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Select Poetry.

Landing Of The Pilgrim Fathers.

FROM MRS. HEMANS.

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches tossed ;
And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.
Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came ;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame ;
Not as the flying come,
In silence, and in fear ;
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.
Amid the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea,
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.
The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam ;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared ;
This was their welcome home.
There were men with hoary hair,
Amid that pilgrim band ;
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land ?
There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth ;
There was manhood's brow, serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.
What sought they thus afar ?
Bright jewels of the mine ?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war ?
They sought a faith's pure shrine !
Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod ;
They have left unstained what there they found !
Freedom to worship God.

For the Irving Literary Gazette.

A Sketch of the Life and Character of Mrs. Felicia Hemans, as Formed from Her Works.

"The beautiful is vanished and returns not." The life of a woman, I write, whose early death a nation mourned. The writings of a woman I narrate whose character, whose hopes, whose aspirations and whose sufferings breath forth their feelings in her poems, and makes every line redolent with sadness and with gloom. Her life, though short, was prolific of many productions. Her wonderful precocity for literary production cropped out in her earliest days, and matured in the sufferings of later years. Little can be said of her life, for it was one of almost entire seclusion, and devoted to her Muse, the God she worshipped. Only a few of her earlier poems were produced under her maiden name of Felicia Brown, when she met, and, unhappily for herself, married Captain Hemans, an officer in the service of the British government. This unfortunate alliance cast a gloom over her entire after-life. Being a man of rather loose qualities, of strong and ungovernable temper, and withal a great desire for social intercourse, he could little

brook the literary tastes and habits of his helpmate, and made discord accordingly. Being unable under these circumstances to pursue her studies in an appropriate manner, and being wedded irrevocably to her Muse, she was compelled to separate from the husband whom, although she devotedly loved, she could not endure. She felt as Byron writes :

"And is not love in vain
Torture enough without a living tomb?"

In this trying hour, as the religious devotee has recourse to his God, she flew to the embrace of her muse, and poured forth her soul in song. At last, bowed down by troubles, overwork and the harsh rebukes of the critics of her time, she succumbed to the fell destroyer and dropped asleep in the year of our Lord 1835, and with her carried a piece of the world which has never been replaced. "She is gone! Her step from the dance, her voice from the song and the smile of her eye from the festal throng. She hath left her dwelling love." The magazines of her native land, which had been wont to discern her productions in her lifetime, by the side of her dying couch, and with the death-damp on her brow and the heaven-light in her eye, gave at last to her her due, and with tears acknowledged that "Tis hard to lay into the earth a countenance so benign! A form that walked but yesterday so stately o'er the earth."

And in her own touching words I can only add to the critics of her times, in the manner of a judge pronouncing sentence—"And may God have mercy on your soul. Ye murderers of a fair woman's fame, ye've the blood of innocents upon your forehead and the brand of cowardice on your brow. Ye give to her her due only when death has set its seal upon her, and your praise can not avail."

"Ye weep, and it is well!
For tears befit earth's partings! Yesterday
Song was upon the lips of this pale clay,
And sunshine seemed to dwell
Where'er she moved—the welcome and the blest
Now gaze! and bear the silent unto rest."

"For her the past
Is sealed. She may not fall, she may not cast
Her birthright's hope away.
All is not here of our beloved and blest,
Leave ye the sleeper with her God to rest."

She herself has beautifully expressed her unfortunate love for her husband when she sighs—

"There was no music but his voice to hear,
No joy but such as with his step drew near;
Light was where he looked; life where he moved;
Silently, fervently, thus, thus I loved."

But with the sad result of having afterwards to write that only in the tomb can rest be found, and "She has left sorrow in her song a voice not loud but deep;" and she exclaimed, as her soul floated heavenward—

"Now peace the woman's heart hath found,
And joy the poet's eye."

Even the places that had once been disgraced by her husband's presence became no longer able to be endured by her, on account of the bitter memories it recalled, and she writes—

"Yes, it is haunted, this quiet scene,
Fair as it looks and all softly green;
Yet fear not thou, for the spell is thrown,
And the might of the shadow, on me alone."

But with calm and patient resignation she

tries to do her duty as far as her power extends, and, devoting herself to the righteous training of her children, she breathes out in self resignation to her destiny—

"There's beauty all around our paths, if but our watchful eyes
Can trace it midst familiar things and through their lowly guise."

And then, after relating in beautiful and touching verse, that sorrow also is there, and commingling with life's beauty, and saying that we should not let our hearts yield to these discouraging things, she ends one of her most beautiful poems by the following—

"Should not the knowledge calm our hearts, and bid vain conflicts cease?
Ay, when they commune with themselves in holy hours of peace,
And feel that by the light and clouds through which our pathway lies,
By the beauty and the grief alike, we are training for the skies."

And as she sat in front of the picture of her husband she would sadly murmur, in the words of Cowper, "Oh, that those lips had language! Life hath passed with me but roughly since I saw thee last," and sadly take up her burden of life again, while the same sad strain courses through her brain—

"We must sow though others may reap,
Though the harvest be tares, not wheat."

And in this sad period she devotes herself more assiduously than ever to her pursuits, and reads with great fervor and assiduity the former history of the world, and especially of her native island; and while perusing the history and stories of those former times and periods she became thrilled by the story of the persecutions and trials of our forefathers, the Puritans, and their heroic self-denial when they left the inhospitable shores of England for the barren and unknown world, to found an asylum where every man might worship God according to the dictates of his conscience. And so thrilled was she by this noble deed of death and daring, and so imbued with the spirit and fire of liberty, that immediately there emanated from her fertile brain a glorious production, which should enshrine her in every American heart and make every American tongue call her "blessed." We can picture in our imagination the dread and forbidding scene. 'Tis winter's dreary period, and the snows and chill north blasts of bleak New England greet the storm-tossed Mayflower as she heaves in sight of the "Promised Land." We can see the stern countenances of those grim Pilgrim Fathers shudder as they look upon this forbidding sight. We can behold the hoary-headed patriot sadly shake his weatherbeaten locks as he murmurs "It is well." It requires no vivid mind to picture to our sight the timid yet resolute mother, as, with quivering lip yet steadfast eye, she presses her child to her bosom and thinks for one moment of the old home. And as they stand in the gray dawn of that December morning, many an eye is cast backwards o'er that watery waste toward the land they've left forever, and many a heart beats quicker as they think of those loved ones whom they never more shall greet this side the dark Valley of the Shadow of Death. There was enough to cow the stoutest heart and make the strongest spirit quail, as

"The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed.

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came,
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea,
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
With the anthems of the free."

Glorious, indeed, and noble, too, for that patriot band to battle the hardships of an unknown land rather than endure the religious misery of the life at home.

"Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod :
They have left unstained what there they found!
Freedom to worship God."

The scroll of that day is rolled together. Their work is done; peace to the memories of the Fathers! Green be the grasses where sleep the warriors, patriots and sages! Calm be the resting-place of all the brave and true! Gentle be the summer rains on famous fields where armies met in battle! Forgotten be the animosities and heart-burnings of that strife for independence! They have achieved their object, and sacred be the trusts committed to our care and bright the visions of the coming ages!

This picture she has drawn should show us of what difficulty and trouble it was to found this noble country, and should implant in our hearts a nobler patriotism—a patriotism that rises above all places and sections; that knows no county, no state, no North, no South, but only native land; that claims no mountain slope; that clings to no river bank; that worships no range of hills, but lifts the aspiring eye to a continent redeemed from barbarism by common sacrifices, and made sacred by the shedding of kindred blood. Such a patriotism is the cable and sheet-anchor of our hope. Such is the lesson to be drawn from Mrs. Hemans's "Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers," as it appears to the mind of the writer of this short article. Shortly after the writing of this poem, her health failing still more, she took a trip to Scotland, thence to Ireland, back again to England, and once more to the "Land of the Leal." But her weary spirit was fluttering, like some captive dove, to be free, to fly away and be at rest. For Shelly's words were especially applicable to her, "She learnt in suffering what she taught in song." And perceiving the end of her life drawing near, she wrote upon her death-bed "a parting song," and expired; and the words of that parting song form an appropriate ending to this article, and with the following we bid you, kind reader, adieu.

