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Poetical.

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Written for the Irving Literary Gazette,
BY J. T. WARD.

The day we celebrate shall ever be
Most sacred to the cause of Liberty;
For on this day was born her noblest son—
Columbia's own immortal Washington.

In him from childhood tokens were discerned
Of the great fame his mighty manhood earned;
Nor e'en in life's decline did ought occur
To dim the splendor of his character.

His path we liken to the shining light
Which up to perfect day grows still more bright;
Then shines till evening with a steady ray,
And in a flood of glory dies away.

Down through the range of centuries to come,
In every land where Freedom finds a home,
Will he be praised who both with sword and pen
Marked out the way of liberty to men.

In battle he the dread of tyrant was,
In peace, the man the grateful people chose;
In every sphere he held the loftiest place—
Sire of his country, wonder of his race.

For the Irving Literary Gazette.

The Explanation of Miracles.

As nothing within the range of daily observation is so familiar and invariably the same effects from the same causes as do the phenomena of nature, compelling us to recognize law and order; so does nothing appeal so readily to our sense of the marvelous as a subverting of these familiar laws. Therefore a miracle in nature is doubly effective, since it has to do with most familiar things, and reverses laws which we think we have best reason to look upon as unchangeable. The deducing, establishing and discussing of physical laws are accomplished mainly by mathematics. Many of the most eminent physicists have been profound mathematicians, and have used their utmost mathematical abilities in the prosecution of their researches in science; as, for example, Des Cartes, Newton, Helmholtz. Such are naturally the men who would be most unwilling to accept as true, any account of occurrences that contradicted any known law of nature; and such should be the men to explain the marvelous in nature, if it is credited or is susceptible of explanation.

For sufficient reason, the task of explaining miracle has usually fallen to another class of scholars. Miracles have usually been employed to establish theological belief; and when that is the case, theologians, whether they possess little or much knowledge of physical and mathematical science, are called upon to justify this as well as any other feature in their creed. All miracles, and in Christian countries the miracles of Jesus, especially, have taxed credulity as well as elicited attempts at explanation. Now those who would at all attempt to explain a miracle, evidently do not regard it as a thing to be accepted literally as related; therefore, theologians found explaining the miracles of Christ are apt to be characterized as unorthodox by the more implicit "believers;" and in all such cases, speculating and philosophizing in any but an orthodox fashion, is fraught with too much

danger to ecclesiastical position to be indulged in to any considerable extent; as those who have had the temerity to try the experiment have found to their cost. Heresy, even in the guise of reformation, leads to rupture with and usually enforced separation from the mother church. But a man who feels that he cannot accept a miracle feels constrained either to seek an explanation for it, or to reject it altogether.

The dealing with miracles has been exemplified in curious ways and by various kinds of scholars. Thus, in the seventeenth century, the celebrated philosopher and divine, Spinoza, (whether impelled by involuntary questioning in his own mind, or by any kind of external pressure it matters not,) expended much labor and talent upon the discussion of the scripture miracles from a philosophical standpoint; and in cold dissection of beautiful scripture legends, undertook to separate romance from reality, logically. The system of rationalism which he founded received many and able advocates, but in so far as his logic was applied to the miracles of the Bible, it accomplished little or nothing. As his follower in recent times, the no less celebrated Dr. Strauss would have relegated all the New Testament miracles to the company of the mythical tales of folk-lore, or of oriental poetry. Failing to persuade any of his explanation of them, he could not accept them at all as authentic. Roman, in his fascinating *Vie de Jesus* is if anything, even more skeptical in regard to the miracles; and both Philosophy and Theology have proven unequal to grappling with the subject. In their systems it has seemed as if any attempt to explain a miracle were, by the very nature of a miracle, an attempt to explain the inexplicable; and it is doubtful whether, if a miracle in nature can be explained at all, it can be done by any one who is not thoroughly conversant with the laws governing natural phenomena. Such an one is usually so impressed with the immutability of those laws, as to doubt the miracle itself rather than attempt an explanation; as, when explained naturally, it ceases to be a miracle and loses its virtue as such.

Within the last decade, however, experiment and thought in mathematical physics have tended toward wider limits than heretofore, and have dimly indicated possibilities that have been scarcely more than hinted at as yet; but those hints have, sometimes had direct reference to physical explanation of miracles. The discussion of the possibilities growing out of space of more than three dimensions presents startling ideas. It is pointed out easily, how a being, constituted as we are, adapted to an environment of space of three dimensions, and able to employ its agencies and facilities to their fullest, possesses capabilities of a vastly higher order than belong to a being whose experience is limited to space of only two dimensions, (as a surface;—higher than such a being could even conceive of—since to him, knowing only length and breadth, height would be as meaningless a term as to us, knowing length, breadth and height, the name of any fourth dimension would be. But the possibilities of four dimension space are discussed mathematically, and among them are many

things which, with only three dimensions, are impossible. If there are beings constituted to avail themselves of the extra advantages of a fourth dimension, such beings could undoubtedly perform much in the manipulation of bodies and forces that to us is miraculous. Professor Zöllner has propounded the theory that many of the seemingly inexplicable occurrences in our experience might be due to the action of such beings; and he also intimates that angels, or the disembodied spirits, (by whatever name they may be called) that cease to manifest themselves to us through the bodies they formerly animated, might be the agents thus at work. Any one possessing power over such beings would, most probably, also possess the capability of working by means of four or more dimensions in space, and could thus work miracles either directly or by means of those agents.

About six years ago appeared a singular work, entitled *The Unseen Universe or Physical Speculations on a Future State*. The name of the author was withheld but the book was replete with evidences of a master mind in its composition. So novel, unexpected, so contradictory to all accepted views on similar subjects, and yet so skillful were the arguments of the book that it excited much and sometimes severe criticism, and the authors felt compelled to add their names to the fourth edition, which the work reached in a short time after the first was issued. They were Professors Tait and Stewart, the well known professors of mathematics and physics, respectively, in the University of Edinburgh, and Owens College, Manchester. The work is an attempt to prove immortality by scientific reasoning; and a hypothetical explanation of miracles is mentioned incidentally, as an outcome of the course of reasoning that is pursued. The reasoning is based chiefly upon the *law of continuity*, a breach of which was always supposed to be involved in the occurrence of a miracle. Christ is regarded as that one of the Holy Trinity who acts as an agent connecting conditioned beings with the Unconditioned, in physical as well as in Spiritual affairs. After establishing, by a most elaborate course of reasoning, a direct connection of the invisible universe with the visible; then, regarding Christ as an infinitely powerful being, yet subject to the physical laws of the universe, and therefore doing no works that infringe the great fundamental law of continuity; the authors go on to say that, from the connection of the invisible universe with the visible, a being in the position of Christ could easily produce such transmutation of energy from the one universe into the other, as would account for the events which took place in Judea. These events are, therefore, no longer to be regarded as absolute breaks of continuity... When we dig up an ant hill we perform an operation which, to the inhabitants of the hill, is mysteriously perplexing, far transcending their experience, but we know very well that the whole affair happens without any breach of continuity of the laws of the universe. Of course we cannot here examine their theory at any length. What value their speculations may have or whether they have any value, it is not our province now to say.

That which is strange in connection with the work besides its own character, is the attempt on the part of such men to explain miracles at all. It is also curious to notice the resemblance between the illustration of the ant hill, and the conduct of agents who can avail themselves of a fourth dimension in space—a seeming parallelism in the mode of thought of investigators who approach the same subject from such widely different points, and who finally broach hypotheses very similar in effect, though utterly dissimilar to each other in statement.

The Uses of Money.

