

IRVING LITERARY GAZETTE.

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For the Irving Literary Gazette.

Washington Irving.

The name of "IRVING" will ever be dear to the lovers of *pure literature*. It graces the title of our "*Society*," and we rejoice in it; for it serves to remind us constantly of *one whom we may safely follow* in our efforts to acquire *knowledge*, and ability to use what we learn for the *entertainment and instruction of others*.

Washington Irving was born in New York, April 3d, 1783. Our country was then in its infancy, and educational advantages were far from being so great and extensive as they now are. Irving had only a *common school education*. This, however, was the foundation upon which he built a *fame that is world-wide*, and will *endure to the end of time*.

It is true that he was naturally of a meditative turn, and possessed of what is called *genius*, but we do not find him raised to the high position he at length occupied without much exertion on his own part. He seems to have been a believer in the doctrine, that "*there is no excellence without toil*." He had elder brothers, who were, like himself, *fond of literary pursuits*, and we may imagine that they spent many a long evening together in perusing the books they loved. He is said to have been peculiarly delighted with the old English authors, and especially with the poems of Chaucer and Spenser, which doubtless had no little influence in forming his style as a writer.

But Irving studied *men and things* as well as *books*. He was a close observer of the character and manners of those around him, and an ardent contemplator of the scenes of nature. These traits, together with his *industrious employment* of them, soon put him in possession of facts and fancies sufficient to make him an author of such books as would afford both information and amusement to all classes of readers. Before he wrote, there was on the other side of the Atlantic a pretty general indisposition to read "*American books*;" but his writings became so popular in England that they were more widely read than those of some of England's own best authors. This was particularly the case in reference to the works he wrote after he had made the tour of Europe.

The history of Irving's boyhood is given by himself, in a most entertaining manner, in the preface to his "*Sketch-Book*," which commences: "*I was always fond of visiting new scenes and observing strange characters and manners*. Even when a mere child, I began my travels, and made many tours of discovery into foreign parts and unknown regions of my native city. * * * *As I grew into manhood, I extended the*

range of my observations." The last sentence tells the whole story of Irving, and from his extensive "*observations*" the world of letters has received some of its choicest treasures.

Irving spent a considerable portion of his life away from his native land, and gained many laurels abroad; but he was always proud of being an *American*, and put forth the highest exertions of his genius to adorn her annals.

When, on the 28th of November, 1859, the sad tidings went forth from the beautiful residence he had occupied, called "*Sunny-Side*," on the Hudson river, N. Y., "*that Washington Irving was dead*," there was *grief in all the land*. All literary journals and societies, both in his own and other countries, paid respect to his memory in tributes of the highest praise, and poets tuned their lyres to the sweetest and tenderest strains in honor of him. One of the most beautiful poetic effusions occasioned by Irving's death, is the following:

SUNNY-SIDE.

December 1st, 1859.

The dear, quaint cottage as we pass,
No clambering rose or locusts hide;
And dead leaves fleck the matted grass,—
A shadow rests on Sunny-Side.

Not by the flying cloud-wrack cast,
Nor by the summer foliage bred,
The life-long shadows which the past
Lets fall where cherish'd joys have fled;

For he whose fancy wove a spell
As lasting as the scene is fair,
And made the mountain, stream and dell,
His own dream-life forever share;

He who with England's household grace,
And with the brave romance of Spain,
Tradition's lore and Nature's face
Imbued his visionary brain;

Mused in Grenada's old arcade,
As gush'd the Moorish fount at noon;
With the last minstrel thoughtful stray'd,
To ruin'd shrines beneath the moon;

And breath'd the tenderness and wit
Thus garner'd, in expression pure;
As now his thoughts with humor flit,
And now to pathos wisely lure;

Who traced, with sympathetic hand,
Our peerless chieftan's high career;
His life, that gladden'd all the land,
And bless'd a home—*is ended here*.

What pensive charms of nature brood
O'er each familiar scene to-day,
As if, with smile and tear, she wooed
Our hearts a mutual rite to pay!

The river that he loved so well,
Like a full heart is awed to calm;
The winter air that wafts his knell
Is fragrant with autumnal balm.

