

Dr. J. T. Ward
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Select Poetry.

Don't Take Away Our Greek and Latin.

A Boston gentleman declares
By all the gods, above, below,
That our degenerate sons and heirs
Must let their Greek and Latin go!
Forbid, O Fate, we loud implore,
A dispensation harsh as that;
What, I wipe away the sweets of yore,
The dear "Amo, amas, amat?"

The sweetest hour the student knows
Is not when poring over French,
Or twisted in Teutonic throes,
Upon a hard collegiate bench;
'Tis when on roots and kais and gars,
He feeds his soul and feels it glow,
Or when his mind transcends the stars
With "Zoa mou, sas agapo!"

So give our bright, ambitious boys,
An inkling of these pleasures, too,
A little smattering of the joys
Their dead and buried fathers knew;
And let them sing with glory that
Their sires so sang, long years ago,
The songs "Amo, amas, amat,"
And "Zoa mou, sas agapo!"

—Chicago News.

ORIGIN OF SCHOOLS.

Schools, both public and private, have claims to the highest antiquity, having existed from the very infancy of time; but the most authentic account we have is found in Egyptian history, about the year 2300 B. C. Shortly after this we find a record of a school being established on the banks of the Nile by the priests for the purpose of teaching the children to read and sing, that they might take part in the services of the Temple, but the art of literary composition was not introduced until the Eleventh Dynasty.

From Egypt we pass over to Greece, which took the initiative in founding schools for general tuition, making physical science the most prominent subject, and for centuries Athens wore the crown, during which time her schools produced men of giant intellects, to whom it is pleasurable and profitable to refer. Solon's name will live in the annals of all time as the author of a code of instruction which gave to Athens a great superiority and entitled her to be called the mother of liberal education, the state insisted upon education being a part of her political organization. But Cadmus has the credit for introducing letters about the year 1500 B. C. After this, schools were soon general in Greece, and in 817 B. C., Lycurgus delivered his code of laws to Spartans; also principles for the better education of the youth. "What shall we teach the young?" said the philosophers to their king. "Teach them what they will have to do when they are men." Wise advice. Would that it were so in our land. There would be less distress, less crime, than we have around us.

Arithmetic was introduced into Greece from Egypt, about 600 years B. C., music cultivated, and the useful and ornamental arts were studied, prizes for music were studied, prizes for music were given, and oratory had become an indispensable subject. So much was the art of speaking

appreciated that Demosthenes secluded himself for three years in a cave that he might practice oratorical speaking and cure himself of a slight impediment in his speech which he had from his birth. But Pericles was the most popular orator Greece ever had.

Pythagoras was the first Greek who founded schools such as we have. One which he established in Italy continued for several centuries. His principal subject was "The Harmony of the Universe," which was well calculated to strengthen the reasoning power of the mind, at the same time, exhibiting divine order and wisdom. Such subjects have shaken nations and established a world in peace. He bore in every part an oriental character, having imbibed oriental doctrines respecting the soul, the music of the spheres, and the disposition of the world according to measure and members. His influence was immense, and wherever he went he worked a moral and political reform. Luxury was abandoned, simplicity took the place of seductive attire, and three hundred young people (Crotonians) bound themselves by a vow to adhere to the discipline and ritual of their teacher. This great man flourished about the year 459 B. C.

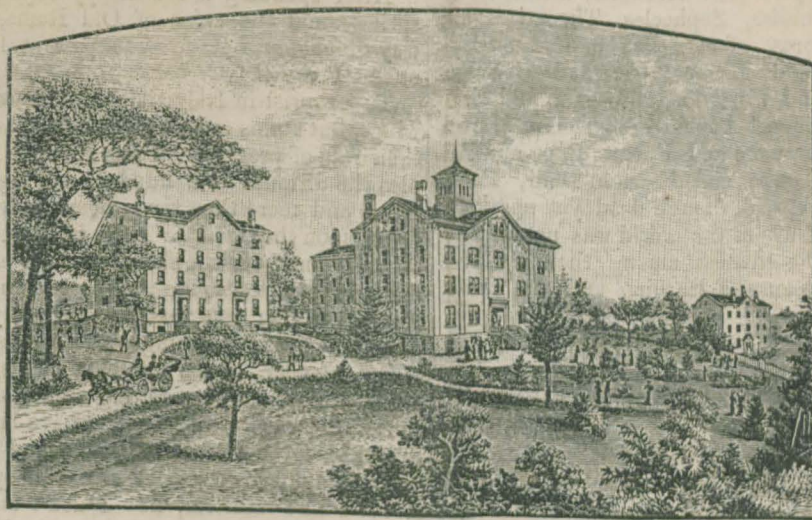
Following Pythagoras came that great genius, Plato, who in the year 380 B. C., founded the Academic School, in which he taught for many years his conceptions of truth an generalizing talents, by which tuition was more than ever valued and developed. The world gathered knowledge from his mouth as he cleared the tossed and darkened waves, writing pages of truth and simplicity, advancing theories, points, which now we all concede. This profound philosopher died at the age of 82 in the year 347 B. C. Taste for literature was created by this illustrious genius more than by any of his predecessors. His innate energy shook the vampire burthen

from the mind of the nation, and exposed to view treasures which had been hidden for ages, creating a reformation in all departments of society.

But divine Providence had in store richer treasures for the world than had yet been made manifest. Socrates, the noble, the good, appeared upon the stage, charming the intelligent, surprising the ignorant, with his theories and doctrines, especially that of progression in the future state. He was simple and unostentatious, pure among the most impure, virtuous among the most venal, clear-sighted to see through the sophism which overlaid and swamped all thought devoting all the energies of his hardy nature, all the tendencies of a long life to the practice and inculcation of virtue. What is useful? What is good? What is beautiful? What is just or unjust? What are temperance, courage, and cowardice? What is a citizen? What is piety? Such were the questions with which he was ever occupied, leading his pupils and fellow citizens to the comprehension of the great truths involved in them, whilst in his own person he affords a bright and consistent example of all the virtues he taught. Stern rebuker of vice, uncompromising enemy to injustice even in high places, living reproach to impurity, terrible enemy to the darkening counsel by words without knowledge, he was found too far morally and intellectually in advance of his countrymen to be tolerated by them, and they put him to death. B. C. 399 years.

Aristotle must not be passed by, as his brilliant abilities and acquirements created an interest in the mind of Philip, King of Macedon. He made him tutor to his son, Prince Alexander, who became a general at the age of 18, and before he was 32 had conquered the world. From Macedon Aristotle removed to Athens, and devoted his time to instruction and writing.

Coming down the course of time we meet



Western Maryland College.

This fine Wood Cut is a fair representation, on a small scale, of the elegant Tinted Lithograph, of a size suitable for framing, which the President of our College will send to all persons who contribute \$1 or more towards the completion of "WARD HALL." The picture gives the view of the Hall as it will be when finished. One-half of it has been built and paid for by the voluntary contributions of the friends of the College, and we hope they will supply the funds necessary to finish the other half during this year.

with seven books, the work of Quintilian, on mental and moral instruction, which are worthy the time of any student. The name of this celebrated man will live in the pages of history for having given to the world instruction such as was unknown to his predecessors. Self-government and free institutions were advocated by him, matters of the greatest importance, especially that of our own republic, the permanency of which depends so much upon the right use of liberty; freedom must never be converted into license or disobedience to law patronized.

In the year 470 A. D. Capella, the learned, wrote a treatise consisting of nine books, which gave new ideas and presented plans and systems for school work, which the monks reduced to a seven years' course, consisting of reading, grammar, arithmetic, geometry, rhetoric, music and astronomy. This was a great improvement in scholastic instruction. Grammar and rhetoric were the first to have the attention of the scholar.

"The time would fail and patience droop
To count the host who before us stand,
With dazzling fame."

We now pass from Greece to Rome, with the rise of which schools were established, and in addition to the code then in use, as introduced from Greece, a public library was established in the capital of the empire, and Grecian arts and sciences were generally patronized during the time that Cicero flourished. Then followed history and bathing as a part of school duties. But, after all Cicero had done for education, he is cruelly put to death.

