

Dr. J. T. Ward  
Westminster, Md.

# The Irving Literary Gazette.

VOL. 1.

WESTMINSTER, MD., MARCH, 1881.

NO. 2.

## Original Poetry.

### JOAN OF ARC.

Written for the Irving Literary Gazette,  
BY HUGH LATIMER ELDERDICE.

I.

Hard by the forests of Lorraine, in France,  
There lived a young and gentle shepherdess  
Who watched her flocks thro' summer sun and heat;  
And when the cold and wintry days would come,  
She'd sit beside her mother's spinning wheel  
And listen, with a childish joy, to hear  
Of legends weird, and tales of elves and faes.  
Filled with this mystic lore, her youthful mind  
Beheld fantastic beings all around  
Her lonely cottage, neath the church wall's shade;  
And in the fairy-haunted wood near by,  
Beneath the branches of a spreading beech,  
She sang with wood nymphs in their choral songs,  
And decked with flowers sweet their sylvan home.

II.

Amid these wild and legendary scenes  
Her strange, mysterious childhood passed away,  
And when the troops of England swept through  
France  
To rob the rightful ruler of his throne,  
She grew to womanhood. While sound of arms  
Broke o'er the hills of France she often heard  
Her country's cry for succor and for aid.  
She wept at thought of cruel war, then prayed  
That He who led the Israelites of old  
Would send a Gideon or a Judith bold  
To break the fetters of the British yoke  
And drive her people's foemen from their land—  
But she little thought that she would wave  
The banner of the French, and lead their troops  
Through the Red Sea of human blood and gore  
To reach the peaceful Canaan which they sought.

III.

Within her garden on a summer day,  
A bright and dazzling light around her shone,  
And while the fluttering of wings was heard  
This heavenly mandate fell upon her ears:  
"Go, Jenne, to succeed the King of France,  
And thou shalt place him on his lawful throne;  
Go to M. de Baudricourt, the Captain  
Of the loyal Vaucouleurs, and he'll guide  
Thee to the royal chamber of the King.  
And good St. Catharine and Marguerite  
Will ever be thy constant comforters."  
Thus spake St. Michael the messenger,  
Of savage battle and carnage wild.

IV.

The maiden saw her destiny revealed,  
And man would hasten from her peaceful home  
To execute the dread command; but then  
Her weeping mother begged that she would stay  
And be her stay in her declining years.  
Then her father, rude, yet kind and honest,  
Vowed that before he'd let his daughter go,  
He'd drown her with his hands. Another still  
Arose—a young and handsome villager,  
With whom she oft had played in girlhood days,  
Sought to retain her with a lover's plea,  
And claimed that she had sworn to be his bride.  
Father, mother, lover urged her to remain.  
Celestial fingers beckoned her to go.  
One she must obey. And within her breast  
She fought a fiercer fight than e'er she waged  
Upon the bloody battle fields of France.  
But duty conquered, and with eager haste  
She went to M. de Baudricourt and said:  
"I from the Lord have come to bring thee word  
To fix no day for battle with the foe  
For in Mid-Lent the Lord will succor thee."  
And when she had arrived at Vaucouleurs  
She was equipped with horse and sword and men  
To enter on her journey wild and rough:  
She scaled the hills and swam the rivers deep,  
While her wondering followers all feared  
That she who led their ranks with such a skill  
Could be none other than an evil witch;  
But at each town she drove away their fears  
By halting at the altar to hear mass  
And saying to the doubting ones around:  
"God guides me in my way; it is for this  
That I was born; my guardian brother,  
Who dwells within the walls of Paradise,  
Is showing me the path I am to tread."

She marched for many weary days and nights  
Then came within the Court of Charles the VII,  
Where fifty torches cast their brilliant light  
Upon three hundred noble lords and knights;  
And falling down before the monarch's feet,  
She clasped his knees and said:—"Gentle Dauphin,  
My name is Jehanne la Pucelle—  
The King of Heaven sends you word by me,  
That Rheims will see you consecrated King  
And none shall drive you from your lawful throne."  
Her mission finished at the Court, on she  
Went to Orleans, held by the British troops;  
And like a dauntless Amazon she fought  
Until the English fled before her sword  
And left the French the victors of the day.  
But she did not play a conqueror's part,  
And trample on her vanquished foe; but with  
A tearful eye and tender heart she knelt  
Beside the dying Englishmen and prayed.

V.

Fight after fight she won; on, on she marched,  
And led her men through battles wild and fierce,  
Until she saw King Charles upon the throne.  
Her godly mission she had nobly closed—  
She had delivered Orleans from the foe,  
And then had seen the dauphin crowned at Rheims.

VI.

The haughty English conquered by a girl!  
Humiliation and disgrace more deep  
Than cruel British malice could endure,  
And naught but the blood of the guiltless Joan  
Could glut their vengeance and their savage hate.  
So through the streets in a murderer's cart  
She rode before the bayonet and lance,  
Then bravely stepped upon the scaffold high  
And bowed before the stake. Within her hand  
She tightly clasped the sacred crucifix,  
A mitre on her brow was placed which bore  
An accusation false as it was vile:  
"A heretic relapsed. Apostate low."  
While in the blaze the sainted woman stood,  
Ten thousand people wept. One inhuman  
Soldier threw a fagot on the fire,  
Then fell unconscious at the martyr's feet—  
He saw a dove fly from the burning pyre  
And wing its way to heaven as Joan died.

Western Md. College, March 4, 1881.

### Schuyler Livingston and His Three Room-Mates.

BY PROFESSOR REESE.

At Newburg-on-the-Hudson, February 11th,  
after a lingering illness, SCHUYLER LIVING-  
STON, in the 40th year of his age.

Such was the brief notice which attracted my attention and set my memory to work as I glanced down the obituary column of a late number of *The New York Herald*. To many sons of Nassau Hall, now scattered far and wide, he whose death that paragraph records was, for a brief period, a figure of commanding interest. I can remember now with great distinctness, after an interval of twenty years, his first appearance among us. It was at the beginning of our Junior year that he was enrolled a member of our class. The rumor in collegiate circles was that his examination for entrance had been exceptionally brilliant, and had shown not merely proficiency in the required studies, but a range of reading, in several languages and on many subjects, most rare at any age and in a youth of nineteen absolutely prodigious. For example, Dr. Fergus, the Greek examiner, soon found, to his amazement, that young Livingston was not only well versed in all of Plato laid down in the course, but showed, by his comments on the text, that the hierophants of the Neo-Platonic mysticism, from Plotinus to Proclus, were the familiar companions of his study. In addition to the historic name

he bore, he was a remarkably fine type of manly beauty; tall, muscular, athletic; with features so regular that nothing short of the firmness of the mouth redeemed them from the charge of effeminacy. His eyes were especially noticeable. It was as impossible to withstand their fascination as it would be to describe them. Ordinarily as soft and lustrous as the eyes of a gazelle, there were times when their glitter reminded one of Coleridge's ancient mariner while they exercised a spell neither to be resisted nor explained. His manners were frigidly courteous; beautiful but cold, like "moonlight on snow." Social position, wealth, and culture had not made him companionable, and the letters of introduction he bore to the *elite* of Princeton, the Stocktons, the Potters, the Thompsons, and the Fields were never presented. It had been his sole but earnest request of the President that he might be allowed to room alone, and this had been granted him with the understanding that if an increase in the number of students made it necessary he was to take a room-mate.

Soon after his matriculation, Schuyler Livingston's quarters in North College excited an interest second only to that created by their occupant. Upholstery so sumptuous, yet of such exquisite taste; shelves so crowded by richly-bound books—many of them editions rare enough to turn a bibliomaniac into a thief—could not fail to create a temporary sensation in our little academic world. Few, however, were bold enough to intrude upon the privacy which Livingston seemed to court, and as he never returned a visit, so he soon ceased to receive any. In two or three months, his classmates had grown accustomed to his handsome presence, his wonderful recitations, and his impenetrable reserve, and he was gradually ceasing to be a novelty, when we were startled by the news that an accession of students rendered it necessary for Schuyler Livingston to take a "chum."

The youth appointed by the authorities to share the rooms which so few had even ventured ceremoniously to visit was Harry Kane, a Marylander, so impulsive, social and noisy, that among the members of his class—the Sophomore—with whom he was prime favorite, he was known as the "hurricane." He roomed with Livingston eight days. At the end of that time, he respectfully stated to the venerable President of the College that "irreconcilable incompatibility of temperament caused rooming with Mr. Livingston to be very unpleasant, if not impossible," and saying nothing more, except to suggest that his successor be a very religious man, he was assigned to other quarters. To his fellow-students, however, Kane, who roared with laughter as he told them how he had pronounced the words "irreconcilable incompatibility" to Dr. Maclean, made the incompatibility quite intelligible. "You know, fellows," said the artless lad, "although I am not one of the pious sort, I have the greatest reverence for religion of the proper kind and in its proper place. But that New Yorker was really more than I could stand. I hadn't been chumming with him half an hour before he inquired if I was a 'professor of religion,' and when I told him

that I wasn't a professor of *that* or of any thing else, he immediately and in the most solemn manner announced his intention of laboring, night and day, for my conversion. And he did it with a vengeance. At first, out of deference to a sincerity which seemed real and honest, even if it was a little tainted with fanaticism, I used to kneel down with him when he 'wrestled in prayer for me,' as he phrased it, but I soon found that wouldn't work, for he was always at it. So I just went at my lessons and let him carry on to suit himself. And it's no fun, but most awfully distracting, when a fellow's tugging away over a tough bit of Thucydides to have another fellow kneeling at your side, praying *for* and *at* you, giving you to understand that most likely you are hopelessly reprobate, but that possibly there may be some slight chance for you yet, and calling you all sorts of hard names in the most approved Calvinistic style; it's no fun, I say. And then he would preach to me, and read tracts to me till I was almost wild. Sometimes I felt a mighty strong impulse to punch his head, but when I looked at his shoulders and compared my physique generally with his, and thought, 'what if he should be one of your muscular christians,' I didn't like to tackle him; it didn't seem prudent, you know. Well, I stood it till the other night, but *that* ended our partnership. About two o'clock in the morning, I was roused from a delicious sleep to find Livingston standing by my bed side, with a lamp in one hand and a volume of Jonathan Edwards' sermons in the other. His eyes were lit with a gleam as of one inspired for a mission of wrath as he hurled at me sentence after sentence from that lurid discourse called 'Sinners in the hands of an Angry God.' Immediately after breakfast I called on the Doctor, got off my neat phrase about 'irreconcilable incompatibility,' and ceased to be Schuyler Livingston's room-mate.