A veil of mist hangs soft and low,
Above the Catskills' wooded range;
While sunbeams on the slope below,
Their shroud to robes of glory change.

How to the mourner's patient sight
Glide the tall sails along the shore,

Like a procession clad in white
Athwart broad Hudson's crystal floor!

So light the haze, in floating shades,
Like tears through which we dimly see,
With incense crowns the Palisades,
With purple wreathes the Tappan Zee.

And ne'er did more serene repose
Of cloud and sunshine, brook and brae,
Round Sleepy Hollow fondly close,
Than on its lover's burial day.

This poem appeared with the signature "H. T. T.," which letters are the initials of one of our American poets, who may well be proud of having penned so graphic a tribute to the author of the "*Sketch-Book*," of "*Diedrick Knickerbocker*," and of a series of works, the last and among the best of which is "*The Life of Washington*."

J. T. W.

A MEMBER OF THE IRVING LITERARY SOCIETY OF THE W. MD. COLLEGE.

Westminster, Feb. 22, 1868.

Education.

Education enlightens the mind, moves the dark veil which envelopes the intellect, and draws forth all the latent qualities which would otherwise have been dormant and useless. For instance, take the huge rock of marble as it lies in the quarry, of any shape and form, wherein are contained the exquisite statue and the magnificent vase; but it is the art of the lapidary that renders them so pleasing to the eye. An uncultivated mind may be compared to this huge rock of marble. It contains the thoughts, but cannot express them. There seems to hang over the mind a curtain which obstructs the regular flow of thought. Instruct and discipline that mind, then will the thick cloud which hovered over and darkened its path, pass away and give place, as it were, to the blue sky and golden sunshine. Education may then properly be called the drawing forth of all the hidden and latent qualities of the expanding and enlarging mind. The advantages of education are inestimable. Prof. Hunter says he found eighty-two thousand reasons in one State for education. This shows at once the vast cloud which education moves and thereby lets the sun shine in upon the great dominion of the mind. It is not the educated part of the community that fills our jails and penitentiaries, but that part, the individuals of which cannot write their own names. You scarcely find one in a hundred that is educated. Take for example the man who has been doomed to death for the most atrocious crime; perhaps, had his mind been cultivated, he never would have committed the deed which condemns his soul to everlasting perdition.

B. J.

Irving Literary Gazette

OF THE WESTERN MARYLAND COLLEGE.

MISS MAGGIE A. FOWLER, Editress.

FEBRUARY, 1868.

Our First Attempt.

The reader of this paper will, of course, understand that the articles, both of editress and correspondents, which it contains, are their first efforts at writing for the public, and this fact alone should be sufficient to secure for us a good degree of leniency on the part of our readers. We desire to make the GAZETTE worthy of the name it bears, and shall strive earnestly to do so; but our youth and inexperience render it impossible for us to present such a literary collation as might be expected by persons accustomed to partake of entertainments prepared by mature scholars.

For the Irving Literary Gazette.

Nature.

How beautiful, grand, majestic, mysterious, and yet how simple are the works of Nature! Man, the noblest and most wonderful of Nature's works, fails in attempting a description. Yet, in the language of scripture, "Man is wonderfully and fearfully made." In the structure of his body, there is displayed a grandly beautiful simplicity. The heart, for example, as it performs its life-giving duty, in receiving and discharging its supply of blood, gives life and health and growth at every pulsation. The most beautiful view of it is, to see how all the arteries and veins discharge their duty with so much harmony and regularity; and see what wonderful works the brain produces! The five senses—seeing, hearing, feeling, tasting and smelling—are the most mysterious of Nature's works; they are grand; yes, more than glorious to contemplate. By the aid of all of these combined we have been enabled to enjoy the most thrilling transports of happiness. Even with the eyes of our imagination we obtain a great pleasure; but when objects are brought near, or in close proximity to the natural eye, everything else is thrown into insignificance. Another powerful characteristic of nature is how animal and vegetable life is preserved. Animals consume the oxygen of the atmosphere and give off carbonic acid, and restore to animals the oxygen, thus affording an admirable example of the principle of compensation of Nature.

