Mrs. T. H. Lewis

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Poetical.

For the Irving Literary Gezette.

"Oh, Vice! how soft are thy voluptuous ways!
While boyish blood is mantling, who can 'scape
The facination of thy magic gaze?"

Calm was the sea, not e'en a single wave
Its symmetry disturb'd, and all nature
Seem'd asleep; a quiet like to silent
Death did reign; e'en the lofty pine his head
Ceas'd nodding had, when far across the sea,
A mighty serpent, with his head high up,
And neck outstretch'd, and gleaming fiery eyes
Came hurrying on, and with his scale clad
Breast did make the sea to foam before him;
And on both sides the waves receding fast,
Like a gigantic wedge far out did spread;
But further on a mass of ripples small
Each with the other mingling is observ'd.
This by a school of little fish is caus'd
Quick hast'ning on, to stop they're half inclin'd.
The serpent is the bold-fac'd error call'd,
The sea, the truth, the everspreading truth,
The little fish are those whom error oft
Hath chas'd, and whom he just as oft hath caught.
And now behold Ambition looming up
To cheer bold Error on, and further lead
Him from the path of right, and him to fill
With base and cunning schemes the world to rule;
And when upon his throne of sin he sits
His treach'rous scepter waving 'round his head,
With all the pomp of shining wickedness
Fill'd, thitherward he others seeks to lead.
Ambition in itself is never wrong,
With sin fast link'd it never can be true,
And it thus mingl'd always must be found.

Man to err is prone, virtue is the price;
Abroad doth Error travel wrth his pomp,
Sorrows and remorse 'pon his tracks press hard,
Truth stays at home, and Faith the doorway guards.
Ah idle, vain and much conceited world!
Why still thy brains in adoration hold?
Why now at nature dost thou show contempt?
Thy light'ning-rod, thy telegraph, thy steam,
Thy diff'rent works, 'bout which thou joyful sing'st
Are but mild nature's works subservient
To thy will, yet e'en she still doth check thee,
For wouldst thou strive in vain to make a rose,
Or paint the pure white lily with thy skill,
Or e'en the depths of bold Atlantus sound.
Then cease, Oh world, thy vain conceited show!
Learn wisdom from the ant, her structure too
View well, and mark how perfect too combine
Her every joint; in them no discord is,
But all indeed is perfect harmony.
Then to old nature's course aspire Oh man!
And make thine own her path, her doings too,
And far from rectitude thou ne'er shalt go,
And Error, cunning Error, shall be robbed.

For gold, Oh youth! turn never thy desire.
For gold, assassins strike the fated blow;
For gold, ofttimes false judges twist the law;
For gold, usurpers, fathers, brothers slay,
Loose honor, reputation, fame, gain gold;
And gloating o'er their golden—treasur'd God.
Go down, tumbling headlong to perdition.
Youth is ever strong, age is always firm,
Let them then in glorious truth be train'd
So that in age, quite firm their minds may be,
That they in turn may train the coming youth.
Times short in life there are, alas too short!
When we aside our own vain thoughts do cast,
And sieze some nobler impulse for a guide,
And to our hearts our journey do intrust;
For conscience never will, nor can it err,
But thou, Oh vain, Oh worldy changing mind!
Dost tune thy lyre to sing of earthly things,
And seek'st thy pleasure in a world of sin.
Why not let higher themes thy thoughts engage?
Why joy in fleeting fancies here below?
Why not thine eyes to joy eternal turn,
And find thy pleasure 'mid the starry host?
Take courage, hope, and trust to nature's law,
And guard thy tongue lest evil from it flow;
Do this full well, leave Providence the rest,
And from thee soon thy cares shall pass away
And leave pure sunshine and a peaceful day.

Ye maids with rosy cheeks, and jet-black eyes,
Your heads too fill'd with folly to be wise,
Why do you lure the youth with tempting wiles,
To seek you in the ball room's misty whirl,
Or on the stage, that cage of many sins?
In vain doth Prudence prompt you 'gainst your pride,
In vain doth Age a better course advise,
In vain doth nature her example show,
In vain doth virture with her pleading cry
Call to you far away "your journey turn;"
So far that nought save Vainess hears the cry,
And Pride and Fashion occupy the throne.
For better he who sweats for daily bread,
Than he who fights for reputation, fame.
High on a throne with banners crown'd
Close girded 'round with reputation full,
And in his hand, outstrech'd a well fill'd sheet
Of deeds of wonder gain'd by human blood,
Proud, exulting, sinful Wrong doth sit.
But safer far the plowman at his plow
Than any King upon his golden throne;
For, ready those in whom he most confides
To seize a chance to wear his royal crown;
So then let envy not proud kings assail,
Nor wealth, nor jewels rare, nor crowns of gold,
But let contentment mark the poorman's lot,
And let him joyous take, what nature kind
Bestows, and happy shall his life be spent.

Must then Oh man! thy life be led in woe?
Must Error dog your steps where'er you go?
Must then thy mind for wisdom ever pine,
About which Error's wreathes may ne'er entwine?
Must sin right at thee hurl his darts of rage
From headstrong youth e'en clear to hoary age?
E'en so it is, but with that shield so strong
Which God has giv'n to turn aside the wrong,
Mays't thou Oh man! such poison'd arrows turn,
And never thou in direful torment burn.
But this, and this alone, we wish to cite—
Truth, universal truth, alone, is right.

THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA.

Small though our globe is when compared with the immensities of the universe of which it forms a part, and, important though we little bipeds think ourselves upon it, it is wonderful how scanty is our knowledge of it, how small a portion even of its surface is known to civilized man, and how insignificant is our information respecting its interior. In the young days of men who are now middle-aged we knew all about the interior of the earth and were very confident respecting its exterior. The earth was a globe of liquid fire, crusted over with a layer of solid substances, just as the boiling metal in a furnace is crusted with flakes of slag, or as frost gathers over a caldron. At the bottom of the ocean all was death—what else was possible? Dead men and wrecked vessels might be there, together with the bones of whales, fishes and other inhabitants of the upper waters. But down in the dark abysses what could live? Fancy conjured up mermen and mermaids, but we did not believe in such beings. The dry land had then a dark continent, but little doubt existed that it was all desert. Desert bounded the habitable regions on the north, and desert limited the southern colonies. What but desert intervened. We were sure about the earth then, and, thanks to Herschel and expounders like Dick, the Christian philosopher, we knew all about the sun, also, and were very positive with regard to the planets. But it was with our scientific faith as it is often with our faith in man, of either sex, or in creeds. The day of examination came, and doubt reached some, while disproof overtook others of our cherished beliefs.

The structure of the interior of the earth is as uuknown now as in the days when our ancestors, Adam's, at least, in lack of clothing, dyed their bodies with wood, and offered up human sacrifices. It may be liquid or it may be solid, with cavities here and there where heat or chemical action have formed materials for a volcano or for earthquake action. We are only quite sure that its core is heavier than its crust.

The dark continent is growing very light, travelers are traversing it in every direction, nations are colonizing it, and all is favorable for its use as a battle ground for contending European nationalities.

But the greatest change has overtaken the ocean depths. The sea has, in more senses than one, literally given up its dead. Life swarms three miles below the plane plowed by our propellers, and the death of the surface is devoured by the life at the bottom!

What a revulsion of thought there has been since Thomas Bell, at the close of his work on the crustacea of the British Islands, asserted that the seas of Western Europe were so well studied that it was hopeless to look for unknown species in them!