The vacancy created by "Hurricane's" retreat from Livingston's quarters was filled by Peyton Norwood, of New Jersey, a young man of lovely character, and an earnest christian. We who were watching the progress and development of events thought that surely now, if ever, Livingston would find a congenial companion, and that the fiery, crusading spirit which his intercourse with Kane had, to our surprise, revealed, would be agreeably tempered by contact with Norwood's gentle, unobtrusive piety. This second experiment, however, resulted in even a greater surprise than the first. From the moment poor Norwood entered Livingston's room until he left it a week after, he was placed upon the defensive and had to battle like a hero for every belief that he held dear and sacred. Livingston's logic, cool, glittering, plausible, attacked, like a canker, the very roots of his spiritual life. All the rare attainments of this marvellous youth, his varied reading, his unequalled memory, his subtle reasoning, were concentrated for the work of undermining the foundations of that Faith upon which his room-mate rested his hopes for this world and the next. And when argument failed to shake the firmly-planted trust of Norwood in the truths so daringly and ingeniously

assailed, another change came over Livingston. He ceased to argue. He did worse. On Names so sacred that to a Christian their very utterance is an act of devotion, and on doctrines and facts about which our entire religion has crystalized, his wit played with a scornful and blasphemous freedom that drove Norwood horror-stricken from his presence, never to return.

Schuyler Livingston's third room-mate was Charley Emerson, a young Georgian, who entered into the twice-vacated position fully understanding what, in fact, everybody in College now understood, except the Faculty, that the New Yorker of the historic and aristocratic name was determined to have no room-mate, and that his means to this end was to render his quarters too uncomfortable for any one to share them. Accordingly, Emerson thought it advisable to explain matters clearly at the outset, and this he proceeded to do substantially as follows: "Your tactics, Livingston, are no longer a secret. They are, therefore, no longer a monopoly. You have driven away two fellows from this room, one by an assumed religious zeal which disgusted; the other by a blatant atheism, no doubt equally assumed, which shocked and horrified. Now, yours is a game that two can play at: and I give you fair warning that *I* have come to stay." The man who looked Schuyler Livingston in the eyes as he uttered these words with a very cool and quiet determination, was evidently a character quite different from his predecessors, the good-natured Kane and the gentle Norwood. Livingston's hauteur, as he listened, was superb. Suddenly, with a matchless grace and dignity he advanced towards Emerson with outstretched hand and, while a smile that was literally winning played about his handsome mouth, said: "There is ample space here for two, such as you and I. We shall never be in each other's way. Though I do not visit, nor receive visitors, believe me, *your* friends will be as welcome and free as if you were the sole occupant of the room. I firmly believe," he concluded, as he stood with Emerson's hand in his, "that you will be my *last* room-mate."

Emerson felt his triumph to be complete. He had penetrated the "cave of Trophonius" and its mysteries did not appal him. But he was in no haste to proclaim this fact to the eagerly curious students who plied him with questions. The most intimate of his friends gradually formed the habit of dropping in on him in his new quarters quite unceremoniously; and it was not until he had given them time and opportunity to see for themselves the cordial relations existing between himself and Livingston that he became openly the latter's enthusiastic eulogist and champion. Livingston, he said, was the ideal chum. Such perfect manners, such consideration for the comfort of others, such refinement of thought and feeling joined to scholarship so unusual, accomplishments so various, and originality so profound were nowhere else to be met with on earth. "By Jove, fellows," Emerson would exclaim, "Schuyler is nearer perfection than any man I ever saw or ever expect to see. Kane and Norwood, from some fatal want of congeniality, misunderstood him, and so they misinterpreted everything he said and did. His eccentricities, I tell you, if he has any, are the eccentricities of genius. Merely to know him, as somebody said of somebody else, is a liberal education."

As the winter evenings lengthened, Emerson felt them to be veritable "Attic nights" in the companionship of his brilliant chum. When Livingston happened to be in a conversational, or as it might more properly be called, a *monological* mood, his fancy

played, as with lightning flashes, about every subject on which he touched. But there were long intervals of silence when he seemed lost in introspection; when a melancholy the most profound enshrouded him and made the visible struggles of his healthier nature to throw it off painful to behold. Sometimes during these fits of depression he would seek to divert himself by long walks, in town or country, from which he always returned intellectually richer for the fruits of an observation which nothing seemed to escape. Again, he would find amusement in adding to the decoration or the comfort of his room. One day—it was not long before the Christmas holidays—he told Emerson that, like the dying Goethe, he craved "more light," and proposed to substitute for the smaller lamps they had been using a large one to hang from the centre of the ceiling. By the evening of the next day the fascinating was in its place, and the chain, with its hook, by which the lamp was to be suspended, was just above the table where the room-mates sat at work. "To-morrow night," Livingston remarked, with a glance at the pendent chain, "we will flood the place with radiance. I wonder, by-the-way, whether that pulley is secure." Thompson said the lamp was very heavy; and as he spoke he untied the cord and lowered the chain until it almost touched the table. Emerson, who had already lost his interest in what he jestingly called his chum's "new toy," was now, with hands in lap and head bent forward, puzzling over a crabbed passage in Aristotle's Poetic.

In a second, with the paralyzing suddenness of a panther's leap upon its prey, Emerson's arms were pinioned to his side, and before he could feel the pressure of the rope which held them, another was passed around his neck, and he was hanging where the new lamp was to have hung. In another second, the cord was made fast to a staple in the wall, and then Livingston—the long-concealed madness flashing from his eyes—plunged into the darkness of the December night.

In the Asylum where his remaining years were spent he had no "chum." The words he had spoken to Emerson: "I am confident that you will be my last room-mate!" words intended as a warning, were also an unconscious prophecy of the pathetic isolation of his after life.

Emerson owed his rescue to the College custom which allowed one student to open another's door without waiting for an answer to his knock. But total recovery from the agitating effects of the adventure through which he had passed was very gradual, and although, as the first impressions of awe and pity caused by Livingston's career began to grow dim, the inevitable jokes suggested by certain features of it, circulated freely among us, no one ever ventured to repeat them to Charley Emerson. Thus it happened that he was allowed to graduate in a state of ignorance as to the only witticism ever known to emanate from Harry Kane: "High as was the estimate Livingston placed on his own ability, I *di* *bn't* think that he would presume to do what even our old President can't do: *suspend a student all by himself.*"

When a man begins to go down hill he finds everything greased for the occasion, says a philosopher, who might have added that when he tries to climb up he finds everything greased for the occasion, too.—*Ex.*

Caupolican was a brave and distinguished chief of the Araucanians who defeated Valdivia, a follower of Pizarro. The modern Chilians seem to have imbibed some of his daring and patriotism.

Written for the Irving Literary Gazette.

### DANIEL WEBSTER.

Few names there are that can withstand the withering touch of time and criticism, few "the illustrious names that were not born to die," but sometimes nature deigns to give the world a great man, to dispel the dark clouds of ignorance, bigotry and their attendant consequences, from the minds of men, as the returning rays of "the king of day" melts into nothingness the restless storm clouds of a summer morning, suffusing the balmy atmosphere with a mellow radiance, which, while it dazzles the eye, enlivens both mind and body. Nature never makes a mistake, so when she gives us the priceless gift of a great man, he is of such a character that the world suffers an irreparable loss when he leaves it to reap the rewards of his bountiful blessings to his fellow mortals. It was truly said of the subject of our sketch that "the world will be lonely when Webster's gone!"

Though this came from the lips of an humble old neighbor of his, I can conceive of no grander eulogium, nothing that more forcibly shows the relation that Webster bore to the world at large. As time rolls on and men become acquainted with his character and his works his name becomes honored, and the justness of his views on things pertaining to the private citizen and the general welfare become respected and recognised throughout the confines of civilization.

Mr. Webster possessed a massive, easily cultivated intellect, a noble heart naturally imbued with love and charity, and by no means the least important quality of a truly successful man, the genius of indefatigable industry.

From the bare-footed rustic that roamed the hills and dales of his parental farm to the giant mind, the ruling spirit of the nation's he was always generous, good natured and just in his dealing with other men, deeply affected by the works of nature, and particularly fond of the scriptures, which he made his custom to read through once a year.

Whether hanging his scythe on the elm tree, pondering over the dead languages of Greece or Rome, working his way up from indigence to affluence, defending the rights of his *alma mater*, or swaying the feelings, capturing the judgments and holding spell-bound the minds of his hearers with his matchless eloquence, he displayed all the qualities of a good and great man, though sometimes bringing down upon his own head the hatred of ill used and defeated rivals, yet when their better judgment took the place of passionate temper, they not unfrequently thanked him for his terrible reprimands.

