

Maryland Collegian.

"EST NULLA VIA IN VIA VIRTUTI."

VOL. II.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, ANNAPOLIS, MD., MARCH, 1878.

NO. VI.

ANCIENT LYRICS OF ST. JOHN'S.

Translation of the Twenty-Eighth Sonnet of Petrarch, by an Alumnus of St. John's.

Deep musing o'er the solitary plain,
"With wand'ring steps, and slow," I
move along,
And shun each path that bids me seek again
The world's rude clamors and tumultuous
throng.

For only here a safe retreat I find,
Where man's inquiring eyes no more
molest,
Nor thoughts of vanish'd joy betray the
mind,
And blaze each passion kindled in my
breast.

But though 'mid woods and streams and
mountains wild
I screen my secret life from mortal view,
Yet not by mountains, nor woods, nor streams
beguiled,
Still does unceasing love my course
pursue,
And tracks me to the desert's deepest
shades,
And all my unresting soul invades.

THE LAD FROM TUCKAHOE.

BY J. S. 1795.

Oh! the lad from Tuckahoe
Is the lad whom I love dearly;
I tell it you sincerely,
That all the truth may know.

From the day when first I knew him,
He struck my fancy so
That my love shall still pursue him,
The lad from Tuckahoe.

He alighteth at the door
Where my aunt and I were spinning,
And his looks they were so winning,
I thought of work no more.

My aunt her anger hilding,
Ask'd what made me trifle so,
But I never mind her chiding
When he comes from Tuckahoe.

A SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE.

[Compiled from authentic sources.]

No. 3.

We propose to devote this paper to the *res gesta* of the College, from Nov. 11, 1789, the date of its formal opening and dedication, to the 10th of August, 1806, when it was temporarily suspended as a collegiate institution in consequence of the withdrawal of the State's grant by its charter.

St. John's entered upon its career under no mean auspices. As we have stated, it not only fell heir to the funds and property of *King William's School*, including the "Kentish House" and "Donaldson House," but also to the valuable services of the Head Master of that venerable seat of learning, who carried with him a large number of his pupils. The College com-

menced its work with John McDowell, LL. D., as Professor of Mathematics and acting Principal, and Rev. Ralph Higginbotham, A. M., Professor of Ancient Languages, and afterwards Vice-Principal.

The College authorities were evidently desirous of obtaining for the position of Principal a person of distinguished learning and ability, and with this purpose appointed a committee "to write a letter to Dr. Price, Dr. Reese and Dr. Keppis of the Kingdom of Great Britain, enclosing a copy of the resolve respecting the appointment of a Principal, requesting them to recommend a man proper to be elected Principal of St. John's College; and assuring them that if the man whom they shall recommend be approved of, immediate information thereof shall be given."

A considerable time having elapsed, and no answer having been received to the letter to the above-named dignitaries, at a meeting of the Visitors and Governors, held on Sunday, Nov. 14, 1790, Dr. John McDowell was elected Principal of the College. We presume this day of the week was fixed upon for the election on the principle of—

"The better the day the better the deed."

At all events, it turned out to be one of the best deeds for the good of the College perpetrated by that body in a long series of years. We have our doubts, however, whether these Sunday proceedings were entirely satisfactory to the learned bodies in a religious point of view, for although not a clergyman he is said to have been an earnest member of the Presbyterian church.

A short time after the election of Dr. McDowell as Principal, the long-expected answer from Doctors Price, Reese and Keppis arrived, recommending for the position the Rev. J. Pope, of Manchester, England, who was promptly elected Vice Principal. This office he, however, declined.

The Trustees proceeded to the appointment of other Professors and Assistants, as the increase of their funds gave them the necessary means. We name among the number, in the Classical School, Patrick Magrath, Owen Fitzgerald Magrath, Hugh Maguire and William Duke; in the School of Mathematics, Richard Owen; in the School of Modern Languages, Thomas Nyol De L'Allis, Martin De Targney and Thomas Bovey; and in the Grammar and English Schools, James Priestly, Joseph Blake, Hugh H. McKearne, Dennis Donleor and John J. Tschudy—men for the most part unknown to fame, but who in a comparatively brief period gained for themselves and the College a high reputation for classical and mathematical learning and thorough discipline. Under their fostering care, St. John's continued for many years to fill the measure of its usefulness, affording the opportunities of a liberal education not only to the sons of Maryland, but also to the youth of adjoining States. General Washington selected it among all the colleges of the land as the foster-mother of his adopted son, George Washington Parke Custis.

Dr. JOHN McDOWELL was a man of fine

presence, and of a pleasing and winning address, combining in a remarkable degree great firmness and dignity of character with an almost feminine gentleness. He was a thorough scholar and Christian gentleman, greatly beloved by all who knew him. An old alumnus, the biographer of Dr. Shaw, spoke of him as "one to whose character as a teacher and a man the reverence and affection with which his memory is cherished bear enduring testimony;" and another, as "that beloved and venerated man who ruled the institution he had reared and adorned not more by the force of authority than by affection."

The Doctor, like many other learned men, was a person of great modesty and simplicity of character. During his connection with St. John's he became the ardent admirer of Miss L., a lady possessed of unusual attractions. After a somewhat protracted series of visits, being unable to summon sufficient boldness to make a personal declaration of his love, the worthy Doctor hit upon a classic but somewhat novel expedient. He declared his feelings in a page or two of very beautiful Latin verse. Whether it was from a lack of knowledge of the Latin on the part of the lady, or from an inability to appreciate the extreme delicacy of feeling of her lover, we are unable to say, but his suit did not prosper, and we are called upon to record the melancholy fact that many years after the Doctor was still a bachelor.

Dr. McDowell remained at St. John's until the close of the session of 1806-7. On the 12th of May previous the Visitors and Governors had passed the following resolution:

"Whereas, by virtue of an act of the Legislature of Maryland at their last session, the donation from the State to St. John's College of seventeen hundred and fifty pounds per annum will cease and determine on the 1st day of June next, therefore

"Resolved, That the Principal, Vice-Principal, Professors and Masters of this College be discontinued on the 10th day of August next."

At the same meeting Dr. McDowell was reappointed Principal, and also a member of the Board of Visitors and Governors. Such, however, was the discouraging and depressing effect of the calamity which had fallen upon the College, upon his health and spirits, that he was forced to decline the tribute offered to his worth and ability.

We offer no apology for following the retiring Principal beyond the chronological limit of this paper. A short time after leaving St. John's, an improvement in his health having taken place, he was offered, by the Trustees of the University of Pennsylvania, the chair of Provost, then recently vacated by the death of Dr. John Ewing, which he accepted. On leaving the State, he ceased to be a member of the Board of Visitors and Governors. On the 15th of June, 1815, the Trustees, having learned that he had returned to Maryland to reside, again offered him the position of Principal, which then chanced to be vacant. Being

forced a second time to decline the reappointment on the ground of ill-health, he was, on the 6th of November following, a second time elected a Visitor and Governor of the College, which position he held to the date of his death, which occurred in February, 1821.

RALPH HIGGINBOTHAM was a native of Waterford, Ireland, and a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin. He was ordained priest in the Established Church by the Bishop of Waterford and Lismore, March 12, 1774, in the Church of St. Patrick, in the city of Waterford. Some years after, having emigrated to this country, while sojourning at Annapolis, he was, on the 17th of August, 1781, appointed Master of King William School, and afterwards, on the 21st of February, 1785, elected Rector of St. Anne's parish. Mr. Higginbotham was a complete master of the Latin and Greek languages, and thoroughly imbued with the love of his profession of teacher, more perhaps than with that of priest. We are told by Mr. Allen that "for ten or eleven years following the year 1798, no representatives were sent from St. Anne's to the diocesan convention, nor did Mr. Higginbotham himself attend. Religious matters in the parish seem to have attracted very little interest."

On one occasion a brother clergyman, a member of the "standing committee," having notified Mr. H. that, at the instance of the Bishop, he would preach at St. Anne's on a certain day, he was met with the objection "that it was not customary to have service at that time of day," and that he (Mr. H.) "did not wish any innovations." Mr. H. was elected Professor of Ancient Languages of St. John's on the 11th of August, 1789, and Vice-Principal on the 8th of May, 1792. On his removal from King William's School to St. John's, he felt great pride at being able to take with him a very large proportion of his old and trained pupils, between whom and himself there appears to have existed a warm attachment. He seems to have taken an especial pride in what was afterwards the graduating class of 1796, of which Francis S. Key and Dr. John Shaw were members. Whenever visited by any of his literary friends, whom he wished especially to entertain by a recitation in the classics, this class, which the old gentleman jocularly termed his *tenth legion*, was ordered out for *parade*, and it was not often that they failed him. The Rev. Ethan Allen, in his "Historical Notices," says of Mr. H. that "as a scholar he is remembered as one of a high order." Another distinguished writer speaks of him as "a man of refined taste and profound learning in ancient lore." Others speak of him as possessed of the gift of expressing his thoughts with a peculiar terseness and incisiveness. On the tombstone of his deceased wife, now the oldest tombstone in St. Anne's graveyard, he inscribed the following expressive epitaph:

"She was a good woman."

