

# Glenwood Gazette.

Vol. II.

MATAWAN, N. J., JUNE 19, 1890.

No. VIII.

MOTTO:—"ICH DIEN."

## Glenwood Gazette

Edited by the members of the ESSAY CLASS, at

**Glenwood Institute,  
Matawan, New-Jersey.**

ADDRESS, MISS J. A. KUECH, Manager,  
Editorial Rooms, No. 11, 2d Floor, Glenwood.

Issued Every Four Weeks; Except During Vacations, alternately by the boys and girls of the Essay Club; the even numbers by the former and the uneven by the latter.

Entered at the Matawan Post-office as Second-class Matter.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, 50 CTS. YEARLY,  
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

Five Cents a Single Copy,  
500 Copies in Each Number.

### ADVERTISING RATES:

One Inch.....	\$ 50
Two Inches.....	75
Four Inches.....	1 00
One Column (Ten Inches).....	2 00
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**THE GAZETTE.**

### TO ONE AND ALL.

The GAZETTE expects its patrons to understand that only ORIGINAL matter is presented in its columns, believing it is to the interest of the school to depend entirely on the capability of its students.

In accordance with the wish of the patrons, all the numbers of this issue will be kept on file. Also, by request, the names of all the editors of Vol. II, with the date of issue, will be given in each number.

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### EDITORIAL.

MARIE WATTS.

With this number the GAZETTE completes its first year as a printed sheet. Its existence in manuscript dates a year earlier.

The Essay Class, whose members have been its editors, can state, without a blush, that they are proud of its success. As we look back to the beginning of the present year, when it was proposed to have the efforts of the class put into print, and review the many discouragements that met us on every hand;—for issuing a regular printed sheet involves much responsibility, a plump treasury, and financial ability, outside of the literary labor necessary;—when we hear again the sighs of the less sanguine of the class, over an undertaking, which they felt sure would end in disappointment, we feel we have reason to be proud of a result which is far beyond our greatest expectations.

This success is accounted for, partly, by the hopeful spirit, with which the majority of the class entered into the work, dispelling some of the doubts of

the others; till, finally, not only the Essay Class, but the whole school, sought opportunity to furnish spicy locals and witticisms to make the paper bright and racy.

More particularly is the success of the paper due to the assistance, untiring patience and push of our managing editor, without whom we feel assured the GAZETTE would never have existed. To J. H. Osborne, who has had charge of the Advertising Department, do we owe the fact that the GAZETTE is financially a success. We give him our heartiest thanks in this public way. For the circulation of our school sheet, we are indebted, largely, to a few faithful workers, foremost among whom stands Phil. Sheridan (H. Zebley), who certainly carries of the palm in this respect. Dr. Jaggard has always given us a word of appreciation, and his interest in our work has been a source of encouragement when we felt doubtful.

To our patrons also we owe an acknowledgment of gratitude. Our paper has always been welcomed among them, and the many pleasing remarks and compliments which have come to our ears from that quarter have been an incentive to us to do our best to make our periodical worthy of their praise.

Our first Number was cordially received and elicited favorable comment from the various local papers in this section, while with each succeeding issue the sheet has become more and more popular, till we feel safe in asserting that the GLENWOOD GAZETTE ranks to-day among the best school periodicals in the country.

### Silent Forces.

We talk of the mysterious workings of Nature, as if part of the deep-laid plan in the natural world were concealment. As if Nature jealously guarded her methods and laws from the knowledge of mankind.

We talk of man's attempt to pry into her secrets; to tear apart the shadowy veil which envelopes her; to pierce through the thick mist, by which she holds inquisitive man aloof when he

would learn of her manner of working in her great laboratory.

Have we a right to use such terms? If it were true that man was intentionally held aloof in this way could he ever have attained any knowledge of the habits of Nature's forces?

Is not the opposite true? Are not the workings, the laws of the natural world thrust upon man for recognition? If he were not so dull would he not be in possession of very much, before which he now stands in ignorance? Instead of raising a great shout when he makes a discovery, such as the law of gravitation, or recognizes the force of electricity, speaking of it as his conquest of Nature, is it not more becoming to look at the fact as a conquest of Nature over man's stupidity; that she has at last succeeded, as a teacher, in making him understand a little what she has been endeavoring so long to make him comprehend?

To the fact that the workings of Nature are not accompanied by noise is due, perhaps, much of man's notion that her workings are secret and mysterious. If *he* works, hear the attendant jangling, crashing, jarring din of noises. He cannot understand how anything is accomplished if the process does not make itself cognizant to the ear.

Note Nature's method with the snowflake. Man retires at night, leaving the fields bare and brown, the hush of the night is not broken, his sleep is undisturbed, and he awakes in the morning to find the outside world transformed into one vast sea of snow and ice, while the sun looks down, laughing at the astonished faces of mortals who for ages talked of the "mystery of the snow."

Consider the great bulk of the crystal mass spread over the earth during the short hours of the night. If man were required to clear it away, how utterly helpless would he stand before the task.

But with the same silence with which the mass was deposited, will it be cleared away. The laughing sunbeams melt all the while arrayed objects to tears at being thus early deprived of their crystal ornaments.

Perhaps they laugh, too, at the force of shovels making a great clattering in attempting to clear away a few feet of snow, when they can, in a little while, without any stir or noise, dispose of the whole mass.

When the bare earth needs re-clothing, Nature makes no stir or bustle while fashioning the spring suits.

"Silently the Spring time

Her crown of verdure weaves,

And all the trees on all the hills

Put on their thousand leaves,"

sings one of our poets.

When the harvest time comes and great grain-fields are ready for the reaping, how the air, far and near, rings with the noise of the reaping machine, of which inventive man is so proud, and for weeks these reapers are at their work. When Nature's time comes for the laying low of her fields, she needs but one night, and her silent black frost has been effectual over all the land.

Our digestive organs are no more nor less than a complicated machine, which consists of a feeder, the same as any other machine, which divides, grinds and tests the quality of the food, that is dissolved by the chemical fluids, manufactured by the glands. Again, food is the fuel, the entire body is the furnace, through the lungs is the draught of air; heat, life, power, and force are the result. And all this takes place so quietly that we can lie down and sleep through it undisturbed, the only indication of life being the gentle in and out-going of the breath.

How great a mystery to man is the process of life. As there was no noise attending digestion and circulation, ages on ages passed before man dreamed what was going on. Not till the Seventeenth Century did Nature find one mind whom she could make comprehend the fact that there was a tireless current in the human frame, on whose ceaseless, noiseless, and regular flow the very being of man was dependent.

