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Poetical.

THE SONGS OF TALISESSEM.

BETA.

I.

I am Talisessem, O Jehovah!
I am thy noblest work—
Thou perfectest thyself in me.
Divine Love, the All-Father, gave me being;
Divine Wisdom, the Son of Divine Love, gave me form;
Divine Goodness, the union of Divine Love and Divine Wisdom, gave me power.
Thou madest me what I am,
And I am, therefore, what I should be;
For thou art my life,
And I am thy life in action—
I am Talisessem.

II.

I am the bard of the universe.
To teach the truths of being and existence.
I speak the lessons of wisdom.
And I speak them in musical words,
That all with pleasure may hear.
For I am the centre of thought,
And all truths are taught through me alone—
I am Talisessem.

III.

I am the bard of bards;
Creation has its music from me.
To the birds do I give their melody,
To the winds and the waters all their sounds;
And all in the world that have voices
Owe all that they utter to me.
For I am the soul of music;
And thus, in all things that are harmonious,
I am Talisessem.

IV.

To silent things I also give speech;
I teach them eloquent words,
I teach to them eloquent singing.
The harmony of the stars is mine,
And the humblest thing in creation, the merest atom of dust,
Receives music from my soul;
And their music, in all of its utterances,
Tells of love, and truth, and goodness.
And I listen with joy while they sing,
And I hear with delight their words;
For they say unto men what I teach them to say,
And in musical numbers they utter my words;
For their harmony and their wisdom are from me,
And I am the bard of bards—
I am Talisessem.

V.

But I am thine, O Jehovah!
As thou, O Highest, art mine;
And all that I teach and do
Is thy teaching and thy doing.
For thou art my centre of being;
My will, my thought, my life, are thine;
Thou hast made me thy bard,
To teach the truths of thy goodness to thy children and mine;
Thou hast made me thy most perfect work—
And hence, above all honor that the world can confer,
I am what I should be—
I am Talisessem.

The Crystal Fountain and its Stream.

Natural Geography and History have ever been full of interest and curiosity. To roam among the exhibitions of Nature, to sport in the galleries of mental luxury, to tread her subterranean mines of wonder, to soar in aerial flight, to take a broader view of her lap of curiosities, and to hold personal intercourse with her beauty and grandeur is as sublime as it is great. The towering mountain with the rippling stream of unpoluted waters flowing down

its sides, a sure emblem of purity and constancy; its snow capped peak, an emblem of age; its rocky base, an emblem of integrity; its floral sides, hale and fragrant air, emblems of love, are attractions around which the mind loves to linger. The hills and valleys, clothed with the verdure of a summer's day; the stalwart forest with her mighty oaks rising majestically with arms uplifted, waving to the breezes of heaven, in devotion to Him, who planted their roots in the fertile soil, and then bade them look upward and unfold their beauty and life to the gaze and benefit of all, while the dews of heaven shall fall to renew their vigor as they readily and willingly yield the fruit of their branches, an example of devotion, usefulness, and true Christian benevolence. The bordering river with unpoluted waters, dashing against rocks and hills as it plows its meandering course through the valleys is at one place calm and smooth, reflecting the softening rays of the sun's genial fire, at another it suddenly dashes from some precipitate height, foaming with rage, disseminating its tears of anger and casting a gloom all around, as it falls into the abyss below, and undauntingly rolls on, until unmarked in the Father of waters, an emblem of terrestrial life. The mighty ocean, with its almost unbounded expanse and pearls of rich splendor, drinking the troubled waters of the land as a rest from all their labors is an emblem of Eternity. All of which associated with a history of the incidents and events connected therewith, are full of the deepest interest. Some are sacred to the memory of blood shed in defence of our own inalienable rights, others to the triumphal shouts of victory with its glad tidings of great joy which were to our American people, and others as the quiet resting place of departed love.

But where is the Crystal Fountain and its waters? Do you see that beautiful, high and lofty elevation around which are associated so much of interest?

That is known by the familiar name of Science mountain. Do you see that beautiful valley leading down from its base? That is Science channel. Do you see that crystal stream gushing forth from the summit of that mountain and running down the channel of the valley? That is the Crystal Fountain from whence flows the crystal stream which is for the healing of the nation, the comfort, happiness and prosperity of the people. Would you like to sail over that crystal water and view the splendor that adorns its banks, and trace its placid course as it penetrates the hardest rock and analyzes its component parts by breaking the bands of cohesion, and admire the dazzling pearls that lie within your grasp, each of intrinsic value, and expanding by perpetual use, in virtue thereof, lifting their possessor from the groveling things of earth to holier and purer enjoyments, to realize that he is a being after the likeness and image of his Heavenly Father, that his body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, thereby planting a higher standard of moral rectitude and truth, the top of which shall reach the very air of heaven and quaff larger and larger drafts of that sacred air whose breathing shall fall as a balm to a brother's afflictions?

Surely you will accept the invitation for its romance, to say nothing of its real worth. Steadily will we steer the gallant bark as it proudly bears us safely on, and watch with a vigilant eye the progress of each day, while our souls are lost in the unfolding of mystery, the increased light in the development of truth, and gradually we will see the stream widening and deepening, our thirst proportionately increasing, our capacity proportionally enlarged, our view more and more penetrating to the obscurities that betimes may arise, noting the history of those who have gone before as they have left their footprints on the banks of the river, which time nor chance will never eradicate. We mark with an humble reverence when a Washington was born, the history associated with his life, the general drift of his manly character as he pursued the even tenor of his way, as one of the indelible marks on the sands of time; a Luther, who touched a chord which had long been obscured by the dust of ages, the vibrations of which waved across land and sea, crumbling the thrones of error, the ruins of which you will mark as you sail, on the banks of the river. But we did not expect to immerse you at present in historical knowledge, therefore we will not linger. Let us gather a few of those pearls which lie accessible beneath the waters. To secure them you must be determined, resolute and know no failure. Although the waters are deep you will not drown. A firm and sure hold is necessary to raise the weighty jewel, and you will rise invigorated rather than weakened by the effort. Here you come with a sparkling eye, a gladdened smile, because of the glimmering light which you behold, as did the light cheer Columbus and his band when first they beheld our native land, bearing your gem which has cost you much, but which you more highly prize. But what is it? Ah, it is grammar! Place it in your crown, and use it every day. But your soul hungers, it shall be satisfied, dive again.

The light brightens. The scales begin to fall, and darkness to remove, for you have another jewel, as you arise, thoroughly drenched, from the crystal waters, bearing your diamond bright.

What is that? Ah, it is arithmetic! Place that in your crown to shine with the others. You begin to look a little lovely, your strength is increased, your step is firmer, and reason starts from her lair and asks for a familiar acquaintance. Still your soul feels an aching void, and down she plunges in quest of satisfaction, and rises at last with increased purity and joy, with a heart bounding like a roe-buck, for after a long search and a severe struggle to blast the rocks beneath, you glory in another, and what is that? Ah, it is logic! Place that in your crown: Reason now feels that the bars of her prison house are sundered, and she can bid the mind go free as she sits upon her throne to pronounce her decree. The waters are deepening and widening, but your courage is unflinching and your strength increasing. You begin to realize the sentiment of the oft repeated motto, yet ever new: "It is not all of life to live, nor all of death to die;" and down you plunge again, and

after long delay you rise with another, and what is that? Ah, it is Rhetoric! Place that in your crown, Reason now claims the art of speaking with propriety, elegance and force, while she holds the reins of persuasion and attraction. But down again you plunge with an insatiable desire, and while far beneath the surface, you flast the rocks with your arithmetic and logic, and at last rise with another; and what is that? Ah, it is Geometry! Place that in your crown. Now, your countenance begins to reflect a little intelligence, and yet you feel your own ignorance, and down you settle again, deeper than ever, and with the crystal waters as a telescope, and the pearls of your crown for lenses, you measure those distinct orbs that bespangle the blue vault of heaven.