Mr. H. resigned the Rectorship of St. Anne's parish on the 17th of February, 1804, after having been its incumbent nine

teen years. He continued to be the Vice-Principal of St. John's College till his death, which took place May 1, 1813.

Perhaps the next most distinguished of the Professors of the period in question was William Duke, who was elected a Professor of Ancient Languages in 1803. Mr. Duke was a native of Patapsco Neck, Baltimore county, and was born in 1757. At the age of sixteen he became a licensed exhorter among the Methodists who had then recently made their appearance in Maryland, and in the subsequent years was appointed to travel in various parts of Virginia, Pennsylvania and this State. But in 1779 he "desisted from travelling," as the minutes of the Conference state, and was employed for five years in teaching in the families in which he was successively engaged. In 1784, when the Methodists constituted themselves a separate Church, Mr. Duke left them, and in the following year was admitted to orders by Bishop Seabury, of Connecticut, then the only Protestant Episcopal Bishop in the United States. For the six following years he was minister in Queen Caroline Parish, Anne Arundel county, and St. Paul's, Prince George's, where he became the intimate friend of Bishop Claggett. Meanwhile he had published an octavo pamphlet called "Thoughts on Repentance." He then became Rector of Northwest Parish, Cecil county, and married the daughter of his predecessor in the parish. About this time he published a volume entitled "A Clue to Truth," a small volume of "Hymns and Poems," a pamphlet on "Education," and another on the "State of Religion in Maryland." In 1797, having lost his wife, he removed to and took charge of Westminster Parish, but his health failing him, he accepted a home in Gov. Lloyd's family, in Kent Co., and officiated occasionally in the Church in that neighborhood, but soon returned to Cecil. At length, in 1803, he accepted the appointment of Professor of Ancient Languages in St. John's College, and on the 7th of February, 1804, was appointed Rector of St. Anne's Parish. At the time of the suspension of the College exercises in 1806 Mr. Duke returned to Cecil, and in 1811 he became the Principal of Charlotte Hall School. Two years after he returned to Cecil, took charge of the Academy at Elkton, and there also exercised his calling as a clergyman. He was a large contributor to the periodicals of his day. Though always a man of feeble health he lived on to the age of 83 years, dying in 1840. The valuable library of five hundred volumes left by him was presented by his daughter to St. James' College.

We must not, however, allow the teachers of these halcyon days of St. John's to monopolize our attention to the exclusion of their pupils. As an evidence of the prosperity and renown which the College had already attained, we find from an examination of the old matriculating register that between the years 1789 and 1805, it shows not only representatives of every county of Maryland and the city of Baltimore but also from the States of Pennsylvania, Delaware, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia and Louisiana. We find there representatives from no less than nine counties of the State of Virginia, and the following well-known Virginia names: Washington, Custis, Dulany, Alexander, Thompson, Clark, Herbert, Lomax, Taloe, Benson, Gibbon, Love, Blackburn, Burwell, Mercer and others. We find P. Thomas and Jas. Williams from different parts of England; J. Guerin, of Renne, France; A. F. A. Mayne and Tetong Greland, of St. Domingo; Wm. Laurance, of the Island of Nevis; Thos. Arridell, of the West Indies, without defini-

nite locality; S. Raymond, of Dominique; Pierre and Alexander Bernard, of Cape Françoise; Ignatius Archer, of Guera, Portugal, &c. During the same period we find there representatives of almost every distinguished family of Maryland so numerous that we feel at a loss to make a selection from them. We mention the following, omitting as many of the as distinguished: Jennings, Dulany, Carroll, Stone, Pinkney, Lloyd, Chase, Gle, Hanson, Thomas, Murray, Ridgely, Key, Dorsey, Snowden, Harwood, Steuart, Lee, Howard, &c., &c.

We should like to present here, did space allow, short biographical notices of some of the many graduates of this period, who were afterwards ornaments of the bench, bar, pulpit and senate. We will, however, content ourselves with a sketch of one, the chief among his fellows.

Francis Scott Key, son of John Key, planter, of Frederick county, Md., entered St. John's College November 11, 1789, and was graduated in the class of 1796. He was one of Mr. Higginbotham's "tenth legion," and gave early promise of the distinguished ability that marked his subsequent career. His standing in his class was among the first, and he graduated with honors. In 1801 he commenced the practice of the law at Frederick, Md., but subsequently removed to Washington, D. C., where he was appointed U. S. District Attorney. In a short time he had reached a distinguished position in his profession, and in the General Court at Annapolis, and the U. S. Supreme Court at Washington, contended with Pinkney, Wirt, Luther Martin, Arthur Shaff, and other eminent lawyers of his day. His reputation was not, however, confined to his profession. He was the author of a number of charming poems, which in 1857 were collected and published by Henry V. D. Johns, of Baltimore. Of these one is perhaps more familiar to the great body of the American people, more deeply cherished in the American heart, than any one like composition. It is the stirring national anthem, "The Star-Spangled Banner." An interesting account, by Chief Justice Roger B. Taney, Mr. Key's brother-in-law, of the circumstances under which this song of the American people was composed, will be found in the preface to the volume of Mr. Key's poems, just noticed, and also in McCarty's National Songs. The following account is taken from that very comprehensive and admirable work, "The Chronicles of Baltimore," by Col. J. Thomas Scharf, member of the Maryland Historical Society, &c.:

"During the fearful night of the bombardment, Francis S. Key, a distinguished son of Maryland, was a prisoner in the British fleet. Having gone on the cartel ship 'Minden,' in the company of Col. John S. Skinner, under the protection of a flag of truce, to effect the release of a captive friend (Dr. Barnes, a highly esteemed physician of Upper Marlborough in Maryland), he was himself detained during the expedition. They were placed on the 'Surprise,' where they were courteously treated. Finally they were transferred to their own vessel, the 'Minden,' which was anchored in sight of the fort. Of vivid and poetic temperament, he felt deeply the danger which their preparations foreboded, and the long and horrible hours which passed in sight of that conflict whose issue he could not know. It was under these circumstances that he composed 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' descriptive of the scenes of that doubtful night and of his own excited feelings."

Col. Scharf also tells us, on page 121 of his work, that "a short time after the re-

treit of the British forces from their unsuccessful attempt upon Baltimore, the Star-Spangled Banner was set to music and sung by the Du sang Brothers on the stage of the Holliday-street Theatre, creating immense enthusiasm. So popular did it at once become that its repetition was demanded every night for several weeks."

We close our account of this epoch of the College, so honorable to itself and its government during its continuance, and in its undesigned disastrous termination so discreditable to the State, with an extract from an address by Mr. Key before the Society of the Alumni of the College, on the 22d of February, 1827:

"Thirty years ago I stood within that hall with the associates of my early joys and labors, and bade farewell to them, to our revered instructors, to the scenes of our youthful happiness, and received the parting benediction of that beloved and venerated man who ruled the institution he had reared and adorned not more by the force of authority than affection. In a few short years I returned, and the companions and guides of my youth were gone, and the glory of the temple of science, which the wisdom and piety of our forefathers had founded was departed. I saw in its place a dreary ruin. I wandered over its beautiful and silent green, no longer sacred to the meditations of the enraptured student, nor vocal with the joyous shout of youthful merriment. I sat upon the mouldering steps of that lonely portico, and beneath the shadow of that ancient tree—that seemed, like me, to lament its lost companions—and the dreams of other days came over me, and I mourned over the madness that had worked this desolation.

"If I have ever felt the impulse to mingle in the councils of my country, it was in these scenes and these moments, when filial affection to my Alma Mater, and love to my native State, united to impel me to redress the wrongs of the one and efface the foulest blot upon the name of the other.

"Let it be shown, then, to the people and Legislature of Maryland that if the high and warm feelings of patriotism cannot be roused to give to the State an institution essential to her honor and safety the colder but sterner principle of justice may be appealed to, and must yield it."

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

The *Wittenberger* of Springfield, Ohio, is one of our best exchanges. The literary articles are well written, while the editorials are marked by the good sense displayed not less than by the absence of the pomposity of style common to many college journals. The article on the profession of law, together with the editorial remarks upon debating societies, are well worth the attention of college students.

We welcome the *Concordensis* upon our table. The *Concordensis* is a candid and straightforward exponent of the interests of the students of its institution, and in its tone is able and progressive.

The *University Missouriian*, of Columbia, Missouri, speaks well for the college of which it is the representative. The articles are of a dignified character, and withal well treated. It speaks with deserved pride of its female schools.

The *Faetia*, as regards the extent and variety of its personal and local columns, is inferior to none of our exchanges, but, as formerly stated, we disagree with it in its exclusion of literary articles. If intended as a mere medium to jump of transactions within college all right; but if, as we conceive it, the end of a college paper be the development of literary talent therein, we think this department should receive more attention.

The *Pennsylvania College Monthly* is a neatly printed magazine, and will compare well, in point of literary merit, with most of our exchanges.

The *Virginia University Magazine* needs no commendation from us. We think this journal furnishes conclusive proof that the character of an institution is reflected in its students.

