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Select Poetry.

TRIED AND TRUE.

Year after year we'll gather here,
And pass the night in merry cheer,
Through storm and war, o'er sea and land,
We'll come each year to Neckar's strand;
In war and storm, on land and sea,
To this our pledge we'll faithful be,
And each to all be true.

So sang three students one March night—
Without the storm wind blew,
Within were wine and warmth and light
And three hearts brave and true.

"To-morrow morn we all go hence,"
Said Wilhelm, speaking low,
"For Emil fights for Fatherland,
Franz o'er the sea doth go,

"And I in Berlin, with my books,
Will lead a scholar's life—
In toil, and war, and foreign land,
We thus begin the strife."

Three glasses then with Rhineland wine
Unto the brim were filled,
And to the sacred parting pledge
Each heart responsive thrilled.

Three years went by, and so the friends
Unto their faith were true,
And spent the night in merry song
And lived the past year through.

When came the fourth reunion night
Without the storm wind blew,
Within were wine, and warmth, and light,
And one heart brave and true.

For Emil died for Fatherland,
And Franz went down at sea—
In war and storm, in life and death,
They said they'd faithful be:

And so Wilhelm three glasses filled,
Of one he kissed the edge—
Two shadow hands the others raised—
The friends had kept their pledge!

The Literary Society as a Means of Education.

That the literary society, when wisely organized and properly conducted, is of great advantage to the student while at school as well as in after life, is a patent fact—a truth which he who runs may read.

Such an organization, I repeat, is useful, not only to the farmer, mechanic, merchant and professional man, as a means of self-improvement, but also to the school-boy and school-girl, as an efficient auxiliary to school instruction. In all institutions of learning, those are seen to be the best scholars who are the most ready and zealous workers in the society. The truth of this assertion is not only based upon grounds of reason but is confirmed by the experience of every teacher.

Let us take, for example, two students of equal parts and industry; the one a clever, intelligent and industrious scholar, whose study and labor is confined entirely to the course prescribed by his college curriculum; the other, as well an active and diligent career, as a zealous participant in the voluntary exercises of the Literary Society; and it is plainly to be seen at a glance which of the two will ultimately prove the successful man. While the former may be an accomplished scholar, and thoroughly instructed in all that pertains to his collegiate course, the latter is, in addition, furnished with the experience and practical culture

which is derived from voluntary participation with his classmates in this extra means of improvement. The former is a mere lesson learner, who receives all things upon the *ipse dixit* of the book or teacher; the latter is, as well, an active thinker who gives his personal attention and inquiry to any proposition before accepting it as a truth. The former may run rapidly and successfully through his course, far outstripping his fellow students in the race, and gaining, it may be, the first honors of his class; but if this is all—if his exertions are confined exclusively to the school room, and end with the reception of his diploma, he will be but an example of that frequent character—the young man who has finished his education. In short, his graduation will be nothing more nor less than a welcome discharge from a species of involuntary servitude. While the latter, having acquired habits of self-improvement, will continue his studies in after life, and be the better prepared to intelligently discharge his duties, which, in this day, so soon devolve upon us all. Now this is putting a very strong case, the justice and propriety of which might well be questioned, were it not for the reasons which I shall proceed to notice.

The object of societies, as well as of all institutions of learning, is to prepare the youth for the future duties of life. This, I take it, is the sole end and aim of all education; and I will, therefore, ask your attention for a short time to a brief statement of what appear from reason and experience to be the peculiar advantages of such an institution as a means of education.

The first and chief characteristic of the literary society is, as already intimated, the cultivation of a habit of self-improvement and self-culture, an advantage which is, perhaps, not so apparent as those to be derived from particular literary exercises, but which, upon careful attention, will be found to be realized by every participant to some extent. No one can participate for any length of time in such voluntary exercises, without acquiring a habit and character of study and a taste for the higher pleasures of the mind. A familiarity with those selections from the orators and poets, which are so frequently read and declaimed, is, in itself, no small advantage. It is a certain fact which has come under the observation of very many, that those students who are thus familiarized with the masterpieces of oratory and poetry, very seldom yield to the seductive influences of the sensational novel and other such literary trash. So much for the general influence of the literary society, the more prominent branches of which will better appear from an examination of its particular features.

And first of these I would reckon the debate as the most important and valuable of all the literary exercises. The principal characteristic of the debate is that it trains and disciplines the student into habits of thoughtful inquiry. The debater, always considering the ground and reason of any proposition before yielding his assent to its truth, and incorporating it in his opinions and belief. From this habit there arises, as you perceive, a certainty and fixedness of opinion, which is characteristic of every

well disciplined and balanced mind, but which is entirely foreign to the mere lesson-learner. The debater has always at his command reason and arguments in support of his every conviction, while the lesson-learner has, in confirmation of what he is pleased to term his opinions, only the fact that he so read the books.

There is, again, the further advantage of being able to state one's opinions and discuss a proposition logically; which ability can be acquired only by practice in argument and disputation.

The student may be an admirable elocutionist and elegant rhetorician, but if he lack the ability to state his points logically, he must fail to convince intelligent hearers of their truth. It is the experience of all those who are familiar with forensic contests, that, while the elegancies of oratory may please the ear and excite the sensibilities, it is the close, logical argument of the well-trained debater which forces conviction upon the mind. And while the ability to state an argument clearly is one of vast importance, it is at the same time one of great rarity. How frequently we hear it said of Jones or Smith—"Well, he is a smart man and pleasant talker, but he does not stick to the argument. He is all the time flying off the handle." Or, "He is a well-educated man, it is true, but he cannot express himself well. He is continually rambling and wandering off—has no mutual balance wheel." These and the like expressions so frequently heard, are sufficient in themselves to convince us that the ability to argue a point clearly and logically is possessed by very few. A truth it is that most men are continually flying off at a tangent from the circumferential limit of their argument.

There is, however, another reason why most arguments are so discursive and unsatisfactory, arising from the fact solemnly averred by the "Autocrat at the Breakfast Table"—that in every discussion where only two persons appear to be engaged, there are, in reality at least six personalities distinctly to be recognized as taking part in the dialogue. Let us suppose, for instance, John and Thomas engaged in conversation. There are present, says the "Autocrat," three Johns and three Thomases. First, the real John, known only to his maker. Second, John's ideal John, never the real John, and often very unlike him. Third, Thomas' ideal John, never the real John nor John's John, but often very unlike either. Then three Thomases. First, the real Thomas. Second, Thomas' ideal Thomas; and third John's ideal Thomas. Only one of the three Johns can be taxed; only one can be weighed on a platform balance; but the other two are just as important in the conversation. Let us suppose the real John to be old, dull and evil-looking. But as the higher powers have not conferred upon men the gift of seeing themselves in the true light, John very possibly conceives himself to be youthful, witty and fascinating, and talks from the point of view of this ideal. Thomas, again, believes him to be an artful rogue, we will say; therefore, he is, so far as Thomas' attitude in the conversation is concerned, an artful rogue, though really simple and stupid. The same conditions apply to the three Thomases.

It follows that, until a man can be found who knows himself as his Maker knows him or who sees himself as others see him, there must be at least six persons engaged in every dialogue between two. Of these, the least important, philosophically speaking, is the one that we have called the real person. No wonder two disputants often get angry when there are six of them talking and listening all at the same time.