Life under three miles of water! Impossible! The merest tyro in natural history knew better than this twenty-five years ago, and had good reasons for it, such as: The pressure of three miles, or even of half a mile, of water would be fatal to any creature with definite organs; the depths are dark as Erebus, and how can life live without light? The water is motionless; animals need oxygen, and how can they get it without change of water? But the greatest argument against life in the ocean profundities was drawn from a proved fact. Numerous observations showed that vegetable life ceased at a comparatively slight depth. Vegetables from the direct nourishment of herbivorous animals, and carnivorous animals feed upon the herbivorous; so it was manifestly impossible for animal life to exist where vegetable life was absent. Professor Forbes went further than mere supposition. He carried on extensive soundings in the Ægean Sea, and the results he obtained bore out the ocean-death theory. Life became more and more rare as the soundings increased in depth, until at 450 metres it altogether ceased. Q. E. D.

Unfortunately for the infallibles, some people will have more proof before they grant their belief. The captains of vessels that roved the seas had stories to tell which could not be altogether overlooked. They told of great sea-serpants and huge cuttles, and the infallibles laughed. Others were thoughtful. These creatures might be smaller than reported, or they might turn out to be very different from the report; yet might there not be creatures that lived in the depths and only occasionally sought the surface? If so, these creatures must have something to live upon. Ross and Dr. Wallich told of small animals that came up on their lines from more than five hundred fathoms, and though the infallibles explained this by supposing that they were caught upon the lines as it went down and then brought up from the depths attached to it, some unreasonable people did not think the explanation satisfactory.

The celebrated M. A. Milne-Edwards was the first to find some proof against the received belief. A telegraph line was laid across the Mediterranean from Sardinia to Algiers, and, as a necessary preliminary, the ocean bed was accurately sounded from side to side. Ere long the cable broke, and the detached ends were fished up with difficulty out of a valley more than 1300 fathoms deep. The cause of the breaking of the cable was a mystery. Nothing that had happened on the surface or at the shore ends could have caused it. The wires were swathed in gutta-percha, and this envelope, in the parts recovered, was the abode of numerous animals about which the telegraph engineers knew nothing, yet which they suspected might be the cause of the mischief. So several pieces of the cable, covered with habitants of abyssal regions, were forwarded to M. A. Milne-Edwards, who, in an address lately delivered, spoke glowingly of the pleasure and surprise afforded him by this, the first glimpse obtained by a professed naturalist of beings that, without doubt, had lived and developed in depths where death was thought to reign supreme. Here, on these lengths of rusty copper bedded in Indian gum, were animals that had never been seen before, mixed with others whose representatives were to be found among the fossil forms of the tertiary strata of Sicily and Italy, and still others that had been taken before on very rare occasions. Only polyps—only those miscalled "insects" that build for themselves the skeleton of lime we call coral—but a polyp tells its story as truly as an elephant.

This little discovery awoke attention. Wallich's soundings and observations were remembered in England, and the English Government lent a vessel to the service of science. The Lightning and the Porcupine dredged around the Hebrides, in the Atlantic, in the Bay of Biscay, in the North Sea, and were rewarded with an almost endless profusion of foraminifera, radiolaria, sponges, corals, echini, starfishes, holothurians, crinoids, polyzoa, mollusca, crustacea and fishes. Hard names, some of these, and some, to whom animals are still all "birds, beasts, reptiles, fishes and insects," like the child's game on the slate, will say: "Are they not all fishes that live in the sea?" No more than they are all quardrupeds that live on the land. Each of these names represents a class at least as distinct from any other as is a quadruped from a bird, or a man from a boa constrictor. Some of them contain more known distinct forms than there are of mammals, or even of birds, and one, the mollusca, or shell-fish, is a sub-kingdom of animal nature, containing three great classes, and more species than there are of fishes, birds, reptiles and mammals combined. Near relatives of forms first found in Indian seas came up from the depths of the Bay of Biscay, and so many and so curious were the discoveries that other Governments took fire. The United States explored a path across the Pacific, instituted systematic soundings in the Gulf of Mexico and around Florida; sent the Hassler around Cape Horn on a collecting voyage with the now deceased Louis Agassiz, whose name was known to every man who knew naught else of science, and attached

a vessel to the Fish Commission for purposes of exploration along the Atlantic coast. To mention by name the orders and families that have been enriched by the researches made by these vessels would be more than space allows, while to describe and figure the species is a labor that is occupying a large army of naturalists from year to year, is filling the shelves of libraries with illustrated books, and is yet in great part unfinished.

The English sent the Challenger to meander over the ocean for a term of years. The Atlantic, the Pacific, and Indian and the west stretch of the Southern Seas were traversed by this messenger of science, and the plummet went down to depths greater than any before known, in regions never before traversed for such a purpose. So great a swarm of strange living things was found that new orders and classes had to be inserted in the schemes of classification, for many would not fit among things previously known. The work of description was parted up; the German savant Haeckel took the protozoa, the one-celled organisms about which so much is now said, since they are almost pure protoplasm, and are thought to be near the beginnings of life; while other branches were worked up by American naturalists, leaving still enough to keep the English corps busy. Sir Wyville Thomson, the chief naturalist of the Challenger expedition, has gone; Agassiz has gone, and Darwin, also, who, it will be remembered, before he touched the work by which he is now best known, had done much to explain the structure of the pyolp-built reefs and atolls of the tropics. But now heroes of science have come to the front—the ranks are unbroken and knowledge advances.

Nor have all the honors of the exploration of the deep seas been carried off by the English and Americans. The Swedes and Norwegians have dredged the channels that run around their northern peninsula, and at last the French commissioned the Travailleur to solve the mysteries of the Mediterranean.

Popular accounts of all these journeys, disjointed, as all such popular accounts must be, and not capable, however well expressed, of telling more to those ignorant of natural history than the bare fact that wonders have been found, have been from time to time published in the daily papers, yet the work of the Travailleur is little known.

For three years this little vessel has worked successfully around the coasts of Southern Europe and Northern Africa, and France can no longer be said not to have contributed her share toward our knowledge of life in the depths.

The first summer was spent in the Gulf of Gascony, as the French excusably call what we know as the Bay of Biscay. The second summer was spent in the Western Mediterranean, around the coasts of Algeria, Spain, Provence, Corsica and Morocco, and was concluded by an examination along the coast of Portugal and in the Bay of Biscay. In the present summer the region explored has extended southward to the Canaries, and the harvest of new forms has been richer than even that of preceding years.

Until these researches the Mediterrnnean was believed to be what is known as a faunal region—that is, to contain many forms altogether distinct from those to be found in the ocean outside. This is now proved not to be the case. The forms found in the depths of the great inland sea are either identical with or so nearly related to that it is clear they are descended from forms that are abundant in the Atlantic north and south of the Straits of Gib raltar. The coasts of the Mediterranean are rich in life, fish in plenty enable the Halian and Greek, Spanish and Levantine fishers to procure a livelihood; but life in the depths of this sea is rare compared with what it is in the ocean outside. Species and individuals alike are few compared with the riches of the rocky bottoms of the broad Atlantic. Nor is the cause far to seek. With the slight exception of the Straits of Gibraltar, which allow a slow influx of Atlantic water, the Mediterranean is a closed lake, into which pour many large rivers—the Rhone, the Ebro, the Danube, the Dnieper, the Don, the Nile. There are no currents in the quiet depths, the bottoms of which are formed of a homogeneous layer of mud, the tribute of the rivers, and thus afford none of that variety presented by the bottoms of the Atlantic, where rocks of lime and silex occur, with broad areas strewn with the remains of foraminifera.

Since the plain proofs of life have been found, the infallibles, as well as those who doubted them, have been busy trying to find out how it contrives to exist. The reasons against its existence were certainly weighty. The pressure of a column of water a mile in depth is something enormous—it would certainly cause us to collapse as flat as a *Gibus* hat were we to dive down there. Yet our bodies bear a pressure of fifteen pounds a square inch, and bear it because the air within us presses outward with equal intensity. Take the pressure away from one side of the hand, and the strength of a strong man is needed to raise the then felt weight that presses on the other. Ascend a mountain 15,000 to 20,000 feet high, and thus diminish the external pressure, and the internal pressure, no longer balanced by the external, bursts some blood vessel, large or small.

