

# The Irving Literary Gazette.

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## Original Poetry.

### A MEMORY.

Written for the Irving Literary Gazette

BY M. B. S.

A mother bent over her sleeping boy,  
And her heart beat high with hope and joy,  
As she dreamed of a future great and grand  
To crown the life of her darling boy.

In fancy she saw him amid the throng,  
Bravely and boldly defending the right;  
She saw him lead glorious armies on  
Clothed in power and armor bright.

The days and years passed slowly by,  
And the sleeping babe, now a noble boy,  
At the head of his class in College halls  
Filled his mother's heart with joy.

Then on he climbed the ladder of fame,  
Mounting swiftly, higher and higher;  
His fair brow flushed with an honest pride,  
His bright eye lit with ambition's fire;

And his voice rung out with a joyful sound,  
And his hand just grasped the laurel crown,  
When one false step—one thoughtless deed,  
And the glorious life was broken down.

And the hand of the girl he loved the best  
Had held to his lips the sparkling wine;  
And the form we had watched with loving pride,  
And the brow we had thought almost divine,

Was stained and flushed by the murderous cup—  
And his head bent low with grief and shame,  
As he felt his strong hand growing weak,  
And thought of his lost and tarnished name.

And then he died. His heart was still,  
And his lips were mute and dumb;  
And the brilliant life of a talented boy  
Was ruined and blasted by wine and rum.

There is many a boy in "Irving Hall"  
Whose heart beats high with hope and joy;  
There is many a mother praying to-day  
That God will guard her darling boy.

One careless step, one thoughtless deed,  
May blast forever your happy life—  
One step in the wrong may change your fate,  
And make you a coward in the strife.

Be firm my boys—stand by the right,  
Let Irving's star o'er your pathway shine,  
And, guiding you up the hill of fame,  
"Twill guide you away from the treacherous wine.

"Touch not and taste not"—its sparkle bright  
Hides the poison that's hidden there—  
One taste may ruin, and blight and blast,  
A life of hope and promise fair.

A brilliant future, renown and fame,  
I earnestly wish each Irving boy;  
A useful life, and an honored name,  
And a laurel crown for the victor's brow.

Press onward and upward and onward still,  
And let your eye and your heart be bright,  
As Irving lived, and as Irving died,  
May Irving's boys so end the fight.

### ROGER SHERMAN.

Oration delivered at the 14th Anniversary of  
Irving Literary Society, at Odd Fellows'  
Hall, April 29th, 1881, by G. W. Todd.

There is an instinctive principle in the unfathomable depths of the human heart, to admire the noble and god-like in man. It is this propensity to hero worship that rescues many an illustrious name from oblivion. I may, therefore, be pardoned if with reverent hands I unclasp the seal and remove the stone from the fount where memory slumbers and bid sparkling waters of thought sweep back through the archives of past decades, and brush the mystic dust of antiquity from names that should never be permitted to lie buried, save in the hearts of their living admirers. Let us touch with a magic wand the portals of imagination and command the grand retinue to pass in silent cavalcade before the mind's admiring eye, and, as the noble equipage marches on in majestic review, we proudly point to our revolu-

tionary jewels and challenge the world to present a purer array.

Methinks I hear some modern cynic whisper, "that savors of rust and mildew." To such let me say the deeds of our forefathers are to the patriotic like the soft murmurs of love's young dream, to the ardent youthful heart ever pleasant and always refreshing. There can be no surer mark of national degeneracy and public corruption than indifference to the great deeds of the noble and true.

Rome ceased to be mistress of the world when she began to neglect her illustrious living and to forget her mighty deeds.

Let us never deserve the fate that has fallen on the once imperial seven-hilled city by forgetting the deeds of the brightest phalanx of political stars that has ever blazed on any national firmament. Let us remember with loving veneration the characters of these bright historic examples that gem like stars the sky of time, shedding a soft radiance over the polar frigidness of humanity, as the weird gleams of Aurora casts a roseate hue upon the icebergs of unknown mysterious seas. While to all I accord my deepest reverence and unlimited gratitude, I ascribe my profoundest admiration to Roger Sherman, the self-made man. The robe of glory that envelops each one of that patriotic band from whose pure brightness, splendor has been emanating rays of light, diffusing warmth over the whole civilized world, drapes around no form in more graceful folds than his. With conscious dignity he gathers it around his venerable person, knowing that it was fashioned by his own energy and perseverance. For not one golden thread of the warp or silver strand of the woof that compasses the more than royal fabric was furnished by any one except himself. It is a coincidence worthy of consideration, that so many of the heroes of the revolution were left without the restraining hand of a father or his stronger will to guide their youthful lives or suppress their young spirits by commanding that obedience to which the weaker must always yield, but were left to give their obedience and allegiance to the weaker parent, or to guide from that loftier principle of love and duty the only cord that can bind the truly magnanimous soul.

As the great lawgiver of old was systematically trained to deliver the children of Israel from Egyptian bondage, so our sons of liberty received the necessary instruction to free their countrymen from chains that were fast becoming as oppressive as those that were riveted by Pharaoh's inhuman mandates. In no instance is the analogy more strikingly illustrated than that of Roger Sherman. The peculiar circumstances of his early life not only fitted him to be a teacher and director for the people, but to bear their burden, which, to follow him through his honorable career, will be seen how nobly the task was executed. He was born in humble walks of life, at a period in his country's history when the shackles of aristocracy bound the polite circles in as narrow limits as was observed by the mother country when lofty genius, noble principles or unsullied honors could alone unlock the golden gates that led to that charmed circle where many

a cavalier or stately dame could trace their lineage back to the ancestral tree, whose roots and branches spread through the genial soil of proud, merry old England. No ancestral dignity or renown can add any lustre to the wreath that encircles his memory, for without a royal parent of nobility, he was one of Nature's grandest noblemen, one that needs no panegyric but the truth. When time, in its inexorable decrees, shut out with immutable hands the scenes of the past, as we catch glimpses of his life through the crystal door, we bid fancy supply the broken link of the chain of events that led him to the proud eminence to which he attained.

He was left at the tender age of eighteen, not only to carve his own destiny, but to provide for a numerous family, which was perhaps the loftiest deed of his noble life—an arduous duty lovingly performed.

With hands born to manual labor by the stern duty imposed by necessity, the young genius is unfettered, for when the untamed eagle can be bound by the golden beams of the sun, or the resistless course of the whirlwind can be stopped by the faint reverberation of an echo, then you may attempt to quench the fiery thirst for knowledge of such a mind as his.

As the blasts of adversity swept over him, the stalwart youthful form bows and sways in the fury of the tempest, but, with the elasticity of a young oak, he bounds back with a spring of exultation, with a stronger will and redoubled energy, to put forth greater resolutions for self-command and intellectual improvement, by which he gained the esteem and admiration of his countrymen and became one of the greatest philosophers and statesmen of his age. He presents no flashes of meteoric splendor, but rather the mild brilliancy of a May day sun, whose last declining rays are spent on a grateful world without one mote of reproach to intercept their beauty.

Oh, ye thrice blessed youths of this golden age, when the rough points are made smooth and the crooked and devious ways in every path to knowledge have been made straight by pioneer feet that have patiently traveled on before, and if not strewing the road with roses, at least lighting up all dark and difficult places, to you we hold him up as an example to excite you to that laudable ambition which will establish the national glory for which he laid such a firm foundation.

