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Original Poetry.

HOPE.

Written for the Irving Literary Gazette.

BY LARMGEIST.

Oh hope! thou bright consoler of the mind;
Oh star that guides us on to shining fields
Of glory and a home beyond the grave!
The carving architect that fashions life,
And moulds our future with a skillful hand;
The great inventor of some future joy,
Thou art the all-in-all of mortal man,
That tends to make for him a happy lot,
That leads him on to that high-reaching place,
Where e'en Perfection, wisely stands renown'd;
His knowing head, with knowledge, low bent down,
As if a weight, for ages, thereon sat,
But, growing still as ages onward dragg'd
To that approaching end eternity.
Me thought beside the roaring sea I saw
The fairest of the fair with waving locks,
And ever gazing on the mighty deep,
With eyes well set, and sylph-like there she sat:
And time flow'd on, and on and still no change,
And decades came, and went, and with them, came
Men all cast down in spirit, who did look,
And feast their eyes, and being cheer'd they too
Pass'd on, and sorrowing those behind them
Wept, and in tears would pray for just one glance
Of that bright one, whose name they said was Hope.
E'en while 'pon the rolling deep, the sailor
When tempests threaten, and dark clouds o'erhang,
A wistful eye does cast toward that spot,
Where well he knows that fair one may be found,
To see, if still she show her smiling face,
And if for him, a peaceful haven be,
Despite the lowering clouds, and howling blast.
We turn'd our eyes, another scene beheld,
Upon a cross, with blood all cover'd o'er
The only hope for sinners dying, hung,
Many 'round it mourned, pray'd with him to die,
And prostrate on the ground they spread them out,
Some in their grief would weep, and tear their hair,
And almost frantic, some their breasts would beat,
And sigh, and moan as if their hearts would break;
But he with arm outstretch'd as if to quell
Their woe, and change their gloom to joy and mirth,
Spake forth, "though dying here I am, yet still
If ye aright, this life shall lead, a hope
For you shall be beyond the frowning grave.
Then, in their sadness, they for joy did laugh,
And clapp'd their hands, and beaming bright, each
face
With gladness flash'd, then each his way did go
Rejoicing, and when night, a dreary night
Came on, they slept, and nought their dreams dis-
turb'd,
As if by music lull'd, they slumber'd on
Nor did they wake till rosy dawn appear'd,
And calmly thus through life, they onward pass'd.
But now behold, as morning tints the East,
And Sol above a busy world doth rise,—
Dragging on his lonely way, a pilgrim,
Sad, and all furlorn, still doth wander on,
His garments, tatter'd, dragging in the dust,
Yet little heed to this, he pays, so all
Absorb'd he seems, and little doth he care
What course he takes, or at what place he stops.
But soon a limpid stream he saw, and paus'd;
And being thirsty, drank, and felt refresh'd.
Then 'pon a stone close by he sat him down,
He mus'd, and thoughts of boyhood's joyful home
Stole, one by one, upon his dreaming mind;
The little brook, in which he used to fish
The school-house too, just over on the hill,
Where days of joy, and sadness too, he spent;
And that fond mother who did bless her son;
All o'er his mind, in quick succession, came.
On other subjects also, too, he mus'd,
And ne'er his musing stopp'd till ev'ning came.
Then turning round, he gaz'd toward the West,
And saw, as fair Aurora sank to rest,
The mottl'd herds still grazing on the hills,
The farm-house too, the chimney's curling smoke,
And each lov'd scene, familiar to his youth,
All these, his youth, renew, and seem to fill
His dying soul with vigor, fresh and new:
And then, toward him coming, he espied

A maiden fair with golden, shining hair,
And flowing dress, and agile as a fawn.
"Pray, tell to me your name, my pretty one,"
Said he; and she, with many a blush replie'd:
"My name, indeed, is Hope, the mind I ease,
And lead man on to fame, and glory too."
And softly, then, his down-cast brow, she touch'd,
And, smiling, gently brush'd his cares away,
And left him there in joy, he went his way;
But oft look'd back, and he her praise did sing.
Then hill, and dale reecho'd with his voice,
As if, the news, to spread both far and wide.
And when he his song did end, loud, spake forth:
"Take faith, take love, take truth, take ev'ry thing
Except my hope, but leave, Oh leave me that!"

For the Irving Literary Gazette.

A Tramp Among the Alleghanies.

A scientific friend and myself had been tramping for about three weeks along the west side of the Alleghany Mountains, in Virginia, examining the exposed strata, picking up here and there a mineral, and trying to find out what the mountains in their mute way reveal to him, who, having learned the alphabet of their rocks and fossils, may read on Nature's pages of granite and marble the story of their origin and history.

These fossils, the remains of the world's animal and plant life ages ago, are found in great abundance in some localities—now hundreds of feet above the base of the mountain—and, as they are all of marine origin, they point unmistakably first, to the time when all that section of country was covered by the sea, in which they lived, and secondly and subsequently to the periods of upheavals, when the mountain chains that occupy the place where the sea then stood, were produced.

Specimens of the Devonian and Carboniferous Ages which we obtained well rewarded us for the many hours of diligent labor spent in unearthing them as well as for the rough experience we had of danger to life and limb, to say nothing of torn clothing and numerous bruises.

Our equipment for the tramp was all we desired. It consisted of broad-soled boots, warm, loose fitting clothing—for the nights were often cold though it was July—a blanket, with rubber coat rolled inside, strapped to our shoulders, a hammer for breaking the rocks attached to our belts, and a stout cane to assist in climbing the steep ascents. We soon found, however, that while such provision for our comfort and for the successful prosecution of the trip was important, it did not relieve us entirely from the fatigue incident to a daily walk of six to eight miles, with occasional stoppages to examine more minutely certain localities. More than once, too, we had to unroll our blankets, and picking out a soft place under a tree, draw our cape over our ears and go supperless to bed.

This, however, was only when we left the main roads, for along the great routes of travel we could always find a tavern, where we invariably got ham and eggs for supper and eggs and ham for breakfast. Dinner, which we ate on the roadside, generally consisted of a second, but not an improved edition of the breakfast. This variety of diet, together with the violent exercise, reduced us in flesh at first, but

after a few days the mountain air began to produce its invigorating effects and we grew sensibly stronger. Instead of the feeling of weariness, which, at our starting out, oppressed us at nightfall, we experienced a sense of exhilaration as the evening advanced, and used to linger long on the porches of the country taverns watching the moon rise and listening with interest to the stories of the war and other adventures participated in by the narrators. Listening to these stories was rare sport. I doubt not but that every man present, with the exception of ourselves, had heard them many times before, but no evidence of this fact appeared in the demeanor of the audience. Each man was allowed full time to spin his yarn, and the sympathies of the company were with him to the close. Of the narrators, nearly all of whom had seen service in the war between the States, one had lost an arm, another a leg; some showed scars made by the saber and bayonet, and one man had a frightful scar on his body, which he said had been caused by a shell.

These mountaineers are a tall, raw-boned set of men, simple in manner and speech, and very hospitable. We had numerous invitations, though we did not avail ourselves of them, to go to their homes and examine the rocks and minerals of the neighborhood.

Each tavern is a rendezvous for the farmers of the neighborhood, and here it is that they congregate, after the day's work is over, to hear the newspapers read aloud by the obliging landlord and to discuss the politics of the day.

The nineteenth day of our tramp brought us, at its close, to the little village of Newbern, situated at the foot of the mountain. Through this place passes the road that crosses the Ridge, and this road was to be our route over the mountain.

