, by ancient Greek. As a good example of the immense extent of the Greek vocabulary, may be cited the despairing exclamation of a schoolboy after "getting up" three pages of Homer. "What a beast of a language!" cried he. "Here I have looked out fifteen separate words, and I find they all mean *kettle*?"

But now, to leave aside the higher flights of the translator's art—the subtle transfusing of the spirit of one language into another—there are many pitfalls which beset the path of the unwary tyro. Perhaps the most dangerous of these is the similarity of sound and common origin of many words in different languages. Let the translator beware of trusting to his knowledge of etymology. We remember Mr. Epes Sargent Dixwell's saying to a class in Latin, "Make it a general rule never to translate a Latin word by the English word which is derived from it." In gradually passing from one language to another, a word almost inevitably undergoes a slight change of meaning. The difference between our English *celebrate* and the Latin *celebrare* (which means *to crowd* or *throng*) is by no means insignificant. Yet how much greater will the difference be between the meanings of similar words in two modern languages, words which have gone each their own path in varying in meaning from their common Greek or Latin prototype! For instance, the English *emphasis* and the French *emphase* have a common derivation from the Greek, but their meaning is utterly different. *Emphase* means grandiloquence or "tall talk." To translate the one by the other would be like translating *pineapple* by *pomme de pin*, which means pine cone. We remember a very similar mistake in an English translation of a letter from Paris which appeared not long ago in a New York paper. "La repetition fastidieuse de certains mots" was rendered, "The fastidious repetition of certain words." The French *fastidieux* means tiresome, not fastidious. Upon the whole, it is hard to find a word in French or Italian which it is best to translate by the similar word in English. The Italian for *errand* is *ambasciata*, yet we should hardly think of speaking of sending a boy on an *embassy* when we tell him to buy us three-cents' worth of matches at the shop round the corner. English words of Teutonic origin have retained their primary meaning much more strictly, as a rule, than those which are derived from Latin or Greek. It is in translating from the French or from the Italian that the English translator must be most on his guard against the temptation to make what appear at first sight to be "literal renderings." Yet beware of rendering the German *tendenz* by *tendency*! Indeed, an English word, or even a handy English phrase, which exactly gives the meaning of *tendenz* still remains to be discovered. Perhaps the most completely difficult word in the German language to translate adequately is *vorstellung*, in its technical, philosophical sense. Mrs. Hathaway renders the title of Schopenhauer's great work "Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung" by "The World as Will and Presentation," a translation which seems satisfactory enough, until we try to apply it to the first

sentence in the above mentioned book, "Die Welt ist meine Vorstellung." To translate this as "The world is my presentation" is by no means satisfying. The sentence, which is clear as crystal in the original, becomes open to all sorts of interpretations in English. To make a complete list of utterly untranslatable words in several languages would take longer than many people suppose. It is just these words which reflect most strongly the individual spirit of a nation or a race. The fact that we have words for *home* and *comfort*, while the French have not, is very suggestive. Equally suggestive is our lack of exact equivalents for the French adjectives *gentil* (Italian *gentillo*) and *coquet*.

Before quitting the subject, let us recall a curious mistake made in the accepted translation of a sentence which was given out as a test of skill by a London paper (we now forget which one) some time ago. The phrase to be translated was, "The leaders in the Telegraph are interesting, as usual." The translation accepted as correct was "Les premiers-Londres dans le Tele-gramme sont interessants, comme de coutume." This rendering of the technical term "leader" is more ingenious than correct. The sort of article which is known in Paris newspaper offices as "le premier-Paris" is not quite what we or the English call a "leader," but corresponds more nearly to our "Summary of News." The editorial leader is called "l'article de fond."—*Boston Transcript*.

CAPTURING A SCHOOLMA'M.

"Yes," said the young man as he threw himself at the feet of the pretty school teacher, "I love you and would go to the world's end for you."

"You could not now go to the end of the world for me, James. The world, as it is called, is round like a ball, slightly flattened at the poles. One of the first lessons in the elementary geography is devoted to the shape of the globe. You must have studied it when you were a boy."

"Of course I did, but"—

"And it is no longer a theory. Circumnavigators have established the fact."

"I know, but what I meant was that I would do anything to please you. Ah! Minerva, if you only knew the aching void!"

"There is no such thing as a void, James. Nature abhors a vacuum; but admitting that there could be such a thing, how could the void you speak of be a void if there was an ache in it?"

"I meant to say that my life will be lonely without you, that you are my daily thought and my nightly dream. I would go anywhere to be with you. If you were in Australia or at the North Pole I would fly to you. I"—

"Fly! It will be another century before men can fly. Even when the laws of gravitation are successfully overcome, there will still remain, says a late scientific authority, the difficulty of maintaining a balance!"

"Well, at all events," exclaimed the youth, "I've got a pretty fair balance in the savings bank and I want you to be my wife. There!"

"Well, James, since you put it in that light, I"—

EXCHANGES.

The Vanderbilt Observer for February has a spirited and well-written article in defence of the Drama. It is headed: "Can any good come out of Nazareth?" "You have, perhaps, read Esmerelda," says the writer, "but how different under Prof. Merrell's masterly delineation." Another paper gives a negative answer to that venerable conundrum: "Was Hamlet mad?" The *Observer* laments the failure of the Alumni to support the department to the Magazine devoted to their interests. "We have" it remarks "on our subscription lists possibly thirty or thirty five Alumni. It costs the owners of the *Observer* between twelve and

fifteen dollars each month to keep up the columns devoted to this department—a dead loss of about ten dollars a number." These words awaken mournful echoes in the Editorial Sanctum of many a college journal, we imagine.

The Ogontz Mosaic contains more original matter and of a better quality than most of the magazines published by male schools. It carries an atmosphere of scholarly refinement about it which is pleasant and wholesome to breathe.

The January number of the *Dickinsonian* makes an attack on Examinations. It thinks they "are a perfect hot-bed of dishonesty" and that they are "better calculated to make a man a liar than a scholar." That depends. The editors of this journal certainly have the courage of their opinions, and are doing all in their power to keep things in order around them.

The High School World, of January, contains an able and fair defence of the much abused and misunderstood Mugwump and, also, a good Exchange column. This interesting and well-conducted journal has a department called "The Rostrum," devoted to condensed criticisms on the essays and other productions of the students. If pervaded by a fair and judicial spirit, as we doubt not it will be, the "Rostrum," in spite of objections urged against it, cannot fail to benefit both the critic and the criticised.

The Fordham Monthly is a handsome, well-edited magazine and, unlike some academic periodicals, reflects credit upon the school from which it emanates. Communications from the old students, full of reminiscences, form a noticeable and pleasing feature of every issue, and show, at the same time, the loyal and loving support they are giving to their Alma Mater and its journal.

Few of our exchanges come freighted with such solid matter as *The Messachorean*. The last number received—that for January—contains twenty-five pages of good and instructive essays, lectures, &c., which prove that the ideal of its editors is a high one, and that they keep it steadily in view.

We are always glad to get the bright little *Wolfe Hall Banner*. Long may it wave! Its many merits give it an honorable rank among school journals and a claim on the friends of the Institution which it represents so strong that we do not see how they can honorably resist it.

The Pennsylvania College Monthly is always welcome and always readable. In what we regard as the most important department of a college magazine, the Alumni Personals, it is especially full and interesting. With an active and intelligent editorial staff, representing the Societies (of one of which—the Philo—our Editor-in-Chief is an honorary member) working under the direction of so accomplished a chief as Professor Bikle, the excellence and the success of this journal are assured and easy of explanation.

University, a new weekly, published in New York city, is not the organ of any one institution of learning but, to use its own words, aims "to present an accurate and impartial reflection of all events and questions of the college world." Terms, \$4.00 a year. *University* offers two prizes, of two hundred and fifty dollars each, one for the best prose paper and the other for the best production in verse, sent before July 1, 1888, by a student in regular standing of any American college. We are indebted to this periodical for the sketch of Dr. Patton, Princeton's new President, which will be found in our "College World" column.

Our sprightly contemporary, the *College Student*, calls a modest blush to our cheeks by its words of praise. How, then, oh, how, can it indulge in such unhallowed mirth at our name? We think the title of a school journal should tell what school it hails from, and, acting on that conviction, the founders of our paper called it the *Western Maryland College Monthly*. It is a long name. But it saves the reader and the gentle critic trouble, for it doesn't take them long to find out where the journal comes from. If the *College Student* were to reveal its "local habitation"

in its "name," its title, "*Franklin and Marshall College Student*," would contain thirty-three letters or four more than ours does. And what if it did? The College need not be ashamed to see its honored name forming part of the title of the *College Student*, if all its numbers are like those which we have had the pleasure of seeing.

The Thislensian, for February, maintains the high standard of excellence which the previous issues have taught us to expect. The number reached us too late to allow of the more extended notice we should like to give it.

Middleburg College, Vt., is to be congratulated for the literary activity prevailing among its students. Its journal, *The Undergraduate*, depends entirely on home production for the matter which fills its pages. Happy school and happy editors! Think of a campus where it would be impossible to throw a stone without the danger of hitting a contributor to the college magazine and cutting short a possibly brilliant career in authorship!

THE COLLEGE WORLD.

Dr. Francis Landey Patton, D. D., L. L. D., the new President of Princeton College, was born in Warwick, Bermuda, January 22, 1843. He was educated classically at University College, Toronto, Ont., theologically at Knox College, Toronto, and at Princeton Theological Seminary, graduating from the latter institution in 1865. Among his most noteworthy pastorates may be mentioned the Eighty-fourth Street Church, New York City, 1865-67; South Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, 1871-72, and the Jefferson Park Presbyterian Church, Chicago, 1874-81. During the period of 1873-76 he edited the *Interior*, and from 1871-81 he was Professor of Didactic and Polemic Theology in the Presbyterian Theological Seminary of the Northwest, in Chicago. He was called, in 1881, to the Stuart Professorship of the Relation of Philosophy and Science to the Christian Religion, which was especially founded for him at the Princeton Theological Seminary. A short time after his arrival at the Seminary Princeton College elected him to the Stuart Professorship of Ethics.

He is thin, spare, feebly framed, but tall and erect, with sunken cheeks, mild grayish-blue eyes peering thoughtfully through spectacles, thick, straight hair of the peculiar nondescript hue that is neither brown nor flaxen, but a sort of unimpressive compromise between the two, worn in ordinary shape, not long nor brushed behind his ears; side whiskers tinged here and there with a gray hair, a wide, straight, nervous mouth, a prominent aquiline nose, and a large, broad forehead, somewhat furrowed. He wears a black, rather loosely fitting clerical coat, a snowy-white shirt front without stud or pin, and a plain turned-down collar with a narrow tie.

Dr. Patton's labors have not been confined entirely to the pulpit and the professor's chair. In addition to his connection with the *Interior*, already mentioned, he has for several years filled the place of associate editor of both the *Presbyterian Review* and the *New Princeton Review*. Chief among his publications are "Inspiration of the Scriptures" and "Summary of Christian Doctrine." Of his thousand or more magazine and press articles the most noted are: "Newman's Grammar of Assent," "Divine Retribution," "The Philosophy of Punishment," "Shield's Final Philosophy," "The Place of Philosophy in the Theological Curriculum," "The Dogmatic Aspect of Pentateuchal Criticism," and "The Education of the Ministry."

The students of Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., have good reasons to congratulate themselves on the generosity of Junius S. Morgan, of London, and Robert S. Coleman, of Pennsylvania, two patrons of the College, who gave them the spacious gymnasium building, supplied it with modern apparatus, and endowed it with a sum which goes far toward meeting the running expenses. The

building is of brick, with large windows, affording abundant light and ventilation. Entering by the main door, and crossing a hallway, the visitor comes upon the gymnasium room, a lofty apartment of two full stories. Midway, there extends entirely around the walls what appears to be a gallery, but which is the running track, of twenty-five laps to the mile. From this the visitor looks down upon the main floor of the gymnasium, everywhere occupied, centre and sides, with all sorts of apparatus for exercises. On the floor below is a bowling alley, a wired enclosure for base ball practice, closets for clothing, and a shower-bath room, with cement floor, and hot and cold water. Above the gymnasium, on the top floor, is a spacious amusement hall, with stage and scenery, which may be used either for plays or for dances. The college has \$15,000 available for an annex to the building. It is proposed to make it of a single story, with high ceiling and many windows; and to use it for foot ball, base ball and lawn tennis practice.

Bishop F. D. Huntington, in an address before a young woman's school, spoke thus of the importance of the use of correct language: "Probably there is not an instrument in common use, from a pencil to a piano, which is used so imperfectly as language. You were well taught here, and most of you have been using the English you learned for some time since you graduated. But, if you will let me be plain, I suspect that it would be safe to offer a gold medal as a prize to every young lady here who will not before to-morrow night utter some sentence that cannot be parsed; will put no singulars and plurals into forbidden connections; will drop no particles, double no negatives, mix no metaphors, tangle no parentheses, begin no statement two or three time over without finishing it, and not once construct a proposition after this manner, 'When a person talks like that, they ought to be ashamed of it.' We all repeat and perpetuate conventional blunders and hereditary solecisms without once applying the study of four or five years in syntax and conjugation to our current speech. Where is the reform to begin? I say emphatically, Set about grammatic correctness first of all. Watch yourself. Criticise yourself. Be intolerant with yourself. Get some house-mate to expose you. Say over the thing correctly till the mistake is made impossible. It would be no more discreditable to your Keble training to finish a picture out of drawing, or to misspell the name of one of our Territories, or to mistranslate a line of Virgil, or to flat in music, than to confound the parts of speech in a morning call. . . . Nothing is to be said in this presence of slang. If I were to exhort those who are here on that matter, it should be only to forbearance, in that they are obliged to hear it from their ill-bred acquaintances. 'Awful handsome' and 'horrid nice' and 'jolly sunset,' and all that pitiful dialect, coming of weak heads and early neglect, we shall have to bear with till select and high-toned schools, like this one, have chastened the manners and elevated the spirit of the better conditioned classes; and, through them, the improved standard will work its way outward and downward into the public schools and the homes of the people. Unexpected hyperbole is often witty; but nonsense is not, nor are stale repetitions of nonsense. An ill-natured bachelor shamelessly reports that he has entered in his diary a thousand scraps of talk of young women overheard in streets and houses, of which seven hundred and eighty begin with 'Says I' or 'Says he,' and a hundred and twenty contain the combinations 'just splendid,' 'stuck up,' and 'perfectly lovely.' "

The Alumni of Cornell University held a banquet on the 24th of February, in Chicago, and were addressed by President Charles Kendall Adams. In answer to a question about co-education, Mr. Adams said: "The experiment, we think, is a success. The girls have been sedate, studious and circumspect in their conduct. There has been no scandal in the college and nothing has occurred to make any of us regret co-education or make a change in our views regarding it."

THIRTY YEARS AGO.

Dear "Monthly:"—In looking over some old records to-day, I came across one which enables me to give you the following interesting reminiscence of thirty years ago.

On Saturday, July 3rd 1858, the Sunday School of the M. P. Church, held a pic-nic in the grove which then adorned the hill upon which Western Md. College now stands. There were large and flourishing trees on the ground now occupied by the College buildings, as well as where trees since planted are now growing. In that grove, even years before, public gatherings were held. On this occasion there was a large assembly of men; women and children, who spent a delightful day in pic-nic rambling. During the day the Declaration of Independence was read by Mr. Edwin K. Gernand, and an appropriate address delivered by Mr. (since Rev.) William A. Crouse, Superintendent of the School. I was then one of the pastors of what was called Pipe Creek circuit, embracing Westminster, but was prevented from being at the pic-nic, my duties calling me to another part of the Circuit. Rev. Dr. J. T. Murray, was co-pastor with me, and resided at Libertytown, and I in Uniontown.

March 3rd 1888.

J. T. WARD.

THE PHILOMATHEAN ANNIVERSARY.

The sixth anniversary of the Philomathean Literary Society, given on the evening of the 21st, was certainly a great success. Whether it has been surpassed by the five anniversaries preceding it we do not know, not having been a spectator of them all, but we doubt very much whether the Philos have ever beaten their own record of February 21st. A number of circumstances favored them. For once in college history the night was propitious, there being warm weather, plenty of moonlight and no rain. The participants were cheered by the sight of a large audience, full of generous enthusiasm. Over 350 applications for tickets had been made, and the best citizens of Westminster and suburbs were present.

Without doubt one of the most commendable features of the performance was the clear, distinct manner in which everything that was spoken was given. It was a treat to sit in the middle or rear of the room and be able to intelligently attend to the monologue, drama, address of welcome, reading and essay. The Philos' performance clearly proved that a little attention to distinct articulation, and a little effort to speak above the ordinary tone used in conversation, will be amply sufficient to satisfy a listener in any part of the Smith Hall auditorium. A suggestion which is applicable to all our anniversaries, and by no means peculiarly so to the Philos, is that an endeavor should be made to keep things moving, to prevent delay between the various exercises. There are occasions, of course, when some little time must elapse before the next performance begins, as, for instance, in a series of tableaux; but there should be an effort to make it as short as possible. The best natured audience will grow tired and exhibit impatience under long delay.

The curtain rolled up at about 7.40, and Miss Mae Wallis, the society president, pleasantly delivered a modest and neatly-worded address of welcome. The lady's unassuming, yet selfpossed manner and agreeable voice, distinct, mellow and round as a diapason stop, added much to the effect of her speech. Immediately after she disappeared behind the side curtain, Miss Ida Underhill performed a tasteful piano solo, "Love in May," by *Oesten*. The "Anniversary Essay" was written and read by Miss Dollie Whittington, its title being the society motto, "Vestigia Nulla Retrorsum." It gave evidence of careful thought and was easily and clearly delivered. A chorus, "O, Calm and Lovely the Evening Bells," sung by seven of the society's members, Misses Harlan, Walmsley, Mather, Stevens, Jones, Mills and Wallis, was certainly a charming selection and rendered in a charming manner.

A novel feature was here introduced in the shape of a "Monologue," by Miss Lorena Hill. The lady's appearance was a surprise to her friends as she had been very ill up to the eleventh hour and had hardly been expected to do her part. She certainly deserves much commendation for her pluck and for the brilliant manner in which she acquitted herself under such embarrassing circumstances. Three tableaux from that old, but ever interesting story of "Blue beard and His Wives," provoked much applause and favorable comment. The costumes were rich and attractive, the postures significant and striking. Miss A. L. Jones convulsed the audience by the matter-of-fact, yet inimitable manner in which she read of the scientific Mrs. Magruder, and the woes of her unhappy consort writhing under the stomach pump, fearful medicines, and the investigations of a class of young, sharp-eyed, female, would-be doctors.

An elaborate and difficult vocal solo entitled, "The Mexican Nightingale," composed by *Giorda*, was modestly and conscientiously sung by Miss M. Harlan, who was followed by Miss Hirata, the Japanese student, with a recitation in her own mother tongue. It cannot be said that it was clearly understood, but was thoroughly appreciated anyhow, as hearty clapping and laughter gave evidence.

Miss Whittington, *primo*, and Miss C. Underhill, *secundo*, gave a brilliant and pleasing rendition of a piano duett, "Golden Youth," by *Smith*. Then followed the presentation of a dramatic work entitled, "The Peasant Queen," an interesting little drama in which Misses Wallis, Phoebus and Handy distinguished themselves as the prominent characters, efficiently assisted and supported by the others. Dr. Ward gracefully crowned the "Peasant Queen," amid thunderous applause.

The cast of characters is here given:

Madame Migmago, Village Busybody.....	Miss Phoebus
Madame Boncoeur, Proprietress of the Farm.....	Miss Lowe
The Countess de Belleville, Lady of the Village.	Miss Dodd
Adele, Grand-daughter of Mme. Boncoeur.....	Miss Wallis
Marguerite.....	Miss Money.
Louison.....	Miss Stevens.
Martine.....	Miss Kendall.
Jeanetton	Miss Sellman.
Claudine.....	Miss Thomas.
Bettina, Servant of Madame Boncoeur	Miss Handy

VILLAGERS.

Tableau—Crowning of the Rosiere.

WHITCOMB.

THE ALUMNI.

Miss Irene J. Everhart, '85, of Manchester, presided at the organ during the meeting of the Carroll County Teachers' Association, in Westminster, February 10th.

Paul Combs, '87, Principal of the Preparatory Department of the Maryland Agricultural College, spent the 11th and 12th of February in Westminster, as the guest of the Hon. Charles B. Roberts. Of course he went up on the "hill" to see the boys and the teachers.

Mrs. Martha Smith Fenby, '76, of Baltimore, passed a few days, in February, in Westminster, on a visit to her father, John Smith, Esq., President of the Board of Trustees.

At a musical and literary entertainment given on the 8th of February, at Castle Hall, Baltimore, under the auspices of Excelsior Lodge, No. 13, K. P., recitations by Miss Sadie A. V. Knelser, '85, and Miss Sadie N. Abbott, '87, were the parts of the program specially noticed by the city press, next day.

Miss Katie M. Smith, A. M., '81, we are sorry to learn, has been quite sick. The last news we have from her home, at Merriekton, is favorable, and we trust this copy of the MONTHLY may find her entirely recovered.

Mrs. George Schaeffer, the grand-mother of Prof. Franklin H. Schaeffer, A. M., '83, died in Westminster, on the 13th of

February, in the 69th year of her age. Mrs. Schaeffer was a daughter of Daniel Diehl, of New Oxford, Pa., and was one of 21 children. She had been married 52 years, and her golden wedding, two years ago, was the occasion of an interesting family reunion.

Miss Jennie S. Smith, '82, and her sister, Miss Ada, '78-'83, entertained a few friends at the residence of their father, John Smith, Esq., President of the Board of Trustees, on Wednesday evening, February 15th. The first prize in the donkey game was won by Miss Mary Rinehart, '79, and the booby by William D. Reese, '75-'77.

The piano playing of Miss Alverda G. LaMotte, '82, of Finksburg, is said to have been "the musical event of the evening" at the party given by Mr. and Mrs. Brice Shipley, of Gist, on the 13th of February.

Edward S. Baile, '80, and his wife, gave a large dancing party at their handsome residence, near Westminster, February 13th. The "*Advocate's*" reporter describes it as a grand success, due to "excellent music, a jolly, good-natured crowd, plenty of tempting refreshments, a host and hostess brim full of hospitality, and good sleighing when the hour for parting (2 a. m.) arrived."

Mrs. Elizabeth Trump died in Manchester, Carroll county, on the 18th of February, her birth day, aged 70 years. The deceased lady was the mother of Miss Lizzie Trump, A. M., '79, and Rev. Charles S. Trump, '72-'73, of Stone Church, Pa.

Lynn R. Meekins, '82, presided at the annual banquet of the Journalist's Club at the Carrollton Hotel, Baltimore, on the 18th of February. At the close of the feast, which had been enlivened by witty speeches and lots of fun generally, President Meekins said that while the club believed in making its annual dinner unique and thoroughly entertaining—for nothing aided digestion like original levity—it was a serious organization, founded and maintained for a serious purpose. As newspaper men, the members were proud of their work and proud of their calling, and nothing assisted this spirit more than an association established for mutual help and fellowship. He was glad to state that the club was the largest organization of its kind in the South, and was firmly fixed on an enduring basis. Meekins has an article in the number of *Harper's Weekly*, issued February 25th, on "Terrapin Raising," illustrated by the artist, B. Wert Clinedinst.

Miss Ida E. Gott, '85, who is teaching in Prince Frederick, Calvert county, enjoys the MONTHLY, retains a lively interest in all that pertains to the College, and hopes to be able to attend the commencement exercises in June.

Nathan H. Wilson, '87, after graduation, taught in the Rockville Academy, but is now studying Law at the Columbian University, Washington, D. C.

B. F. Crouse, '73, was selected as D. D. G. A., by Westminster Lodge, No. 41, I. O. M., on the 23d of February. We do not know what those mysterious letters mean, but we have no doubt they are an honorable title and that Frank has earned it by faithful and intelligent services to the Order.

School-Examiner, James A. Dittenbaugh, '74, left home on the 21st of February for Logansport, Indiana. Business connected with the settlement of the estate of his uncle, the late Dr. Adreon, of that city, will require him to be absent about two weeks.

Miss Agnes Lease, '83, of Mt. Pleasant, Frederick county, Miss Georgia Harlan, '87, of Elkton, and Miss Ida Blanche Pillsbury, '87, of Baltimore, were present at the anniversary of their society—the Philomathean—on the 21st of February.

Miss Florence G. Hering, '83, eldest daughter of Dr. J. W. Hering, A. M., of Westminster, was married at the M. P. Church, on the 23d of February, to Mr. Thomas A. Murray, a member of the Baltimore bar. The ceremony was performed by the groom's father, Rev. J. T. Murray, D. D. The students of the College

attended the wedding in a body in token of their respect for the estimable and lovely bride. Miss Marianna Shriver, '90, presided at the organ and the ushers were M. Sonnehill and Horace Borrough, Jr., of Baltimore, and Dr. Joseph T. Hering, '77-'82, and Charles E. Hering, brothers of the bride. The wedding presents numbered more than a hundred, all beautiful and many valuable. After a bridal lunch, Mr. and Mrs. Murray left on the afternoon train for New York, and on their return will reside in Baltimore.

QUONDAM STUDENTS.

William Cicero Hammer, of Asheboro, N. C., a retired member of the class of '89, is conducting a successful school near Onancock, Va., and is highly esteemed both as a teacher and as a man.

Frank E. Cunningham, '69-'80, assistant cashier of the Oglethorpe National Bank, Brunswick, Ga., spent the carnival week of February, in New Orleans, and enjoyed the gay scenes of the Mardi Gras, with the thermometer at 70 in the shade.

Miss Ada A. Zepp, '80-'82, gave a very pleasant party, on the evening of Valentine's day, at the residence of her father, Mr. Lawrence Zepp, near Westminster.

Miss Maggie C. Huber, '77-'80, of Westminster, visited friends in Baltimore and Washington, during the month of February.

At the supper given to the Westminster Gun Club, at the Hotel Albion, on the 17th of February, by Mr. I. A. Miller, the following "quondams" were present: Vernon Reese, '80-'83; Dr. George E. Baughman, '69-'74; Dr. Joseph T. Hering, '77-'82; Frank S. Grumbine, '77-'82; J. Milton Reifsnider, '73-'78, and William L. Seabrook, '69-'72.

Charles V. Wantz, '68-'70, made a trip to Florida, in February, which combined business and pleasure. Charley thinks Maryland is good enough for him—or anybody else.

Mrs. Sallie Bowers Royer, '68-'70, widow of Alfred Royer, '68-'71, was sick, a week or two, in February, from a threatened attack of pneumonia, but escaped with a severe cold and is now well again.

Phillip H. Myers, '84-'87, is traveling agent for the Morris type writer and is said to be meeting with success.

Harvey M. Zepp, '82-'83, died on the morning of the 6th of March, from pneumonia, after a short illness, at the house of his father, Lawrence Zepp, Esq., near Westminster.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Prep. C—— had an invitation to an entertainment from the Hagerstown Seminary, with R. S. V. P., at the bottom. One of the boys asked him what those letters meant. He said he supposed R. S., were the initials of the vice-president's name.

One of the Seniors called upon a lady, down town, the other night, and her watch stopped. An explanation from Mr. R—— is in order.

Miss——, of the Junior Class, thinks the flour used at the College so good that she even likes the Miller.

M——, the tallest of the tall Sophs, says his motto is upward and *Percyvere*. He has a high calling.

One of the Juniors thinks the reason he gets *stuck* so often on the *De Natura Deorum* is that the copy he uses is edited by *Stickney*.

Junior L——, by the way, scans the *De Natura* as readily and perhaps as correctly, his classmates think, as he does the *Iliad*. The process is *leased* and any infringement will be duly punished by law. This young man's friends think he has a future before him. But then where else should it be?

One of our boys is so true to his temperance pledge that he

can't even bear the sight of sheet music. It has a *sinister* look, to him, because it contains so many *bars*.

What advantage have the Seminarians over the Collegiates in point of time? Give it up, eh? They have the longest Day.

Soph. B— wants to know whether etiquette requires the lady to whom he sent a valentine to thank him. We think she ought to thank him for *sending* it: he might have brought it himself.

The following are the new officers of the Webster Society, elected on the 21st of January: President, John H. Baker; Vice-President, William McA. Lease; Recording Secretary, John F. Harper; Corresponding Secretary, Albert S. Crockett; Treasurer, James McD. Radford; Critic, F. Neal Parke; Chaplain, John B. Whaley; Librarian, George I. Barwick; Mineralogist, P. H. Dorsey. Executive Committee, Ex-presidents, Isaac G. Michael, Harry G. Watson and L. Irving Pollitt.

Besides the Perpetual Motion Agitator and the Bird Stuffer, the College has another wonder in the person of a Dog Trainer, and so well has he done the town, that he can walk scarcely a hundred yards without meeting one of his pupils who gives him a friendly recognition, by a rub and a wag of the tail.

Soph. H— inquires of Prép. B— what is the matter with the sick man at the Seminary, and is astonished by the reply, that he is very low with "conflamatory rheumatism."

Cain went out to see the Gypsies who are encamped near town and the only reason why he didn't trade off his Waterbury is because he wasn't *able*.

St. Valentine's day flooded the school with pictures resembling, probably, the senders. Wim was badly fooled. He had to send a two cent stamp to Baltimore to pay the postage on a letter, before it could be forwarded, and when it came, lo and behold, it was a comic valentine.

R— was looking over a book of quotations, the other day, and saw "Ibid" under one. He remarked that he had never heard of that writer before. The sapient Soph, no doubt, thought "Ibid" was some relation to that prolific author "Anon."

At the annual meeting and dinner of the Maryland Alumni of Princeton College, at the St. James Hotel, Baltimore, February 9th, Professor Reese was elected one of the vice-presidents, the others being John P. Poe, Dr. Robert W. Johnson, John H. Handy, Fendall Marburg, Clarence Lane and Judge Levin T. H. Irving, of the Court of Appeals.

Michael, of '89, has withdrawn. His class has lost a diligent student and his society—the Websters—a faithful member. We are authorized by his friends to contradict the report that he has gone to join the Mormons.

The Irving Society will celebrate its twenty-first anniversary, in Smith Hall, on Thursday evening, March 29th. This, the oldest of our literary societies, may be said to come of age on that day, and should signalize the occasion—as it doubtless will—by surpassing all its previous efforts in the way of an entertainment.

Next day, the 30th, begins the Easter recess. It ends on the morning of Tuesday, April 3d. The holiday is not a long one, but then a good deal of fun and enjoyment can be crowded into a few days by those who go about it properly.

Washington's birth-day was not celebrated by any special demonstration on the part of the students, but they enjoyed turkey and ice cream, as additions to the ordinary bill of fare at dinner, and, in the evening, the monthly parlor reunion took place and pleasantly closed the national festival.

The Rev. James K. Nichols, D. D., Vice-president, '71-'75, has been ill with pneumonia at his home in Johnsville, Frederick county, but our latest information is that hopes are entertained of his recovery. The Doctor has many warm friends here who will sincerely rejoice to hear of his restoration to health.

Benjamin W. Woolford, '91, was absent, the latter part of February, having been called to his home in Dorchester county to attend the funeral of his grandfather, Mr. J. J. Skinner.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Jones, of Chesapeake City, attended the Philo anniversary, on the 21st, and were the guests of their daughter, Laura, '89; and Fannie May Grove, '89, had the pleasure, on the same occasion, of entertaining her friend, Miss Cora Monath; of Hagerstown.

President Lewis spent Washington's Birth-day in Baltimore.

The Browning Society has received ten dollars as a contribution to their library fund, from Miss Mamie M. McKinstry, A. M., '79. Miss McKinstry has set an example which should find followers.

The representative, on the editorial staff, of the Webster Society takes this opportunity of informing the old members and the friends of that organization that it is in a prosperous condition, having at present thirty-three names on the roll. During the past month the debates have been unusually interesting. Questions of the day, such as Convict Labor and Volapük, have been manfully handled. The literary exercises begin soon after the opening of each regular meeting, and a cordial invitation is hereby extended to the friends of the Society to attend them.

When the brilliant young Kay, at the Philo entertainment, caught his first glimpse of the heads above the screen in the Blue-beard tableau, he exclaimed: "Boys, there is Punch and Judy!"

One of our Preps inquired, the other day, whether a letter to the Faculty required a stamp. The youngster was referred to the N. and Q. department of the MONTHLY.

"If you could only see how the girls make and eat snow cream," said a lady associate to the Editor-in-chief, "it would certainly be a treat." "Don't think it would," responded that august functionary, "but if they should offer me some to eat, it might be."

The tin-type which was so laboriously framed, on Saturday, the 25th of February, by Misses —, after being hand-painted by the new art student, will be on exhibition in Room 15. Only a limited number of tickets will be issued and the importance of an early application for one is evident. A choice collection of handsomely dressed dolls will add to the aesthetic interest of the show.

Wm. M. Weller, '89, spent a week, the latter part of February, in Baltimore, on business.

David Fulton Harris, '91, was summoned home, on the 29th of February, by the sad news of the death of his father, Mr. Ephraim Harris, a well-known and highly respected merchant and farmer, residing at Mt. Ephraim, near the mouth of the Monocacy, in Montgomery county. Mr. Harris was about fifty-five years of age, and leaves a widow and eight children. His estate is said to be worth from \$75,000 to \$100,000.

The St. Nicholas Society elected the following officers, on the 2d of March: President, Miriam Lewis; Vice-President, Claude Smith; Secretary, Ada May Myers, and Treasurer, Frank Shaw.

Mrs. Alice E. Gehr, wife of Mr. George R. Gehr, Cashier of the First National Bank of Westminster, died on the 3d of March, in the 34th year of her age. She leaves a husband and four children to mourn her irreparable loss. Of the children, two, Carrie and Denton, are pupils in the Primary Department of the College. Mrs. Gehr was the daughter of the late Augustus Shriver, the sister of Miss Janie Shriver, '72-'75, and an aunt of John L. Reifsnider, a preparatory student. The funeral took place on Tuesday morning, the 6th, from the Reformed Church, and was attended by a large company of relatives and friends.

Examinations for the second Term began on Monday morning, March 5th, closing on Friday. The third term begins on the

12th. The examination paper which stated that "the Declaration of Independence met in Faneuil Hall and lasted for seven years," left Miss Lottie in such a dazed state of mind that the sympathies of her friends were aroused. She rallied, however, and was able to report for duty next day. The writer of the paper was all serene when last heard from.

J. W. Hering, A. M., M. D., one of the Trustees of the College, and Lecturer on Physiology and Hygiene, was married, March 7th, to Miss Kate E. Armicost. The wedding took place at the residence of the late George W. Armicost, brother of the bride, near Finksburg, Carroll county. The MONTHLY extends its heartiest congratulations.

FRIDAY AFTERNOONS.

MUSICAL RECITAL.

The 10th ultimo being the second Friday of the month, was, according to custom, the occasion of a Musicale. It was a Mozart Recital, the program being as follows:

Piano Duet—Idomeneo Overture...Miss Mills and Prof. Rinehart
Vocal Solo—Schon klopft mein liebender Busen...Mrs. A. J. Carnes
Piano Duet—Sonata in D.Prof. Rinehart and Miss H. Stem
Piano Solo—Fantasia.....Prof. T. F. Rinehart
Vocal Solo—Das Veilchen.....Mrs. A. J. Carnes
Piano Duet—Die Zauberfloete Overture.Prof. Rinehart, Miss Mills

It has been said that Mozart's best efforts lie in his operas and that his overtures were but fitting preludes to these great dramatic works. Though the thrilling effect they are capable of producing and the expectancy they are capable of arousing, when executed by the number of instruments for which they were written, cannot of course be looked for when condensed into a piano duet, yet the two overtures of the program were so well arranged and so well executed as to be highly pleasing. The Sonata was a strikingly characteristic piece of the composer, with spirited themes, well carried out, and in a key that seemed to be a great favorite with Mozart. The two songs, also, bore the stamp of the writer's individuality. They were both of a pathetic nature, but the last especially tender and touching. The airs were in themselves, very beautiful, and the full, rich voice of the singer lent to them an additional charm. The Fantasia, a selection abounding in brilliant passages and tasteful embellishments, was played in the Professor's best style. The plan of having all the numbers of the program from the same composer is decidedly a good one, impressing as it does the style of the master represented and cultivating the musical taste.

JUNIOR THEMES.

The subject of the first essay, February 17th, was "Burke's Defense of America," and the author was Dollie Whittington, of Crisfield. The paper was, mainly, a eulogy on the great commoner for the friendly spirit which he exhibited towards the colonies in their quarrel with the mother country. Levin Irving Pollitt, of Salisbury, followed with a description of that most impressive and magnificent pageant of the ancient world—"A Roman Triumph." The next item on the program was a "Glee," which, to Prof. Rinehart's accompaniment on the piano, was sung by George W. Ward, Edwin C. Wimbrough, Harry G. Watson and William O. Keller. "Should Education be made compulsory," was the question discussed in the essay read by Fannie M. Grove, of Hagerstown, and, although full allowance was made for arguments to the contrary, the writer favored the affirmative. Annie Lucile Dodd, of Wye Mills, then read a paper on "The Faculty of Observation," showing the importance and advantages of its proper cultivation. After a piano solo—Happy Hours—by Miss Sallie E. Wilmer, of Westminster, performed in her usual happy style, the afternoon's exercises were closed by William McA. Lease, of Mount Pleasant, with an essay on "Universal Suffrage the ideal Government." Among the visitors present were Misses Glen Taylor and Annie R. Yingling, A. M., '71, of Baltimore;

Lou Gehr, of Clearspring, and Fannie Murray and Bessie Baer, of Westminster.

DECLAMATION.