The new era opened with schools of jurisprudence under the jurisdiction of Sabinus and Proculus in the year 20. Then followed Seneca, the great moralist, and the school of Gamaliel was celebrated throughout Palestine, in which the apostle Paul was instructed. The character of the school is manifested by the Apostle's epistle to the Romans, a book for philosophy, rhetoric and logic surpassing any of our modern writing. How strange that with all the light derived by tuition and inspiration, morality and religion should decline. An important lesson this for the advocates of secular tuition independent of Christian teaching, or the inculcation of moral principles as the foundation.

"Where are the sages and the heroes, giants of old time?
Alas, they lie unwept, unhonored, and hidden in midnight."

Coming westward our attention is directed to France, where, long before Caesar with his legions and jurisprudence arrived, a Greek colony had been established at the mouth of the Rhone, now called Marseilles, and had dispensed tuition to all parts of France. Cicero mentioned these people and their schools, especially those of Autun, as not only the great centres had accepted the schoolmaster, but libraries had been established at the expense of the government so early as the second century, duties of school teachers fully defined, each entering on his or her office under the most solemn oath. In the year 1001 children's schools were established, music and poetry were studied, and whatever else was known in the elegancies of life, from which we may date the rise of that supreme elegance of

manners and effeminacy for which the French are so conspicuous. In 1230 was founded the University of Grenoble. Schools for architecture flourished under the great Serlio, who was the first to measure and describe correctly the ancient edifices of Italy.

Leaving the continent of Europe we soon reach the English shore, where, from the time of the Briton's conversion to Christianity, education has continued to advance. Thanks to St. Augustine, the first archbishop of Canterbury, in the year 508 A. D., for his great interest in the instruction of the people, not only in secular tuition, but in moral and Christian principles, making the scriptures the text book, which from that period has existed, and to which England no doubt is indebted very much for her exalted position among the nations of the earth. Her majesty's reply to the sultan of Turkey when he asked of her the question, "To what does England owe her greatness?" Her reply was one of supreme grandeur, "The Bible."

Convent schools were established in some parts of Great Britain as early as the year 670. Also in Ireland flourished some of the best seminaries and colleges. Alcuin, the great writer on scholastic philosophy, flourished about the year 670. Indeed, from the year 736 to 870 may be called the first age of scholastic philosophy. Alcuin was considered the most learned man of his time. Charlemagne was numbered among his patrons, and he had the honor of establishing schools and greatly promoting the cause of letters. Then came King Alfred with his untiring zeal for the education of the people, and founded the University of Oxford in 866. He also published a code of laws, from which our common law is derived. Unfortunately for his people he died at the age of 51. Then came Pythagoras' school, Cambridge, founded in 1093, which has continued to this day, and will exist, no doubt, to the end of time, as the second seat of learning, not only in England, but possibly in the world.

Without stopping to notice all the changes and improvements which have taken place in the educational department of Great Britain, we pass on to notice the system as now practiced, more particularly in her public schools. It is compulsory; the subjects few; the code, chargeable to taxation, is made up of five subjects, and no one will, we think, challenge the opinion of the great Lord Beaconsfield on this subject. "All children should be thoroughly grounded in the elementaries, such as reading, writing, arithmetic, physical geography, and grammar. Beyond this should not be chargeable to the taxation of the country, but paid for by parents." This is a statesmanlike view of the question, a position from which it is impossible to dislodge him.

Since the compulsory system has been in operation great and astonishing have been the changes it has brought about. Twenty years ago a prison calendar containing one hundred names, against seventy of them would be written, "Neither read nor write," whilst against twenty we should find the words, "Read and write indifferently." The marriage register instead of bearing the signatures of the wedded, against half the names would be a cross, and this, not because there were no free schools or parochial schools, but from the fact that parents were not compelled to send their children to be instructed, hence the masses of the lower class lived and died illiterate. And there are yet to be found millions of men and women in the United Kingdom of Great Britain who cannot read, while writing is entirely out of the question. Now the scene has changed, and the dream of Earl Russel and his com-

patriots, forty years ago, has become real, and that parent who will not send his child to school and contribute toward the payment of the school-master is lodged in prison until feelings of humanity towards his child gain the ascendancy in his soul, be it one month or three.

Standing on the deck of one of the Leviathans we watch with interest the receding shore, and bidding farewell to the land of our forefathers, of chivalry and valor, we uncover our heads at the mention of Plato, of Xenophon and Aristotle, Demosthenes and Phidias, Sophocles, Theocritus and Pythagoras, of Catellius and Lucretius, Virgil and Horace, Cicero and Sallus, Varro and Vitruvius, of Leo X. and Erasmus, Michael Angelo and Titian, Marcellon, Fontenelle and Burtot, Pope and Addison, Locke and Newton, Blair, Paley, and Dick, who though dead yet speaketh, many of whom the world was not worthy, whilst the greatest among them suffered death because of learning and the purity of his life.

"Read them by day, study them by night,
Until thy soul catch their inspiration,
And the unseen dwell with thee."

Arriving in the new world what amazing things do we behold! A nation born in a day, having all the appliances of modern science. A people composed of all countries, degrees, and shades, yet wondrously blending in one harmonious whole, each shouldering; yet each having room for the pursuit of his own enterprise, nor need he meddle with another's. An overflowing exuberance of benevolence is seen on every hand; in schools, colleges, and seminaries.

"Perhaps 'twere better were it not so,
For that which cometh not by toil
He doth not appreciate."

The foundation of Yale College, New Haven, was laid in the year 1700 by ten worthy fathers, who assembled at Bamford, and each laying a few books on a table said, "I give these books for the founding of a college in this colony." Could they now return and view its proportions, calculate the good it has done, and estimate the benefits which shall arise to the nation, methinks they would prostrate themselves adoringly before the Giver of all good and Him for conferring so great an honor upon them.

Nor would we pass over our own school of learning, the seat of what is truly great, the pride of America, known in all the world for its superiority. The Pennsylvania University was founded in 1755 by a few benevolent men, whose heart and soul were in the interest of the people, men whose name shall live and shine in history, like the starry coronals in the dark blue sky, when the selfish speculators, wreckers and millionaires shall be buried in oblivion.

Virginia and West Point are the stars in the firmament of learning, nor will their lustre dim while there beats in the body an American heart and gamboling in the veins shall be found the blood of those who laid down their lives for liberty 'midst the carnage of the battlefield a hundred years ago. What a grand spectacle are our schools, colleges, seminaries, and universities. Could Plato, Socrates, Cicero, Aristotle, but visit this land, clad in human form, how would they rejoice? What a feeling of glorious satisfaction would thrill their souls, whilst Socrates and Cicero would consider the laying down of their lives but a small thing in comparison with the great benefits they were the means of conferring upon the world.

Go on, ye professors and teachers, in your exalted work. Consider whose eyes are on you, and catch the inspiration which the ages of thought and energy wait to infuse. You are employed in a work that angels would gladly engage in, second but to the sanctified cure of souls in the field of human labor, having like aims—the

eternal welfare and progress of the people. Carry the lame, help the weak, guide the strong to the sublime heights of your subjects, and may they ever dwell there in the fear of God, love of country, and in all the dignity and glory of pure and spotless manhood.—PROFESSOR YELLAND in *Philadelphia Progress*.

A LAST DAY AT POMPEII.

From All The Year Round.

After spending a few happy days last spring amid the ruins of Old Rome, by way of climax I resolved to pass at least one at Pompeii.

To a tourist in Italy time flies on eagle wings, but trains are rather tortoise-like in their rate of progress. From Rome to Naples the distance is a hundred and eighty miles, and more than seven hours may be spent upon the transit. There is, however, some advantage in the slowness of the pace, for it enables you to see the pretty country through which you pass, and gives you plenty of time for talking with a pleasant fellow traveller. I fell into chat with such a one just as we were getting within eyeshot of old Capua, which could have hardly looked lovelier when Hannibal and his army succumbed to its delights. In spite of his smart uniform, he—I don't mean Hannibal—looked vastly like an Englishman—many fair Italians do—and he quite won my heart by speaking in high praise of our poor island, even going to the length of saying he thought Manchester an interesting place. However one may grumble at one's country when at home, one feels grateful, when abroad, at hearing a good word for it. Indeed when I have been a week or two away, I grow quite sentimental if I think of dear old England; though, when my holidays are over, I esteem it no great luxury that I have to live in it.

