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Original Poetry.

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WESTMINSTER AT MIDNIGHT.

As Seen From College Hill by Moonlight.

BY JAMES A. DIFFENBAUGH.

Midnight droops o'er the lovely dale
In which our city hush'd reposes;
The moonlit mist, a silver veil,
Her beauty hides, yet half discloses.

Night's quicken'd ear is lowly bent,
In vain for sound of jarring motion,
For Traffic's fever'd pulse is spent
And calm is Daylight's noisy ocean.

What is this calm, my city, say?
Hath death in chains of silence bound thee,
Stolen thy laughing life away,
And thrown his shroud of darkness round thee?

Ah no! thy gently heaving breast
Forbids our joy in thee be clouded;
Thy life has only gone to rest—
'Tis in the mists of slumber shrouded.

And through the darkness 'round thee put
The lustrous patches shifting, creeping,
Prove that although Light's eye's are shut,
He is not dead, he's only sleeping.

Sleep sweetly, city of my love!
Sleep and forget care's angry billow;
The sleepless eyes of heaven above—
The gentle stars watch o'er thy pillow.

And deep within my tired heart
Hath sunk the holy peace thou knowest,
Nor ever from me shall depart
The goodly lesson which thou showest.

That when by weariness oppress'd,
The downy breast of sleep hath won us,
To watch and guard us while we rest
A Sleepless Eye is bent upon us;

When sorrow's darkness dims our sight—
Oh! blessed thought amid our weeping!—
The light is there, though for a night
Its eyes are shut,—'tis only sleeping;

And howsoever dense and chill
The clouds between us and the shining,
Our hearts may climb Hope's rugged hill,
And look down on their silver lining.

Or if not this, when torturing fears,
Tremblings and doubts are to us given,
Our faith may, like thy spires, pierce
The gloom and point the way to Heaven.

Establishing a Meridian at the College.

Written for the *Irving Literary Gazette*.

BY PROFESSOR HERING.

The entire system of surveying with the compass, as commonly practiced, is based upon the presumed uniformity in the position of the magnetic needle; but this uniformity is only approximate, the position of the needle being subject to various irregularities, none of them great, but all more or less uncertain. These irregularities, all of which are comprised in the expression "Variation of the Needle," are a continual source of perplexity and difficulty to surveyors, and particularly to such as are not as thoroughly versed in the theory of their profession as might be desired. The term variation is not the one that ought to be used as it is, to indicate the derivation of the magnetic needle from a true north and south position, and as a better understanding of the changes in the magnetic meridian grows among surveyors, the more suitable word declination is sub-

stituted for it. Many of the differences in surveys of the same tract, and the disputes growing out of those differences are due directly to the ignorance of the surveyors as to the proper corrections for changes in the declination, between the periods of the surveys; and how best to provide a means of obviating errors and difficulties from that source, a means within the easy reach and comprehension of men of limited scientific knowledge, is a problem that still awaits a practical solution. Not that means have not been proposed but that no means can ever be effectual which are not sustained by legislation.

The best plan that has been suggested is, that at some readily accessible point in every county, or even smaller districts if feasible, a true meridian line should be determined, and fixed by permanent marks, and with this line each surveyor in the district should be required to test his compass every year. By this means he will know not only what the actual declination of the needle is at the time he examines it, but whether the declination has increased or decreased since any previous year, and by what amount. It would then be equally easy to retrace an old survey if its date were known, without attempting to determine upon the ground the change of declination that may have occurred since the previous running of the lines, and to make a survey directly by true bearings in every case. The latter would be the latter course to pursue.

Aside, however, from the advantage that would accrue to surveyors from such an opportunity to know the actual declination of the needle at any time they might wish, the subject is interesting of itself and deserves the attention it has received. At various points near the seaboard in the Atlantic States, the declination has been, at some time or other, observed and recorded by officers of the U. S. Coast Survey, and in some of the interior states similar determinations have been made by U. S. Engineers engaged upon geological or geodesic surveys. But the points at which such determinations have been made are too few, and the determinations too seldom repeated to make the information of practical benefit to county surveyors. To accomplish that result the direction of the true meridian should be carefully secured. Then determining the declination is merely taking the bearing of the line thus secured, which may be done at any time and will be accurate in proportion to the precision with which the bearing is taken.

It is eminently fitting that the College should be the place at which work of that nature is done and recorded for this locality, and whether or not the surveyors of the county avail themselves of the data thus put within their reach, their failure to do so will not detract from the scientific interest of the subject. Accordingly, such a meridian line has been established here by careful observations and measurements, with the results about to be mentioned. The first and obvious essential in such a line, to make it of use in the manner described, is that it should be free from local magnetic influences. Accurate repeated readings of the bearings of the line

as here determined, taken from each of its extremities, differed from one another in no instance more than two hundredths of a degree, and in many cases agreed exactly, thus giving evidence of no appreciable "local attraction;" and in general, bearings and reverse bearings of lines in the vicinity of the one laid down, agree, and there is no evidence of any local influences to vitiate the observed value of the declination. This fact being ascertained, a point about one hundred feet southwest of the main building was selected from which to take the requisite observations, and a convenient base line was chosen from which to measure the angle to the meridian. In the absence of more exact astronomical apparatus, a good Engineer's Transit was employed with very satisfactory results. The method of determining the meridian by equal altitudes of a star was the one chiefly employed, although the easier one by the greatest elongations was twice resorted to. The only star thus observed was *Polaris*, and as the observations were begun March 28th, at which time the star reached its western elongation during the early twilight, and earlier each succeeding day, there were but two occasions when a satisfactory observation could be obtained. The objections to the method of equal altitudes also asserted themselves to the fullest. By this method two observations of a star during the same night are necessary to one determination. At least an hour (a longer time is better) should intervene between the two observations. The first of these may be taken when the observer pleases, but the time for taking the last is dependent upon the altitude of the star when first observed, and if, at the critical moment, it is hidden by a cloud, both the observation and the opportunity are lost. The weather was fickle and the appearance of the heavens at the optional time of the first observation was no criterion of what it would be at the compulsory time of the last. As a consequence disappointments were not wanting. In the course of two weeks, however, a sufficiently large number of observations were taken to indicate the probable weight of each, and to give a sufficient degree of probability to the resulting value of the angle made with the base line by the meridian. The stars observed and the number of determinations of the line by each, were as follows:

STAR	DETERMINATIONS
<i>Polaris</i> , (West. Elong.).....	2
<i>Alpha Hydrae</i>	2
<i>Lambda Hydrae</i>	1
<i>Gamma Hydrae</i>	1
<i>Beta Corvi</i>	1
<i>Gamma Corvi</i>	4
<i>Alpha Virginis</i>	2

These are valid measurements, but to some was given greater weight than to others, owing to more favorable circumstances, of light, etc., during their observation, yet the results were accordant to a creditable degree. When the measurements were combined the "probable error" of the reduced value of the angle between the base line and the meridian was 0".0024, or only one-seventh of one minute. Of course this would not be sufficiently

accurate for extended Geographic or Geodetic operations, but it is abundantly so for all work to be done with instruments commonly used by engineers or surveyors, since its probable error is considerably within the limits of precision with which those instruments measure.

The direction of the meridian being thus known, a second point of it was fixed about 300 feet south of the first. This line will be permanently secured by stones suitably dressed and marked, and the declination of the needle observed at various times in each year. The results will be published from time to time, and a record of them kept at the College for reference. On the 9th inst. the maximum value of the declination (at about half past one P. M.) was 3°. 47'. 4" west; at half past five it was 5" less, owing to the diurnal variation.