It is just the same with the creatures of the ocean, but in a greater degree. Each lives in its zone of depth to which its internal pressure has become balanced, and bursts or breaks to pieces on a sudden removal. By far the greater part of the invertebrates dredged from the depths break into fragments before they can be placed in a preservative liquor. Gay star-fishes, scarlet or yellow, shine through the meshes a moment, and melt into mincemeat ere they can be handled. Fishes come up even from quite small depths, with eyes protruding and swim-bladders burst—dead. The life of the bottom is quite distinct from that of the coast; it has nothing in common with it—the passage of an individual from the coast to the depths, or from the surface downward would be attended with sudden death, for all the classes of creatures found in the ocean depths are of comparatively low organization. All are invertebrates except fishes, and most of the true backboned fishes are confined to a certain zone of water by the possession of a swim-bladder, which opposes descent and bursts upon too great an ascent. Certain fishes, as sharks, etc., have no swim-bladders, and are gifted with muscular powers that give them quite a wide range. But almost the only creatures free to range at any depths, the real lords of the ocean, are the whales and dolphins, the hot-blooded mammals that carry down with them enough air and aerated blood to serve their purpose and then rise to the surface. These are built like giants to resist the pressure, and live at high pressure.

The depths are dark, very many of their denizens, as spongis, protozoa and many mollusks, belonging to the groups which are not high enough in the animal scale to boast of eyes; but the crustacea (crabs, lobsters, shrimps, etc., the insects of the ocean) and the fishes, are classes provided with eyes, and needing them to gather food. How do they see in the depths? Some have given up seeing and live by the use of other senses. The attennæ of many blind crustacea are enormous; they are, says A. M. Edwards, the stick of the blind man. Touch, smell and hearing are in all these blind beings greatly developed.

Other animals fight the darkness by great development of eye, and carry also with them reservoirs of phosphor escence. Their eyes gleam with light, and light shines from various parts of their bodies. They carry their lantern with them. Star-fishes are particularly phosphorescent, as are some polyps, and many deep sea fishes are adorned with rows of silver-shining spots hung like lamps along their sides.

The production of free oxygen is a harder question. There are currents, however, that bring change of water to submarine valleys that inclose the richest faunas, and it may be that some of the very lowest forms of life evolve oxygen.

Food is plentiful. All the creatures are carnivorous and feed on each other, as well as on the remains of surface animals. Dead fishes, dead men and dead whales do not adorn the depths with their own bones. The explorations of the United States Fish Commission, right in the track of the ocean steamers, revealed no trace of man, and no fish bones came up in the dredge. Every morsel of a vertebrate, bones and all, is devoured by the life at the bottom. The destroyers are at last destroyed. Only the tiny shells of the foraminifera, the needles and capsules of the radiolaria and the shells of mollusks form a continually deepening stratum which incloses the solid parts of sponges, sea-stars, sea-urchins and other organisms, to form the fossils of the future.

American Young Men.

American history presents many remarkable instances of young men taking prominent and commanding stations at an age which would be thought very young in other countries. We present a few striking examples from the lists of those who have passed off the stage of human action:

At the age of 29, Mr. Jefferson was an influential member of the Legislature of Virginia. At 30 he was a member of the Virginia Conventon; at 32 a member of the Continental Congress, and at 33 he wrote the Declaration of Independence.

Alexander Hamilton was only 29 years of age when he was appointed a Lieutenant Colonel in the army of the Revolution and Aid-de-Camp to Washington. At 25 he was a member of the Continental Congress; at 30 he was one of the ablest members of the convention which framed the constitution of the United States; at 32 he was Secretary of the Treasury, and organized that branch of the Government upon so complete and comprehensive a plan that no great change or improvement has since been made upon it.

John Jay, at 29 years old, was a member of the Continental Congress, and wrote an address to the people of Great Britain, which was justly regarded as one of the most eloquent productions of the times. At 32 he prepared the constitution of the State of New York, and in the same year was appointed Chief Justice of the state.

Washington was 27 years of age when he covered the retreat of the British troops at Braddock's defeat, and the same year was honored by an appointment as Commander-in-Chief of the Virginia forces.

Joseph Warren was 29 years of age when he delivered the memorable address on the 5th of March which aroused the spirit of patriotism and liberty in that section of the country, and at 34 he gloriously fell in the cause of freedom on Bunker Hill.

Fisher Ames, at the age of 27, had excited public attention by the ability he displayed in the discussion of questions of public interest. At the age of 30 his masterly speeches in defence of the constitution of the United States had exerted great influence, so that the youthful orator of 31 was elected to Congress from the Suffolk district over the Revolutionary hero, Samuel Adams.

Joseph Story entered public life at the age of 26; he was elected to Congress from the Essex district when he was 29; was Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives at 32, and the same year was appointed by President Madison a Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States.

De Witt Clinton entered public life at the age of 28; Henry Clay at 26; the most youthful signer of the Declaration of Independence was Willlam Hooper, of North Carolina, whose age was 24. Of the other signers of the Declaration, Thomas Haywood, of South Carolina, was 30; Eldridge Gerry, Benjamin Rush, James Wilson and Matthew Thornton were 31; Arthur Middleton and Thomas Stone were 33.

It will be observed that we have confined our illustrations to persons under 35 years of age, and only alluded to those with national reputations.

College Items.

The Second Scientific Lecture was delivered by the Professor of Science, in his lecture room, on Feb. 8th, and with his accustomed gracefulness of style, diction, and above all, his forcible use of language, he held the undivided attention of the seniors. After noticing the delay caused by the non-arrival of some important apparatus, the attention of the class was called to the facts, that the ornamental is sought more than the useful—some painting their cheeks, covering their heads with artificial hair, dressing in the most approved style, for to be out of style with some is almost the same as being out of the world,—and that pride and vanity now are towering much above the all important good common-sense; that the prevailing opinion of those having received an education, whether ladies or gentlemen, but more especially the former is that it is for a pedantic display, not to secure the effect of knowledge for themselves, but to make it manifest to others, and that since life itself is so very short we should employ our knowledge to the best advantage what little time we do live. It is proper to investigate that matter of which we form a part, and that innate force within us. Science is good common-sense, and explains natural phenomena by which we are everywhere surrounded. To gain any definite knowledge in regard to the many thoughts set forth by the Professor, one must of necessity be present, and our space forbids an extended discussion of his lecture. One remark seemed to strike us very forcibly—since no particle of matter ever comes into existence, nor is anihilated, force likewise is indistructible, since every particle of matter is in motion, to which is attributed color. After making some remarks upon heat, and the force of experiment to prove the laws of natural phenomena—in regard to any question that may be put forward in respect to any scientific question, he asks dame nature the question, "Is air matter?" That it is he verified by several experiments. Other experiments were made showing the pressure of air, after which the lecture was brought to a close, and all departed, anticipating with pleasure the coming lecture.

Gotham Gossip.

NEW YORK, January 23d, 1883.

Our sister city, Brooklyn, is at present actively engaged seeking a solution of the Rapid Transit problem which is growing to be a very important question. An Elevated Road connecting the East River Bridge with the more distant parts of Brooklyn is inevitable, but, after the experience New York has had and is still having with her elevated roads, it is quite natural that the authorities are looking very carefully before they leap. Mayor Low is at present considering several propositions. One of them is that the city should own all the rapid transit lines and lease them to individuals or corporations for operation. Mr. Corbin, of Manhattan Beach fame, the President of the Long Island Railroad, has submitted a plan, the most prominent feature of which is that it acknowledges a *prima facie* right of property owners whose lands may suffer, to lay claim to damages. The objection to this project is the extreme difficulty of properly appraising and adjusting the damages that will be claimed. Several other schemes and propositions are under consideration but these two are the leading ones. Mayor Low who is a very active and clear headed man is devoting all his spare time to this question, and he seems determined not to be hustled into a decision by the urgent necessity of establishing some means of quick transportation.