In an able article on this subject, the *New York Observer* has the following remarks:—

There was never an age in the history of the world when there was a greater call for the exercise of liberality than the present. The advancement of the arts and sciences, the rapidity with which fortunes are made and the opportunities these arts and sciences afford for advancing the welfare of the human race, all tend to inspire men who have the means, with the disposition, as they see this opportunity to make what they have acquired available for the highest good of their fellowmen. We might easily multiply these examples, but they have accomplished these great works. The land is now covered with colleges and churches that have enjoyed the benefactions of men of means, and our great givers will in all time in American history be identified with public institutions which they have founded or assisted. It is better far that one should thus erect a monument to his own name than that he should rear an obelisk or a pyramid. Time may consume or wear away the most imposing piles of stone that human labor may heap one upon another, but the righteous shall be had in everlasting praise. And he who in the fear of God, with a desire to bless his fellow-men, consecrates a portion of the property which he has acquired to the advancement of the human race, shall not only live in the memory of men, but shall have the higher reward, the consciousness of having done well with what was committed to his trust as a faithful steward. When all earthly enjoyments fade and fail, he will find that that which he has given away is all that he has, and that his eternal reward is the treasure laid up in Heaven.

The best things are nearest; breath in your nostrils, light in your eyes, flowers at your feet, duties at your hand, the path of God just before you. Then do not grasp at the stars, but do life's plain, common work as it comes, certain that daily duties and daily bread are the sweetest things of life.

Prof. Fontaine has hit upon a new idea, one that should make him loved by every Eastern Shoreman. He says that he knows how to suppress the mosquito business, by catching all the larvae, or wiggletails in a large pond and sprinkle common lime over their after extremities. Our Eastern Shore subscribers would like for him to pay them a visit during the summer.

For the Irving Literary Gazette.

Perseverance.

As we glance along the biographical records of the past and see where men have risen from humble parentage to become the brightest ornaments of society; how our hearts leap when we think that in the future we may emulate and even surpass those men, whose words and deeds have shed such a lustre around their names. How we long for the time, when, throwing aside the shackles and follies of youth, we shall enter the course of life; and, overcoming all our competitors, shall carry away the great prize offered to Perseverance and Industry. When we shall take up our now rough and shapeless future, and carve out of it a success, so grand, so faultless in outline, and so glittering in appearance, that it shall shine above all others.

At last this long wished for time arrives, and we take up our burden of life as the true soldier takes up his arms for the battle; with a firm resolution to either gain the victory and reap reward from the acclamations of our countrymen, or to go down contesting manfully for our rights. The true soldier thinks only of the thorough performance of his duties and looks forward to a victory. So should we, soldiers in the battle of life, work unceasingly and press resolutely onward toward success. We shall encounter great obstacles and difficulties which were before unseen, but which now stand forth in all their formidable size and strength and threaten to prevent our further progress. Then it is that we feel the great necessity of perseverance. We find that that most brilliant jewel, success, so highly prized by men is hidden away in the impenetrable darkness of the immeasurable future; and our only hope of obtaining it is to keep well trimmed and shining brightly the lamp of perseverance. To attempt to make a success of this life without perseverance is to try to raise a tower without first laying a foundation. It is literally building castles in the air, which sooner or later will tumble to the ground showing us our great folly. If we persevere and go out into the field of battle with a feeling of confidence and determination, our efforts will sooner or later be crowned with success. Many examples of perseverance are afforded us by the pages of history. Sir Walter Scott when but a small child was taken ill with a fever which left him a cripple for life. Had he succumbed to this misfortune he would have become a hopeless invalid, but his perseverance overcame this difficulty and fitted his body to retain health during the accomplishment of the great mental tasks which he afterwards imposed upon himself. Thus it saved to the people an author whose stream of composition swelled the great sea of literature until some lesser streams which, before plainly marked out to the eyes of the people, were now entirely lost sight of in the rising waters. We have another example in the life of Napoleon whose perseverance and resolution are so well-known. When he was only about nineteen years of age a great turmoil raged in Paris. Old Generals, who had tried their best, despaired of producing quiet, and murder and riot ruled the hour. Young Napoleon was then put in command of the troops with the order to suppress the riot. He remained at the head of his men day and night, working unceasingly, dispersing mobs and arresting rioters. And finally by his indomitable perseverance brought back peace and tranquility to the terror-stricken populace and established a firm foundation for his fame as a General in later years. And afterwards, when he wished to accomplish an enterprise he faltered, not and was carried on to success by

his perseverance. When he determined to capture Moscow nothing checked him, not even the perils which he knew would be encountered in crossing the trackless and snow capped peaks of the Alps. His perseverance carried him through all, and established him as one of the greatest Generals that the world has ever known. The greatest and grandest example of perseverance is found in the discovery of America and the establishment of the United States. Perseverance has so changed the aspect of our country that no one can discover the slightest likeness between the descriptions of America in 1492 and America of to-day. When centuries ago the people of the Old World had no idea of the existence of this continent; they were endeavoring to find a near route to the rich lands of the East. In Genoa there was a mariner who, after years of careful study and observation, had conceived that the Earth was round and that by sailing west, Asia would at last be reached. He puts forth his project to the world and seeks aid from his ruler. On every side his ideas are received with jeers, his monarch dismisses him without a hearing and the learned men denounce his project as the senseless scheming of a fanatic. King John, of Portugal, after listening to his plans determines to try them. Accordingly he sends forth men who were far superior to Columbus both in skill and in experience in seafaring. These men after giving the theory what they deem a fair trial return to their king and pronounce the scheme a complete failure.

Columbus then asks from other monarchs but his appeals for help are unavailing. The rulers shut their ears and treasuries against the plan which has been announced as hopeless by all the wise men of the age. Thus, for seven long tedious years the discovery of this great and glorious continent hung on the perseverance of that one man. In all that time of trouble and disappointment his perseverance bore him up and did not fail him. Finally he succeeds in getting from Queen Isabella of Spain three small vessels and about ninety men with which to make the trial. This great obstacle of pecuniary inability having been removed, Columbus, like a balloon which when its anchor has become loosened, snaps the guy ropes and bounds upward into the great unknown expanse of air, tears himself from his family and all that he holds dear and starts forth unhesitatingly into the unexplored sheet of water, from whence he may never return. After many weeks sailing he is rewarded by sight of land. He discovers, instead of a remote portion of Asia, a continent which in size and beauty rivals the whole of the known world. When this is made known in the old world men immediately set out for the new country and by untiring perseverance establish themselves firmly in this land. In spite of the hostilities of the Indians, the country grows rapidly in population and in wealth. Then comes the struggle for freedom with the oppressing England who at that time was the strongest nation on the globe. America, a new country, was totally unprepared for the struggle but through the untiring efforts of her noble champions in her behalf an army was raised and equipped and a navy established.

When England swooped down like an eagle upon her apparently defenseless foe, perseverance only brought the nation through. France, admiring this virtue in the Americans, recognized their independence, and at last they were enabled to establish their freedom. So it is in our every day life. When we see a person take hold of a task with determination and persevere in his labor we see at once that he will succeed in his vacation. If he be a merchant his business will constantly increase, if he

be a mechanic he will never be out of employment, if he be a barrister or a doctor he will become one of the first men in his profession, and if he be a student, at the end of the year he will one of the leaders of his class. Now let us put our shoulders to the wheel and as surely as the night follows the day will success follow our perseverance.

A. C. W.

Writing for the Irving Literary Gazette.

This and That.

Had the year 1881 been distinguished for nothing else, the great railroad enterprises to which it gave rise would have marked it as one of the most wonderful years since the world's creation.

It could justly be said of it that it traveled by rail. The mania for railroad construction has grown into such grand proportions that one could easily predict the time when all other means of locomotion will be replaced by the iron horse, breathing smoke and feeding on fire.

To-day our railroads control the markets, regulate the wages of hired laborers, direct the course of immigration, and display no little influence and energy towards the formation and administration of government, state and national. Whether the influence which they exert is for the direct and sole benefit of the monopolists or for the welfare of the country at large, we will leave to those of our readers who have had any experience with them.

