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The Irving Literary Gazette.

VOL. 1.

WESMINSTER, MD., SEPTEMBER, 1881.

NO. 6.

ACROSTIC.

Written for the Irving Reunion, June 16th, 1881.
BY MARY B. SHELLMAN.

We meet to-day with one accord,
A band of brothers, tried and true,
Socially and re-united,
Happily, and sadly too,
Irving is our watch-word, brothers,
Name to every heart so dear,
Great and good, and pure and noble,
Treasured, where we all revere.
Only this our watch-word be,
Name of truth and purity.

I hear the voices of the past
Re-echo through the halls of time,
Voices of the loved and lost,
In accents soft, and tones sublime,
Nearer they come, and nearer still,
Give them a joyous welcome home.

Join in the song with one accord,
Unbar the door and let them come,
No other name in all the world
Can like an "open sesame,"
Triumphant, open every heart,
And crown our work with victory.

Joyous should our meeting be,
United, both in heart and hand,
Voices all in unison,
Aiming, as one brother band,
Now to tell the deeds of glory,
Tell of many a bitter fight.

Joyous scenes, and happy meetings
Under Irving's banner bright,
Name with love and with affection
Every absent friend to-day.

Sending greetings to the dear ones,
Irving's friends so far away;
Xmas songs and summer voices,
Twined into a wreath so dear,
Every heart, to heart responding,
Echoes through the dying year,
Names of loved ones waited to us,
Thoughts, like sunshine's golden rays,
Hearts with tender dreams re-bounding.

Echoes of departed days,
Irving, from the gates of Heaven,
Gazing on the scene of joy;
Handing down a father's blessing,
To each loyal Irving boy,
Eagerly we catch the echo,
Eagerly take up the strain,
Now throughout the "Halls of Irving"

Hear the notes resound again,
United, firm and undivided
Never 'till the echo dies,
Do we mean to end the battle,
Retreat, surrender, compromise!
Echo, stay forever with us,
Die not while the world shall last,

Always keep alive the spirit,
Never doom it to the past,
Die not, while our standard's waving,

Every soldier standing fast;
Irving's sons the battle fighting,
Give us victory at last,
Heaven, smile approval on you,
Thine to climb the hill of fame,
You have always my best wishes,

Friend indeed, and friend in name,
And I ask you, take my verses,
In the spirit they are meant;
Take them as a word of greeting,
Heartily, and gladly sent,
Friendship's gift to brother Irvings,
Underneath whose senseless rhyme,
Love for him, whose name we honor,
Links our friendship for all time,
You will read the verses over,

You'll forget them in a day;
Only scan the first initials,
Understand what they will say;
Read them down, a name you'll see,
Sacred both to you and me.
Wesminster, Md., June 16, 1880.

"Home, Sweet Home."

Oration by E. P. Leech, at the 10th Annual Oratorical Contest between the Irving and Webster Literary Societies, June 14, 1881. Published by request.

In hearts of seeming stone and purpose strong, there is an affection, which ever and anon, with resistless impulse, sweeps o'er the province of the soul, and in tender accents whispers of the Past. A principle, so grand in character, so universal in scope, so eloquent in contemplation, it bears the impress of divinity. Its birth, the birth of man, its tomb and epitaph the green mound that marks his resting place. Nurtured in the wards of the metropolis, amid the busy hum of industry, or in the frontier cabin rocked by the anthem of the pines, in after life wherever man may roam, led by avocation or beckoned by romance, this inherent element ever seeks its native heath, nor asks for more. Home, Sweet Home! What recollections twine around the utterance, what worlds of meaning centre in the words, what memories fond, what memories of regret, the thought of home suggests. Home, the mould of character, where principles of honor or debasement find an origin, where thoughts engendered, and ideas anchored map out the path of after conduct, like the seagull, tracking the distant vessel in hurricane or calm, its impressions will follow the footprints of man in the march of years, kissed by the sunbeam of fortune, or subject to the frown of adversity. If these impressions be true, modelled from the standpoint of honor and fidelity, and inculcated by the teachings of a mother's love, like the grass of ocean clinging to the keel, they will ever assert companionship to man, guiding in progression's onward tread and cheering in the moment of apparent failure, a boon comrade in march and countermarch of life. But if these early teachings have lacked the stamp of nobility, and parental interest has slumbered in the springtime of action, successive decades will note the dismantled wreck of character, the footsteps of man threading the untenable banks of moral ignorance and sorrow, and ultimately tottering among the dark cascades of immorality. How different may be the fruition of early training! With what dissimilar paintings may home associations embellish or mar the canvass of existence! Touched by the potent, yet gentle influence of exemplary conduct, youth rapidly expands into the maturity of true manhood, exposed to the ruthless example of parental dissipation, man in the flower of life, falls, swiftly falls as the young and pliant tree before the northern blast of winter. Youth, manhood, old age, life's seasons and its eras, constitute a grand kaleidoscope of existence, which though of proportions so wonderful, is capable of producing but three immortal scenes, representative of life's eternal factors. With a heart throbbing in careless joy, we gaze upon this beautiful combination, and as the mind and heart drink in the rapture of the moment and silent joy fills the soul with gladness, we recognize the green hills and valleys of our boyhood's home, the trellised cottage and its blue wreaths of smoke curling upward in fanciful images, the weep-

ing willow and the sycamore bending o'er the musical trout stream, and gazing far off to familiar mountain summits, we exclaim with all the pathos of Tell, "Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!"

The youth, to whom unknown the paths of sorrow are, whose highest ambition is to carve his name upon the giant rocks of the overhanging cliff, to pluck the wild flower far up the mountain ledge and in boyhood triumph catch the cheer of comrades in the valley, content to pass the summer's day in sport, seeking the fabled nooks of village tradition, or under the shade of a friendly bow tempting with bended pin the funny tribe, as the hours steal away unheeded and the Western sky sinks into twilight, he shoulders his rude rod, and with weary steps plods homeward, guided by the light in the little window of the cottage, while with upturned and moistened lid he watches the far off evening star, and thanks God for such a welcome at the close of day. To him that cottage is the province of the world, that mother the empress of virtue, that family the cabinet of affection. Youth in the hour of sorrow looks homeward as the needle to pole, in the hour of death, as the only fountain of true sympathy, for whether the cradle of penury or suffering, "be it ever so humble there's no place like home."