When man attempts to produce machinery to work results, he constructs a cumbrous affair of revolving wheels, levers, and bands whose working is attended with much hard labor and anxiety, and is but an iron concern, puffing and blowing, whose distinguishing feature is that it makes a deafening noise. It is helpless, even in producing this; for the force on which man is dependent to make his machine go, is the confined steam, which in its noiseless pressure, attempts to teach that strength is not necessarily attended by noise.

Note how quietly a rock may be separated by a little water finding its way to the interior; lowering of temperature, or the formation of gases requires a yielding of the great rock substance, and it does so gracefully and noiselessly.

Man requires a given quantity of powder, for days the air rings with the noisy blows of the sledge-hammer, while the process of boring goes on; the result is a great explosion, which is often accompanied by serious disaster.

Electricity is another mighty force of Nature, knowledge of which man has so lately acquired. The working of this power is so quiet that it may pass through

a flock of sheep killing every one without our knowledge, though we be standing scarcely twenty feet away.

In the forest the woodman's axe is heard hour after hour, and day after day in its laborious task of felling a few trees. How many strokes of the axe are directed against one tree before it falls, while every blow is heard a long distance away.

Not so with Nature. With one stroke of electricity she lays bare the mightiest crowned head of the forest, and all we know about it is a quick flash and the sylvan giant is shorn of his strength.

The circulation of the water in the earth, and above the earth, is carried on noiselessly. Over the expanse of ocean and lake the sun's rays cause the evaporation of an untold amount of water; and, lifting it up in vapor, carry it by warm breezes far inland to the high regions where it gently falls in the refreshing rain, penetrating the soil and nourishing the germs therein, which noiselessly develop into trees, and all luxuriant forms of vegetation.

Truly has it been said that "The course of Nature is the art of God."

## II.

In times of war, the clash of swords, the booming of cannon, and the bursting of bombs, all seem to tell us that victory is sure for one side or the other; and yet when it is over, the result has been only to lay many brave soldiers in the dust and proclaim but a temporary peace. Such is man's way, not Nature's.

Enter a large factory, when the machinery is in operation, and the noise is so great you can not hear yourself speak. What relief do you experience when you get out of the sound of its roar.

As one is landed, from one of our rural towns, in the great city not thirty miles away, how the noises jar on the nerves! Every ware-house represents just so much noise, some more, some less. Driven by the intolerable din of some place of business into the street, one finds the jargon but intensified; a perfect babel of sound, in which the clatter of hoofs and rattle of wheels mix with the cries of trucksters and officials, while the rush and roar of the Elevated Railroad trains periodically drown all else, as the boom of the cannon overpowers the sound of all lesser artillery.

One asks in indignant fretfulness. "Why in these days of multiform inventions, has not some one invented a method of conducting this distracting torment of noise from the scene of action, as the lightning-rod was invented to conduct electricity into the ground?"

Solomon's Temple, that magnificent

structure, erected at Jerusalem in 1012 B. C., is said to have been built without noise of hammer or tools. Just the reverse had an older historical structure risen, in process of building; the tower of Babel was so named because of the great confusion and discord attending its erection. The latter building could not be completed but was abandoned, while the Temple of Jerusalem, so quietly put together, became the glory of the earth.

The student who studies with most noise learns far less than the one who, with no sound brings his mind to bear on the subject before him.

Our influence on the characters of our fellow-men is probably good or evil, according to the amount of quiet or disturbance our lives bring to them.

Refined and graceful manners have a greater influence over coarse minds than all the spoken rebukes of one of their own class, and is worthy of careful cultivation. Truth and gentleness distinguish a true lady or gentleman at all times.

Foreign and domestic newspapers are full of high sounding words of the great things that some men do; the articles are made to read well, simply because these men can afford to pay well for such advertisements. But "blowing of one's own trumpet" is not a very sure way of gaining respect.

"Let another speak well of thee and not thine own self," said the Wise Man. The quiet actions of one in the daily round of home duty, business or social life, afford a surer indication of the spirit which makes the man, than the speech delivered on the floor of the Senate.

It is often found that in churches there are two kinds of influence exerted. One by the unselfish, upright, but retiring man, the other by the loquacious, ambitious, worldly-minded member. The former is the one appealed to in important matters, though he never thrusts himself forward. The congregation consider it well for the church that he should exert the controlling influence. The other man, on the contrary, uses his money or social position as a means of bringing about his personal preference; but if these were wanting, he would probably find himself pushed into a corner.

It is not those who talk the most that are of the most account. There are people every day becoming better through silent influences; the example of one person often goes farther in doing good in a neighborhood or church, than the preaching of a dozen.

We know that an act of benevolence, done in an ostentatious manner, awakens

no feeling of gratitude in the recipient, or respect in the beholder.

There is a grace in pain, both physical and mental, if quietly borne, which blesses not only the sufferer, but all those who are witnesses.

If we would be fellow-laborers with the Almighty, we must learn from Him his manner of working.

He who adds to the world's jar and din increases the general disturbance.

All the ways of the Eternal with his creatures are in silence.

It was the still, small voice that spoke to the heart of Elijah. The influence of the Holy Spirit falls gently as evening dew, nurturing all right principles in man.

O, that the children of men, in their attempts to effect good, could learn this method of the Divine One!

#### "The Two Caskets."

[Translated from the German of Justinius Kerner.]

EDITH JOHNSON.

Two caskets stand together,  
In the old cathedral's guard;  
The great king Ottmar lies in one,  
In the other rests a bard.

The monarch once reigned mighty,  
High on his nation's throne;  
Now rests his sword in his right hand  
And on his head his crown.

Yet near to this proud monarch,  
There rests the singer sweet;  
And still remains in his embrace  
The harp with sound replete.

Old castle walls are crashing,  
War-cries sound through the land;  
Deaf lies the sword to this clashing,  
It stirs not in Ottmar's hand.

Glowing, and mild, sweet breezes  
Re-echo, the vales along,  
The minstrel's harp sings ever  
In an eternal song.

#### PRIZE ESSAY.

#### The Value to the World of Stanley's Explorations.

HARRY VAN CLEEF.

Central Africa in midsummer. Under the blaze of a tropical sun, hot and arid, the tangled forests present an almost impenetrable front. Nature seems here to be having her own way without let or hindrance from man.

Looking toward the western horizon we see a small caravan moving with slow and laborious motion through the dense undergrowth.

Painfully it nears us, and we notice a marked contrast among the members of that little band. Inured to hardships and privations, seemingly invulnerable

are these half-naked Africans, bearing the burdens which are bound upon them as if the weight were no disturbing element. Here and there, in the line of march, guiding and controlling the muscular company, is seen the white man, distinguished more by his dress than by his sun-burned visage.

The most striking figure of all is the acknowledged leader, who is alert not only to everything going on among the men, but has eyes and ears for signs from sky and forest. Does the far-away look, which occasionally comes into his eyes, betoken that his thoughts turn to the far distant home in America, his native land, where first ambition for African exploration awoke in him? Calm, resolute, heroic, stands he, keenly watching his little band which is composed, to a large extent, of the poor despicable race of savage negroes, over whom his influence is almost fatherly.