Be the influence good or bad they certainly enjoy an immunity that is worth the attention and consideration of the economist and the statesman, in that all other avenues of business are to a certain extent dependent upon them. Whether they make a good use of their immense power or use it to divert the natural channels of wealth and happiness to others productive of dubious results, they evidently are in a prosperous condition now, and the future is smiling. Yet in the midst of all their prosperity it must not be forgotten that fortune smiles sometimes to deceive. An oppressive calm is frequently the harbinger of a terrific storm, and a season of apparently unlimited prosperity is sometimes the forerunner of a great financial crisis. There is a limit to everything, beyond which we dare not venture without endangering our success and happiness. When the means of transportation become supererogatory to the average production of the fields and factories, then there will be or ought to be an end or suspension of railroad construction or speculation.

When the same spirit that has built up our great systems of land transportation enters the ship building interests, then the United States can hope to transport in her own vessels her products to the foreign markets, then no hungry subsidies seekers will invest Washington, none will be needed. If this is to be made a commercial country the people must make it. Congress may help and foster enterprises intended for the good of all, but it cannot furnish the capital; the people must do that. As an auxiliary to our foreign commerce we should have a well contrived and skillfully maintained navy, such a one as shall rid us of the disgrace and ridicule which is being heaped upon us by that miserable batch of poor, old, rickety, rotten, cranked hulls we call the UNITED STATES NAVY. As our commerce increases the necessity for protection on the seas is augmented, and further more, as our navy increases in size and efficiency our commerce will grow in dimensions and importance. Now whilst the sun of peace and plenty cheers the heart and blesses the whole country, it would be wise to prepare for a rainy day, and no preparation will be com-

plete or effective without a marine force that shall compare favorably with the navies of those little states beyond the ocean, any one of which would not deign to fight a regular battle with ours, but would merely take it with as much ease as would one of Maryland's proud oyster police boats take a poor defenceless dredger. S.

Lonely Lamps at Sea.

The illuminated buoy is a wonderful invention. Imagine an enormous lamp riding the wave. The buoy is a compact wrought iron vessel, which serves as a receiver of the compressed gas. The duration of the flame depends upon the size of the buoy. Some in use in Europe have been made to burn thirty days and some one hundred and twenty days. It is said that a buoy of sufficient size will contain gas enough to furnish the light for one year. During that time the flame is steady and constant night and day, requiring no attention whatever after once put in operation. The lantern attached to the buoy admits air enough to feed the flame, but not a particle of water can enter. The most violent gales, the greatest force of the waves, submerging even beneath them, has no effect upon this light. It burns with undimmed brightness as long as gas is in its reservoir. The light, it is said, can be thrown six or seven miles in clear weather. Salty deposits are not made on the glass of the lanterns, as has been demonstrated. The refilling of the buoy at certain intervals is performed by a tender and requires but a few minutes' time. It is done by passing the gas from a store holder, which contains the gas compressed to ten atmospheres, by means of a flexible tube into a buoy to a pressure of six atmospheres.

THE FOLLOWING ARE A PUPP'S FIRST ATTEMPTS.

The say that Joe's Joe
Is Miss Lillie's beau,
Because you know,
He to her house does go
Every two or three days or so,
And plays with her in the snow,
And the way he does crow,
Everybody would think, "by Joe,"
That she loved him so
From the top of his head to the end of his toe,
That she would never let him go
From her again, if she could help it, oh no.

A young man—Mr. Buyers,
Goes to B—and hires
His pony to ride through the fires
Of Caesar, but his pony soon tires,
And throws him in the briers
Where his is so entangled in the mires,
That he wishes he had a pair of flyers
To get away from Prof. Reese's eysers.
A freshman of renown
Has been found
Riding the pony around
The college ground.

There lives near the town of Crisfield, Md., a very remarkable lad, who, although he is but five years old, can reproduce with perfect accuracy any tune that has ever been played in his hearing. His favorite instrument is the violin, although he can use the accordeon with equal success.

Rev. Dr. Talmage, one of New York's best pulpit orators, has for several Sabbaths past been preaching a series of sermons against infidelity.

Agriculture is now taught in 27,000 of the 34,000 schools of France, which have gardens attached in which practical instruction can be given.

The National Library at Paris contains 150,000 acres of printed paper.

Germany alone prints 15,000 books a year.

Poetical.

Written for the Irving Literary Gazette.

THE MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

FROM THE GERMAN.

The oak forests roar,
Clouds o'er them flit;
On a wild green shore
A maid doth sit;
Loud around break the waves, with might, with
might,
And she sighs without in the gloomy night,
Her eyes discolored with weeping.

"Quite dead is my heart;
The now void world
No joy doth impart;
My mind far is hurl'd.
Thy child call back, I pray, O Holy One!
My blithesome life on earth's entirely done;
I smil'd while living and loving."

In vain, from my eyes
The tear-drops fall,
For th' dead ne'er arise
By moans o'er the pall;
Yet tell, O tell! what soothes the breast and heals,
When silent Death a sweet love's pleasure steals,
I ne'er the Wise One forgetting.

"Let me weeping live,
E'en though in vain;
Th' grave its sadness give
Though I complain;
The sweetest joys, by far, for those who mourn,
When from the calm delights of sweet love torn,
Are the griefs and laments of life."

For the Irving Literary Gazette.

A Leaf from 1880 and 1881.

"Life treads on life and heart on heart,
We pass too close in church or mart,
To keep a dream or a grave apart."

As the years one by one, fall, with their noiseless melody into the lethe of time, and the leaves of memory come before us for the markings that live through eternity, we notice with saddened faces, three names, that are inscribed in imperishable characters, Carlyle, Lord Beaconsfield and George Elliot, and below we write *dead*. Yes, dead, the noted dead of '81. Can the lingering pen touch into life and action the record the above names suggest? Perhaps not, and yet it seems even a little tribute to genius, is better than long forgetfulness. We Americans, with the rush of action haunting us, scarce heed the thinning of our ranks; until the lapse of years brings up again a name that ought to have been lauded, and we are startled to our long neglected duty, giving at last praise to the one who lies so silent there.

So, not waiting their tardy justice, or, as one who admires genius, truth and intellect lay on these three graves a single leaf of laurel thinking

"The least flowers with a brimming cup,
May stand and share its dew-drop with another near."

The first name on our list is that of Thomas Carlyle, and is perhaps, all things considered, our greatest. Born in 1795, at Ecclefechan, in the parish of Hoddan, only sixteen miles from the place where the immortal "Burns" ended his life struggles, and the shadow of the Brucey like a benediction on the land, began this strong, terse life, that in the eighty-five years never faltered or flickered, but swept steadily onward, gathering fame, honor, and remembrance on the Scottish soil as one of its greatest authors. In childhood he was precocious, grave and studious, grasping readily all problems, and proving himself truly a genius. Brought up strictly, this gave the stern cast to his character that has been somewhat censured. Probably it was in part inherited, as his father, James Carlyle, was himself distinctly original; being in the words of a contemporary "pithy, bitter speaking bodies, and awfu' fechtors." But be that as it may, there was much in

Carlyle that was admirable, and to his parents he nobly attributed it all, speaking of them always, even until death with great affection and reverence. He began his life work by teaching, in which he continued four years, after which time it became clear to him that literature was his vocation. His first attempt in this field was a story published in 1831 in Frazier's Magazine. Later he translated "Legendre geometry to which he prefixed an essay on proportion," wrote the life of Schiller, and translated "Goethe's Wilhelm Meister." In 1831 he had Sartor Resartus published. This production met no success, readers pronouncing it absurd and stupid, and so far this man of letters has been a failure. The above books were followed in 1837 by a history titled the "French Revolution," and that by the life of Frederick the great," and these constitute his most noted works, and have been pronounced unsurpassed in the English language. Carlyle has written much and well; his volumes comprising thirty, and are books that will bear the stress of time and live on; as the years mellow and soften the asperities of characters, we will admire and reverence this great man as he deserves—let us leave him therefore for the ripper years of the future to disclose one by one of the pearls lying enconced in the rough shell.