Investors and speculators who placed large sums of money in the hands of builders for the purpose of erecting vast apartment houses, are beginning to feel uneasy. A reaction has set in in the universal desire to live in them, and should this turn out to be more than a momentary feeling, the crash which will bring down large speculators will be heavier than the awful real estate collapse of some years ago. When first these houses were started they proved a good investment. People were glad to have all their rooms on one floor, to have accomodations and conveniences which they could not enjoy in a private house without additional servants, and to enjoy the novelty of joining the comforts of a home with some of the advantages of a hotel. Then everybody with money to invest put it in apartment houses, and speculative builders ran enormous risks in building such caravansaries by tens and twenties and in one or two cases by fifties. But the risk was crowned with success. These houses were built to a height of five, six and seven stories; they were furnished in the most elaborate style, provided with every modern convenience, and given high sounding attractive names. Apartment houses became the fashion, and the rents asked and given were enormous. The building of so many of them, however brought rents down, but even now money invested in them brings from seven to fifteen per cent. per annum, an enormous interest when one can obtain but five per cent. for money loaned on first class bonds and mortgages.

And is all this to be changed? It is a well-known fact that frequently the smallest causes bring about the greatest results. I met a prominent real estate man the other day in Broadway. He seemed to be very depressed. Said he "that destruction of the Newhall House Milwaukee by fire, and the subsequent hotel fires have had a bad, a very bad effect. People who live in tall houses and particularly those who occupy upper flats have got scared. Our janitors say so, and I know hotel clerks can hardly get guests to go above the second floor. If only this thing had not happened so near May," and he walked away in a very thoughtful mood. After all, this may be only a momentary scare but should a few more fires of the kind alluded to occur, there will be a general exodus to suburban places and property on Long Island, Brooklyn, Jersey City, Westchester County and other contiguous places will advance accordingly.

Like a dutiful *chronicler* of metropolitan events, I attended the annual masquerade ball of the Cercle Francais de l' Harmonie, "the French Ball," as it is generally termed, at the Academy of Music last evening. As usual the adjoining Nilsson and Irving Halls were pressed into service to accommodate the throng. As was to be expected the crowd was great but everybody was more or less bored. There were the usual hordes of giddy women—mostly French—in the fleshliest of fleshy (to use an Oscar Wildeism) costume, but somehow there was but little life in them. Perhaps they were willing to be lively, but our policemen are perfect cerberi of morality and propriety, and therefore the wild weird abandon which the consumptive youth of the yardstick and the curious old boy from the rural districts expected to find, was shorn by its absence. There was less ornamentation of the ball room, a sad absence of carnivalistic pageants, and a deplorable absence of novel and pretty fancy costumes. The domino seemed to be all prevalent. The most notable costumes were those of two magnificent women who symbolized night and morning. Night wore a black silk bodice and tights, and over this a black lace tunic, short in front and trailing behind. The lady had black hair and this was trimmed with strings of pearls. Above her forehead she wore a large massive gold cresent set with pearls. Morning was similarly attired except that the materials of which her costume was composed were pure white throughout and her ornaments were diamonds. These women created a genuine sensation, and they deserved to, for a handsome picture *de fantise* was seldom seen in a ball room.

Insurance business of all kinds has been paying so poorly that speculative parties are branching out into new fields. Among the applicants to the State department for incorporation, are a party of women who propose to organize under the name of "The Woman's Insurance Company." What they propose to insure is not stated. The presumption however is that the new company will be composed of and managed by women who will do a general insurance business, thinking that they can succeed where men at present are failing. Let us hope for the sake of the fair ones that they will not give us another instance of the consequence "when lovely women stoops to folly." Women have tried to be brokers, and tried to run stock exchanges, but money has thus far been so little attracted by their charms in the realms of business that both projectors and supporters have generally been left high and dry. A party of insurance men are at present discussing the advisability of forming an insurance company to take risks on the lives of horses. There is a horse insurance company in London, which takes risks up to five hundred dollars at terms not exceeding one year, and it is doing a good business. There is no reason why a similar concern, more liberally managed should not succeed here.

NEW YORK, January 31st, 1883.

Humanity has been done a service by the Legislative Investigation into State Prison Abuses began this week, and Tammany and John Kelly deserve the thanks of the people for getting it a going. We read of the horrors of Siberian and Russian Prisons. The savage Corsack Taskmasters are angels compared with the civilized fiends who tortured the unfortunate criminals with a refinement of cruelty which makes the reader of the testimony shudder. The telegraph has already informed you of the facts elicited, so that I need not give you an extended resume. But when one hears tell of men made raving maniacs by "paddling, douches, starvation and beating with clubs, cenvicts throwing themselves down two or three stories in order to break a leg or an arm that they might get into the hospital, prisoners pleading to be shot rather than be punished, and starving inmates given live rats for food," then we must go back to the Indians or other savages to find punishment severe enough for the fiends cruel enough to inflict such monstrosities.

The ball season wages merrily on. This is the last week before Lent, and everybody is anxious to make the most of it. Last evening the Elks ball was enjoyed at the Academy of Music. This is the great theatrical ball of the year, and everybody in the "profesh," and everybody with a fondness for it is there. In former years the Elks always gave a fancy dress ball, but this year it was a civic affair. As the price of tickets had been lowered, the throng was simply awful and dancing was practically impossible. The best class of actors and actresses shown by their absence. Somebody had said that on account of its cheapness the ball would be a "ham-fatters" affair. This hurt it so far as quality was concerned. But quantitatively, hamfat or no hamfat, it was a success.

An amusing adventure happened to an ex-Alderman Mr. Thomas S———, a few days after the ball of Sparkling Coterie at the Academy last Thursday. This is *the* Catholic ball of the year, and of course always largely attended. The Alderman is a bachelor on the sunny side of forty, with a penchant for ladies society. He was introduced to a charming young lady, the wife of a rising young lawyer. Her sprightly manner and graceful dancing interested him so much that after the dance he continued to chat with her, and finally asked her to take a drive with him. The young lady saw by his manner that he had mistaken Mrs. for Miss upon being introduced to her and believed her to be unmarried. His mistake amused her and she determined to make the most of it. She consented with some alacrity. Now Mr. S. had not learned his manners on the sunny side of Murray Hill. He had risen to fame and wealth among the denizens of the down town portion of the East Side and thus in his behavior with young ladies was more direct than elegant. Instead of asking her to name a day when he might call at her house with his trap to take her out, he said "meet me at Second Avenue and Street day after to-morrow at two o'clock. I will write you to-morrow." The young lady consented, and on the way home told her husband about it. He entered into the spirit of the fun and with his wife determined to make the most of it.