"Thus let my memory be with you, friends!
Thus ever think of me!
Kindly and gently, but as of one
For whom 'tis well to be fled and gone;
As of a bird from a chain unbound,
As of a wanderer whose home is found—
So let it be."

BELLS.

Quarterly Oration delivered in the College Chapel on Friday, February 13th, by J. W. Moore.

The history of the bell is a romance. Its career, surrounded as it is by the hallowed associations of the past and present, seems to resound in the very clang of its clapper, as in its slow periodic swings it tolls the message of a departed soul, a broken heart, and lacerated affections, or in its quick vibrations it sends out its merry song, sounding and resounding, echoing and re-echoing from the hillsides, to call each penitent soul to the worship of its Maker at the matins and the vespers, or to carry joy and gladness to the heart of the new-made bride as she gazes tremblingly into the face of her husband, at whose feet she has trustingly cast her tenderest affection, her dearest hopes, her cherished happiness, her fortune—her all. Its history has been interwoven with that of nations for centuries long gone by. By its ring have scenes of war, plunder and murder been inaugurated. By its chime from the church-steeple for nearly two decades has the sinner been guided to the place of worship, as a haven of rest, where he might the most propitiously pray to his Maker for the forgiveness of his sins.

Being thus associated with the ancient ritual of the church the bell was endowed with a sacred character, received a baptism, had sponsors as if human, was sprinkled with water, anointed, and finally covered with the white cloth, like an infant. Nearly always there was an inscription placed upon it, indicative of the belief in the mysterious virtue of its sound to disperse storm and pestilence, rout enemies, put out fires, etc. The mittage or twelve o'clock bell, taken down during the French Revolution, had the motto,

"Vox ego sum vitæ,
Voco vos—orate—venite."

Another common inscription was:

Funeris plango, Fulgura frango, Sabbata pango,
Excito lentos, Dissipo venitos, Peco cruentos.

In London, the bell of the old St. Paul's church was rung in the midst of tempests to allay the gale. This is also the bell that Washington Irving referred to when he spoke of the fancy of the people that when it rang, it turned all the beer sour in the neighborhood; which characteristic in an American bell would be sufficient to still its voice forever. What was known as the "passing bell" grew out of the belief that "devils troubled the expiring patient, and lay in wait to afflict the soul the moment, when it escaped from the body." This custom was discontinued about the 18th century and the bell was rung after the death. Not only in the history of the church has the bell from an important factor, but it has also figured prominently in the State. Many a bloody chapter has been rang in and run out by it. Every reader of history has indelibly impressed on his mind the memorable Easter of 1282, when at the ringing of the Sicilian vespers 8,000 French weltered in their blood, whose ruddy stain should blot from the pages history the name of John of Procida; or St. Bartholomew's Day of 1571 so fatal to the Huguenots of France, when nearly 100,000 perished. The bells that tolled for Nelson's grand triumph and mournful death at Trafalgar have not been forgotten by the pen of the English poet and historian. But why should I ask you to weary your eye-sight gazing far back in the past at scenes which time has rendered dim, and age molded?

"There was a tumult in the city
In the quaint old Quaker town."

Inside the old State-house sat the "Continental Congress" debating the adoption of

the "Declaration of the Independence," while on every side swelled, roared, and surged the people anxious for the decision, which was to determine their liberty and our liberty, or their subjection and our subjection.

"Far aloft in that high steeple
Sat the bellman old and gray."

While he had placed his little son at the door to give the signal for ringing. We can picture to ourselves the scene, as the little fellow awaits amid that dense crowd, to be the first to herald the news, the music of which is still pleasant to our ears. Suddenly the crowd breaks, the signal is given, and the old man strikes the bell.

"How they shouted! What rejoicing!
How the old bell shook the air,
Till the clang of freedom ruffled
The calmly gliding Delaware."

And what a memento has the poet left to the old bell and bell-man, as he concluded:

"That old State-House bell is silent,
Hushed now its clamorous tongue;
But the spirit it awakened
Still is living—ever young;
And when we greet the smiling sunlight
On the fourth of each July,
We will ne'er forget the bell-man,
Who, betwixt the earth and sky,
Rung out loudly 'Independence'
Which, please God, shall never die."

The notes of that old "Liberty Bell" have gone on echoing in loyal ears for over a century, and to-day the "Independence," bourne on the bosom of its vibrations, is as musical to our ears as those of '76. In every village and hamlet is its voice still familiar; and its ever-living intonations have gone on cheering every patriotic principal in the heart of the high as well as the low, the rich as well as the poor, the "patrician" as well as the "plebian." With what a super-natural reverence and rising superstition did the people of Philadelphia lately witness the beginning of its journey to the New Orleans Exposition! As the old bell was being hoisted into the special car, the dense crowd, as it were by common impulse, solemnly sang "Should auld acquaintance be forgot," interspersed with round after round of cheers; and as the car moved slowly out of the depot the band played "Dixie Land." All along the route thousands of people gathered to see the old relic, which was associated with the grandest and noblest scene enacted in the drama of our nation's past. I wonder how many their were that read the account of that departure that did not secretly wish the old bell had been left where it was! What heart here would not be torn and rent at the sight of some old man, being separated from the scenes of his childhood, which the long-vanished presence of a father and mother, brother and sister, had rendered holy and sacred! With just such a shock to my accustomed reverence, do I look upon the decree of the Philadelphia City Council that gave the power to impious hands to touch the hallowed sacredness of our old bell, and remove it from its familiar surroundings, where it first gave forth its cherished voice, which touched the chords of patriotism in many a discouraged heart, and brought forth a song of encouragement; when for over a century it has remained and witnessed the growth of the nation for which it first rang out the watchword, "Independence." Such an adorations, such a reverence should cause no man's forehead to redden with a blush of shame, or feeling of disgrace.

What American, be he Democrat or Republican, will ever forget the night of September the 19th, 1881? The whole nation had sat in eager vigil at the bedside of its dying chief at Elberon for two long months. A gloom had settled over all the land. Telegraph and newspaper offices were beset by a throng of mourning people, awaiting to catch the slightest news from their leader. As the wires transmitted the encouraging or discouraging news, their was a corresponding joy or sorrow to the hearts

of fifty millions of men, women and children. Thus with clouds of uncertainty brooding over the result of that fatal shot of July 2d, did time go on. Who that was in the city does not remember that memorable night in Autumn, when suddenly in the stillness of mid-night the long mournful stroke of the bell began to break on the air? As this sad cadence awoke the sleeping populace, every ear that heard that sound seemed to hear its echo "Garfield is dead." And when the hero was laid to rest the bells tolled his regretted departure, while a weeping nation followed as mourners.

The college bell has perhaps figured more prominently in our lives, as students, than any other. Some of us for two, three, and four years have listened to its familiar sound, as issuing from the confines of the cupola above our heads, it broke upon the air to summons us to our respective duties. But it too, in a small way carries joy and sorrow in its vibrations. What a welcome sound it is, when on the last Saturday of the month, its voice rings out merrily at the sunset hour, to tell the time at which the chapel door shall be opened for the admission of the boy, who is famishing for the company of one of the fair sex, no matter who she is! But what a sorrow-burdened intonation it has when it breaks on the morning air and calls the sleeper from his beloved couch to a realization that the breakfast bell is ringing, and he must satisfy himself from the remains of the cold beef platter, and a cup of tea of exceedingly low temperature, with a demerit mark thrown in to complete his comfort and overflowing happiness. But aside from these associations there seems to me to be a moral in the half-hour swing of that old College bell. Every student knows well his period, and awaits the tap of the bell that is to call him to his study, prepared or unprepared, according as he has applied himself or not. As a man lives on at college he gradually falls into the habit of waiting for this ringing, this reminder of his duty to be performed, and if through his student's days he can look back on a career of unbroken preparation and performed duty, there will be a pleasure in the thought. In conclusion, fellow-students, I would say, learn well to perform your duties while at college, for you may have no period bell to ring you to duty in the battle of life, when the trivialities of college existence are interchanged for stern realities; when "the race to run" requires previous training, a stout heart and energy trained to duty.