But the distinction between animals and plants are *sensation* and *voluntary motion*, affording the power of acquiring a knowledge of external objects through the senses, and of moving from place to place at will. These are the characteristics which, in their fullest development in

man, show intellect and reasoning powers, and thereby, in a greater degree exhibit to us the wisdom and goodness of the *Creator*. One of the most beautiful characteristics of nature is, how the mind speaks through the nerves and muscles, and well has it been said by the poet:

"There's a language that's *mute*, there's a silence that speaks,
There is something that cannot be *told*;
There are *words* that can only be read on the cheeks,
And thoughts—but the eye can unfold."

The subterranean works of nature afford us a beautiful illustration of God's power. Some of the most delicate, yet beautiful flowers, have been found growing beneath the waves of the river. The artist fails in attempting to imitate the rose. If, then, language fails to describe the rose, how must the artist's works appear?

"The wild rose scents the summer air,
And woodbines weave in bowers,
To glad the swain sojourning there
And maidens gathering flowers."

But the growth and health that we and all living creatures enjoy can be attributed to a fixed law of nature; but if disobeyed and trampled upon, pain and disease must be the consequence. When we contemplate the myriads of stars that deck the blue ethereal vault of heaven, we are lost in astonishment and wonder; and more so when we consider their relative positions and duty, and how they conform to the will of HIM who created them or brought them into existence. The revolving of this globe which we inhabit, whirling with lightning rapidity as it flies round the great centre, causes the various changes of the seasons and of day and night. And that brilliant, beautiful, and life-preserving orb of nature, the *sun*, seems to be the crown of nature. We turn our eyes to the eastern horizon and see him ascend the firmament calmly, proudly and serenely, like a beneficent monarch going to his throne. His invigorating rays permeate the most distant recesses of nature; and the higher he rises the more splendid and magnificent he appears, till he reaches the zenith, where he appears to stand still and look proudly down upon us as he takes his course towards the western horizon. His departing rays are no less glorious than his opening appearance; and when his last beams of light have left our part of the planet they break forth in all their splendor and power in another. Our lives should be like that glorious spark of nature, continuing to shine brightly in this world, and at last be transferred to happiness and bliss in another. N. A.

If a farmer beginning with one bushel of wheat should sow his entire crop each successive year, and the increase each year should be 1900 per cent., what would he have at the end of 5 years?

A HORSE was tied by a rope 52 feet long, fastened to the top of a stake 20 feet high. Over what area can he graze?

A Word About a New Enterprise.

From the time America first contained a sufficient number of inhabitants to communicate and barter, the Americans have been considered an enterprising people. As the population has increased, this reputation has increased, until now the term "Yankee," as applied by foreigners, is significant of a shrewd, earnest and thorough-going man; and the history of the past half century justifies us in declaring the Americans the most enterprising people on the globe. Every new undertaking meets with opposition. This is necessary; for had it not been for the *opposition* encountered by our energetic men, one-half of them would have lost their interest in their schemes, and mankind never have received the benefit of their labors. But obstinate man, aided by persuasive woman, is excited to only *greater* action by opposition. Energetic men, who are conscious of being in the right, will beat down opposition, and come from their labors triumphant. Not many hundred years since, an enterprise was started in the cause of education. Such enterprises are of all the most numerous, because in the best cause. While this enterprise was as yet scarcely more than an experiment, a minor enterprise was conceived, and sprang from the chief one, as a branch from a tree. As the original enterprise received but little encouragement from some, and positive opposition from others, it was not to be expected that one resulting from this could go on smoothly. Nevertheless, while some said doubtingly, "I think it a rather dangerous undertaking," others said conceitedly, "It is a mere whim of an excited mind," others positively, "You can't do it," and some whiningly, "I don't like to give my money for that; it won't pay, and I won't get my money back." The devisers of the scheme persevered, and have been so far successful as to present to the public the first result of their efforts as the "I. L. G." C.

The Power of Custom.

