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Poetical.

THE OLD YEAR.

From the Democratic Advocate.
BY C. T. WRIGHT.

Night settled down,
The deep, dark shadows threw
A sable pall
O'er hill and plain and sea;
The wintry wind
Moaned sadly through the trees
A solemn dirge,
Like that sung o'er the dead.

A starless sky
Bent weeping to the earth,
And all the air
Seemed burdened with a weight
Of fun'ral gloom,
Whose blackness gathered thick
Around the soul
As storm-clouds 'round the sun.

All nature seemed
To stand in waiting for
Some great event.
The faithful clock moved up
Its warning hands
'Till, near the hour of twelve,
Ah me! how close
My eyes were watching then.

Each curving swing
Of ticking pendulum;
My eager breath
Came quick, and hard and hushed—
The hands had reached
The moment that must hold
Within its grasp
Life and its dread foe death.

I stood and watched
The fateful wheels, as they
Approached the verge
O'er which the dying year
Must pass into
The viewless realms beyond,
That never yield
Their garnered moments up.

His withered form,
Now staffed and stooping, came
Up to the brink—
A wistful, backward look,
A glance before,
A shudder, sharp and cold,
He tottered on,
And passed beyond my sight.

A doleful stroke,
Struck by an iron tongue;
A sobbing moan,
Borne on the weary wind—
Then silence reined.
The year had reached the end.
The bound was set,
He could not go beyond.

With haste he clasped
Within his withered arms
The phantom forms
That mocked him as he died—
Vain hopes that then
Could but elude his grasp,
And yield him naught
But an eternal grave.

Thus all the years
Must pass beyond the line
That God has drawn;
Between the things that live
And those that die;
And as in turn they go
To their account,
They bear us on to ours.

Peculiarities of People.

People do not wish to be told that they have faults. It destroys the beauty of the picture which they had painted of themselves. For any one to take up a brush

and daub the painting, means the same result as flaunting a red flag before the eyes of a mad bull. I do not wish to convey the impression that people are bulls; rather let me be understood that they are lambs. What shall be written I wish to be called not faults, but oddities, or peculiarities. None of you can let your mind run along the line of men's peculiarities without a whole score rising up before you, some of them possessing such grotesqueness as to make your sides chuckle with laughter. There have been some peculiar individuals here at college. One of whom was noted for making discoveries. His brightest discovery was that Adam died half-past nine o'clock in the morning. Another's peculiarity developed in the fact that he had learned but one thing in all his college, course, that being, how to flirt. When told the danger of one-sided education, he declared, "I don't flirt, but I always try to get the girls to like me."

There is among men what is known as a *grumbling* peculiarity. You know what this means without my defining it. I have sat in the company of such individuals, and have wondered what kind of constitutions they had. In vain would I question some imaginary personage the reason of their existence. The only answer I can find is that they are living to show men how difficult it is not to grumble; for if at any time a man's patience is tested, it is when a grumbler is sticking grumbling pins in you. There comes to my mind a man who seems to be happy when engaged in this profitable business. I have seen him at a meal take up a silver spoon with a black mark upon it, produced by wear and age, which happened to be placed in his tea or coffee, and holding it up, look at it, and then at the good housewife, and declare "if there is anything out of order, I am bound to get it." This same man grumbles if he gets a cup or saucer which has a small dent in it. If his coffee is sweetened a little too much, he declares that the whole sugar bowl has been put in it, and if not sweetened enough, makes his face uglier than could be crowded in the face of a monkey. Under such provocation, it would almost seem true "That the woman who does not marry does better nine times out of ten." This grumbling develops in some in marking out the unsociability of people. They are the ones unsocial, uncivil, and who build around themselves a wall of stiff reserve, and in their loneliness nurse their imaginary heart-wrongs, and dissatisfied with themselves and the world, finally blame everything on the devil. The devil cannot be blamed for this; for he is about as sociable as any other person. It is not the devil so much as it is themselves. In all things be just, and even "Give the devil his due." I wonder if the grumbler would not have grumbled had he seen this:—A land-owner, having ample grounds at his residence, bought a monkey, brought him home, and dressed him in hat, coat and breeches. A terrier dog, belonging to the same place, saw the monkey sitting on a terrace in the yard, and started for him. When he got within a few yards the monkey sat so still and unconcerned that the dog was frightened. He also sat down, and the monkey and the dog looked at each

other. The dog was thinking about paying his respects to the monkey, when the monkey lifted his hat and bowed politely to him. This was too much for the terrier, and he took refuge under the porch.

The *depreciating* peculiarity of men is enough sometimes to make people almost angry. When you see a young man or a young woman succeed quite well in some plan or undertaking it is a little too much for one's sense of right to listen with respect to the depreciating criticism of one whose boast has a slight coloring of jealousy, and whose brain has not the power of the subject of criticism. These are the people who wonder why they are shunned. Humanity likes nobility, and respects the man who possesses it, even though it may be clothed in rags, but hates the ignoble, and despises the man who is filled with meanness. In this class, though not confined to it, are those who regard the work of preaching an easy business. Let them try it, and they will find that when they open their mouths they will not be filled. The result will be something like that which happened to an aspirant for pulpit honors. Said this person to the minister: "Parson, doesn't the Bible say, 'Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it?'" "Yes." "Well, I think I can preach without so much preparation." "All right, suppose you try it." At the next service the pastor politely requested him to preach for him. He consented, walked into the pulpit, and announced his text—"I am the good shepherd." A few minutes passed, but no words found our friend. "I am the good shepherd" again escaped his lips. Another pause of several minutes, when again the congregation heard, "I am the good shepherd," but this was all. The preacher sitting behind our genius then quietly took hold of his coat tail and bowed him to a seat with the words: "I think you would make a better sheep than a shepherd." These are the sort of people who think if the preacher gets \$40 a year his flock is showing him a favor. To tell them under such circumstances that they are stingy, would be to hurl an insult in their face. They stingy! No! very generous! No man likes to be called stingy, not even the "man who is worth twenty millions of dollars, and gives six cents a year." Too shamefully true is the latter portion of the prayer of a layman, "O Lord, if Thou wilt keep our preacher *humble*, we will keep him *poor*."

Another peculiarity of men is *clinging to old things*. It would seem as if the experience of the world ought to drive every man from this position. But some men's ideas are just like iron; the more you pound them with facts and reasoning the more compact they become. They will permit nothing to change their views. What care they for the facts of history? What matter to them if science does teach that the world is round and revolves, and that the sun neither rises nor sets, but only apparently so, because of the revolving earth, do they not with their own eyes see the sun rise and see it set?

These men remind one of the love entertained by John Randolph for his grandfather's clock, the attachment to which was so strong that he wearied the patience of

the U. S. Senate by talking on it for three days. Now also rises up Aristophanes' Strepsiades. Old fogysm says we must not investigate, and men turn the crank, and turn the crank of the same old notions, and there comes out of that machine the instruction which comes from dry nonsense. The old fogy's ditto contains wisdom for all. Living comfortably together were two old people. They had seen but little of the world, but that was of no concern; for they were happy in each other's love. The needs of their home required sugar, and so the mother sent the father to the grocer's to buy four pounds of brown sugar and four pounds of white sugar, along with some other things. Accordingly the father went, made his purchase, and returned home with them in a basket. The mother took the things out, and when she came to the bundles containing the sugar, she found written upon one, "Four pounds of brown sugar," and upon the other, "Four pounds of white ditto." Seeing this latter said she to her husband, "Why, father, what does this mean—what is this? We have never bought any ditto. When we go among our neighbors we never carry any ditto with us, and they never give us ditto. We do not put ditto upon our table. We never eat ditto. Go back to the grocer's, father, and please tell him that we do not want the ditto." So the father went back to the grocer's and told him that they did not care for any ditto, and to please take it back. The grocer replied that as he had written on one bundle, "Four pounds of brown sugar," it was only necessary to put "white ditto," for the other sugar, the ditto meaning the sugar. The father returned home, and was met at the door by the mother, with the question, "Well, father, what about it?" "Why, I am a fool, and you are ditto."