The kind word said for Manchester induced the saying on my part of some civil things of Rome. And so we bandied compliments and exchanged cigars; and there I rather fancy he had the best of it. Among other things I learned from him was that the income tax in Italy is now thirteen per cent., and as much as three-and-thirty is payable for house tax. I find no record in my memory of the taxes of the period of Hannibal's invasion; but if they at all approached the present rate of impost, they must sadly have detracted from the classical delights of a residence in Italy.

I had been told that Naples might be seen from a distance, whence the eyesight would be charmed and the nose not be assailed. So after wasting a full hour in the noisy Naples station, where there were fifty bustling porters to do the work of five, while each discharged the talk of twenty, I took another tortoise-like fast train to Castellamar. Thence I was immediately jolted to Sorrento in a jingling one-horse shay and a choking cloud of dust, which did its best to blind me to the beauties of the scenery. Here I busily employed an idle week in doing nothing—at least, nothing more laborious than bowing down my head to enter the blue grotto at Capri, or slowly marching by my wife when she careered over the hills, majestically mounted on a melancholy donkey. This ass was called the Baron, "being fabled to have sprung from a sire of noble breed." He had a famous voice for singing, so his owner proudly boasted, using the verb "cantare" to express the fact. Despite the mournful noise he made when he broke forth into song, the Baron was endowed with a remarkably good appetite; and as a whet between meals he would munch a piece of orange peel, or a bit of bread or biscuit, though he preferred to

feel his palate tickled with a thistle when he could get a chance. He invariably sang when he approached the market place, or noticed any audience of assinine descent within earshot on the road. The shortest way to stop him was by tickling his ears—a recipe I recommend to any fair equestrian (if the term may be permitted) who, being similarly mounted, may have to suffer from a similar cause.

Though not attacked by any brigands in our rambles on the mountains, we were frequently waylaid by troops of sturdy little mendicants, of whom many might have sat for the Cherubim of Raphael, and who were forever uttering one continual cry: "Signor, da un' sol!" That was the one chorus from this little Beggar's Opera, which everywhere was constantly dinned into our ears. The song of the street Arab, "Chuck us a cop-per!" is hardly so melodious, but it is not more tiresome than the "Signor, da un' sol!" The cry is never ceasing when a stranger shows his face. Indeed, all through Southern Italy, begging comes by natural descent. "Signor, da un' sol!" these are doubtless the first words a baby learns to lisp. I believe that infants here are born with a hereditary tendency to beg. The smallest children whom I met, if I offered to shake hands with them, put them forth invariably with the palms turned up.

While idling at Sorrento, I was busily engaged in engraving on my memory the lovely views around me. I have a choice collection of similar engravings, in latitude extending from the Lac de Gaube to Leksand, and reaching in their longitude from the Vale of Neath to Venice. I think the scenes about Sorrento must rank first in my collection, very highly as I cherish many Swiss views I have placed in it. But, majestic as they are, the Alps are not volcanic, and though the Matterhorn be vastly grander than Vesuvius, the latter may be looked at, for a week or so at least, with perhaps the greater interest. In the nine days I spent near it, a huge volume of white vapor was forever pouring forth, vapor daily varying in shape, as the wind might chance to fashion it. Now it rose like a tall pine tree, a thousand feet in height, and spread in a vast canopy of cloud above the mountain; now it lay floating through blue sky in a long, straight, level line, that reached to the horizon, more than twenty miles away. When Vulcan forged the bolts of Jove, I wonder if his furnace had a chimney of such altitude. And I wonder by what chemistry the combustion is maintained which emits this endless smoke in such immense profusion.

The mention of Vesuvius recalls me to Pompeii, which I had in my mind's eye when I began this paper. The reader may complain that I am rather slow in getting there, but somehow I got into a wrong train of thought at starting, and having traveled to Sorrento, I may fairly claim excuse for lingering a little in that delightful place. There was a wall of roses blooming in that Eden which surpassed even the roseate luxuriance of Rome. A score of yards in length, and a dozen feet in height, it was covered with thick clusters of flowers, varying in color from the deepest hue of crimson to the softest shade of yellow, and the tenderest of pink. With the fragrance of their blooms the sweet scent of orange blossoms was mingled by the breeze, reminding you that there were groves hard by, while you might wander at your will, and that in this charming paradise, so long as you had twopence in your pocket there was no forbidden fruit.

Having recently been visiting the diggings of old Rome (if I may venture so profanely to describe the excavations), I expected that the access to Pompeii would

be similar. But places rarely prove to be what one expected. Ancient Rome lies buried by the cumulous of ages to the depth of thirty feet or so below the modern city; and you reach the Via Sacra by going down a staircase of a score or so of steps. But Pompeii, being built upon a rising bluff of land, stands higher than the road, whereby you reach it from the coast. The fertile plain, which lies around the buried city, lay all beneath the sea at the time of its interment; so that in the year of the eruption, A. D. 79, Pompeii occupied a site somewhat similar to Margate. Here comparison must cease, or it may, perhaps, be odious—to the champion, at any rate, of modern seaside architecture.

Tourists should be careful how and where and when they talk about their travels. As a general rule, indeed, it certainly is wiser not to talk of them at all, no matter in what company. There is no such bore alive as your chattering travelled monkey. To this golden rule, however, it is difficult at times to keep a strict adherence. Especially at dinner time obedience is difficult. When the weather is exhausted, and the sights of the season, and possibly its scandal, the remembrance of one's travels is a most enticing topic. It is so easy to talk glibly of the fine things one has seen, and so pleasant to detect that one's companion has missed seeing them. But it is wiser to avoid the subject altogether than to bring it in before one's appetite is satisfied. If introduced too early it is sadly out of place, and may lead to some affliction. I chanced the other night, as I was finishing my fish, to mention that I lately had been visiting Pompeii.

"Really? Oh, how nice!" exclaimed gushingly the lady whom I had "taken down," and whose eyes had certainly the advantage of her wits, in point, at least of brilliancy.

Then, while my mind was reeling from the blow of her "How nice!" by way of a further staggerer she said:

"Well, and what did you think of it?"

Here was a pretty question for a hungry man to answer. I glanced at the bright eyes to see if they were laughing at me. But, brilliant as they were, there beamed no ray of sarcasm. So I answered:

"Oh, a lot of things!" with all becoming gravity; and then seriously addressed myself to taste a bit of a sweetbread, which, by a lucky accident, just happened to be served.

Think of it, indeed! Who can see Pompeii and say truly what he thinks of it? And who, with any sense in him, can entertain reflection on a matter such as this, among the hubbub of a dinner party? I wonder how Childs Harold, after rolling forth his rhymes upon "the Niobe of nations," contrived to answer the young ladies who asked what he thought of Italy and Rome.

I fancy one of my first thoughts, after passing through the gateway, was that the museum was befittingly well placed. Being just within the entrance to the city, it forms a sort of prelude to the march one has to make. The sight of those black bodies, of Nature's own embalming, lying there as they lay living, and alive were slowly buried eighteen centuries ago, may set the mind a thinking ere yet a step is set upon the silent streets. Here they lie, just as they died, uncoffined and unshrouded, choked suddenly to death. This seems clear from their position; for the faces are turned downward, and the arms are folded under them, as though to keep a little breathing space, while the stifling shower of ashes was fast suffocating all who came within its fatal reach. There are here seen but two exceptions: A woman who was found with upturned face, and a dog that was

discovered lying on its side with open, gaping jaws, and limbs distorted and convulsed. If a man has any heart more human than the one which is contained within a cabbage, he can hardly see unmoved such mournful sights as these.