Now this precious bit of logic was no sooner uttered by the Autocrat at his Breakfast Table than a very unphilosophical application of his remarks was made by a young fellow answering to the name of John, who sat near him at the table. A certain basket of peaches, a rare vegetable little known to boarding-houses, was on its way to the Autocrat via the unlettered Johannes. He appropriated the three that remained in the basket, remarking that there was just one apiece for him. The Autocrat convinced John that his practical inference was hasty and illogical, but in the mean time he had eaten the peaches.

No wonder, then, I say, that most arguments amount to nothing more than mere rambling talks. As a remedy for this discursive and wandering disposition of most minds, and for the infirmities arising from the facts so clearly set forth by the Autocrat, there can be nothing more efficient

than frequent practice in debate. And while the debate has its own peculiar advantages, already briefly alluded to, there are others equally valuable which it has in common with the practice of improving; of which may be particularly noted an ease and facility of expression—an art which can be acquired only through the most patient practice, but which is indispensable to all who would have any certain influence over men.

What though the mind be stored with intellectual wealth from every dominion of learning, if it be locked up from use, it is but unprofitable and dead capital. If the thought cannot be expressed in language it avails nothing. How often have we all seen some empty-headed, thoughtless talker ride over and crush down those who were his emperors in everything except the ability to express their thoughts. The mere babbler getting the better of the solid thinker whose mind is full of arguments which his thickened tongue refuses to enunciate. And yet all this facility of expression is a mere thing of practice, though at the same time, a very necessary thing to every citizen. I say it is a very necessary acquirement, because in the course of events in this country each and all of us may and will be called upon from time to time to give some expression to our opinions upon the great questions of the day. And what better school for this education than the Debating Society? If for no other reason than that these mimic forensic contests are calculated to prepare men for the higher and graver contests of citizen life, we should be fully justified in esteeming such institutions very highly. But we are not left to mere conjecture and reasoning in the matter. We have it in the personal experience of Henry Clay, that his early connexion with literary societies and frequent practice in debate, were, in great part, the means of his acquiring those pow-

ers which have crowned him as one of the greatest of American Orators. And so in the memoirs of Wirt, we are told that while a boy at school near Bladensburg, in this State, he laid the foundations of his future greatness, by his efforts in an obscure and long-forgotten debating society.

These are but isolated examples of the testimony which has been given by almost every public man in the country as to the great value of the Literary Society, not only to the professional student, but to every man who has any certain weight of influence in Society or the State.

Then, again, besides the advantages already enumerated as arising from practice in the Literary Society, there is also acquired a knowledge of parliamentary law and usage, which is no mean attainment, but a most essential condition to the orderly conduct and management of those public assemblies, in which, sooner or later, almost every man is required to participate to some extent. As it now is, every common interest having its own proper convention or conference, it becomes a matter of very great importance that there should be a general acquaintance with those rules of order, without which conventions and conferences and other such public assemblies, from being grave and dignified bodies, frequently degenerate into mere routs.

Not unfrequently grave bodies of learned men are thus inextricably entangled and lost in a mazy labyrinth of conflicting motions, from which an Ariadne's thread alone can furnish a way of escape.

Without going further into this question however, suffice it to say that such institutions are valuable and indispensable as auxiliaries to school duties, and most important as preparatory for the graver duties of citizenship.

Not are our "Spouting Clubs," as Mauley terms them, without their ludicrous aspects. In one of which, they are particularly useful as well as ludicrous, in that they furnish a legitimate opportunity and occasion for the free manifestation of that state of mental development, which "The Country Parson" has so aptly termed "the state of veal." By the state of veal is meant that period of growth when youth is first conscious of the approaching powers of manhood, and before the possession of the good judgment necessary to control and direct those powers. That period of life when an uncultivated and riotous imagination finds its only adequate expression in turgid metaphor or other high flown language, and in fiery untamed and effervescent declamation. The state of veal, is a stage of experience through which all men and women must necessarily pass before attaining maturity. The veal is in us all and will out—there's no restraining or keeping it back. It must be manifested at some period of life, either in youth or manhood. Such being the case, it is far better that it should be entirely exhausted in early life, rather than be kept pent up to break out in a more aggravated form later. Like the measles and other such diseases, it is inflicted on all men; and the later its appearance, the more virulent and dangerous the attack. If allowed to run its course in youth it is perfectly harmless—only affording amusement to those who have had the disease already; but if kept in till manhood, it seems to be absolutely incurable, and frequently destructive of all sound judgment. And there is no more fitting place and occasion for the manifestation of this veal than the Literary Society. For there, all stand upon the same footing—if one is "veal" all are "veal." No one can ridicule his neighbor for an affliction which he shares in common with all. High flown rhetoric and lofty declamation can there be indulged in without restraint, and by this

unlimited indulgence the veal soon becomes exhausted and youthful extravagance is toned down into sound judgment. It is always easy to judge whether a man has passed through this interesting stage of experience, from the matter and manner of his performances.

Public speakers who have had the advantages of such curative institutions as the Debating Club, and who have outgrown their "veal" period early in life are never seen to be guilty of those ridiculous, absurd and ill-judged performances, usually termed "Buncombe" speeches. They never sacrifice sense to nonsense, by exhausting the heavens above, the earth beneath and the waters under the earth, for figures and illustrations; but are always found to be guided by good taste and sound judgment. In this feature, then, the Literary Society combines the useful and ludicrous; for, while we may sometimes smile at the immature performances of "veal" young men, we are, at the same time, assured that the disease will speedily run its course, that the veal will be outlived, and that, with riper years will come maturer judgment.

Then again, from the perversion of such institutions, there is produced that peculiar character which is seen in the "young man of a debating turn." The young man of a debating turn knows no such thing as an axiom. He disputes everything. He can not hear the simplest proposition, without making a point at once and proceeding to argue the question. He is, in fact, an intellectual porcupine bristling all over with sharp arrows of doubt and argument, which he is ready to shoot out at the first man who makes a proposition. Moreover, he can never talk but he must make a speech; and, in company, is constantly heard to address his lady friends as "Sir" and "Mr. Speaker."

Very fortunately this character is one of rather infrequent occurrences; but, wherever found, is, perhaps, the greatest bore known to society.

While it is well that one's talents for legitimate debate should be diligently cultivated, and used upon every proper occasion, it is, at the same time, highly improper and disagreeable to turn the social circle, at all times, into a debating society.

And now, a word in conclusion as to what may be called the abuses of the Literary Society. Not unfrequently, the exercises are of such a character as to fail entirely of all good results and render the Society not only useless as a means of improvement, but really injurious—such, for instance as the enacting and representation of ridiculous farces, which, when indulged in, although they may furnish merriment for a time, assuredly destroy all taste for the higher literary exercises and duties of the society. Care should be had to avoid all such performances and the time and talent of members should be devoted to those exercises of reading, composition, criticism, declamation and debate, which may be improving to the mind as well as amusing and entertaining.

The lot which Mr. W. W. Corcoran deeded to Columbia College, in Washington, for building purposes, at the corner of Vermont avenue and I street, has a frontage of 95 feet on the avenue and 152 feet on the street. This location is in the heart of the city, in a high and healthful locality, and faces a park. The lot will be covered in time by an edifice devoted to the purposes of the Law School and Corcoran Scientific School of the College.

Spoony dry goods clerk to smart young Miss trying on a hat before the glass—"Don't I wish I was a looking glass."

