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Poetical.

LONGINGS.

Written for the Irving Literary Gazette

BY CHAS. T. WRIGHT.

What restless things are human lives;
How filled with strange, unnamed desires.
What fierce wild gleams of passion's flame
Flash from the soul's imprisoned fires,
Spring into fitful fevered life,
And shine, and glare, and leap on high,
Then flicker, fade, and like a torch,
With one fierce blaze, burn out, and die.

Chained down within strong prison bars,
The lion mind, with restless rage,
Disdains to feel its galling bands,
And chafes the confines of its cage.
No prison house of bird or brute
Can boast its power to control,
Or keep within strong iron walls
The longings of a human soul.

The prisoned body seeks repose
Mid vermined cells and dungeon mould;
The sleepless spirit cannot thus
By loathsome limits be controlled.
Too proud to share the sluggish rest
That satisfies less noble clay,
It spurns the fetters earth has forged,
And seeks a brighter, higher way.

Mounts to the sun-lit skies, and dares
To pierce their bluest, farthest depths,
Aspires beyond, and falters not
To tread in angels' steps.
How strong the wish, at times, to see
Behind the curtain that is drawn
Across the darkened way that leads
Us often to a brighter dawn.

Oh how we long for better things
Than earthly life, and work, and pain!
A coward wish—we should not breathe,
While manhood's powers and hopes remain.
We measure time by future days;
We count the moments yet unborn;
We have no life to-day—to-night
Our souls are hoping for the morn.

The morning with its radiance comes;
With beauty rare it greets the sight,
Our dazzled eyes grow tired of day,
We sigh for rest and quiet night.
We stand above our shrouded dead,
And know that mercy's tender touch
Is laid upon a wearied heart,
That tried to do and bear too much;

That peace has set its kindly seal
Upon a fevered, aching brow;
That quivering lips and tired limbs
Are resting free from labor now;
And yet with bitter words of woe
We vainly strive to call again
The absent spirit back to earth,
The resting body back to pain.

We weep to see the toil-worn hands
Lie folded on their painless breast;
Their work is done—'tis selfish now
To rob them of their hard-earned rest.
With eager hands we strive to do
Some little deed whose fame shall give
To after years a word—a breath,
Of us who long have ceased to live;

With trembling lips we bid farewell
To earth and life, and haste to speak
Some word that will not cease to sound
When we no human praise can seek.
These longings of the fettered soul
Are but it struggles to be free.
It cannot rest or be content
With less than immortality.

Wheatstone Academy, Nov. 8, 1883.

Parle Vous le Francais?

Written for the Irving Literary Gazette.

The closing decades of the 10th century seem to be the age of reforms, or proposed change, not only in the political world, but also in educational circles. This is manifest by the admission of ladies by many of our colleges, and by the demand for a change in the college curriculum. The change proposed is the substitution of what are known as the Modern Languages, French and German, for the Ancient Languages, Latin and Greek.

This proposed change is not a new subject. In England, Herbert Spencer and Alexander Bain strongly advocate a radical change, while James Stewart Mill able defends the old curriculum. Modification of the old plan in favor of the German and English tongues has been made in France; Germany has superintended on this subject in connection with the establishment of her schools, and the admission of students from these schools to the Prussian universities. In passing it may be well to state that Germany is tired of the experiment. In this country the subject has been ably discussed by Dr. Bigelow, of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences; President White, of Cornell; President Bowen, of Harvard, and President Porter, of Yale.

This matter was brought prominently before the public at the recent Harvard Commencement by Charles Francis Adams, who, in his Phi Beta Kapa oration, took ground decidedly in opposition to the studies of Latin and Greek, more especially to the latter, during the college course. With the remark that the Adams family furnishes an ample refutation to such a change, the consideration of the demand of the age for a change in the college curriculum is waved for the present.

Taking the basis of education to be the acquisition of knowledge and the disciplining of the mind, then what best accomplishes this object is the best to be adopted. Though admitting the value of the natural sciences, it is evident, nevertheless, that they alone cannot achieve the desired end. In the pursuit of these branches, the student is principally occupied in memorizing facts and technicalities, affording, except for memory, very little opportunity for the play of any of the other mental faculties, sacrificing discipline for knowledge.

To supplement this deficiency recourse is had to the languages. The study of the languages has a twofold benefit, calling into exercise not only memory, but also the reasoning powers of the mind. Experience and the testimony of the higher institutions of learning, not only in our own country, but also in Europe, is in favor of the classics. The study of these languages furnishes a broader scholarship, making the student more independent and keen in his own researches.

To assert that the study of Greek in our colleges is "shallow and sloppy" is not only a sad comment on our students, but also on our professors. It would seem from such statements that our schools are not as good as they formerly were, nor students as bright as they were some years ago. Education retrograding in this age of culture and progress!

Many of the advocates of the modern languages claim that they are easier and more readily acquired than the dead languages. Cardinal Mazzofanti, that paragon of linguistic acquirements, said "that when one has learned ten or a dozen languages essentially different from one another, one may, with a little study and attention, learn any number of them." In the United States to-day there is scarcely a college in which French and German are not taught. Yet, upon graduation, how many students who studied the modern languages in these institutions can converse fluently in French, or German, or read those languages any better than they can Latin or Greek?

If there is a desire merely to acquire a good vocabulary, there arises a very pregnant question, Why not devote the time spent in the study of other languages to the study of the English. We surely can learn much from the study of our own mother-tongue with such sources as Shakespeare, Milton, Bacon, Addison, Webster and Irving to draw upon. But it is doubtful whether the "Modernist" would entirely favor such a course.

For fine and delicate shades of thought the Greek is unsurpassed by any language, breathing forth the refinement and culture of Athens, and partaking of the spirit of "the cradle of the arts and sciences." The Latin is a terser tongue than the Greek, partaking of the sturdy nature of the old Roman. Our language has profited much from the influence of the Latin. The strong Anglo-Saxon is rendered more comprehensive by it, and by combining the tenderness and simplicity of the Teuton with the euphony of the Roman, the Latin renders the English rich and melodious.

These two languages have become largely engrafted into our own tongue; hence, the study of the Latin and Greek enables us to understand our own language better, while, at the same time, we are gaining knowledge and acquiring mental discipline. Dean French makes the following estimate: "Suppose the English language to be divided into one hundred parts; of these, to make a rough distribution, sixty are Anglo-Saxon; thirty are Latin; five Greek; the other five parts are to be divided among all the other languages from which isolated words have been derived."

It is true there are many words and phrases in the classics that cannot be translated, or at least only imperfectly. This is equally true of the modern tongues. Who ever translated pretzel, or sour-kraut; that sweet, savory dish. The words from the classics are as well understood as these. It would be presumption to suppose that anybody did not know what the telegraph is, or at least what an animal is, though they were entirely ignorant of the languages from which they are derived.

It is maintained that, as the lore of Greece and Rome can now be obtained from excellent English translations, the time devoted to their study can now be better applied in acquiring the modern languages. On this same ground it is objected that the study of French and German are not exposed to the same abuse, in connection with the use of translations, as the classics are.

Evidently the student who goes to col-

lege not for the mere sake of going, because it may be fashionable, but for the purpose of obtaining an education, will not be enticed into the use of a "pony." The "pony" is but a crutch for the lame student to walk on. The student who is so blind to his own interest as to use a translation in the study of Latin and Greek is just as liable to use a "horse" in the acquisition of the modern languages. This is not only possible, but probable.

Some of the works of Madam De Stael and Schiller have been translated into English. An admirable English translation of Goethe's Faust, and a literal English translation of one of Lessing's plays, are extant.

It is not our purpose to determine whether or not these translations are due to the law of demand and supply.

Do the spokes of a wheel radiate from or centre in the hub? It is possible to raise the same objection, on this point, with equal force against French and German, as that urged against Latin and Greek. Whether the young man who has studied the modern tongues can plow a straighter furrow, measure cloth better, make a better engine, count more money from 9 o'clock a. m. to 3 o'clock p. m., crowd more law into an hour's harangue than the young man who floundered among the idioms of the antiquated classics, remains yet to be proved. VERSTEH.