Stern he is, if need be, yet ever ready to bestow a kindness on those whom the Divine Creator has placed so far below him in opportunity.

Onward they go through the dense jungles, now pausing at some tiny brooklet to allay their intense thirst, now pushing on over rugged hills, or passing down some verdant slope beyond to enter a valley containing a few hundred huts, the dwellings of friend or foe, they know not which.

Suddenly forth rush the natives, armed, ready to give battle to the newcomers. But, lo! they pause; a form among that little band they see approaching, fills every savage heart with awe and consternation, and peacefully they march back to their humble dwellings at sight of the "Great white Chief," Henry M. Stanley.

To what purpose does this steady, wearisome march continue week after week, month after month, year after year, sometimes up mountain steeps, and again by hitherto unexplored stream?

What benefit to the world has this man wrought? Had he climbed the Arctic slope in the vain quest for the unattainable "Northwest passage;" had the barren waste of the frigid zones an attraction for him, his praises would have been sung, and he would have received the greetings of both Continents, as now, on his successful return.

But he is not the man to imperil his life and those of his colleagues, in attempting that which, if ultimately successful, would be of little practical use to mankind. His quest is for a larger purpose. The whole world shall be benefitted by his discoveries.

So he plunges into the old, yet almost

unknown, continent in search of a land literally flowing with milk and honey, verdant with natural vegetation, teeming with animal life from centre to circumference, with atmosphere clear and invigorating, and soil rich and fertile, needing only the ploughman to make it rival the vineyards of France and California, the orange groves of Cuba, the cotton plantations of our own "Gulf States," and the grain fields of our western prairies.

"But," say you, "How are his discoveries to work such a large benefit to the human race?" Look back a few centuries. See the Western Hemisphere opened by a few patient explorers. Do these not look forth to-day from the shadowy land in consternation over what their hands have wrought, a *populous America*, to which the earth points in amazement, "No people ever rose as this people."

Shall we need to wait two centuries for the like sight in Africa? No, half that space of time is sufficient for all this and more to be realized. Some will say that this is a hasty judgment and we are using our imagination too freely. Let us proceed more coolly then, and carry the judgment of the hearer along with us.

I. The benefit geographically—

The vast territory of Africa is named "The Unknown Country." The name is an irritation to man, who would know everything. How the maps of this country will be remodelled! With what relief they can think of this "Dark Continent," while they watch its development.

The naturalist will traverse it, finding vast sources of knowledge to throw light on his favorite science. How the student of natural history will revel in this new field, beast and bird in teeming abundance.

II. What a field for the planting of new colonies.

The advantages in this respect alone are incalculable. Forest and fertile valleys offer the finest timber, and opportunity for the most prolific grain fields; more wonderful in the advantages of interlacing navigable streams is this "Eldorado" than man could have dreamed.

The continent *uncivilized* and *uncolonized* is a wealthy land in its natural resources; but when colonized, its value, as a commercial centre, will be first comprehended.

We quote Stanley himself as to its readiness for colonization: "The immense Upper Congo Forest Country is 350,000 square miles in extent, one and a half times larger than the entire Ger-

man Empire. Anything and everything might be grown in it, from the orange, sugar cane and cotton of sub-tropical lands to the wheat of California and rice of South Carolina. This could all be occupied immediately without disturbing a single tribe of the aborigines of the country." What grand opportunity is here offered in some of the most delightful climate of the earth! Yet the region mentioned is but a fraction of the newly-opened continent.

No mention has yet been made of the vast treasure to be laid bare in the mines of this virgin land, coal, iron, and precious metals.

III. Look at the incitement to *commerce* already hinted at. What can not this land, when colonized by the white man, offer in the way of trade to all the peoples of the earth. A prophetic glance already sees the coast astir with craft of all nationalities. Railroads and canals will then be constructed and the intercourse of the interior with the coast will largely increase commercial facilities. Thus will Africa's riches, formerly unobtainable, be veritably laid at the doors of all nations who desire them.

IV. But let us not overlook the benefit to the African himself. Then, too, will be spread all the benefits of education to the benighted savage, who for so long has sat in darkness. To his share will fall a thousand fold more of the real blessings growing out of the advancement of Africa than to all the earth beside. Behold the savage African of to-day, naked, degraded by centuries of heathenism and ignorance; finding no joy save in slaughter and blood shed; gloating in the death of his enemies; destroying, merely for the sake of destroying; a savage of the lowest type.

Civilization and its kindred blessings enter his land and soon the native huts are replaced by comfortable dwellings; and, appreciating the vast superiority of the white man's mode of living, he reaches forth to grasp the new life containing so much promise.

A quarter of a century will witness a marvelous change. See him cast aside his wretched savage finery and stand clothed in the habiliments of civilization. Blood now has no charm for him, for peace and prosperity are at his door, and he hails them as the human race has ever welcomed what tends to its advancement.

Are there some who say that the native African is not a teachable being, that he would not adopt the beliefs of Christianity, nor give up his rude life in exchange for the occupations of civilized beings? Experience has proved the contrary.

Many of the native tribes, among whom Stanley had sojourned, showed already, at this early day, a strong tendency toward civilization. Notably among them was King M'tesa, for, although a savage chief, when first visited by the great explorer, he soon showed a marked interest in the civilized life opened up to him; and such was his desire to learn more of the Bible and the Christian religion, that the explorer, at the chief's request, translated portions of the Scripture into the African dialect.

A great change was wrought in the chief's life, and he professed conversion, wishing to show his zeal by receiving Christian baptism; a Christian church was formed and the great chief of Urganda furthered all missionary effort.

What was true of King M'tesa will be equally true of many million savages.

We saw a proposition by a pastor of a church in a rural district of Germany. It was that he and the whole congregation emigrate in a body, and, while making themselves a new home in the heart of Africa, teach the natives by the mere force of their civilized mode of life.

V. The last stronghold of *Slavery* is in the wilds of this "Dark Continent." It has seemingly entrenched itself here beyond the reach of the arm of civilization. But Stanley's eyes have traced it to its darkest retreat and dragged it forth to the full blaze of sunlight. Already does it feel a tightening grasp at its very life, and struggle in a last desperate effort for continued existence.

Who will not say that fifty thriving seaboard cities will be vastly better than thousands of degraded cannibal hamlets? One hundred thousand miles of railroad, with an equal amount of telegraph lines will increase the country's prosperity more than it is possible to pen.

Nor need it be difficult to introduce into this atmosphere the principles of the most advanced form of self-government. Why should the painful experiments for democratic rule in all countries of Europe go for naught?