Though never honored with the position of President, his name will remain cherished, and his noble deeds remembered and praised long after many of our best rulers have sunk into forgetfulness and immovable oblivion. That large and well proportioned bodily structure, grown old and feeble, has tottering gone down to the grave, and long since mingled with its elemental earth, but his untiring energy and valuable services to his country stand imperishable monuments that will link his name to untold ages of the future, and unborn generations can point to them and look back with glowing admiration upon the trials, dangers, wisdom and dauntless courage of their ancestors.

Webster's life is spent, but the influence which he exerted on our national affairs will be felt to its latest day.

Space will not permit the writer to enter minutely into the subject here, but recommends that his readers carefully

study the life and labors of Daniel Webster, the prince of modern oratory, the illustrious star around which clustered a brilliant constellation of orators and statesmen.

For the Irving Literary Gazette.

### Poetry and Song.

True poetry does not always clothe itself in rhymes, nor do harmonious rhymes always show true poetry. Very often do we find the best poetry in unmeasured prose.

Nature is one great poem, manifesting itself in the moaning of the winds as they sweep over untrodden prairies or sing in strange, weird music, as they play among the cordage of a ship at sea; in the thunder's sublime roaring, as it rolls around the heavens or reverberates in countless echoes among lofty mountain peaks; in the lovely flowers and singing birds; in the music of the waves, as they leap upon the rocky shores, plunging into the depths of the sea, frolicking and gamboling like as though they were beings delighting in sport.

The poet copies to a great extent from Nature. His soul drinks in the beauties, the charms and melodies of his great instructor, and in rhythmic verses sings them to an admiring world.

But I would not seek to degrade the poet's art; I would not take one laurel leaf from his well merited chaplet; but say, let him continue to please and bless mankind, elevating the feelings and passions above the groveling cares of vice and a vicious world to the contemplation of nature and nature's God.

That heart must be very cold, that mind must be very inactive, that does not take a pleasure in poetry. It is the delight of the young, the solace of the aged, the admiration of kings, and the joy of the poor. The sailor, tossed upon the briny deep, sings of home with all its tender remembrances, of his boyhood days and "the girl he left behind him."

The soldier, marching to fight for his country, sings the soul stirring ballads of his native land.

The farmer, returning from a hard day's work, sings of his waving grain and well filled larder.

There is an old myth that in ancient times there was a man who was so gifted in song that the winds would stop to hear his music and savage wild beast would stand confounded before him. Even in our own day is the power of song so great that thousands go wild over some great songstress and throw away their time and their property at the shrine of music.

The poetry and songs of a nation furnish the best history of that nation that can be written. Listen to the plaintive strains of the Italian and detect in them the history of their wrongs. How different are the national songs of England and the United States!

Every land has its particular caste of song. It would be preposterous to expect from the French the same kind of poetry that comes from the Scotch; the example applies to all countries.

The songs of a people show us the feelings and sentiments of that people clearer than anything else could.

The Smithsonian Institution at Washington, contains treasured relics from every quarter of the globe. The collection having assumed such proportions rendering additional apartments necessary for their reception, annex buildings of a costly character have been built for this purpose.

Subscribe for the "Irving Literary Gazette"—only 75 cts. per year.

## AMERICA.

Oration delivered before the Irving Literary Society on March 11, by  
S. D. Leech.

Great consequences are often produced by apparently unimportant actions. The human intellect, prone to err, grasps at appearances leaving the realities hidden beneath. This want of insight is not of modern origin. It was betrayed by our first parents in the garden of Eden. None are exempt from it, individually or nationally. Israel saw not her future king in the little shepherd boy, as he watched his flocks upon the hills of Palestine; King Amulius knew not when he placed the two little babes adrift upon the roaring Tiber in a basket, that that frail bark contained the future founder of a city, which would in years to come, be mistress of the world; France saw not in the little soldier boy, that trod the streets of the national capital, the man, who, a score of years afterward, held the reins of the French government, lead her armies over the blood-drenched valleys of Italy, the burning sands of Egypt, the snow-bound plains of Russia, the crimson fields of Austria and Prussia, at whose very name haughty monarchs would tremble and turn pale upon their imperial thrones, and whose brilliant star of destiny would finally sink upon the blood-stained fields of Waterloo, eclipsed by the cloud from the combat, while a thousand cannon roared forth their farewell to it forever; England little knew that when she imposed upon her colonial brother the unjust tax which capped the climax of her tyrannical oppression and drove him on to the struggle of despair, that the little speck that was then seen on her political horizon, would grow and expand until the cloud of war should finally burst above her, that would eventually lead to the foundation of a nation whose national banner would, in decades to come, wave proudly to the breezes the ensign of the foremost nation on the globe. When the English men-of-war left behind them in the distance, the white cliffs of England, and crossed the Atlantic to suppress any rebellion which the American colonies might undertake, great consternation fell upon the colonists. War with the mother-country seemed inevitable. Unarmed, undisciplined and divided, the colonies seemed perfectly at the mercy of Great Britain. Although, placed as they were, at every disadvantage, heroic hearts could no longer stand the oppression of tyranny. A wail of despair went up from the throat of every lover of right, upon the provincial territory, and they determined to face the storm, obtain justice, or perish in the tide of conflict. First, the men of Massachusetts went to arms. The other colonies looked on with fearful interest, only awaiting for the key-note to the struggle, to place themselves beside their heroic brethren. This soon sounded. A detachment of British soldiers, marching to Concord for the purpose of destroying some military stores which the impoverished Americans had placed there, was met by three-score men of Massachusetts. After a skirmish, in which one-quarter of the little band of heroes fell, the rest dispersed. Although the affair ended disastrously to the Americans, yet it fired the hearts of their fellow-colonists with a feeling of patriotism. The remaining New England colonies placed themselves by the side of Massachusetts. While the tide of patriotism swept over the provinces of New England, those basking in the smiles of a more southern sun were not without its influence. In Virginia, there arose in the colonial assembly, Patrick Henry,

whose passionate burst of eloquent patriotism has clothed his name with a glow of patriotic honor, which shall preserve it illustrious when the American government shall be no more, and the American nation shall be pointed to as a nation of antiquity. In his address, he expressed the sentiments of every true American in the words, "Give me liberty or give me death." Another sentence in his address, "Our brethren are already in the field, why stand we idle here?" aroused the patriotism of Virginia, and caused her to place herself beside her northern brothers. Thus one by one the colonies joined the confederacy, until they all stood together, united for mutual benefit. Never was the saying "United we stand, divided they fall," more fully verified than in the case of the American colonies. Separately they could do nothing, yet firmly united, a new strength was imparted to their feeble powers. The knowledge of this fact was the impetus which finally led to the formation of that confederacy, which humbled the pride of the haughtiest nation on the earth. After the combination of the provinces, the war waged long and fiercely. Under their heroic leader, George Washington, they encountered every hardship with heroic hardihood, and, though pressed down by adversity, no ray of hope pierced through the dark cloud of misfortune which hung above them, yet they endured and struggled on in despair, until the fates crowned them with the laurel wreath of victory. Perhaps there was never a struggle in which freedom was opposed to tyranny, in which so copious were the streams of blood which flowed. Great Britain contemning the feeble strength of the colonies, made no vigorous move to suppress the rebellion until it was too late. Confident of easy victory, she confided in mercenaries and savage allies, placing comparatively few of her own troops in the field. Although profiting by this lack of energy in great Britain, yet fearful was the struggle which the Americans were compelled to make to come off conquerors. Poverty-stricken, the colonies were unable to clothe their troops comfortably. They had not the money to arm their heroic warriors efficiently. These difficulties were finally surmounted, until after having baptized many a battle field with their blood poured forth in copious measures, the colonies were victorious. When they entered upon this bloody war, the Americans had no expectations but to cause Great Britain to repeal the detested tax law and cease her tyrannical oppression. They had endeavored for years to obtain these results by petitions and entreaties, but finding these unavailing, they at last realized in the words of Patrick Henry that "an appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts, is all that is left us." But as the war progressed a new feeling took possession of the minds of the people, the freedom from the British yoke. They knew that a declaration of independence could not add to their calamities nor injure their downcast fortunes. Therefore, on the 4th of July, 1776, the colonial congress met in session at Philadelphia, declared the colonial states to be free and independent, under the name of the United States of America. When the war ended, Great Britain was compelled to acknowledge their independence. Thus was the proudest nation on the globe to be humbled by those upon whom she had formerly looked as the helpless subjects of her will. After the conclusion of this bloody struggle, which history hands down to us as the "Revolutionary War," rapid were the strides of progress, which the American nation made. Freedom of faith and the equality of all