The second morning after the ball came a letter from the Alderman asking Mrs. —— to meet him at the place designated at two o'clock that afternoon. Her husband put the letter in his pocket and accompanied by the lady's brother they sallied forth. It must be added that both were well acquainted with the Honorable gentleman. Sure enough on the corner he was, seated in a fine buggy to which were hitched a smart team of bays. "Hello Tom," said the husband, "what are you doing here? I bet that you have got an appointment with a lady." "Oh no," replied the ingenious Alderman. "I was simply driving through this street for a change, and happened to stop at the corner because I think a wheel is giving way." "Come out and take a drink with us." "No, thank you." "Now, I'm sure that you are waiting for somebody," replied the husband. What could the other poor-fellow do but come out. At the bar the husband turned to his brother-in-law and said, "Charlie, I'm sure the Alderman is waiting for a lady. I'll bet you a hundred dollars that he is." "I have too much confidence in the Alderman's word," was the wily young man's reply "so I shall have to take that bet. You will take half that bet Alderman, wont you?" To prove his sincerity the Alderman said he would. Then, when the money was up, the husband said, "please hand me over that money, I think I have won the bet. Do you know this letter?" "How did you get that?" asked the Alderman rather discomfited. "My wife gave it to me." "Was that your wife." "My dear fellow, I beg your pardon, but I give you my word of honor that I thought she was a Miss. There was nothing wrong I assure you." "I know that," replied the husband, "but I can't help thinking," he added with a laugh, "that for once you made a fool of yourself." "I know it, but for heaven's sake don't say a word about it. I should never hear the end of it once the City Hall people hear of it." "You may depend upon our silence," was the reply. Notwithstanding this promise, the next morning every acquaintance of the City Father—and he has hundreds of them—met him with a "Good morning, Alderman, will you take a drive this afternoon?" As a result, it is said that the Alderman can stand this wet, cold climate no longer and proposes to go to Florida for a month to strengthen his lungs.

There is a movement in the annexed district to add a new ward to the city, by taking in that portion of Westchester County which lays on Long Island Sound, this side of New Rochelle. Should this be done a couple of charming waterside parks could be laid out. There are several beautiful sites with a water front in this region which, once they were fully known could be transformed into charming summer resorts. The neglected land above Port Morris would then become exceedingly valuable. There is no doubt but that before many years the City of New York will be extended to the Connecticut line, including New Rochelle and the towns beyond, and at a still later period Yonkers and the region above will eventually have to be swallowed up by the great metropolis.

For the Irving Literary Gazette.

A GIRL HEARD FROM.

Who walks the streets, and struts around
With brains much less than half-a-pound,
Who smiles and bows, but never frown'd?
The masher.

Who twirls his cane, and bangs his hair,
Who puffs his smoke with killing air,
Who paralyzes with his stare?
The masher.

Who winks his eyes to gain a smile,
Who nods, and turns his head the while,
Who chews tobacco, O! so vile?
The masher.

Who looks as though he own'd the town,
Who wears an ulster like a gown,
Whose wondrous brow ne'er has a frown?
The masher.

Who loads himself with cheap cologne,
Whose mind's like mother Hubbard's bone,
Who thinks of self when quite alone?
The masher.

Who to the lamp-post often clings,
And like the tom-cat's carrols, sings,
Who never hides his brassy rings?
The masher.

Who would us college girls annoy,
Who'd make us think he is a toy,
Who likes the term, "a naughty boy"?
The masher,

Who always hast'ly says "ta ta,"
Whene'er he set his gaze on pa,
Who always tries to please mama?
The masher.

Who holds your hand, when he would start,
And tells you, "you are very smart,"
And that "you, only, own'd his heart?"
The masher,

THE

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LINTHICUM & GWYNN, - - EDITORS.

WESTMINSTER, MD., FEB., 1883.

Science is the all absorbing question of the day. Natural phenomena is agitating the minds of thousands. The questions are profound, and some of them take time—aye ages—to decide their significance, and to arrive at definite conclusions concerning their answers. Formerly, Science was denounced by almost the entire world as something calculated to spread evil—in short the devil's work-shop, but now minds have investigated, and consequently, opinions have altered, since investigation always leads from ignorance to wisdom. We still bear in mind that wise (?) few who still cling to opinions long since discarded, but so insignificant a factor are they, and so uninfluential their adherents that as they leave this world of action, so die their sacred beliefs, and ere many decades shall have faded into the shadow of the past, their most cherished sentiments, almost forgotten, will be recalled only for the sake of ridicule; and after ridicule has ceased his smiles, to what place in the records of ages will the names of the disputers of the benefit of Science be assigned? A true scientific spirit is one of investigation, of incessant toil, of constant application, of undivided attention, for, minute calculations, and experiments unceasingly must be made in order to arrive at definite conclusions. But those who oppose it cast experiments to the winds, and affirm, "we don't need any of your experimental analysis to teach *us* common-sense, *we* have that already, then away with your nonsensical scientific trash!

"Tell us common-sense and we'll listen." How wise! Experiments teach nothing, *their* common-sense everything! But most all are now agreed that Science is common-sense, so that *their* common-sense doctrines must be *non* common-sense. What a struggle Science has had to obtain its present standing! Whether or not, it is contrary to religious doctrines we leave to sound judgment.

We all can see, and plainly too, its importance—it pertains to almost every useful occupation in life; then why should not more attention be given to it than the time allotted by most of our colleges permits? Why not lay aside some of the Latin and Greek discipline, and let us turn our attention to something useful in every avenue of life—Science? But, it is said, strike a happy medium by giving equal time to each—instruct in one as much as in the other. We answer, will a Latin and Greek education fit one to battle with life to as great an extent as a scientifical one? If not, then adapt the instruction in each in accordance to the real benefit exerted by each. If a pedantic display is desired, study, by all means, the dead languages. Again it is contended that ancient languages discipline the mind. We admit it; but the question, the all important question, is, do they discipline the mind to a greater degree than scientific investigation? We think not, for it takes a greater command of mind force to solve the complicated problems of Science than to inquire into the dead languages. Then give Science its due; divide the time allotted to each day's work so that that subject which tends most to instruct the mind, and which, in connection with its influence upon the mind, will prove the most advantagious throughout life. This is an age of fact, not of fancy. New ideas are every day brought into existence, and old ones cast into oblivion.

Science has made wonderful strides, and still continues to make them. It only claims a proportional share of attention; but the tendency in most schools—scientific schools being excepted—is to render the opportunity for scientific investigation as little as possible, not to be too glaring, since it might be dangerous to the youthful mind, causing it to adhere to all sorts of whimsical doctrines.

Science, properly, treats of one and the same subject throughout, namely, matter; but there may be several branches of it according to the kind of matter investigated, its position, etc. What has been most instrumental in bringing about discoveries and inventions? Was it not Science—a longing to search into the real, and not to ponder over the ideal? In short, does not almost every benefit to man accrue to him by searching out the laws of nature, by determining their proper significance, and not by conning the works of the various Latin and Greek authors? We do not advocate the entire abolition of teaching the Ancient languages; but we do think that much of the time devoted to it by our colleges, could be much better employed in pursuing scientifical studies.

We observe that superstitions have prevailed down through the ages even to the present time, and their effects have been recorded in the pages of history through the succeeding generations. Whether these superstitions had a beneficial effect or not, in the countries in which they occurred, is not left for one person to decide. I dare say they were advantageous under certain circumstances and disadvantageous under others; and beneficial to some persons and injurious to others. They may tend to arouse a religious spirit in some people, and cause others to grow negligent in their religious duties and lead them astray, as it were, from the path of rectitude.

When a nation has been submerged in the depths of iniquity and anarchy, and is not inclined to rise from her fallen condition; then superstitions creeping in through the prostrate doors, might be an assistance towards revolutionizing the down-cast condition of affairs and opening the eyes of the people to their former actions and to their ruin. When new forms of superstition were introduced into the Roman Empire by the Greeks, and had begun to increase very rapidly, they were opposed by the leading men of the country; for they saw the injury they were bringing upon that prosperous nation, and which were tending to cause her down-fall. These superstitions, in a measure, caused the people to become effeminate and less inclined to wield the sword in behalf of their country. They would have been, as can clearly be seen, injurious to that country; for it was these long and successful wars which extended the influence of Rome abroad, and caused her name to be admired and respected throughout the world. We, moreover, notice that the age of the greatest superstition was coincident with the age of ignorance and degradation; and that as these superstitions were gradually passing away advancement was made in the field of literature, inventions, and scientific investigations.