'Tis night. The camp-fires of the German army dot the mountain slopes of distant Algeria. All day long the bursting shells and the deep bay of artillery have written the crimson story of carnage. On hill and valley, by limpid brook and among the rocks, the dead and dying lie. Many a form, dear to those who watched his proud departure, filled his canteen, and cheered his manly prestige as he marched away, is passing his last and lonely night on earth. His forehead touched by the kiss of death, his locks toyed with by the zephyrs of a foreign clime, his tattered uniform stained with life-blood, his tear-drooped eye gazing far off to his native banks, gazing to the distant mountain-range that marks the land of his birth, and as the angel of death watches around his dying couch on the cold battle ground, in fancy he catches the tender voice of mother, sister, brother, or in love's young dream tunes his guitar in cool sequestered bowers, or once more gather's on the village green, and unites in the "German songs he used to sing in chorus sweet and clear." Hearts that throbbed with admiration, as rank by rank, in martial tread the solid columns pressed on to meet the foe, hands that waved the handkerchief and with many a cheer said goodbye to the kindred regiments, they who strapped on the heavy knap-sack, father, mother, sister, brother, friend, all are in tears to-day. The silent village, the closed shutters, the whispered consultation, all tell, sorrowfully tell the issue of the battle. In the village churchyard to night beneath the willow and the elm, they sleep the deep sleep of the fallen, their green graves crowned with rose and lilly, o'er which the bird chants the soldier's requiem; they rest, sweetly rest in their native valley and under the blue skies of home, while the tears of loved ones fall on their new made mounds. The aged man with thin and silvered hair dreams

as he sits in the sunshine of the cottage, of a boyhood's home, where the bird whistled his morning matin, and where the clouds, as never else so bright, chased one another across the sky of blue. He dreams of home. Dreams not as the sailor-boy, in hammock tossed, watching for the distant lights of native coasts. Dreams not as the picket on the river's bank, of loved ones who watch and wait. Dreams not as the exile of Erin, catching in fancy the full and tender notes of the harp, as the aged minstrel sweeps its silver strings. Dreams not as these; not as the mariner or sailor, not as exile or captive, but dreams, only dreams of years ago, not of the living but the dead. There he sits, musing, ever musing on the past. Friends of his youth and early manhood have long since fallen asleep. He remembers the smile of a mother, the look of a father's love, whose confined forms have long since been consigned to their native element. As he ponders thus in the Winter of life, feeling the lonely, silent sorrow of the aged, he longs to meet those who have gone before, feels the world cold, life a desert, and hastens to join hands with loved ones who watch and wait, in the land "where the stars never set and the leaves never fade." A happy home, where gloom and night never enter, is indeed a priceless gem. But if such a resting-place be reared on Liberty's congenial soil, in a land where the humble and the opulent merit equal recognition, with the flag of a government floating from the public domes, on which are stamped the attributes of truth and honor, as representative of a true Republic, how great the gift! We have a national home, over which wave the ensigns of a free and independent people. A Union clothing its decrees in the vesture of constitutional legislation, as pure and just as ever invited the gifted pen of true statesmen, and profounded legislators of any age. We live in a republic, where labor is a virtue, and indolence a wrong; where wealth and penury slumber under the protection of the same guardian law, where ancestry is hushed, and humble lineage not greeted with reproach. No country on which the stars glitter, can boast of educational facilities more elaborate and generous. On the frontier, as in the commercial centres, the public school system has planted its standard, under which rally an army of students, which the greatest array of military ever mustered, cannot numerically surpass. As our educational system expands, day by day, so our religious institutions mature, and hand in hand the church and school walk throughout the Union, gems of splendor in the cabinet of our national jewels. And in years to come, when warfare and carnage shall be a story of the past, and disputes shall be adjudged by the weapons of statesmanship, when the black life of the cannon shall be hushed, and bugle notes not call to arms, when the sabre shall rest undrawn in its scabbard, and the battle drum lie in the cabinet of our curiosities, in that day these two elements of a progressive nation, shall be the main pillars of legislation, around which will shine all other institutions, as "planets round the sun." The golden bells of the Sabbath, sounding

their mission of comfort through the avenues and alleys of the crowded city, and echoing o'er the hills and valleys of the crowded city, are not unheeded. As they swing from the ivy-mantled towers and peal out their song to the author of all that is lovely in the world, thousands wend their way to the house of prayer, in sympathy with their notes of joy. We have a national home, over which broods the spirit of peace and plenty. The fields so lately dyed with the blood of civil warfare, are to-day smiling with the fruits of agriculture, and from them, where late arose the groans of the wounded and the dying, go up the song of the cradler, the hum of the reaper, and the whistle of the harvest bird, nestling among the golden grain. Our warfare is over. Sectional issues must cease to be a cause of contention. Hero hearts that beat under both the blue and the gray, have ceased to throb, and fill the grave of a soldier.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo,
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few."

"On fame's eternal camping ground,
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

Let the strife of '61 be forgotten! Honest men and loyal have shaken hands o'er the line of contest, and the true of every section buried the untenable arguments of contention, while a sentiment of fellowship and peace broods over the whole country, scattering blossom and violet on the mounds of the fallen. We live in a republic environed by all the ties of social benevolence. in a land magnetic to the careworn emigrant, repulsive to the rebellious, and of rest for the weary." Ocean steamers daily push off from European capitals, freighted with human cargoes of the tearful, and with pennons flying from the peak, they cut the white-caps of the Atlantic, with eager hearts pointing the glasses for the first sight of American soil. Emigrant trains push o'er the prairies, and wind among the ravines and canons of the Rockies, enroute for the Western frontier with hopes high for fortune and for happiness.

Home! Ask the Switzer as the Alpine storm whistles down the glen, and the wild tornado beats against his cabin-door. Home, seek the German on the banks of the Blue Rhine, while the moonbeams cast weird shadows on the ancient-moated castle. Home! Appeal to any man, whether his abode lie among the rocks and pines of Norway, or the summer gardens of Spain, hard by the dykes of Holland or the English forest, in the shadow of Oriental fane or Western peak, and their first, best country, ever is at home! In no other clime sing the birds so sweetly, bloom the flowers so profuse, while eddying rills leap onward to the sea. Home let them sink to rest, catching the low messages of affection and friendship, looking out upon familiar skies and mountains, amid the sobs of loved ones, their death brows fanned by the zephyrs from their native hills. Here let them pass away, and their green graves rest under the willows of childhood, by the murmuring brook, and here let them slumber, sweetly slumber, under the blue skies of "Home, Sweet Home."

Power of Habit.

From the Crayon Miscellany.