men in this new and promising country, attracted thousands from the lands of the old to the shores of the new world. Besides, the rich and fertile lands of America seemed to say, "come, sow and I will yield ye a bountiful harvest." When the war ended it left most of the people of the infant nation in an impoverished condition. Having fought through a long and bloody war, they were without property or means of sustenance. The houses and property of many of those, who, before the war were in affluent circumstances, were during that bloody struggle laid waste by the contending forces. Poverty, like a grim ghost, was everywhere. Those who had formerly been poor, were still poorer; while those who had been nourished in the lap of luxury, now had not the necessaries of life. The infant government was overwhelmed with debt and had nothing with which to cancel it. Seemingly unpromising was the outlook of the government, then just in its cradle, yet the men who had guided it through the crimson war faltered not at the prospect before them. They had guided the new ship of State thus far through the storms that had surrounded her, and they saw no cause to fear for hidden rocks and reefs through which she had yet to pass. Although poverty stared the government and the people in the face, yet possessing a land abounding with wealth, they looked the future cheerfully in the face, trusting in him who doeth all for the best, to bring them unshattered through the storms of adversity, and land them safely in the harbor of prosperity. Thus trusting and contended, with the glorious sense of freedom and independence filling their hearts, the infant nation, born of the storm, triumphed over every obstacle, until she grew into such a power that caused the countries of the old world to look with envy on this rising government which bids fair in time to come, to be the foremost nation on the globe. Her lands at home teemed with the produce of the soil; fields of golden grain wave in beauty before the eyes; beautiful homesteads decked the landscape; prosperity, emblematic of a people unbound by the chains of thralldom, was seen everywhere. Her ships ploughed through seas where the iceberg floated in all its grandeur, and traversed the waters of the tropics, upon which the sun impressed her kiss of fire. It would be useless to trace her progress, step by step, as she mounted the hill of prosperity. Passing through several minor wars, which served but to show to the world that America brooked no insults to her honor, let us pass on to the "Great Civil War," which nearly rent in twain the mighty nation and almost ended her career before the first century had passed over her head. The Northern and Southern sections of the country disagreeing, the South attempted to secede from the Union. As this would have formed two separate nations, which, being in close proximity, would naturally lead to a long series of bloody wars, this would have been impracticable; also, there were other matters under consideration, which would not justify the North in supinely allowing the secession of the Southern States. Therefore, the North took up arms to prevent the alienation of her Southern brethren. Then ensued a long and bloody struggle, the fiercest civil war which the world has ever witnessed. Thousands of men fell, bathing their native land with their blood. The continent shook with the thunder of artillery. The tocsin of war was heard on every hand. The clash of contending arms was borne on every breeze that swept from the tropics to the crystal fields of northern seas; the topic of conversation in the

Northern mansion and the Southern homestead was war; thousands of homes were clad in mourning for the fall of some loved one on the battlefield. Death and gloom pervaded the nation. Terrible as the contest, but God destined that the nation should not yet be shattered, and she came out of the gory struggle as from her grave. Again she swept on in her progress of prosperity, until to-day, behold her in her glory. A score of years have passed since her internal war. To-day, no cloud darkens her national horizon. She stands on a pinnacle of glory. Prosperity has stamped its impression upon her. Peace is at home and good will abroad. Her land teems with plenty at home. Her ships of commerce, the offspring of freedom, over which floats her national banner, the glorious stars and stripes, lay at anchor at the ports of every foreign nation. Prosperous in all things, she is at peace. Shall she continue so, men of the nineteenth century, it lies with you. How great is your responsibility. You possess a land over which the northern winter casts her virgin mantle of purity, and upon which the Southern sun impresses her kiss of beauty. Your North teems with commerce and your South waves in luxuriance with a golden harvest; your East resounds with the bustle of trade and your West promises a storehouse of wealth. Your rising West must be the paramount object of your attention. She holds for you wealth uncounted. Her illimitable plains cry out to you for cultivation. Shall you scorn her offer, it remains with you? But, while you fix your eyes upon financial prosperity, let not your thoughts divert wholly from your governmental duties. Select with care the men whom you send to the legislative assemblies to represent you. Choose for your executives men whose hearts are impregnated with honesty and justice. Do these things, and the picture of America's future is lightened by the Sun of prosperity, and stamped indelibly upon it is the word PROGRESS.

## WESTMINSTER NOTES.

Westminster experienced two large fires in the last month. The first was the burning of Mr. Ira E. Crouse's furniture factory. It happened about 4 p. m., and the fire department promptly responded, and did good work in overcoming the flames. At one time it was feared that the whole block would be lost, but by hot work the adjoining houses was saved. The second fire was on Pennsylvania Avenue. Although occurring about 4 a. m., the fire company were soon on the scene, and worked nobly. Both houses were insured.

Rev. J. D. Still delivered a lecture on "Sunshine from the Saddlebags of an Itinerant," in Odd Fellows' Hall, on Tuesday, March 1st. The lecture was replete with humor, and was highly enjoyed by all present. Mr. Still, after having passed three pleasant years at his present charge, is necessitated by the Conference rules to leave this year. He has many friends in Westminster, who sincerely regret his departure.

The citizens of Westminster, deeply sensible of the danger of their property from fire have started out in the direction towards starting water works. Committees have been appointed to investigate the matter, and to report at an early date.

There are now churches in this place; Lutheran, one, Catholic, one, Methodist Protestant, one, Protestant Episcopal, two, German Reformed, one, Dunkards, one, and one very old church not owned by any religious denomination.

The streets of Westminster need more light.

# 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.

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

WESTMINSTER, MD., MARCH, 1881.

Perhaps no period of life so indelibly stamps its impressions on the mind as the bright days spent at college. Its recollections are of a more permanent character, and the treasured memories that make up its history are more fondly cherished than the stern actualities of succeeding years. The reason for this is apparent and but natural, from the very character of college life, and the tendency of man to dwell with pleasure on the joys of past years and shun the remembrance of thier more active and solicitous scenes. And while many shadows necessarily hover round the students' pathway, yet the sunlight of happiness is always predominant, as the number of dark lines in the solar spectrum are ever less than the bright shades. The acquisition of truth enunciated in the studies of the curriculum, and the noble impulses generated in the study of the works of eminent scholars of the different eras, all exert a potent influence on after recollection, while fun and frolic in college life are never to be forgotten. And so in succeeding years when care and anxiety have left unquestionable impressions in the careworn face and silver locks, while other things have been obliterated from memory by the hand of Time, and more momentous scenes have faded with the march of years, these fond memories remain fresh and endearing. The aged man sings snatches of college songs, and to the listening urchin tells of other days when college life presented an almost cloudless sky, and when the solicitude and trouble of his life had not streaked his hair with silver, nor subdued the merry twinkle of his youthful eye. No one who has never attended college can appreciate the meetings of the middle-aged and old, as they talk of days gone and fun of years ago, nor can they understand the passionate tones as they dwell upon the days of yore or revert in tender accents to the few pathetic scenes occurring in them. The graduate, stepping out into the busy world to contend with its oppositions and overcome its trials, ever bears the impressions of that hour, an epoch in his own life, and as he bids the scenes of his *Alma Mater* farewell, presses with firm confidence the pathway of the future. With his graduation the days of joy, to some degree, find an end, and dark clouds gradually pass over the sun of his life, only to be rolled back by personal enterprise and endeavor, as he was taught to remove the intricacies enveloping the higher mathematics, keeping

ever in his mental vision the great truism of Euclid, "No royal road leads to geometry."

The *Lutherville Semianarian*, a monthly magazine, published at the Lutherville Female Seminary, is on our table. It is a handsomely gotten up journal, presenting marks of talent of no low order. The *Semianarian* will always be a welcome visitor with us.

## What the Press Thinks of Us.

The "Gazette" is a neatly printed 32-column monthly.—*Crisfield Leader*.

We have read with pleasure and profit a copy of the "Irving Literary Gazette."—*New Windsor Herald*.

The "Gazette" is an honor to Western Md. College and the Society which publishes it.—*Methodist Protestant*.

The "Irving Literary Gazette" is a neat little paper filled with interesting matter. It gives evidence of good taste and enterprise.—*Methodist Recorder*.

The "Gazette" is to be in the words of the salutary, "a journal which will be a fair exponent and representative of our College on the hill."—*Marylander*.

The "Irving Literary Gazette" is the name of a sprightly and very readable journal published monthly at Western Md. College.—*Cumberland Daily News*.

We have received the first number of the "Irving Literary Gazette," published by Irving Literary Society, which presents quite a handsome appearance and is well filled with interesting reading matter.—*Westminster Sentinel*.

The first number, which appeared this week, is creditable alike to the Society, and to the institution to which it is attached. There is nothing frivolous about it, as is too often the case with college journals, but is elevated and moral in tone.—*Democratic Advocate, Feb. 19th, '81*.

The "Irving Literary Gazette" is upon our table. This first number is of beautiful typographical appearance; its contents well arranged and of first-class character, and its editorials give evidence of superior talent. Taken all together it is one of the most creditable College journals in the whole county, and should be liberally sustained by the friends of that worth institution—Western Md. College.—*Kent News*.

None read the Gazette that do not praise it. Numerous other such complimentary notices have been made of the Gazette which we have not room to publish.

A grand entertainment will be given at Odd Fellows' Hall on the evening of the 17th of April. (Easter Monday,) under the special management of Mrs. S. M. F. Jones, of Western Maryland College. Mrs. J. W. Meally, of Baltimore, a graduate of the Boston Conservatory of Music, will sing some fine selections, among others the grand Aria of Puritani.

Mr. McFadden, an elocutionist of considerable reputation, will favor the audience with readings, both humorous and pathetic. All may expect a rare treat on this occasion, and none should fail to be present.

The citizens of this place who delight in coasting have had excellent opportunities this winter for gratifying their love of the slippery sport.

A fruit canning establishment will soon be started in Westminster, near the railroad.

## Edgar Allan Poe.

Nations and communities are ever wont to express their regard for their distinguished dead. The lofty pillar of stone, towering toward the blue sky, and the beautiful memorial window, kissed by the sunlight of the sanctuary, attest the affection and posthumous praise of the commonwealth. Tributes of respect, whether column or printed biography, are offered by every government to the memory of their illustrious departed. America, while many such substantial tokens crown her public parks, is less demonstrative in her gratitude.