The superstitions of the present day are not very numerous, and are confined to certain countries; consequently, this is a rapidly progressing age, or the age of advancement. The countries in which superstition still remain are far below the rest of the world in civilization and refinement. Ireland is hemmed in, to a certain extent, by the superstitions which are there prevalent. The Emerald Isle is oppressed in various ways; but one of the great causes of her down-fallen and delapidated condition, is the effect of superstitions. It is only when a native of the Emerald Isle casts off such burdensome shackles and relieves himself from these superstitions, that he becomes notorious and has his name ranked among those of the learned men of this enlighteded age. For a similar reason the unfortunate Chinese and other heathens are chained down in the depths of ignorance, and have their eyes closed to the great researches and investigations which are daily taking place. Superstitions form the great clouds, as it seems, which overshadow and render dormant the entire Empire. The superstitions prevailing in our country, are but few, and very limited in their nature. To this is due the great progress that our country has made in every respect since she gained her glorious independence. What great happiness do we enjoy by living in this land of prosperity, which is free from this great drawback to literature and every branch of knowledge. This nation can look with sympathy upon those which are still weighed down by these deleterious superstitions and collapsed in the darkness of this enlightened age.

Hymeneal.

Miss Bettie R. Braly, of Hagerstown, was married on Wednesday, January 24th, to Mr. Charles F. Willis, of Denton, Md. Miss Braly was a graduate of this College in 1881; and although she was here as a student only one year, she became the general favorite of all. She was a lady of high intellect and worthy of the many honors confered upon her while at College. When the married couple passed through Westminster on their way to Denton, many friends of Miss Braly were at the depot to congratulate her. A grand reception awaited their arrival at Denton, at which were present many friends and relations of Mr. Willis. May their path be strewn with roses and their future be crowned with laurels of continual happiness.

The Editors extend their thanks to Mr. H. G. Cowan, for the invitation presented to them to attend the course of lectures held at the Seminary.

College News.

The quarterly exercises of the Third Section of the Senior Class occurred on Friday afternoon, Feb. 16th, and were opened with a piano solo, by Miss Katie Roe; after which Mr. S. C. Ohrum delivered the first oration, the subject of which was "Protection." Miss V. Smiley, the first essayist, read an essay on "Female Education." The second essay was read by Miss Swarbrick, subject, "Decision." Misses Mollie Stevens and Julia Newman then favored the audience with a vocal duet, well rendered. Miss C. W. Yingling read the last essay of the afternoon, subject, "Florence Nightingale," and Mr. L. C. Wainwright, the last orator, delivered an oration upon "Man, what is he?" The exercises were closed with an instrumental duet, performed by Misses Minnie Stevens and Jennie Wilson.

A new club has been formed at the School of Theology, known as the Theological Mutual Improvement Club. Its object is the improvement of its members in impromptu speaking. It meets informally, without rules or officers, the topics for consideration being selected by those present. The iniatory steps were taken on February 9th, and the first regular meeting was held the following night in the lecture room, attended by five, when the question, "Which is preferable, the itinerant or the congregational system of the ministry?" was discussed, and the weight of argument was in favor of the itinerancy.

The Webster Literary Society elected officers as follows: President, H. G. Cowan; Vice-President, E. T. Mowbray; Recording Secretary, F. H. Whitaker; Corresponding Secretary, F. D. Miller; Critic, S. C. Ohrum; Librarian, Theo. Harrison; Chaplain, F. T. Benson; Treasurer, J. L. Lawlis; Auditorial Committee, B. W. Kindley, J. W. Kirk, F. E. Stevens.

The College Young Men's Christian Association recently elected the following officers for the present official term: President, J. W. Kirk; Vice-President, H. G. Cowan; Recording Secretary, G. F. Landers; Treasurer, F. H. Whitaker.

Mr. H. L. Wright, of Santos, Brazil, an ex-active member of the Society, recently sent a box of valuable curiosities from Brazil as an addition to the museum of the Society.

The officers of the Sophomore Class are: President, F. Mc. Brown; Historian, J. H. Cunningham; Secretary, T. L. Price; Treasurer, T. J. Shreeve.

THE YOUNGEST IN THE WORLD.—Rev. George S. Fullerton, a graduate of Yale Thelogical School, has been appointed vice provost of the University of Pennsylvania, vice Dr. Krauth, deceased. He is probably the youngest vice provost in the world, being but twenty-three years old.

For the Irving Literary Gazette.

Earliest Discovery of the Western Continent.

Justly does the honor of the discovery of the New World, as far as advantage of the fortune was taken, whereby colonies were sent out to take possession of the goodly acquisition, accrue to the Genoes-navigator, Cristofero Colombo, who, have ing engaged in the service of the Castilian sovereigns, was dispatched to discover a route to the Indies by a passage westward. Yet he was not the first to visit the unknown land. He was anticipated by the Norsemen, whose voyages to the Western Continent antidates his by five centuries. These were a race of hardy and adventurous men, inhabiting the coasts of Norway and the borders of the Baltic.

The countries bordering these shores being less fertile than those of more southern regions, and the climate more rigorous, yet, at the same time, afforded excellent opportunities for maritime enterprise, so that the inhabitants, little engaged with geoponics, betook themselves to the sea, where, by piracy, they were enabled to obtain from foreign vessels the rich productions of their respective countries, which their own did not supply. Educated seamen, they sought their fortunes upon the ocean wave, oftentimes their sole paternal portion having been a ship with equipments.

Thus they became, naturally, intrepid, and inured to making hazardous expeditions replete with adventure While on their piratical excursions they discovered new lands, and frequently established settlements. As early as the seventh century some removed to Albion, and in the ninth others organized colonies in Iceland. There was a certain outlaw, who, compelled to flee from Norway, sailed to Iceland, and banished thence again took ship, and having sailed westward descried a land, which he denominated Greenland, saying that, if the land had a good name, others would be induced to go thither, which, in fact, did occur, and settlements were made on the southern shore. However, they seemed, for a while, satisfied, and did not go further west, but the following year a ship passing from Iceland to Greenland was driven from its course, and sailing westward soon arrived in sight of land. The commander, having perceived that it was not Greenland, would not allow his men to disembark, so that it was left for a more daring man to land upon the Western Continent. In 994 the son of him who, banished from his country, discovered Greenland, purchased a ship and determined to set out upon a voyage of discovery.

The name of this bold seaman was Leif Erickson. Having gathered a crew of men desirous of discovery, he set sail and soon arrived in sight of a land which he called *Hellu*land because of the numerous flat stones he observed. This is considered Newfoundland. Again he sailed, and in a few days saw land, which he called Markland, because of the wood he found there. Sailing southward he soon discovered a land where grass grew, and the dew which fell upon it was sweet to the taste. There he remained during the winter. Once after his arrival one of his men discovered great quantities of grapes, which surprised them a great deal. Leif laded his ship with them and transported them to Iceland. On account of the great quantities of this fruit which he there found, he named the region Vinland. After he had returned home, Thorfinn Karlsnefne, a man of noble family, and who had married a lady of Iceland, sailed to the new land and remained three years. While there a son was born to him, who was the first child of European blood born on the American Continent.

It has been said that the first child born on the American Continent, of European parents, was named Virginia Dare, which, if it be ignored that the Norsemen first discovered that land, is true, since in reality she was the first, after the discovery of America by Colombo, born under those peculiar circumstances. However the Norsemen merit, and should have what is due them. True it is that they, engaging in hazardous maratime enterprises, sailed about without any definite purpose, and chanced to fall in with the great land, yet the Genoese did nothing more, for, although he had a definite design, he by chance discovered a land which was an obstruction to the fulfilment of his intent. Records of these voyages have been preserved, and, from the accuracy of descriptions contained, are evidently authentic. Therefore, that the honor of first discovery is due the Norsemen is indisputable, but, that as great, and, perhaps, even greater honor, rests upon Colombo, and attaches to his name, is equally true. For, while they were satisfied with mere knowledge of the existence of such a land, he, after he had obtained that knowledge, availed himself of its advantages. Tney made only a discovery; he, by inducing colonies to immigrate thither, and, under direction of his sovereign, instituting the government of a province, made applications of the newly-discovered truth in such a manner as that, his desire for fame was consummated not only, but also Spain derived thence a source of great revenue, and all things redounded to the mutual emolument of the Castilian sovereign and himself. C.