The *Georgetown College Journal*.—We have hitherto refrained from reviewing this journal, because we have not considered it a fair representative of the talents of the students of the college. The cause of this was possibly the withdrawal of the Prize Medal usually given. The last two numbers of the journal, however, certainly reflect great credit upon the institution. The essay on Natural Science by C. A. De Courcy, in the February number, evinces both the ability of the author and the high state of scientific culture within the college. "Literary Criticism" by F. P. K., and the "Dangers of the Age," are both capital articles.

Of the *Southern Collegian* it is only necessary to say that it is as good as ever. "Individual Usefulness" is a first-rate article. We shall ever welcome the *Collegian* to our tables. We like its name.

Want of space forbids us to notice more of our college exchanges at present. Of our State exchanges our old friend, the *Bulletin*, comes regularly, and is read with increasing pleasure. The rapidly growing popularity of the *Bulletin* augurs for it a long and prosperous career.

The *Annapolis Record* has recently been enlarged and improved to meet the demands of rapidly growing patronage. The *Record* is a rising paper, both in merit and popularity, and we doubt not but that its enlargement, while hailed with delight by its patrons, will be but a prelude to the era of prosperity which it deserves.

The *Port Tobacco Times*, of Charles Co., is one of our best exchanges. The editorial department of this paper is unexcelled by any of our country exchanges in the State. Its discussions are able and its spirit progressive. "Prohibitory Legislation" would be profitably read by the fanatical of the Legislature.

The *Athenaeum*, of Springfield, Ill., is a monthly magazine devoted to elocutionary literature. It is replete with choicest selections of epic and dramatic cast, culled from the fairest poetry of the language. It is a perfect little gem, and will form an inestimable treasure to cultured and aesthetic tastes. Every library should possess it, and the elocution class which has once examined it, we venture to say, will never be without it. We greet it with pleasure to our exchange list. Send for a specimen number to the *Athenaeum*, Springfield, Illinois.

As good almost kill a man as kill a good book. Who kills a man kills a reasonable creature—God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself—kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth, but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. 'Tis true, no age can restore whereof, perhaps, there is no great loss; the revolutions of ages do not often recover the loss of a rejected truth for the want of which whole nations fare the worse.—Milton.

To solicit patronage is, at least in the event, to set virtue at sale. None can be pleased without praise, and few can be praised without falsehood, few can be assiduous without servility, and none can be servile without corruption.—Rambler, No. 414.

A FEW OBSERVATIONS ON HUMAN NATURE IN AND AROUND COLLEGE.

No. II.

According to our promise made in the last number of the *Collegian*, we now proceed to take up in detail some of the specimens cited in our introductory article. The reader will remember that we divided the students into two great classes; the *Conformists* and the *Non-Conformists*, giving a description of what we judged was a type of each class, and designating these types respectively as the *sanctimonious* and the *obstreperous* student. One of the species of the genus *Non-conformist* is

THE CYNIC.

The true college cynic never allows that justice should be tempered with mercy. In his heart the "milk of human kindness" is rapidly turning to gall. His most benevolent opinions are lacerated with sundry moral reflections, and these, in turn, are of the most doubtful composition. He always adds an "N. B." to his remarks, and if there is no occasion for a remark, he still finds a way to add his "N. B." to the remark of some one else. He never indulges in any broad humor, and never gives vent to a hearty laugh. In fact, he cannot laugh heartily, by nature; but now and then a forced "horse laugh" attests his appreciation of a sarcasm which others frown down rather than enjoy. To state this phase of his character in more exact terms, he cannot distinguish between humor and sarcasm, always thinking that humor is only, as it were, a relative sarcasm. On all the great questions of the day—in fact, on questions of any kind—he never commits himself, because if he were to adopt an opinion he would be under the uncomfortable necessity of praising it occasionally, and praise is altogether foreign to his nature. The cynic's soul is very dyspeptic, and if there are no patent medicines in the other world, he will be one of the most miserable creatures of all that recline in the "flowery fields of paradise." He never attributes a good motive to any one, and firmly believes that a man is absolutely responsible for everything he does, but he never gives expression to such an opinion, for then he could not criticize the doctrine of free moral agency. The cynic is neither conservative nor progressive, but insinuates that a man who is neither of these is "tame," or "timid," or "milk and water." He is the most ambiguous of ambiguous characters—the very essence of equivocation; neither a republican nor a democrat; and still he intimates that a man who is neither of these is a "hypocrite," "an office-seeker," "a man of no decision of character."

He never calls a man "a fool" unless he is angry, and then the abused individual thinks nothing of the remark, for he knows that if the cynic really thought so he would not speak so frankly, but would veil his opinion in "glittering generalities."

He never fails to find ants in the rolls, or reaches in the sugar, but avows that if the ants and roaches, he "would have no objection." This is his highest humorous flight. From that point there is only one step to the most biting sarcasm. He particularly desires to impress every one that, in order to be appreciated by him, they must approximate to the highest excellence; but if any one endeavors to "approximate," he expresses deep regret that human nature should be so hypocritical.

The cynic is never satisfied with his marks. If he receives "5," he says that the professor must have taken a "smoke," or he would not have given him so much; and if he receives anything less than 5,

solemnly avows that the professor is unfair—always and under all circumstances, however, so modifying his remarks as to persuade his hearer that he does not say this "positively," but that it is "—strange."

No. III will be a discussion of the genus "Bulldozer," which subject follows naturally after "Cynic," since frequently the two are combined in one.

JUNES, JR.

SPELLING REFORM.

The principal arguments formerly relied upon by the opponents of spelling reform were, first, that our present orthography conveys to the ordinary user of the language much information with regard to the history of words, which would be lost to him were the spelling made to conform to the sound; and second, that confusion would arise between words now spelled differently but pronounced alike, if these words were identical upon the printed page as well as to the ear. It must be admitted that these arguments have been refuted completely by the advocates of reform. See, for example, an essay in Prof. W. D. Whitney's *Oriental and Linguistic Studies*, and a lecture by Alexander G. Ellis in the December number of the *Educational Times*.

But, admitting that some reform is desirable, the current discussions of this subject show a good deal of confusion as to the kind of reform which is desirable, and erroneous views as to the principles on which it should be founded and the extent to which it is practicable.

A recent letter to one of the New York papers illustrates the absurd notions concerning the kind of reform desirable which prevail among those who, not having studied the subject, seem to call for change merely out of impatience with our present mode of spelling. After an eloquent plea in behalf of children and foreigners learning our language, for the dropping of silent letters, the writer appeals to the "Hercules of the press" to make a beginning by dropping the *u*, which in English invariably follows *q*. A more useless innovation could hardly be proposed. The object of change, certainly so far as the interests of children and foreigners are concerned, is to remove the uncertainty which now exists in numberless cases, with respect to the sound to be given to certain letters or combinations of letters; but no such uncertainty exists in the case of the combination *qu*, and the rule to employ *qu* to denote this sound is without exception. In fact, we cannot say that *q*, separate from *u*, has any sound in English usage, and therefore *u* in this instance is not, properly speaking, a silent letter. It would be a more scientific but equally useless innovation to express the sound in question, which is really a composite one, by the combination *kʷ*, which represents its elements.

It is sometimes assumed that the question is simply this: "Shall we continue to spell words as we have been accustomed to, or shall we spell them as they sound?" The least consideration will show that this is far from being the case. Let any one attempt to spell a few English sentences phonetically, relying merely upon his habits of associating certain signs with certain sounds. In many cases he will find himself embarrassed by the existence of several modes of representing the same sound, while in other cases the same symbol will have to do duty for several sounds. He will soon perceive that an essential prerequisite to phonetic spelling is an alphabetical system which admits but one method of representing a sound, and which recognizes no sound

sound as corresponding to a given letter or combination of letters; and the more attention he bestows upon this subject the more will he be convinced that we must rely upon the labor of those who have given close and long-continued study to phonetic science for an alphabet to be made the basis of spelling reform.

The desiderata in a truly scientific, phonetic alphabet are, that each sound shall be analyzed into its simplest elements, that the elementary sounds shall be denoted by signs which indicate their mutual relations, and that utmost precision shall exist in the correspondence of sound and symbol. The value of an alphabet possessing these characteristics, as an aid to the study of phonetics, would undoubtedly be very great, and, influenced by his keen appreciation of this fact, the scientific phoneticist insists upon some such alphabet as the basis of spelling reform. For example, because the *ng* of "king" is as much a simple sound as the *n* of "kin," he would represent it by a single symbol. The same remark, of course, applies to *th*, *ch*, *sh*, and to such apparent but not real diphthongs as *au*. He would introduce ten or twelve new vowel symbols, rejecting as unscientific such devices as the final *e*, or the doubling of a consonant, to indicate the sound of a preceding vowel.

In a review of a work entitled "English Sounds and English Spelling," which has just appeared in London, by Mr. F. G. Fleay, who has for twenty years been an advocate of spelling reform, the *Educational Times* says: "Mr. Fleay gives us an alphabet, with many new and unthought symbols, of forty-two letters." It may be regarded as certain that nothing even approximating to such a radical change as the introduction of this alphabet would imply can ever overcome the obstacles which it would have to encounter. Unless the constructors of phonetic alphabets are content with the first two of the above desiderata, and to confine their efforts to the securing of the third, in a manner involving the smallest possible departure from our existing habits of associating sounds and symbols, we shall have to say of their labors as the *Times* does of Mr. Fleay's: "It has been, we venture to think, a profitless and a purposeless labor," at least so far as spelling reform is concerned.

