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Poetical.

THE DESERTED CITY.

Translated from the Sanscrit by R. P. H. Griffith, Chief of the Sanscrit College of Benares.

[These lines form an episode in the famous epic poem "Raghuvansa," or "The Children of the Sun," of which Kalidasa (the Shakspeare of Hindu literature) was the author. It was written in the first century previous to the Christian era, 1800 years before Goldsmith gave us his immortal work, "The Deserted Village."]

Sad is the sight, the city once so fair!
An hundred palaces lie ruined there;
Her lofty towers are fallen, and creepers grow
O'er marble dome and shattered portico.
Once, with their tinkling zones and painted feet,
Gay bands of women thronged the royal street;
Now, through the night the hungry jackal prowls,
And seeks his scanty prey with angry howls.
Once there was music in the plashing wave
Of lakes, where maidens loved their limbs to lave;
But now these waters echo with the blows
Struck by the horns of savage buffaloes.
Once the tame peacock showed his glittering crest
Mid waving branches, where he loved to rest;
The ruthless flame has laid those branches low,
And marred his feathers and their golden glow;
The drum is silent that he loved to hear,
And gone the mistress whom he held so dear.
Once on the marble floor girls loved to place
The painted foot, and leave its charming trace;
Now the fell tigress stains, with dripping gore
Of kids just slaughtered, that neglected floor.
In those dear days, with tints of nature warm,
In marble statues lived fair woman's form;
Alas! those tints are faded now, and dim
And gathering dust obscures each rounded limb,
While the cast skins of serpents form a vest
That hides the beauties of each statue's breast.
How sweet the moonbeams used, of old, to fall
With silvery light, on terrace, roof and wall!
But now, neglected, there the grass grows wild,
The roofs are shattered, and with dust defiled.
Pure shine those rays and silvery, as of yore,
But find their light reflected there no more.
Once in the gardens lovely girls, at play,
Called the bright flowers and gently touched the spray;
But now wild creatures, in their savage joy,
Tread down the blossoms, and the plants destroy.
By night no torches in the windows gleam;
By day no women in their beauty beam;
The smoke has ceased—the spider there has spread
His snares in safety—and all else is dead.

For the Irving Literary Gazette.

Some Reminiscences of Westminster, Maryland.

Just fifty-three years have elapsed since I first heard of Westminster. I was then a lad in my thirteenth year, at the old home in Washington, D. C. My father, the Rev. Ulysses Ward, having attended the Methodist Protestant Conference held in Westminster, April 1833, in the old Union Church, the walls of which are still standing in the Westminster Cemetery (in which church he was ordained elder at that Conference), returned home and gave a glowing account of the hospitality of the people and the beauty of the country, which made a lasting impression upon my young mind, and made me anxious to become personally acquainted with the people and the country. How little did I then dream that in after years it would fall to my lot to become so intimately associated with them as I have been!

In 1841, my first year in the itinerant ministry, I was appointed, with Rev. Dr. John S. Reese, to Pipe Creek circuit. Westminster did not then form part of that

circuit. Our nearest appointment to it was the Pipe Creek appointment, but during the winter a special invitation from the people at Westminster caused Dr. Reese and myself to visit them. We made our home with the family of the venerable Isaac Shriver, and on the evening of December 28th, 1841, I preached for the first time in Westminster, from Rom. x:1, "Brethren, my heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is that they might be saved." The little M. P. Church that stood upon the same site now occupied by the larger and more elegant edifice, was crowded to its utmost capacity, my humble message was enthusiastically received, and I formed acquaintance with many persons to whom I became devotedly attached in Christian association in after years. Francis Shriver was then the Superintendent of the Sunday School, and Joshua Yingling led the singing in the congregation.

In 1857 I was again appointed to Pipe Creek circuit, with Rev. J. T. Murray (now President of the Md. An. Conf). Westminster then formed part of the circuit, and my colleague and I preached here alternately every two weeks. Besides the renewal of former acquaintances, of course I formed many new ones, for my term of service continued for three years. These were among the most delightful years of my ministry, and I may say of my life. On all parts of our circuit there were extensive revivals of religion; most memorably at the Liberty and Pipe Creek appointments, during the winter of 1858-9, and at Uniontown and Westminster. On the entire circuit 227 members were received into church during the three years by my colleague and myself. Among those received at Westminster were many who afterwards filled important places in the church until death removed them to their reward on high, and others who remain still faithful in the service of God and humanity.

In August, 1864, having just recovered from a severe illness, being then stationed in Washington, D. C., I made a trip north for the benefit of my health, and on my way home visited my friends in Westminster and vicinity, spending a most pleasant week with them. During the next year, my health still being feeble, I began to think of choosing some place where I might make my home, supposing it would be but for a few years at most, and those not such years of active service in the ministry as the previous quarter of a century had been. My thoughts turned to several points where I had, during my active years, found pleasant associations, and I visited those points looking for some suitable little homestead where I might settle. At length my attention was providentially directed to Westminster, and in September, 1865, I concluded to purchase the property known as "Rose Hill," which then belonged to my friend and Christian brother, Henry L. Norris, and had formerly been the residence of the Rev. Isaac Webster, who died there in February, 1851. After I had fully arranged for the purchase of this place my health seemed somewhat to improve, so that I hesitated about withdrawing from the active work of the ministry. Then again the feeble state of my health seemed to demand that I should retire from the

active work, and so I was revolving the subject in my thoughts, when one day in January, 1866, I happened to find that the words "Westminster, Maryland," formed the anagram "my mind wants real rest," and I believed that I should enjoy this by settling at Rose Hill. However, at the Conference in March I reported myself willing to take any appointment the Conference might see fit to give me. After due consideration of my case, it was deemed advisable that I should carry out my plan and remove to my newly-purchased home. I came with my little family to Westminster on Thursday, March 29, 1866, and by the kind invitation of my friend and Christian brother, Michael Baughman, we made our home with his family until our little home could be prepared, and then moved into it April 3rd. Since that time Westminster has been our abiding place, and we have been identified with its inhabitants and its interests.

Great changes have taken place during these years. The number of inhabitants has been almost doubled; seven new church edifices have been erected; old houses have disappeared and better ones have been erected in their stead; many new and elegant houses besides have been built; business has increased and fine stores have been established; a fire department has been organized; the streets have been lighted with gas (sometimes); an abundant supply of water has been introduced, and the streets have (not yet) been fully paved. In the facilities for education there has been marked improvement. The public schools have been provided with fine buildings, and private schools for young children have done good work. But the most notable item in this connection is that Western Maryland College has been established. The idea of such a college here had been entertained by Prof. F. R. Buell and others before I removed to Westminster; but I became identified with the enterprise from its incipency, and am now about to close the eighteenth year of my connection with it as its President, to be still a member of its faculty, however, and my interest in and devotion to its welfare shall continue unabated. It seems to me that every citizen of Westminster ought to be proud of this grand institution, and do all in his power to promote its prosperity. During the years of its existence it has educated about one thousand young men and women. Among those who have gone forth from it are some of the most useful of the public men of our State, in the professions and in business. Its influence upon the moral and literary character and tone of the community has certainly been good, and in a business point of view it has been of great advantage to our little city.

"The Irving" was the first literary society of the College. Indeed, it was organized before the College itself, and I had the honor of suggesting its name. It embraced ladies as well as gentlemen in its membership until "The Browning Literary Society" was formed. Afterwards "The Webster Literary Society," for young gentlemen, and the "Philomathean Society," for young ladies, were organized. And all these societies have been flourishing and effective. And so may they ever be. J. T. WARD.

A FIVE-YEAR-OLD PREACHER.

Interesting Scene at a Store in a Georgian Village.

A correspondent of the Cartersville (Ga.) American gives the following description of a scene witnessed by the writer: "While in Adairsville recently I saw something that struck me as very unusual and strange. Quite a party of gentlemen were sitting around the stove in Bibb & Elrod's store, when a little boy about five years old entered. He was a quiet-looking little fellow, and there was a peculiar expression on his face. "Can you preach for us, Claude?" asked one of the party. It seemed that he was used to that, and without any hesitation he placed a chair for a pulpit, took two little books that were handed him and pulled off his hat for business. Before saying a word he knelt by his chair in secret prayer for a moment. He then arose, and after looking carefully through one of the little books, he announced the number of his hymn, gave it out in language that was lisping and hard to understand, and sang it through all alone. He then knelt again by his chair and prayed—this time aloud, but in words that no one could understand. He took a text from one of his books, and for eight or ten minutes he preached with much earnestness and spirit. The little audience was profoundly quiet, and not a smile flitted over any face.