The Ten Foremost English Writers.

One of the English weekly papers recently offered a prize to that one of its readers who should give the best list of the worthiest ten among the living English men of letters, mention being also made of that work which gave each author the chief title to his place. The prize was to be awarded on the judgment of Mr. J. Cotter Morison. More than five hundred readers of the journal sent in replies, the gentleman to which the prize was awarded having sent in the following list: (1) Browning, "Dramatic Lyrics;" (2) Tennyson, "In Memoriam;" (3) Swinburne, "Atalanta in Calydon;" (4) Newman, "Apologia pro Vita Sua;" (5) Ruskin, "Modern Painters;" (6) Matthew Arnold, "Empedocles on Etna;" (7) W. Morris, "Life and Death of Jason;" (8) John Morley, "Voltaire;" (9) Lecky, "History of Rationalism in Europe;" (10) Freeman, "History of the Norman Conquest." The *Independent* has this to say in commenting upon the selection: "It does not please us to see Matthew Arnold put by the popular vote before Cardinal Newman. Probably the noise his 'Apologia' made led many to put him in who had never read it."

People's intentions can only be decided from their conduct.

LaFayette.

While we heap up praises on the heroes of our land, why shall we not remember the chivalrous spirits of other shores, who shared with them in the hour of weakness and woe? Extol them to the skies; pile up the majestic columns of their glory until they soar away beyond the clouds; hallow the spot where the bones of your bold repose; but do not forget those who, with your bold, went out to battle. The most prominent among these men of noble daring stands the well known LaFayette. The people whom LaFayette came to succor were not his people; he knew them only in the melancholy story of their wrongs. He was no mercenary wretch, striking for the spoil of the vanquished. He was no nameless man, staking his life for reputation. He was no friendless outcast, seeking for a grave to hide his broken heart; he was surrounded by the companions of his childhood; his kinsmen were about him; his wife was beside him. Yet from all these he turned away and came. Like a lofty tree, that shakes down its green glories to battle with the wintry storm, he flung aside the trappings of place and pride, to crusade for Freedom in Freedom's holy land. He did not come in the day of successful rebellion; in the moment when the sun rose to shine forth over a free and independent land. He came when darkness curtains the hills, and the tempest was abroad in its anger; when fathers were dying, and mothers were weeping over them; when the wife was binding up the gashed and bleeding bosom of her husband and when the maiden was wiping the death-damp from the brow of her manly lover. It was then that the people bade him a gratified welcome. It was then that he joined the ranks of a revolted people. Let us look at some of the deeds of this patriot taken from the pages of our history. During six years of our revolutionary war he sacrificed one hundred and forty thousand (140,000) dollars of his own private fortune in the service of this country. He armed a regiment for us. He sent a vessel laden with arms and munitions of war to us. He put shoes on the feet of our bare foot and suffering soldiers. For all these services he asked no recompense—he received none. He spent his fortune for us, and without acquiring any thing but a claim upon our gratitude, he impoverished himself. I ask if these deeds do not portray the mark of greatness! does not goodness belong to greatness and make an essential part of it? Is military courage and conduct the measure of greatness? Is not the readiness to meet vast responsibility a proof of greatness? LaFayette was intrusted by Washington with every kind of service! The laborious and complicated which required skill and patience! The perilous that demanded nerve; and we see him keeping up a pursuit, effecting a retreat, out-manoeuvring a wary adversary with a superior force, harmonizing the action of French regular troops and American militia, commanding an assault at the point of the bayonet, and all with entire success and brilliant reputation. The memoirs of Thomas Jefferson show us that there was a moment in 1779 when LaFayette took upon himself, as the head of the military force the entire responsibility of laying down the basis of the revolution. Look at LaFayette in France. Read the letter of LaFayette to Napoleon Bonaparte, refusing to vote for him as consul for life! Contemplate LaFayette at the tribune, in Paris, in 1815, when the ponderous machinery of the French empire was flying asunder, stunning, rending, crushing thousands on every side, when allied Europe was thundering at its gates, and Napoleon yet stood in his desperation at bay! Lastly, is

it proof of greatness to be able, at the age of seventy-three to take the lead of a successful and boundless revolution? to change the dynasty? to organize, exercise, and abdicate a military command of three and a half million of men? to take up, to perform, and lay down the most momentous, delicate, and perilous duties, without passion, without hurry, without selfishness? is it not great to disregard the bribes of title, office, money; to labor and suffer for great public ends, alone; to adhere to principle under all circumstances; to stand before Europe and America conspicuous for sixty years, in the most responsible stations? I cannot doubt had LaFayette, like Napoleon, been by principle, capable of hovering on the edge of ultra-revolution; never halting long enough to be denounced; never plunging too far to retreat; but with a cold and well-balanced selfishness, sustaining himself at the head of affairs, under each new phase of revolution, by the compliances sufficient to its demands; had his principles allowed him to play this game, he might have anticipated the career of Napoleon. At three different times, he had it in his power, without usurpation, to take the government into his own hands. He was invited, urged to do so. Had he done it and made use of the military means at his command, to maintain and perpetuate his power, he would then, at the sacrifice of all his just claims to the name of great and good, have reached that which vulgar admiration alone worships, the greatness of high station and brilliant success. But it was the greatness of LaFayette, that looked down on greatness of the false kind. He took his first practice in victories over himself. Let it be questioned by the renal apologist of time—honored abuses; let it be sneered at by national prejudice and party detraction; let it be denied by the admirers of war and conquest; by the idolaters of success; but let it be gratefully acknowledged by good men, who have sense to distinguish character from event; who have a heart to beat in concert with the pure enthusiasm for virtue. There was not, throughout the world a friend of liberty, who did not drop his head when he heard that LaFayette was no more. Every country, where man is struggling to recover his birthright, has lost a benefactor, a patron in LaFayette. And what was it that gave to LaFayette his spotless fame? What has consecrated his memory in the hearts of good men? What nerved his youthful arm with strength, and inspired him in the morning of his days with sagacity and counsel? To what did he sacrifice power, and rank and country and freedom itself? The love of liberty. Yes to liberty protected by law.

H. H. S.

Force of Habit.

The mind of man is an invention strange. Feed it and it will develop, starve it and it will languish, exercise it and it will grow strong, give it no work and it will weaken. It is changeable and capricious. First under the will of man, then under its own will; first voluntary, and then involuntary in its actions. Do it a favor and please it and, like the little child that expects you to repeat the same game over and over again, without any seeming weariness, so the mind expresses its discontent and dissatisfaction if the pleasure is not repeated and re-repeated. Thus it is that the mind, in its expectation of repetition, fastens upon us habit, of which it is so hard to rid ourselves. Habits fastened upon us in childhood remain with us throughout our whole life, unless by the most rigid training we throw off their clutches. How important then it is for the parent to study and care for his child, guarding him closely from