Here, in a land, untrammelled by past tradition, why may not the dream of the most hopeful be realized, that, in the colonies to be planted by the various nations, who will soon occupy this fertile domain, it may be true, in a fuller sense than has yet been realized, that "Government of the people, by the people, and for the people" is practise as well as theory.

But for this man, Stanley, the era, of which we so confidently prophesy, might have been yet longer delayed.

Peterson is a good judge of good butter. Try him.

### WITTICISMS.

We notice a physician's sign in Key-port on a white ground with black border. Is it symbolic?

Eleven o'clock on Tuesday night,  
Three little (?) maidens all in white.  
Hulda shudders, on end is her hair,  
For there's an awful noise down the stair.  
Over the banister looks brave Nan,  
She is not sure but *she* sees a man.  
All three shiver, they are so scared,  
Up they start as the candle flared.  
To regions below they go, all three,  
Through kitchen and parlor in terror  
they flee;  
Under the sofa, under the chairs,  
Through every corner, in all down stairs.  
They search, but without reward,  
For the man was a phantom, a down-  
right fraud.

Word comes to our ears of a new kind of entertainment. If we say it bears the name of "Feather-bed party," we may be called upon for an explanation. As we were not present we shall be obliged to refer inquirers to those who made up the company. Any one of three ladies, Room No. —, first floor, at Glenwood Institute, is competent to give information. We have learned this much only, that the gathering, on the particular occasion in mind, was very impromptu, during an afternoon of one of the severest thunder storms of the season. The seating capacity of an ordinary feather-bed was well tested. Of the dignity of the proceedings we can not report.

Only a pansy-blossom,  
A faded, withered thing.  
But J. O. will not exchange it,  
For all the flowers of Spring.  
There's an art of magic about it,  
For out of its faded heart—  
As he looks at this poor pale blossom—  
He sees a fair face start.

Our two Spanish students, Senors Valdez and Cooke, took pity on the students who were going through the final examination ordeal, and offered them a bill of fare, a la Espanol. The placards of invitation were a production of home talent, as follows:  
Sandwiches, 15cts. Glass Beer, 5cts.  
Clam Chowder, 15cts. a plate. *Cut Pic free to-day.*

### HONOR ROLL.

Names mentioned for special excellence in the departments indicated:

Hulda Beers,	German.
Edsell Bissell,	Book-keeping, Commercial Law.
Manuel Cook,	Book-keeping,
G. M. Farry,	Arith., Geography.
Charles Gehlhans,	French History, English History.
Minna Gutmann,	Rhetoric, German.
Robert Fountain,	Book-keeping, Commercial Law.
Lottie Huntington,	Grammar.
Edith Johnson,	GeneralExcellence.
Willie Knecht,	Penmanship.
James Mason,	Geography.
John H. Osborne,	GeneralExcellence.
Mary Schenck,	Botany.
Freddie Schock,	Phys. Geog., Hist.
Nemie Van Mater,	GeneralExcellence.
John Van Mater,	GeneralExcellence.
Harry Van Cleef,	Rhetoric, Composition.

Nona Van Brackle,	Grammar.
George Walling,	Penmanship.
Marie Watts,	GeneralExcellence.
Annie Whitlock,	GeneralExcellence.

#### PRIMARY AND INTERMEDIATE.

Bessie Alexander,	GeneralExcellence.
Daisy Antisell,	Arithmetic.
Jesse Antisell,	Arithmetic. Grammar.
Rose Antisell,	Arithmetic.
Lila Arrowsmith,	GeneralExcellence.
Mary E. Arrowsmith,	GeneralExcellence.
Carrie Gehlhans,	Arithmetic, Grammar.
Gussie Fisher,	GeneralExcellence.
Nellie Harris,	GeneralExcellence.
Mamie La Rue,	Grammar.
Maytie Simpson,	GeneralExcellence.
Yannieta Whitlock,	Arithmetic.
Irene Whitlock,	Arithmetic.

"General Excellence" indicates highest order.

### HORACE—BOOK I., ODE IV.

HARRIET W. BRAY.

Gone are the sharp winter frosts, gentle Spring has returned to the earth;  
Softly the western wind blows, and the ships once again plough the main.  
Earth from the fold come the sheep, and the Farmer stays not by his hearth.  
Cythrea now leads the dance, while the moon sheds her beams from above;  
Joined are the Graces and Nymphs, who are leading the chorus of girls,  
Beating the earth with their feet to the rythmical time of the lyre.  
Vulcanus drives to the forge the great Cyclops to tasks at the fire.  
Now it is fitting to bind on thy brow the blue myrtle so sweet;  
Now it is fitting to give the young lamb, decked with flowers to Pan.  
Death so pale knocks at each gate, at the hut, at the palace alike.  
Sestius, life is too short, and our hopes we must ever contract;  
Death is the end that awaits, and when dead and among joyless shades,  
No more shall thou rule at the feast, O, be wise and enjoy thyself now.

### LATE NOTES.

One of the members of the Graduating Class is absent from the commencement exercises this week. Miss Marie Watts, on account of illness, is represented only by her graduating essay in the columns of this sheet. We regret, sincerely, her absence, for she has always been an honor to her class and the school. We hope she may speedily recover.

The Composition Prize of two full sets of books, Gibbon's Rome and Irving's works, given by Hon. H. S. Little, has been awarded, and the whole school considers justly so, to Harry VanCleaf. We have been proud, as an Essay Class, of the productions from his pen; and shall not feel reconciled unless we can expect him to be one of our number again next year. This prize has been taken in the two previous years, consecutively by the members of the Graduating Class, Edith Johnson and Marie Watts, so that they could not be competitors for it this year. Harry VanCleaf has stood, therefore, foremost of a class of sixteen as a writer throughout the year. We prophesy something unusual for him in the future.

The Art Class has been large and has

done good work during the past year; and it is desired to have it still larger and doing more thorough work next year. Especially is it to be hoped that there will be a number who will spend more time in drawing and shading charcoal from objects; so that later pictorial and decorative work may be of a higher order, and that pupils may be able to judge and appreciate the works of others. Some of the younger, as well as older scholars, ought thus to be laying the foundations of a liberal art education and culture. If there are enough who desire to do so, the Principal will procure, to assist such study, some plaster casts, copies of the masterpieces of ancient sculpture, like those in use in the best New York schools. The present teacher will continue to give the instruction, coming down from New York on Thursday of each week. Should the class be large enough to need division, it will be arranged so that some can take lessons on Friday afternoons and Saturday mornings.

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! The Base-ball game between the Glenwood Nine and the Professional Nine, of Matawan, played Wednesday afternoon, scored 20 to 12 in favor of Glenwood. Three cheers!