"To me it was a peculiarly solemn scene. There was a strange light in the little fellow's eyes, and a peculiar glow on his face as he preached. He was scarcely as high as the chair behind which he stood, and yet he was composed and easy in his manner. I sat there watching him and wondering what mysterious power was moving him. His child-voice rang out in a way that stilled the crowd of loafers into a solemn and almost painful silence. We could not catch the meaning of his baby words that were so broken and lisping; but we could see the flash of his black eyes and feel the power of his presence. When his sermon was done he sang a song, took up a collection (receiving fifteen cents), announced a service for the evening, and went out as quietly as he came. I learned that the scene was no uncommon one, and that he sometimes moved his audience to tears."

"I Love You" in three Languages.

Foreign Letter.

It could not be sweet under any circumstances and would spoil the prettiest mouth or sweetest voice in the world. Surely "Ich liebe dich" can never take the place of "I love you," though it could scarcely be so misunderstood as when the Frenchman said devotedly to an American girl, "Je t'adore," and she replied: "Shut it yourself."

At a negro wedding, when the minister read the words, "Love, honor, and obey," the groom interrupted him, and said: "Read that agin, sah; read it wunce mo', so's de lady kin ketch de full solemnity of de meaning. I se been married befo'."

A lawyer's motto—*Sum cuique*. (Sue em quick.)

For The Irving Literary Gazette.

IDEALS.

PIERE AUMERLE.

The ideal of man ought to possess what is ennobling. In art the curve is the line of beauty; and in this art does but follow nature. The tree with its dense foliage; the rose with its perfume; the rosy cheeked apple; and the blushing peach are traced by curves; and figure, the basis of art, is marked by waving outlines. In ideals the possession of virtue and the destitution of vice is the criterion of excellence; and this is simply a search for what is Divine. Such a prototype, predominated by virtue, of necessity tends to elevate the emulator. The reverse is also just as true as the Holy fire did not descend on the pagan altar, but when the mighty shout had rolled across the plains of Sharon; had roused the sleeping echoes of the responsive mountains; and had thrilled the depths of the sea only the ashes and cinder of Carmel's rocks remained of Elijah's altar.

The choice of an ideal then is no small matter. As is his ideal, so is the man most likely to be, or to become. It is an old maxim: "The boy makes the man." It is equally true; Show me the man and I will tell you what was his ideal; and man has an ideal. Evidently neither this nor the old proverbial expression can be postulated as a universal affirmative, nor can its opposite be invariably true; but the tendency of man to follow his ideal cannot be denied. The probability is that a man who would select a lion as his ideal would either resemble his prototype in strength, say, of character, or in ferocity; while a man who would choose the violet would have the possibility of obtaining a pure amiable disposition, unless he should prefer the colors of the violet when it is more than likely he would resemble the modern cockscorn, commonly known as dudes, in which case a weed instead of the winsome violet might as well have been his prototype.

But it is not well to select such ideals, since there is in man a soul with capabilities of a higher and better life than that of either the beast or the flower. As the possibilities are greatest in man, so the ideal should be correspondingly great. Consequently to attain a truly noble life, to fulfill the object intended in an ideal the selection of an exalted prototype becomes essential.

The object in selecting an ideal is manifest in the desire to reach a certain goal: it is the finite seeking the infinite; it is time trying to span eternity. This must not be overlooked in making a choice of ideals. In selecting a prototype one often finds that:

"Destiny that shapes our end,
Rough hew them how we will."

Nor is this very selection a mere matter of choice; since this is not a world of chance, else men would grow on trees and pumpkins would walk our street. Frequently the choice is due to a man's home—life and environments, to his character and disposition.

While the ideal is attained in including in one the excellencies of the whole and excluding from it the defective, it is to be noted that ideals and idealism are distinct. Passing beyond Des Cartes and surrounded by the wits and brilliant minds of the 18th century.

Berkely could walk the earth and prove its non-existence. Absurd as this appears the wonder is that with his dialectic skill he did not prove his own non-existence because he thought, and leap way beyond Des Cartes' "Cogito: ergo sum" into the essence of quintessence of non-entity. But of:

"Such stuff
As dreams are made on;"

while ideals are not of that sort. The ideal may be a shadow, but:

"Follow a shadow, it still flies you
Seem to fly it, it will pursue."

The ideal, however, is seldom or never reached. This it is that gives value to ideals in that man is caused to continually rise higher and higher in the pursuit of his prototype. Apollo Belvedere is the ideals of manly grace and beauty, not because of absolute perfection, but because of absolute perfection, but because it gives the most complete expression of our conception of virtue strength and beauty. Alexander, who wept because there were no more worlds to conquer, is the beautiful of the soldier, yet Napoleon, who emulated his example, scaled the Alps, beheld the setting sun of Austerlitz, planted the snow of Russia with the corpses of his soldiers, bathed his sword in the blood and gore of Waterloo, and die at last in exile, at St. Helena, approached very near the soldier's dream of glory.

It is so questionable whether an ideal attained is any longer an ideal that the ideal reached may be likened to the play of phosphorescent light at night dimming on the approach of morn. Endowed with marvellous soul-power, the higher development of intellectual and moral life seems to touch so closely the infinite—it is only the veil of sleep that hides it—that man may well be said to press on to loftier heights. The Arcadian thinks that in Utopia is to be found the realization of ideal government, and the Utopian pines for better things to come. It is well it is so or stagnation point would be reached and development would cease. What would evolution do in this event? Perhaps the survival of the unfittest would begin and that other notion of evolution, retrogression would take place; to be followed then by progression, until successive progressions and retrogressions would mark the world's history. While the probabilities are against this, certainly it is on the range of possibility. In the case of ideals this is helpful as suggestive of the positive and negative relations involved in the affirmation and negation of qualities necessary in the conception of every ideal. This looks to ulterior results in the effects produced on the individual by his ideal. In turn this occasions a more general view of ideals, as a positive ideal—one that is dynamics, producing action in the person; and negative—one that fails to excite imitation, amounting almost to zero. Generally, however, an ideal incites to action; and it is this that makes ideals. A danger exists here since the ideal may not be correct; for qualities that are vicious may be mistaken for virtues, while what man not be in the ideal, *per se*, a positive evil may be disastrous in its consequence to the individual. Hence, in the selection of ideals, the individual must be kept in mind, and, as it is the elevation of man that is desired, the probable effects a given ideal will have on the person are to be taken into account. As the true elevation of the individual must be based on the moral nature, the moral element in an ideal is of chief consideration and is of value as it raises man's standard of morality. Fletcher somewhere says:

"That soul that can
Be honest, is the only perfect man."

A knowledge of our existence is reached through our consciousness, and this "honest" soul does not exist in the abstract for we are conscious of its influence. It is no cyst. This ideal of life must touch humanity and it is only thus that its influence is made manifest. It was not revolution but Danton, Marat, and Robespierre that made the Reign of Terror. The hope of Independence was not in the Revolution, but in the men who fought the battles and

sat in the councils. The ideal of a noble life is not found in the abstract, but in the men and women who cross our path and like the waves of the ocean kiss the shore and give it character. Every ideal should have due respect to the moral, and with this observed a noble life must result, since morality is Mount Blanc raising its outline in the mist to tell the traveller of the Alps he may climb into the upper ether.

For the Irving Literary Gazette.

Divisions of Time.

BY PROF. S. SIMPSON, A. M.

Astronomy has had its day of fables. The Chaldeans claimed to foretell the future by the stars; some Greek philosophers taught that the sun is a mass of red-hot iron about the size of Maryland, and that the heaven is a vault of stone, kept falling in by rapid rotation; while Napoleon as well as Wallenstein believed in his star.

The Ancients ascertained the length of the year by the gnomon, a rod standing on a plane on which was a meridian line. The period between the longest and the shortest shadow was half the year.

Romulus counted 304 days in a year and divided it into ten months; Numa made the year 355 days and added two more months; the Julian Calendar introduced an error of 11 days; and even to-day the astronomers all differ a few seconds in the length of the year.

There are around the sun in the heavens two imaginary circles crossing at two points the vernal and the autumnal equinox. In one of these circles the earth moves around the sun, and the time from the vernal equinox around to the same equinox again is a common year, which is 20m. and 20s. of time less than one complete revolution around the sun. As nearly as we can calculate, this common year is 365d. 5h. 48m. and 48s. The present year began at midnight between the last of December and first of January. When will it end? Not at the same time next year, for that will be only 365d. and this year is longer by 5h. 48m. and 48s. It will end the 1st of next January at 5 o'clock, 48m. and 48s. A. M.; the following year will end in 1888, 11 o'clock, 37m. and 36s. A. M., &c.

Before the time of Julius Caesar the months stood as follows: Martius, Aprilis, Maius, Junius, Quintilis, Sextilis, September, October, November, December, Januarius, and Februarius.