Lord Beaconsfield or "Disraeli" the subject of our second sketch was a Jew, and also in our American phraseology "a self-made man." His character and life forms one of the most remarkable of English history. Without family, wealth, or influence by his energy and perseverance, and indomitable will force, he surmounted all obstacles, and placed himself on the topmost round of the ladder of fame and honor. And this too in a land where birth alone will allow prestige. But this man with the motto "no such word as fail"—swept grandly onward turning not his proud head once from his goal, but rising step by step until at last he has made himself leader of the house of commons, minister of finance in the most commercial of countries and twice prime minister of one of the mightiest of modern empires. Not satisfied with this he has inscribed his name on the hearts and intellects of his own nation, and our American enthusiasm by his books. It would be needless for me to attempt a mention of them, since his pen has been busy for long years, and we must leave each to garner his wisdom for himself. You will feel fully repaid to study this character in full, especially, if you have that admiration for pluck and perseverance that I feel. How our pen would love to linger over these grand lines, filling them out into perfection and beauty, showing the man as he is, but we must hasten with our third sketch Geo. Elliot, awaiting us; we leave him with the renowned dead to slumber for aye!

So much has been said about "George Elliot" that it seems needless for me to comment on this name; and yet our pen traced the words with actual pleasure. For years this woman's books have been our delight, we actually reveled in *Mill on the Floss*; stood awed before the intellect that dazzles as a vivid flash of lightning in *Middlemarch*, or are etched deeply on the intellect of the times by "Daniel Deronda, Romolo and Felix Holt"—staying like a beam of light across our paths, comes Janel's repentance and Adam Bede, with the rest forming the rich coloring for the back ground of a picture that is, perhaps, the most beautiful in English literature. For, all the way through her books, mind meets mind, and soul touches soul, until we marvel is it the woman or the book, a wraith or reality? Thus she grasps all subjects, religion of several shades, politics, philoso-

phies, materialism, the hard dark problems of human life, all alike feel the breath of her sarcasm, the piercing glance that nothing escapes, and the sustained energy of conscious power that guides her into the haven of truth. She handles each with ease and strength, the simple character with its flowing curves, and the terse unbending one, both grow into life and action under the sweep of her pen. To deny Geo. Elliott's identity is to deny her books, and to deny her books is to lose one of the greatest intellectual treats of the age.

In entering on the arena of literature, Geo. Elliott created an epoch from whence to date events. Is it any wonder then that when the curfew of God laid long silence on this great heart that we bowed our heads and wept? And that o'er this grave America and England grasped hands? No I ween not, her sorrow like ours mourned a great loss; and when a few months later another noble heart ceased throbbing, and Thomas Carlisle slumbered with Geo. Elliott, we refused to be comforted "because they were not." Still later England's provd peer, Lord Beaconsfield laid aside the sceptre of fame, and we mingled dust to dust.

We want to mark the years of our dead, so o'er them we place our love and reverence saying:—"The golden moments in the stream of life rush past us, and we see nothing but sand; the angels come to visit us, and we only know them when they are gone." RENE RILLER.

January 18, 1882.

A Relic.

Some time ago, on a farm in Somerset county, Maryland, your correspondent found an object which attracted his attention and caused him to stop a moment and reflect.

It was a little thing, only the head of an Indian arrow; yet small as it was, the workmanship was so delicate and it was so well preserved that I could not resist the temptation to indulge my mind in a few antiquarian speculations.

It was once the property of an Indian, perhaps an Indian chief who belonged to the tribe of the Annamessex, long since gone to the happy hunting grounds, the Paradise of America's Aborigines.

Centuries ago it was the only instrument by which the sturdy Sachem killed the nimble-footed deer to allay the hunger or feast the appetite of his dutiful squaw or squeaking papoose.

It had been at many a council fire where its owner joined in the martial music of the war-dance or the deafening notes of the war-whoop.

It had hung at his side when a strong, brave chief and a beautiful buxom maiden mingled their nuptial vows with the silly sweetness of the lovers' rigmarole.

It was only a little thing; oft had the plowman passed it by unnoticed; oft had playful children tossed it in the air ignorant of its history, unmindful of its ancient value, yet I carefully, reverently placed it away as a memorial of the past, a memento of a race that is gone, a sad reminder of fickle fortune and the instability of human power. SREMOS.

The first line of telegraph was erected less than forty years ago, and at the present time there are more than 1,000,000 miles in operation.

The first English newspaper (*The English Mercury*) was edited by Lord Burleigh in 1588.

Inoculation for small-pox was first practiced in Turkey.

Distinguished Men

Who have Honored the Literary Societies of our College with their Valuable Services on Public Occasions.

James Frame, Esq., Lecture, February 26, 1868.

Rev. J. J. Murray, D. D., Sermon, June 13, 1869.

Rev. L. W. Bates, D. D., Lecture, June 16, 1869.

Rev. L. W. Bates, D. D., Sermon, June 17, 1877.

Rev. David Wilson, M. D., Poem, June 16, 1869.

Rev. David Wilson, M. D., Sermon, June 13, 1869.

Rev. Daniel Bowers, Sermon, June 12, 1870.

Rev. Henry C. Cushing, Sermon, June 12, 1870.

Rev. Henry C. Cushing, Sermon, June 11, 1876.

John G. Saxe, Esq., Poem, June 15, 1870.

Rev. J. T. Murray, D. D., Sermon, June 15, 1870.

Rev. J. G. Morris, D. D., Readings, February 10, 1871.

Rev. W. S. Hammond, Sermon, June 11, 1871.

Rev. W. S. Hammond, Sermon, June 15, 1873.

Rev. James W. Reese, A. M., Ph. D., Oration, June 14, 1871.

Rev. James W. Reese, A. M., Ph. D., Oration, June 17, 1874.

Rev. E. J. Drinkhouse, M. D., D. D., Sermon, June 16, 1872.

Rev. S. B. Southerland, D. D., Oration, June 19, 1871.

Rev. Augustus Webster, D. D., Sermon, June 14, 1874.

Rev. T. D. Valiant, Sermon, June 13, 1875.

Edward W. Bates, Esq., Oration, June 16, 1875.

Hon. C. W. Button, Oration, June 14, 1876.

Rev. Thomas Henderson, A. M., Oration, June 20, 1877.

Rev. Alexander Clark, D. D., Sermon, June 16, 1878.

Rev. R. Scott Norris, Sermon, June 15, 1879.

Hon. John V. L. Findlay, Oration, June 18, 1879.

Rev. Samuel T. Graham, Sermon, June 13, 1880.

Rev. S. V. Leech, D. D., Oration, June 16, 1880.

Rev. S. V. Leech, D. D., Lecture, January 27, 1882.

Rev. J. L. Killgore, D. D., Sermon, January 12, 1881.

Hon. Henry W. Hoffman, Oration, January 15, 1881.

Rev. Thomas Guard, D. D., Lecture, January 19, 1882.

Public Libraries increase. Baltimore recently received from one of its leading citizens, Enoch Pratt, a handsome endowment amounting to over a million of dollars for the establishment of a circulating library. The building that is being erected for that purpose is to cost \$225,000 and contain a library of 200,000 books.

The Overseers of Harvard have voted to accept a fund for the medical education of young women in the University, if such a fund should be given them by a friend who professed a desire to do so.

Thirty Freshmen at Princeton recently had a grand town frolic which resulted very seriously. Quite a number of them were arrested and fined \$20 each by the court for injuring public property.

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LINTHICUM & NORRIS, EDITORS.

WESTMINSTER, MD., FEBRUARY, 1882.

SALUTATORY.