We had now reached the turning point of our journey. Our trip had been advantageous in many ways. We were well loaded with specimens procured by ourselves—an important point to the student—and had had no disagreeable adventures, if we except barely escaping the fang of a rattlesnake on one occasion and a tumble or two down the mountain side, which, however, broke no bones.

Next morning we set out very early, hoping to cross the ridge by nightfall, and the day after to take the cars of the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad for home.

We were two miles on our journey before the sun rose, and by four o'clock in the afternoon had reached a farm house on the other side of the mountain. As we approached nearer we could see that it was a very small cabin, almost a hut, situated in a clearing of a few acres. The owner, a young man about thirty years of age, was sitting on a stump that had been sawed off and fashioned into a rude seat, seemingly absorbed in contemplating the beautiful landscape of the distant valley.

So engaged was he with his own thoughts that we came fully up to him before he was aware of our presence. After the usual interchange of civilities, we requested permission to remove our heavy impediments and rest awhile by his door. In-

deed, we hoped to get a bed within, as we had been informed that the nearest tavern was five miles further on. He offered no objections, in fact, seemed rather pleased to have us lodge with him, and after a little talk on politics, weather and crops, left us to go indoors and prepare our supper, explaining, as he did so, that his wife was gone to nurse a sick neighbor, and would not return until morning.

The supper was a treat when it came, as our host had spent the day in fishing, and had brought home a basket well filled with delicious brook trout, a portion of which he served up in excellent style to our great satisfaction. The hearty meal and the few hours rest cheered us all, and made our new friend especially communicative. Turning confidently to me, as I sat near him, he asked: "Did you look well at the farm I showed you in the valley, stranger?" "Yes," I replied, "sufficiently well to see that it had a large barn and other outbuildings, and that the dwelling was spacious and surrounded on two sides by piazzas."

"Well," he said, looking me intently in the eye, "I am going to buy that farm," then, studying my expression and bringing his fist down on the table with a force that made the dishes rattle, "and pay cash for it." "I glanced around the room on the very plain articles of furniture, and remembered the small clearing at the rear of the house, with its little tobacco patch and limited cornfield, I wondered to myself where the cash was to come from.

My friend here joining in the conversation, enquired at what price the owner held his property. "Eighteen thousand dollars," said our host, "and I would just as lief give twenty, if he did but know it," he added with a laugh.

I could not conceal my surprise at this, and so presently remarked "But eighteen thousand dollars is a large sum. I suppose you do not keep so much money about you, as you are far from neighbors—you might be robbed." His eye glanced for a moment at a rifle hanging over the mantel and then at a double barrel gun standing in the corner, and he shook his head. "But," I continued, "you are away sometimes fishing or hunting; might not robbers come in then and take away your wealth?" "No stranger, no," he answered enjoying my puzzled look, "its too heavy for robbers—its none of your greenbacks or bonds either—its gold! gold!" he repeated in evident excitement. Then rising and coming close to me, he placed his hand upon my shoulder and pointing to a large pine box on the other side of the room, he exclaimed, "The gold is in there and there is more where that came from."

I did not know what to say now—and looking across the table at my friend I found he was equally puzzled. At last, I ventured the remark that I had never seen so large a box of gold and asked him to allow us to look at its contents. "You may, with pleasure," said the farmer having recovered from his momentary excitement and resuming his usual quiet manner. As he spoke, he unlocked the two padlocks that secured the top, and expos-

ed to view some bright ore that at first glance looked very tempting but when the light of the candle fell full upon it, I saw in a moment that it was Iron pyrites and not gold at all. Here was a dilemma. Should we undeceive him and perhaps arouse his anger or should we agree that it was gold and so encourage him in his delusions. We were not willing to do either, however, we showed him several specimens of pyrites we had in our collection, pointed out the resemblance between his ore and ours, and suggested that it would be advisable to send a portion of his own to some competent authority and get an opinion before proceeding further in the purchase of the Valley farm.

He was very quiet for several minutes and I had already repented having dashed his hopes so thoroughly, when suddenly he looked up and saying pleasantly "Strangers, you must be tired," pointed to the stair-way and giving us a candle bade us good night. For some time after our departure we heard him moving about below. He was evidently fingering his treasure and gloating over the possession of it. Later still, the click of the locks sounded sharply through the silence—a moment more, and all was still. We met at sunrise and soon after had our breakfast. Not a word was said about the box of gold or the farm in the Valley. The conversation bore chiefly upon the pleasures of the chase, our host relating his exploits with evident relish.

During the meal, the wife came in and as she took her place quietly among us I saw that he suppressed a sigh. When we rose from the table we thanked them both and each of us laid down a gold dollar to pay for our entertainment. The poor fellow took up the pieces, examined them attentively, shook his head once or twice, and then, taking the box brought a portion of the ore to her and placed it beside the coins.

They both silently compared the two, looked at each other and then at us. Finally he said "Wife, these strangers say this ore is not gold, what do you think of it? Her answer was a tear in each eye and a hurried glance through the open door towards the farm in the Valley. It had now become too painful for me remain and so holding out my hand to take leave, I made some remark about the possibility of my being mistaken, but the man stopped me with "no stranger, I am afraid you are right. You say that in another day you will get to the settlement?"

We nodded assent for we were really past speaking. "Well then," he went on, "take this," handing each of us a piece of the ore, "When you reach the settlement get it analyzed and if it is gold, write me word."

We took it silently and in our cabinet of minerals to day we have it labeled "A specimen of Iron Pyrites from the Alleghany mountains, presented by Henry Philips. NEMO."

"How do you pronounce s-t-i-n-g-y?" Professor Stearns asked the young gentleman nearest the foot of the class. And the smart bad boy stood up and said it depended a great deal whether the word applied to a man or a bee. Go to the head, young fellow.

At this time of the year the soul of the rheumatic is filled with tender red flannel underclothing fantasies.—Puck.

Courier-Journal: The man who was itching for office was elected, but it was by a scratch.

This is the season of the year when a man wants to tote both an overcoat and a fan.

Y. M. C. A. Conyention.

The tenth annual convention of the Young Men's Christian Association of Maryland and West Virginia was called to order at 7 o'clock Thursday evening October 29, at the rooms of the Y. M. C. A. of this city, by W. L. W. Seabrook, chairman of the State Executive Committee. After prayer, by B. S. Pendleton, of Kearneysville, W. Va., the chair appointed Messrs. C. A. Licklider, of Shepardstown, W. Va., H. P. Adams, of Baltimore, and T. A. Wastler, of Sabillasville, to serve as a committee on permanent organization. The committee made their report and the following officers were elected:

President, Edward Otis Hinkley, Esq., of Baltimore; Vice-President, J. O. Aglionby, Shepardstown, W. Va.; Associate Vice-Presidents, A. D. Barr, Charlestown, W. Va., L. R. Cochran, Frederick, Md., and G. W. Pennington, Warfieldsburg, Md.; Secretary, W. L. Seabrook, Westminster, Md.; Assistant Secretary, E. S. Hobbs, St. John's College, Annapolis, Md.

Mr. J. O. Aglionby occupied the chair Thursday night, and appointed Messrs. W. L. Seabrook, Pendleton and Licklider to serve as a temporary devotional committee.

