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Original Poetry.

Garfield, the Christian President.

Written for the Irving Literary Gazette,
BY J. T. W.

He nobly lived whom now we sadly mourn,
Known latest to us as our nation's chief,
Whose virtues eminent did well adorn
The station high he held for term so brief.
From early youth he set his heart to find
The path of wisdom, and that path pursue;
By manly effort and with steadfast mind,
He struggled upward to the prize in view.
The base assassin's hand could not destroy,
Nor lingering pain wear out the noble soul:—
Now, freed from earth, 'twill be his blest employ
God's grace to praise while endless ages roll.
That grace it was which made him truly wise—
By it he rose to virtue, honor, trust:
That grace it is exalts man to the skies,
And, "blessed is the memory of the just."
The people's tears bespeak the loss they feel,
Embalmed in living hearts his name shall be,
While heaven to him the glory doth reveal
Of those who trust in Christ implicitly.
September 26th, 1881.

ALUMNI ADDRESS.

At the last Annual Reunion of the Alumni of our College, June 17, 1881, the following remarks were made by the President, Mr. James A. Diffenbaugh, in place of the Annual Oration, which was to have been delivered by Mr. Winfield S. Amoss, of the Class of '77, who was, however, unable to attend the meeting because of sickness:

Among the quaint and beautiful things fashioned by the clever artisans of the olden days, was a dial on which the flight of time was marked by flowers. Some voluptuous bud flung its fragrance over the grave of each dead hour. It is even so with the Commencement Day. The hour which launches upon life's uncertain sea, the frail barques of each new class, freighted with precious hopes, ambitions and desires, is marked with heaps and pyramids of flowers. And this is well. It is an hour of sadness at the best, requiring all that may be brought of beauty and of bloom to hide its pain. But the occasion which we celebrate to-night, has a different, a more agreeable significance. It is not a farewell, but a re-union which makes our festival. The heart hastens to its home. As the long scattered members of a family on a Thanksgiving celebration, cluster around some lowly New England fireside whereby they passed their childhood, freely disbursing the hoarded coin they ill can spare that they may gather from the distant West and South once more beneath the dear old rafters blackened with smoke and age, to receive for the last time the tottering father's grave, affectionate counsel, the pious mother's fervent, tearful blessing, so we come home in another sense, to our Thanksgiving, to renew our youth and recall the fond endearments of our school-day life. Our ceremonies, like the trees which bower our heads to-night, have sprung from the very soil of this old hill, and from it are drawing, quietly and steadily, their stature and their strength.

A captious criticism has questioned their purpose and propriety—has asked why this Alumni Association lives, and what it seeks. The Association, therefore, at a meeting held last week, determined to employ the vacancy in its programme, caused by the necessary omission of its annual oration to-night, to answer these questions, to declare the purposes and aims which vitalize it, to explain the meaning of these annual gatherings—to put itself, if you please, *rectus in curia* with the public once for all. This task, ladies and gentlemen, it has given in charge to me as its president. Happily in the performance of the duty I am not left without guidance. The preamble to our constitution sets forth the purpose of our organization briefly to be, to foster the liberal culture its members have learned to love, to perpetuate the friendships of their college life, and to actively maintain the honor and promote the interest of their Alma Mater. Now what does this involve?

It is a rule which holds in economy as well as in hydraulics, that you must have a source higher than your tap. This is true in every useful and in every fine art. The direction must be drawn from some superior source, or there will be no good work. It is no less true in our social and civil life. There is, in our civilization there must be, a pre-eminently educated class, which ought to be the guide and lawgiver of all the others. I do not merely admit the notorious fact; I perceive the vital necessity. In the nature of the case the greater number must be relatively uneducated. However we may desire the universal diffusion and possession of the knowledge now confined to this class, we know it is, and long must be impossible. Its attainment exacts a devotion of time and means, to say nothing of tastes and habits, which can only be given by the comparatively few. It therefore follows, that of the few to whom these peculiar privileges are given, will be asked proportionate results. We feel that the educated class should be a more potential factor in every community than it is. It should create an atmosphere, not merely of exemplary morals and refined manners, but of palpable utility and blessing. Its members should be the commanders of every generous idea, the teachers and dispensers of all that is novel in science or noble in philosophy,—the exemplars of integrity, of amenity, and of an all pervading humanity to those around them. Why should they not be everywhere instructors, by school-room form and wayside hedge, by uttered word and printed page, through lectures, essays, conversations, as well as practically, of those important truths which the sciences are revealing to bless the industrial world? All this is clearly within their power, if truly educated; all this is clearly within the sphere of duty appointed them by Providence. Let them but do it, and they will stand where they ought to stand, at the head of the community, the directors of public opinion and the recognized benefactors of the race. Education must proceed from the more enlightened down to the more ignorant strata. If we wish better common schools we must

raise the standard of the colleges, and keep that standard up. We must light our fire on top. This we believe to be the truth, and we are ambitious to make our faith practical. Our membership in that educated class entails upon us the responsibility to perform that duty as far as our human infirmity will permit. And for this purpose we stand together in this association and come together in these annual meetings. Energy of any kind, to accomplish good, must be concentrated. Rays which are powerless when scattered, except to illuminate feebly, burn when they are brought to a point. Thus we seek to foster the liberal culture we here learned to venerate, perpetuating and strengthening our college friendships in order that we may do it the more effectively. In this wise, when we accomplish the first two objects of our association, we shall have already accomplished the third—of actively advancing the honor and promoting the interest of our Alma Mater. Here we are, firmly bound together in one common purpose, standing back of and above our College, in ourselves and our friends, and in the public sentiment we disseminate in her favor, a reservoir of moral, intellectual and social strength to her. Of course we intend some day, when our ships shall have come back to us laden with the golden fleece we have sent them in search of, to endow our mother and make her rich in material wealth. But in the meantime it is our purpose to gather around her as closely as we can, with all of reputation, character, achievement and high resolve that we can bring to make her great and good. So that when that utilitarian inquiry comes to her, as it must come and does already come—"To what end do you live and draw substance from the ground?" She can reply and be justified, "Lo, my children! These are the fruits I have borne."

It has been our custom, in carrying out this plan, to elect one of our number each year to bring before us at the next communion, some lesson of hidden or forgotten wisdom; or at the least to watch the times, heed the signals, take note of longitude and direction during the year, and tell us whither we should steer in future. Hitherto the choice had been confined to one side of the chamber. But at length it occurred to the assembly that there was another influence it had felt, in its business meetings, like a perpetual benediction, which might also be employed with advantage in these public exercises; and that to ignore it would be to cut off the wings, and darken the light which might lift and guide it to a higher, a more beneficent activity. Accordingly at the last annual meeting proper steps were taken to this end, and I have the gratification to make known, that we are to-night for the first time, to be lifted by those wings, and guided by that light, in the person of one of the gentler members of my own class, who, if she will forgive my offense to her modesty, is an honor to the name she bears, and was the first lady graduate of our College to win and wear her second degree.