Julius Caesar, attempting to reform the calendar, secured the aid of Sosigenes, an Egyptian scholar, and devised the plan of inserting an extra day every fourth year. This fourth year was called bissextile-year (from *bis*, twice, and *sextus*, sixth), because on that year they counted the 23rd of Feb. (the sixth before the Kalends of Mar.) twice. The Julian Calendar thus assumes that the length of a year is 365d. and 6h., but this is too much by 11m. and 12s. To honor the author of this reformation, the fifth month, Quintilis, was changed to Julius, July. The citizens failed to apply this rule, and because Augustus called their attention to it, an obsequious senate changed the sixth month, Sextilis, to Augustus, and then to make that month as long as Julius they took one day from Feb., thus giving us a short month.

When Julius reformed the Calendar, the vernal equinox was March the 24th, but owing to the error of 11m. and 12s. the equinox came on the 21st of March at the time of the Council of Nice, A. D. 325. Now this Council fixed the time of Easter, declaring that it should be celebrated the Sunday following the first full moon on or after the vernal equinox.

Since the equinox came round 11m. and

12s. before the Julian year ended, Pope Gregory the XIII found that in the year 1582 the vernal equinox would come on the 11th of March. The Council, A. D. 1582, threw away the ten days and called the 11th of March the 21st, and to prevent the recurrence of the difficulty, the same authority decided to omit one intercalary day every 133½ years—to have in each 133½ years one period of eight years with no leap year. Thus the present Calendar throws out 72h. every 400 years; but the error is 74h. and 40m., so that we are now gaining on the seasons 2h. and 40m. each period of 400 years.

This will require just 3600 years to gain a day, and in the year of our Lord 5181 Christmas will come on the 24th of December.

In England the Julian Calendar was not changed until A. D. 1752, when the error was 11 days. Parliament enacted that the year 1752, which began on the 25th of March—to that time all years began on the 25th of March—should end Dec. 31st; and also it was ordered that September 3d, same year, should be called the 14th. The year 1752 having only 281 days, is called the year of confusion.

Washington was born before the change, the 11th of February, 1732. In 1752 he ought to be 20 years old, but in this year, which began on 25th of March and ended Dec. 31st, he had no birthday at all. He was 20 years old not the 11th, but the 22d of Feb. 1753. On account of these changes it is a fact that not one educated man in a dozen can tell you how old Washington was when he died, or whether his anniversary should be celebrated the 11th, the 22d, or the 23d of Feb.

The Romans gave names to the days as follows: Sun's day, Moon's day, Mars' day, Mercury's day, Jupiter's day, Venus' day, and Saturn's day. Our Anglo-Saxon forefathers substituted their gods Tuisco, Woden, Thor, and Friga, making Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday.

The earth rotates on its axis once every 23h. 56m. 4.09s.; thus it is clear that a common day is one rotation plus a fractional part of a second rotation, but this fractional part is a variable quantity.

About 30 centuries ago the Chaldeans divided the day into hours each 1-24 part; but if my attention has ever been called to the origin of the division into minutes and seconds, I, at present, fail to recall the explanation.

Teacher: "What is an engineer?" Boy No. 1: "A man who works an engine." Teacher: "What is a pioneer?" Boy No. 2: "That man that works a piano."

An honest but rather illiterate old farmer, while addressing a school-house audience on temperance, confessed that he had been a drinking man. "But, my friends," he said, "I never drank to success."

A very precise person, remarking upon Shakespeare's line, "The good men do is oft interred with their bones," carefully observes that this interment can generally take place without crowding the bones.

The craze on electrical study is beginning to bear fruit. "Are you the conductor?" asked a lad on an excursion train. "I am," replied the courteous official, "and my name is Wood." "Oh! that can't be," said the boy, "for wood is a non-conductor."

There was a man once on a time who thought him wondrous wise,

He swore by all the fabled gods he'd never advertise;

But the goods were advertised ere long, and thereby hangs the tale—

The ad was set in nonpareil, and headed "Sheriff's sale."—*Salem Gazette.*

VICTORY.

Quarterly Oration Delivered by G. C. Erb.

The human mind is the brightest display of power and skill of the Infinite mind with which we are acquainted. It is the fountain of every thought, and sentiment in which our destiny for weal or woe is involved. The ambitious have not always succeeded in gaining the crown, but garlands are twisted for the victorious. The path of life that once for all must be trodden leads us on through intricate ways and difficult journeys, and many there are who stumble and fall, and never reach the goal of their ambitions; while others, though often disheartened, travel until they reach the final point in victory. The field of life is very wide, and our hope of conquering all as we grow in knowledge will finally be blasted, if we do not become discouraged when we view the mighty things which are beyond our comprehensions, but go on like the army pressing forward to victory. We shall finally receive reinforcements sufficient, and a glorious triumph shall be ours. Virtue is a necessary possession for those who desire to make their lives a success and to crown their deeds with victory, through the possession of which many have made themselves heroes, and have accomplished what others have failed to do from not possessing that excellent quality. The youth in his earthly pilgrimage has many difficulties with which he must contend. He has not the strength of mind which is the characteristic of those who have reached a more matured age, and if he departs from the path of virtue and gives himself up to the surrounding propensities he will finally be driven to despair, while his life, which once, perhaps, was promising, may terminate with an ignominious death. The influence on the youth exerted by his companions cannot be over-estimated. The mind at that period of life does not accustom itself to reflection, but rushes on thoughtlessly into vice, while evil associates will rapidly bring them to such a condition that reformation alone will be able to raise them to their former position. He who has thus become degraded will require a great amount of exertion to triumph over the obstacles, yet by labor and perseverance the desired object may finally be accomplished. This world is full of those who are never content. They are continually complaining of not having the opportunity to be as victorious as their fellow men. They might say that others are better situated to do what they might desire, while their natural abilities are also superior. The wealthy have not always been victorious. Their defeats are more frequent than the poor. While genius is nothing but the composition of industry and labor, this world has seen many who have reached the highest pinnacle of fame not by means of wealth, but by their own individual exertions. Columbus would never have discovered America if he had allowed himself to be defeated; but like a hero he pressed on until he had gained the long-sought victory.

Mankind is by nature prone to evil. We are inclined to speak things which are advantageous to us at present rather than the things that really exist, until a habit is formed of telling falsehoods, which if not conquered will cling to us through our whole life. The thoughtless gaze on the world and observe many who are engaged in earthly pleasures. A burning desire urges them to pursue a similar course. There is one who is enticed by wine as it shines in the glass. Soon he will desert his home and fireside, where his sorrows were often turned into heavenly smiles, and seeks those who frequent the barroom, where he will squander his time and money, which might have

been employed in a more useful manner. Perhaps a kind and tender-hearted mother, is daily offering up prayers for him to be released from the bonds that hold him in a wretched condition. Perhaps a tender-hearted wife is sitting by her fireside, surrounded by her little children, who realize the absence of one who was always present and a comfort. Grief fills her soul when she recalls to memory the days of yore, when the marriage bond ushered her into a new sphere of life, and when all her expectations were for happiness and contentment. But temptations of any kind may be overcome by diligent effort; if we reflect on our fallen condition and realize the position in which we stand, we soon shall observe that we are not where we ought to be, and that while we are enjoying the world and having a good time we are causing misery and bringing disgrace upon others. When we observe mankind in general we find them engaged in various pursuits. Some have devoted themselves to the tilling of the soil, while others have made the various professions the object of their ambition; but when the great strife is over not all have been victorious. Yet by careful examination the reason of it will soon be determined. The one has gone on from victory to victory; the other has suffered many defeats. It is often asserted by the student that this or that is a difficult study, and to master it would require a great amount of time, which might be spent in a more profitable manner. But let them bear in mind that every lesson of such a nature, if conquered, will aid them in making greater advancements in the world. Let him meet his most difficult lesson with cheerfulness, and have the confidence that he is able to conquer them, and he finally shall gain the victory. He may often become discouraged and fail in his recitations, but such discouragements should give him more courage in pursuing his studies for the future. If he passes over anything which appears difficult to be conquered, and does not exert the whole power of his mind upon it, he will soon find an enemy that will threaten his destruction. If we desire to be victorious in the journey of life, our aims should be only limited by the skies, though the stars which we take as our guide may descend beneath the horizon, and leave us to wander in darkness; and if we do not become discouraged by thinking of our critical condition, but with rapid steps direct our course onward, we shall at length reach a position from which the glorious orb may be observed in all its original lustre, and the strength which we have acquired on our laborious journey will display its effect until we have gained the victory.

Oliver Wendell Holmes to Mark Twain on His Fiftieth Birthday.

From the Philadelphia Press.