Smart Miss: "Yes, perhaps you'd get more girls to look at you then."—*Ex.*

The Graves of Those We Love.

The grave is the ordeal of true affection. It is there the divine passion of the soul manifests its superiority to the instinctive impulse of mere animal attachment. The latter must be continually refreshed and kept alive by the presence of its object; but the love that is seated in the soul can live on long remembrance. The mere inclinations of sense languish and decline with the charms which excite them, and turn with shuddering and disgust from the dismal precincts of the tomb; but it is thence that truly spiritual affection rises purified from every sensual desire, and returns like a holy flame, to illumine and sanctify the heart of the survivor.

The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other we would seek to heal—every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open—this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child who would willingly forget the most tender of parents, even in the hour of agony? Who even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved, when he feels his heart as it were crushed in the closing of its portal, would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness? No—the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has woes it likewise has its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection—when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony is over, the present ruins of all that we most loved, is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness—who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gaiety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom, yet who would exchange it even for the song of pleasure or the burst of revelry? No—there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead, to which we turn even from the charms of the living. Oh, the grave! It buries every error—covers every defect—extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom springs none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy and not feel a compunctive throb, that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him.

But the graves of those we loved—what a place of meditation! There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy—there it is that the tenderness of the parting scene, the bed of death, with all its noiseless attendance is mute, watchful assiduities! the last testimonies of expiring love—oh, how thrilling—pressure of the hand! the faint faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection.

Ay, go to the grave of buried love, and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited, every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being who can never, never return to be soothed by their contrition.

If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silver brow of an affectionate parent—if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth; if thou art a

friend, and hast ever wronged in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee; if thou art a lover and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet—then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul—then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear, more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.—*Washington Irving.*

TO BEETHOVEN.

Clasped in a too strict calyxing
Lay Music's bud o'er-long unblown,
Till thou, Beethoven, breathed her spring:
Then blushed the perfect rose of tone.

O loving Soul, thy song hath taught
All full-grown passion fast to flee
Where science drives all full-grown thought—
To unity, to unity.

For he whose ear with grave delight
Brings brave revealings from thine art
Oft hears thee calling through the night:
In Love's large tune all tones have part.

Thy music hushes motherwise,
And motherwise to stillness sings
The slanders told by sickly eyes
On nature's healthy course of things.

It soothes my accusations sour
'Gainst frets that fray the restless soul:
The stain of death; the pain of power;
The lack of love 'twixt part and whole;

The yea-nay of Free-will and Fate,
Whereof both cannot be, yet are;
The praise a poet wins too late
Who starves from earth into a star.

The lies that serve great parties well,
While truths but give their Christs a cross
The loves that warm souls to hell,
While cold-blood neuters live on loss;

Th' indifferent smile that nature's grace
On Jesus, Judas, pours alike;
Th' indifferent frown on nature's face
When luminous lightnings blindly strike;

The sailor praying on his knees
Along with him that's cursing God—
Whose wives and babes may starve or freeze,
Yet Nature will not stir a clod.

If winds of question blow from out
The large sea-caverns of thy notes,
They do but clear each cloud of doubt
That round a high-path'd purpose floats.

As: why one blind by nature's act
Still feels no law in mercy bend,
No pitfall from his feet retract,
No storm cry out, *Take shelter, friend!*

Or, can the truth be best for them
That have not stomachs for its strength?
Or, Will the sap in Culture's stem
E'er reach life's furthest fibre-length?

How to know all, save knowingness;
To grasp, yet loosen, feeling's rain;
To sink no manhood in success;
To look with pleasure upon pain.

How, teased by small mixt social claims,
To lose no large simplicity;
How through all clear-seen crimes and shames
To move with manly purity;

How, justly, yet with loving eyes,
Pure art from cleverness to part,
To know the Clever good and wise,
Yet haunt the lonesome heights of Art.

O Psalmist of the weak, the strong,
O Troubadour of love and strife,
Co-Litanist of right and wrong,
Sole Hymner of the whole of life.

I know not how, I care not why,
Thy music brings this broil to ease,
And melts my passion's mortal cry
In satisfying symphonies.

Yea, it forgives me all my sins,
Fits Life to Love like rhyme to rhyme,
And tunes the task each day begins
By the last trumpet-note of Time.

Prof. to Senior in electricity. "Are sparks of long duration?" Senior with knowing look. "It depends upon whether the old folks have gone to bed or not.—*Berkleyan.*"

Last Great Dream of the Crusade.

Christopher Columbus was the last of the great dreamers who dreamed in earnest the dream of the Crusade. He was a pure idealist, while he was the most illustrious "man of action" of his time, the pioneer of that daring band who made discovery their holy warfare, and who seemed to see their way across the "Sea of Darkness" to a "New Jerusalem" in the great continent of the west. He forms the vital link between the romantic enterprise of mediæval Europe and the larger romance of the Elizabethan adventurers, who gave a new vision to the imagination, and a new theatre to the commerce and politics of mankind.

This crusading fervor of Columbus, which fed the fire of his patient enthusiasm for western discovery, is quite too little regarded in popular estimates of his character and life. Far from being wholly a man of the new age, like Prince Henry of Portugal, absorbed in the practical work of discovery and in the future which it opened to commerce, he was a man who nursed his spirit on the heroic traditions of the bygone generations. He struck his roots more deeply, perhaps, than any other man of his time into the age which was ending, while he believed that God was making him an instrument in opening an entirely new era in the history of the world. And it is always thus. The men who make new eras are always the strongest links between the past and the future. Those who mark the great steps of progress are those who maintain the unbroken continuity of the history of our race. He was a "Hebrew of the Hebrews," who brought the Gentiles in as free citizens of the kingdom of Heaven.

The western expeditions of Julius Cæsar stand in a very real relation to the expeditions and discoveries of Columbus. They are divided by more than fifteen centuries, but no event of kindred character and importance lies between them. Columbus stands next to Cæsar as the great author of an immense enlargement of the boundaries of the civilized world. Cæsar and his house traced the western boundaries of Europe, and brought its foremost modern races on to the theatre of civilization. Columbus traced the bounds of the great world, and gave to man the full possession of his sphere. Between the two lies the Middle Age, the most notable facts of whose history, from our present point of view, are the conquests of Charlemagne and the Crusade. But the conquest of Cæsar opened the way for something more than civilization. St. Paul, in his consuming desire to push westward the conquests of the gospel, was moved by the same impulse. It is certainly a very noteworthy fact that the liberal party in Rome, of whose traditions Cæsar was the heir, seems to have been impelled by strong instinct westwards among the hardy people with whom lay the future of humanity; whither the same impulse in a diviner form urged the chief of the apostles, to preach that gospel, whose mission is not to destroy men's lives, but to save.