any habits that may lead him to misery and perdition, instilling into his mind a sincere belief in the one great God, reigning omnipotent, under whose gracious influence no worthless habit can entice us from the path of right. How many young men are now suffering from the habit acquired when but boys? How many young men find no strength within them sufficiently strong to guide them clear of the quicksands of the dangerous whiskey shop, but yield to the insidious tempter within, enter the enticing harbor of crime and suicide, drink of the poisonous and destructive drug, and reel forth to sadden a mother's heart, and tinge a sister's cheek with a blush of shame! But these victims of habit were not always thus. Little by little habit encircled them. First the weak drink was taken and in small quantities. Then as the man (?) developed, they required stronger, and so on till the mile posts on the road to destruction became too numerous to count, and they found themselves confirmed drunkards, vagabonds and thieves. The effects of this ruinous habit cannot be too indelibly impressed upon the mind of the young man just starting in the battle with this world. Let him beware of the enticing wine cup and tempting associates. If he has a kind mother let him think of the blessing she gave him when he started out, and her fervent words, "God bless you, my son, and take care of you." Let him think of his brothers and sisters at home, whose hearts will grow sad at the thought, "My brother's a drunkard." Let him think of his dear relations, with whom he must become an object of reproach. Let him think of all these things, and with repentance and deep contrition in his heart, dash from his lips the whiskey glass and put aside all temptation to do wrong. This is only one kind of habit. We find almost every man living riding his own "hobby." At first they realize that they are gradually drifting into an habitual custom, but after they have done the same thing over a few times they take for granted that it was always a part of them, and the world looks on and calls it eccentricity. Many a noble intellect has been stunted and wasted by the force of habit. How many young men do we see with minds capable of a glorious end, but lying without use in their craniums, and only in consequence of a habit of laziness acquired. Often do we see a boy of fair promise learn the teachings of his mother and go to school with a brain excellently trained and in good condition for the seeds of knowledge. At first he rushes on with enthusiasm, sapping all the knowledge his books afford him, and without becoming in the least tired; but soon we find him getting in the habit of some of his indolent companions. First he learns only his lessons and does not seek knowledge outside of them; then, as the habit clutches him more and more tightly, he drops them altogether, and makes the complaint to his parents that he is too old to go to school. If he has indulgent parents he is allowed to stop, and with his limited knowledge he seeks to battle with the world, and generally with but poor success.

It seems to me that habit is the best part of man. Look at our great men of the past and the present, and we find them all laying for themselves their daily duties, and performing them till they become "habits." Thus Macaulay wrote his regular number of lines for his history each day, and at night revised them. So the great Milton had his regular amount of specified work to do, which he performed with as much regularity as he took his meals. It should be the duty of every young man that intends to make anything out of himself to form some regular habit

of this kind and practice it till it becomes a part and parcel of him. If there are any habits to be formed let them always be those that will bring to us enlargement of intellect, and be productive of benefit. Man may either ruin or make himself by the habits he contracts, and we students, who are just preparing ourselves for active life, should be very particular in our selection of pleasures. Above all things, let us not defile our mouths with the blasphemous oath, stint our intellects by indulgence in the attractions of the saloon, or blacken our conscience over a gaming table.

Old Joe.

Old Joe was of those good-natured, manly kind of colored people, who always tipped his hat to superiors and was far ahead of many of his opportunities; yet at the same time was as many others of his race have been, a slave; and of course his chance for acquiring much knowledge was very limited. And of all the scientific and (as he expressed it) highflute branches of knowledge, he knew nothing.

He could see the clouds gather, and the rain drops fall; but why they gathered; or why they fell was beyond his mind to imagine.

But while he was ignorant, he was not as many ignorant folks are,—think that they know all, who unfortunately do not know enough to know that they know nothing; but he often meditated on the many mysteries presented to his mind and gladly and thankfully received every thing he could gather from those around him.

It was one of those calm, balmy and delightful days in autumn. The sun was shedding its lengthened rays across the hills, that old Joe, weary of the toils of the day, sat down at the root of a tree by the road.

And while he meditated that the tree by which he sat, which was young when he was small, now bore the marks of decay, that he noticed a single leaf slowly sinking to the ground. Just then he saw the country pedagogue coming leisurely up the way.

The pedagogue being always ready to enter into a discussion, (as most of his kind are) coming up to where Joe was sitting, halted and seeing that Joe had something on his mind, asked, "Whats absorbing you Joe?" "Why massy I have just been considering why that leaf comes down to the ground when it lets go and why it never goes up." The teacher assuming an air of dignity replied: "Nature in its laws has so ordered it that all atoms of the universe have an affinity for each other, and the leaf being touched by the frost decays and the wind separates it from the twig and by affinity or the Law of Gravitation it falls to the earth.

"Why then if one thing draws another does not things from above the earth at times draw them up," asked Joe, "because" said the learned gentleman, "the earth is so much larger than any thing that projects from it that it always prevails. If another planet as large as the earth were to be placed near the earth the two would immediately fall toward each other and one would move as far as the other."

"Then is this why the water dont run off on the other side?" queried Joe. Yes,— Joe. All liquids are attracted as well as other things, and this is why water and all fluids seek their level. "Well" said Joe "if all fluids are drawn to the earth why dont the blood in my veins all run to my feet?"

Oh! he replied, "your maker has been wise enough to provide a means by which your life blood may flow to the feet and then contrary to the great law of gravity,

[CONTINUED ON 7TH PAGE.]

The Record.

MESSEURS. EDITORS OF THE GAZETTE— Please allow me space in your columns for the following. It is submitted for no purpose of controversy, and especially not to discuss the propriety or impropriety of joint recitations, but because it seems to me a statement of this kind is necessary to prevent the creation of a wrong impression by some of the remarks in an editorial of the last number of the GAZETTE. The passage to which I allude seems to imply that if the two departments were to recite together the gentlemen would probably be hindered in their progress by the inability of the ladies to compete with them. The remarks appear also to be inferential, but as no data are given, upon which the inferences were based, it is difficult to judge of their value. It is to ventilate, in some degree, the question of "inability," that I have prepared this communication.

If the superiority of the male students asserted itself anywhere, it would be looked for, I think, in the study of mathematics, as there seems to have often been a tacit assumption that girls are not equal to so abstruse a subject, and there would perhaps be little objection to referring to this branch of study as a crucial test of comparison.

Well, of course a class of girls in algebra could not compete with male students in the calculus; neither could a class of boys. But compare their work in the same field. The present female juniors began with their algebra at the same point as the present male freshmen. The former receive instructions and have recitations in this study four half-hours per week; the latter five hours per week, or more than double. The latter have passed over about 140 pages during the half year, the former about 92, or practically two-thirds of the identical work of the male students. The average standing of these two classes at the end of the first quarter was, males, 8.80; females, 9.06; the smaller of which numbers is by no means discreditable to the class. Similar comparison holds with equal weight if we pursue it further. In the study of geometry the ladies do more than half as much work, with less than half the recitation and instruction received by the gentlemen; and the same is true in the trigonometry.

An examination of the grades of male and female classes studying the same branches of mathematics during several years past, gives the following results for each year. Each number in the column of grades represents the average of the class:

	Males.	Females.
1880-'81.	Algebra, 8.05	8.88
	Geometry, 7.39	8.59
	Trigonometry, 8.46	8.49
1881-'82.	Algebra, 8.10	8.77
	Geometry, 8.76	8.24
	Trigonometry, 9.08	8.46
1882-'83.	Algebra, 7.92	8.37
	Geometry, 8.26	8.05
	Trigonometry, 8.27	8.26

and the average of the above, for the three years is, males, 8.25; females, 8.48.

The contrast in favor of the ladies is no less striking in other departments of study.

The ladies have the disadvantage, (injustice, some have called it) of receiving only a three years course for graduation, but that is a misfortune which may, in time, be rectified. The most natural inference from the statistic is, that considering the point at which their course begins, and the length of time it embraces, the ladies not only do more work than the gentlemen, but do it better. In view of such *wass-room* experience, it is rather an unclarranted assumption that "the curriculum

would have to be lowered," unless indeed it were for the accommodation of the gentlemen; and the "irregular attendance" of the male students at the joint recitations, as mentioned in the December *Gazette*, may perhaps be attributable to their own consciousness of this fact.