One year has flown past since our society undertook the thus far successful scheme, the publication of a college journal. Two sets of editors have realized, the difficulties attending the field in which we are to labor, and we, realizing before hand, the obstructions that must be overcome, are the ones upon whom this task and duty now devolves. We shall endeavor to make this volume more interesting than the former one, but how far we shall have succeeded, when its last number shall have been sent for your perusal, is a question that you, our readers must decide. We shall be much pleased to receive for publication the meritorious productions of our friends, but the editors reserved the privilege of rejecting any of those which they may deem unsuitable. Every friend of this institution, who wishes to know its proceedings, ought to be not only a subscriber, but induce others to subscribe. As this is the beginning of a new volume, the time is favorable to commence to take the "Gazette," and we feel assured that any one having once subscribed for it, and considering its cost in comparison with its value, and the cause in which it is enlisted, will never send us a letter saying—"discontinue my subscription," but rather, one saying—"I wish my subscription renewed." Now is the time that most of the subscriptions become due, and we would be much pleased to receive letters from those whose subscriptions have expired saying—"renew," and having the necessary amount enclosed. There is a standing offer, that any one sending us five subscribers at one time will receive a copy of the "Gazette," free for one year, and we hope that there may be many who may profit by this offer; and those wishing to avail themselves of this opportunity, can receive specimen copies by addressing the editors. Our former editors say that a "fighting" editor has been elected, granting this to be true, we think it much better to have a "fighting" editor than a sleeping one. There will be no "trashy" literature allowed in our paper, and there will not be any thing published therein that can in any way meet with the disapprobation of the most fastidious. We shall also endeavor to give the happenings, that are of importance, at other institutions, by means of our exchanges. Those who send in their subscription up to the date of publication will be noticed in our columns. There are also

some who are delinquents, and from these we would be especially pleased to hear.

After having made this short introduction, and hoping that our remarks may meet with your approbation, we assume the position of editors.

College Ponies.

The college pony is a very curious animal, and there seems to be a considerable attachment existing between him and many students. True he is never fed, but yet he inhabits the same room, in which his master dwells. They are always on good terms with each other, the pony never being chastised, but the master sometimes being thrown. He is very different from horses, in general, for he can live without eating, he is always saddled and bridled, ready for use, he is always willing to stand without being tethered, he prefers the tranquility of the moon-light, increased by lamp-light, to the broad glare of the sun, with its searching rays, he never becomes foundered, unless perhaps, when he was quite young, and growing, he stumbled over a *greek root* and injured himself for life, and thus being weakened, if he be used too severely, he might stumble at any time, and cause some discontent—here let me say to all who wish to purchase, be sure that you are striking a bargain for a pony that has never stumbled over such a terrible obstacle as a *greek root*, he never seeks companionship with others, in fact, he likes home best—in this respect he resembles other horses, and finally he never breathes, sleeps or drinks. Night spreads its darkness over the landscape, all is silent, the clock strikes eleven, the midnight cavaliers are preparing for an expedition, presently everything is in readiness—the curtain having been drawn, the key-hole stopped, the transom curtained—in short everything is conducted with as much secrecy as a band of robbers usually observe—just here, by way of explanation, let me say that each rider exercises himself and pony in his own room, as the pony never likes to be viewed by any one save his master. Now the journey is commenced and all things are progressing smoothly, but hark! there is a rap at the door, the rider dismounts, the pony hurriedly seeks his concealed quarters, and at length the door is opened, and there stands a forlorn prof. having come for no other purpose than to give the information that your LAMP is BURNING and it is after *ten*, that wonderful hour! Strange to say, this species of animal never makes its habitation in localities other than the classic wall of colleges, yet we are pleased to say, that this institution having students that are not very renowned cavaliers, has no need of them, (though it is reported that the "freshies" have begun to take lessons,) and that here also they are very scarce. We deem *horsemanship* a very graceful and invigorating accomplishment, but we consider *ponymanship* a somewhat idle employment. It is said that, "it is better to ride than to walk," but in the case of the college cavalier, it appears that it is better to walk than to ride, for the "farthest way round is the nearest way home."

During the past year we have more than realized our expectations in the publication of our paper. Our future success, however, depends greatly upon the amount of encouragement we shall receive from our friends. The establishment of such an enterprise was one, the need of which was long felt by many of our students at the college, and was therefore begun in February, 1881. We have by a little perseverance obtained quite a neat circulation, and expect by further efforts to enlarge our subscription list. We are greatly indebted to many of the citizens of Westminster and of Carroll, besides many others, for their kind support, and trust they will renew their subscriptions and advertisements for the coming year.

The benefits to be derived by the students from such an important organ as the GAZETTE cannot help but be clear to every intelligent mind. Our country to-day is flooded with amateur journals, besides nearly every college has now its own periodical. Their need as a means of educational development are becoming more apparent in our institutions of learning every day. The youth through these instrumentalities are being taught to write and compose suitable thoughts for the press. They are the primary schools for the future journalists. School training in itself is but theoretical, while learning to write for the press is one of the important applications of knowledge. Many of our students have availed themselves of the opportunity and advantages derived by the publication of our monthly journal. Our productions, of course, have not been as interesting and profitable as those coming from more matured minds in our graduated and dignified publications. We shall spare no pains however to make the reading matter and literary productions of our paper of such a character, as shall reflect no discredit upon an amateur journal.

Inscriptions on Class Stones.

The following are the translations of the inscriptions on the various class-stones at this college, the inscriptions being written in Latin, Greek and French:

- '71—Fidelity is sure of its reward. Honor has its troubles.
'72—No steps backward. The mind is the measure of the man.
'73—Truth without fear. The beginning is half of the whole.
'74—The beaten path is the safe path. Not to seem, but to be.
'75—To do my duty. I aim at the mark.
'76—Virtue is the safest armor. Not for ourselves, but for our country.
'77—Mindful and faithful. Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.
'78—Increase in virtue. Fight the good fight.
'79—Strong in friendship, and faithful to duty.
'80—Let us be judged by what we do. Seek truth in all things.
'81—By faith and virtue. Live in deeds, not in years.

The two powers which constitute a wise man, are those of bearing and forbearing.

The New Scientific American Offices

We are glad to announce that the *Scientific American* came out of the late fire in New York, like the fabled Phoenix, with renewed life. The subscription lists, account books, patent records, patent drawings, and correspondence were preserved in massive fire-proof safes. The printing of the *Scientific American* and *Supplement* was done in another building; consequently the types, plates, presses, paper, etc., were not harmed, and no interruption of business was occasioned.

The new *Scientific American* offices are located at 261 Broadway corner of Warren Street, a very central and excellent situation. The new building fronts towards the City Hall, the Court House, and the New Post Office—a magnificent structure, which cost eight millions to build. Nearly opposite, and a few hundred feet distant from the *Scientific American* offices, is the entrance to the great Suspension Bridge over the East River, between New York and Brooklyn, which required ten years to construct and twenty million of dollars to pay for. In front, also, of the *Scientific American* is the City Hall Park and Printing House Square, with its statue of Benjamin Franklin, and the homes of eminent editors and newspapers, such as the *New York Tribune*, *New York Times*, *New York Sun*, *New York World*, *New York Herald*, *Mail* and *Express*, *Zeitung*, and others.

The new *Scientific American* offices are admirably chosen for active business. Here, in addition to the issuing of their interesting publications, Messrs. Munn & Co., aided by trained examiners and draughtsmen, prepare specifications and drawings for American and Foreign patents. If any of our readers should happen to make a new discovery (we hope every one of them may do so, and gain a fortune), they have only to drop a line to Munn & Co., 261 Broadway, New York, who will reply at once, without charge, stating whether the invention is probably novel and patentable. A handbook of instructions, with full particulars, will also be sent, free. Messrs. Munn & Co. have had over thirty-five years' experience in the business.

A Hundred Years Ago.