At last, you rise with Astronomy, as the star of your crown. But where is the soul's quickening fire that softens and ameliorates the heart, that gives vivacity to reason, that tempers disposition, that disperses the clouds of despondency, while Grammar, Arithmetic, Logic, Rhetoric, Geometry and Astronomy, are wrapped in enchantment. With a fixed and unyielding resolve, you plunge into deeper, but clearer waters, and after long discipline and great patience, you add music to your crown. Now, these seven liberal pearls which decorate the soul, reflect a countenance of beauty, light and influence, like the prismatic colors of the rainbow, as the sun of your intelligence begins to rise from behind the Eastern hills of darkness, to shed its placid rays upon your brow. We must anchor, but the ocean is far distant.

For the Irving Literary Gazette.

Rhetorical Jockeyism.

BY AN UNDERGRADUATE.

It was said of Rufus Choate by one of his friends, that "he drove a substantive and six," alluding to the number of his adjectives in contrast with the fewness of his nouns. Those who heard or have read after the great advocate feel that he was master of the perilous team, and could drive it with perfect safety.

It is by no means the case, however, in the Olympian games of College oratory, where the team is not an infrequent one, that the reins are always held by strong or skillful hands. In my own short and not eventful College life, I have seen more than one daring Junior and Senior enter the lists with his "substantive and six," smiling meanwhile with a half contemptuous pity upon his less favored companions. I do not at this moment recollect one such team that safely made the circuit. Many, indeed most of them, were wrecked before they reached the quarter pole. In some instances,—notably in the case of an ambitious young divine upon a recent public occasion at our College—the prancing steeds were unmanageable from the very start, and ran wildly about destroying everything they met with. The lamps of truth along the course were demolished, the seat of judgment was overturned, and the track itself was injured beyond repair.

Now I cannot help asking why the boys undertake what they cannot manage? It

is surely much more to one's credit to drive a single horse, or a span, with ease and grace, than to have five or six run away with him and break everything to pieces in which case he is blamed not only for the destruction which ensues, but also for the folly of having made an attempt so far above his powers. I wish our dear boys could learn that information and experience are as necessary to make a good jockey of rhetoric as they are in the case of horse-flesh. One must know both his horses and his track. It is not only a foolish, but also a dangerous experiment for a young driver to venture upon an untried track with an unknown team. If the racers be at all spirited, and nothing has more spirit than language, the young tyro is almost certain to be picked up out of the dust bruised and bleeding, if not crippled for life.

There are themes I grant you, and there are occasions, which rise up under the speaker "like proud seas," as Arcite says in Fletcher's *Two Noble Kinsmen*. Then there must be the presence of conscious genius, and the masterhand directing every movement. Such themes and such occasions, I need scarcely say, are not found in College Quarterlies. Neither need I add that the master hand is not often there apparent.

Yet I should not like to have any one infer that our boys are more given to adjectives and less able to use them than the average of College boys everywhere. On the other hand we have talent, learning, proper ambition and even occasional flashes of genius. But I am seeking to impress upon the boys themselves, that they could many a time win admiration and applause by uttering their vivid thoughts in the simple words and natural manner of their ordinary talk, whereas by turgid rhetoric they only excite mirth and sympathy. Once in awhile, in spite of me, the other meaning of my word will intrude its ugly face upon my meditations and I wonder if it can be that the boys are trying to jockey us into the belief that their strong shadow is substance, and that their bursts of sound successfully cloak their want of sense, fact and knowledge. If they view the matter thus, they are jockeyed and not we.

The Age of Fancy.

Anniversary Oration delivered on January 18th, 1882, at Odd Fellows' Hall, Westminster, Maryland, on the occasion of the Anniversary of W. L. Society and the celebration of the Centennial Birth Day of Daniel Webster.

BY E. L. GIES.

The present age is decidedly practical in its tendencies. Everything is being gradually estimated by the standard of immediate utility. The fanciful is disdained, and over the pure and ingenious outpourings of a poetical heart, the busy world would attempt to cast a cloud of reproach as upon the product of an idle brain. There are in fact few inducements to draw forth the treasures of imagination, when its brightest gems fall before the public like pebbles cast into the great deep. The waves of popular opinion close over them. Sometimes they occasion a splash and a ripple, which may indeed widen its circle to other lands and other ages, but in the author's own time, its tiny wavelets are unnoticed and unfelt by those who are learned in the trifles of the day, and versed in the mysteries of counting-room lore. Our literature is drifting into another channel, and of necessity the lover of the ideal must have recourse to the works of Milton, or go farther back to that age, when "Fancy could ever hear the melody of nature's voice and see all lovely surroundings that she would," and amid classical visions drink in the glowing descriptions of Homer, Pindar and Sappho,

who tapped the fountain of mythology and caused abundant streams of imagination to run down through all the ages. Their beauty has not been blemished by the lapse of years. The hand of Time, which has sunk cities into a heap of desolate ruins, and people and nations into the silence of their ancestral tombs, has not laid its corroding finger upon those structures, whose foundations were the fancy, whose architects were the Poet's genius, and whose aim was Divinity. Nor has it permitted those additions of fiction, which gather like mosses over a legend, and while they adorn, yet mar the simple tenderness of its mythology. This vast structure can not be explained according to the ideas and customs of modern times. For to the ancients, it was connected with their political, social and spiritual being, to us it is but evidence of the high state of culture of the human intellect in a poetical point of view. We look upon it as a sublime product of the imagination. It is true that some of its features were dark and gloomy, and that the light of knowledge was needed. Yet when we turn to look at its object, the hues of glory and honor are around it, and that very admiration we bear it is similar to the happy mood of the ancients when they peopled the quiet of nature with those spiritual beings they loved. The fleeting years have buried in oblivion its imperfections, and swallowed up its darker features, yet the clouds of ignorance and superstition hung round about its cradle, and its birth was in the dawn of mankind, when the first rays of mental light colored all things with the flush of divinity, when not a tree but had its dryad, not a fountain that was without its nymph. The chimeras of the passions were not the sole spirits of the universe; the world was peopled with fairer forms, and brighter natures. They sprang into being at the touch of imagination, and whatever it touches is beautiful. But, to form a correct view of the whole system, we must not examine one particular phase of it, but follow the golden chain throughout its whole length, as it sinks to the level of the passions, and again as it rises to the most sublime heights of poetry and estimate its general tendency. The most diligent research has failed to discover many important links. Many of the myths have been lost forever. Just as the rocky islands of the Ægean bear evidence of the submerged mountains, whose loftiest peaks alone out-top the wave, so the isolated myths that by their especial prominence have risen above the current of neglect, testify to the numbers that have perished in oblivion's waters. Upon these remnants is based our feeble knowledge of mythology,—a curious and compound system,—a labyrinth through which no one thread can conduct us, since all the powers of heaven and earth are blended in strange and grotesque manners, and its different parts are registers and chronicles of the age in which they originated and speak the truths of human progress better than a thousand histories. It carries us back to nature as its real parent. To explain her phenomena the same power of imagination which now restrained and directed by scientific principles, forces natural laws to yield up the mysteries of their operation to its imperious demands must then have wildly run riot in mythological fictions which embraced the universal life.

Mythology has given personality to everything. "The powers that governed the world furnished the figures and constitute the design; while the human character, the passions of men as they glow or languish, become tarnished, or bloom with life gave a gloss and coloring to the whole." Whatever would strike their fancy or cause the hidden chords of their being to vibrate in harmony with the subtle emotions that

pervaded the natural beauties and wonders, or glowed in nature's painting on landscape and forest was embodied in a delightful fable for the instruction of humanity. They peopled their ideal creation with a race of gods and demi-gods, false, but ennobling, yet giving expression to the diviner part of their nature, and approximating the true language of the intellectual heavens. In the representation of fancy, the ever present spirit of poetry plays with grand images only. The sublimest spectacles are woven into the narrative; fiction forms the warp and woof of the whole structure, while beauty scatters over it a pleasing radiance. Do what they would, they could not realize half they conceived! Their glorious visions ever flew before them, just beyond their grasp, yet separated by a wide chasm that the strongest intellect alone and unaided could not hope to bridge.