The glory of a nation does not consist in the physical beauty of its scenery. Savages may roam amid scenes of unsurpassed beauty and magnificence. They may have their homes close to the thunders of Niagara or hard by lakes whose beauty attracts the admiration of all, still they will be savages, with no national glory shedding its light upon their barren annals. Our forests were grander when they waved in primeval beauty than when marred by the hand of civilization. Our rivers swept on to the ocean with as much glory when agitated by the canoe of the Indian as when bearing upon their bosoms mighty steamers freighted with the costliest merchandise. Before the foot of civilization trod our soil, before the saw, plane or hammer commenced their work, or the

ears were stunned by the din of business, grandeur was written upon mountain and in vale, and was proclaimed in one deafening peal from ocean to ocean. But the glory of a nation is found in the industry and enterprise of its citizens; in the progress of its people; in science and literature, rich, classic and original, adorned with names that are not borne to die; in wise statesmen, profound philosophers, eloquent orators, names that must remain undimmed, amid the revolutions ages; of in its wise laws free constitution, and good government; in the securing of private rights and maintenance of public virtue; in institutions just and benevolent, and a pulpit, pure, independent and evangelical. These constitute the glory of a Christian civilized nation, with the manly virtue of her sons, the purity of her daughters and the unselfish patriotism of both.

To say of Brutus that he was Cæsar's friend, would have been enough to have handed his name down to posterity, encircled in a halo of interest if not of glory, devoid of other adornments with which he was so richly endowed. But Roger Sherman was more than a friend of those who were greater than Cæsar with a Roman Senate at his heels. For in that noble band there was no selfish ambition to be held up before an infuriated populace to justify a dark deed or the vaunted love of country to wipe the guilty stain of blood from the blade of an assassin's knife. To him, friends were dear, his country dearer, but his honor dearest of all. For what would have been the country's liberty to such a man, if the foundation-stone had been one of treachery and disgrace?

What need he care who wore the victor's crown, if that crown only encircled a worthy brow and was adorned with gems that grow brighter as the years roll on? His has been the privilege of adding some of the purest pearls and most imperishable adornments to that chaplet of glory, for

"Virtue alone outbuilds the pyramids:  
Her monuments shall stand  
When Egypt falls."

Few men were ever more highly esteemed in their native state. His people respected him for his ability; but still more for his unbending integrity. He engaged in the defence of our liberties, not with the rash ardor of political enthusiasm, nor the ambitious zeal of a lover of popularity, but with the deliberate firmness of an experienced statesman, conscious of the magnitude of the undertaking, able to foresee dangers, resolute to meet them, and sagacious in devising means of successful opposition. It was fortunate for America that she had such a man in her councils to balance and keep in check the feverish spirits, which in their zeal might have injured instead of benefiting the cause. He served in various councils whose deliberations often involved the highest interest of our fair land. No man ever ventured upon those duties with more courage; no one exercised a more indefatigable zeal than did Mr. Sherman. He was one of the leading and most influential members of Congress during the whole time of his holding a seat in that body. The high estimation with which he was regarded could not have been more flatteringly expressed



than by his being appointed in connection with such men as Adams, Jefferson, Franklin and Livingston in the responsible duty of preparing the declaration of independence. And never was a trust more worthily bestowed. He possessed more than most men, an intimate knowledge of human nature. He understood the springs of human actions in a remarkable degree, and well knew in what manner to touch them to produce the desired effect. Jefferson, whose name follows that of Washington with as uniform regularity as an effect its cause, says of him: "He never did a foolish thing in his life." Mr. Ames says: "If I vote as Mr. Sherman, I am sure to vote right." As the greatest objects in nature are always silent, while others give forth only discordant sounds, so the wells of knowledge in some of the most profound minds are too deep and too pure to admit of that sparkling flow of effervescent language which characterizes some of our statesmen. He possessed not the thundering eloquence of a Webster, whose powerful arguments carried conviction with them like the irresistible course of an avalanche, reproving old and settled principles, or the soft persuasive oratory of a Preston, with sublime pathetic reasoning, which calms the feelings and sways the judgment with a mystic narcotic power like the magnolia-laden breezes of his own sunny South. While others in their beautiful flights of imagery have clothed their thoughts in language so sublime, and dressed their periods in eloquence so gracefully ethereal, that in the light airy robes of mythical beauty they vault above the mazy splendor of gathering clouds and "reach an ampler ether, a diviner air, and with the majestic march of a young Apollo, tread with fearless steps amid the very clouds, he in a hesitating voice clothes his thoughts in the plain garments of his native Anglo Saxon, and gains the attention and respect of his hearers by his sound judgment and honesty of purpose. For, like Franklin, he is to be regarded with that analytical discrimination which distinguishes true greatness in inherent qualities, rather than in external displays. The boldness of his counsels, the decisive weight of his character, the steadiness of principles, the inflexibility of his patriotism, his venerable appearance, and his republican manners, presented to the imagination the idea of a Roman senator in the early and most exemplary days of commonwealth. What an apt comparison! For the very name of Roman senator invokes visions of unbounded patriotism, which was his greatest civic virtue. The Roman character, pillared in majesty and strength, is more suggestive of massive rudeness than of graceful elegance. In his patriotism is a willingness to bend to the greatest good and glory of his country. For

"Romans, in Rome's quarrels,  
Spared neither land nor gold,  
Nor limb, nor life, nor son, nor wife,  
In the brave days of old."

Here the similarity ceases. He pledges his life, his fortune and his sacred honor to his cause, not only because it was his cause, but knowing it was a just and holy cause. In him we see antique patriotism illumined by Christian faith.

And may the memory of his pure example, who not only gave the strength and vigor of youth, but the more sacred years of old age for the honor of his country and race, have a purifying influence upon those who are now protecting that heritage which he struggled so hard to prepare for them. For Roger Sherman, if thy glorified spirit could parade our legislative halls to-day, and hear the recriminations of partisan strife, and see the selfish struggles for the lion's share of the loaves and fishes, wailing would go up from thy devoted

breast with a more mournful cadence than the sad song of the mateless dove! Oh, ye deified beings of human superstition, hide your proud heads behind your everlasting Olympus, for Roger Sherman struggling with adversity is a sight too sacred to invoke smiles on your mighty faces! But he, overcoming every difficulty by the strength of his invincible will, is a scene to make angels rejoice. When your deeds are covered by the rubbish of antiquity, his will be producing fresh fruit for other generations, for his is one of those immortal names "that were not born to die."

It remains for us to cherish his memory, to emulate his virtues by perpetuating and extending the blessings he has bequeathed.

Nature must indeed be callous to all honorable principles if a familiarity with the lives of such characters does not stir the blood with generous impulses and fire the heart with noble aspirations after lofty deeds.

Let us so educate the young and so perpetuate their deeds that they shall need no monuments, but may have through all time a memorial tablet in every heart.

A nation in the hearts of whose people the memory of such men lies embalmed, can never be content to compare equally with other nations, but the grand acme of their ambition must be to *excell*.

#### CALISTHENIOS.

A new and decidedly popular institution is the Calisthenic class recently organized under the direction of Prof. H. Lotner, a native Prussian now engaged at the Seminary. The class at present consists of 26 pupils, who are rapidly being trained into the evolutions of the original and beautiful drills introduced by the Prof. All are fond of the exercise and the most enjoyable period of the day (except at meal-time) is when the bell, which formerly called us to walk, summons us to Calisthenic class. The sweet strains of the "Lullaby" float out from the exhibition and tempt all who "do not take" to peer in at the windows and watch the movements of the class. However, the "independent club of walkers" seem to enjoy themselves immensely. The Calisthenic drill gives an excellent opportunity to the "Hebes" of the school to show their gracefulness off to a superior advantage. The "dumb bell" exercise is rather a noisy one, (especially when your neighbor has not "distanced off" accurately and her dumb-bell comes in contact with your knuckles) but the class is improving rapidly and they perform their drill almost simultaneously.