NEW YORK, Nov. 28, 1885.—On the 30th of this month Mark Twain will have reached his 50th birthday, and in honor of this occasion the three leading humorists of the country have written lines of congratulation which are published in the *Critic*. These lead off with a poem to Mr. Clemens by Oliver Wendell Holmes, followed by three lines of compliment from Frank R. Stocton, a dozen lines of friendly congratulation from Charles Dudley Warner, and an appreciative tribute from Joel Chandler Harris (Uncle Remus). Dr. Holmes' lines are as follows:

Ah Clemens, when I saw thee last—
We both of us were younger—
How fondly mumbling o'er the past
Is Memory's toothless hunger!

So fifty years have fled, they say,
Since first you took to drinking—
I mean in Nature's milky way—
Of course no ill I'm thinking.

But while on life's uneven road
Your track you've been pursuing,
What fountains from your wit have flowed—
What drinks you have been brewing!

I know whence all your magic came—
Your secret I've discovered—
The source that fed your inward flame—
The dreams that 'round you hovered.

Before you learned to bite or munch,
Still kicking in your cradle,
The Muses mixed a bowl of punch
And Hebe seized the ladle.

Dear babe, whose fiftieth year to-day
Your ripe half-century rounded,
Your books the precious draught betray
The laughing Nine compounded.

So mixed the sweet, the sharp, the strong
Each finds its faults amended,
The virtues that to each belong
In happier union blended.

And what the flavor can surpass
Of sugar, spirit, lemons?
So while one health fills every glass
Mark Twain for Baby Clemens!

Mr. Stockton tells Mr. Clemens that in his first half century he has made the world laugh more than any other man, and he adds, "May you repeat the whole performance and mark twain." Mr. Warner's letter is addressed to "My Dear Neighbor." He writes:

You may think it an easy thing to be 50 years old, but you will find it not so easy to stay there, and your next fifty years will slip away much faster than those just accomplished. After all, half a century is not so much, and I would not throw it up to you now only for the chance of saying that few living men have crowded so much into the space as you, and few done so much for the entertainment and good fellowship of the world; and I am glad to see that you wear your years as lightly as your more abundant honors. Having successfully turned this corner, I hope that we shall continue to be near neighbors and grow young together.

Joel Chandler Harris thinks there must be some joke about this matter, "or else fifty years are not as burdensome as they were in the days when men were narrow-minded and lacked humor—that is to say when there was no Mark Twain to add salt to youth and to sweeten old age." Mr. Harris says:

I saw Mr. Twain not so very long ago piloting a steamboat up and down the Mississippi River in front of New Orleans, and his hand was strong and his eye keen. Somewhat later I heard him discussing a tough German sentence with little Jean—a discussion in which the toddling child probably had the best of it—but his mind was clear and he was bubbling over with good humor. I have seen him elsewhere and under other circumstances, but the fact that he was bordering on fifty years never occurred to me.

TWAIN'S QUEER WORKSHOP.

Mr. Clemens is not ashamed of his pilot days, and he has a Summer house at his brother-in-law's country seat at Elmira, N. Y., built entirely of glass, and modeled exactly on the plan of a Mississippi steamer pilot-house. It is on a high peak, which stands 600 feet above the valley that spreads out before it. In this pilot house Mr. Clemens does the hardest work of the year. From June to the middle of September he is the guest of his brother-in-law, Mr. T. W. Cranc, and the rest of the year he spends at his own home at Hartford. When at Elmira he goes to his lofty workshop, which is some distance from the house, every morning at 8.30, and stays there until called to dinner at 5 o'clock. He takes nothing to eat between times, and he gives imperative orders that he is to be undisturbed. Though he eats nothing, he smokes continuously, and consumes from fifteen to twenty cigars every day.

Mr. Clemens' Hartford home was one of the first modern houses of attractive architecture, and the decoration of the interior of this model home, although begun long before the craze for artistic decoration, is conspicuous for its good taste, and

Mr. Clemens' collection of bric-a-brac, pictures and wood carving is exceptionally fine. His taste in these matters is remarkable when one considers his early education.

College World.

Harvard has 1662 students.

Brown has made Latin and Greek elective.

There are sixteen American colleges looking for presidents.

School property in the South is valued at about \$6,000,000 against \$188,000,000 in the North.

Hon. James G. Blaine is to deliver the Commencement oration at Dartmouth College next June.

Students at Amherst who do not attend to their gymnasium duties cannot receive a diploma at graduation.

The President of Lehigh receives \$12,000 per year. Yales pays \$4,000.

Secretary Bayard is to deliver the Commencement address at the University of Kansas.

Of the 312 colleges in the United States, 250 have preparatory departments connected with them; 171 admit both sexes on equal terms; 133 admit only men; 5 admit only women.

A committee from the Maryland House of Delegates has been appointed to "investigate the condition" of the John Hopkins trusts.

Over 2,500 volumes, containing the works and history of the Puritans, were purchased in London recently for the Princeton Seminary library.

Dartmouth has received a \$4,000 scholarship on condition that no student who uses tobacco shall receive any benefit therefrom.

President Seeyle, of Amherst college, recently received from "The North American Review," in payment for an article, a check which rather staggered him by its munificence. He told one of his classes that his labor had been so small and the recompense was so large that he had concluded to make a present of the latter. Then he gave each member of the class, which numbered 100, a handsome copy of Bacon's Essays.

Prof. J. H. Turner has purchased from the Rev. Dr. Marris, the Lutherville Seminary, for \$20,000.

During the fifteen years that Dr. Noah Porter has been President of Yale College the number of students has increased from 755 to 1,076, the instructors from 71 to 114, the library from 90,000 to 173,000 volumes, and the funds of the college from \$1,227,305 to \$2,155,705; eight buildings have been erected for different apartments, with an observatory, the requirements for admission have been increased, and the course of study amplified.

PROFESSOR.—"Why does a duck put his head under water?" Pupil—"For divers reasons." Professor—"Why does he go on land?" Pupil—"For sundry reasons." Professor—"Next, you may tell us why a duck puts his head under water." Second Pupil—"To liquidate his bill." Professor—"And why does he go on land?" Second Pupil—"To make a run on the bank."

At one of the schools the master, in a general exercise, wrote the word "dozen" on the blackboard, and asked the pupils to each write a sentence containing the word. He was somewhat taken aback to find on one of the papers the following unique sentence: "I dozen know my lesson."

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To whom all communications should be addressed.

WESTMINSTER, MD., FEBRUARY, 1886.

Religion and The Schools.

Apropos of the day of prayer for colleges is the address of President Eliot of Harvard before some Universalist club. In his address the Harvard President spoke of education, and touched upon the relation of religion and education, taking somewhat sectarian grounds. It is not to be supposed for a moment that we believe in taking religion out of the schools, but to place these two great elements in our civilization in the sectarian relation in our schools is of doubtful expediency.

Religion is the foster mother of education. Take the schools and colleges founded by denominations out of the country and the remainder would be but a small per cent. of the present number. Yet in these very schools religious influences predominate but sectarianism is unknown, in the Protestant schools at least. It is naturally to be expected that a Theological Seminary will inculcate the dogmas of the church under whose auspices it was established and to whom it owes its vitality. The purpose of these institutions is specific and not general, and hence, they are not to be included under this head.

The prime object in going to any school or college is not to secure a certain definite religious training, but to pursue an academic course of study. Now while the religious, as such, must enter into and constitute the basis of this work, and the education is not complete if it neglects this matter, yet, in the form of denominationalism, religion is contrary to the spirit of the land and can only be practical in countries where church and state are united. In this connection it is to be noted that at the present time the tendency is toward religion even among those who are disposed to reject all such claims. The religious spirit too is greater among the colleges than it has been for sometime. The simple fact in the case is religion is becoming popular. Notwithstanding this, if the principle of denominationalism were to prevail not a few of our colleges would be affected thereby.

Take simply the retention of the Bible alone in our public schools and what frequent disturbances has this made. But whatever may be said of the Bible and religion, *per se* and not denominationally, the great fact remains that the Bible is the

center of the movement of all intellectual thought, regardless of its tendency, and of the various systems of morals. Gouisticism and agnosticism, theism and atheism, in all their various forms and different degrees, are intimately concerned with this book and its teachings; the one affirming, the other denying some one or more of its tenets, and, in the absolute, it is allowable to say that neither dogmatic theism nor dogmatic skepticism could exist without it, since what each affirms or denies has at least its germ in the Bible. Modern scientific research in archaeology and philology disclose the fact that the most ancient nations and religions have had embodied in their systems one or more of the Bible statements of truth in some form or other. It is also reported of one of America's most celebrated scientists that he has declared he could accept without the slightest variation the doctrines of evolution, and doubt the existence of God were it not for the necessity of having a first cause and the only revelation of that First Cause was to be found in the Holy Bible. Now with all this taken into account with reference to the Bible alone, when the mere introduction of that book into the schools of the land is met with opposition in some quarters, it is possible to foresee what would be the probable results in case sectarianism were to be allowed in our colleges. Religion, but not in its sectarian form, must ever be an element in education.