From the earliest period of our existence down to the present time, we have been governed greatly by the power of custom. Man is the most independent being created by the great Ruler of the universe, yet he is not wholly independent. There is no being perfectly independent but the one Supreme Being; all others are dependent in the first place on their Creator, and in the second on their fellow creatures, from whose good will and custom or habit they derive all their happiness.

That we form habits from one another is plain to every individual. It appears to be natural for us to do so. The great and the good, however, are the only persons which we should imitate in regard to this matter; for from them we may expect to find customs of industry, which should be to us rules and principles to guide us step by step through this dreary world to honor and distinction, and place our names at the head of all literary men. That we

should not be governed by habits from others but the great and good, we can tell by what we see of them. Whereby, if we were to imitate them, we would be led to the very depth of degradation. Honor would no longer follow in our footsteps, but misery would be our doom. They whom we claimed as friends heretofore would disown us; they would discard our names from their memory, and we would be left alone.

But when we come to consider, we find that we have within ourselves habits, which, if we were to let them take sole possession of our minds, would lead us far from the path of duty. It is therefore necessary that we should not only guard against the bad habits of others, but those of our own also. It is the nature of man to have a high opinion of himself, of the great works he has done, of the good qualities he may possess, and the manner in which he may be esteemed by others. But we should not regard ourselves, or the qualities which we may possess, too highly, or it may at last lead us in the very opposite direction which we wished to go. It is said by many that custom or habit makes law. The power of custom, therefore, is to every one a habit which we should train in the way and manner which will be of the greatest benefit to us hereafter.

ANONYMOUS.

Literature.

The science of literature in its widest range gives us an account of all the different kinds of learning. The subject is indeed inexhaustible within itself. It gives us an account of the different kinds of books that are used.

To properly apply ourselves to it, we should develop our minds and exercise our talents to the best of our ability. To accomplish our intentions in acquiring a knowledge of the different branches, requires deep and careful thinking.

Literature is a branch of study which I think is of great importance. It ought to be studied first, as all other studies depend upon it as a help to express the thoughts correctly.

To become acquainted with literature we should first learn it and then practice it; for practice makes perfect. There is, in fact, no use in learning it if not practiced after it is learned.

We come here week after week for what purpose? We all know that it is for the purpose of improving our minds and cultivating our hearts. It gives us an idea how to develop our minds, how to speak, think, and write correctly. To perform these duties well is an achievement. To arrive at perfection without some mistake is rarely, if ever, effected.

We try to accomplish the work with propriety. We exert ourselves to the utmost extent. As a Society, we should be regarded as just having begun five months ago. To whom does the preacher, the statesman, and the lawyer owe their readiness. It was acquired by the study and practice of Literature.

ANDREW F. CRONISE.

February 8th, 1868.

There is No God.

"The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God;" and none but a fool would have said it, either with his heart or his lips. By a fool here is meant not a man who has not the proper use of his senses, but one who does not use his senses properly. How many such fools are there in the world? Well, this is a hard question to answer, but let us look around us, and in us, and see what we can discover. A little reflection and observation may do us good. The Bible says: "By their fruits ye shall know them," and we "do not gather grapes of thorns nor figs of thistles."

"The term fool often means idiot; but the fool referred to in the above passage may be one of the most intellectual of men. The reason the Psalmist gives for calling him a fool is because "they are corrupt, they have done abominable works, there is none that doeth good." To be a biblical fool, then, is to be corrupt, and to do abominable things, and to do no good. The Psalmist further says: "They are all gone aside, they are altogether become filthy." Too dreadful a condition for any of us to be willing, I fear, to acknowledge we are in any respect such a fool! Let us examine and see. If we will enter into this examination in an honest and truthful way, developments may be made that will astonish us, and, perhaps, produce happy results. The heart is the citadel, and out of it are the issues of life. What are these issues? What are they in our own hearts? Are they issues that say practically and momentarily that there is a God? Or do we theoretically acknowledge him with our lips, but practically deny him with our hearts and lives? No recognition will be acknowledged by God except it be full and impartial; not only on Sundays and at various other times, but always; every day, every moment, in all our works, words and ways. How many godless fools there are is what we wish briefly to consider. There is a test by which every one may know for himself, as he looks into his own heart, and others will judge as they witness the issues from time to time. If we recognize Him in the way and sense of a true and honest recognition, we love Him. If we love Him, we worship Him and try to serve Him. In this case, we have no other gods before Him, but love Him with *all the heart, mind, might and strength*, and our neighbor as ourselves. Then, and only then, can we worship Him in spirit and in truth. How many of us are thus, and acting thus? Be honest and candid, dear reader, and tell us how many you think are thus living and doing. Are you one of the number, saying in your heart, by the issues thereof, that there is a God? or have you got some other God before you? that is, have you got something else that you think more about, that occupies more of your thoughts and attention, that you are struggling harder for and paying more attention to? Have you not something which gives you more anxiety, care and general concern?