When Aristotle was asked who is the most powerful earthly king, that philosopher deliberately answered, "Habit." Few indeed are the kings who are more powerful than it; its chains are forged from the strongest and heaviest of metals, and it binds its victim down with an almost ir-

resistible force, leaving very few hopes for escape. Under its sway kings tremble, warriors turn pale who had never known fear before; philosophers, who had weighed the heavenly bodies, who had computed the distance to unknown worlds, who had dived into the hidden secrets of ancient sciences, and the most profound propositions of the present day, are unable to keep from the grasp of this formidable monster. Habit is indeed the most despotic ruler the earth ever brought forth. But who is this terrible monster that animal life is subject to, whose effects we see every day, and whose influence is so widely distributed? Habit is a power which fastens itself on the mind, and to which the whole body is subservient until released by the force of the will.

As soon as an infant begins to totter around its mother's knee this power fastens itself upon it; in youth its chains are doubled; in maturity they are stronger yet, ever strengthening, until its victim is no more.

History, both sacred and profane, is full of examples of the power of habit, any one of the numerous periodicals of the day will afford an instance of it. Look upon the gambler, he first began by playing for amusement; that fatal power then took possession of him, he could find pleasure in nothing else; day and night it held him spell-bound, until now he stands before you an example of a wrecked life. Look at the drunkard, he first began by taking a social glass with a friend, the habit daily grew upon him until he became a confirmed sot; then in one of his paroxysms he takes the life of a fellow mortal, and he now stands on the scaffold awaiting his doom. See the highway robber, he first began by taking some trifle, until in a short time that same habit settled upon him and stealing was his favorite amusement; then he adds to his crimes murder, and thus becomes a condemned felon. If any now do not believe there is power in habit, let him ask these men, let him ask their widows and orphans, their sorrowful friends and relations, and they will tell you that there is. But think not that there is nothing that will overcome this terrible power; it only needs strength of will the power to steel the mind against it in the first place; if you obtain the mastery at first, then the successive shocks will each be lighter and easier to overcome; but let it in one instance gain the ascendancy over you, then the victory on your part will be tenfold harder.

But alas! how few have that strength of will that power to steel the mind against its attacks. The one that has overcome in these trials we see standing out as a bright light in his community, a refined metal from the furnace.

See the difference between these men, the felon and the upright man; what a great gulf is apparently keeping them apart; but yet they were once the same, each a helpless and innocent infant. The one began by forming good habits, continually struggling against evil; the other let his mind run on in the course that seemed most pleasant, and in the end we see the one enjoying affluence and happiness, the other doomed to a horrible death. How important, therefore, is it for us to form good habits early, to continually fight against the evil power and to batter down the barriers in the road to good.

It takes eight hundred full-blown roses to make a teaspoonful of perfume while ten cents' worth of cooked onions will scent a whole neighborhood.

When two persons fall in love the only way to get out is to fall out.

For the Irving Literary Gazette.

College Life.

This age is preeminently an age of thought and action, and to fit himself so as to properly perform all the duties that may devolve upon him should be the aim of every young man who is now going through the college curriculum. And what, it may be asked, is the best method to pursue that one may be best prepared for his duties in after life. We would answer, in your college life not only be well prepared in your studies in order to make a creditable showing in your class, but obey all the rules of the institution which are laid down for your observance, and thus lay the foundation of a just regard for the laws of your State and country, which you will be under greater obligations to when you shall have arrived at the age of maturity. Always have a great respect and even seek the advice of your instructors when you are in doubt or uncertainty, as their experience has been greater than yours, and you may always lay it down as a rule that they have a great interest in your standing and success at college and wish to see you make your mark in after life.

Young men just entering college and free from the restraints of home and parents, think that they have no need of a kind mother to guide and direct them through the temptations and seductions of college life, but in this they are sadly mistaken. That is the time in which their minds are most pliable and susceptible to the influences of evil associates, therefore our advice to young men is—Be kind and generous to all your college associates, and never disobey any rule which you have pledged yourself to abide by. Never be too proud to ask the advice of your instructors, and thus avoid many unpleasant incidents in your college life which might otherwise occur. Always prepare yourself well for your recitations, and thus gain the esteem of your instructors. By following these suggestions a student is almost sure to have a pleasant time at college.

The Lick Observatory Telescope.

The trustees of the Lick Observatory have finally closed the contract for the optical part of their great telescope. There has been considerable doubt whether a refractor or an enormous reflector would be selected, but the decision is in favor of the former. The object glass is to be three feet in diameter, and the Clarks, of Cambridge, Mass., are to make it for \$50,000. The mounting for the instrument is not yet provided for. Proposals will be obtained from the principal instrument makers of Europe and this country. Probably the mechanical part of the instrument will cost as much as the optical. It may be three years before the telescope is finished. If the instrument proves successful, it will prove the most efficient ever pointed at the heavens. Its power will exceed that of the Pulkowa glass by forty-four per centum, and it will be almost twice as powerful as the great telescope at Washington, which at present is the best of its kind.

LARGE MAGNET.—MM. Ducretet et Cie. exhibited at the Paris Exhibition a Faraday electro-magnet, alleged to be the most powerful ever made. The coils have a diameter of 50 centimeters (19.7 inches,) and a height of 60 centimeters (23.6 inches.) The total weight is 950 kilogrammes (2,193.6 pounds.) The helixes are made up of numerous parallel and separately insulated wires in order to facilitate different combinations, both in tension and in quantity.

The Bird of Baltimore.

The Baltimore oriole, the beautiful bird which figures so extensively on everything connected with the grand October celebration to be held in Baltimore, is one of the most interesting of our summer visitors, and is universally admired, both for the richness of its plumage and the sweetness of its song. It is a thorough-going American bird, and may be seen at favorable seasons of the year all the way from Brazil to the Canadas. It is also called "gold robin," "hang bird" and "fire bird." The adult male bird has the head, neck, forepart of the back, wings and tail black, the quills, except the first, margined with white, the breast and lesser wing coverlets of a bright orange, tinged with vermilion on the neck and breast. This is the plumage of the third year, before which time the colors are less bright and more or less mixed with olive, brown and white. The orioles enter Louisiana, probably from Mexico, in early spring, and gradually make their way North, to return in autumn. Their motions are very lively and graceful, and they may often be seen clinging by the feet in search of insects, which form their principal article of food in the spring. Their song is a beautiful descant of from four to ten clear, full mellow notes, which make most agreeable music to the ear. Their nest is placed at the bottom of a very skillfully constructed network of strings and fibres, suspended like a pouch from the end of a branch, and shaded by overhanging leaves. During migration their flight is high and straight, and mostly during the day.

When the first Lord Baltimore visited the shores of the Chesapeake, in 1628, shortly after he was raised to the Irish peerage, he was so much pleased with the combination of colors in the plumage of the bird that he adopted them for his own, and the oriole thenceforward became known as the Baltimore oriole.