Nor can one fail to feel deep interest, as one glances at the articles of ancient use or ornament discovered near the bodies which have lately been unearthed. Pots and pans, hammers and nails, needles and pins, scissors and knives, pincers and saws, brushes and combs, bracelets and rings; here are all the usual goods and chattels of a household, as profuse in their variety as in any common, modern auction-catalogue of sale. Here are instruments of surgery which show that old practitioners were skilled in their profession; and implements of cookery, of highly appetizing structure and most artistic shape. I noticed specially a sieve, or perforated copper vessel, doubtless for making forcemeat and other dainty dishes, and I observed that all the holes were drilled to form a strictly symmetrical design. In another, the pattern of a peacock was displayed, possibly to gratify the taste of some classical æsthetic. Indeed, the whole Pompeian household seemed pervaded by high art, from the frescoes in the bedrooms to the crockery in the kitchen, and the statues in the hall.

Nor was art adapted only to the use of the rich. Even the butcher used a steelyard with a handsome head of bronze to serve by way of weight, and the vintner poured his wine into a drinking-cup adorned with a bas-relief of Bacchus. Verily, there is nothing new under the sun. The bread baked yesterday at Naples is of precisely the same shape as the loaves found at Pompeii, which were put into the oven two thousand years ago. The coinage of that period differs little from our own, except that it surpasses ours in quality of workmanship. A gaming-table then was furnished with a pair of dice, and a lady's toilette-table with a mirror and a rouge-pot. Small boys scribbled on the walls, and played with balls and knuckle-bones, and whipping-tops, and marbles in the streets of old Pompeii, as they do in modern Paris, Naples, London, or Berlin. The printing-press had not then been invented, it is true, and newspapers were wanting for the purpose of advertisement. But electors were appealed to very much as they are now, as is proved by many moral inscriptions in the place. By these, they were adjured to "Vote for Blobbius, the True Friend of the People," or to go and hear Bugginsius, the famous platform orator, who was noted for his pluck in pitching into the patricians, as speakers may be now-a-days who abuse the House of Lords. Excepting books and newspapers, whose presence some may fancy a not wholly unmixed blessing, there are traces at Pompeii of all sorts of London-shop things, and ways and means of living. There even are the pass-checks which were current at the theatre, where the people were assembled at the time of the eruption, and the figs and other fruit which were prepared for their refreshment upon that fatal afternoon. One other exception, however, must be made. Among the myriad of articles preserved in the museum, I vainly strained my eyes to see a classic corkscrew. But a moment's thought explained the absence of this interesting instrument. There were no corks used when Horace, that delightful diner-out, begged his host to let him taste that famous four-year-old Falernian, the savor of which still sweetly lingered in his memory, while, to keep the wintry cold out, a few more logs were heaped upon the hospitable hearth.

Everybody knows what a Pompeian house is like. You may see one at the

Crystal Palace, and this may serve you as a model to imagine half a score. Nearly all are built on this one single plan. There are hundreds now unearthed, and standing, as they stood, in straight and narrow streets. Not a roof is to be seen, but the walls are strong and firm. Having neither doors nor window-frames, they look as though the place had been destroyed by fire, save that the ruins show no trace of any smoke. Here, as in Old Rome, there are no chimneys to be seen; but there are fragments left of furnaces, as well as heating-flues. The streets are paved with lava, black in hue, and hard as granite, but worn in deep ruts by the wheels of ancient Roman chariots and carts. These could hardly have been numerous in this small seaside city, for, as the ruts show plainly, men could never drive abreast, nor, except at certain places, pass each other in the street. Here and there, huge stepping-stones are laid from side to side, to serve in case of flood. It seems pretty clear, indeed, from the aspect of the pavement, that the ladies of Pompeii mostly had pedestrian exercise when they ventured out of doors, for there could have been small pleasure in a drive about the place.

Pompeii lays about four miles from the crater of Vesuvius, although in that clear air the distance seems much less. The jagged edges of the summit stand out sharply in their outline, cutting into the blue sky. Indeed the mouth of the crater is furnished with a number of most formidable teeth, which may be viewed as outward signs of the devouring force within. Rivers of lava, black as Styx, ran down the mountain-sides and flew over the green fields which lie fertile at its foot. The surface of these streams, death-dealing in their course, is rent into quaint chasms, and twisted into strange, fantastic semblances and shapes. Indeed, to a fanciful view, it appears that the black current had flowed forth straight from Hades, and that its surface had been ruffled by the sighs of the lost spirits which had passed its fatal brink.

The better to enjoy the solemn silence of the streets, I left the company of my guide about mid-way in his course. While I strolled along in solitude, I came into the Forum, where the pillars still lie prostrate, as when shattered by the earthquake which Arbaces, the magician, the friend of my schoolboyhood, was powerless to escape. They evoked a mental glimpse of Glaucus and Ione, lying stunned amid the ruins, until sweet Nydia, the blind girl, bravely came to their relief. From this vision of romance I was suddenly recalled to the realities of life by the approach of a young man, who politely held his hand out, and in the whine I knew so well—the true whine of the country—said, "signor, da un sol." It quite took me by surprise to hear in such dead silence that old familiar cry. It seemed as though I saw the ghost of Belisarius, and heard him begging for an obolus, as in the brave days of old. Indeed, the shock so staggered me that my command of the Italian language failed me for a moment, and all that I could muster was the single word, "Perché?" But this sufficed as well as any lengthier reply, for the stranger blandly smiled and went upon his way without making any effort to respond to the unanswerable question I had put. He looked healthy and well fed, and his smart clothes quite took the shine out of my poor battered costume—for ease before elegance is my maxim when abroad, however stiffly I may strive to get my collars starched at home. But I suppose that there was a strain of begging in his blood, and he was subject on occasions to a fit of this incurable, hereditary vice.

The wide world is narrowed now-a-days, since steam has conquered space. Swift

ships and rapid trains can put a girdle round the earth at a fairy-footed pace, if not with the celerity of Mercury or Puck. Special pens and pencils have thus travelled through all lands, and have left but little to discover or describe. Nature has few secrets in this enquiring age, and the traveller must go afar to find out something new. But there still remains one half of old Pompeii under-ground, and who can tell what novelties may therein be unearthed, and what curious antiquities may anon be brought to light? Every month adds some fresh wonders to the myriad of marvels which are shown in the museum; while the galleries at Naples are continually enriched with freshly found art-treasures, far surpassing in their excellence the most costly modern works. And all this wealth of art was stored within a watering-place not half so big as Brighton, and the frescoes are as fresh as when they first adorned its walls. If the Downs became volcanic and Brighton were entombed, what portion of its statuary could be deemed worth preservation for eighteen hundred years, and what vestige would remain of the countless chromo-lithographs which now decorate its walls?

Surely if there be anywhere sermons in stones, the ruins of Pompeii are a place to hear them preached. "Vanity of Vanities" may well be cited for a text, and there can be small doubt as to the drift of the discourse. Were these stones interred by accident, or, for a set purpose, ordained to be preserved? If the latter be presumable (as they who put their faith in Providence may readily believe), what surer means of keeping them could Nature have devised than covering them over with a thick coating of ashes, impervious to atmosphere and preservative from damp? Here is a whole city, once a fashionable watering-place, preserved by way of specimen, as a boy would pin a butterfly upon a bit of cardboard and keep it in a box. Here we may see plainly how the heathen world was wagging near two thousand years ago; and what were its amusements, its religion, and its art. Here were theatres for the many and temples for the few; and ways of life and luxury and filthiness unspeakable, preserved by way of confirmation strong as Holy Writ. He who doubts the truth of what St. Paul wrote to the Romans may find a visit to Pompeii incline him to believe.