I have thus, my friends, endeavored to discharge the duty of this hour with such plain words as have readily occurred to

me. I know I have but imperfectly succeeded. The man who attempts to concentrate into a few desultory remarks the multiform life, impulse and activity of such an organization as ours is, must necessarily fall far short of the mark. But upon the skeleton I have presented, it will not be difficult for the intelligent inquirer to build up the body of flesh and blood which belongs there.

I have but a word more, and that, members of the Class '81, is a word of welcome to you. That you are welcome to all our membership in our body implies—more welcome than my feeble words can tell—goes without saying. And I am the more willing that it should, since I know you are in no danger of misinterpreting the silence. You know that I cannot, as the voice of this body, give you a passport to any high position. To win that must be your own work. Our society is not an army with banners, essaying some grand crusade, whose course lies along the points and pinnacles of great affairs where History holds her splendid march. Nor is its role that of the loud sounding Philanthropists and Reformers who continually agitate the air with their Utopian dreams of human happiness. It only seeks, in its humble, quiet way, and with such means as it has in hand, to render what service it can to its day and generation; hoping that, in some measure by its aid and ministry, that enlightened conservatism which asks what it is we should conserve, and what there is of abuse or injustice that should be cut away in order that what is valuable and precious may be conserved; and that genial reform which recognizes harmony and love as the elements of all true progress, and shrinks from any changes impelled by hatred or compassed through disorder, may, under the providence of God, be brought to know each other as brothers and natural allies. And working in this way it cannot work in vain. The mighty forces of this world are not always the noisiest. Violence, passion, fanaticism, can always find voice and rend the air with their factious clamors, while deep and earnest conviction lies unspoken in the heart of a people. The currents of passion may flow hither and thither under extraneous influences, like the waves lashed into fury by the storm, while the great sea, the unsounded depths of a common humanity, a common interest, a common patriotism and a common hope, lie voiceless but almighty beneath.

An impecunious tramp stepped into a restaurant in Nebraska to feed, and then started out without paying. The indignant man hurled a piece of new pie after the retreating guest, striking him on the head and fracturing the skull. The restaurateur has been arrested on a charge of committing an assault with a deadly weapon, with intent to commit bodily injury.—*Hawkeye.*

"Is anybody waiting on you?" said a polite dry goods clerk to a young lady from the country.

"Yes sir," replied the blushing damsel, "that's my fellow outside; he wouldn't come in the store."

For the Irving Literary Gazette,

The Cathedral, at Cologne.

FROM THE GERMAN.

We enter the Cathedral, and continue to proceed until we are enveloped in a deep darkness. When one has once visited Cologne, and has viewed this splendid temple, it is impossible for him to refrain from revisiting it, in order to perceive the thrilling emotions of the sublime. Before the boldness of this masterpiece, the soul full of amazement, falls prostrate, then rises again in lofty flight above the completed structure which was but the idea of a kindred spirit. The more gigantic the efficiency of human energy, the higher above it tower the consciousness of our effectual nature. Who is the lofty stranger in this mortal coil, that he should be able to display himself in such a variety of forms, and to leave after him these expressive monuments of the manner in which he apprehends outward objects, and makes them his own? A century afterwards, we shall see the artist, and have a presentiment of the form of his fancy, whilst through this massive structure, we are wondering. The splendor of the choir, with its heavenward rising arches, exhibits a most majestic simplicity which surpasses all conception. Standing there are groups of slender pillars, enormous in length, like the towering kings of a primeval forest; and it is only at their very summit, that they are divided, in their glory by spreading branches which vie with their neighbors in arching peaks, extending so high, that the eye is almost unable to clearly view them. Though it be true that the infinity of the universe can not be expressed to the senses within the limits of finite space, yet there is in these boldly towering walls, and piers an irresistible something which the imagination so easily prolongs into the infinite.

The Greek architecture is, unquestionably, the essence of perfection, of the harmonious, the significant, and the select; in a word, it is beautiful. Here moreover stands the Gothic column, which might be called single, but like a mass of tottering reeds, growing close together, in order to keep a perpendicular growth, it is formed of many pieces, and under their arches they, as it were, merrily revel, like the umbrageous arches of the forest trees—here the heart rejoices in the recklessness of artistical beginnings—yonder the stately Greek columns appear to join themselves with all that is noble, and majestic—these stand there as visions, from another world, like a fairy palace, to give testimony of the creative genius in man, which can pursue an isolated thought to its utmost limit, and reach the sublime, even though the road be rough, and eccentric. It is very much to be lamented, that so gorgeous an edifice, must remain unfinished. Though the design can agitate so powerfully in the completed idea, yet, in like manner, it may not completely overcome us with its imposing appearance. Nothing has been said of the three saintly kings, and of the so-called treasure in their chapel—nothing of the tapestry, and the glass—painting on the windows of the choir—nothing of the abundant golden and silver caskets, in which the remains of the holy St. Englebert are reposing, and their carved works of wondrous beauty, which, in this respect, can be hardly imitated.

A most important subject attracted my attention; a man of the most roving fancy, and the most delicate feelings, who for the first time, perceived in this transept, the impression of the grandeur of the Gothic architecture, was filled with rapture, at the sight of a choir a hundred feet in

height. Oh! it was beautiful to behold it, reflected, as it were, in the bright contemplation of the grandeur of the temple. Towards the end of our sojourn, the sound of our steps reverberating from arch to arch over the graves of electors, bishops and knights, awakened in our mind the dark and terrible pictures of the days gone by.

Resolutions.

In accordance with the patriotic impulses that have ever identified the student's of W. M. C., they convened in the chapel on Monday afternoon of the 26th September, to express in common with the nation their deep sense of loss at the death of the President. The hour for opening found a goodly number from town and College assembled. Mr. C. B. Taylor having been elected chairman opened the meeting with appropriate remarks. A dirge skilfully performed by Prof. Cushing followed, and also prayer by Mr. J. M. Gill. Mr. Elderdice as chairman of the committee on resolutions, read the resolutions, of sympathy which were adopted, and supplemented the reading with some apt remarks, in consonance with the mournful occasion.

"Refuge," a vocal quartette, followed, after which Mr. E. P. Leech delivered an address on the "Exemplary Life and Character of our Fallen Chieftain." "Death," a poem from the pen of Prof. C. T. Wright, was next read with great expression by Miss Agnes Lease. Mr. E. L. Gies followed with an appropriate declamation. A dirge entitled "How Sleep the Brave" ensued, after which Mr. L. R. Meekins pronounced an able address on "Garfield as a Conciliator." Nearer my God to Thee" was sung by the audience, who were then dismissed with the benediction by Rev. H. W. Kuhns.

The resolutions were as follows:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to take from our land its honored Executive, James Abram Garfield, thus bringing sorrow upon our nation, and sorrow to all of its people, not only in our own land, but in foreign ones as well. Therefore be it

Resolved, That we the students of Western Maryland College, in company with all our countrymen, unite our voices in denouncing the cowardly act of the dastardly assassin, whose murderous hand has deprived the nation of its beloved President.

Resolved, That we hear with most heartfelt regret of the death, of this statesman, patriot soldier and President.