The consumption of gold for other than monetary purposes in Europe, America and Australia has more than quadrupled in thirty years, and has quite trebled in twenty years. It is more than five times what it was half a century ago. The great mass of gold which has flowed from the mines has been absorbed in the same opulence and luxury of the times which have swallowed up the flood of gems, great in volume beyond any former precedent, from the diamond-fields of South Africa, and increasing prices will be quite as likely to whet the appetite for both as to check it. Five-sixths of the current production of gold is absorbed in the arts and manufactures in the Western world and in British India. A part of the remaining sixth is lost in the wear of coins and by fires, shipwrecks and forgotten hoards. What is left to increase the stock of gold money in proportion to the increase of population, exchanges and wealth of the world?—*North Amer. Review.*

The Mormon Tabernacle, a correspondent of the St. Paul Pioneer Press says, is the most wonderful whispering gallery in the world. When everybody in it is quiet the faintest whisper may be heard in the remotest part of the house. It will seat 20,000 persons. There is no means of heating it, and in winter the services are held in the assembly room that will seat about 6,000 persons. The other large edifice in Salt Lake City—the temple, which was begun thirty years ago—has cost, the Mormons say \$10,000,000, and they will require \$5,000,000 to complete it; but a Boston architect recently offered to duplicate the structure and finish it within two years for \$800,000. Its walls are of solid granite, 9 feet 9 inches in thickness. They have reached a height of about 100 feet, and the six towers will rise another 100 feet.

Lord Coleridge at Yale.

An Address to the Students—He Defends the Study of the Classics.

The visit of Lord Chief Justice Coleridge and party to Yale College Friday last was a pleasant affair. At 11.45 the party entered the college chapel, where the students to the number of over one thousand were assembled, together with several ladies and gentlemen from the vicinity. When the Lord chief Justice was perceived at the door the entire audience rose, and the students sang "God Save the Queen," and immediately afterward "America." Those who could not sing made amends afterward by joining in the cheering and waving of handkerchiefs, which lasted several minutes. President Porter delivered a neat address of welcome, to which Lord Coleridge responded as follows:

"If I had had the least idea of the gathering that was to meet me here to-day I certainly should have endeavored to put my thoughts into some order, because having been a university man myself—having been a young man once—I know that young men—that university men—are sharp and severe critics, and I know well enough that any man who attempts to lay down the law or to teach young men will not perhaps be discourteously interrupted, but will be unmercifully criticised. But after what your principal has been so good as to say, I cannot let you pass from my sight without saying how profoundly touched and deeply interested I am in the spectacle which is before me. I have seen three universities in this country. I have seen Harvard, Pennsylvania and St. Louis. All of them are remarkable; all of them have their peculiar gifts, their own peculiar advantages and distinctions. But I was not prepared when I came here, though I knew Yale by name—every Englishman knows Yale well enough by name—for the singular and admirable beauty and interest of the buildings and the whole aspect of the place which I have seen to-day. I was myself brought up at Eton, and after Eton at Oxford. You will excuse me for thinking that Oxford, is the most beautiful city in the world. When I came on into life I became a member of the Temple in London, the buildings of which have come down from the Knights Templars, and are occupied by persons who fight indeed, but with different weapons from those used by the Knights Templars. Your buildings are more like the buildings at Eton College and the Temple than any buildings I have seen in America, and I am exceedingly interested and delighted with the outside aspect, which is all that a chance visitor can say of the university of which you are members.

"Now, perhaps it would be wiser if I were simply to content myself with wishing you 'God-speed,' and hoping that the prosperity which this university deserves might never desert it, and stop my observations. But there is a word which I should like to say, elicited by the remarks which your principal has made here. I did not require to learn from him, because we know it in England, that in Yale more than in any other place in America the old curriculum is maintained, the old standards are referred to, the old classical cultivation is insisted upon and defended. I learned to-day for the first time that a very distinguished man in another part of the United States has committed himself to an attack upon that curriculum, and has rather suggested that it has interfered with possible success in professional life.

"Now without any desire or purpose of entering into a controversy, but merely to repeat here what, without the smallest idea of controversy, I have said in the public

over and over again in my own country, I venture to say to you as a lawyer with some practice, as a judge of some position, and as a public man of some experience, that which I have said there. I have done many foolish things in my life and wasted many hours of precious time; but one thing I have done which I would do over again, and the hours I spent at it are the hours which I have spent most profitably, and the knowledge thus gained I have found the most useful, and practically useful. From the time I left Oxford I have made it a religion, so far as I could, never to let a day pass without reading some Latin and Greek, and I can tell you that so far as my course may be deemed a successful one, I deliberately assert, maintain and believe that what little success has been granted to me in life has been materially aided by the constant study of the classics, which it has been my delight and privilege all my life to persevere in. This is not said for the sake of controversy; still less is it said to an audience of American university young men for the purpose of appearing eccentric; but it is said because I believe it to be true, and I will tell you why. Statement, thought, arrangement, however men may struggle against them, have an influence upon them, and public men, however they may dislike it, are forced to admit that, conditions being equal, that the man who can state anything best, who can pursue an argument more closely, who can give the richest and most felicitous illustrations, and who can command some kind of beauty of diction, will have the advantage over his contemporaries. And if at the bar or in the senate anything has been done which has been conspicuously better than the work of other men, it has, in almost every case, been the result of high education. I say high education, not necessarily classical, because every man cannot have that. The greatest orator of my country at this moment, as he himself has often said, "has only a smack of it." But he takes no credit to himself for that. On the contrary, he declares it like a man and honestly, and he has striven to make up for what he has lost, and what he cannot learn because he is so advanced in age, by doing the next best thing—studying the English classics—studying the best, the highest and the finest writers in the English language. And so it is in my judgment in almost every case that I can think of. The man who has influenced his contemporaries the most is, generally speaking, the man of highest education, and I do not hesitate to say that the highest education, if you can get it, is the education to be found in those magnificent writers, who as writers, as masters of style, as conveyers of thought, have never been equaled in the world.

"I have put my defense of the studies, which I understand you to prosecute, upon a low practical ground, but I do not wish it to be supposed that I defend it upon a low practical ground alone. I take your opponents upon the ground which they themselves assume, because in argument it is necessary to find some certain point upon which you and your adversary are agreed, and reason with him, if you can reason with him, upon that point. I desire to put it upon higher ground still and away from controversy. I say that God has given us hearts, minds and intellects as well as bodies, and that it is just as much our duty to cultivate and do the best we can with the mind that He has given us as it is our duty to do the best we can with the bodies He has given us. It is our duty then, if we can, to commune with the greatest thoughts of the greatest men in all times, and he will be the best man at the end of his life who has made himself

most familiar with the thoughts of the greatest men of Greece and Rome, who both in thought and language have been unparalleled in the world. Let me conclude with authority far greater than mine. I do not pretend to an intimacy with Mr. Tennyson, but I know Mr. Tennyson, and it has been my privilege to pass evenings in his company. I remember one evening passed almost alone in his company. We were talking of a contemporary writer, of whom he was speaking in the highest terms. He said, (I do not remember his exact words:) "I do not think he will produce as much effect as he ought to because he is so rough, uncultivated and imperfect a writer. Great as he is I cannot fancy that two hundred years hence anybody will bend over his books and endeavor to find out the meaning of each tense and the particular force of each participle as we are only too happy to do over the works of Virgil. If you look over the history of men who have succeeded in this life, you will find them scarcely without an exception men trained by the curriculum which you enjoy and families with those remarkable works which it is your privilege now to become familiar with. May God bless you, and good-by!"

Thoughts on Longfellow's Writings.

"All the many sounds of nature
Borrowed sweetness from his singing;
All the hearts of men were softened
By the pathos of his music."