One hundred years ago, not a pound of coal nor a cubic foot of illuminating gas had been burnt in the country. No iron stoves were used, and no contrivances for economizing heat were employed until Dr. Franklin invented the iron-framed fire-place, which still bears his name. All the cooking and warming in town, as well as in the country, was done by the aid of a fire kindled on the brick hearth or in brick ovens. Pine knots or tallow candles furnished the light for the long winter nights and sanded floors supplied the place of rugs and carpets. The water used for household purposes were drawn from deep wells with creaking sweeps. No form of pump was used in this country, so far as we can learn, until after the commencement of the present century. There were no friction matches in those days, by the aid of which a fire could be easily kindled, and if the fire went out upon the hearth over night and the timber was damp, so that the sparks would not catch, the alternative remained of wading through the snow a mile or so to borrow a brand of a neighbor. Only one room in any house was warm, unless some member of the family was ill; in all the rest, the temperature was at zero during many nights in the winter. The men and women of one hundred years ago went to their beds in a temperature colder than that of our barns and woodsheds, and they never complained.

College Locals.

The Webster Literary Society held their eleventh anniversary at Odd Fellows' Hall, on the evening of January 19th. The occasion was also the centennial celebration of the birth of Daniel Webster, their prototype. The exercises were opened and interspersed with appropriate music rendered by Prof. Cushing. Mr. W. W. Dumm, the president, made a brief and suitable address of welcome, and was followed by Mr. H. L. Wright, who read a piece entitled "Sam's Letter." Mr. Wright very naturally suited the action and voice in his reading to the character of the piece, and frequently elicited laughter from the audience. The anniversary oration was delivered by Mr. E. L. Gies on the "Age of Fancy." Mr. A. L. Billingslea was next on the programme for a declamation, but was prevented from being present on account of sickness. Mr. H. L. Elderdice read a humorous essay entitled "What Fools these Mortals Be." The leading feature of the programme was the address of Rev. Thomas Guard, D. D., of Baltimore, who was introduced as the orator of the evening. The subject of his remarks was on the distinguished character "Savonarola, the Florentine Martyr." The speaker spoke over an hour and a half, during which time he commanded the undivided attention of the audience. He dwelt largely upon some of the leading qualities embraced in the life and character of the subject, and during his eulogies upon Savonarola, he made a very pretty distinction between the politician and the statesman, and also between the terms fancy and imagination. He besides described very accurately the true qualities of an orator. The abilities of Dr. Guard are too well known for any comment.

Rev. S. V. Leech, D. D., of Frederick, Md., delivered a lecture in the Methodist Protestant Church of Westminster, on the evening of January 27th, entitled "The Perils of Genius, as illustrated in the life of Edgar Allen Poe." Dr. Leech has a wide reputation as a public speaker, and his efforts on this occasion fully demonstrated his abilities in that direction. Those who heard his oration nearly two years ago at the college commencement were well pleased with his second appearance before them. He spoke at considerable length on the life and character of Poe, his tragic death, and the cause of his downfall, intemperance. Much deserved praise has been bestowed upon the speaker by his appreciative audience, and he has won golden opinions in the town. The lecture was under the direction and for the benefit of the Theological Association of Western Maryland College, and was a success in every particular.

Now is a suitable time to send us subscriptions for the GAZETTE. These we will gladly receive, being accompanied with 75 cents in postage stamps, or otherwise. From those who have not sent us their last year's dues we would be pleased to hear. If you desire your subscription discontinued, please inform us, otherwise, we shall continue to send the GAZETTE, but hope that all our subscribers desire its continuation. Please send us your renewal accompanied by the necessary amount.

We notice that one of the editors of the Pennsylvania Western, a college journal just beginning its existence, is G. B. Funderberg, a former student of this college. This journal has made a good beginning, and we hope that it may never sink below its present standard. We deem it a meritorious exchange.

Miss Florence Jones, a former student of this institution and one of its favorite elocutionists, was recently chosen to read at the Academy of Music, Norfolk, Va.

The quarterly exercises of the first section of the Senior class occurred on the afternoon of the 3rd of this month, being opened with music by Mr. Nonemaker. The first oration was delivered by Mr. C. E. Beecraft, having for his subject "The Magic Pen." He thinks that "The Memorabilia is very dear to every student." This oration having been finished, an essay, verging on the humorous, was read by Miss Bishop, entitled "The charm of Music." The next was an oration, written in French, entitled "La cour de la mort" delivered by Mr. Chunn. This was followed by an oration, by Mr. Earhart, entitled "Nature's Work-shop," and he having concluded, Miss Bratt came forward and read an essay having for its subject, "If I don't somebody else will," setting forth the idea that "if I don't make myself illustrious, and place myself upon the topmost round of the ladder of fame, some one else will." To relieve the monotony, an instrumental solo was performed by Miss Newman. This was followed by an oration delivered by Mr. Gies, his subject being "Unrestrained Commerce."

Miss Meredith then read an essay entitled "Climb, but the Heights are Cold." We think, judging from physical science, that it is quite cold amid the "transcendent beauty" of those "golden tipped clouds," which we hear so much about.

Mr. Gist delivered the final oration of the afternoon, his subject being "The Mormons." The exercises were closed with an instrumental solo by Miss Norment. The quarterly exercises of the 2nd section of the Senior class occurred on the afternoon of the 10th of this month, and were opened with an instrumental solo by Miss Hering. The first orator was Mr. E. P. Leech, who delivered a humorous oration on "Stand Back." Miss Myers as the first essayist read an essay entitled "Thorns among the Flowers."

This was followed by an oration by Mr. Meekins, subject "Lord McCauley." He having finished, an essay was read by Miss Norment, her subject being "Under the Surface." A vocal duet rendered by Misses Newman and Wedge, followed. The third oration was delivered by Mr. C. E. Stoner, his subject being "Sir Phillip Sidney."

Miss J. Smith as the third essayist came forward and read a well composed essay, in a clear, distinct tone, on "Hope." This followed an oration by Mr. Taylor on "Character."

Miss N. Warner, being the fourth essayist, read an essay on "Cheerfulness." The final oration was delivered by Mr. E. A. Warfield, his subject being "Thoughts that Live." The exercises were ended with an instrumental solo by Miss M. Wilmer.

At a business meeting of the Y. M. C. A. at college on the 20th of January, the following officers were elected for the next ensuing term:—President, A. L. Miles; Vice President, S. Cassen; Recording Secretary, F. T. Benson. The membership of the association is now larger than it has been for any previous year.

On the 30th of January, many of the students availed themselves of the opportunity of taking exercise in the art of skating, and one of the "Soph's" succeeded in breaking in, but made his escape by getting thoroughly wet.

The Junior class will engage in suitable exercises on the 22nd of this month for the purpose of commemorating the birthday of our country's father.

The semi annual examination has been completed, and the regular routine of studies has been recommenced.

Good temper is like a sunny day, shedding brightness on everything.

The second joint exercises in reading, declamation and music took place in College Chapel, Friday afternoon, January 13, 1882. The exercises were opened with an instrumental solo by Miss C. Clayton, during which time the participants took their places upon the platform. The first on the programme was a reading by Mr. W. W. Dumm, entitled the "Trysting Place." Miss Lizzie Swarbrick next in turn read a piece entitled "The Light House Keeper's Daughter." Miss Ida Devilbiss then declaimed in a clear, forcible tone a short piece called "The Whistle," after which there was a piano solo by Miss S. Wilmer. "The Sailor's Funeral" was read in an appropriate manner by Mr. S. Cassen. A piece entitled "Mr. Perkins helps to move the Stove" was next read by Miss Trenchard. She was followed by Mr. A. C. Weinmiller, who read Artemus Ward's Mormon Lecture. The character of this piece created much laughter. Miss Florence Hering next read a very pretty piece entitled the "Pilgrimage to Kevlaar." Mr. E. H. Flagg, the last reader on the programme, read very naturally "Jamie Butler and the Owl," after which the exercises closed with music by Miss Jennie Smith.