We have all the latest music (performed by our excellent pianist, Miss Nitterrauer) but the latest of the latest is "Auld Lang Syne," which is decidedly the favorite song.

A special feature of Prof. Lotner's system (which is a new one possessing many advantages over the older systems) in his vocalization and breathing exercises. The Professor is very enthusiastic and his class are rapidly following his example.

Taking all in all, Calisthenics is a success.—*Lutherville Seminarian.*

Several of the former students of this college have not yet handed in their subscriptions to the GAZETTE. Gentlemen, let us hear from you—and the ladies, too. We are sure you appreciate our enterprise, and would like to subscribe, but are only delaying for a convenient opportunity; now is the time. The more subscribers we get the better paper we can furnish.

The enemies of co-education are generally those who know nothing of its benefits, and reason upon its imagined faults.

For the Irving Literary Gazette.

#### ANCESTRY.

To the profound and generous mind, ancestry counts for but little in considering the merits or demerits of an individual. Personal endeavor must be the standpoint from which the character or social standing is adjudged. So thinks and says the conservative American, taught to depend upon personal application for representation, honor, and report. But not so with the polite circles of England and of France, but more especially of the former. The Englishman is reared from boyhood amid the environs of aristocracy. He is taught to regard lineage as an essential factor of character. He does not understand the American idea of labor, nor can he comprehend its significance and weight. But while he is manifestly wrong in his conceptions of human character, nevertheless we should not, as Americans, be hasty in censuring or passing judgment upon him, for there really are, to some degree, mitigating circumstances. It is natural for man to command respect for the cultured. Those whose names shine bright on the shaft of scholarship always merit profound regard. But who are, as a general thing, the educated in England? Does education of a higher order extend to the masses? In England those who wear the laurel twig of great information are to be found only among the opulent classes. Names like Sir Humphrey Davy and Count Rumford stud the annals of English conquest in science. In very few instances do we find the poorer classes represented in these branches. The reason is obvious. In England, for centuries, the poor have not enjoyed the advantages of an educational system like our own. Higher culture has almost been confined and restricted to the nobility, and hence the humble classes have not possessed the knowledge to investigate scientific subjects. The Englishman knowing this and acquainted with the fact that England really owes her lofty position in scientific discovery and invention to the opulent, comes not only to regard with high regard those who merit this respect by labor accomplished, but at last attributes eminent character to all of aristocratic impulses, whatever may be the degree of industry possessed. He who is able to reckon his acres by the hundreds, who can measure his possessions by immense barns, whether he be an indolent know-nothing or not, always wins the esteem of the populace.

In England titles are a great pressure in moulding opinion. Baron, Lord, Count and Noble, are of greater value than virtuous, honorable, chaste. And while we would not attempt to judge of English discretion, yet we confidentially say that when the day shall arrive when England will pay more reverence to merit than to social and hereditary station, her sky will be brighter with quietude, and contention will cease to exist, to a great degree, throughout the British realm.

Education is the motive power of government. Educate the masses, and tranquillity finds a firmer foothold. Train the sensibilities of the general classes, and they feel a deeper interest in the legislation, and with patriotism conform to the duties of true citizenship.

Nothing so implants in man the desire of serving truly God and State, as Education of the nonskeptical order. And when this education becomes general in Great Britain the people will cease to place so priceless a value on royalty, will abstain from adjudging merit entirely by aristocracy, but will reckon commendation by the true criteria, industry, perseverance, and pluck.

#### Age and the Intellect.

Carlyle was forty-two when he published the "French Revolution," the first works of his to which he formally put his name. His "Comwell" was published when he was fifty.

Swift was fifty-nine when he published "Gulliver's Travels."

Tennyson was fifty when his idyls "Elaine," "Vivien," and "Guinevere," were published, and was about sixty-two when he completed the series with "Gareth and Lynette."

Macauley was forty-eight when he issued the first and second volumes of his history of England, and the third and fourth did not appear until he was fifty-five. Good as are the essays of his early manhood, they pale when compared with this work of his maturer years.

John Stuart Mill was fifty-three when his essay on "Liberty" was published, and fifty-six when he gave us that on "Utilitarianism."

Milton was certainly more than fifty-four when he began to compose his "Paradise Lost." He was fifty-nine when he sold it to Simmons, the bookseller.

George Eliot composed "Middlemarch" between the ages of forty-six and fifty-one, and since then "Daniel Deronda."

Bacon was fifty-nine before he published his great work, "The Novum Organum." Cowper was over fifty when he published "John Gilpin" and "The Task," and Defoe fifty-eight when he published "Robinson Crusoe."

Darwin published his "Origin of Species" when fifty, and his "Descent of Man," when sixty-two.

Grote wrote the larger part of "History of Greece" between the ages of fifty-two and sixty-two, and Hallam occupied nearly the same period of life with his "Introduction to the Literature of Europe." The two works by which Thomas Hood has survived the grave, "The Bridge of Sighs" and "The song of the Shirt," were composed when he was forty-six, and on a sick bed from which he never rose.

Longfellow gave us "Hiawatha" when forty-eight, "Tales of a Wayside Inn," when fifty-eight, and since then has been as prolific as he has been excellent.

"The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" was published when Holmes was forty-eight, and "Songs in Many Keys" when he was fifty-five.

Washington Irving completed "Tales of the Alhambra" at forty-nine, "Mahomet" at sixty-seven, and "The Life of George Washington" after that age.

Prescott wrote "The Conquest of Mexico" at forty-six. Motley completed "The History of the United Netherlands" at fifty-three. Cervantes had passed his fifty-eighth year before he published the first part of "Don Quixote," and was sixty-eight when he issued the second part. He and Shakespeare died on the same day.

We believe Cicero composed his philosophical treatises between the ages of fifty and sixty.

Goethe and Kant, two of the greatest minds that ever lived, did, in view of their later works, scarcely anything till they had passed the age of forty-five. Kant was nothing but a professor till fifty-seven when he published his "Critique of Pure Reason," on which he had begun work ten years before.

But the most conspicuous literary example of fertility at an advanced age is Goethe. At fifty-six he wrote his immortal "Faust." At the age of eighty-two he published "Helena."

Picnic parties and excursions to the mountains and seaside resorts will soon be the order of the day.



## Western Maryland College Notes.

Hon. Henry W. Hoffman, of Cumberland, Md., delivers the oration before the societies in commencement week. Mr. Hoffman is an orator in the fullest sense of the word, a fluent and cultured speaker, and a gentleman of high social qualities.

The Music Class held an entertainment in the college chapel on Friday evening, May 6.

The "Gazette" for June will be replete with interesting college notes. To give elaborate notices of the entertainments, reunions, orations, sermons, &c., a supplement will be issued with the regular paper. None should fail to procure this issue.

The trees around the College are in bloom, the grass is growing finely, and the grove presents a handsome appearance.

Medals have been offered to the student in each, the Junior, Sophomore, and Freshman Class, whose record shows the highest average in the class during the year.