He is dead, yet he lives, and will continue to live in the hearts of men as long as there exist any who love purity, simplicity and childhood. The spirit of his works is emblematic of the actions of a pure, upright, God-fearing man. He stands almost without a comparison among the popular poets, as one who does not give way to passions or prejudices in his works. For looking over all the long line of poets and talented men of every country, we find few indeed who do not show forth some prominent vice in their works. Longfellow is, morally, like a perfect gem which has no mark or blur to spoil its polished surface or dim its glorious brilliancy. He sought to appreciate God's blessings, and was satisfied with what his Heavenly Father chose to reveal. He was naturally simple and child-like, and his verses teem with beautiful tributes to that period of life so unparalleled in happiness and innocent enjoyment.

"Come to me, O ye children,
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere."

Never was a petition granted more fully than this one. Never was man more powerfully endowed with the ability to understand and portray Nature and her communications than our esteemed and revered poet. He tried simply to know the language of Nature and to obey her mandates. He succeeded, and with this for his guide he was able to entrance our minds and win the love and reverence of every fellow-man. He captured them with the arrows of purity, and bound them to him with a chain of love. As he may well say to the older persons, as well as to the children,—

"I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart;
But put you down in the dungeon,
In the round tower of my heart."

Ah! what a blessed realization it must have been to him! With what exultation and thankfulness toward his Guide he must have written, and afterwards read these lines! Sweeter mission or better success than his can never be. Alas! too many of our heroes of the pen do not live to reap the harvest of their success. Many are the examples afforded us of the hard life led by some of our best literati. Milton,

the deepest minded, most religious of men, was neglected by the very people his pen saved from the ignominy and contempt of the outside world. So little appreciated was he that his family were at times absolutely in want, and his divine "Paradise Lost" only brought twenty-three pounds altogether. "Samuel Johnson was one of the laborers in the literary field who, by patient, upward toiling, at last won the summit of literary fame." So says one of our standard authors. Yet he says: "I dined well for eight-pence, I had a cut of meat for six-pence, and bread for a penny, and gave the waiter a penny." We have another example in Goldsmith, one of earth's sweetest singers, who wandered through a foreign land with his flute, depending for subsistence on the charity of the peasants. And when he had finished preparing the manuscript of the Vicar of Wakefield for the press, he was arrested by his landlady for his rent. He could not leave the house until his friend Johnson came and sold the story for him and paid his debt. Napoleon, unparalleled in talent and perseverance! Napoleon, the conqueror of nations, died a prisoner on a solitary island.

Thus it is with the fickle and unappreciative world. As soon as a man rises in power and popularity, as soon as he has reached a high position, they begin pulling at him until finally they succeed in dragging down into disgrace. How great and strong in virtue is he who can withstand all their attempts at debasement. How nearly perfect must our revered Longfellow have been, that he should, erect and proud, not giving even a ragged corner on the smooth surface of his character for the ever eager rabble to catch hold of. His relations with malice are fully expressed in the following lines:

"He it was whose silver arrows
Chased the dark o'er hill and valley."

"For he spoke of peace and freedom,
Sang of beauty, love and longing;
Sang of death, and life undying
In the land of the hereafter."

He sang of accord and harmony, of all beauty and loveliness, of liberty and freedom, of all that pertaineth to contentment and innocent enjoyment. Then when one reads his portrayal of the nature and belief of America's first inhabitants in Hiawatha, one imagines vividly that he is listening to a tale told by a red patriarch, as he mused over his pipe, of days long gone by. All is so weird and enchanting that it makes a person think he is reading and understands a strange language. I first read it when I was a small boy, and it seemed so odd to me that I thought I could, if I had half a chance, converse with a red man fluently by merely using the language of this poem. In all things he spoke the truth as simply as possible, and waited his reward.

"I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to the earth, I knew not where.

I breathed a song into the air,
And it fell, I knew not where.

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend."

Ah, much firmer than the arrow in the oak are his songs buried in the hearts of men. Buried, not as something for which we have no further use, but as a seed which shall spring up and bear ten or hundred fold. Well do I love to sit and read and ponder over his works, but none so well as Evangeline. In no other are my feelings and sympathies aroused as in this. Without exception, it is certainly the saddest, sweetest story ever written by man. It holds one spell-bound, as it were, with its sad events; from where, on the shores of her beloved Acadia, her poor, aged, heart-broken father drops dead at her feet, where she is at rest with her lover. So

clearly does he bring out the possible and plausible adverse actions of fate that all seems real; and we willingly follow her actions, and lament, almost with weeping, when we think of what might have been, and compare it with what was. Throughout long, weary years she follows her lover unceasingly; sometimes confident and at others half despairing, hopefully inquiring of any one who is likely to know of his whereabouts. Finally success crowns her efforts, and she finds that he is living out on the plains of the West. She starts at the first opportunity in joyful anticipation of at least reaping her reward in the companionship of the long lost lover. From point to point she goes, until at last she is aboard the boat which will land her at her father-in-law's door. In the meantime the bridegroom has grown despondent, and at the same time she so joyfully starts down the river he is swiftly coming up the stream with desponding heart, bound for the mountain wilds of the Far West, where he intends to drag out the remainder of his unhappy life. Nearer and nearer approach those hearts so faithful and true to each other. Her party, worn out with the day's labor, moor the boat along the bank and seek rest in sleep. But Gabriel, too restless and unhappy for sleep, sends his boat with a steady, swift stroke on toward his destination. Nearer and still nearer he comes. Nearer and nearer are those kindred, longing souls. Only a few yards separate them. "Angel of God, was there none to awaken the slumbering maiden?" Alas, no! After all her efforts, the cup of happiness was dashed from her hand by cruel Fate, when almost touching her lips. Once more they wander apart. So Evangeline follows her Gabriel from his father's house to the great wilderness, and failing once more, despairs and gives her life to God. At last she finds some joy in ministering to the suffering. She who has been as she wanders through the long lines of suffering mankind in the hospital, she at last finds what she long has sought. She finds her long-lost one on his death-bed, and thanks God for even this success, and dies with him. Thus those two souls, who have been the playthings of cruel circumstances on this earth, are at last united for all eternity. Longfellow fixed his reputation when he wrote this beautiful work. But all must die, be they e'er so much beloved. So with Longfellow.

"His spirit to Him who gave it rose;
God lead it to its long repose,
Its glorious rest:
And though the songster's sun has set,
His light shall linger round us yet,
Bright, radiant, blest." A. C. W.

Illustration of Progress.

For the Irving Literary Gazette.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—In looking over one of the volumes of the *Mirror of Literature, Amusement and Instruction*, published in London, England, from 1820 onward, which was perhaps among the first, if not the very first, of popular magazines of the kind ever published, and is therefore of curious interest now, I find the following communication (taken from the *Birmingham Gazette*, 1824), being a "Remonstrance against railroads." Your readers will hardly believe that it could have been written in earnest, but it evidently was, and had we access to the papers of the same period in England and other countries, (including our own), we should doubtless be able to produce many other articles as curious as this letter to the *Birmingham Gazette*, opposing not only railroads, but other inventions and contrivances for human convenience and comfort which have since become so common, and we can hardly conceive that their introduction

could have been seriously opposed. If any reader would enjoy the perusal of this curious article to the fullest extent, let him read in connection with it the latest account he can find, say in some good encyclopedia, of the history of railroads and the statistics as to the number of miles now traversed by them in all parts of the world. But, without further remark, I give you the article verbatim, as it appears in the *Mirror* for January 22, 1825:

RAILROADS.