Allowing for the difference of scale, the conquests of Cæsar produced much the same kind of stir at Rome which the expedition of Columbus aroused in Europe. It was in a high sense, in both cases, the great sensation of the time. Nothing stirs man like expansion of the horizon of his life. It seems to lift humanity bodily to a higher platform, and to give to it the command of a wider world. It is like the opening of a new spring to the vital fountain. It sends the life-blood at once surging more swiftly through the frame. We may say with confidence that whatever, by reinforcing the vital springs bestows new power on

man, is the best benediction that can reach him. And it was this which Columbus bestowed on Western Europe. Men's hearts beat with new energy and exultation; life seemed more large and free; it leaped to a new vantage-ground, and surveyed with thrilling joy the wide and splendid horizon which was unveiled. Like David, man gives thanks to God at such times, "who has brought him out into a large place." For, above all things, man needs room to grow. The sphere of his tasks is too narrow for the range of his power. A great joy possesses him when he gets his eye on a wider, fairer realm beyond it, where enterprise may have free course, and imagination boundless range. If hope saves us as immortals, imagination saves us as citizens of this world. That which enables man to breathe and work more freely in the anguish (*angustie*, narrows) of the present is the range of his imagination through wider and brighter worlds. It would be curious to trace the influence of Continental travel—the visions of snow-peaks in the upper air, and all the breadth and splendor of the mountain lands, to which we of the nineteenth century make our pilgrimage—to that enlargement of ideas and habits which is so marked a feature of our times. Murray's handbooks are in a way sacred books for our generation. But they too had their beginning in the higher regions. Shelley, Coleridge, and above all Byron, are the true fathers of the romance of travel, which in the mild form in which we take our romance in these easy and wealthy days.

And, to carry this idea into a higher region, this is the gift which Christianity has bestowed on man. That wonderful outburst of power, that resurrection of human life, which marked the age of the Advent, was the direct result of the grand apocalypse, the unveiling of heaven. When the things not seen came fully within man's horizon, he arose with an energy unknown till then to claim his birthright and to fulfill his destiny. Hope entered into the world through Christ and quickened it. It touched every human faculty with its fire; but, above all, it kindled the imagination. It offered the things "which eye hath not seen, which ear hath not heard," to the contemplation of the spirit. From that time the thoughts of earth's purest and loftiest children have been busy with the things which the very angels desire to look into—with the thoughts of God, with the hopes of Christ, with all that the Redeemer sees brightening in the far distance, beyond all the storm and the anguish of the world.

The influence of Christian ideas, and of the Christian vision of the far future, began very early to tell on the secular life of men, and on the thoughts of thinkers even in the heathen schools. The attempt to father the nobler thoughts of Seneca on St. Paul is foolish and futile. But the indirect influence of the certainty of Jewish theological ideas and of Christian beliefs, aspirations and hopes on the intellectual and moral atmosphere which Seneca and Epictetus breathed, is a field which has yet to be fully explored. As christianity widened its realms there can be no question that the promises and prophecies of Scripture, substantiated as they seem to be by the visible life of the Church, exercised an influence of incalculable power on the higher thought and imagination of mankind. Men held them to be the picture, in the best forms and colors known to mortals, of the great end to which the Ruler of all things was working through all the stormy strife of history.—*Nineteenth Century*.

Prof. in physics to Mr. W. "Have you ever electrified a body by squeezing?" Mr. W. blushes and sits down.—*Ec.*

Our Exchanges.

Some of our friends have an idea that the *Institute Journal* is a child's paper, only fit to read by children. This is not the case at all, as any one who will take the pains to read through a single paper will find out.

We endeavor to make a paper that will suit the taste of the majority of intelligent readers, whether they be children or men; for some children can read much more intelligently than many men. The *Journal* pretends to be something more than a mere toy to amuse children.—*Institute Journal*.

The above is truth well said, but Roanoke College has lived twenty-nine years; and grown from one small Academy building to four large buildings, with apparatus, a mineral cabinet of more than 10,000 specimens from all parts of the world, a numismatic cabinet of about 2,000 coins, and a library of 16,000 volumes,—all without one cent of endowment. Therefore, that Roanoke College has not received endowment in the past, and has exhibited a steady growth, and is to-day in a better condition than ever before, is abundant evidence that she is WORTHY OF BEING ENDOWED AT ANY TIME.—*Roanoke Collegian*.

Many people have the opinion that a college can be, or at least ought to be, supported from its tuition fees. Yet no error is greater. Such fees are indeed a natural and proper source of income, and are requisite for the self-respect of the student. But they cannot cover all the expenses, nor do they in any known case. Even Harvard, with a fee double that of most institutions, spent in a recent year, twenty thousand dollars more than it received from students. Endowments, therefore, are indispensable; and these need to be increased from time to time. That which lives, grows, and growth means enlargement, and enlargement costs money. That a college has received in the past, argues that it should receive in the future, rather than the contrary.—*Educational Review*.

'81 will soon swing around the circle and step aside. Not every year can be great. There are not enough great events in the mind or heart of man to set up all the years on a pedestal for future generations to stare at. If all men were great then would the merit of any one disappear. The universal would ruin the particular. So if each year did some amazing thing then would no year be very amazing. There is, however, a scarcity of great things to be, and hence there can be but one big year in twenty. We cannot discover an America every season. Hence 1492 has the start of other dates. America cannot declare itself independent each July, and therefore 1776 has us at a disadvantage. '81 will go into history as a memorable year in which Gen. Garfield was inaugurated, president and assassinated. This is probably the greatest national event. It is very benefitting as we stand at the close of this memorable year to ask, What have I done and what have I gained this year that will be of use to me in after years.—*Simpsonian*.

In his report to the Trustees of Princeton college a few weeks ago, President McCosh calls attention to two facts, which are, we know, regretted by more Presidents and faculties than one. These are the extravagant amount of time and attention given to physical culture and the falling off in the number of graduates entering the ministry. That the first of these is a growing evil is apparent from a glance at most Eastern college papers. Judging from these, one would suppose that boat racing and base ball were the chief ends of college life. So markedly is this feature developing that the best newspapers of the land

are raising a warning cry against prostituting our great American colleges to the purposes of mere Athletic associations. The hackneyed "Sana mens in sano corpore" does not surely call for the prominence into which foot-ball matches and boat races are being elevated while literary pursuits are in danger of being relegated to a sort of side-show. The growing prosperity of the country has, we believe, a good deal to do with the second of President McCosh's regrets. While the demand for strong young men is so great in the more lucrative callings the ill, and in many cases meanly paid ministry, is not likely to induce any save those with most powerful convictions of duty. The remedy for this is largely in the hands of the churches,—a fact that the churches are by no means forward in seeing.—*Campus*.

Court is in session, and recitations are unpopular. The professor wears an anxious look, as he figures on the slim probabilities of securing a quorum at his next class. It is surprising what a commotion the session of a county court will develop in a college. All classes are equally attracted. Prospective divines, incipient medics, and half-fledged pedagogues, all seem drawn toward the law by some magnetic power as strange as it is irresistible. It may be a singular perversion of student nature, but we chronicle the facts. This state of affairs suggests an idea to our reflective mind. Suppose the Faculty adjourn the college till after court, or perhaps, what is more feasible, have the court sit in vacation. As it is now this regular attendance of students on court involves a like regular system of flunking. An overabundance of flunks, besides worrying the professors, is embarrassing to the truly conscientious student. A nightmare of horrible possibilities at the coming examinations, takes strong hold on his sensitive mind. What shall he do? He can't resist the alluring pleasures of the law, and yet he dislikes to ruffle the equanimity of the professor. Will the powers look into this matter? If they will reconcile attendance on court with the smooth progress of recitations, we will be amply satisfied. Otherwise we would recommend to their notice our humble suggestions.—*Undergraduate*.

Diamonds.