Five prizes have been offered to the five students who submit the first five essays in point of merit among all presented. The first prize will be awarded to the one presenting the best essay, the second prize to the next best, and so on. Competent judges have been selected.

Dr. Killgore, of Pennsylvania, delivers the annual sermon before the societies in June next. He is said to be a fine preacher, as well as a genial old gentleman.

Mr. Hunter of North Carolina recently paid the college a visit.

Mr. Thompson has been quite ill with rheumatism for the past two weeks. He is out now, and we hope will be quite well in a short time.

The scene from *College Hill* grows more beautiful, at sunset, each evening.

Spring is with us, and Bruce is kept mending and constructing.

Mr. Norman contemplates spending the vacation at the college.

The entertainment of the Irving took place April 29th, with a crowded house.

Prof. Brockett has recently displayed some fine specimens in his lectures to the Juniors in Geology, especially of fossiliferous rock. The study is a deeply interesting one, and should merit close attention.

Spring suits are out, and the straw hat answers, "present."

Mr. Matthew Butler, an old exactive member of the Irving Literary Society, is very successfully engaged in a large boot and shoe manufactory in Clear Spring, Min.

The Commencement exercises of this year promise to be of an imposing character. The Alumni and all the ex-students who can make it convenient are requested to be present and join in the re-unions.

Rev. Dr. L. Killgore has been selected to deliver the annual sermon before the literary societies of Western Maryland College at the coming Commencement.

A gentleman who has traveled very extensively in the United States and British America, declares that Western Maryland College has a better location than any other college in the western world.

Mr. Winfield S. Amoss ('76) was at the college a few days ago, being on a visit to Mr. James A. Diffenbaugh ('74) of Westminster. We are always glad to have the old students call upon us.

Now that winter has left us and sleighing is over the campus, of evenings, is generally covered with students enjoying themselves in so many ways that the more sedate wonder at the seemingly inexhaustible games.

The Senior Class has finished its final examination, and all now are smiles and jokes.

It is a curious fact how college girls love to walk, especially on "College Avenue." We have known two to promenade from the college to the "corner gate" at least twenty-five times in an hour. We heard a *Prep.* complaining of this the other evening, and saying that he had to lift his hat so often as the ladies passed his window that he had worn the brim off of nearly every hat he had.

Now is the time to mend the fences, repair the out houses, and see that the college grounds are in a neat and respectable condition.

The Irving Literary Society of Western Maryland College has in its museum the first number, volume one of the Baltimore daily *Sun*.

## FACETIE.

A Tom-cat sits upon a shed  
And warbles sweetly to his mate  
Oh, when the world has gone to bed,  
I love to sit and mew till late.

But while this tom-cat sits and sings,  
Up springs the student mad with hate,  
And shoots that cat to fiddle-strings,  
He also, "loves to mu-til-ate."—*Ec.*

An exchange says:—"Of the six hundred young ladies attending Vassar, no two can agree as to what they would do in case they saw a bear." Now, this is a libel on the ladies, for were he well dressed and respectable, five hundred and ninety of them would wait with curious impatience to see if he proposed to hug them.

No, darling, love is not a dream—it is an expensive reality.—*Ec.*

The very oldest base runner—a moth-er's slipper.

Senior:—"Why are washerwomen fools?"  
Fresh:—"Because they put out tubs to catch soft water when it rains hard."—*Ec.*

An Irishman looking over a physician's bill, said he did not object to paying for the medicine, but his visits he would return.

Prof. in German:—"What is the reason for the subjunctive?" Student:—"Don't know." Prof:—"Why is the next verb subjunctive?" Student:—"Same reason as the first."—*Obelin Review.*

The boy stood in the gallery pit  
At the naughty circus show;  
Scanning with eager, anxious eyes,  
The elephant below,  
"I'm too far back," he sadly said,  
Yet he could not further go,  
For he saw the head of his aged dad,  
First in the foremost row.

It is said that the meanest man in the State resides at Westminster. He recently took a bung-hole to the cooper's to have a barrel made around it.

A school teacher who had just been telling the story of David ended with—

"All this happened over 3000 years ago," when the smartest boy in the district broke out, "Oh, dear, marm, what a memory you have got."

"Does your wife play euchre?" asked one husband of another. "No," replied the other, but she's death on poker."

The ordinary life of a locomotive is thirty years. Perhaps it would live longer if it did not smoke.

Photographer—"You look too sober. Smile a little." He smiles, and the photographer says, "not so much, sir; my instrument is too small to encompass the opening."

Hon. Neal Dow has been lecturing in Westminster on intemperance. He seems to be thoroughly acquainted with the subject, and has doubtlessly done much in promoting the great temperance movement that is now engaging the attention of so many people. His lectures were listened to with marked attention by large and appreciative audiences.

India has 66,000 schools and colleges with an attendance of 1,900,000 girls.

## The College World.

There are over 7,000 Americans studying in the German Schools and Universities.

The College at Berlin has 1,302 Jews. Princeton is 134 years old and has 30 instructors.

Harvard has existed 245 years, and has sent out 14,062 graduates.

Canada has forty colleges; the U. S. has three hundred and fifty-eight.

Harvard's Library now numbers 200,000 vols., Yale, 100,000; Dartmouth, 50,000; Cornell, 40,000; Roanoke, 15,000; Rutgers, 9,600.

A Michigan farmer writes to the faculty of Yale—"What are your terms for a year? And does it cost any extra if my son wants to read and write as well as row a boat?"  
Ex.

There are 66,000 schools and colleges in India, with an attendance of 1,900,000 boys and girls. The intellectual portion of the instruction given, is extended to literature, history, and all included under the general term of the "humanities."

The Oxford University calendar shows a slight increase in the number of under graduates. There are now 2,882, against 2,814 a year ago.

The University of Virginia is said to have fifteen secret societies.

Bowdoin has recently received gifts to the amount of \$105,000.

Prof. Franklin Carter, of Yale, has been elected President of Williams College.

Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, will deliver the commencement oration before the Yale Law School next June.

The *Œdipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles, will be performed in the Original Greek in Sanders Theatre, on the evenings of May 17, 19, and 20.—*Harvard Register.*

Amherst's past record is given by Prof. Smith. She has 2,500 alumni, of whom, 100 are missionaries; 900 ministers; 220 college presidents and professors; 600 lawyers.

The Cornell University, of New York, is pressing Cornell College, of Iowa, to change its name.

Sixty-two per cent. of Harvard's graduates of last year studied law.

Vanderbilt University has lately received \$200,000 in Louisville and Nashville railroad stock, from Mrs. Maggie Emby.

Mr. Joseph Wharton, of Philadelphia, has given \$150,000 to the University of Pennsylvania, to found a department of finance and economy to teach young men business theories and principles.—*Echo.*

\$35,000 has been invested in a playground for the student's at Yale.

Mr. Samuel J. Taylor '81 of Pennsylvania College, has received the Graeff Prize for the finest essay presented. His subject was "Longfellow's Hiawatha." Rev. Dr. Diehl, Judge Lynch, and Lawyer Levy, all of Frederick city, were the judges. There were ten essays presented in the competition.