The afternoon period, on the 24th of February, was filled by a literary recital, the participants being, as usual, members of the Sophomore and Freshman classes. Private training and frequent practice on the stage are beginning to tell on the character of these exercises, and the improvement, from month to month, is easily noticeable. The recitations of the 24th were of exceptional excellence, and the applause was, in every case, a well deserved tribute to honest effort. We give the program:

1. The Old Forsaken School House.....Philip H. Dorsey
2. The Might of Love.....Imogene Caulk
3. Defence of Archias.....David F. Harris
4. Poor little Joe.....Nannie M. Heyde
- Piano Duett.....On the Race Course
Ada Kendall and Ada C. Mather.
5. The High Tide.....Iva Lowe
6. Glory of Holland and Ireland.....Grafton E. Day
7. Antonio Oriboni.....Marian E. Money
8. Wonderful One Horse Shay.Willis M. Cross
- Vocal Duett.....The Rose and the Lily
Maggie A. Stem and Lena E. Gore.
9. Love Lightens Labor.....Maud C. Mills
10. The Schoolmaster's Conquest.....Adelia Handy
11. Story of a Shell.....Ada C. Mather
12. How Sockery Set a Hen.....John F. Harper

SENIOR ORATIONS AND ESSAYS.

Miss Mae Wallis opened the exercises on the 2d of March with an essay on "Our Years," and was followed by Mr. E. C. Wimbrough with an oration on "Literary Style." The beautiful anthem, "He that keepeth Israel," was then sung by Miss Mary E. Harlan, '90, after which Miss Carrie W. Phoebus read a paper with "Success the result of Effort," as its subject. A piano solo, consisting of airs from *Il Trovatore*, was executed by Miss Dollie Whittington, and then Mr. J. McD. Radford closed with an oration on "The Old South."

SEMINARY ITEMS.

As we stood at our window gazing at the snow covered ground, our attention was arrested by a sleigh approaching with our President and his servant within. As it neared a drift it suddenly toppled and out went both President and servant. Our humorist, C. K. McCaslin, called our attention to the fact that there was an instance where the "servant was above his master," (the Doctor having fallen first, the servant following and landing on top.) It was pleasant to learn that no one was hurt.

A. J. Wolfe, mentioned in last issue as being ill, has recovered from a light attack which the Doctor pronounced to be typhoid fever. But sickness, having introduced itself, seemed determined to remain for some time. Our "tall man," J. A. Selby, was the next victim. He is confined to his couch by inflammatory rheumatism. L. Fisher, feeling unwell, left us, but in a few days returned, thinking that it was not his turn. C. W. McAllister did succumb for a day or so also.

Our Seniors are busy preparing to enter conference in April.

On the 10th, we were bidding Prof. Warfield, C. E. Lamberd and A. Tipton Taylor good bye, the latter going to New Windsor, which place, by the by, has a great deal of attraction for him of late, the two former en route for Baltimore. The 13th they returned, having enjoyed pleasant visits.

Coal oil stoves have been introduced in some of the rooms, and passing through the hall of a night we often inhale the odor of—well you may guess—I will add, however, that egg shells are often found now, around the grounds.

The introductory students have begun reading in the Greek New Testament.

We learn of the death of the mother of M. L. Cohee. We extend our sympathies.

The Y. P. Meeting held at the Church is still going on and is well attended. As stated before, it is principally conducted by our students.

Once a week we have been accustomed to meet in the chapel and receive for one hour vocal instructions from Prof. C. H. Spurrier. The Prof. has moved from this city. We regret very much to be deprived of his instruction, yet we do not blame him as he has succeeded in getting a more lucrative position. We wish him the very best of success.

The sick feel very much indebted to Mrs. Dr. Ward for her many manifestations of kindness in the way of delicacies received from her during their illness.

As A. J. Wolfe lost several recitations by illness, he has decided to go home and return next fall. He left on the 23d.

The Stockton Society is indebted to the Rev. J. A. Weigand for several copies of the "Prohibition Bombs."

J. W. McCullough, Rowlandsville; Chas. Fitzpatrick, Baltimore; Wm. Fenby and F. P. Fenby, this city, were the only visitors this month.

STOCKTON.

Resolutions adopted by the class of '91, on the death of Mr E. G. Harris, father of our classmate, D. F. Harris.

WHEREAS, In the all-wise and inscrutable ways of his Providence, it has pleased Almighty God to call suddenly from this world the father of D. F. Harris, therefore,

Be it Resolved By the Freshman Class of Western Maryland College, that they deeply sympathise with their afflicted member in this his great bereavement, and that they most earnestly pray he may bow submissively to his sorrow, recognizing in it the hand of God.

Be it Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to D. F. Harris, and that they be printed in the WESTERN MARYLAND COLLEGE MONTHLY.

MAUDE MILLS.

B. W. WOOLFORD.

IVA LOWE.

F. N. PARKE.

EDITH STEVENS.

A. S. CROCKETT.

Committee.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

In the following lines, from the third stanza of Keat's "The Eve of St. Agnes:"

"Northward he turneth through a little door,

And scarce three steps, ere Music's golden tongue

Flattered to tears this aged man and poor."

what is the significance of the word "flattered?"

WHITCOMB.

In what he calls his "loving commentary" on this beautiful poem, Leigh Hunt has so full and satisfactory an explanation of Keat's use of this word that it would be doing our esteemed correspondent a wrong not to give him the benefit of it. "Flattered to tears". Yes, the poor old man was moved by the sweet music to think that so sweet a thing was intended for his comfort as well as for others. He felt, says Hunt, that the mysterious kindness of Heaven did not omit even his poor, old, sorry case in its numerous workings and visitations; and, as he wished to live longer, he began to think that his wish was to be attended to. He began to consider how much he had suffered; how much he had suffered wrongly or mysteriously; and how much better a man he was, with all his sins, than fate seemed to have taken him for. Hence he found himself deserving of tears and self-pity; and he shed them, and felt soothed by his poor, old, loving self. Not undeservedly either; for he was a pains taking pilgrim, aged, patient and humble, and willingly suffered cold and toil for the sake of something better than he could otherwise deserve; and so the pity is not exclusively on his own side: we pity him too, and would fain see him well out of that cold chapel, gathered into a warmer place than a grave. But it was not to be. "Already had his death-bell rung; the joys of all his life were said and sung." We must, therefore, console ourselves with knowing that this icy endurance of his was the last, and that he soon found himself at the sunny gate of heaven.

"Escaped with the skin of my teeth," which J. T. W. inquires about in the February number, is found in the 20th verse of the 19th chapter of the book of Job.

STOCKTON.

May I trouble you to give me some account of the French Academy and its present membership?

LISEUR.

It owes its origin to Cardinal Richelieu who founded it in 1635 for the special guardianship of the purity of the French language. The historical and standard dictionary, which is the great work of the Academy, was published in 1694, after fifty years had been spent in passing upon the claims of words to be inserted as good French. The seventh and latest edition appeared in 1877. No more than forty can be members of the Academy, and as they are elected for life and are supposed to represent the learning and genius of the nation, they are known, familiarly, in Paris as the forty "immortals." There is now only one vacancy, that caused by the death of Labiche on the 23d of January. Of the members whose fame extends beyond the French frontier, the following are the best known: Ferdinand de Lesseps, the diplomatist, celebrated as the builder of the Suez Canal; Octave Feuillet, novelist and dramatist, whose play, *Le Sphinx*, was a great sensation ten years ago; the Duc de Broglie, renowned as statesman and as author; Leon Say, the political-economist; Maxime Du Camp, author and artist; Ludovic Halévy, a noted dramatist, who wrote the libretti for Offenbach's operas; Victor Cherbuliez, the brilliant novelist; Taine, the French authority on literature and art, whose History of English Literature has made his name familiar in England and America; Victor Duruy, historian and geographer; Emile Ollivier, the statesman so unfortunately associated with the downfall of the second Empire, whose first wife, by the way, was a daughter of Liszt, the pianist; Alexander Dumas, the younger, equally noted for his dramas and his novels; Victorien Sardou, the most successful, certainly the richest, of Parisian play-writers; Louis Pasteur, the chemist, who has immortalized himself, and, perhaps, immensely benefitted humanity by his experiments on Hydrophobia and Ernest Renan, orientalist and most brilliant of writers, known the world over by the remarkable romance which he is pleased to call the Vie de Jésus.

AN ARITHMETICAL CURIOSITY.

To find the day of the week for any date within the first thirty centuries of the Christian era:

From the number indicating the year drop all to the left of the tens. To this result add its fourth part (regardless of any remainder), the day of the month, index of the month, and index of the century. Divide the sum by 7, and the remainder will be the day of the week, counting Sunday 1, Monday 2, Tuesday 3, Wednesday 4, Thursday 5, Friday 6, and Saturday 0.

TABLE OF INDICES FOR MONTHS.

January.....3	May.....4	September.....1
February.....6	June.....0	October.....3
March.....6	July.....2	November.....6
April.....2	August.....5	December.....1

For leap year the indices for January and February would each be one less than in the above table.

TABLE OF INDICES FOR CENTURIES.

0—Index for 8, 9, 18, 22, 26, 30.
1—Index for 1, 8, 14.
2—Index for 0, 7, 15, 17, 21, 25, 29.
3—Index for 6, 13.
4—Index for 5, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28.
5—Index for 4, 11, 19, 22, 37.
6—Index for 3, 1, 0.

To find the index of the century for any given year, find in the table the number dropped from the year, and its index will be the index required.

EXAMPLE.

Required upon what day of the week the Declaration of Independence was signed, July 4, 1776.

Drop 17, and we have.....	76
Add its fourth part.....	19
Add the day of the month.....	4
Add index of the month.....	2
Add index of the century.....	2

Sum:—7

7)103

14

and 5 remaining, or Thursday, answer.

Western Maryland College Monthly.

VOL. 1.

WESTMINSTER, MD., APRIL, 1888.

NO. 7.

Western Maryland College Monthly.

PROF. JAMES W. REESE, A. M., Ph. D.,
EDITOR IN CHIEF.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS,

WILLIAM M. WELLER, of the Irving Society.
LAURA BELL TAYLOR, of the Browning Society.
HARRY G. WATSON, of the Webster Society.
ELIZABETH MAY WALLIS, of the Philomathean Society.

Business Manager, W. R. McDANIEL, A. M.

Published monthly during the school year.

TERMS.—One Dollar per year of ten numbers, cash in advance. To ministers and resident students, half price. Single copies 15 cts. Advertising rates furnished on application. Entered at the Postoffice, Westminster, Md., as Second Class Matter.

The Report of President Lewis, published in this number of the MONTHLY, is too important a paper to be hastily overlooked by any well-wisher of the College. It is entitled to the most careful reading. The statement of facts which it presents, in a plain business-like manner, is alike creditable to his administration and encouraging to all who are interested in the success of the school. So cheering an outlook is furnished by this admirable Report that those who, from the beginning, have watched the career of our College with sympathetic interest and unfaltering hopefulness cannot fail to find the former largely increased and the latter amply justified. We are fairly on our way in the third term at the twenty-first year. The Institution has come of age. It has passed the period of infancy and weakness, and now assumes its position, as of right, among the well-tested and firmly established colleges of the land. In the tentative and experimental years which have gone by, there may have been excuse for timid souls to doubt and hold aloof, or to give a hesitating, half-hearted support to the cause whose success they desired, but whose failure they feared; but, in the light of Dr. Lewis' Report, there remains, to-day, no minutest shred of a pretext to any one who wishes success for the College for withholding any aid he can contribute towards its permanent achievement.

The President's Report closes with an appeal for an endowment. By a happy coincidence, there appears in another column, under the heading "An Important Step," most gratifying evidence that the need of endowment is felt and that a movement has already been begun to secure it. The Baltimore ladies who have inaugurated the good work will find their efforts seconded, sooner or later, wherever their influence reaches and wherever the College has friends. But we trust they will receive, *at once*, the cheer and encouragement they so richly deserve and that their efforts, so heartily made and so wisely planned, will be crowned, in the near future, with the amplest success.

The earnest body of ministers and laymen to whom Dr. Lewis' Report is addressed will listen to its statements with profound emotion. The College was founded and has continued to

exist under their special patronage, and many of them were educated within its walls. They will rejoice at the realization of the hopes they have cherished, often in spite of sore discouragement, and will doubtless, as a body and as individuals, see to it that the bright and prosperous present be made only a fresh starting point on the road to enlarged equipment, a longer roll of students and a liberal endowment on which the whole structure shall rest as upon an immoveable foundation.

Our readers will be pleased to learn that Prof. W. R. McDaniel has been appointed a teacher in the Summer School of Physical Culture at Harvard under the direction of Dr. D. A. Sargent. The manner of this appointment is as honorable as the appointment itself. Prof. McDaniel spent last summer at the school with Dr. Sargent and during the year has been developing a new system of teaching club-swinging. Having completed the system, he sent it on to Dr. Sargent, as the first authority in this country on the subject, for examination. The result was a letter of warm appreciation and an invitation to teach his system at Harvard this summer. Prof. McDaniel has accepted the invitation both because it will give him the opportunity to subject his system to a thorough test and at the same time give him increased facilities for improvement in other departments of Physical Culture. Prof. McDaniel's publication, which is now going through the press, will be entitled "Club-swinging by Note," and though but a small pamphlet, it represents a year's work, and is destined, perhaps, to exert an important influence on the whole method of teaching Calisthenics. The MONTHLY extends congratulations to Prof. McDaniel, and even passes them on to the students who shall be at Western Maryland College next year, for the good things in store for them in the Department of Physical Culture.

PRESIDENTS REPORT.

The following report will no doubt interest many of our readers as it gives a very full account of College Affairs and must prove highly satisfactory to all who are interested in the success of the College.

TO THE MARYLAND ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE M. P. CHURCH.

WESTMINSTER, MD., April 4th, 1888.

It is my duty as a member of your body, and holding my present position by your permission, to report to you my official labors during the year.

STUDENTS.

Although the year has been one of financial distress, we have enrolled the largest number of students yet reached in the history of the College, viz., 160, which is an increase of 35 over last year, and of 19 over 1874, which was the year of largest enrollment hitherto.

Of these students 82 have been boarders. We have capacity for 100 boarders, and our capacity ought to be filled, as I think you will agree after this report, and it would doubtless have been filled but for the financial condition already alluded to. It will be noted that the proportion of day students is much greater than ever before. This would not be encouraging if the number of

boarders were decreasing; but as we have as many boarders as at any previous time, and, if we count Theological students, 18 or 20 more than ever before, the increase in the number of day students means that the institution was never as popular at home as it is now, and that those who know best its work are giving it the largest patronage. But we cannot afford to have empty rooms, and an energetic canvass will be made this summer to reach the full quota of 100 boarding students. To this desirable end I earnestly invite the co-operation of the members of this Conference.

FINANCES OF THE YEAR.

The school year opened September 5, 1887. The first term, closing December 5th, cleared a surplus of \$1,786.44. The second term, closing March 12th, cleared a surplus of \$2,371.84, making a total for both terms of \$4,158.28. Of this amount \$2,202 has been paid on debt, and the balance on improvements. The College now owes a gross amount of \$10,000, in which is included the mortgage for \$7,000 authorized by the last Conference to build the addition to the College. This mortgage was given to the Westminster Savings institution, and bears 5 per cent. interest. It has been reduced by the payment above mentioned to \$5,000. The same institution holds a note for \$3,000 at the same rate of interest, and John Smith holds a note for \$2,000, both the latter being the remaining portion of the old debt, and making a total gross debt, as before stated, of \$10,000.

It was thought at first that an effort would be made to raise the loan for the new building among the friends of the College in the various churches, and several brothers kindly volunteered their aid in the matter, but our attorney advised us to place the loan to one mortgagee.

As various other changes and improvements had to be made in the main building and Ward Hall at the same time that the new addition was being erected, and as it was not convenient nor necessary to keep more than one account, it is not possible to state the exact cost of the addition, but it probably is a little in excess of \$6,000. The total cost of improvements made since commencement is \$11,542.72, of which all has been paid but \$864.43, which is provided for out of the receipts of the current term. The total amount paid, \$10,678.29, has been raised as follows:

From mortgage, \$7,000, less \$175 interest	\$6,825.00
From surplus of 1886-7.....	1,161.85
From surplus of 1887-8.....	2,691.44
	<hr/>
	\$10,678.29

IMPROVEMENTS.

As so large a sum has been expended for improvements during the year, it is proper that you should have a somewhat detailed description of what has been done; and, that you may have an unprejudiced account, I take pleasure in substituting for my own a description written by the editor of the *Methodist Protestant*, after personal inspection, and published in that paper August 27 1887:

"The latest addition is the handsome and commodious Annex, to the Main building, known as Smith Hall. It is 104x39 feet, three stories, built in the most substantial manner, and in architectural harmony with the other structures. We enter it and find on the first floor the dining hall, 75x35 feet, and it will easily dine at one sitting two hundred persons. This could be increased by fifty more. Dining-tables are used to seat eight each, arranged for the young men on the north side, the young women on the south, and the professors through the middle. Few first-class hotels can boast a larger or more agreeable dining-hall. At the east end are the bakery, kitchen, pantry and dish-room. These arrangements will insure even an improved continuance of the table service which gave such satisfaction the past year.

On the second floor is the grand auditorium, 98x39 feet in the clear, with a capacity of one thousand sittings. This is for

commencements and other great college occasions. At the west end, connecting with the old main building, there is a raised platform that will seat the entire school. From this elevation the view is of a symmetrical, well lighted and beautiful auditorium. Passing to the third floor, reached by broad staircases, you are in the Smith Hall dormitories. They are ranged on either side of a spacious hall. These are exclusively for young women, each room 15x10, with a 9½ foot ceiling, a large window in each, from which there is a magnificent panoramic view for miles to the hill-girt horizon. These rooms were completely furnished with stationary ward-robos, and every reasonable convenience. On the same floor is the bath room, infirmary, visitor's spare room and preceptress's room. Smith Hall made it possible to reconstruct the Main building to greater advantage. This was done by turning the old dining-hall into a gymnasium for the girls, 50x25 feet. On the second floor a reading-room and museum, 50x25 feet. An art room specially furnished to this end, 40x30 feet. The old dormitories have been changed into eight piano rooms, with an instrument in each for practice. Besides these there is a college organ, and a private piano of the President, and one of the Professor of Music, in his private room. Smith Hall, Ward Hall and nearly all of the Main Building are heated by steam. The dormitories of the Main building and Smith Hall are now exclusively for young women, and none is higher than the second story, with broad halls and wide staircases for ready egress in emergency. President Lewis, who has planned all these improvements, has kept in mind a *minimum* of danger and a *maximum* of comfort. How fully these are now furnished every patron can assure himself by a visit.

Western Maryland College has now a pile of buildings, well adapted, and well furnished, and is the leading College of the State as well in material as number of students, and grade of scholarly work".

REVIEW OF FINANCIAL CONDITION.

The finances of the College have long been the subject of your earnest consideration and effort. I am sure, therefore, you will be glad to pause here long enough to consider what has been done in this direction since I assumed the Presidency, July 1st, 1886.

1. *Earnings*.—Since July 1st, 1886, all monies received on accounts, due prior to that time, have been applied in full to the reduction of the debt, so that no money has been used or included in earnings except that received on accounts made after July 1st, 1886. Out of the amount so received all current expenses have been paid monthly, and the surplus devoted as follows:

Paid on debt created prior to July 1, 1886.....	\$4,147.67
Paid on improvements made since July 1, 1886...	6,008.69
Paid on loan to build Smith Hall.....	2,000.00

Total amt paid out of surplus since July 1, 1886.. \$12,156.36

2. *Improvements*.—What might be called the College "plant," consisting of buildings, furniture, apparatus, &c., has been increased since July 1, 1886, to the following amount:

Received from S. S. contributions and others.....	\$2,671.37
Received from College earnings.....	6,008.69
Received from Smith Hall loan.....	6,825.00

Total paid for improvements since July 1, 1886... \$15,505.06

3. *Debt*.—The total amount due by the College when I took charge, July 1, 1886, was..... \$13,303.91
To decrease this, I have realized on assets reported at that time..... 4,156.24

We may call this amount..... \$9,147.67
the net debt of the College at that time, although to make it such it was necessary, of course, to use all the money received on old account strictly for the payment of debt.

This debt has been decreased by the payment of 4,147.67

out of earnings since July 1, 1886 (previously noted), until it now amounts to \$5,000. A new debt was created by the Smith Hall loan of \$7,000, reduced by the payment of \$2,000, so that the total amount of money now owed by the College is 10,000, and bills receivable may be safely put at \$2,000, making present net debt \$8,000.

4. *Betterment*.—Once more we may consider the financial condition by comparison, and measure the progress made by the figures showing our present condition:

Improvements made and paid for since July 1, 1886	\$15,505.06
Reduction in debt.....	1,147.67

Betterment since July 1, 1886.....	\$16,652.73
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ENDOWMENT.

I place this item here as a fitting, and, as I trust you will regard it, a logical conclusion to the whole matter. The present management has been on trial, and here presents its results. Does it merit confidence? That question will best be answered by what the church is willing to do to express that confidence. A committee appointed by the last Conference will have a report to make in which this matter will be considered more at large. In the name and by the authority of the facts here presented, I respectfully ask you to give a willing ear to what they have to present. It must be apparent to you that no success based on current operations alone, however gratifying, can be more than a Jonah's gourd, and that the permanency of the institution must rest on the foundation which epidemics and fires, and even hard times cannot unsettle, the invested funds of an endowment. If the church will undertake the work it can be done, and five more years can easily bring us not a dollar of debt and \$25,000 endowment. Let us do it. Respectfully submitted.

T. H. LEWIS, President.

We have had vouchers presented to us which confirm the statements made in this report.

J. W. HERING,

J. T. MURRAY,

CHAS. BILLINGSLEA.

AN IMPORTANT STEP.

The endowment of Western Maryland College, which has been a subject of much thought and prayer and anxiety on the part of its friends, has taken a practical shape in Lafayette Ave. church, Baltimore. The young ladies of the church have long felt the need of engaging in some well defined, and practical work in the church, the accomplishment of which would employ their time, and engage their talent, and which would bear such fruit as to become a stimulus to others to join them, and to ladies in other churches to follow their example. Various things were suggested—the education of a heathen child—the establishment and support of a home mission, the various objects of charity that need assistance; but they finally determined to begin the work of endowing the Young Ladies Endowment Chair, “in Western Maryland College.” The first call was attended by about sixty young ladies. They organized by the election of officers and decided upon a name, and an object to work for. They also agreed to appoint a committee of correspondence, whose duty is to correspond with young ladies in other churches, and solicit their co-operation in the work. The plan is to charge a certain annual due, to be paid weekly, monthly or yearly as the contributor may elect. Membership is confined to ladies; but any one may hold an honorary membership by the payment of a small annual fee. The receipts are to be increased by sewing circles, working bands, concerts, and other methods. Every dollar so raised must be placed in the hands of a treasurer, for investment, the interest alone to be used for the College. It is proper to say that these young ladies are in earnest. They are Christians who feel the responsibility of their religion and are anxious to do their duty. It is not an upstart enthusiasm that moves them; not a visionary im-

pulse, but a love for God, and the church to which they belong, and they deserve all the encouragement and assistance that the church can give them. It is most gratifying that these noble young women are not looking for worldly pleasures, or the follies of fashionable life to employ their leisure hours. Most of them have duties to perform, and some of them stern, unrelaxing, continuous toil; but they want to use their leisure hours for God, and the good of the church, and well do they deserve the sympathy and the support of our membership. They are also anxious to enlist the young ladies of all our churches in this movement, and will be glad to correspond with any who feel an interest in the matter. Especially do they invite the co-operation of the college graduates. It is assumed that they will be glad to do all they can in a work that promises so much for their Alma Mater. This opens an avenue for every lady in the church to do something, and that too, for one of the most important interests of the church. The ladies will be glad to correspond on the subject and to furnish any information that will assist in the organization of other societies. Let the young ladies organize in every church, and soon the work will be done. For the advantage of those who may be willing to join in this movement, we append the names and the addresses of the officers at Lafayette Ave. church: President, Miss Kate M. Roberts, 1131 Harlem Ave., Vice President, Miss Jennie Zollikoffer, 1511 Bolton St., Secretary, Miss Alice Southerland, 1704 Lafayette Ave., Treasurer, Miss Carrie Dulany, 1305 Madison Ave., Baltimore, Md.—*Methodist Protestant*.

GEORGE W. CHILDS.

There has fallen into my hands a sketch of this noble man, which affords me the means of presenting to the readers of the MONTHLY the prominent events of his career, more satisfactorily than I could give them from other sources of information concerning him which are at command; and it is a real pleasure to me to thus call the attention of my young friends to one whose life most forcibly illustrates those words of divine inspiration recorded in Proverbs xxii, 29; *Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings: he shall not stand before mean men.*”

The author of the sketch I have referred to says, that “the name *George W. Childs* evokes spontaneously, in a multitude whom no man can number, a degree of gratitude and of tender consideration and respect which it requires a personal acquaintance with him really to understand;” and then goes on to show the steps by which he attained such honor and usefulness. “He came from Baltimore to Philadelphia when he was a boy of fourteen, and brought with him no resources but a fertile brain and undaunted courage. He began his business career as a shopboy in a bookstore. After a service of four years, during which his integrity and efficiency were thoroughly tested and approved, he opened a small store of his own in the old Ledger Building, at Third and Chestnut streets. While there, *he made up his mind* that he would one day be proprietor of the *Public Ledger*.” I have italicized the words “*he made up his mind*,” because I think that this is one of the fundamental facts to be considered in attempting to account for his grand success. He set an object before his mind which seemed to him worth attaining, not as an end, but as a means to the end which his whole career afterwards proves that he had in view, namely, *usefulness to his fellow men*. He knew that such a position as the one he set before his mind would give him wide and grand opportunities to benefit mankind. But to most persons what he thus contemplated was Utopian. Wealth would be required to possess himself of it, and wealth he had not, only in idea. He had talents and energy which he knew could make wealth, and conscious of a desire only to make it in an honorable way and for noble purposes, his integrity nerved his industry, and he proceeded step by step toward his object until at length he

stood upon the summit of complete success, and entered upon a life of philanthropy that has been the admiration of myriads, in the city of his adoption, in the city of his early boyhood, and throughout his own and even in other countries.

He became a publisher of books, many of which had an immense sale. The most magnificent of the works he published was Allibone's "Dictionary of English and American Authors," on the Dedication page of which we find this record:

To

GEORGE WILLIAM CHILDS,

The Original Publisher of this Volume,

Who has Greatly Furthered my Labors by his Enterprise,

and

Zealous and Intelligent Interest,

I Dedicate

The Fruits of Many Years of Anxious Research

and

Conscientious Toil.

S. AUSTIN ALLIBONE.

Philadelphia, Sept. 1st, 1858.

But, although Mr. Childs "bade fair to become the Napoleon of book publishers in this country," he did not lose sight of his early-formed purpose, and on the 3rd day of December, 1864, he became the proprietor of the *Public Ledger*. The author of our sketch says: "This time-honored and influential journal had then reached the nadir of its existence. Its publication had ceased to be remunerative, and it was issued at a daily loss. No ordinary intrepidity and self-reliance were required to prompt the purchase. But a pilot of consummate sagacity and skill now seized the helm. The journal was organized anew," and has since been more successful and more widely useful than ever before. It has reached a circulation of over ninety thousand copies per day.

Mr. Childs having become very wealthy, has been proportionably liberal with his means. His hospitality has exceeded that of any wealthy man of his time. Many of the leading people of the world have been his guests. He has literally verified the Scriptural declaration that the diligent shall stand before kings, and not before obscure men.

J. T. W.

George W. Childs and the Milton Window.

As will be seen in the department of the MONTHLY devoted to "Friday Afternoons," the essays of the Juniors on the 16th of March all had Milton as their subject, and, as each writer treated of a different phase of his life, the audience was enabled to obtain a complete view of him, not only as poet, politician, controversialist, but as he appeared, also, in the privacy of his home. Elsewhere in this number of the MONTHLY will be found a sketch of the remarkable and instructive career of Mr. Childs, contributed by a writer whose identity the initials J. T. W. sufficiently reveal to our readers. This unpremeditated concurrence of the names of the great English poet and the great American citizen in the same number of our journal will furnish a ready justification for presenting, at the same time, an account of the memorial window to Milton which has been placed in St. Margaret's Church by Mr. Childs, and extracts from the noble sermon on Milton, preached there the day after the unveiling, by Archdeacon Farrar. It is in this historic church, situated near Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament, that Milton's wife and child are buried, and on its marriage register stands his immortal name. Hence its selection as the most suitable place for the memorial. The inscription was composed by John G. Whittier, and consists of these four lines:

The New World honors him whose lofty plea
For England's freedom made her own more sure,
Whose song, immortal as its theme, shall be
Their common free hold while both worlds endure.

In a letter to Mr. Childs, dated Febry. 18th, Archdeacon Farrar says: "I have just returned from the unveiling of the Milton Window. I only invited a select number of friends. Among those present were the poets, Mr. Robert Browning and Mr. Lewis Morris, among others Mr. Lecky, Mr. Courtney Herbert, Mr. and the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, the speaker's family, the United States Minister and Mrs. Phelps, Professor and Mrs. Flower, Lord Stanley of Alderly, General Sir Edward Stravaley, and other distinguished personages. Mr. Matthew Arnold read a very fine paper on Milton, which is to be published in the *Century*, and which will, I am sure, please you very much. After the paper had been read in the vestry, we went into the church and unveiled the window. It is very fine in color and execution. In the centre is Milton dictating to his daughters the *Paradise Lost*; below is Milton as a boy at St. Paul's school, and Milton visiting Galileo. All round are scenes from the *Paradise Lost*—Satan awaking his legion, Satan entering Paradise, the fall, and the expulsion from Eden. Above are four scenes from the *Paradise Regained*—the nativity, the annunciation, the baptism of Christ and the temptation in the wilderness. At the top are jubilant angels, and Adam and our Lord, the first and the second Adam. In the course of next week I hope to send you the picture (colored) of the window. Underneath is the inscription: "To the Glory of God, and in honor of the Immortal Poet, John Milton, whose wife and child lie buried here, this window is dedicated by George W. Childs of Philadelphia, MDCCCLXXXVIII." On the other side are Mr. Whittier's four fine lines.

So that now, my dear Mr. Childs, your noble gift has come to fruitful completion, and in the church of the House of Commons will be a lasting and beautiful memorial, both of the great poet and of your munificence. It has carried out a wish which I long cherished. Heartfelt thanks!

I shall preach on Milton to-morrow and I shall ask you to accept the MS. of the sermon. Pray give my kindest remembrances to Mrs. Childs and believe me to be,

Yours very sincerely and gratefully,

F. W. FARRAR.

Dr. Farrar took as the text or motto for his sermon the seventh verse of the fourth chapter of Lamentations: "Her Nazarites were purer than snow, they were whiter than milk, they were more ruddy in body than rubies, their polishing was of sapphire." After some introductory remarks, in the course of which he happily touched on the fact that there was something specially appropriate in the Milton window being the gift of an American, because "the United States represent much that Milton most deeply loved," the preacher said:

"I propose this morning to speak to you about Milton; not, of course, in the political aspect of his life, and still less by way of criticising his poems, but as a man of uniquely noble personality, who, whatever may have been his other errors, set to the world an example of godly life which is supremely needed in the present day. "Character," says Emerson, "is higher than intellect," and a great writer has said of Milton that "it may be doubted whether any man was altogether so great, taking into our view at once his manly virtue, his superhuman genius, his zeal for truth (for true patriotism, true freedom), his eloquence in displaying it, his contempt for personal power, his glory and exultation in his country's." Were I to search the whole range of English history for a type of Christian nobleness, who might inspire our youths with the glory of a distinguished life, and the magnanimity of a lofty character, I know no one in whom was better manifested the indefinable distinction, the life-long self-restraint, the intense purpose, the grave self-respect, the lofty disdain for all which was sordid and ignoble which marks the sincerity of the sons of God. He was as Wordsworth says of him:

Soul awful—if this world has ever held
An awful soul.

Of the four great cardinal virtues into which virtue has been divided since moral philosophy began—prudence, temperance, fortitude and justice—the first three, adds Dr. Farrar, “shone conspicuously in the life of Milton. Take his youth. What a lesson is conveyed to the mental indolence of the mass of ordinary English boys by the ardor of this glorious young student, who, at the age of twelve, when he was at St. Paul’s School, learned with such eagerness that he scarcely ever went to bed before midnight. He tells us that even in early years he took labor and intent study to be his portion in this life. While he could write Latin like a Roman, he had also mastered Greek, French, Italian, Syriac and Hebrew.

Do not imagine that, therefore, he was some pallid student or stunted ascetic. On the contrary he was a boy full of force and fire, full of self-control, eminently beautiful, eminently pure, a good fencer, an accomplished swordsman, and this young and holy student would probably have defeated in every manly exercise a dozen of the youths who have nothing to be proud of save their ignorance and their vices—the dissipated loungers and ogles at refreshment bars, who need perpetual glasses of ardent spirits to support their wasted energies. In him the sound body was the fair temple of a lovely soul. And even while we watch him as a youth we see the two chief secrets of his grandeur. The first was his exquisite purity. From earliest years he thought himself a fit person to do the noblest and godliest deeds, and far better worth than to deject and debase by such a defilement as sin is, himself so highly ransomed and ennobled to friendship and filial relation with God. From the first he felt that every free and gentle spirit, even without the oath of knighthood, was born a knight, nor needed to expect the gilt spurs nor the laying a sword upon his shoulder to stir him up both by his counsel and his arms to protect the weakness of chastity.

From the first he cherished within himself a certain high fastidiousness and virginal delicacy of soul, an honest haughtiness of modest self-esteem which made him shrink with the loathing of a youthful Joseph from coarse contaminations. He went to Christ’s College, Cambridge, at the age of sixteen, and remained there seven years. Wordsworth, describing what he was as a youth at Cambridge, says:

I seem to see him here familiarly, and in his scholar’s dress, bounding before me, yet a stripling youth.

“A boy, no better, with his rosy cheeks,
Angelical, keen eye, courageous look,
And conscious step of purity and pride.”

The vulgar soul rarely loves the noble, and it was Milton’s stainless chastity, together with his personal beauty, which gained him the name of “the lady,” until the dislike of his meaner fellows gave way before his moral nobleness and intellectual prominence.”

The other youthful germ of Milton’s greatness Dr. Farrar finds in his high steadfastness of purpose.

“Most men live only from hand to mouth. The bias of their life is prescribed to them by accident. They are driven hither and thither by the gusts of their own passions, or become the sport and prey of others, or entrust the decision of their course to the “immoral god, circumstance.” In the words of Isaiah, “Gad and Meni are the idols of their service; they prepare a table for chance and furnish a drink offering to Destiny. From such idols no inspiration comes. But Milton’s mind, he tells us, was set wholly on the accomplishment of great designs. “You ask me, Charles, of what I am thinking,” he wrote to his young friend and school-fellow, Charles Diodati, “I think, so help me heaven, of immortality.” He had early learned “to scorn delights, and live laborious days.” His whole youth—the six years at school, the seven years at Cambridge, the five of studious retirement at Horton, were all

intended as one long preparation for the right use of those abilities which he regarded as “the inspired gift of God rarely bestowed.” He felt that he who would be a true poet ought himself to be a true poem. He meant that the great poem which even then he meditated should be drawn “neither from the heat of youth or the vapors of wine, like that which flows at waste from the pen of some vulgar amourist or the trencher fury of some rhyming parasite—but by devout prayer to the Eternal Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out His seraphim with the hallowed fire of His altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases.”

Poetry was not to him as to the roystering town-poets and love-poets and wit-poets of his times, the practice of a knack and the provision of an amusement, but he believed that the Holy Spirit to whom he devoutly prayed could help him by means of his verse to imbreed and cherish in a great people the deeds of virtue and public civility; to allay the perturbations of the mind and set the affections in right tune, to celebrate, in glorious and lofty hymns, the throne and equipage of God’s Almightiness. . . . to sing victorious agonies of saints and martyrs, the deeds and triumphs of just and pious nations doing valiantly through faith against the enemies of Christ, to deplore the relapses of kingdoms and states from justice and God’s true worship; lastly, whatsoever in religion is holy and sublime, in virtue amiable and grave, all these to paint and to describe.

And as one means to the evolution of this poem, his
Care was fixed and zealously intent
To fill his odorous lamp with deeds of lights
And hope that reaps not shame.

Puritan he was. Yet there was nothing sour or fanatical in his Puritanism. He loved music, he loved art, he loved science, he loved the drama. And in these years he wrote *Comus*, which, amid its festal splendor and rural sweetness, is the loveliest poem ever written in praise of chastity; and *Lycidas*, in which we first see that terrible two-handed engine at the door, and hear the first mutters of that storm which was to sweep so much away.

After briefly sketching Milton’s travels which were interrupted by the sad news of civil discord in England, the speaker continues:

“His manhood from 1640-1660 was a period of immense self-sacrifice. Laying aside, for a time, all his highest hopes, and leaving “the calm and pleasing solitariness” wherein, amid cheerful thoughts he could gaze on the bright countenance of truth in the still air of delightful studies, he was forced to embark on a troubled sea of noises and harsh disputes. If his arguments are “flushed with passion;” if we regret some of his opinions and many of those vehemencies in which even the stout timbers of his native language seem to strain and crack under the Titanic force of his indignation, we must remember that amid domestic misery, fierce excitement, and a world of disesteem, it was the one passion of his life to defend liberty (“religious liberty against the prelates, civil liberty against the crown, the liberty of the press against the executive, the liberty of conscience, the liberty of domestic life”). The unparalleled splendor and majesty of those passages in his prose writings in which he soars above the clamors of controversy show the holy seriousness of his aims. And besides these glorious pages, two of his prose writings are of permanent value. In the *Areopagitica* he established the liberty of the press; in the *Tractate on Education* his ideal is not the pelting and peddling ideal of finical pedagogues, but that large conception of teaching which shall enable a man “to perform justly, skilfully and magnanimously all offices, both public and private, of peace and war” and “to repair the ruin of our first parents by regaining to know God aright.” Even when he was threatened with blindness as the result of excessive labors in the public cause, “the choice,” he says, “lay before me, between dereliction of a supreme

duty, and loss of eyesight, I could not but obey that inward monitor, I know not what, that spake to me from heaven." In 1653 at the age of forty-four he became totally blind, and in 1656 his one brief gleam of domestic happiness, in his second marriage, was quenched forever by the death of that sweet wife, and that infant child, who lie buried here.