NEW ORGANIZATION.—Recently, some of the ladies of the college, feeling that a new literary society was needed in order that the dormant energies of the female portion of our students, in the path of literary attainment, might be nursed into a livelier state by a good natured rivalry, have, with the consent of the Faculty of the college, banded together into an organization for the promotion of knowledge and the development of ability in the domains of literature, and have entered the field in competition with the *Browning*. After many attempts to select a name suitable for such an organization, it was at last decided that the new society should be called the "*Philomatheon*," which word is derived from the Greek and signifies "Lover of Knowledge."

Fourteen ladies have already enrolled themselves under the banner of the *Philomatheon*. They have submitted their Constitution and By-laws to the Faculty, and have received its approval of them. They meet every Friday afternoon at the close of school exercises, and we understand that they are amply satisfied with the step they have taken. We wish them much success and prosperity, and earnestly hope that many years of usefulness may be theirs.

LEATHER SCRAPS.—Every little scrap of leather that flies from the cutters' knives in the Auburn shoe shops is saved, and either goes into leather-board, shoe heels or grease. Who says this isn't an economical age? About two months ago a factory was started for making shoe heels in Auburn. They now have about 25 hands at work and are making about 125 cases of heels per day, or about 15,000 heels. The heels are made entirely of small scraps of upper leather. The scraps are first cut into the right shape of dies. They are then pasted together in wooden heel molds. The grease is extracted in order that the heels may be burnished. They take as nice a polish as a genuine sole leather heel. All the pieces that will not go into heels are dried out, and the firm gets two or three barrels of grease per week from this source. It is used again for leather dressing. The firm is endeavoring to obtain possession of the naphtha process of extracting the oil from the whole pieces, and thus save the expense of shipping to Massachusetts. Their heels are largely used in Auburn, and sell at \$1.30 to \$2.40 per case.—*Lewistown (Me.) Journal*.

Vaccination was discovered in England by Dr. Jenner.

Facetiae.

A CHARMING SWEESHEART.—"What shall I get you to remind you of me while I am away?" asked a fashionable Austin young gentleman of his intended. "Do you want to get me something that will always make me think of you when I look at it?" "Yes, darling." "Then buy me a monkey to play with."—*Somerset Herald*.

What is the difference between a bird with one, and a bird with two wings? Ans. There is a difference of a pinion (opinion).

The Seniors have appointed May 10th for a general auction of the stock and appurtenances of the class. Horses of all breeds and qualities can be had at the lowest market prices. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. The Juniors are especially solicited to be present. Remember date.

It is said that the politician who itched for office was elected by a scratch.

Recently a certain editor alluded to some of our young gentlemen as calves. Perhaps, by proper application, he might be furnished with a scab sufficient to vaccinate both the staff and the compositors, taken from one of these blatant beasts.

"Trust no future how'er pleasant,
Let the dead past bury its dead;
Give your sweetheart *now*, a present
Pop the question *now*, and wed.

Base-ball is played in school as well as out. The teacher very often becomes the batter, and the boy the catcher.

He rested his hot brow on his hand and laughed; "Three months ago she declared she'd never, never be my wife, and now she is suing me for breach of promise.

There is a young man, called a "prep,"
Who long for a saddle has wept,
The one that he owned,
Was stolen, not loaned,
While the classic equestrian slept.

Anfully awful! Referring to the tedious exercises of the senior quarterly.

"When shall we three meet again?"
The paint, powder, and the maiden's cheek.

Let the coquettes continue to wile,
And practice deception the while;

Let them flirt on the street,
With those whom they meet,
But cease to remark, "*I should smile.*"

And Cicero said, how I deplore the depraved tendencies of the day, the corrupt ethics of the era, is the way the pony puts it; but the professor smiled a smile that is childlike, and corrects, O the times! O the customs!

Received of Senior Class of W. M. C., \$5.00, amt. due on ten orations. This is the last receipt filed.

The Boston University has obtained the \$2,000,000 estate bequeathed to it ten years ago by Isaac Rich. There was a great jubilee held by the Faculty and students. The estate goes to the Collegiate Department, which used to be known as the Boston Methodist College, and was afterwards enlarged into a University.

Daniel Webster's one-hundredth anniversary was commemorated in many localities of the New England states, besides other places, on the 18th of January last. It was a tribute worthy of the greatest statesman of his age.

About \$40,000 a year are now paid out in scholarships, loans, and other pecuniary aids to poor students at Harvard College. About one-eighth is paid to students of theology.

Oration Delivered by C. E. Stoner at the Second Quarterly Exercises of the Senior Class on Sir Philip Sidney.

When an astronomer directs his telescope towards the skies and is carefully watching the stars in their progress through the heavens, studying their character and noting the changes which they present from day to day, a star suddenly crosses the field of his telescope, to which his attention is instantly directed. Amid the countless numbers of the starry host, his attention is riveted upon this one; his eyes are drawn to it as the needle to the pole. Perhaps its great brilliancy, or the peculiar character of its light has caused him to watch so eagerly for its appearance day after day. There seems to be a mutual sympathy between them; each evening at its first appearance, it is confronted by his telescope; he seems never to tire of watching it; he follows it with delight in its slow course through the sky; with unwearied interest he notes its surroundings, the place it occupies in the heavens at any given time, each moment unfolding some new feature that is of more interest than any he has before observed. The mellow beams of light which it radiates in every direction, have a refining influence on his very nature, so that as it slowly passes below the horizon he leaves it with an involuntary sigh of regret. So it is with us when we glance over the myriads of names and characters that are recorded in history; our attention is drawn by some subtle influence to the consideration of the lives of certain men, around whose very name there is a charm, unaccountable though it may be; the longer we gaze the more potent is the influence, and the more do we find to admire in them. In taking this panoramic view we meet with one perhaps, who dazzles us by his brilliant achievements in war; we wonder at his mighty genius, and his magnanimity towards the conquered, excites our admiration. Another has achieved distinction in the golden fields of literature; we are pleased at his flights of fancy and the bold imagery with which he portrays all his characters. Still another, by the purity and unassuming piety of his character has won his way direct to our hearts. It is rare, however, that we find a man who has all these different qualities happily blended together. But when we do find such a one, we never tire of perusing and re-perusing his life, until we have all its incidents stored up in our memory. The life of such a man would appear as a beacon light, not only for men of his own time but for future generations, who, by following in his footsteps would be in no danger of suffering shipwreck. Such was the character of Sir Philip Sidney. Possessed of all the graces of mind and body that render people agreeable and attractive, he was the ideal knight of the sixteenth century. Living in an age when little attention was paid to morality; when all the finer sensibilities of a man's nature, by constant contact with the corrupt influence of a depraved age, were likely to be dulled, he preserved intact his character for integrity and the great purity of his life. His exalted character, viewed in connection with the surroundings of that age from the standpoint of the present time, and through the spectacles of this generation, stands forth as far above the character of any other man of his day, as the central spire of the Cathedral of Milan is far above all its sister spires. However much we may eulogize his character, there is a great deal of truth in the beautiful saying of the poet, Campbell, who described Sidney's life as "Poetry put into action." He excelled in everything he undertook. He was a great warrior, a greater statesman,

and a writer of no mean ability, as many of his productions at the present day attest. Sidney early gave evidence of his wonderful powers of mind; while at school, first at Shrewsbury and then at Oxford and Cambridge, he showed that passionate desire for learning which followed him to the close of his short life. His vast and comprehensive mind seeing the shackles of ignorance and superstition falling from the minds of his generation, on the revival of learning, and the general cultivation of the arts and sciences aspired to rank with the foremost, and to place his name on the pinnacle of fame. Having obtained permission to travel, he proceeded to Paris, where he contracted a friendship with the French king, but disgusted at the slaughter of the Huguenots, he sought more congenial climes. At the expiration of two years, and immediately upon his arrival in England, he was received at court with high favor. It should be a cause of regret that Sidney never had an opportunity to display his statesmanship, which we are assured was of a high order, but seemed rather to be kept in the background. Perhaps Queen Elizabeth saw in him a man who had an independent spirit of his own, and who would not submit to the exactions of her imperious will, as the creatures whom she placed in the highest position of government were compelled to do. He was a man whose abilities drew from William of Orange a recommendation to Elizabeth to employ him in her service as being one of the ripest statesmen of Europe. As an instance of the high regard in which he was held by his contemporaries, the crown of Poland was offered to him, and would probably have been accepted but for the opposition of Elizabeth, who feared to lose the jewel of her time.