The most valuable diamonds are those which are entirely colorless. Those with a blue tinge, though still more rare, are not so highly valued, as the actual beauty of the pure ones outweigh the rarity of the blue variety. One of the finest of the blue variety is, we believe, in the collection of Mr. Beresford-Hope. Diamonds of a red tinge take still a good place; green diamonds are tolerably numerous, and rank lower; yellow ones are very common, and the least esteemed. The estimation of the value of a diamond is made according to a regular system of appraisement. It will surprise many of those who are not conversant with the subject to learn what a large proportion of a diamond is often ground away to dust in cutting it so as to make the most of its brilliancy. The greatest diamond in the French Treasury, the Regent, weighed, we are told, 410 carats before cutting, and 136½ after cutting, which seems an immense loss in size; but we presume it really increased the marketable value of the gem. Of course, the diamond dust taken off in cutting, is not allowed to be lost, but is useful chiefly for practical purposes, in forming in its turn the means of grinding down the faces of other diamonds; for this superb stone will yield to no tool but one from its own substance.—*London Builder*.

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W. M. GIST AND C. E. STONER, EDITORS.

WESTMINSTER, MD., JANUARY, 1882.

Valedictory.

The time has come for us to bid good-bye to the duties that are incident to those who embark in the storm-tossed ship, which is freighted with those unfortunates, generally known by the name of editors. Our dream of glory is ended, and our lofty aspirations in that line cruelly nipped in the bud. The halcyon (?) days of a six months editorship have passed slowly by, and left their "foot-prints on the sands of time"—the editors' dejected countenances and emaciated forms. We do not wish to inspire with terror the hearts of those who come after us, but we wish to give them the advice which was not given us, and hence the sad consequences. We think that we have been the victims of a miserable delusion; we were lead into the belief that the life of the editor was one of ease and pleasure; that it was only necessary for him to sit in his sanctum, read the papers and smoke the cigars that were showered in upon him. But oh! the sad reality which has been the means of teaching us the one great lesson of our lives. But we must not dwell on these points if we wish to give advice to our successors. The editorial sanctum—ah! those are the words that worked the magic spell; when spoken they charm a person like the silvery tinkling of the rattlesnake, beguiling him nearer and nearer; but take our advice, be careful how you approach that enchanted place. Before we were initiated into its mysteries, we regarded the place almost as holy ground, too sacred for human footsteps. We thought of the words "take off thy shoes, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." But that charming picture has long since been dispelled, and there remains in our minds only the image of dirty walls, spilled ink, and those long strips of paper with a column of printed matter down the centre, usually called proof. So much for the sanctum—a place that will soon know us no more forever. But these are questions of minor importance to those that meet the editor outside of the sanctum; and foremost of these are those persons who take a pride in asking questions, and especially this one, "When will the next issue of the paper be out?" We would like to inform those kind-hearted persons whose sympathies are aroused at the sight of suffering humanity, that that question has been asked us 43,119 times up to date. Now, perhaps their boldness has been increased by the fact, that the staff of the GAZETTE has been wanting of a very important adjunct,

and that is the fighting editor. We would say also for the benefit of those persons that this want has been supplied at last, in the person of a real, live, fighting editor, who usually weighs about 150 pounds, but when there is a fight on hand he weighs nearly two tons. So we give them ample warning, and if they still persist, their immunity from punishment is at an end, they will lose their front teeth, and our joy will be complete.

There is another very important point which nearly escaped our notice, and that is to call attention to a place in the sanctum called the editor's drawer, which is very apt to be empty at the very time you wish it to be full. When such is the case you have another very terrible person to deal with usually called the printer. Take our advice do not meddle with that man. With these few words of advice we leave you to your fate.

West Virginia, though among the last states in the Union, alphabetically considered, is among the first in the hospitality and generosity of its people. To arrive at such a conclusion we have to take as our premises only a summer's vacation among the hills and valleys of Berkeley and Jefferson counties. While New England's heights are populated by a merry, honest people, the same may be truthfully said of West Virginia. While in the sunny South, clustering vines and flowers speak of a good hearted community, passing life in the bright lap of an almost eternal spring, so in West Virginia the strict attention to business, and the energetic tone of manufactures attest the progress of that section. Nor are the homes here entirely destitute of Nature's benedictions in the forms of flowers, etc., for the spacious yards skillfully planned and resonant with rose and blossom, are significant to a great degree of the amiable disposition of society. West Virginia recognizes the fact that prosperity depends upon the general industry of her population and hence her people will be found energetic, honest and enterprising. The late war, so often finding its theatre of action on the shores of old Potomac has left to a great extent its memories but not its mutation of property in the towns of this old state. Where late the rattle of musketry and the clanging of the sabre were the day's fruitage, now repose fields which gladden the hearts with bountiful harvests of the varied cereals, and churches and schools scattering intelligence both moral and secular to her ambitious sons. So West Virginia is to-day the same old rugged, honest state which she has ever represented in the category of states that compose the Union.

With this issue the GAZETTE finishes its first volume, and the time has come for the present editors to say adieu. We are thankful for the support you have given us in the past and hope that you will give your hearty support in the future. There are still a great many persons, formerly students of this College who have not yet subscribed for the GAZETTE, which we think is the result of carelessness on their

part, and not a disinclination to help us. At the beginning of the second volume now is a good time to subscribe, and no one should lose this opportunity of doing so. The gentlemen who have been elected to the editorship, have the ability and the will to do their part during this year, and it only remains for you to do yours. If you are a member of the Alumni, send them any news that may come into your possession, concerning yourself or others who were formerly students here, which would be of interest to readers of this paper; or send the names of persons whom you think will subscribe, or what will do just as well send a subscriber yourself. If you wish the paper to be interesting, you must lend your aid to the editors. We hope they may have unbounded success in journalism, and make the GAZETTE a true exponent of the ability of the College.

One evening, as night was beginning to throw her shadows across the street, we chanced to step across the way, and soon found ourselves in the little depot, in Westminster, awaiting the incoming train, bound westward. While chatting with some boys, the train came thundering along, and stopped, which was a very common thing. Immediately a lot of porters were heard trying to outrival each other in loud calling for their respective houses, and above this din of voices there came to our ears rather a familiar sound, and we moved a few steps in the direction from which it appeared to originate, and what should we see there but about a half dozen young ladies of the College, just returning from their homes. They had had a merry time, as could be seen in each face, and were bound to have a good time that evening, as there was a goodly stock of that commodity on hand, which, when packed and labled, is called "boys." After much handshaking and many howde-do's and some extra chatting and relieving of packages, we saw them enter the waiting room, and also saw a few of the boys "get left." And as we were busy did not have time to stay and see them off for College Hill.

Resolutions of College Students.

WHEREAS, The editor of the *Methodist Protestant* and his recent assistant have published articles in that paper which grossly misrepresent the beneficiaries of the Board of Ministerial Education of the Methodist Protestant Church, in saying that said beneficiaries have demanded the establishment of a theological school, and have threatened to go to a school of another denomination in case one is not established by our own church; and

Whereas, the editors have intimated that the beneficiaries would repudiate their obligations to the Board and the Church; and

Whereas, The editors have claimed for the Board and the Church an unlimited authority over the minds and consciences of the beneficiaries in saying that they place themselves under the direction of the Church, and accept financial aid under distinct implication that they are not to be the sole judges of how much education they are to receive before entering upon the work of the ministry, or, in other words, that the student who receives the assistance of the

Board and the Church thereby becomes their servant, and must implicitly obey all their behests without an appeal. Therefore, be it

Resolved, By the beneficiaries of the Board of Ministerial Education of the Methodist Protestant Church at Western Maryland College,

1st. That we have never demanded nor threatened, as has been stated, all of our public acts on the question of a theological school having been in the shape of petitions or of mild resolutions.