In vain, in vain, in vain they strove to find
The truth, the beauty pictured in their mind!

There are some things that seem not to partake of the fabulous, but rather resemble wanderings into another world, and refusing to blend with our ruder associations speak not of earthly origin, but something grander and more lasting. Yet when the Pagan philosopher left the solid ground of fact and entered the quicksands of tradition which legend has invested with a thousand charms, they could but have recourse to those golden superstitions clustering around nature's phenomena, and from the mystery that enveloped them, suggestive of the spiritual. The sighing of the wind in the tree-tops, the beat of the surf upon the rock-bound coast, the confused murmur of the brook as it eagerly hurried to throw itself into the bosom of the placid lake, all spoke to the romantic Grecian of those celestial beings, who, fresh from the fountains of immortality, ceased momentarily to walk amid the delights of Olympus, and sought the humble walks of mortal life, there as nymphs to bathe their beauty in the crystal waters of the fountains, or as the gentle muse to tune the poet's lyre. All this—so beautiful, so sublime, so hallowed by the associations it calls forth, vivified those tender emotions which pine for the bright, the poetical and the beautiful. Those who have been nourished upon the truths of physical science from earliest youth cannot realize the state of mind which led the ancients, simple children of nature, to weave about its great truths, the subtlest allegories, or wrap them up in mystical emblems. Gradually their imagination shook off the fetters of sombre reality, and as free as the air that blew upon their mountain-tops drew the breath of freedom in an ideal sphere. From this period the luxuriant growth of mythology dates. Zeus no longer meant the dome of blue crystal in the heavens, the clouds no longer snowy mountains, but emblems of wrath that covered the face of the king of gods and men, the lightning, the flash of his angry eye; the thunder, his deep-toned voice, and the effects of the electrical charge, the bolts of avengful deity that could shatter the loftiest oak, level the proudest citadel with its base, or cleave the earth to find a destination. Thus, their creative genius invested the raging elements with the fantastic garb of fancy; yet so realistic were their conceptions that they gave to their gods a material form. Human! for there is nothing in nature more deserving of the preference. Wisdom and thoughtfulness could only be indicated by the expressive features of man. "The sun lights up the universe but he alone can perceive its beauties; the mighty cataract thunders and the waves of the sea roar; but man alone utters distinct and intelligible sounds." The moon reflects the rays of the departing sun, but the countenance of man glows with a superior illumination.

But the ornament of the whole system

are the myths that cluster around the light. They are like the day. Their story rising like the dawn, as bright as the sun when he rides in the heavens at noonday, and closing like the sunset with their own sweet light for every hour. Aurora, the blushing dawn-nymph, with rosy fingers lifts the veil of night, tinges the eastern horizon with a flash of beauty and disappears at the entrance of Helios. Clad in radiant garments of her own construction, she breathes of celestial felicity, and as the flowers shade their tremulous petals and laugh in the zephyr's embrace, so she flutters in the breath of admiration from awakening the humanity, and coquettishly disappears from mortal vision. But now the flaming God of day appears, and to his glittering chariot are yoked the solar steeds, eager to traverse the heavens. His course is through the sparkling starry firmament, a valley of diamonds, whose lustre is dimmed by his surpassing brightness. His appearance is a signal for rejoicing; for he dispels the darkness of night and the gloom of the spirits evaporates at his approach. Then again when the elements are engaged in strife, and the wild war-steeds of the waves are tossing their foaming manes in the air, when the imprisoned winds are let loose, and rushing together o'er the face of the great deep, upheave its mass of waters from their profoundest depths and toss its billows to the sky, when the Thunderer blackens the celestial vault with his frown, and the heavens seem settling bodily upon the earth, with his magic wand of light, he cleaves the mountains of mist, clips the wings of the storm cloud and sends its lowering from the sky. He pursues his way undisturbed until Oceanus is reached, and this great diurnal hero sinks to a watery grave.

And beautiful is the dying of the great sun, when the last song of the birds fades into the lap of silence, when the islands of clouds are bathed in light, and the first star springs up over the grave of day, while its farewell kiss is lingering upon hill-top and mountain. The ancient mind loved not melancholy, for nature is ever bright and beautiful. Night, which their imagination associated with death, they invested with a beautiful lore, robbing her palace of darkness of its gloom and stripping the grave of its unreal terrors. They turned from its dark features to sublime and soothing images, from death to life, as instinctively as a sunflower turns from the shadow to the light. Through the whole system from its early beginning to its final close, there is a progressive tendency to the beautiful. The stream of mythology flows through darkness at first, but reserves its poetry for the last. The dark legend of Saturn destroying his own children gives place to those in which parental love is personified in a lovely Venus. Around these brighter myths are clustered the tenderest memories that sway the human heart and cause the silent chords of thought to vibrate with the most exquisite feeling of pleasure. Their intrinsic merits arouse a flood of feeling which, rushing o'er the finer sensibilities of an appreciative character awakes all their Æolian qualities and evokes for him sweeter music than that of the tuneful Orpheus, who caused the forest trees to bow their tall heads in respectful admiration of his delightful melody, and the wild beasts to linger and listen to his ravishing strains. So wrought up were their imaginations that like birds in spring, they could only pour forth their feelings in song.

At first this passion blossomed into the most charming lyrical poetry that the world has ever known. It blazed forth with the splendor of a meteor, and burned with a permanent and steady flame of feeling. It not only illuminated its own period, but glowed with a brilliance that cast a radiant

beam of light over those ages and nations around which the mists of a fabulous antiquity were folded even in the time of Herodotus. It penetrated the isles of the Mediterranean, glistened in the temples of Egypt, and lit up the battlefields of Troy. Out of the clouds of dust hovering o'er the scenes of contest, or from the streams of blood flowing from ruined cities and crushed nations, it selected only that which could elevate, and under the light of a poetic intellect sparkle like a diamond and scintillate with flashes of genius. Attempts have been made to engraft this poetic flower upon the baseless trunk of foreign superstition, but it pined and languished, and the fruit it bore was bitter and rotten. This fair exotic could not be pilfered from Olympian gardens, or else like the stolen Helen, it would bring sorrow and woe upon the ravisher's head. It was peculiar to Greece, where, unrestrained by public opinion, and passionate for the beautiful, it could give birth to its own peculiar fancies, leading the mind through all the avenues of beauty and lulling it to rest with a sense of its own voluptuousness. Or again, terse and strong as the deeds it commemorates, it would thrill through the reader like a trumpet's blast, and seizing him, like the eagle in Dante's vision, bear him aloft on wings not given to mortals, to the heights of Olympus and the abode of the Gods. From its exalted position it sent a sunbeam of hope to the blasted world beneath, placed itself before the taste as a Polar star to guide it from the depths of depravity to its own lofty position. From mythology it drew its first inspiration, and in the gloss it has given the system, it has but returned the first perfect blossoms to the storehouse from which it received the seed. For it has breathed upon dead legends and brought them to life. It has played around the tombs of departed heroes, and roused their souls with an animating strain of immortality. With no fixed destination, the poet was ever trying his wings, ranging from the crystal vault of heaven to the gloomy shades of Proserpina's bower. He saw man and things in his own way; he described them with little touches of pathos and humor, while his new and delicate genius flooded the whole with the gorgeous tints of a language and metre that shaped itself unconsciously into the most luscious song. 'Twas a broad field where the speculative mind might revel in luxuriant delight, and wearied with the scenes of the busy world, regale itself upon ambrosial sweets and quaff the divine nectar. From this broad meadow the brightest flowers of fancy were repeatedly culled. Ages of neglect have passed over them. Some have faded into nothingness; others, again, have filtered down to the lowest stratum of literary insignificance, only to spring up again with greater radiance and heightened beauty. The whole mass has been placed in the crucible of public opinion; the fires of fanaticism have raged around it, and the small remnant is a lump of pure gold, refined and tested by the fiery ordeal through which it has passed. It is, however, comprehensive. An image of the times as distilled into its verses; its wide-spreading tendencies sends its fanciful darts shooting beyond the sun and stars. All the myths that cluster around the great heroes of action appear in its epics. In its pages the bloody scenes of Troy and the fabulous brotherhood of the heroic age have their record and remembrance. From such characters and scenes Homer drew that fund of information which, under the genial rays of his intellect, germinated and ripened into invention. But when the light of mythology was going out before the great luminary of divine revelation and modern science; when her fairy palaces were shat-

tered in the dust, her magician's wand was broken; when her Ariel was given to the winds, and she was sinking broken-hearted to her grave, that to which she had given form and substance, reared from an infant to a giant's size, then threw around her its protecting arms and rescued her from oblivion's grasp. Poetry and mythology are co-existent, coeval and coeternal. Their union has been consecrated by time, and over it are thrown the hallowing influences of antiquity. But the ideal is slowly passing away. Once mankind idolized the beauty born of song. Its charms now fall flat and lusterless upon the dull sleepers of the world. But in manuscripts hoary with age the classical student may still gaze upon stars whose glories shine for all who will look upon them