Whenever Baltimore puts on her holiday apparel the black and gold colors of the oriole may be seen at every turn of the decoration, and in the present instance a representation of the bird and its color is given on the beautiful posters that meet the eye in every direction, and on the cards of invitation issued to all parts of the country.

The chief feature of the celebration, the grand mystic and allegorical parade on the evening of Tuesday, October 11, has been aptly styled the Oriole Pageant. The Baltimore newspapers and the committee in charge of the celebration were at a loss for a time how to christen their parade, when the mayor of the city came to their rescue and styled it the "Oriole," a name which was at once recognized as the most beautiful and appropriate that could be found. The name gave a new significance to the festival and infused into Baltimoreans a new enthusiasm, which has urged them to increased effort to make their festival one that will prove a credit to the reputation of the city and State.

LIFE WITHOUT AIR.—The doctrine, so ably advocated by Pasteur, still finds opponents. It is admitted that oxygen is essentially necessary for fermentation, but those who believe in the theory of "life without air," maintain that the yeast cells can under circumstances obtained a supply of that element from the surrounding organic substances, and therefore the process of fermentation can proceed with air. Gunning however, has been continuing his experiments upon this subject, and as a result questions the fact that the total absence of oxygen from the receptacles used by Pasteur has been satisfactorily demonstrated.

College Notes.

Two of the students of the College growing weary of the dull routine of summer sports, resolved late in August to prosecute a journey of discovery among the mountains of Virginia in an attempt to satisfy their minds as to the authenticity of some historic assertions. Being constitutionally antagonistic to all the facts of history and especially discrediting the story of John Brown and Harpers Ferry, they determined to start on foot fearing the delays and accidents incident to railway travel, and visit these wild regions of West Virginia. Being gentlemen with whom to think is to act, after partaking of an "immense" breakfast they started for the land of Pochahontas.

After experiencing all the Emotions subject to the summer "tramp," night found them in Frederick county softly slumbering in an old barn, and lulled to rest by the gentle neighing of horses and the long drawn sigh of the overworked mules. Scarce had fair Aurora given place to the refulgent ruler of the day, and given him time by the heat of his prevailing rays to brush the liquid pearls from his golden locks, when the young pedestrians arose, and after snorting to be in consonance with their neighbors, proceeded to rifle a tempting orchard and move their camp a day's march nearer Harpers Ferry. So passed two succeeding noons, before hungry and tired these scientists entered the old town of Harpers Ferry swept by Potomac's tide. Then began their investigations. They saw the fort over whose windows was the name of John Brown. Satisfied of the truth of history they turned their footsteps towards the Maryland soil, and came at last in sight of Westminster more prudent, confident, footsore and weary.

The Methodist Protestant Sunday School, of Westminster, held its annual picnic at Pen-Mar, a delightful resort on the line of the W. M. R. R., on the 10th inst. The place selected needs no comment now. Its natural beauty has merited the brightest descriptions from gifted and competent pens. Many of the college students joined in the festivities of the day and all seemed to enjoy themselves. Starting from Westminster at 10.30 a. m., the train arrived with its merry freight at Pen-Mar about half after twelve. Viewing the rich landscape, eating, drinking, singing, etc., occupied the pleasure seekers until five, p. m., when the train started for home with a well pleased excursion party and Sunday school.

Many new students have arrived. If they embrace the grand opportunity offered by the College, they will return home feeling no small degree of intellectual development. It is very important that they realize the necessity of self exertion. For while the curriculum may be a very fine one, it can only be mastered and thoroughly enjoyed by earnest application and endeavor. Too much, as a general thing, is placed upon the instructor and the work, while application is often neglected. We extend them a hearty welcome and may they never have cause to regret their College life at Western Maryland.

Through the kindness of Mr. C. C. Fulton, the Irving Literary Society has added thirteen handsome and valuable volumes to its library. These works are on many instructive and interesting subjects, and are valuable additions to the library. Mr. Fulton will receive the sincere thanks of the Society, and may he ever enjoy the wide reputation for generosity that he now enjoys.

A handsome collection of Brazilian

minerals has been donated to the Webster Society. They are very valuable and pretty. The Webster Society we understand, is progressing finely, and is accomplishing no small degree of good in fitting its members for after life. We wish them God's speed, and may they add many more honors to their well stocked crown.

Many improvements have been made at Western Maryland College, all looking to the comfort and welfare of the students.

Shall Churches be Taxed.

The North American Review for September contains an interesting article under the caption, "Shall Church Property be Taxed." This is a subject which has merited discussion in all the forums of the country for the past ten years. In one place the author says, "But if any church prefer to enter into its rest" and so declines organized and systematic effort for the improvement of its neighborhood, let it pay its tax to the community. This is the alternative. Ten years of discussion in all the forums of America have failed to show any strong reason why such a tax should not be levied upon all private corporations—even though they be "private charities." If a church cannot prove itself a "public charity," it must be taxed, even though it were held by several persons in partnership as a private school is taxed even though there be several teachers who unite in it. The church must be judged by its fruits as the pastor said and directed. Among those fruits which the commonwealth has a right to exact and to sit in judgment on, the most important is the higher life of the community in which it lives."

THE MASTODON.—Prof. G. C. Brodhead contributes to the *Kansas Review* an interesting paper, in which he enumerates all the discoveries that have been made of mastodon remains in the United States. The huge animal appears to have had a wide range in this country in past ages. The earliest record that we have of the finding of the bones of mastodon is contained in a letter from Cotton or Increase Mather to the Royal Society of London, between 1650 and 1700, describing the portions of the skeleton of one of these animals discovered near Albany N. Y. Since that period skeletons nearly entire, detached bones, teeth, etc., of the mastodon, have been found in nearly every State in the Union, including those of the Pacific slope. The evidence thus far obtained goes to show that the mastodon first appeared in America in Miocene times, was abundant in the Pliocene, and lingered until the close of the Glacial period, and disappeared in the early Loess. We also find that he roamed at will from Canada to South America, being found as far north as 66° N. latitude on our Western Coast.

A Hartford divorce lawyer said to his minister the other day: "You and I live in the right State for one another—what you Connecticut!"

"Malaria," said the Old Orchard Beach landlady, "well, no, we haven't got it; folks hain't asked for it, but we'll get it for your family."

"Eat onions," is the Boston *Post's* advice to a maiden who wants to know how to avoid having a mustache on her upper lip.

When an arm of the sea encircles a neck of land and the swells begin to hug the shore, then look out for fishing smacks.

The College World.

Michigan University now boasts 1,500 students.