2nd. That we regard the editor's imputations of a repudiation by us of our obligations to the Church and the Board as very unjust and hurtful in their character.

3d. That the editors' claims of authority over us are incompatible with the rights granted us by the constitutions of the United States and the Methodist Protestant Church.

4th. That we understand the difficulties in the way of the establishment of a theological school among us, but are confident that our college authorities will in due time take steps to overcome the difficulties, and that we regard further controversy upon this subject as entirely uncalled for and unnecessary.

5th. That these resolutions be sent for publication to the Methodist Protestant, the Methodist Recorder and the IRVING GAZETTE.

Alumni Notes.

By looking over the list of the Alumni, we find that Hymen has been very busy during the holidays and since.

Miss Mollie Lankford, Class '79, was married to Mr. Robert Maddux of Somerset county, on the 23d of December last. We wish them much happiness in their married life.

Mr. E. S. Baile, Class of '80, was joined in marriage to Miss Clara Hoppe on the 11th of January. Our correspondent sends us the following:—A large crowd of friends and relatives assembled at the residence of Mrs. Isadore Hoppe, to witness the marriage of her daughter Clara to Mr. E. S. Baile. Prompt at 7.30 o'clock, the happy couple preceded by the sister of the bride and her cousin, repaired to the parlor, where the marriage ceremony was performed by the Rev. H. W. Kuhns, pastor of Grace Lutheran Church, Westminster. After receiving the congratulations of the many friends present, the company were led out to the refreshment tables which fairly groaned under the weight of cakes, confectionery, etc., to which all did ample justice. The bride was the recipient of many valuable and handsome presents. The festivities were kept up far into the night, the wee small hours of the morning witnessing the departure of the last guests. Mr. Baile was a graduate of the Class of '80, and had many friends among the students here, who all unite in wishing him much happiness.

A country client coming in expressed himself much gratified with the maxim, but added:

"You don't spell it right."

"Indeed! then how out it to be spelled?"

The visitor replied:

"Sue 'em quick."

While an Idaho girl was sitting under a tree waiting for her lover, a grizzly bear came along and approaching from behind began to hug her. But she thought it was Tom and so leaned back and enjoyed it heartily and murmured "tighter" and it broke the bear all up; and he went away and hid in the forest three days to get over his shame.—*Ex.*

Short-hand Writing.

Brachygraphy, Stenography, Tachygraphy, Phonography, and other names have been used to designate various methods of writing, which, as distinguished from the ordinary method, claim to afford facility for enabling one to write as rapidly as words can be distinctly uttered. The main characteristic of all these methods is the adoption of the simplest forms for the letters of the alphabet, usually making but a single stroke or motion of the pen for a letter, instead of several as in common hand-writing. This, of course, saves time as well as promotes brevity. But, since it is not possible to represent every alphabetic character by a clearly distinct single stroke, many plans have been devised for making amends for this, as, by using different sized strokes, or by writing some heavily and others lightly, or by having the same form to represent different letters according to its position. We have no satisfactory account of the methods that were adopted among the ancients for short-hand writing, although it is known that they did practice it, and with considerable success. Among the moderns, especially the English, the history of short-hand can be traced back for hundreds of years, and the study is as interesting as it is curious. I have examined the alphabets of about fifty different systems (so-called.) Very few of them have anything systematic in them. Nearly all them must have been exceedingly difficult to practice. The characters are entirely arbitrary and unphilosophical. And yet by dint of perseverance some of these very defective "systems" were made available to accomplish wonderful feats in reporting speeches. Such success however was rare, and no one system of short-hand writing commanded anything like general acceptance, until Isaac Pitman, of Bath, England, gave to the world the system known as Phonography, about the year 1837. This is a great improvement on all former methods of short-hand writing, and is the basis of all the more recent systems. It is not our purpose in the present article to describe it or any of the systems based upon it; but only to submit a few observations on the importance of the study of short-hand writing as now brought to a high degree of perfection, and on the only way of attaining proficiency in the use of it.

The importance of this study will at once appear to any one who considers the advantages of knowledge. Any method of writing is a valuable aid to the attainment of knowledge, because the facts we observe and the thoughts we have are more deeply impressed upon our minds by being written upon paper, even if after writing we destroy the document; but the advantage is greater still if we preserve the writing and make proper use of it for subsequent review. How often do we fail to grasp facts or to retain thoughts that would be of much value to us, for the want of some note of them at the time of their occurrence. But to take note of them in the ordinary long-hand writing would occupy more time than we can usually give.

Phonography meets the necessity by enabling us to write almost as rapidly as we could speak. Its especial value, however, is in affording us the means of taking down the matured thoughts of public speakers in addresses, sermons, lectures, &c. Even for one's own private use and improvement these notes would be highly valuable; but if he desire to make a business of reporting the words of public men, the well-known demand for such reports renders it highly probably that the business will be remunerative if not lucrative. I would not hold it out as an inducement to young persons to study Phonography or any system of

short-hand writing, that they will be sure to make a fortune by it (for many who have fully acquainted themselves with the study and are able to report well have not found themselves enriched by it in a pecuniary point of view) but I am quite sure they will reap advantages that will amply repay them in the way of increasing their stock of useful knowledge. Almost every student has frequent occasion for making extracts from the books he reads, and he can accomplish this by short-hand in a moiety of the time he would have to employ in ordinary long-hand.

A word in conclusion as to the acquisition of proficiency in short-hand. This can only be gained by continuous, regular and persevering effort. I do not think it half so important to adopt any particular system of short-hand (that is among the systems based on Phonography, as of Pitman, Graham, Lindsley, Munson, Reed or Bell,) as it is to practice thoroughly the system adopted. Not until one is as perfectly familiar with the short-hand system he adopts as a good writer of ordinary long-hand is with it, can he fully know its real advantages. I have frequently heard persons who had a smattering knowledge of Phonography assert that it was a useless study, and that the time spent upon it is lost time; but no one ever said anything like this who could write Phonography with as much ease as any one writes long-hand. If one does not intend to persevere until he masters it, I advise him to let Phonography alone. A smattering acquaintance with it may do him no good; but if he is resolved to make him thorough in it, and will do so, my conviction is that he will never regret his labor.

J. T. W.

The Beauties of Nature.