Resolved, That our tenderest sympathies are proffered to those who stand nearest to him in the endeared relation of mother, wife and child, to whom the memory of a life of honor, probity and christian manliness will be the richest heritage.

Recent Post-Office Rules.

Feather beds are non-mailable.

Eggs must be sent when new.

A pair of onions will go for two scents.

Ink bottles must be corked when sent by mail.

Over three pounds of real estate are not transmissible.

An arrangement has been perfected by which letters without postage will be immediately forwarded—to the dead letter office.

Parties are earnestly requested not to send postal cards with money orders enclosed, as large sums are frequently lost in that way.

Nitro-glycerine must be forwarded at risk of sender. If it should blow up in the postmaster's hands he cannot be held responsible.

When letters are received bearing no direction, the parties for whom they are intended will please signify the fact to the postmaster, that he may at once forward.

Our Ancestors.

Whatever may be said to the contrary, it is probable that most men take no little pride in being able to trace an ancestry which extends far into the past. New men affect a sneer at the claims of long descent, yet these claims will probably carry weight which the sneer is powerless to counterbalance. The English squire, as he settles himself in his easy chair, for his after-dinner nap, glances with pardonable pride at the family tree, where the long line of the DeBrawnhams is traced back, through the centuries, to Geoffrey De Brawnham, butcher in ordinary to William the Conqueror. Even the wealthy merchant of the New World will sometimes cease to hear for a brief moment the "chinking of the dollar," and let his fancy (if we may be pardoned for the unbusiness-like word) rove away to the distant land from which his ancestors came a hundred years or so ago, and dream of his great-great-grandfather, "the fine old English gentleman," or the "valiant Phair-shon," who

"Had a son who married Noah's daughter,
And nearly spoilt a flood
By trinking up a water,"

the O'Sullivans and McGeogheghans, kings of Cork and chiefs of Tipperary, or the powdered and periwigged courtier of "Le Grand Monarque."

But there is another line of ancestry which will awaken a feeling of interest, if not of reverence. The pedigree of the student stretches far back into the darkness of antiquity. The student of to-day is in very truth a descendent by unbroken succession from the youths who moved in the gardens of the Academy or the Museum. The surroundings have changed, the world has rolled on some few centuries since then, but men are but men in every age, and the college life of Alcibiades might find a parallel in the nineteenth century. The students in the schools of Alexandria, as Mr. Kingsley pictures them, bear a wonderful resemblance to University men of to-day. Nor do we lose the "touch of nature" as we glance at the universities of the Middle Ages. Paris, with its hundreds of eager youths crowding to the lectures of Abelard; Salerno, with its wrangling disputes on all things "in heaven, earth or under the earth;" Padua, with its students of magic and subterranean hall, through which the votaries of the "Black Art" raced to avoid being seized by the Devil, those who escaped him leaving their shadows in his clutches. As we reach more familiar ground, we look upon old Oxford and Cambridge, so different from the quiet homes of learning of to-day. "When Oxford draws the knife, England's soon at strife," ran the old saying. Every political or ecclesiastical change was preceded by a fierce broil in the narrow streets of the squalid University town. Yet there were many students like Edmund Rich and Roger Bacon; men who, like Faust, had mastered the then sum of human knowledge, and who, in their scholastic fervor, would have exclaimed, with Erasmus, "When I have some money, first I will buy some books, then some clothes." Dear old Chaucer shows the student of his days in his inimitable pictures of life, the "Clerk of Oxenforde," who

"Hadde but litel gold in coffre,"

yet

"Of studie tooke he moste care and heede."

Then, again, on the other side of the picture, in "Hendy Nicolas" of Oxford and the two north countrymen, Alein and John of "Soler Hall," Cambridge. The democratic spirit, so strong always in the collegiate institutions of the Middle Ages,

still shows traces of survival in the German universities, where students are not amenable to municipal authorities, but to those of the university. Ever in the van of all revolution, religious or political, we hear the shouts of the students—around the bonfire of the papal bull, at the gate of Wittenberg, and in the tumults of the last century, see the "Burschenschaft" ride out from the university towns, with swords clanking at their heels and pistols in their holsters. At home there is, of necessity, less of that which makes the universities of the Old World objects of such profound interest. Yet it is a curious study to read the statutes of the older colleges, with their numberless rules of etiquette. It forces a smile to read the regulation which requires a student to take off his cap when addressing a member of a higher class than himself, and which reduces the Freshman to the status of an Eton or Rugby fag in the "brave days of old." Oliver Wendell Holmes, in a well-known college-song, sings of the first college in the Colonies, where the students were the president's three sons and a little Indian boy, and tells us

"How the Seniors use to haze
That Freshman class of one."

Our ancestors are indeed a long line, in which there is much to be proud of. They live before us in the pages of their history. Let college-men of to-day beware lest, with more light than they, we fall into their errors and fail to attain to their renown.—Exchange.

ALUMNI NOTES.

The Alumni now numbers ninety members, which, with three who have died, make ninety-three graduates from our College in ten years. Of the ninety, fifty-three are ladies and thirty-seven are gentlemen. So far as heard from, twenty-five are married, eighteen are school-teachers, six are preachers, eight are lawyers, four are physicians.

Of the male Alumni, twenty-four are members of Irving and thirteen are members of Webster Society.

Charles H. Baughman, of '71, is secretary of the Farmers & Planters' Mutual Aid Association of Carroll County.

H. Dorsey Newson, of '72, is in business in New York city.

Frank W. Shriver, of '73, is chief clerk at the Taylor Manufacturing Company's Works, Westminster, Md.

C. Berry Cushing, of '77, is in charge of the Preparatory Department of Western Maryland College.

DeWitt C. Ingle, of '78, was married in September to Miss May Brockett, of '74, and is now principal of the High School at Salisbury, Md., where he resides with his wife and mother.

J. W. Miles, of '78, familiarly known as "Josh," is a law partner of Col. Henry Page, of Princess Anne.

Edward S. Baile, of '80, is farming near Wakefield, this county.

Lewis A. Jarman and W. R. McDaniel, also of '80, and Miss Katie Smith, of '81, are members of our Faculty.

Miss F. May Devilbiss, of '77, is visiting Miss Martha Smith, of '76.

Miss Laura K. Matthews, of '76, has removed to Prince George's county, Md.

It is said that the fever-matrimonial is raging with unusual violence among the Alumni. Several weddings are talked of as impending, and a number of others are put down among the probabilities. We are prepared to give the best gilt edge notice of all such affairs free of charge, and have any quantity of congratulations and good wishes on call. We invite the confidence of our friends in this respect.

Scientific.