Tourists often show themselves afflicted with strange tastes. Many like the shops of Paris better than the palaces of Rome; and some take the pains of climbing to the summit of St. Peter's for the purpose of thence dating a few postcards to their friends. There are travellers who can see no beauty in the Parthenon, and who look upon Niagara as simply a big water-force running foolishly to waste. For such as these Pompeii is not at all a place to spend a happy day. Nor should their comic friends select it as a spot by nature fitted for the cracking of old jokes. But the ruins teem with interest to more sober-minded folk. Not merely are there sermons in these old deserted stones, but books of wisdom to be read in the once running lava-brooks. And any man who may be seriously inclined will find no lack of things to think about in a visit to Vesuvius, and the heathen place it buried—only fifteen brief years after that St. Paul had died for Christ.

Wash a baby clean and dress him up pretty and he will resist all advances with a most superlative crossness, but let him eat gingerbread and fool around the coal-scuttle for half-an-hour, and he will nestle his dear little dirty face close up to your clean shirt front, and be just the lovingest, cunningest little rascal in all the world.

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BROWN & GROW, - - - EDITORS.

WESTMINSTER, MD., JAN., 1885.

Close of the Fourth Volume.

With this issue the GAZETTE closes its fourth year. To narrate its past history would be but to recall a career of unbroken success and worthy enterprise. It has been the means of making our college more extensively known to the general public, it has secured students for the college, by setting forth from time to time the advantages of the institution.

It is not our intention to praise the works of our own hands, nor to ask an impartial and jealous-minded few, who are fond of criticising the works of others to do it, but to submit it to the public as having been conducted by a few inexperienced young persons during leisure hours between study hours and recitation. Our outlook for the ensuing year is very encouraging, and we have no doubt but that the GAZETTE will continue as bright and as welcome a visitor among our patrons in the future as it has been during its past existence.

The time and attention which our college duties demand render it impossible to devote the time and care which is actually necessary for the advancement of the GAZETTE, and therefore an appeal to our Alumni to help us by contributing as they have done by subscription would, we think, be just and proper. To the people of Westminster we are especially indebted for their kind and generous patronage and only hope that our feeble efforts have met with their approbation, and that they will continue to give us their support. There are 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 support the chief organ of the institution of which they were members.

Now at the beginning of the fifth volume let us have your subscription. If you are a member of the Alumni send to the GAZETTE any news that may concern yourself or others who were formerly students here, which would be of interest to readers of the paper; or send the names of persons whom you think would be likely to subscribe. If you wish the paper to be interesting, you must lend your aid to the editors. The gentlemen who shall succeed us, have the ability and will to do their part, and it only remains for you to do yours. Now as we bid farewell to that enchanted place, the editorial sanctum—a place that will soon know us no more forever, we wish all our patrons and fellow

pen-slingers a bright and happy future. Hoping that our successors may have unbounded success in journalism, we say ADIEU.

These are the times that try student's souls; the examinations are upon us; athletic are neglected, the holidays with its good things and consequent illness are forgotten; a two weeks stubble grows unmolested on the Senior's chin, and the razor lies rusting in its case; Oedipus like, we stand and wrestle with the riddles propounded by that modern Sphinx, the College Faculty. For those who give the required solutions to these riddles there remains the laurel crown of successful scholarship, while the condition of those who fail will be very unpleasant indeed. Every student seems to be doing his level best, and the amount of "cramming" that has been accomplished during the last few weeks, would make the stereotyped giant of the story-book turn green with envy.

Our Exchanges.

The Blair Hall Literary Magazine, published by the students of Blair Hall, Blairstown, N. J., comes to us containing much interesting literary matter. Its articles are of a select class and well written, and the students may well feel proud of their journal.

Vol. I, No. 1, of the Vanguard, published at Burlington, Kansas, lies before us. It is a monthly magazine of sixteen pages, and contains about as much reading matter as four pages of the GAZETTE, all for the low price of one dollar per year in advance. Its object is to bring out the literary genius of the great West, and "to work a revolution in our literary circles for the better." Rather an exalted opinion of its usefulness.

We wish to say to the Lutherville Seminary that as she is not fully acquainted with the circumstances that brought forth the editorial which she criticises so freely, she is not competent to judge as to its justness. "Extreme cases need strong medicines." As to the Christmas present she so kindly sent us, we return it, with our compliments, as we have no use for it. We have three volumes in our sanctum on the same subject, and should that prove insufficient, we have access to libraries connected with the college containing over ten thousand volumes, and we are sure we can find among them what we want without any help from her. Many thanks, all the same.

Personals.

Miss Ella White, of Annapolis, Md., is visiting friends at College.

Prof. Merrill gave a reading at Union Bridge, Md., December 23, before a large and appreciative audience.

Miss Annie E. Parker has secured the scholarship from Harford county. She is expected in a few days.

Mr. A. L. Miles, of the class of '83, favored friends in Westminster by a visit during the holidays.

Mr. Wm. H. White, formerly of the class of '86, spent a few days in Westminster during the holidays.

Prof. Thomas delivered several lectures on Political Economy in Richmond during the Christmas holidays.

Mr. Dent Downing, '87, who has been very ill during the holidays with scarlet fever, is convalescing, and expects to be with us soon.

Mr. F. H. Schaeffer, a member of the class of '83, was with us again a few days ago. He is looking remarkably well. Teaching seems to agree with him.

Messrs. John J. F. Thompson and W. W. Dumm, members of the class of '83, and now students in the Theological department at Yale, paid their *alma mater* and friends in Westminster a short visit during their Christmas vacation, having previously made a visit to the Cotton Exposition at New Orleans, passing through here on their return.

Mr. Geo. F. Landers, formerly a member of the class of '85, but now a cadet at West Point Military Academy, was granted a furlough on account of his excellent standing, both in his studies and conduct, that he might spend Christmas at his home, in Mechanicstown, Md. He was very popular while here, and his many friends will be glad to hear of the high standing he has attained as a cadet.

Mr. George O. Garey, at one time a member of the class of '79, now editor of the North East Star, was one of the passengers on the Baltimore Central Railroad train, Jan. 2d, when it was robbed by the two amateurs, Trainor and Griffith. "Mr. Garey," says the Baltimore Sun, "was relieved of a fine gold watch." "We take no note of time, save by its loss."—Shakespeare.

Mr. W. I. Todd, formerly a member of the class of '85, now reading law at his home in Salisbury, Md., writes us that he still feels a great interest in his old society, and especially in the paper published by it, of which he was at one time one of the editors. He contributes an article to this issue.

Among the students now taking the medical course at the University of Maryland, the following were formerly students of Western Maryland College, namely:—J. Fletcher Somers, Jos. T. Hering, Jesse W. Shreeve, Wm. H. White, George W. Todd, Geo. Y. Everhart, W. Frank Elgin, E. H. Etchison.

The following list of names have been added to the roll of the Theological Seminary since Jan. 1, 1885: Messrs. J. A. Barnes, W. Va.; W. W. Davidson, N. C.; E. R. Pearce, Md., and Mr. King, from N. C., is expected in a few days.

Other Colleges.

Dr. William H. Phillips, of Anne Arundel county, has been appointed to the chair of English Literature at St. John's College, vice Professor Hagner.

The board of visitors of the University of Virginia have elected Dr. J. W. Mallet, of Philadelphia, professor of chemistry, and Judge James H. Gilmore, of Marion, Va., professor of constitution at law and in equity, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Professor Southall. Judge Gilmore graduated at Washington College at Lexington, Va., before the war.

Prof. Tyndall realized \$13,000 on his lectures in this country in 1872. He left the money in the hands of trustees for the benefit of American students who wish to prepare themselves abroad for original research in physics. As there has been a scarcity of suitable candidates, the fund has increased to about \$30,000.

Miss Martha Cary Thomas, of Baltimore, whom the Johns Hopkins University refused because she was a woman, has received the degree of Ph. D., *summa cum laude*, the fourth and highest degree which the University of Zurich can bestow.

Life is real, and girls are earnest.

If they can't get what they like—

Taffy, cream and kindred goodies—

They will organize a strike.

LOCALS.

"Hello!"

"Why, hello! How are you?"

"Fine; how did you spend Christmas?"

"Oh, splendidly! What kind of time did you have?"

"Oh, my! had a 'boss time.' Say, did you—er—why hello!" and students make a rush for the other fellow who has just come.