Columbia College has just acquired, by purchase from Berlin, a very fine terrestrial globe, the largest ever brought to this country, and one of the eleven largest ever made. It is 4 feet in diameter, and cost, unmounted, \$350. It is to be used in the History Department to illustrate lectures in Physical Geography, its surface being carefully arranged in relief, to show the different elevations on the earth.—*Ec.*

The Harvard *Crimson* tells the following story, detailing the circumstances of the \$100,000 gift for the new Law School in Boston:—"President Eliot, while walking along the street in Boston, met an old gentleman, well known for his liberality toward the College. As they passed each

other, the old gentleman asked, seemingly in jest:—"Well, what do you want now?" The president replied in the same tone: "A new Law School." A few days after, the president received an invitation to lunch. After taking lunch alone with his host, they sat talking about general college matters, until the subject of the Law School was brought up. When asked what amount would be needed for the new building, the president named \$100,000. His host excused himself for a moment, and soon returned to the room, with papers which gave \$100,000 to Harvard University for a new Law School building."

The University of Berlin has now more than four thousand students—the largest number ever yet reached by a German university.

## The Gazette for June.

The GAZETTE for June will give a full and interesting account of the Commencement exercises of Western Maryland College, together with a short historical sketch of the College, annual reports of the societies and much other useful and entertaining reading matter. The June number especially should be in the homes of every friend of the College, as it will contain much that every one will like to know. Persons desiring that issue can be supplied by addressing the editors of IRVING LITERARY GAZETTE, Western Maryland College, Westminster, Md. A supplement will be issued with the regular paper. The price for both will be but 10 cents. None should fail to make arrangements for procuring this issue, as it will contain elaborate notices of all the Commencement exercises. Great care will be taken in regard to its matter, and it cannot fail to interest and please all, as well as instruct.

The new version or revision of the New Testament is now ready, and can be obtained at any of the leading book stores. Many years of patient labor have been spent in this great work, and many striking though accurate changes have been made. Since the old revision was made, the English Language has undergone many changes in the meaning of words and phrases, hence a new version was a necessity.

The baseball club of New Windsor College challenges any nine in the State outside of Baltimore, and, according to the *New Windsor Herald*, would like to have their mettle tried.

We don't know how well they can play, but if they are willing to risk a defeat from the students of this College, we suppose they may be accommodated.

The *Morning Star*, a monthly magazine published at Lutherville, Baltimore county, Maryland, is on our table. Its motto should be "*Multum in parvo*," as it is very small; but what there is of it is worth reading. It would be much better if there was a little more of it. We wish it success, and hope that as it grows in age it may also grow in dimensions.

A new feature has been added to the commencement exercises, the reading of an essay by a member of the Alumni Association. Miss Janie Bratt has been selected.

What has become of the *Adrain Repertory*? Num defunctum est?

To stand within the rotunda of the Capitol and gaze upon the walls decorated with magnificent historic representations, one naturally exclaims, "What hath God wrought?"



THE  
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J. F. SOMERS & E. P. LEECH, EDITORS.

WESTMINSTER MD., MAY, 1881.

**SPECIAL NOTICE.**

The June number of the GAZETTE will be the only means of obtaining a full account of the Commencement of 1881. All the orations, &c., will be elaborately reported. This will be a splendid issue, and should be in the hands of everyone. A large supplement will be issued with the regular paper, and both together can be obtained for 10 cents. Those wishing to subscribe for the June issue should immediately send their money to the Editors of the IRVING LITERARY GAZETTE. Postage stamps received. Answer promptly, that we may make arrangements to meet the demand. Our regular subscribers will of course receive both paper and supplement as usual.

To the masses, plying daily their avocation in the marts of business and commerce, looking only at the present, crowded as it is with pressing realities, and totally disregarding all that pertains to the fine arts and sciences, or that in any manner is associated with the mere ornamental, the mission of colleges or higher institutions of learning seems an idle and useless one. This opinion seems to be based upon the theory that as colleges and universities are especially engaged in the study of the Classics, Higher Mathematics, and Physical Science, they can and are not fruitful of anything practical in its nature or of immediate and material benefit. Man seems to be universally endowed with a spirit of censure and opposition, a desire to combat everything until furnished with explanation and proof of the most satisfactory and explicit character. He clogs the wheel of progress, at every turn, with interrogatories of doubt and unbelief, and refuses to remove these impediments until afforded exhaustless proof of their impracticability. This is proper to such an extent. It is entirely in consonance with the fundamental laws of reason. That man would indeed be intellectually imbecile, who would give credence to assertions of any character, when unsupported by explanation and not susceptible to proof. But to such an extent has this spirit of combat been developed and matured, that it is fast becoming an alarming evil. At this day there are men living who, having once cherished an opinion, are incapable of being persuaded to renounce it as false, however great may be the data which declare it so, and however abundant the practical results with which it is incapable of being reconciled. As a general thing men

are so utilitarian in their ideas as to confine their investigations to those themes which exert a salutary influence upon their present, local, and material interests. Those provinces of mental research, from which no immediate practical issues are manifest, are neglected, and greeted with scorn and contempt. Therefore, and more especially, are the loftier planes of culture, as embraced in collegiate curriculums, held by the lower classes in antagonism, if not in contempt. They cannot understand in what avenues of life and action a collegiate education comes at all into play. Tell these men that the greatest histories of antiquity are embraced in the Classics and you but merit disrespect at least, and in many instances absolute scorn and contempt; assert in the presence of the prejudiced that some of the grandest authors of the world are to be read in the Classics, or that in epic poetry Homer has no equal, say to them Virgil's Aeneid is one of the most beautiful productions of the age, and a smile plays over their visages as over the average American youngster who has crawled under the circus canvass, has escaped detection, is seated on the highest bench, and is "bound to see" the elephant." Such indeed, in brief, is the opinion cherished by this class. The sublime productions of Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Billings, and a long line of these illustrious and favorite authors, have more merit in their profound judgment than anything which may be read in Greek or Latin literature. The uninitiated can discover no practical issues in this branch of education, nor can they realize the systematic training to be obtained in the pursuit and investigation of higher mathematics. Although no study so develops the reasoning faculties and affords such methods of discrimination, yet its merits fail to receive recognition at their hands. The greatest scientific truths in astronomy have been enunciated only through the aid of Higher Mathematics, the inventions of the ages have hinged on mathematical accuracy, still its importance the opposition party will not declare. In Geology, the investigation of the earth's formation fails to attract their appreciation. In what period the rocks, coal beds, &c., were formed, they care not. To know a rock when they see one, they consider sufficient pleasure and information, and refuse to know what class of rock it is. They do not care to study the Divine word through Geology, Botany, or any avenue of Nature, for God is truly seen in His works. Such is the apathy cherished by this party, and until education becomes the criterion of legislation and social rank, we shall expect this class of people to increase, to sneer at colleges, to combat, to deny, to die, and to go to that region where the temperature will not admit of the presence of paper, and consequently no college text-books will enter.

The Editors of the GAZETTE will be pleased to receive communications from any of the former students of this College on topics of general interest.

The first duel in the United States was fought at Plymouth, Mass., in 1621.

Winter has so much encroached upon the duties and liberties of spring that the usual poetry of this pleasant season is not quite so abundant as in years that have gone; not more than twenty-five poems being handed us during the present month. This seems to be a bad year for poetry; but as the warmer weather comes we hope for better things. The poets are not all dead, but their poetic inclinations have not as yet completely thawed, *ita nil desperandum, hic moc erunt.*

It has been rumored abroad that several of the students here are sharpening their quills and getting ready to supply the market.

**IRVING LITERARY SOCIETY.**

Anniversary Celebration—Handsome Rooms—Dramatic Talent and a Creditable Performance.