M. T. Coquillon sometime since published an account of an instrument for the detection of fire-damp. A spiral of platinum or palladium is made hot by an electric current, and this by catalytic power produces the combination of the mixed gases. A modification of this lamp has been employed to produce the slow combustion of fire-damp. Platinized asbestos is used as wicks for a lamp fed by some hydrocarbon; by this flame a layer of platinum wire gauze is heated to red heat, and it is kept glowing by consuming any fire-damp which may be in the atmosphere. It is stated that one lamp with five burners will consume in a day 4000 cubic metres of an explosive mixture of gases. In Caroline Colliery, near Langendreer, in Westphalia, where some experiments have been tried, nine cubic metres of explosive gases were consumed by one lamp in seven minutes.—*Stoddart's Review.*

Like the sand of the sea, the stars of heaven, says Sir John Lubbock in his opening address at the recent meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, has ever been used as effective symbols of number, and the improvements in our methods of observation have added fresh force to our original impressions. We now know that our earth is but a fraction of one out of at least 75,000,000 worlds. But this is not all. In addition to the luminous heavenly bodies, we cannot doubt that there are countless others, invisible to us from their greater distance, smaller size, or feebler light; indeed, we know that there are many dark bodies, which now emit no light or comparatively little.

Thus, in the case of Procyon, the existence of an invisible body is proved by the movement of the visible star. Again I may refer to the curious phenomena presented by Algol, a bright star in the head of Medusa. This star shines without change for two days and thirteen hours; then, in three hours and a half, dwindles from a star of the second to one of the fourth magnitude; and then, in another three and a-half hours, reassumes its original brilliancy. These changes seem certainly to indicate the presence of an opaque body which intercepts at regular intervals a part of the light emitted by Algol.

Thus the floor of heaven is not only "thick inlaid with patines of bright gold," but studded also with extinct stars—once probably as brilliant as our own sun, but now dead and cold, as Helmholtz tells us that our sun itself will be some seventeen millions of years hence.

A railway for general travel, on which the cars are propelled by electricity, has been successfully opened between Lichterfelde, a suburban station on the Berlin-Anhalt railway, and the military academy in Berlin. It is about a mile and a-half long. One rail is used as a positive and the other as a negative conductor. The primary machine and steam-engine for generating electricity is a third of a mile from Lichterfelde, and the current is conveyed from there to the rails by underground cables. The cars are like ordinary railroad cars, and carry twenty passengers and a guard. The car has a starting lever and a break at each end, and can move either forward or back with facility. The power is conveyed to a dynamo-machine under the car, and thence applied to the wheels. The car can be safely run the whole distance (one and a-half miles) in five minutes. There is no noise or smoke. This is the first practical application of electricity to railroad propulsion.—*Ex.*

Death in the Hour of Triumph.

A wealthy gentleman of Berlin had offered a number of valuable prizes for the best essays that should be written on several subjects of importance to the learned world, a prize of two hundred thalers for the best metaphysical essay, and an equal sum each for essays on mediæval history, astronomy, celestial mechanics, sociology, geology, poetry, and—apparently to show his world-wideliness—five hundred thalers each for the best romantic tale and the best poem, the prizes to be awarded by a committee selected from the various universities, and various designated *litterateur* of eminence who were supposed to be, and as the sequel showed, really were disinterested in the matter, and willing to do only what justice might require. The essays and poems were to be of no particular length, and were to be judged simply by their real merits, but the authors must all be German. The wealth and reputation of the man who offered the prizes were such a sufficient guarantee of certainty of payment and of consequent reputation, as to set half, if not all, of the younger men of Germany at work to achieve the guerdon of success.

On the 7th of July, at the Gewandt-Haus at Leipsic, the prizes were awarded, a large company of gentlemen and ladies being present. The ceremonies were begun by most exquisite music by the old orchestra—among whom were men who knew and loved Mendelssohn—at the conclusion of which the venerable Dr. Schmidt, so long known for his kindness and learning at Heidelberg, announced the names of those who had been so fortunate as to carry off the very valuable prizes offered. The names of the authors of the various works had been sent in sealed envelopes, on which were inscribed the fictitious names signed to their productions.

The author of the metaphysical essay had chosen as his theme Kant's "*Antinomie der Reinen Vernunft*" (Antinomie of Pure Reason,) and taken as his name for the occasion "Hans Wildenstein." After passing a eulogium on the essay, Dr. Schmidt broke the seal and found in the envelop the name of Max Markmann, who thereupon was called upon the stage to receive the reward of his work. A pale, poorly clad and most wretched-looking young man stepped forward, and was received with hearty applause. His hair was thin and gray, although he was plainly yet young, and his whole appearance was such as to at once awaken the sympathies of the audience. He stepped quietly aside, and Dr. Schmidt continued his announcements, Markmann sitting near him, pale and still, in a large arm-chair.

The astronomical essay was on the "Evolution of Nebulæ, with particular reference to the large nebulæ in Orion," and here too the successful author was found to be Max Markmann. When this announcement was made, great enthusiasm was manifested, and after receiving his prize poor Markmann took his seat, apparently more weary and dejected than at first.

The next essay was a review of Ranke, and here too this young man was successful; and so on through the whole list of prizes, Max Markmann stepped forward amid thunders of applause and received his award. No one who knows the enthusiasm of the Germans will fail to know that all the students were ready to carry the young man off on their shoulders to have a good *Kneip*.

The poem was an exceedingly fine one, somewhat in the vein of that exquisite poet of nature, Otto Roquette, yet breath-

ing the air of a loftier and mightier soul, which had dwelt alike with Shakspeare and Goethe and Homer. It was a wonderful composition. Herr Auerbach, the author of "Village Tales," "On the Heights," and other works, and who was the head of the committee on the tales, had said, of the one named "The Village Rector," that it was one of the finest he had ever read. And the successful competitor for all the prizes was Herr Max Markmann.

The prize for the tale was the last one announced, and as Markmann stepped forward to receive it, amid thunders of applause, his face suddenly became ashy in its whiteness, and he fell fainting on the stage. A deathlike silence succeeded, during which he was removed to an ante-room, and but partially restored to consciousness. He lingered but for four hours, and when he died, the physician who had attended him announced that death was caused by privation—in other words, by starvation. All that the highest medical skill could do had been of no avail.

It was found that for years he had occupied a little chamber in an obscure *Gasse*, where he had worked, gaining a most precarious living in teaching languages, and nearly everything which anybody required to know. In his room were found incomplete models of remarkable mechanical contrivances, a broken chair and mounds of manuscript, among which were letters from some of the most distinguished men in Europe. He had apparently lived on almost nothing for months, and poor, dejected, weary, yet glowing with the fire of genius, had worked for the prizes offered, amounting in all to twenty-four hundred thalers, and then, hungry and weary, had dragged himself to the Gewandt-Haus to win them all and die. If the history of genius and its rewards has a sadder tale to tell than this, I know not of it.—*Graphic.*

Host and Guest in England.

The universal deference paid to a man's right to himself in England makes social duties as well as social pleasures far less onerous than they are with us in America, where the relation of host and guest is a double slavery. The host has the comfort and amusement of his guest so painfully at heart that he often becomes his officious slave for the time being, while the guest unable to refuse his host's continual and pressing offers of indiscriminate kindness, becomes in turn the slave to his host's notions of amusement. He either has blindly to follow out his host's programme, or has to rack his own brain to furnish the latter with opportunities to show him attention. The typical American entertainer cannot leave his guest alone; with the very best and most friendly intention in the world, he begins by imploring him to "make himself thoroughly at home," and immediately proceeds to make his house as little like home as lies within human power. "What would you like to do to-day?" or "Would not you like to, etc., etc., to-day?" are the standard breakfast-table questions.