After a short service of prayer for the divine blessing upon the officers and members of the convention, the delegates proceeded to the Methodist Protestant Church, where a welcome meeting was held—Addresses of welcome were delivered by Rev. J. T. Murray, D. D., on the part of the clergy, and R. B. Norment, Esq., on the part of the home association. Response was made to the addresses of welcome by J. O. Aglionby, A. S. Barr, H. P. Adams, C. A. Licklider and N. Brewer.

Several fine quartettes were sung during the evening by Messrs. W. L. W. Seabrook, Clarence Seabrook, W. L. Seabrook and Edwin Warfield.

Friday night's session was opened with a song-and-praise service, conducted by Messrs. W. Watkins, of New York, and James W. Sparklin, of Baltimore. Rev. W. J. Gill, D. D., of Baltimore, was expected to be present to deliver an address on "The Indwelling and Work of the Holy Spirit," but instead of the doctor a telegram was received stating that by a delay of street cars he had been caused to miss the train. The subject was taken up and addresses were made by E. Otis Hinkley, Esq., of Baltimore, and J. E. Rice, of Frederick.

Saturday morning's session was commenced with a Bible reading by James W. Sparklin, of Baltimore. The subject, "Personal Work, and How to Do It," was then taken up by Rev. W. H. Wharton, of Baltimore, who delivered an interesting and able address.

W. L. W. Seabrook, chairman of the State executive committee, made a report of the work of the past year. He stated that the work of extending the influence of the Young Men's Christian Association is done by visitations by the members from the existing associations. During the past year the following points have been visited and meetings held:—Union Bridge, Sabillasville, Woodberry, Mt. Airy, New Market, Warfieldsburg, Young Men's Christian Association camp-meeting, Maryland, and Charlestown, West Virginia. New Associations were organized at Charlestown, Union Bridge, Mt. Airy, New Market and Browningsville.

Devotional exercises at 2.15 Saturday afternoon were conducted by Rev. Samuel Ridout, of Baltimore. At 2.45 Mr. E. E. Sheldon, railroad secretary of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Young Men's Christian Association, spoke of "Work Among Railroad Men." At 3.15 E. W.

Watkins, of New York, took up the "Work Among Commercial Travelers," and explained the work being done in this field. At 3.45 the Rev. J. T. Ward, D. D., president of the Western Maryland College, spoke with much feeling on the same subject.

The session of Saturday night was held in the German Reformed Church. A "Promise" meeting was conducted by L. R. Cochran, of Frederick. The topic, "The Bible in Our Work," was taken up and the discussion opened by the reading of a paper prepared by C. L. Rhodes, General Secretary, Charlestown, Mass., Messrs. B. S. Pendleton and Jas. W. Sparklin participated in the discussion. The benediction was pronounced by Rev. J. G. Noss.

The farewell meeting and adjournment of the convention took place on Sunday night, in the Mr E. Church.

The following topics have been selected for special services during the week of prayer for Young Men and Young Men's Christian Associations throughout the world:

November 13, Sabbath morning—Prayer for the Holy Spirit. Ezek. xxxvi: 26, 27, 37; Acts viii: 14-17; Luke xi: 13.

Sabbath afternoon—The outcome of christian work from God, not from man. I Cor. iii: 4-9; Zech. iv: 6.

Sabbath evening—Lifted up to save. Num. xxi: 4-9; John iii: 14-18; xii: 32.

Nov. 14, Monday—An impossible service. Matt. vi: 24; Joshua xxiv: 14, 15.

November 15, Tuesday—Pride a hindrance to blessing. II Kings v: 9-14.

November 16, Wednesday—"I pray thee have me excused," Luke xiv: 16-24.

November 17, Thursday—Opposite characters making opposite choices. Mark x: 17-22; Luke xxiii: 39-43.

November 18, Friday—Approving the right—doing the wrong. Rom. ii: 17-29; Acts xxiv: 24-27.

November 19, Saturday—The invitation, and God's time for accepting it. Rev. xxii: 17; II Cor. vi: 2.

The Exhumer of Troy.

Dr. and Mrs. Schliemann have recently been entertained at Berlin by five hundred representatives of art, science, literature, politics and arms. Dr. Schliemann, in an interesting speech, said that the reading of Homer first fired him for the task of Trojan exploration. "My acquaintance with him," he added, "dates from my earliest childhood. Although my father, who was a preacher at a village only a few miles from here, knew no Greek, he read with enthusiasm the excellent translation which Noss has given us. Scarcely an evening passed in our home without my father's reading aloud from the Iliad or the Odyssey, and he frequently broke down in tears, in which I joined him, over some of the more moving passages. Thus was fostered in me an unspeakable enthusiasm for the divine poet, and I gave my father a child's promise to discover, when I became a man, the ruins of the famous city. As fate would have it, I was forced for a long time to be a tradesman; but the whirl of business never effaced from my mind my early promise, or weakened my determination to fulfil it. Not until 1856, when I was thirty-four years of age, did I begin to learn Greek; and it was twelve years later when I first found myself with my Homer in my hand, on the plains of Troy."

A correspondent writes to inquire if he can secure a berth on board a courtship.

A Dutchman repeated the adage: "Birds mit one fedder goes mit demselves."

The College World.

The number of Freshmen at several of the colleges appears to be as follows:

Harvard, 217; Yale, 227, inclusive of 75 scientifics; Princeton, 150, inclusive of 27 scientifics; Columbia, 186, inclusive of 90 scientifics; Pennsylvania University, 109, inclusive of 51 scientifics; Amherst, 100; Lafayette, 95; Brown 85; Williams, 84, exclusive of 16 new students in other classes; Union, 75; Dartmouth, 46, exclusive of 34 in its scientific and agricultural departments; Syracuse, 40, including 6 young women; Bates, 41, including 6 young women; Pennsylvania College, 33; N. Y. University, 38; Bowdoin, 21; Marietta, 21; Lewisburg University, 19; Franklin Marshall, 18; Madison University, 25; Hamilton, 40; Cornell has 119 new students, including 17 young women; Madison, Wis., 85 new students; Mt. Holyoke Seminary, 115; Smith College, 100; Vassar, 105.—*Ex.*

Mr. Amasa Stone has given \$500,000, conditioned on the removal of the Western Reserve College from Hudson to Cleveland, and the name to be changed to "Adelbert College of the Western Reserve University."—*Ex.*

There are in Harvard College 812 undergraduates, who are divided as follows: Seniors, 179; juniors, 202; sophomores, 214; Freshmen, 217.—*Ex.*

A new feature of the system of government adopted at Amherst has been proposed by Prof. Seelye, which is that a sort of representative body be chosen by the several classes, to whom many of the cases of discipline which have heretofore been decided by the Faculty, be referred for settlement; that the board consist of ten members, together with one of the Faculty, probably the President, to act as presiding officer. No action has yet been taken on this by the College.

The average annual expenses of a student at Harvard, Yale or Columbia, is \$800; Princeton, \$600; Hamilton, \$450, Michigan University, \$370; Amherst, Bowdoin, Brown, Dartmouth, Williams, or University of Virginia, \$500.

The Indian students at Carlisle are not behind the times by any means. They publish a monthly school paper, and one Indian student issues a paper alone, is sole editor and proprietor. We admire Indian energy.—*Ex.*

The department of mechanical engineering in the Ohio State University is said to be particularly well equipped and prosperous. Activity in railroad construction and iron working is leading many young men at this time to enter upon the studies preparatory to taking a share in these industries.—*Heidelberg Journal.*

It has been ascertained from statistics that Maryland has more money invested in colleges and educational institutions per capita than any other State in the Union. It has an average of \$3.63 to each inhabitant. Massachusetts comes second, with \$3.04 to each inhabitant, and then New York, Illinois, and Ohio, in the order named.