So ended the manhood of storm and stress and passionate tumult, and then came the long dark afternoon of his life, in the total ruin and eclipse of the cause which he had so passionately served. In 1660 Charles the Second was restored, and Milton was barely saved from imminent peril of death to be flung aside as a blind and hated outcast by a country which at once sank into the very nadir of its degradation. The restoration was a hideous reaction of servility against all freedom, of impurity against all righteousness. Amid that bibulous dissonance of Bacchus and his revellers the one pure and lofty voice was drowned. In that orgy of drunkenness and license the high ideal of Milton was trampled as under the hoofs of swine. Who can think without a blush of moral cataclysm and conflagration in which debauchery rioted in high places unrebaked; in which adulterers and adulteresses thronged the desecrated chambers of Whitehall; in which a perjured trifier complacently pocketed the subsidies of France; in which the name of "Saint" was regarded as the most crushing of all sarcasms, and the wittiest of all jibes; in which the nation's life was tainted through and through with vices; in which the purity of England withered like a garland in a Fury's breath, and her heroic age vanished "not by gradual decay, not by imperceptible degeneracy, but like the winter snow at noon. Some of us have known what is the anguish of watching in vain the stealthy growth of ignoble error; of taking the unpopular and the failing side; but scarcely one of us can imagine the colossal tragedy of Milton's trial. The Roman poet in his immortal line says:

Victrix causa Deis placuit sed Victa Catoni.

Yet the overthrow which Cato witnessed at Thapsus was nothing to the moral overthrow which Milton witnessed after 1680, and the suicide of Cato at Utica compared with Milton's patient endurance is as paganism is to Christianity. Amid a moral miasma deadlier than the great plague which drove him from London; amid conflagration of all things noble, more destructive than the great fire, in irretrievable discomfiture, standing utterly alone, blind, impoverished, hated, his friends dead, his hopes blasted, his dear ones lost, his children undutiful, his whole life's labor dashed into total shipwreck, and overwhelmed under the foul and crawling foam of an ignoble society—to one so circumstanced

Among new men, strange faces, other minds, any amount of despair or prostration might have seemed excusable. The sun of all his golden hopes had set in a sea of mud. The age of Vane and Hampden had been succeeded by the age of Tom Chiffinch and Samuel Pepys. I say that under such an earthquake of calamity his very trust in God might have been rudely shaken, and Hope might have dropped her anchor and Faith itself have quenched her star. The afternoon of life is often cloudy for us all. Misfortune, disappointment, sickness, the loss of those we love crowd upon it, and even after the rain the clouds return. And I have known men and even good men who, in the ruin of fortune, in the anguish of bereavement, in the roar of unjust obloquy, have lost even their faith in God. But Milton, greatest of all amid the total loss of friends, fortune, fame, sight and hope, persecuted but not forsaken, cast down but not destroyed, poor yet making many rich, fell back on his own great mind, on his own pure aspirations, on his own undaunted purpose, on his own heroic confidence in God. Even as a youth he had spoken in one of his Italian sonnets of the heart within him, which he had found faithful, intrepid and secure from vulgar fears and hopes, a heart which armed itself as with solid adamant when thunders burst, and the great world roared around.

And that heart did not fail him now. The shadows of his blindness and obscurity were to him as the shadow of God's wing, under which he took refuge till the tyranny was overpast. He lived hard by in this parish, in Petty France, now York Street. There you might have seen him—England's blind Maconides—playing his organ in that lonely room with the faded green hangings, or sitting in his grey coat at the door, and turning to the sunlight wistfully his sightless eyes. In those years it was that he wrote for England her one epic poem, *Paradise Lost*. He had planned it thirty years before, and he received for it £5. It is not for me to speak of the unequalled grandeur of this poem. It is not addressed to the petty, the sensual, or the sordid. Let all whose souls are ignoble keep aloof from that holy ground. It was not meant for them. Milton never cared for the throng and noises of vulgar men. The eagle does not greatly worry itself about the opinions of the mole. If you do not rise to him he will not stoop to you.

And after *Paradise Lost* he gave us *Paradise Regained*, one of the earliest attempts since the Gospels really to study the great ideal of the character of Christ. And lastly, he wrote *Samson Agonistes*, a most true index of his heart. In its pure grace and greatness, in its disdainful rejection of all ornament or color, in the austerity of its Greek-like self-restraint, that great tragedy has been compared to a white marble statue from the hand of Phidias. Yet like the statue of the dying gladiator, it throbs with a pathos too deep for utterance. It reveals to us, under the agonies of the ignoble Samson, the image of the poet himself, struggling amid the storms of fate, yet ploughing his way to peace amid a cloud of rude detractors. And the poet is even grander than his poem. His was the heroism of a soul which no amount of adversity could quell. He was with Samson.

Eyeless in Gaza at a mill with slaves.

This was the characteristic of that great affliction wherewith God afflicted him that he was *remediless*. In that cloudy afternoon of life of which I spoke, in those paler and less crowned, and more anxious and more painful years which come to most of us, the sun often bursts forth at last and turns the clouds into gold and crimson,

As he descendeth proudly carpeting
The western waves with glory, ere he deign
To set his foot upon them.

It was not so with Milton. He says in those pathetic words of Samson:

Nor am I in the list of those who hope,
Hopeless are all my evils.

And yet he sang on, did not lay aside his laurel; he sang the immortal strains of *Paradise Lost*,

With voice unchanged
To hoarse or mute, tho' fall'n on evil days,
On evil days tho' fall'n and evil tongues,
In darkness, and with dangers compassed round
And solitude.

And amid these complicated trials he says:

I argue no;
Against heaven's will, but still bear up and steer
Uphillward.

His *Samson Agonistes* has been called "the thundering reverberation of a mighty spirit struck with the plectrum of disappointment." Disheartened, dishonored, yet he was so undismayed that he could still, like Dante in his bitter exile, give to England poems monumental, and imperishable in their splendor and stateliness which will endure while time shall last. Whatever then may have been Milton's errors, yet if it be noble to be in boyhood earnest and diligent, in youth temperate, serious and pure; if there be grandeur in that concentrated and life long purpose which

St. Paul describes by "This one thing I do,"—if there be anything fruitful in the self-sacrifice which is ready, at the call of seeming duty, to lay aside without a murmur the highest hopes;—if there be anything excellent in whole-hearted sincerity, shown in a chaste and laborious life—if it be heroic to bow with un murmuring submission to the sternest dispensations of Providence; if it be noble to maintain the undauntedness of an upright manhood, and to render to thankless generations immortal services amid the roar of unscrupulous execration, then surely we may learn lessons from this life of intent labor, exalted aims, and stainless chastity, of a fortitude which never swerved, and a duty which never succumbed to weariness.

When Milton had nothing to look forward to on earth save death as the close and balm of all his sufferings, yet never for one moment did he doubt whether God or Dagon was the Lord. And he had this reward of all his undaunted faithfulness, that when man forsook him, God was still with him and like Athanasius he had two sure friends. For may we not say of him, as Hooker has said of Athanasius, that there was nothing observed in him throughout the course of that long tragedy other than such as very well became a wise man to do, and a righteous to suffer, so that this was the plain condition of those times, the whole world against him and he against it; half a hundred years spent in doubtful trial which of the two in the end would prevail, the side which had all, or else the poet which had no friend but God and death—the one a defender of his innocence, the other a finisher of all his troubles.

Let me conclude with the fine tribute to Milton of a kindred spirit, Wordsworth. The sweet Poet of the Lakes was as ardent a royalist, as earnest a conservative as any one here present could possibly be, and he was, moreover, an eminently holy man. Yet he knew the preciousness to every nation of high examples, and he does not hesitate to say:

Milton, thou shouldst be living at this hour,
England hath need of thee! She is a fen
Of stagnant waters. Altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower
Are passing from us, we are selfish men.
O raise us up, return to us again,
And give us manners, freedom, virtue, power.
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart,
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea,
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way
In cheerful godliness—and yet thy heart
The lowliest burdens on itself did lay."

Thus ends this fine discourse, so worthy of the subject and of the occasion. We have no fear that any reader of intelligence and taste will grudge the space we have given it or the time it has taken them to read it.

R.

AN IMPROMPTU ENTERTAINMENT.

"Impromptu entertainments," as a general thing, are not successful. They lack the smoothness that goes with long practice, and the participants are not buoyed up by the confidence that results from prosperous rehearsals. But the young ladies of our college gave a signal proof not long ago of the fact that quick wit and ready invention may dispense with elaborate preparation and still "bob up serenely" with an entertainment of the first water.

It all took place the night after the last examinations, Friday, March 10th. Although fagged out by the long week of ceaseless toil and harassed over the thought of that example in "Trig" that produced a hopeless flunk or that line in Cicero where the indirect question threw one into a state of unparalleled wretchedness, still the strain was removed, and at supper, tongues and heads wagged with unwonted vivacity. But an unusual hush fell upon the male portion of the community when the announcement

was made that "the gentlemen were invited to an entertainment in the auditorium at 7.30 and to please enter by the front door." No young man dared to even suspect that the ladies (just think of it—a lot of young girls!) had found time and talent, and during examination week, too, to formulate and prepare a program of exercises to occupy a whole evening. Had not these young lords of creation stuffed and crammed at their text books every night and afternoon of the week? Yea, verily, and some had belabored the pony with no sparing hand. How then could it be possible for a crowd of school girls to cap the five days of hard work with an entertainment, an impromptu entertainment? It was simply out of the question.

Not at all, young gentlemen, That is where you are wrong. The female mind is wisely and wonderfully made. If not superlatively strong, it is superlatively ready in expedient. If not remarkably broad, it is remarkably deep. Why, those girls even rolled up the curtain themselves. It was as much as a man's life was worth to be behind the scenes twenty seconds. And the exercises were excellent. It was about as good as anything of the kind that had preceded it this year, and beat all the impromptu entertainments *Whitcomb* had ever witnessed. What made it so very good? Vim and head work. What made the audience appreciate it so much? Its unexpectedness. What kept the fair participants in such wonderful spirits? A modest assurance that they were doing a good thing. And they were.

Mozart's Don Juan overture, arranged as a piano duet, opened the program. Then upward of a dozen young ladies performed a "dustpan drill" in a faultless manner, marching, countermarching and going through various graceful evolutions with that indispensable implement of every good housekeeper, ending finally by depositing a kiss upon the pan and blowing this product of osculation at the enraptured spectators. Miss Griffin, in a humorous "monody," sang all about "Lost Tones." It seems she had lost every tone save one, but she bravely clinched that one and held it. It makes us laugh yet to think of Miss Thompson's rendition of "Lord Lovell," dressed out as she was in Dr. Lewis' plug hat, a long overcoat, and with her hair pulled down over her eyes till only her intimate friends could recognize her. At the affecting parts she would melt away in a flood of tears (with the assistance of a well soaked sponge wrapped in a handkerchief). The tableau, "Joan of Arc at the Stake," acted by Miss Fisher was an excellent representation of that most thrilling and pathetic historical event. Then followed a beautiful song, "Marguerite," sung by Miss M. Stem. The house came down with a crash over "Three Scenes from Mother Goose: "Jack Horner," "Bessie Brooks and Tommie Snooks," and "Pollie put the Kettle on," acted and spoken by members of the St. Nicholas Society, Jewel Simpson, Clara, Miriam and Hubert Lewis. Miss Handy read a very funny selection from Artemus Ward, which was followed by two clever and much appreciated tableaux, "A Bridal Scene" and "The Flour of the Family." Then Miss Taylor, dressed *a la Japanese*, came out and, accompanying herself on the guitar, personated "The Wandering Minstrel," receiving much applause. After a piano duet by Misses Kendall and Mather, a large white curtain was stretched across the stage, and pantomimes representing acts domestic and otherwise amused and delighted the audience. When the curtain rolled up again, there was Miss Hill riding little Hubert Lewis' hobby horse to show how the boys managed to squeeze through examinations. The boys think it a good joke, but hardly correct. Speculation was rife before the tableau, "Bashful Lover," came on, as to who would personate the Bashful, but certainly only a few expected to behold Prof. Schaeffer occupying that important position, with pants rolled up over his shoe tops, a straw hat covering his pompadour, coat off, and a long handled wooden hay rake in his hands. But there he was as large as life, while Miss Wallis took the part of the rustic belle, blushing and coy, yet not quite so blushing and coy as to leave the

Bashful Lover in an entirely hopeless state. To say the audience applauded is putting it mildly. Miss Heyde in a clear and pleasing voice sang a song entitled, "Ohe Mamma," which was succeeded by the "Mulligan Guards" who made quite an extended march around the stage at the same time singing several familiar airs in fine style. Then came a pleasing reading by Miss Hill, a skillfully executed piano solo by Miss Beeks, and the program wound up with "Eight Black Crows," which gradually, for very natural causes (as narrated by Miss Mourer from one side of the stage), fell down and expired.

We have none but words of praise for this impromptu entertainment. It deserves unstinted commendation. It had no weak points. Long live the fair participants and may they give many another like it.

WHITCOMB.

THE IRVING ANNIVERSARY.

The twenty-first anniversary of the Irving Society, which occurred on the evening of Thursday, March 29th, closed the exercises of this kind for the year '88. This society, the oldest in the college, has not at present the membership of which it boasted in years gone by, hence those enrolled under its banner just now deserve all the more credit for the vigorous and masterly way in which they sustained its reputation for good work and high-toned entertainments.

The weather was delightful and a large audience from the city and neighborhood testified its satisfaction in frequent rounds of applause. Indeed it is by no means out of place to say that the audiences that favor our anniversaries with their attendance and patronage are always generous to a fault in their appreciation of the efforts of our students at public performances. It certainly is good evidence that a very kindly feeling exists among the citizens of Westminster toward this institution.

The program is printed below in full. Owing to its length it is impossible, in our limited space, to comment upon each performance. Mention might be made, however, of Mr. Weller's rendition of Arnold's supposed soliloquy, which was certainly of surpassing merit. The tableau, a "Druid Sacrifice," was one of the finest ever given at the college. The hearty applause following the vocal duett by Misses M. Stem and Harlan evidenced appreciative musical ears in the audience. The duett was sung in a charming manner, and the pleasing costume worn by the ladies by no means detracted from the enjoyment afforded the listeners by their fine singing:

President's Address.....	E. C. Wimbrough
Instrumental Duet—Caprice Hongrois.....	Ketterer
Prof. T. F. Rinehart, Primo; Miss G. F. Beeks (P. S.) Secundo.	
Anniversary Oration—Love of Nature.....	W. M. Cross
Reading—Bullum vs. Boatum.....	G. A. Stevens
	G. W. Ward.
Recitation—Arnold's Soliloquy.....	Edward C. Jones
	W. M. Weller.
"Wake Up Wm. Henry" {	Prof. Fowler.....G. E. Day
	Mr. Hemmingway.....C. A. Roop
	Bill, his Son.....H. P. Grow
Recitation—Becky Miller.....	Charles Connolly
	E. C. Wimbrough.
Vocal Duet—I Pescatori.....	Gabussi
Miss M. Stem (B. S.) and Miss M. Harlan (P. S.)	
Reading—Reflections on Westminster Abbey.....	Irving
	W. M. Cross.
Recitation—Romeo and Juliet.....	Anon
	G. E. Day.
Reading—Doom of Claudius and Cynthia.....	Maurice Thomson
	W. M. Weller.
Recitation—Getting a Photograph.....	Washington Whitehorn
	B. B. James.
Essay—The Eye.....	E. Manning

TABLEAU.

FARCE, "KANSAS IMMIGRANTS."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

Sam Gross, a darkey field hand.....	C. A. Roop
Joe Cope, a darkey coachman.....	E. C. Wimbrough
Ezra Slocum, a Yankee settler.....	G. W. Ward
Huldah Slocum, his wife.....	B. B. James
Benjamin Slocum, Ezra's cousin from Boston.....	W. M. Weller
Joe Buck, a frontiersman.....	E. Reese Smith

Anniversary Committee—Wimbrough, Weller and James.

WHITCOMB.

THE ALUMNI.

John H. Cunningham, '85, was elected, on the 6th of March, to succeed his father, Wm. A. Cunningham, Esq., as Secretary and Treasurer of the Westminster Gas Light Company. Mr. Cunningham, senior, had filled this position since the company was organized, but resigned at the last meeting of the Board of Directors, of which he still continues to be a member.

At the 104th session of the Baltimore Annual Conference of the M. E. Church, which closed on the 13th of March, Leyburn M. Bennett, '86, was admitted to membership and assigned to Baltimore circuit as an assistance to the Rev. C. A. Jones; and Edwin T. Mowbray, '86, was appointed preacher for Hunts.

Prof. Franklin H. Schaeffer, A. M. '83, was one of the ushers at the marriage of his sister, Miss Clara M. Schaeffer, to Mr. George W. Chritzman, on the 15th of March. The ceremony was preformed in Grace Lutheran Church, Westminster, by the pastor Rev. P. H. Miller.

Miss Florence E. Wilson, A. M., '80, Principal of the Union Bridge High School, made a brief visit to the College on the 17th of March.

Rev. J. William Kirk, A. M., B. D., '83, formerly of Alexandria, Va., was married on Wednesday evening, March 28th, at Oxford, Md., to Miss Gertrude Bratt, A. M., '82.

Frank McC. Brown, '85, of the Brunswick and Western Rail Road, Georgia, has written to the Messrs. Vanderford Bros, of Westminster, a letter about the terrible accident which befell the fast mail train from New York for Jacksonville, on the 17th of March. Brown says: "I arrived at Waycross about ten o'clock Saturday morning, returning from pay train trip of Friday on our road, and heard of the accident. The rest of our company, not caring to go to the wreck, came on to Brunswick. Finding nothing available in the way of R. R. transportation, and yet being determined to reach the scene of the disaster, I struck out alone and walked the track, eleven miles, in about two hours, and made myself useful in caring for the dead, dying and injured. The first dead I recognized was C. A. Fulton, our new master of transportation, who had been with us since the 1st inst. I came back to Waycross on the train with a number of victims on board, and what a sight it was! I shall never forget it. After disposing of the bodies at places provided by the citizens, the train backed down again for another load. I accompanied it and did not return until about twelve o'clock that night. Coffins were sent down from Savannah, and the dead were prepared for shipment at Waycross, I shall not attempt to describe the horrible scene."

James A. Dffenbaugh, '74, returned home on the 24th ulto, from his visit to Indiana, looking well and hearty.

Rev. T. O. Crouse '71, has just finished his third year in the pastorate of the church at Centreville, Md. During the year a handsome new church has been erected and some say that although not the largest, it is the prettiest church on the shore. The year has been very successful and satisfactory to both pastor and people.

Rev. C. S. Arnett '74, has been serving the First M. P. Church, Washington, D. C., during the past year. We have not

heard how he likes the fiery region of politics, or whether he proposes to seek "fresh fields and pastures new" but the church that secures him is sure to get a live pastor.

Rev. W. W. White '74, comes up to Conference from "old Virginny," where he has been stationed at Heathsville for three years.

Rev. F. C. Klein, '80, will not answer to roll-call, but he will be heard from by letter, and no name can waken deeper emotions. We understand he expects to leave Japan this summer for a trip home, and that he will spend a few months with his friends before returning.

Rev. Hugh L. Elderdice, '82, is the popular pastor of the Broadway M. P. Church, where the Conference meets. Mr. Elderdice has had uninterrupted prosperity since he took charge, three years ago, and has made his influence felt outside of his own denomination.

Rev. J. W. Norris, '83, has just closed another year of successful labor on his circuit in Accomac county, Virginia.

Rev. S. C. Ohrum, '83, is another of the lucky ones, having secured a wife during the year. "They all do it."

QUONDAM STUDENTS.

Charles V. Wantz, '67-'69, was elected a Director, on the 6th of March, in the Westminster Gas Light Company.

John B. Thomas, '73-'75, of Centreville, a member of the Maryland Legislature, was obliged to be absent during part of the session, on account of an attack of diphtheria.

Among the appointments made at the late session of the Baltimore Annual Conference of the M. E. Church, in March, are William F. Roberts, '76-'80, to Hancock, and Harry D. Mitchell, '85-'87, to Sparrow's Point.

Joseph R. Hunt, '81-'83, of Prince George's county, was one of the graduates at the Commencement, in March, of the Baltimore College of Physicians and Surgeons.

William L. Seabrook, '69-'72, delivered a lecture, in Odd Fellows' Hall, Westminster, Easter Monday evening, on "The Battle of Gettysburg." The lecture was delivered then for the first time, and is the work of more than ten years of study and personal investigation on the scene of the great conflict. When published, as it should be, it will be a valuable contribution to the literature of the subject on which it treats.

Clinton H. Wright, '83-'85, was the cause of considerable excitement at his drug store, corner Orleans and Aisquith streets, Baltimore, on the morning of the 16th of March. Mr. Wright was discovered about ten o'clock in a semi-comatose condition, and it was not until noon that he was completely restored to consciousness again. Rumor had it that he had attempted suicide by taking poison, but his own explanation of the affair was that he had been suffering from neuralgia, and to relieve the intense pain, he saturated a handkerchief with a poisonous chemical and spread it over his face and sat down in a chair to sleep. The state in which he was discovered was produced by inhalation.

COLLEGE NOTES.

It affords us pleasure to report that a chorus class, numbering about thirty members, has recently been organized and placed under the charge of the teacher of vocal music, Mrs. A. J. Carnes.

Miss Lottie Owings entertained the young ladies at supper, in the parlor, on the evening of the 17th of March.

Miss Rinehart, our art Instructor, has taken photographic views of the dining hall and library.

John H. Baker, '90, was absent in March in attendance at the funeral of his grandmother, Mrs. Daniel Baker, Sr., who died on the 18th at her home in Buckeystown, Frederick county. Mrs.

Baker was in her 75th year, had been married 48 years, and was highly esteemed for her many amiable traits of character. Her aged husband is also very ill, and it is thought will not long survive her.

Mr. Wm. A. Grimes, of Westminster, father of Elsie Wharton Grimes, of the Primary Department, met his death by accident on the 23d of March. Mr. Grimes was returning from Baltimore in a huckster wagon, and had reached the brow of the hill overlooking his home, when one of the horses of his team, becoming frightened, pulled the wagon down an embankment. Mr. Grimes was thrown headforemost, with great violence, against the hard frozen earth, and died within an hour afterwards. He was about forty-five years old, a brother of Mr. E. O. Grimes, of the Board of Trustees, and leaves a widow and five children.

The sad death of Mr. Grimes makes the ninth instance, since January, in which members of our little college community have been called to mourn the loss of a parent or grandparent.

President Lewis has received a present of which he may well be proud, both on account of its intrinsic value and of its honored donor, the venerable and venerated Dr. Augustus Webster. It is Bagster's sumptuous folio, known to scholars as the *Biblia Sacra Polyglotta*, containing the Old and New Testaments in the original tongues, with translations into all the principal languages, ancient and modern. The elaborate and scholarly *Prolegomena*, by the celebrated English orientalist, Dr. Samuel Lee, with which this work is enriched, will, we trust, afford our President many an hour of pleasant recreation amid the cares and trials of official life.

James, of the Freshman Class, was compelled to return home at the beginning of the term. It is supposed he was so filled and heated by examinations that he had to *boil* over with the result as above.

The reason why Gassendi, a modern philosopher, did not agree with other philosophers concerning the foundation of moral obligation is readily accounted for by a Junior. In Latin Gassendi would be, no doubt, a *gerund*, and as a *gerund* was never known to agree with anything, we perceive that it is a peculiar quality of Gassendi not to agree.

The perpetual motion agitator is so heavily in debt that he has at last forsaken his beloved idea, and thinking if he owed a little more it wouldn't matter, he makes his debut as poet in the following lines, which were handed to the editor by request:

But we're all boys of W. M. C.,
Heigho, tra la, heigho!
Of old Ward Hall are we,
Where all for knowledge go. (All rights reserved.)

The Juniors have had an interesting and instructive course in experimental chemistry since the opening of the laboratory. Among the many familiar and useful articles which have been "made" so far are: Ammonia, tableau powders, chlorine, laughing gas, nitric and hydrochloric acids. In manufacturing nitric acid it was necessary to condense the gas, so the students availed themselves of the very opportune snow, and used this in the process of condensation.

The base ball season is fast approaching, and we hope the movements for preparing a "diamond" will keep pace with the approach. Our club was quite successful last season, as we defeated our old opponent and many other amateurs. Athletic sports may also receive a boom if proper attention is given in this line. We have some material here which can vie with any other institution. By next publication a record will be obtained showing where our boys stand in jumping, running, vaulting and other exercises.

Since the beginning of this collegiate year the Websters have been planning for addition to their society library. At present the large case, which contains six hundred and twenty-five volumes is overcrowded, and another case will soon be added, so

there will be plenty of room for new books, and we trust our friends and ex-actives will remember us, and assist in filling the vacancy with choice literature and standard works. Twelve new and handsome volumes have been presented by friends since last term, and if all should follow this noble example, soon the shelves would be filled. We "still live."

Senior—Geology is the youngest science, astronomy the next.

Miss S. is very anxious for a letter, if we may judge from her own words—"If I don't get a letter I shall elapse." We are glad to say she got the letter.

As the height of Niagara Falls has been disputed, one of our girls intends settling the dispute by going and standing beside them; for she knows her own height, and she could easily measure the few inches in excess of Niagara.

Why is Prof. Rinehart the most cruel and the strictest member of the Faculty? Because he beats time every day.

Prof. in Latin—"Miss —, how many sons did Priam have?" Young lady (with satisfaction)—"Three." "Yes, plus forty-seven."

If you desire to hear English Germanized, just rap on door No. 12, Ward Hall, and the response from within will be "Whose zat? I guess we're private now."

What disadvantage have the Collegiates over the Seminarians? Give it up. The former would like to. They've had a Payne for two years, and since last term it has commenced to grow.

If the male Junior Class keeps on shrinking, it will soon be advisable for it to adopt "E pluribus unum" as its motto."

Mr. Wh—, of the Junior Class, who desires to know if Horace wrote in Attic Latin, is respectfully informed that he did not. His is first floor, front, with a bow window, Latin.

Competitors for the Weigand gold medal will please bear in mind that their essays must be handed to the Editor-in-Chief of the MONTHLY by the 15th of this month. As this date, however falls on a Sunday, notice is hereby given that essays received on the 16th will be entered for the prize.

Much interest has been taken in the various answers returned by distinguished men to the question as to what books have most influenced them. These replies have been elicited by, and published in, several of the leading journals of England and America. The MONTHLY does not propose to be outdone in a matter of this kind, and has, accordingly, instituted, through its able corps of reporters, inquiries, by correspondence or personal interviews, which will enable our readers in course of time to learn what books have done most to shape and give tone to the careers of such eminent personages as W. E. Gladstone, Dr. McCosh, Wm. M. Evarts, John L. Sullivan, John Ruskin, Chauncey Depew, J. Russell Lowell, Ignatius Donnelly and many others. From any reader of this paragraph who considers himself (or herself) a distinguished character we shall be pleased to hear at once. First come, first served.

A new crowd has appeared, under the name of selects et al. It might be called the sextette of the College, as there are of each sex in it. To join this you must be a fluent writer, and must pass the civil-service examination for the position of letter carrier.

The Freshmen had music for the subject of their compositions last week, and in mentioning the animals which possessed this talent one of the writers said the dog was the most musical animal, as he often carries a brass band around his neck.

Misses Gertrude Beeks and Lena Gore spent the Easter holidays with Miss Carrie Nicodemus, '84-'85, of Buckeystown, Frederick county.

The Websters wish their ex-actives to be informed that the society badge has not been changed, but that the price has been considerably reduced. An order for about thirty is about to be

forwarded to the designer, and it is hoped that the old members will also give a liberal order. Those wishing badges will please write to J. B. Whaley, '89, chairman of the Badge Committee.

The vacancy in the Thursday afternoon committee of the Y. M. C. A., caused by the departure of A. T. Taylor, has been filled by the appointment of W. S. Phillips.

Lena Gore has been elected organist and Maggie Stem assistant, by the Y. M. C. A. They will play at the regular meetings in the absence of Professors Rinehart and McDaniel.

Scene—The reading room. Time—A half hour before the impromptu entertainment. Personæ—Resident Faculty. Prof. McD. (to Miss R.)—"Many a time, I suppose, you have wished that the piano in the room next to yours was in the middle of the sea." Music man (who evidently does not relish this turn to the conversation)—"Now, look here, how can a piano be in the middle of a sea, when C is in the middle of the piano?" General depression and loss of appetite ensues.

Prof. Reese preached at All Saints' Chapel, Reisterstown, on the morning of Good Friday, and, with his family, spent Easter in Baltimore.

On the afternoon of Good Friday President Lewis officiated at the funeral of Miss Sallie E. Johnson, the services being held at St. John's Church, Liberty street, Baltimore.

SEMINARY ITEMS.

We were agreeable surprised by having a former school-mate, Rev. O. L. Corbin, who is now stationed at Paterson, N. J., to appear in our midst and remain for a day or so. He has joined the N. Y. M. P. Conference.

The final ballot, of this school year, for officers of the Stockton Society resulted in the following:—President T. E. Davis; Vice President, James Cody; Rec. Sec., C. E. Lamberd; Cor. Sec., W. S. Phillips; Critic, D. E. Day; Treasurer, M. E. Grant; Chaplain, Wm. Anthony.

W. S. Phillips is the delegate elect, and Wm. Anthony alternate, to represent the Missionary Alliance at the General Convention which meets in Boston, Mass., next October.

Prof. Warfield spent a few days with his sister who resides in Baltimore.

After a painful illness of five or six weeks, J. A. Selby is able to move around feeling as well as before his illness.

As C. E. Lamberd decided to leave before close of term, he sent in his resignation as Rec. Sec. of Stockton Society. It was accepted. G. A. Ogg was elected to fill the vacancy.

Mr. Lamberd has secured a position as clerk in a dry-goods store in Baltimore.

Rev. J. W. Kirk, A. M. B. D., who was married at Oxford, Md., an 28th, to Miss Gertrude Prtt, was a graduate of the Seminary class of '85.

The monthly Missionary address was made by D. E. Day.

A. Tipton Taylor and C. E. Lamberd left this month.

C. E. Lamberd filled Rev. Mr. Reid's appointment at Glyn-don on 18th. Also preached at M. E. Church this city on the evening of 25th. At same time G. W. Haddaway preached at M. P. Church.

On the 17th, the Faculty and students of the Seminary were invited to spend the afternoon and evening at President Ward's home. Of course, the invitation was accepted by all. The afternoon was spent in the telling of jokes, and in the asking of a number of biblical questions by Dr. Ward. Most of the questions were answered correctly, but some of the answers were so far from being right that much merriment was caused. After doing justice to an excellent supper, both Faculty and students entered heartily

into several amusing plays, which were kept up until the parting hour arrived. Thanks to our hostess for their kindness.

Rev. E. A. Warfield was called away on the 28th to marry his sister, Miss Katie Warfield, to Robert Griffith.

STOCKTON.

FRIDAY AFTERNOONS.

JUNIOR THEMES.

The program for the 16th of March was a purely Miltonic one, as it bore the heading:

1608.	John Milton.	1674.
Statesman.	Scholar.	Poet.

"Thy soul was like a star and dwelt apart,"

and was so arranged as to present the private, political and literary life of Milton. "His Education and Domestic Life" was treated by Annie Laura Jones, of Chesapeake City, and his "Political Career" by Harry G. Watson, of Centreville. Gertrude F. Beeks, of Still Pond, gave an account of his "Shorter Poems;" Laura B. Taylor, of Waverly, read an essay on "Paradise Lost," and Thomas E. Reese, of Cranberry, closed with a discussion of his "Prose Works." The musical part of the entertainment consisted of a piano solo—*Le Reveille du Lion*—by Maud C. Mills, of Onancock, Va., and a vocal solo—*Stolen Glances*—by Georgie E. Franklin, of Westminster.

DECLAMATION.

The afternoon period, March 23d, was devoted to a literary recital by Sophomores and Freshmen. The program, which we append, was an agreeably varied one and was creditably carried out. All the pieces were well recited, tho' in one or two cases with a lack of animation, while several received a rendition of exceptional excellence:

Crippled Ben.....	Grace Scrivner
Lesson to Ambition	Larkin A. Shipley
Clerical Wit.....	Lizzie R. Nusbaum
The Old Surgeon's Story.....	F. Neal Parke
By the Cottonwood Tree.....	Cora Sellman
Antony.....	William O. Keller
La Dame aux Camélias.....	Marianna Shriver
Widder Green's last Words.....	May Nelson
Toby Veck and the Chimes.....	Wm. I. Mace
Dan's Wife.....	Maggie A. Stem
A Day at Niagara	Bartlett B. James

Dollie Whittington and Lena Gore contributed the music which enlivened the literary exercises, the former playing a piano solo—*Agitation*—and the latter singing "I love my Home." Just as Mr. Shipley faced his audience with the evident intention of giving a "Lesson to Ambition" or perishing in the attempt, President Lewis requested every body to keep still for twenty seconds while Miss Rinehart photographed the scene. The request was promptly complied with, except by Robey's head, and the picture was taken. This Recital, owing to the Easter recess, is the last of the "Friday Afternoons" until the 6th of April. The exercises then will consist of Senior Orations and a lecture by Professor Schaeffer.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

One of the expressions about which inquiry is made in the February number—"Make a virtue of necessity"—is to be met with in Shakspeare's *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act IV, Scene I. One of the outlaws asks Valentine:

Are you content to be our general?
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live, as we do, in this wilderness?

Dryden, also, in his *Palamon and Arcite* (Book III, Line 1084), makes the following use of it:

Then 'tis our best, since thus ordained to die,
To make a virtue of necessity.

Another—"The ruling passion strong in death"—may be found in line 262, Epistle I, of Pope's *Moral Essays*:

And you, brave Cobham! to the latest breath
Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death.

AMICUS.

When were the books of the Bible first subdivided into chapters and verses?

R. B.

The division of the Old Testament into chapters began in the 13th century, being first brought into general use by Hugo de St. Cher, a French Dominican, who died 1263. The same system was afterwards applied to the early editions of the Vulgate New Testament, was transferred to the English Bible by Coverdale and so became universal. The division into verses which now prevails was much later, as it appears for the first time in an edition of the Greek New Testament published by Robert Stevens in 1551 at Geneva. His son Henry says that the whole work was accomplished during a journey on horseback from Paris to Lyons, which curious fact may account for the way in which the text is sometimes broken up into fragments in the middle of a sentence. The verse divisions do, once in a while, seem as though they might have been caused by the jolting of his horse over a particularly uneven piece of road. Robert Stevens' arrangement, however, proved so convenient for reference and citation and met with such general acceptance that he applied it in his edition of the Latin Vulgate of the whole Bible in 1555. The first English translation of the Holy Scriptures in which the division into verses was adopted was the Geneva version published in 1560, but from that time, with slight variations in detail, it has been universally recognized.

The Longevity of Literary Folk.

In *The Literary World* of Dec. 24 there was a necrological table for the year 1887 which would afford interesting conclusions to a statistician like Francis Galton or a compiler of literary vital statistics. Of nearly 200 persons eminent in poetry, philology, journalism, theology and *belles lettres*, who died during that year—unfortunately rich in 'autumn leaves,'—the ages of some 120 are given, and afford data for a curious and not uninteresting inquiry into the vitality of members of the literary profession. Earnest students are often pelted with remonstrances: 'you are killing yourself studying,' 'he will surely die young,' 'there is no hope for a man who pores day and night over his books,' 'this or that author or journalist is writing or preaching himself to death,' and similar statements, as thick as the quills in the fretful porcupine. A glance into this necrological Almanach de Gotha will show how misplaced such pity and apprehension are. 'Whom the muses love die old,' is the proper emendation to the ancient saying, taking the 'muses' in their comprehensive sense as the literary nurses of humanity, embracing in their 'sheltering arms' publishers no less than historians, philologists no less than dramatists and writers of romances. So far from poison being hidden between the leaves of books, there is 'healing for the nations' in these same leaves, whose magical touch has the power of restoring the tired brain, prolonging life, and bowing Death into the blue distance: *fern die blauen Berge*.

One would think that the concentrated brain effort required to strain out the clear honey of thought—the complicated squeeze that one must give the brain-organism in the evolution of a line of noble poetry or even of a brilliant phrase—would shorten the breath just so many heart-beats, would desiccate the life-juices to such and such an extent, would convert the garden of the brain into a cerebral *herbarium* whence all the flowers and juices and perfumes would flee apace. But thanks to the inexhaustible Mill in the Sea placed within that cunning garden, the fountain of vitality is not so easily exhausted: each bubble with its transient glimmer is succeeded by its train of glittering bubble-brethren;

each squeeze of the brain-sponge is, like an incision in the bark of the traveller-tree, followed by fresh-flowing waters. A night's rest fills up the reservoir again, and the subtle thought-fluid climbs to the brain afresh, filling it ever anew with pools of imagery, with flashes of association and memory, with unloosened electric power, with new material—wrought out of the *débris* of dreams, it may be—for picture or poem. The serenity of the contemplative life, the silver calm of the poet whose inner life is but a series of musical lines, a caravan of passionless images, the tranquility of the scholar quietly pursuing the irregular isothermal lines of his reverie, the glow of the theologian whose theology is lit up with the rosy light of pleasurable emotion as he composes,—even the perturbed track of the journalist's meditation as he bites his nails and fulminates his editorial: each and all possess medicaments that somehow heal, a sprinkling of celestial dews that fall we know not whence and assuage we know not how. The scholar, the poet, the journalist, the theologian thus have their compensations: a little golden bell within them ever rings out the old, rings in the new; they have been given by the outer gods the power of self-rejuvenation: in stray hours and through stray summers they immolate themselves in Medea's caudron and come forth new creatures to the sun and air.