In England hosts let their guests do just what they please. Go to spend a week at an Englishman's house, and you may be sure that your host will not put himself out for you in the least, unless you expressly desire it. Everything in the house goes on as usual just as if you were not there. But per contra the house and all that is in it are practically yours while you stay within its walls. Your host puts his servants, his wine cellar, his larder, often his horses and his game pre-

serves absolutely at your disposal. You are at liberty to act and are expected to act precisely as if you were in your own house. You can order a sandwich, a bowl of broth, a glass of wine or spirits whenever you please; you can announce your intention of going off shooting the very morning after your arrival, and guns and dogs are waiting for you. It is the commonest occurrence for men, arriving in the afternoon at a friend's house, to send their dress suits down to the laundress to be pressed before dinner. In England guests are not only told to "make themselves at home," but are actually allowed to do so.

The Llama.

The South American llama will bear neither beating or ill treatment. The animals go in troops, an Indian walking a long distance ahead as a guide. If the llamas are tired, they stop, and the Indian stops also. If the delay be too great, the Indian, becoming uneasy toward sunset, after all due precaution, resolves on supplanting the beasts to resume their journey. He stands about fifty or sixty paces off, in an attitude of humility, waving his hand coaxingly toward them, looks at them with tenderness, and at the same time, in the softest tones, reiterates, "Ie, ie, ie!" If the llamas are disposed to resume their course, they follow the Indian in good order and at a regular pace, but very fast, for their legs are very long; but when they are in ill-humor, they do not even turn toward the speaker, but remain motionless, huddled together, standing or lying down. The straight neck and its gentle majesty of bearing, the long down of their always clean and glossy skin, their supple and timid motion, all give them an air at once sensitive and noble. The llama is the only creature employed by man which he dares not strike. If it happens—which is very seldom the case—that an Indian wishes to obtain, either by force or even by threats what the llama will not willingly perform, the instant the animal finds itself affronted by words or gesture, he raises his head with dignity, and without making any attempt to escape ill-treatment by flight, lies down, turning its looks toward heaven. Large tears flow freely from his beautiful eyes, sighs issue from his breast, and in half or three-quarters of an hour at the most, he expires. The respect shown these animals by Peruvian Indians amounts absolutely to superstitious reverence. When the Indians lead them, two approach and caress the animal, hiding his head that he may not see the load on his back. It is the same in unloading. The Indians of the Cordilleras alone have sufficient patience and gentleness to manage the llama.

A man once made a bet, that he could prove that *this side* of the river was the *other side*. Pointing to the opposite shore, he asked, "Is not that *one side* of the river?" "Yes." "Well, a river has but two sides; if that be *one side*, of course this is the *other side*." His antagonist, dumbfounded by such logic, paid the money, and began to think with Macbeth, that "nothing is but what is not."

The following sentence from Robert South will bear more than one reading: "It is most certain that ill tongues would be silent if ill ears were not open, and hence it was an apposite saying of the ancients that the teller and hearer of slander should be hanged, the one by the tongue the other by the ears."

Why is a turnpike gate like a dead dog's tail? Because it stops a waggin."

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

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What We Need.

For several years it has been apparent that we are seriously in need of more room. Since the school has increased so much; in addition to more dormitories, we are seriously in need of more room in our recitation halls, some of them being entirely too small for comfort and convenience. There being a class in the recitation hall every period, the air becomes vitiated, making it uncomfortable for both Professor and student.

At present the College is renting about 25 rooms for the accommodation of her students at a price which would pay the interest on quite a large sum of money. She also pays a professor to remain there all the time, in order that he may render assistance to the students from time to time as they may have occasion to call upon him for the same.

The Chapel is also too small and not of the exact proportions that it should be for the comfort of any one who may have occasion to speak in it. Whenever an entertainment is given at the College, the Chapel is found to small too contain all the people and a great many of the visitors are compelled to return home, not being afforded an opportunity to get their visors within the chapel walls.

Viewing matters thus, we begin to perceive the need of another building or an addition to the present one, and as the present one might become unsightly in its appearance by the addition of another wing, we cannot conceive of a better idea than to build another separate and distinct building of such dimensions as may be thought sufficient to accommodate the students which we may expect within the next few years.

Since the addition was built to the college in 1871, the number of students on her roll have been increasing from year to year, until we find much the same difficulties attending us now as there were then. Formerly the patronage has been steadily increasing and we have no basis upon which to found a supposition that the present patronage will not continue to increase in the future as it has in the past.

In constructing a new building first let us have a capacious and rightly proportioned chapel; so that, in the first place, it may be large enough for the accommodation of the visitors at our entertainments; and in the second, of such proportions that it may be comfortable to the speaker. Next

let there be some convenient and well ventilated class rooms, and last but not least, the dormitories, which should be especially adapted to the comfort of the students, as here they must dwell for nine months of the year.

In addition we might suggest a gymnasium, properly fitted up, so as to allow the students an opportunity for taking a due allowance of exercise. A great many of the students suffer from lack of exercise, and this is especially noticed during the winter and early spring months, when the walking is disagreeable, and the students are little inclined to take long walks for health's sake.

As mere suggestions will not accomplish any thing, we will here have to transfer the matter to the hands of the many patrons of the College.

Who will be the first, upon observing her needs, to place his shoulder to the wheel and give her a donation so that she may accomplish this much needed object.

A Reading Room Wanted.

The subject has often been discussed among the students of this College why a reading room has not been established here, as a means of recreation after the severe studies of the day and also of ascertaining what is going on in the world around us. The establishment of such an addition to our present stock of reading as contained in the several libraries of the College, would supply a long felt want in our midst. Students who have been in the habit of reading the daily papers or the best periodical literature of the day and who may not be disposed to incur the additional expense of subscribing for these while at school, would feel the want of them most. An institution such as this is almost indispensable to a student going through the regular course of instruction in a college; for he is expected to know enough to enter intelligently into the business of public life at the completion of his education, and he cannot do this if he has neglected the very means of attaining such intelligence. There is certainly nothing to prevent such an enterprise being started, here now that the College is free from debt and ready to embark in any new enterprise that promises such benefits to all concerned. The benefits as we have said are great and lasting, and it only needs some one to take the initial step looking to the foundation of a reading room, in order to have such a valuable aid to the regular course of instruction. And just here the question comes up *who is to take the initial step*, the College authorities or the students. In regard to this we think a middle course might be pursued; let the College authorities furnish a large and well ventilated room suitable for the purpose and we think the students would willingly furnish it with all the first class reading matter of the day, both in the way of newspapers and periodicals. In this way the expense would not be great on either side. We think the trouble so far has been not the expense but the impossibility of obtaining room in the College

building, as the great increase in the number of students has made it necessary to convert every inch of room into study halls or sleeping apartments. The next consideration to come up is, what shall be the character of the reading matter for the reading room once established; and by the way no small consideration, as a reading room stocked with pernicious literature would be worse than none. We would suggest in the first place, that it be well stocked with the leading newspapers of the day, both daily and weekly representing all shades of political and religious opinion so that it may be interesting and instructive to all, and not the few, whose views and sentiments it happens to suit. And in addition to this it should have a pretty liberal selection of the magazines of the day. We would suggest a list something like the following in order to please the taste of all. Scribners Monthly, Atlantic Monthly, International Review, North American Review, and such other standard periodical literature. With such a list of reading matter a student could not fail to find employment for his leisure moments.