But now in the isles of Greece
The lyric music no more is heard;
And the nymphs have left their seat
In the waters they once had stirred.
The shrill pipe of Pan is mute,
The dance is o'er and the song hush'd;
Genius once sparkling on the lute
Amid its own ruins now lies crush'd.
Stern reality has cast a stain
O'er fancy's bright and beautiful cup;
While the golden bowl is broken at her fountain:
"And her wells of enthusiasm dried up."

Yet the romance of mythology is imperishable. The fiats of utility may crush its glory, but never its beauty and charm. It stands alone and haughty amid the wrecks of the temple it has erected at the dictates of fancy, and retaliates neglect with the scorn it justly deserves. Though our literati scorn and flout it, they have drawn from one another and all from mythology, and its characters who, like Prometheus, stole the fire direct from heaven. The Isthmian games indeed are past, the laurel wreaths of the victors have withered, yet the faded flowers of mythology blossom in the poetry of each succeeding age. It is a fountain of pure water, flowing from the clouds and furnishing no knowledge of its source. It has roamed over the sands of time with waters so bright and sparkling that the mud of adversity can not mar their limpid sweetness. Soft and gentle is the fountain head of literature, for the genius that moved within its depths was pure and undefiled. By it we are taught to spurn the valleys of life and climb its steep. Now we lament the untimely fate of that creature whose youth was so full of hope, so colored with beautiful dreams. She sprang into being while the "hues of morning slept yet upon the disenchanted earth." The heavens to her were not as the common sky; the wave had its peculiar music for her ear, and the rustling leaves a pleasantness that only an exquisite sense of beauty could discern. Her life was spent in sunshine, and "Death found her sleeping among flowers." She has, however, filled a premature grave, and the breezes that blow over it whisper of its claim to our attention. We regard the system as some fair miracle in Fancy's domain. Its beauty was the perishable beauty of a dream—too imaginative to endure—too rare to be forgotten.

Circumlocution: "How beautiful it is, Mary, to think of you clinging about me as the ivy clings about the oak."—"Wouldn't maple be more appropriate than oak, Theodore?" queried Mary, with a sly twinkle in her eyes, "you know what they get from the maple."

It is intimated that when the telegraph companies are compelled to run their wires underground, the worms will learn to read by sound, so as to know when the fishing is good.

College maiden, ere I faint, tell me, do you rouge or paint?

We are Advancing.

An Oration delivered before the Irving Literary Society.

BY J. D. G.

In glancing back over past ages, we find that nearly all nations increased in superiority and power after their formation. Rome gained great glory and became famous by her vast conquests, and Greece, by the oratory which was displayed in the days of her glory; but this bright and glorious country which is so dear to every true American, elevated her position among the nations of the earth not by her conquests, or by her oratory alone, but by possessing all the qualities requisite for the promotion and prosperity of a nation. Though once inhabited by savages with their wigwags scattered over the land, yet she has since been inhabited by a civilized people and is to-day shrouded with the golden light of civilization. Those vast forests which once extended over both hill and dale have been swept away, and a fruitful soil is cultivated in its stead, which fills the great emporiums of other countries with its productions. The dark veil of English oppression which surrounded this country before the Revolution has been removed. Although the determination to rule was stamped upon the heart of every native of England; yet America, roused in resistance to the injustice imposed upon her, at last demanded her freedom and her rights, and in one grand union she began that noble and successful undertaking upon which depended her future destiny. In this struggle for liberty many a bold and daring enterprise was entered into, and many a heroic deed was performed. True patriots suffered many hardships for the cause they espoused and would not allow themselves to be dejected by the gloomy state of affairs which at times stared them in the face. Thus, was gained her glorious independence, and every dewdrop that now falls under the starry heavens rests upon a free and peaceful land. Let the king of England rule over England, but let no tyrant rule over us, for we are attended with glory and prosperity under our own constitution and republican form of government. The first chief executive that ruled over this land is one whose reputation and character is well-known. England may pay homage to her Wellington, France to her Napoleon; but let America forever reverence and extol the name of her great warrior and statesman, Washington, who fought for his country, lived for his country, and when his earthly career was ended, left a whole nation to mourn his loss. Our constitution framed by wise and intelligent men and handed down to us untarnished, provides for the wants of the country at all times, either in peace or in war. When the chief executive is stricken down by the hand of an assassin, or in any other way, provision is made in this constitution by which another is immediately substituted in his place. A short term in office is also an advantage to our government, for when a person in office has neglected his duties, or performs them in a manner which is detrimental to his country, at the expiration of his term, which is not of long continuance, he can be turned down, and the duties of the office conferred upon another. After the Revolution, America, under this constitution and its present form of government, rapidly increasing in population, wealth, and power, was checked in her progress by another bloody struggle. England, the great monster of Europe, treading upon the liberties of maritime commerce, once more provoked the Americans to hostilities. This state of affairs was not, however, of long continuance. America was crowned with the laurels of success, and

tranquility and prosperity again brooded over the country. Progress was made in all things. Agriculture, the gem of every nation, rapidly increased and extended far and wide throughout the country. Manufactures, a gem, which now adorns our northern horizon, gradually increased by the continual toil and industry of the people. In all civilized countries it is the desire of every true patriot and statesman to grasp every opportunity afforded them and do all in their power for the promotion and prosperity of their country. Thus, the Americans animated with love for their country and encouraged by the success which had already attended their efforts, endeavored to keep the stone rolling and elevate this nation above all others. She has made as great a progress in arts and sciences as any of her rival nations across the Atlantic. Her institutions of learning are becoming more and more numerous, and the common school system is so arranged that every one who desires, can acquire an education. Thus it is evident that we are advancing in mental cultivation, and education is more widely extended over the land. The two great political parties of our country may seem disadvantageous for our national union, and although she has undergone the turmoils of a civil war which bathed her in the blood of her citizens and nearly divided her in twain; still this state of affairs has its advantages, for where there is contention there do we find oratory. This can be illustrated by referring to republics that existed in past centuries, and also by referring to changes that have been made from one form of government to another. The orators of the republics of Greece and Rome have approached the nearest to perfection, and it was not till France threw off the shackles of her monarchical form of government that she began to excel in her oratory. Returning again to America we see that she has produced some of the greatest orators of the last century, and the names of many illustrious statesmen now adorn the pages of American history. The nations of Europe, jealous of this rising power of the west, receive with glad tidings every cloud that tends to darken our national horizon or to mar its beauty; but America, rapidly advancing to be the foremost nation on the earth, wishes success and prosperity to all other countries, ready to extend a helping hand to the needy and welcoming those from other countries who are seeking this free and prosperous land where they can find a quiet resting place upon her downy couch. All the great changes that have taken place in the last century, testify that we are advancing, and are blessed with all the liberties and advantages which the God of heaven sees fit to bestow upon us. The tide of emigration is rapidly extending to the fertile plains of the West which is destined to become one of the most beautiful and prosperous regions of our continent. Behold all the large and populous cities that have sprung up within so short a time and the improved methods of communication between the different parts of our country. Behold the maritime commerce which was once confined to England alone, but which is now extended to the most remote parts of the earth; and also observe the great internal traffic which is carried on in our country. All of these improvements casts a light upon the advancement which this nation is undergoing. Every one who partakes of the blessings of this land is a witness of our prosperity and the pen of the "Mighty One" who rules over all nations, writes in distinct terms "we are advancing."