Our pretty white *Lily* is turning *Brown*, but our little *Pansy* is blooming the same as ever.

J. M. D. said just before the holidays: "By this time next Thursday where will I be? *By Georgie.*"

J. N., a Prep., said: "When all the students leave there won't be many here, will there?"

Denton got his oysters while at home Christmas directly from the *grudgers*.

J. B. W., a love-sick Prep., gave five cents for a common brass pin, because it was alleged that it was worn by a *certain* young lady.

Junior lady spells Jimmy J-i-m-m-e-y and George J-o-r-g-e. It is high time they organize a spelling class on that side of the house.

One of our tutors is studying astronomy, that is, he is giving all his attention to a certain *Starr*. We wonder if he is *Sirius*; if he is he will have to ask *Mar's* con—Ouch! hold on! stop throwing those brickbats up here; we won't do it any more.

Examination next week. Great Scott! what a noise those ponies make scampering over the halls. Big sale of fine horseflesh next Saturday; going cheap.

The officers of Irving Literary Society are as follows: President, F. McC. Brown; Vice-President, W. H. Brown; Recording Secretary, E. C. Wimbrough; Corresponding Secretary, A. C. Willison; Term Orator, W. H. Grammer; Librarian, E. L. Bowman; Assistant Librarian, H. G. Jordan; Sergeant-at-Arms, A. H. Geiselman; Critic, J. W. Moore; Essayist, G. C. Erb; Chaplain, H. C. Stockdale; Treasurer, H. S. Boyle; gentlemen elected to the next term of editorship, J. W. Moore and H. W. Andrews.

The Spoopendyke Glee Club, which was recently organized here, discourses sweet (?) music nearly every morning, to the intense admiration of the occupants of our hen roost. Mr. Bennett, the leader of the whistling crowd, is especially admirable in his rendition of that soul-stirring ballad, "Home, Sweet Home," and Mr. Burgee, the leader of the singing, is—well, his singing is too well-known to need commendation.

A Freshman, aspiring to literary fame as a punster, sat up three nights with his head tied up in a brick, and at last got off the following puns on the names of some of his schoolmates. We print them only because the poor fellow is ill from mental exhaustion, and we fear the disappointment of not seeing in print that which cost him so much work would bring on a reaction. "The *Gardner Gott* after the *Kuhns* for stealing his *Erb*, but he could not get at them very *Handy*, on account of thir running through the *Hedges*." What genius!

Our Professor of Mathematics, upon being asked why he did not come in to the elocutionary exercises last Friday, replied that he was hearing the recitation of the *female lady* class at that time. We infer from this that the *female gentlemen* class had recited some time before.

If you want to make a certain student "rossy," ask "Billy" about the baby he had to nurse during Christmas.

THE LETTER.

The boy, who bought
A penholder for to write a letter,
Said he was taught
An adjustable one would do all the better.
But the clerk knew
Not what it was but thought him deceiving
And thus he flew
Into a rage just as he was leaving
The boy did find
It ere he left the depot or the market—
And then his mind
The whole day long did practice how to write it
The day passed by
On hurried wings he learned to make each
letter
Perhaps he thought
The only chance that he would have to get her.
'Twas Christmast eve
When this was done the letter was completed
He sorely grieved
That it was not with poetry repleted.
Then he surveyed
What he had done and to his great delight
'Twas not surmised
That he observed that he had done it right
There was contained
Within that writ an account of a daring deed
Through the snow
Went with her whom he thought would be his
meed.
This he thought, if
Not poetry to be sufficiently poetical
To stop all grief
And satisfy and make him energetical
It was sealed
By the same hand that had guided through
the snow,
Not to be revealed.
The damsel from a few weeks ago
Perhaps ere this
It has reached the one to whom it was sent
And filled with bliss
The heart of one in the county of Kent.
The above found its way into our Sanctum,
asking for publication, it is undoubtedly a
joke upon some one. By publishing it perhaps
the full story may be revealed, and the hero
become known.—Eds.

Senior to Jewish money-lender—"Say, Moses, I want to borrow ten dollars for about ten years."

Money-lender—"All right; two tollars, please."

Astonished Senior—"Why, what's that for?"

Money-lender—"Vell, you see ve always subtracts the discount vrom the pill before ve lends the monish; ten tollars vor ten yearsh at twelluf per cent. makes twelluf tollars; so, you see, you owes me two tollars."

Senior, still more astonished—"Well-er-but that won't do me any good; I want ten dollars now."

Jew—"Well, I can't hellup dot; you owe me two tollars, and you mush pay it, don't it?"

Senior swears he won't pay it, and the Jew immediately institutes proceedings to recover two dollars due on money lent.

The owl has just returned from his vacation. He looks fat and happy, but all the buttons are off of his ulster, and he has just asked us to sew them on again. He says he was coasting down hill one day, and he went so fast that the wind cut all the buttons off his clothes. He also says that as he was flying over Winters' dam the other day he saw seneral students making for it with skates slung over their shoulders, but, when they found there was no ice, they gave vent to howls of disappointment, which gave way to one of joy as they saw that they were not the only ones that were fooled, for they saw a crowd of ladies from the College also making for the dam. The owl says it was very noticeable that whereas they came with their skates slung over their shoulders in pride and ostentation, they went back with them hidden under their cloaks, as if they never had any idea of going skating, but were simply out for a walk, and when they neared town they asked the boys to carry their skates up to college for them, so that the joke might be all on the boys' side.

The lightning express has a very able corps of officials, who, although they get no remuneration for their work except thanks, are perfectly satisfied. They do it for the fun and excitement, for there is lots of danger in passing the curves. When the engineer blows the whistle for down brakes every brakeman is at his post of duty; while the train slackens speed the conductor, ever on the alert, assists his passengers to collect their bundles and alight. When all is right he siezes the bell cord and on speeds the train again. After he has collected the fare and returned change, he settles himself for a chat with the train boy, nearly always under the eyes of the Vice-President of the company. This joke was printed for the especial benefit of the favored few who are in the inner circle, and cannot be understood by others without a diagram.

Our love-sick Junior met every train for three days after he came back, with the expectation of seeing his lady friend, and becoming discouraged at her non-appearance, he failed to meet the train she did come on, which was a late one, and when she came into the dining room at supper every eye was turned toward our blushing Junior, and the booby, becoming so embarrassed, left the room amid the jeers of the students.

The wail of the student just before examination:

"Where's my slate? My pencil's gone,
Those horrid sums undone;
There's fault somewhere,
This x won't equal y .
There's Rhetoric by the page to learn,
And Grammar rules *en masse*,
Ditto Virgil and Science; O,
My cranium's in a dizzy whirl,
And—"

[Student makes a break for the campus.]

The temperature of Ward Hall for the last week or two has been about three feet seven inches below zero. Hey? Oh, yes, certainly, the furnace is all right; we are not complaining about the furnace at all; what we want is a little more climate up here. There is plenty of warm in the immediate vicinity of the furnace, but that does not do us fellows up here any good when instead of the warm air coming up the register the cold air comes down. It is rather unpleasant to wake up in the morning and find the counterpane and pillow frozen to your head, a mass of ice, and have to break the ice in the bowl with an axe before you can wash.

Miss Irving, niece of Washington Irving, has offered to the class of 1885, for the Princeton College class, at the coming commencement, a slip from an ivy which was planted by the famous author's own hand. The original plant came from Sir Walter Scott's home at Abbotsford.—*Ex.*

A slip of this famous ivy was brought by Rev. T. H. Lewis from Sunny Side (where Irving had planted the slip from Abbotsford) and planted near a large tree in front of Rose Hill, the residence of our President, Dr. Ward, in 1877. It has grown to be an extensive vine, encircling the trunk and limbs of the tree, and is the admiration of all whose attention is called to the facts of its history.

Prosperous Harvard College.

A dispatch from Cambridge, Mass., Jan. 14, says: At a meeting of the board of overseers of Harvard College this morning the total receipts of the university last year were stated at \$1,420,393.91; total expenses, \$767,394.26; total amount of invested funds, \$4,803,938.36.