During the time that this work was in progress, *Polaris* reached its lower culmination about midnight, making it convenient for observation, and several measurements of its altitude were taken when it was at that point in its revolution, for the purpose of ascertaining the latitude of the College. These measurements, when reduced and corrected for refraction, etc., give, as the latitude, 39°. 38'. 13".

The instrument used was an excellent engineer's transit of Young's manufacture, reading by vernier to hundredths of a degree, and possessing an exceptionally fine telescope. I am indebted to the mayor of Westminster, P. H. Irwin, C. E., for his kindness in placing it at my disposal, and take pleasure in making this expression of my acknowledgments to him.

Thanks are also due to several members of the Sophomore class, whose intelligent co-operation was of great assistance to me and facilitated the work throughout.

Alumni Notes.

Dr. Wilson R. Cushing, '77, having graduated at the University of Medicine, Baltimore, Md., has begun his profession at Union Mills, Carroll county, Md.

Rev. Frederick C. Klein, '80, recently paid us a visit. Mr. Klein is now minister in charge at Wilmington, Del.

Miss Flora Wilson, '80, made the college a call a short time ago, renewing old acquaintances and having a general good time among her fellow students.

Mr. Frank H. Peterson, '78, is now a student of the University of Law, Baltimore, Md.

Mr. James A. Diffenbaugh, '74, has returned from Washington and entered into business at Westminster, Md.

Mr. W. S. Amoss, '77, is engaged in the Baltimore Title Company, 30 Courtland street, Baltimore, Md.

Rev. T. O. Crouse, '71, has been stationed at St. Michael's, Talbot county, Md., where he is much liked by all the people who know him.

Miss Lou Wampler, of Baltimore, Md., '79, recently paid the college a visit, looking as cheerful as she ever did when a student here.

Miss Mary Rinchart, '80, has returned from her stay in Washington, D. C.

TIME.

Written for the Irving Literary Gazette.

BY J. M. G.

Six thousand years, with their vast material changes, mental revolutions and moral mutations have passed away. Time on noiseless wings still pursues his rapid flight, and standing, as we do to-day, in the enlightened blaze of the nineteenth century, and looking back through the countless ages, we behold the wrecks with which Time has strewn his pathway. Upon a careful investigation it will be found to have left its marks upon every object in the material world.

Its touch is as well recognized in the faded flower as in the crumbling and decay of the adamant rock. In a word, all nature is subject to its inevitable decrees; yea, the stars and planets that shed the boundless firmament. The worlds and systems of worlds that whirl through infinite space move in obedience to its dictates. But we have only to reflect for a few moments in order to discover man as being the most susceptible of all God's creation, to its effects. He enters the world the most helpless of all beings, but through the increases with Time, we soon behold man in all his glory, a being made a little lower than the angels and created in the image of his Creator. Yet he is but the creature of a day, and Time soon sweeps him into eternity. The works of man, like the author, are destined to share the same fate. The inventions with which he has dotted the globe, with all their magnificence and grandeur, must yield to the command of this ruling power. The most staple form of government which his giant mind can conceive, must, like the bubble on the dancing waters, burst and sink to nothingness.

Governments, surrounded by the brightest prospects, have sprung into existence, astonished the world by their bold and rapid progress towards wealth and dominion, but in a few short years have passed away, and to-day standing upon the banks of the Euphrates and the Nile, the eye explores their hidden ruins, and reads the history of their rise and fall in the hieroglyphic inscriptions.

The power and grandeur that Rome once attained and her present degeneracy, is a striking example of this supreme law. In her palmy days she was truly the mistress of the world. It was then that she possessed the bravest and most skillful warriors the world ever produced. It was then that her poets sang the sweetest songs. It was then that her orators were gifted with the purest eloquence that ever charmed and captivated the ears of the listening thousands. It was then that her historians recorded in living words the brightest deeds that ever glittered in the annals of a nation's history. In the arts and sciences she led the world, but where now are all of these? They belong to an age that is past. Time has laid its hand upon the Forum and the Temple, and we behold them now a solid mass of shapeless ruin. The Coliseum no longer holds within its massive walls the excited populace; but the moonbeams, stealing through the broken and darkened passageways, falls quietly upon the Arena, where once man's lifeblood flowed free as water. The poets, orators, statesmen and philosophers that made Rome great have passed away and with them all the power and grandeur which she once possessed, and although she once bore the proud title, she can no longer be called the eternal city.

Time is short to us, for each one has but one life to live, then why not improve each golden moment as it flies. "Time

is the chrysalis of eternity. Recklessly, indeed do men squander the days and hours that will never come again. It is a truism that can not be too often repeated; that lost wealth may be replaced by industry; lost knowledge by study; lost health by temperance; but lost time is gone forever. The greatest work is done by men, for whom the clock never ticks lazily behind the door. A German physician committed the Greek Iliad to memory during the brief snatches of time between one patient's residence and the next.

Dr. Mason Good of London, translated into English verse the whole of Lucretius during his long walks to see his patients.

Time is precious. Each moment affords an opportunity for something; yet there are many, which individually seem small and improved, in the aggregate produce great and lasting results.

Take if you please, as an example an opportunity for the acquisition of knowledge. We have a way of speaking of some men as having a liberal education, and of others as being self educated; but in the truest sense, every man must educate himself. As one has said, "A man is not a bucket into which knowledge can be pumped until he is full." The kind and benevolent Creator has not been so sparing in any thing else, as in time.

The harvest comes with its bushels and barrels. The forest with its thousands of green trees and beautiful flowers. The rain comes in showers great and small, to water our parched earth. The glistening snow comes down by the millions of flecks, to shelter the soil from the wintry blast, yet time comes only one moment at once.

"The bell strikes one. We take no note of time,
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue,
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright
It is the yell of many departed hours,
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the signal that demands despatch,
How much is to be done."
"Art is long and time is fleeting
And our hearts though stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave."

Harvard professors and "reading men" have evidently made up their minds that something must be done to convince the outside world that the venerable university at Cambridge is not devoting its attention exclusively to rowing, bicycling, sparring and other athletic sports. Such at least, we fear, will be the interpretation placed by a callous world upon the announcement that a Greek play—*Œdipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles—is to be produced at Harvard next month. It is to be given by the students, in the original Greek; but, for the accommodation of such benighted Yankees as are unable to follow the dialogue, a "libretto" in English will be provided by the unclassical but decidedly wide-awake management. The title role is to be taken by Mr. George Riddle, instructor of elocution at Harvard, and the "cast" comprises members of the classes of 1881 and 1882. The part of *Jocasta* will be played by Mr. Leonard E. Opdycke, who took the first prize in oratory last year. The chorus—which is such an important feature in all the Greek dramas—has been carefully trained, and is expected to be a great success. Altogether, the performance promises to be as interesting as it is novel and unique. For once, at any rate, the Harvard athlete will have to hang his diminished head in recognition of the temporary sovereignty of brains.

Resolutions were passed at the late session of the Methodist Protestant Conference, looking forward to the establishment of a Theological Seminary in connection with Western Maryland College. We think this a grand move, and anxiously await its fulfilment.

For the Irving Literary Gazette.

1848.