When is a man over head-and-ears in debt? When he has not paid for his wig.

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The daily accounts of endowments to the various colleges of the country bear ample testimony that the American idea of culture is yearly becoming broader and more genuine and that education as it should, is forming the basis of our social and national life. This age is eminently practical in its various phases. It is only the tangible that can win the attention and employ the efforts of men in all the departments of labor. The wealthy man, probably, has accumulated money by hard and honest lifelong labor. From boyhood he has steadily worked, spending each sunny hour in toil, and at evening's close he well understands the meaning of the poet, when he sings "something attempted, something done, has earned a night's repose." When in the twilight of life, he has lain down the implements of work, it is but natural that he should desire his means to be appropriated to legitimate and commendable purposes. To bequeath his effects to some profligate relative, in many cases is but to sink his opulence in debauchery and ruin. He wishes something higher and superior to enjoy his benevolence. What institution of practical life, could more safely be entrusted with the fulfilment of his ideas than the colleges of the land? Here his money can accomplish great good. It will be placed to noble and worthy designs. The youth of the land will refine their intellectual natures from this source. It will contribute to their enlightenment and fire their energy and zeal. Money is necessary to the proper sustenance of a college of superior character. It is the prerequisite to its healthy action. What air is to the human existence, money is to educational superiority. It furnishes the many departments so necessary to a broad and generous instruction. It enables an institution to furnish the best instructors that can be gotten and to fit in a proper manner the scientific department with apparatus necessary to a clear elucidation of the intricate problems of science. It throws around the professor helps to clear explanation, and breathes a spirit of assistance and comfort to all concerned. Both, professor and student, feel its auxiliary influence and enjoy equally its benefits. Then let us see more of the spirit of philanthropy displayed. Let the hearts of those who are blessed with fortune respond to the needs of our colleges, and that very liberally. By so doing not only will their toil have been

munificently requited, but they will sink to rest with a sweet consciousness of having benefitted mankind, and their memories will be ever hallowed and green in the public mind.

Efforts are being successfully made in various parts of our country, more especially in the North, to introduce in the public schools scientific temperance as a part of scholastic training. Already many institutions of learning, including several prominent colleges have adopted text books of temperance as a part of their educational course of instruction. Many of our colleges, like our own, substitute lectures in the scientific department on this important subject in place of the text book. The need of such training, in whatever manner it be taught, to caution the youth of our land against the injurious effects of alcoholic drinks is daily becoming more apparent.

It is a noticeable fact, however sad to relate, that some of the best minds and graduates of our colleges have been made human wrecks for life by the destroying power of the demon alcohol. This fact was recently demonstrated in one of our prominent institutions of learning. While our schools are endeavoring to discipline and mature the mind, sufficiently for active employment in life and to mould into shape human character, there are those by the score engaged at the same time in the traffic of intoxicating liquors and dealing out that which is almost certain to rob one of intellect, manhood and ultimately destroy the soul. We support and endow one class of institutions to build up human structures and license and permit others by law to pull down these same temples created by the hand of God and nourished by education for a noble purpose.

The important lessons to be learned by the teaching of scientific temperance in our schools will have a moral tendency to lesson greatly in the future the sale of intoxicating liquors and besides save many of the rising generation from a drunkards grave. This plan for the furtherance of the cause is considered by many of the learned in our land as one of the most intelligent as well as direct methods yet devised. It is claiming the attention and meeting with the approval of the people wherever it is introduced.

RECEIPTS FOR MARCH.—H. Baughman, Miss Mamie McKinstry, Miss Lee Norman, Miss May Nichodemus, Edward Shriver.

Reader is your name among this list?

College Locals.

OFFICERS OF THE BROWNING LITERARY SOCIETY:—President, Miss Elizabeth Swarbrick; Vice-President, Miss Nannie James; Librarian, Miss Jennie Smith; Recording Secretary, Miss Georgie Nichols; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Belle Dffenbaugh; Critic, Miss Carrie Yingling; Treasurer, Miss Lydie Hubbard. The society has recently adopted a new badge, in style similar to one used by the Irvings', differing only in color. Their motto: "Vita sine litteris mors est," in gilded letters, is stamped upon it.

The third quarterly exercises of the first division of the senior class were held in the chapel on April 6th. The exercises were opened with an instrumental solo by Miss J. Norment. The first oration was by C. B. Taylor, subject, Dr. David Livingstone. Miss Laura J. Bishop read an essay, entitled "All Sunshine makes the Desert." J. T. Earhart next in turn spoke on "Man and his Mission," after this an instrumental solo by Miss Everhart. This was followed by an essay on the "Beauties of Nature" by Miss A. G. LaMotte. E. L. Gies delivered an oration on "Mary Queen of Scots" and was followed by W. Gist on "Nihilism." The exercises closed with music by Miss Jennie Smith.

The third quarterly exercises of the second section of the Senior Class occurred on the afternoon of Friday, the 14th of April, being opened with an organ solo, by Mr. Nonemaker. The remainder of the programme was as follows: Oration by E. P. Leech, subject—"The Old is crumbling down; the Age is ever changing, and new Life is blooming from the Ruins."

Essay by Miss Bratt, subject—"The Glitter and the Gold."

Oration by L. R. Meekins, subject—"The Chinese Question."

Essay by Miss Myers, subject—"Noble Aims."

Music by Miss Nichols—Piano Solo.

Essay by Miss J. Smith, subject—"Life's Important Period."

Oration by E. A. Warfield, subject—"The Text-Book, when Rightly Used."

Music by Miss Roe—Piano Solo.

The exercises passed off much better than usual, there being only a few of this section present.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."

ENTERTAINMENT.—The Fourteenth Anniversary of the Irving Literary Society, of Western Maryland College, to be celebrated at Odd Fellow's Hall on the 28th of this month, bids fare to be one of the coming events of the season. The leading feature in the Entertainment will be the highly instructive, entertaining and amusing drama, *Martin Chuzzlewit*. This play founded on Charles Dicken's popular story, and recommended by several prominent citizens of Westminster, affords ample room for fine acting, and no pains or expense will be spared on the part of the participants to make it a success. Orchestral music, and everything likely to add to the enjoyment of a pleasant evening for all present will be furnished.

The society recently organized by some of the lady students of this institution and called the Philomathean, has elected the following officers: President, Miss E. Abbott; Vice-President, Miss A. Lease; Recording Secretary, Miss E. Wilson; Cor. Secretary, Miss L. Keller; Librarian, Miss J. Newman; Treasurer, Miss E. Taylor; Critic, Miss C. Clayton. Their badge will be a silver star, upon which will be inscribed their monogram, pendant from a crescent, upon which will be engraved their motto: *Nulla vestigia retrorsum*.

Rev. T. H. Lewis has notified to the Executive Committee of the Alumni, that on account of a press of work in connection with our new Theological Seminary, of which he has been made the head, he will not be able to deliver the Annual Alumni Oration at the Commencement. The Committee are endeavoring to secure Senator Voorhees, of Indiana, for that occasion, and he has intimated a willingness to oblige them if he can.

The dancing school, of which Prof. John J. Leonard, who is a complete master of this delightful and graceful art of dancing, is teacher, will close about the middle of May, to be resumed again about the last of September.

Briefs.

God has written upon the flowers that sweeten the air, upon the breeze that rocks the flowers, upon the rain drops that refresh the drooping spring, upon the penciled sheet that sleeps in the cavern, no less than upon the sun, "No man liveth for himself."