Supposing, however, a practical phonetic alphabet to be authoritatively adopted, variations in pronunciation will be found to constitute an almost insuperable obstacle to the introduction of phonetic spelling. Perhaps the greatest advantage which will result from the attempt will consist in calling attention to these variations, which, we suspect, are far more numerous than is generally supposed. In the lecture by Alexander Ellis, above alluded to, will be found specimens of both old and modern English, spelled in a system called by its author "engtype." It is explained that *r* is omitted in this system when it is not pronounced, and on examining the specimens we find it omitted both in "father" and in "words" (the vowel immediately preceding being in each case pronounced like *u* in "cut"). Can it be possible that these are the usual pronunciations of cultivated Englishmen; and if so, will our own scholars agree to consider them orthodox? Again, in specimens given by Professor Haldeman, and published last summer in the newspaper reports of the Philological Association, the preposition "of" was invariably given in the form "ɔf" (as in "cut"); the dictionaries, and we think general usage, give the vowel sound as identical with that of *o* in "on." The phoneticists hold that the spoken

word is the word *par excellence*, and that the written word should represent it as closely as possible, but they will probably admit that free spelling is not to be tolerated, so that nothing like thorough reform on a phonetic basis is possible, until a multitude of vexed questions of pronunciation are settled, to say nothing of other multitudes which will arise to vex those who may undertake to make the reform. We may mention, as an example, a large class of words in which the *a*, formerly pronounced with the open sound of *a* in "father," is now commonly, at least among Americans, pronounced with the sound commonly called "flat" (for no other reason, apparently, than that it occurs in the word "flat"). Of this class are the words "basket," "pass," "task," "half," "laugh," "after," and "path." If the two sounds in question are distinguished in the new alphabet, who shall decide which of these usages shall govern the spelling? On the one hand it will be contended that we ought to return to the old paths, and on the other that the tendency to give the sound of *a* in "flat" is unmistakably upon the increase, and is in the direction of other changes in pronunciation which have been accepted.

It is indispensable that our spelling shall rest upon a well-recognized authority, and we ask, is it likely that any authority which can be brought to bear in settling disputed points of pronunciation will be widely enough accepted, to be a safe substitute for that upon which our present spelling rests?

RESOLUTIONS

Adopted by the Philanthropic Society on the Death of LEVI POOL.

Whereas it has pleased an omnipotent Providence, by a most sudden blow, to remove from our midst our esteemed fellow-member and college-mate, Levi Pool, on the very verge of manhood;

And whereas this Society feels the great loss which they have thus suddenly experienced in the death of one of its most able members: Now, be it

Resolved, by the Philanthropic Society, That this Society feels deeply sensible of the great bereavement which they have thus suffered in the loss of one who, as a true Christian and earnest student, had no equal in this body. Discharging all his duties with the zeal and energy which he was wont to display in every-day life; beloved by all with whom he came in contact, by teachers as well as students, he is alike missed by all. No more evidence is needed of this fact than the general gloom which pervades these walls for days after his death. This Society further sympathizes most deeply with his afflicted parents and family in this their hour of deepest distress, and can offer but the one consoling thought, that "as he lived, so has he died," a faithful, earnest Christian in the discharge of his duties.

And be it further resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his parents, and also be inserted in the *Maryland Collegian* and entered on the minutes of this Society.

J. S. CROCKETT, President.

F. H. BEALL, Secretary.

The Sciences, after a thousand indignities, retired from the palace of Patronage, and having long-wandered over the world in grief and distress, were led at last to the cottage of Independence, the daughter of Fortitude, where they were taught by Prudence and Parsimony to support themselves in dignity and quiet.—*Rambler*, No. CIV.

The Maryland Collegian.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE LITERARY SOCIETIES OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE.

Editors from the Philomathean Society:

A. W. WRIGHT, S. E. MUDD.

Editors from the Philokalian Society:

G. T. MARTIN, C. E. LINTHICUM.

Contributions and correspondence on suitable topics solicited. All articles will receive fair consideration. Rejected MSS. will not be returned. All communications must be addressed to

ROGER S. POWELL,
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SALUTATORY.

In assuming the position of Editors of the *Md. Collegian*, those newly-elected to that position deem it becoming to say a few words of salutation. It is, indeed, with feeling akin to awe and reverence that we take in hand the editorial pen and enter the literary sanctum to investigate its hidden Arcana. Although invited to the contest by auspicious omens, we enter the amphitheatre with fear and trembling. We feel duly impressed with the burden that has been laid upon us, and doubting our ability to reach in safety the goal, we cannot but hesitate before beginning the race. Our predecessors, however, have left behind for us kind and encouraging words; and for this we feel grateful. We have watched their efforts in the past, we are now treading in their footsteps, and with eager longing we await what to-morrow may bring forth.—Could we only know that our duties will be performed with such satisfaction, both to others and ourselves, as theirs have been, we should desire nothing more. We fear, however, that our feebleness will appear greater when contrasted with their strength. However, we will do our best, and hope that with kindly-granted indulgence the dreaded disaster may, in some degree at least, be averted. If we shall be able to amuse you a few moments, to divert your minds from unpleasant thought, to engage your attention for a while with the immature thoughts of beardless youths, we shall feel that our labor has not been all in vain. Perhaps you may smile with pleasure, and perhaps you may smile with scorn. It matters not, if we have had and enjoyed "our say." We do not propose to explore the profound depths of Science, Politics, Religion, etc. We shall always endeavor, however, to choose sensible subjects, even though we write nothing but nonsense. As every living thing gives expression to its emotions, so we must, from pure youthful exuberance, hear ourselves and be heard. We remit to those whose minds are more matured by years, to those whose observation is keener from experience, all abstruse and speculative themes. The simple is always the most beautiful, the most attractive. It pleases us most in all the works of nature, in all the achievements of art. Towards that let us ever tend. We will not strive for the sublime, lest in the struggle we fall into the ridiculous. The sublime and the ridiculous! How entirely different, and yet it is said, and truly, that between them there is but a step. The sudden transition, however, often grates harshly upon the delicate ear. We will try to avoid this (in the future). We feel—with prophetic vision we almost see—that

obstacles will arise which will call forth "renewed energy," and "we do hope and trust" that we shall come out not *hors du combat*. Nevertheless, willingly—almost longingly—we commence the "good work." We even feel hopeful, for what is the use of despondency? To despond is to give up the battle before the fight, while hope always awakens courage. This is our only wish: that the fields into which we are now entering may be pleasant meadows, and not dreary wastes; that when we cast aside our rollicksome boyhood, and assume to a certain degree the gravity and dignity of manhood, that this new act in the drama of our lives may be successful, and we may retire from the same with approval, at least, if not applause. We doubt not that in the future the memory of these old times will be like flowers scattered along life's pathway, to beautify and adorn it. They will come back to us, no doubt, through the misty depths of years, with a sweet and hallowed influence.

E. T. MARTIN,
A. W. WRIGHT,
C. E. LINTHICUM.

We notice with surprise and regret that many of our college exchanges are beginning to chronicle a growing neglect of the literary societies of their respective institutions. Several indeed seem to be abandoned altogether. Like our esteemed cotemporary and exchange, *The Wittenberger*, we can not but regard such a movement as this "as one of the greatest misfortunes that could befall any institution of learning." In an age like the present, when the short-sighted methods of instruction of the past are being abolished, and new ones are being formed upon a basis of freedom and originality of thought, such a tendency strikes us as anomalous. In our colleges and universities are to be laid the foundations of the mental calibre of after life, and this is not accomplished so much by the variety of studies taught as they are in which they are conducive to a vigorous and independent activity of the mind. In our class exercises, especially where the marking system prevails, there is too great a tendency to overlook the ends of education, and to regard the standing in class as an index of progress. The debating society, on the contrary, if properly managed, not only gives a stimulus to, but necessitates originality of thought. There, indeed, if anywhere in college, does education become practical.—There we not only discipline the mind, but enter into contests of a precisely similar nature with those of professional life. We infer from the tone of our exchanges that much of the time in these societies is devoted to composition and oratory. This we do not think should be the case, and we venture to assert that it contributes much to the decay of interest in question. Composition and oratory are, of course, excellent in their proper place, but should usurp but little time in a debating society. For in these, to say nothing of the tiresomeness to those who are accustomed to listen to them, there is an utter absence of any conflict of, or any extemporaneous thought, and consequently great temptation to speciousness. As regards oratory, the criticism—the much-deserved criticism, upon our recent inter-collegiate oratorical contest will bear out our assertion. In our own college we are happy to say that our societies have little cause of complaint, and that debating, if not their exclusive, is at least their primary feature. It certainly appears to us that these societies should receive more encouragement from college authorities than they generally do. As it is, they are generally dependent upon the private enterprise of students, instead

of being regarded as a regular and indispensable department of the course. Hence it is that many of an exceedingly pious turn of mind come to regard attention to the debating society as detracting from class duties and resolve to let the debating society go. If such students, however, would keep in their mind the true end of education, as a preparation for the active duties of life, they would have to view in the debating society not only a powerful *per se* medium of instruction, but from the spirit of investigation which it imparts, a means of rendering more effective and practical all other branches of knowledge.