The Westminster correspondent of *The Baltimorean*, under date of May 4, says:

It is with genuine pleasure that I write to-night of the entertainment given by the Irving Literary Society of Western Maryland College, Friday evening last, on the occasion and in commemoration of their fourteenth anniversary. The Irving, which is the oldest as well as the largest society in the college, deserves credit for the marked improvement, year after year, in their anniversary entertainments, which prove their popularity by the large and attentive audience which always greets them on those occasions. Their roll numbers nearly fifty active and a large number of ex-members among former pupils, as well as honorary members, whose names rank amongst the brightest of our American writers.

Their society room is neatly furnished, and contains a fine library, a large collection of minerals and autographs, a bust of Washington Irving, with the fine steel engraving of "Irving and his friends at Sunnyside," a crayon portrait of Irving, and last, but not least, a magnificent view from the west window of our little city on the left, and the beautiful Blue Ridge on the right. The monogram and motto of the society, "*Juncta Juvant*," in scarlet, blue and gold, over the President's desk, gives a pretty finish to their cozy society hall.

The programme of Friday evening was the best ever given by the society, which spared no pains or expense to make it a complete success. The President's address, by Mr. E. P. Leech, of Frederick, was not only appropriate and equal to the occasion, but was full of beautiful sentiment and neatly turned and well deserved compliments, which in his defence of the drama, he paid to the fine dramatic writers of this and other centuries.

Mr. E. H. Norman, of North Carolina, delivered an amusing declamation on "Sleighting," and Mr. J. F. Somers, of Somerset county, a humorous address entitled "Diamonds." Both gentlemen received hearty and well-merited applause.

The anniversary oration, "Roger Sherman," by G. W. Todd, of Salisbury, Md., was considered by many the best ever delivered here. Mr. Todd handled his subject in a masterly manner, and delivered his oration in an easy, graceful style which was much admired.

The drama of "Julian," by Miss Mitford, closed the entertainment. The following was the cast of characters:—Alphonso, Boy King of Sicily, S. D. Leech, of Frederick; Duke of Melfi, E. P. Leech, of Frederick; Julian, C. R. Miller, Westminster; Count D'Alba, A. L. Miles, Somers-

set county; Valore, G. Y. Everhart, Westminster; Leanti, F. H. Schaeffer, Carroll county; Calvi, G. W. Todd, Salisbury; Paolo, H. Baughman, Westminster; Bertone, W. J. Price, Queen Anne's county; Renzi, W. M. Gist, Westminster; Archbishop, E. H. Flagg, Baltimore; Annabel, wife of Julian, Miss M. B. Shellman, Westminster.

The drama is a difficult one, but was not only well performed for amateurs, but in many instances would have done credit to professionals. Mr. E. P. Leech, as Melfi, was particularly good, and distinguished himself in the difficult death scene. Mr. Miller sustained the character of Julian in its variety of emotions—passionate and despairing—admirably. S. D. Leech was the perfection of a boy king, and Mr. Miles remarkably good as D'Alba. The other characters were well sustained, and to the credit of the Society be it said, a prompter was not needed during the entire evening.

The stage was handsomely and tastefully decorated by Mr. E. W. Shriver, who spent much time and labor upon it, and kindly assisted in many other ways. Thanks are also due Mr. F. H. Schaeffer and others of the committee for untiring efforts to insure success. The music was furnished by Professor Watson's orchestra of Union Bridge, and the piano kindly loaned by Sanders & Stayman, of Baltimore, to whom special thanks are due. The handsome costumes were hired from Billmyer, costumer, Baltimore, and added greatly to the appearance of the stage.

And thus the fourteenth anniversary of the Society passed with credit to one and all. The Irving publishes monthly a neat little eight page paper called *The Irving Gazette*, which culls into its columns the prose and poetical talent of the College. Success to the enterprise and long life and prosperity to the Irving Society is the sincere wish of  
M. B. S.

**Commencement '81.**

The Commencement Exercises will be of an interesting character this year. The Senior class is composed of thirteen members. Many persons are expected to be present in June. On Sunday morning, June 12, in the Methodist Protestant Church, Dr. Ward will preach the Baccalaureate Sermon, and at 8 p. m., Rev. Dr. Killgore, of Pennsylvania, will preach the sermon before the literary societies. On Monday night, the Browning Literary Society of young ladies celebrate their anniversary in the chapel. On Tuesday morning the class exercises of the graduating class take place. On Tuesday night the Oratorical Contest between the Irving and Webster Societies takes place. On Wednesday morning the yearly averages are read and the prizes presented. On Wednesday night Hon. Henry W. Hoffman, of Cumberland, delivers the oration before the societies. On Thursday morning, commencement day proper, occurs. On Thursday night Mr. W. S. Amoss, A. M. L. L. B., delivers the oration before the Alumni Association, and Miss Janie Bratt, A. M., reads an essay, after which the Alumni supper takes place. On Wednesday afternoon the society reunions take place. Commencement ends Thursday evening, extending from the 12th to the 16th.

The graduating class is composed of Misses Bollinger, Braly, Cunningham, Goodhand, Holliday, Miller, Nicodemus, Smith, Stalnaker, and Messrs. Everhart, Somers and Todd.

England is the most drunken country on the globe.—*Neal Dow.*



For the Irving Literary Gazette.

## THE MINER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY LARMGEIST.

"This is an extract from Heinrich von Ofterdingerd, an unfinished novel, by Novalis, which is supposed to have been intended as an apotheosis of poetry. A company of travelers on foot, among whom was young Henry, the hero of the piece, had been attentively listening to an aged miner, one of the party, who not without much warmth and emotion, had been giving them an account of his past life, and now goes on to conclude his story by an equally enthusiastic encomium of his occupation."

"Friend," said the old man, addressing Henry, "mining must be blessed by God! Then there will be no trickery, the participator will be more happy, the doer more noble; he will excite the more praise from celestial knowledge; purity and a fond disposition of heart is found in no one more genuine than the miner. The miner is born poor and dies poor. He is contented to know where the metallic powers are located and to bring them to light, but their more dazzling brightness has no command over his lustrous heart. Inflamed by a perilous frenzy, he rejoices more over their wonderful structure, the singularity of their origin, and their abodes, than all their promised possessions. They have no more attraction for him when they have become commodities. He prefers to seek them mid a thousand dangers and hardships in the deep recesses of the earth fortified by Nature's hand, rather his calling in the world, and approach them on the surface by means of delusive, cunning arts. Every hardship keeps his heart fresh and his mind active. He enjoys his scanty pay with heartfelt thanks, and arises every day from the dark cavern of his vocation with a renovated vigor of life. 'Tis he only that knows the charm of life and its tranquillity, the beneficence of independent pleasure and the prospects about him; 'tis only to him that drink, food, and the sacrament taste very refreshing. With affection and a pleasing disposition he accompanies his equals, or embraces his wife and children, and truthfully rejoices over the beautiful gift of intimate conversation. His retired occupation separates him from day, and the greater part of his life from intercourse with men. He does not accustom himself to an obtuse indifference towards these supersensuous and profound things, and he retains that fond tone of mind in which everything appears to him in its own most peculiar spirit, and in the wonderful variety of its primeval splendor. Nature is not the exclusive possession of a single individual; but when property is changed to an evil poison, what this repose and destructive atmosphere frightens away, it allures to draw into this circle of proprietors with a retinue of boundless concern and wild passion; thus nature secretly undermines the owner's ground and soon buries him in a fallen precipice, in order to pass from hand to hand, and by degrees gratifies her inclination to become the property of all. How the poor man works in return! How contented the miner labors in his deep solitude! He retires from the restless tumult of the day animated, animated solely by a desire for knowledge and an affection for harmony. He thinks of his lowliness, his companions, and his family, and always feels renewed by the mutual indispensableness and consanguinity of men. This vocation teaches him boundless endurance, and does not permit his attention to be distracted with fruitless ideas. It is a very powerful place that can be entered by stubborn diligence and by continued vigilance alone; with such the miner must contend; thus the