The Right to Exist.

At the last meeting of Yale Alumni in New York, Mr. Wintrop lamented the lack of appreciation of Yale on the part of the country: it used to be that Harvard and Yale divided the country between them, but now you hear of Princeton and Columbia. Why law, yes! how extremely liberal, just like the old Puritans, and, and—Roger Williams. The country ought to have an educational monopoly with Yale and Harvard dividing profits—it would be so nice, you know, and so expressive of appreciation. But fortunately this is not Yalensianism, for that old institution's spirit of freedom breathes in many of our best citizens. That Princeton and Columbia should vie with Yale and Harvard is a good sign of the educational progress of the country, showing that of late years a forward movement has been made in this direction. Surely this is not a matter for regret. Rather ought it to cause gratification. It is not just to ourselves to desire a few institutions to possess all the superior advantages and facilities in college work.

The more there are to develop the educational interests the better. Look at Germany with her numerous universities and the possibilities for this country are marvellous. With young blood and great energy we can almost begin where others left off instead of beginning where they began. The country will be fortunate when time and money shall have made our colleges and universities peers of any in the world.

Y. M. C. A.

Since but little has been said in our former issues about this very important feature of college work, we think it proper at the close of this term to review in a general way the work of this organization.

The Young Mens Christian Association has been in existence for several years in our college, but we can safely say that it has never enjoyed better prosperity than during the past term nor was it ever in a more hopeful condition than at present. Owing to the untiring efforts of its members, there are but few students at present who are not connected with the association, and we trust that before the end of the scholastic year, not one will be left whose name does not appear on the roll of its membership.

During the term that has just closed the association passed through one marked spiritual outpouring, the result of personal work, which resulted in the conversion of several students and which has left its influence indelibly stamped upon the lives of its members. The work of the association has been especially noticed in the suppression of all tendency toward ruffianism, and in the high state of morality existing among the students. Never before has the standards of gentlemanly deportment and moral character been elevated to such an height as during the present year, which is due in a large measure, to the firmness of the members in all matters requiring decision of character. We desire that our college should take a foremost position among the colleges for christian education of our land, but believe its spiritual and moral standard will ever be regulated by the success or failure of the Y. M. C. A.

At a recent election the following officers were elected for the ensuing term:—Pres., Rev. L. R. Dyott; Vice-Pres., L. M. Bennett '86; Cor. Sec., N. H. Wilson '87; Rec. Sec., H. D. Mitchell '88; Treas., W. McA. Lease '89. We compliment the association on its corps of officers and pray that it shall go on from victory to victory, until the banner of triumph shall be unfurled over the college, claiming every student for the Blessed Redeemer.

THE hope of the country is in the young man. It is necessary often to write on this theme for fear the modest youth should allow his name to go down in history as one of the unknown heroes. The country is debtor to him to these amounts. It owes him a decent living, if he will work for it. He can go to the county home, or to the alms house, or to the poor house as his taste may dictate in case he can not do that much. To be sure the country ought to permit him to spend all the money his father accumulated—free circulation and the prevention of a panic in the money market is his philanthropic intention, and who will gainsay it. When he arrives at the age of twenty-one he should be allowed to vote; for it is the only time in his life that he is the majority and his biography would have a deplorable omission were this fact not registered. Then he should be permitted to wear down on his upper lip to

shade his face until he can grow a hirsute forest on his cheeks. The only assets the country has with which to meet these liabilities is the right to demand of the youthful American Thersetes, the legitimate development of the small boy, that he keeps his cane out of your side, and when death shall end his career not leave his coroner's bill for you to pay. The statement thus shows that the country is debtor to Mr. Young Man America.

WE have lately been in receipt of several magnificent (?) offers, which we regret very much that, owing to circumstances, we are compelled to let slip. A firm in New Jersey has offered to let us print their advertisement if we buy an organ from them for fifty-six dollars. Another will sell us a dozen bottles of patent medicine, with the privilege of inserting their advertisement in our paper, for five dollars. We have about umpty-one others of a similar nature. Oh, how we yearn to grasp these opportunities! But, as we are not a junk shop, and our editorial sanctum is too small to act as a store house, being but 12x9, we have decided not to buy any advertisements this year to fill up our paper. No, we don't want any printers' vises, or vices either, for that matter, in our sanctum. As our children are uniformly healthy, we won't take any cough syrup this year, thank you. We sold our horse last June; besides, our horse was not that kind which ate anything, so we think we would not have any success in trying to train him up on condition powders. No, we do not want any incubators. We haven't any eggs; they are scarce. Chickens up here don't lay except at Easter. No! no! dear friends! don't tempt us with such glittering chances of getting rich. It is said that "there is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at its flood, leads on to fortune," but as we have no boat we will have to let her slide this time, and plod on in our same old weary way. So if you want to insert an advertisement in the IRVING LITERARY GAZETTE let the hard cash accompany your advertisement. Our terms are fifteen dollars per column per year. No patent medicines inserted.

As we go to press we learn with heart-rending sadness of the sudden death of Gen. Winfield Scott Hancock, senior Brigadier General of the American Army. Gen. Hancock's standing as a soldier, his scholarly attainments, and gentlemanly bearing and purity of character, are so well known by the citizens of this vast republic as to need no comment by us. To see him was to admire him; to know him was to love him.

This is indeed not only a sad blow, but a severe loss to our Union, and the effect will be all the keener felt by the nation from the fact that it is the third death within a few months of those few remaining heroes who fought so nobly for the preservation of our grand Republic. In the demise of McClellan, Grant and Hancock the nation mourns for three of her noblest sons, whose names and bravery will be perpetuated as

long as time shall last or there is a history to record the events of the civil war. Toll the bells, drape the nation in mourning, and weave garlands of "immortelles" for our departed hero!

In another part of our paper will be found the action of our board of trustees, at the recent meeting in this town. The resignation of our beloved President—Rev. J. T. Ward, D. D., was not only a matter of surprise but of sincere regret to all of our students. The Dr. has been president of our College from its foundation in 1868 and his cheerful face, kind words and fatherly advice have ever been the brightest links that binds the student to the institution. We are glad to know that he is not to withdraw his interests from our school since his name will appear as *premeritus*. Rev. B. F. Benson who has filled the Vice-Presidency for three years, also tendered his resignation to take effect the 1st of May. We feel sure that his efficient management and careful attention to his routine of work, have been such as to materially advance the interest of both College and students. He has our best wishes for a useful and successful life in the calling he has espoused.

Locals.

Ice.
Snow.
Slush.
Lots of it.
Examination over.
Dont fail to see Fabian.
Give us your hand on it.
The coming man—Fabian.
Mr. Frank West, '89, is confined to his home on account of illness.
Read the notice of our entertainment.
Mr. Fabian is hard to beat.
Who says the Soph. was star-gazing when he fell down the back steps?
Miss Parker '88 enjoyed a visit from her parents and sister on the 9th ultimo.
Fabian is one of the finest elocutionists on the road, and no one should fail to see him.
Mr. John Whaley, '89, is confined to his room from a very painful dislocation of the knee-cap.
Mr. H. S. Slifer, '87, enjoyed lately a visit from his friend, Mr. Dixie Usilton, of Baltimore.
"Blind Tom," the venerable negro musician, will appear in our town next week, the 18th inst.
Misses Whittington, Handy and Thompson are at present sick. We are sorry they missed the fair.
The day of prayer for colleges of our land will be observed by us on the last Thursday of this month.
Miss Abbott, '87, is sick at the house of Miss Sadie Kneller, '85. We hope soon to see you at school again.
Mrs. Owings, the mother of Miss Lottie Owings, our preceptress, is at present stopping at the college with her daughter.
Mr. Micheal, '89, after an absence of five weeks, has returned, and fills his usual place at the table. We welcome you.
We regret that Mr. Geo. R. Brown, '88, was compelled to return home, and hope he may be able to re-enter the next session.
One of our Juniors informed a Prep. the

other day that the plural of ox was oxes. He had better consult his *famous phonograph*.

The GAZETTE received a very interesting letter from Mr. W. J. Todd '85. Many thanks for the inclosed and your kind words.

Several of the boys have received lately boxes of good things from home, and "ye editors" have fared well. Come again—the boxes.

We were glad to see Mr. C. R. Miller '81 present at the exercises held in Chapel Feb. 12th, and at our society meeting. Come again.

Mr. Irving Mace, who was called home shortly after the holidays on account of the severe illness of his father, has returned and reports him out of danger.

One of our unsalted, *i. e.*, Fresh students has discovered a new translation of the hand writing on the wall; we quote it as he gave it: "Minnie Minnie." Tell it to Miss Parker.