We Live to Learn.

Quarterly Essay delivered in the College Chapel, on Friday, February 6th, by Miss Ida E. Gott.

Is there one who has never realized this fact? Can there be any one who, in all the course of his or her life, could not feel the necessity of learning many things? If any one ever came to the conclusion that he had learned enough, and that all further study could be dispensed with, when he says "I know as much as will ever be of use to me;" such a one has reached a sad point in the history of life. "We live to learn." I understand this to mean that we are to gain some knowledge from everything, however small and trifling it may appear,—to treat nothing with contempt. The smallest, most insignificant insect offers a store-house of knowledge to who any will pause to consider the object. This applies as well to philosophers and metaphysicians as to children or uneducated people. The philosopher, from the facts of the case, possesses more knowledge than the generality of the community; but

how did he obtain it? Surely by application and constant hard work, despising not the day of small things. Native genius may do much, wealth may furnish many aids and appliances for study; the surroundings of daily life may be instrumental in forming the tastes for a life work; but whether one ever attains proficiency in any branch of science depends greatly on the realization of the fact that "we live to learn." Talents wasted or buried do not refute the fact! We are held responsible for such talents, whether we do learn to the best of our ability or whether we live to have fun. Life is too solemn a thing, with all its possibilities for good or evil, to be lightly regarded—trampled under foot.

Because of the amount of knowledge which a philosopher has obtained, would he do well to think he had attained the greatest height, and therefore abandon all study? To close his eyes and ears to all that passes around him, for fear he should learn more? "We live to learn." This is so because at first we know nothing; we have to learn everything; it may be by intuition, circumstances or through the senses, but learn it we must, or we never know it. Our first attempt at anything is crude; our ideas are often very erroneous and unformed, and there are so many things of which we have no conception except in connection with other events, and there are so many subjects which will always be to us as if they never had existed. If the brilliant minds of the world realize the small part of the store of knowledge which they have obtained, what veritable children are we, knowing not even the A B C of what is to be learned. It is well known that men of the most profound learning are also men of great humility. Their knowledge and information reveal to them only a part of what is yet to be learned, and that the longest lives would not suffice to penetrate even the outer citadel of what can be gained only by constant, patient, persevering labor. O, the folly, the madness of those who know enough! "We live to learn." If this be so, if this be the purpose, the end of our existence, what is the natural inference we would draw? If we live to learn, why not do it? Why not exercise our best faculties to accomplish our purpose?

It might be asked, "We live to learn what?" We live to learn to live. Our lives in this world will be the preparation for the next. What is here written of us is only as an introduction to that volume of the "better, purer life above," or the worse than Egyptian darkness which we choose for ourselves in deciding what to learn and how to learn.

Courtesy.

Quarterly Oration delivered in College Chapel on February 6, 1884, by Theo. Harrison.

We do not hesitate to claim for courtesy, as Dr. Johnson did for cleanliness, a place among the virtues. It is a virtue, and one which greatly promotes the comfort and happiness of mankind. It is the sugar in the cup of life, the sweetness of social and domestic existence. The very name of this virtue is so associated with the stiff, cold, and, in some instances, ludicrous forms of etiquette, that we are apt to overlook its worth and have wrong ideas of its importance.

To be courteous, in the best sense of the word, we must have an humble estimate of ourselves and our attainments. Conceit and hightonedness never go hand-in-hand with true courtesy; they are never found in each other's company. When you meet a man who is on the very best terms with himself, and feels himself to be of considerable importance in a community,

you need not expect to receive very courteous or respectful treatment at his hands. It can scarcely have escaped the notice of the least observing that artificial manners so common around us, are but skin deep, and hardly that in some instances. The real way to be courteous is to do nothing through vain strife or glory, but rather humble yourself, and esteem everybody more than yourself. The real humble person will not take a place to which he has no claim; he will be content with his own share, or rather less, in conversation. Even when conscious of being in the right he will not express his thoughts in that rude and boisterous tone which creates disgust both at the speaker and what he is saying. He will not state his views as if they were self-evident propositions; he will not exalt himself to the highest pinnacle of feeling, nor will he hint indirectly at the faults of others. By shunning all these faults, in addition to lying and boasting, we may all be courteous both to ourselves and others. It is very easy to see how an humble opinion of one's self will thus promote genuine politeness.

To be pleasingly well-bred we must have a regard for those with whom we associate. The great desire of every person when he goes into society should be to contribute as largely as possible to the happiness of those with whom he is thrown in contact; in other words to give as well as receive pleasure. Good will and kindness to all with whom we associate, a smiling face, kind, gentle, flowing words, the cordial hand-shake, and a thousand other ways easier felt than described, all tend toward making one courteous.

Why should we blush to confess that we have a kindly feeling toward our fellow man? Why not circulate as widely as we can the kind feelings and brotherly love that so promotes the happiness of all? Why not give everybody the advantage of those feelings that swell up within them? There are some, to be sure, who have so lowered and degraded themselves that they may be thought hardly entitled to affection or esteem; but even when we are compelled to mingle with such persons, as we are in some cases, we should remember that "kindness has a killing power," and that the best way to make a man respect himself is to show him that others would fain respect him, would he but act so as to enable them to do so. You can easily distinguish the cold, artificial manners from the genuine courtesy of the heart and soul. Persons with gloomy and scowling looks, the harsh, domineering tone, and other discourteous faults easily mentioned, can never be courteous in the best sense of the term. There is no good society, no circle to spend a pleasant hour, where true politeness is not a guest. When two persons meet in company during the evening, who have previously had a dispute about some trivial matter, do not recognize each other, very often it throws the entire company into a feeling of uneasiness, and in some measure lessens the general pleasure of the evening. A proper regard for the feelings of others is also an essential ingredient in the character of a well-bred person. Pointing out the physical defects of present company is also the height of ill-manners. Some, though, may trespass on these grounds, either through ignorance or inattention, and possibly they may be excused; but he who purposely does so violates the first law of correct manners, which is to make all around us feel free and easy. There are some who are so touchy on almost everything, by reason of their double portion of self-conceit, that it is exceedingly difficult to shape your speeches so as not to give offense, while there are those who have so little regard for the feelings of

others that we almost feel it our duty, when opportunity affords, to deal them a blow in return.

Human Life.

Quarterly Essay, delivered in the College Chapel, on Feb. 6th, by Miss Boyd.

Trace minutely man's life, year after year, through all his days, and at the longest it seems but a flash, that is seen in the far distance, sweeping through the chasm of space, and in almost an instant, disappearing in the misty past.

Such is the life of man, scarcely do we look upon his birth,

"E'er we at once the work of time survey,
And in an instant see life's decay."

Yet as rapid and short as his career may be, there is no vast or sudden change; his days, even his hours, are linked one by one, from the cradle to the grave, so also are his various deeds, that between them there may be no mysterious void. Although man's transit through life is a rapid one, yet it is by no means an easy one; it is not without its many thorns and crosses, which far exceed his crowns and pleasures.

He goes forth in the morning of his youth, radiant with joy, and with high hopes and expectations; but the swift current of time ever bears him onward, and, as he approaches nearer and nearer the summer of his days, so also is his restless mind tormented by the toils and cares of his life, and he begins to inquire, where can my weary and harassed heart find consolation? and turns with a sigh to remember the careless days of youth and exclaims, "return, forgetting muse, and straight redeem in gentle numbers time so idly spent." But with all his blasted hopes and betrayed feelings, he is hurriedly whirled along by the boisterous billows of the never ceasing current which stops not to make reply to his many entreaties until he at last reaches the fall of his life, and what do we find? A change of life, a resolution to do that which in the past should have been done, and to rectify in part the error of youth. Or does he continue in precisely the same course in which he started? This is for everyone to answer for himself. With matured manhood comes other thoughts, remembrance again awakens with all her busy train. "Swells at the heart, and turns the past to pain," or pleasure. It is now that cold and numerous cares seem to gather around man, and he is made sensible of the dull realities of truth.