The historic annals of the Union, embracing the creations and changes in our form of government, portraying scenes of national importance and tracing the story of the republic from its cradle to its young manhood, truly contain many momentous chapters. As we regard the grand stand taken by President Jackson on the question of the "national banks," at this day viewing the bill from a non-partisan standpoint, we wonder at the fortitude of the President in suppressing this system of monopoly, as he was assailed with censure from every section of the country, regardless of party or principles. We read of the whiskey riot of Pennsylvania, the Rhode Island insurrection, the duel ground of celebrated statesmen, the panics of the different periods, the intemperate commotions, and realize the prestige of the record and the checkered history of our country.

In regarding these narrations, and systematically examining our national history by the events of each successive year, as we contemplate the year 1848, involuntarily we linger on its events for a more elaborate view, as the traveler in the Italian hall of art ponders on some choice painting to the comparative neglect of the others, thrilled by the circumstance which it suggests. Many years, we are aware, have been more noted for the great forensic triumphs of our statesmen, and in every respect more fruitful and creditable to the nation than 1848, but none other presents the wild, wild story of which it is significant. When the cry of gold first echoed along the Pacific coast, the country slumbered in the repose of peace and quietude, and California, sparsely inhabited, was a State of which but little was known, and whose mines, undiscovered and unmarked, had not resounded with pick and shovel and the hoarse laugh of the miner. All was of that silence which is the "shadow of the coming event," and which, like the stillness before the tempest, is portentous of the gathering blast. The shout arose, swept the contiguous States, crossed the Rockies, was caught up by the East, but stopped not, for Europe heard, and many crossed the ocean.

Hardly had the wild cry announced the discovery of the treasure before men pushed for the canyons of California to win fortunes or be plunged in poverty. No announcement ever created such excitement. Business was for a long time suppressed, newspapers teemed with glowing descriptions of the treasure fields, labor flagged, Wall street speculated, and the world looked on. The poor gathered round the cabin fireplace and talked of a happy future; the rich man dreamed of accumulation; the lover wooed his sweetheart with dreams of opulence; and the old and young, decrepid and active, rich and humble, turned towards the setting sun. Homes teemed with the sound of preparation, all civilization seemed about to move, the West beckoned, and, responsive to the welcome call, great numbers bade friends good-bye, and the emigrant trains wound their slow course over the Western prairies. California underwent a temporary transformation. The owners of her beautiful ranches soon found their property encroached upon and subject to the innovations of the incoming populace. Campfires dotted the slopes and valleys, around which the miner smoked, laughed, talked of home, listened to the guitar, and with rude laugh and song awoke the stillness of the night. Throughout the day and far into the night men toiled and dug for ore, unmindful of weather or circumstances, and, crazed to a great extent for metal, the

Sabbath soon ceased to receive the respect of a day of rest, and cessation of toil was unknown. Wearied by the duties of the day and early evening, and growing tired of the pleasures of the tent or camp-fire, they soon looked for places of amusement at night. Brilliantly lighted bar rooms invited, with fascinating welcome, the stranger to his ruin. Wine sparkled, games of chance spread contention, and murder grew to be a commonplace occurrence. Wealth acquired by hard and honest toil was soon squandered in these dens of infamy. In the history of any government there is no sadder picture of the ruin spread by the gorgeous saloon, and men robbed of all that is essential to manhood. Friends and families looked in vain for the promised gold, little ones at home in many cases pleaded for bread, but the adventurer toiled and won the treasure, and at night, with blood fired by liquor and the music of the *casino*, risked all around the faro table, and in many and most cases laid down on his rough couch at night a forlorn and penniless man. Some worked steadily, with an honesty of purpose and resolute will, and returned to their families, with bounding and happy hearts, but often the successful man was never heard of, was looked for in tears, for the hand of the assassin had blighted his hopes and dug a miner's grave. Many died from exposure, denied the ministrations of a woman's love, unattended by any save the warm-hearted and rough comrade. Could the wild gulches of California and Nevada make known the scenes perpetrated in their shadow, the horror of the facts could not be inscribed on printed page or read by a civilized people. Many who set out with undaunted spirit, fell amid the rocks by renegade rifles, or with the fire of fever playing in their veins, dictated their last message and were laid to rest.

Emigrant trains that started from Omaha, laden with the instruments of labor and filled with merry laughter, slowly plodded their way homeward, their numbers less by far. The clouds passed over, the night of despair came on, California seemed to have been wrapped in a dream. Men returned, some opulent, most poor and destitute, and the greater number found the *El Dorado* of America was not the land of California.

About this time many learned "Professors" are filling the newspapers with wonderful prophecies to the effect that this year is to be the end of the world, every one predicting different means of destroying this "mundane sphere," though all of them agree in maintaining that 1881 is the identical year set aside by Divine Providence for the consummation of the earth's existence. These nonsensical predictions, although they appear to the learned as utterly unfounded, are liable to have a bad effect upon some superstitious and uneducated people. Some of these spring from the wild hallucinations of crazed men, while others are ingeniously contrived by the keenest and most abominable men on earth for the purpose of getting their names before the public, or for other purposes much less praise worthy. They teach us what cunning contemptible means some men are willing to make use of to carry out their wicked intentions.

But any one with common sense is able to look through their blinds and see that back of these lie the ends for which these "Professors" are striving. They belong to the list of common frauds and the press is responsible for the wrongs they inflict upon those who are the least prepared to contend with their logical fallacies but apparently valid arguments and deductions.

College Sprouts.

I am not one of your college bred men, but I have by experience and observation learned a few things. Our land is getting to be dotted over with houses of learning. Once a year they hold their commencements, which means their endings in United States language. Young men have graduated in law, medicine and literature, and the young ladies in Swiss muslin and grenadine. The young men are now thoroughly fitted for active life, and with some instruction will be able to keep books, measure off cotton cloth in a store, copy legal papers in a law office or help their fathers on the farm. A college, as we understand it, does not finish a young man's education. It instructs him in the principles and jurisprudence of popular government, but does not teach him to pack a caucus, tame a mule or grease a wagon. The college professor instructs him in the mysteries of agriculture, showing him just how much bicarbonate of lime and phosphate of nitre certain plants require in order to do well and thrive, but he has got to find out from his father how many pieces of potato should go in a hill, and which portions of the farm are best for corn and which should be sowed to buckwheat, so as to get a crop of turnips in, after the buckwheat is harvested. Still, an agricultural college education does not hurt a young man any, if he only will have sense enough not to think about the bicarbonates and phosphates, but recollect and not spit on his hands when he goes to work; for if he does, the hoe handle will raise a blister in twenty minutes. Neither should the young man go to analyzing the soil to find out if the percentage of stuff in it is as it should be for a crop of Early Rose potatoes. If Early Rose potatoes are planted in good rich soil, in the full of the moon, and the weeds kept out of them, they will do well enough, unless it is a bad season.

In case the college young man adopts literature or journalism as his profession, he will find that although his college education is a great help to him, it is not the whole thing by any means. People of course like to have their local items spiced up with sly allusions to Hannibal, the Carthaginian who crossed the Alps, and Julius Caesar, and remarks made by Marc Antony in the heat of debate; and it is a splendid thing if an editor can handle the mythological Greek gods with impunity, and toss Jupiter, Juno, Ceres and Mammon about promiscuously, keeping one of them in the air all the time, but such things do not pay the hands off Saturday night. They do not bring in advertising so you can give an order on a store, and save what money comes in to pay the paper bill. Journalism is one of the hardest professions there is, and sometimes a man doesn't know where he is going to raise money to pay the last month's rent. A diploma from a college gives a man prescience, of course, and he can look at it hanging on the wall in an abstracted way and tell the man to come in again about the 15th.