For the Irving Literary Gazette.

History.

"History," some one has said, "is philosophy teaching by example." Unhappily, however, this maxim does not retain its strength, for as philosophy gains in solidity and depth, examples lose in vividiness. As a rule, though subject to the usual exceptions and modifications, History has its birth in the Novel and its growth in the Essay. This may be easily seen by following up the line of connecting links between Herodotus and our own polished masters of style, Hume and Macauley. The Father of History gives us his productions in the form of a romantic narrative, and although his style of diction was far from faultless, yet it was written as it was most natural that he should write.

He lived in a time when books were few, and prose compositions just beginning to appear; when nothing but the fine arts had reached the highest perfection, and even public transactions were recorded in verse; it was certainly allowable that the first historian should indulge in the license of his predecessors—the bards.

This cannot be said of his immediate successors, as they only aped his purity and sweetness of expression, and their faults are even greater than his, in as much as they have not made the same progress in the science of literature as has the nation, and some portions of their works, it is generally acknowledged, are purely fictitious.

But then, no history can be absolutely or perfectly true, because, *all* the slightest incidents of trivial transactions would have to be recorded and the omission of the smallest particular would cause a defect. Moreover it would have to be the work of imagination that could make the narrative "affecting and picturesque;" it would have to be the fruit of deep and ingenious reasoning; and the facts would have to be cast as they occur and not as would produce the best effect. Hence it is not remarkable that no class of writers has ever overcome difficulties so numerous and so diverse.

Writers of modern times have greatly surpassed those of antiquity; and historians of our own country have reasoned with more facility than those of the Middle Ages.

"The young man of eighteen" is a representative of the class for whom history is written at the present day; so it should not be made to disport in "a wilderness of anecdotes, manners and customs, furniture and fashions," but should connect domestic matters with the course of public events and the political conditions of the various classes of society. It should not deal so exclusively with public events as only to chronicle the acts of rulers and statesmen, but their history should be read "in a nation's eyes." When there is prosperous industry and fireside comforts, then, it may be assumed there is good government. When homes are wretched and labor is oppressed, then however powerful may be authority, however triumphant the arms, "there is something rotten in the State."

The young man of eighteen wants to learn, in connection with a faithful narrative of public affairs, his own history—how he has grown out of despotism, and wrong, and slavery, into constitutional liberty and the position of the greatest estate of the globe. He wants to know how the course of events, the principles of government, and the progress of our own social institutions have effected his condition.

He wants to know how the discovries of science and the refinements of literature and art have raised him in the social scale. He wants to know how the great work of the elevation of industry has progressed from age to age in past times, and from year to year in our own times. He wants to know the history of his home and his own State.

Pro Gazetta Literia Scripta.

Ciceronis Moderni Oratio qua Collegii Puellas Exponit.

How long, oh girls, will you abuse our patience? How long will that cunning of yours elude us? To what end will that insuperable artfulness of yours carry itself? Does not the nightly rear-guard from the College Hill, nor the rigid rules, nor the fear of reprimand, nor the assembly of the young men, nor this excellently built College for holding the students, nor the frowns and austerity of the Faculty, move you? Do you not behold your artifice denuded? Do you not see that your violation of No. 11 is known by all? Of what you do every Sunday night, how you return from church, how you "talk to the boys," how you break ranks, whom of us do you consider ignorant? O, the College! O, the girls! The Faculty perceives these things, and yet you care not. Care? Nay, indeed, you even go in to Chapel, you are participants in the exercises, you even giggle and talk during prayers. The boys, even, are very fortunate if they escape with your comments. Long since, O girls, you ought to have been reprimanded for your excessive indifference to regulations. Long since ought you to have met your condign punishment. Once there was a time when girls observed order, now—reckless, reckless are they.

She went into a shop to buy some toilet soap, and while the shopman was expatiating upon its merits she about made up her mind to purchase, but when he said it would keep off *chaps*, she said she didn't want that kind. We think she didn't want it either.

Exercise for the Eyes.

BY DR. W. A. ALCOTT.

It has been very generally supposed, that in order to strengthen the eye, above all, if debilitated or diseased, it must be little used. From this mistaken view have arisen a thousand errors. To it in no small degree, we owe the mighty deluge of spectacles of all sorts, of which we have already loudly complained; together with a host of mechanical contrivances for favoring weak eyes, or improving those already strong. To it, moreover, we owe in no small degree much of that superficialty in learning which is so common among us now-a-days. Many a student seems to regard spectacles as a sort of substitute for thought and solid knowledge.

Now we are of those who believe that if if no person in the world would use any sort of spectacles or glasses for a thousand years to come, the eyesight of the race then on earth would be far better than it is likely to be, as things are now going on. This is not saying that spectacles may not in some instances, be advantageously used, but only at the extreme to which we have alluded, would be far more tolerable than that which now exists. Nine in ten, perhaps ninety-nine in a hundred, who use glasses are injured by them most unquestionably. The grand point, after all, in the work of improving the eye—just as it is in the work of improving any other organ—is to give it a proper amount of healthful exercise. In one word, it must be used.

Exercise of the eye, to be useful, must be varied. We must not read always, nor always refrain from reading. We must not always read the coarsest print, nor must we go to the other and worse extreme, that of always using small print. We must not use a strong light always; nor must we resolve not to use a strong light at all. We must not read too much by artificial lights, nor need we refuse to use a lamp or candle in any circumstance. We should not read much when the mind or the body is in a state of considerable fatigue; nor need we go to the other extreme, of never reading at all in such circumstances. The course which science, experience and observation would seem to point out is the following: Keep the eyes cool; use them much, generally in a full, strong light, and in the open air; but at any rate use them. Accustom them, on occasions, to almost every degree of light, every kind of artificial arrangement; taking care however, especially in reading small or bad type, and in using a light badly constructed or in a bad position, not to go so far as to induce fatigue. We believe that with these latter cautions the eye will always improve by use; and that, on the contrary, the more it is favored and indulged—babied, as it were—the worse will be its condition. We believe that thousands tend or baby their eyes into chronic or deep-seated disease, when constant and varied exercise, and a due attention to light, air and water, would have rendered them as strong as our own. We have no more use for spectacles now than we had at twenty years of age, nor do we mean to use any for twenty years to come. And yet we read with impunity—for a little while at once—in all sorts of light, and have done so for about fifteen years. And yet, according to common appearances, no man had a worse prospect before him, so far as eyesight was concerned, fifteen or twenty years ago, than ourselves, and though we could not lay too much stress on the experience of one individual, we must be permitted to believe that it is worth something.

When Chinese sailors are short of food they salt their *junk* and eat it.

A Synopsis of the Lecture Delivered Before the Senior Class of W. Md. College, on February 1st, by Prof. W. H. Zimmerman.

The introductory lecture of the series proposed to be given on Science during the present session, to the Senior Class, was delivered in the Lecture-Room of the Scientific Department, on Thursday afternoon, February 1st, at 2 o'clock, P. M.—the hour and day of the week appointed for each subsequent lecture of the course.