Yale, noted in the past for her advanced ideas, both in government and methods of instruction, seems likely to return to the long discarded system of college discipline. President Porter, in his annual report, stated his belief in the plan of appointing monitors and watchers. He disapproves of the practice of college authorities in leaving students to their honor and trusting them with self-government.—*Ec.*

Heidelberg College, Tiffin, Ohio, will soon erect a new building, costing \$40,000.

Michigan University is to have a new museum that will cost \$60,000.

Vermont reports six public schools and their State University at Burlington as teaching scientific temperance. Many of the public schools in Rhode Island, Massachusetts, New Hampshire and New York have also introduced temperance text books as a part of scholastic training.

No, darling, love is not a dream—it is an expensive reality.

As the vine, which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs, so is it beautifully ordered by Providence, that woman, who is the mere ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity; winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.—*Irving*.

Among the contents of the March issue of the *Lutherville Seminary* is a well written article on "Girls—A Study." "The proper study of mankind is Man."

The highest perfection of human reason is to know that there is an infinity of truth beyond its reach.

The greater the difficulty, the more glory in surmounting it. Skillful pilots gain their reputation from storms and tempests.

Never swerve in your conduct from your honest convictions, unless it be in obedience to law or lawful authority. Decide because you see reasons for decisions; and then act, because, and as you have decided.

Facetiæ.

Tutor (dictating Greek prose composition): "Tell me, slave, where is thy horse?" Student: "Its under my chair, sir; I wasn't using it."—*Ec.*

The story is told of a certain theological student, that he was so sensitive to any suspicion of plagiarism as never to make the slightest quotation without giving authority. On one occasion he commenced grace at breakfast thus: "Lord we thank thee that we have awakened from the sleep, which a writer in the *Edinburg Review* has called the 'image of death.'"—*Syracusan*.

A motto for young lovers: So-fa and no father.—*Ec.*

Professor in psychology: "Can we conceive of anything as being out of time and still occupying space?" Musical student (thoughtfully): "Yes, sir, a poor singer in a chorus."—*Ec.*

Why does the eye resemble a school-master in the act of flogging? Because it has a pupil under the lash.

Fox Hunting.

"When huntsmen wind the merry horn,
And from its covert starts the fearful prey;
Who, warmed with youth's blood swelling in his
veins,
Would, like a motionless clod outstretched lie
Shut up from all that fair creation affords"

Truly, the huntsman's horn is inspiring. It arouses excitement alike in the breasts of young and old. When the boy hears the sound of the horn and the tales of "ye olden times," which drop from the lips of his grandsire, he feels the blood flow more swiftly through his veins and longs impatiently for the time when he shall be allowed to participate in the sport. When the sound reaches the old man, it rouses up his memory and recalls the days of his youth. Memories of his loving mother, memories of his father, and memories of all his old friends and companions, come before him with startling distinctness.

The young and active men gather to its sound as willingly as the dogs for whom it is sounded. Then at the place of meeting there ensues a scene of great confusion. Men, horses and dogs mingle together in the bustling confusion. Men hurrying around, getting things in order; horses stamping the ground in their impatience; and the dogs jumping around, yelping and, in many other ways, trying to attract attention. At last the cavalcade is in motion, and now ensues a scene of hurrying along the highway; some chatting, some singing and some racing. Thus, the bustling merriment and confusion continue until they reach the field of chase. The hounds are uncoupled and in a short time a baying is heard. The trail is found, the dogs are on the scent and all the horsemen are following the dogs. Now the true sport begins, the trail gets warm, the dogs increase their speed and the horsemen ride swiftly after them. In a short time the fox is seen and the hunters urge their horses till they seem to fairly fly. They now come to a fence and take it at a leap. But see! yonder is a rascally bolter! he has unseated his rider, who is sent rolling over and over in the grass and dirt. He gets up and, for the moment, is disgusted with both his horse and the hunt. But now he looks around and beholds the rest of the huntsmen rushing across the field and eagerly racing for the brush. In an instant his mishap is forgotten and he is all interest. Now, two have left the others far behind, and are bravely trying to outstrip one another. Now one gains a little on the other and has the lead. He is a magnificent chestnut sorrel. Hamall's shapely head is outstretched and the bit firmly held between his teeth, his eyes are small, and are glittering like coals of fire. They are the windows of his disposition, and being now thrown wide open, one can readily see that he has a fiery temper. His limbs are clean cut and tapering from the muscular, and well rounded shoulder, to the dainty hoof which spurns the ground. The other nag is a noble black, but at a distance, seems almost gray on account of the foam which flecks his body. He is broad across the back and is larger and more powerful than the sorrel. His head is shapely and his eyes large and set wide apart, showing that, although they are now full of determination, they are generally soft and affectionate. When the sorrel takes the lead the black makes a great exertion and regains his place beside the other. And thus, neck and neck, they go flying o'er the field. The hounds are now so close to the fox that they are literally reaching out their heads to take hold of him. Reynard, however, makes a last attempt and, turning suddenly to the left, makes for a little hill which lies in that direction. The pack turn quickly, as also does the black, but when the rider of the sorrel tries to turn, he jerks the rein so se-

verely that the pain rouses the temper of the horse and he becomes stubborn.

It takes but a few seconds for the rider to gain control, but in those few seconds the black gains so much ground that it is impossible for the sorrel to overtake him, and when the hounds pull down the prey the black is in at the death while the sorrel arrives second. The fox is dispatched, the brush bestowed and they start for home. 'Tis strange to behold how the horses partake of the spirits of their riders. The victorious black walks along with a quick decided step, while his rider bestrides him merry and contented. The sorrel, whose temper lost the brush for his rider, prances along, tossing his head and fretting himself, as though in chagrin at his defeat. His rider, while he keeps up a jolly appearance, vents his disappointment upon his horse in various little ways. Some of the other men and nags are indifferent and careless while those who tried their best and were left far behind appear fatigued and worn out. When they approach home the black takes the lead with head up and a dignified tread which well becomes the place and honor. His rider sits erect and is well pleased with the attention he attracts. The sorrel and his rider come next and create a fine appearance, but it is very evident that neither man nor beast likes being second. The others follow in a merry, chatting company, discussing the events of the day. At night, when the horses have been put away and the dogs fed and housed, the company meet once more around the supper table. The supper is over and their mental and liquid spirits become a little mixed. Now is the time for the laggards of the chase to distinguish themselves by stories of bygone adventures. They take advantage of the opportunity and deliver tales most wonderful to relate. And, strange to say, they make themselves the heroes of all the adventures. What matter? Don't blame them! blame the wine, which confuses their brain till they themselves believe the stories which they tell. Here we will leave them merrily laughing and talking forgetful of all things except the pleasures of the chase.

W. C. A.

For the Irving Literary Gazette.

A Need of the Times.

The iconoclastic spirit of the present day, like grim death, is no respecter of persons or of ideas. Theories that have stood the test of ages and have come to be considered as no longer theories, but established truths, have been attacked, in front and rear, by all the weapons of logic and science, and many of them have been shaken to their very center and some even, have fallen a mass of shapeless ruins. It matters not who advances an idea or how many accept it as true, still there are many who are inclined to doubt and test and inquire into all its merits and the foundations upon which it rests before they are willing to yield it a place of lodgment in their minds. Nor are those, who thus hesitate, to be considered, always, as belonging to that class of chronic fault-finders, who are never satisfied with anything that does not originate in their own one-sided intellects, who argue for the sake of argument, without regard to what they really believe to be true, who are so thick-headed and obstinate as to be beyond the power of reason to convince and whose only idea is to acquire notoriety.