Our Exchanges.

The following exchanges have made their appearance this year: The *Heidelberg Monthly*, *Penn. College Monthly*, *Monumental Leaflet* and *New Windsor Herald*. It will not be our aim to criticise any of our exchanges, but will take extracts from them as they suit our purpose, and will also notice their arrival from time to time. We notice in the *Heidelberg Monthly* a contribution entitled "The Place of Colateral Reading in a College Course," and from which we take the following:

"At some time in his college course every wide-awake student is liable to be afflicted by a mania for miscellaneous reading, when he is in danger of abandoning the usual class-room work and giving himself up to the supposed luxury of reading the whole body of classic English literature.

Sometimes he recovers in season to regain his former standing in class; sometimes he does not recover from the dissipation for many weeks, and loses, if he ever passed, his former prestige as a careful and accurate scholar. Now and then the heresy obtains currency that a student must attend to much general reading during college life, no matter what else he performs or leaves unperformed. It is certainly desirable that every one professing to be educated should be widely and thoroughly informed, provided such acquisition does not interfere with more important considerations. It is possible that general reading may be indulged in at too great a sacrifice and at a time which could be better devoted to other purposes. If a student is worthy of the name he will keep up his studious habits through life and reserve for subsequent investigation what may be deferred to a later period. * * A college is not the place to roam over the whole realm of science and literature.

But it is the place to acquire solid views in the fundamentals of all studies lying at the basis of true education. Any reading which is not based upon a good knowledge of the fundamentals of a subject, or which does not furnish such knowledge, is of but little lasting benefit, for there being no point of contact the mind soon allows it to escape. To read with the highest advantage requires a mind well disciplined and enabled by thorough study to comprehend the subtleties of phrase and diction of trope and imagery, of thought and speech.

We again urge all friends of the Irving and especially the exactive members the importance of their taking a greater interest in the GAZETTE which shall manifest itself not only in words of encouragement but also in that which is of more vital importance, subscribers. If each exactive member would constitute himself a committee to get even two or three subscribers it would prove of inestimable benefit to us, and it is not only this but many of the exmembers themselves do not subscribe. Now we think this is only an oversight, as old students would certainly take interest enough in their alma mater to wish to know what is going on there. Therefore we again ask you to do all you can for us, and send as many subscribers as possible.

College Notes.

The regular exercises of the College were suspended on Tuesday, October 11th, that the students might have an opportunity to visit the "Oriole" festivities in Baltimore.

The College at this time is in the most prosperous condition since its foundation, both financially and in number of students attending. There are now in the neighborhood of 125 students, with the prospect of more.

The reading room subject has been brought up and agitated considerably among the students, but cannot be established at this time for want of room. This is a great disappointment to some of the sanguine ones, as they had fully looked for the establishment of a reading room this year.

The decided change in the weather during the last week or so, and the beautiful moonlight nights, seem to have taken away the minds of several of the young gentlemen from their studies, and to send them star-gazing with their sweethearts.

The Dairy Maids' Reception, given by the ladies of the M. P. Church and Sunday school, with which many of the students here are identified, was quite a success and very much enjoyed by all present. The net proceeds, we understand, were about forty dollars.

The Senior Class has no new accessions this year, but on the contrary has lost several of its members and will not be as large as was expected at the close of the Junior year, yet it will still be the largest that ever graduated, if all continue in it. There will be eight ladies and eleven gentlemen, making nineteen in all.

Nowadays, when you see a husband and wife together in public, you may make up your mind there are neither children nor lap dogs in the family. If such were the case, the husband would have to remain at home with the children, while the wife went out with the dogs.—*Lowell Citizen*.

A PICTURE.

For the Irving Literary Gazette.

BY C. T. W.

What theme shall fill my thoughts to-day?
What promptings shall my pen incite
To touch the spotless page and stain
Its whiteness with the words I write?

Is it at master's stern command
My sluggish ink from languid pen,
Flows slowly to express the thoughts
That I would gladly keep from men?

No, 'tis not thus unwilling driven,
And petulant, my Muse I write,
But thee invoke thy aid to lend,
That I may paint a picture bright.

A picture did I say? ah, yes;
A picture I would seek to paint
Of varied hues, both dark and light,
A picture neither plain nor quaint.

The sunbeams streaming from the East;
Shed golden glow o'er nature's face,
And stealing upward in their course
Kiss every hill-top reared in space.

Crowning the top of our proud hill,
Where Nature's charms seem doubly shown,
Stands towering upward to the sky
Our alma mater's lofty dome.

'Tis not with wealth's proud gifts adorned,
Nor decked its halls with beauty's grace;
But ever found within its walls,
Are minds where culture finds a place.

While art with pleasing touch might make
Her lofty domes more lofty still,
And lend its aid to paint her form
In colors suiting fancy's will.

She basks in Nature's brightest smiles,
She feels the kiss of Nature's breeze;
She greets the morning's slanting rays,
And evening's last faint glimmer sees.

Her Eastern walls from moon's first light,
Hide grass and grove on Western side;
Where far along the sward at eve,
We watch the length'ning shadows glide.

Her Southern windows blaze with light,
Shot from a glowing summer's sky;
Or open to catch the fainter beams,
That winter's fitful days supply.

At eventide her western face
Is touched by sunset's mellow rays,
That streaming from their golden source
Light up the swift departing days.

Enthroned our College proudly sits,
Commanding far the encircling view
Of hill, and plain, and mountain brow,
A scene more fair than e'er drew.

For stretching north and south are seen
The sunlit peaks and sombre base,
Of high Blue Ridge, that seems to touch
The sky, and leave thereon a trace.

Of grandeur from their rugged forms,
That guard like sentinels the west;
And throw far down the valley's length
A dark'ning shadow o'er its breast.

The city nestling at our feet,
Sends softly thro' all the day
Its busy hum of industry,
And merry sounds of children's play.

The varying seasons lend their aid
To change the scene from old to new,
While east and west, and north and south,
Far-reaching beauty girds the view.

The shifting picture as we gaze,
Grows from dark to light, as fitting by,
The shadows dropped by fleeting clouds,
Are changed by sunshine thro' the sky.

Thus through the changing hours points,
Like watchful sentinel's warning hand;
With gloom o'erspread, or sunlight tipped,
The dome of Western Maryland.

The Rochester Express says the "Roman Germans have just organized a 'Deutsches Sprachausbildungs und Beförderungsverein.'" Why they left it so late to organize a Deutsches Sprachausbildungs und Beförderungsverein will strike most persons as being little short of a miracle.—Nor. Herald.

Young Swell—"I should like to have my mustache dyed."
Polite Barber—"Certainly; did you bring it with you?"