Very truly yours,

D. W. HERING.

Entertainment by Irving Literary Society.

The Irving Literary Society gave a literary and dramatic entertainment at Albaugh's Opera House on Friday evening, January 18, to the largest audience which has ever yet been present at one of their celebrations. The exercises began with four recitations by Prof. A. H. Merrill, viz., "Artemus Ward's Lecture," "Sim's Little Girl," "Hunting the Mouse" and "The Benediction," who gave them in his happiest style, as was evinced by the bursts of applause which greeted them. These were followed by the drama "Colleen Bawn," which formed the second part of the programme. The cast of characters was well chosen, and was as follows:

Myles Na Coppaleen.....	A. C. Willison
Hardress Cregan.....	J. L. N. Hennman
Danny Mann.....	J. W. Moore
Kyrle Daly.....	W. H. White
Father Tom.....	F. H. Schaeffer
Mr. Corrigan.....	W. I. Todd
Bertie O'Moore.....	C. M. Grow
Hyland Creagh.....	H. C. Stocksdale
Servant.....	Paul Kuhns
Corporal.....	R. Moore
Eily O'Connor.....	Mrs. Mae Blackman Canby
Anne Chute.....	Miss Mary B. Shellman
Mrs. Cregan.....	Miss Mollie Hoppie
Sheelah.....	Mr. F. McC. Brown
Cathleen Creagh.....	Miss Lottie Moore
Ducie Blennerhasset.....	Miss May Zimmerman

The scene of the play is in Ireland, and this, together with its complex plot, made it quite difficult for amateurs; but nevertheless it was performed in the most lifelike and creditable manner. The rendering of the character of Eily O'Connor, the "Colleen Bawn," by Mrs. Mae Blackman Canby, was the feature of the play. Miss Mary B. Shellman, as Annie Chute, and Miss Molly Hoppie as Mrs. Cregan, also rendered their parts admirably. Perhaps the most conspicuous of the male characters was Myles Na Coppaleen (A. C. Willison) and Danny Mann (J. W. Moore), both of which were difficult parts, and were well filled. Indeed, it is hard to name any one character without doing injustice to others. All engaged seemed to enter thoroughly into the spirit of the play, and to act as they would in real life, which is the secret of their success. The drama, indeed, it has been said, was better rendered than any previous one performed by this Society. The exercises were agreeably diversified by the fine music furnished by three members of Itzel's Orchestra, which was employed with great advantage to heighten the effects of some parts of the play. The costumes and stage setting also contributed to the success of this, Irving's most decided triumph.

Life is not so short but that there is always time for courtesy.

OBITUARY.

The following paper referring to the death of Miss May Forrest, who died December 20th, 1883, was passed by the Browning Literary Society:

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Heavenly Father, in His wise and inscrutable providence, to remove from among us by the hand of death our beloved sister, May Forrest, therefore
 Resolved, That while we would be humbly submissive to the righteous will of God, we sincerely mourn this sad and afflicting dispensation by which we have suffered the loss of a valuable member of our Society, and a friend and companion every way worthy of our confidence and love;
 That her stricken parents have our hearty sympathy in their great affliction, and our earnest prayers for the help of Him who alone can "bind up the broken-hearted."
 Signed by President and Secretary Browning Literary Society.

Napoleon Bonaparte.

He of whom I am about to write was such a notorious and tragic actor in the drama of life as hardly to require any extended detail of the incidents of his life. Suffice it to say that the world first saw him in the eighteenth century, and whether it is now wiser, greater, or in any other manner bettered by the sight, is a question upon which many have entertained varied opinions. He was early educated, sought his proper sphere, the army, and soon began to distinguish himself. He assumed command of the army of Italy at the age of twenty-six. Two years later, without any pretext, save the gratification of personal ambition, he invaded Egypt, entered Cairo and became virtual possessor of the country. Being checked by Nelson in his mad career, disappointed ambition drove him to the sad extremity of barbarously murdering twelve hundred of his fellow-men. The Directory, becoming alarmed at his arrogating so much authority, he with his usual boldness and audacity overturned the government, framed a new constitution, investing political authority in the Consuls and proclaimed himself first Consul.

Still goaded on, he demanded that this should be for him a life position. With each new acquisition the horizon of his desires extended, until at last the kaleidiscopes of his fancy made this world one extended plane of view. Planted in the imperial chair, he saw before him, at one glance, the united kingdoms of the world centralized under his power, himself the lord and giver of life, liberty and permit of happiness. The effect of this vision was so intoxicating that he determined then and there to bend or break every obstacle that arose to impede his progress to this position.

Accordingly, we find him proclaiming himself Emperor of the French, King of Italy, and those high-sounding titles which merge slowly but surely into absolute power. The glare of his fame began to astonish and alarm the whole of Europe. His mighty success at Austerlitz and Marengo inspired the public mind with the fact that there must be something more than human in his character, and thus another difficulty met the allied powers in coping with this formidable opponent. Still something must be done. The result of this was the determination by the allied powers to make a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether, and, if possible, to relieve the world of the unbearable thralldom which this man was placing upon all mankind. The desperate earnestness which nerved their arms may be read from the blazing walls of Moscow, the ensanguined flood of Beresena, and on the furrowed plains on which the Battle of Nations was fought. This was the crowing act of their resolution, and all of Napoleon's great conquests were forever gone. How galling it must have been to the pride of this pampered son of fortune to be thus compelled to strip himself of his self-constituted royal robes and accept the generosity of those he so fully expected to conquer. Elba was determined upon as his future place of abode, and out of that comity due to a vanquished foe, they bestowed upon him the title of sovereign, entering upon a solemn treaty of neutrality. But how long did he observe it? The session of the European Powers, convened for the purpose of settling the disordered affairs of Europe, was astonished by the news that he had again landed in France, and by his wonderful magnetism had soon drawn an army of twenty thousand men to his standard. Soon now was to end the active existence of this man. Waterloo tells the tale of his disastrous overthrow, and then follows his surrender to an English man-of-war. The justice of the action of the allied powers in assigning a place of

safety to this man has been called in question. Argument is needless to justify them, the concise review of his life, which has just been made, is sufficient to give them full and free confirmation in their act. The laws of all governments called for it, the stability of society demanded it, and individual rights and the general good were clamorous that something should be done. He died on the rocky island of St. Helena at the age of fifty-six. T. H.

Pro. E. O. Sophocles.

Evangelinus Apostolides Sophocles, university professor of Greek at Harvard, died Monday the 24th, ultimo, in Boston. He was born near Mount Pelion, in Thessaly, March 8, 1807. He studied for a time in the convent on Mount Sinai, but came to the United States, under the auspices of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, in 1825. Here he first entered Monson Academy, and went from there to Amherst in 1829. For several years after his graduation he taught in Hartford, Conn., but from 1842 to 1845 filled the post of tutor in Greek at Harvard. After two years absence, occupied in teaching elsewhere, he returned to Harvard, with which his life has been since then identified, first as tutor, then as assistant professor, and, since 1860, as Professor of Ancient Byzantine and Modern Greek.

An enthusiastic student all his life and never married, Prof. Sophocles lived in almost Spartan simplicity in the western room on the second floor of Holworthy Hall, known as his home to successive generations of Harford students, who have recounted his eccentricities, marvelled at his apparently inexhaustible wealth of learning, and yielded to his character a mingled respect and affection. Year after year the earnings of his diligent life were sent to his early Grecian home to aid his kindred. Prof. Sophocles published a number of volumes, all designed to aid the students of Greek. In 1827 he received the degree of A. M. from Yale, and ten years later a similar degree from Harvard. In the interim had appeared his "Greek Grammar," "First Lessons in Greek," "Greek Exercises," "A Roman Grammar," "Greek Lessons for Beginners," and a "Catalogue of Greek Verbs." In 1848 he followed these with a "History of the Greek Alphabet, with Remarks on Greek Orthography and Pronunciation," and in 1860 his "Glossary of Later and Byzantine Greek," formed volume seven of the new series of the "Memoirs of the American Academy." A much more elaborate and extremely valuable work to Greek scholars occupied the leisure time which he could command during the next ten years, and was published in 1870—a "Greek Lexicon of the Roman and Byzantine Periods." It will be long before his strong, mobile, gracious Greek face, framed in snowy hair and beard, which might have served Phidias as a model for the ruler of Olympus, will be forgotten in Harvard.