Thirty-one young men are studying divinity at Harvard.

"Can I give my son a college education at home?" says a proud and anxious father. "Certainly," replies an expert, who knows all about it. "All you want is a base ball guide, a racing shell and a few packages of cigarettes."

Cause and effect are not well balanced. A man with a very good cause often makes little or no effect.

The average modern girl is never so happy as when she can call some chaperone.

The Greater the Difficulty the more Glory in Surmounting it.

An Oration Delivered before Irving Literary Society, Friday November 11th., 1881.

BY E. H. NORMAN.

Few indeed are the men who at some period in life have not met with difficulty, some obstruction to overcome, some hidden rock or treacherous quicksand which at any moment might envelope them, and thus make them prisoners forever, and he is the bold, the courageous, the mighty, the strong in mind, whose energy speaks out to him with cheering words, "don't give up, surmount the difficulty, and great glory shall be thine." Glancing over the pages of history both ancient and modern, we find but comparatively few recorded among the world's bright character; these are the ones who have acquired fame by the deeds which they have wrought.

And why, do you ask, are they thus placed upon the topmost round of the ladder of renown, and are enrolled upon the pages of history? The answer is simply this; their difficulty was the greatest, they surmounted it, the world stood as a witness to it, and placed them upon the highest notch of honor's bright and glowing record. 'Tis true that all those chronicled on the pages of history are not worthy of our respect, yet on the one hand as those who have performed the most illustrious deeds, deserve that their names should be handed down to posterity as examples to coming generations, so on the other hand those who have degraded themselves in the eyes of their fellow-men by their dastardly acts, merit a place in its pages to show how low and degenerate a human being may become, that others may not pursue the same course. Glory, fame, honor, renown, distinction and reputation are as prone to follow the valiant as sparks are to fly upward, and the greater the deed the greater the honor, and certainly it follows, that if the deed be great, the hindrances to perform that deed must be great also, and the more renown must necessarily attend the actor. In every path which leads to reputation, in every avenue of life, and lurking all around in secret places, crafty Difficulty lies concealed, ready at any moment to open his terrible jaws, and with his hot and tainted breath suck you in its fatal vortex, and hold you there forever; but do not yield, speed on ahead, work while life and limb shall last, and then on the one hand if you overcome the resistance, your name will be heralded throughout the world's broad stage of action, your effort will be crowned with success, and in accordance with the deed your glory follows, but on the other hand, if you die fighting the obstruction bravely, all the world can say is this: he bravely fought, but conquered not, and thus contending bravely died. But behold that triumphal procession as it marches on from decade, to decade, gathering to its numbers as it onward moves those who have rendered their names illustrious, and have finished their task, climbed the ladder of fame, surmounted the difficulty, and are now marching on with peaceful steps, and ever will continue to march, as long as the mountains stand, as long as the little brook flows widening to the sea, and as long as that bright orb shall rule the rolling time. Napoleon crossed the Alps, conquered almost the whole world, and he stands to day as, perhaps, the most ingenious general that ever lived. True he was conquered, but, only by overwhelming numbers.

Great were his deeds, and great is his glory. Caesar, the author, general and emperor, the conqueror of Gaul, the mighty at Rome, in his time, accomplished

many brave and daring deeds; his risks were enormous, but his cunning, crafty mind was equal to any emergency. Even in his youthful days fame had marked him for her own, and led him on through shining paths of glory to a fame beyond the grave. Great is his glory but even greater might it have been had not the hand of an assassin struck him down while he was still climbing the mighty tree of glory; nevertheless he is enlisted as one of the world's bright genii. His efforts were crowned with success. He lived in the chivalrous days of old, and quite often led his army in person. Brave were his deeds, and renowned is his name.

So worthy was he, after he had surmounted his many difficulties that his people worshiped him as emperor. 'Tis night, the camp-fires of a resting army are dimly burning; each weather-beaten soldier lies on his couch, dreaming of bloody frays, and clashing arms. All is quiet without, but with him in his dreaming mind all is confusion and tumult, presently the sleepers awake, but, only to hear the din of battle. A cunning enemy has crept upon them unawares; they grapple with the foe; the contest rages.

At last the assailants are driven back; the victory is won, but many a brave soul lies cold in death. The blow was struck; they resisted it, and overcame the obstruction, and lasting is their renown.

For the Irving Literary Gazette.

MILTON.

While we admire the intensity of feeling and vivid imagination of Dante, displayed in his picturesque poems of regions far remote; while we are forcibly impressed with the depth of thought which made Shakespear the living writer of his age; while we gaze with wonder and admiration upon the works of numerous English and American writers, from the days of Chaucer to the more enlightened age of the nineteenth century; our minds are filled with ecstacy at the very name of Milton the Poet and Patriot. Born in London in the year 1608 and living in an enlightened age, he early cultivated that inborn talent for music and poetry which he derived from his father. But, our space being limited, we ask the pardon of the reader in omitting his early life to commemorate in love and reverence the genius of John Milton—"the poet, the statesman, the philosopher, the glory of English literature, the champion and martyr of English liberty. First, as a poet, he was as a monument of human greatness towering high above all his competitors, who was looked upon as having no equal and around whom all flocked to hear the sound of his musical voice even as the young birds assemble at the chirp of the old Cuckoo. It would be useless for me to dwell upon any of his poems, they speak for themselves. Though deep, it needs no elaboration of words or of thought to exalt them, save those in which they are clothed. To mention them, is but to praise; to read but to admire. To study carefully his Paradise Lost is to become acquainted, not only with the beauty and sublimity of his poetical style; but the rise and fall of man, and the disobedience of our first parents in the garden of Eden: At one time we fancy ourselves perched upon the top of some lofty summit around the walls of Paradise, and there trembling with fear view the wonders of Heaven and Hades combined; at another we are in the midst of some lonely desert where all is solitude and seclusion, there surrounded by a perfect chaos of darkness and desolation. To read his defence for the "People of Eng-

land" is to admire not only his proficiency as a prose writer, but the nobility of his political influence and his love of public liberty.

Thus, while in his mysterious and picturesque lines of poetry, he excites our fancy beyond degree—at one time transporting us back to a remote period of history, at another placing us amidst the magnificent scenery and strange manners of distant country with its splendid phantoms of chivalrous romance and haunted forests,—while this in itself is indicative of a mind richly endowed by nature and highly cultivated by study, there is something back of all this which invites our attention and excites our admiration:—I refer to his public character. Living in an age when the political aspect of England was at a critical point, when "liberty and despotism," reason and prejudice were at war with each other, he also lived at one of the greatest historical eras the world has ever known; when the proclamation of liberty roused Greece from her degradation, kindled with enthusiasm the hearts of the European oppressors, and has since, as if borne across the Atlantic on the wings of some gentle seraph, penetrated the depths of the American forests and found a resting place in the hearts of the American people. Such were the principles of Milton. Though brought up under the strong hand of English tyranny; and though taught to respect the principles of his native land; he stood firmly by the cause of public liberty and did not believe in kissing the hand of the King and worshipping him as he did his God. His political sentiments were not biased by any one party; he belonged neither to that illiterate, yet proud and arrogant class of people called Puritans, nor to the Royalists, nor to any political party or faction but selected from all, those principles which are conducive to a character so pure, a disposition so cheerful, a heart so loving and an intellect so powerful as that which he possessed. While we admire him for his public character, no less apparent and illustrious were those noble traits and benevolent manners which characterized his private life, and shone forth like sparkling diadems or glittering jewels with as much lustre in darkness as in light, and as cheerful in trouble as in peace. But, like all other great and good men, he had to die and like them his name still lives and his works are preserved as masterpieces of art. He lives in words, he lives in deeds, he lives in the memory of those who have succeeded him; and death has only crowned a life so nobly spent and so happily ended with a crown, not as of an earthly King, but one which will shine in the brightness of its lustre until the sunlight shall cease to illuminate the world, for "death was to him but the daybreak of a near eternity, which cast its penetrating beams across the isthmus of his life, fringed with gold the mist of his childhood, and revealed beyond the outlines of the everlasting hills.