Who was that Soph. sitting in the window down town recently playing with the curtain string and looking so lovingly in the fair one's face? The front window is a bad place Sophie.

The sanctum owl has been traded off for an elephant, who strays around the campus in search of notes, and safely stores them in his trunk, the key of which is solely held by the editors.

The shipment of strawberries this season was made last Thursday from Fla. They haven't arrived here yet, but *hope* to see them on the table next Sunday, but we fear it is hoping against hope.

Prof. Reese attended the dinner given by the Maryland Alumni Association of Princeton College at Hotel Rennert in Baltimore, Feb. 11th. Prof. Reese was elected one of the Vice Presidents of the Association.

The present Senior class pride themselves on being the most moral class ever in this institution. Out of the whole class there are none who either chew tobacco or drink liquor, and but one who smokes, and he is a town student.

The Prep. Department, under the management of the popular Prof. Merrill, has been increased by the arrival of two new students, Messrs. Wm. Smith and F. L. Masten, both of Harrington, Del., and Mr. Gloyd Lynch of Westminster.

Mr. C. (interrupting the Prof. in Belle Lettres): "I read somewhere that they could raise a child on 7½ pence in Egypt." Prof. (misunderstanding the interruption): "How is that?" Mr. C. repeated: Prof. replied—"That is very cheap."

News at the Seminary is very scarce. All the students have returned with the exception of Mr. Sinkinson, who is to fill the unexpired term occasioned by the death of his brother, at the M. P. Church in Camden, N. J. He has our best wishes for his success.

With the closing of the last session we lost three of our students whose vivacity and jollity contributed much to the enjoyment of the students. We refer to Miss Ada Roberts, '87, of Chestertown, Md.; Miss Madge Slaughter, '87, of Centreville, Md.; and Mr. Harry S. Boyle, '88, of Libertytown, Md. We miss you.

One of our students became so enthusiastic over the concert given by the Rock Band Company last week that on his return to College he determined to manufacture a musical instrument with which to beguile the lonely hours. At last he succeeded in grinding the old familiar tune of Yankee Doodle out of a few pins driven in a small board. He terms it "his Pin Harmonicon."

"Parlor Night" brings joy to some and sorrow to others. We are inclined to think that one of our Preps. was included under the latter head, when, after living in hopes of seeing the "fair one" for one whole month, on rushing into the parlor, discovered her to be among the missing. Publicity of such failings don't pay, and we think, without a *doubt*, he should *cork* his sentiments more tightly.

The second quarterly exercises of the first division of the Senior Class took place last Friday. The following is the order of the exercises: Music, duett, Misses Whittington and Handy; oration, Mr. L. M. Bennett, subject, Aaron Burr; essay, Miss Reaver, American Youth; essay, Miss Richards, Love of Acquiring Money; oration, Mr. B. A. Dumm, Arnold the Traitor; music, Misses Wilson and Stevens; essay, Miss Sappington, It Might Have been; essay, Miss Stevenson, The Triangle; oration, Mr. Erb, Victory.

The most enjoyable affair that we have attended this year was the fair and supper held at the M. P. Church on the nights of February 11, 12 and 13. It was a fact to be lamented that the weather was so unpropitious, but notwithstanding this fact the attendance was quite large, and from the reports we have received it was a success financially. The prominent feature of the affair, especially to the College boys, was the table presided over by the ladies of our College, and from what we saw it was the most largely patronized. We were very proud of our representation, and admired the agility and precision with which they dispensed tea, coffee, oysters and turkey to their customers.

Those of our students and town friends who failed to attend the entertainment given in the town hall by the *Rock Band Company* of England, missed a musical treat such as is rarely to be enjoyed in this town. The music furnished by the Rock Harmonican, an instrument made of rocks found in the northern part of England, was surprisingly beautiful, and the mastery of the instrument and dexterity of movements were simply wonderful. We were almost prepared for anything, but imagine our surprise when one of the performers played the "Last Rose of Summer" on a boot-jack, with a remarkable sweetness, that we never considered to be in that cat-quenching machine.

The second quarterly exercises of the second division of the Class of '86 took place in the chapel on the 12th ult. The exercises were opened with a musical duet by Misses Garrison and Beeks, followed with an essay by Miss Stevens. Mr. C. M. Grow then delivered an oration on Winfield Scott Hancock; next Miss Lenore Stone read an essay on the "English Language," which was followed by an admirable oration by Mr. E. T. Mowbray on "Ingersoll as a Friend to Christianity." Miss Thompson read an essay on "Co-education," followed with an essay by Miss J. F. Wilson on Alex. Pope. Mr. Róop made the closing oration on "Monitors," after which the exercises closed with a musical duet by Misses Galt and Heyde.

The way to test a foreigner's English—Get him to write the following sentence by dictation:—"Tell Mr. Ayer, the landlord's heir, from the river Aire, that if e'er I go to Ayr, for change of air, I will return ere the corn is in ear, at the sitting of the court of Eyre." At all events he won't deny it's being an *airy* sentence.

Music is the sound which one's children make as they romp through the house. Noise is the sound which other people's children make under the same circumstances.—*Boston Post*.

TAKE NOTICE

GRAND ENTERTAINMENT

Under the auspices of

IRVING

Literary Society

AT

ODD FELLOWS' HALL,

ON

Monday, March 8.

First appearance in the South of

MR. EDWARD FABIAN,

THE WORLD FAMOUS

ELOCUTIONIST

AND

SOLOIST.

Mr. Fabian is a man of extraordinary talent, and a gifted Elocutionist. He has been received with grand ovations all through the North, and is highly recommended by the press. See press notices and posters. Tickets can be had from any member of the Society, and no one should miss this rare opportunity of hearing Mr. Fabian. In order to give all an opportunity of hearing the gentleman, the price of admission has been placed at 35 and 25 cents.

We solicit your patronage. Don't forget the date.

New Puzzles.

Fill up the blanks with names of lady students.

Said the ———: "Take these ———, ——— them in such an un——— place beneath this ———, that even if the far-famed owl of the prairie——— for them their —— cannot reach them. Yea —— them so securely that they —— no more unfortunates."

The names of nineteen young ladies are hidden in the following:

When I was penning Tony a note in regard to a damson tree in his park (erect as no smith could construct it), I received notice that the Fish river, or the Po——well, I can't remember which, was undermining or sapping tons of earth in his park, erasing a dam so strongly built, and wide withal, that you would think it able to withstand the first, even second jar, Boadicea herself might give it. Upon his arrival something occurred, not sad, odd rather, as laughter was excited thereby. A male hornet, which burroughs in the earth, was now hitting Tony Richard Sharl and others upon their beaks.

ANAGRAMS.

LADIES.

Iron rags,	Sad Mad?	Morah Elm,
L's ruby lips,	Wet it D,	Seven st,
Note pinning,	G won't thin it,	Moths on P,
This M,	Hers Gault,	Odd D,
Tag L,	Seven tons,	At Bob,
Music done,	A stopping M,	Rub Tom,
W S Lion,	Ye small W,	Onset,
	Rough rubs.	

GENTLEMEN.

Worn B,	I sler F,	Now Mab,
Wing hour B'm,	Mud M,	On wings,
Ale St Dock,	Let him CL,	Y rend S,
A luck,	Came,	Ye vase,
Hal yew,	Easel,	Rug Bee,
Sat on W,	Heal Mic,	Poo,
Raker,	Do so W,	Bay worm,
Now ding,	H sunk,	An ill
Sit G,	Stew,	Not Lacy,
C M Sob,	Men sat,	Toll pit.

Western Maryland College.

The Kent *News*, published at Chestertown, Md., says:—At a meeting of the board of trustees of Western Maryland College at Westminster, on the 27th ult., Rev. J. T. Ward, D. D., tendered his resignation as president, to take effect at the close of the present collegiate year. He has been president for eighteen consecutive years. He will remain in the faculty as professor of mental and moral science. The board elected to the presidency Rev. Thomas H. Lewis, A. M., D. D., now president of the Westminster Theological Seminary. The office of vice-president will not be filled for the coming year. Rev. B. F. Benson, A. M., who has filled this position since January, 1882, tendered his resignation, to take effect May 1, 1886, and will take an appointment in the Maryland Annual Conference at its coming session in April. The board of governors of the Westminster Theological Seminary have elected Rev. J. T. Ward, D. D., president of that institution.

Dr. Lewis is the right man for the place. He has the talent and the energy for successful management, and under him this worthy institution will measure up to the highest usefulness hoped for by its numerous friends and patrons. The Western Maryland College stands in front rank of the educational institutions of the State and is deservedly popular wherever its advantages are known. One of the most gratifying facts noted in the above change is that the retiring president—Rev. Dr. Ward—does not relinquish his interest or service in the college. His ripe wisdom and exalted virtues will continue to adorn the institution.

For the Irving Literary Gazette.