Some, and these not a few, are really honest in their doubts and earnestly desirous of arriving at the truth; willing to hear and give every argument its just weight and, when convinced, to fall into the ranks of its most earnest supporters. For the

sake of these it is necessary that much care and patience be exercised, both in the presentation and defense of every theory that has for its aim the general good, that the pillars of truth and fact, upon which it rests, should ever stand prominent, begetting trust and confidence by their firmness and solidity, and that nothing should be allowed to obscure them, even though the temptation be strong to cover their hard rugged edges by entwining around them the beautiful flowers of sentiment and rhetoric. This brings us to inquire, in view of the fact that there are many who are honestly skeptical on the subject of religion, what should be the course to be pursued by its advocates, both as regards its defense and the treatment of the skeptic? It is a notorious fact that there are many ministers of the gospel, to-day, who are not willing to converse, much less to argue, with any one who is known to doubt the doctrines of the church. They assign, as a reason, most frequently, that they are not willing to listen to the blasphemous utterance, as they style them, of the skeptic; but in such a person, we claim that it is not blasphemy which urges him on, but an earnest desire after the truth, and it is nothing more than right and just that he should be heard patiently and as patiently convinced of his error. The trouble is, we fear, that they are not as well posted as they should be in the doctrines they proclaim from week to week, and that this is the true reason for their refusing to argue the question. Hence, we say that it is the first duty of the church to see that its ministers are firmly grounded in the principles and doctrines of religion and the foundations upon which they rest, so as to be fully armed and equipped and able to withstand all the thrusts of their opponents. In the second place, these bottom facts should ever be kept prominent in the proclamation of the word and not be suffered to be lost in the desire to say something beautiful, or striking, or eloquent.

These ornaments are all well enough in their place, as ornaments, but should never be allowed to usurp the place of that which they are intended to beautify. In the third place, we would urge our ministers to give up the custom of denouncing as eternally lost this class of their hearers. It only serves to drive them away from the sound of the gospel and to harden their hearts more effectually against any impression that might otherwise be made. Let them rather seek, always, to set forth the truths of religion in such a manner that no argument will be able to stand against them; and let these truths be presented in such a loving spirit that the hearts of their hearers may prevail upon their minds to give them a patient and a favorable consideration. And, finally, we would say that this responsibility rests, not alone, on the ministry, but equally upon all, who profess to be following in the steps of Jesus Christ. Let us all remember that a tree is known by its fruits and that religion will be judged according to the lives we live.

NIGEL.

An exchange says: "Of the six hundred young ladies attending Vassar, no two can agree as to what they would do in case they saw a bear." Now, this is a libel on the ladies, for were he well dressed and respectable, five hundred and ninety of them would wait with curious impatience to see if he proposed to hug them.

There is a grocer in Philadelphia, who is said to be so mean that he was seen to catch a flea off his counter, hold him up, and look into the cracks of his feet to see if he hadn't been stealing some of his sugar.

For the Irving Literary Gazette.

Housekeeping and Intellectual Culture.

BY S. M. F. J.

Many ladies entertain the idea that, in order to become thorough housekeepers they should entirely ignore intellectual attainments.

To keep a tidy house, and to serve a good meal, are indeed accomplishments that every woman should possess; but to be an agreeable companion for an educated and refined gentleman, something more is essential.

The man who seeks a wife of only domestic attainments, must be ignorant and ungenerous, and such a union can hardly be productive of real happiness.

The lady who can prepare with ease an elegant dinner, should also know how to preside at the table with that grace and dignity becoming her position as queen of her household, and to so entertain her guests by prestige of manner and conversation, as shall cause her husband to be proud of her.

It is utterly impossible for a woman, reared only to domestic labor, to assume those pleasing little graces which constitute the specific charm of her sex.

The devotee of fashion on the other hand who scorns all knowledge of household affairs; who performs charmingly on the piano, and discusses the merits of the opera; who writes romances, and embroiders pin-cushions, but would lift her hands in "holy horror" at bare mention of a scrub-brush or washing-tub is sure to make a miserable, discontented "partner for life." Let every woman then while seeking skill in domestic matters, reserve a portion of her time for intellectual advancement, and so blend the useful and the ornamental as to make herself ever a bright and shining light unto her household.

Teach every person in your employ, as well as yourself, always to put every tool back in its place as soon as done with, no matter how great a hurry he may be in. Better spare half a minute now in doing so than for you to hunt half an hour with a team or man waiting.

There, John, that's twice you've come home and forgotten the lard. La! mother it was so greasy it slipped my mind.

As soon as the ball season of winter ends, the ball season of summer begins. The latter is of the baser sort.

What word may be pronounced *quicker* by adding a syllable? Ans.—*quick*.

Easter—spring chicken on the half-shell.

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Poetical.

EVENING MEDITATIONS.

Written for the Irving Literary Gazette.

BY S. E. L.

When the sombre hues of twilight
Follow the setting sun,
Then it is we feel the labors
Of another day are done.

It is then our thoughts go backward,
While on memory's page we read
Every thought, and every whisper,
Every action, word and deed.

If we find an act that's noble
We will pass it gladly by,
If another mean and selfish,
It will make us draw a sigh.

And if we are joyed, or saddened
By our acts from day to day,
How much more our heavenly Father
Sorrows when we go astray.

Should it not be our endeavor
So to live that every night
We may feel that we've drawn nearer
To that land where all is light?

Dr. David Livingstone.

An Oration Delivered by C. B. Taylor at the Third Quarterly Exercises of the Senior Class.

The study of great characters is an excellent method for a young man to acquire those qualities which are essential for his temporal and spiritual advancement. Should he desire to climb to the highest acme of human greatness, the immortal Washington presents a field wide and comprehensive for his mental faculties to work upon, and from which he can glean some of the brightest gems of thought and action that has ever studied the drama of mortal man. Truly, if ever any man has left to the world the qualities of a great hero, they are happily blended together in Washington. If his soul seems to overflow with song, and he wishes to become an efficient in the poetical art, let him drink deep at the fountains of Longfellow, Milton and Homer, and quench his thirst. A trio whose biographies, if carefully studied, can not fail to indelibly stamp on the mind of any man having ordinary talent truths which will render him more fitted for the sphere into which he has launched his frail bark. Truths which are calculated to inspire him with renewed energy and purpose of will in giving loose rein to his Muse. Should authorship open an inviting field, and his genius and talent be directed in this channel, let him crown them with laurels by paying due homage at the shrine of William Shakespeare, Sir Walter Scott and Washington Irving. Although representative names of different countries, national pride, so far as jealousy is concerned, has long since been forgotten, and now their works are read by every lover of literature throughout the length and breadth of the universe, and have become the appropriate ornament of the centre tables of almost every parlor. These are avenues which are well worthy of a young man's most diligent application, and those which can be pursued without subjecting himself to numberless hardships. "As one star in the heavens differs from another star in glory," so one man differs from another man in his physical constitution, in his natural aspirations, in the one pursuit which shall crown his efforts with glory; honor and an immortal name, or which shall engulf him in a whirlpool of dishonor, ignominy and self-abasement. If his mind becomes absorbed in the promulgation of christianity, and his heart seems to incline in the direction of the missionary cause, and of being a pioneer, let him study carefully the biography of Dr. David Living-