For the Irving Literary Gazette.

Christian Work in Our Colleges.

The State Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association, recently held in Westminster, inspired a stronger zeal for active christian effort in our Young Men's Christian Association at Western Maryland College. At this convention it was gratifying to see a large delegation present from the various colleges of the State, and especially to see among the number our own institution largely represented. Regularly organized and united christian work is lately a new feature introduced into our colleges. The work, as it is now uniformly carried on, is supposed

to have originated several years ago among a few christian students at Princeton. Nearly all of the College Young Men's Christian Associations throughout our country have adopted the Constitution drawn up by the College Conference at the International Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association held in Baltimore, May, 1879. By this means a uniformity of method has been secured. The work of organizing is progressing and being rapidly carried on by a regularly employed travelling secretary.

Already there are upward of one hundred and twenty organized College Christian Associations in active operation in our country, with a membership of six thousand students. More than one-half of this entire number of associations have been established during the last two years, and during the same period of time more than two thousand students, by the good results growing out of these associations, have been lead to Christ. There is still, notwithstanding what has already been accomplished by these associations, a large field for active christian work. The colleges dotted all over our land comprise a membership of sixty thousand students. Only a small portion of this great number of young men are enlisted in the army of Christ. The object of establishing college Christian Associations is to throw around those who enter our educational institutions a religious influence, and to unite christian young men in fellowship and an effort to develop christian character and usefulness. The youth in our colleges as a general thing are away from the guiding and controlling influence of a home, and need some directing power to control their natural proneness, so as to keep them within the proper bounds and path of duty. These Associations are furthermore created for the purpose of pursuing a systematic study of the word of God. The various active members of the associations are selected to speak upon religious topics at its regular meetings, embracing a variety of christian subjects, including both missionary and temperance. In addition to the regular religious exercises, daily prayer meetings are held, and meetings of a similar character are also held in college neighborhoods. Extensive correspondence is besides carried on by many of these college associations through their respective corresponding secretaries, for the purpose of creating a fraternal relation and union among the different colleges of our land. The importance of such organized christian work in our institutions of learning is clear to every intelligent christian mind. Those who attend institutions of this kind are expected to fill positions of a busy and active life, and are in need of something else besides a scholastic training to make their influence truly felt.

A disciplined and cultivated mind, without a proper knowledge and love of God, and without a proper use of its capabilities, will fail to accomplish that end for which it was created. A certain author has truly said that knowledge alone does not comprise all that which is contained in the large term of an education. "The feelings are to be subdued, the passions are to be restrained; true and worthy motives are to be inspired, a profound religious feeling is to be instilled, and pure morality inculcated under all circumstances."

If the entire object of these christian associations is to lead young men to Christ, how important it is that they be made the subject of christian prayers. Let every heart, during the appointed week of prayer by the international committee, invoke God's blessings for the success of this grand work.

J. W. N.

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

WESTMINSTER, MD. NOVEMBER, 1881.

College Notes.

In the quarterly exercises of the Senior Class, extracts will not be made from the essays and orations as heretofore, on account of there being so large a class and the impossibility of doing justice to the writer from so limited an extract as we would be compelled to take.

Rev. T. O. Crouse, Class of '71, paid the College a visit several weeks since, and by request, read before the students in the Chapel. Several of his selections were of a humorous character and his personations of the different characters were so perfect as to bring forth roars of laughter. He also preached in the M. P. Church while here.

In the election of officers of the Class of '82, held in the Sophomore year, the following were elected:—President, C. B. Taylor; Secretary, J. H. T. Earhart; Historian, E. P. Leech; and Treasurer, C. E. Stoner. The Prophets elected by the ladies, Miss Jennie Smith. The names of the other members of the class are:—Misses Laura Bishop, Gertrude Bratt, Alverta LaMotte, May Meredith, Janie Norment, Mary Myers, and Nellie Warner; and of the gentlemen, Messrs. C. E. Becraft, M. Wilson Chunn, H. L. Elderdice, E. L. Gies, W. M. Gist, L. R. Meekins and E. A. Warfield.

The propriety of having an excursion for the Class of '82, after the May examinations, in which both pleasure and instruction shall be combined, is being discussed. It is an established custom at Pennsylvania College for the Senior Class to take such a trip and we do not see why it should not be started here. We like the idea and hope that it will be carried through.

The first joint exercises of the classes in reading and declamation were held in the College Chapel, Friday afternoon, October 28th, with quite a number of ladies and gentlemen from town present. The exercises were opened with a piano solo by Miss Jennie Smith, during the performance of which the persons appointed to read and declaim took their seats upon the rostrum. The first on the programme was a reading by Mr. Harry Baughman, entitled, "The Modern Cain," which was very well rendered. Miss Agnes Lease was next introduced, who had selected a piece called "That Better Land," which though short, was read with much force and expression. Mr. Frank Benson then

read a selection entitled "The Beautiful Snow," after which there was a piano solo by Miss S. Wilmer, who certainly displayed much skill for one so young. "Woman's Curiosity," a humorous selection, was read by Mr. Frank Brown, who was frequently applauded by the audience, and his rendering of this selection certainly gave evidence of careful preparation. The next on the programme was a reading, entitled "O'Connor's Child," by Miss Emma Abbott, who seemed to enter fully into the spirit of the piece and received much praise from the audience. Miss India Cochel then favored the audience with a reading called "Putting Down a Window." The last on the programme was a humorous reading entitled, "How Persimmon Minded the Baby," by Mr. Howard Norment. Mr. Norment read this difficult selection very well and was frequently applauded by the audience. After the performance of an organ solo by Mr. George Nonemaker, the audience departed much pleased with the exercises of the evening.

The following are the officers elected by Irving Literary Society to serve the ensuing term: President, R. L. Linthicum; Vice Pres., J. W. Moore; Rec. Sec., Frank Fenby; Cor. Sec., E. H. Norman; Treas., F. H. Schaeffer; Librarian, S. D. Leech; Assist. Librarian, W. H. Gibbons; Critic, George Gist; Sergeant at arms, I. P. Diller; Chaplain, Theodore Kauffman; Orator, A. C. Wilison.

The Rev. H. C. Cushing, formerly Vice Pres. of Western Maryland College, recently paid the College a visit. The Prof. is looking as hale and hearty as usual.