SIR:—I am an admirer of improvement, and consequently an impartial spectator of the present joint stock system. I patronize in my humble way all in turn, though I doubt if I shall risk my money in any. I buy my wine of the "London Genuine Wine Company," I mean to bathe with the "London Sea Water Company," I send my clothes to the "Steam Washing Company," and I'll pawn them (provided I cannot get a dinner without) at Sir William Congreve and Mrs. Fry's "Joint Stock Pop Shop." I was always fond of company, and I shall wish them all well. We are now arrived at a period when everyone (not being fully employed) begins to feel the want of something to do. Conquest has produced peace—peace, plenty—plenty, projects of all sorts and sizes, and I won't positively assert that I have "no speculation in my eyes" myself. The last series of projections has, however, I confess, startled me. The restless disposition of some people is now beginning to manifest itself. They prefer anything to remaining as they are, although their present state be ever so good, and accordingly their wits are at work to overthrow the reigning *Golden Age*, and to substitute an *Iron* one. Is not this very hard? I don't mean to be *ironical*, but I must raise my voice in favor of my old friends, the *Turnpike Roads* and *Canals*. Picture to yourself, Mr. Editor, a well Mac-Adamized English road, winding through our richly cultivated country; view it as you fly over hill and dale on the top of a neat and trim stage-coach, with its four prancing horses, its smart harness, its tidy coachman, and its spruce, jolly, red-coated, red-faced guard. What can be more pleasing to the eye? What man has not felt and owned the cheering influence of this happy combination, so exclusively English? And yet, Mr. Editor, there are discontented spirits who propose to take their stations at the very sides of our roads and canals, and *rail* away at them until they chase them from the field. We are threatened with the total abolition of all such matters. The services of the most noble and useful of animals are to be scorned. The horse is to be put on half pay; the smiling white roads we love to look upon while we call to mind the many times we have been whirled along them in search of the objects of our heart's best affections, are to disappear. In future the progress of our public vehicles will be traced, like that of some noxious reptile, by the dingy, dirty train they leave behind them.

The *whip* must yield to the *poker*—the coachman doff his dapper benjamin for a black *smock-frock*, and sit in cloudy idleness from stage to stage, or only vary it by twirling his smutty thumbs, and ever and anon perchance withdrawing one to scratch his smutty face. The guard, if he retain his present relative position, will both be a *fire-guard* and *need* one; and should either of these officers have any difference with us on the way, instead of being as heretofore *rou'd* by us, it is but too probable we may all be *blowed up* by him. Henceforth a flying chimney will alone mark the distant movement of the traveler, while the springing of an iron rattle, a profusion of black smoke, and a hissing, as of many geese, proclaim his near approach. I will

not ask room to enumerate *all* the miseries attendant on the proposed reign of darkness, soot and terror.

I must however, take leave to remind passengers by steam coaches of the certainty of their suffering from *vapours*—to request them to bear in mind, that however fast they may go *horizontally*, they run the imminent risk of increasing in velocity ten fold, should any sudden freak of the boiler give them a *perpendicular* direction—and to warn the inhabitants of London against sending their accustomed presents of oysters to their country friends by these conveyances until they have first clearly ascertained that they like them *stewed*.

Again, sir, with respect to our old and pleasant-looking friends, the *canals*. I am an admirer of Nature, and prefer canals to railroads, because I would rather at any time wash her beautiful face than dirty it. Besides, water extinguishes fire; but it will be quite a new order of things when fire is allowed to *put out* water. Is speed, sir, to be urged in favor of the new roads? Here, I am afraid I must give way—not that I believe anything is in reality to be gained in expedition generally,—but I must admit that all perishable articles will *go faster* by the hot conveyance than the cold one. It will be somewhat amusing to see packages sent by these fire-wagons, marked "*to be kept wet*," for unless this be done, they will probably *take*, as well as *be taken* by fire.

Do, good Mr. Editor, lend your potent aid, at the commencement of the in-coming year, to avert this mass of evils, and help by advice, by entreaty, by warnings, by ridicule, by *any thing*, to thwart the designs of those *iron-hearted* speculators who would take from the people of this *free* country all hopes of another merry Christmas. If we must be slaves let it not be to *Iron Masters*—let us open our eyes before the accumulation of *smoke* renders it impossible for us to see—and let us, above all things, beware lest *Rail-roads*, like party, prove "the madness of many for the gain of few."—*Birmingham Gazette*.

The Desire of Knowledge Which is Implanted in the Human Mind.

"For such the bounteous providence of Heaven,
In every breast implanting the desire
Of objects new and strange, to urge us on
With unremitting labor to pursue
Those sacred stores that wait the ripening soul
In truth's exhaustless bosom.

For this the daring youth
Breaks from his weeping mother's anxious arms,
In foreign climes to rove; the pensive sage
Heedless of sleep, or midnight's harmful damp,
Hangs o'er the sickly taper; and untired
The virgin follows with enchanted step
The mazes of some wild and wondrous tale
From morn to eve."

There is no human being who feels full satisfaction in present enjoyments. The mind is forever on the wing in pursuit of new objects, and, if possible, of higher degrees of happiness than the present moment can afford. Among the numerous objects which are daily soliciting our attention, and among the fictitious scenes presented by the novelist and the poet—"the eye is not satisfied with seeing nor the ear with hearing." We see the insatiable desire of the miser in accumulating riches; the desire of ambition in its pursuit of honors and fame, and the untiring zeal with which the philosopher makes one discovery after another, without ever arriving at a resting point. When Newton ascertained the law of gravitation, and Franklin discovered the identity of lightning and the electric fluid, and felt the influence which these discoveries must have exerted, did they sit down contented with their past researches. No. One discovery only gave renewed vigor to the mind for the pursuit of another, and their illustrious careers only ended with their lives. After Alexander had led his victorious armies over Persia, Syria, India and the sur-

rounding countries, did he retire with contentment on his past achievements? No. His ambition was not yet satisfied, and when he was told there was an infinite number of worlds, he wept at the thought that he had only become master of one. This unbounded and restless desire for ambition is found agitating the minds of people of every nation, in whatever circumstances of life they may be. If we enter the palaces of the great, or look into the abodes of poverty, we shall find, in every situation, the mind animated with desires which no object within the limits of time can fully satisfy. If a person chooses to indulge in ignorance, rather than pursue the path of knowledge, there is still a longing for some attainment which nothing earthly can satiate.

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never is, but always to be blest.
The soul uneasy and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come."

The strong desire of knowledge which is implanted in the mind of man, and the noble intellectual faculties for acquiring it with which he is endowed, are evidences and proofs of the wisdom of God in his creation. The desire of knowledge is natural to every human being, and appears to be the strongest desire of the human mind. It is perceptible in the earliest stages of life. Present a beautiful landscape, as exhibited through an optical instrument, and it will be highly delighted with the scene. Present a second and a third of a different description, in succession, and its delight will be increased; its curiosity will never be satisfied but with a constant succession of objects which tend to widen the circle of its knowledge, and enlarge the capacity of its mind. Let a man, however ignorant and untutored, be made acquainted with some of the interesting details of geography, with the wonders of the ocean and its numerous tributaries, with the lofty ranges of mountains which stretch along the continent, and the sublime and beautiful landscapes which diversify the different races, which people its surface, their manner and customs—he will feel a strong desire to know all that pertains to the subject, and will satisfy those desires as far as he is able. Acquaint him with the numerous chemical changes which constantly take place in the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, and this eager desire will be excited to penetrate still farther into the mysteries of nature. As the mind has a natural desire after knowledge—so it is assisted by vast faculties for enabling it to acquire this knowledge. It is accompanied with senses calculated to convey ideas of the forms, qualities, and relations of the numerous objects which surround it. The sense of vision perhaps assists more than any other. While some of the lower animals are able to perceive objects only in a circle of a few yards in diameter, the eye of man can penetrate even into the regions of distant worlds, and enable him with the assistance of art, to discover the different beings that people a drop of water. All the other senses under assistance to the mind in extending its range of knowledge.

It is true, indeed, that in some men, the desire of knowledge appears to be almost annihilated, so that they appear to be little above the brute in their views. But the most brutish man is ever found void of curiosity or desire, when any striking object is presented to his view, so long as the senses perform their functions.

"Bless me stars!" said Mrs. Penny-patker, "didn't you know what the Vacuum is? The Vacuum is where the Pope keeps his bulls."