From the Crayon Miscellany of Irving Literary Society.

A Sketch of the Life of Edgar Allen Poe.

BY W. S. AMOSS.

Would that time and space might permit me to give you a lengthy description of the life of one of America's greatest writers, but it is not so! I will indulge you but a short time by giving you a brief sketch of his life. Poe's great grand father, John Poe, emigrated from Ireland to America and brought with him his wife and son David, who was then but two or three years old. He was distinguished during the Revolution as being quarter-master general in the Maryland line. He married a lady from Pennsylvania, who is said by some to have been very beautiful. To her were born five children, the names of two of whom have been transmitted to us, David and Maria. Little is known of David Poe, Jr. except that while studying law in Baltimore, he was sent to Norfolk on business, and during his stay became enamored of Elizabeth Arnold, an eminent English actress, who was at that time playing there. But a short time after this they were married, and David appeared on the stage with her. They lived precariously together for about ten years, and in the year 1815 both died of consumption and left three children utterly destitute, Rosalie, Henry and Edgar. Edgar Allen Poe was born in Boston in 1809, and after the death of his parents, was adopted by John Allen, a wealthy merchant of Richmond. He had at this time a very tenacious memory and was accustomed to declaim the finest passages of English Poetry to the evening visitors at Mr. Allen's residence. No one could fail to be struck by the justness of his emphasis and his evident appreciation of the poem which he recited. Mr. Allen made a tour with him to England, Scotland and Ireland and placed him at school in Stoke Newington, near London where he laid the foundation for a fine classical education. At the end of this time he returned again to Mr. Allen, at Richmond, and it was then that he expressed a long-ling desire to go to the "University of Virginia." Mr. Allen, being a very kind hearted and clever old man, and being interested in the welfare of Edgar, sent him to the place of his choice. Poe's temperament was very weak and excitable, and being led on by his companions, the temptation was too great for him, he gave himself up to drink and finally left, but was not expelled, as is supposed by some. Whatever his habits may have been he was in the first rank for scholarship. After his return to Mr. Allen's house a quarrel ensued and resulted in Edgar's leaving his home in rage. In this period the Greeks were fighting against the Turks, and he determined to fight against them too. Byron had done so, and had died. The next time we hear of him he is in St. Petersburg. He got into difficulties here and came near being sent into exile in Siberia. This is not very authentic. He could no longer stay away from his home. Mr. Allen received him, but it could not have been with as much cordiality as before. He was still interested in him; he knew his thoughts were deep and his imagination widely extended. He sent him to West Point, but he did not remain long; he was dismissed for neglect of duty and disobedience of orders. There was a second rupture between Poe and his benefactor. During his absence, Mr. Allen, died but left him no share of his money. This must have been the most trying time of his life; he had now to battle alone with the moving world. Genius has always had to struggle and has often starved, sometimes died

in the struggle. Edgar A. Poe had as much genius, in his way, as any American author, yet he was poor. In the spring of 1833 we find him lingering in the streets of Baltimore hardly able to earn enough to keep him alive. It was at this time that the editors of the "Saturday Visitor," a small paper issued at that time, whose chief object being to collect original tales and verses, offered two prizes to the aspiring Literati of America, one for the best tale and the other for the best poem. Among the number of persons who competed was Mr. Poe, who submitted a poem, the Coliseum, and six prose pieces, one of which was the "MS. found in a bottle." He received the prize for his prose piece, not because, as some say it was written well, but because of the grand and thrilling character of the piece. For the next year and a half he remained in Baltimore and was employed the most of the time by his pen. He had acquired his friendship of many during his stay, and among them Mr. J. H. Kennedy, author of "Horse-shoe Robinson." Greatly desiring to be of some service to him, accordingly he wrote to the editor of the "Southern Literary Messenger," and endorsed Poe as being clever, classical and scholar-like, and with very little persuasion gained him a good position. He was in Baltimore but a few months longer. Much to the surprise of all his friends, when fortune was beginning to smile upon him, he removed to Richmond. There were many reasons why he should like Richmond, for it had been his home for a long while, but again there were many why he should abstain from going to the place. He found here many of his old companions, who cared but little for him, except that he was very generous in spending his small amount of money for their benefit. This state of affairs could not last long; his employer, although a very mild and lenient man was compelled to discharge him. He promised to do better and there is not the least doubt but that he did yet he did, not succeed. Following his father's footsteps, as I fear he often did to his own sorrow, he married, during his residence in Richmond, his cousin, Virginia Clemm. The apparent happy young couple flitted from Richmond to Baltimore, and soon after to Philadelphia and New York. No doubt he went to this latter for the purpose of publishing his "Narrative of Author Gordon Pym of Nantucket." "The grave particularity of the title and of the narrative misled many of the critics, as well as the unanspicious publishers." After his publication of this piece he again flitted with his wife to Philadelphia. His only dependence was literature, a delusive profession, which very often leaves a man in the exact place it found him. While here he became a contributor to the "Gentleman's Magazine," and devoted himself very industriously, for he produced some of his most remarkable stories and most beautiful poems. It is acknowledged by most every one that his metrical combinations and the classical impress of his poetry are equal to, if I may say, surpass those of most of his contemporaries. He published at this time a series of stories under the title of Tales of Grotesque and Arabesque, but they were not successful, and we may charitably suppose it drove him to his cups again and caused him to neglect his editorial duties. What a grand and noble life might his have been, had it not been for this one failure, with his mild and genial disposition and his genius. After this time he began a magazine of his own, and although his old feebleness continued to overcome him it did not prevent him, from writing many fine tales and many biting criticisms. Soon he again went back to New York

and his first literary work was on the Mirror, an evening paper conducted by N. P. Willis. New York has never been remarkable for its love of literary men, I believe, remarkable, that is as Boston is, or was, supposed to be, but when Poe lived there, there was a perceptible flavor in its society. What is chiefly remembered of Poe is that his manners were refined and pleasing, and his style of conversation that of a gentleman and a profound scholar. His conversational powers are much dwelt upon by his admirers. He was lenient to all literary women, and much more so than he should have been, for his criticisms upon them are of very little material value. Miss Osgood became one of his particular friends and many a pleasant hour was spent at his house by her. It was impossible for him to remain in New York, for his wife, to whom he was joined by the strongest ties of love and affection, was fast failing in health; the noise and confusion which must necessarily frequent such large cities was intolerable to her. Accordingly with her and his mother-in-law he removed to Fordham. This quiet little cottage was most beautifully situated and was very suitable to his taste. His favorite haunt was a ledge of rocky ground surrounded with pines and cedars, under which he delighted to sit feasting his eyes upon the silent beauty of the landscape around and dreaming dreams which were soon to put on the imperishable form of verse. On such occasions he was alone, as poets are wont to be, but in this case it was a necessity, for his dear wife was at the point of death and needed the care and supervision of Mrs. Clemm. She lived but a few months longer, when death threw his overwhelming dart at her and she was no more. Poe could not be consoled—he had lost his best friend; she was his only protector, in distress she always had a kind word for him, and in prosperity, her smile was magical. A considerable time after his wife's death, he announced, in New York, his intention to lecture, and did so, but before a very scanty and prejudiced audience, and therefore met very little success. Thinking he could do better financially he published this lecture under the title of Eureka: a prose Poem. He went from here to Philadelphia and from thence to Baltimore. Unfortunately for him he took a drink with one of his friends, as he thought, and when next we hear of him, he is picked up from the gutter in a state of delirium and taken to a hospital. He remained insensible for several days. When he first showed conscience was on Sunday, October 7th. He asked "where am I," and the doctor told him. He was under the care of his best friend. "My best friend," said he, "would be the man that would blow my brains out." A few moments afterward he breathed his last. He died, but "still lives" in the hearts of an increasing multitude. "Fair Baltimore," although she neglected him for a while, yet the fading embers of love and affection have been rekindled and are now glowing in all their beauty and splendor. Haughty Rome, seated upon her seven hills, had her Cathedrals, her Coliseum, her grand old Vatican. Learned Athens had her works of art, but Baltimore has her monuments, towering pinnacles of fame, and well may she be proud of them. She has a monument the the immortal Washington, she has one to Thomas Wildey, one to Booth, one to the memory of the battle of North Point, one to Wells and McComas and one to the sacred memory of Poe, beautiful and appropriate.