Thus 120 persons of sundry nationalities whose ages are given—correctly, we assume—in *The Literary World*, are shown by a bit of arithmetic to have had an average longevity of something over 70 years. The question of nationality need not enter here, as we are looking at the table purely from the literary point of view. Twenty-six of these persons range from eighty to ninety-five years of age; thirty-eight range from seventy to eighty (many of them being seventy-seven, -eight and -nine years of age); and thirty-one range from sixty to seventy (many of them being nearer seventy than sixty). Sixty-four persons out of 120, collected at random from the literary necrology of the year 1887, are thus shown to have reached, and more than reached, the space allotted to man: a wonderful showing if we compare it with the lives of any other 120 persons taken at random from the so-called 'healthy professions.' In our list one Frenchman (Jean Henri Dupin, the dramatic author) and one American (Uriel Crocker, of the old Boston publishing-house of Crocker & Brewster) tower into the nineties, the Frenchman leading with 95. Of the twenty-four others who range from 80 to 90, many are theologians, statisticians, historians, journalists, and classical scholars, who climbed the Hill of Life to its snowy top and looked over into, but did not enter, the mystic land of the nonagenarians. The youngest name on the list is that of the Russian poet Nadson, who died at 25, near to whom stands Emma Lazarus, at 36. The philologists show themselves particularly tough. Here is old Pott, whom many of us supposed dead long ago, dying the other day at 84—"the great world-circumnavigator of languages," as somebody called him,—who knew all languages and understood none; and yonder is Bernhardt, telling the beads of 85.

The librarians too, in their cosy corners, know how to lengthen out their meditative existences, and number such four-score-old (and over) examples as Pisani, Frommann, Desnoyers, Porter, and Marco St. Hilaire. The scientific men—botanists, naturalists, and the like—run from fifty to seventy, and younger. Political and literary historians and editors fall in quieter lines, and live long and peaceful lives. Such men as Goedeke (the editor of Goethe, Schiller and Lessing), Conches (the veteran French biographer), Duruy (the historian), Kok (the Danish philologist), Nicholson (the Scotch Orientalist), Prendergast (the linguist), and Pèrè Roquette (the charming 'polyglot' and poet of Louisiana), show that scholarship has a long lease on Father Time, and goes down the other side of the Delectable Mountains with gentle, almost imperceptible step. Like Love in the chamber of Anacreon, scholarship weds with eternal youth. The eminent living

examples of Whittier, Holmes, Bancroft, Browning, Tennyson and Gladstone need not be drawn in to fortify our arguments of the kindness of the fates to men of genius, though the incidental illustration they afford is valuable. Even the journalists, stormy as their career is usually apprehended to be, are represented in our table by such names as those of Henry B. Stanton, of New York, who died at 81, and J. M. Laird, 'senior journalist' of Pennsylvania, who died at 86. The other extreme of the poetic arc is represented by Eliza Snow, the Mormon poetess, who died a few months ago at 84; and the emotional profession of music has its long-lived representative in the person of the composer Tosso, who lived to be 84. Among theologians we have Dr. Ray Palmer at 78, Henry Ward Beecher at 73, Bishop Monrad of Denmark at 76, Rev. Alexander Napier (editor of Boswell's Johnson) at 73, Mark Hopkins at 85, and Rev. Lucas Collins (editor of the well-known Latin and Greek Classics for English readers published by Messrs. Lippincott), etc. The frequently-heard warnings of the sensationalists, therefore, are contradicted by last year's harvest at least: the earnest student need not be greatly discouraged at his showing in the world's necrology.

JAMES A. HARRISON, in *The Critic*.

EASTER WEEK.

See the land, her Easter keeping,
Rises as her Maker rose.
Seeds, so long in darkness sleeping,
Burst at last from winter snows.
Earth with heaven above rejoices;
Fields and gardens hail the spring;
Shaugh and woodlands ring with voices,
While the wild birds build and sing.

You, to whom your Maker granted
Powers to those sweet birds unknown,
Use the craft by God implanted;
Use the reason not your own.
Here, while heaven and earth rejoices,
Each his Easter tribute bring,—
Work of fingers, chant of voices,
Like the birds who build and sing.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Oh, tell us now, won't you, Ignatius,
The author of "Beautiful Snow?"
And there's the "Bread Winners," by gracious!
Who wrote it we'd just like to know.
Were Longfellow's poems by Longfellow,
Or were they writ by s'mother song-fellow?

Lord Tennyson has a large and fine dairy, personally managed by Mrs. Hallam Tennyson, and the butter, cream and milk produced therein are in great demand in the market of the Isle of Wight.

Henry Irving sits down to dinner, after the play, at midnight, and with two or three cronies, eats and drinks and chats about literature and art till nearly daylight. He breakfasts at 10 a. m.

Prof. Charles E. Sprague has begun a school of instruction in Volapük at a business college in New York. In his first lesson last night he stated that the phrase *jipul ledakapik e jeval vietik* means the red headed girl and the white horse.

Humor pays in this country. Mark Twain made \$75,000 out of "Innocents Abroad." "Josh" Billings received \$25,000 for his magazine work. M. Quad gets \$5,000 a year from the *Detroit Free Press* and the late Nasby died worth \$1,500,000.

Only two original portraits of Edgar Allen Poe are to be found in New York. That one of them which hangs in the gallery of the Historical Society is an oil painting and represents him as he looked in his better days. The other portrait, which is in water colors and of small size, represents him in his later years, near the end of his life, when both body and mind were nearly wrecked. He is seated on a chair, over the back of which his right arm is thrown and his listless attitude and vacuous expression are melancholy reminders of the fall of the magical poet.

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PROF. JAMES W. REESE, A. M., Ph. D.,
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In the early part of April a meeting was held in Baltimore in furtherance of the endowment movement, of which mention was made in our last number. Dr. Lewis was present and, in a forcible address, represented the necessity of endowment to the permanent success of the College. An organization was effected which will soon have branches throughout the State, and from the interest and determination manifested by those present, it is plain that the work is going to be pushed right on to a successful issue. We trust we shall be able, before long, to give the details of the plan adopted for the accomplishment of this most desirable end, and, also, some encouraging facts as to its reception by the friends of the school.

The note of preparation for Commencement is already heard throughout the College. Orators are writing and memorizing the speeches which are to cover themselves and their societies with a glory hitherto unknown. The Class historian is deep in biographical research; the prophetess is straining her pretty eyes in an endeavor to peer into the dim future and decipher the fortunes of her companions. Of the making of programs, like the making of books, there is no end. Extra postal facilities will be required to meet the demands made on the local office for the distribution and transportation of invitations. Music and painting are laying their plans to charm the eyes and ears of the hundreds who will find their way to the hill in June, while the department of physical culture is making every endeavor to put its "best foot foremost." Re-unions are being planned and a friendly and wholesome rivalry is at work in every society hall. The graduating class, this year, is small (in numbers), but there seems to be no disposition on the part of any body to allow this fact to prevent Commencement week from being a big thing. And all the indications are that this is just what it will be.

The twenty-first annual Catalogue is being prepared for the press and will be published in time for distribution before school closes. It is a cheering fact that it will contain, by far, the largest list of students ever known in the history of the College.

We have a professor of instrumental music whose ability both as teacher and performer is admitted; we have an accomplished and efficient teacher of vocalism; we have numbers of students who sing and play well—but we have no glee club. This is a serious want and it should not be long unsupplied.

The editors avail themselves of this opportunity of expressing their profound gratitude to the Alumni and Quondam Students for the numerous and hearty responses they have made, and are daily making, to the appeal addressed to them in the February number. We presume, at least, that they are responding to it, for we have read that silence is, sometimes, eloquent, and we all know that "silence gives consent," and those to whom we earnestly appealed have been, one and all, eloquently and consenting—silent.

In Don Manoel Gonzales' entertaining "London in 1731" there is an account of St. Paul's School, founded in 1512 by Dr. John Collet. The author states that upon every window of the school was written, by the founder's direction: AUT DOCE, AUT DISCE, AUT DISCEDE—i. e. Either teach, learn or leave. We doubt whether the true purpose of an institution of learning was ever more forcibly and tersely expressed. It is to be feared, however, that the strict, literal enforcement of good dean Collet's motto would create many a vacancy in modern class rooms. Perhaps our freer age gives a freer translation to the Latin and makes it mean: Either teach, learn or leave—it alone.

EARLY EDUCATION.

A Lecture Delivered Before the Students of Western Maryland College, April 6th, 1883,

BY PROF. F. H. SCHAEFFER, A. M.

At no period in the life of man are the faculties, both mental and physical, so susceptible of development as in early youth. Education proper begins in infancy. It is the chief aim and hope of every fond parent to rear a strong, healthy, robust child. Anxious mothers guard their offspring with watchful care from accident and contagion, strengthening and training their physical nature during the first years of their existence. That wonderful piece of mechanism, the human body, though superior to every other of the animal creation, requires a longer and more careful training of its various members before they are sufficiently educated to perform the functions for which they were designed. The brain, its most intricate member, develops gradually, almost imperceptibly; it may be at first the distinction between sounds, the soothing voice of a mother, from the playfulness of brother or sister, the tone of approval from that of reproach, until the perceptive faculties grant the power of distinguishing one object from another. Studying man in his varied occupations in life, the fact is clearly demonstrated that exercise or training produces vast differences in his physical nature. Compare the iron grasp and brawny arm of the blacksmith with the delicate hand and feeble touch of the bank clerk; the agility of the chamois hunter of the Alps, who leaps from crag to crag, traversing glacier and plateau, or the Indian hunter in the chase, with the slow, plodding

movement of the peasant plowman. The five senses, all educated more or less by constant use, can be trained to a remarkable degree. The skilled engineer hears the danger signal in the slightest click of the machinery, while the traveler hears but a mingled confusion of sounds. The mariner, moved by the sense of feeling, is conscious of the coming storm long before a cloud darkens the horizon, and sees the sails of the passing craft far in the distance. The epicure, keenly sensitive to the nicer perceptions of the palate, can detect the presence of a cork in a bottle of wine, tell you its age, determine the flavors and spices that season his food, while the hardy workman eats but to satisfy the gnawings of hunger, unconscious of season or spice. The carver in wood can discriminate at a glance between the finest mahogany and ebony, while the most cultured intellect can scarcely mark the difference between the oak and the olive. Their education has made them what they are. Take two young persons of the same age, apprentice one to the sea and the other to the country, and at the age of manhood they will scarcely seem to belong to the same race. What then are the capabilities of the mind? Of how much graver import is the education, development and proper training of that greatest of blessings bestowed upon man, the human intellect. The action of the brain affects its own physical condition in precisely the same manner that muscular action of any kind affects the muscles. To acquire a cultured, active, vigorous mind, rigid discipline and constant application is required. Complete isolation in the lonely casemates of a Russian political prison shatters the intellect and almost destroys the identity of the prisoner. Rankin, in a recent article in the *Century*, says of a Russian officer, that he lay in solitary confinement until the guards reported that he had ceased to answer questions, and an official examination showed that he had become a complete imbecile. He could still eat, drink and perform the actions that years of unbroken routine had rendered habitual, but from his heavy, glazed eyes the last spark of intelligence had vanished, and he sat motionless on his bed for days in the profound stupor of intellectual death. The advantage and necessity of a thorough education to prepare a young man for the great responsibilities of life is acknowledged, and is a matter that need scarcely be discussed. The best method, however, of attaining this desired end has been the subject of much discussion by learned men, both in this country and in Europe. It is, moreover, a question of national importance. The development of the resources of a country, the maintenance of her free institutions, her social and political standing among nations, demands the support of enlightened people. In no country in the world has there been manifested such zeal and interest in the education of the young as in the United States. Our democratic form of government, in the administration of which everything is subservient to the will of the people, assumes at once that their will be an enlightened one. Our public school system has engrafted itself into perfect harmony with the design of the government, and constitutes a supreme guarantee of prosperity and the strongest safeguard of our institutions. Thousands of immigrants pour into our country every year, representing every nationality and religious creed; an ignorant, unstable mass of humanity; actuated by but one desire, that of improving their condition. Instead of forming distinct colonies, and retaining their own language, habits and customs, after the lapse of a decade, or a generation at most, they have coalesced with our own people, adopted our tongue without any inclination to retain former race prejudice or natural custom. They have become thoroughly Americanized. This remarkable transformation is due in a great measure to the admirable system of free school educations which prevails. The child of the foreigner, whether he be Russian, Irish, German or Scandinavian, is received in the public school, taught at public expense, and grows up to manhood an honored and respected citizen of the new Republic. The moral training which these children of the lower classes re-

ceive is such that they could not hope to obtain in domestic life. Rude manners are corrected, higher ideals of life are pointed out to them, the duties of respectable people are impressed upon them, and the impressions made upon their young minds are felt for all time. One of the most essential needs of a cultured, intelligent people under our form of government, is to prevent the abuse of the elective franchise. This fact has been clearly demonstrated in the emancipation of the colored race, and in extending to them the rights of free citizenship, many of whom deposit their votes in the ballot box without being able to read the names printed upon them. This was most keenly felt in the administration of state and local governments in the South at the close of the late civil war. The strong and powerful measures adopted for their social and intellectual improvement will, it is hoped, raise the standard of intelligence of the coming generations to that degree which will fit them to properly exercise the rights of free citizenship. The famous English riots of 1780 forcibly illustrate the danger of neglecting the education of the lower classes. Macaulay graphically describes what occurred: Without the shadow of a grievance, at the summons of a madman a hundred thousand people in arms, rising in insurrection; a week of anarchy, parliament besieged, the lords pulled out of their coaches, the bishops flying over the tiles, thirty-six fires blazing at one time in London, the house of the chief justice demolished, the children of the prime minister taken out of their bed at midnight and placed on the table of the horse guards, and the cause of this calamity was the ignorance of a population which had been suffered, in the midst of temples, palaces and theatres, to grow up as rude and stupid as any tribe of tattooed cannibals in New Zealand—I might say as any drove of beasts in Smithfield Market. One-third of the criminals are totally uneducated, and four-fifths practically without education. The proportion of criminals from the illiterate is ten-fold greater than from those having an education. Vast and important changes have been wrought in the discipline, management and course of study of primary schools within the last twenty years. My own recollections of the first two years of school life are painfully vivid. When, armed with a blue backed speller, I matriculated at the old stone schoolhouse, where a dominie of the ancient type presided with regal dignity and awful presence, proudly conscious of a short acquaintance with the alphabet, I began a course of study which was destined to be prolonged for two miserable, wretched years in one single book, and that a spell— a book filled with long columns of words, the meanings of which were beyond my comprehension, arranged according to the sound or the number of syllables they contained. The first year's work consisted of a long series of lessons in words of one and two syllables, the second of words in three, four and five syllables. The result of such a system was most pernicious and unprofitable, for after the lapse of two years I could neither read nor spell many of the ordinary words used in every day life; making a blank of the most important period of scholastic training. This old blue backed soldier is still fondly cherished, it is said, in the rural districts of some states. The unfortunate pupil who, by force of circumstances, is compelled to use him as a means of mental improvement, has my most profound commiseration. A few years ago I resurrected the old veteran, entombed source of so much early misery, for years among the relics of days long since gone by, from that repository of useless trifles, the garret, begrimed and scared with the smoke of battle and conflict of war. He had been stripped of his paraphernalia, and but a faint tinge of his old blue uniform remained. The pedagogue of that day considered it beyond the bounds of possibility for any scholar to read until he was able, by parrot-like imitation, to spell a long list of useless words. Under the present systematic arrangement and discipline progress is much more rapid, preparing boys at an earlier age for the college, university and professional life. In youth the mind

is pliable and readily impressed, habits formed, character and disposition displayed. Prejudices imbibed in childhood are very difficult of eradication, like seed sown in a virgin soil are the lessons taught. The future position in social or professional life can readily be inferred by noting the tastes and inclinations of the youth. It is said of a very eloquent speaker on a popular subject, but very ungrammatical withal, at one time lecturing before a body of college students, observing the smiles on the faces of students at some violation of the rules of grammar, that he suddenly stopped and said: "Young gentlemen, I see you are smiling at the grammatical blunders I am making. I will now make a challenge to you all. I will undertake to compete with any one of you in repeating every rule of Lindly Murray's grammar." There being no response, he continued: "I know every rule of that grammar by heart, but I was never taught at home to speak correctly. I have never had the advantage of school instruction, and hence did not correct my errors in youth, and now, although I know all about the grammar theoretically, I am breaking its rules in practice continually. Learn to use your grammar, my young friends, while you are young, and in the proper way, and when you grow to be as old as I am you will not misuse it as I do." Thorough preparation in the rudiments of all studies should be one of the most essential acquirements of students in the collegiate departments of our colleges. It has truthfully been said that there is no royal road to learning. Successful scholarship requires steady application and prolonged mental labor. How many young men, keenly feeling the lack of early attainments, distressed and discouraged, give up the struggle, preferring to live illiterate rather than contend with difficulties which to them seem insurmountable. Some of you no doubt feel the neglect of a well grounded drill in first principles, feel cramped or crowded in one or another of the departments of study. Success in the various vocations of life depends largely upon an accurate knowledge of all the details of the business or occupation. The architect who stands in the foremost rank is the one who can handle the trowel and work at the joiner's bench. The successful financier is the one who has served an apprenticeship in the counting room, thoroughly mastering the elements before venturing upon uncertain schemes of speculation. The editor who has attained his position by passing from the press room through the minor duties of his profession, is he who exerts the widest influence, and holds through the medium of his paper the confidence of the public with the strongest grasp. The cultured, intelligent, educated mind, the mind expanded by knowledge and imbued with virtuous principles, has been well trained during the susceptible years of childhood and youth. We acknowledge that there are honorable exceptions. Andrew Jackson could not read at the age of nineteen. Lincoln spent the days that should have been devoted to school at hard menial labor; Henry Wilson was working at the shoemaker's bench, men who became celebrated and distinguished, occupying the most honorable positions within the gift of the nation. They are, however, exceptions. Observations prove almost universally that the man illiterate at twenty will be illiterate at fifty. The question has often been asked, what constitutes a right education? Spencer says the education required by the people is that which will give them the full command of every faculty, both of body and mind, which will call into play their powers of observation and reflection; which will make thinking and reasonable beings of the mere creatures of impulse, prejudice and passion; that which in a moral sense will give them objects of pursuit and habits of conduct favorable to their own happiness, and that of the community of which they form a part. The system of primary instruction employed in the state of Massachusetts has made her public schools the best in the U. S. and in the world. Many valuable lessons in theory, art and methods of instructions have been gleaned from her by other states that have copied after her. The name of Horace Mann, the

pioneer of public instruction, who traversed the state years ago, beseeching and with gifted eloquence imploring the people to look after the education of their children, is still honored and revered by the school children of the old commonwealth. And well may they honor the man who first recommended that the rod be displaced by appeals to higher principles of action than the fear of punishment. Young persons, like persons of maturer years, are affected with widely different tastes, and of all the grave questions involved in the great work of preparing them for useful men and women the proper guardianship of early inclinations is one of the most important. One sees most pleasure and enjoyment in the exercise of his physical being; another enjoys study; yet another detests the study of the languages or mathematics. Even collegiate students neglect one study or another, inventing as an excuse that it will never be of use to them in after life. True; many college graduates may not be able to translate Homer at sight, or solve many problems in integral calculus; yet the conscientious work of weeks and months spent upon these studies has left its impress indelibly stamped upon their mental powers, the effect of which will be felt for all time. We read from the preface of a book published at the beginning of the present century, where the author says I have written this book in a style as simple as possible, carefully removing all words of foreign extraction, in order that even women may read it understandingly and appreciate its contents. A miserable apology for the ignorance of his countrywomen. Young girls were allowed to attend school only by the gracious permission of the school committee, and when one teacher, bolder than the rest, announced his intention of carrying a class of girls through fractions, they stood aghast, and immediately put a stop to such proceedings, lest she should be raised out of that much talked of position, a woman's sphere. To-day in public schools brothers and sisters are trained together, and woman's position as an educational factor is felt in every city, hamlet and village.

A STROLL THROUGH THE CAPITOL.

There is probably no place more interesting or more instructive to the American youth than the Capitol at Washington. Especially is this so, when Congress is in session. Then one may see the leading men of our country and hear the rattling debates and eloquent speeches of the Senators and Representatives of the different States. Not long ago, the writer, in company with several others, had the pleasure of visiting the House and Senate and thought that a short description of these two illustrious bodies would not be without interest to the readers of the MONTHLY.

The chamber of the House of Representatives is a spacious one, well lighted and ventilated, and has galleries for the accommodation of visitors and the reporters of the principal newspapers. The Speaker's rostrum is situated in the southern part of the chamber and in front of this, in a semi-circle, are arranged the seats of the members, each one having a separate desk. Long before the hour of opening the House, members began to arrive and here and there groups could be seen eagerly discussing some important topic. Promptly at twelve o'clock, Speaker Carlisle stepped upon the rostrum, and, with several raps of the gavel, called the House to order, after which the proceedings of the day were opened with prayer by Chaplain Milburn. The regular morning business was soon disposed of in a very noisy and apparently disorderly manner. The noise that is continually going on, the low buzz of voices, the running about of the pages, and the monotonous tone of the reading clerk calling the roll, seems strange to an infrequent visitor, as hardly one word can be distinguished from another. After the morning business was completed, the House was addressed by Congressman Oates, of Alabama, in opposition to the Direct Tax Bill. He was followed by Heard, of Missouri, who spoke in favor of the bill. The debate

was then participated in by several other members. When there is a bill before the House which has the support of the majority of the members, it is amusing to see the parliamentary tactics employed by the minority in order to obstruct its passage. The faces of many prominent men can be seen on the floor of the House. In the centre of the Democratic side, the familiar face of Hon. F. T. Shaw, of Westminster, is recognized and not far away, Hon. C. H. Gibson, another Marylander, attracts our attention.

After spending some time here, we left the busy surroundings of the House, and the next day, paid a visit to the Senate chamber. This room, in its arrangements, resembles the House, but is much smaller. At the regular hour of opening, President Ingalls called the Senate to order and after prayer by the chaplain, business was begun. The Senate is a more dignified body than the House, and the absence of the noise which pervades the latter body, is very noticeable. Here, also, may be seen some of the leading men of our country, and by many, the Senate is regarded as the training school for Presidential candidates, prominent among whom, at present, are Sherman, Allison, and Hawley. Perhaps the Senator who most attracts the attention of the visitors gallery, is Riddleberger. Nor did he fail to attract his share of attention on this day, for shortly after the opening of the Senate, he offered a resolution to consider the Fisheries Treaty in open session, which caused considerable discussion and finally resulted in the clearing of the galleries. Being thus compelled to retire, we did not have any further opportunity of hearing this interesting debate. It is hoped that this very condensed description of the two branches of our National Congress will prove interesting to its readers, especially to those who desire to know something concerning the men who make our laws, who regulate our taxes, and upon whom the welfare and destiny of our country depends.

J. F. HARPER, '90.

THE LIVING MONARCHS OF EUROPE.

Queen Victoria now holds a place among the oldest sovereigns of Europe. In May of next year she will be seventy years of age. She has been on the throne for a half a century. She enjoys good health, and bids fair to live and reign for many years yet. If she attains the age of her grandfather, George III., she will wield the scepter (barring accidents) up to the year 1901. If at that time her son, the Prince of Wales, becomes King, he will have reached the ripe age of sixty years, and his tendency to baldness will, doubtless, have become more marked than it is now.

The new German Emperor Frederick is fifty-seven years of age, and his Empress, the daughter of Queen Victoria, is forty-eight. Judging from his photographs, he does not closely resemble his departed father in the face, but she looks very much like her mother. If Frederick should live to be as old as his father, and perhaps he may, he will wear his crown (barring accidents) up to the year 1922. His ailments dim his prospects, but the Scotch Dr. Mackenzie may banish his ailments.

The King of the Belgians, Leopold II., is fifty-three years old, and if he should reign till he reaches the age at which his father died he will be King up to the year 1910. He has been on the throne nearly twenty-three years.

The Emperor of Austria, Francis Joseph, is fifty-eight years old, and he has worn the imperial crown for forty-eight years. His predecessor was his uncle, who abdicated the throne in his favor when but fifty-five years of age, because he was tired of the turmoil and trouble. Francis Joseph is a polished scholar, a linguist, an equestrian, an admirer of military pomp, and a charmer. He is healthy, and bids fair to reign for a long time yet (barring accidents).

The King of Italy, Umberto I., is forty-four years old, and has worn the crown since the death of his father, ten years ago.

He is but the second of the kings of United Italy, and his throne is in the eternal city of Rome.

The Emperor of Russia, Alexander III., is forty-three years old, and mounted the throne after the murder of his father, seven years ago.

The King of Denmark, Christian IX., is seventy years old, or a year older than Queen Victoria, and is the second oldest monarch in Europe. He has wielded the sceptre for a quarter of a century, or just half as long as the British Queen. One of his daughters is the wife of the Russian Czar, another of them is the wife of the heir apparent to the British Crown, and his second son is King of Greece.

The King of Sweden and Norway, Oscar II., is in his sixtieth year, and has reigned for sixteen years. He has favored some reforms.

The King of Portugal, Luis I., is fifty years old, and is a man of enterprise and progress. He has been for twenty-seven years a king.

The power and authority of the King of Spain, Alfonso XIII., who is not yet two years old, is limited by the regency of his mamma. He never saw his royal sire.

The King of Greece, or King of the Hellenes, Georgios I., is forty-three years of age, and has been king for a quarter of a century, or since he was eighteen, at which age he was elected to the Hellenic throne. He finds it a hard job to rule the modern Greeks or keep their favor.

The sovereign or Sultan of Turkey, Abdul Hamid II., is forty-six years old, and succeeded to the throne twelve years ago, when the majesty who preceded him was deposed. He is the twenty-eighth Sultan since the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks.

The King of the Netherlands, William III., is the oldest monarch in Europe, being now of the age of seventy-one, and entered upon the fortieth year of his reign on St. Patrick's day, though he is a scion of the royal house of Orange. Even in Holland the old monarch is merry at times.

The King of Roumania, Carol I., is forty-nine years of age, and was proclaimed King only seven years ago, but before that time he had been for fourteen years the domnol of his subjects.

The King of Servia, Milan I., is thirty-four, and was crowned only six years ago, but before that time he held the throne for fourteen years by election as Prince Milan Obrenovic IV. He is the fourth of his dynasty since Servia threw off the Turkish yoke in 1829. His predecessor was assassinated.

The reigning Prince of Montenegro is Nicholas I., who is forty-seven years old, and has reigned for twenty-eight years.

In Germany there are three kings and a grand duke, besides the Emperor of Germany and the King of Prussia, who are one. These are the King of Bavaria, the King of Wurtemberg, the King of Saxony, and the reigning Grand Duke of Baden.

There are in Europe two kingless countries—France and Switzerland. Both of these republics seem to be able to get along and keep the peace without the guidance of kings or emperors.

The President of the French Republic, M. Carnot, is fifty-one years of age, and was elected to office in December last. He is a graduate of the Polytechnic School in Paris, and held various offices before his election as President. There are over 38,000,000 people in the French Republic.

In the Republic of Switzerland the highest official of the government is the President of the Federal Council, who is elected by the Federal Assembly, holds office for the term of one year, and enjoys a salary of \$3,000 per annum. The President for the present year is Mr. W. F. Hertenstein. A President is not eligible to re-election until a year after the end of his term of office. *Boston Transcript.*

CAP AND GOWN AT COLUMBIA.

During the Christmas holidays last year a special committee of Columbia College managers, consisting of President F. A. P. Barnard, the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, and G. L. Rives, reported that it was found advisable that the students should adopt some characteristic attire to mark their identity as students of Columbia. This committee had the matter of academic costumes under consideration ever since 1884, and after three years' consultation over the various costumes worn by collegians in the Old World and the New, issued a ukase prescribing permanent collegiate fashions for Columbia.

The ukase was issued by President Barnard himself, who notified the students officially that they ought to wear gowns and hoods and caps when at the college, and also upon all occasions when they appeared in public distinctively as Columbians. The gowns, he proclaimed, ought to be of black worsted or silk with open sleeves for ordinary wear, and of cassimere for set ceremonies. Members of the Faculty, he said, ought to wear red gowns. The hoods of these gowns ought to be of silk or worsted. Those who had doctor's degrees should wear velvet hoods of either white, pink, gold-yellow, blue, or green, to signify that the degrees were respectively those of art, law, science, theology or medicine. He also prescribed tasseled mortar-board caps of black silk for ordinary occasions. The student who won a degree was to have the privilege of wearing a tassel of gold thread.

The singular thing about the report of the committee is that, so far, the Columbia students have paid no attention to it, except to ridicule it. There was an expectation that the Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors would pay respectful heed to it, but all hope of any such course on their part was destroyed last week when a burlesque of President Barnard's order was published in the *Annual Volume* of the Junior class, and was received with undisguised favor by the collegians of the three upper classes. The buslesque hit off in true college wit style the specifications for the academic costumes given in Pres. Barnard's report. Here is the way the boys put it:

I. ACADEMIC GOWNS.

1. Pattern—The form to be that commonly worn at night, with usual position reversed. Pajamas disqualified. Freshmen will wear Mother Hubbards.
2. Material—Any material sufficiently opaque to be *au fait*.
3. Color—Claret, with dash of lemon for ordinary rackets.
4. Trimmings—For the Baccalaureate degree, the gown to be tastily decorated with the tuition bills presented during the college course.

For the Master's degree, the gown to be faced down the back with *pommes de terre Parisienne* in bas-relief. A few Turkish rugs may be sewed on the sleeves for effect.

Sleeves will be lined with green sand paper. It will be trimmed with festoons of common crackers, and a flounce of parlor matches will be added to give pith to the occasion.

II. HOODS.

1. Material—Ordinarily they will not be worn. For Doctor's full dress they will be lined with zinc and filled with cracked ice.
2. Color—The exterior color to be black. On the inside it will be symbolic of the Faculties.

III. CAPS.

The cap to be of the usual form exclusively worn in school-rooms by the scholar who has the least sense. The bells on the caps of the Faculties will be of the chestnut variety.

IV. MISCELLANEOUS.

Shoes—For the undergraduates, a three-dollar shoe. (All undergraduates will wear this shoe.)

For the Baccalaureate degree no shoes will be worn, except in cold weather, when snow-shoes may be used.

For the Master's degree, roller-skates are prescribed.

For the Doctor's degree, cavalry boots (size No. 11) shall be worn with stilts.

Chest-protectors may be worn only on Commencement Day. They must be slung carelessly over the left shoulder.

Candidates for the Baccalaureate degree will wear goggles.

For the Master's degree, opera-glasses are prescribed.

For the Doctor's degree, magnifying-glasses (power 2,000,000 diameters) will be used.

UNIVERSITY.

COLLEGE BULLYING.

The bovine or brutal quality is by no means wholly worked out of the blood even yet. The taste for pugilism, or the pummelling of the human frame into a jelly by the force of fisticuffs, as a form of enjoyment or entertainment, is a relapse into barbarism. It is the instinct of the tiger still surviving in the white cat transformed into the princess. I will not call it, young gentlemen, the fond return of Melusina to the gambols of the mermaid, or Undine's momentary unconsciousness of a soul, because these are poetic and pathetic suggestions. The prize ring is disgusting and inhuman, but at least it is a voluntary encounter of two individuals. But college bullying is unredeemed brutality. It is the extinction of Dr. Jekyll in Mr. Hyde. It is not humorous, nor manly, nor generous, nor decent. It is bald and vulgar cruelty, and no class in college should feel itself worthy of the respect of others, or respect itself, until it has searched out all offenders of this kind which disgrace it, and banished them to the remotest Coventry. The meanest and most cowardly fellows in college may shine most in hazing. The generous and manly men despise it. There are noble and inspiring ways for working off the high spirits of youth: games which are rich in poetic tradition; athletic exercises which mould the young Apollo. To drive a young fellow upon the thin ice, through which he breaks, and by the icy submersion becomes at last a cripple, helpless with inflammatory rheumatism—surely no young man in his senses thinks this to be funny, or anything but an unspeakable outrage. Or to overwhelm with terror a comrade of sensitive temperament until his mind reels—imps of satan might delight in such a revel, but young Americans—never, young gentlemen, never! The hazers in college are the men who have been bred upon dime novels and the prize ring—in spirit, at least, if not in fact—to whom the training and instincts of the gentlemen are unknown. That word is one of the most precious among English words. The man who is justly entitled to it wears a diamond of the purest luster. Tennyson, in sweeping the whole range of tender praise for his head friend, Arthur Hallam, says that he bore without abuse the grand old name of gentleman. "Without abuse"—that is the wise qualification. The name may be foully abused. I read in the morning's paper, young gentlemen, a pitiful story of a woman trying to throw herself from the bridge. You may recall one like it in Hood's "Bridge of Sighs." The report was headed: "To hide her shame." "Her shame?" Why, gentlemen, at the very moment, in bright and bewildering rooms, the arms of Lothario and Lovelace were encircling your sisters' waists in the intoxicating waltz. These men go unwhipped of an epithet. They are even enticed and flattered by the mothers of the girls. But, for all that, they do not bear without abuse the name of gentleman, and Sidney and Bayard and Hallam would scorn their profanation and betrayal of the name. The soul of the gentleman, what is it? Is it anything but kindly and thoughtful respect for others, helping the helpless, succoring the needy, befriending the friendless and forlorn, doing justice, requiring fair play, and withstanding with every honorable means the bully of the church and caucus, of the drawing-room, the street, the college? Respect, young gentlemen, like charity, begins at home. Only

the man who respects himself can be a gentleman, and no gentlemen will willingly annoy, torment, or injure another.—*Easy Chair, Harper's Magazine.*

A SCHOOL-BOY'S DREAM.

Dedicated to Webster Literary Society by
DR. CHAS. BILLINGSLEA.

I.

There are dreams that come, like angels of light
To minister bliss through the darksome night;
There are dreams by day, which come in our youth,
Bright visions of beauty, radiant with truth,
When love thrills the heart for the very first time
And we sing of our bliss, in a tender rhyme.
Oh, then, the visions, that thrill the young heart,
And the newness of purpose, these visions impart,
What pen can describe them, what language express
Their beauty, and grandeur? Will those I address
Kindly pardon, if, presumptuous it seems,
When I dare to speak of a school-boy's dreams;
For the years have passed like a dream of hours,
Since I was a youth, and gathered the flowers
Which brightened my path, in the morning of life,
E'er the dews were brushed in my eager strife,
From the flowrets crushed, by my heedless tread,
As I reached for the golden fruitage o'erhead,
Which proved alas but a glittering cheat,
Less worthy of thought than the flowers at my feet.
And my school-boy dreams, as the years go by,
Are like threads of gold in the morning sky,
Not lost, but merged in the brighter light,
Of the growing day, which gladdens my sight.

II.

On a gentle hill, o'er looking the town,
Mid the forest trees, like a jeweled crown,
Our College behold, as classic, as grand,
The pride of our hearts, "*Western Maryland!*"
She greets the first glance of the rising sun,
And basks in his smile, when the day is done.
She is fanned by the breeze from Southern vales,
And laughs at the shock of the Northern gales.
Mid the winters cold or the summers heat,
She affords to all a sacred retreat,
Slaking the thirst of the studious youth
With the waters drawn from the "wells of truth."
In her classic halls a dreamer did dwell,
And hence the story, the muse will now tell.
One sweet summer eve, 'twas commencement week,
The cupola, solus, our hero did seek,
His purpose, intent, was once more to dwell,
Where none might witness his tearful farewell,
Beholding perhaps for the very last time,
What had charmed him oft, the scenes so sublime,
Which nature unfolds to the wondering gaze,
In picturesque beauty, beyond all praise.
The sky was aglow, with a lingering blush,
And over the scene had fallen the blush
Which the twilight brings, e'er night hath unfurled
Her starry banner o'er the weary world.
The twittering swallows encircled the dome,
In their evening frolic, then sought their home,
Adown the chimneys diving out of sight,
Like "Santa Claus" on a Christmas night.
The Campus was silent, its grand old trees

Their leafy boughs waved in the gentle breeze,
Which sighed through the dome, where the student knelt,
With its perfumed breath, as if nature felt
In sympathy then with his pensive mood
In that sacred hour of sweet solitude.

III.

His spirit is soothed, and his thoughts are flown,
Away, far away, to the star gemmed throne,
Of his majesty Morpheus, who kindly bids
A beautiful fairy-kiss open the lids,
Which close like a rose leaf over the eyes
Of the sleeping youth; in gladsome surprise
He thrills to the touch of her dewy kiss,
And, "quick as a flash," in rapturous bliss
Away with the fairy, away he flies,
On the ambient air through the misty skies,
Till they reach a cloud in the golden West
Whose rose-tinted beauty invites them to rest.
Upborne on the wings of his lovely guide,
Through the opal skies they silently glide,
Past the rosy cloud, o'er the mountain's crest,
To a gem, like a star, in the distant West.
Ah! he knew the star as the very same,
His heart's idol loved, and called by his name,
And he had said with a lover like grace,
"Yon beautiful star, is the heavenly place,
When our spirits are free, at pleasure to roam,
Where we shall dwell in our heavenly home."
In the star they rest; with a graceful wave
Of the golden wand, which Morpheus gave
This angel of dreams, and the star is filled,
With the dear ones of earth; his bosom thrilled
With supreme delight, as forth to his view,
Came the beauteous form of his love, still true.
A chorus of fairies welcome her there,
And entwine bright flowers in her flowing hair,
Till Hymen draws near, and bids them receive,
The choicest of blessings, kind heaven can give,
A life of love, with freedom to roam
O'er the golden hills of their starry home,
To pluck of the fruit, or the fragrant flowers,
Which grow for their use, in beautiful bowers.
Each moment the star its treasures unfold,
For he dreamed of pleasures, of fame, and of gold,
Which he sought, and found, in a royal way,
With but little to do and less to pay.
Then, laden with riches, he sought once more
His earthly abode, and entered the door
Of his college home, and proved in its need,
Its bountiful patron and friend indeed;—
A light from above, on his vision breaks;
His dream is ended, the dreamer awakes.