All the charms and novelties of his youth seem to vanish before him as an empty vision; and he looks forward with fear upon the shadows of coming days, upon a path beset with changes and decay, and which brings him to that inevitable bourne "from which no traveler returns." So days mingled with joy and sorrow pass away, and he is ushered at last upon the winter of his life; and with slow and feeble steps he stands upon the verge of his last mortal pilgrimage. Then new ills await him, and the stern teacher, Experience, sadly convinces him of the vanities and illusions of life.

"Man hath a weary pilgrimage,
As through the world he wends;
On every stage, from youth to age,
Still discontent attends.

With heaviness he casts his eye
Upon the road before,
And still remembers with a sigh
The days that are no more."

Yet whether we will look upon our past lives with pleasure or remorse, depends whether we have meekly borne the storms of fate, and have clung to duty and right, as our guiding stars. If so, then we shall not think youth gone, for such a glorious season can never die, but only wait like the morn, till the slow stars bring back her

dawning hour; and God shall crown us with joy.

Such should be the path trodden by all, that when we approach the verge of our immortality, that "We go not like the quarry slave at night, scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust, approach our grave like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Changes of the Past.

Second Quarterly Oration Delivered in the College Chapel, February 13th, by A. C. Willison.

Living, as we do, in this enlightened and happy age of the world, it is almost beyond our power to appreciate the advantages which the scientific researches and ceaseless strivings of our learned men have laid before us. Created and placed upon the earth after so many ages had exercised their transforming power, man, for a long time, knew literally nothing of his surroundings; and was totally ignorant of the riches of indestructible historical records which lay buried beneath him.

As the centuries roll on, however, his God-given nature and aspiring mind began to make itself felt, and he became discontented with a mere superficial knowledge. He longed for greater knowledge and strove after a greater comprehension. This was the beginning of the era of scholars to whose work we owe our present exalted understanding.

But let us begin at the beginning of the earth, and, under tutelage of Steele, trace its progressive steps. In his language, "Let us imagine the scenery at that primitive period. A dense, low atmosphere of steam, metallic vapors and sulphurous clouds, which conceal the sun, and through which the light of moon or star never penetrates; an ocean of boiling water, heated at a thousand points from the central fire; low, half molten islands, dim through the fog, and scarcely more fixed than the waves themselves, that heave and tremble, lashed into fury by perpetual tempests; roaring geysers, that ever and anon throw up intermittent jets of boiling water and steam from these trembling lands. In the dim horizon the red gleam of fire shoots forth from yawning chasms, and fragments of molten rocks with clouds of ashes are borne aloft; incessant flashes of lightning evoked by the vast chemical changes which are taking place dart to and fro, shedding a lurid glare upon the seething ocean cauldron beneath, while bursts of echoing thunder, peal on peal, complete the grand but awful picture."

Ages rolled on, and Nature, the servant of God, wrought out her task. Earth shaped herself into a fiery body, which gradually assumed the form of a sphere. Then came the bitter struggle between fire and water; and after many advances and repulses water conquered, and the fiery mass was hidden beneath the crust. The work of a great age was complete, but silence brooded over the earth; lifeless matter was all it contained, and there was no beauty in it; poor Nature could do no more!

Once more there came a divine interposition, and behold the wondrous change! Life, God-given life, is placed upon the barren globe, and another task is given to Nature.

Plants appeared and grew, "each yielding fruit after its kind." Trees grew and flourished, "each yielding fruit after its kind." Insects and herbivorous animals appeared and fed upon the plants and herbs. Animals carnivorous were created, lived upon the other animals, and filled the seas and the land with their offspring. So

Nature perfected another age, and the earth "teemed with life" and was beautiful.

Thus age after age was born, flourished and died and was buried, yet nothing was lost. "The crust of our earth is a vast cemetery, where rocks are tombstones on which the buried dead have written their own epitaphs. Every animal, every plant that grew has left its record somewhere.

"In a valley, centuries ago,
Grew a little fern leaf, green and slender,
Veining delicate and fibres tender,
Waving when the wind crept down so low;
But no foot of man 'ere came that way,
Earth was young and keeping holiday.

"Earth one time put on a frolic mood;
Heaved the rocks and changed the mighty motion
Of the deep, strong currents of the ocean;
Moved the plain and shook the haughty wood,
Crushed the little fern in soft, moist clay,
Covered it and hid it safe away.
Oh, the changes! Oh, life's bitter cost!
Since that useless little fern was lost.

"Useless? Lost? There came a thoughtful man,
Searching Nature's secrets, far and deep;
From a fissure in a rocky steep
He withdrew a stone, o'er which there ran
Fairy pencilings, a quaint design,
Leafage, veining, fibres, clear and fine,
And the fern's life lay in every line."

But let us return. The earth was filled with life. The meadows were covered with soft verdure; smiling flowers bedecked the sides of the laughing brooklets, the mountains and hill-sides were covered with magnificent foliage; birds hopping from branch to branch or soaring aloft, filled the light air with their melody; animal life abounded over the land and in the seas. All preparations were complete and the newly fitted abode awaited the coming of its master. God saw that it was good and that the time had come to place upon the earth a creature made in His image and imbued with His spirit. So He created man and made him ruler of the whole earth. The spiritual creation increased and multiplied until he spread through all lands. Imbued as he was with a divine spirit he was discontented with his limited understanding. Seeing all things around him progressing according to law and order he longed to understand the working of that law. He longed to fathom the mysteries of the earth and know the motions of the heavens.

Centuries ago in a distant Eastern country the shepherds used to tend their flocks by day and guard them by night. Let us imagine them engaged in those nightly vigils. The flocks, their hunger satisfied have gathered together and are lying on the soft earth sweetly sleeping; the faithful dogs tired with their days work have lain down with nose on paw and are recruiting their strength for another days toil; the dim light which a short time since gleamed from the distance has disappeared and all is silent. All the earth is at rest. The sky above is filled with glittering stars mildly beaming on the earth like the eyes of a tender mother watching over her sleeping child. Naturally the eye of the patient shepherd is turned thitherward. As night after night, he gazes toward the heaven he learns to know the stars and sees that they move in groups. These groups, in his imagination assume fantastic shapes and he sees that there is order.

This was the starting point of Astronomy the oldest of the sciences.

But in their wise ignorance these profound philosophers erred widely from the truth. To them the heavens were but a congregation of minor bodies revolving around our earth as a center. The universe they thought to be a series of crystal globes circling the earth, in which the stars were set as jewels in precious metals. These theories, rough though they be are to be revered; not for their false beauty, but because they were the rough germs from which sprung all the beautiful sciences which raise us to our exalted estate. It

[CONTINUED ON SIXTH PAGE.]

THE
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H. W. ANDREWS & J. W. MOORE, EDITORS.

WESTMINSTER, MD., FEB., 1885.

Salutatory.

With this issue begins the fifth volume of the *Gazette*. As this realization breaks upon us, we, the newly elected editors, feel a certain degree of pride swell up in our breasts at the thought that the Society, of which we proudly hold a membership, should have chosen and deemed us qualified and competent to launch into a new year the *Gazette*, the most highly cherished project over which the Irving Literary Society has administration. We believe we fully appreciate the trust that has been placed in us, and sincerely hope that when our term of office has expired, the *Gazette* shall not have lost any of its former reputation for merit; and that we may hand it over to our successors with a full realization that we have the merited applause of the Society, for whose benefit and advancement we willingly sacrifice the time which may be necessary to the proper management of the paper. To gain such applause, to merit such approbation, shall form the base and foundation of our work, and if we fail in the effort we shall at least find consolation in the fact that our *will* was strong, if our *flesh* was weak. Such are our aspirations, as we take our seats in the sanctum sanctorum for the first time.