"Through many a year his fame has grown
Like midnight vast—like starlight sweet,
Till now his genius fills a throne
And nations marvel at his feet."

American College Statistic.

In the current number of the *International Review* the Rev. Charles F. Thwing, in an article on the resources of American colleges, presents some statistics of more than ordinary interest. The data was obtained after most laborious work, and while they may be and doubtless are not strictly accurate, yet they approximate sufficiently to enable them to be of interest and value. The article shows that with the exception of Great Britain a larger amount of money is invested in educational institutions in the United States than in any other country in the world. But while this is the case, so numerous are our universities and colleges that only a very small number of them are endowed with funds sufficient to enable them to be thoroughly equipped as schools of learning in all essential branches. As regards pecuniary advantages Columbia College heads the list, having productive property valued at \$4,753,000 and yielding an income of \$315,000. Harvard ranks second, with investments, including its buildings, of \$3,615,000, yielding a revenue of \$213,000, while the Johns Hopkins University, of Baltimore, takes the third place, with, according to Dr. Thwing, an investment of \$3,000,000, yielding a revenue of \$180,000. We find, upon investigation, an error in the estimated endowment and revenue of the Johns Hopkins. The university was endowed by its munificent founder with the princely gift of \$3,500,000, now yielding a revenue of \$200,000, and this vast sum, it should be remembered, is only one-half of the amount bequeathed by the late Johns Hopkins for public purposes, the sum of \$3,500,000 having been left for the construction and maintenance of the splendid hospital, now nearly completed, and which was a part of the great scheme of education contemplated by the generous giver. It is interesting just here to recall the fact that the Hopkins foundation for this great institution has no parallel in the history of the world! A little over thirty years ago the gift of Abbott Lawrence to Harvard of \$50,000 was the largest sum ever given during the lifetime of a donor to any public institution, but since then we have had many more liberal gifts, but none of any individual philanthropists reaching one-half the sum placed by Mr. Hopkins in the hands of trustees for the cause of higher education.

He coupled his gift with no burdensome condition or personal whim, and it is largely due to this fact that, with the aid of a broad and intelligent administration and the personal direction of one of the most distinguished educators in the land, the youngest university in the United States has made such rapid and extraordinary progress during the four years of its existence as to excite the admiration of the New and Old World. But to those whom this vast world has been entrusted, have wisely determined to "make haste slowly." Instead of crippling the great enterprise by expending any part of the endowment fund in the erection of showy buildings, they at once decided to occupy less pretentious buildings until the income will increase to such a fund as will enable the erection of the contemplated university buildings without in the slightest degree embarrassing the institution, or in the event of the revenue from regular sources being less than might be hoped for or expected without impairing in any manner the efficiency of its educational advantages. Its development thus far has been remarkable, and there is nothing extravagant in predicting that the Johns Hopkins University, instead of ranking third as to the matter of productive assets, will rank

first not alone in the matter of revenue but first in the United States as the highest institution of learning.

Following the allusion to the Johns Hopkins University Dr. Thwing ranks next in respect to productive property Lehigh University, having \$1,900,000, with an income of \$76,000; Cornell with \$1,263,000 and a revenue of \$100,000; Princeton with \$859,000 and an income of \$75,000, and California with \$750,000 and a revenue of \$105,000. Yale has only \$587,000 of productive assets, less than either Brown or Vanderbilt Universities, and yet her revenues are \$136,000, only excelled by those of Columbia, Harvard and Johns Hopkins. Dartmouth and Amherst close the list, the productive property of each being in excess of \$400,000, and with revenues less than half those of Yale. It is also interesting to note in this elaborate compilation of statistics the fact that, in the matter of collegiate endowments among the several States, Maryland heads the list as to population, the average being \$3.63 to each inhabitant. New York has the largest endowments, aggregating nearly \$15,000,000, being, however, only \$2.91 for each inhabitant. Massachusetts holds second place, with a fund of \$6,175,000, or \$3.40 for each person in the State, while for the third place Ohio and Illinois compete closely, the former having \$4,687,000, or \$1.46 for each inhabitant, while the latter has \$4,686,000, equal to \$1.52 for each person within her borders. This exhibit of our educational resources and operations cannot but prove of general public interest, especially just now when we are laying the foundations for the most complete system of education to be obtained this side the great universities of the Old World.—*Baltimore Gazette.*

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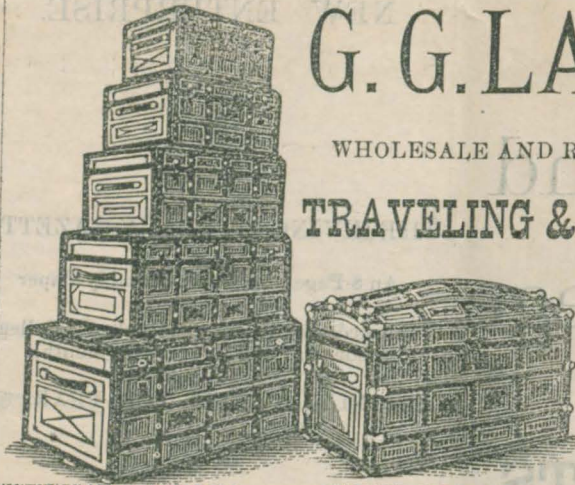
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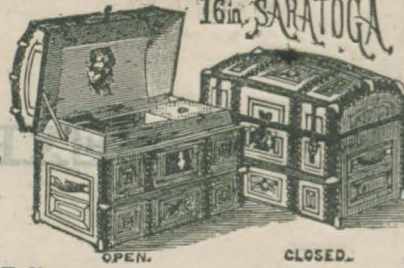
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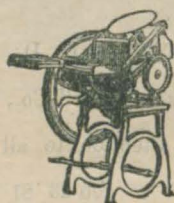
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