Perhaps no case of genius, wrecked by dissipation and engulfed in the waves of sensuality, is surrounded by circumstances of a sadder character than those clinging to the story of Maryland's poet. Of high culture, generous passions and cultivated manners, Poe was eminently attractive in the social circle; yet from the morning on which he bade farewell to the University of Virginia and crossed the boundaries of that State, his life was almost a void, as regards its usefulness. Wherever he wandered, submissive to the call of inclination, his brilliant intellect won the commendation of the cultured and the friendship of the generous.

In regarding the narrative of his life, as he was whirled from duty's pathway by the sparkle of the wineglass, instinctively the mind reverts to others of talent, who "closed their high career," borne down by the treacherous current of liquor. Burns bade the familiar spots of youth good-bye, hurried to the capital of Scotia's isle, drank long and deep of wordly joy, and soon tottered amid the dark cascades of immorality. Byron visited the storied nooks of the antiquarian, "stood on the Appennines, and with the thunder talked as friend to friend," yet in the summer of existence consigned mind and body to the green grave of rum. Poe walked the sunny glades of literature, plucking choice buds from its clusters, but, tempted by the fascination of the social glass, early wrote the epitaph of the drunkard.

Until a few years ago no monument had been reared to his genius. The giddy dissipations of his career formed a cloud over his works, which for a time seemed to be tending to obliterate or consign them to oblivion. But, as years rolled on, Maryland awoke from this disregard for one of her illustrious sons, and by elaborate notices of the press, the circulation of his works, and encomiums of the lecture field, her people have realized the merit of the fallen poet, and to day a monument of marble attracts the attention of the passer-by, and he lingers to ponder on the tearful story locked up in the life of him whom it commemorates.

As a critic, Poe was of high repute; as a contributor to magazines, his productions found favor; as a poet, the circulation of his productions best attest their value and appreciation. When engaged on the staff of a Philadelphia magazine, his life presents one of the most cheerful aspects. Lately wandering the streets, penniless and forlorn, the situation was highly esteemed and grateful to him. Receiving a comfortable compensation for his labor, his position was one of comparative ease and luxury. A warm home cheered him at the close of the day, and a tidy couch rendered his slumber sweet, while every necessary and many delicacies kept out the pangs of hunger to which he had so often been subjected. Truly, his sky was bright at this period, but only to be succeeded by more intense darkness and suffering, for soon, very soon, dissipation won dismissal, and again he stood before the world, friendless, destitute, and a man of neglect.

Such feelings, couched in the breast of one so cultured, can but call forth a tear of regret and touch the sympathetic nature.

Goldsmith wandered over Europe, passed the night in Alpine hamlet and among the dykes of Holland, lingered in the gay capitol and silent cabin, and as he played his lute to gathered crowds bewailed the exile's life and the arrogance of the affluent.

Poe trod the thorn-path of poverty and sorrow, a synonym of human sorrow, and as he lay in twilight's hour, dying in a hospital lit by the dim flicker of the candle, unknown watchers ministered round his couch, while remorse was pictured on his lofty brow and regretful dissipation marked each sentence. The world gazes on the life of Goldsmith, and a feeling of sympathy is awakened; it rehearses the checkered career of Poe, and mingled tears of pity and respect fall from the moistened lid.

Poe is dead. The green sod of earth marks his resting place; the snow of winter falls heavily on his grave; he sleeps the long repose of the departed, rests, sweetly rests, from the censure of his fellow-men, awaiting the call of Him who whispered to his troubled brain as to the angry billows of Gennesaret, "Peace, be still."

For the Irving Literary Gazette.

John Bunyan.

Few men have exerted a greater or better influence upon the religion of modern times than John Bunyan, "the tinker of Elstow."

His great work, the "Pilgrims' Progress," is as well known to-day as any other book in our language. Written in a plain, simple style, it is as much the delight of kings as peasants. Translated in all the languages of Europe, it is read with comfort by the learned of France and Germany, by the hardy Russians, and the swarthy Italians. Several of his poems, written without any pretention to art, have the ring and rythm of true poetry.

At one time he conveys the reader among the daily transactions of the common people, at another he rises to such a degree of sublimity as to make us suppose he is inspired. His works never grow antiquated or less interesting, but will continue to be the friend of fallen humanity as long as man shall need a guide to the other world—as long as he has a soul to save.

Morley remarks, concerning this great and good man, that depth of feeling, vivid imagination, and absorbing sense of the reality of the whole spiritual world revealed to him in his Bible, made Bunyan a grand representative of the religious feeling of the people. In simple, direct phrase with his heart in every line, he clothed in visible forms that code of religious faith and duty which an earnest mind, unguided by traditions, drew with its own simple strength out of the Bible.

Like many other great writers and reformers, he possessed only a limited school education, and this shows what amount of work can be accomplished by one man, though pressed hard by poverty and the neglect of early training.

It is a shame upon English history that Bunyan could not be permitted to go about doing good, while so many were allowed to traverse the land doing bad. Persecuted while living, he has become honored now that he has departed. The well-known line of Shakspeare aptly applies to his case

"The good that men do lives after them;  
The bad is interred with the bones."

Prior to the time of Herodotus the Greeks used neither cups nor bowls at their feasts, but drank from little horns tipped with gold or silver.

## College Notes.

The second quarterly exercises of the class in elocution took place on the 4th inst. Considering the inclemency of the weather, quite a large audience was in attendance. The programme consisted of readings, declamations, vocal and instrumental music. Miss Alverda G. Lamotte opened the exercises with an instrumental solo.

Then Mr. A. L. Miles read "The Name Smith," a very humorous lecture of some Eastern Shore gentleman. No one seemed to enjoy it more than Mr. John Smith, President of the Board of Trustees of the College.

The next reader was Mr. Horace Cowen, who favored us with a genuine specimen of "back-woods" oratory.

Mr. Cowen was followed by Miss Ada Smith who read "The Eagle's Rock" in a creditable manner.

Miss J. Smiley then read a beautiful selection called "Papa's Letter." Mr. J. W. Norris read "The Last Prayer of Mary Queen of Scots." Miss Flora Jones declaimed "De Ship of Faith" with such perfect naturalness as to keep the hall in one almost continuous uproar.

Mr. Norman closed the elocutionary part of the programme with a reading entitled "Rules of Health."

The exercises were interspersed with music, both vocal and instrumental. The entertainment was altogether as good as we have ever had before, and all left perfectly delighted.

As it is highly probable that water works will soon be established in Westminster, would it not be well for the trustees of the college to enter into the undertaking, thus making our buildings much more valuable, and making the liability of their destruction by fire less probable; for as things now are, should a fire break out and gain any headway, nothing that could be done could save the college from utter destruction.

Several beautiful and really valuable prizes and medals have been offered this year by different parties to the student who shall make the highest average in all the studies of the class of which he is a member, provision being also made for partial students. These prizes, as experience shows, serve a good purpose, encouraging and inciting the students on to redoubled energy and activity in the pursuit of valuable knowledge.

Mr. Edward Shriver, an ex-active member of Irving Literary Society of this college, has recently given to that organization a large and valuable collection of minerals and curiosities, embracing specimens from nearly all countries on the globe. The society is truly thankful to the gentleman for his contribution to their mineral cabinet, and took proper measures of expressing their appreciation of the gift.

Mr. Chas. D. Walker, an old student of Western Md. College, together with a friend, recently paid us a call and had quite a pleasant time among the students, renewing old acquaintances and calling up old associations of the time when he, too, was a student among us.

Webster Literary Society of this College will celebrate its tenth anniversary at Odd Fellows' Hall on the 18th of this month. A choice programme has been gotten up for the occasion, and all who attend will be amply repaid.

Mr. J. M. Gill, who for some time has been very sick, is now convalescent. We hope that he may soon be well, so that he may be able to pursue his studies and graduate with his class.

A very interesting "Soiree Musicale" was recently given in the College Chapel

by the young ladies and gentlemen of the Music Class, at which talent of no mean order was displayed.

There are now in the libraries of this college over four thousand volumes of useful books, besides numerous pamphlets, maps, charts, etc., in their appropriate places.

Miss S. A. James has obtained the State scholarship from Harford county to succeed Mr. A. H. Greenfield, resigned. She arrived here on the 2d inst.

Rev. Thomas Guard, D. D., of Baltimore city, has been selected to deliver the annual sermon before the Literary Societies at commencement.

Mr. J. Milton Reifsnider, formerly of College, is attending St. George's Hall, Baltimore county.

Several of the students are afflicted with soreness of the throat.

Now is the time to subscribe for the "Gazette"—Only 75 cts. per year. Postage stamps taken for payment.

## ALUMNI NOTES.

Rev. Thomas H. Lewis, '75, publishes the *Conference Record*, a daily account of the proceedings of the Methodist Protestant Conference of Maryland, now in session at Cumberland, Md. Mr. Lewis has had some experience as an editor, and is furnishing the members of the Conference and Church with a good paper.

Miss Drucilla Ballard, the "little girl" of '76, seems to be having a good time of it down on the Eastern Shore, as she recently took an important part in a grand masquerade party at Fair Mount, Somerset county, in which she represented the *Princess Anne Herald*.

Prof. D. W. C. Ingle, '78, now principal of the Salisbury High School, recently paid Western Md. College a visit. The Prof. is much liked as a teacher. After a short sojourn with us he returned to his place of duty.

Mr. Christopher Berry Cushing, '77, having graduated at the University of Law, Baltimore, Md., is now successfully practicing his profession at Sulphur Springs, Va.

Miss Laura K. Mathews, '76, is teaching at Westminster, Md. Her school is not more than one hundred yards from Western Md. College.

Mr. Wilson R. Cushing, '77, graduated with honor at the recent Commencement of the Maryland University of Medicine, Baltimore, Maryland.