It is indeed a lamentable fact, and one which assumes a more serious nature every year, that a few colleges attract the patronage of every section of the Union to the utter neglect of the large majority. If this might be accounted for by any pre-eminent merit of these institutions, we would be the last to comment on it from a standpoint of censure. But surely this can not be the true and only cause. While these particular colleges may be favored with excellent facilities still it cannot be said that the other colleges of the country are destitute of cultured faculties, and all that tends to contribute to the success of an institution. It is indeed to be regretted that parents find it necessary to place their sons in colleges of other States than their own, thus depreciating the advantages of home colleges and detracting from their success. As far as possible, we hold, that the citizens of a State should support the colleges of their own State. In every way which is feasible and right they should seek to place them on firm foundations. How is this to be accomplished? In what manner of action can they best contribute to their progress and maintenance? Some citizens may say by liberal endowments, and suiting their actions to their words, may generously supply the pecuniary requisites of their own State colleges. While generous endow-

ments necessarily greatly benefit them, yet money alone cannot mould the character of an institution of learning. Students must not be wanting in number. There must not be a continual numerical diminution of scholars. Parents while laying wealth upon the altars of college beneficence should also show their reliance and regard by placing their sons in the institutions. It has long been a censure which the people of our own little State have rightly ascribed to them, that they support the colleges of the contiguous States to the neglect of their own. Maryland boys make up to a large extent the rolls of other colleges. And this action on the part of our citizens appears strange, in as much as superior institutions of learning grace our own soil. We have institutions well worthy the confidence of our citizens; institutions which boast bright and honorable names on their alumni annals.

Although young in years it might be well said that Western Maryland College is mature in merit, and offers advantages far superior to many colleges which to-day attract the youth of the nation. We do not at all complain that our *alma mater* has not a goodly number enrolled. Facts prove the contrary. We to-day stand with bright prospects before us. But while many tread our halls, why should not the number so increase that necessity will compel the erection of another commodious building. This will certainly soon assume a serious form, for adequate accommodations must characterize every college. The people of our state as a general thing have nobly supported our every effort, yet there are many ways by which they could promote her interests. Let the true intellectual hearts of "My Maryland" ponder these suggestions and we think that their sober and sound judgment will give assent and development to them.

We do not think the people of Westminster appreciate the advantages that flow to them from having in their midst an institution such as the Western Maryland College. It is the same with almost every town where there is a college, its citizens are apt to regard it with suspicion, and seem to think that the students are the worst set of boys that can be scraped together. Now, this is a sad mistake. In the absence of home and its influences a student will naturally seek for other associations to take its place, and if he meets with disapproval everywhere it will very likely have a bad effect upon him. You will find comparatively few bad boys in our colleges that were so when they entered; it is the subsequent associations that generally determine their character for good or evil. And considered peculiarly, we think that a college is a considerable source of income to a town; as an instance, take our own college, where we have in the neighborhood of 130 students. The expenses of each student would amount to \$300, at the least, making a total of \$39,000. Now this sum of money expended annually in a town would cer-

tainly be a benefit. In view of these facts we think our college should be patronized more extensively than heretofore, and the faults of her students, if they have any, be overlooked, and be considered as flowing from their exuberant spirits rather than as intentional.

No unimportant part of a student's career at college is the time he devotes to society affairs. Perhaps no one branch of study would benefit him more than his society life. In his society he must learn the principles of debate, the rules of order that are used to govern all organized bodies, and above all that love for law and order that will be of so much benefit to him in after life. His society friendships are the most lasting, and his love for his society, if he served her well and performed the part of a dutiful son, will follow him through life. And here we would give a word of advice to young students—when you enter college join a society; the selection is left to your own judgment, but which ever one you join, enter into the interests of the society with your whole heart, and determine to be benefited by her to the fullest extent. In this way only can you hope to receive the benefits which she is capable of bestowing.

We make one more appeal to the Alumni and all former students of Western Maryland College to send us their subscriptions, if they have not already sent them, and to canvass among their friends and get them to send their subscriptions. And we would also ask them to send us all Alumni notes and other items of interest to readers of the GAZETTE. You must not expect us to furnish you with a column of interesting Alumni notes without you lend us your aid.

Many complimentary criticisms have been tendered us in the columns of our exchanges. We thank all for this. While truth in every criticism is a prerequisite yet these little eulogistic remarks cannot but encourage to renewed effort. The greatest deeds in life have found birth in little tokens of sympathy and expressions of encouragement. For well says Solomon, "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

We call attention to the advertisements in this issue, and recommend the firms to our readers as reliable and deserving of your patronage.

The construction of another great Alpine tunnel, which should bring Paris and the North of France into more direct communication with Italy than is afforded by the existing tunnel through Mount Cenis, is under consideration with the French Government, the projects including not only one through Mont Blanc, but also through the Simplon, or the Great St. Bernard. It is not likely, however, that the latter will meet with much encouragement. The tunnel under the Simplon would be 60,719 feet long, while that under Mont Blanc is only 44,292.

For the Irving Literary Gazette.

WESTMINSTER, MD., Nov. 1, 1881.

Messrs. Editors:—

DEAR SIR:—In response to your kind request, asking me to contribute something for the columns of your journal relative to the interests and progress of the public schools of Westminster, I heartily respond, feeling that both the aforesaid institutions and myself have received from you a kindness which merits an acknowledgment more expressive than can be embraced within the compass of words. I beg leave also, in this connection, to give expression to thanks due for the many kind offices performed by your alma mater towards the public schools of Carroll county and their teachers. We feel that ours is an important work, and I know that I echo the sentiments of all my co-laborers when I assert that the zeal of our efforts is, in no small degree, due to the marked appreciation manifested by the faculty of Western Maryland College.

In attempting, sirs, to comply with your request, I must confess myself inadequate to the task, as I have but recently connected myself with the schools of Westminster, having had, therefore, but limited opportunities of becoming acquainted with the earlier history of their development. I think that the fact that they are, and of necessity ought to be, a system, is becoming more apparent as each succeeding school year ripens and unfolds its promises. Their existence, as a system, probably began with the opening of Central Hall, which supplied the urgent demand for a grammar school, as one of the apartments of the building is provided for that purpose. The availability of such an institution being once determined, it became clear to the minds of its founders that to fully subserve its purposes it was necessary to embrace within its privileges and jurisdiction all the public schools of the city. Thus, the schools of West End also became by proper legislation subordinate to the higher department. This at once suggested the necessity of a suitable gradation, with the following result:—The grammar school to embrace the sixth and all higher grades, its lower classes being renewed by transfers from the fifth grade of Central Hall and of West End, said subordinate departments being themselves replenished from others lower in the scale of gradation. Thus the present administration of affairs had its beginning. Like all other institutions which finally become rooted in the instincts and sentiments of the people, like the public school system itself, which, as decade succeeds decade, becomes more closely associated with our aspirations and sympathies; this design met with some rebuffs. By some it was regarded as impracticable in its application, but all legitimate tests have proven its adaptability to the wants of its patrons. There is this argument in favor of such gradation of schools, wherever available, that admits of no separation from the subject itself: A corps of teachers, each confined to his special department, can accomplish better results than if they are obliged to impart everything in the curriculum. Nowhere is this more clearly demonstrated than in our colleges and academies. In all modern industrial establishments each workman has but a single sphere of duty. While he may be competent to perfect other parts of that which is under construction, it is manifestly unwise to allot him more than a limited range of operations. Many of the simplest articles of manufacture pass through numerous hands and various processes before they are ready for use, and the argument applies with greater force to the public school system.