QUID VULT MAURICE.

In several recent numbers of the *Marblehead Gazette* of Prince George county there has appeared a series of articles over the signature of a certain B. Maurice, pertaining to the Agricultural College and St. John's College. While professing an interest in our College, and in fact ostensibly written for the purpose of inducing legislative assistance thereto, it is obvious that these eloquent and denunciatory effusions are intended not out of interest in St. John's College, but merely to relieve their somewhat disconsolate author of an old grudge against the faculty. With this, however, we have little to do. Ungrateful sons indeed of our revered Alma Mater would we be were we to manifest a want of feeling or interest in whatever pertains to her welfare. Upon this point, however, we repeat we have nothing to combat, as said Maurice is not less profuse in his professions of attachment to her, than he is unsparing in his aspersions upon the faculty. What we have to speak of is the following paragraph. Speaking of the faculty he says: "Their organ, the *Maryland Collegian*, a paper published at the College, boasts in the December number that 'they turn out two-thirds of their students for the ministry.'" This assertion is absolutely and entirely false. Whether a mistake, or an intentional falsehood on the part of Maurice, we know not, nor care we any more than we conceive Maurice cares himself. *Analogy*, however, furnishes presumptive evidence of the latter. If by any possible and peculiar combination of circumstances any one should be so blind to reason and so perverted in judgment as to believe this statement of Maurice we simply refer him to the said number of the *Collegian*, and if he finds anything approaching the said assertion we will candidly admit that our author has for once told the truth. This gentleman may have been sincere in his impression that we were the organ of the faculty. However, it was a false impression, and as such we feel it our duty to correct it. Our paper, of which Mr. Maurice, we feel honored to learn, is apparently an attentive reader, came into existence but a few short months ago under the auspices of the two debating societies. It was the offspring only of their persistent and unaided efforts, "conceived, resolved and maintained" by them, and by them alone, and so far from being the organ of, or even receiving any assistance at that time from, the faculty, it was virtually in vigorous existence and confident of success before the faculty had even dreamt of its projection.

As it was established, so it has ever continued. We have endeavored to make our paper an exponent of the views and interests of the students, and of the College, of course, in so far as the College is identified with the students. We have, it is true, occasionally received articles from members of the faculty, as we would gladly do from anyone else, who, as they and we, feel interested in the cause of education.—

This explanation we feel it our duty to make, out of justice to both faculty and students. To the faculty, because it still further disproves the *boasting assertion* with which they have been basely attributed; to the students, for the simple reason that it is untrue. Moreover, if it were true that St. John's turned out two-thirds of its students for the ministry, with all our respect for the vocation, we venture to assert that neither faculty nor students would boast of it. Mr. Maurice, we truly sympathize with you, sir; you are an old sinner and need the consolation of religion. Whatever may be the vices and the imperfections of St. John's faculty, and they could be little worse, sir, than you have represented them, we would still say, sir, and you dare not ask us to prove it, that "no contraries hold greater antipathies" than their character and yours.

Your history is well known here. Your biography would be especially interesting as a vivid representation of the dark side of human nature. Your own written confession of your iniquities, still preserved in the archives of this College—this College which your services once disgraced—would form a stirring episode therein. Your record might have been lulled in the shades of oblivion, but you have snatched it from the tomb of silence. Write on, Mr. Maurice; there is a charm in your name which you lack in your fame, but they neither redound to your glory. We sincerely desire that your articles may receive the careful perusal of the Legislature, for if such be the case we feel confident of receiving about an additional thousand for each one. There is one point, sir, which we suggest you include in your next article, that whatever be the mismanagement by the "powers that be" of the two institutions which you have made the subject of your philippics, they both deserve the credit of an action—the very embodiment of true progress and reform, which you in your secret soul will confess—they have both unconditionally and peremptorily dispensed with your services in their institutions. Why is this, thusly, Mr. Maurice? Ah, Mr. Maurice, Mr. Maurice—quid fecis sibi, Mr. Maurice! You have constituted yourself supreme judge for the hearing and decision of the respective claims of the State of Maryland and St. John's College. The fates, however, are unpropitious; even the sacredness of your office can not screen you, and verily, verily it seemeth that

"Revengeful nature, out of grudge,
Clapped asses' ears upon a judge."

MULTUM IN PARVO.

The great desideratum in modern writers is condensation of subject-matter. A profuseness of style, an exuberant flow of language, and a multiplicity of words to express even the simplest thought, are not always a sign of genius. Genius has, for a characteristic, reflection no less than imagination. The mind of man is said to be bipolar. Like the magnet, it has its positive and its negative pole. Imagination is the positive, and reflection the negative. Imagination furnishes the material, and reflection elaborates it, and out of the confused mass constructs its building. These forces should be in equilibrium. A powerful imagination without reflection produces small fruit, and it is one of the greatest characteristics of genius that it has these antagonistic forces in counterpoise. The trouble, then, is that in these latter days we do not have enough reflection. A word is defined as the "sign of an idea," and language as "the expression of thought in words." But these definitions are not always correct, for superabundance of diction often ends in utter confusion. One well-

matured thought is worth more than a volume of nonsense to an intelligent man. You will find more food for thought and reflection in a single aphorism of Shakespeare than in many a three-volume novel. The writer who can present to the mind in the fewest words the most pictures is the one who will succeed. "The finest hair casts a shadow," says Goethe. We see here at once the stroke of genius. Let all youthful *litterati*, then, who aspire to a place in the annals of literary fame remember that conciseness is "the spice" of style. While ambition is singing her siren song in their youthful hearts, let them, if they would attain success, adopt as their criterion, *qualitas non quantitas*. There are few men that have not imagination. It is seen even in the toddling infant. But imagination is not always genius. Reflection must be there always to counteract its force, so that they may be both led into the channel of genius. What is superfluous is useless, and what is useless seldom interests the intelligent. But we are reminded strongly of a certain saying about "practicing what you preach," and think we had better say no more.

REFLECTIONS.

IN MEMORIAM—LEVI POOL.

That mystery which hides, with shadowy pale,
The universe beyond, and holds perplexed
And helpless all the faculties of man,
Has taken from our midst the genial light
Of a most dear friend's presence, and has left
A melancholy void, and all of us
Groping in darkness, deeper, sadder still.
Alas! we know not why it should be thus;
We know not—we can never know—why all
Our loves, our brightest hopes, our deepest joys
Should thus be draped in mourning, and
commanded,
With stern behest, to mutely, sadly watch
Beside the portals of this tent of clay
We call our body. Though he now has gone,
Though deepest sorrow stains our anguished souls,
Let us be hopeful still, and still remember
That brightest sunbeams cast the deepest shadows.
He was our friend, ingenuous and true,
Manly and faithful, virtuous and humble;
One who, while treading joyfully along
The path of wisdom, ne'er forgot the source
From whence that wisdom sprung. Our dear friend
Exemplified for us all noble traits,
And e'en in sorrow and impending death
Was hopeful and happy. Let his companions, then,
Strive earnestly to emulate his mind.
Fully he knew the weird uncertainty
Of his young life. Fully, ah! yes, he knew
That any moment of the golden hours
Might sound his funeral knell, and still his faith
Buoyed up his spirits, brave unto the last.
Let us not, then, companions, cry against
The wisdom of the act which took him from us,
But let his fate always remind us of
His purest life and bright, unswerving faith.

Words are, indeed, idle things with which to express our emotions at the visitation of this distressing affliction. We feel too deeply for utterance the loss of our beloved friend. Death is at all times a dread monster, who casts his dark pall around his every sojourn. For old age to sink into its last slumber, after experiencing all the vicissitudes of fortune and tasting all life's bitter and sweet fruits, is often a glorious

sight; but when the grim monster lays his pale hand upon the young and strong on those upon whose brows are seen high hopes and noble resolves, the act cannot but cause a feeling of dread. But "whom the gods love die young." So in his years of early manhood, our companion was called to his heavenly home. We are overwhelmed with sorrow at his loss, and we mourn for him with bitter anguish. But we knew him well, we knew his character, his true godliness, and why should we weep for him when we can rest assured that perfect happiness and bliss are now his lot? It seems hard that one whose character was so beautiful, whose conscience was never stained by the smallest blot, who bravely fought the good fight, always at the post of duty, and never disturbed or complaining, but trusting implicitly in the mission and goodness of God—it seems hard that one who was so beautiful in his life should be so suddenly visited by death. But we must not question of Him whose eye noteth even the falling of the sparrow. It has pleased God to remove him, and we must bow before His supreme wisdom. Let this sudden visitation be to us a powerful warning that we should be always ready to obey the summons. We know not the moment nor the hour when we may be called before the judgment-seat of God. In the flashing of an eye the vital spark may leave forever its tenement of clay.