It is a great improvement to bake apples in an earthen crock or jar with a cover on it. Put in a half-teacupful of water and bake in a hot oven for an hour, or until soft. The different varieties of the *Cook's* and other small fine baked in this

When a woman husband for an he stairs to get something one of her dresses.

People who are they were rich, are become rich.

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MOORE & TODD, - - - EDITORS.

WESTMINSTER, MD., JANUARY, 1884.

Yes, 'tis true, all things must sooner or later end. The present with its joys must depart, the past with its recollections, sad and joyful, only lives in memory. The future spreads before us a vista unmarked or marred by earthly plans as if entering upon a boundless snow-field where every foot-step leaves a mark and every act a record, and we may look out upon it and say "Welcome." But however pleasant may be our dreams of future, however bright may be the reflection cast by our own happy hearts or however dark may be the prospect which looms up like a spectre before us; the past only can be looked back upon, and this is what we desire to do. With this issue of the GAZETTE our term of office expires and we yield up the editorship. Doubtless this fact will be hailed by some with acclamations of pleasure, for we are aware that in our term of office, we have made some enemies. Well perhaps, we should not call them enemies. At any rate in some cases we have made ourselves unpopular by the course we have pursued. We would say however in our farewell, that we have done what seemed to us in our humble judgment to be right.

We have not let any personal animosities or prejudices influence our actions or guide our conduct, we endeavored to give our friends and patrons a paper worthy of their support and sustenance, and have succeeded as best we could.

Whether or not we have done our duty we leave it to you, dear reader, to decide. We lay down our pen with a commingling of joy and sorrow, joy at releasing our, loved GAZETTE its abler hands than ours sorrow at no longer being able to commune through its columns with the reading public. We retire with good wishes to all and malice toward none and may God bless every one of you!

Now that our term of office has drawn to a close and it becomes our sad(?) duty to lay aside our editorial dignity and vacate the sanctum sanctorum, the question arises "what benefit have we derived from our administration?" When a person first looks at this he can't help but think that much advantage is derived from this kind of work. It necessitates much writing and much thinking, but herein lies the very harm. The editor sits down to write a piece for his paper, probably to fill out a vacancy of a column or column and a half. He knows exactly how many lines there

are to be written and almost how many words he has to pen, and every sentence is to his mind as three hundred and sixty-five days are to an unhappy man's life, they must be ended and lived through, and after they are finished they form nothing more than a blank place without any influence on the next three hundred and sixty-five; so it is with the sentence. It is put down to fill up the column and the next one follows for the same reason, with probably little connection with the foregoing. Thus the editor proceeds, harasses his brain, prostrates his nerves and balds his head until his duty is performed, his vacant space filled and his subscribers made happy. But this is not the only disadvantage in this kind of work for boys. From time immemorial it has been the characteristic of the boy to put off a duty till the very last moment, and then rush at it and half do it. So it is with the paper business. The work is put off till the time draws near when it must be issued, then the writing must all be hurried through without time to cultivate the ability to form concise sentences and rounded periods, thus teaching one a looseness in composition, which, unless assiduously opposed, clings to him throughout his whole life. This disadvantage is also increased by the knowledge that the proof has to be read and that a chance for correction will be given him then. If these objections be overcome by taking plenty of time for obtaining matter for the paper, and strict attention be given to the composition of each production, whether your own or somebody else's, then to be editor of a paper is an advantage.

We would say, in conclusion, to our successors, that to obtain benefit from the duties imposed upon them, they must manage the matter carefully. Begin as soon as one issue leaves the post office to prepare yourself for another, and by pursuing this course, you will find yourself little harassed or wanting in material.

We conclude our term of office with the very best wishes to those succeeding us, and hope that their career may be as pleasant as ours has been.

Our National Evils.

It is the nature of some men, yes, many men, to think that the troubles of to-day and the difficulties of the present are more formidable than at any other period of their lives. And many persons, taking an occasional look at the national difficulties and faults, are ready to pronounce them as the worst that ever were in the nation's history; for in every decaying brick in the structure of her policy they see her final crumbling. In every fault of her legislation they see the planting of some mighty barrier, over which she will eventually stumble and rise no more.

This is the feeling that comes murmured through the masses, who need only the text of the three term to preach a monarchy, or to see a drunken congressman to magnify him into some horrid ghost of fate. True, it is when you feel disposed to brood over the national evils you will find many quite glaring to-day, and among the first those that surround the great question of Mormonism.

No one doubts but what some one has

erred somewhere or at sometime when they see this land of charms, this Eden of health and home of prosperity, abused by man; when they see those plains rich with verdure and alive with stock inviting the needy to come and be prospered.

Yet, inhabited by a people rebellious to their government; whose capitol is but the concentration of wickedness; whose temples are but the courts in which are plotted their murderous raids; and whose mountain passes are but the scenes of their execution; whose religion is but a screen behind which they hope to indulge their appetites and passions, and bulldoze the national authorities out of the protection of citizens. Yes, we lament that where should bloom the prettiest rose of America's proud garland we see the poisonous ulcer of American leniency.

But we as a people have little to fear from the meaningless threats and wild calculations of this frenzy of Mormonism. The American eagle has triumphantly flapped her wings over an organization of outlaws as formidable as this—the Molly Maguires, who arrayed themselves, secretly, against the government. They plundered, destroyed, and murdered, until many timid souls could see them defying and defeating the government. At last the blow was struck that proved fatal, and they live only in the past. It is the belief of many that there is something wrong in our action with the Chinese.

The question of immigration is and has been one of great importance to us; and the time has come of late when foreign immigration assumed such an attitude that it became positively necessary for our national powers either to check the wonderful influx of foreign fugitives or hush the rebellious murmur of the people by force.

The Chinese seem to be the most distasteful of all immigrants among the American people. And regardless of whether they are industrious or not, regardless of whether they are economical or not, regardless of whether they could be christianized or not, and aside from all political feeling, I believe that the men who voted the Chinese Bill did an act that we should be proud of and consider an advance rather than a retreat, because the American people are fast learning that to congregate on this hallowed soil the vast army of outcasts of other nations is no achievement and honor. I do not say that it is justice to the Chinese to expel them alone; but this great work must begin somewhere, and we should be glad to-day that the first step has been taken.

One of the worst evils, if not the worst, that spreads itself over the whole American people is that of intemperance. There is no part or portion of this great republic but that feels the stench of its deadly breath. North, east, south, west, you may seek to find a refuge from this awful curse, but wherever you find men you will see its effects. It seizes for its victims the most promising, and, unlike many impure things, it boldly and unhidden finds its way into the best circles.

With the cunning of some mighty and wily serpent it has wrapped its deadly coils around the American giant while he slept, and long since the demon has begun to contract and crush. The giant in his dreams has felt some, yes, much of his massive person commence to totter and yield. And in his sleepy stupor and agony has taken our hand, thrust it into those coils and tries to free himself. But never will he be free until his great intellect awakens to comprehend the danger, and in his fright unsheathes his dagger and cuts those horrid coils.