What the nobby youth lacks in brains he makes up in rings and fob chains.

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MOORE & TODD, - - - EDITORS.

WESTMINSTER, MD., NOVEMBER, 1883.

"*Quot homines tot sententia*" is an old but yet very true maxim. We may hunt the world over and dive deep into the known and unknown of nature, but find no two things entirely alike, no two men of exactly the same opinion. Every man will believe that he is right and stick to that belief, unless by the force of strong argument you overwhelm him. Difference of opinion is undoubtedly a wise provision of our Maker. From the farthest past down to the present time we can trace the advance of every branch of knowledge as man, confident in himself, or, rather, his opinion, works on, pries into the dark unknown and "lifts the veil of truth."

It was this independence of thought that caused the great Newton to seek originality in the science to which he so devotedly applied himself, and to produce a series of laws to govern our heavenly bodies in all their beauty, harmony and symmetry, and thus to show the supreme wisdom and glorify the name of Him whom we to-day, with this before us, the more fervently worship.

Galileo also exemplifies this difference of opinion when we see him battling with the whole scientific world, being turned out of the professional chair at Pisa, to sustain his views on certain subjects, many of which, notwithstanding the mighty opposition they met with, he succeeded in establishing. His whole life seems to have been one of torment on account of his independence of opinion. Thus persecuted in one place, he goes to another, disseminating such opinions for which to-day we proudly name him among the Fathers of Natural Science. Thus we have our Harveys, Jenners, Hulls, Fultons, Shakspeares and numerous others advocating their own independent thoughts, astounding the world with their genius, lighting up the paths of truth, and helping on, step by step, the progress of civilization.

It may be thought, from the great abundance of all kinds of literature that is circulated, that there cannot be much more originality of thought; that the well of knowledge has almost run dry. But we have only to look at the scientific journals of to-day that come in daily and we will find that in them just as much newness as there ever was. Perhaps the new discoveries do not astound now as much as they did once, for so far have the researches now reached that when a discovery is made there are many men on the verge of

the same discovery and consequently are not so much taken by surprise. Many truths in chemistry have been discovered in the same year and by two men entirely separated; stars have been found in the heavens almost at the same time by two men unknown to each other, and thus we find the whole scientific world striving, as it were, by competition for who shall be the first to proclaim to mankind some new discovery. We can then see that originality and independence of thought still live, and live with as much to feed upon as they ever had.

As we write we feel an earnestness in this subject that we have but poorly expressed, when we think that it was this same independence of thought that brought us freedom from English tyranny and gave us liberty; it was this independent opinion that thrilled Patrick Henry and caused him to hurl forth syllabled fire that so rapidly consumed the stubbles of opposition; it was this same independence of thought that gave us this admirable government which we now possess and which so many other nations are beginning to imitate—a government for the people, by the people, and of the people. Take the life of any great man and study it closely and you will find that independence of opinion made him what he was. When we see our Columbus fighting opposition in Spain, a subject of scorn to even the little boys in the streets, rejected by all as a fanatic, and yet in the face of it all adhering to his belief, exploring the unknown deep, threatened with death by his mutinous crew, and finally as his reward discovering the long-sought country and thereby rendering his memory a subject of fervent praise to every man that inhabits this soil; when we look at all this in the true light we then begin to comprehend the importance of independence of thought.

This subject has almost an unlimited extent when we begin to view it on all sides. Every thing great that has been done seems to have had independence of thought for its basis. Thus when we look at it in this way, we are more than ever struck with its importance and impressed with the necessity for all students who expect ever to make *men* out of themselves to cultivate this independence of thought. In every thing that we do let the manhood in us assert itself; let us think for ourselves, untrammelled by the necessity of having some one to think for us. Let this especially exhibit itself in our studies. It is so natural for us when we get a little puzzled to appeal to somebody to help us out, without so much as trying for ourselves. If we find a hard example in mathematics, or a tough passage in our Greek or Latin, we should work them out, and if our conclusions are correct, we will be more than repaid by the commendations of our professor. Let this spirit of independence also exhibit itself in our essays, compositions and orations. Don't understand us to say that any of you, fellow-students, have been guilty of plagiarism. But what we mean in this: When you have selected your subject and read up satisfactorily on

it, then write it out in words produced by the workings of your own mind. Give the subject thorough thought and see if you can bring out something original and something new to yourself. But while independent thought is an excellent thing, yet we should not let it get such a hold upon us that we will not be influenced at all, for the best of men are apt to be wrong in their opinions; and when we feel that we are wrong, we should not hesitate to admit it. Let us then cultivate a moderate independence of thought, and there is not one of us but what will find it useful in the outside world.

We are glad to hear that the Rev. F. C. Klein, of the class of '80, who is the recently appointed Missionary to Yokohama, Japan, of the Methodist Protestant Church, arrived safely at that port in the early morning of October 23rd. He was about one month in making the entire trip, having taken his departure from home and friends on Sept. 22. During his journey through the Western frontiers he wrote several interesting articles for his church papers, giving some fine descriptions of nature's scenery and sketches of Western life, as presented to him along the route on his way to San Francisco. We learn that although his trip across the Pacific was a long one, yet it was not of such a character as to make it unpleasant to the traveler. In a recent letter to the Methodist Protestant he states that he received a royal welcome on landing at the above mentioned port by Miss Brittan, a former missionary, and others. Mr. Klein is now preparing himself in his particular field for the evangelical work, and hopes to be able to hold service within a year in the native tongue of Japan. Although he is far distant from us, in heathenish climes and shores, yet he can feel assured that he leaves behind among his fellow students at college many warm personal friends, who will often remember him and his beloved companion in prayer for the success of the work which they have now begun.

For the Literary Gazette.
The Rocks of Deer Creek.

Perhaps many persons living in Maryland, are not aware of the great natural curiosity existing in Harford county, in the form of rock.

One generally selects a beautiful bright day to visit the woods, rocks and the like, or in other words, to go sight-seeing. The party of which I was a member, contrary to this rule, visited the Rocks on a rainy day, equal to that described by Longfellow.

Long before we reached our destination we eagerly looked from the wagon to see, if possible, the great sight. Far ahead of us stood a stupendous mass of solid rock, stretching up as if meeting the sky. Notwithstanding the barren appearance, a few trees, ferns and mosses were discovered on the sides of the mountains, for such they can truly be called.

One can, under such circumstances, so clearly see the Almighty power of the Creator, and can contrast the simple insignificant works of man with His, noble and grand.

These Rocks are naturally a source of interest to the inhabitants of that section, but their fame is becoming generally spread,

not being confined within such narrow limits. They are known to have been inhabited more than two centuries ago, by a tribe of Indians known as the Susquehannock, whose territory extended from the Susquehanna river westward as far as the Alleghany mountains. Many traditions are told of them to the lovers of romance and nature.

On the topmost point of this huge mass are the seats of the last king and queen of the Indian tribe, who were known by those strange names, the Bird-that-Flies-High, and the Fern-Shaken-by-the-Wind.

These places that were occupied by such royal rulers, were cut the rock probably by the rude implements which they possessed, or they may be another example of Nature.

To sit in these seats is as great a compliment to the people of this country as the kissing of the Blarney Stone is to the tourist who visits the Giant's Causeway in Ireland.

There is beauty in the sinuous Deer Creek, threading its way between the abrupt wooded hills and along fertile valleys; also sublimity in the "Rocks" and rapids as they are now.

To those who love solitude this would present an attractive spot. Nothing is heard but the songs of birds, as they flit from tree to tree, the light gurgling of the brook and the lowing of cattle in the distant field.

The eagles, like the original human inhabitants, pressed by the presence of civilized man, have sought their eyries on more distant and secluded heights. Now and then one may be seen above the summit of the Rocks, as if in curiosity to see the past homes of its progenitors. From the precipices, disappointed lovers have ended their sorrows by plunging beneath the waters of the creek, yet in knowledge of this the young stroll along telling and listening to the "old, old story":

"There birds resort and warble all day long,
There lovers meet and whisper tales of love."