### Report of Commencement Exercises.

As pupils of Glenwood modestly forbids our giving the report of this week's doings in the high color we feel inclined to. It is better, we are taught, to "let another sound our praises than we ourselves." We have never felt as much honest pride in the general excellence of a Commencement season as this year. We had expected to print our programs of the exercises of the three days in full, but limited space forbids.

On Monday evening, there was held, in Glenwood Hall, a Declamation Contest for the "Wilson" prize medal, where some excellent speaking was done. The performance was opened with the rendering of an instrumental duet by Mary Schenck and Annie Fordham, after which Emma Fountain made a good beginning of the contest by her recital of "The Women of Mumble's Head." Harry VanCleaf succeeded in making the blood run cold in his "The Battle is not always to the Strong." Mr Doddridge whistled with his usual success, and Lizzie Elmore followed with her selection of "Jennie Mc'Neal," and Mamie LaRue in "Flying Jim's last Leap." Both did themselves credit. The girls then gave a three part song. Reese Alexander looked a veritable Roman in his "Cataline's Defiance." Nellie Whitlock's "After the Battle" won for her the second prize, a silver medal. Duet by Miss Neal and Charles Gehlhans. Elmer Geran gave "The Death-Bed of Arnold" in such way that by common consent he was accorded the special prize of the evening, the "Wilson" gold medal. Nettie Straub closed the contest by "Marmion and Douglass." While the judges of the contest, Mr. Samuel T. Dodd of Princeton, Rev. Mr. Chattin and Rev. Mr. Percy, were out making the momentous decision, the Boy's Glee Club gave selection ending with the School Cheer. The exercises of the evening were ended by a performance of the Girl's Broom Drill.

We print below the full programme of Tuesday evening's concert :

- CHORUS.....GERMAN CLASS.  
 "Die Wacht am Rhein."  
 PIANO SOLO.....JESSIE ANTISELL.  
 "Le Crepuscule."—Guy.  
 PIANO DUET.....HATTIE BRAY,  
 EDITH JOHNSON.  
 "Victoire."—Behr.  
 RECITATION.....NONA VAN BRACKLE.  
 "The Maiden Martyr."—Anonymous.  
 PIANO SOLO.....MARY SCHENCK.  
 "When you and I were young, Maggie."—Bischoff.  
 VOCAL DUET.....MISS NEAL,  
 ROBERT FOUNTAIN.  
 "The Angel."—Rubinstein.  
 RECITATION.....DR. JAGGAR.  
 "The Light Brigade."—Tennyson.  
 QUARTETTE FOR FEMALE VOICES—  
 "Thou Lovely Star."—Otto Joh.  
 VOCAL SOLO.....MR. C. E. DODDRIDGE.  
 "Thy Sentinel am I."—Watson.  
 RIFLE DRILL.—  
 PIANO DUET.....MARY SCHENCK,  
 NEMIE VAN MATER.  
 "Sonata."—Böhm.  
 RECITATION.....LOTTIE HUNTINGTON.  
 "The Whistling Regiment."—Harvey.  
 VOCAL SOLO.....MISS NEAL.  
 "Waiting."—Millard.  
 CHORUS.....GLENWOOD GLEE CLUB.  
 "Work, While You May."—Emerson.  
 PIANO SOLO.....NEMIE VAN MATER.  
 "Aux Armes."—Lichner.  
 RECITATION.....ANNIE WHITLOCK.  
 "High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire."—Inglow.  
 VOCAL SOLO.....ROBERT FOUNTAIN.  
 "They All Love Jack."—Adams.  
 MIXED CHORUS—  
 "Finland Love Song."—Hiles.

Every number passed off with gratifying success. There were so many enclosures that the entertainment, furnished to the audience, was over two hours in length. There was a general agreement that a high order of talent had been exhibited by all who took part in the exercises, and where all was so good, it is hard to single out any one for special mention.

Wednesday, the day of days, arrived fair and delightful. We give the program of the graduating exercises :

- PIANO SOLO.....NEMIE VAN MATER.  
 "Lily of the Valley."—Smith.  
 PRIZE ESSAY.....HARRY VAN CLEEF.  
 "The Value to the World of Stanley's Explorations."  
 PIANO SOLO.....EDITH JOHNSON.  
 ESSAY.....MARIE WATTS.  
 "Silent Forces."  
 WHISTLING SOLO.....MR. C. E. DODDRIDGE.  
 "Dear Heart."—Tosti.  
 ESSAY.....EDITH JOHNSON.  
 "Is Wealth a Benefit to Mankind?"  
 GLEE.....GLENWOOD GLEE CLUB.  
 "Meerscham Pipe."  
 ADDRESS....."Educational Foresight."  
 PROF. CHAS. JACOBUS, New Brunswick.  
 REPORT TO BOARD OF TRUSTEES...Principal  
 DIPLOMAS AND PRIZES.

Elsewhere in the paper, we have mentioned that one of the graduates could not be present on account of illness; her essay, in these columns, must speak for itself. With this exception the numbers of the program were faithfully carried out. The essayists delivered their addresses so that they held the continuous attention of the audience, and were highly applauded.

Most complimentary remarks were overheard concerning the ability displayed, in the handling of her subject, by the self-possessed valedictorian, of whom the Essay Class, as well as the school are justly proud. She has possessed the highest composition prize for two years. At the awarding of the diplomas, and Essay prize, Harry Van Cleef, who bore off the latter, was loudly cheered as he bent beneath his burden of precious books. We know they will not lie useless on his shelves.

The address by Prof. Charles Jacobus was a treat well worth the earnest attention it received. It is long since our

school was served to an address of such force. We shall not soon forget it.

The report of the Principal to the Trustees gave all a very full knowledge of the standing of the school for the past year, numerically and financially; we give it in full in another column. The outlook for another year is hopeful and encouraging. The sympathy between Faculty and scholars is marked, and we hope to meet after the summer vacation for another year's work with added earnestness.

The reception, given in the evening, by the school to parents and friends, presented a gathering, large and select. It would hardly do to omit saying that the refreshments were choice and abundant.

Year by year friends and old pupils meet thus on Commencement evening for mutual recognition. We congratulate our Principal on the very happy ending of the school year, which the exercises and entertainments of this week have presented. As a whole it can well bear comparison with the best Commencements of past years.

#### Report of the Principal to the Board of Trustees, June 18, 1890.

GENTLEMEN:—I suppose it is a part of my duty, as principal of the institution under your control, to submit to you at the end of each year a brief account of its management during the past twelve months for your approval or disapproval, as the case may be.