This month is the anniversary of the *Gazette's* founding. As we write these words our thoughts unconsciously stray back to the February, four years ago, at which time the *Gazette* first started. As in all other projects, dark uncertainty brooded over a career, the starting of which seemed so unpropitious. Subscriptions had to be obtained. Advertisements were necessary, in order to sustain the expenses of the first issues. Editors had to be chosen, whose fortitude and energy would enable them to face so many difficulties and discouragements. Amid such gloomy surroundings did the *Gazette* have its birth, but its childhood had good nurses and it has fast gathered strength and activity, until the present issue, with which it begins its fifth year.

We are glad to note a growing interest manifested for this work among the students. Heretofore complaints unceasing have come from the editors, that the students would not write, and it was therefore a great difficulty to them to obtain copy necessary to fill the columns of the paper. We can joyfully say that no such difficulty has presented itself to us, for we are rather in perplexity as to which contributions to choose among the many that unsystemati-

cally cover the editors' desk. It fact it causes us a pang to throw aside some good contributions, which our limited space will not permit us to publish. For this overflow of copy our thanks are due, not only to the gentlemen, but also to the ladies, who have contributed some of the best productions of our present issue. To all, both ladies and gentlemen, we would return thanks, and add the wish that in the future they may patronize our efforts as they have during the composition of this month's issue.

Our Fifth Volume.

Now that the *GAZETTE* has begun its fifth year, it is perhaps the best time for good resolutions to be formed with reference to it. Now is the time for every one who has any interest in the success of this paper, to fan into a flame all his smouldering energy, put his shoulder to the wheel, and do his best to help along that in which he has an interest. In the first place, every member of the Society should feel that this paper is his own, and as its success increases, so does the credit due himself. He should feel this thoroughly first, and then profit by such feeling. Boys, go to work. Write off to your friends for their names, as subscribers. Give us the names of such persons as you think likely to take an interest in the efforts of yourself and schoolmates, and we will send sample copies to them. Never fail to talk about your paper in the different stores, where you purchase the necessaries and conveniences of life. Ask for advertisements. Do not leave all these things to be attended to by the Editors. We are but two, and have our time almost consumed by our efforts to obtain manuscript and attractive productions for the paper; while you are *many* and have plenty of time at your disposal. Energy and application are the necessary forerunners to complete success; and unless we all, as a body, enter into this project of making the *GAZETTE* improve, issue by issue, it will never succeed in the future as you, no doubt, would have it; but it will continue on with the same capacities it has had in the past. A paper is something which, if it does not improve, continually falls back. It cannot run on with an uninterrupted sameness. Now, boys, work, if you would have the *IRVING LITERARY GAZETTE* a success and a credit to your society.

We have noticed during the last week or so, a useless and wrongful waste of College provisions and property, by the male students of the College. We have seen quite a number of fine large loaves of bread, thrown either around the College Campus, or in the passages of Ward Hall. We are truly sorry to see this, boys. There is no joke or fun in it, on the contrary it is wrong and useless, it can result in no possible good to us, and does the College harm, by causing it the expense and trouble of another baking, which would not have been done had the bread been put to its proper use. Let us stop doing this, boys, we gain nothing by it, and cause the College unnecessary expense, which it can not afford.

Prayer for Colleges.

Although the "Day of Prayer for Colleges" has passed, a few words on this subject may not be out of place in the present number of the *Gazette*, which is the nearest issue to that season.

Possibly nothing could be more appropriate than the setting aside of one day in the year for the purpose of offering prayer in behalf of our educational institutions; the advancement of learning; and above all for the professors, under whose care the youth are placed and for the students, the boys and girls of to-day, but the men and women of to-morrow. If the individual helps to mould, and make up the whole community; and the commonwealth, the integral nation: if the world is a stage, and the men and women actors on that stage, then, than this, I know of nothing fraught with such far reaching consequences.

For what shall we pray? Pray that the institution may widen its sphere of usefulness. Pray that the highest triumphs of learning, the wisdom of the age may be a symphony in praise of God. Pray for the professors that they may have their minds enlightened, by the wisdom which cometh down from above, that they may teach their students that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge." Pray for the students that they may eschew evil and espouse good, that they cultivate a taste for pure and sublime truths, that they may have an earnest longing for the acquisition of knowledge; a knowledge that will fit them for their respective stations in life, advance them in the understanding of the true, beautiful and good, and enable them to shine as beacons in the world by the power of an enlightened Christian example.

The custom of offering prayers for colleges is of no recent origin. If we are not mistaken, the practice of offering prayers for colleges has been observed since 1823. Since then many institutions have died, others have been founded, the older schools have grown greater, widening their sphere of usefulness, and the younger institutions have been pushing forward for a front rank. Our land, which in 1633 had but one college, is to-day dotted over with about 400 institutions of learning. There has also been a great increase in the number of students, who, with the professors, constitute a vast army of scholars.

Though, when compared with the whole nation, the number engaged in the pursuit of knowledge may seem small, it will not do to lose sight of the fact that, not brute force, but intelligence has been the potent factor in shaping our civilization. Education is preeminently the power behind the throne. Who is really emperor of Germany to-day, Wilhelm or Bismarck? Who is really the ruler of the British Empire Victoria or Gladstone? Intelligence will make itself felt no matter what may be the form of government. This being the case, there is, therefore, greater necessity that this most potent force have the fear of God in their eyes and the more need for offering prayers in their behalf. Since these men are, and are destined to be the power behind the throne, it becomes our duty, if we desire the present regime to continue, to see that the religious training of our youth is not neglected.

The age at which the student leaves home is one reason, at least, for this usage. A large percent of our scholars leave home is their formative period. The restraints of home and mother are in a measure lessened. Leaving the salutary influences of home they are not only thrown among companions of different dispositions and morals, but they are thrown also largely on their own resources. While throwing a matured man on his own resources will bring out all that lies dormant within him,

in the case of an inexperienced youth, however, it is questionable how this may result, unless there are thrown around him the safe-guards of religion. At this period of his life it is so easy for the boy to make a mistake, which will mar all his future life. Flowers grow on the battle-field, moss covers the shattered wall of the castle, but flowers seldom bloom on a wrecked manhood. The most powerful bulwark in this crucial period is religion. A very essential part of religion is prayer. As a protestor, Dr. James Hamilton compares prayer "To the crystal vesture in which a tiny insect can envelop itself, and so clothed can dive in bitter, slimy depths unharmed. Thus encased the student can grapple with any subject which comes to his view. He can gather about him such an atmosphere that even in Babylon he need fear no bacteria which in the end might destroy his soul.

It seems hardly necessary to inquire why it is so desirable to have this element of the side of right. Shakespeare says—"Ignorance is the curse of God; Knowledge, the wing wherewith we fly to heaven."

Such knowledge has the fear of God before it. Education tends to sharpen our faculties. The powers of the intellect that have been dormant up to this time are roused. The talents that have been polished, but are resting in the scabbard, are drawn forth, and gleam in the rays of an intellectual sun as a Damascus blade. Education, like a two-edged sword, can cut either way. If this weapon has been ground in iniquity what a power for evil, but if it is whetted with righteousness how vast is the power for good. The endeavor should be to secure this keen blade for the cause of right.

The best time to give direction to this power is in youth. "While dew is on the grass," says Spurgeon, "let grace drop upon the soul. Prayer should be the key of the day and the lock of the night. Devotion should be both the morning star and the evening star." The same may be said of the spiritual life. The impressions made at this time are the most lasting, and are apt to give shape and form to our future course in life. That course must be one of two, either for good or bad. Hence the necessity of making the move in this direction at this time. "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth; while the evil days come not nor the years draw nigh when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them."

Can the necessity for a day of prayer for colleges be overlooked? If intelligence is of more avail than irrational force, if that intelligence, which comes of a pure heart, fearing God, is best, then the need for a pious enlightened element can not be neglected. With so many questions of vital importance staring us in the face, we have need for the best talents our country can produce. The final settlement of many of these questions will devolve upon the rising generation. Giving our boys and girls a religious, as well as an intellectual training, is then a matter of no trivial importance.

HOMUNCULUS.

The crowning fortune of a man is to be born to some pursuit which finds him in employment and happiness, whether it be to make baskets, or broadswords, or canals, or statues, or songs.