BASE BALL.

At a call of the boys, on Thursday, 5th of April, a meeting was held and a Base Ball Association, to be known as the Western Maryland College Base Ball Association was organized. Prof. Rinehart was chosen President; L. Irving Pollitt, Secretary and Treasurer, and J. Frank Harper, Manager of the Club.

The acting chairman was authorized to appoint a standing Executive Committee of three, to draw up a constitution, arrange for grounds, etc. Messrs. Harper, Woolford and Weller were appointed.

At the next meeting, J. McD. Radford was elected Vice-President, and a constitution was adopted. The club suits selected are

white shirts, gray pants and blue stockings for the 1st nine, and the same, with red stockings for the 2d nine.

The manager appointed H. G. Watson, captain of the 1st club, W. I. Mace, vice-captain; W. M. Weller, captain of the 2d club, C. P. Merrick, vice-captain. These appointed players on each nine.

It is proposed to play a series of three or five games with the New Windsor College team, if a good ground be secured and satisfactory arrangements can be made. At present, the clubs have no grounds at the College on which they can play, though an effort was made by the President to secure one, but on account of the hilly country it is very hard to do. It is hoped a ground will soon be found, as both clubs have challenges to play on their own grounds.

The second game of the season for the first nine was played on the 24th ult. with the young America's of Westminster. The score was 22 to 9 in favor of the College. Features of the game were: errors, heavy batting by our boys, Keller's catches behind the bat, Woolford's stop, Watson's base running, and the echoes from the kindergarten. The first club have received challenges from St. John's, New Windsor and Pennsylvania Colleges.

The organization of the Western Maryland College baseball association having been effected and the first nine appointed, attention was first directed to our old rival, the New Windsor's. A challenge was sent to play them on their grounds on April 14th, and the first game of the season followed on the date named. Our boys were defeated, a result not at all unexpected, considering that they had had no practice whatever this season. And although defeat was expected, yet the accompanying of the nine by many of the other students attested the interest that was manifested in the game. The game was called at 2.15, the New Windsor's at the bat. Five innings were played, resulting as follows:

Western Maryland College.....	0	0	3	0	4	—	7
New Windsor College.....	1	3	0	8	3	—	15

Our catcher Smith, was unable to make a good showing on account of a sore finger; this with the high wind accounts for the number of runs. Most of the runs of the home club were made by errors; ours by batting.

Stone, Mace, and Woolford, made one run each, and Watson and Driscoll two each. Eight were struck out by the New Windsor pitcher, and four by ours, Stone and Driscoll. It seemed to be a day of errors for our boys, yet many fine plays were made, prominent among which were Robey and Watson's fine stops, Mace's double play, Watson's three base hit, and Driscoll and Woolford's two base hits.

Notwithstanding defeat, all returned in fine humor owing to the hospitable and substantial treatment on the part of the New Windsor's. At half past one the club, together with the manager and the secretary and treasurer of the association, and Baker and Cross, reserves, were invited to dinner to which ample justice was done.

At the close of the game refreshments were served to those who had been invited to dinner, after which the visiting nine were accompanied by the home team to the train, and moved off amid the hearty cheers given them by the New Windsors.

From the manner in which our boys played it is evident that a little practice will make them the superior nine, and, under the efficient management of Harper, they may reasonably look for a victory next time.

Saturday morning, April 21st, the 2d Nine of the College played a match game with the Stars, of Westminster, on Reservoir Hill. The day was cold and windy, but in spite of this the boy's played very well, though the game abounded in errors. The game was exciting throughout, as the score kept close each

inning until the eighth, when the College boys secured a lead of 11 runs; in the ninth the Stars raised the score to 23 to 21, and had a good show of beating, having two men on bases, but a timely strike-out saved the game. Mention might be made of Waesche's foul catches and general playing behind the bat, and of the home run knocked by Chiswell in the 2d inning.

Battery for the College, Weller and Waesche; for the Stars, Doyle and C. Dugan. Below is the score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9—Total
2d Nine of the College...	2	2	0	3	0	3	2	11	0—23
Stars	3	0	2	0	2	2	3	2	7—21

Umpire—J. F. Harper. Scorer—C. P. Merrick.

The 2d Nine has been arranged as follows: Catcher, Waesche; Pitcher, Weller; 1st Base, Cross; 2d Base, Merrick; 3d Base, Chiswell; Short-stop, Mott; Right-field, Day; Centre-field, Keene; Left-field, Makinson.

'89 TO '88.

The Junior Class of the College gave a supper to the Seniors on the evening of the 21st ult. It was a brilliant occasion, and will always be remembered by those present as an important epoch in their College career. Not only were the Seniors invited by printed invitations, but the President and the Preceptress, also, were our honored guests. Had one noticed the incessant toil and trouble of the persevering committee, consisting of Misses Dodd and Grove and Messrs. Whaley and Watson, surely an evening of no little enjoyment would have been expected. Labor and expense were not considered when the reputation of the Juniors was at stake. The motto of the class was a stimulus to their efforts, and so the outcome of their efforts, most think, surpassed any similar occasion known to the College. A few minutes after the class had assembled in the library, which had been prepared for the occasion, the Seniors made their appearance, a little after seven. After being formally introduced by Miss L. B. Taylor, the hostess of the Juniors, a few minutes glided by in pleasant conversation; and when all were invited by the hostess to supper, each gentleman, as previously arranged, escorted his lady to the designated seat in what is known as the ladies' parlor. After wending its way along ground ordinarily sacred from the intrusion of male feet, the procession, led by the hostess and Miss Lottie, reached the desired room. Soon after grace was said by Dr. Lewis, merriment and laughter held the fort. To only say that the table was an honor to the class is omitting the justice due to its designers. Rennert himself could have learned something new had he been present. In the middle of the table could be seen a mound of flowers, consisting of geraniums, lilies, hyacinths and numerous other plants, which not only added beauty to the surroundings, but also scented the room with sweet fragrance. To lucidly describe those artistic touches, which in the ensemble increased the grandeur of the place, would be impossible; nothing but a critic's eye could have detected an error in the symmetry of the arrangement of dishes and flowers. Oil paintings by the female members of the Junior class adorned the walls. Lace curtains concealed the windows, and everything that could have added beauty to the occasion was there. The menu was one of exceptional merit. Not only was that which was traced upon it pleasant to behold, but the menu itself was unique in its make up. It was printed on fringed bolting cloth with satin back, and united at the top by artistic stitches. Near the top the word Menu was handsomely painted on each by Miss Beeks, a Junior. If once seen it would need no praise, but would show the originality possessed by the inmates of this institution. Below is the menu, to which ample justice was done by all:

EIGHTY-NINE TO EIGHTY-EIGHT.

Western Maryland College,

April 21st, 7 P. M.

Chicken Salad.

Broiled Shad. Sirloin Steak.

Cold Ham. Shad Roe.

Sarotoga Chips. Sliced Tomatoes.

Chow-Chow.

Muffins. Tea. Coffee.

Maryland Biscuit.

Cold Bread. Chocolate.

Vanilla Ice Cream. Orange Ice.

Chocolate Ice Cream. Jelly.

Cake. Fruit.

The supper lasted about two hours and a half, and, after preserving the menu as a memento of the occasion, each one discussed the merits of the Junior ladies as cooks. The Class of '89 should consider itself honored in possessing so many noble types of woman. All the cakes, bread and several other niceties were prepared by their own hands, and it was surmised that even the fish were caught by the boys. Truly it was a *Junior* supper. Next came the toasts. The first was by L. Irving Pollitt, President of '89, to "Our Guests." This was replied to in a very appropriate speech by Edwin C. Wimbrough, President of '88. Next Wm. M. Weller, '89, offered a toast to W. M. College, which brought forth pleasing words from our beloved President. Jas. McD. Radford, '88, spoke, assuring the Class of '89 that their courtesy was appreciated beyond expression by his classmates. Wm. McA. Leese, '89, opportunely came in with words of welcome and praise for '89. After returning to the library and trying to "make the table move," all united again in conversation. A little the before quarter bell told us the hour of night, our guests departed. The Juniors not only had the pleasure and honor to give a reception to the graduating class, but they had the honor of establishing a custom which is to be known as the Junior supper in future years. Just before ten o'clock all dispersed to their respective rooms to dream of Minnehaha and others.

THE COLLEGE WORLD.

Gordon Taylor Hughes, son of the American consul at Birmingham, England, and only seventeen years old, has won a scholarship at Cambridge University, valued at \$2,000. During his examination, Hughes was confined to his bed by illness and was obliged to dictate his answers to a stenographer. The examination lasted four days. Young Hughes is from Ohio.

The Bowdoin prize of \$100 at Harvard was won by an essay on "The Roman Senate under the Empire," written by E. B. Pierson. The owner of the name proved to be a young lady scholar in the annex, and the essay was immediately ruled out. The faculty, however, gave her \$30, as the annex prize, and thus Miss Pierson paid \$70, for being a woman.

Prof. Simon Newcomb's daughter is the only young lady student at Johns Hopkins.

A Woman's Annex to Columbia College is the burden of a petition, signed by a number of representative citizens, which is to be acted upon, favorably or unfavorably, by Columbia's Board of Trustees. Among the signers are Mayor Hewitt, Mr. Depew, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. E. Dodge, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Choate, Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer, the Presidents of the Board of Education, Normal College and College of the City of New York, leading clergymen, lawyers, physicians and journalists, including the editors of *The Century*, *Harper's Bazar*, *The Christian Union* and *St. Nicholas*. The movement originated with Mrs. Annie Nathan Meyer. President Barnard is quoted as saying of it:—"If the petition should come in, it will be respectfully considered, and if it is accompanied by any offer of adequate funds it may be successful. . . . I should regard the establishment of an annex as desirable only considered as a step toward what I think must sooner or later come to pass, and that is, the opening of the College proper to both sexes equally." In the Board of

Trustees are Bishop Potter, Bishop Littlejohn, President Barnard, Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, Hamilton Fish, Dr. C. R. Agnew, Dr. T. W. Chambers, ex-Mayor Low, Dr. G. L. Peabody and John Crosby Brown, some of whom have not voted on former petitions of somewhat similar purport.

It pays to cater to the educational wants of the American people. Each of the ten children as well as the widow of the late A. S. Barnes, the school-book publisher, receives \$50,000 by the terms of the will offered for probate in Brooklyn last week. Five brothers and sisters, nine nieces and thirty grandchildren receive \$1,000 each. The charitable bequests amount to \$50,000 to be divided between various institutions.

According to the annual report of the treasurer of Yale College the total amount of the university funds is \$502,705.66, and of the academical funds, \$1,030,420.43. The income of the academical department is about \$161,000 and its expenses about \$170,000. The largest item under this head is for salaries of instructors, \$98,892. The Sheffield Scientific School, one of the most prosperous arms of the university, has investments amounting to \$160,989.24. Its receipts are stated to be \$70,947.63, and its expenses \$64,533.65.

The annual register of Columbia College shows that the college has 1,829 students at present who are divided among the different schools as follows: Arts, 289; mines, 230; law, 461; political science, 61; medicine, 809; library economy, 30; deduct for repetition, 51; total number of different individual students, 1,829. This is an increase of 259 students over last year. The number of students in the collegiate course for women is 18, while 26 women are in the school of library economy, thus making 54 women students of Columbia College.

There are now 660 students in Claflin University, Orangeburg, S. C., an institution for colored people. Most of them are paying their own way, and are studious, zealous, and ambitious.

Dr. Alonzo Clark, of New York, by will, leaves \$50,000 to Williams College. He was a graduate of the college in the class of 1828.

THE ALUMNI.

Miss Loulie M. Cunningham, '81, returned, March 30th, from her visit to Brunswick, Georgia.

Charles E. Stoner, '82, who has been connected with real estate and railroad offices in Birmingham, Alabama, for the last three years, has lately been placed in charge of the pay accounts of the Louisville Railroad Company.

Rev. William W. Dumm, A. M., '83, B. D. (Yale), pastor of the Congregational Church at Chester, Ohio, was married, April 5th, to Myra, daughter of Jonathan Packard, Esq., of Cleveland, Ohio.

Rev. Thomas O. Crouse, A. M., '71, preached in the M. P. Church, Westminster, in the morning and evening, on Sunday, April 8th.

Miss Lillie M. Keller, '83, of Buckeystown, spent the 14th and 15th of April at the College on a visit to her brother and Miss Owings.

Harry C. Stocksdales, '87, of Finksburg, for some time a substitute clerk in the Baltimore post-office, has been promoted by Postmaster Brown to a permanent clerkship in the city division.

John H. T. Earhart, '82, of Union Mills, Carroll county, graduated with the degree of M. D., at the Commencement of the University of Maryland on the 17th of April.

Ex-States Attorney, Joshua W. Miles, A. M., '78, conducted the prosecution in the trial of Mrs. Emily Farlow, of Crisfield, for poisoning her husband, Jonathan James Farlow, on the 9th

of July, 1887. The trial began at Princess Anne, April 17, and ended on the 19th with a verdict of guilty of manslaughter.

At the late session of the M. P. Conference, in Baltimore, the following appointments were made in the case of ministerial members who are alumni of the College: Jesse W. Norris, A. M., '83, Accomac; H. L. Elderdice, A. M., '82, Broadway; C. S. Arnett, A. M., '74, Caroline; Thomas O. Crouse, A. M., '71, Centreville; J. W. Kirk, A. M., B. D., '82, Crisfield; S. C. Ohrum, A. M., B. D., '83, Delta; W. W. White, A. M., '74, Felton; F. T. Benson, A. M., B. D., '84, Mt. Tabor; F. C. Klein, A. M., '80, Japan.

Miss Hattie Bollinger, A. M., '81, visited friends in Washington last month. It may be safely assumed that she had a *capital* time.

Rev. Smallwood C. Ohrum, '83, and wife, of Delta, Pa., were the guests of J. T. Orndorff, Esq., Westminster, in April. On the evening of the 22d, Mr. Ohrum preached in Dr. Murray's church.

Rev. Hugh L. Elderdice, '82, entered upon the fourth year of his pastorate of the Broadway M. P. Church, Baltimore, on Sunday, April 22d, and preached an anniversary sermon at the morning service. Three years ago, the morning service was attended by only seventy-five people; to-day there are two hundred worshippers. In the Sunday school three hundred names are enrolled. Since April, 1885, he has received one hundred and forty-one persons into membership.

Charles H. Baughman, '71, has resigned his position as superintendent of the Westminster Water Company.

QUONDAM STUDENTS.

Miss Mollie E. Hoppie, '76-'78, with her mother, left Westminster, April 2d, for Atlanta, Georgia, where she intends to make her home. Her two brothers, George E., '67-'72, and Louis D., '79-'82, are in business there.

Rev. Harry D. Mitchell, '85-'87, was present at the Irving Anniversary, on the 29th of March. On the 13th of April he assisted at the dedication of the school-house erected by the Pennsylvania Steel Company at Sparrow's Point.

Dr. T. J. Shreeve, '78-'83, of Uniontown, had a narrow escape on the 8th of April. His horse ran off and smashed his Bradley road cart. The escape consists in Jesse's not being in the cart when the accident occurred. This is one of the numerous cases where absence of body is quite as good as presence of mind.

The store of William E. Roach, '77-'79, on the old home place of his late father, William H. Roach, near Hopewell, Somerset county, was totally destroyed by fire on the night of the 13th of April. There is \$3,700 insurance on the stock and \$800 on the building. The origin of the fire is unknown.

An addition of twenty-nine books was made recently to the library of the Female Public School, Annapolis, of which Miss Emma Abbott, '81-'82, is Principal.

Among the appointments made, for the coming year, at the late session of the M. P. Conference, in Baltimore, are the following in the case of ministerial members, who are, also, ex-students of the College: J. F. Wooden, '84-'85, Amelia and Chesterfield; A. A. Harryman, '69-'71, Bedford; W. R. Graham, '69-'72, Chestertown; S. F. Cassen, '80-'83, Deer Creek; J. M. Gill, '78-'82, Eutaw; J. M. Yingling, '70-'72, Fawn Grove; E. O. Ewing, '74-'77, Frederick; B. W. Kindley, '78-'85, Harper's Ferry; T. E. Coulbourn, '69-'70, Lynchburg; W. H. Stone, '73-'78, Pittsville; A. J. Walter, '71-'74, Powellsville; W. J. Neepier, '69-'71, Somerset; H. G. Cowan, '79-'83, Sussex. J. A. Weigand, '70-'73, was placed in the list of Superannuates.

Miss Ada Roberts, '84-'86, on the evenings of April 2, 3 and 4, at Centreville, very creditably sustained the character of Zerish in the Oratorio of Queen Esther.

We were glad to see the familiar face of Martin L. Sterling, '76-'77, of Crisfield, who spent Friday night, the 20th of April, on the Hill.

Southey F. Miles, Jr., '77-'79, and Miss Mollie B. Miles, daughter of Edward K. Miles, Esq., of Somerset county, were married at the M. E. Church in Fairmount, April 25th, by Rev. C. W. Prettyman, the husband of Ida Armstrong, '75. Alonzo L. Miles, A. M., '83, acted as best man. The bridal party took the afternoon train for a Northern tour.

Edwin Schaeffer, '82-'85, of Union Mills, was married to Miss Elva K. Wolf, of Manchester, April 26th, in Emanuel Lutheran Church. The happy couple started, the same day, on a bridal-tour to the North.

COLLEGE NOTES.

It becomes our sad duty to record again, as we have had, so often, to do lately, a death which brings personal sorrow to a member of the College. On Easter Monday, at her residence No. 144 Pennsylvania avenue, Westminster, after a sickness of only a few days, died Mrs. Mary A., wife of Edwin J. Lawyer, Esq., leaving to mourn her loss, besides her devoted husband, two little sons, one of whom, Grove, is a pupil in our Primary department. Mrs. Lawyer was in her thirty-fourth year and had endeared herself, by her kind disposition, to a large circle of friends. She was buried, on the afternoon of April 4th, from Grace Lutheran Church. Among the pall-bearers were B. F. Crouse, '73 and Charles V. Wantz, '67-'69.

An original outburst that the members of the class of '83 will recollect: "What a glorious thing it is to feel the seeds of a mighty genius sprouting up within."

The Webster Literary Society elected, on the 6th of April, the following officers for the ensuing term: President, L. Irving Pollitt, of Salisbury; Vice-President, Francis Neal Parke, of Westminster; Recording Secretary, Kennerly Robey, of Bryantown; Corresponding Secretary, George E. Waesche, of Mechanicstown; Treasurer, Thomas E. Reese, of Cranberry; Critic, Harry G. Watson, of Centreville; Chaplain, William McA. Lease, of Mount Pleasant; Librarian, William E. Englar, of Wakefield; Mineralogist, G. E. Hausman, of Baltimore; Executive Committee, John H. Baker, of Buckeystown, John F. Harper, of Centreville and William I. Mace, of Church Creek.

President Lewis has been appointed one of the ministerial delegates to the General Conference of the M. P. Church, which meets at Adrian, Michigan, on the 18th of May.

The Seniors have all selected their subjects for Commencement day. Their final examinations will be over about the middle of this month and they can then concentrate their energies on the preparation of orations and essays for graduation.

The Hon. Milton G. Urner, of Frederick, has been elected by the Literary Societies of the College to deliver the Annual Oration on Wednesday night of Commencement week, June 13th, and we take pleasure in announcing that he has accepted the appointment. It may be a matter of interest, in this connection, to give a list of those who have preceded Mr. Urner as Orators before the Societies. In '68, the speaker was James Frame, Esq.; in '69, Rev. L. W. Bates, D. D.; in '70, John G. Saxe, the poet; in '71, Rev. James W. Reese, A. M., Ph. D.; in '72, Rev. S. B. Southerland, D. D.; in '74, Professor Reese; in '75, Edward W. Bates, Esq.; in '76, Hon. Charles W. Button, of Virginia; in '77, Thomas Henderson, A. M.; in '79, Hon. John V. L. Findlay; in '80, Rev. S. V. Leech, D. D.; in '81, Hon. Henry

W. Hoffman, in '82, Major John J. Yellott; in '83, Col. Henry Page; in '84, Hon. Lewis H. Steiner, M. D.; in '85, General Bradley T. Johnson; in '86, Gen. Joseph B. Seth; in '87, Col. H. Kyd Douglas.

The Irving Society had the honor of greeting its friends and ex-actives, recently, on the occasion of its twenty-first anniversary. The society is in good condition, and its regular meetings are always made interesting and instructive by spirited debates, readings, and talks on some noted man or national issue. Many additions have been made to the library of late, and the old members who participate in their re-union, next June, will find many improvements, in the way of beauty and comfort, in Irving Hall.

One of the Juniors, the other day, let his intelligent glance fall on the title page of the big Biblia Polyglotta, in the President's room, and exclaimed: "Well, if here ain't a Polygamy Bible! I never heard of such a thing before!"

One of our Freshman is a P. H. D. Can any other College beat that?

"It" says E——, "must come to all some time." Tell us, E——, what *it* is?

P——, of the Freshman class, says Harvey invented the circulation of the blood.

Prof. of Latin: "Mr. Wh——, what is the metre of the 12th ode of Horace?" Mr. Wh——: "Graphic and Sardonic, Sir." Silence.

A senior, after shining his shoes, brushing his best coat, waxing his mustache and crimping his hair, was asked where he was going. The reply was, "Down to Zepp's store." No doubt, but where else?

Ch—— says he doesn't relish apples dried in an incubator. Perhaps he would like them hatched.

Our Spring poet tunes his lyre and breaks forth into the following impassioned strain—on our patience:

"Come, thou pleasing Spring,
And lovely birds to sing
Your songs of melody.
Base-ball, come, we pray,
To give us sport, each day,
Before the Spring shall flee."

Oh! those gay and festive Juniors! At it again. Wh——
"Boys, don't you think I resemble Homer somewhat?" Le——:
"Yes, you do look a little *odd*, I see."

The meetings of the Webster Society, during the past month, have been made unusually attractive by the thorough discussion of many important questions. The members were pleased to see some of their Stockton friends present on several occasions. Every month a member is elected to deliver an oration before the society. The last one was delivered by Philip H. Dorsey. Another member has been added to the roll. The executive committee is busily engaged in preparing for Commencement week, when all ex-actives will be cordially welcomed, especially at the annual re-union.

One of our budding bards says on "The Effect of Spring:"
Now, when the class bell rings, you know,
The Freshies on a run do go,
The Sophs, they walk, and the Juniors crawl,
The Seniors, often, don't go at all.

The Sophomores have been on their surveying tour. By the aid of Prof. McDaniel they carefully surveyed that portion of the field back of the college which is to be appropriated to base ball, and found it to contain nearly two and-a-half acres.

Fresh: "Say, what is a function?" Junior: "It is the work of an organ." Fresh: "Well, what do you call the work of a piano?"

The proposed record of athletic sports, which it was intended to publish in this issue, is necessarily delayed on account of matter to fill it.

"The Tennis Club of W. M. C.," is the latest organization at the College. The following is the list of officers: President, Prof. McDaniel; Vice-President, Miss Dollie Whittington; Treasurer, Miss Carrie Mourer, and the Executive Committee, consisting of the above named officers and Misses Laura Taylor, Lorena Hill, Gertie Beeks and Nannie Heyde. A court has been layed off at the east end of Smith Hall and a new set of tennis is now in constant use. Many of the young ladies are very skillful with the racquet and bid fair to become expert players.

Five essays have been handed to the Editor-in-Chief of the MONTHLY in competition for the Weigand gold medal. The committee selected by the Faculty to decide on their merits and make the award consists of Dr. J. W. Hering, A. M., and School Examiner James A. Diffenbaugh. Their decision will be rendered in time to ensure the publication of the prize essay in the June number. If it should not be convenient to print the second best essay in the same number, it will appear in the MONTHLY for July. But, if possible, both will find a place in our next issue.

Rev. J. M. Holmes, of Oxford, has been chosen by the Y. M. C. A. to deliver the sermon on Sunday night of Commencement week, and has accepted the appointment.

A certain Freshman shows an unnatural desire to know what the ladies will have to pay for their contest invitations. Can any of the committee inform him? Don't make it too high, as money is scarce just now.

The following, we understand, has been adopted as the College hurrah:

Rah, rah, rah. Rah, rah, ree;
Hip, hip, hurrah for W. M. C.

Irving Literary Society has arranged a series of six debates, readings and recitations, to occupy the time until Commencement. The subjects to be debated and studied are history, art, English writers, science, American writers and politics, and in the order named. Either a master or masterpiece in each department will be discussed, and readings and recitations will be employed for the purposes of illustration. It is hoped by thus systematizing the work, and having each Friday's program laid out, more ground can be traversed, and the subjects studied to better advantage.

Daniel Baker, Sr., a prominent citizen of Buckeystown district, Frederick county, died at his residence on the 25th of April, in the 77th year of his age. Mr. Baker was the grandfather of John H. Baker, '90. The death of the grandmother, which occurred March 18th, was announced in our last number.

The St. Nicholas Society had an election of officers on the 27th of April. The new functionaries are Charles Clarence Billingslea, President; Paul Reese, Vice-President; Miriam Lewis, Secretary, and James Alexander Bond, Treasurer.

The Websters have received their badges. The present design is the same as the old one, which was adopted by the Society in May, 1878, except that it is a little smaller. The badge is a black enameled cross, one inch and a quarter in length, with gold border and back. A fine gold chain, about three inches in length, connects the badge with a shield of similar material, upon which the letter W is inlaid with gold. Upon the upper projection of the cross is the word *Adhuc*; below this is a little star; on the left projection is a hand holding a lighted torch; on the right is an open book; on the lower extremity is a quill pen, and in the centre is the word *VIVO*. All of these ornaments are inlaid in the enamel with gold. The committee, consisting of Messrs. J. B. Whaley, T. E. Reese and L. A. Chiswell, deserve

much credit for procuring such a beautiful and admired design.

Bennett has been quite sick—for one of our boys—but is well now. There is wonderful efficacy in a good "vomick."

Rev. J. M. Holmes, of Oxford, has presented the library with two large boxes of books, among which is a set of Rees' Cyclopediæ, in forty-two volumes. Next!

Jonathan Parson, Esq., of Halifax, Nova Scotia, delivered a very entertaining address on Temperance, before the students, on the 23d of April. With reminiscences of his college days and a word, now and then, about the Sons of Temperance, he kept his youthful audience in a pleasant frame of mind for about three quarters of an hour.

Professor James A. Diffenbaugh began his course of lectures on Pedagogics, Thursday April 12th. The introductory lecture treated in a thorough way of the art of teaching as practised among the ancients, and closed with a glowing and appreciative eulogy on Pestalozzi. The second lecture was delivered on the 26th and was devoted to the mission of the teacher. These lectures show not only the well known ability of Mr. Diffenbaugh, but they evince the most careful and pains taking preparation.

On the 19th of April, Dr. J. W. Hering, A. M., delivered the first of a course of lectures to the Sophomore class on Anatomy and Physiology. The second followed on the 26th. The Doctor will lecture every Thursday, at 1 P. M., until the close of school. He is remarkably gifted with the ability to impart instruction in a clear and entertaining style.

Professor Reese conducted the morning service and preached at St. Thomas' Church, near Owing's Mills, Baltimore county, on Sunday morning, April 29th. In the afternoon, he preached at McDonogh School.

The latest additions to the Preparatory Department are John Edmond Dehoff, of Union Bridge, and Henry Luther Mackinson, of Glenville. The roll of the Primarians is increased by the names of Irene Elizabeth Woodward, Josie Edna Stitely and Zola Clarissa Keen, all of Westminster. The entrance of these new students make the number enrolled, for the present year, one hundred and sixty-four. The largest number ever reached before this was in 1874, when the catalogue contained one hundred and forty-one names.

We mentioned, in our last, that Miss Rinehart had taken photographic views of the dining hall and the library. Since then she has succeeded in getting good pictures of the scientific room, the art room, the calisthenic hall and the primary room. The attempt to make a picture of Smith Hall interior, during the exercises on Friday afternoon, March 23d, was a failure. If Robey had kept his head still, the result might have been different, but the Sun couldn't stand the rivalry of another luminary conspicuously bobbing about and so the plate was spoiled.

SEMINARY ITEMS.

The Seminary received from Rev. L. L. Albright, Japan, a picture of the M. P. Mission in Yokohama, also two others of the buildings in Nagoya. The former is 12x25 the latter 16x18. They are to be hung in Stockton Hall. We would add that scattered around these buildings are several Japs with the missionaries in charge.

A day or so before Easter the students began to depart and soon only two were left. Some spent a short while at their homes, others at the session of the M. P. Annual Conference which was being held in Baltimore City. We had the privilege, while there, of shaking hands with several who had trodden the path we are now walking; also the hands of aged ministers whom we had known in our childhood. Students returned within a week.

Revs. Elmer Simpson, E. H. Van Dyke, J. F. Wooden, S.

C. Ohrum, B. P. Truitt and Mr. M. L. Sterling comprise our visitors this month.

T. E. Davis preached at M. P. Church, this city, on the 18th instant.

G. W. Haddaway has been appointed as assistant pastor, East Baltimore charge. T. E. Davis to Barren Creek Springs. We notice that all of the ex-students received excellent appointments.

Final examination beginning on 23rd of April, caused us to make an extra effort previous to that date.

It has been decided to enlarge the Seminary by joining another building to the West end forming an L. Its size we have not learned.

Owing to the fact that Prof. Warfield has too much upon him in teaching Hebrew, Greek and Ecclesiastical History it has been determined to secure another teacher to assist him.

By request, the President of the N. Y. M. P. Conference has appointed Jas. Cody to take charge of the appointment at Cos. Cob, N. Y.

Coincidences will happen. Strange isn't it? But it so happened that the same evening on which the Juniors of the College gave their Seniors a reception, Saturday, the 21st, the Juniors of the Seminary also tendered their Seniors, T. E. Davis and G. W. Haddaway, a modest reception, such as young men are able to superintend. Of course we were not so fortunate as to have the much needed advice and valuable assistance of young ladies as did our College friends; consequently, our attempt did not quite measure up to the standard. Yet, it was a success so far as the *Menu* (which, from modesty, we will not publish) was concerned. No toasts were proposed. Our Seniors were much pleased.

W. S. P.

It is our privilege to hear from L. L. Albright monthly. Everytime we are informed of souls asking for admission into the Mission at Nagoya, and some desiring baptism. A Buddhist priest attended the services recently and manifested much interest. Success seems to be crowning his labors in foreign land in "winning souls for Christ."

STOCKTON.

EXCHANGES.

The *College Message* is conducted by the young ladies of Greensboro Female College, N. C., and very well conducted too. The March number contains a vigorous editorial on the evils of the forcing system in education as applied to girls. "A girl," says the writer, "is expected to complete her college course at about the age when a boy enters upon his, with the advantage of several years more of physical development and verbal training. Thus handicapped at the start, what wonder if the women fall by the wayside, victims of "nervous prostration," leaving "the race to the strong;" or that mankind should deery co-education and hug the fallacy of the superiority of the masculine intellect."

The *Nassau Literary Magazine*, of Princeton, sustains, in the number for March, its well established character as a purely literary college journal. The "Lit" is, with probably one exception, the oldest publication of the kind in this country, having been founded by the class of 1842. It gives our Editor-in-Chief especial pleasure to find it among the Exchanges of the MONTHLY as, in his undergraduate days, he had the honor of serving as one of its editors.

The *College World*, of Adrian, Michigan, differs from most of its contemporaries in being issued semi-monthly. The "Personal" and "College Organizations" columns are always full and newsy, and there seems to be no difficulty in securing original contributions from the students.

The *Binghamite*, for February, devotes two pages to Exchanges and seems to entertain sound views on this department of academic journalism. Its locals are numerous and bright.

Political questions receive more attention than is usual with school magazines in the pages of *The Washburn Argo*, which is the more remarkable as the College which it represents admits both sexes, and two of the associate editors are young ladies. The March issue contains a sound and timely lecture by L. A. Stebbins, of the Kansas State University on the evils of blind Partisanship.

Among the many good things to be found in the February number of *The N. C. University Magazine* are "Old Times in Chapel Hill" and the "Biographical Sketches." The editors favor the same studies for women as for men, but are doubtful as to co-education.

We always look for something good in *The Oak Leaf* and are never disappointed. The editors, in the March number, have the courage and the wisdom to protest against sectionalism in Commencement and Exhibition speeches. "The sooner" they say "we turn from section to nation in our patriotism and patriotic orations, the sooner will our common country become one, indeed and in truth."

FRIDAY AFTERNOONS.

LECTURE AND ESSAYS.

The first half of the hour on the 6th of April was occupied with a lecture on "Primary Education" by the Principal of the Preparatory Department. This was Mr. Schaeffer's debut as a lecturer before the school, and his "boys," accordingly, gave him a rousing reception. He entertained and instructed his audience with the paper which we have the pleasure of presenting to our readers in this number of the MONTHLY. At the close of the lecture an agreeable interlude was furnished by a piano duet performed by Professor Rinehart and Miss Maggie Stem—*Valse Brillante*. Then followed two essays by the resident graduate students, Misses L. Lorena Hill and Carrie L. Mourer, the former treating of "Faces," their variety and significance, the latter of "Trifles" and their importance.

LITERARY RECITAL.

The exercises of April 13th consisted of selections recited from memory by members of the Sophomore and Freshman classes. As will be seen from the program which follows, the humorous largely predominated and the hour was rather a merry one:

Pardon Complete.....	Minerva E. Utz.
Battle of Beal au Duine.....	George I. Barwick
The Planting of the Apple Tree.....	Mary J. Fisher
The Irrepressible.....	Charles P. Merrick
Piano Solo—Storm at Sea.....	Ida F. Underhill
The Surgeon's Tale.....	Edith Stevens
Agricultural Address.....	George E. Waesche
Aunt Tabitha.....	Ida F. Underhill
The Lost Dog.....	Kennedy Robey
Vocal Chorus.....	"In the Star-light"
	Edith Stevens and Nanny Heyde.

Two Rabbis.....	Clara V. Underhill
The Cross-Eyed Lovers.....	Benjamin W. Woolford
A Night of Terror.....	Hilda Stem
Winning a Widow.....	Anna McF. Thompson

MUSICAL RECITAL.

By some necessary change in the program of the Friday Afternoon exercises, the Musical Recital for April came off on the third Friday, the 20th ultimo, instead of the second Friday as usual. The first piece was a very pretty Waltz Duett, with Prof. Rinehart playing the primo and Miss Lizzie Caulk, the secundo. Miss Edith Stevens followed, with Bischoff's popular and sweet little song, *Marguerite*. The next number was two selections played by Prof. Rinehart, the first "Seranata," by Moskowski, and the second, "By Moonlight," from Bendel. This last, a masterpiece of descriptive music, lost none of its beauty, but was even

enhanced by the Professors interpretation. Miss Lena Gore then gave a piece entitled "Daddy," by Behrend, after which came Ketterer's sparkling Galop, "Bonte-en-Train," arranged as a duett and performed by Prof. Rinehart and Miss Cora Sellman. The recital closed with two songs by Mrs. Carnes, "Take me Jamie Dear!" and a selection from the Hay Makers, both of which it was a very great pleasure to listen to. The Department of Music is to be congratulated on another very successful performance.

LITERARY RECITAL.

The Sophomores and Freshmen occupied the stage and the attention of the rest of the school on the 27th of April. The rendition of the pieces was, generally speaking, very good and, what is always a matter for encouragement and congratulation, showed an improvement on the previous efforts of the same performers. The program, which we give, was a very interesting one:

The Lost Watch.....	Imogene Caulk
Lecture on Patent Medicines.....	Lawrence A. Chiswell
The Knight's Toast.....	Ida F. Underhill
A London Bee Story.....	Hannah McL. Blandford
Piano Duett; Military Galop.....	Prof. Rinehart and Miss Mills
Dispute of the Seven Days.....	Lena E. Gore
Confessions of a Bashful Man.....	Grafton E. Day
The Tale of a Tramp.....	Georgie E. Franklin
Defence of Hofer.....	George W. Ward
Chorus.....	Spring Time Has Come
Misses Wallis, M. Shriver, Heyde, Mather, Walmsley, H. Stem	
The Light-keeper's Daughter.....	Ada C. Mather
Frozen Words.....	Albert S. Crockett
Mrs. Caudle on Shirt Buttons.....	Iva Lowe
On the Shoals of Tennessee.....	Chester N. Ames

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Can you tell me the real names of the bearers of the following literary pseudonyms: 1. Max Adeler. 2. Zadkiel. 3. Max O'Rell. 4. Lewis Carroll. 5. Vernon Lee. 6. Ouida. 7. John Strange Winter. 8. F. Anstey. 9. Carmen Sylva. 10. Hesba Stretton. 11. Cuthbert Bede. 12. G. Fleming?

ALUMNA.

1. C. Heber Clark. 2. Lieut. R. J. Morrison. 3. Paul Blouet. 4. Rev. C. L. Dodgson. 5. Violet Paget. 6. Louisa de la Ramee. 7. Mrs. H. E. V. Stannard. 8. F. Anstey Guthrie. 9. Queen Elizabeth of Roumania. 10. Sarah Smith. 11. Edward Bradley. 12. Julia Fletcher.

The expression: "*Clarum et venerabile nomen*:" is often used, but I cannot find the origin of it. Will you please direct me to the author or work in which it is first used? II.

It occurs in the ninth book of Lucan's *Pharsalia* and is applied to Pompey in the splendid eulogy pronounced upon him by Cato.

Can you tell me the origin of the phrase, "Like pouring oil on troubled waters?" L. A. O.