Miss Annie G. Ridgely, '72, now residing in Memphis, Tennessee, was married on the first of this month.

Mr. Thomas J. Wilson, Class of '77, is very sick at his home at Johnsville, Frederick county, Md.

Any information concerning the graduates of Western Md. College will be gladly received.

The Alumni Association will receive thirteen new members at its next meeting.

Miss Janie Bratt, of Oxford, is visiting Miss Martha Smith, Westminster, Md.

An evil act once committed, leaves its influence upon the character long as life lasts. A man once determined to drive a nail in a post for every sin his son committed. Soon the post was filled; then he removed them, one by one; but the little boy, looking at it, said: "But the marks are still there."

The public schools here are in splendid condition.

For the Irving Literary Gazette.

WESTERN SHORE OF MARYLAND.  
BY AN EASTERN SHOREMAN.

Having spent two years among the hills of Carroll, or rather upon one of its hills, I know of no way in which I could better fill a short place in this little sheet than in speaking of the advantages of the Western Shore. Consisting of thirteen counties, it forms the greater part of the State. Its fertile lands, its magnificent scenery, its churches and institutions of learning, its cities and its citizens all afford to her people and to the people of Maryland a spot to be proud of. What is more delightful than to reach the summit of one of the hills of Carroll or of Frederick and look down upon the plains and valleys, with the fields of waving grain floating to the breezes; or to climb the steep paths of the Blue Ridge, and standing upon its loftiest peak to gaze on the surrounding country, beholding in one direction the Cumberland Valley, pleasing the fancy with one of the most picturesque scenes that can be discovered from this lofty eminence; or to view at evening the luminous king of day as he apparently glides down its glassy slope and conceals himself behind the Western horizon? This in itself is enough to arouse the fondest emotions of visitors to this little shore and establish in them a love for the Western hills of Maryland. But this is a mere visionary example, when we view her in a more general manner; when we consider the fertility of her lands, the good-heartedness and kind gratitude of her people and their love of industry; when we look to her bustling cities and busy towns, affording labor to the poor and riches to the wealthy; when we think of those who have passed from her boundaries and are to-day engaged in national affairs and have at heart the interest and welfare of their country, we are forced to exclaim "Maryland, my Maryland." Agriculture, that grand and noble pursuit which the American people are everywhere urging, from the sunny banks of Texas to the snow-capped towers of New Hampshire, is no less cared for among the people of Western Maryland than in other sections of our country. Her stony soil, so well adapted to the growth of grain, keeps the keen blade of the reaper, in harvest time, ever busy wading through the thickly covered fields, striking down the slender spears and gathering the ripe fruits of harvest. The line of cars running through the beautifully equipped hills and dales convey to the different markets of the country produce which speaks well for the broad and extensive farms. Gathering together these gleams of light and making them happily converge upon the rural life of Western Maryland, we may well class her among the garden spots of America's broad fields. To draw a comparison between my subject and her sister Shore down the bay, where the refreshing breezes from the Atlantic sweep across our level country and makes agreeable the hottest days of summer, and which is sometimes called by those unacquainted with its productive soil the sand banks of Maryland, would perhaps be considered ungenerous in a native of her sunny plains, but I may well say that their parent, our Maryland, may be proud of them both and may triumphantly exclaim

Oh, noble sons, the pride of my life,  
In whose care my existence is placed.  
With you, I am, in peace and in strife,  
Until my own dear name is erased.

The first mention made of firearms date back to 1397, when a *copas*, Spanish *escopette* or carabine, was recorded in the inventory of arms at Bologna.

## HUMOR.

DON'T BE EDITORS.—The following extract is from Col. P. Doman's address before the Arkansas Press Association: "Boys of my audience, bright-face, aspiring youth, longing for the shortest and quickest road to fame and fortune, hear a solemn adjuration, and be warned in time. Never be editors—everybody's pecking blocks, creation's scapegoats, and swaybacked mules. Deadhead tickets to circuses, dog shows and festivals—(paid for at the rate of a twenty-dollar notice for a twenty-five cent ticket)—all very well in their way; and daily boquets from the girls who want to get their names in the papers, with the "beautiful and accomplished" formula swung to them are "just too charming for anything." But do not let them lead you into that dingy den of inky horror, treadmill labor and squandered opportunities, burlesquely known as the editorial sanctum. Stand back. Keep out. Be boot-blacks, chimney-sweeps, penitentiary birds or members of the maniac menagerie that meets in the gorgeous white sepulchre of a Capitol at Washington. Be mud clerk on a coal barge, deck-hands in a tripe factory, brakeman on canal boat, engineers of a one-donkey-power canal boat, dairymen with an aged ox and two he goats as your stock in trade, servant girl in a poor house or orphan asylum. Be stock gamblers, railroad directors, presidents of a sausage stuffing machine, rag-venders, charcoal-brawlers or policy spouting Senators—but never, no never, be editors. Never be even one editor, for half a one is three-quarters too much for any well regulated family to have about the house."

[This little piece of advice came most too late to be taken by us, but we reproduce it for our friends, thinking, perhaps, that it may deter some poor "editorial scape-goat" from the paths of journalistic folly.

This "solemn adjuration" should not all be taken at one time, for it may be very energetic on the nervous system. It should be taken in doses of about two lines each whenever the patient feels the desire of being an editor creeping over him.—EDITORS.]

"I am thinking," said a tormented passenger, "that there are no newsboys in Heaven." "Well," replied the newsboy, "what comfort do you find in that?" The man didn't say, and everybody else looked pleased.—*Hawkeye*

"Man wants but little here below," thought the tramp, when he fell down a coal cellar. He may have thought this, but if he had fallen into the dining room his thoughts might have run differently.

"Experience is a rough teacher," thought the Irishman when he was suddenly lifted heavenward by an innocent looking mule. We would take it for granted without testing the matter.

Man was created a little lower than the angels, and has been getting a little lower ever since.—*Josh Billings*.

That's so, but how about women?

Three questions never yet solved: Why do women talk less than men? Why don't ladies kiss when they meet? Why is it that preachers don't like chickens?

A sure remedy for slothfulness—to sit on a tack.

Every one should so live that when he comes to die he can look back with satisfaction upon a well-spent life. The death-bed must be a sad place from which to recollect the privileges, opportunities and blessings that have been permitted to go disregarded; but then it is too late for reformation—too late to live over again.

## The Advantages of Education.

Written for the Irving Literary Gazette,  
BY H. F. H. B.

A good education is one of the most valuable possessions that a man can obtain in this life; one which he will never lose, and which will still remain in his possession when all worldly wealth has passed away. With this possession the poorest man may possess untold riches—riches which no thief can take from him, and which, like the loadstone's power of attraction, increases the more they are imparted to others.

To fully appreciate its advantages, let us for a moment ask what education is. Many persons labor under the mistake that when they leave school or college their education is completed. There are few greater mistakes. The education that we receive in schools and colleges is but the mere beginning of education in its full sense, the mere foundation on which to erect a life. But as, while the foundation will do no good unless the superstructure is properly built, the superstructure, however well built, cannot stand without a good foundation; so in education, while school education is the mere beginning, yet it is only through a good beginning that the end can be attained with any degree of success.

Education is not of the mind only; it is also of the heart, with its feelings and impulses, and of the moral and religious qualities. A man, from his entrance into life until he departs from it, is being educated, for good or for evil, by the circumstances of his life. The word education, however, is usually limited in its application to the training which we receive in the early part of life, to prepare us for its duties.

Such are the various uses to which the word has been applied. But to understand its true application let us examine its derivation. Educate (from the *e-duco*) meant primarily to lead out, and hence it came to be applied to bringing out the faculties of the mind, and thus to training and disciplining them. Thus education, in its strictest sense, consists rather in bringing to light and cultivating what is already within us, than in filling our minds with a vast amount of various learning, much of which will never of itself be of any value to us. Bearing these things in mind, let us look at its advantages.

One of the chief advantages, and the one to the attainment of which education is too often entirely directed, is the information attained by it. This, though not its ultimate object, which is to train us for life's duties, is yet one of great importance.

Without education we would understand nothing of the nature of the air we breathe, the earth we tread, the profusion of nature scattered around us. The uneducated man, it is true, can find great pleasure in the beauties of nature, but beyond this he cannot go; while an educated man admires them for a higher reason, their structure and design, he can see much to admire in the simplest works of nature, much that is beautiful and marvelous in the construction of the humblest flower, and can trace the unity and design which are apparent in all. And through them he is led to see the wisdom and reverence, the power of the One who designed all this; who made each thing in its proper place to fulfill its appointed duty.

From history we learn how others have lived and played their part, and whether good or evil, on the world's stage, and how their actions resulted to themselves and to others; we observe wrong, and its punishment; good, and its reward. We see nations rising into prosperity through energy

and perseverance, and falling through their loss. We see Greece, with her noble intellectual grandeur, falling a prey to her own intestine warfare; Rome, with its feeble origin, having subjected nearly the whole civilized world to her sway through her unconquerable perseverance, falling by her own internal corruption and by the violence of contending factions. Is there not a grand lesson in all this? Let modern governments reflect well upon it. History is truly said to be philosophy teaching by example. Let us receive its lesson. Great indeed, then, is the value of a good practical understanding of it in its true character.

Thus might illustrations be drawn from innumerable sources, but space forbids. "Knowledge is power," says an old adage, and never was there a truer saying. Knowledge and study are the keys that unlock the world to men; for the more knowledge a man possesses, the more power he has of acquiring and the more use he makes of that knowledge in study, the more he acquires. Besides, the man who is acquainted with the laws of nature has possession of a mighty power with which he can unlock the deepest secrets of the earth.