If the faults of man were turned to virtues, and his virtues to faults, he would be so nearly perfect that—well, he couldn't stay here, that's the truth of the matter.

A wide, rich heaven hangs above you but it hangs high; a wide rough world is around you, and it lies very low.

The Owl's Omnipresence.

Mr. W— says *Snowball Jackson* was a great man.

"Say D—! "Got any arnica?" D—. "No, but I've got some *courtin plaster*. Want some?"

One of our students wishes to ascertain the length of a ball *sixteen inches* in diameter. Can any one tell him?

A Junior in discussing one of her classmates was over heard to say "Why no, he never says a word when he is talking to you."

The Owl while smoothing his plumage one day last week, preparatory to taking his mid-day meal, was asked by an inquisitive Sophomore, if he was—"brushing his cognomen."

One of our Preps, informs us that he has only studied about 130 pages of *Algebra*, and he can tell you lots about the teeth and bones. (We believe he means of his "quadruped.")

A few evenings ago one of our usually complacent Freshmen, Mr. L—, in discussing the great musical entertainment he had witnessed, addressed his fellow students enthusiastically as follows: "Boys you ought to hear Blind Tom Thumb play the piano."

One of the Freshmen, in the Physiology Examination, headed his paper thusly: "*Examination in Physiology*." We have been diligently searching the catalogue in hopes that we might find the above named study mentioned in our curriculum; as we have not, we would like him to explain what he meant.

Some of our students are very superstitious. One of them, Harry B—, while returning from skating, passed by the body of a dead horse; and catching sight of the carrion, surprised his comrades by starting down the hill at a break-neck speed. He afterwards gave the following explanation: "Lord knows, boys, I saw that horse's spirit."

Lady Junior to her friend—"Why you have a *Precipice* on your eye, haven't you?" Her friend—"A what?" L. J.— "A *precipice*, dont you know what that is?" Her friend on whom the truth had just dawned—"Oh, you mean a *cataract*." L. J., "Well, well, yes, they are both the same you know."

One of our Theologues of super-score advancement in life, whose mustache gives agedness to his appearance, was promenading in the presence of some ladies, when one of them playfully said: "Hello, Kitty!" His immediate reply was:—"Look here! I think I am at least old enough to be called a full-grown cat if anything."

At its recent election the Philomathean Society, chose as its officers for the ensuing term the following:—President, Miss M. E. Nicodemus; Vice-President, Miss Nellie Sappington; Rec. Sec., Miss Lillian Constable; Cor. Sec., Miss Sadie Abbott; Treasurer, Miss Sallie Pennington; Librarian, Miss Annie Hart; Critic, Miss Lenore Stone.

A few mornings ago, the butcher of our town, appeared upon our grounds in search of the President of the Theological Seminary. When asked his business he replied: "I thought perhaps he might have some calves for my spring butchering." Our over corpulent Theological brothers had better begin taking anti-fat, unless they desire to sacrifice themselves as victims.

During the past month many of the students have been ill; sore throat, and chicken-pox having been especially attentive to them. Miss Florence Wilson was compelled to return home, having almost lost her hearing, to receive proper medical

attendance. We wish her a speedy recovery, and hope we will soon see her again, in her accustomed place.

One of the editors, who rooms with a belligerent Senior, was awakened from his peaceful slumbers not long since, by a most terrific contest between the Senior and the bed-post; the Senior was scientifically knocking the bed-post (and his knuckles) to pieces, much to the delight of ye editor, who has been the usual recipient of ye Senior's pugilistic demonstrations in the dream line.

The Webster Literary Society elected the following officers for the ensuing term: President, B. A. Dumm; Vice President, L. M. Bennett; Recording Secretary, W. B. Mackinson; Corresponding Secretary, A. Burgee; Chaplain, I. J. Michael; Treasurer, T. L. Whittaker; Critic, H. H. Slifer; Librarian, W. McA. Lease; Auditorial Committee, W. E. Roop, J. B. Ellis, and J. C. C. Snyder.

There is a society in our midst composed exclusively of the ladies. Whose variety of manipulations surrounds it with an atmosphere of interest to us. The initials of its name are: "I. I. O. A. C. H." The motto of the society, "Hic furibundus Radaman-thus adonar." This very motto is sufficient to excite our earnest admiration of the above society, and did not our delicacy restrain us we would feel inclined to ask for honorary membership.

At our recent supper, one of our Professors exhibited a novel method of cracking nuts. He was seen to clasp the nut firmly in the palm of his hand, and to sit down on this part of his physical structure with great force, repeating this exercise again and again, interspersing it with groans and gruntings, until the cracking was accomplished. We hear that the Professor is an earnest devotee of modernisms, and we excuse him on the ground that perhaps this is another usage of the latter half of the 19th Century.

Although College life is rather a humdrum affair, never the less surprises occasionally take us unawares. The editor while paying a social call upon a *Theological* friend a short time since, found installed in his friend's book-case, among his text books, and next to the Bible, a volume of *Hoyle's Games of Billiards, Poker, Euchre, etc.* Mr. G— expressed his ignorance of the contents of this well known book, and begged that the editor would not expose him.

Mr. J. M. D. not long ago made the following remark:—"By George those blamed editors won't get anything on me this trip!" Won't we? Mr. D. we would like you to just glance at the following local. A certain Senior who has been suffering with a very severe case of ulcerated sore throat, was examining his throat before a looking-glass, when a Freshman (who is a great deal like Mrs. Partington) thought he would take a look also; and, observing the sufferer's *hanging palate*, exclaimed—"Good Lord, W—! Is that thing an ulster?"

One of our Sophomores, whose poetical fire led him to imagine that a Shakespearian future was before him, lately contributed his *Monthly Essay* a poem entitled, "In Memoriam; to Nellie." This was handed to Prof. Benson for correction, and came back with the following criticism:—"There is much to correct in this *attempt at poetry*. It would require more time than I have at my disposal to do so with pencil." There is a serious doubt in our mind whether the Professor was quite correct, in [thus crushing the embryo genius of the aspiring Soph.

We can not help expressing our surprise at the strenuous but fruitless efforts of

some of our students to endow their upper lips with a herbage that they are pleased to call a mustache. These sickly outgrowth can only be observed (and that by close inspection) by the dirty appearance of the upper lip and by the repeated efforts of the growers to pull and curl them. Ah! boys wait until the man has sufficiently developed and don't try to hurry nature into the generation of an appearance of a mustache by the application of shoe blackings and other appliances.

One of our Theologues a few evenings since, determined to call on a fair one visiting Westminster. Now the Theologue anticipated quite a nice time, and all thought of the present was hidden by thought of the future. Having blacked his shoes, and donned his wrappings, with mind completely abstracted he started. We all know how time flies when we are on such a journey; and almost before Hicks realized that he had started he came to a door. Knock! knock! knock! went his knuckles. No answer. Knock! knock! knock!—Still no answer. Knock! knock! knock! Once again and the Theologue is astounded of hear his room-mate exclaiming:—"Why Hicks, why are you standing there knocking?" Waking out of his dream, Hicks found to his amazement that he was rapping at *his own door, and had never left the room*. We think it must be a "gone case." "Ain't it!"

One of our Theological students has been unjustly considered a married man, by the ladies of the College, and submits the following card of denial.—Eds.

A CARD.

We are told that Aeneas was tossed much by land and by sea while attempting to found a city, and bear his household gods into Italy. Again, we are told in history, that Telemaque was tossed much upon the sea and was shipwrecked upon Calypso's Isle. But alas! it would seem, that these difficulties are insignificant compared with those of the "married man," who, on "Parlor Night" attempts to pass for a single man. Therefore: I, W. W. Davidson, do hereby solemnly declare, that I am a single man, and am trying to bear the lot which the fates have assigned me. Given under my hand and seal, this fourteenth day of February, eighteen hundred and eighty-five, Anno Domini.