The first item I would record is the action of yourselves in putting the school property in first-class condition for the purposes of the school. During the summer months an army of workmen took possession of the premises and did not close the campaign until both building and grounds were in first-class condition. The building was thoroughly repaired and painted within and without. The students' rooms were painted, papered and kalsomined and made as comfortable and attractive as those of any school it has ever been my good fortune to examine. The class-rooms were painted and put in perfect repair. The Main Hall, which is new, needed no repair, and the front lawn was leveled and new walks laid out at no little expense, and the generous outlay, wherever called for, made it evident that should our school year not prove a success it would not be the fault of your honorable body. Seeing your liberality, I determined that neither should success be lacking through any neglect of mine, and gentlemen, success has not failed us.

We have had during the year, the largest attendance the school has enjoyed for several years. We have lost a few students during the year from various causes, but our numbers have generally been more than made good by the entrance of new students to take their places. Several times (about half a dozen times) this year I have rummaged the lumber room to find an old desk fit to place in the school-room, because I had been notified of new students who were coming and there was no place to put them, unless we provided one. This explains the presence in our room of several desks so dilapidated as to be entirely out of keeping with the otherwise neat and attractive furniture. But mere numbers does not of itself make success, although the amount of patronage is generally quite a fair index of the real worth of an institution. Our students have been in the main faithful and earnest. In making out our honor roll, it swelled to such a ridiculously long list as to make it so little honor to be mentioned that it was finally made to include only those whose grade is above ninety-five per cent., and even then the list is a long one, as you will see. The list does not include either department or punctuality, as this would have more than doubled its size. It is pleasant to record, and I am not anxious for the time to come, when in our school we shall be obliged to record as a special mark of honor, a list of those who know how to behave. And yet I do not wish to give the impression that I consider all our students perfect. Not at all. It is a well worn saying "that there are black sheep in every flock," and we have had a few (particularly three) "thorns in the flesh" a part of the year. But in the main the students who have been sent to us have been far above the average of boys and girls in general behavior. But not only have the students done their share towards the success of our school year, but the teachers, too, have worked earnestly and unitedly for the welfare of the school. I am unable to imagine a body of co-laborers working more unitedly and harmoniously together than have the faculty of Glenwood Institute done during the past year. In union there is strength; and our united strength has not been exerted to no purpose during the year that to-day draws to its close.

Every department of the school has progressed. In Science several new and important studies have been added to the curriculum, with what success I prefer that others than myself should tell you. In Literature there are many things that might be spoken of. I will simply mention the fact that we now have a school paper, THE GLENWOOD GAZETTE, regularly issued and containing only strictly original matter. The quality of this matter has been, throughout the present volume, of a very high order. Several times have articles been republished, with our permission, in other papers because of their merit. In Mathematics we have made an advance in thoroughness of treatment and shall in future lay still more stress upon it, especially Arithmetic. Not only have advances been made in the solid branches, but also in the more refining and elegant subjects taught here. Our class in Fine Arts has nearly doubled that of last year, with what success you may judge for yourselves by glancing about you and visiting the next room. It will not be necessary to tell those of you who were able to attend our exercises last evening that the music of the school is in competent hands and is wonderfully developing.

To sum up, then, Gentlemen, the year has been a more successful one than my most sanguine hopes led me to dare to expect when I took charge of the school a year ago.

Our boarding students are almost without exception expecting to return in the fall, and already one or two rooms are engaged by new students for the next school year. Our efficient musical instructor has become so well and favorably known that I have implicit confidence that we shall have next term a larger music class than the Institute has had for many years. More Art student are already enrolled for the fall term than have been in the class at any one time this year. I am willing to prophesy from present indications that our next school year will be the most successful one the Institute has ever seen.

I am also able to report the buildings and school equipment in good condition, except a few minor items, the result of necessary wear and tear. The repairing of a few door knobs, the touching up of a few scratches in the paint, and a few other minor repairs, will put our building in good order again, except that several new desks, at least half a dozen, should be purchased and put in the main school-room.

Hoping that the foregoing report will meet with your approval, I am, Your obedient servant,  
 CHARLES A. JAGGAR, Principal.

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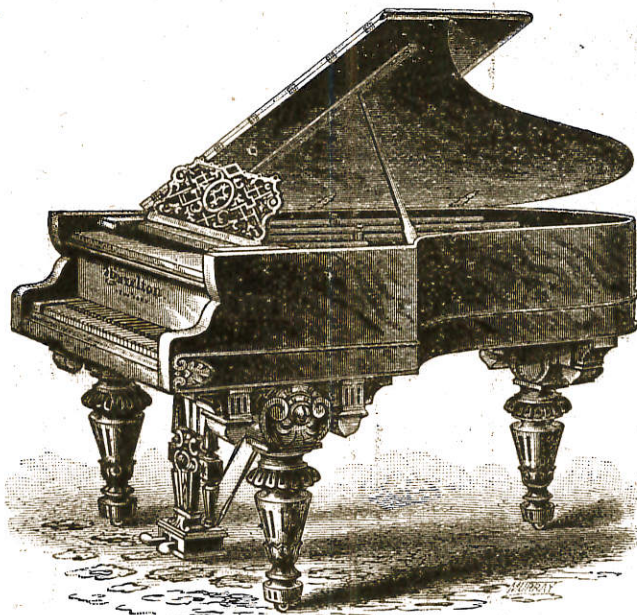
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The following poem has for its foundation the newspaper clipping here given :

P. T. Barnum, in an article in the North American Review, proposes, as a novel feature of the World's Fair, the procuring of the loan, from the Egyptian government, of the mummyed corpse of Rameses II., the pharaoh of the Exodus, with that of his daughter, the saviour of Moses, and other less distinguished of the royal Egyptian family of that era, which now lie in the museum of Boolak. He has offered \$100,000 for the privilege of exhibiting these remains, and believes that our government might secure them with some conditions.

#### A Voice From the Pharaohs.

MARIE E. WATTS.

In that far away land by the famous Nile river,  
In which temples are mirrored, so gently it flows.  
Rest the mummyed bodies of Rameses Second  
And his daughter, in Death's long unbroken repose.  
A breeze from that stream—an adventuresome zephyr,—  
Found the far Northern shore and the violet rare;  
Caught the sound of the Edict (sent forth by the Showman),  
"Bring the Pharaoh of Egypt to grace the World's Fair!"  
Then in hot indignation, o'er wave and o'er mountain,  
It returned to its home with the message of woe.  
Swept swift to the ear of the deep-sleeping monarch,  
And fanned with the tale the insensible brow.  
Though the heart, that has perished, to dust is returning,  
Yet the Soul which once warmed it never shall die;  
Pharaoh's bones seems instinct with new life awakened,  
And the Soul of the Despot looks forth from his eye.  
"I'm that Monarch, the Mighty, the King of Egyptians,  
Who could never brook insult from Mortal before;  
Would they drag me forth from the World of the Ancients,  
To mock at their Youth and their infantile power?  
All their thought is of Gold to fill up their coffers,  
In their adulant pride they esteem not the Dead.  
Woe be to their land if my slumbers are broken!  
Shame on the people where the Tomb's not revered!"