Mohammed.

When on the banks of the Loire Christian and Mohammedan crossed swords, it was the meeting of two troubled oceans, with the roll of their waves borne on the wings of wind; the shock of their meeting shook the world, and the recoil shattered the throne of Islam. At the distance of nearly thirteen centuries, we can peer through the smoke of incense, with which the Moslem surrounds himself, to the hermit at Mount Hera, the exile of Mecca, the preacher of Medina, and the conqueror of Arabia, and look on the face of Mohammed, the founder of the mighty Musselman power.

Raised from poverty by a fortunate marriage, for forty years he had avoided the sin of Achan, the ruling passion of Macbeth, and, except for casual conversations with Jews and Christians, his tomb might have been covered by the sands of the Arabian Desert and his name forgotten. The idea of the unity of God fixed itself in his mind, and constant, deep reflection and a glowing imagination may have impressed on him the thought that he was inspired of heaven to break the altars of the idols and establish on their broken fragments the religion of Allah. Charity may compel us to believe that the original motives of Mahomet were pure; that he burned with a desire to bring his countrymen to a true knowledge of their Creator; but be this as it may, in his case holy zeal gave place to enthusiasm; imposture became the real; he deceived himself that he might win others, and he allowed the fires of conscience to die out on the altar of his soul.

It is natural and fascinating to watch the struggles of a great man awakened from sin to see the reality of things, to see that time is a segment of eternity and earth the threshold of eternal happiness or endless woe; and it is also terrible, awful to see him at this point take the step that hurls him down the chasm. In the case of Mohammed the fatal step was taken in the convocation of the family of Hashem and the declaration of his prophetic mission. The fugitive of Mecca, he became the protégé of Medina; the citizen, he became the prince; the prophet, he became the victorious warrior; the child of poverty, manhood laid at his feet the treasures of Arabia, and his flaming sword flew westward like a blazing meteor. Successful to the close of life, it is possible that in his sear and yellow leaf he laughed at the credulity of his followers, or else he was assured that his was a divine mission, sanctioned of heaven. However this may be, he despised the display of royalty; and, by the sword and appeals to the gross and sensual passions of man, he laid the foundation of a religion, whose era comes six centuries after that of the Christian, and whose following is half that of Christianity. His followers, too, have as great, if not greater, veneration for the tomb of Medina and the city of Mecca than many of us have for Jerusalem and the sepulcher in the garden. His religion was emphatically that of the sword. The victorious Musselman marched from the Tigris to the Oxus, and on the ruins of Persia's ancient and famous religion they reared the Mohammedan mosques; Syria was subdued; Egypt was overrun by the Mamelukes; the Barbary States paid tribute to them, and Mohammed was invoked under the very shadows of the Pyrennees. Long since, however, the might of that power was broken, not so much by the force of arms as by the system of morals Mohammed had taught, for in the fertile valleys of Damascus and Bassora the Bedouins of the desert were weakened by the abundance of

riches and sensual indulgences before the first generation had passed away. But whatever may be said of the virtues and vices of Mohammed, and of the character of the religion he established, it must be remembered that he is one of the great men who have left their impress on the world; and when the night of oblivion shall have settled down on the dismembered fragments and dismantled remains of Mohammedanism, Mahomet will remain a personage for the study of the student of history, for even when:

"Twilight draws her curtain down
She pins it with a star."

KENOSHA.

Winfield Scott Hancock.

Oration Delivered in Chapel, February 12th,
by C. M. Grow.

Scarcely had the prayers and the singing of requiems over the grave of that glorious old soldier Grant ceased before our country is again thrown into a new and universal sorrow by the successive deaths of Hendricks and Hancock. The period in our history included in the year of '85 and '86 has been marked as one of deep national mourning. Four of America's great men are numbered among the illustrious dead. The first to be borne to his last camping ground, was our own gallant General of the Army of the Potomac McClellan. Then they bore away in death the modern Ulysses. The Nineteenth Century's greatest General. Aye in Riverside park a greater even than Napoleon lies buried. Then followed the death of Vice President Hendrick, and now we mourn the death of General Hancock. Little was it thought when the grand procession was moving up Broadway bearing the remains of Grant to Riverside with Hancock justly called the superb, looking so brave and manly at its head, that he too when less than a half a year had passed would be numbered with the dead. Last Tuesday afternoon at nine minutes of three he died, very unexpectedly after a short illness and it is all the more startling from the fact that none, not even his most intimate friends thought his illness at all serious. The death of General Hancock has been received throughout the United States with expressions of general sorrow not only on account of the splendid services rendered his country during the late war as commander, but for the glorious type of manhood that he showed in his character as a private citizen. Even in that most trying period the "war of the rebellion" he always kept in mind the laws of right and humanity to those who did not fight. He was a hard fighter, but he was at the same time a kind and merciful man. During the presidential campaign of 1880, when the organs of the political parties were heaping vituperations upon the leaders of the opposite parties, it was noticed that in all the bitter attacks against Hancock it was impossible to find anything imputed against his character. He had always guarded and maintained his character spotless. A simple incident may be cited here to illustrate the noble and beautiful character of the man. "It was during the heat of his presidential campaign, when all the malignant passions of partisanship were aroused that a New York paper published a bitter attack upon the General."

On the following day that paper was in need of information which only Hancock could give and sent a reporter to interview him. The reporter of course expected to be denied an audience or flatly refused the information needed, but contrary to his expectation the General received him kindly and with the cordial hospitality of the old soldier. And although suffering from rheumatism got down upon his knees and for an hour searched among closets and

drawers for papers containing what was wanted, and yet an open copy of the newspaper containing the attack upon him was lying on his desk where he had been reading it when the reporter called.

Anecdotes without number of a similar nature might be related of him. It may not be out of place here to give some account of his birth and the services rendered his country.

Winfield Scott Hancock was born on February 14, 1824, near Montgomeryville, Montgomery county, Pa. His early education was received at the Norrisville Academy, under the tutorship of the eloquent Samuel Aaron. He received the appointment to West Point in 1840. He graduated from there and was promoted to the army on July 1st, 1844, as brevet second lieutenant in the Sixth Infantry. He served two years on frontier duty, then in the war with Mexico he was promoted to the first lieutenant for gallant conduct in the battles of Contreras and Churubusco. When the civil war broke out he came to Washington from California, where he was stationed, and applied for active service in the field. In September, 1861, he was promoted to brigadier general of volunteers, and was occupied in defending Washington. In that same winter he held a position in Lewistown, Va. In the following March he accompanied Gen. McClellan in the march to the peninsula, being actively engaged in the siege of Yorktown and the pursuit which followed, resulting in the battle of Williamsburg, in which he led that brilliant charge which captured Fort Magruder. He also commanded in Maryland from September until November, and participated in the battles of Crampton Pass, South Mountain, Antietam and others, and in the Rappahannock campaign he participated in the battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville.

His services in command of the second army corps in the Pennsylvania company was marked by gallant conduct. He was severely wounded at the Battle of Gettysburg in repulsing Longstreet's attack, in 1863 and Congress gave him public thanks May 30th, 1866 "for his gallant, meritorious and conspicuous share in that great and decisive victory." Being disabled by his wounds he was relieved from active service till March, 1864, when he took part in the campaign of Virginia.

He commanded the assault near Spottsylvania Court House, and captured the enemy's works, taking four thousand prisoners, twenty pieces of artillery and a lot of arms and ammunition. He was soon after promoted to brigadier general of the regular army, when the assassination of President Lincoln took place Gen. Hancock was ordered to Washington to take the command of the troops collected there and was afterwards kept then by President Johnson during the trial and execution of the accused.

On June the 24th 1880 he was nominated for the presidency by the National Democratic convention at Cincinnati, with Wm. H. English of Indiana for Vice-President. Though defeated he prepared the way for the triumph of the party in 1884 and at the inauguration of President Cleveland he had charge of the inaugural procession." His popularity was again shown on this occasion by the demonstrations of enthusiasm with which he was received all along the line of march. Gen. Hancock at the time of his death held the position of senior major general of the regular army. Still in the service of the country he loved. Let us remember the gallant services he has rendered his country and his beautiful and spotless character; the love and veneration his soldiers hold for him and drop a silent tear over the memory of Hancock the Superb.

Exchanges.

The *William Jewel Student* for January publishes a set of alleged jokes which we think considerably far fetched, "kinder stretched." It may be our dullness, but for the life of us we can't see where the fun comes in, in such sentences as the following: "Make hay while the sun shines—who me?" "As good fish in the sea as ever came out—but who is good bait?" "The early bird catches the worm—what worm?" And several others of like strain. If the brother who wrote them will kindly furnish us with a diagram or map of the joke, with the *points* marked in red ink and the *capitals* in blue, he will confer a favor upon us and relieve us of a soul eating, cancerous suspense.