The idea, if not the exact words, is very old. The effect of oil on stormy waters is mentioned by Pliny in his *Historia Naturalis*, book 11, 106., where he says "Omne mare oleo tranquillari." No 12 of the "Natural Questions" of Plutarch is headed, "When the sea is sprinkled over with oil, why does it become calm?" A writer in the *Nation* for January 27, 1887, is inclined to think that a story told by the venerable Bede in his *Ecclesiastical History* is the earliest historical ground of our phrase concerning storm-soothing oil. His words, in the quaint old version, are these, *verbatim et literatim*: "A certain priest, when he was sent into Kent, A. D. 651, to fetch King Edwin's daughter to be married to King Oswin, went to Bishop Aida beseeching his prayers, etc. The Bishop blessing them, and committing them to the goodness of God, gave them also hallowed oil, saying, 'I know that when you shall have shipping, a tempest shall rise upon you sodirly (*sic*). But remember that you cast into the sea this oyle that I give you,' etc. All these things were fulfilled. Truly at the beginning of the tempest, when the waves and surges did chiefly rage, the shipmen essayed to cast ancor, but all in vaine. For the whaves multiplied so faste that nothing but present death was looked for. In this distress, the priest, at the length, remembering the bishop's words, took the oyle-pot and did cast of the oyle into the sea; which being done, the sea calmed, and the ship passed on with a most prosperous voyage. No common reporter of uncertain rumors, (Bede adds) but a priest of our church, Cynimund by name, showed me the process of this miracle."

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Western Maryland College Monthly.

PROF. JAMES W. REESE, A. M., Ph. D.,

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To issue the last number of the volume at the usual time, the first of July, would be to present the readers of the MONTHLY with an account of the exercises of Commencement week a fortnight after their occurrence. It has, therefore, been deemed advisable to consolidate the June and July issues, and to insert in the double number an account of all that transpires up to the closing of the school. It is intended that the paper shall be in the hands of subscribers a very few hours after the valedictorian of '88 has made his parting bow. The effort involved will tax the energies of editors and publishers to the utmost, but it is so desirable that the journalistic and academic years should close at the same time that no pains will be spared to bring about this result.

Senior Final Examination began on Tuesday, the 15th of May, and continued throughout the week. The announcement of Commencement honors was made at the close of the Friday Afternoon exercises on the 18th. Caroline W. Phœbus, of Princess Anne, and Edward C. Wimbrough, of Snow Hill, were declared the Valedictorians of the class; E. May Wallis, of Bell Buckle, Tenn., was awarded the Salutatory; to Arinthia Whittington, of Crisfield, was assigned the Essay, and to James McD. Radford, of Jersey, Ga., the Oration. The graduating class is small as compared with its predecessor of '87, which numbered seventeen members, but it will be greatly missed. It is made up of good students and active society workers, and every movement for the advancement of College interests enlisted their heartiest co-operation. We earnestly wish for them, one and all, the success in life of which their academic career gives promise, and which it has, doubtless, done much to insure.

Apropos of Commencement, the question has often been asked why this word should be applied to ceremonies which mark the close of the College year. So satisfactory and instructive an answer to this question is given in the June number of the Atlantic Monthly that we cannot refrain from transferring it to our columns. The reader will find it under the heading "Commencement Day: a bit of word history."

Five essays were entered in competition for the Weigand gold medal. By the terms of Mr. Weigand's offer the writer of the best essay on "The Most Effectual Methods for Suppressing Intemperance" was to receive a gold medal; the writer of the next to the best was to receive honorable mention, and both essays were to be published in the MONTHLY. By the award of the committee, to whom the delicate duty of making the decision was assigned, and who were in total ignorance as to the writers of the papers submitted to their judgment, the first prize goes to Levin Irving Pollitt, '89, of Salisbury, and the second to Francis Neal Parke, '91, of Westminster. Mr. Pollitt's essay appears in this number of the MONTHLY; Mr. Parke's will be published in the next issue.

Professor McDaniel's "Club Swinging by Note," which has just been published, presents an admirable and novel method of teaching classes to swing a series of movements in unison and to a musical accompaniment. The first requisite to a successful method of teaching the movements was some way of writing them down so intelligible and easy that one could read, and from the reading reproduce the movements therein described. Prof. McDaniel's method accomplishes this in a most satisfactory way. Using the principle involved in writing instrumental music, certain swings are regarded as notes—whence the name of the method—and certain signs are used to represent them, just as in the case of musical notes. When these signs are written in a proper succession, one may read and swing them and produce the movements represented, just as one would read and play a succession of musical notes and produce the tune represented. As the author is a mathematician, it is not surprising that the signs in this method are numbers. These are chosen in such a way that very interesting results follow. A swing is completely determined from the character of the number which represents it, while the relation of these numbers makes them easily memorized, and gives great facility in making up new movements. As a result of the use of the method, a class can swing, at sight, from a blackboard placed in front of them, a series that otherwise it would take months to learn. While in all schools where light gymnastics are used clubs are acknowledged to be both the most useful apparatus and to afford the most fascinating exercise, they are but little used, owing to the difficulty in teaching the movements. By the use of "Club Swinging by Note" this difficulty is overcome, and the movements are made easy of comprehension and mastery.

A GEOLOGICAL EXCURSION.

The day never dawned upon a fairer scene than that presented by Mother Earth on Saturday the 5th of May. With face newly washed and crowned with Springtides brightest hues, with the gentle zephyrs playing amid her greening trees and the blue birds and robins piping joyously in their sylvan wilds, the voice of Nature was heard calling, calling to her children so sweetly and so irresistibly, that to obey the call and visit her haunts was but to attain a fair degree of elysian happiness.

To those whose minds would brook no mirth inconsistent with the dignity and awful supremacy of the position of Seniors, a trip to the woods must have a greater end than that of mere pleasure seeking; the mental powers must be stimulated and acquire by some scientific investigations a larger stock of practical knowledge. Thoroughly convinced of the sincerity of their motives and strongly endeavoring to repress all ebullitions of indolent mirth under a gravity befitting their station, the Seniors under the care and instruction of Prof. Simpson planned and carried out a geological excursion which, as a matter of success both from a scientific and pleasure seeking standpoint, has not been excelled in the history of the College.

Armed with all the accoutrements for such a trip and presenting a very formidable appearance with hammer, picks, baskets for specimens, acids and book on mineralogy, the enormous lunch basket did not at all detract from the dignity of the scene, as the provision wagon must always accompany the bravest band of heroes.

Patapsco, a most beautiful and picturesque spot on the W. M. R. R., was their destination, and a place finer for the examination of the rocks of the Azoic Age could not well be found. The deep cuts through which the railroad passes afford a fine view of dips and folds of the strata, while the high hills abound in gigantic rock formations which have resisted the action of ages unnumbered. The rock though inclined to be metamorphic still preserves the strata well defined, while joints and clefts are prevalent. Of course no fossils were found as the rocks, though of sedimentary origin, were formed in the oldest age when no life existed.

A sparkling stream wound around the base of the hill and lent its music to the ever tuneful voice of Springtime. Rural homesteads clustered in the pleasant vales and noisy mills were turned by the waters of the kindly stream, while one freak of Nature in her attempt at originality of design is worthy of description on account of its magnificent success. Pursuing the course of the stream back towards Carrollton, the eye of the observer is caught by what might be supposed to be a stupendous example of Titanic masonry. From the bank of the gentle stream rising sheer to the height of 40 feet was the solid front of grayish rock. Sturdy oaks and slender saplings alike found root in its terraced sides, while a wilderness of undergrowth skirted the stream below and outlined the summit against the sky's ethereal blue; delicate ferns and dainty pink columbines fringed the massive grey stone and these bright festoons, in harmony with the more sombre yet not less beautiful background, formed a scene of indescribable loveliness.

Is it surprising that, surrounded by such subtle influences as Nature uses to delight the eye and stir the heart of youth, our party soon laid aside all assumed sobriety and revelled in the intoxicating pleasures of a happy day with Nature?

No, you must be a cynic indeed if you do not believe that some of the best lessons are taught by Nature and that her appeal to your better nature is better than a dozen text books. Unhappy the man who does not appreciate her!

Continued exercise in walking, climbing, and breaking rocks, soon appealed to the inner man, also, and there were found six fine specimens of *appetite* as a result of the expedition and now the heroes, under the shadow of the mighty rock, made desperate havoc in the lunch basket. Here the specimens were examined and named; startling formulas were applied to them and after a rest of an hour the party wended its way to Carrollton. Here a mill pond with a bateau upon it formed a greater attraction than the surrounding rocks, and rowing was the order of the day. But muscles already wearied could not sustain a longer strain, so the party soon found itself engaged in the pleasant pastime of gathering flowers with as much assiduity as they had previously

collected stones. This was not wearisome—who ever heard of gathering flowers being tiresome!

It must greatly interest scientists to know that on this memorable excursion "the missing link" needed in Darwin's chain of evidence as to the origin of the human species was discovered. (Apply to the class for further information.) This is but the initial excursion of many yet to be made by succeeding classes, and Prof. Simpson is entitled to our hearty thanks for the great interest he has manifested in our endeavors to acquire knowledge in Physics and especially for his kindness on this occasion. LORENA HILL.

"THE MOST EFFECTIVE MEASURES FOR SUPPRESSING INTemperance."

Fifty years ago it was almost a fashion to indulge in spirituous drinks, and it was considered a breach of etiquette to refuse the wine offered you at a host's table or a personal affront to a friend not to accept the proffered glass. But time has had a modifying influence upon men's ideas and in nothing have they changed so materially as in respect to intoxicating liquors. To-day whiskey is considered evil and only evil in its tendencies and influence. With this fact established and its truth conceded, the temperance question becomes a theme that demands the most careful consideration on the part of thinking men.

The temperance question is no longer a thing of the future, but such is the advance which prohibition has been making for the last few years that it has forced a recognition from our ablest statesmen and has established its claim to be classed among the living issues of the day. Having grown into such importance, and its claim to consideration becoming more just every day, we would naturally ask ourselves the question, "What are the most effective measures for suppressing intemperance?" And in answer to the question, we say that the best and only effective way and the only one that can insure any permanency in its results is to be found through the medium of legislation aided by the church, its powerful and necessary auxiliary. Law is the only agent by which the absolute expulsion of intoxicants can be secured, and, consequently, the only effectual check to intemperance. The inebriate becomes deaf to moral suasion, and the man who has lost all control of will, who has given way to appetite and passion without restraint, under the dominion of his own intemperate desires, who has become incapable of self-government, lost to all nobleness, all virtue, all self-respect, must have something more powerful and influential to revolutionize his nature and propensities than reproving or persuasive words, and that something can only be law. Neither the saloon keeper, whose god is gain, nor his patrons, will ever respect the privileges of society or the rights of humanity so long as the selling of whiskey is recognized as a legitimate business and drinking it is not forbidden by law.

The legislative assemblies of a country are vested with authority to enact any law that looks to the public interest and welfare, and to the correction of any abuse that may be an evil to society or a detriment to the interests and prosperity of a people; and it is incumbent upon them to enact such laws. Is intemperance an evil to society? and is the free sale and use of liquor antagonistic to national welfare? Intemperance is the foundation of by far the greater part of the corruption that to-day exists in society. It enters the household and destroys domestic happiness and tranquility. It is making heartbroken wives and wailing children. It is producing poverty, it is filling prisons with criminals. Then we answer most emphatically that intemperance is an evil to society. Is the licensed sale and use of intoxicants in conformity with a nation's interests? Manifestly not. Whatever is an evil to society is hurtful to a country's prosperity. Furthermore: liquor is bribing the voter by holding the cup of drunkenness to his lips; it is influencing our legislators in the making of laws; it

it is corrupting the bench; and it is even invading the precincts of the sanctuary.

But why is anything prohibited by law? A thing is prohibited by law on account of its evil effects upon society. Then intemperance has a preeminent claim upon the attention of our law makers, and it behooves them as representatives of the people and guardians of the common weal to enact laws to stamp it out. But the whiskey advocates may say that prohibition is unlawful, because it is an infringement upon personal rights and liberties. We ask what are personal rights and liberties if not the securing of personal safety, and is personal safety not continually being placed in jeopardy by intemperance? Do personal rights consist in that which is evil to society? Are one's personal rights assured by allowing that which will destroy nations? Are there any personal rights in anything not in accordance with the will of God?

If whiskey's influence is evil, why have our legislative bodies not recognized the fact and acted accordingly? It is because each of the two great parties now in existence has refused to incorporate prohibition in its platforms from fear of defeat. Then a third party is needed through which legislation shall deal with intemperance. This party is needed first, because political parties exist to advocate, or represent, political principles. Secondly, because political questions which involve great and opposite interests, and which, being under consideration, are hotly contested, are seldom, if ever, settled without party representation and support. But there are many prohibitionists in each party; then why does the third party not increase more rapidly in numbers? It is because men consider their affiliations to their party stronger than to their God, to liberty, and to justice. And when the church, on which the duty devolves, has thoroughly convinced men of their moral obligations, they will vote to promote their interests, to secure their liberties, to insure justice, equity, and right.

How can this age, with all its lights and amazing responsibilities, longer debate and wrangle over so obvious a fact as that intemperance is one of the most hurtful and abominable of all the degrading influences ravaging society and that this influence must be extinguished. It is bad enough in all conscience to stand by and witness the wrecks of honor, talents, and domestic happiness, that it is strewing all over the land; but when we witness the fact that this base power is invading the precincts of the elective franchise, that it is aspiring to make and unmake laws and set up and pull down the men who are to enforce the laws, it behooves every one of us pretending to a love of his race or his country to see to it that the menace of this great evil shall be tolerated no longer.

L. IRVING POLLITT, '89.

THE PEABODY INSTITUTE THROUGH COUNTRY SPECTACLES.

They said the Gallery of Fine Arts was open to the public, and I went in one day with an umbrella, while the odor of pumpkin vines and a tinge of their blossoms still clung to my hair. Inside a railing sat two females clothed in blackness, who eyed me with suspicion. It was their duty and for doing it they were paid a round salary, but I didn't like it. By and by, in a sort of pantomime, they demanded my umbrella, and while one tied it to a kind of brass plaque, the other came with a similar plaque toward me. But I began to protest. I told her I never wore jewelry of any kind, and especially disliked the sort made of brass; moreover, if I did wear it, I would not select that design, and before I would be tied to a breast plate like that I would refuse to look at the fine, or any other kind of arts in that building. Not heeding this threat in the least, she put the thing in my hand, and intimated by another pantomime that I might go somewhere, that I needn't stay there, that she washed her hands of me. Over every thing, including the females, hung a stillness akin to that darkness of Egypt, cutable with knives; and when I began to go

"some where," I kept my heels in the air and got pretty stiff till I found the fine arts. These were several empty frames leaning interestingly against the wall with cobwebs and dust arranged about them in a gay and festive manner. There was a painting, too, of red drapery with a woman standing on it, the woman had two curls. Presently, through an open door, I saw another room, so I went in there and found all the Gods that used to live on Olympus and eat ambrosia and wear their overskirts looped up on one shoulder. Here was an opportunity! I grasped it by the forelock and began to store sculptured knowledge in my verdant brain, and draw morals over the heads of plasterized Romans. Just as I began to enjoy myself and wonder what kind of paper Nero put up his bangs in and where Apollo carried his pocket-handkerchief, I had a feeling that some where near me were muffled footsteps and soft breathing. As I was the only public there, I felt an uncanny creep down my back. Could the *Dying Gladiator*, emboldened by my insignificance, have stepped down to stretch his limbs? Or was *Bacchus* enjoying fermented grape juice on the sly? I looked at *Niobe*—could she weep in plaster as well as G——e? I turned, and lo! in my wake there came another female clothed in blackness, and like Naomi and Ruth, whither I went, she went. If I paused to study *Jupiter*, she paused to study—not the awful *Jove*—but me. If I hid behind the Fates, she did likewise behind me. So up and down, across and around, through and between, we took our way, each as silent as the grave. Some how I began to feel guilty, like I had robbed a bank or something, and finally I knew I had, and was also a midnight assassin and highway robber. It was too much for one with an hitherto spotless conscience, and when I came near the door I ran for it, but so did the female! and as I rushed wildly toward the hall, six hands clove the air and a trio wail rent my ear, while something black and twisted frightfully menaced me. It was my umbrella. They wanted me to take it. I did—and fled. Afterward I learned that the presence of the meandering female is to prevent one from concealing statuary, pedestals, &c., in the pocket or reticule and thus depart. Now even to this day I can't solve that problem. In vain I said, "Let x minus the Peabody, plus the Casts, plus the pedestal, minus the females equal the pocket, and therefore"—but my mind swung from its hinges, and I went off and ruminated thusly. As a producer of corn-fodder and pumpkins, would I be content to exchange with these females of sad complexion for the sake of their salary and nothing to do but look suspecting and tie brass plaques onto umbrellas day after day? Would the exercise of rising up *without*, and sitting down *with*, an umbrella, prove all sufficient? Would it take the place in scenery of wandering pumpkins and growing corn-fodder? I couldn't answer these questions, because,—well, I didn't know the amount of the salary. TERRE VERTE.

B. B. C's. TRIP TO GETTYSBURG.

Ever since a challenge was received from the base ball club of Pennsylvania College, there has been preparation for the proposed visit. At last, on the 19th ult., the day broke with alarm clocks heralding its approach. Immediately windows were opened, and heads peered forth into the thickening mist. It was four o'clock and the weather was threatening. But as some of our prophets went out on the campus and certified that the wind was from the west, the boys prepared for their trip.

As fifteen lunches and more had been prepared and sent into one of the Ward Hall rooms the night before, the first thing on the program was to light the coal oil stove and boil the coffee. It was an occasion that seldom comes. Some said the coffee was red hot and others drank it. This was a good prelude for a day of pleasure and fun. When half-past four arrived three of Thomson's best hacks were driven forward and stopped at the College building. Everbody was in an uproar. "Have you got the bats?"

"Say, where's my hat?" "What did you do with my gloves?" Such echoes as these sounded through our halls. Although the weather was inclement, yet fifteen of the boys, determined to risk it, seated themselves in the carriages. The procession left at 5 a. m., with hurrahs and the College yell still ringing through the startled air. As it was decided to see what was to be seen, we drove over the Littlestown pike, and the first thing we struck was a toll gate. Toll gates are very inconvenient, especially when you are in a hurry and are broke. It cost us as much for toll as it did for all the other extras together. It rained a little, and the boys' spirits fell. The first village we passed through was Mt. Pleasant, four miles on the way. We saw the "early birds" and their milk cans. The next place reached was Union Mills, where the "skipper" skippereth still. This is the home of the captain of the Union Mills club, and his name was uttered many times by our boys. It was a disappointment not to see him.

The clouds began to break and it looked brighter. The boys were happier. Next we arrived at Silver Run, and were eight miles on the way. Here we saw many curiosities of nature, and also several freaks, but modesty prevents mentioning them. Another toll gate struck us. Soon after passing through this our attention was called to the dividing line between Maryland and Pennsylvania. Littlestown was reached about half-past seven, and all took refreshments, while the captain sent a telegram to the manager of the college club. The scenery became more picturesque as we came in sight of Round Top. It was much higher than the surrounding country, and the nearer we approached this famous peak the more history was poured forth, especially on the *lee* side of the hawks. One peculiarity, which struck the Eastern Shore boys with amazement, was that the barns were as handsome, if not more so, than the dwellings. Stone fences seemed strange, as did all the country to those who were unaccustomed to view rocks and hills. Huge rocks decked the fields, and seemed as if placed there by request by the troops who occupied that portion of the battle region. Soon cannons were noticed scattered around in the open fields, and here and there a monument in memory of some brave hero could be seen. Soon the skirts of Gettysburg were reached. Cannons and monuments became more plentiful as we neared the National Cemetery. We arrived at the College grounds about half-past nine, and were invited into the students' room, which were very neatly kept. Pennsylvania College is larger than ours, and has more students, but there is no place like home. The students were very courteous to our boys, and we all appreciated their kindness. The members of our club were entertained by members of the home team. All enjoyed themselves, especially the captain, as he was entertained by the manager, Mr. McPherson, '89, of Gettysburg, who did all in his power to make us feel at home, and succeeded. He showed the city and all the interesting sites of the battlefield to the captain, and explained the positions of the troops, and gave "in a nut shell" a description of everything. He deserves much credit for the management of the college team.

After the game of ball was over we returned and took tea with the same persons who had accompanied us to dinner. After expressing our thanks for the kind treatment we had received, we started on the return trip. It was then about seven o'clock. We stopped at Tanawaka on the way home and took refreshments. But as all were tired and sleepy, we soon left. No toll gates struck us, although we struck one. We arrived at our College fifteen minutes after eleven—tired, do you think we were? Hurrahs for W. M. C. brought forth several heads from the windows, but the announcement of the score sent them back very quickly.

It was a day of pleasure. We thank our Pennsylvania College friends for their kindness and hospitality. HAGOWA.

Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps is in poor health and is passing the winter at her home in Andover, Mass.

COMMENCEMENT DAY: A BIT OF WORD-HISTORY.

I have often heard the question asked why Commencement Day is so called, both by fellow-students when in college and by intelligent persons outside of college, and hence infer that many of those who take part in the exercises of the day from year to year, and many who are otherwise acquainted with this anniversary, have little idea of the reason for its name. Humorous allusions also appear from time to time in print, the point of which is that *Commencement* must be applied to the *ending* of a collegiate course on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle. The latest pleasantry of this sort which has met my eye was in The Contributors' Club of the February Atlantic, and ran as follows: "Commencement Day (so called, with old-time perversity, because it is the ending of the collegiate career)." Such widespread mystification on this topic seems to warrant putting on record the history of the word. As is usual when the origin of a term is in question, persons addicted to speculative etymology have made various attempts to evolve the desired information from their inner consciencelessness. Thus it has been poetically suggested that Commencement is so called because it is to the young graduate the commencement of practical life. Again, there is a set of worthy partisans, to whom college means only Harvard, who are satisfied with the theory that the term originated when Commencement at that institution was in the fall,—at the commencement of the academic year. But the origin of this word must be sought farther back than the history of even the oldest American university extends, for it was a part of the endowment of college words and customs which the "school at Cambridge" received from England. We must seek it further back, even, than the English universities: in those of Continental Europe, from the oldest of which, that of Paris, it is believed the general system of university honors was borrowed. It appears that the degrees of Master and Doctor are much older than that of Bachelor, and were granted in the early universities to those who had satisfactorily completed the trivium and the quadrivium, and who were consequently deemed competent to teach others. Says Professor Laurie, in his *Rise and Early Constitution of Universities*, "Graduation was, in the mediæval universities, simply the conferring of a qualification and right to teach (or, in the case of medicine, to practice)." The *Encyclopædia Britannica*, article Universities, has the following: "The bachelor, or imperfect graduate, was bound to read, under a master or doctor of his faculty, a course of lectures; and the master, doctor, or perfect graduate was in like manner, after his promotion, obliged to commence (*incipere*), and to continue for a certain period, publicly to teach (*regere*) some, at least, of the subjects pertaining to his faculty." Commencement, then, existed at first for those taking what are now called the higher degrees, and was the time when young men ceased to be pupils, and commenced to teach. The bachelor's degree, marking the end of the trivium, or preparatory course, was first given at Paris; and it seems that the bachelors were required to serve an apprenticeship at teaching, as a part of their preparation for the master's degree. The student having performed the requirements of the trivium, "he was," says Professor Laurie, "named a bachelor by the masters of that subject, and had now the right to wear a round cap, and not only the right, but the obligation, to teach freshmen. He was then said *incipere in artibus*." Hence, even when extended to the graduation of bachelors, Commencement still carried the implication of commencing to teach. The requirement that all graduates should serve as teachers was gradually relaxed, till teaching was made entirely optional, and Commencement came to be, as at present, simply the occasion when degrees of all grades were conferred. In The Universal Pronouncing Dictionary, edited by Thomas Wright, Commencement is defined as "The time when students in colleges

commence bachelors; a day in which degrees are publicly conferred on students who have finished a collegiate education. At Cambridge, the day when masters of art and doctors complete their degrees." The definition given by H. Percy Smith in his Glossary of Terms and Phrases is, "At the University of Cambridge, the day from which all degrees conferred for a year preceding date, and on which they are confirmed by recitation before the congregation of the Senate." The foregoing citations seem sufficient to show that Commencement has always been synonymous with graduation day, and the idea, which has occasionally found expression, that it referred to the entrance of the freshman, occurring at some periods on the same day, is evidently erroneous. This notwithstanding Smart, who defines Commencement as "The first Tuesday in July at Cambridge, on which days degrees being completed, new graduations commence." Obviously it is a preposterous supposition that the day was named with respect to the youngest members of the university, to whom no such deference has ever been paid.

EDUCATION AND MORALS.

Any boy to-day could give Socrates lessons in geology and physics, or could instruct St. Paul in a thousand things of geography and astronomy that he never dreamed of, but he will acquit himself well if he becomes as great as they, with all their lack of modern information. Robertson, of Brighton, speaking of the education of Moses, rightly praises the work of his patron: "Thirty-five hundred years ago an Egyptain princess took a poor man's child and taught it. The result of that education is not over yet. Compare the influence of Pharaoh's daughter with that of Pharaoh himself. He ruled an empire. Pyramids could rise at his bidding. His skeleton is in some pyramid. Nothing else remains. To rule in a single heart, to form and guide a child's mind, is greater than the grandest sway. I say it calmly, the teacher is greater than the king. The king rules without, the teacher within. We must distinguish between education and instruction. Education is to unfold nature: to strengthen good and conquer evil; to give self-help; to make a man. To draw out the affections we must cultivate the heart. To awaken great ideas we must generate the spirit of freedom. The end of education must be to teach us how to live completely, and Moses as well as Lyeurgus must give us laws; David as well as Pindar and Sappho, sing us songs; Job as well as Æschylus, write us tragedies; Paul as well as Plato, give us philosophy, and Luther speak to us of religion; while Goethe discourses on culture. We can not completely secularize education without eliminating from man his heart, soul, conscience, belief, and aspiration. To be only a scientist and nothing more is to be a dwarfed specialist. We want men, many-sided and full-orbed. It is sublime to know—to investigate; to philosophize; to master languages, sciences, arts—but what God and man want to know of business dealer, lawyer, physician mechanic is, is he a man? Has he nobility? Is he honorable, trustworthy, conscientious, magnanimous? We do assuredly need morals taught in primary and higher grades of public schools and should not wait till the senior year of college before "ethics" is studied. We would have sin hated worse than syntax corrupt; loose lives abominated more than loose sentences; a lie avoided more than Latin misconstrued; bad associations feared more than bad grammar; and manslaughter dreaded more than "murdering the king's English." We would have our youth believe that a whole heart is more than a whole number; the formation of character, more than the formation of characters; and putting the proper emphasis on conduct, more than the right Greek accents. We would have them know that the Ten Commandments are as important as the ten digits, honesty as history, purity as physics, chivalry as chemistry. We would teach them that there are other things pure besides pure mathematics; other things right besides right angles;

other things vulgar besides vulgar fractions, other things base besides base lines.

GILBERT.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE.

The teacher, a lesson he taught;
The preacher, a sermon he praught;
The stealer, he stole;
The heeler, he hole;
And the screecher, he awfully sraught.

The long-winded speaker, he spoke;
The poor office-seeker, he soke;
The runner, he ran;
The dunner, he dan;
And the shrieker, he horribly shroke.

The flyer, to Canada flew;
The buyer, on credit he bew;
The doer, he did;
The suer, he sid;
And the liar (a fisherman) lew.

The writer, this nonsense he wrote;
The fighter (an editor) fote;
The swimmer, he swam;
The skimmer, he skam;
And the biter was hungry and bote.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPELT.

If an *S* and an *i* and an *o* and a *u*,
With an *x* at the end spell "*Su*,"
And an *e* and a *y* and an *e* spell "*i*,"
Pray what is a speller to do?
Then if also an *s* and an *i* and a *g* and an *h-e-d*
spell "*cide*,"
There's nothing left for a speller to do
But to go and commit *Siouxe*yesighed.

THE COLLEGE WORLD.

Mr. C. Powell Karr, a graduate of School of Mines, Columbia College, has in preparation a Manual of American Colleges, which proposes to give in classified form all the leading Colleges, Universities, Technical and Professional Schools, their requirements for admission, courses of study, cost of tuition and living expenses; and in a word, a systematic resume of all information needed by parents, guardians and students to enable them to decide intelligently what college or institution of learning it is best to attend. It is to be issued from the press of William T. Comstock, New York.

President W. W. Smith of the Randolph-Macon College, the leading Methodist school in Virginia, is rushing vigorously ahead the work of raising a sufficient endowment for the college. He has secured a hundred thousand dollars for this purpose. There are about fifty more students attending the college the present session than during the last session.

Queen Margaret College is in Glasgow, the only woman's college in Scotland. The college-buildings, which cost \$60,000, were purchased by Mrs. Elder, widow of the well-known Clyde ship-builder, but will not be absolutely conveyed to the trustees of the college till the endowment fund reaches \$100,000.

By the will of the late William Bittinger, of Abbottstown, Adams County, Pa., Pennsylvania College becomes the recipient of \$17,000 and a farm near Mechanicsstown, for which the testator paid \$27,000. The money, according to the provisions of the will, goes to endow the chair of the president of the college.

Yale's new college library building, the gift of S. B. Chittenden.

den, of Brooklyn, will be the largest in the country, and probably the finest. It will cost \$125,000 and be ready for use next fall.

Alonzo Steele, of Grinnell, Iowa, has given \$20,000 to endow the chair of mathematics and natural philosophy of Iowa College, the chair to be called in memory of his daughter, the "Myra Steele" chair.

Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., had an income last year upwards of \$51,000, of which about \$40,000 came from the permanent endowment of \$660,000.

Two scholarships are to be endowed in the Alexandra College at Dublin, Ireland, in memory of the eminent prelate and author, the late Archbishop Richard Chenevix Trench.

Vassar College has conferred the degree of L. L. D. on Mrs. Christine L. Franklin, a Fellow of Johns Hopkins University.

By the will of the late Capt. Leonard Burrage, of North Leominster, Mass., \$20,000 is bequeathed to Olivet College for a library building, which will soon be erected.

The Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania had in its last graduating class, 1888, one student from India, one from Australia, and two of African descent. The last mentioned were the fourth and fifth colored graduates of that institution. By its 489 alumnae there has now been formed a circle of nativity around the world, including Japan, India, Syria, Russia, Germany, Switzerland, Great Britain, and the United States from Maine to Oregon and California.

The attendance upon twenty of the twenty-one universities of the German Empire for the winter semester of 1888 was 26,984 as against 26,922 for the corresponding semester of 1887. The university not included is Wurzburg, which had 1,560 students in 1887. For the semester of 1888 the students were distributed so far as specified as follows: Theology, 5,794; law 5,769; medicine, 6,650; philosophy, 8,725.—*Education.*

FRIDAY AFTERNOONS.

DEBATE.

On the 4th of May the Juniors instead of reading Themes engaged in a spirited Debate. It was on the following Resolution submitted to them for discussion:

"Resolved, That the extravagance of Women costs more than the speculations of men."

John B. Whaley, of Suffolk, Va., opened the debate, on the affirmative side, by presenting a formidable indictment against women for their reckless indifference to economy and their sinful love of finery. John preached the sex quite a sermon which seemed to make some impression—on the boys, for they applauded him heartily. As to the girls, they listened to his invectives in scornful silence and treated his well-meant warnings against extravagance in dress as though they were intended for the inhabitants of the moon. But when Hattie Walmsley, of Baltimore, stepped forward in defence of her maligned sex, the greeting she received from the young ladies was inspiring enough to make a female Harpocrates (if such a being can be imagined) take finger from lip and wax eloquent. Miss Walmsley proceeded, accordingly, to "deny the allegation" and to express her contempt for the "allegator," and resumed her seat followed by a vigorous clapping of feminine hands. As for the young men, they were so crushed by the fair debater that they couldn't (or, at least, didn't) raise the ghost of the echo of an inaudible applause. They didn't mean to be ungallant, but their spirits were too much depressed to permit indulgence in a smile, much less a cheer. Things began to look desperate for the lords of creation, when William M. Weller, of Cumberland, came heroically to the rescue. He dwelt pathetically on the sad fate of the late lamented Brigham Young, of Utah, with his x number of wives, and the expense, for clothing, involved in his much-married condition. The

briny tears shed by Mormon elders over store-bills was quite sufficient, in the speaker's opinion, to account for the existence of a Salt Lake in Utah. The boys brightened up somewhat under the influence of Weller's presentation of the subject and gave vent to their more hopeful anticipations of victory in loud applause as their champion retired—in good order—from the arena. The girls, to all appearances, hadn't heard his speech at all. And now the exciting moment arrived in earnest as Dolly Whittington, of Crisfield, with defiance on her brow and fire in her eye, arose and taking the indictment against her sex tore it into infinitesimal fragments and proceeded to scatter said fragments—metaphorically—all over the stage. She made the point that the "South Sea Bubble" and Wall-street speculations, alone, had caused the loss of more money than had the extravagance of her sex from the creation of the world to the hour 2 of P. M., May 4th, 1888. From the effects of this *blow* the Affirmative were rallied, and the debate was over. The boys retired from the field, mournfully silent; the girls claimed the victory and felt correspondingly exultant. The former, however, say that their silence did not arise from a sense of defeat, but was the silence of dignified superiority, magnanimously refraining from crowing over the vanquished. At all events, they had their usual appetite for dinner.

LITERARY RECITAL.

On the 11th of May the participants in the declamation exercises were Sophomores and Freshmen, and the program was as follows:

Gone with a Handsomer Man..... Chester N. Ames
Mr. Fogg's Story..... Lawrence A. Chiswell
Carcassonne..... John H. Baker
Freedom and Patriotism..... Albert S. Crockett
Vocal Solo—Ave Maria..... Mary E. Harlan
The Cumberland..... Wm. M. Cross
Mrs. McWilliams and the Lightning..... Bartlett B. James
A Word on Woman's Rights..... John F. Harper
Evidence of Mr. O'Brien..... F. Neal Parke
Piano Solo—Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still..... Lizzie Caulk
Antony's Oration (revised) ... Wm. I. Mace
Reply to Mr. Corry..... George E. Waesche
Address to Spain..... George W. Ward
Oration Against Hastings..... Benjamin W. Woolford

MUSICAL RECITAL.

The Department of Music furnished the entertainment for the 18th of May. The performance opened with a piano duet—Goldner's Princess Waltz—by Prof. Rinehart and Edith Stevens. Next came a vocal solo—the *oh mio Fernando* of Donizetti—by Mrs. Carnes, after which Master John Galt executed Schubert's Serenade as a piano solo. Lena Gore and Edith Stevens then gave a vocal duet, "Oh, How Sweet the Hunter's Song," which was followed by the Overture to Suppa's Poet and Peasant, by Prof. Rinehart, on the organ. The *finale* was a chorus, Concione's Fond Hearts, by the class in vocal music.

JOINT ENTERTAINMENT OF '90 AND '91.

This is the heading of the program for the 25th of May. The girls of the Sophomore and Freshman classes got it up, and carried it through in good style. The "Spelling Class" and the Debate were especially enjoyed as the humorous features of the performance. The program will show the variety of good things provided for the entertainment of the audience:

Vocal Chorus..... Expectation
Recitation—"Popping the Question"..... Miss Heyde
Piano Solo—"Voice of the Heart" Miss A. Shriver
Recitation—"Gradatim"..... Miss C. Underhill
Vocal Solo—"Millard's Waltz Song"..... Miss Harlan
Dialogue—The Spelling Class.
Piano Duet—"The Dragon Fighter"..... Misses Mather and Kendall
Recitation—"Charity Grinder"..... Miss Thompson
Vocal Solo—"The Broken Pitcher"..... Miss Heyde
Recitation—"Whitewashing con a more"..... Miss Handy
Piano Solo—"Fra Diavolo"..... Miss Mills
Recitation—"Church Reverie"..... Miss Lowe
Vocal Duet—"Simon and Ruth"..... Misses Heyde and Franklin

Debate—"Does a House Burn Up or Down?" Affirmative—Misses Thompson and Utz. Negative—Misses Money and Beggs.

Committee of Arrangements.—'90. Misses Handy, Mather and Thompson. '91. Misses Heyde, Lowe and Mills.

RECITAL BY PREPARATORIANS.

The girls and boys of the Preparatory Department had the honor of closing the Friday Afternoon exercises for the year on the 1st of June. With commendable spirit and to the enjoyment of their audience, they carried out the following program:

Artie's Amen.....Charles J. Mott
Vacation Song.....John Galt
The Factory Girl's Last Day.....Mariah R. Eader
Only a Letter.....Nannie H. Galt
The City Belle.....Albert D. Gantz
How they pop the question.....Edward Manning
Your Mission.....Lily R. Woodward
Death maketh all Brothers.....Thos. B. Miskimon
Keeping his Word.....Janie B. Thomas
Spartacus (revised).....John E. Dehoff
Yankee vs. Englishman.....John L. Reifsnider
Mike Hooter's Bear Story.....Geo. H. Hausman

The musical features of the entertainment consisted of a vocal duet, "Onward Bonny Boat," by Misses Heyde and Stevens, and a piano duet, *Les Dames de Seville*, by Misses A. Shriver and Whittington.

SEMINARY ITEMS.

The sixth anniversary of the Seminary began on Sunday morning, May 6th, with the preaching of the annual sermon by the president, Dr. J. T. Ward. The Doctor's subject was, "The Grand Theme and the Manner of St. Paul's Preaching." At night, Dr. J. E. T. Ewell, of Baltimore, delivered the sermon before the Missionary Alliance of the Seminary, taking for his text Zechariah 8:23.