But the chief end of education is discipline; it is to train the mind and form the character so as to fit us for the active duties of life. Education trains us, not so much by what we learn, even if we thoroughly understand it, though what we learn may be of exceedingly great value to us, but by the way in which we learn it; whether we learn it hurriedly, or study it thoroughly; whether we strive merely to appear creditably in the class room, or to thoroughly master the subject. It is the study, the preparation, the *thinking*, that is of the greatest value. This discipline to the mind, training it to proper habits of thought, and laying the foundation of a clear understanding and sound judgment is of far greater value than the mere knowledge gained. Education does not pretend to plant faculties in a man's mind to supply its native deficiencies, nor to give a mind to a person who is deficient in that respect; but it does enlarge and cultivate the faculties which exist, and trains them to a better and healthier condition. As the chief advantage of education is discipline, so the chief aim of education should be discipline, and those studies should be selected which combine the greatest amount of useful instruction with the greatest amount of healthy discipline and training to the mind, which will bring into play judgment and reasoning faculties, while at the same time they interest the mind and do not tax it too severely, lest the labor of study become an irksome task, in which case it will do more harm than good. There are some studies in the college and university courses, as ancient languages and the higher mathematics, which seem of no use to the majority of people, and it has been said that they should be removed from the course. The value of these studies, however, is that they are especially suited to discipline the mind, on account of the extent to which they bring the judgment and reasoning powers into play.

Let us say in conclusion, that great as are the advantages of education, (and but few of them have been mentioned above,) they can only be obtained by careful, diligent and persevering labor. There is no royal road to education. Whoever wishes to reach its benefits must travel the dusty highway of thought and study. But let this deter no one in its pursuit; in the very toil there is pleasure in the steady approach to the end, and when our efforts are at last crowned with success, it is all the sweeter to us on account of the labor it cost to obtain it.

## The American Revolution.

Written for the Irving Literary Gazette  
BY J. D. G.

Great Britain, one of the great powers of Europe, which had but a short time before overpowered France, began to show feelings of resentment or oppression towards her apparently impotent colonies, because they would not submit to unjust taxation. Thus the Americans were roused in resistance to this injustice, for they were a people noted for their wisdom, and too far advanced in civilization to be trampled upon by any nation, for our country at that time presented many intellectual lights that burst forth from the general assemblies and one of the greatest orators that America has ever produced. All these wise men encouraged this endeavor to crush under these outrageous acts of injustice and establish their freedom. This resistance to Great Britain, which is called the American Revolution, on the results of which depended the glory and prosperity of our country, began with the battle of Lexington. The chief commander of this great American Revolution was one, not like the blood-thirsty Alexander who vanquished the whole world and lamented because there was not another world for him to conquer, or the ambitious Napoleon who raised France from the dilapidated condition into which she had fallen, and shook the foundation of some of the great nations of Europe, which, but a short time before, harrassed the impotent and impoverished France, but like him whose heart burned with zealous patriotism; him who is called the father of his country; that Washington, who was willing to lay down his sword and enjoy the blessings of peace when he had accomplished the end for which he strove. Under his auspicious guidance the Revolution was conducted very successfully for some time; but soon their numbers became so reduced, from various causes, that despair began to lurk in the mind of this noble commander himself, and a gloomy aspect was cast over the country. But the eye of the Omnipotent Being, seeing the just cause for which they contended, for their Declaration of Independence had been issued to the world, cast a glance beyond the broad Atlantic, from whence he brought them assistance. This invigorated the dying hopes of the country, and affairs began to resume a prosperous condition. After this time the Revolution was conducted with great success, and soon was achieved that great victory at Yorktown which established our independence and caused a great and glorious nation to spring up which decorated the shores of the Atlantic and afforded a home to the seekers of freedom. Upon this fertile soil, within the limits of America, which is rendered fruitful by the refreshing shower and vernal rays of the sun, has been implanted, by this Revolution, that nation which is greatly esteemed abroad, and which is now in her power and glory; that nation which is an example to the world, and the imitation of whose example was, in part, the cause of the French Revolution. But the end for which the French strove was as far different from ours as the results were, for theirs was the downfall, and ours the building up of a nation.

Before the Revolution our commerce was confined chiefly to one country; now she is at liberty to carry on commercial intercourse with the whole world. Our country by this Revolution has been clothed in the beautiful garments of constitutional and religious liberty. She has no need now to ask favors of foreign nations; but can demand of them her rights and just privileges. She has now the Star Spangled Banner waving over her land and no

longer the flag of Great Britain. She is no more subjected to the tyranny of the English government, but is placed in a condition to become so formidable a power as to cope with any of the great nations of Europe. If it were not for this Revolution our country would have remained under the British control, and would have reached the same or perhaps a worse destiny than did our neighboring country in the north, which refused to unite with the colonies in this Revolution in which she would have gained her freedom; but the people of these United States undertook that which they thought would be advantageous to their country; thus her lofty aspiration has been realized, and she has been handed down to us a great and prosperous nation, and may she continue in her prosperity for many generations to come.

Though the ambitious warrior may fight throughout his life, there nevertheless is in him an innate desire for peace, which he never obtains, the peace and tranquillity of uninterrupted ease. The more of earth he acquires the more he wants, the more, it is necessary, he thinks, to obtain, in order to insure what he already has. He may conquer the whole world, but it takes something else to truly satisfy him.

Several million dollars worth of property has been destroyed in and around Washington this winter by the breaking up of the hard freeze.

## The Tenth Anniversary

OF THE  
**WEBSTER LITERARY SOCIETY,**  
WILL BE CELEBRATED IN  
Odd Fellows' Hall, this City,  
ON  
**THE 18TH INSTANT.**

A Choice Programme has been prepared, consisting of Addresses, Orations, Humorous Readings, Declarations, and a Debate on the Irish Question.

Music by Prof. Ellis' Band.

ADMISSION:—Adults, 25 cents; Children, under 12 years, 15 cents.

Doors open at 6:45. Exercises will begin promptly at 7:30. Tickets can be procured at Huber's and Boyle's Drug Stores.

**G. W. SHERMAN,**  
MANUFACTURER OF  
**CIGARS,**  
AND DEALER IN  
**TOBACCO, CIGARS, CIGARETTES**  
"Old Judge Tobacco," &c.,  
Pennsylvania Avenue, near Main Street,  
WESTMINSTER, MD.  
mar. 15-1t

**CHAS. BILLINGSLEA, D. D. S.**  
Dental Office, 1st door west of Union  
National Bank,

**WESTMINSTER, MD.,**  
Where he may be found Monday, Tuesday  
Thursday and Saturday of each week.  
Will visit Union Bridge 1st Wednesday of  
each month; New Windsor 2nd Wednesday;  
Uniontown 3d Wednesday; Taneytown last  
Wednesday. Engagements solicited for  
Fridays of each month. mar 15-y

**MUTUAL**  
**Fire Insurance Company of Carroll Co.**  
**OFFICE, - WESTMINSTER, MD.**

J. W. Hering, President; Richard Manning,  
Secretary and Treasurer; Jno. T. Duffenbaugh,  
General Agent, Westminster, Md.

DIRECTORS.—Dr. J. W. Hering, Alfred Zol-  
lickoff, Edward Lynch, David Prugh, Gran-  
ville S. Haines, Granville T. Hering, Dr.  
Samuel Swope, R. Manning, Dr. Henry E.  
Beltz, David Fowble. march 81-1y

**SPECIALTIES!**  
**R-E-A-D!**

Ladies and Gent's Trunks, Valises and  
Hawl Straps. Large invoice from New York  
Direct.  
Just received, at Special Low Rates, at  
**Lawyer & Reaver's.**

**HEADQUARTERS. CALL.**

Men's and Boys' Fine Hats } **OUR**  
" " " Gaiters } Specialties  
**AT RAILROAD DEPOT.**

**LAWYER & REAVER'S.**  
OLDEST  
**SHOE AND HAT HOUSE.**  
Finest Goods at the Lowest Prices!

Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Trunks, Valises,  
and for April showers  
**UMBRELLAS,**  
at all prices, from Forty Cents, up. Goods  
guaranteed as represented at  
**LAWYER & REAVER'S.**

**B. G. BLANCHARD,**  
AT THE OLD STAND,  
West End, Westminster, Md.,  
Invites attention to his large and complete  
stock of

**GROCERIES,**  
QUEENSWARE,  
Glass, China, Tin and Woodenware.  
SILVER PLATED AND HOUSE FUR-  
NISHING GOODS.  
**BOOTS AND SHOES,**  
Carpets, Stationery &c.

Housekeepers will find it greatly to their  
advantage to examine my Goods before pur-  
chasing. I am prepared to offer inducements  
to close buyers. Prices very low. I respect-  
fully solicit a continuance of the patronage of  
the public.  
B. G. BLANCHARD.  
mar 15-y

**GO WEST!**  
**T. WEEKS,**  
The Best Shoemaker in Town,  
Is about to remove to in front of  
**COOTES' HOTEL, Westminster, Md.**

Where the best work will be done at bottom  
prices. Repairing neatly executed. All  
work guaranteed.  
mar 11

**CHAS. W. KNIGHT,**  
**Photographer**  
(Gallery Opposite Catholic Church.)  
Portraits, Views, and other subjects Pho-  
tographed in an artistic manner.  
Copies of Old Pictures of Deceased Per-  
sons made in the most approved style.  
feb 23-1y

**J. M. SHELLMAN,**  
Stationer

**AND**  
**News Agent**

"ADVOCATE" BUILDING,  
CORNER MAIN AND CENTRE STREETS,  
WESTMINSTER, MD.