Yet to the nation as a nation this evil seems to be, it is not so distressing, not so

frightful, not so dangerous as many we have passed. For example the Civil War, the noise of whose battles has scarcely ceased to echo on our plains; the path of whose armies is still fresh; the blood of whose victims has scarcely dried from our soil; and brother hating brother—O! fiercest of unmanly passion—still lingers in the hearts of many. But let civil war with all its horrors pass. Let the bitter tear that has fallen into the cup of life's sweet draught no longer annoy, since we have passed the ordeal. And looking forward may we trust in the Great Invisible One to safely deliver us from the gauling evil of intemperance, for we have often seen the clouds of adversity gather above us and have felt confident that unseen strength mastered for the best.

And if this nation has difficulties, 'tis ours to relieve them. If this nation has faults, 'tis ours to right them. If this nation is divided, 'tis ours to bind it together. Let us then remember that after every storm comes the calm and after every cloud comes the sunshine, and where the clouds gather thickest and blackest and the rain falls the heaviest, the sunshine that follows is the brightest. So each adversity will only strengthen for the next, and each wrong will add one more to the many valuable lessons of experience.

E. T. M.

Educational Benefactions.

America is a land of Colleges and Seminaries. It is dotted all over with institutions of learning from the University down to the public schools, which latter are the well-springs of the general intelligence that pervades the country. It is our public schools, which are found in every city, town, village and hamlet, that furnish educational advantages to those who are unable to pursue a collegiate course, and are thus fitted the better to discharge the daily duties of life.

It can safely be said that Americans properly appreciate the value of an educated people in a government, whatever may be said concerning the American people and their follies. In educational matters they can never be accused of niggardliness, and it may be well, in this connection, to examine the benefactions for education, for the year 1881, as tabulated by Gen. Eaton, Commissioner of Education:

To Universities and Colleges.....	\$4,554,702
To Theological Seminaries.....	908,149
To Schools of Science.....	177,058
To Schools of Medicine.....	9,700
Schools for Superior education of women.....	267,688
Institutions for Secondary instruction.....	661,062
Preparatory Schools.....	238,460
Institutions for Deaf, Dumb and Blind.....	394,239
Training Schools for Nurses.....	29,781

The wealthy give liberally to this cause. Among the larger donors may be mentioned; estates of Stephen Whitney Phoenix, \$650,000; Rev. Dr. Dwight, \$150,000; Rev. Dr. Samuel Williston, \$100,000; Ex-Governor Morgan, \$100,000. Among living donors who have contributed liberally are, George J. Seney, \$260,000; W. H. Vanderbilt, \$160,000; Mathew Vassar, \$130,000; Gardiner A. Loge, \$90,000; D. O. Mills, \$75,000.

Mr. James L. Lane, of Philadelphia, has given \$1,000 to Roanoke College for the purpose of endowing a Prize Scholarship in English language and literature.

Rev. J. F. Chaffer, D. D. of Minneapolis, has given \$30,000 to Hamlin University, in Minnesota, to endow the chair of Mental Science.

Mr. Hall Garten, of New York, has bequeathed \$50,000 to Dartmouth College.

College Locals.

Why that stare?

Mr. B. says: "Oscar, Oscar, I'll shoot thee!"

Woodward had his face severely skinned while coasting a few nights ago.

The observant mind of Mr. B., of the Junior Class, should not exercise itself while at the table, so as to necessitate his taking notes.

Mr. A. C. Willison was confined to his bed for a few days during the past week with a slight illness.

Mr. Bennett has been suffering a great deal lately from a sprained ankle, occasioned by a fall received a few weeks ago.

A certain Freshman has stopped singing "Wait 'Till the Clouds Roll By, Jennie," and adopted the following warble: "Lu-la-loo."

Mr. B., a certain Prep., informs us that he thinks the most interesting part of the examples in interest is the "three days of Grace."

A certain Professor was heard to remark the other day, upon the loss of part of his vehicle, "Come wheel or whoa!" Anyway it sounded like that.

Investigation has brought to light the strange discovery that this weather has a chilling effect on a certain Sophomore's nose. This can be discovered only by close contact.

A certain Theologue was heard to remark, after partaking of the Christmas turkey displayed on our sumptuous board:—"Sad how old things are changing. There are now six more landmarks gone."

Mr. B., a modest Sophomore, fearing his natural bashfulness will effect his conversational ability on the approaching parlor night, has been studiously perusing a negro joke book, to prepare himself for that occasion.

Prof. of Belles Lettres to slumbering Freshman; "Mr. M., what stratagem did Hannibal use at the siege of Capua?" Mr. M. (waking): "He mounted pine logs for cannon, sir." Professor, in horror and confusion, absently hangs his watch on the end of his nose in place of his eye-glasses.

A few days ago the young ladies whiled away a few moments of their leisure time in the construction of a snow man, displaying in his make-up the work of skilled hands. One of our æsthetic theologues, upon beholding for the first time the structure, exclaimed: "Would that I were snow, so that the girls might make a man of me."

We take this opportunity of publicly announcing, in behalf of the IRVING LITERARY SOCIETY, its great obligation to Misses Ada and Pauline Trumbo, Jessie Forsythe, Lottie Moore and Miss May Zimmerman, for the kind assistance they rendered in the drama on Friday, the 18th.

We are sorry that during our short term of office the painful duty should devolve upon us of announcing the death of one of our students. Miss May Forrest left College to spend her Christmas holidays, but was destined never to renew her connections with our College. She was attacked by the typhoid fever, which resulted in her death. Although with us but a short time she leaves many friends. In another part of the paper are inserted the resolutions passed by the Browning Literary Society, of which she was a member.

After a studious exercise of their inventive faculties, the boys have at last constructed an instrument for warbling which seems to suit their taste exactly. No name has yet been adopted for this musical development, but it is designated by the common name of whistle. Being concealed

in the mouth, it forms an unfathomable mystery to the Professor whose duty it is to seek out the disorder.

It affords the GAZETTE much pleasure as an organ of the Irving Literary Society to thank Miss Mary B. Shellman and Miss Mollie Hoppie, of Westminster, and Mrs. Canby, of Baltimore, for their kindness in assisting us in our drama. We only second the expressed opinion of the public when we say that their parts were admirably sustained and the assistance they rendered invaluable, and we avail ourselves of this opportunity to express our gratitude to them.

Prof. Simpson, who has charge of the Physical Science Department, has made many important changes in the arrangement of his room, and it now presents an appearance as a laboratory room which no College need be ashamed of. Besides having his room tastefully painted, he now has water pipes running in his room. The Professor is an industrious and energetic man, and we hope that he will continue in his improvement.

The Christmas holidays came, were enjoyed and are now finished. We look back with longing retrospection on the cake we devoured and the turkey we destroyed. Our studies have now been reluctantly resumed, and we are, under the influence of our new resolutions, progressing rapidly towards the preparation for the great future. Take courage, boys; stick to your resolutions, and another Christmas will soon be here.

Next week is examination week. Already the midnight lamp may be seen shining from the student's room, as he prepares himself for the coming struggle. Latin and Greek "ponies" receive no rest, and we fear that at the end of the race their riders will be as tired as their noble (?) animals.

One of our Juniors, whose surname begins with a Will—, lately entered into a great speculation in chocolate-drop bonds. At first fate attended him, and his business transactions were rewarded by great success. But on being informed that on account of a lowering of percentage on his bonds "a changing of hands was impossible," disappointment took possession of our enterprising classmate, and for the past few days a sick-bed has been his resort. We extend to him our heartfelt sympathy, and suggest that his unused bonds can be sold at our office at a reasonable discount.

Seminary Notes.

How well one of the new Theologues is pleased with the Seminary!

Theologue K—while purchasing his ticket for the recent "Drama" requested the ticket agent to show him the "Paradigm."