On Monday evening the Stockton Society celebrated its fifth anniversary. The program was as follows: Doxology; prayer, by Dr. J. T. Murray; President's Address, T. E. Davis; chorus, by the Society; rehearsal, Evidences of the Divine Existence, James Selby; chorus, by the Society; Anniversary Oration, "An Earnest Man," G. R. Hodge; essay, "Relation of the Sunday School to the Church," J. H. S. Ewell; Quartette, G. R. Hodge, W. S. Phillips, C. W. McAllister and G. A. Ogg; discussion, "Should there be different protestant denominations?" C. K. McCaslin, M. E. Grant, Wm. Anthony, D. E. Day; chorus, by the Society; benediction, Dr. J. E. T. Ewell. J. H. S. Ewell presided at the organ and G. R. Hodge was the cornetist.

On Tuesday evening the regular commencement exercises took place. The graduating class consisted of T. E. Davis, of Pittsville, and G. W. Haddaway, of Baltimore. The subject of Mr. Haddaway's graduating thesis was "Preaching," and that of Mr. Davis's was "Pastoral Work." The opening prayer was offered by Rev. J. D. Kinzer, of Baltimore. After the reading of the theses, President Ward made a short address and presented the graduates with the diplomas of the Seminary. All the exercises were attended by large audiences.

BASE BALL.

The base ball ground which has at last been secured is situated opposite the residence of Mr. Wm. A. Cunningham and contains about two acres. After much toil and trouble the boys laid out the diamond and cleared the outfield of rubbish. Bases were made and everything essential to the game provided. The college boys received a challenge from the Westminsterians and played ball with that club May 5th. The Westminsterians tried their new pitcher Senett and found that he was not a phenomenon. Many errors let in a number of runs, but at times the game was quite exciting. The New Windsor College boys favored us with their

presence and gave us encouragement. The score, by innings, was as follows:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	
Western Maryland College	10	0	4	4	8	0	—26
Westminster.....	4	1	1	7	0	5	—18

Only six innings were played as the college boys had to be home by supper; the game was called in time for their return to the Hill. McCurdy of New Windsor College umpired the game, and Harper was scorer.

May 12th, the New Windsor College B. B. Club, came here to play the last of a series of three games for the scholastic year.

Arriving in the morning, they had ample time to inspect the buildings and grounds, which they did, with the boys as guides. The Gymnasium, Library, Society Halls, and other rooms were visited in turn and they expressed themselves as much pleased with every thing they saw.

At half-past one, dinner was served, the club occupying the first three tables. Immediately after dinner all hurried to the grounds; and after a short practice, the game was called.

The game opened up well, each side being blocked out in the first inning. At the end of the second inning the score stood 4 to 2 in favor of Western Maryland, but at this time, a heavy black cloud was coming up in the west, accompanied by thunder and sharp lightning. The game continued, however, until the latter half of the third inning, when the score was 6 to 4 in favor of New Windsor, and the closeness of the rain made it necessary to call the game. Every one had to run for shelter, the ladies barely reaching the College when the rain came down in torrents.

The rain rendering the completion of the game impossible, the visitors were invited to the Auditorium in Smith Hall, where they were entertained by some impromptu exercises. Prof. Rinehart gave two fine piano solos, and Misses Mills and Whittington a duet. Prof. McDaniel had four of his classes to go through their calisthenic movements; the boys marching and club swinging; the girls wands and the singing; all of which were well executed and applauded. Messrs. Mace and James each gave a humorous recitation. Miss Thompson recited "Lord Lovell" which brought down the house as usual. Miss C. Underhill also gave a very pretty recitation.

After the exercises, Mr. John Ensor, captain of the visiting club, in a very neat speech thanked the President and students for their kindness in so hospitably entertaining them, and assured them the day had been one of enjoyment to all in spite of the interrupted game.

It now being train time, the students accompanied the visitors to the depot, and arrangements were made to complete the game on Thursday 17th.

On Thursday, May 17th, the New Windsor College boys came down and played the game which was stopped by rain the Saturday before. The game was the most interesting played on the grounds thus far, both on account of the many brilliant plays and the closeness of the score. To mention the fine plays of each player would take too much space; some, however, should be noticed. Keller's one-hand catch of a long fly and Mace's playing in left field deserve mention. Watson and Driscoll covered first and second bases well. Woolford's playing at short stop and Robey's catching were as good as could be desired. All of the visiting nine played with their old time vim, for which they are noted. Both pitchers were very effective, Ensor striking out 11 men and Stone 6. The game throughout was close, and was not decided until the last man was put out, as the score shows:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Tl
Western Md. College.....	0	0	0	1	0	3	0	0	3	—7
New Windsor College.....	1	1	0	3	0	0	2	0	1	—8

Umpire—J. F. Harper. Scorer—C. P. Merrick.

The long-expected game with Pennsylvania College came off Saturday, May 19th, at Gettysburg, and resulted in the defeat of our boys. Our club was handicapped by the loss of their catcher.

which in a large degree caused the defeat. The first inning was a disastrous one, but after that our boys settled down to work, and the game was quite interesting. Watson's base running was unusually fine, and his steal of third base in the fourth inning was greatly applauded. Baker's two base hit was the longest ball knocked. Driscoll pitched in his usual good style, being put in the box after the first inning. Score:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Tl
Western Md. College.....	2	0	0	1	1	0	0	2	3	—9
Pennsylvania College.....	12	4	0	0	2	0	1	0	x	—19

Umpire—J. F. Harper. Scorer—C. P. Merrick.
At 3 o'clock on Monday, May 21st, the game between the Union Mills team and the College was called on the College grounds. The home nine was in a somewhat crippled condition, both from the effects of their long ride on Saturday and the absence of their catcher, Driscoll; however, with Robey behind the bat, and Ward and Chiswell from the second nine, the game was played. Few good plays were made and throughout the game was uninteresting, though in the 8th inning a double play was made, which nearly resulted in a triple. Both pitchers were hit hard, and in the 8th inning Weller was put in the box for the College, but was hit hard for six runs. Watson pitched the 9th inning, and the boys were retired without scoring. The College pitcher struck out 8 men and the Union Mills pitcher struck out nine. The score is as follows:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Tl
Union Mills.....	3	0	0	3	1	1	2	6	0	—16
Western Maryland College..	3	0	2	0	0	2	1	0	1	—9

J. F. Harper—umpire. C. P. Merrick—scorer.
On Saturday, 26th, two games were played. In the morning the second nine of the College crossed bats with the second team of Westminster, and defeated them by a score of 18 to 17. The game was interesting and at times exciting, and was not decided until the last inning. The score is as follows:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Tl
Second Nine of College.....	4	0	2	4	2	1	0	2	3	—18
Second Nine of Westminster.....	2	1	1	2	9	0	0	1	1	—17

Umpire—H. G. Watson. Scorer—C. P. Merrick.
In the afternoon the third club of the College played with the "Skids" of this city, and succeeded in defeating them after much labor. Both clubs played well, and the game was unusually long in innings, as not until twelve were played was the game finished. Mott and Manning were the battery for the College. Many errors were made, but, considering the youthfulness of the players, the game was a creditable one. Another feature of the game was the number of umpires. There were three in all, and even the last was "kicked" against. The score by innings is:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Tl
Third Nine of College.....	0	4	3	2	1	0	0	5	0	0	0	0	1—16
"Skids" of Westminster....	2	1	0	1	0	9	0	2	0	0	0	0	—15

Umpires—Woolford, Ward and Chiswell. Scorer—Lawson.
Below will be found the number of games, participated in by the members of the first nine and also the base hits, runs, percentage and errors. The name of Driscoll does not appear since he is not a student, but all the college inmates desire to thank Driscoll for his valuable and kind services. At present he is captain of the Westminster Club.

W. M. College Club	G.	A.	B.	B.	H.	Runs	Percent	Errors
Watson, 1 B.....	6	26	11		17	.423		7
Woolford, S. S.....	7	28	11		15	.393		6
Keller, R. F.....	6	24	9		7	.375		5
Mace, L. F.....	6	27	10		9	.370		0
Cross, 2 B.....	5	22	5		9	.227		4
Robey, C. F. and C.....	6	23	5		6	.217		5
Baker, 3 B.....	6	28	6		11	.214		8
Stone, P. and 2 B.....	7	29	2		8	.069		6

Umpires—Harper, Merrick, McCurdy, Roop, Watson, Ward and Chiswell;

THE ALUMNI.

Louis L. Billingslea, A. M., LL. B., '76, of the Philadelphia office, Northern Pacific R. R. Company, visited his Westminster relatives and friends the first week in May.

James A. Diffenbaugh, A. M., '74, was appointed, May 2d, by Governor Jackson, a member of the State Board of Education, in place of Thomas C. Bruff, formerly of Baltimore county, "*qui abiit, excessit, evasit, erupit.*" Mr. Diffenbaugh attended the twenty-third annual commencement of the State Normal School, in Baltimore, on the 31st of May.

George C. Erb, '86, of Union Mills, will be a member of the next Senior Class in the Theological Department of Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa.

Joshua W. Miles, A. M., '78, was one of the Somerset county delegates to the Maryland State Democratic Convention, which met in Baltimore, May 10th, and made the nominating speech in favor of Col. Henry Page for Presidential elector at large.

Dr. John H. T. Earhart, '82, has hung out his shingle at Union Mills.

Leyburn M. Bennett, '86, of Baltimore county, was on the Hill on the 7th of May and during Commencement week.

DeWitt C. Ingle, A. M., '78, was elected vice-president, for Anne Arundel county, of the Maryland State Temperance Alliance, at its session in Baltimore on the 23d of May, and Rev. Hugh L. Elderdice, '82, was made a member of the Executive Committee.

B. F. Crouse, A. M., '73, presided over the second congressional district Democratic convention, which met at Havre de Grace on the 24th of May.

Charles H. Baughman, A. M., '71, was reappointed Clerk and Collector by the Common Council of Westminster at their last meeting, May 21st.

Winfield S. Amoss, A. M., LL. B., '77, of Baltimore, was in Westminster May 19th and 20th, the guest of James A. Diffenbaugh, '74, who invited several of Amoss' old friends to meet him at dinner on Sunday at the Hotel Albion.

Joseph W. Smith, '80, of the Westminster Gun Club, which defeated the Capital City Club of Washington, on the 30th of May, broke, during the contest, ten clay pigeons without a miss.

Lynn R. Meekin's, A. M. '82, was the staff reporter of the Baltimore American at the St. Louis Democratic convention. He will probably be sent by his paper to report, also, the proceedings of the Republican National convention at Chicago on the 19th inst.

QUONDAM STUDENTS.

Clarence Seabrook, '69-'77, a reporter on the "Morning Herald" of Baltimore, visited his Westminster relatives and friends the first week in May.

Prof. Abram W. Wright, '72-'74, of Wright's University School, Baltimore, spent Saturday and Sunday, May 5th and 6th, in Westminster.

Christopher Noss, '80-'83, of Silver Run, is one of the graduates, at the June Commencement of Franklin and Marshall college, Lancaster, Pa. He is the first-honor man of the class.

William C. Hammer, '86-'87, now residing in Seaside, Va. has accepted an invitation to deliver a lecture on "Woman—her heroism and her love." Surely the Roman orator from whom Hammer derives his middle name never had a more inspiring theme.

At the May session of the Public School Teachers' Association of Somerset county, Miss Beulah B. Pollitt, '83-'84 read a paper on "How to teach Physiology."

George O. Garey, '74-'78, of Cecil county, has been elected one of the vice-presidents of the Maryland State Temperance Alliance.

Harry T. Ducker, '76-'77, of Reisterstown, took prize No 11 in the "He-No Tea" word tournament.

Mrs. Lena Frizell Kennedy, '78-'84, of New York city, spent part of May and June with her parents in Westminster.

Frank E. Cunningham, '69-'80, Ass't Cashier of the Oglethorpe National Bank of Brunswick, Ga., has been ill with a fever for several weeks, but is now convalescent and hopes to be able soon to recruit his strength by a visit to his Westminster home. Frank arrived on the 7th of June and is rapidly regaining strength.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Mrs. Hannah Reese, widow of the late Andrew Reese, died at her residence, in Westminster, on Thursday 17th of May, in the 87th year of her age. The funeral services were held in Krider's Lutheran Church and the interment was in the cemetery adjacent. The deceased lady was the grand-mother of two of our students—Lizzie R. Nusbaum and Thomas E. Reese, and an aunt, by marriage, of Professor Reese.

It is our sad duty to record, also, the death of Mrs. Sarah E. Ingle, which took place, May 19th, at the residence of her son, De Witt C. Ingle, '78, Millersville, Anne Arundel county. Mrs. Ingle resided for several years at the College and will be remembered with affection and respect by many of our ex-students. She was fifty-six years old.

Mr. Diffenbaugh delivered the last lecture in his course on Pedagogics on Thursday, the 17th of May.

In the absence of his father, Dr. J. W. Hering, the regular lecture of the course on Physiology was delivered, on the 24th of May, by Dr. J. T. Hering, '77-'82.

George W. Gist, of the class of '84, is taking a special course in French under Prof. Simpson.

President Lewis entertained the graduating class at supper, at the close of their final examinations, May 17th.

Irving Literary Society has elected officers for the last term as follows: Pres., G. W. Ward; Vice-Pres., W. M. Weller; Recording Secy., C. A. Roop; Corresponding Secy., B. B. James; Critic, W. M. Cross; Chaplain, E. C. Wimbrough; Treasurer, G. E. Day; Librarian, H. P. Grow; Asst. Librarian, E. D. Manning; Sergeant at Arms, John Galt.

The Junior who scans Cicero, also translates Horace's "Saccis indormis," "the sleepy money-bags."

Prep. N-l-n, announces the startling fact that Jefferson Davis was elected President of the Union in 1860.

It took a 4th Hall boy, a few morning ago, 5 minutes solid thinking to remember what day of the week it was. We have been suspicious of that hall for some time.

The Frederick county Genius is at it again; he wants to know why the inhabitants of an ant hill, are not *ant-ediluvian* specimens.

It is desired that the world should know that Crocket, after much practice, has been admitted as center fielder on trial—on the fourth nine. Sporting papers please copy. It is breathed that Barnie is after him.

Edwin T. Mowbray '86, has been elected by the students of Fawn Grove Academy, Pa., to deliver their annual oration. B. A. Dumm '86, is principal.

C— a Freshman, has gone down town too often, it seems. It is rumored that he has been captured and is now held in bondage.

It must be a peculiar feeling to have when a lady excuses

herself and retires in the next room to sleep. A Senior had this sensation lately.

This institution has four organized nines. We notice the ladies are practicing; perhaps they will make the quintet.

Mess. Hammond and Stuchell of New Windsor College, were the guests of Watson and Woolford on the 5th of May.

The Sophomores have changed the design of their badges. They are much neater and handsomer.

Thomas A. Gatch, A. M., who was professor of Mathematics in the College '70-'76, has been elected president of the Jeffersonian democratic campaign club of Frederick city, in place of Col. E. C. McSherry, resigned. Prof. Gatch will be one of the representatives of his club at the Baltimore convention of the Young Democracy on the 4th of July.

It will interest and gratify the many friends of ex-President Dr. J. T. Ward to learn that he has been admitted as a Fellow of the Society of Science, Letters and Art, of London, England. The Latin diploma, bearing date May 8, and signed by the President, Sir Henry Valentine Goold, Bart, was received by the Doctor on the 28th. The objects of the Society, as stated in its Constitution, are "the advancement of Science, Literature and Art, including Music and the Fine Arts, by periodical meetings for lectures, &c.; for the reading of original and important or interesting papers; for the promotion of new works, discoveries and inventions, and for the diffusion generally of useful knowledge." The Society is composed of Fellows and Members. Persons eligible as Fellows are, to quote the language of By-law No. 1, "University graduates, Fellows of Learned Societies, and others eminent or engaged in Science, Literature or Art"; membership is open to gentlemen or ladies *interested* in these pursuits. Fellows are entitled to wear a special gown and hood and to write the letters F. S. Sc. after their names.

FRESH—Mr. Soph can you tell me what a black-mailer is?

SOPH—Certainly, he is a colored postmaster.

A Junior remarks that originally a sycophant was a person who informed against another for exporting figs, but at the present time, although used *figuratively*, means a flatterer.

We sympathize with the gentleman—although a Soph—in his sadness, caused by last parlor night. While conversing with a young lady he kept calling her by another name and when reminded of the mistake came near fainting. He has his eyes attended to in Baltimore.

It is said that "Piney" has had five girls during the last term and at last has acknowledged that he is "rattled."

During the Presidents absence, Dr. Ward taught the Juniors in Moral Philosophy.

The game of quoits is all the rage; in fact some of the boys rage themselves when they get beat.

The Websters had their hall repaired during the past month. Among the many improvements may be mentioned the new curtains and the garnet colored lambrequins trimmed with fringe. The hall has also been repainted, so its appearance is somewhat changed. Several new volumes have been added to the library, among them "Asphodels and Pansies" presented by their old friend Dr. Ward. At present, the society has enrolled thirty three members, some of whom will participate in the annual reunion excises on the 12th of June. The representative of the Websters on the MONTHLY takes this opportunity of bidding farewell to those who have or have not perused the articles from his pen.

W.

Horace : 1 : 3, 5, 21-24.

In vain did God in his wisdom,
The lands separate by the sea;
If impious ships leap the waters,
That untouched and sacred shold be.

W. M. WELLER, '89.

done credit to professionals, and the skill with which the one club continually passed from one hand to the other was marvelous. The class of twenty young men stood in lines of fives and as one looked down any line, it seemed as if all the arms were moved by one person so perfectly in unison were the movements. When it is considered that these boys have been swinging clubs only one year, their success in these beautiful and bewildering movements seems wonderful.

The Cane Drill and Broom Brigade which closed the program for the respective departments were very entertaining. In the former the canes were used for calisthenic exercises, for fencing, and in giving character attitudes, in the latter the brooms were used for guns in a short military drill, and then in an exercise showing their various uses in the house. The young men dressed a la Barry Wall; the young ladies wore flannel dresses of dark blue trimmed with white braid, with dusting caps to match, and carried dust pans at the side.

Every exercise of the program was made up by Prof. McDaniel who is in charge of the department. The audience manifested a delighted interest throughout and pronounced the performance, from beginning to end, a great success.

BACCALAUREATE SUNDAY.

This year for the first time the services of the Sunday of Commencement week were held at the College and participated in by most of the Westminster pastors. As an act of courtesy to the College and in recognition of the importance of the occasion to the whole community, the morning services on the 10th of June were omitted at the Lutheran, Reformed, Methodist Episcopal and Methodist Protestant Churches and, thus, these congregations with their ministers were enabled to unite with the Academic authorities in the exercises of Baccalaureate Sunday. The day was lovely, the weather a pleasant summer temperature and Smith Hall was filled with an assembly of worshippers numbering about six hundred. Over the stage hung in evergreens the College motto—"*E tenebris in lucem voco*,"—and the figures "21", to denote the twenty-first anniversary of the school. From a large portrait, on the wall in the rear, the benign features of Dr. Ward gazed complacently upon the scene, while rare and beautiful flowers, kindly contributed by Mrs. John L. Reifsnider, enriched the air with their fragrance. On the stage were seated the Faculty, the students, the choir and the visiting ministers, the Rev. Drs. J. T. Ward and J. T. Murray and the Revs. Messrs. Cooper, Holmes, Miller, Livingstone and Warfield. The services began with an Anthem by the Choir, Harry M. Gernand, '71-'74, leader, and Mrs. T. A. Murray, '83, Mrs. Charles V. Wantz, Messrs T. A. Murray and H. M. Gernand, soloists.

Then came a Hymn spiritedly rendered by Choir and congregation combined, which was followed by the Lord's Prayer, recited by the President and joined in by all present. Next was a responsive reading of the 23d Psalm, led by Rev. E. A. Warfield, '82, ending with the chanting of the Gloria Patri by the choir and school. After this, a portion of the 28th chapter of Job was read responsively by Rev. G. W. Cooper, of Centenary M. E. Church and the congregation. The President then repeated the Commandments and the responses were chanted by the choir and school. All then joined in a recital of the Apostle's Creed, after which the President offered Prayer and the Rev. Mr. Miller, of Grace Lutheran Church, read the Scripture Lesson. An Anthem by the choir preceded the Baccalaureate Sermon by the President which we publish in full. In spite of the strain put upon him by the unusual amount of work attendant upon the closing weeks of the term, Dr. Lewis was in fine condition and delivered his very able discourse with admirable force and a restrained energy that was immensely effective. The prayer after sermon was offered by ex-President, Dr. Ward, and the Benediction was pronounced by Rev. J. M. Holmes, of Oxford, Md.

THE DECEPTIVENESS OF LEARNING.

Baccalaureate Sermon to the Eighteenth Graduating Class of Western Maryland College, Sunday morning, June 10th, 1888,

BY PRESIDENT LEWIS.

Luke xxi, 8. "*Take heed, that ye be not deceived.*"

These words are the answer of Christ to those who sought from him the signs of the great revolution he foretold. To understand the eagerness of this seeking we must revert to the times in which the men lived. We must remember that a people whose ancestors had purchased national liberty at the great price of a total and hazardous migration, and whose whole history had been illuminated by heroic deeds in the preservation of that liberty, had fallen under the humiliating domination of a foreign power; a people whose very existence was based upon the religious needs of mankind and whose proud distinction it had been to bring to men the clear knowledge of the one true and living God, had been overtaken by darkness, and "the light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world," had shined upon them with bewildering blaze and excited them to a frantic groping after the way they had lost. Irritated and alarmed, the Jewish spirit of noble enthusiasm had degenerated into fanatical madness and revolt until it was ready to plunge recklessly in any direction that promised change and, above all, leadership.

Even those who followed Jesus were feverish for new things and continually urged him to lead them to a hostile challenge of the powers surrounding them or to work some miracle to restore their nation and religion to their pristine glory. His refusal to do so, and His near departure left them peculiarly exposed to the turbulent spirit of the times and the dangerous blunders of demagogues, against which our text is the warning.

These facts have something more than an historical interest for us, for they hold the mirror up to our own times, and make the present application of the text appropriate and needful.

Those who know best the spirit of our times as manifested especially in the coming generation and as developed with peculiar intensity in the institutions of learning of the present day, know that this is a time of extreme unrest. No dogma of religion or science escapes attack, no tradition of home or country is secure of reverence. Leaders and theories, however powerful, can only maintain their ascendancy by eternal vigilance and eternal changing. It is in the very air to doubt, to change, to make the old demonstrate to the new its right to be, and to believe the newest to be the surest truth. In vain we exclaim against it. Learning makes men restless and impatient of apologetics. Instead of the listless pace at which ignorance is content to travel, learning will make its way on wings. This is the power of knowledge. You cannot strike off the manacles of the slave without making him at the same time able to grasp the sword; and, when you once lead men out of Egypt, if you stay too long in the mountain you will come down at last to find yourself superseded and mocked.

But there is something more powerful than knowledge, and that is wisdom. Though it may not go so swiftly, it ever goes more surely; though it go not with the verve and exhilarating swing of knowledge, its movements are yet majestic. And from our text wisdom speaks. I call you, therefore, who preside in the halls of learning, you who have passed from those halls to the wider learning of the world, you who are being constantly and properly urged to "drink deep of the Pierian spring," you especially, who are soon to be decorated with the first triumphs of the illustrious strife,—I call you, teachers, alumni, students, graduates, to the serious consideration of the admonition of wisdom: "Take heed that ye be not deceived." It is from this restlessness and dissatisfaction that the danger comes, which is emphasized first of all in the context, and to emphasize which I shall give whatever strength I have to-day. I mean the danger of deceptive leaders. In the time of Christ, the danger of going after those who should arise and in the name of Christ and as Christ offer to lead men to the certain fulfilment of all their desires and ambitions. And, in our time, the danger of going after those who would persuade you that learning is the leader of men; that to learning we are to look for our highest inspiration, for our most successful and most worthy achievements; that all our desires and longings are summed and satisfied in the benedictions of learning. It is against this anti-Christ that my mission calls me to-day to warn you. For as surely as day has its night, and truth its falsehood, and the Christ of the Gospels has him "who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God;" so every institution founded for noble

ends may expect that against it, and sometimes out of its very midst, will arise an anti-Christ, perverting its instrumentalities for most unworthy ends. It is because I believe this spirit is abroad in our academies to-day that I lift up my voice against "The Deceptiveness of Learning." Inasmuch, then, as I purpose to use the text as a warning against the leadership offered us in the name of learning, I feel bound to set forth the reasons that make it impossible for me to accept learning as my sole guide.

1. Because, in many respects, learning is purely physical if not material. Not to lay stress on the unverified but probable hypothesis that all knowledge is recorded on matter within us, and that our receptive faculties of mind are forms of matter growing with the growth of our bodies and declining with them; it is certain that all knowledge comes to us through physical media, for we call them our senses. And it is furthermore certain that all our ideas rest upon a physical basis. Those faculties which we call intuitive, and mean by it that they deal with ideas pure and simple, with abstract notions, are yet utterly dependent on material forms; for without a concrete form how absurd it is to talk of a notion abstracted from a concrete form! And when we speak of our creative faculties, as imagination, we do not mean the power of making something out of nothing, but only of working over matter into new forms or lighting it up with touches of beauty or emotion.

Now, I do not pretend that these observations furnish us with even a suggestion as to the real nature of our learning or knowing faculties; but, whatever be their nature, it is beyond controversy that, in our present environment, these faculties do only and, so far as we know, can only work upon matter. The physical universe is their basis, and whatever conception we gain of what is called pure thought, of relations, of causes, of conduct even, we gain by resting our spiritual lever upon the fulcrum of matter. The voice in which God speaks to us is a physical voice; the sublime thoughts we have of heaven and the glories of the blessed state have been communicated to us through physical allegories, which tell us what we could not conceive in terms of that which we do know.

2. But more important than this is the fact that the tendency of learning upon men is materializing. The poet declares that "the undevout astronomer is mad;" and it does seem unreasonable in the highest degree that advancement in learning should render a man indifferent to the Teacher. But nothing is less strange to us than just this spectacle. It is borne in upon us by experience from every direction that the culture of the mind is not only distinct from the culture of the soul, but that it requires great watchfulness and faithfulness to prevent it from entirely displacing the culture of the soul. Why is this? A good reason may be found in the fact stated first. Culture of the mind, refine it as we will; is a material culture. It does not get outside of physical forms, and the mind will shape itself to that it feeds upon. Dwelling so constantly upon these things it is not strange the mind comes to conclude that nothing is real outside of these and nothing else is therefore worthy of serious attention. But whatever may be the explanation, it is not difficult to believe the fact.

Does not the present estimate of learning declare emphatically for this tendency? After all the rush for it, and praise of it, and sacrifice in securing it, what is the estimate of learning most widely prevalent and most potent to-day? I ask you if it is not the mercantile estimate, the estimate that shapes its conclusions in dollars and cents, that makes much of learning because it is hoped learning will make much of its possessor? And those studies which are furthest removed from the materialistic are precisely those in least favor to-day. Men are after learning to-day as never before, but they are after it in many—perhaps most—cases for practical purposes, that is, for purposes of bargain and sale. Fathers insist upon having their children educated in the shortest time, and nothing taught them that they cannot make money with. So that one may venture to say, without exciting contradiction, that if the money-making power of learning were suddenly taken away, one college would be enough for the territory now covered by a hundred.

I ask you to consider seriously whether this may not mean that the present uses of learning are largely absorbed by the material nature of man.

3. Once more, it is plain that learning is confined within material limits. So far as our reason, our intellectual apparatus can carry us, we are locked in a world of matter; the iron walls of substance frown upon us on every side. In this world and within these walls are huge facts and majestic distances. We dig and

analyze and investigate and reason, and find out many useful and noble things to perfection. But O man, O prisoner of matter, hast thou by searching found out God, or immortality, or atonement? Where is the record of a single discovery of spiritual truth? What are the things we have learned or are trying to learn? Why, the things God has buried in our hills or sown in the paths of the stars, or sprinkled on the face of the great deep. Always and only truth imbedded in matter, placed in a material world and accessible to material instruments.

I will not speak of that infatuation peculiar to scholars which we call the pride of learning, and which blinds the victim to his own needs and magnifies his own abilities; for I am not seeking a general indictment against learning. I only wish to sustain a single caution.

And lest it seem to you that I disparage learning or am disloyal to the honorable position which I hold, let me pause a moment to declare that my exalted appreciation of learning is only limited by my ability to appreciate any excellence. For learning, as the noble product of the noblest work of God, no man can have worthy thoughts whose thoughts are not those of highest appreciation. The largest part of the material comforts of life is the product of learning. That we are better fed, better clothed, better housed, better attended to when sick and better preserved when well than were our fathers, is because in the powerful alchemy of learning the base things of the earth have been transmuted into a golden legacies for the service and enjoyment of man.

And what shall be said of the higher pleasures brought us by learning. The pure joys of intellectual delight, the wealth of imagination, the treasures of memory. Surely the dark places of the earth have been transformed into blooming gardens and the wilderness and solitary place have blossomed as the rose under the genial sun and rain of learning! O my friends, no words at my command are too strong to commend to you the importance and dignity and value of learning. True indeed it is and most nobly true within certain limits, that when we exalt her she promotes us. But learning must be kept where God put it and do the work God assigned it. And when men would take it out of those limits; when men would give it the task of thoroughly furnishing them unto every good work, then it is time to protest, to declare the true aim and value of learning and to show that its materialistic basis; its materializing tendency and its material limitations are sufficient reasons to make the thoughtful man cautious in accepting its leadership, and put him on his guard against being deceived into overestimating its importance. For after all there is one thing of more importance, of more dignity, of more value than learning and that is, man the learner. And for man, by whom is learning and for whom is learning, for man to exalt learning to leadership, is to invert the order of nature, is to fall down and worship a god which his own hands have made, and elevate a dutiful servant into a blasphemous rival of God.

Therefore, my students, dearly beloved and longed for, my joy and crown, suffer from me this word of caution, "Take heed, that ye be not deceived." You may perhaps—God forbid you should—but you may be led away to trust in learning as the be-all and end-all of human effort, as the climax of human perfectness and as that power which is to work out for you the glory of time and the happiness and lasting honors of eternity. The pressure, I know, is great, the current of popular thought sets strongly in that direction. It is easy to conclude that what can do so much can do all. And besides this you are encompassed about with a great cloud of witnesses who give clamorous voice to their faith. We are again in Ephesus, the Ephesus of learning. The university throng, the mercantile throng, the throng of the populace are just now filling the temple with great commotion and crying with united, unabated breath: "Great is learning!" "Great is learning!" But take heed that ye be not deceived into taking this as the calm judgment of the centuries. "Ye know that by this craft they have their wealth." Be sure this clamor will presently yield to more dispassionate sentence. The fashion will change, the reaction will come and in the sober light of experience the true aim and worth of learning will be recognized and the true leader be exalted to his proper throne in the minds and hearts of men.

Come apart, then, on this holy day of learning's festival, from the confusion and clamor, and learn a higher lesson, for I cannot dwell longer in the court. I am impatient to draw aside the veil and enter with you into the Holy of Holies. "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." "Him hath God exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour;" "that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth, and that every tongue should

confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."

Here is universal prostration both of soul and body, but it is not the worship of a fetic. It would be easy to show how reasonable is such homage by comparing the transcendent superiority of the wisdom and knowledge of Jesus to all human learning. But that would be aside from our present purpose. It is not whether this or that system is better, but where among all the systems is one sufficient. Now, I have been warning you against learning, but not as learning. I have surely succeeded but ill if I have left upon your mind any suggestion that you were learning or could learn too much. We hold our place in the state as an institution of learning for the very purpose of leading you into the strength and beauty and glory of learning. But we hold our higher place in the church of God as a Christian institution of learning for the purpose of inspiring you with a proper distrust of learning. And what this proper distrust is I have tried to point out and to give the reasons for it.

Now the thing which I ask you to refuse to believe learning can do for you, is not at all a thing to be considered impracticable. So far from that it is supremely the one needful thing. This restlessness and longing for leadership is altogether the highest virtue of the soul. But where is it you want to go and what is it you want to do, that you are so disturbed to be led? If I may venture to interpret your wants out of my own experience, it is that you may go on from that which you are to something better, that you may constantly advance into higher moods and be more and more under the sway of pure and noble and harmonious inspirations.

There are those who tell us

"We rise by the things which are under our feet."

or who hold the creed

"That men may rise on stepping-stones

Of their dead selves to higher things,"

and the things under our feet learning is to transform into ladders of gold that out of the sepulchre of self the angels of law and beauty may rise triumphant to the skies. But I ask you if this good poetry is good logic? How can you ascend out of the realm of matter with no other but a material ladder? If learning be a thing of the earth by what strength shall it lift you to heaven? And if I have not been all astray in my suggestions that learning has matter for its basis, is materializing in its tendency and is shut in within material limits, is there not abundant need for caution that you be not deceived into accepting its leadership for passage out of this realm of matter?

But my friends, out of this realm of matter we must go, nay, are going. It is the question of all questions, who shall go with us. I ask you to consult the suggestiveness of your own hope. You want to go yonder. Is it not, think you, because you believe all goodness, all perfection is yonder? And if all goodness and perfection is yonder, why not the perfect leader also? Nay more, if this state and environment which you are so eager to leave, or at least to improve, is to bring forth for you a leader fit to conduct you away, why is it not sufficient for you as a permanent place? In other words, if earthly learning is supremely good, why may not earthly existence be supremely blest?

Let me offer you a more consistent philosophy than this. Let me tell you of those who walk through this world, as do all true men, mindful of its wonders and beauties and comforts; eager to learn more of it and develop more what they learn; proud of the mark of regnancy set upon them as creatures of mind, and yet, like all true men, unsatisfied till something better is reached. Their philosophy is that the place of the better condition is likewise the place of the better leader. Hence they are looking up not down. They do not believe that the most exquisite stroke will carve more out of a stone than a statue; they do not believe that "the things under their feet" are great enough or permanent enough to lift them to the companionship of "just men made perfect" or "to God the judge of all." And therefore, in their supreme moments they turn away from learning as they turn away at last from all the delightful and faithful servants of earth in exultant surrender to something infinitely better. "For" they say "our conversation is in heaven; from WHENCE also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ." That the roots of holiness are *there*, not here, is the sum of their creed. They look for him who is infinitely holy to reach down out of the infinite spaces of holiness and draw them to himself, and hence they set their affections on things above, not on things on the earth.

O, my pupils, could I but be given voice and spirit to make you feel this! Poor indeed and frail are the best of men, and the wisest may easily know nothing, as he ought to know it.

But his poverty is squalor and his ignorance is idiocy who does not know that he is poor and frail; who does not know that after the body is developed to athletic proportions, and the mind is educated to most acute and splendid scholarship, there may be great wounds and bruises in the soul which "have not been closed, neither bound up, neither mollified with ointment." O, may God give you the sober mind, that you be not deceived in this last and highest education. And if you would suffer me to select for you a motto to carve upon the shield of your conscience, I would not give you one in the learned tongues, nor would I take the philosophers of ancient or modern schools into my counsel. I would give you the homely refrain, which, in all the ages and lands of Christendom, has been distilled out of the sufferings and patience and tears and hopes and joys of the saints of God, which in some form of expression has met and satisfied every soul that ever walked out of darkness into light, and made peaceful and luminous every dying hour that was not all bitter, and whose full significance we perhaps will never realize until we stand in awful loneliness before the throne of the Judge, and either repeat in remorseful recollection or sing with sweet satisfaction:

"None but Jesus, none but Jesus

Can do helpless sinners good."

In the evening a large congregation assembled in the M. P. Church to listen to the Sermon before the Christian Associations of the College. The preacher, this year, was the Rev. J. M. Holmes, of Oxford, Md., and he took as his text the 13th verse of the 7th chapter of Ecclesiastes. The discourse was full of rich thought and happy illustrations. The theme was the importance of reflection and consideration in order to adapt our ways and works to God's. The divine work is finished, ours is not; the divine work is the outcome of infinite wisdom; ours must therefore conform to it or fail disastrously. The music was of the same high order as in the morning and was rendered by the same choir. The prayer after sermon was offered by the pastor of the church, Rev. J. T. Murray, D. D., and the Benediction was pronounced by President Lewis.

ART EXHIBITION.

Of the many successes incident to Commencement week, none was more decided than the exhibition of the Department of Art. No sooner were the doors of the studio thrown open, at 3 p. m. on Monday, than the admirers of art thronged in, and each successive day brought those who were anxious to see again, and others still who were seeing it for the first time. The studio is located upon the third floor, and has an excellent Northern light, so desirable for the regular work of the department, and so advantageous for exhibition purposes. On entering, the visitor was presented with a catalogue of unique design, and which of itself was a work of art. The cover was of heavy ragged-edge brown paper, printed in a contrasting shade and tied with delicate silk cords of variegated colors. Altogether there were one hundred and sixty-five pieces on exhibition, so of course nothing like all can be mentioned in the short space allotted to this report.

DRAWING.

The first drawing to be mentioned is one in charcoal by Gertrude F. Beeks, of Still Pond. It is a winter landscape entitled "New Years Day," and is very notable for efficient management of light and shade and representations of snow. Lilian Erb, of Westminster, had very creditable pencil and charcoal sketches from casts. Mary J. Fisher, of Denton, exhibited fine outline drawings and shaded drawings from casts. Her original treatment of the subject "Bachelor's Comfort" is worthy of special mention. The pipe and tobacco pouch, the tankard and daily paper, so essential to such a picture, stand out beautifully against a sombre background. Miriam Lewis, the twelve-year-old daughter of the President, has some good pencil drawings, and gives promise of some fine work in the years before her. A St. Bernard dog and a donkey are two of the best executed pictures in the room. The life-like look of the dog's eye, his shaggy hair, and the evident stubbornness of

the donkey in drawing his load, are brought out in a remarkable way. Edith Stevens, of Edesville, has a charcoal drawing, original in design, which has many merits. It was catalogued "In the Studio." The objects of the picture are only a palette and a pot with brushes against a dark drapery, but its simplicity was one of its charms. We must not omit to mention its smoothness and accuracy of shadow. In going on down the catalogue we come next to the medal piece, by Clara V. Underhill, of Baltimore. It is an original design, made up of books, rolls of manuscript, spectacles and candle, called "Study Hour," and done in charcoal. Lillie Woodward, of Westminster, had charcoal drawings of her "Puppy Bob" and "Pussy Nig," which elicited very favorable comments. Harvey Grow, of Frederick, and George Sharrer, of Westminster, each had good pencil drawings, and the former a much admired crayon drawing of a violin.