Times change, and men and things change with them. Under the shadows of the Rocks human habitations are built. The waters of Deer Creek are utilized in the production of the necessities and conveniences of civilized and, in a certain sense, artificial life.

Very soon these hills and valleys shall reverberate with the loud whistlings of the locomotive and the roar of the train.

The Maryland Central Railroad which will connect that point with Baltimore, our chief commercial city, is fast approaching completion, under the supervision of an energetic President, W. H. Waters, Esq.

Could the natives again visit their early domains they would think themselves transported to a new world.

As the facilities for travel are increasing, excursionists and lovers of Nature will grow more familiar with an object worthy of the examination and appreciation of all.

M. L. D.

A bachelor and a spinster who had been schoolmates in youth, and were about the same age, met in after years, and the lady chancing to remark that "men live a great deal faster than woman," the bachelor replied: "Yes, Maria, the last time we met we were each twenty-four years old, now I am over forty, and I hear you haven't reached thirty yet." They never met again.

"Your Honor, and gentlemen of the jury, I acknowledge the reference of counsel of the other side to my gray hair. My hair is gray, and will continue to be gray as long as I live. The hair of that gentleman is black, and will continue to be black as long as he dyes."

College Locals.

Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving!
Boy dreams—holiday-turkey-wings.
Progressive Theology—Theologues on wheels.

A slight fire occurred under the front steps of Ward Hall a few evenings ago.

Politics completely absorbed the minds of the whole College during election week and their seemed to be nothing else thought of. The girls caught the fever and exhibited boldly their colors by wearing tickets printed on their dresses. That's right. We admire your pluck.

Professor of mathematics to Sophomore. Mr. E—how many degrees have you for that angle? Soph: $14^{\circ} 54' 85''$, sir. Mathematical talent there.

Willison has at last learned to ride his bicycle after many "headers," much skinning of hands, the knocking out of a few spokes and disaster generally. He excites great envy among the boys as he rolls along over the campus so seemingly happy.

Mental Science Class. Professor illustrating subjective and objective: Mr. H—If I spoke to you, which would be the objective and which subjective. Mr. H—I would be the subjective, sir, because I'm the subject spoken to. Happy thought.

The past week has been one of prayer to the Young Men's Christian Association of College. This body, so useful to any institution, is growing fast in our midst, and is every day becoming a means of doing much good in our College. We wish it much success.

We now have the water-pipes running through our College building as high as the second story. This is a vast improvement to our College convenience.

At a recent election the following members were elected as officers of the Webster Literary Society:—F. T. Benson, President; L. R. Dyott, Recording Secretary; G. Woodward, Corresponding Secretary; N. H. Wilson, Treasurer; W. C. Rymer, Chaplain; E. A. Warfield, Critic; G. Quesenberry, Librarian.

The names of our "Theologues" are representative of many vocations in life. We have a Hardware Theologue, Blades; a Nourishing Theologue, Diet (Dyott); a Gambling Theologue, Pool; a Fighting Theologue, War-field; a Drinking Theologue, Oh-rum; a Brick-layer Theologue, Mason.

We would suggest the immediate establishment of a barber shop in our school, as we are told that a certain Freshman goes through the operation of shaving sixty-four times per week.

Mr. S. A. Gault, who was compelled to go home on account of sickness some weeks ago, was down to see us a few days ago and informs us that he is not going to return to College. We are sorry to hear this, but wish him much happiness in whatever he undertakes.

Friday, November 9th, was the day set apart for the joint exercises between the ladies and gentlemen. At the ringing of the bell the students filled the Chapel, and the exercises were opened by an instrumental duet by Misses Stone and Stevens, after which the regular programme was carried out, consisting of reading, declamations and music by the following students: Marco Bozzaris, Mr. E. Billingslea; Bread and Butter, Miss A. Shriner; Our Folks, Mr. J. L. N. Henman; vocal duet, entitled The Huntresses, Misses Duvall and Newman; Othello's Apology, Miss M. Boyle; Mark Twain's Introduction to Ward; Mr. A. C. Willison; St. Michaels, Miss J. Wilson; Instrumental Solo, Miss Nichode mus; The Mountain Justice, Miss F. Tren-

chard; Asleep at the Switch, Mr. E. T. Mowbray; Tom's Little Star, Miss F. Jones; Lord Ullin's Daughter, Mr. H. Woods; Vocal Quintette, entitled Cradle Song, Misses Bell, Duvall and Newman, Prof. Merrill and Mr. H. Stocksdale. After these amusements were ended the captivating feature of the whole took place. To the tune of a march twelve of the young ladies arranged themselves in four lines and performed the calisthenics, exhibiting an easy and graceful movement that could hardly be excelled. Taking the entertainment as a whole, it shows a decided and remarkable superiority over those of the past, and reflects great credit upon Prof. A. H. Merrill, under whose charge it was. We hope to enjoy many others of a similar character.

Conversation overheard: Junior to Soph: "Is that medal given every year to the best scholar?" Soph: "Oh, yes, it's hereditary."

Parlor-night clipping: [Vice-President's little boy standing by.] Young gent: "Howard seems to love you." Young lady: "I pity him." Young gent, after a sweet silence: "I know somebody else that loves you." Young lady: "I pity him, too." Young gentleman relapses into silence.

The ballot for officers in the Irving Literary Society resulted in the election of the following members: G. Gist, President; H. W. White, Vice-President; R. Moore, Cor. Secretary; C. M. Grow, Librarian; H. Haines, Asst. Librarian; J. L. N. Henman, Critic; T. E. Davis, Chaplain; P. Kuhns, Sergeant-at-Arms; A. C. Willison, Orator.

One of the students in a moment of extravagance invested in a bucket of apples, and being of a generous disposition, he placed them where the ladies could help themselves, intending to enjoy those that remained. In the twinkling of an eye that bucket was emptied and fired back at him, and as he gazed in upon its emptiness he saw signs of finger-nails on the bottom, which evidenced their haste. The mystery is what became of the apples.

It is very gratifying to note the progress being made by our Seminary friends. A short time since one of them discovered that Adam died at 9.30 o'clock in the morning. We haven't heard whether he has published this discovery or not.

St. John's College Notes.

The following are some notes from St. John's College, Annapolis, Md., which show her to be doing an active work this year:

Foot-ball is the leading sport at the college. The college team is anticipating a game with the third-class men of the Naval Academy.

The Philomathean Society holds its anniversary Friday evening, Dec. 14th.

The Athletic Club held its annual meeting Oct. 18th, and elected the following officers: President, B. R. Anderson; Vice-President, Joseph Coulbourne; Secretary, Geo. A. Steele.

Rev. Dr. Levitt, president of the college, delivered a lecture in the McDowell Hall, on Thursday evening, 8th November, for the benefit of the Athletic Club and for fixing up the college campus. He will also lecture in different parts of the State for the same purpose.

The present Senior class, consisting of twelve members, have adopted as their class-hat the silk plug, and are taking the town by storm.

When Mr. Johnston got a stem-winding watch, his boy was delighted, and told his mother that his pap had a watch that when he wanted to wind it, "he just twisted its tail."

Concerning Mind and Memory.

BY J. T. WARD.