For The Irving Literary Gazette.

Man Externally and Internally.

To anyone bestowing thought upon the subject the study of humanity, must present a never ending source of pleasure, either separated into two parts, the body and the soul, or united into one. First the body on account of its various and complicated parts, each moving and fitting upon the other like the parts of a very delicate and complex machine, yet a thousand-fold more intricate and beautiful. With all the wonderful adaptation of the various parts of the human body to each other, and the close relation which exists between the different organs, it will be readily seen that when one of them is injured or destroyed it must necessarily affect all the other portions of this wonderful structure. And so it is, like the wheels of a watch the smallest and least important of them cannot be affected without affecting the whole, and like the useful little article before mentioned, no one of its more important organs can cease to perform its functions without dooming the whole to destruction. As when the main-spring of a watch is broken, it stops, so it is with the heart, when from some cause it is made to stop its pulsations, the whole material existence of its possessor is immediately at an end; but in the latter case, unlike the former, in which man by his ingenuity can supply the watch with a new spring equally as good as the former one, he has power only in a partial degree to restore his impaired organs. Although he can to some extent remedy injuries, yet after his heart has once ceased beating, no power under its Creator can restore to it its function or replace it with another. Again when the brain ceases to act, the lungs to supply the system with oxygen, or the stomach to digest the food taken to sustain the body, the same inevitable results follow and grim death claims another for himself. From a contemplation of all these various arrangements we come to consider what causes them to be of use. First we consider the soul, the only part of man that is not subject to dissolution, and which is the animating spirit of this whole structure, and is united with it as long as it remains whole. No sooner however is any important portion of it destroyed than the soul deserts its earthly habitation and takes up its abode in either the delightful regions prepared for it by its Creator, or in the eternal tortures in the residence of his arch-enemy, satan, according to the manner in which it has animated its earthly possessor. Then we ought to regard them as modified and combined in the shape of reason who sits at the head of the whole structure and assisted by her subordinate agents, Wisdom and Virtue governs the whole wonderful arrangement, and though sometimes powerfully opposed by her enemies, Ignorance, Passion and Vice, yet in the course of contest is seldom overcome by them. It is under the guidance of reason that the various members of the perishable portion perform all the labors necessary for man's support. It is under her direction that man takes his food in proper quantities. It is by her means that man is enabled, through his eyes which are called the index of the soul, to receive impressions and take advantage of them. Nor are there any more willing subjects to her than the hands which obey her in every order, humor all her caprices and minister to all the general wants of the body. Among these also we ought to consider the tongue, that potent little instrument which is the cause of many of the joys and most of the sorrows to which poor human nature is liable. Nor among these ought we to forget the eyes and ears, but on account of their deli-

cate structure I shall not attempt a despoiling description of the functions performed by them. What follies this wonderful piece of mechanism, called man commits, what vice to which he is subject, what crimes he penetrates? With all his blessings and all his opportunities for blessing how often does he neglect them. Notwithstanding the superiority of his reason over the instinct of brutes he will persist in degrading himself to their level. Made in the image of his Divine Creator, yet how often does he yield to temptations of sin and degrade that image to such an extent as to make it an object for his Maker's severest condemnation, rather than his profound pity and tender love which are always extended. How often does he when excited by his passions rush to meet his brother man in a deadly struggle to deprive him of the breath of life. Surely for the short time which man has to stay in the world he should be allowed to remain instead of being ushered into eternity by the hands of an enemy. Again is not man his own deadliest foe? Does he not seek by all means in his power to put an end to his existence, being many times unconscious that he is doing so? How many victims of folly and indiscretion do we daily see carried to their long home. Death certainly comes soon enough without this, as it were, going half way to meet him. But there is another side to the picture, one that is more delightful to the eye, on account of being highly colored, and presenting a more pleasing aspect. Man is not without his virtues, strong in them, even when surrounded on all sides by trials and temptations. It is man's virtues that lead him in the thickest of the battle, to defend his own liberty and the freedom of his country. It is his virtue that leads him to resist all temptations which are open to him in public office for robbing and swindling. It is the spirit of God anointing him that leads him to bid farewell to all that is near and dear to him and do his Master's will in a foreign land preaching unto the heathen. It is his virtues that prompt him to sacrifice life and property in the service of a friend. Such as man with his follies and vices, his virtues and blessings. Such is man externally and internally, man with his brute nature and his intellectual and spiritual existence. Truly no one has studied this subject who either alone or in connection with others can doubt that there is a God, the Divine Creator, who has placed man with all his comforts upon this beautiful earth. After observing all these things we are involuntarily led to exclaim that short but truthful sentence. "Man is fearfully and wonderfully made."

CONSCIENTIOUS.—The scavenger fraternity may well be proud of one of its members. A young Russian Israelite, a student of chemistry at the Berlin University, recently applied to the head of the street-cleaning department for admission to the ranks of the night brigade of scavengers, on the plea of inability to pursue his daily studies without some pecuniary assistance, which latter his pride would not allow him to accept of without a *quid pro quo*. Attached to his petition were certificates signed by two or three eminent and well-known professors. It is needless to say that he obtained his wish, and for some time has shown himself as honest a workman as he was, and still is, a diligent student. Several efforts and offers have been made to induce him to abandon his nocturnal pursuits, but thus far without success.—*Berlin Letter*.

Women may not be deep thinkers but they are generally clothes observers.

For the Irving Literary Gazette.

The Dusky Swallows Will Return.

BY W. I. TODD.

How often, as with eager footsteps we tread out our existence, do we see the misery or happiness of a human heart written upon a care-lined countenance! How often is the sorrow of a lifetime revealed in the agony of a glance! And as we walk down the promenade of life, how often do we also perceive the happy and care-free, like butterflies sipping the dew after the morning shower, tripping gaily onward in pursuit of happiness and joy. Within the narrow confines of this world's compass exist scenes, hopes and aspirations as distinct and different, as opposite and contradictory as the ice-bound regions of New Zealand and the vine-clad clime of light-hearted and sunny-faced France. Within this bounden sphere of earth and sky there transpire as thrilling dramas of heart and soul, as curdling plays of death and darkness, as ever gained a writer's fame or turned a human heart to stone. While it has been the pleasure and delight of some to enjoy the precious moments of the past; theirs to live its icy winter, its fitful spring, its beautiful summer and its peaceful autumn; theirs to feel the joyous throng of happy dreams touched and tinged by their own brightness, and decked as stars in the crown of eternity's joys. Others, as time adds its moments to those already claimed as eternities, find their fondly-cherished hopes like frail bursting bubbles, or the vague midnight dream, passing away unrealized and leaving them the disappointed victims of fickle, faithless Fortune; and as they watch for clouds to disappear there comes instead a blacker lining, with increasing stamps of age. And as they sigh the long farewell breathed out in the silent regrets of opportunities wasted, Fate, weaving the threads of life and destiny, takes up her massive shears and snaps the silken cord. Ambition, 'tis a glorious cheat! To-day man enjoys his riches; to-morrow, a beggar, mourns over his ruin. While a few are living their life in pleasure, how many are praying for the grave to cover their aching hearts, and bring, if not happiness, at least oblivion. Death! How the pale lips tremble as they endeavor to shape the unwelcome sound! With what a crushing weight of sadness is the most hopeful spirit pressed when the word comes up from the throbbing heart and clings to the unwilling tongue! And in our dying moments how many scenes almost forgotten surge through our decaying mind, like billows from the ocean strike against the shore, and borne away by the under-current into the fathomless mystery. Startling images of by-gone days arrest our wandering thoughts, and in our imagination we act again our weary parts and feel once more those feelings of the past. Even are there loved forms before us in our imagination, and we see the glances of recognition even in the dreamy hours of night, glances forever hidden by the closing of the eyelids for the last eternal sleep. And how terrible must be the parting agony of him who can remember not a penny dropped into the outstretched hand of poverty, nor the balm of a loving word into an aching heart; no sunbeam of encouragement cast upon a struggling life; no gentle gleam of hope distilled into a downcast soul to bid him hope for kinder fate. How heart-rending must be his feeling when the scenes from his life-book, wherein he has acted an ignoble part and played a villain's character, pass before his mental vision like a moving panorama of some kaleidoscope, and exhibit to his craven soul his own vile actions. Oh! if when we oppress and