W. W. DAVIDSON.

C. R. BLADES, }

Witnesses:— L. L. ALBRIDGE. }

One of our Seniors had his curiosity very much excited a few mornings ago, when upon awaking from his slumbers, he found his room-mate, (who graces the Sophomore Class at the present period) performing a varied and interesting series of movements with a looking-glass and a lamp. The Sophie had placed the lamp upon the table between himself and the looking-glass, which he held in both hands and moved about at intervals in order to catch a proper reflection. His mouth was wide open, and, looking into its immensity of space he appeared to be examining what the Senior at first supposed was his previous supper. Finally, observing his room-mate watching him so closely, the Sophie exclaimed:—"M—, what shall I do! My *ulcers* are all *lacerated!*" There is a muffled chuckle from under the bed-clothes, and the Senior replies:—"Take epsom salts." Noticing that the sufferer is rapidly recovering, and taking into consideration the nature of his sickness, we exclaim:—"Amen."

The following came into our possession through the medium of eccentric fate. From the delicate hand-writing on the M. S. we guess at the conclusion that their is a *poetess* in our midst whose name is yet unknown.

NOTHING BUT TOAST.

Nothing but toast! Somebody craves
Through days of College life:
Toast, while other food remains untasted,
While girls with longings that are wasted
Cut their tough beef with a knife—
Nothing but toast! Nothing but toast!

Nothing but toast! No nice warm biscuit
No steaming roll, though soft and light—
Dainty pie-crust is passed by
Lest it injure pearls that die.
Nothing satiates appetite—
Nothing but toast! Nothing but toast!

Nothing but toast! Our memory weaves
No vail to hide the past:
When we grew tired of other bread
During the examination when our head
Was turned with study, we too had at last
Plenty of toast! Plenty of toast!

Oh, who would thus a teacher meet
Carrying what they had been to seek,
Peeping toward the left and right
Watching who has them in sight;
Determined to have at least for one week
Nothing but toast! Nothing but toast!

O you young people should be contented
While teachers have you in their care,
To only one it is consented
The power of choosing her own fare—
Nothing but toast, Nothing but oast!

One of the most pleasant "Parlor-nights" it has ever been our fortune to enjoy since enlistment at W. M. C. was that of the 31st ult. At the ringing of the seven o'clock bell, the gentlemen were ushered into the Chapel, and much to their surprise, and contrary to the custom, no ladies were there to greet them. Already looks of intense longing had begun to settle upon the countenances of those present, when suddenly there stalked through the rear door a tall, spectre like form. This was the inauguration of the pleasures. The ladies were introduced by Tutor Kirk, two by two. There were personifications of Night, Day, Morning, Peach-blossom, Sailors, The Lady of '76, Topsy and the Baby, Owls, Indian Princess, Fortune-tellers, etc. Each and every disguise was good, and lots of fun were exhibited in the attempts of the gentlemen to discover who their partners were. After the disguises were taken off, a surprise was given to the ladies by the Vice-President, who arose and extended a cordial invitation to the young ladies and gentlemen to adjourn to the Physical Science Room, for refreshments, furnished by the gentlemen. Ice-cream, cakes, oranges, bananas, nuts, candies, etc., were in abundance, forming a striking, and agreeable contrast to our usual bill of fare. The merry rippling laugh, the innocent joke, the evidence of good humor every where, formed quite a different scene from that presented in the same room a few days ago during the examinations. During the course of the supper, some of the ladies and gentlemen were favoured (?) with bouquets (?) (in the shape of banana, and orange peelings,) much to their own inconvenience, and to the destruction of their cream, nevertheless, after an hour of solid enjoyment the party repaired to the parlor and the quiet pleasure continued until the dismissal-bell was rung, when the gentlemen with parting looks of regret, and sad faces departed. This was indeed an evening of pleasure, and makes us wish for the *last Saturday* of the month to come more frequently.

The first college paper, says the *Harvard Crimson*, was not established by the oldest university, but by one of her younger sisters, Dartmouth. There appeared in 1800 at that institution a paper called the *Gazette*, which is chiefly famous for the reason that among its contributors was Dartmouth's most distinguished son, Daniel Webster. A few months later Yale followed with the *Literary Cabinet*, which, however, did not live to celebrate its birthday. It was not until 1810 that Harvard made her first venture in journalism, and then Edward Everett, with seven associates, issued the *Harvard Lyceum*.

A talent is perfected in solitude; a character in the stream of the world.

Changes of the Past.

[CONTINUED FROM THIRD PAGE.]

was the dim fanciful light which precedes the glorious day.

Awakening to a realization of his power, man longed to solve and understand more mysteries. Slowly, steadily he advanced. One after another the revelations came. One after another metals, gases and liquids showed their parts and manner of changing form, until man became their master and the elements obeyed him. He gazed understanding upon the stars; he penetrated fiery gases of the Sun and wandered over the barren lifeless surface of the Moon, and knew it. From its rocky bed he tears the history of the earth and learns to appreciate the great works of the Almighty; from the order of the heavens he learned to admire His power and the order of His work. So this offspring of the the Divinity flourished; and so his intellect increased.

We, who at first, imagined our little globe to be the center and keystone of the universe, have learned how little we knew and how small an atom is our earth in the infinity of space; we, who at first, thought that we were wise when we knew the history of our small existence, now read from the book of ages the history from the beginning; we who at first thought the height of physical science had been attained when the water mounted the air, are now able to turn rocks into gases, uncouth, impure earth into beautiful ornaments and convert the lightest gas into a solid which falls to our feet as a stone.

"So as the stars sink, one by one, in the west, and new stars rise in the east, to be succeeded by the dawn and then the day, so through the night of the past sank the old life-forms to be succeeded by the new; approaching nearer the dawn of the day in whose morning we now live."

SCHOOL DISCIPLINE.

BY C. T. WRIGHT.

From the Democratic Advocate.

No subject in the long catalogue of occupations and professions commands more attention, or is fraught with more vital importance to communities, states, and even the nation at large, than the mental culture and development of the young.

The vocation of teaching is no longer a menial and indigent condition of toil un-recompensed, or of devotion to duty unnoticed and unappreciated, but an honorable and honored profession, requiring and commanding the highest talent. The demand for an intelligent and higher culture has dignified and elevated the labor that gives the desired instruction, and the schoolroom, instead of being, as in years past, the scene of daily struggles between teacher (?) and pupil for mere physical mastery, has risen to the higher and grander position of giving a place for the mutual efforts of student and helper; of clear-headed, kind-hearted leader, and willing (if not eager) follower.

It is not, however, the purpose of this article to assume that the teaching profession has reached its highest ground. There has, it is true, been a great stride forward, and a higher conception gained of the art; but there is yet much to learn, much to correct, much to accomplish in the all-important field of discipline, and its associate department of giving instruction.

Few teachers, comparatively, have discovered the true secret of successful discipline, for it is indeed a secret, and one well worth learning. I do not pretend to have fully fathomed it, yet experience, and close observation of students, teachers and methods, have taught me some of its lessons and led me into some of its mysteries.

Many of those whom I address are teachers of long experience; others are just entering the ranks, and the first day will be initiation day, and well I remember it as a day of awkwardness, of trial, of anxiety.

To begin with the coolness and self-possession and tact of an old teacher is impossible; the training of no school can render it possible. As well try to become an expert pianist by mastering only the theory of music, without touching the keys, as to attempt to become, without actual teaching, the successful manager of a wide-awake class of boys and girls, who have outwitted, possibly, half a score of teachers before you.

The lessons of the teacher are often severe, but he must learn them, or suffer the penalty of a failure to grasp them as they are presented to him.