precious gems, far down beneath the awe-inspiring deep, the true trust of the Heavenly Father and upon which whose hand becomes manifest at all times by unmistakable tokens, grow to be taken solely by his labors. I have sat many a time at the far end of my gallery, and by the light of my lamp gazed upon the simple crucifix with a most holy devotion. I have placed a most sacred meaning upon this most mysterious image, and have discovered a vein in my heart which has continued to me everlasting profit." The old man continued after a while and said: "Surely he must have been a God-like man who first taught men the noble art of mining, and who has concealed in the bosom of rocks the stern image of manly life. Here the vein is huge and brittle, but poor; there a rock compresses it into a paltry and insignificant fissure, and it is just here that the noblest lodes commence. Other veins deteriorate it until an allied vein combines with it on friendly terms and raises it to a boundless value. Often it is dashed into a thousand pieces before the miner, but the patient man does not suffer himself to be discouraged; he pursues his way peacefully and sees his zeal rewarded, when soon he discovers it again in a new thickness and richness. Often a deceitful branch-vein allures him from the true course, but he soon perceives the false way and forces a path transversely through the rocks until he has found the true metaliferous vein again; but when the miner is not well acquainted with these caprices of fortune, zeal and perseverance are the only means by which he may dig up the treasures so substantially defended by them, and becomes their master. I am sure you cannot want," said Henry, "for animating songs. I am certain that songs animate you involuntarily in your vocation; music, too, must be a welcome companion to miners." "Therein you have spoken truly," replied the old man, "songs and music pertain to the life of miners, and no position can enjoy their attraction more than ours. Music and dancing are the true friends of miners; they are like a prayer, full of joy; they help to relieve arduous labors, and to render easier continued solitude. When it pleases you, I will favor you with a song which I sang often in my youth."

He is master of the earth,  
Who he assures canons deep,  
While all hardships, joy and mirth  
Within his bosom sleep;

Who the secret structure knows  
Of the mighty mountain,  
And down to his workshop goes  
Constant as the fountain.

He, to them is bound by ties  
Of friendship's closest knot,  
And 'pon them with joy relies,  
While risks his pathway blot.

He, then, every day observes  
With fondness, all ablaze,  
And by diligence preserves  
His gold, for after days.

By him the lodes, how'er strong,  
Of times gone long ago  
Are brought forth with cheerful song,  
And with joy all aglow.

Here, the ancient holy light  
'Round his countenance wreathes,  
And the ravine, in the night,  
A lustrous splendor breathes.

Where'er he goes, 'bout him spread  
Products of well known lands,  
Dug from their protected bed  
By labor of his hands.

The waters by him aided  
Flow up the mountain side,  
And by the torrent raided  
The rocks release their bride.

Gifts of gold, he often brings  
With the greatest pleasure,  
To adorn the homes of kings  
With this shining treasure.

Kings, oft times, from him receive  
The fortune-bearing arm,  
Yet about him little grieve  
While with his friends so warm.

Let them butcher each other,  
Bowed down to wealth and gold;  
He and his friends together  
Remain on mountains old.

## The Study of Language.

Written for the Irving Literary Gazette  
BY PROF. NICHOLAS.

What an immense advantage has the young student of the Classics, at the present day, over him of fifty, or even thirty years ago.

Within the last thirty years a flood of light has been thrown upon the language and the study of language. This period has formed an epoch in this branch of instruction.

Not to speak of the many illustrious German Philologists, in this country the labors of Hadley, Whitney, Goodwin, Gildersleeve, and many others of our American scholars have contributed to make the study of language truly a science, and have given American scholarship a place of which we may well be proud.

Grammar from being a collection of hard, dry arbitrary rules, has become a rational and logical classification and exposition of the laws and phenomena of language. Some of the most gifted minds of our day have gathered the choicest treasures in the field of Philology and placed them at the service of the young student, while others have been equally successful in devising new methods of instruction. Notably the classification of Latin and Greek words according to stem-endings is a new departure in this branch of the subject, and will eventually supersede the old plan even for beginners.

The young student is now made to realize that a word is as much a creation of nature, and in growth and existence as much subject to nature's laws as a bud of a leaf. He is made to see that there are classes and families of languages as well as of men. In this connection the writer would remark that he will never forget the astonishment not to say indignation of a school commissioner in a neighboring city, upon being told that English was a *Low-German* language, he was evidently under the impression that the term meant a language spoken by a low class of people.

With our Allen and Greenough, Gildersleeve, Harkness and other admirable Latin Grammars, we may well look back with feelings of commiseration upon our fathers with their Ruddemann and Corderius, and other antiquated horn books. It is to be devoutly wished that the application of our students as far surpassed theirs, as our text-books do those used by them.

It is a good plan to keep constantly before the student the connection between his own language and the one he is studying. An Instructor in the Western Maryland College was recently asked by a promising pupil of the preparatory department, "What is the use of the Greek movable *nu* (*nephellustikorr*); and a ray of light seemed to burst upon the student's mind, when told that we had the same thing in English in the case of the indefinite article *a* or *an*.

One of England's most gifted statesmen said that the reading of Tooke's *Diversions of Purley* formed an epoch in his intellectual life.

As original and able as that work is, it abounds in errors and misconceptions: we have to-day within our reach works vastly its superior in every respect, save perhaps that of originality.

Whitney's *Language and Study of Language* we consider a work that should be placed in the hands of every young student, the same may be said of Max Muller's works which have met with so much favor both in England and this country. The careful perusal of these works will open to one who has given the subject but little attention a new field of thought as extensive as it is attractive.

The improvement in Grammars and methods of study and instruction, has not been confined to the ancient languages, the last twenty years have produced works upon our own English which should be read by every one who aspires to the name of student.

The study of Philology upon scientific principles has shed great light upon Ancient History. A knowledge of the words used by a people enables us, in a great measure, to know to what degree of civilization they had arrived, and enlightens us as to their manners, customs, religion. To take a single well known example. The word for boat is nearly the same in Greek, Latin, Sanscrit, Zend, but the words designating masts, sails, yards are different, hence it is supposed that the Aegians, the parent race used boats with oars only, and were unacquainted with the use of masts, sails, &c., and that a knowledge of these was acquired by the different tribes after they had separated.

As an instance of how much light may be thrown upon the *genius* of a people by their use of words, we observe that the word *Virtus* with the Romans meant martial valor, with us it indicates a much gentler quality, while the Italian word *virtuoso* means a collector of curiosities.

Considering the light that Philology has thrown upon history, we may hope that some day there will be an end to asking the question "what is the use of studying Greek and Latin."

Words have also different meanings at different epochs of the same language. In the time of Queen Elizabeth the strong Anglo-Saxon word *wench* had not a bad sense but was applied to young ladies. A gentleman would say to his daughter, come hither wench. It would hardly be safe to address a young lady by this term in our day. In our drama the other night Julian calls his wife, "Thou sweetest wretch." The word wretch cannot be said to be a modern term of endearment, at any rate we would not advise any young husband to call his wife by it.