The first number of the *Lutherville Sem-inarian* for 1886, comes to us a bright, newsy little sheet. We welcome you most heartily,—come again.

The *Hillsdale College Herald* claims the largest circulation of any College-paper, viz., 1200 copies weekly. By what merit it holds this circulation we can't see, for it contains little of interest except a few clippings. It might be made a really interesting sheet if that infernal, eternal "Germanae Sodales," "Alpha Kappa Phi" and "Amphcityon" bosh were crowded out. Give us something interesting, or give us a rest.

The *Washington and Jeffersonian* for January makes a good showing; it makes several good hits in its editorials, and its articles on "Sheepskins below par" and "A Suggestion" are worth reading.

The *College Messaeg* has some interesting reading matter in its last number.

The *Deaf Mute Bulletin* set up and printed by the pupils at the Maryland School for the Deaf and Dumb is a really interesting and welcome visitor. To one unacquainted with the methods of teaching the "children of silence" it would seem almost impossible for them to attain such gratifying results.

A Trip Through Europe.

We have received answers to the "Geographical Puzzle," which appeared in our last issue, from six persons. Misses Lenore Stone and Jenny Wilson, of the Senior class, deserve mention as having sent in the first and perfectly correct answers. The following is the answer:

I asked my cousin Florence whether she would Rome with me through Europe. She replied *Arno!* (Ah, no!)

Disappointed in that direction, I called for my brother's child, who lives near the Gulf of Genoa. She was glad to go, and I was to *Havre*. The day we set out was *Clear*, and the *Brest* of my companion was *Bremen* full of delight, and her expressions and observations seemed fairly to *Berne* with eloquence.

However, as our trip was not wholly devoted to pleasure, but partly to business, I did not despair of bringing her home *Seine*. She wore a dress of stout *Tweed*, but as it was somewhat *Nice*, and it had been made *Toulouse*, so we tarried at *Workington* until a modiste made the garment presentable by folding over a little.

We had promised to secure for one friend, a druggist, a large portion of *Cork*; for another, a milliner, a case of *Leghorns*; for another, a zoological friend, we were to engage through suitable parties not less than too *Lyons*, and a pair of young *Wales*. For an upholsterer, three rolls of *Brussels*. To the children of a particular friend, avoiding *Faro* where the inhabitants give all their attention to a game of hazard, we consigned ourselves to the *Shetlands*, where we found dear little ponies.

Business for others disposed of and *Silisia* purchased for curtains, we turned our faces homeward, which we reached under a clear *Skye*.

The Molly Maguires.

An Interesting Account of Their Terrible History—Where They are Now.

Outside of the mining regions of Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois or West Virginia, little is known of this organization, but it is safe to say that there is not a labor organization in the United States that is entirely free from their deadly and pernicious influence. It is now nearly twenty years since this murderous association was first set in motion, and the great riots of 1877, with their tremendous loss of life and property, were only one of the episodes in its history.

In 1868 there lived in Dunmore, Pennsylvania, a quiet, peaceable man named Sharkey, whose worst fault was an unfortunate taste for rum. In the same village, a woman known as "Red Biddy," kept a low place, which in the language of the miners, was called the "doggerly." This horrible haunt was located on the banks of Roaring Brook, just out of the village, and it was in this dive that the miners met and discussed the subject of rum and wages.

"Red Biddy" was the original "Molly Maguire." She was short, stout and ugly, and here Wm. Oxrider, Ashbel Hobbs, Sharkey and Patrick Kirby and ten or twelve others organized the infamous order of "Molly Maguires." The scheme took at once, and within six months the society numbered more than seventy thousand, and extended its ramifications to Pittsburg, Columbia, Pottsville, Scranton, Wilkesbarre, and all the towns in that circle.

At first it was popular with the politicians, and at the elections of 1869 and '70 no man who was not a "Molly Maguire" stood any chance of election. Oxrider, Hobbs, Kirby, Sharkey and Red Biddy were prominent names in its councils, and Frank D. Collins, Thomas Powderly and others were wafted into office on the breezes of that bloody cyclone of so called labor union. Sharkey was the first man to draw a prize in the dark lottery of murder. Then came Kirby and his young brother, John. Sharkey had a young and lovely wife and a pleasant little home in Dunmore, but he had drawn the lot to kill his friend Williams, the mine boss, and he had no alternative except to do the deed. Then he was a fugitive, with every man's hand against him, till he expiated his crime on the gallows.

Kirby attempted to kill Dan Strouble, a young man whose offence was that he would not join in the great strike of 1869. Strouble was not killed, but has since died, and Kirby is now in Australia on a murder banishment, and his brother in California under another name.

Lists of names of men who did not join in these so-called "labor unions" were kept, and the parties marked to die, and among others were several who were leading men in mining and railroad circles. Under the influence of this atrocious espionage the value of property in the towns where the society was strongest declined one-half within two years, and not one of the men who started in the original organization holds any place of trust in the community, except Oxrider and Powderly, and they disavowed all sympathy with its operations long ago.

Thousands of men sold out in Scranton, Wilkesbarre and Pottsville under the ban of that terrible order of fanatics, and a pall hangs over the Lackawanna and Wyoming Valleys like that over the vale of Babylon. The press has thrown a flood of light over

Mollie Maguireism and its kindred social evils in those once beautiful valleys; but, outside of the city of Scranton and the other commercial centres, the old spirit of "Red Biddy" broods in horrible supremacy.

The Mollie Maguires still hold a sway more stern and unrelenting in Plymouth, Mahanoy City and Dunmore than at any former time, and only the fear of the regiments of militia from other parts of Pennsylvania keeps them in awe. The coal breakers and mines contain tens of thousands of men and boys who can neither read nor write—and the Verplancks, the McClures and other statesmen and journalists lament and moralize in vain.

At the time of the riots of 1877 the Mollie Maguires openly held the towns of Pittston, Dunmore and Scranton in tribute for weeks, and the adherents of Red Biddy only yielded to the friends of law and order when some of their leaders were shot dead in the streets of Scranton by a posse under the command of William W. Scranton, a brother of Joseph A. Scranton, now in Congress from the Lackawanna district.

It would interest the believer in retributive justice to trace the career of the Dunmore gang of Mollie Maguires. One of them, Sharkey, died on the gallows; Ashbell Hobbs is, or was, lately a sot in the village of Pittston. His sons, William and John, one a vagabond and the other gone, no one knows where. The two Kirbys outlaws, and Red Biddy dead and her husband and family in the poorhouse. One of the politicians who drifted into notoriety in that connection is a confirmed drunkard, and several of the merchants in Scranton who gave material aid and comfort to the gang are dead, and every one of them that still lives is bankrupt in business.

On one occasion when Dr. Benjamin Franklin was dining with the English ambassador and a French functionary, the former gave the following sentiment:—"England, the bright Sun, whose rays illuminate the world." The French gentleman proposed, "France, the Moon whose mild beams dispel the shades of the night." Dr. Franklin, rising in his turn, said: "General George Washington—the Joshua who commanded the Sun and Moon to stand still—and they obeyed him."

A high school boy at Lawrence, Mass., went home last week delighted with a military drill about to be introduced into the school. "I tell you," said he pityingly to his sister, "It pays to be a boy."

Professor: "In one evening I counted twenty-seven meteors, sitting on my piazza." Class expressed great astonishment at the sociable character of the heavenly bodies.

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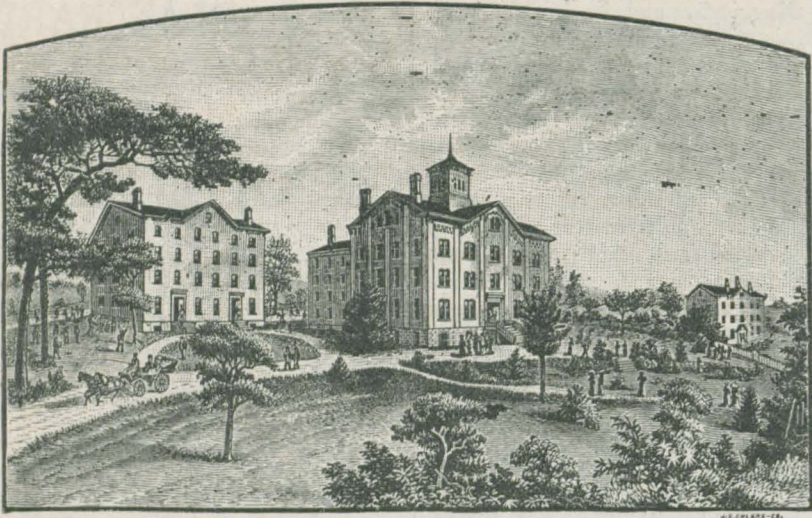
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