stone, the hero and the self-sacrificing man of the age in which he lived. Born at Blantyre, near Glasgow, of an humble yet respectable parentage, he possessed those qualities requisite for the success and prosperity of any young man. Industry, perseverance and christianity seemed to be his watchwords, and were the guiding stars which beckoned him on so as to be crowned with immortelles which will maintain their verdure throughout all ages. Though poor and without pecuniary aid sufficient to endorse a liberal education, his love for knowledge and his untiring energy inspired him with a zeal, to toil while his companions slept, for greater enlightenment. At the age of ten he entered a cotton work as "piecer" boy. In ninety-nine cases out of every hundred the introduction to such an endurance of toil would have led to an obscure and barren life. Do we find this to be the state of affairs in the case of Dr. Livingstone? No, but rather the opposite. In a few years we find him conversant with Virgil, Horace, botany, geology and those christian principles which but laid the foundation for the sequel of his grand career. Blessed boon to be the descendants of christian parents. Parents who, although they do not possess wealth, yet are the heirs to a far greater inheritance, honor, a noble line of ancestors and an unsullied character. This can truthfully be said of Livingstone's parents. Possessing all the essentials of a true father and mother, they threw around him their halcyon influence, which can unmistakably be seen reflected from the son with a dazzling light. The gentle and soothing words of the mother, which are so characteristic of woman, filled his soul with honest principles, while the sterner accents of the father but engirdled him with true manliness. Both, in conjunction with his own devotedness to endurance during his early years, but educated him for years of labor and hardship which were to ensue in his explorations into the wilds of Africa. What courage, what an indomitable will, what perseverance, what heroism must have been implanted within him to incite an adventure where the foot of a white man had never previously trodden! After becoming inured to the habits of the various tribes with which he came in contact in his travels, he seemed to possess almost superhuman skill in ingratiating himself into their favor. And think you that it could have been otherwise in the case of a man who shirked not from labor but readily doffed his coat in any emergency and lent his assistance in any avenue of labor in which his new comrades were engaged? Labor! It was his unswerving industry that made the compensation of his efforts so bounteous, and one of the chief characteristics which led to his signal success. Without labor it is impossible to attain to eminence in any pursuit, but with unceasing toil the most difficult barriers can be surmounted and true pearls with unfading lustre set as gems in the coronet of man's deeds. Every generous minded person will acknowledge the importance and greatness of his discoveries, the eminent services he rendered to science, civilization and christianity. "Suffering repeatedly from fevers, endangered by assaults upon his life, exposed to fatigue, hunger and the chance of perishing in a wilderness, shut out from civilized men, he pursued his way, an apostle and a pioneer, without fear, without egotism and without the hope of reward." Clothing himself in a panoply of christian principles, he passed unscathed amid those savage tribes, and having won them over to christianity to such a degree that his successors could follow in his footsteps without danger, he went down to a respected and time-honored grave. Such an undertaking performed by such a

hero deserves all the eulogy that can be bestowed by human pen, for nothing is so rare as brilliant and unsullied success. We admire him when but a boy, striving for the acquisition of the first and highest principles to make him a respected and honored youth. We prize him, in conjunction with the motives that prompted his actions, when a youth, centralizing his thoughts around the one common impulse of becoming an active and energetic man; but most of all we love him for his magnanimity of soul; for his unbounded self-denial in spreading broadcast the truths of divine revelation to the poor benighted heathen. What a generous mind he possessed to bid farewell to the genial warmth of the home fireside and intimate friends, and launch out into a part of the world then uninhabited by civilized men, where the lion and gnu roamed over hill and valley, fed in wood and dell and slaked their thirst in the running stream; a land whose sole occupants rendered it perilous for human life. Deeds of chivalry have been performed and have passed away. The man of the world ere he had obtained the goal to which he had looked forward with so much enthusiasm and as the crowning feature of his existence, is no more. But the magnanimous acts of Dr. Livingstone still live. Live in the hearts of every generous and high-minded American citizen. Live to breathe their immortal influence on youthful action of the present golden age; to stimulate the young man of to-day to virtuous pursuits and exemplary deeds. His actions live and will live forever, although among the tombs of Westminster Abbey, the last resting place of genius, the moonbeams steal around his grave and whisper peace.

Origin and meaning of Sophomore—she was a philologist. She wanted to know the origin and meaning of the word "Sophomore." We told her this word had two divisions—"Sopho" and "More." The first came from Sappho, the Lesbian lyrist. The second came from Sir Thomas More, the author of Utopia. Combining, we have "Sapphomore." Now, for convenience sake, we drop a "p," and according to the Greek law (see Hadley 99, 21 c.) we change the "a" to "o" and we have "Sophomore." Now "Sopho" suggests lyres (or "liars," as we write it,) and "more" suggests Utopia (more commonly, "you toper,") and the whole word together means "liar and topers." And the young lady wrote every word of this in a dainty little album for future reference.—*Dickensian*.

The Hebrew class "hooked," and 'tis said that the Professor went out of the recitation room singing:—"Where, oh where are the Hebrew children?"

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College Life.

Every student remembers vividly the feelings of trepidation and the peculiar sensation of unpleasantness that harrassed his morbidly imaginative mind when he took the initial step that made him an undergraduate; at that period, the most unenviable position in his own estimation that could possibly have been bestowed upon him. At this period of his career, he least of all, displays a happy and contented disposition, nor does he maintain that constant flow of exuberant spirits, which is exhibited in a free and unburdened mind. He matriculates, pledges his fealty to college law and discipline, (a fact he is ever afterwards wont to disclaim all knowledge of) bids adieu to his paternal guardian, from whose protection he has heretofore had no cause to wonder, with feelings not expressive of the greatest joy. It is at this stage of his early experience that the utter solitude of his position is felt, having no friends, nor yet a disposition to ingratiate himself into the friendship of his newly made acquaintances, he looks with especial distrust upon them, as he has had ample opportunity to perceive that the path of the new college student is not strewn with roses, but that they are subject to more misfortunes than ordinarily fall to the lot of strangers in a strange land. Hazing that bane to new students, practiced but to a limited extent by college students of the present day, looms up before him, making his social life extremely unpleasant, and not very unfrequently are his conceptions at fault, and he is prompted to sigh from the depth of his youthful heart: "Oh, for a lodgment in some vast wilderness." Our extreme northern brethren hailing from the pine tree state, recently gave evidence of the fact that this custom though less prevalent, has not entirely ceased to exist, when the victim of their amusement was subjected to bodily injuries of the most flagrant character, having been almost deprived of the power of sight. While the faults and follies of students may be overlooked in many instances, yet when they overstep the bounds of propriety, they should be interrupted by the stern grasp of civil law, and dealt with according to its mandates.

Our more humane cousins aspiring to fame, honor and renown, in the field of martial glory, take pleasure in tickling the ears of their fellow cadet till they bleed, since his color was a shade darker than their own, and leave him to the mercy of a court-martial and an unsympathizing corps of instructors, who dispose of him in the simplest manner possible, by declaring his incapacity to sustain his position as a student. Princeton candidates for sheepskins, heedless of consequences, form a solid phalanx and rush headlong into the fight, march through town, destroy street lamps and all public property within reach, and when arrested, like gentlemen of honor, plead guilty and pay their fines. While our irrepressible middies destined to skim the high seas beneath the stars and stripes, and to serve as adornments for the coming navy, trampling beneath their feet, and treating with disdain rules and regulations, refuse to take the oath administered for the protection of Freshman, until they have experienced the soothing effect of a few days confinement, when discretion having gotten the better of valor, induces them to come to terms. The practice of hazing was very prevalent at Yale previous to our late civil war, but is at present said to exist only in the annals of her history. The original meaning of the term was to smoke, in which case the victim was subjected to the fumes of tobacco until he succumbed

to their unpleasant effects, care having been taken to select one whom they supposed was not yet given to the use of the narcotic. The word was afterwards made to embrace all forms of pranks played upon new students. Its presence at Yale was ascribed to the great predominance of southern students, at one time in attendance at that institution; who it appears took especial pleasure in making the new student unhappy by a thorough series of initiation. Class wishes indulged in by lower classmen appear to be the order of the day from which they usually retire with their wounded, considerably bruised and battered, leaving hats caps and pieces of clothing to mark the field of conflict. S.

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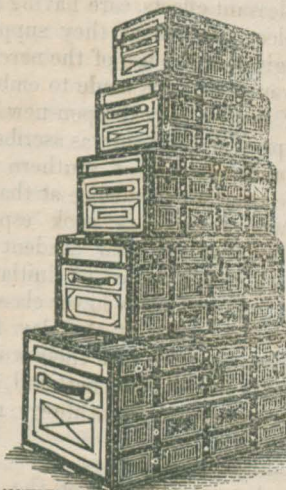
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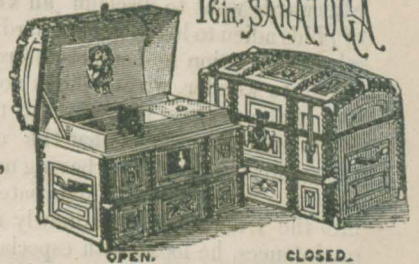
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