Priaceton is 135 years old, and has 30 instructors.

Michigan University is said to have 269 alumni in and about Boston.

Illinois College has four Egyptian students and Roanoke has four Choctaws.

Bowdoin College has received in the last few months, gifts to the amount of \$110,000

At Harvard, last year, the Chinese course cost \$4,062.15; the fees received amounted to \$30.

Harvard has existed 245 years and sent out 14,062 graduates. There are 170 colleges in the United States where both sexes are admitted as students.

The law department of Harvard is full to overflowing this year. This is one of the greatest American law schools, and boasts an eminent alumni.

The reading rooms of the Pennsylvania College are said to be conducted in an exemplary manner. This department of colleges should merit the hearty support of everyone.

The rebuilding of North Hall, at Adrian College, is progressing finely. Many improvements are being made, especially in the library and reading-room, which are much finer than before.

Amherst has given up the plan of having examinations at the end of terms and year, and students are compelled to attend at least nine-tenths of the daily recitations in order to be promoted.

The Indian school at Carlisle, instituted by the United States government, is progressing finely. It was lately visited by the prominent Indian chiefs of the West, on their return home from Washington.

The colleges of the English universities are large land owners. A late royal commission reported the external income of the college of Oxford to be over £300,000, and of Cambridge £264,000. These sums are derived from landed property, and are exclusive of the revenues of the universities.

Much comment has been excited in diplomatic circles at the recall of the Chinese students from the American colleges. It is thought that they were recalled on account of their abandoning the customs and religion of their own country, while at the same time they did not conform to the Christian religion.

The trustees of Cornell University, at a recent meeting, appropriated \$100,000 to increase their facilities for instruction as follows: For the building and equipment of a veterinary and anatomical department \$10,000; for a greenhouse and other equipment of a botanical department, \$10,000; for the library, \$20,000; for civil engineering and other departments, \$10,000. A Burkett Webb, who is now in Europe, was appointed Professor of Applied Mathematics and Theoretical Mechanics.—*Concordiensis*.

Harvard College was named after John Harvard, who, in 1638, left to the college £779 and a library of over 300 books. Williams College was named after Colonel Ephraim Williams, a soldier of the old French war. Dartmouth College was named after Lord Dartmouth, who subscribed a large amount and was president of the first board of trustees. Brown University received its name from Hon. Nicholas Brown, who was a graduate and endowed the college very largely. Columbia College was called Kings College till the close of the war for independence, when it was named Columbia. Bowdoin was named after Governor Bowdoin, of Maine. Yale College was named after

Elihu Yale, who made liberal donations to it. Colby University was named after Mr. Colby, of Boston, who gave \$50,000 to the college in 1866. Dickinson College was named after Hon. John Dickinson. He made a very liberal donation to the college and was president of the board of trustees for a number of years. Cornell University was named after Ezra Cornell, its founder.—*Etc.*

A late writer speaking of "the decay of New England Thought," uses the following language:—Writers of prose or poetry obtain no hearing, unless they express what is vital and personal in the thought of the people. This points to the reason why American literature came to a pause at the close of the late civil war. We have never had a school of American letters. So long as religious thinking had dignity and character, its influence was felt in political and theological writing; but, if we except Cooper, Emerson, and Whittier, no American author of the elder period can be said to have grown out of American soil, and made his way to fame with the marks of the soil upon him. The prominent writers now ending their careers can hardly be called American authors. With very few exceptions, there is nothing characteristically American about them. Bancroft, with an American subject, follows Gibbon, *longo intervallo*. Irving is the American Goldsmith. Ticknor, Prescott, and Motley, proud as we are of them, always wrote for English readers. Parkman is the only historian who has been distinctly American in his subject and its treatment. Longfellow is American in "Miles Standish" and "Evangeline," especially so in "Hiawatha;" but Percival years ago detected the European flavor of his earlier poetry. "Hiawatha," far more than "Evangeline" and "Miles Standish," literature, is an American poem, and shows the author at his best. It has Emerson's merit of sincerity. The author does not go to Europe. The great defect of our literature has been its insincerity. * * * Emerson and Hawthorne, widely different in mental constitution, brought original force into Whittier has left a definite mark; Lowell has a secure place. These men were sincere in their art and in their religion. They had a work to do, and went straight to the doing of it. It was chiefly in the transcendental period that our literature reached absolute sincerity of expression, and responded to the convictions of the people. When the civil war was over, literary exhaustion followed upon political exhaustion, and the time for creative work had gone by. It is more and more evident that the end of the war was the close of the old period, and that between then and now has come the time of pause. The old men are now dreaming away their lives; but the young men have not yet seen visions.

A Liepsig Journal, devoted to the glass interest, states that the cracking of lamp chimneys may be prevented by placing them in a pot filled with cold water, adding a little cooking salt, and after the mixture has been allowed to boil well over a fire, to have the articles cool slowly. Treated in this way, glass will be found to resist cracking, even if exposed to very sudden changes of temperature, and the chimneys become very durable by passing through such an operation. The process is, in fact, simply one of annealing, and it results that the slower the operation is carried on, especially the cooling part of it, the more effective will it be.

We don't object so much to their being called ostrich feathers, except that it is very unjust to the turkey.

THE
Irving Literary Gazette

IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT
WESTERN MARYLAND COLLEGE,

BY
IRVING LITERARY SOCIETY.

TERMS—75 Cents per year, in Advance.

Entered at the Post Office, Westminster, Maryland, as
Second Class Matter.

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

WESTMINSTER, MD., SEPT. 1881.

Salutatory.

Having been called to officiate in the editorial capacity of the "Gazette," we would embrace this opportunity to say a few words relative to the College paper. The "Gazette" entered upon its voyage of usefulness six months since. How satisfactorily it has fulfilled all of its representations we would leave the public to say. Started under circumstances most inauspicious, it has survived the seas which have engulfed so many journals more prominent than itself. Our paper was started with the intention of acquainting the public with the work which is being carried on at our college, and this purpose it has steadily upheld.

By the publication of essays from the pens of the students, we not only seek to develop the literary tastes of the author and reader, but from time to time acquaint friends at home with the progress of those at college. We have also chronicled the happenings at other colleges as matter which is of interest to all. These resolutions started in the incipency of our journal we shall strive to keep sacred during our term of office, and whatever avenues of interest may from time to time be suggested to us, we will be happy to entertain and act upon.