A great disadvantage is experienced when a small fellow happens to room with one of greater stature. There is seen frequently in room No. 8 where one of the occupants of rather diminutive size is compelled to stand upon a stool every time he arranges his toilet. Mr. M—would it not be advisable to purchase another looking-glass and hang it within reaching distance of your own head instead of your tall room mate's?

Stansbury leaves us. He has gone with a "better half." His stay among us was short, but of such a pleasant character as to have won the friendship and good wishes of all those who formed his acquaintance. Mr. S—in view of his social qualities attained a popularity among college students which only a few get. His consistent life together with his agreeableness in conversation and association lent an influ-

ence for good. It is with regret that we announce his departure. He leaves behind a number of enquiring friends who wish for him and his new companion abundant success in his life.

At the last meeting of the Stockton Society, the officers elected at its organization were reelected for the remainder of the year. There was also a discussion of the question Resolved: That extemporaneous preaching is more effective than preaching from manuscript. The question was decided by the President in favor of the affirmative.

The lecture given by Rev. W. H. McAllister, of Baltimore in the M. P. Church on the evening of the 21st was highly instructive and entertaining. Mr. McAllister has acquired a wide reputation as a pulpit orator, and his audience on Monday evening was by no means disappointed in the expectation of hearing "something good." It was soon perceived that the grace and eloquence of the speaker were of that character which take captive men's hearts and minds. This lecture was the first of a series of lectures that are now to be delivered in the M. P. Church, and the subject to be treated having been in several ways announced, it is deemed unnecessary to repeat them here. These lectures are free, and it is hoped that they will be largely attended both by the friends of the institution and church and by the public generally.

In the American *Sentinel* of this week can be found a "theologue on a tramp." Now as all tramps are subject to a great deal of criticism this one must likewise suffer, but being a theologian tramp, and for this reason ought to be somewhat more respected, our criticisms will have to be few and generous.—The first is upon the inconsistency he displays in carrying with him a *novel*. Of course he kept this in his "saddle bags" while he was trying to sell a Bible, and only removed it from its place of secrecy when resting beneath a shady tree by the bank of some purling stream; but even here it was certainly out of place for a Bible agent to be perusing a *novel*. The next criticism we offer is upon his waste of time with the ladies he met. It is not unusual to find him spending three or four hours at a time in some fair ones' parlor under the pretence of having his spirits strengthened for his arduous work by the sweet voice of the lady, accompanied by the soft strains of the organ or piano. This we admit is a good excuse, but by no means sufficient for the occasion. Had he spent the time at his work, many more Bibles would have been sold. The next and last criticism is upon his visit to "Purgatory." Can it be possible that a Protestant Theologue can believe in such a place and work himself up to such a state of excitement over his new belief as to imagine himself actually in the place? yes, he even describes it. Candidly, would he not make a better Catholic than Protestant? We had thought to leave theologian at this point, but we cannot refrain from speaking of two more of the rather remarkable things he tells us of in the description of his tramp, but we shall not attempt a criticism upon them, as they are doubtless true. The first is he informs us that on the Eastern shore of Md., where he is tramping, the "morning music" of the piano is the signal for breakfast, instead of the ringing of the breakfast bell so common among us of the Western shore, and that he was actually called up in this way. Although remarkable we think it quite a new and beautiful way of calling one to meals, and ought to be introduced among us. The other remarkable thing was his adventures with the mosquitoes. We know that the mosquitoes are powerfully bad on the

Eastern shore, but did not our Theologue Tramp have an unusually hard time of it?

Moses, of Seminary fame, recently received from the ladies another token of their esteem—a blanket to protect him from the severity of this unusually cold spell. We are glad to report that he is doing well, and that College life agrees with him. He is much stouter, and by the constant practice of elocution his voice is much more mews-ical.

The Bible warns us against wolves that come to us in sheep's clothing. Upon this principal we would advise all to keep a close watch upon one of the Theologues, as it is positively known that he sometimes goes about under the cover of a "false face."

Personals.

Miss Maggie E. Woods, of '77, was lately married to Mr. Fuss, of Emmittsburg, Md. We extend our congratulations to them.

Mr. Hunt, who was a former student of the College, paid a visit to town last week and attended the entertainment given by the Irving Literary Society, of which he was a member.

Mr. C. E. Stoner, of the Class of '82, spent a few days with us during the past week. He is now teaching school and studying law at the same time. He was one of the first editors of the GAZETTE, and helped bring her through many a discouraging trial. We were glad to see him, and wish him much success in future life.

We are glad to note that the election for State's Attorney in Somerset county has at last been decided, and one of our Alumni, Mr. Joshua W. Miles, is the successful man. Mr. Miles is an able man, and will some time make himself an honor to the institution from whose walls he went forth only a few years ago. We congratulate him.

Mr. James A. Duffenbaugh, of the Class of '74, has recently been elected Examiner, Secretary and Treasurer of the Carroll county Public School Board. We congratulate him upon his election, and are glad to see him rising in the good opinion of his State.

The College World.

The dormitory of Park College was destroyed by fire on the 29th of December, 1883.

Amherst has 321 students.

Syracuse University has 393 students.

Hamilton College, located at Clinton, N. Y., has an attendance of 210 students.

Oliver College, (Mich.) has a total attendance of 324 students.

The State Agricultural College of Michigan, has a present attendance of 185 students.

George H. Fall, a graduate of Boston University, has been elected Professor of Latin and Greek, at the New Orleans University.

Charles Dudley Warner has been elected to a non-resident Lectureship in Cornell University by the Trustees.

M. Guillaume Guizor, son of the celebrated French statesman and orator, now lectures on English Literature, at the College de France. After Shakespeare, which is now under discussion, M. Guizor will take up the life and works of Byron.

Dr. Johann Peter Lange, the eminent German Theologian is dead.

A Dental Institute is to be added to the University of Berlin.

When are You Going Home?

Written for the Irving Literary Gazette.

At the approach of each vacation, the students of our College begin to straggle off to their respective homes, instead of waiting until the institution is closed by the proper authorities. Likewise, at the opening of College, the students drop in one by one, as the sands in an hour glass, for a week, or two. Though readily and willingly acknowledging that "there is no place like home," yet these are evils, we fear, growing evils, which need, to be speedily corrected. They throw irregularities into College, subverting its influence and turning it into channels, which are not intended or desired.

The idea in going to any institution of learning is the acquisition of knowledge, and not to see how soon you can get home and still say, "I have been at College." The boy, who starts to College with the idea that all he has to do is to go, or come when it suits, and knowledge will flow into his cranium, like water into a well, was either born a blockhead, or "missed his calling." When a young person starts for College, it is expected that he has laid aside certain childish things, and has some definite object in view, which, in general, is the obtaining of a liberal education to fit him for the proper discharge of the duties of life. Poor Burns, who sang so sweetly, late in life, said, "The great misfortune of my life was never to have an aim." True the Scottish bard touched chords in the human heart that still vibrate, and endear the memory of the author of

"A man's a man for a' that,"

but he perceived, when it was too late, that his talents had not been improved properly. Every student not only ought to have an object in view, but it is his duty to have some target at which to aim.

Obedience to the College rules and regulations should be part of the student's purpose. Unless the scholar lives up to the requirements of the College the institution will not accomplish for him what he desires, and he himself will be wasting both time and money. The object of College regulation is not the coercion of the students. Rules are necessary not only for the institution's prosperity, but also for the student's welfare. For laws are necessary to all governments, and are not obeyed simply on account of courts and police. If such were the case force would be our protection, and anarchy would soon reign supreme.

Of all College rules none are better for the student than those requiring the presence of students at the recitations, and their attendance at College until properly dismissed. Guided by the light of experience, these rules look beyond present petty whims into the future, seeing that the object of a College course is only to be secured in regular attendance on the respective recitations up to the very last one of the session.