Let us, fellow-students, read the beautiful record which our departed companion has left behind on the few leaves that he had turned over in the book of human life, and let us compare it with our own record. Few, if any, of us can present one as bright. Let us learn some useful lesson from this sad experience, and I am sure these sympathies of our youth will always be dear in our memory.

BY A FELLOW-STUDENT.

DEATH OF LEVI POOL.

Died at St. John's College, March 18, 1878,
LEVI POOL, aged 27 years, 4 months
and 26 days.

Whereas it has pleased the Almighty to take from his late field of duty and from among us our former classmate, Mr. Levi Pool, of Westminster, Carroll county, Md.: Therefore,

I. *Be it Resolved by the Class of '79*, That said class feels keenly this loss of one of its most prominent members.

II. *Be it Resolved*, That the Class takes this method of expressing their heartfelt sympathy toward the relatives of the deceased.

III. *And be it further resolved*, That these resolutions be published in the *Maryland Collegian* and *Maryland Republican*, and a copy of the said resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased.

ROGER S. POWELL,
Pres. pro tem.

FRANK T. GIBSON,
Acting Secretary.

Mr. J. S. C., a prominent member of the present senior class, has been looking around for a pair of eye-glasses for the last month. Students of the College will understand the allusion.

Mr. P. E. Lusby, '80, who left College in the first preparatory, is giving a course of lectures before the public schools of Prince George's county. We wish the "Colonel" success.

Mr. W. Sydney Wilson, '74, member of the present Legislature, has taken unto himself a wife. We wish all happiness to himself and bride.

PERSONALS.

Mr. Magnus Reid, '78, who recently left College, is rusticated in Pennsylvania.

Mr. James W. Greer, of the class of '79, has recently exchanged the joys of College for the pleasures of the Paris Exposition. We understand he is to go in the capacity of private secretary to his father, Capt. J. A. Greer, U. S. N. Quite a fine place, Jim, to be sure.

Mr. W. A. Graham, '78, who left College in the sophomore class, is measuring cloth and reading law, and doing sundry other things, in Salisbury. We learn from the *Eastern Shoreman* that he is a prominent member of the "Salisbury Lyceum."

The Rev. Lewis C. Andrews, of '78, was, on the authority of Mr. J. S. C., "let up one degree higher" by the recent M. E. Conference at Chestertown.

Mr. Joseph M. Parker, quondam '79, has also recently been made an M. D. by the same institution. St. John's is well represented in the professions. The Doctor will create a sensation among the Prince George belles with his beaver and, if we mistake not, his mustache. Do not forget the fair ones of Annapolis, however, Doctor. Maryland avenue makes frequent inquiries.

But what shall we say of Mr. L. W. Fritch? His paraphrase of "young lambs, &c.," which we chance to be in possession of, is admirable. Rather personal, however, we should say. We have formerly had occasion to refer to the amatory propensities of this refractory son of ours, with a hope of converting him, but our efforts are unavailing. He is deeper in love than ever—absolutely past redemption. Your idea is a good one, Mr. Fritch; indeed, sir, we ourselves do envy you. But beware, sir; remember you are studying law, and love and law have sworn eternal enmity.

Mr. B. Harvey Howlett, formerly known as "Ben," of '79, "just naturally" graduated at the late commencement of the College of Physicians and Surgeons in Baltimore.

Of the class of '77 two are teaching school and two are studying medicine.

Mr. Herbert Harlan is a student of the Medical College of the Maryland University. He frequently visits the College.

Mr. Burton A. Randall is a student of the Philadelphia Medical College. He is at present, however, on a visit to his home in this city, and occasionally participates in the College sports, as of old. We understand he contemplates taking the spring course of lectures.

Mr. Monroe Mitchell is teaching school in Baltimore county. Latest accounts of him state also that he is in love. We wish him success.

Mr. N. Walter Dixon is a teacher of a high school in Somerset county, in which position he has a young lady associate. Envious position, Mr. Dixon. We understand he also lectures on temperance, and, not unmindful of his senior studies, occasionally expatiates on the "infinite divisibility of matter." Do not forget your promise, sir, of the 8th of last July.

We close with an exhortation to alumni for information concerning themselves. Postal cards or communications will be cheerfully received. Your company is solicited at all times—we demand it at the following commencement.

Every angry man thinks he is right, and nine times out of ten can see that they were wrong when anger cools. The tenth man is a fool.—*Rome Sentinel*.

DANCING.

The exceeding sinfulness of dancing has often served as a favorite topic of evangelical censure. That this censure is, in every respect, a just one, we are by no means prepared to admit. The love of dancing is as inherent in our being as the love of music. "The history of dancing," says an old Florentine, "would be the history of human nature. All the nations of the earth dance. The distinctive appellation for man would be the 'dancing animal,' for although, at a great cost, we do cause bears to stand on their hind legs, and teach cocks to dance by putting hot stones under their feet, yet do they not these things naturally of themselves, and in the best of them it is not dancing, but a miserable hopping and throwing about of the legs." The practice of dancing seems to have prevailed in all times and in all climes, and its history would, doubtless, require many volumes.

We know that there are many among us, even now, who believe dancing to be exceedingly ridiculous and immoral—who regard a ball-room as merely the arena for vanity, envyings and heart-burnings; but while we will go equal lengths with all in condemning the excess or abuse of any amusement, we are by no means of the opinion that dancing, in proper time and season, and in the right measure, is either sinful or absurd. Indeed, that dancing, as we have said, is no less than music a part of man's nature, and designed by a wise Creator for his pleasure and profit, we think, appear palpable to every one who has ever read the following dialogue in Moliere's comedy of "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme."

"*Music Master*.—Philosophy, to be sure, is something; but music, my dear sir—music * * *

"*Dancing Master*.—Music and dancing—music and dancing, that's all that's wanted in this world.

"*Music Master*.—There's nothing so useful in the government of a great nation as music.

"*Dancing Master*.—There is nothing so necessary to mankind as dancing.

"*Music Master*.—Without music no government can go on.

"*Dancing Master*.—Without dancing a man can do nothing.

"*Music Master*.—All the disorders, all the wars we see, only happen because people won't learn music.

"*Dancing Master*.—All the misfortunes of mankind, all the sad reverses that swell the pages of history, the mistakes of politicians, the failures of great captains—all this comes from not knowing how to dance.

"*M. Jourdain, the Citizen*.—How do you make that out?

"*Music Master*.—Why, doesn't war arise out of a want of union among men?

"*M. Jourdain*.—That's true.

"*Music Master*.—If, therefore, all men learned music, wouldn't that be the sure means to make them agree and keep time with one another, to bring about a universal peace?

"*M. Jourdain*.—You are quite right.

"*Dancing Master*.—When a man has committed a fault of conduct, either in family matters or in the government of the State, or in the command of an army, don't we always say, 'So-and-so has made a false step' in such an affair?

"*M. Jourdain*.—Yes, that's what we say.

"*Dancing Master*.—And can false steps proceed from anything else than the not knowing how to dance?

"*M. Jourdain*.—That's very true, and both of you are quite right in what you say.

"*Dancing Master*.—We have said it in order to show you the excellence and usefulness of dancing and music.

"M. Jourdain—And by this time I perfectly well comprehend it all."

Without going so far as to believe that all national defects and misfortunes have arisen out of the neglect of dancing and music, we are of the opinion that social quiet would be much promoted by the introduction of amusements on which, assuredly, no question either of politics or theology can possibly arise. Such questions, in the hours spent in society, among all ranks and conditions, often result in fierce controversies or fierce criticism on public and private character. To those of our readers who, like the Puritans of the older day, believe in a renunciation of all worldly pleasures—who, at the mere mention of the word *dance*, are inclined to hold up their hands in holy horror—we beg to say that, while we contend for a just estimation and moderate use of the usual modes of amusement, we are not blind to the evils of which the idle and wicked have made them the occasion. But we know that mankind must and will have places and periods of relaxation, and is it not far more worthy to the Christian philanthropist to try to keep them sound than to try to get rid of them altogether? It is a fact directly corroborative of this argument that in those towns where no public amusements have been permitted or provided, public morals have been at a lower ebb than in any other. This is a truth which no Utopian theory can overthrow.

"RELIGIOUS AND MORAL SENTIMENTS FROM SANSKRIT WRITERS."

Such is the title, in substance, of a little book by Dr. J. Muir, which we gladly welcome as contributing to the elucidation of a very difficult subject. An extreme issue has been made by writers of opposite classes, the one maintaining that our Sacred Books have borrowed some of their best and chief principles from the old Indian books; the other, that the sacred books of the Hindoos are comparatively modern copies of the Hebrew and Christian Bibles. We do not deem the question of any high religious significance from our standpoint. If it be admitted, as in any case it must, that every good and holy thought is from above, it is a matter of small importance whether it pleased God first to inspire an Indian, and afterwards to use for the second time this same inspired thought, or to inspire first the Hebrew and Greek, and afterwards, either through the proclamation of this truth or a second inspiration, to instruct the Hindoo. As a literary and psychological question, however, it is one of great interest. The truth, as in most cases, seems to lie in the mean between the two extremes. Assuming that the resemblance between the moral aphorisms of the New Testament and those of "The Bhagavad Gita" are more alike than the facts of the case seem to justify, Dr. F. Lorinser concludes that the composer was acquainted with the writings of the New Testament, and has read them as he thought fit. Dr. Windrich, of Heidelberg, is the able opponent of Dr. Lorinser's view of the matter. He denies that it is necessary to introduce the Bible to afford an explanation of the remarkable similarity of the Biblical and Sanskrit texts. Dr. Lorinser very justly claims that the imputation of borrowing from the Christian books cannot be sustained if the same sentiments are found in the Veda, which is admitted on all hands to be a primitive writing. A few specimens will be of interest to all thoughtful readers:

"Let no man do to another that which would be repugnant to himself."