**Tobacco and Cigars.**

**Dolls. Dolls.**

Picture Frames, Brackets and Toys.  
march 11

**STATE**  
Mutual Benefit Association of Carroll Co.

OFFICERS:—Jesse Reifsnider, President;  
Granville S. Haines, Vice President; Dr.  
Geo. S. Yingling, Secretary; Geo. R. Gehr,  
Treasurer; Chas. T. Reifsnider, Counsellor;  
S. G. Keller, M. D., Medical Director.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES:—Jesse Reifsnider,  
Treasurer Westminster Savings Institution;  
Granville S. Haines, President First National  
Bank of Westminster; Joshua Yingling, Vice  
President First National Bank of Westmin-  
ster; Philip H. L. Myers, Farmer; John L.  
Reifsnider, President Westminster Gas Light  
Company; Andrew N. Stephan, Hardware  
Merchant; Geo. R. Gehr, Cashier 1st Nation-  
al Bank of Westminster; Chas. T. Reifsnider,  
Attorney at Law; Josiah G. Keller, Physician,  
89 N. Green Street, Baltimore, Md.; Geo. S.  
Yingling, M. D., General Insurance Agent.

Before you insure, give our plans a careful  
investigation, and we are satisfied you will  
regard it the safest, soundest and most econ-  
omical in existence. Send for Circulars to  
**DR. G. S. YINGLING, Secretary,**  
march 81-1y Westminster, Carroll co., Md.

**J. W. WILMER,**  
**Chemist & Druggist,**  
NEAR MONTOUR HOUSE,  
West End, - - Westminster, Md.  
feb 23-1y

**CUNNINGHAM BROS.,**  
**Job and Card Printers.**  
**PROGRAMMES, HAND BILLS, &c.**  
Neatly executed, in the latest styles, and at  
the lowest prices.  
Visiting Cards a Specialty.  
feb 23-1y

**J. Geiselman,**  
MANUFACTURER OF  
**Furniture**

OF ALL  
**DECSRIPTIONS!!**

Coffins & Caskets Furnished at Short Notice.

Corner Liberty and Green Sts. near Depot,  
feb 23-1y WESTMINSTER, MD.

**M. SCHAEFFER & CO.,**  
DEALERS IN  
Hardware, Iron, Steel, Leather,  
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS,  
Stoves, Tin and Hollow Ware,  
PLUMBERS' SUPPLIES, ETC.  
feb 28-1y Westminster, Md.

**CENTRAL DRUG STORE,**  
OPPOSITE CATHOLIC CHURCH,  
MAIN STREET, WESTMINSTER, MD.  
**JOSEPH B. BOYLE,**  
Dealer in Pure Drugs, Medicines,  
Fancy and Toilet Articles, English Tooth and  
Hair Brushes, Combs, Handkerchief Extracts,  
&c. Also a fine assortment of Stationery.  
Physicians' Orders and Prescriptions  
a specialty. feb 23-1y

**SISCO BROS.,**  
BALTIMORE, MD.,  
MANUFACTURERS OF

**Badges, Rosettes, Sashes,**  
AND  
**SOCIETY GOODS.**  
feb 23-1y

HAVING PURCHASED  
**THE "PALACE OF ART,"**  
46 North Charles St., Baltimore, Md.

I will close business in Westminster about the  
first of March, and respectfully solicit a con-  
tinuance of your patronage after my removal  
to Baltimore.

**J. P. BLESSING.**  
feb 23-1y

**A M. WARNER,**  
WESTMINSTER, MD.

DEALER IN  
**GENERAL MERCHANDISE,**  
Agricultural Implements, &c.  
ALL GOODS WARRANTED.  
february 23-1y

**WESTMINSTER**  
**Hair Cutting, Shaving,**  
AND  
**SHAMPOONING SALOON,**  
Montour House, Main Street,  
**CHAS. C. KRETZER, PROP'R.**  
A Clean Towel for each Customer.  
feb 23-1y

THE  
**Calligraphic Pen,**

UNDER STEWART'S PATENTS.  
No. 0. Stub or Legal Nibs.  
No. 1. Coarse Pointed Nibs.  
No. 2. Medium Pointed Nibs.  
No. 8. Fine Pointed Nibs.

**THE CALLIGRAPHIC PEN**

IS THE  
**Best Self-Feeding One Made,**

Because possessing all the advantages of  
its competitors with the addition of the  
PRESERVATION of the writers' INDIVIDU-  
ALITY by means of the SHADING of the  
letters, removing all OBJECTIONS OF BANK-  
ERS, to signatures with ink pencils, and  
permitting changes of temperature, and the  
use of nut gall and iron inks, the safest  
for writings which are intended to with-  
stand time.—See N. Y. Times, Sep. 29, 1879.

**Finest Specimen**  
OF  
**MECHANISM!**  
AT  
**Low Price.**

Ornamental Black,	4 1/2 inches long,	\$4.00
" "	6 " "	4.50
Gold Mounted	4 1/2 " "	5.00
" "	6 " "	5.50

**WM. J. C. DULANY & Co., Agents,**  
**JOBGING STATIONERS**  
**AND BOOKSELLERS,**  
332 and 334 West Baltimore Street,  
feb 23-1y Baltimore, Md.

# Orndorff & Sharrer's POPULAR DOUBLE STORE.

We have constantly on hand a large stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,  
CARPETS,

*Boots, Shoes,*  
HATS,

READY-MADE CLOTHING,

TRUNKS, ETC.,

Which will be sold as LOW, and in many instances LOWER, than can be found elsewhere. A call will amply repay you.

Respectfully yours,

ORNDORFF & SHARRER,

feb 23 0mos

Westminster, Md.

# GERNAND'S CHEAP NOTION STORE,

Main Street, near R. R. Depot,

WESTMINSTER, MD.

A SPECIALTY OF

Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods,

ZEPHYRS, WOOLS,

SMALL WARES, JEWELRY,

STATIONERY, ETC.

feb 23-1t

# A. H. HUBER, Druggist & Chemist,

PROPRIETOR OF HERING'S

Compound Syrup of Blackberry Root.

NO. 3 CARROLL HALL,

feb 23-1y

Westminster, Md.

A. N. STEPHAN,

DEALER IN

HARDWARE, IRON, STEEL,

LEATHER, COACH GOODS,

OILS, PAINTS, GLASS,

STOVES, Etc.,

Corner Main and Liberty Streets, near Depot,

feb 23-1t

WESTMINSTER, MD.

# NEWSON, CURRY & CO

FINE

## Stationers and Printers!

### School Books and College Supplies

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

### Fine Note Papers

AND

### CARDS AND ENVELOPES

IN

### HANDSOME BOXES!

CARD CASES,

LAP TABLETS,

GOLD PENS,

WRITING DESKS,

INK STANDS, ETC., ETC.

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF

COLLEGE INVITATIONS

AND CATALOGUES.

SEND FOR SAMPLES & PRICES.

NEWSON, CURRY & CO.,  
24 GERMAN STREET,

feb 23-1y

Baltimore, Md.

# New Grocery and Provision Store,

AT THE FORKS,

In the West End of Westminster, at J. Yingling & Co's. Old Stand.

# J. ZEPP & BRO.

We respectfully announce to the public that we are now in the room formerly occupied by J. Yingling & Co., Main Street, Westminster, where we have better facilities for business. We have added much to our stock of

Staple and Fancy Groceries, Confectionery, Tobacco, Cigars, Flour, Feed and Meats.

We have also put in a full and complete stock of Queensware, Stoneware, Earthenware, Wood and Willow Ware, and Table Cutlery.

A fair share of patronage solicited, as we will do our utmost to please. All Goods delivered within the city. feb 23-5t

E. O. GRIMES.

I. S. WEAVER.

# GRIMES & WEAVER,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

# Flour, Grain, Feed,

# FERTILIZERS,

AND

# GROCERIES of all KINDS,

WESTMINSTER, MD.

feb 23-1y

# NEW ENTERPRISE.

THE IRVING LITERARY GAZETTE

An 8-Page 32-Column Monthly Paper

Published at Western Maryland College, about the middle of every month,

ONLY 75 CENTS PER YEAR.

IT IS A PURELY

LITERARY COLLEGE JOURNAL,

Devoted to the mutual benefit of its readers and publishers.

NOTHING TRASHY,

IMMORAL

OR POLITICAL,

Will ever be allowed in its columns.

# ADVERTISING RATES

VERY REASONABLE

FRIENDS REQUESTED TO ACT AS

AGENTS.

All communications should be addressed to the "Editors of THE IRVING LITERARY GAZETTE, Western Maryland College, Westminster, Md."

SPECIAL OFFER

We will send THE IRVING LITERARY GAZETTE to anyone who sends ten subscribers at one time.

feb 23-1y

# Western Maryland College,

FOR

# STUDENTS

OF

# BOTH SEXES,

IN

# Separate Departments!

# THIS COLLEGE

Is situated in the flourishing little City of Westminster, about thirty-three miles northwest of Baltimore, on the Western Maryland Railroad.

# THE BUILDINGS

Afford ample accommodations for a large number of Students.

# UNDER THE CONTROL

OF THE

Maryland Annual Conference

OF THE

THE METHODIST PROTESTANT CHURCH,

Its tenets in no way interfere with the creed or religious bias of any pupil whose convictions have led him to other denominations.

# ANY INFORMATION DESIRED

Concerning the College, may be readily obtained by addressing

REV. J. T. WARD, D. D.,

Westminster, Carroll Co., Md.

who will give prompt attention to all inquiries. feb 23 '81 1y