Nature! and what is it? It is a creation of God, and being such it is necessarily beautiful, for God in his works hath created everything thus. First, after making this assertion, let us consider that upon which we walk, that upon which we live, that the study of which has given delight to the most gifted minds, that the fruit of which is to-day causing so many hearts to rejoice and finally that which is one of nature's grandest creation,—namely the earth. And is she not beautiful? seeing her poised and trembling on her axis, perfect in every part, governed by regular laws, and rejoicing the heart of the builder? Indeed this is beautiful. In considering such examples, we see not only the beauties of nature, but also the excellences of nature's God. It is through such signs that God speaks to us most earnestly and effectively. He speaks to us in the little flower that he has placed by our path, in the trees that are blown by the gentle breezes, in the mountains that are reaching so loftily above us, in the rolling sea and in the azure firmament; all of these are words from Him, and happy is he who realizes them as such. No one can help admiring the gentle beauty of the eastern horizon when the sun is first seen winding his way through the heavens or, when he is about to set in the distant west and the hilltops and mountains appear as if they were gilded. When we stand and behold the golden tinged clouds floating above us in the blue atmosphere, knowing their formation, their use, and the wonderful laws by which they are governed, we cannot help regarding with love and admiration, their grandeur. The seaman becalmed in the midst of the sea on a night when the sky is bespangled with stars and effulgent with beauty, surveys with his watchful eye the passing meteor and ceaseless tide and says in his thoughts that they are truly grand. What refines the taste and elevates the mind of one more than the beauty displayed in a little stream tumbling

from the mountains edge and directing its course through the dark blue grass of the valley until it finds some large lake in which to empty? Where is the man who goes forth upon this fair and goodly landscape, fully possessed of his reason and his right mind, but what is charmed by the sweet warbling of the birds on a bright spring morning when the hills are radiant with a ruddy glow and flash of sunrise? I think he is not in existence. "Nature," says one of the poets, "is all change." Day succeeds the night and night the expiring day; the sun sets and almost instantaneously the sky is full of stars, and the whole earth is illuminated by their effulgence. The summer that delights us by its ambrosial flowers and warm air, is followed by gloomy autumn; and the fields of autumn are blasted and cut off by the frigid winds and hoary frosts of winter; and now the fair green days of spring are upon us again, the birds sing freely and gayly because of her silent return, and life seems to flow afresh. And I would have you indulge me in a few remarks concerning the beauty and stateliness of art in comparison with the magnificence and grandeur of nature. The former is the creation of man under the guidance and inspiration of a mightier power. The latter as I have previously asserted, is the creation of God, and though its structure may change, its beauty is as everlasting as the "Throne of Deity." We look with love and wonder upon some stately piece of architecture, deciding it to be beautiful, nor, are we wrong in making such a decision, for at the time we look at it, it may be beautiful, but when the dashing wave of time has swept over it, its beauty is seen no longer; and where is it? Alas! it is not to be found. We may search for it, but our searching will be in vain. Again yonder is some ancient statue

of marble, or some painting that once was considered grand and even approached the sublime, but which is now numbered with those which have yielded to the mighty destroyer, time. Is this the case with the creations of nature; or in other words, the creation of God? No! no! We see to-day the same cloudless blue, the same broad ocean, the same starry nights, the same sunlight days, and the same brilliant colors in the rainbow as was seen by the ancients in the days of old. Yes, we see to-day the same old Blue Ridge looking down upon us, as was seen, hunted and traversed by the original inhabitants of this country in centuries gone by. Turning now to my own native sands we see there the same blue streams flowing regularly to and fro, that were fished and sailed by the Nanticoques before the crossing of the ocean by Columbus. Truly has it been said that "Time destroys the speculations of man, but it confirms the judgment of nature." I beg your farther attention to a few remarks concerning man, the highest and most beautiful type of the natural creations. And what is it that makes him thus? The answer to this question I presume to be this,—it is that intelligence within him, that mind of his which is ever searching after and striving to develop the blessed truths, that flashing of his eye, that looking out from his brow, that manner of his movement, that feeling heart that strives within his bosom, those chiseled marks of his countenance, that rotundity and elegance of his general contour and that soul of his which is immortal. This it is that marks our species the most beautiful of the grand creations. It is this perfection of beauty that dwells within this spiritual nature that makes manifest the superior wisdom of God.

S. F. M.

Do not lose courage by considering your own imperfections, but instantly set about remedying them.

A School-Teacher's Exercise in English Pronunciation.

One enervating morning, just after the rise of the sun, a youth bearing the cognomen of Galileo glided into his gondola over the legendary waters of the Ictean Thames. He was accompanied by his allies and coadjutors, the polorous Pepys and the erudite Cholmondeley, the most combative aristocrat extant, and an epicurean who for learned vagaries and revolting discrepancies of character would take precedence of the most erudite of all Arecapagite literati.

These sacrilegious *dramatis personae* were discussd in detail a suggestive and exhaustive address, delivered from the proscenium-box of the Calisthenic Lyceum by a notable financier on obligatory hydropathy, as accessory to the irrevocable and irreparable doctrine of evolution, which has been vehemently panegyricized by a splenetic Professor of acoustics, and simultaneously denounced by a complaisant opponent as an undemonstrated romance of the last decade, amenable to no reasoning, however allopathic, outside of its own lamentable environs.

These peremptory tripartite brethren arrived at Greenwich, wishing to aggrandize themselves by indulging in exemplary relaxation indicative of implacable detestation of integral tergiversation and exoteric intrigue. They fraternized with a phrenological harlequin who was a connoisseur in mezzotint and falconry. This piquant person was heaping contumely and scathing railery on an amateur in jugular recitative, who held that the Pharaohs of Asia were conversant with his theory that morphine and quinine were exorcists of bronchitis.

Meanwhile, the leisurely Augustine, of Cockburn, drank from a tortoise shell wasail cup to the health of an apotheosized recusant, who was his supererogatory patron, and an assistant recognizance in the immobile nomenclature of interstitial molecular phonics. The contents of the vase proving soporific, a stolid plebian took from its cerements a heraldic violoncello, and assisted by a plethoric diocesan from Pall Mall, who performed on a sonorous pianoforte, proceeded to wake the clangorous echoes of the Empyrean. They bade the prolyx Caucasian gentleman not to misconstrue their inexorable demands, while they dined on acclimated anchovies and apricot truffles, and had for dessert a wiseacre's pharmacopoeia. Thus the truculent Pythagoreans had a novel repast fit for the gods. On the subsidence of the feast they alternated between soft languors and isolated scenes of squalor, which followed mechanist's reconnoissance of the imagery of Uranus, the legend of whose incognito related to a poniard wound in the abdomen received while cutting a swath in the interests of telegraphy and posthumous photography. Meanwhile an unctuous orthoepist applied a homeopathic restorative to the retina of an objugatory spaniel (named Daniel) and tried to perfect the construction of a behemoth which had got mired in pygmean slough, while listening to the elegiac sighing of the prehistoric wind.—*Journal of Education.*

"Smantha, I'm going to let go of your hand for a moment, but you won't be mad, will you darling? I wouldn't let go till you did, but some sort of a bug is crawling down my back, and I can't keep my mind on you and bugs at the same time.

A Rockland man saw advertised "a sure cure for drunkenness." He forwarded the necessary dollar and received by return mail, written on a valuable postal card in beautiful violet ink, the magic words: "Dont drink."

From the N. Y., Sun, January 5.

Prof. John W. Draper Dead.

The Most Eminent of Americans in Original Scientific Research.

John William Draper, M. D., L. L. D., was the oldest, as he was the most eminent and widely known of American students of natural science. He died early yesterday morning at his home on the hill at Hastings-on-the-Hudson in his 71st year. Prof. Draper's father was a Methodist clergyman, but among his ancestors were men devoted to scientific research, and it was one of his good-humored boasts that he could trace his own taste for chemistry away back to the days when alchemy flourished, and before the science of chemistry had arisen. Prof. Draper was born at St. Helen's near Liverpool, England, on May 5, 1811. He attended as a boy the Wesleyan Methodist School, Woodhouse Grove, and there was placed under the care of tutors. With private instructors he first studied chemistry and natural philosophy, and as a boy he showed the taste and aptitude for study and scientific investigation which have since placed him among the first men of his time and profession. He chose to devote himself especially to the study of chemistry, and to that end entered the University of London.