There are great men who had no college education, and great ones who had. Washington had none, neither had Lincoln, but Eli Perkins and George Francis Train both graduated with high honors. A college education is something a man cannot be robbed of, after he has once got it, and it always gives him a sort of superiority over those less fortunate. Take it, for instance, among a lot of men working on a railroad track; those who have graduated at a college always command higher wages than their ignorant companions, if they can shovel more dirt. It is so everywhere, the world over.

But the mere fact of a man's having gone through college amounts to but little in his favor unless the college has gone through him and left a thick coating of hypophosphates clinging to the brain. Water sprouts are of quick growth, but full of soft pith. Many such come forth from college knowing at what acute angle to hold a cigar and the necessary force required to hit a spittoon at the distance of six feet three inches and one second.

A diploma is of little use to a young man unless he has the solid stuff to back him up through life. I have known half-educated men to be so full of the want of common sense as to usher in a simple idea of positive assertion with such a flourish of hyperbole and metaphorical nonsense as to swamp the idea and leave the hearers in astonishment. Some of those hot-house forced sprouts choose the ministry for a living, and with a gasconade flourish of trumpets, imagine they are flooding the world with noontide radiance. How glibly they talk and write about advancements of society, and that progression is the touchstone that turns the debauchee into a saint. Calmly—so long as the fat salary holds out—they sit upon the taffrail of a little yacht and sing "out on the ocean sailing."

What a grand mistake to suppose education is simply an accumulation of facts—it is knowing how to apply facts, how to avail ones self of all the advantage there is in store. Education is not a profession, merely something to lean upon, but it is the man himself. A boy that comes from the college with a mouth full of Horace, Homer and tobacco smoke, and so stiff with a cramming of "education" as to lean over, will topple and fall the first push he gets, while the man whose learning has become a part of his own make-up will strike, cat-like, on his feet every time he is thrown into the busy world. Great men say much in few words; grand ideas are more effective when, like a whip, you suddenly hear a snap and a crack. If milk has any cream on it you will find it on top, not at the bottom. So with ideas and sermons. To go around Robin Hood's barn to get in at the back door might have done in the age when a stone was put in one end of the sack to balance the corn in the other; but in this age, if a man wants to succeed he must strike a bee line for the front and keep the top-lights burning, and remember, no matter how great the crowd below, there is room in the upper story.

We have often thought that a change for the better could be easily made in the school books in general use in our schools and colleges.

In most institutions of learning the text-books invariably embrace much more than can be studied by the student in the very limited time allotted to one subject; hence, he is necessitated to pay for a large volume when a much smaller one would equally serve his purposes. Text-books should be more condensed, but not to such an extent as to involve obscurity or destroy the harmony of that system, science of philosophy, which is intended for the instruction of especially the young.

The only mutiny ever known to have existed in the United States Navy was that of Midshipman——. His father was at the time Secretary of War. All of his plans were written on parchment in Greek, and when discovered many had agreed to join him, kill the officers and convert the vessel into a pirate cruiser. He and several auxiliaries were hung from the yard arm.

"Man was made to mourn,"—so warbles Burns. Woman was made to kiss,—so warbles Billings.

Carlyle.

An article upon Carlyle, in the London *Academy*, speaks of him thus as a historian:—"A poet of our century, who was also one of its most admirable prose writers, has told in verse the reproof which he received as rhymers from 'Clio, the strong-eyed Muse.' History pleased Carlyle, for its matter is robust, and yet it may be steeped in sentiment. What he could not endure was to attenuate history to a theory, or to relegate its living, breathing actors to a classification. He would fain lift up a piece of the past, whole and unbroken, as a fragment of veritable human experience, with its deep inarticulate suggestions to the conscience and the will. Nothing should be lost except what is unvital, mere wrappage and incumbrance of history. Working as an artist, with an idea of the whole, and a genius for distinguishing essentials from non-essentials in the myriad of details, the historian must attempt the almost impossible feat of rivalling reality, of presenting things in succession so that they may live in the imagination as simultaneous, since once they were so in fact; of presenting a series so that it may be recognized as a group. Much that is characteristic in Carlyle's works as a historian has its origin in the marvellously quick and keen glance of his eye, his power of reading off some minute visible incident into its invisible meaning, and thus interpreting character by picturesque signs and symbols, together with the studiously elaborated style which quickens and exalts the reader's sensitiveness almost to the point of disease, playing upon every nerve-centre with snapping sparks of a new kind of electricity, until he tingles between pleasure and pain. The strain in Carlyle's writing is caused by his desperate resolve to produce in narrative, which, as he says, is linear, the effect of action, which is solid. It is not enacted as it is in written history; actual events are nowise so simply related to each other as parent and offspring are; every single event is the offspring, not of one, but of all other events, prior or contemporaneous, and will in its turn combine with all others to give birth to new; it is an ever-living, ever-working chaos of Being, wherein shape after shape bodies itself forth from innumerable elements." In other writers we may read more correctly the causes and the effects of the French Revolution. If we would enter the suck of the maelstrom and explore its green-glimmering terror we must accompany Carlyle."

Alas! how little do we appreciate a mother's tenderness while living! How headless we are, in youth, of all her anxieties! But when she is dead and gone—When the cares and coldness of the world come withering to our hearts—when we experience how hard it is to find true sympathy, how few love us for ourselves, how few will befriend us in our misfortunes, then it is that we think of the mother that we have lost.

The Crusades changed not only the religious character of Europe, and the East, but to some degree moulded their political status. Whether or not many engaged in them from motives of financial speculation or personal advantage, whatever prompted their enlistment, the influence of these holy wars was beneficent and permanent.

Palestine was wrested from superstition and bigotry, and once more the star of christianity shone through the heavy mists that enveloped the fanes of the Orient.

The many dangers engirding the pathway of the pilgrim to Jerusalem were removed, and religion, generous and true, paid her just tribute to those spots rendered hallowed by the presence of the Saviour.

BRIEFS.

One hundred and forty-eight millions of bibles have been printed.

The State Teachers' Association will meet in Frederick, on the 6th, 7th and 8th of July, next.

The first electrical machine was invented by Otto von Guericke, who also invented the air-pump.

Thomas Carlyle, the renowned English author, has passed away, but in his works his name will ever be embalmed.

The exact time or inventor of the mariner's compass is unknown. The Chinese claim its invention, but this is strongly questioned.

The LeMoyné furnace, at Washington, Pa., is creating much scientific comment. Over ten bodies have been cremated in its oven since its erection.

Miss Mary B. Shellman, while one of the most philanthropic and highly esteemed ladies in the State, is also one of its most interesting writers.

How great a truism is the following, from the *Marylander*: "It is true of newspapers as of churches, that those who contribute the least to their support, criticise and find the most fault with their management."

Mr. Thomas A. Scott, late President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, has endowed the Chair of Mathematics in the University of Pennsylvania, with a gift of \$50,000. He has also given \$50,000 to the Jefferson Medical College; \$30,000 to the Orthopaedic Hospital; \$20,000 to the Children's Department of the Episcopal Hospital, also to the Washington and Lee University, of Virginia, \$50,000.