something which you devote yourself more earnestly to, consequently love more. Something in the world which occupies at least six-sevenths of your thoughts and time? If this be so, you are saying in your heart there is no God; your observance of the Sabbath, your profession, your association with religious bodies, your liberal contributions and general outline of religious character notwithstanding. In such a case you are a biblical fool. This is plain language, and we could not say so if the Bible did not teach its students so. Perhaps you deny that you ever said so or thought so. This does not make any difference; your life says so, and this is the issue of your heart, and you are deceived, thinking you are a child of God, and at the same time really denying the existence of a God in your life. "Where the treasure is, there the heart is also," and if God is that treasure, well; but if God is not that treasure, then something else is, and that something you are worshiping, and you have some other God before Him; consequently, saying in your heart and life, "There is no God." It is hard to think it, and much harder to say it, but are not most of us thus saying in our hearts "There is no God" to all intents and purposes, and thus probably go on deceived because we "will not consider," until the judgment trumpet will arouse our senses and hearts to a true realization of our condition. Then, O then! in the anguish of that hour, conscious that time, place and opportunity are lost, soul lost, all lost, will the deep, burning regret fill that heart which had said all through this probationary life, amidst all the advantages of light and knowledge, and favored with the best agencies heaven itself could produce to teach us otherwise, but still persisting in saying practically every day from our hearts, "There is no God." How many, O how many, to all intents and purposes, are thus proclaiming to all around by their daily walk and conversation that "There is no God!" Count the stars that twinkle above you, and then answer how many? How many?

W. M. C.

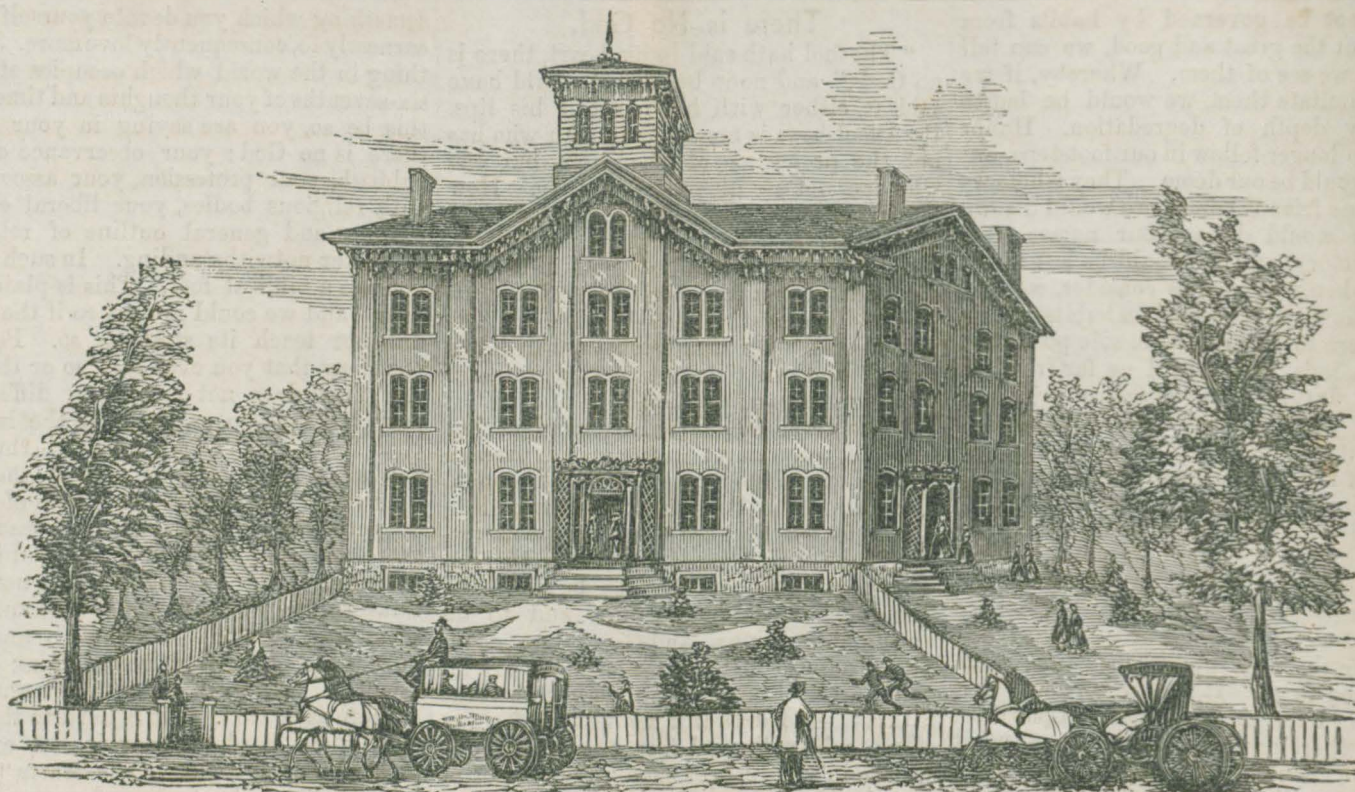
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REIFSNIDER & CO.
Westminster, Jan. 1. 1868. Near Depot