In this introductory, which consumed one hour and four minutes in its delivery, the Professor endeavored to set forth his views on science-teaching as a culture demanded by modern life. He distinguished between the usual scholastic system and the modern method of the "New Education," and he pressed his opposition with some degree of earnestness against the too finely-grinding, text-book process, which serves to increase, rather than check authority, and to foster a pride which, though thoroughly characteristic and very pedantic, is not necessarily scholarly, and but feebly, if at all, scientific. He expressed the conviction that the schools, by their artificially learned superficiality, have educated many of us too far away from the simple method of nature, and that to begin the study of Science properly we shall have to begin again as little children; that, to get ourselves in this condition, much that has been learned will have to be *unlearned* and forgotten, and only in proportion to our success in this unlearning and forgetting process, will we be able to get back and begin anew where we left off, and when, as if to stop our growth in material knowledge, we were sent to school.

God's grand old book of mountains, hills, valleys, rivers; of golden shunshine, crystal showers, breathing winds; of woodland songsters, humming bees, busy insects; of opening flowers, spreading trees, inviting fruits; and of life in all its varied aspects and rollicking freshness abounding on, and moving over the earth smiled on by suns and moons, planets and nebula, and visited by flaming comets from out the depths of space-messengers of God's distant will to buoyant youth and sturdy age familiar with the material etiquette in Nature's fraternal greetings—all these grand realities have become quite too much symbolized in the word; and the text-book has too authoritatively enjoined the study of the symbol rather than the thing symbolized—an analysis of the concept rather than that of the complex body conceived.

Horace Mann once said, "The German teachers have found out that each child has five senses, and they teach the senses." So, too, said the Professor, we are all beginning to find out that all Science begins with simple facts—facts so simple that little children learn them with delight when they find them in their natural child-like way; but the very moment the artificial method of the schools is substituted for the natural—the text-book, by which men have too much supplanted nature's volume, for the alphabetic significance of *its* variously lettered pages—the child, aye, the big child, begins at once to discover his uneasiness in such new-fangled entanglement, and, finding himself unable to extend his *now* repressed energies in a normal way, he suffers his yearning nature to leak out in tricks too cunning for the elastic birch, and in plans too subtle for the pedigogic diplomacy of him who

> ——if serene in aught
> The love he *bears* to LEARNING *is* in fault!

The history of scientific and industrial education in the United States and some of its telling results were briefly noticed by the Professor, but were so presented as to point a moral, the significance of which no one in this decade can disregard without loss. The value of such education, said he, is, perhaps, best estimated, at present, by the statistic returns which furnish proofs, demonstrative beyond cavil, of the usefulness of this sort of culture for our youths of to-day. It can be shown that already many times the value of whole endowments have been returned to the country, by the knowledge which Science, cultivated under the fosterings of such endowments, is diffusing among the people. Knowledge, valuable knowledge, is taking the place of ignorant pretension, and fraud, with all its imposing deceptions, is everywhere being exposed to the indignant sense of outraged Justice.

A few years ago certain of our people were asked to invest in a Navada mine of great richness. Improperly trained geologists had certified to its value. But a few thinking capitalists had the good sense to secure the services of a young man, carefully educated in one of our Scientific Schools, to go and investigate the mine. He discovered the trick that some rich Sulphurets had been ingeniously placed there at a cost of perhaps $100,000. His report exploded the fraud, and nearly $1,000,000 was saved—more than enough to endow Western Maryland College in all her chairs, or establish along side of her, on this hill, a Scientific School second to few, if any, in the world.

Not long since, a few wealthy gentlemen determined to invest a few hundred thousand dollars in working certain iron mines in one of our neighboring states. But just before arrangments were made, a student of a prominent Scientific School was sent to make an examination. He found that the veins contained titanium, and that the entire investment, should it be made, would be lost. His fee was $250, and he prevented a loss of over $400,000.

Can you not call to mind, said the Professor, serious losses which some people in your own neighborhoods, aye in this one, have had to sustain on account of the ignorance of pretenders—pedants from schools unable to qualify them for so noble a work as that which economizes the strength, means, and even lives of our valued people?

To attempt to particularize, here, the many points of the lecture touching institutional needs involving public interests, would make our notice, already long, too extended for our purpose, and we pass to present rather literally a portion of its conclusion in which the Professor dwelt upon the necssities of our own college—especially such as are now felt in the absence of those appliances which are so necessary, in order to make the study of natural science, even to a modest extent, a practial success, as well as a means of disciplinary training and entertainment—namely, appliances for experiment.

But, he asks with Mr. Page, is the efficiency of instruction in the natural sciences to be estimated by the amount of costly apparatus kept on show, in glass cases, labelled "hands off," or, by its rude pine tables and crude apparatus bearing the *honest* scars, scratches, and other marks of profitable use?

Why, then, should these fundamental studies, these beautifully experimental sciences, be left in the condition of "a mere cram subject." Many and many a school has invested in showy, but almost useless apparatus, for example, in trifling electric playthings,—a sum of money which would go far towards the establishment of a simple working labratory. But more, much more, depends upon the teacher than the cost of material. If he has the real scientific spirit, the *true vim* of the cloth, he will do a great deal with small appliances; but if his work in experimentation is perfunctorily done, or done in a manner merely to cover up his own deficiences, in an environment where—

> The bliss of others' ignorance makes his folly wondrous wise,
> And his most approved experiment, throwing dust in people's eyes.

Then the best equipment in the world will serve him but scantily. We cannot teach boys successfully to swim before entering the water, nor can we teach students science without putting them properly within its sphere, and directing them to extend their observations by an active use of their heavenly endowed powers. To this end, then, not the text-book so much, but apparatus, simple as it may or even can be, is that, and an all important that, with which to begin to read nature in its own language—the language of experiment. And this language, for its proper interpretation, makes it necessary that the student, as well as the teacher, as far as convenient, should learn the natural alphabet of this material literature, as much as possible, from devices of his own constructive talent ingeniously used in (his) original research.

It is just as important that the scholar should do experimental work in these sciences, in order properly to comprehend the subjects, as it is that he should himself work out examples in arithmetic, if he is to understand arithmetic, or write compositions, if he is to master English.

Time for both teacher and student here enters as a *sine qua non*—an element, upon the importance of which Dr. Tyndall, an experimenter *par excellance*, has some most fitting words which the Professor quoted as follows:

"The very time and thought spent in devising such simple instruments will give the teacher himself—(and the student as well)—a grasp and mastery of his subject which he could not otherwise obtain; but it ought to be known by the head masters of our schools that *time* is needed, not only for devising such instruments, but also for preparing the experiments to be made with them after they have been devised. No science teacher is fit to meet his class without this distinct and special preparation before every lesson. His experiments are part and parcel of his language, and they ought to be as strict in logic, and as free from stammering, as his spoken words. To make them so, may imply an expenditure of time, which few head masters now contemplate, but it is a necessary expenditure, and they will act wisely in making provision for it.

To them, moreover, in words of friendly warning, I would say, make room for science by your own healthy and spontaneous action, and do not wait until it is forced upon you by revolutionary pressure from without. The condition of things now existing, cannot continue. Its simplest statement suffices to call down upon it the condemnation of every thoughtful mind."

Our work here during this session, said the Professor, will necessarily be quite imperfect and irregular; but out of this very irregularity, it is believed, will issue an order that may invite a public attention this way, to that has hitherto not much interested it. It is our purpose, said he, to do what is now currently phrased, "establish a plant"—tender, it is true, but a plant that we know will require all the fostering our care can give it, to bring it to that maturity which will insure its fruiting for the coming markets of the world.

DEATH OF A YOUNG PHYSICIAN.—The many friends of Rev. S. V. Leech, for eighteen years past a member of the Baltimore annual conference of the M. E. Church, will read, with much sympathy, the announcement of the death of his eldest son, Dr. B. Towner Leech, a young physician of much promise. He died on Tuesday, January 23, at his father's residence, in Albany, N. Y. He was a graduate of the medical college in Baltimore city. Dr. Rusk being his preceptor. He had been established in a promising practice at Martinsburg, W. Va., for a year, when his frail constitution gave way to the exposure and hardships of a country practice during the fall and early winter.

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