The 14th anniversary of the Irving Literary Society of Western Maryland College, will be celebrated on April 29th, at Odd Fellows' Hall. A fine programme has been prepared, not the least feature of which will be a drama entitled "Julian," in which are portrayed the chief points of Sicilian government and her sorrows. This is of the highest literary character and is written by one of the finest ladies that adorns the shaft of female scholarship in England.

The Germans are the most excessive gamblers on earth. The "dens," which are set aside for this purpose only, often rival in beauty of adornment and costliness of structure the palaces of kings themselves. The lofty walls are frescoed and ornamented with pictures of distinguished personages, and literally covered with immense mirrors. From the ceiling hang massive golden chandeliers, costing thousands of dollars. Here from sun to sun "fair women and brave men" gamble around long tables and often lose large fortunes at a single play; some unlucky fellows growing desperate at losing their last penny leave the halls of sin and folly to hide away in some lonely corner, where mourning over their misfortunes they commit suicide.

Patriotism is a principle of the human heart. Wherever civilization has planted its ensign and religious institutions receive the support of the people, this affection for native soil may be found. The Englishman finds no clime so genial, no government so admirable as that of Great Britain; the Swiss boast of crags and peaks enveloped in mantles of snow, and the merry Frenchman keeps patriotic step to the "Marseilles Hymn," but no country can boast of sons more loyal and true than thou, America. Wherever the stars and stripes wave to the breeze and our national ballad is the theme of song, devotees ardent and sincere, worship at the shrine of American patriotism.

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J. F. SOMERS & E. P. LEECH, EDITORS.

WESTMINSTER, MD., APRIL, 1881.

The Maryland Annual Conference of the M. P. Church has often thought of establishing a Theological Seminary at Western Maryland College, but as yet has entered in to no definite plan by which this much needed institution could be brought in to existence.

If the church wishes to rear itself upon a firmer and independent basis, the sooner we have the Theological Seminary the better.

Under the present circumstances the theological students at Western Maryland College do not receive sufficient ministerial education to fit them for the great work before them, and to enable them to measure arms with the educated of other churches, or are compelled after graduation to pursue their studies at some other institution, or make the best they can of private instruction. Such an institution could be established here at a very inconsiderable outlay of money as only one extra professor would have to be employed, who could be selected from the superannuated list of ministers and who could bring together with his educational fitness the experience of many years of just that kind of life in to which the young theological students are to enter. The college could not have a more auspicious situation for this purpose, built in one of the healthiest and most beautiful localities in the whole country, and not removed too far from any portion of the territory occupied by the M. P. Church.

This is an age of advancement in almost everything, good and bad. Individuals are contending for fortune and fame; nations are seeking to widen the sphere of their activity and importance; and the churches, in, alas to many cases, forgetful of their mission, are striving for the mastery, not in christian labor, but in matters pertaining solely to earth.

The necessity of educating our ministers is becoming more and more apparent every day. For effecting this, no better means are available than a first class theological seminary, and that, in connection with the Western Md. College. The best interests of the church demand it, and the promulgation of biblical doctrines is enough to show its importance. Let the energy, talent and wealth of the members of the M. P. church be directed upon the consummation of this important undertaking, and in a very short time our church can boast of an institution where ministers can be educated and prepared to defend their

doctrines, to show their efficacy for the improvement of the moral and spiritual condition of our citizens. In the early days of this country a man with scarcely any education at all could do as much good as the best educated, but things have changed, and while some peculiarly gifted, though uneducated men can accomplish much, the best interest of the church require an *educated ministry*.

CLASS OF '81.

The 3d quarterly exercises of the class of '81 took place on the 8th of April. Miss Julia Newman opened with music, during which the class proceeded to the stage. Mr. Todd and Misses Holliday and Stalnaker having been excused took no part in the exercises. At different periods of the programme, Misses Everhart and Link performed an instrumental duett, and Miss L. Salisbury, Miss S. Salisbury and Miss Chaplain an instrumental trio.

Mr. G. Y. Everhart delivered the opening oration, choosing as his theme "Benjamin Franklin." His oration was good, and developed the career of Franklin in a well arranged manner. He spoke of him as being a self-made man, in the full sense of the term, and as one who had arisen to the estimation in which he is now held, by patient toil and systematic labor.

Mr. J. F. Somers, of Crisfield, delivered his oration on Scandinavia. He pictured the far north land, "where the sun never sets" and the wind finds no cessation, and spoke of the antiquity of this nation, of its *eccentric method of worshipping the deities*, and sought to remove the neglect that has hitherto been paid this remote region. He spoke of Scandinavia as a land eminently favored by the Gods in respect to its scenic beauty. Although as a general thing her people were ignorant they were warm hearted, and deserved a better and kinder notice than has hitherto been given to them.

Mr. C. R. Miller was the second speaker for the gentlemen, Mr. Somers closing for them. Mr. Miller's theme was "Warren Hastings." He entered fully into the spirit of his oration, and a forcible and attractive speaker, he won many tributes of a complimentary character. He developed both the good and bad qualities of Hastings, assigning their points of merit or censure. He was attentively heard by all.

Miss Hattie Bollinger took for her subject, "Things that Pass Away." The essay was well written, showing very clearly the mutability of all things material, and what effect time has upon customs, laws, fashions, and the usages of society, setting forth how transient is worldly glory, and the necessity and policy of paying more attention to the imperishable part of man than to the mortal. She said, "Lost friendship may be restored, lost knowledge may be regained, lost wealth brought back, but time once allowed to pass unheeded, will never return."

Miss Braly delivered a fine essay on the subject, "Earth's Battlefields." She displayed originality and depth of thought that did her much credit. She began by saying that few places on earth have not been scenes of carnage. After discoursing eloquently upon the most terrible and significant battles that have been fought by the hand of man, from Alexander's bloody conquests to the murderous contests of our civil war, she spoke with touching beauty of the great mental and moral battles that have been fought and the many noble victories that have been won over ignorance, superstition and immorality.

Miss Kate Goodhand treated the audience to an essay on "Woman, Man's Superior" so humorous that every sentence brought forth irresistible bursts of laughter and applause from all in the sound of her voice. She spoke of the charms, the mental, moral, and some times physical, superiority of woman, how the poor young man would stand for hours before a glass combing his hair and tying his neck-tie, then on bended knees before a heedless fair damsel would beg her hand, only to be laughed at. All that man is woman makes him; she makes him keep himself in a neat appearance, makes him stay at home at night, makes him, poor fellow, do any thing she likes. She served old bachelors up in bad style, they would think.

The essay of Miss Lulie Cunningham, subject "Charlotte Bronte," was written and delivered in her usual good style, portraying in beautiful, choice language, the trials, troubles and privations Charlotte had to contend with, and how nobly she surmounted all difficulties and at last came out victor, how much she was liked as an author and what great interest her sad life excited in the minds of the people. Miss Lulie concluded her interesting sketch of this truly great writer with a selection from her work's to the great delight of all present.

Miss Bessie Miller had selected for the subject of her essay "Mysteries," and treated it in a manner showing much thought and careful preparation. She spoke of the hidden secrets in the earth, the air, the sea, of philosophy's endeavors to explain them, and its utter failure in so many things; of the mysteries of life and the hereafter; dwelling upon every point in her discourse with energy, and causing all to feel an interest in what she was saying. She closed her essay with the beautiful thought that God is the mystery of mysteries and that he alone is capable of a complete understanding of them.

Miss May Nicodemus read quite an interesting essay on "The Vanity of Vanities," giving the audience a beautiful description of the young people of the present day, giving the students of the college, unintentionally, some good hints as to how they should conduct themselves. The essay was much liked by all in the audience and elicited its merited praise.