Then more sweetly than strains of Æolian music,  
Comes the voice of his daughter, so gentle and low.

Shall *her* pleadings be vain? Would they not move Nations,  
In their melting appeal, their piteous flow?

Must she say a farewell to her bare sandy desert;  
To the stars that so long shed their light on her tomb;  
To the the tender Nile lotus, in sympathy weeping,  
That the Saviour of Moses should meet such a doom?

What would say to such insult your Grant and your Lincoln?  
Would you rent *them* to Egypt to grace *their* World's Fair?  
You would deem it an outrage if one should suggest it.  
Beware Pharaoh's curse, if you heed not the prayer!

#### Is Wealth a Benefit to Mankind?

EDITH JOHNSON.

The February number of our school periodical, the GLENWOOD GAZETTE, considered, in its editorial, the question, "Is Wealth a Benefit to Mankind?"

As the positive side, only, was given a hearing, and as there are always two sides to a fair discussion, the writer of the present article proposes to array a few thoughts on the negative of this subject.

Wealth is defined as "large possessions of money or property of various kinds, acquired through diligence or received by inheritance."

Is such wealth a benefit to mankind? On the affirmative the reply given was "Yes, it is a good thing to live above want!" Above want? Want of what? Want of things to satisfy mere temporal desires? Do they make mankind nobler, better, or happier? As for other wants are they not as free to the poor man as to his richer brother? And are dainty food, fine raiment, a luxurious house, decorated with works of art, better educators than nature who yields her treasures to any one who seeks them?

Again, it was argued, "Is it not through wealth that new fields of knowledge are opened up?" Kindly make us out a list of the grand discoveries and inventions made by men of wealth.

Was it the wealth of Isabella that wrought out the belief that there were grand discoveries to be made by sailing westward? Was it the wealth of Spain that enabled Columbus to set out on his

voyage, when the great Queen felt obliged to offer her jewels in pawn for the raising of the money. Imagine Columbus discovering America in a pleasure-yacht off on a summer vacation. Look at the outfit that Spain offers the brave adventurer! A fleet of three damaged sailing vessels. Does this represent princely beneficence? How much was he paid for his great enterprise?

Was wealth the prompter which started off the band of Puritans for the bleak shores of this country? Was wealth *one* of the many things "brought over in the Mayflower"?

Says the writer on the positive side, "No one will deny that *inventions* are the result of wealth." No one? We were under the impression that "*Necessity* was the mother of invention." Are we mistaken, and is necessity, wealth?

Was it wealth that led to the discovery of electricity? the law of gravitation? How many of the men of science have been men of wealth or have been assisted by means to successful results? Discoveries, it can be proved, have been in the path of the humble; and inventions often under the roof of grinding poverty.

Richard Arkwright was a poor barber, his family in abject circumstances, while he labored to bless the world with the spinning-machine, George Stephenson was but an ordinary fireman, and we owe to him the iron-horse locomotive. Wealth can lay no claim to having assisted James Watts.

In our own country, see the list: Franklin, Eli Whitney, Howe, Edison, etc.

Were Copernicus and Galileo men who thought out their great problems through the assistance of patronage and riches? were they not even persecuted for their offerings to the world?

But wealth has surely been the patron of Art and Literature! has been urged by the positivist—Can this be proved?

DEAR PHIDIAS:—

Please make me a statue that will beautify my new house and make it finer than my neighbor's. I will give you \$100,000. Yours truly,

A MILLIONAIRE.

Would such a request have brought forth the wonderful statue of Zeus, or Athena, or the unparalleled Parthenon?

We see Rembrandt, a Miller's son, and Murillo's Mulatto recognized as among the geniuses. Was Michael Angelo reared in a house of wealth?

"Our houses of worship have had mines of wealth expended on them?" Very true! Was it wealth that built St. Peter's, or poverty-stamped pence wrung from the many, many poor of an oppressed church?

And concerning literature. Is the fire of the Muse fed with gold? Had Homer

been a prince, instead of a wandering bard, would the flower of the world's songs have been sung? The earliest English literature dates back to Caedmon, a cowherd. Chaucer, Shakespeare, Burns, Hood, Lamb and Dickens; Noblemen were these? Not one of them. In earlier times there was Æsop, a slave, the author of the self-same fables we enjoy to-day. His contemporary was Croesus, the richest prince of his age. Whose fame is the greatest?

"There is no royal road to learning." Education is no more dependant on wealth to-day than in the past. The world's great minds have not arisen from the rich, but notably from those who were obliged to sacrifice much to procure it.

Some poor ministers founded Yale College by offering a few books each from their scanty libraries, as a nucleus for an institution of learning; other colleges could repeat almost a similar tale.

It was said that "wealth equips mighty armies for successful war." Surely, then, we misread history. The American Colonies could not have won in the Revolutionary struggle for Independance.

The time of the greatest wealth of a Nation is not the time of its greatest pecuniary prosperity. The surest symptom of the downfall of a nation is when part of its people have such an amount of riches as to enable them to live without exertion, when living is most luxurious. Was not the time of Rome's decay under the Cæsars, when marvellous sums of money were expended in feasting and extravagance? Who could imagine a Roman of the time of the Punic War indulging himself in such a fashion? Was the time of that nation's greatest wealth the time of her greatest glory? Most certainly not!

When Cyrus led the invincible Persians down from their mountain fastnesses, strong, rugged, and simple in their style of living, they conquered the civilized nations before them. Having taken the spoil and grown rich, they settled down to a life of luxury and ease; and in a few generations we see them so enfeebled by this style of living as to be themselves the conquered instead of the conquerors.

The period of Louis XIV., because of its large expenditure of money, has been accounted the most splendid in the history of France. But what a splendor! Like the flash which the fearful thunderbolt accompanies—Centuries must yet pass before that Nation recovers from the devastations wrought during that reign of Terror. Imagine Napoleon conquering with an army of men such as composed Louis' court; or Leonidas with an

army of three hundred Fifth avenue millionaires at the Pass of Thermopylæ!

The time of Jerusalem's greatest apparent power and wealth was during the reign of Solomon, *the world's richest Jew*, who made "silver and gold to be as stones in the streets of Jerusalem." What followed in the next generation? The people had been taxed so heavily to maintain this luxury, that they revolted, and the kingdom was hopelessly split.

This much as to nations.

How about individual men? In naming a list of the most famous characters of all ages and from all nations, how do the men of wealth compare with the poor? Was Moses more fitted to become the leader of the children of Israel because of the years spent at the court of the Pharaohs, or those keeping Jethro's sheep?

Was it money that enabled Mohamet to make his name and cause so famous? Napoleon, Cromwell, our General Grant; were these found among the nobles?