Worthy productions from the pens of friends will be received for publication, but all such contributions must receive the kindly criticism of the editors. That our paper should receive the support of every well wisher of the college is, we think, patent to all. In proportion as we are rendered the aid of our friends so may the value of our journal be reckoned. As our circulation increases, day by day, our paper will from necessity assume a brighter tone and become a better exponent of the institution than it now is. Friends are requested to send for specimen copies when they can utilize them, and the issues will be forwarded free of charge. The value of our journal as an advertising medium has been fully demonstrated and will receive the attestations of our advertising firms. Our prices are reasonable and within the reach of all. We call attention to our special offer. Any one sending us five subscribers at one time will receive an extra copy of the "Gazette."

Some of our friends have rendered us considerable service in this particular and have also profited by our offer. We invite others to follow their example. All new works sent to the "Gazette" for considera-

tion will receive an impartial criticism, the result of which will be noted under the head of "Book Notices." In every particular we shall attempt to meet the wants of the public at large and to set forth honestly the daily happenings at Western Maryland College. Hoping that our appeal for favorable consideration may be met with approval, we enter upon the duties of the editorial sanctum.

What to Study.

The time of the year has arrived when hundreds of young people must decide upon a course of study; the time in which they must choose for themselves, first the school that contains in its curriculum what they think they need, and then select from that curriculum the special studies adapted (as they suppose) to their peculiar turn of mind and to their future avocations.

This is a time of great importance to the student; here as much as anywhere in life does he need directions; from the very nature of the case he is not competent to judge for himself, and unless he determines his course upon the advice of those who have been over the ground and have given the matter careful attention, he is liable to make a mistake whose loss after years cannot repair.

We do not write to say what shall be the course of study for every young lady and gentleman who may this autumn begin this important work, but to make some remarks on common objections to certain studies of every high school or collegiate course, and to offer some suggestions that may enable the student to determine this matter to his greatest advantage.

Much confusion arises in the attempt to decide upon a course of study from a misapprehension of the meaning of education and an ignorance of the several uses of this or that study.

In this eminently practical age people seem to have the idea that the sole object of study is to store the mind with knowledge which is to be directly and immediately applied to some business or profession. The fact must not be ignored, that it is not the object or intention of the general school course to educate for specialties; the special course for a certain calling must be pursued after the completion of the regular, full curriculum.

We would here enter our objection to special courses for students in all schools and colleges not technical or single in their aims and results and say to every student "Take the full course."

With few exceptions, the course of study in all the schools of the land has been adopted upon the experience of educators whose lives have been given to the study of successful methods and systems of education, and certainly it betrays no little presumption upon the part of the beardless youth who would reject a part of the commonly accepted course of study.

The advantage of a certain study may be to furnish actual knowledge, or to indirectly aid the prosecution of some other

study, or to discipline the mind; indeed a study may combine all these advantages.

The studies to which constant objection is urged, which college students often desire dropped from the list, and which many parents consider utterly useless, are Latin, Greek and Mathematics.

The first inquiry of the objector is "What is the use!"

In the first place we would answer that the scholar who makes any pretension to an education must know something of the literature of the leading nations of the world; and what peoples more noteworthy than the ancient Greeks and Romans; and how shall we become well acquainted with them and their literary master—pieces but through the original language of each?

Secondly, the advantage of these two languages in the study of English—especially of the Latin—cannot be overestimated; both as to etymology and syntax is this the case.

We have as many as two hundred words derived from one Latin root; seven Latin and two Greek roots give to the English thirteen hundred words; nothing can give such a clear understanding of a word and its meaning as a knowledge of its root.

We are a nation of readers—we want to understand what we read—it becomes us to pursue that course of study which best equips us for the pleasant and profitable business of reading.

In the third place, a knowledge of Latin and Greek is an absolute necessity in some professions.

Then again the study of these languages is one of the best disciplines for the mind; this use of a study is often entirely overlooked. The mind must be trained; its faculties strengthened by regular and severe exercise as do the muscles.

Next to the study of mathematics and logic in this respect we name that of Latin and Greek.

The fearful student is likely to say that the time required for the mastery of these studies is too long and the labor too severe; grant that the time is long and the labor severe;—this is just the exercise to produce a mind capable of surmounting any difficulty that may stand in the way of success further on in the scholar's work, or in life.

What has been said upon the use of the study of language as a discipline may be said also of the study of mathematics, with this additional, however;—that the exercise of mind is more severe and methodical.

Aside from the use mentioned above, mathematics has a very practical bearing upon many kinds of business and will not be omitted by the student who has earnestly endeavored to ascertain what is the best course of study for himself.

Above all uses of study that may be mentioned—practical, direct or indirect—we presume the sensible student is anxious to know something of all subjects of thought and investigation that have engaged the attention and called forth the energies of thinking men of all ages.

A Critique.

The collegian, the astute professor, the learned members of the faculty, are expected to "write and speak the English language with propriety," but a copy of *My Maryland*, a paper issued under the management of Professors Jelly and Woodruff, of New Windsor College, gives evidence that such expectations are not always realized. We give a few examples from the last issue of that paper, Sept 10:

"No one knows when the shoe pinches so well as them who wear it."

This is the first item under the editorial head, *leaded* matter, and as an example of false syntax, is rather "heavy."

In the third column it is said of the maker of the college mail bag:

"He can make any and everything in the saddlers line, and his prices are as low as the lowest."

Let us ask the learned Professors how can his prices be *as low as the lowest*? Can they not perceive the absurdity of such a sentence? We pass by the omission to mark the possessive case in the second quotation, which they would possibly term a typographical error.

Again, in the special correspondence, dated Lockhaven, Pa., September 3d, we find this sentence:

"The young people enjoy themselves and are fond of the dance; and oftentimes "the wee small hours ajant the trial," finds them wide awake."

Now this correspondent could not have been very "wide awake," or he would not have been caught napping on this familiar quotation. The learned managers will probably deny any responsibility for it, call it a mere *lapsus calami*, or blame the correspondent, the proof-reader, the devil or the local editor.

But, we must not be hypercritical as we are only students, not learned presidents, vice-presidents or professors, and have no list of able contributors at London, Paris, Honolulu, Washington, or other great capitals of the world. "Don't view us with a critic's eye, but pass our imperfections by." Students may claim such indulgence, but learned presidents and professors will hardly ask it. We publish the GAZETTE for exercise in composition, for mutual improvement, and to inform graduates of the doings of their alma mater. We are beginners, striving to learn, not proficient.

The Alumni and former students of the College are invited to contribute to the columns of the GAZETTE on topics of general interest. They will also confer a great favor by sending us any Alumni or other notes that would be of interest to readers of this paper.

All College papers which do not now exchange with the GAZETTE are respectfully invited to do so. Our exchanges will be mentioned in the next issue.