Miss Kate Smith read a beautiful essay on "Laughter," showing much refinement of taste in the plot of her production. She described with perfect accuracy the different kinds of laughter, from the tender, musical, enlivening laughter of a good natured, refined person, to the harsh, grinding, guttural, convulsive bursts of merriment of others. Miss Kate's essay was highly appreciated, as it was indeed very appreciative. With her essay closed the exercises of the lady portion of the class of 1881.

The university of Berlin was founded by Frederick William in order to bring together and unite the forces of scholarship in Germany. The king, with commendable generosity, appropriated ample means for furnishing buildings and other necessary arrangements for the success of the undertaking. The philosopher Fichte was its first rector and remained in office ten years. One of his most steadfast assistants was Schleirmacher.

From all parts of the country men of profound education were collected, conspicuous among whom were the famous philologist, Boekland Wolf, the distinguished professor of medicine Wufeland, along with many others, all zealous for the emancipation of their country, and anxious that Germany should take her place among the nations as the most generally educated country on the globe.

College Notes.

Among the visitors at the college, of late, were the Rev. F. C. Klein, of Wilmington, Del., Dr. W. R. Cushing, of Union Mills, Mr. J. K. Simmons, and Mr. Geo. Bell, of Georgetown, D. C.

Prof. R. L. Brockett has been unwell for some time, but has appeared in his class room all the time, with the exception of two days.

All fools' day was celebrated here, this year, with due ceremonies. The usual fun was had by the students, the usual jokes played upon different persons, "and all went merry as a marriage bell," until all were satiated with pleasure and returned to the accustomed routine of College work.

The other day, one of our professors was lecturing to his class on the subject of silicates, and was interrupted by the laughter of a few representatives of the gentle sex, in an adjoining room, when he advised his students "not to let those *silly Kates* detract their attention from the subject of the recitation."

The usual Spring fever season has been postponed on account of bad weather, one good result of the amendment to winter. For this we vote Mr. Vennor a chromo—who seconds the motion?

The tenth anniversary of the Webster Literary Society, of this college, was celebrated at Odd Fellows' Hall, on the 18th of March. The programme was well carried out, giving the audience an idea of the regular weekly exercises of the organization. The chief feature of the entertainment was the humorous essay of Mr. L. R. Meekins, of the Junior Class. Music was furnished by the *Gray's Band*, and all returned feeling that it was well that they had been there.

The annual entertainment of the male Preparatory and Elocution Class took place on Friday evening last, under the direction of Prof. C. T. Wright. Space forbids an elaborate mention. The exercises were carried out in a fine and commendable manner, and all departed with the praise of Prof. Wright and his class on their lips. His success of last year had brought a large number together, intent on enjoying the fine programme, which was as follows:

PROGRAMME.

Music.....	G. Nonemaker.
Opening Address.....	H. G. Cowan.
Reading—"New England Weather"	E. H. Norman.
Rehearsal—"Tell Me I Hate the Bowl"	Ada Smith.
Reading—"Mrs. Spoopendyke's Politics"	C. T. Wright.
Reading—"More Cruel than War"	
Music.....	
Rehearsal—"Der Dunderblitz Family"	A. C. Winemiller.
Rehearsal—"Thou Art the Man"	J. H. Cunningham.
Personation and Song—"Pat's Correspondence"	E. H. Flagg.
Reading—"Wounded"	C. T. Wright.
Reading—"A Lesson in Geograpay"	Tommy Wood.
Music.....	G. Nonemaker.
Reading—"The World for Sale"	S. F. Cassen.
Personation—"Aunt Jemima's Courtship"	Flora Jones.
Rehearsal—"The Gray Forest Eagle"	May Meredith.
Dialogue—"The Little Hatchet Story"	E. Flagg & C. Noss.
Reading—"Mrs. MacWilliams and the Lightning"	C. T. Wright.
Ushers—Messrs. Bell, H. Rouzer and Duke.	

The 14th anniversary of the Irving Literary Society of Western Maryland College, will be celebrated at Odd Fellows' Hall, on the evening of the 29th of April. Reserved seats at Huber's and Boyle's drug stores.

INTEMPERANCE.

Written for the Irving Literary Gazette.

BY J. H. T. E.

Of the many evils that at the present day infest our land, intemperance may be considered the grossest, the master sin of the civilized world.

"Look not upon the wine when it is red for at last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder," so says the bible, upon which all truth is based.

How plainly is this fact manifested. There is a multitude which no man can number, at this present moment filling their homes with sorrow, beggaring their families and themselves, sinking into a premature decay.

The world is not yet sufficiently awake to the enormity of the evils that arise from this source. With all the efforts of temperance societies and the exertions of private individuals, many years shall elapse ere they will be effective in causing to any great extent its suppression.

As long as it is permitted to sell liquor publicly to all who choose to buy, as long as it is deemed a proof of good fellowship to invite your friend to partake of intoxicating liquor at your expense, so long shall our homes be in a state of desolation, our streets polluted, our almshouses filled with inmates utterly ruined by the perpetual indulgence in this poison.

Behold an inebriate lounging round about the street! See how his blood-stained eyes, his trembling hand clearly indicate that he has partaken of some spirituous liquor. He looks as though he were insane. His raving, passionate look, his irregular step, clearly indicate that the drug has pervaded his whole system, even has penetrated to his brain. His mind is beyond all control of reason and judgment; it is like a chariot without a driver, a ship in a storm without a pilot. He says and does things so unreasonable that they must be the result of temporary derangement. In many cases he may be compared to a tornado, a mountain torrent, or a conflagration to whose fury none can set bounds and whose disastrous effects are visited even unto the innocent. The world and even the law deals with him as though he were a maniac.

After recovering from his fit of anger he admits that during his state of intoxication he had no control over his mental faculties, necessary for reasoning, and deems this sufficient apology for the most unseemly blow or word spoken during the time he was under the influence of liquor. He now feels mortified and cannot but feel humiliated in the sight of God. In the sight of man he feels that his honor is gone, and he is looked upon with secret contempt, which he is often at a loss to discover. Intemperance, furthermore, leads one to crime; it induces him to do things which he, while in a temperate state, would deem most shameful and disgraceful in the sight of man; yea, it impels him to commit crimes irrevocable and not to be compensated for. He continues thus, and finally reaches his earthly destination, which is either in prison or on the gallows. Again, intemperance is a fruitful source of poverty. What a contrast is there between a temperate and an intemperate man? The temperate man, after pursuing his daily avocation, returns to his home and finds there his affectionate and placid wife ready to greet him, his kind and loving children desirous of expressing joy for their sire's return by imparting sweet kisses to his lips. Ah! but how is it in the case of the intemperate man? The poor inebriate wretch seldom returns to his home until late at night

and frequently not until chance may convey him thither. He finds here his sad but loving wife busily plying the needle by a dim light, in order to earn a livelihood for herself and her hungry and helpless children. He does not find his children anxious for his return, for they are not accustomed to meet him ere dawn of the following day. 'Tis true, there are many temptations to lead one to this awful evil, especially the young man, who, desirous of society and excitement, during his leisure hours, seeks a crowd of his fellow-beings; society either for good or bad the young will have. But how shall they entertain themselves and each other. Stories, jokes and fun are soon exhausted; excitement must be kept up, and so they think it prudent, manly and spirited to adjourn to some neighboring barroom and get something to drink. Beware, young man! Here it is for you to decide for good or evil, for weal or woe.