First in the long catalogue of a disciplinarian's virtues must be mentioned the power of self-government; this involves coolness, firmness and patience. A teacher must not lose his self possession if he does not wish to lose his power to command, and his power to inspire respect and obedience. The days of purely physical government are numbered; it will no longer be tolerated by authorities, parents or pupils; consequently another kind of discipline must take its place; a mental and moral force must be substituted, a force that operates not by the wrath of the master, poured out through the end of a rod upon the flinching back and cringing form of the angered and humiliated offender, but a force that appeals to the honor, the intelligence, the heart of the pupil. I do not discourage sternness, for there arise occasions which render it necessary to good discipline for the teacher to meet idleness, disorder or insolence with scathing rebuke; to take a position from which no power, no consideration can move him. The pupils that cannot be disciplined by a judicious and delicate union of kindness and firmness are rare indeed, but there are a few of those iron wills and turbulent, seditious natures that at times must feel the hard, unyielding pressure of authority before they will learn obedience. A parent that will use the rod with vigor at home, often cries "outrage!" if the teacher uses it with no greater severity at school. This outcry should, however, be no criterion for the teacher. I do not advocate the use of the rod, yet I think there are cases in which it is beneficial. If used at all it should be used very judiciously. Expulsion, after temporary suspension, is, I think, the best remedy, whenever pupils are old enough to comprehend its meaning and the disgrace it entails.

Let a teacher, however, convince his pupils that the rules of his school will, if necessary, be rigidly, though kindly, enforced, and few occasions will arise for severe or extreme penalties.

The teacher should enter his school-room with his mind prepared to teach, not to act the policeman or detective; for if the school once discover that he is prepared to give half his time to watching and ferreting and punishing, they will see that his time is well occupied.

Let the pupils feel that they are to keep the order while the teacher does the teaching; that they are at school to receive instruction, and that no time must be lost to them or the teacher in police work.

To insure this, the teacher must watch himself very carefully and study minutely the effects of his own bearing upon his pupils. He must know, sooner or later, that he makes no movement, shows no element of power, or betrays no weakness in the schoolroom that escapes the lynx eyes constantly watching him for the detection

of any and all symptoms he may display. Especially is any weakness of the teacher detected; therefore, he must be strong—strong in character, in demeanor, in look, with kindness always visible through whatever mask he is obliged, for the time, to throw over himself. The teacher must be quiet—not too quiet to impart instruction—but free from all excitement, impatience and bluster, for all these will be imitated involuntarily—often purposely—by the students. The schoolroom should be a scene of activity and life, but not of confusion and boisterousness. Every good and thorough teacher suppresses all this by the calmness and dignity of his own movements.

Every teacher should keep well in mind the fact that he is not the only good one, and upon taking charge of a new school, should be careful not to condemn or criticize the methods of his predecessor, or he will at the very start raise a barrier between himself and his pupils, that will be difficult to break down, and the more readily will this barrier be raised if that predecessor was popular. It is easy to follow a poor and unpopular teacher, but difficult indeed to succeed acceptably a skillful and popular one. He who in teaching pretends to know everything will have need to beware of traps set for his capture. No teacher should be so silly, but should rather have it understood that the work in hand is for mutual development, and that he is seeking in common with his pupils for truth and light. Let him invite criticism and corrections of his own work from the school, and he will find the respect of no student less, but the confidence of all greater.

I could illustrate all these points with incidents of personal experience, but space forbids. I will simply say, in concluding this article, that at no time should the teacher endeavor to place himself above his pupils; they will attend to this distinction if he deserves it. Arrogance and the assumption of infallibility betray ignorance, and the teacher who is too proud to acknowledge or correct an error of his own before his school had better seek some other vocation.

In a future article I will dwell upon other points that I trust will be of interest to teachers and those interested in school discipline.

Our Literary Visitors.

We are pleased to acknowledge the receipt of the *Roanoke Collegian*.

The *Antiochian* comprises among its contents an instructive article on "A Talk About Words."

The *Heidelberg Monthly* for February contains a thoughtful article on "Radicalism and Conservatism."

The *Delaware College Review* is, as usual, good. In it appears a well-written article on "College Atmosphere."

We are glad to see that all our exchanges, both those noticed and those our limited space does not permit us to notice, are unusually good for this month.

We are under obligations to the *Pennsylvania College Monthly* for its February issue. We are always pleased to see it among the magazines that come to our sanctum.

The *Blair Hall Literary Magazine* for January is with us. The author of the "Scene in a Country Post Office" shows fine descriptive powers. Altogether, we found it to be an interesting magazine.

The January number of the *Pennsylvania Western* has arrived. We are glad to see it. In it are some finely-written articles, among them "Whitman's Ride," an historical sketch of great interest.

Personals.

Prof. W. J. Thomas, has been ailing of late with the sore throat, which has been prevalent in our ranks. The Professor is naturally delicate, and should take special care of himself.

Mr. William H. DeFord, of the class of '80, paid us a short visit this month. He is looking well and hearty, and we hear through him that he is expecting to locate in Iowa, where he intends practicing his profession.

Mr. C. K. Ober, College Secretary of the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association, visited Western Maryland College on Thursday, and held several interesting and practical meetings with the students.

There have been three new students enrolled at the beginning of this term:—Miss Annie E. Parker, Cross Roads, Harford co., Md.; George R. Brown, Jersey, Walton co., Ga.; Miss Ada Roberts, Centerville, Md. We extend to all a warm welcome, and wish them a happy course at W. M. College.

On Christmas Day, of '84, Mr. Minus A. Davis, of Pittsville, Wicomico co., and Miss Kate Smith, of the same place, were married by Rev. Mr. Corcoran, at the house of the bride's father. Our brother Irving, we wish you success in your future life; and as your years increase, so may your happiness and success.

We notice in the columns of the Methodist Protestant, a contribution by Prof. Simpson, on the subject, "The College Curriculum." The Professor seems to have studied and investigated the subject thoroughly, not for the sake of argument, but to aim at a fair and honest conclusion on the subject that is agitating the College World of to-day, whether Greek should be dropped from the course which is necessary to give to the graduate the degree of Bachelor of Arts; The writer quotes President Eliot of Harvard University, in his address before the students of Johns Hopkins, in which he took the position that the degree of A. B. does not imply proficiency in any definite studies. The Professor concludes with the following statistics:—"Many changes have been made in the College curriculum, Greek receives less attention to-day than it did ten years ago in Bates College, N. J., Gettysburg College, Pa., Williams College, Mass., Trinity College, N. C. Brown University and many others; while nearly all colleges give increased attention to Natural Science, and established optional courses." We hope to hear from him again soon, if not through the columns of the Methodist Protestant, through the columns of the GAZETTE.

A contributor to the *Atlantic* urges a rule of life both pleasant and wise: "Do in life what you like to do; or, if this is impossible, take care to like what you have to do. The wrinkles we have gathered, the surprise of unlovely age, come upon us—may they not be due quite as much to the chill disaffection and half-heartedness with which we have gone about our affairs as to the actual toil and disaster which fell to our lot?"

Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, of which smiles and kindness and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart and secure the comfort.

The church bells of innumerable sects are all chime bells to-day, ringing in sweet accordance throughout many lands, and awaking a great joy in the hearts of our common humanity.

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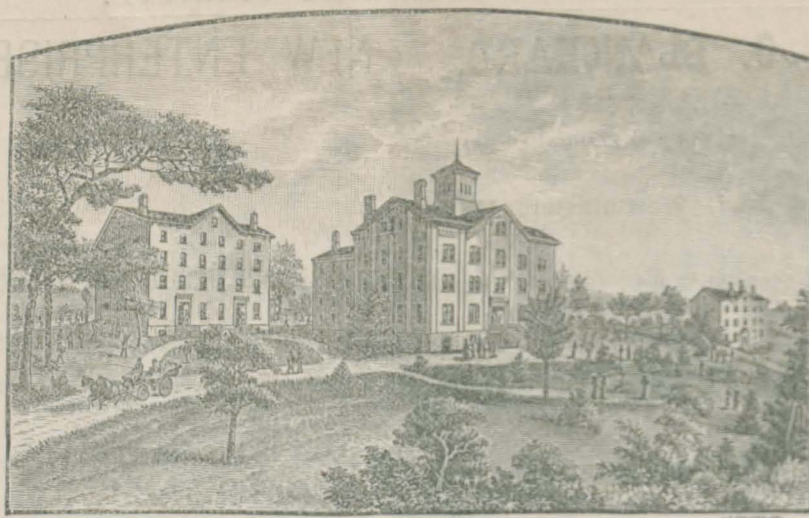
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