And, if in single instances men have by their own efforts amassed great fortunes and have stood well the test, how is it with their descendants? In almost every instance in a few generations have not the family degenerated? Look at the monarchs of any country, and see how the line has to be frequently reinvigorated by the coming in some of the common people.

Do we Americans choose our Presidents from among the Astors, Vanderbilts or Goulds? What means the constant endeavor among our statesmen to reduce the "government surplus," but an acknowledgement that accumulated wealth will prove detrimental to the Nation's prosperity?

The World's *great reformers* have not been those of princely blood. Luther was a poor miner's son, but can his services to his time be estimated in money value?

The Apostles were poor fishermen, yet the blessing they were to mankind can only be calculated in a heavenly reckoning.

Christ, the chief and crown of all Reformers, who had "not where to lay his head," testifies as to the value of wealth in the eyes of the Almighty, "How hard it is for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

We would take pains to emphasize, again, the fact that wealth is not conducive to labor. The possessor of means will hire his work done for him.

It is work, work that has made the world as civilized and as advanced as it is. This law was laid down to the first man, and at no time since has it been re-

pealed. Everyone should work. Christ said: "I am among you as one that serveth."

The class of 1890 has chosen as its motto "Ich Dien" (I serve). School life is an apprenticeship for life's work; and that work, in its highest sense, is service. A faithful apprentice may wait with anticipation for the day of his freedom. But, when the last hour of his Lehrjahre has arrived he may be found standing with honest reluctance by the bench where his craft has been acquired. What if he fold his work-apron slower than usual, and finger, with a trace of lingering affection, the familiar tools from which he is now to part.

In such an attitude do the Graduating Class stand to-day. Few words have they for the occasion; but they know this hour that they are not overjoyed while they lay aside the implements of their labor.

To those, the Trustees and friends of the School, through whose efforts these advantages are here for our use, and who regularly appear before us at this Commencement Season to make the occasion one of importance; to our teachers and Principal, who have striven to hold up ever a high ideal for us to pattern after, we acknowledge our indebtedness. *We thank you!* is all we can say at this moment. We know that thoughts of you will come with pleasure to us all our life. To the workers at our side, our schoolmates, must surely be known, also, that this year's Class has not been in haste to part company with them.

We extend the hand to you all with a fervent, "Auf wiedersehen."

#### LOCALS.

In this number of the GAZETTE we depart from our usual custom in calling the paper either a Boys' or Girls' number. The June sheet, a Commencement issue, is edited by the Graduating Class. We purpose making this a rule yearly. The Class should have this distinction at this time, when it is "their say." And "when they open their mouth, let no dog bark." We are more than willing to give such a Class, as that of '90, the floor, and sit in appreciative silence while they speak to us at this time. No doubt, with all our regret at seeing them leave the ranks, we will follow the subdued, "The King is dead!" with a loud, "Long live the King!" for no sooner does the Senior Class leave the stage than we are the Seniors. Hurrah!

This is the season for using oil stoves, and you may save annoyance of settling with Insurance Companies by buying your oil of C. A. Geran.

We doubt if there is any place in the County which has so many flowers brought into it as our School. Morning and noon fresh handfals have appeared in all the groups as they arrive. But this week they have come by the armfuls. Glenwood should be a fragrant place, surely.

Peterson & Co., dealers in hay and straw by the bale; also flour and feed, Matawan, N. J.

Chamber sets, from \$2.25 up, at C. A. Geran's.

It is with sad reluctance that we pen the series of disastrous defeats of the Glenwood Nine. In our last issue we extended sympathy to our brothers in misfortune, and allowed enough of mischief to get into our tone to spur them up to braver deeds in the day of battle before them, May 30. We expected surely that the fourth contest between the Nines of Glenwood and Keyport would give us opportunity to chronicle victory for our School. But, alas! our hopes were blighted! If some of the taunting remarks, which met the defeated ball-team on their return, hit hard, we can not but confess they were deserved. Three defeats in succession sounds bad, bad for Glenwood! and the girls' side feels for the reputation of the school. For the defeats came not from natural inability, but each time from negligence in preparation. The Glenwood Nine used all their leisure time for all sorts of monkeying rather than in practising with the bat. Victory comes not thus, Dear Brothers! The Keyport Nine are wearing a well earned feather in their cap and deserve to be mentioned with honor in the base-ball circles. How proud we would be if the sides were reversed, and our nine were the conquerers instead of the conquered! We are not willing, however, to have only charges of censure laid in the scale in this, our last issue of the GAZETTE. There are balance-weights which we are glad to use. Brothers, all the year we have had a just pride in your literary work. We have never had occasion for the blush of shame for you there. We are reconciled to your failure as a base-ball team, when we look at your record as editors and contributors to our loved GLENWOOD GAZETTE. It is said that girls can be conceited, but we have never yet reached that degree of the weakness where we have felt that we had right to affirm that the Girls' Issues of our Paper were of higher excellence than the Boys'.

Silverware for sale by C. A. Geran.

Examination week, the bugbear of the close of school, is over. It was not so dreadful as we had supposed, though we allow that, in some instances, the test cut quite to the quick. On the other hand, some easily turn-tail-and-run scholars cut the examinations. They did not see that the excuse, that they did not expect to be here next year, made their case all the more open to criticism. They should have been anxious to leave with honor instead of under a cloud of disgrace. The Honor Roll is, now, the theme much talked about. By a decision of the Faculty the highest standing in classes is to be honored with special mention in the Catalogues, and the publishing of the list in the columns of the GAZETTE, instead of the certificate, which has been given the past few years. As our issue of the Commencement Number of the school paper counts 2,000 copies and the Catalogues number 1,500, we need only a little arithmetic to come to the conclusion that the lucky students are honored with 3,500 certificates instead of one.

Have your horses and cattle healthy at all times by buying your feed of Peterson & Co.

Last Sunday one of the preachers of the village took for his text, "Consider the lilies." On arriving home, after the service, his little son of four was asked to give the text of his father's sermon, and replied, with child-like simplicity, "Deliver the daisies." We have thought, during the raid on the daisy-fields, this week, for Commencement decoration, that the little fellow's rendering of the text might have been appropriate in two ways. Deliver the daisies from ruthless hands, or deliver them from the tie which holds them fast to the spot where they grow, so that they may escape to be present on so momentous an occasion as the Glenwood Commencement exercises.

To purify the blood use compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla with Iodide of Potassium and Stillingia. Price 50 cents. Sold at A. Bell's Drug Store, Matawan.

Woodruff, the Keyport Jeweler, has made a number of large additions to his stock, such as Ladies' and Gents' Gold Watches, Chains, Charms, Pens and Pencils, Bracelets, Rings, Lace Pins, Scarf Pins, Earrings. Nearly all direct from the manufacturer and new designs. Prices below completion, considering quality.

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