Do not start upon the road that leads step by step to poverty and despair. To abstain from this temptation requires little or no skill or effort. If you do not hesitate to think ere you place the liquor to your lips, you are on a fair way to perdition; you shall be wrecked before you shall have departed from the shore.

Oh, how miserable and gloomy the life of a drunkard! Cast down and rejected by all save a few of his companions, he at length, mourned by none, sinks down into a drunkard's grave—a grave unwept, unhonored and unsung.

Former students of Western Maryland College, now ministers of the Gospel, in connection with the Maryland Annual Conference of the M. P. Church, received appointments from the late session of said Conference, held at Cumberland, Md., as follows:

Rev. W. R. Graham, '69-'72, St. Luke's, Philadelphia.

Rev. F. C. Klein, A. B., '80, Wilmington, Del.

Rev. A. A. Harryman, '69-'71, Rowlandville, Md.

Rev. J. M. Yingling, '70-'72, Deer Creek, Md.

Rev. W. J. Neepier, '60-'71, Chestertown, Md.

Rev. D. N. Gilbert, '71-'73, Kent Island, Md.

Rev. J. A. Weigand, '71-'73, Crumpton, Md.

Rev. J. B. Butler, M. D., '69-'70, Crumpton, Md.

Rev. T. O. Crouse, A. B. '71, A. M. '74, St. Michael's, Md.

Rev. C. S. Arnett, A. B. '74, A. M. '77, Seaford, Del.

Rev. C. B. Middleton, '72-'76, Mt. Lebanon, Baltimore.

Rev. W. F. Roberts, '77-'79, Finksburg, Md.

Rev. P. T. Hall, A. B. '74, A. M. '77, Ninth street, Washington, D. C.

Rev. T. E. Coulbourne, '69-'70, Georgetown, D. C.

Rev. W. W. White, A. B. '74, A. M. '77, Potomac circuit, Md.

Rev. W. H. Stone, '73-'78, Frederick circuit, Md.

Rev. A. J. Walter, '71-'74, Campbell circuit, Md.

Rev. T. H. Lewis, A. B. '75, A. M. '78, St. John's, Baltimore.

Rev. T. H. Lewis was secretary of the Conference and editor of the *Conference Record*, assisted by Mr. L. A. Jarman, A. B., '80.

Dr. Christopher Johnson has resigned his Chair in the Maryland University of Medicine. It is rumored that his vacancy will be filled by Dr. Allen P. Smith, of Baltimore.

For the Irving Literary Gazette.

Charles Lamb and Sister.

The "Essays of Elia," the work by which Lamb has been and will continue to be known, were not written until comparatively late in his literary career. They are the expression of the complete man, and contain a summary of the qualities of his head and heart. His leading qualities were chiefly a whimsical and charming humor, and a very pure devotion to literature. This latter is one of his most attractive traits. He was a great admirer of early English literature; in this, in his own time, among persons who had been educated by the literature of the eighteenth century, he was considered somewhat affected. Indeed, it was his way to admire out-of-the-way and forgotten authors. He was a great admirer of the poetry of Sir Philip Sidney, but he was in truth an admirer of all sorts of books. In his essay, "Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading," he tells us: "I have no repugnances. Shaftsbury is not too genteel for me, nor Jonathan Wild too low. I can read anything which I call a book. There are things in that shape which I cannot allow for such." This is among Lamb's best essays. It slides pleasantly into the mind. It has a quiet enthusiasm and charming way of touching upon familiar books. If, when you have read it, you are asked what truths you have learned, you may be at a loss to say, but you know that you have been amused and profited, and have been in good company; you pass on to the next of his works with zest and relish. As it is said of Dalunty, Lamb's essays are fascinating.

The quality to which Lamb owed a large part of his literary success was charity; it is hard for the world to resist a man who is without a trace of envy, malice or suspicion. Lamb abounded in charity. He was a man who liked all the world, but, we are told, liked particularly eccentric and out-of-the-way characters—those, in a word, who have the greatest need of charity. It was these he delighted in having about him. He loved the unsuccessful, admired the odd, and has written an essay in praise of folly. In his "All-Fool's Day" he remarks: "I love a fool as naturally as if I were of kith and kin to him." His works abound in indications of his charity and unselfishness. We see these qualities of his treatment of gentility. He was a man of low birth, but he professed to a whimsical admiration for ancestry. He has described this in his essay entitled "Blakesmoor in H—shire." Blakesmoor was an old house in H—shire, where Lamb lived when a boy. In his after life he tells us that he mused over the halls and pathways of his ancient house, till, "every dreg of peasantry purging off, he received into himself very gentility." To this irresistible charity and unselfishness of Lamb is due in part the fact that the reader is so ready to hear him talk about himself, his history and his childhood. The world does not invite most people to talk about themselves, and is particularly unwilling to hear them talk about their childhood. Thackeray says, somewhere, that the people to whom a man's childhood is a matter of interest are very few; that it is a matter of the deepest interest first of all and chiefly to himself, and then to his wife and children, and perhaps to a few very kind friends, but he must not talk to many persons on the subject. We never tire of hearing Lamb talk of his boyhood. Lamb has gathered his memories of Christ's Hospital into two essays—"Recollections of Christ's Hospital" and "Christ's Hospital Five-and-thirty Years Ago." The first of these is tender and

laudatory; in the second he tells the other side of the story. Writing as Elia, he says that the author of the first papers saw only the pleasant side of the school. He then proceeds to relate the experiences of a poor friendless boy in the same school. No doubt both pictures are true. The school was ancient, some Latin and Greek was learnt there, and the boys, no doubt, were starved and flogged. Besides the Essays of Elia, Lamb wrote some beautiful poems and a story, which is excellent among all his works. This is "Rosamund Gray." It is a very short story and can be perused in a few hours. It is written in odd little broken paragraphs. It is an exquisite story of village virtue and suffering. It is as far removed from guilt and worldliness as if these qualities had no existence on our planet. There is wickedness in the story, but it is of a kind so extreme and strange as to make all the more marked the beautiful isolation of the scene. I hardly know what to liken it to, except to say that it has the purity of your old grandmother's garden. Of Lamb's poems the best is "Hester." She was a Quaker girl whom Lamb knew at one time, and who died very young. The poem is a beautiful sketch of character.

The name of Mary Lamb is joined inseparably with that of her brother. She also wrote stories and poems. These are not so worthy of note in themselves. That she had many mental and moral qualities is evident, both from her letter and what we know of her life. It is on account of the close relationship which she bears to Charles Lamb that her letters and herself are of interest. That relationship was singularly intimate. The events of her life controlled and shaped his. He was about twenty years of age when the accident occurred which may be said to have shaped his life for him. This was the killing of Lamb's mother by Mary Lamb while in a fit of insanity. From this time he devoted himself to his sister; whatever his plans may have been, he gave them all up and devoted himself to the painful task of supporting the miseries of his insane sister, and she, on her part, was deeply devoted to him.

Lamb had a mind that was very fully flowered out. There is nothing in his character to demand or to reward a painstaking inquiry. On this account, perhaps, he is less attractive to the critics than many other less perfect and less distinguished characters; but most readers are not critics for they read for amusement and not for the pleasure of investigation. To them, therefore, the fact that they can understand Lamb at a glance, is the cause of their liking to read him. W. M. G.