Before the war of the revolution in this country some of the early members of Prof. Draper's family had come to America, and others of his relatives had followed, so that when, in 1833, he himself came here, he found himself not entirely among strangers. He continued his studies in the University of Pennsylvania, and in 1836, after a three years' course there, he received from the university the degree of Doctor of Medicine. His graduating thesis was selected by the medical faculty as worthy of publication. A very few weeks after his graduation Dr. Draper was elected Professor of Chemistry, Natural Philosophy, and Physiology in Hampden-Sidney College, Virginia. It was there that he began his original experiments in chemistry and made investigations in novel channels in physiology. He published the results of these studies at the time in the *American Journal of Medical Sciences*. He also wrote much for European magazines, and, indeed, nearly all of his earlier writings were first published across the Atlantic. He pursued this course because of the backward condition of science in this country at that time. Indeed, when he first suggested the idea of spectrum analysis he was publicly laughed at, and the idea was ridiculed by a prominent gentleman of Boston. By reason of his contributions to foreign periodicals, Prof. Draper's reputation in Europe was established long before he was widely known in this country.

He found frequently that discoveries which he had made and described in European publications ten and twenty years ago were being rediscovered and claimed in this country. To preserve his own credit and reputation he therefore collected these earlier papers in a single volume, which was published under the title, "Scientific Memoirs," by Harper & Brother.

Dr. Draper became professor of chemistry and natural philosophy in the University of the City of New York in 1839. He was connected with the University until the time of his death, and with one exception, was the senior professor in the faculty. During the past year he has not been able, on account of sickness, to attend to his duties there, and his son and son-in-law, the Rev. Mr. Morey, have heard his classes. Prof. Draper was one of the founders of the medical department of the University, and in 1841 occupied its chair of chemistry. In 1850 he was professor of physiology in

addition, and in 1874 he became President of both the scientific and medical departments.

Prof. Morse, the inventor of the word-telegraph, was chosen a Professor of the University in 1855. He had a little room in the building in Washington square, directly over the lecture room of Prof. Draper. It was at that time that he was experimenting with his telegraph, and much of his work was done in Prof. Draper's studio and with his assistance. Afterward when Morse was in Paris exhibiting his telegraph, he first saw the picture of landscape and statuary taken by the inventor and artist Daguerre. He undertook to introduce the process in America. It was, however, very imperfect at that time, and Prof. Draper developed it. He introduced bromine to quicken the process, and by that means too he secured a clearer and more sharply defined picture. Prof. Draper was the first to adapt the daguerreotype to the purposes of portraiture, and his wife and two daughters were his first subjects.

Prof. Draper was a most industrious worker. His life has been devoted to experimental research, and he has written much. He has studied especially the influence of sunlight upon the growth of plants. The results of much of his study have become incorporated in the body of accepted scientific fact all over the world. He made discoveries of the first importance in spectrum analysis, and has contributed much to science by his experiments in the endosmosis and exosmosis of liquids.

Prof. Draper wrote many papers for the *London and Edinburgh Philosophical Journal* and the *American Journal of Science and Art*. His "Treatise on the Forces which Produce the Organization of Plants," was published in 1844. This was followed in 1846 by a text book on Chemistry, and later by his "Human Physiology." In 1862, his "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe," was published, and it has since been translated into French, German, Italian, Polish, and Russian. His largest work was the "History of the American Civil War," published in three volumes, between 1867 and 1870. It has been criticised, but Prof. Draper always regarded it as a work which would be better appreciated later when the prejudices of the time were worn away. Four lectures, in which he gave his "Thoughts on the Future of Civil Policy in America" were delivered before the New York Historical Society in 1866, and were afterward printed. His "Conflict of Science and Religion" created a great deal of discussion when it was published. It was widely circulated, and has been translated into twelve European languages. One of his latest works is a memoir of importance, the tenor of which is that what is known as chemical force in the sun's ray is not limited to the violent region, but that it is uniformly distributed throughout the spectrum, and displays its activity according to the nature of the receiving substance.

Prof. Draper was a man of great common sense. He did not accept any scientific whims without first putting them to the test of experiments. Most of his work for these many years was done in the university building. In personal intercourse he was a man of cordial and amiable manners. He leaves three sons and two daughters. His son Henry, the well-known astronomer and also a professor in the university, sailed from Havana for New York yesterday. Daniel has made a specialty of meteorology, and Dr. John C. Draper is Professor of Physiology in the College of the City of New York.

The only way by which capital can increase is by saving. If you spend as much as you get, you will never be rich.

Local Notes.

The Theological Association of the College has secured the services of Rev. Dr. S. V. Leech, of Frederick, to deliver a lecture in the Methodist Protestant Church on the 27th of this month. The subject of the discourse will be the Perils of Genius, as illustrated in the life of Edgar Allan Poe. It has been delivered before the state Legislature, at St. Johns College, Maryland Institute, besides in several leading cities of the country, and has merited considerable praise and received many complimentary tributes from the press. All who attend will be sure of an intellectual treat. Tickets can be procured from any member of the Theological Class.

The Webster Literary Society will hold their eleventh anniversary at Old Fellows' Hall on the evening of the 19th of this month, in celebration of the birth of Daniel Webster. Dr. Thomas Guard, of Baltimore, will be present and address the audience. We wish them success in their entertainment.

All the students have returned to school after their long period of vacation, with renewed vigor to begin the studies of a new year.

This Christmas was not one to be enjoyed like the previous one, on account of the absence of snow and sleighing parties, but we have no doubt that all spent a pleasant Christmas and a happy New Year.

The time for examinations is drawing near, and seems to have the usual effect upon the habits of the students; you no longer see them promenading down town after school hours, but are shut up in their rooms, no doubt taking private lessons in horsemanship.

Most husbands doubtless think that the ladies can express themselves with all sufficient might and main in one language; but the forty-seven students connected with the private classes at Harvard are mastering the dead languages with a skillfulness that shows the possession of real linguistic talent. Greek is the favorite study, having twenty-one students, Latin being second with seventeen students. Eleven study German, two French, nine philosophy, twelve history, eleven physics, while only one devotes her attention to political economy. The list of studies and the work accomplished speaks well for the capacity and progress of the ladies. If, says the *Harford Courant*, a comparison could be made, it would probably be found that their average is as high as that of the more fortunate members of the academical department whose instruction is not "private."

Mark Twain denies that he is dead. But probably he is mistaken and pigheaded enough to want to lick those who try to set him right.

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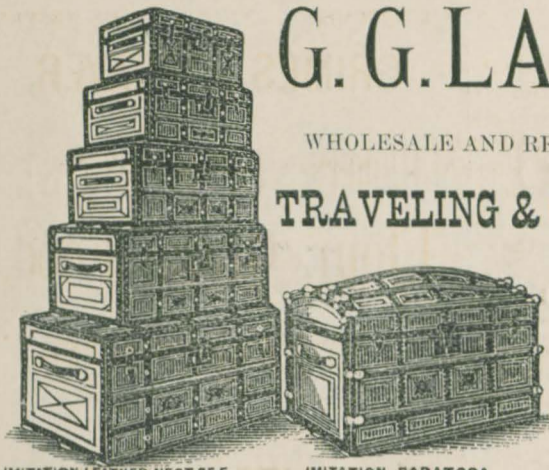
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