While absent from court, residing with his sister, the Countess of Pembroke, he wrote his pastoral romance, the "Arcadia." This was not written for publication, but simply to pass away his idle moments, and afford amusement and recreation for his sister. He also wrote about this time his "Apologie for Poetrie," which was a treatise in defence of the poetical art. In this he displays his true nobility of character, in coming to the defence of one of the noblest branches of literature. While the "Arcadia" was written in a conceited style after the manner of the Italian romances, his "Apologie for Poetrie," was written in the plainest English, and under the impulse of manly indignation against those who would speak slightingly of an art by whose means the noblest and most sublime thoughts of men have been embalmed for future ages. But these troublous times would not suffer him to remain long in retirement, and in accordance with his long cherished wish, he was placed with the army in the Netherlands, to aid the Dutch against the encroachments of the Spanish power. But his military career was brought to a speedy close; while besieging Zutphen, he, with a few hundred men fell in with a thousand Spanish cavalry, and his impetuous spirit led him beyond the bounds of prudence; he was struck down by a musket ball, and carried from the field mortally wounded. It was then that his character shone with the brightest lustre, and as was said by one of his contemporaries, "Nothing in life became him so much as the leaving it." When he gave the cup of water to the dying soldier with the words, "Take it thy necessity is greater than mine," the knights of a former age might well blush for the honor of their deeds. His sufferings continued for nearly a month, during which time not one word of complaint escaped his lips. His dying words to his brother appear almost as the echo of an angel's voice from the unseen beyond. "Love my mem-

orie; cherish my friends; their faith to me may assure you they are honest. But above all, govern your will, and affections, by the will and word of the Creator; in beholding the end of this world with all its vanities." Thus passed from earth the noblest representative of Elizabethan England. Nor did his honors end with his life; so highly was he esteemed by the Dutch, in whose service he lost his life, that they even begged as a favor, that he might be entombed in Holland, pledging themselves to erect to his memory a monument of almost unheard of magnificence; but his memory was too sacred to the English people, to permit his ashes to rest without the pale of his own native land. Sir Philip Sidney has received the praises of posterity not so much on account of the brilliancy of his public career, and the excellence of his literary productions, as by the piety of his character; generous to a fault, but with a spirit that could not brook an insult; courteous to his queen and skilled in all the finer accomplishments of court life, but devoid of that obsequiousness, which so often characterizes courtiers; a zealous patriot, and one ready to serve his country and his God wherever duty might direct, but without the rashness of the mere adventurer; he was a patron of learning, and a friend to the poor. As Spenser tells us, it was Sidney's friendship and encouragement that made his invocation to the muses so effectual, and inspired him to write the "Faerie Queen;" the unfinished state of this poem is to be attributed to Sidney's death, for after that event, the poet had neither the means nor the heart to continue his work. So much was his friendship prized that Lord Brooke caused to be engraved upon his tombstone, the words, "Friend to Sir Philip Sidney." What a vein of poetry and romance runs through the life of such a man, whose very friendship seemed to carry with it a charm. His was a life full of promise, but cut down by death almost before he had begun to live. He was mourned by two nations, whose gratitude he had won by his services, and his untimely death filled their hearts with the keenest sorrow. But why should they mourn for the death of one whose character was so guileless? For of him it might be truly said:

"Happy, innocent he fell,
Like the flower before the reaper;
Weep not if thou lov'st him well,
He's happier than the weeper."

For the Irving Literary Gazette.

The Birth-day of Our Country's Father.

As the birthday of George Washington approaches there is an indescribable and instinctive principle in our hearts that rises up and refers us back over a century ago, when these United States, the "land of the free and the home of the brave" were separate and distinct colonies under the tyrannical rule of George III, when their rights were disregarded, when they themselves were heavily taxed to pay the debts accumulated in England, and the money obtained by their industrial hands helped to fill her coffers. But the little bands of patriots were firm and true in their rights as equally born men, and appealed from such tyranny. Frequent conventions were held from which the voices of Patrick Henry and others were heard appealing for "liberty or death." Their countrymen took up the cry and it was wafted from ocean to ocean. Thus banded together with determination deep set in their hearts, and perseverance, which has been the cause of many a nation's success, as their motto not even the finely disciplined troops of England could resist them.

But they must have a leader, and in the general Congress composed of representa-

tives from the thirteen colonies, they chose George Washington, who was born on the 22d of February, 1732, and was at this time in his 44th year; a man illustrious for his deeds of bravery while engaged in the French and Indian war, and for loyalty to his colony, Virginia. In him they placed all their resources, in him centered their fondest hopes, through him was their long-cherished liberty to be obtained, and nobly did he realize their hopes. With but his scantily clothed and armed troops he was to gain their wishes. Having organized them and disciplined in some degree, he prepared to take Boston, and after a long siege he at last succeeded. After this followed many hardships and privations; but in the midst of these the brilliant victory of Trenton was gained on a cold Christmas night, (which victory has since been commemorated at this place with the greatest enthusiasm.) By this the patriots were greatly strengthened and encouraged with the hopes of Independence, and Washington became their idol. At last by the capture of Yorktown a final victory was gained and the great Revolutionary War was ended. Then he was chosen to govern the country that he had so nobly defended, and after two terms of office the nation desired him to reign as king; but instead of the kingly crown and royal palace, he chose the manly crown and the quiet retreat of Mount Vernon where he ended his useful life, December 14th, 1799.

Hence, is it strange that a true American should feel this patriotic principle rising in his heart when the 22d of February approaches? And as the date year after year comes round we feel ourselves strengthened in the bonds of patriotism, and by means of such an example, devoted to our country's welfare. As the day approaches let us once and again pay homage to our dead hero—dead to worldly pleasures, but still living in the heart of each and every one of his true countrymen. Rome had her Cæsar and loved him; France her Napoleon and yet cherishes his memory, then let America have her Washington to love and cherish and by the commemoration of his birthday show her lasting adoration. And when the day shall come, let us celebrate it with no fagging patriotism; and if we should be at any time indifferent, let us but think of the glory of freedom and him who gained it for us. M. W. J.

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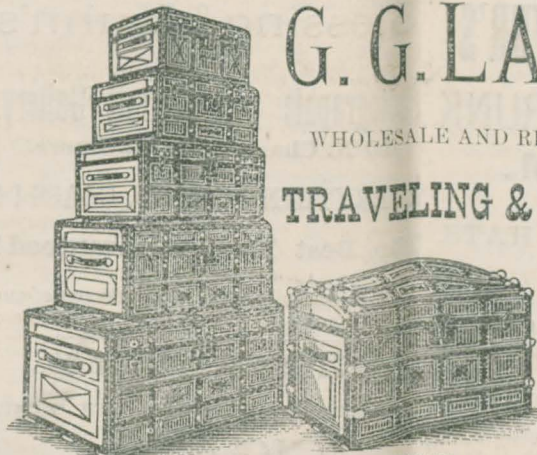
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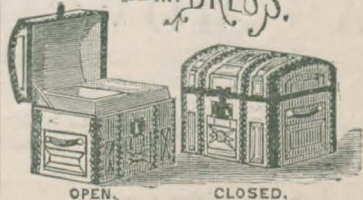
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