Such actions, as those referred to above, militate against the student in a subtle manner, which is only discovered when it is too late. It was the constant dipping of the string in the tallow that made the candle, and that wick, which missed a single dip did not make so large a candle as the rest. The chain with one single link having a flaw in it is worthless. The flaw may not be noticed on purchasing the chain, but it is readily discovered when the test comes.

The student, who would miss, or fail to understand the Pythagorean Proposition would very soon be lost in the maze of triangles, circles, quadrilaterals, tangents, arcs, chords, segments, and quadrants; and the theorem, Lemma, corollary, and scholium would be so much gibberish to him.

The scholar who would undertake to study Chemistry and, at the same time, would disregard the doctrine of Stoichiometry would soon be entangled in the meshes of atoms, molecules, and radicals. These are little things, but "the cents make the dollars."

"Tall oaks from little acorns grow—
Large streams from little fountains flow,"
and it is equally true that "the boy makes the man."

Any one, who will pause to think a moment, will see that, in this coming from, and going home whenever you please, the student himself is the one who really suffers the injury. This injury is of a two fold character. First, much valuable time and information is lost. It is not time that loses us, but we that lose time. In this workaday world of ours this factor is too important to be treated lightly. On this phase of the subject, however, sufficient has already been said.

Secondly, the student pays for time and knowledge, which he never gets. If business were conducted on this basis our streets would become a Babel of howling bankrupts offering fifty cents on the dollar. If railroads were conducted in a similar way stock in Accident Insurance companies would increase 50, 60, or 70, and they would become fat monopolies. If Government allowed such transactions in its various Departments standing committees of investigation would be necessary.

But this certainly is a very peculiar but common kind of liberality. It is a great pity that it cannot in some way be turned into an endowment fund. A hundred students gratuitously giving the College every vacation a certain sum of money. Why how long, at this rate, would it take to endow a Professorship?

Further, because A. B., or C. D., left for home, it will not do to suppose that College will close, or will go to sticks. If any one is solacing himself with such a thought, we hope he will not take a dose of Nux Vomica when informed that the College went on before he came, and will go on whether he goes or stays. Let us then make up our minds to remain hereafter until the close of the session and to return promptly at the commencement of the succeeding term. HOMUNCULUS.

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[CONTINUED FROM 2ND PAGE.]
 return to all the parts of the system. This is done by our heart acting as the great engine of our being and second after second, whether we are conscious or not never fails to contract and force the blood ever on in the same direction; and owing to a fixed law that provides that no vacuum can be made in a fluid, more blood rushes up and fills the heart. Thus it is ever moving on in its live-giving round.

Yes, Joe wherever we look around us we can see the workings of this great law of Gravitation. We see it in the rain-drops and snow flakes as they come to refresh the earth; we see it in our orchards as the golden fruit comes tumbling down; we see it in the brook as it comes bubbling down the mountain side. And whenever this great law would interfere with our comfort; there is always some provision made to re-vene it. We see it and know it; but why it is we know not, only that it is the wisdom of him who is wise indeed."

By this time it had become so late that prudence said that they must wait until another time to finish. So Joe went plodding across the field thinking how little he knew of this great world, and how fortunate it was that it worked so well if he didn't know it.

And the pedagogue resumed his leisure gait, pondering how pleasant it was to teach his fellows even the simplest of those many wonders.

Yale Juniors Indignant.

NEW HAVEN, Jan. 24.—It is the annual custom of the junior class at Yale to nominate five candidates for editors of the publication known as the *Yale Literary Magazine*. The present Board of Senior Editors pass upon these nominations, having the power to decide who shall be their successors. The honor of being an editor of the "Lit" is much coveted, both because it is called the highest literary prize in college, and because the editors of the magazine are generally taken into the secret societies. The junior class yesterday named as their choice for editors for the ensuing year Messrs. Baldwin, Shipman, Daggett, Richards, and Pitkin. Last evening the Board of Senior Editors—Messrs. Gale, Wolfe, Foster, Painter, and Prouty—declared that one of the men nominated, Robert Pitkin, son of a prominent resident of Colorado, was not satisfactory to them, and they called another meeting of the junior class for this morning to hold a second election. This edict caused great excitement. This morning over a hundred juniors met, and amid great enthusiasm voted to stick by the result of yesterday's election. Pitkin being one of the most popular men in his class. On hearing of this the junior Board at once held a meeting and elected John C. Bridgeman of Cleveland in Pitkin's place. Whether Bridgeman will accept remains to be seen. It is probable that he will. Meanwhile the junior class are indignant.

A keen student of human nature must have written the following: "When you see a young man sailing down street shortly after midnight with collar mashed down his neck, you can make up your mind there's a young girl crawling upstairs not far distant, with her shoes under her arm and an extinguished lamp in her hands.

The game of chess comes from the East, and the Arabs knew it before us and practise it still. The expression checkmate, which sounds like pure Anglo-Saxon, is a corruption of the French *eché mat*, which is itself only the Arabic *sheikh mat*—"the sheikh is dead," "the king is taken."

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Why Not Learn.

Among the figures of the census few are more remarkable than those which set forth the number of persons of adult age who cannot write. The vast majority, however, who have more or less proficiency in these necessary and simple acquirements may estimate a portion of the difficulty, if they will consider the formidable aspect in which farther education presents itself, and the readiness which everybody feels to class certain branches of learning as among the things unattainable. Inability to learn quite often means *disinclination*. Compulsion overcomes this, however, and when one finds himself in the condition that he *must* learn—knowledge and aptness are then pretty soon acquired. It is curious how a man can learn to master unaccustomed things, and to perfect the experiment into habit and proficiency—the terrors of “a, b, c,” and their combinations always excepted. The letters seem to stand facing the non-reader like a line of serried bayonets, before which he stands dismayed.

Children have not this fear; that is to say, such happy children as are not driven and pushed. Let them alone, putting the letters before them, while they are left at liberty to make the acquaintance of the mystic signs or not. Give their young majesties the full exercise of their prerogative, and, ten to one, they will teach themselves, with a very little aid. Like Jack Falstaff, they will do nothing “on compulsion,” though a, b, c’s were as plenty as blackberries.

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner. He was not eating a Christmas pie, but trying to discover what might be found under the covers of a Christmas book. The chubby forefinger pointed out the letters one by one, the rosy lips sounded their names, and the happy face shone with triumph that Master Jack was doing something as well as his elders. To be sure, he varied the usual practice by commencing to speak at the end of the word instead of the beginning. Who shall say this was not a “survival” of the ancient Oriental mode of reading from right to left, inherited mysteriously and handed down unconsciously? Whoever will say that it was may pen an octavo on the subject.

Seriously, every man and woman, child and youth, ought to know how to read. And all can if they will. There is no life that has not time enough for accumulative course in the use of the eyes upon the letters of the alphabet, in which every word mastered is a key to the next. The street signs are books to many children (they were the open wayside books to many Washington City slaves in the days before the war), and when the children seemed to be merely gazing at nothing in railroad stations, they are often analyzing the awkward staddles of the big letters in the advertisements posted around the walls.

A HEAD OF SKULLS.—An old fort has been discovered near Redfield, Dakota, and in it over two hundred human skulls have been exhumed. There are three theories advanced. First, it is said that a party of nearly seven hundred people started from Wisconsin, and before they reached the Missouri river were met by savages, and many were massacred, and the survivors turned back into Minnesota. Second, that the people were taken prisoners and slaughtered, as on nearly all the same side of the head is mashed in. Third, as almost all of them have double teeth all around on the lower jaw, and as neither Indians nor Europeans as a rule have teeth of that description, they may date back to the mound-builders.

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