At the request of many friends of the College we publish Mr. E. P. Leech's contest oration in full.

The attention of the reader is called to the advertisements in this issue.

EDGAR ALLEN POE.

BY J. A. D.

From the Crayon Miscellany.

At last the poet's fame hath won
The tribute still to memory dear;
At last above her wayward son
Fair Baltimore a pile doth rear.

His is a sad, sad story too;
He sounded all the depths of woe;
He saw Hope's brightest, sweetest hue,
And Disappointment's darkest show.

Obscurely born; yet Wealth's kind hand
Adopted him to make him blest;
She promised him her magic wand
Then left him beggared at the last.

Capricious Fate with strange respect,
While on his wandering steps she hung,
Her bright wing o'er his intellect,
Her dark wing o'er his conscience flung.

She gave him poet's loftiest height,
She gave a kneeling world for fame;
Yet left him with no sense of right
And not a moral worth the name.

She gave him passion's noble gifts,
Yet gave no power to curb and form;
She left him as a ship that drifts
A helpless wreck before the storm.

She gave an ear which ravished, caught
The finest harmonies that flow;
She gave a tongue which ever brought
Its notes to sing of human woe.

She piled his heap of glories high,
She poured his streams of sorrow deep,—
He was a child of Heaven's bright sky;
His darkness made the angles weep.

She gave him friendship's fond cares,
She gave him beauty for his bride,
She added poverty, distress,
And all the stings of hate besides.

O fickle Fate! O hard in heart!
What contradiction hath thy breath!
Thou gav'st this man to dwell apart!
Thou brought'st him to a pauper's death.

And at his death a world in tears
Sent up a universal groan;
And yet his grave for years and years
Had not the least memorial stone.

At length dear, troubled heart have rest!
Thy city now with generous thought,
In joy for what thy genius blest,
Forgets the wrong thy weakness wrought.

She blesses half her duplex son;
She grants the pity half would crave;
She shows the love thy kind heart won,
She rears a stone to mark thy grave.

To-day a nobler triumph see
Than all thy checkered life e'er knew,
The world has long been praising thee,
To-day behold it loves thee too.

WARREN HASTINGS.

For the Irving Literary Gazette.

BY C. R. M.

This world is indeed a curious one. True merit does not always receive its just reward, nor on the other hand, does a life of misconduct receive its full censure. There prevails in human nature this peculiar spirit. A spirit that has certain periods in which it acts—a period of dormancy and a state of actual activity. When in this state of stupidity it suffers the laws of religion and of common decency to be grossly violated. When suddenly it awakes from this state, it rises to as high a pitch of censure and severity as it is susceptible of, and heaps upon him, perhaps the most innocent one of all, the scorn and contempt due to all the others, and after satiating its anger, returns once more to rest. But let us in our impartiality lay aside the spirit of prejudice and malice and profit by the memorable words of Oliver Cromwell, when he said to the painter, "Paint me as I am, if you leave out the scars and wrinkles I will not pay you one shilling." It is evident that a man's life, notwithstanding his high regard for the rigorous laws of morality, is modified by the age in which he lives, and the

people among whom it is spent. An administration, tyrannical in all its actions, despotic throughout its whole extent, attended with breeches of the common laws of humanity, in a civilized age and among a civilized people, would be looked upon as unjust and severe; would occasion a blush from the polite and cultured, yet under the scorching sky of the Torrid Zone, encompassed with barbarity and ignorance, a stern and severe government would in part be excusable. Also the circumstances in which a man is placed are influential in forming the standpoint from which his actions receive their guidance. Warren Hastings was an Englishman by birth, an Indian by adoption. Taken from the high and rigorous culture of English discipline, cut off from all intercourse with polite and refined society, leaving the shores of his beloved fatherland, just as the mounting pulse of youth beat full and high and transferred under the burning beams of an Eastern sky, surrounded by all the foul barbarity, that is characteristic of those heathen nations, where deceit, bribery, forgery and perjury are considered a part of their training, there to spend a long and eventful life. There subservient to the dictates of a people to the severity of whose tyranny when once exerted, the American people and the Irish people of to-day can afford ample testimony. Warren Hastings was a man of no mean ability. Ambition had displayed its wonderful strength and power at an early date, which was supported by a will that was invincible, and a determination that was firm and even savage when adversity and opposition stared him in the face. With a mind that was fertile, with talents that could not be surpassed, with an ingenuity that acknowledges no bounds, he grappled with every difficulty and retired master of the field. Whenever anxiety and trouble came upon him, his energetic mind never failed to contrive some plan by which they were dispelled. There never lived a man whose temper was so severely tried, yet it was equal to every emergency. It was not sweet nor pleasant, but composed and calm. He was capable of resentment, bitter and long enduring, yet it seldom hurried him into any blunder. Thus he had the benefit and full command of one of the most fertile minds that ever existed. No amount of perils or accumulation of embarrassments could ever perplex him. For every difficulty he had a plan prepared. Notwithstanding the injustice and inhumanity of some of his contrivances, they most certainly accomplished the purpose for which they are designed. His friendship was firm, fervent and of long endurance. His hate bitter, resentful and everlasting. Although circumstances may somewhat have palliated and softened this enmity, yet it was ever ready to kindle at the slightest injury, and burst forth with its accustomed rancor and severity. His situation was a peculiar one. He was under the instruction of a people, the majority of whom had never seen the Indies, and much less understood their condition and situation. He was watched by many a jealous eye. His errors met with loud outbursts of censure and resentment. His administration, wise and judicious in the majority of cases was looked upon with silent approbation. A disposition less patient than that of Warren Hastings would have given away under such treatment. The English people, when they exhibit their clemency, it certainly is one that receives the commendation of all, but their tyranny when once exerted is one that a rude barbarian would blush to inflict. He was left to solve this enigma, govern with justice and moderation, but sends us more

money, be an oppressor and a benefactor to the people you govern, but send us more money. No human mind could ever have made such a contrast of sentiment coincide. Warren Hastings understood that the iron hearts of the English people cared not for welfare of the barbarians, provided their exchequer was constantly increasing. His ingenious and well-instructed mind knew that to satiate the ravenous demands of the English, acts of usurpation, injustice and immorality were inevitable. A rich and effeminate nation whose peaceful and harmless disposition had made them honorable, and beloved fell a prey to his concocted plans without any provocation or premonition. Supplication touched not his iron heart. Mercy had lost all its influence upon his feelings. He cast looks of scorn and contempt upon the most abject anguish and sorrowful bereavement. The fiercest population of India was subjected to a greedy, merciless and cruel tyrant. Notwithstanding the hard blows dealt them by the English they are not yet extinct. At long intervals gleams of their ancient valor flash forth, and even to this day valor, self respect and a chivalrous feeling and the better remembrance of the great crimes of the English distinguish those noble Afghan races.