Where it can be properly arranged no one teacher should be required to impart the rudiments of education and at the same time watch and develop the advanced processes of thought. The most superficial observer will not fail to see at once that very different methods of instruction must be employed even in succeeding grades of the primary school. There is also another advantage derived from a graded system of schools. Each department is compelled to regard its curriculum as a series of topics, feeling that it cannot attempt the entire scope of the subject, avoiding thereby an error into which ungraded schools almost invariably fall. Now the advantage of this over a superficial course of instruction is too obvious for question. The results are necessarily manifold. Thoroughness is secured, the absence of which is classed among the grievances of the past. Confidence is inspired; the pupil feels stronger as he mounts from step to step. Character is established; he feels that there is no royal road to learning, and he is humbled to a proper conception of himself compared with the great unknown. Far be it from me to present to you this slight digression as anything new. I present it because the exigencies of the question demand it, and because it serves to illustrate, though imperfectly, the spirit of our labors. The above ideas, as presented, have been the result of various conferences with my co-laborers in the work. The statistics of the past have been fair, while the outlook for the future bears many flattering promises. Many things might be suggested necessary to perfect that which is already good. It is hoped that the standard of the grammar school will be elevated so that graduates of it may with comparative ease enter the freshman class in Western Maryland College. That would seem to be the climax in this direction. To accomplish this, a special and remunerative salary must be attached to the principalship of the grammar school. One of the evils that has confronted us is the frequent change of teachers, by which our grammar school has been repeatedly retarded. Therefore it is one of the imperative demands of the times that competent and enthusiastic services must be secured and fixed by a just remuneration. I feel that an apology is due for the character of this article; that the subject merits a better representation; that the officials, with those teachers older in the work, who have aided in giving it character, deserve more than a passing comment; but, as I have long since exhausted your patience, I must be content to leave the subject to a future and better consideration.

GEO. BATSON.

Dr. Joseph B. Galloway of the Class of '73, died at his home in Baltimore county on the 23d of October last of typhoid pneumonia. He was in the 27th year of his age and had before him a life full of promise. In his profession he had succeeded far beyond the fondest hopes and expectations of himself and friends, and we have no doubt had he lived he soon would have ranked with some of the most successful of his profession in the State. Whilst at College he endeared himself to all by his gentlemanly manners and courteous disposition, and the esteem in which he was held at home can best be measured by the professional success which he so soon attained. His funeral took place at Cockeysville, October 25th, attended by a great number of his friends and relations.

There is a girl in Illinois who has had eighteen different lovers, and not one of them ever got his arm around her. She weighs 384 pounds.

Our Exchanges.

In looking over our small pile of exchanges, we find them as interesting as usual. There is in the October number of the *Dickinsonian* a poem by Geo. Albert Townsend quite ingeniously written, bringing in many historical events no doubt of much interest to students and friends of that institution. We clip the following from the *Roanoke Collegian*, entitled, "A Danger to New Students:"

At this season, when all of our educational institutions are thronged with new students, who are anxious to try the vicissitudes of college life, we wish to point out a danger which is liable to beset every one of the uninitiated, and which, if not well guarded against, may thwart his whole scholastic career and bring sorrow and disappointment to anxious ones at home. It requires no extraordinary effort of memory to recall the sense of utter friendlessness, which oppresses the young man, who having just left the associations of home and birthplace, casts his lot in the college community, there to form the most lasting and disinterested of earthly friendships. Just at this period of life the animal spirits are at their tide, the sensibilities predominate over the soberer faculties of the intellect, and the social nature smarting from its recent bereavement is eager to lay hold of some new object of endearing affection. It is no wonder then that the ties thus formed are among the strongest and most enduring of our common nature.

But just at this point lies the danger against which we would warn the new student; for just as these ties are strong and enduring, in like degree should the new student be careful that his are of the proper and suitable kind. How many noble youths have been led astray by the pernicious associations formed during the first few months at college. Unfortunately there seems to be a strange and almost enchanting fascination about the unworthy companion who makes him an avator to the new student. The easy grace with which he carries his textbooks, the surprising familiarity he manifests in all the traditions of college lawlessness, the wonderful stories he tells of last session's scrapes and escapes of which he is the sole hero, in short, the good humored assumption of genius in which he drapes his own individuality makes him seem the very fellow whose friendship is most desirable to lighten the dull monotony which seems to hang like a pall over the future session. But after all he is a shameless sham. In the first place, he was sent to college, and if he had been half that he pretends he would have been sent away long ago.

This is the genial soul who is the most assiduous in his attentions to the new student, who is apt to make the first and fairest overtures of friendship to the homesick lad, and to wheedle himself into the confidence of the unwary one, and he it is, too, who will be the first to practice upon the confidence of new-found friendship those gross indignities which are disguised under the name of college jokes. And if the new student shall have the fortitude to endure all that his false mentor shall inflict upon him, he has then the greater peril to undergo of being taken by the hand, called a good fellow, and being made a confidant and accomplice in all the high crimes and misdemeanors against college discipline during the rest of the session.

The danger, then, against which we would warn the tyro in college life is that of forming too hasty and too intimate friendships at the beginning of the session. Not that he need be unfriendly or discour-

teous to any, for the college community is and should be the most social of all communities. But before he selects those favored few whose friendship shall jewel the days of college life with joys that shall radiate throughout all after years, he should look well to the qualifications of such companions. However much you may study books you shall always have to study mankind more. And now, just as you are at the beginning of your away-from-home life, is the proper time to commence the study of human character. Your own observation among your college-mates will teach you many things which your professors will never be able to instill into your minds,—things, too, of as much importance as any laid down in the college curriculum. A brief period of observation in the class-room, in the society halls, and on the recreation grounds will soon disclose the character worthy of your confidence and friendship and show on whose brow is set that seal which "gives the world assurance of a man."

Class of '82.

The Class of '82 is composed of 19 members, 8 ladies and 11 gentlemen. In consequence of the large number in the class, the Faculty determined that two Friday afternoons should be devoted to each of the quarterly exercises, the first half of the class officiating on the first Friday and the second on the second Friday. The exercises of the first portion came off in the chapel of the college on Friday afternoon, November 11th. After an interesting duett by Misses Newman and Cochel, during which the participants proceeded to the stage, Mr. Bebraft opened with an oration on "Beaconsfield." He said that his whole life was a puzzle and replete with mystery. He delivered, said Mr. Bebraft, his first speech amid sneers and hisses.

Miss Bishop followed with an essay on "American Literature," which was intended to discriminate to some extent between English, our parent literature, and the American. Mr. Earhart next pronounced an oration on "Knowledge," setting forth the inestimable value of a cultured mind. He portrayed the importance of judicious reading. In accordance with the programme, Miss Bratt succeeded in an essay whose caption was "The Beauty of Nature." She dwelt highly on the magnetic beauty of all of the seasons, but gave the preference to "tinted Autumn." A charming instrumental solo, executed by Miss Florence Hering, gave a few minutes of rest to the audience from the closely following productions. An oration by Mr. Elderdice, "Four Years in the Saddle," elicited not a little mirth, as he recorded the adventures of students who use translations to the classics with ill success. After the humor had somewhat subsided, Miss LaMotte appeared, with an essay on "Kind Words," showing the influence of judicious speaking. She was followed by Mr. Gies, on "The Venice of the New World," which he said was Mexico in the time of Cortez. Miss Meredith next read her essay on "Better than Gold," demonstrating that a life of probity is superior to riches. Mr. W. Gist closed the literary programme with an oration entitled "Reformers," laying down the sphere of a true reformer. Miss Clayton favored us with an instrumental solo, after which the audience retired, very well pleased.

A young man went into a restaurant the other day, and remarked that "Time is money," added that as he had half an hour to spare, if the proprietor was willing he'd take it out in pie.

For the Irving Literary Gazette.

BEAUTY.