"What virtue is there in the goodness of the man who is good only to his benefactors?"

"O king, thou seest the fault of others, although the size of mustardseed; but thou seest not thine own, though of the bulk of Belva fruits."

"A good man does not show enmity even when he is being destroyed."

THE SPIRIT OF SONG.

There is no truer saying than the one, "Let me make the songs of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws." It is, indeed, impossible to estimate the influence of ballad-poetry or measure the effect of it upon humanity. The goddess presiding over this species of poetry we may call the "Spirit of Song." When we seek her birth-place, we are pointed to creation's dawn, when the morning stars sang together, and there we see her leading the heavenly choir. She loved to frequent Eden's bowers, and when man fell from his pristine purity, she did not forsake him, but determined to accompany him in his weary wanderings over earth. From that hour to this she has been his constant companion. When he enters the world, her voice greets him in his mother's lullaby, and all through life's pilgrimage she calms his troubled spirit and bids him be at rest. The first record we have of her is among God's chosen people, where she pervaded the hearts of Moses and Miriam as they sang that majestic song of praise commemorating the destruction of Pharaoh and his host, and all through the sacred text we trace her smiling presence. Years later we find her guiding Sappho's lyre as she poured forth her strains of maddening eloquence, and also inspiring the blind bard of the Ionian isles to sing of earthly gods, of Trojan conflicts and Grecian bravery. The sweet-voiced Horace, also, she taught to sing the praises of his friend Mæcenæ and the joys of his Sabine home, and the warm-hearted Anacreon she impelled to warble forth his glowing songs of love. It would be a tedious task to enumerate her hosts of representatives, all

"The many birds sublime
Whose distant footsteps echo
Down the corridors of time."

But not only is the influence of the Spirit of Song illimitable, but her votaries and their themes she makes immortal. The Scottish plough-boy has long since slept beneath "the clods of the valley," yet

"The banks and braes o' bonnie Doon"

reverberate as loud and clear with his songs as when he trod its flowery paths in life's freshness and beauty. Burns made his country's scenery poetical, and her rivers and mountains he consecrated by his immortal verse. The Doon, the Cluden, the Ayr and the Nith are now classic streams, and their borders are trodden with new and thrilling emotions. "Highland Mary" still lives, and the soul-touching ballad, "To Mary in Heaven" still causes the starting tear to course along the bonnie cheek, and over all the events and scenes renowned by the peasant boy's verse, their memory still awakes.

"And fondly broods with miser care—
Time but the impression stronger makes,
As waves their channels deeper wear."

The sway of the Irish bard is felt wherever the English tongue is heard, and "The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,"

still thrills the human heart, although it "Hangs as mute on Tara's walls"

As if it had been at the very heart of the

Moore has immortalized his country, and his melodies will ever enjoy the vigor of eternal youth, and find a hearty response in the souls of all mankind.

With what unfading lustre has the author of "Home, Sweet Home"—himself a homeless wanderer—surrounded his name! By that simple ballad, what tumultuous feelings has he often aroused; how many hearts has he soothed, and to how many breasts brought sweet peace! In our own country the Spirit of Song has also come to dwell. We cannot boast a Burns or a Moore, but we can point to a Morris and a Longfellow, whose songs make glad ten thousand hearts.

LOCALS.

Charley, mind your P's and Q's.

Humph! Hu! Think College bill pass?

Prof. D. has begun to spade. "O angulus ille!"

"Our hash here," remarked a witty Freshman the other day, "is a good deal like faith—the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen." St. John's has been feeding that Freshman four years. How ungrateful!

Mr. R. H. declares that "if that big Newfoundland dog knocks him down, it will be the last dog that he'll ever knock down."

Where is the Dramatic Society? We have not heard from it lately. It cannot be possible that the Shaksperian spirit manifested by some of our students has allowed this project to fail.

That Sophomore who regularly takes a walk at 10 P. M., stopping under a certain window, must refrain—or we will inform on him. Remember, sir, this is Lent.

D. H.—2 prep.—recently paid a visit to the National Capitol. Desiring a directory, he walked into a drug store and asked for "a dictionary of Washington."

PLATONIC DIALOGUES.

No. I. (Relic of Sophomore Year.)

Mr. J. F. G. (Reading Horace.) O. The—saurus!

Prof. D.—What?

Mr. J. F. G. (Continuing to translate the lines which read in Horace as follows:

O si angulus ille

Proximus accedat qui nunc denotat agellum!
O si unum argenti fors quæ mihi monstret, ut illi.

Thesaurus invento qui, etc.) Prof. D.—Mr. G., was Thesaurus a Greek or a Roman?

Mr. J. F. G. (hesitating.)—I think he was a Greek, sir.

Prof. D.—No, sir. You don't know anything about it. (Dusting his marking book with handkerchief—ominous sign.)

Prof. D. (to next gentleman, Wm. A. G.) Mr. G., who was Thesaurus?

Mr. Wm. A. G.—He was a Roman, I think, sir.

[Tableau.]

No. II.

Scene—Front of Barnum's Hotel, Baltimore
Dramatis Personæ—1st Hackman, 2d Hackman, 3d Hackman—25th Hackman; Mr. S. E. M.

1st Hackman—Hack, sir?

2d H.—Hack yer, sir?

13th H.—Hack?

Mr. S. E. M.—Sir!

19th H.—Take a hack, sir?

Mr. S. E. M.—Where do you go?

20th H.—Hack, sir, hack?

Mr. S. E. M.—Where do you go?

20th H.—Anywhere, sir?

Mr. S. E. M.—Well, let's see. How far is it to Barnum's?

20th H.—Three miles. (Aside—In a circle.)

21st H.—He's a liar, sir; it's only two miles and a half.

Mr. S. E. M.—I believe you're bottling.

23d H.—Hack, sir, HACK?

Hackmen (in grand chorus)—H—A—C—K?

About this time Mr. S. E. M.'s companion, who was getting rather nervous, disappeared around the corner with an insinuating smile upon his placid countenance.

[Sennet and exit.]

Scene 2—Mr. S. E. M. meets Mr. J. S. C.

Mr. S. E. M.—These d—fools must think we're pretty important individuals.

BITS SOPHOMORIC.

The subject for essay given to the Sophomore Class last month was "The Marking System." As marking recitations is, doubtless, a practice of very especial interest to almost every student, it may not be out of place to give here a brief synopsis of some of the views entertained by the Sophs.

C. C. B. thinks marking produces the habit of committing words without attending to the ideas they express. The student should be marked according to his understanding of what he recites, and not for the facility with which he recites.

S. R. T.—Havre de Grace—holds pretty much the same views as C. C. B. Marking induces a spirit of rivalry, a desire to excel, but produces careless thinking. The student with the highest mark has often merely the *goon* and the *name*.

J. D. W. thinks marks do not show the true merit of the scholar. Through ambition, however, they cause many to study more, and show, though imperfectly, the relative value and standing of the student.

E. H. B., who is generally outspoken in his opinions, characterizes the "marking system" as "a fraud from beginning to end."

G. A. F. holds the same view, only more strongly and more definitely expressed: "A fraud from its shadowy incipency to its present colossal proportions."

Man. B.—Pinkney Hall—opposes the system most strenuously; says all the Sophs, who favored it are afraid to speak their real mind.

C. W. B.—H. Hall—however, is not a coward, and claims that the abolition of the "system" would be simply the doing away of all study.

What can be substituted in its place? The use of the rod is barbarous. What besides, but the hope of reward or fear of disgrace, could incite those pupils to study whose normal tendency is the very opposite? And are not these students in the majority?

We suspect Charles got a "5" last week. R. K. G., we understand, is opposed to "marks"—especially demerit marks. We have not heard his reasons, but are quite sure they are unprejudiced.

J. H. P. is both for and against the "marking system." It has its merits as well as its demerits. On the whole, the bill is open to amendments. (On the whole, Harry, we think you are right.)

But what says J. F. V.? Joseph is *calm* in all that he does, and no less so in expressing his opinions. Says he—concisely and to the point, as usual—"this system of marking here is a perfect humbug!!!"

J. C. B.—Freshman—reading Livy in class-room, the other day, submitted the following as a translation of the sentence, "Quæ terra mareque per quattuor et viginti annos passi sitis." Which they suffered by land and by seas for twenty-four years from drought.

REMEMBRANCE.

I think of thee
When through the grove
The nightingale
Trills notes of love.
When thinkest thou of me?