WESTERN MARYLAND COLLEGE.

LOCATION.—This Institution is located in the healthful and flourishing city of WESTMINSTER, Carroll County, Maryland, on the line of the WESTERN MARYLAND RAILROAD, about midway between the cities of BALTIMORE and HAGERSTOWN. The building stands on a commanding eminence at the "West End," overlooking the whole city and many miles of the surrounding country, and affording one of the most beautiful and picturesque views in the State.

ACCOMMODATIONS.—The main centre building, the only one yet completed, of which the foregoing cut presents a view, is a spacious and well constructed edifice, containing ample room for the comfortable accommodation of one hundred boarding students. The proprietor and his family, and most of the teachers, forming an agreeable social circle, occupy apartments in the College building, and will have oversight of the students at all times. The building and grounds, embracing eight acres, are so arranged that the males are entirely separate from the females; and, although the students of both sexes will be under the same government and instruction, they will at no time be allowed to associate together, except in the presence of their teachers.

PATRONAGE AND DIRECTION.—The College has been placed under the special patronage and direction of the Maryland Annual Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church; but nothing will be introduced either into the course of study or discipline and management of the Institution which can be in any way objectionable to students of other religious persuasions. While every student will be required respectfully to attend the religious services forming a part of the College exercises, each will be at liberty to repair to such places of public worship on the Sabbath as parents or guardians may select.

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SUMMARY OF EXPENSES.

Notwithstanding the heavy outlay which has been made in the erection of the buildings, and the present high prices of provisions, the Directors, anxious that the advantages of this inviting Institution should be extensively enjoyed, recommend that the terms be as low as possible. In accordance with this recommendation, the proprietor, after carefully considering the subject, has fixed upon the following rates, which he believes to be the very lowest that can be afforded consistent with the interests of the Institution; and he hopes they will meet with the approval of the Church and the community from whom he expects, and respectfully asks, a patronage commensurate with the efforts made to deserve it.

	Per Session.
For Board, Lodging, Washing, Fuel and Lights.....	\$90.00
" Tuition in the Preparatory Department.....	12.50
" " " Scientific Department.....	22.50
" " " and Classical Department.....	30.00
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For German, French, or Spanish	12.50
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Proprietor,

or REV. J. T. WARD,
Principal of the College Faculty.

Westminster, Md., February 22d, 1868.