Mankind does not fail to recognize the distinction between crimes perpetuated by an inordinate zeal and interest in the commonwealth, and crimes perpetuated by selfish cupidity. To the benefit of this distinction, Warren Hastings is fairly entitled. It was only his strong desire to please the English that prompted such actions. Had he been instigated by a selfish motive, his nature bitter and severe as it was, would have recoiled with horror from the committal of such immorality. Thus looking into his character without favor or malevolence, we will pronounce that in the two great elements of all social value, the respect for the rights of all others and sympathy for the suffering of others, he was deficient. His principles were somewhat loose. His heart was somewhat hard. While we cannot with truth describe him either as a righteous or as a merciful ruler, we cannot regard without admiration the amplitude and fertility of his intellect, his rare talent for command, for administration, his dauntless courage, his honorable poverty, his fervent zeal for the interest of the state, his noble equanimity tried by both extremes of fortune, and never disturbed by either.

England with her acknowledged advantages has produced statesmen that hold the highest rank in the galaxy of great men, statesmen that would do credit to any clime or age, statesmen capable of ruling over mighty realms, but none can be compared with the statesmanship of Warren Hastings. His statesmanship although in many cases unjust and immoral is indebted to no superior for its training, to no proud and haughty Alma Mater can it look to see the starting point and origin of its greatness. His was a statesmanship that safely guided, not only the most barbarous, but also the most populous nation on the globe, through the stormiest scenes that ever adorned the pages of oriental history. His was a statesmanship that triumphs even though standing alone, the millions of barbarians overflowing with revolution, his English co-workers resist every effort he made; yet his keen ingenuity and vigorous intellect ever prevailed over such powerful opposition. His was a statesmanship that renders every foe powerless. His was a statesmanship that satisfied the demands of the English people and yet held the Indies in order and obedience. Had not Warren Hastings been Governor of India during the struggle

of America for freedom, England would have suffered an unanimous series of disasters. Spain had obtained additions from her, France had regained her colonies, America had obtained her independence, yet the wonderful statesmanship of Warren Hastings preserved intact the power of the English throne in India. The aspirations of his youthful fancy had planted in his nature a strong desire to regain the former nobility and splendor of his impoverished race. Throughout his long and eventful life this impression never was obliterated. When his circumstances justified him, he returned once more to enjoy the pleasures of polite and refined society and to live the remainder of his life as master of the old Hastings homestead. But the envy he had incurred burst forth in fresh and more powerful acclamation of censure. His ruin seemed inevitable. The brightest hopes of his life seemed frustrated. The very men for whom he had endured the burning beams of an Eastern sky, for whose benefit his keen and sagacious statesmanship was always used, for whose benefit he endangered his life, for whose benefit he had committed crime after crime, now turned and aided in his destruction. Was human nature ever so unkind? Was mankind ever so cowardly? Was the oppressor now to become the oppressed. He was impeached for high crimes and misdemeanors, for betraying his trust, for sully the ancient honor of England. He was prosecuted by as great a statesman as ever haranged an English parliament. Edmund Burke, collecting all the powers of his extensive intellect, with a pertinacious and firm resolution attacked the conduct of Warren Hastings with unusual vigor and severity. The long line of successes that crowned the efforts of Warren Hastings could not be broken by an English Parliament. After a long and tedious trial he retired victor of the most memorable contest that man ever grappled with man. He met death with the same tranquil and decorous fortitude with which he opposed all the trials of his long and eventful life. With all his faults, and they were neither few nor small, only one resting place was worthy of his remains. In that temple of silence and reconciliation where the enmities of twenty generations lie buried, in the Great Abbey which has afforded the resting place for ages, the dust of the illustrious accused should have been mingled with the dust of the illustrious accusers. But on the very spot perhaps where four score years before the little Warren, meantly clad and scantily fed, had resolved upon the aim of his life which he earnestly carried out, was laid in the coffin the greatest man that ever bore the name of the ancient and noble Hastings. He had been attacked by the most formidable combination of enemies that ever sought the destruction of a single victim, and over that combination after a struggle of ten years he had triumphed. He had at length gone down to the grave in the fullness of age, in peace after so many troubles; in honor after so much obloquy.

THE SURVEY OF THE GULF STREAM.
—The sundry civil appropriation bill, just passed by the House of Representatives, provides for a survey of the Gulf Stream from its origin to its final whirl around the Sargasso Sea. The plan embraces soundings, deep sea temperatures, and current observations. The high importance of the proposed survey is clear, and when done it will add another valuable chapter to the nation's record of scientific exploration. The practical value of the proposed work, in its bearing on commerce and meteorology, is beyond estimation.

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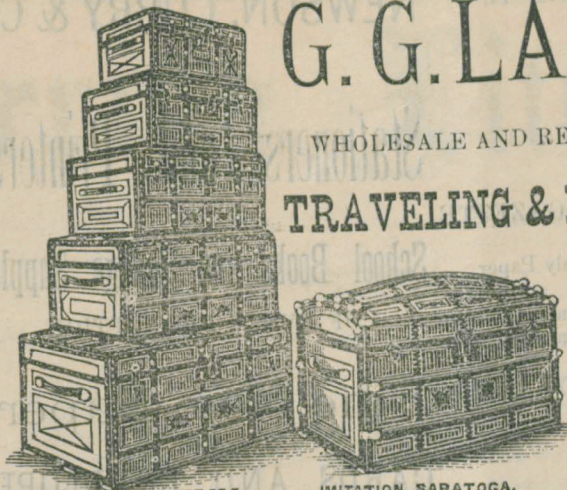
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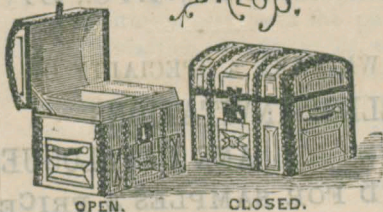
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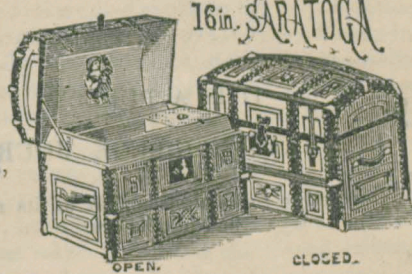
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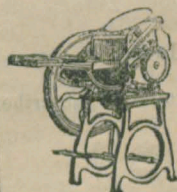
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