## INDUSTRY.

Industry is one of the grandest themes of contemplation. We cannot observe the bee, murmuring in the sun and abstracting the riches from the opening flower, without feeling and realizing the sacredness and force of labor. The ant as it moves hurriedly over the earth, busy, and seemingly happy in its toil, affords an example of impressive force.

Every day indolence is receiving more and more the censure it deserves, and even the opulent are beginning to feel that labor is not a crime. Nothing in this world can be accomplished without toil. Inheritance may place wealth in the hands of man, but it is not one-half as enjoyable as if it had been acquired by hard work. Those who labor are the only happy. That man who spends the day puffing lazily a cigar in some swinging hammock, is one of the most wretched as well as useless creatures on the globe. God intended men to work. He taught it in his expositions, knowing that work was the secret of all joy. That monarch who spent years seeking to discover a mouse with green eyes, was in our opinion far better employed than if he had spent those days in banqueting and indolence. For although there are various degrees of labor, yet it is better to toil in the lowest path than to transgress the laws of God and man by idleness.

The Class of 1881 of Western Maryland College have made arrangements for erecting a fine statue of the Muse Clio on the College Campus in June.



## Westminster Notes.

Bishop Pinkney, of the diocese of Md., preached at the Episcopal Church on Monday night, the 9th inst., and many were confirmed. In the chancel were: Rt. Rev. Bishop Pinkney, of the diocese of Maryland, Rev. J. Stuart Smith, rector of the Church of the Ascension; Rev. J. W. Reese, former rector of the church. Number of confirmed:—White 11, colored 6. The anthem, "O Come, Every One That Thirsteth," was rendered in fine manner by the choir. Soprano, Miss Shepherd Mrs. I. E. Pearson; alto, Miss M. B. Shellman; tenor, C. Vanderford, H. Gernand; baritone, J. M. Shellman, W. Brown, Dr. C. Brown; basso, F. Mitten; organist, Mrs. I. E. Pearson. Miss Mary Shellman possesses a fine and clear alto voice, and her singing is very sweet and enjoyable.

A lady in Westminster, a warm and active friend of the Irving Literary Society, has given that organization twenty-five instructive and excellently bound books, for which the Society tenders its sincere thanks. We are glad to see the people taking so much interest in our literary societies—Who will be the next to announce to us the gift of a few books, curiosities, etc.?

A company from Baltimore has made arrangements for establishing a large flour mill at this place, with a capacity of one hundred barrels per day. Carpenters are actively engaged in putting up the necessary buildings. It will be in operation about the middle of the summer.

An ice cream establishment has been built about a hundred yards from town, on the side of the railroad, in the long strip of woods. It is intended to fit seats around this shady retreat and convert the woods into an ice cream garden during the summer months.

Col. Wm. A. McKellip lately bought the old Frizell estate and is improving it in many ways. It is naturally a beautiful place, and when the Col. has finished his improvements upon it, it will no doubt be a beautiful summer residence.

The Fire Company intend purchasing a handsome bell for their house. The citizens have been solicited for their subscriptions. This is a good movement, and worthy of aid.

Mr. Paul Earnest, a former student of W. M. C., and lately teacher of the Pleasant Valley School, is now in town, his school having closed for the year.

Revs. Murray and Edwards, recently appointed to officiate in the M. P. and M. E. Churches here, are highly liked by the citizens of the town.

Rev. H. W. Kuhns, pastor of the Lutheran Church has been elected to deliver the Commencement Oration at Newberry College, South Carolina.

Our readers' special attention is called to the advertisements in this number of the "Irving Literary Gazette." The firms are all reliable.

Messrs. Shriver & Co. have begun repairing and fitting up the old foundry on Liberty street for a canning establishment.

With the advent of spring the town appears to have put on a new dress. The trees are out, and every body seems happy.

Westminster has made greater and more profitable improvements this year than during any other one in its history.

The buildings for the canning factory of Messrs. Smith & Co. are approaching completion.

The first child in New England was born in Plymouth Colony in 1620, and his name was Perigrine White.

Written for the Irving Literary Gazette.

## Retributive Justice.

The great prevalence of crime which so characterizes many of our cities, rendering particular localities dangerous to the midnight pedestrian, involuntarily suggests the question, "What must be the frame of mind possessed by the perpetrator after engaging in this illegal avocation?" Perhaps the best means of answering the interrogatory is to take the experience of reformed criminals, as expressed by them. They tell us, and remorse is depicted on their countenances as they speak, that day and night the fear of justice and the censure of conscience makes their life one of anxiety and legal antagonism. To their fearful minds the step of a friend is transformed into the heavy tramp of an officer. The enjoyment of society is denied for fear of detection. As cautious as military sharpshooters among the wilds of Sitting Bull's reservations, when on the street every step ahead is cautiously examined, and the midnight shadow portrayed by the lamp light appears to be that of blue coat and brass buttons. Thus, day and night is one of living torment to the refugee from justice. Although many evil-doers begin when middle aged or old in years, exclaiming "Necessitas non legem habet." Crime generally begins when the man is very young. Perhaps at first an unnoticed dime tempts the store clerk to its appropriation, and the failure of his detection causes him to abstract some larger coin. Repeatedly successful, he at last determines to rob the safe of every dollar and fly to some secluded quarter. Days are spent in preparation for the robbery. All preliminaries being arranged, the crime is attempted, and some unlooked for circumstance leads to its frustration and his capture. Proven guilty, many years of penitentiary life and exile are assigned, and the young man has time to reflect and regret behind the bars of a State institution for the degraded. So in every avenue of crime its devotees generally thus end their careers of fraud. These terrible examples, rendering homes unpleasant and mothers heart-broken, urge the parent who possesses lofty aspirations for his son, to be careful of the manner employed in the rearing of their children, and by a noble example of living, imbue the boy with desires to be in similitude with the exemplary life of the parent. Justice is sure to hold in subservience crime. Many men seemingly destined to behold a brilliant future for themselves and families, and to perform an active part in the world's advancement, become the assassin of their own hopes by entering into the various avenues of crime, and becoming devotees of Evil.

Lord Beaconsfield, the distinguished English statesman, writer and diplomatist, died on the 19th of April, after over fifty years of active service in the British Government. His death will prove a great misfortune to England, and especially to his party, the Liberals, at a time when he could have been of the greatest importance in maintaining its principles, and in perpetuating the name and usefulness of his country. For his "Eudymion" it is said he received fifty cents for each word composing that popular, and immensely wide circulated work. Several great men have died this year, but few were better known than Lord Beaconsfield.

If when Vennor dies, should he go below to the place where there are no editors, he will bring about a change of temperature and have snow storms in the Plutonian regions.

## Book Notice.

We have received Hudson's edition of Macbeth, published by Ginn & Heath. We have compared it with several other editions, and do not hesitate to pronounce it the best we have ever seen. The book has been gotten up in a style suitable for class purposes, and should be adopted in all colleges where Shakspeare is taught. Mr. Hudson has presented the text of Macbeth as near the original as can now be attained. The book contains an elaborate introduction, exhaustive foot-notes and critical notes, and is bound in strong cloth, presenting a neat and attractive appearance. Price, per copy, 65 cents.



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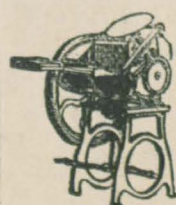
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