When any person attempts to analyze the human mind, he must of necessity depend for data upon his own consciousness and the consciousness of others communicated to him by them, through whatever medium, as of speech or writing. No finite being, it is presumed, his knowledge of what goes on in the minds of all finite beings; not that the possibility of such knowledge is unthinkable, but because there is no reasonable ground for regarding it as practicable. But it is practicable for one to have a sufficiently extensive knowledge of the operations of his own mind and of the minds of others to enable him, by analyzing them, to form such an idea of the constituent faculties of mind as may be fairly presumed to be common to mankind, except in abnormal cases. It is by investigations conducted in this way, that we have become possessed of the psychological science that now forms part of the curriculum in all our schools of higher education. And it is as wonderful as it is gratifying to consider the results of these investigations, carried on through many ages by most earnest and competent men, and giving us such satisfactory presentations, that any College student of ordinary ability and due application may now have a clearer and more correct knowledge of the human mind than was possible to even those who were ranked highest in learning in the centuries before our own. Still, no true scientist pretends that either he or any of his co-investigators knows everything that may be known on this or any other subject, all finite minds being necessarily limited to finite perceptions. Only the Infinite Mind has perfect knowledge and reaches to the absolute essence of existences. We must study phenomena and can only inferentially speak of the nature of the essence either of matter or of mind. In this way however it is our privilege to carry on investigations concerning all things and beings within the reach of observation or even of thought. In this way therefore all human sciences have been formulated, and made to appear as we find them to-day. There is good reason for confidence in them in so far as they are built upon facts, but they are necessarily improvable on the acquisition of new or enlarged information, which is ever possible. Hence all true human science is modest.

Concerning the science of mind, it is believed that the long-continued investigations from the conscious operations of it in the myriads of instances that have been at the command of the investigators in whole, have resulted in such classification of its faculties as may be relied upon as embracing at least all that can be distinctly defined, while such operations of the mind as cannot be brought into the classification are to a reasonably satisfactory degree understood in their relations to the classified faculties in whole or in part. A very complete and interesting statement of these results is given by Dr. Mark Hopkins in his "Outline Study of Man" (Scribner, New York, 1874.)

Among the distinct faculties, all the philosophers agree in ranking *memory* as the first of the representative powers of the mind, and having to do only with the *past* facts of thought, observation, experience and reflection. It may be defined as the power by which past consciousness is linked with present consciousness. It is the "bond of perfectness" to the mind's possessions. Without it, as Haven remarks, "the past would be a blank to us." Our thoughts, feelings, volitions would be realized only in the moment of their exercise, and then flit away to return no more forever. But mem-

ory holds them as treasures stored up for future use, and even for continuous future use, since, unlike other treasures which "perish with the using," they may be used over and over again, and hence may be looked upon as an exhaustless store. One of the old poets (William Falconer, Scotland, 1762,) thus personifies memory:—

"In her right hand an ample roll appears,
Fraught with long annals of preceding years,
With every wise and noble art of man,
Since first the circling hours their course began;

Her left a silver wand on high display'd
Whose magic touch dispels oblivious shade,
The fugitive idea she restored
And calls the wandering thoughts from Lethe's shores."

Instead of memory's treasures being exhausted by use, the very use of them increases the store. Rev. Daniel Waldo, the centenarian chaplain to Congress, said: "Cultivate a good memory, and to do this you must be communicative. Repeat what you have read or learned in any way; talk about it. Dr. Samuel Johnson's great memory was owing to his communicativeness." Some educators have, I think without due consideration, disparaged the cultivation of memory to the utmost extent of its power, on the supposition that thereby students would weaken other faculties of the mind. Better counsel would be, that they cultivate all their faculties to the utmost extent. And in fact any one faculty cultivated does to some extent improve all the rest, for the mind is a unit: every faculty is, in one sense, the mind; not a part of the mind (as if the mind were divisible,) but a particular mode of operation of the mind. Of course, it is wise to cultivate all the faculties; but it is not unwise to cultivate any one of them to the utmost of its power. What made John Quincy Adams a "walking Encyclopedia," as he was when he became an old man, but his lifelong habit of cultivating the memory? It is true that he cultivated all his faculties, but it was his memory that made him the master of his intellectual possessions, so that he could use any of them at his will as occasion required. I heard him in his old age deliver his wonderful "Lecture on Faith," and I was like one of Goldsmith's boys in the village school before their school-master:—

"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small pate could carry all he knew."

The Association of Ideas is one of the mental powers intimately connected with the cultivation of memory, but I have known persons who seemed not to be helped much by it. An amusing instance occurred in the case of a young man upon whom a teacher tried the experiment of helping him to remember the name of the father of ecclesiastical history, by holding up a pair of spectacles and saying to the young man, "Now if these spectacles could speak, they might say to me, 'you see by us.'" The teacher felt sure the young man would have the name of *Eusebius* so impressed upon his memory by the association of ideas that he would never forget it. Imagine his surprise however when, upon asking the young man, only a few minutes afterwards, to give the name of the father of ecclesiastical history, he responded "I see you," and then, "Oh, no; You see me."

Dear editors of the IRVING LITERARY GAZETTE, I have by no means satisfied myself in this article for your paper, but merely glanced at a subject that deserves the attention of your readers, in the hope that it may set them to thinking upon it, and that it may give you to understand that I did not forget my promise "to write something for you." Perhaps, more anon.

Yours truly, J. T. W.

He said her hair was dyed; and when she indignantly replied, "Tis false!" he said he presumed so.

Cut off the Dead Wood.

BY BISHOP CLARK, OF RHODE ISLAND.

Dead wood is not only unsightly, but it is injurious to the tree. We need to get rid of it, in order to give that which is alive a fair chance. From the window where I write I see a number of old oaks that have begun to die at the top, because of the fish hawks who build their huge nests there and saturate the bark with salt water. The tree is sure to die unless the process is arrested, although it may perish more slowly than it would do if the roots were effected.

Some men begin to die at the top. The action of the brain is affected, and they become immobile, inert, indolent; the impulse is taken out of their life, and while the ordinary functions of existence continue to act, and they go on eating and drinking, and talking and sleeping, they cease to be of any further use in the world. They are the dead wood of society, and everybody feels that they are an incumbrance. And it is the dead wood that breeds vermin. Inertia is the mother of vices.

Some men carry about a great deal of dead wood in the form of absolute opinions, absurd prejudices, foolish superstitions and useless ideas in general. I suppose there are few people who are not more or less incumbered with *impedimenta* of this sort.

The most learded *savan* may have some favorite theory which he imagines to be full of life and destined to bear much fruit, when in fact it is as dead as his walking-stick, and not half as useful. How many treatises are consigned to oblivion, not because they are badly written or deficient in learning, but simply because they deal only with dead things—withered brancies that can never bear fruit. What a waste of ink, paper, and paste, and brains and good Russia leather—all thrown away in the endeavor to give currency to something that has no vitality in it. When "the learned author" has given us all his facts—and they may be abundant—reasoned out all his points—and they may be well argued, and exhausted all his rhetoric—and it may be true rhetoric—the wearied reader asks, "What if it is so? Who cares? Of what mortal use is it to me, or to any other man that walks the earth, whether this man's theory is sound or not?"

I have recently run my eye over three or four such books, which I defy any man to read in detail; every page crowded with dates, and names, and references, and recondite quotations, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Syriac, Coptic, and twenty other tongues; and I found them to be as dead as any dry bones or withered leaves that ever rattled in the autumn blast. Artists sometimes plead for the dead branches in a tree, because they are considered picturesque; and these useless books may have some merit of this sort—a quaintness and queeriness that would amuse the reader if there were anything behind it. There are certain works of which it is said that "everybody praised them, and nobody reads them."

This has been said of Milton, though untruly; but when I read in the periodicals the standard puff of some of their learned writers I wondered how many pages of the book the critic ever read.

There is too much dead wood in the learned professions, and in most other departments of life. The sap does not seem to have reached them. They are much to be pitied, but they are none the less in the way for all that. It may or may not be their fault that they bring forth no fruit. They would be glad to do something if they knew how; and perhaps they might have accomplished some little work if they had not mistaken their vocation.

The Christian ministry would be none the worse for a little judicious pruning.

There are lawyers and doctors who might be laid on the shelf, and the world would be no worse off.—The great army of the unemployed is a sad spectacle to look upon; but, then, if one finds that he has got into the wrong place, why need he stay there so persistently? There is something which every man can do who has arms and hands and a tongue in his mouth, and any small modicum of brains in his head. There is the soil to be tilled, and fish to be caught in the sea, and a multitude of other occupations, which require no special amount of genius, and why not turn to them for a living? It is more honorable to work with the hands, in any honest way, than to drop down on one's friends and eat the bread of dependence.