WATER COLORS.

"High Tea" and "There was Once a Boat on a Billow," two sepias in brown and white, are remarkable for clear washes. They are the work of Mary Fisher. Nettie Shriver, of Westminster, had a fine collection of water colors, the most of which were flowers painted from nature. Of all her pieces her chrysanthemums in body color were perhaps the most admired. The next collection was by E. May Wallis, of Bell Buckle, Tenn., a member of the graduating class, and who expects to make art a profession. She has been a most successful student, and her pictures show the work of a true artist. Her original design picture of "Old Friends" was awarded the gold medal in this branch. It is a collection of well-worn books, one of which we could readily imagine was the Bible. "The Bell Buckle," a yachting scene, is truly a thing of beauty. The combination of delicate tints produces a most pleasing effect. Two pastels "Evening" and "The Roadside," are, in the opinion of the writer, the finest things on exhibition. They are particularly forcible in atmospheric effects and in rich harmonizing greens. Few school exhibitions could show anything as fine as these are.

OIL PAINTINGS.

Gertrude F. Beeks has a very faithful picture of a branch of magnolia; Lucile Dodd, of Wye Mills, a panel of "La France" roses; Miss Erb, of "Golden Rod and Thistle;" Miss Griffin, of Denton, a large canvass, entitled "The Mill on the Floss;" Laura Jones, of Chesapeake City, also a large canvass, and panels of poppies, flags, and June roses; Cora Sellman, of Warfieldsburg, has several pieces; Jennie Smith, May Wallis and Lillie Woodward also have some good paintings.

DECORATIVE PAINTING.

Miss Lucile Dodd has a very dainty set of chocolate cups; Miss Nettie Shriver, an exquisite scarf of bolting cloth painted from nature in pansies and apple blossoms. She also has a very rich silk screen painted in appropriate designs. It is impossible to give anything like a fair account of the beautiful and valuable work in this branch.

ART NEEDLEWORK.

A very prominent object in the room is a handsome screen by Mrs. Charles Billingslea of Westminster. The embroidery was done on brown and dark blue satin sheeting and the panels set in a frame of mahogany. The panel on which the design was Cherokee roses was especially admired. Mrs. Billingslea has also a sofa cushion embroidered in silk and gold cord in arabesque pattern. Miss T. E. Caulk, of Sassafras, has a very pretty table scarf of light green felt embroidered in pattern of lillies and dogwood. Miss Lucile Dodd's mantel lambrequin of terra cotta satin, and sofa cushion of steel blue, embroidered with old pink rope silk, are two of the handsomest articles shown. The medal article in this branch is a sofa cushion of terra cotta satin sheeting embroidered in white and green in Italian stitch and backed with terra cotta plush. Miss Fisher has also a rich mantel lambrequin of ecclesiastical green embroidered in filagree of gold thread and

old pink. Miss Iva Lowe, of Greensboro, exhibited two chair scarfs of great beauty, one on Persian silk, pale blue in color and decorated with pink roses; the other light sea water green and done in Japanese pattern. Miss Fannie Sappington, of Rock Hall, has a buffet scarf which was admired by all. It is of linen duck, embroidered in pattern of oranges and with handsomely knotted fringe. Miss Sellman has a towel rack cover of linen duck, in white and old blue with beautifully tied fringe. Miss Ada Smith, of Westminster, has several beautiful articles; a sofa cushion of sage green satin sheeting with Japanese pattern done in Italian stitch in shades of pink and maroon; a buffet scarf foot rest, and bracket lambrequin, the latter of rich red plush done with gold cord in coaching stitch. Miss C. V. Underhill has a table cover of sage green velours done in Persian pattern that attracted much attention as did also her towel rack cover embroidered in morning glories. Another very beautiful article of hers is a bureau scarf of French sheeting done in cord stitch with different shades of yellow.

And yet all these are but a few of the many beautiful things that filled the room and were so artistically arranged.

Great credit is due to the teachers Miss Olivia Rinehart in Drawing and Painting and Miss Lottie Owings in Embroidery for such an excellent and in every way handsome exhibition.

The decision as to the merits of the paintings and drawings was made by Miss Anna C. Volek of the Maryland Institute of Art and Design who came up specially for that purpose.

CONCERT.

PROGRAM.

PART FIRST.

1. Piano Duet: Overture to Masaniello.....Auber.
Prof. Rinehart and Miss Mills.
2. Vocal Duet: "The Mountain Riders,".....Bordese.
Misses Stem and Harlan.
3. Piano Solo: Sonata, Op. 10, No. 1.....Beethoven.
Prof. Rinehart.
4. Vocal Solo: "When the Heart is Young,".....Buck.
Mrs. A. J. Carnes.
5. Piano Trio: Coronation March.....Meyerbeer.
Misses Whittington, Kendall and Underhill.

PART SECOND.

6. Chorus: "Fond Hearts,".....Concone.
Vocal Class.
7. Piano Duet: Second & Last Movements from First Symphony,
Prof. Rinehart and Miss Stem. [Beethoven.]
8. Vocal Trio: "Sweet Daisy,".....Curschmann.
Misses Hyde, Franklin and Stevens.
9. Piano Solo: "Bubbling Spring,".....Rive-King.
Miss A. Shriver.
10. Piano Trio: Rakoczy March.....Liszt.
Miss Wilmer, Prof. Rinehart and Miss Beeks.
11. Evening Hymn.....Concone.

We begin this report of the Annual Concert of the Department of Music, by giving a copy of the program, that the reader may get, at once, a comprehensive idea from the selections and the composers represented the high standard of the entertainment on Monday night. Auber's celebrated Overture to Masaniello was a very happy introduction to the rich musical feast which was to follow. It was bright and sparkling, in parts brilliant. Nothing more need be said for its execution than that it was played by the Professor himself and the medalist of the department. The young ladies giving the vocal duet which followed possess vocal talent above the average, their voices blended beautifully and showed their cultivation to good effect.

The next number was one of the choicest of the program. Beethoven's music never fails to thrill true music-lovers with ecstatic pleasure and when it is played in such faultless manner as it was on this occasion the pleasure is all the more entrancing. There is much more in Prof. Rinehart's playing than mere manual dexterity. He combines with this a thorough compre-

hensive of his selection and gives to it an expression which is as delicate and yet forcible as his playing is exact. It was well that this should be followed by the vocal solo of Mrs. Carnes which was in every way as choice a representative of the vocal as the former was of the instrumental department.

The piano trio which closed the first part of the program was well performed, and the chorus opening the second part showed careful training and skillful management of voices. The next item—a selection from Beethoven's first symphony—was a delightful one. The Professor was well supported by his pupil, whose part was a prominent one, and the whole performance produced as near an orchestral effect as could be expected from a piano.

The vocal trio seemed to be greatly enjoyed by the audience and the young ladies were warmly applauded. Miss Shriver's performance, without the notes before her, of what Rive-King is pleased to style one of her "tone-poems" showed that she merited the compliment of being assigned a solo on the program. The Liszt March arranged as a trio, was very attractive and elicited considerable applause. The concert was very fittingly closed with an "Evening Hymn" sung by the full Vocal Class. The performance was over by 9.15, and the large audience was soon wending its way town-ward through the lovely night air, all pleased, even those who had come to talk instead of listen, for they had enjoyed, at least, the sound of their own voices and were serenely indifferent to the annoyance they had caused others.

AWARD OF PRIZES AND DISTINCTIONS.

To the students this is one of the most important events of the week, but it has never attracted much attention from the outside world. Consequently, on Tuesday, at 10.30 a. m., when the Faculty took their places on the stage of Smith Hall the assembly before them was almost entirely Collegiate. As Secretary McDaniel opened the big dooms-day-book and began to read the grades for the year, the students sat *arrectis auribus* and in profound silence save when some especially brilliant record elicited a round of applause. When the reading was over, the award of prizes and distinctions was made by President Lewis in the following order:

SENIOR CLASS.

Valedictory.....Caroline Willing Phoebus, Princess Anne
Salutatory.....Elizabeth May Wallis, Bell Buckle, Tenn
Valedictory.....Edward Cropper Wimbrough, Snow Hill

JUNIOR CLASS.

Gold medal.....Laura Bell Taylor, Baltimore
Gold medal.....Levin Irving Pollitt, Salisbury

SOPHOMORE CLASS.

Gold medal.....Marian Emma Money, Leeds
Honorable mention.... { Misao Tsune Hirata, Yokohama, Japan
 { Anna McFeeley Thompson, Centreville
Gold medal.....John Franklin Harper, Centreville
Honorable mention.... William Irving Mace, Church Creek

FRESHMAN CLASS.

Gold medalHannah McLean Blandford, Clinton
 { May Nelson, Westminster
Honorable mention.... { Maud Cleves Mills, Onancock, Virginia
 { Ellen Imogene Caulk, McDanieltown
 { Temperance Elizabeth Caulk, Sassafras
Gold medal.....Francis Neal Parke, Westminster
Honorable mention. { Benjamin Whitely Woolford, Allen
 { Albert S. Crockett, Solomon's Church, Va

SECOND YEAR PREPARATORY.

Certificate of Honor.....Janie B. Thomas, Westminster

FIRST YEAR PREPARATORY.

Certificate of Honor.....Lillie Roop Woodward, Westminster

A goodly number of the students, also, received Certificates of Distinction in Deportment and as it takes a behavior grade of 10 for the year to win one of these, the result speaks eloquently for the general good order of the school. The gold medals

above mentioned are awarded to the leaders of the Freshman Sophomore and Junior Classes, provided they have attained an average grade of nine in all the studies of all the regular departments. Instead of medals, Certificates of Honor are given to the leading students in the two sections of the Preparatory Department with a grade of nine. Honorable mention means a place in the Honor Roll published in the Annual Catalogue, and is granted to all students, preparatory or collegiate, who, while failing to secure a medal or a Certificate, make an average of nine in all the studies of the year.

Gold medals were awarded to the following pupils in the Departments of Music and Art for "the best work done during the year:"

In Music.....Maud Cleves Mills, Onancock, Va.
In Painting.....Elizabeth May Wallis, Bell Buckle, Tenn.
In Drawing.....Clara Virginia Underhill, Baltimore.
In Art Needlework.....Mary Jones Fisher, Denton.

The Weigand gold medal for the best essay on the "Most Effectual Measures for Suppressing Intemperance" was, at this time, given to the successful competitor, L. Irving Pollitt, '89, of Salisbury; the essay written by Francis Neal Parke, '91, of Westminster, was adjudged by the committee, Dr. J. W. Hering, A. M., and J. A. Dittenbaugh, Esq., A. M., the next best, and entitled, therefore, to honorable mention and publication in the College MONTHLY.

The regular exercises ended here, but a surprise awaited the school. The President placed a mysterious looking package on the table, and, at the same time, said: "Mr. Watson will please step forward." When Harry mounted the stage he found that the bundle, on which all eyes were turned, was a mask and a pair of gloves, which Dr. Lewis presented to him as the efficient captain of the First Nine of the College Base Ball Association. The school was then dismissed, and the students dispersed to prepare for the re-unions of the afternoon.

SOCIETY REUNIONS.

THE BROWNING.

High up in the main Building in their cozy society room, the Brownings held a charming Reunion Tuesday afternoon. The pleasant sunlight, tempered in its strength by cool breezes, streamed through lace curtains and gave a softened radiance to bright dresses and the brighter faces of their wearers. The Fisher piano (old "number 3") had been run in from its customary station across the hall and assumed a prominent position in the delightful exercises of the occasion. Promptly at 3 o'clock Maggie A. Stem, the society President, called the assemblage to order and after roll call delivered a neatly worded and hearty address of welcome. Mrs. Dr. Lewis gave a pleasing reading and was followed by Mary Rinehart, '79, of Westminster, with an excellently performed piano solo. Ada Smith, also of Westminster, recited a choice selection, and the society "History" was read by Carrie Mourer. Clara Lewis then recited a short but very pleasant piece and Maggie Stem sang, to Annie Shriver's accompaniment, that best and sweetest of White's songs, "Marguerite." The beautiful voice of the singer accorded admirably with the exquisite pathos of the song and elicited warm applause. After the song came a well worded essay by Fannie Grove, entitled, "The Effects of Council," a smooth and pretty duet by Glover, sung by Nannie Heyde and Mollie Shriver, and a recitation delivered in inimitable style by Lillie Hewitt, of Sykesville. An instructive essay by May Nicodemus, '81, of Wakefield, entitled "The Best Life" was received with much applause. Annie Shriver played delightfully Leybach's "Fifth Nocturne," and little Carrie Gehr electrified the audience by a short and spirited recitation. Bell Orndorf, '85, of Westminster, impressively recited a selection of some length and much merit. Then Minerva Utz made many happy and side splitting hits in a "Humorous Essay." A well delivered reading by Lizzie Thomson, of Westminster, closed the literary program. But the entire bill was by no means over, at this stage of the proceedings. The cheerful face of

Carrie Mourer appeared at the door, and the visitors were invited to descend in detachments to Prof. Rinehart's music room, which for the time being had been converted into a place of feasting and revelry. The bare walls which in days ago had given back piano scales and trills and chords (and sometimes discords) mingled with the sighs of unhappy performers, now echoed with the laughter of happy hearts and the loud rattling of many dishes. The choice refreshments were rendered doubly agreeable by the delightful politeness of the numerous pretty waiters who pressed ice cream and cake and bananas in wild profusion upon the not unwilling visitors. The reunion was a decided success and the enthusiastic members of the Browning society deserve many thanks from their royally entertained guests.

Among the visitors were:—Misses Mary Rinehart, Ada Smith, Jennie Smith, Annie Cassell, Ada Trumbo, Bell Orndorf, Lizzie Thomson, I. Diffenbaugh, Lizzie Trump, Maggie Miller, Kitty Noel, Bessie Baer, Mrs. Chas. Billingslea, Mrs. Chas. V. Wantz, Dr. Ward and wife, Dr. Lewis and wife, of Westminster; Mrs. Kennedy, New York; Mrs. Fenby, Misses Sadie Kneller, '85, Annie Yingling, '71, Glen Taylor, Mr. Taylor, of Baltimore; Misses Miles, Marion; Clara Smith, '79, New Windsor; Emma L. Reaver, '86, and E. Gilbert, Taneytown; Lillie Hewitt and Unice Gaither, Sykesville; Mr. David Stem, Sam's Creek; Dr. Reese, Professors Schaeffer and Rinehart, Misses Lottie A. Owings, Olivia Rinehart, and Victoria Brown, of the College.

THE IRVINGS.

The reunion of Irving Literary Society was held in their hall Tuesday evening at two o'clock. A full attendance of members was present and a number of the Alumni and ex-actives. Messrs. Alonzo L. Miles, '83, Harry F. H. Baughman, '83, Mitchell, Myers, Hill, Harris and Hoppee were present.

The meeting opened with prayer by Chaplain Wimbrough. G. W. Ward, the president, in a few words then spoke to the society and visitors. W. M. Weller in a short address welcomed the visitors back to Irving Hall, assuring them their presence bespoke their continued interest in the Society's well-fare. G. E. Day gave a reading from Shelly, entitled "The Clouds." This was followed by C. A. Roop's declamation "The Fall of Senacherib." B. B. James gave the humorous recitation, "A visit to Niagara." The debate was then in order, but a want of time compelled its omission and visitors and friends responded to their welcome. Dr. Lewis having stepped in, and being called upon, in a few words, assured the Society of his interest in it and the literary work of the college. Miles, Mitchell, Myers and Baughman each spoke, and gave very pleasant addresses. W. M. Cross, in an appropriate speech, bade farewell to our Senior, E. C. Wimbrough, and expresses the well wishes of the Society. Wimbrough responded. Dr. Ward, having arrived, gave a few college reminiscences, suggested to him by the rooms; and closed with some sound advice to young men seeking greatness in this world. The Doctor's talk was much appreciated as he is a great friend of all the Societies and his appearance in the hall is always received with pleasure. G. W. Ward, President of the Society, then closing, thanked the members and visitors for their presence, and hoped the meeting had been one of benefit to all. Dr. Ward closed with prayer.

The Reunion was a very agreeable one, and much enjoyed by all present.

Irving Society Hall has been refitted with blinds and newly painted. The chairs, desks and tables have been varnished and present a very neat appearance and some further improvements will be made in the Fall.

THE WEBSTERS.

The Webster Literary Society held their annual reunion in their hall, Tuesday afternoon. This is always an occasion in which the ex-active members and friends of the society meet together and have a good time. The exercises were purely literary, being

opened by an address by President Pollitt, after which G. E. Waesche gave a humorous recitation. This was followed by a humorous oration by C. N. Ames and a declamation by S. A. Chiswell. The society was then favored with a humorous recitation by J. F. Harper, after which words of cheer were spoken by our distinguished visitors, Rev. J. T. Murray, Dr. Billingslea and Rev. S. W. Haddaway. Prof. W. R. McDaniel, Rev. E. A. Warfield and L. M. Bennett, ex-active members of the society, also spoke their wishes for the success of the society and remarked upon the great progress she had made since they had ceased to be active members. After the reading of the criticisms by H. G. Watson, the friends were invited to partake of refreshments in the calisthenic hall. This part of the program was well arranged, and reflects credit on the society. It is safe to say that the Webster reunion of 1888 will be remembered as one of the most enjoyable in the history of the society.

Besides those mentioned above, the following were present: J. G. Watson and Mrs. S. E. Price, of Centreville; Miss Lizzie Murray, of Baltimore; Misses Wilmer, '87, Murray, Shellman, Kessler, Gantz and Cunningham, '81, of Westminster; Miss Nannie Davis. President Lewis, Dr. Ward and Prof. Simpson also favored the society with their presence.

THE PHILOMATHEANS.

Reunions of society members are like the happy meetings of a family after a long separation. They can be fully appreciated only by those who have a deep interest in the society, or have been former members themselves. The reunion of the Philomathean Society was distinguished on this occasion for the bright and charming literary program, as well as the more substantial refreshments which followed. The President, Annie L. Dodd, welcomed the society, old members and visitors in a simple yet beautiful manner. This was followed by an instrumental solo by Gertrude F. Beeks, performed with much expression. Then Nannie Thompson read a spicy history of the progress and improvement of the society during the past year. A vocal duet by Edith Stevens and May Wallis was greatly enjoyed by all. Carrie Phœbus' essay was carefully prepared and well delivered. The legend of the "Organ Builder," a reading by May Wallis, was clearly and sweetly delivered. A vocal solo by Mary Harlan was performed in a sweet and impressive manner; an essay by Lorena Hill, "Politics as well as Ethics for Women," was next on the program. Then Nannie Thompson's masterpiece, "A Smack in School," followed. An instrumental duet by Maud Mills and Clara Underhill was much admired. Then all adjourned from the auditorium, where the literary exercises were held, to the chapel, where a handsome table was spread, and all present did ample justice to the many delightful and refreshing delicacies served by six young ladies as waiters. Water ices and creams of various flavors, with strawberries and cake, formed the nucleus of the collation, while fruits and flowers added greatly to the festive appearance of the table, and their fragrance made the room most tempting and inviting. Coffee, served steaming hot, was an uncommon yet delightful "top off" to the feast. There were present, of the old members, Eula Handy, Retta Dodd and Minnie Stevens, while the guests were Mrs. Thomas, of Westminster; Mrs. Phœbus, Mrs. Whittington, Misses O. Rinehart, Grace Rinehart and Anna Hill, and of the teachers Drs. Lewis and Reese and Prof. Simpson.

THE SOCIETY CONTEST.

This feature of commencement week, up to the present year, has consisted in a struggle for oratorical supremacy between the Irvings and the Websters, but, with the gallantry characteristic of our young men, room has been made on the program for the ladies and so for the first time, on Tuesday night, the Browning and Philomathean societies entered the contest, leaving the oratorical part, as before, to the boys while they contended for the palm of victory in the composing and reading of essays. Each of

the four societies was represented in the contest by two of its members, and the Brownings had the honor of beginning the exercises with an Essay by Lena E. Gore, '90, of Vienna. Her subject was "*Let By-gones be By-gones*," the meaning of which, she said, was expressed in homely phrase by the old saying, "It is no use to cry over spilt milk." The substance of this essay was, that it is a mistake to dwell upon the sorrows, disappointments, follies or sins of our past lives; that to do so mars the present and dims the future. She closed with an application of the text to injuries done us by others; to brood over them, to plan revenge, embitters our life, while forgetfulness and forgiveness follow a divine example and bring with them a divine peace.

Gertrude F. Beeks, '89, of Still Pond, as a representative of the Philomathean Society, read the next essay which was on "*Unwritten Music*." The world was full of unwritten music made by the manifold and harmonious sounds of nature long before man learned to imitate and record the notes which pleased his ear and aroused his emotions. Beautiful and noble lives, said the essayist, are often a kind of unwritten music. Our conscience, when its warnings are heeded, produces the sweetest and most soothing music, but if one of its fragile strings be broken, the sweet, pure melody is destroyed. "Every kind and noble action we perform becomes a note in the great master-piece of our lives."

The arena was now cleared for the young men and the Irvings presented George W. Ward, '90, of Daisy, as their first champion. The subject of his oration was "*A Drop of Water*." The speaker first directed the attention of the audience to the operation of natural forces upon water as we find it in the ocean. When the water has risen in vapor and appears in the form of clouds, it both charms and terrifies. "Who has not gazed in rapture on the magnificent display of colors mingled in a hundred fantastic cloud-forms hovering over the land of day as he slowly retires below the western horizon." Then the terrors of the thunder storm were briefly described. The application of water in the various mechanical arts was shown to result from Nature's law appropriated by man. Next, the listeners were told how "the rushing torrent of the upland hill-country spreads out into the broad, placid, smoothly-flowing river, upon whose majestic tide float myriad vessels laden with the very wares produced by its own energy." After reviewing the circulation of the moisture of the globe, the orator closed by saying: "We must now leave our little wanderer which will ever go on in its endless path of duty, while we, alas, who are endowed with reason will too often prove recreant to our obligations."

The Websters first representative, John B. Whaley, '89, of Suffolk, Va., then delivered an oration on "*The Prisoner of the Bastille*." He began by saying: "Among the many relics at Mt. Vernon, the home of Washington, there is one, though in itself perhaps the least, yet whose history is most interesting and thrilling. As we examine it, the secrets and mysteries which it concealed for decades of years are revealed. I refer to the key of the French prison presented to Washington by La Fayette." The speaker then gave a short description of the erection of this prison, the original purpose for which it was built, and the abuses which were made of it.

Next came a description of the interior of the prison, its dungeons, the sufferings of the wretches doomed to occupy them and their pitiful endeavors to amuse and comfort themselves. Were the dungeons of that castle, which for ages stood the terror of France and the disgrace of Europe, filled with assassins and traitors? If this were the case, France must have been peopled with conspirators and murderers. But the case was far otherwise. The dungeons of the Bastille were often filled with innocent and peaceful citizens who had unjustly become the object of punishment, and the victims of malice, envy or revenge.

The speaker closed with Cowper's imprecation upon the Bastille's "horrid towers, the abodes of broken hearts."

It was now the turn of the young ladies, and Laura B. Taylor, '89, of Waverly, ended the contest on the side of the Brownings. The motto of her essay was: "*To-day is the Key of To-morrow*." After an introduction in which a simile was drawn between the losing of a key which gave access to a cabinet containing an important object, and the losing of an opportunity to do something in our lives. She endeavored to prove that to-day is the key of to-morrow, by showing that the present is a heritage of the past. After the historic illustrations on this point, the writer turned to individual life and drew the comparison between one living beyond his income and one practising economy at all times; then between two students at college, one studious, the other idle. "The future is a stream whose source is the present, and if the stream is to be pure the source must be so too." The essay was rounded off at its close with the famous quotation from Bryant's *Thanatopsis*.

The last essayist on the side of the Philomatheans was Annie Laura Jones, '89, of Chesapeake City. Her paper treated of "*Drifting*." On the vast ocean of life, she said, there are two kinds of sailors—those who steer their boats with care, and those who let their barks drift, trusting to time and tide to carry them to the desired haven. She described how many a student (so called) drifts through college, from class to class, to graduation. Fashion was spoken of as a current on which nearly all are drifting. But there are some ports into which vessels never drift: Honor; Virtue; Education; Heaven. To reach these, the ship must be steered with firm hand, keen eye and steady purpose.

Wm. M. Weller, '89, of Cumberland, delivered the last Irving oration, which had for its text: "*From Nature to Nature's God*." This speaker attempted to show that the study of Nature, honestly pursued, leads inevitably to a belief in the existence of a personal, creative God. He rejected, as irrational, the theory of the atomic origin of a structure so beautiful and regular as the universe.

The beauty of nature clearly shows that it is the work of divinity, and this alone is sufficient to draw any appreciative mind to believe in the existence of nature's God. The great uniformity of nature is another point showing a careful and considerate arrangement of things, and we can see this in every object presented to our eyes.

The orator, in closing, stated that since the love of nature will lead to the love of nature's God, it should be more closely cultivated.

The last speaker was Harry G. Watson, '89, of Centreville, a member of the Webster society, whose theme was "*America's Future*."

Christianity and Civil Liberty he said, are the two chief causes of America's progress and independence. To illustrate, he recalled the instance when our forefathers severed the bonds of religious thralldom and came to this country. To impress Civil Liberty, he mentioned the battle of Lexington and said "Aphrodite was not there with her concealing mist to shield those heroic troops, but the goddess of liberty urged them on to defend their country and their rights." He brought up the missionary movement of to-day, and then noticed the progress of education and quoted from Webster "that the intelligence of the people is the security of the nation." Next he referred to Literature and Science, the "Boaz" and "Jachin" of the temple of knowledge. He then viewed the other side of the question; that is, the perils of our country; immigration, intemperance and wealth. The speaker considered the government of America as the only true one, and closed with the words of Adam Smith "that all are looking forward with eager and impatient expectation, when America is to give the law to the rest of the world."

The contest was now over and it only remained for the judges to render their decision. The judges of elocution and delivery were Mrs. I. E. Pearson and the Rev. G. W. Cooper, of literary

merit, Mrs. Charles Billingslea and J. A. C. Bond, Esq. and the verdict was that, all things considered, the palm of victory must be awarded to the Irving and Philomathean Societies.

The audience which witnessed and enjoyed the contest was very large, and the Westminster Cornet Band enlivened the occasion by music at proper intervals during the evening.

CLASS-DAY.

The class-day exercises of the Senior class are always expected to be funny, and they generally meet the expectation. The performances, on Wednesday morning, of the class of '88 furnished no exception to the rule, although they departed from the old custom in the matter of their program. This has always been, heretofore, elaborately ridiculous, and the cause of much deep thought. On the present occasion, the program was plain even to primness and no one from reading it could imagine the latent humor embraced within its narrow limits. We give the program before proceeding to describe the main features of the entertainment.

Invocation.....Rev. J. T. Ward, D. D.
President's Address.....E. C. Wimbrough.
Instrumental Solo—L'E'clair—J. Ascher.....Dollie Whittington.
Reading of Grades.....E. May Wallis, Sec.
Reading of History.....Jas. McD. Radford.
Reading of Prophecy.....Carrie W. Phœbus
Presentation of Class Annals and Shield. Class Ode.

President Wimbrough's speech was delivered with his usual ease and facility of expression, and the many good points he made were greatly enjoyed. It was a happy combination of the serious and the humorous.

Dollie Whittington's Solo was performed in the correct and finished style which her previous efforts at the piano have made pleasantly familiar to the school.

The "Reading of Grades," by May Wallis was a novel feature and was a well-conceived burlesque on the official announcements made by the Faculty on the scholastic standing and deportment of the students. Radford's History, while not neglecting the members of the class who have dropped out of the march, was more especially devoted to the few faithful ones who have held out to the end and reached the goal of graduation and the reward of a sheep-skin. It was characterized by a great deal of dry humor and its many hits were relished amazingly—by those who were not hit.

Carrie Phœbus drew back the curtain which hides from our view the mystic future and, like her classic namesake of the Delphic oracle, told what was to become of the poor creatures so soon to be torn from the tender embraces of Alma Mater and consigned to the harsh and unfeeling world. It is consoling to learn that none of the class are to go to the Penitentiary or delivery their valedictories to the world with a rope around their necks. On the contrary, the Pythia seemed to think that her classmates were to be instrumental in saving their fellow-mortals from evils temporal and spiritual, with their dread results.

The Class Annals were presented to the Faculty to be preserved, with religious care, in the archives of the College, and the trust was accepted, and will be carried out, in good faith. Following a graceful precedent, the class, also, adorned the walls of Smith Hall with a beautiful brass shield, containing their names, and the class motto—*Prodesse quam conspici*. To say that this is the workmanship of Bailey, Banks & Biddle, of Philadelphia, is in itself a guarantee of its artistic merits. With the singing of the Class Ode, the composition of Radford, the exercises closed and the audience dispersed in a happy frame of mind. We congratulate the class on the fair weather, and the attentive listeners which combined to make their last undergraduate efforts to entertain the College so happy and so conspicuous a success.

CLASS ODE OF 1888.

Our happy college days are o'er,
As classmates we must sever,
But ties of faithful friendship will
Unite our hearts forever.
And as we each our course pursue,
Where duty's voice may call us,
Those happy days we'll cherish still
Whatever may befall us.

As children from parental roof,
Unused to toil and sorrow,
Lose half the pleasures of to-day
In fears for their to-morrow,
So we, with fears we dare not speak,
Behold life's paths before us,
Not knowing where these paths may lead,
What storms may gather o'er us.

But trusting Him whose watchful eye
Doth guide from ways of error,
When nights are dark and tempests high
And dangers fill with terror,
We each will follow at his word,
Where-e'r that word may guide us;
Assured that He who loves us will
Each needful thing provide us.

And though our paths on earth divide,
In that bright home in heaven,
Dear Father, at our Saviour's side,
May victory's palms be given
To all the class of Eighty-eight,
Their number still unbroken,
To each the crown of life be given,
The glad "well done" be spoken.

ORATION BEFORE THE SOCIETIES.

An immense audience greeted the Hon. Milton G. Urner, of Frederick, as he arose, on Wednesday night, to deliver the annual oration before the Literary Societies of the College. The knowledge that a distinguished visitor is to honor commencement week with an address prepared especially for the occasion never fails to draw to the Hill a large and intelligent assembly, and Mr. Urner's reputation as a lawyer and as a statesman, whose voice has been listened to with respect in the councils of the Nation and of the State, was sufficient, of itself, to ensure the presence of the large numbers of people who wished to share with the societies the pleasure of hearing him. The subject of the oration which we regret to be unable to print in full, was "*Individual Responsibility*." The speaker premised that he could safely assume those whom he was particularly addressing, the members of a College and of societies devoted to literary culture, to be familiar with the laws of Nature, and the results following from obedience or disobedience of their behests. In the mere matter of physical health, their influence was all important. The eminent neurologist, Dr. Hammond, has asserted that there is no reason why the life of any one should stop short of the allotted span of three score years and ten, if a due observance of hygienic laws be carefully maintained. On the assumption that these laws were known and would be heeded by the undergraduates before him, they had, in all probability, about fifty years of life and activity yet in store for them. Mr. Urner then, by way of showing what can be accomplished in that time, gave a rapid and intensely graphic recapitulation of the achievements of science, literature and art during the last half century; the advance of mechanical inventions, the increase of comforts, the widening of charities, the deepening impress of religion, the tighter drawing of the bond of universal

After the Piano solo by Prof. Rinehart which followed Mr. Radford's oration, President Lewis rose and addressed the graduates, who stood before him, in a few, earnest, well-chosen words, briefly reviewing the career of the class and tendering to its members his own and the Faculty's good wishes for useful success in the several and separate paths of life upon which they were about to enter. Then taking his seat and calling them before him, one by one, he handed them their diplomas and formally, and in scholastic Latin, invested them with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. He, also, at the same time announced that the Board of Trustees had conferred the degree of A. M. in course, upon John H. T. Earhart, M. D. of the class of '82.

As usual, the valedictorians claimed the attention of the audience next, and Miss Phoebe, in tones clear and distinct, read her Valedictory Essay, entitled "Our Future." Though we cannot read the future, she said, it rests with ourselves. Nobility is not a birth gift; princes may have characters marred by crime; ploughmen may be worthy of reverence. Centuries yet to come will be influenced by the lives we are living now. The writer enforced the necessity of patience, perseverance and self-control. The seeds of purity, gentleness and charity must be sown and cultivated. If our lives are lived for self alone, they can never be noble and never, in any high sense, useful or happy. The solemn, all important question, is, whether our future is to be shaped under our own sole guidance or under that of God's. She hoped that her classmates might each, as they entered upon their new lives, place their future in His hands, as thus only could success and glory be assured. The essay closed with a touching farewell addressed to the Trustees, Faculty and the School.

Mr. Wimbrough's valedictory had "The Old Dominion" for its theme, and was devoted to a eulogy on Virginia and the part she has played in the history of the country. He reviewed the work of that state in the four great wars of the country: the Revolutionary, the war of 1812, the Mexican, and the late civil war. The following are extracts from the valedictory portion proper of the oration.

"The Barque of '88 is about to be launched upon a troubled sea, and it is with no little misgiving we look upon its welfare. For many years our mother has watched its construction, adding here and there improvements, until now it is completed. To-day it goes forth upon its mission. Its little crew, with looks of determination, stand ready for the journey."

"Gentlemen of the Faculty—I do not wish to close before extending to you the sincere thanks of the class of '88, for your endeavors in preparing them for this closing scene. You have done your duty toward us, and we appreciate it. We assure you we know your true worth as instructors, and wish you to feel that all your efforts in our behalf are indelibly written on our memories. We wish you abundant success in your exalted work, and that you may have rich rewards for your share in making our glorious Union what it should be and her citizens good, noble, and true. We part from you with much regret, and that you may ever prosper is the parting wish of your friends, the Class of '88."

"My dear Classmates, I would say a few words to you, before we sever our connection, as students, with this institution. We are on the verge of graduation, and it is no small honor to graduate. The Board of Trustees have seen fit to grant us our degree and recommended us to the world; now let us, if for no other purpose than to show our appreciation for the kindness, help to sustain the reputation of this institution and her instructors. She has sent out into the world men and women, of whose reputation in the different occupations of life she is justly proud. May we, by earnest endeavors, join ourselves to that faithful number. Our *alma mater* wishes us success in life, and to-day gives us advice by which we may obtain success. We thank her for her words of encouragement, and I hope, my Classmates, recognizing her

love for us, we will, as often as possible, dutifully return to pay our respects and devotion at her shrine."

The twenty-first anniversary of the College was now over and its eighteenth graduating class, amid music and flowers, and with the congratulation and prayers of friends, relatives, school-mates and teachers, were escorted to the threshold of the new and untried life which awaits them. May its bright opening be an auspicious omen of its progress and its close.

It would be doing injustice to the occasion not to mention the high order of the music which distinguished this commencement from all others. The kind services of Mr. Louis Dielman, of New Windsor, the accomplished master of the flute and the clarinet, added immensely to the enjoyment of the audience, and while he and our own Rinehart are playing together, no one stops to put the pessimistic query—"Is life worth living—; all feel that it is, at least so long as each music can be heard in it, for

"Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above."

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE ALUMNI.

At 3 p. m., A. L. Miles, A. M., '83, President, called the Alumni Association to order in Smith Hall, and Rev. Thomas O. Crouse, A. M., '71, opened the exercises with prayer. The Secretary then called the roll by classes and every class except '74, '77, and '84, was represented. President Lewis in behalf of the Faculty proposed to the Alumni that they ever after hold their public exercises on Wednesday night of Commencement week instead of Thursday night as heretofore. This was gladly accepted. Annie R. Yingling, A. M., '71, spoke of the Endowment effort that is now being made by the young ladies of the various Methodist Protestant Churches and commended it to the consideration of the Association. After others had spoken upon the same subject, the following resolutions were passed:

WHEREAS, The Alumni Association of Western Maryland College has heard with great satisfaction and delight of the important step taken by the young ladies of various Methodist Protestant Churches for the endowment of a Chair in our *Alma Mater*, be it

Resolved, That we, the members of the Western Maryland Alumni Association in regular session assembled, do hereby express our great gratification at the work; that we heartily approve of the plans adopted and that we also hereby express to the ladies our earnest wish that their endeavors may be crowned with abundant success and that their example may be a stimulus to many others to engage in this effort for the accomplishment of such a noble purpose.

The officers elected for the ensuing year are as follows: President, A. L. Miles, A. M., '83; Vice President, Prof. H. T. Schaeffer, A. M., '83; Secretary, Hattie Bollinger, A. M., '81; Assistant Secretary, John H. Cunningham, '85; Treasurer, Franklin P. Fenby, '82; Trustee of Alumni Fund, Prof. W. R. McDaniel, A. M., '89; Executive Committee, President, A. L. Miles, *ex-officio* Chairman, Mrs. Martha Smith Fenby, '76, Louie M. Cunningham, A. M., '81, C. H. Baughman, A. M., '71 and Prof. W. R. McDaniel, A. M., '89.

It is hoped that some plans considered for the promotion of the interests of the organization and the College will be rapidly matured and lead to gratifying results.

Luther Martin, '71-'72, of Baltimore, was on the Hill, commencement week. He is a grand-son of the late David Martin, once prominent in the Masonic fraternity of Maryland.

Oliver Optic is a little man, with a full grey beard, pleasant face and twinkling grey eyes. He has written 115 volumes for boys and girls. First he maps out the characters of his story; with a sketch of the part each is to play, and then proceeds to make his copy on the type-writer. He is fond of yachting.