grind down our fellow-creatures we bestowed but one thought on the dark evidences of human error, which, like dense and heavy clouds, are rising to Heaven to pour their after vengeance on our heads; if we heard but for one instant the deep testimony of dead men's voices, which no power can stifle and no pride shut out, where would be the injury and injustice, the suffering, misery, cruelty and wrong that each day's life brings with it. If we would but reflect upon the orphans' tears and widow's prayers; if we would put aside this worldly crust and let our true and manly instincts talk; if we would go down on our knees in the solitude of our chambers and pray that we might do unto others as we would that others should do unto us; then, in our dying moments, would there be less pangs of sorrow, and o'er our earthly mounds would there be more tears of sadness and more sweet memories of the past. But if we neglect the pleadings of our heart, and obey not the dictates of our consciences; if we oppress the weak and afflicted, then around some lonely bedside, around some poverty-stricken hearth, will there arise wailings for vengeance and beseechings for redress; and if fervent prayers, gushing from hearts o'ercharged with sadness, be heard in Heaven—and if they be not what prayers are—the curses which the orphan child calls down upon us will sink into our soul and diffuse there death and torment.

And if the spirits of the dead ever come back to earth, to visit the spots hallowed by the love, or cursed by the hate of those they knew in life, then will the shades of those poor souls hover 'round our fireside and haunt its very air. I believe it none the less because the perpetrators may be rich and affluent and the victim weak and low. There is even yet a hell on earth, where some of us will repay, in part, the evil we have done and the misery we have caused. For "as sure as there's a God above us, and that there is all nature seems to cry aloud," the dusky swallows will return, and will bear in their train the fruits of the suffering of many years, and will lay them at the feet of the originators, whence will arise the vapor of many years long since past, and like the smoke turning upward from the mystic pot of some fortune-telling crone, we can behold in plain and vivid colors the actions of our life and see with startling plainness the fate that is to come. The ambition for posthumous fame is very general, if not universal, among mankind. It is one of the strongest arguments for our immortality that we stretch out our desires beyond the brief span of our present existence and live in the future. A sad and dreary thought would it be to man—that of dying unwept by any one, unhonored by our survivors and entirely forgotten as soon as removed from sight. If not an actor upon the more prominent theatre of the world's history, then within some narrower circle of society, every one looks forward anxiously in the hope that his memory will be respectfully cherished, his faults and foibles overlooked and excused, his virtues adored in their fairest and loveliest colors.

But we should never let the desire for power so warp our minds as to throw off the influences of every nobler passion. Whether, in that spirit-land where our immortal natures live after their earthly tabernacles have crumbled to the dust, they have any knowledge of or interest in the affairs of the world they have left behind, we know not. But, if those spirits could hover 'round those former hallowed nooks, they could a tale unfold of eternal unrest and destruction, caused by this excessive ambition, that would harrow up men's souls. Better have less ambition and more love for your fellow-man; for though less

appreciated here perhaps, there will be the hope and surety of an eternal reward hereafter. How much untold good is done by an honest, wise and generous man in the pursuit of his profession, which even those to whom he has consecrated his time and thoughts never appreciate! How often does his benevolence possess that best and purest characteristic of the heavenly grace—that his right hand knoweth not what his left hand doeth! Yet, beyond the circle of his own profession, the student of which may occasionally find some evidences of his learning and industry and pause to spell his name and wonder who he was, posterity will scarcely ever hear of him, and his severest efforts and brightest intellectual achievements will sink forever into the night of forgotten times. But we should work for something beside the mere gaudy trappings and pomp of Ambition's obtainings. It is not the mere gathering of flowers in devious by-paths, but of rich and nourishing fruit, which gives tone and vigor to the moral and intellectual man. We should never let the desire for authority wholly master us, and even when we have obtained authority and gained a high position or one of power, we should be exceedingly careful how we exercise it. For when we become tyrannical in our power, when we attempt to become lord and master of those under us and use our means wrongfully, we should remember that "whatsoever ye sow, so shall ye reap, and with what measure ye mete, therewith shall it be meted to you again," for the dusky swallows will return.

Grasp All—Lose All.

Quarterly Essay, by Miss Katie R. McKee.

This is a trite saying, nevertheless a true one. In meaning, however, it is two-fold. Viewed in one light, we might be led to conclude that we must either obtain all or lose all; but this is quite different from the idea which I have. My understanding of the subject is, that he who strives to obtain all things, will in the mean time lose all, not being willing to receive small favors or successes in life, but always striving to obtain something beyond that which he may ever expect to reach. How often in our every-day life do we see in persons the inclination to strive after things beyond their abilities, and so often we will see them yet as low in life, and perhaps still lower, than before. Take a man starting out in some pursuit in life, as, for example, that of a political career, who has perhaps already obtained some offices, but is not contented, as man generally is, because he sees some of his fellow-men occupying a position much superior to his, he also wishes to obtain something higher and become more prominent. He would not deign to accept anything unless it be of the greatest renown; but how disappointed he is when he finds he cannot obtain that lofty point after which he was striving, and perhaps some other seat, which was beneath his notice, is now quite superior to his position and which he would now gladly accept; but allowing himself to be led on blindly by his ambitious desires, he allows such opportunities to pass, and once gone, may perhaps never be recalled. This, together with the feeling of discontentment which it produces, makes him more miserable, and instead of his position being elevated, he finds it much lower and himself more wretched. If, on the other hand, he had taken one step at a time, he would have been less likely to have fallen, and should he have fallen, the distance would have been less and the remorse caused by it would have been less painful. How many we see who are not contented with their sphere in life, but always longing for some-

thing better, and at the same time not knowing whether it be for their good or the reverse. They are not willing to leave the decisions of their affairs to Him who knows all things and the end thereof, but without any deep reflections as such things require, they pass a miserable life vainly attempting to possess something beyond their ability, because the object of their desire has not been accomplished, and perhaps if this were accomplished it might be a disadvantage to their future happiness. The lives of such persons are not only marred by such discontentment and wishing to obtain more than it is their lot to possess, but no successes crown their efforts in the end, and every action of their entire lives is founded upon some worldly motive or earthly ambition. Not a single thought is ever cast upon the future; they live merely in the present, and, although destroying the happiness of this life is nothing when compared with that of future happiness, for which it is well worth living. We should not let it be our sole ambition in this life to rival those around us, and always grasping for something beyond our reach, for perhaps it is not intended that we attain such high positions, as many persons are incapable of filling some positions in life which have great responsibilities resting upon them; therefore it is a wise provision that they do not attain them. It is one of the peculiarities of human nature to be always dissatisfied with the appointed lot in life, and always keeping in view some point which he is attempting to grasp. As a young vine lengthens its delicate runners to attain some support, but not until it fastens itself firmly at one point, does it reach for another; so, rising little by little, it is able to attain a great height. Being satisfied with our sphere in life, whatever it may be, does not mean that we remain in idleness, doing nothing either for the good of others or for improving ourselves, for it is one of the moral laws that we do all in our power to improve ourselves and others, that we cultivate the faculties which God has given us, as nothing can justify us if we neglect to bestow the proper amount of cultivation upon our mental faculties. If this were the case the world would be now just where it was in the beginning, and man would be but little above the animal kingdom; but fortunately this is not the case, diligence and application to study has brought man to that high position in which he is able to know the end for which he was created, and what course he must take to lead to eternal happiness. If our lot is not equal to that of our fellow men we should not be discontented, but after doing all in our power toward success, wait patiently until He who knows our wants better than we will see proper to bestow upon us other favors, then receive them thankfully. The saying of the Grecian philosopher is quite true when he said—He is not the richest who has the most, but he who wants the least."

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