There is too much dead wood in some of our great benevolent societies. It is not right they should be converted into asylums for the support of good men who are competent to earn a livelihood in any legitimate way. Some of our life insurance officers carry a deal of dead wood, for which the insurance have to pay at a bitter cost. Recent revelations show that a bank in the very highest repute may be incumbered with wood that is not only dead, but rotten to the core. There is some dead wood in the newspaper line, and a careful purging of the editorial tree would not deprive the world of much that would be missed. This, however, is a matter that, in the long run, takes care of itself, for the unreadable paper soon ceases to be taken, and dies a quiet and natural death.

Most persons will allow that there is altogether too much dead wood in the department of politics, and when the Civil Service Reform gets into full action, as it is likely to do, before long, the air will be filled with dead limbs and much useless rubbish.

In mid-winter, as I look out of my window, I cannot distinguish the dead from the live wood in the tree, and in fact there is nothing left but the grim skeleton; the leaves, and every thing that indicated life, vanished weeks ago. But the other night the strong wind blew, and the next morning the ground was covered with dead sticks. The living branches held on and defied the storm, but the poor, rotten, dead things had to give way. And so it is when any great tempest sweeps over the land; the lifeless, torpid, useless men, who in quiet times had crept up into offices, are swept off, the shams are displaced, and the real men come to the front. The law of "the survival of the strongest" comes into play, and the weak are dethroned. Great crises develop men, and then the men shape the crises.

Dead wood is good for nothing but to be burned, and if it has died on the tree it is not good for much even for fuel. It is hard to tell just what to do with the dead wood in society. Hospitals for the inert and inefficient would only extend and perpetuate the evil.

"I am a broken man," said a poet. "So I should think," was the answer, "for I have seen your pieces."

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Personals.

The returns from the recent election show the election of J. W. Miles, a graduate of this institution, as State's Attorney in Somerset county, Md., being the only Democrat on the ticket elected. While here at College Mr. Miles made a brilliant and popular career, and left a good reputation for high intellectual attainment. We congratulate him on his success, and heartily wish him much prosperity in the future.

The following, coming from the trustees of Yadkin College, is highly complimentary to Prof. Simpson, who was recently elected to the chair of Physical Science in our College: "Rev. S. Simpson, A. M., subject of this article, graduated from Trinity College, N. C., in the class of 1873. In the same year, on account of his piety and scholarly attainments, he was elected President of Yadkin College, N. C., where he served ten years, always faithfully performing the arduous duties of his position, and exhibiting a wonderful amount of patience and executive ability. About three months ago he resigned the Presidency of Yadkin College, and accepted a call to the Chair of Natural Science and the French Language in Western Maryland College. While we regret exceedingly to lose his valuable services here, we congratulate Western Maryland College on the accession of such an able, energetic member to her faculty. H. T. PHILLIPS, Sec. Trustees of Yadkin College. Yadkin College, N. N., Oct. 15, 1883.

We notice in the columns of the Advocate the marriage of one of our old friends, Mr. E. W. Shriver, of this city. He married a Brooklyn lady by the name of Miss Minnie L. Gillette. The marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. N. D. Gulick, and took place at Mrs. Duer's conservatory of music, 270 Ninthstreet. Mr. Shriver is connected with the Newsboys' Home of the Children's Aid Society of Brooklyn. We extend to him our congratulations, and wish him much happiness in married life.

To John L. Sullivan.

Oh, J. Sullivan! Oh, J. L. Sullivan!
 Oh, John Lyeurgus Sullivan, all hail!!
 Thou bottomless infinitude! Thou god!
 you!
 Thou Zeus with all compelling hand!
 Thou glory of the mighty Occident! Thou
 Heaven-born!
 Thou Athens-bred! Thou light of the
 Acropolis! Thou son of a gambolier!
 59 inches art thou round thy ribs; twice
 twain knuckles hast thou; and again
 twice twain.
 Thou scatterest men's teeth like antelopes
 at play.
 Thou straightenest thine arm, and systems
 rock, and eyeballs change their hue.
 Oh, thou grim granulator! Thou soul-re-
 mover! Thou lightsome, coy excoriator!
 Thou cooing dove! Thou droll, droll John!
 Thou buster!
 Oh, you! Oh, me, too! Oh, me some more!
 Oh, thunder!!!

"My son," said a father to his little boy,
 at the breakfast table, "if you had the
 choice to be burned at the stake, like John
 Rogers, or to have your head chopped off,
 like King Charles the First, which would
 you choose?" "John Rogers," replied the
 boy. "And why?" "Because," replied the
 boy, "I should prefer a hot steak to a cold
 chop."

Professor to young lady student: "Your
 mark was low and you have only just pass-
 ed." Young lady: "Oh, I am so glad."
 Prof., (surprised), why? "I do so love a
 tight squeeze."

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The Thirty-Third Semi-Annual Session begins September 4th, 1883, and ends January 25th, 1884. For Catalogue, and further information, address

J. T. WARD, D. D., President,

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Theological Seminary Notes.

Reported for Irving Literary Gazette.

At a business meeting of the Theological Association held in Seminary Chapel, November 10, 1883, the name of the said organization heretofore known as the Theological Association of W. M. College was changed to the "Stockton Society of the Theological Seminary of Westminster." This change together with some alternations in the old constitution were necessary, owing to the fact that a transfer of place had been made and new relations formed by its membership in the establishment of a Seminary.

The prototype of the society is the famous Rev. Thos. Stockton who was one of the early fathers of the Methodist Protestant Church and widely distinguished for his pulpit oratory and theological attainments. The number of theological students in the Seminary and College now is larger than it has ever been at any one time, being sixteen. The present organization dates its origin as a permanent organized body from January 23, 1880, and at present is simply the old association with a new name. The motto of the society was also changed. The old motto was, "Dare to do right; fear to do wrong." Its present motto is, "I press toward the mark." A number of theological students have always been associated with the college, but up to the above date had formed no permanent organization. The present society will hold its meetings monthly on the first Saturday of every month, at 1 1/2 o'clock, P. M. Some of its members at present are connected with the literary societies at college, but it is thought that within another year or two they will sever their connection with the college societies and sustain only their own. The officers elected for the remainder of the present scholastic term are as follows: President, E. A. Warfield; Vice President, E. J. Wilson; Recording Secretary, L. R. Dyott; Corresponding Secretary, H. O. Stansbury; Librarian, George W. Pool; Critic, W. C. Rymers; Treasurer, E. Simpson.

During the past month the following books have been added to the Theological Library: From Dr. E. J. Drinkhouse, Editor of the Methodist Protestant, a copy of Schaff's Companion to the Greek Testament. From Mr. Geo. H. White of Washington, D. C., five volumes of Dicks works. From Mrs. Wm. King of Georgetown, D. C., four volumes of the Methodist Protestant. From Prof. J. W. Reese 1 vol. of Homiletical monthly. We publicly express our thanks for the above. The library now contains about 600 volumes, including many works once owned by some of the early ministers of Methodism.

An entertainment will be given on the 7th of December, in Odd Fellows' Hall, to be under the management of the Seminary and Theological students. The exercises will consist of readings by Prof. Merrill, interspersed with choice music under the direction of Prof. Spurrier. This entertainment will be an introduction to a course of lectures that will soon after be inaugurated.

The President, Rev. Thos. H. Lewis, is now absent on a tour through the South in the interest of the Seminary. He will visit Alabama, Georgia and North Carolina, and present the interests of the Seminary to the Annual Conference in those States. He will be absent three weeks.

Teacher: "Why, how stupid you are, to be sure. Can't multiply eight-eight by twenty-five? I'll wager that Charles can do it in less than no time" Pupil: "I shouldn't be surprised. They say that fools multiply very rapidly nowadays."

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