From the creation to the present day; from the time when beautiful Eve, who was fairer than all her daughters, first perambulated the shady groves of lovely Eden, to the day of my blithesome lady with saucy glance and sweetly petulant air; from the time when a baldric of leaves and a wreath of flowers graced and bedecked the person, "when beauty unadorned was most adorned," to the day when satin, silk and broad crinoline, and necklaces coruscating with sparkling diamonds and glittering pearls are considered the quintessence of life, beauty has ever delighted the eyes and gladdened the heart of man.

Ever has beauty's power upon the wings of the morning and to the shades of evening, been by the lips of bards inspired. 'Tis the essential qualification of every heroine, 'tis the fundamental of every drama, and has its abode in the poet.

Yet how few comprehend its significance, or are able to judge its intrinsic value! At the utterance of the word an image is conceived in the mind; a visionary personage with gleeful smile, lambent eyes of azure hue, golden tresses falling in wavy ringlets round a pearl white neck, and winnowed by every light breeze, exquisite grace and symmetry and a majestic mien. Who, in a state of dreamy somnolence, ever beheld a homely picture cross the threshold of their slumbers, but rather one of the graces? a spirit though not possessed of surpassing comeliness, yet with beauty of soul, but rather an image of apparent grace and elegance? Nevertheless the greatest beauty oftentimes is found in those who are less fair.

Strange it is, but none the less true, that beauty and bitterness seem ever linked together; that its chaplet bright is ever woven with the cord of sorrow. As a bed of rare and gorgeously painted flowers exhaling their delicate and delightful perfumes into the air, may conceal an adder, which unexpectedly inflicts with its poisonous fangs a mortal wound upon the unsuspecting admirer; or as a basket of various and luscious fruits, in which a bee, ever darting his sting, is reposing, such is beauty. It ever descends, hand in hand with grief, to the grave.

From the eating of that forbidden fruit, which brought death on all mankind, until now, has this melancholy truth been asseverated. From time immemorial has this fact, wafted down on the wings of poetry, twin-sister of beauty and connate with her, been evinced. From the abduction of Helen, who fired all Greece with a consuming passion, and engaged two powerful nations in dreadful war; from the voluptuous court of Cleopatra until the present era, has it been demonstrated.

How often genuine beauty is mistaken! How often does the specious appearance of the fatal gift—ruby lips and erubescant cheeks, features more exquisitely delineated than ever plastic chisel and elastic step, deceived man! He thinks that he sees an immortal, behold it is a chimerical delusion!

True beauty lies in loveliness of disposition. There is more attraction in the vitality, gentleness and amiability of a plain lady, than in the august rigidity of a score of "fair ones." If the chronicles of the world were searched, it would appear that of the heroic deeds performed by women the majority would be attributed to those less fair; that those who by their cheerfulness, and loving kindness have, sustained their helpmates in times of sorrow or unexpected reverses, have been those women considered homely; that these are

possessed of more kindly sympathy, gentleness of nature, sweetness of disposition and at the same time a greater fecundity of vivacity and wit than those denominated the causes of every Gallant's sigh. How complimentary is the expression "plain."

It does not imply the whirl and dance of the Ballroom, nor, indeed, the adoration of lovers; but the cares of home, the smiles and gentle influences pervading the place, refreshing and cheering all. Truly it is a just dispensation that some are endowed with personal elegance, while to others is given beauty of mind and soul.

Intrinsic beauty is contained not so much in exquisitely moulded features, and grace and comeliness of person as in ingenuousness and whole-souled sweetness of disposition. A. J.

Westminster Notes.

Westminster has been called upon to mourn the death of two prominent citizens within the past month. Dr. James L. Billingslea and Mr. Joshua Yingling who died within a week of one another. Both of them were gentlemen of very high standing in the community and members of the Methodist Protestant Church, where their lost will be very much felt. Mr. Yingling has been a member of the Board of Trustees of Western Maryland College since it was first organized and was until lately engaged in business in Westminster.

Geo. W. Albaugh has torn down the store building, corner of Main and Court streets, and built in its stead a fine two story brick building, making a room 40x80 feet. George is one of our most enterprising young men, and will furnish you with any article which may be in his line. We wish him success.

George Stouch has erected a large building, corner Green and Liberty streets, which he expects to occupy for a "general agricultural machine shop." He will supply a much felt need as now Westminster is without any shop of this kind.

The Westminster Steam Flouring Mills are doing a large business. They are manufacturing about sixty barrels of flour per day, which is of the very best quality. The capacity is one hundred barrels per day. The establishment of these mills here, have been beneficial to the wheat growers, as they can pay from five to ten cents more in a bushel than the shippers. W. S. Myer & Bro. owners and proprietors.

The canning establishments of this city, which gave employment to quite a large number during the summer season have closed, leaving many persons out of employment.

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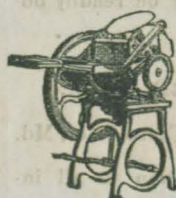
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SCIENTIFIC.

On the subject of "Sun-spots—Their Character, Cause, and Effect on the Earth—Professor Sharpless, of Haverford College, has a very interesting paper in the November Number of Stoddart's Review. As regards the cause of these spots, Professor Sharpless says, that it has been ascertained that different portions of the solar surface revolve on the axis in different times. The time of rotation at the equator is less by a day than in latitude 30°. This could take place only where a body was fluid to a great depth. This would produce friction along the moving layers and whirlpools would be the result. The gases resulting from this great heat rising and becoming cooled, would then be drawn downward into the whirlpool and this would produce the black spots. The edges being less cooled would be less dark and form that is called the penumbra. Whether these spots have a direct effect upon the earth, we do not know. But the electrical phenomena observed upon the earth when these sunspots are most frequent seems to indicate that the earth is very sensitive to disturbances on the sun's surface. He gives the following as an instance: In 1850 an English astronomer was studying a group of spots, when there burst out among them an intensely bright object, like a star, which moved across the solar disk with great velocity, and vanished in the short time of five minutes. At the exact instant a great magnetic storm broke out upon the earth, telegraphic lines refused to work, and severe shocks were given to the operators; and in the evening bright auroras were seen, even in latitudes as far south as Cuba. A storm was on the sun and the earth, and probably the other planets quivered simultaneously with it.

In a paper read before the British Association upon "The Effects of Gulf Streams upon Climates," Dr. S. Haughton said that the Gulf Stream, and its counter-current, the Labrador Current, produced important effects upon climates. The northern hemisphere was warmer than the southern from latitude 0° to latitude 30°, and it was colder than the southern from latitude 40° to 60°. The higher temperature of the southern hemisphere in the temperate latitudes was explained by the existence of three gulf streams in that hemisphere, while there was only one in the North Atlantic, and a partial one through Behring's Straits in the northern hemisphere. The general climatal effect of the Gulf Stream was, therefore, to make the annual range of temperature less, but it had no effect whatever upon summer heat, or upon the fruiting of plants and trees, that required a given July temperature for reproduction. The January temperatures in the North Atlantic at 70° were raised by the Gulf Stream, whilst the July temperatures remain unaffected. The effects of the cold currents, which were indirectly caused by the warm currents to preserve the proper condition of equilibrium, was nothing at all upon the January temperatures, but they lowered the July temperatures. The effect of the cold water was to lower the July temperature and to leave the January untouched, and the effect of the warm current from the south was to raise January and to leave July unaltered.

All men who enter bar-rooms are not wicked. Many enter solely to commune with the spirits.—Ex.

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