More books have been published during the present century than in all the others ages of the world combined, and in fact it is truly wonderful what great progress the world has made during the last one hundred years in every department of art and science; some of the most important battles have been fought; some of the most startling discoveries and inventions have been made, so that the people of to-day can justly feel proud and look back upon the civilization of the past as very insignificant and infinitely below the standard of the present.

Father Denza, the Italian astronomer, has been making some experiments with the micro telephone, on the line of railway from Turin to Lanzo, which is about twenty miles long. The voice was distinct and clear, and so strong that it was heard all over the room at Lanzo. "Conversation between the two interlocutors was as animated as if they had been in the same place.

ORATORY.

Written for the Irving Literary Gazette

BY LOUISE.

The subject of oratory is of peculiar interest to the American citizen. In a republic popular eloquence is a powerful engine by which the political aspirant works his way to office and distinction. The orator feels a deep responsibility, and most laboriously prepares himself to meet a powerful, and it may, tumultuous and excitable multitude. It is evident that, all other things being equal, the more agitating and important the subject which calls forth the orator, the more grand and imposing will be his oratory. He will be stimulated by the responsibility which devolves on him to the utmost exertion of all powers, while the importance and grandeur of his subject will impart force to his eloquence and an impressive interest to his counsels. There is a vast difference between ancient and modern eloquence. That of the Greeks is one of the most curious subjects connected with their interesting history, and has generally been considered far superior to that of the moderns. The orations of Demosthenes have been pronounced the models, which of all human productions approached nearest to perfection. We are told by Cicero that when the great orator was to speak, men flocked to Athens from the remote parts of Greece, as if to witness the most splendid spectacle which could be exhibited. Others maintain that the genius of the moderns is fully equal to that of the ancients, that we are physically and mentally equal to both the Greeks and Romans, and that all the difference between ancient and modern eloquence can be explained by the difference of circumstances under which they have been respectfully developed. A state of peace, with great and agitating questions, and with imminent danger threatening its destruction, is most favorable to the orator. The reason is evident. In war events are great and agitating, but force is there, more important than persuasion, the military chieftain is greater than the orator. It is not so in time of peace with danger impending, then the orator is the great man of the age. He nerves his countrymen for the coming contest, and he inspires fortitude under trials. Writers may dwell upon the eloquence of Demosthenes and Cicero as approaching near to perfection, but in my opinion when consternation prevails, whenever the brave are mute with astonishment, then the men who can stand forth undismayed and point out the means of deliverance or lead the way to a noble self-devotion, like Patrick Henry when he exclaimed, "Whatever others do I'll fight," is truly the man. The orator of old was the parliamentary debater, the speaker at public meetings, the preacher, the newspaper, the pamphlet, the volume, all in one. It is not to be wondered at that when such a being was to speak, all Greece should assemble to hear him. But there is a vast change since the invention of printing. The periodical press is now the organ of communication and the great potent engine that controls the popular will. It is the periodical press which first discusses every matter of importance, and when the orator now rises to speak in a deliberative body or even in a court of justice, he finds that the novelty of his subject has been worn off by the newspapers, his arguments are stale, and he feels like one rehearsing the thrice old tale. He invariably finds that busy sleepless organ, the press, eternally ahead of him. When the orator rises to make an address, he knows full well that it cannot be by a mere stroke of oratory that the desired effect is

to be produced. He is aware that the speech he delivers, to be efficient, must be one that will bear the closest scrutiny. He realizes that the editor and reviewer will sit in judgment on it, that the leaders of the opposite party will analyze it, and above all, that the wise men of the constituency which he represents will discern its true merit. Such a speaker must be exact in his information, accurate in his principles and details, comprehensive in his views. At the moment of delivery the substance may be concealed by the skill of the orator. He may be sure that when the wand of criticism is applied, every principle and plan will be made to stand forth to public view in all their nakedness. In America, some of the finest eloquence ever displayed was before the people. Our congressional oratory is not to be pronounced the best, because there is not a proper fellow feeling existing between the speaker and his audience. But before popular assemblies a proper sympathy almost always exists. To-day the orator starts some topic, he perhaps throws out some hint, he finds the feelings of his audience responsive to his own. That which is a mere hint to-day, he will elaborate for to-morrow. He develops the idea to its fullest magnitude, polishes and clothes it with the most energetic phraseology, and to-morrow, when he reiterates it to another but similar audience, he receives the loud plaudits of a delightful auditory. Then he will advance from day to day, till he arrives at the highest pinnacle, both in the matter and manner, which he is capable of attaining.

Two great prophecies have lately been placed before the world, both claimed to be based upon sound astronomical observations. But sad to say, one absolutely contradicts the other, and the important question now arises, which to believe, or shall either gain our credence? Prof. Swormstedt declares that this orb shall be consigned to certain oblivion at midnight, on November 12th, 1881, while in an elaborate article of only three long columns, Prof. Grimmer avows an approaching famine which shall devastate the human population to an alarming extent, from 1881 to 1887. O ye thrice blessed brawny Californians, for, says he, California will be the last spot on the globe to grapple with the disaster. In regarding these scientific assertions, we do not ensure a man for his love of arousing the enthusiasm of his fellow men, but with Cicero exclaim, *O tempora, O mores!*

Select Entertainment.

Mrs. S. M. F. Jones, of W. M. College, will give a select entertainment at the Hall, on the evening of the 18th of April. Mr. McFadden, of Baltimore, an elocutionist of repute, will favor the audience with reading. Mrs. J. W. Mealy, a graduate of the Conservatory of Music at Boston, will sing among other selections, the Aria of Puritani. Mrs. Jones's success in the past is a guarantee of the character of the coming entertainment, and none should fail to be in attendance.

Bishop Kingsley in his travels "Round the World" gives some very interesting ideas with respect to the condition of the lower classes in Europe where the women have to do the same work on a farm as the men in America. He says "they reap and sow, and cradle, and rake, and pitch hay just like men. They carry heavy burdens by means of neck-yokes, and plow in the fields with oxen and horses and perform a vast amount of drudgery that we think men not even ought to do."

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Mr. Shorey is a graduate in art of the School of Design of the Maryland Institute; on account of his proficiency in art, he was selected by Messrs. Cheever & Dennett, authors of the "Biographical Encyclopaedia of Representative Men of Maryland and the District of Columbia," to make the photographs embellishing that work. Among the numerous portraits and photographs adorning the walls of the reception-room and in his possession are those of Judge Gilmor, John H. B. Latrobe, Woodward Abrams, Ex-Gov. Bowie, W. A. Boyd, Rev. Dr. Bacchus, Rev. W. Pullman, Rev. Dr. Leyburn, Dr. Dashiell, Ex-Gov. Bradford, Gen. Ross, Dr. Price, R. W. L. Rasin, Greenleaf Johnson, George Colton, Judge Bartol, Judge Gleason, Horace Veruey, John W. Garrett, Wm. A. Woodward, and a unique pair of portraits—C. C. Fulton sitting with a grandchild on his knee, and Dr. Warfield in a similar attitude with a great-grandchild on his lap. Among the special appurtenances of this fine gallery are the exquisite *backgrounds* of the pictures, painted by the most famous scenic artist, Lafayette W. Seavay; and Mr. Shorey also makes use of natural plants, foliage, and bowers to give exquisite artistic effect to his pictures. In a rear apartment is the "Solar Camera Room;" it contains a "Woodward's Solar Camera;" by this ingenious apparatus the smallest picture can be transformed into one of life size.

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