I think of thee
In twilight dim,
Beside the fountain's
Shimmering rim.
Where thinkest thou of me?

I think of thee
With longings vain,
With burning tears,
With sweetest pain.
How thinkest thou of me?

Oh, think of me
Till on some star,
More pure than this,
We blended are!
Or near or far,
I only think of thee!

From the German.

THE PROGRESS OF MAN.

What is progress? Who can answer? We all have an idea of its meaning, though but few of us can give satisfactory definition of it. Progress does not consist in mere change, for the greatest changes often produce the most retrograde movements. By progress I understand an actual advance towards perfection. The progress of the individual is a real movement towards the ideal; so the progress of a society is a real movement towards the ideal society. Not that this ideal will ever be attained. Indeed, we shall fall far short of it; but progress consists in the essay after this ideal. Man is not a perfect, but a perfectible being. He is capable of an indefinite perfectibility, although he will never reach perfection. From the time when Adam, by the Almighty decree, departed from the sunny paths of Eden to work his way by the sweat of his brow, this progress has been going on, and will continue through the ages until the sound of the archangel's trumpet shall proclaim that "Time is no more." Whatever man's mistakes, his errors; however far he may have wandered from the right track at times; however much he may have been retarded by obstacles which his own passions or ignorance created, yet his course has, by a divine law, ever been onward; he has been ever leaving those things that are behind and pressing on to those which are new; he has been and always is advancing to this goal. Individuals may theorize upon the manner in which this progress is carried on; philosophers may excogitate their laws in obedience to which they say it is going on, may present their theories, and may be right or wrong, but one fact remains—progress. Looking at it from a subjective point of view, we cannot but think of the cause of this progress which we recognize as a real fact. What is the cause? When Adam and Eve fell from their perfect state, and were expelled from Paradise, and the angel with flaming sword was stationed to prevent their return, they carried with them, on their departure, as a vital principle of their nature, the potentiality of progress. And what is this potentiality, this principle of action, which is the cause of all our boasted civilization and progress? It is the desire for change. Man continually wearies after the novel and the strange. Dissatisfied with his condition, he longs for something new, something different. Whatever his conditions or surroundings, he is alike subject to the attacks of this desire, whether he is rich or poor, exalted in honor, or a lowly beggar by the wayside. Goaded

by his desires, he springs forth into the future to seek out new paths, or back into the past, to explore old ones.

The spirit of unrest is the spirit of all progress. The scenes of the present satisfy him for a while, as they pass in panoramic beauty before his eyes, but soon he becomes weary of this sameness, and longs for other things, other scenes, other conditions, other surroundings. Everywhere this motive, untiring principle is at work. Deprive man of it, and what will be the result? You plunge him into worse than Chimerian darkness, you transport him back to the age of barbarism; you establish him in a stationary condition, in which he can move neither backward nor forward; you make him, in fact, dead morally and mentally. Almost every human thing great or good, in the past history of the world, was brought to light by this vital principle. Behold Columbus as he leaps forth upon the stormy bosom of the Atlantic, and with only the compass as his guide, sails across the blue waves to discover the fair and sunny shores of America! Behold Copernicus, as, with the power of his mighty intellect, he explores the dizzy heights and vast, illimitable stretches of infinity, and discovers the courses of the stars, and reads the laws of the Almighty inscribed in the firmament of the heavens! Behold Magellan as he sets forth on his three years' voyage to circumnavigate the globe, and, by the successful accomplishment of the task, sets at rest forever a question over which priest and layman had fought many a battle! Behold the long line of sages of the past engaged, through the influence of this principle, in seeking out something new, either by descending to the depths of old ocean and bringing to light her secret stores, or by ascending the airy peaks of mountains and bearing away in triumph the trophies they have gathered there! That man possesses this spirit of progress cannot, indeed, be denied, though many of the gloomy philosophers of the present day would have us believe that this is only an illusion; but not so. Man is becoming better and wiser every day. Men are becoming more liberal in their opinions. Old prejudices are passing away. Society is becoming more equalized and more uniform. Intelligence and morality are being diffused. Everything is hastening onward to a golden age. The chief tendency of modern progress, of the present age especially, is to the total overthrow of slavery. I do not refer particularly to the slavery of the body, but rather to that of the mind. I mean the emancipation of the intellect from all trammels that oppress it. This principle of the liberty of thought is one that has been at work for centuries. Luther broke the first link in the chain of oppression which held thought in its iron grasp, and since then this chain has been gradually weakening, and the tendency of modern progress is to the complete emancipation of human thought, and to the exercise of reason in the freest sense. A great means to this sublime end is universal education. The education of all classes is the only means for overthrowing illiberality and prejudice. Through the power of this mighty agent, the progress of man in this century has been astounding, and if its future effects can be measured by its present success, we can, in some degree, approximate to an understanding of its influence upon subsequent ages.

BOOKS ADDED TO THE LIBRARY
of St. John's College, since Jan. 1, 1878.
Appleton's Art Journal for 1877.
Adams, W. D.—Dictionary of English Literature.

Alfieri, Vittorio—Autobiography - Edited by W. D. Howells.

Arnold, Thomas—Addison's Selections from Spectator.

Anonymous—A Day of My Life at Eton.
Bulfinch, Thomas—Legends of King Arthur.

Burnet, Bishop—History of His Own Time. 6 vols.

Balcanth, Margravine of—Autobiography Edited by W. D. Howells. 2 vols.

Cessario, Gen. Louis Palma di—Cyprus' Ancient Cities and Temples.

Cutts, Edward L.—Turning Points of General Church History.

Chuch, R. W.—Beginning of the Middle Ages.

Dawson, J. W.—Origin of the World, according to Science and Revelation.

Edkins, Joseph—Religion in China.

Ellwood, Thomas—Autobiography. Edited by W. D. Howells.

Fox, Rev. Samuel—Boethius. King Alfred's Version.

Giles, J. A.—Ecclesiastical History of England and Anglo-Saxon Chronicle.

Godwin, Parke—Cyclopedia of Biography.

Goldoni, Carlo—Memoirs of. Edited by W. D. Howells.

Green, John R.—History of the English People.

Harvey, Peter—Reminiscences of Daniel Webster.

Herbert, Lord, of Cherburg—Autobiography. W. D. Howells.

Lecky, W. E. H.—England in the Eighteenth Century.

LeConte, Joseph—Elements of Geology.

Letourneau, Charles—Biology.

Morley, Henry—Illustrations of English Religion.

May, Thos. E.—Democracy in Europe.

Newcomb, S.—Popular Astronomy.

Nicholson, H. A.—Ancient Life History of the Earth.

Putnam & Perkins—The World's Progress, a Dictionary of Dates.

Schliemann, H.—Mycenae and Tyrins.

"Sola"—An American Girl and Her Four Years in a Boys' College.

Sweetser, M. F.—Life of Murillo.

Life of Raphael.

Life of Titian.

"Tattler."

Taylor, Walter H.—Four Years with General Lee.

Topinard, Dr. Paul—Autobiography.

Walker, Francis A.—Money.

Wells, David A.—The Silver Question.

Wells, David A.—Why We Trade and How We Trade.

White, Horace—The Tariff Question.

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MARYLAND EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The Maryland Editors' Association met at the City Hotel, Annapolis, on the evening of March 27, Mr. Geo. Colton presiding. The annual dinner took place at 9 1/2 P. M. Among the members present at the annual meeting were Peter Negley, George T. Savage, W. T. Iglehart, J. Guest King, Geo. T. Melvin, Edwin Bell, I. S. Wilson, T. K. Robson, J. T. Ringgold, F. W. Baker, Geo. W. Smith, S. O. Wells, E. S. Riley, Jr., A. P. McCombs, N. E. Ford.

Resolutions of respect and eulogy were passed to the memory of the late Colonel S. Sands Mills, of Baltimore, and Elijah Wells, of the Port Tobacco Times. Speeches upon the resolutions were made by Messrs. Everitt Smith, of the Hagerstown Mail; George Savage, of the German Correspondent, and F. W. Baker, of the Belair Eagle. The Executive Committee was requested to arrange a pleasure trip during the coming summer.

General Bradley T. Johnson was invited by resolution to attend the banquet in the evening.

Col. J. Thomas Scharf, an invited guest, delivered an address, which was greatly applauded. He said that the history of the press in Maryland was a history of the state itself. The first printing press ever worked in any British colony was set up in Maryland by the Jesuit missionary, Father White, in St. Mary's county. Col. Scharf gave a short sketch of the succeeding printers of Maryland, and in concluding said: "As we come from name to name—human stepping-stones, as it were, through two centuries—here to our own time, the number of laborers in the field of the press becomes greater and greater, and our gratitude has to be spread over a wide space. The germs of liberty, planted under the shadow of the press in the earlier days of its existence, have scattered the evidence of their multiplication on all sides, and these new vitalities have been true to the ancient stock. Within the present century, whenever a great truth has demanded to be known, there has been found a man ready to put it into words and a printer bold enough to put into type."

A number of the members of the association accepted the invitation of Mr. Ford, and attended the theatrical entertainments which he had provided for the citizens and strangers in Annapolis this week.

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