

The Irving Literary Gazette.

VOL. III.

WESTMINSTER, MD., MARCH, 1883.

NO. 2.

Poetical.

THE INTERCEPTED KISS.

BY R. P. SHILLABER.

'Tis very sweet
When maidens meet
And with tender kisses each other greet,
In fondest seeming
That sets to dreaming
The masculines who stand and see't;
It is a tantalizing scene,
For optics sensitive, I ween,
And lends an agony most keen
To those who vainly look and lean,
And vent, in envious gaze their spleen,
In futile pet,
Because their lot it had not been
The kiss to get.

It happened on a festal night,
When pleasure's lamps were burning bright,
And joy's effulgence lent its light,
That Madeline,
Who graced the scene,
Caught of fair Eleanor the sight,
Across the hall, arrayed in white,
A very queen:
And Eleanor, she,
Just then did see
Fair Madeline, with ecstasy—
A crowd between.
Then smiles were given, and waving hands,
As potent as magic wands,
Prompted the meet,
And through the intervening throng
They dashed with loving haste along,
On fairy feet,
With ardor and impatience strong
For tender greet.

I love to see the rapture deep
When maidens to reunion sweep;
Their souls, elate,
Anticipate,

And to the fond encounter leap,
Thus Eleanor and Madeline
Rush swiftly on, as we have seen,
Oft caroming on those between,
Who guess not the excitement keen,
Until they close,
And then—well, it was dreadful mean
To interpose!

Just as they met with pouting lips,
Sweet as the rose the bee-moth sips,
A kiss to share,
His hand a waiting gallant slips
Between the luscious labial tips,
And robs the pair!
Upon his hand the kisses press
The back and palm their warmth confess;
(And what his feelings we must guess)
Bank robbery 'twas, and nothing less,
Most flagrant of offenses;
'Twas getting goods, it was averred,
Of which so much is often heard,
On fraudulent pretenses.

Then, seeing that it gave them pain,
He said he'd give it back again
If he was so commanded;
But, though confessing it a crime,
He justified it all the time,
Because 'twas open handed.

THE READING HABIT.

The following entertaining article on "The Reading Habit," is from THE CHOICE OF BOOKS, a very instructive little work by Chas. F. Richardson, published by John B. Alden, 18 Vesey street, New York:

There are some persons who are so fortunate as to be unable to tell when they formed the habit of reading; who find it a constant and ever increasing advantage and pleasure, their whole lives long; and who will not lay it down so long as they live. There are men and women in the

world whose youth and whose old age are so bound up in the reading habit that, if questioned as to its first inception and probable end, they could only reply, like Dimple-chin and Grizzled-face, in Mr. Stedman's pretty poem of "Toujours Armour:" "Ask some younger lass than I;" "Ask some older sage than I." Happy are those whose early surroundings thus permit them to form the reading habit unconsciously; whose parents and friends surrounded them with good books and periodicals; and whose time is so apportioned, in childhood and youth, as to permit them to give a fair share of it to reading, as well as to study in school, on the one hand, and physical labor on the other. It is plain that a great duty and responsibility thus rests upon the parents and guardians and teachers of the young, at the very outset. It is theirs to furnish the books, and to stimulate and suggest, in every wise way, the best methods of reading.

Just where, in this early formation of the reading habit, absolute direction should end and advice begin, is a matter which the individual parent or guardian must decide for himself, in large measure. Perhaps there is greater danger of too much direction than of too much suggestion. It is well to give the young reader, in great part, the privilege of forming his own plans and making his own choice. Of this promotion of self-development Herbert Spencer says: "In education the process of self-development should be encouraged to the fullest extent. Children should be led to make their own investigations, and to draw their own inferences. They should be told as little as possible, and induced to discover as much as possible. Humanity has progressed solely by self-instruction; and that to achieve the best results each mind must progress somewhat after the same fashion, is continually proved by the marked success of self-made men. Those who have been brought up under the ordinary school-drill, and have carried away with them the idea that education is practicable only in that style, will think it hopeless to make children their own teachers. If, however, they will call to mind that the all-important knowledge of surrounding objects which a child gets in its early years is got without help, if they will remember that the child is self-taught in the use of its mother's tongue; if they will estimate the amount of that experience of life, that out-of-school wisdom which every boy gathers for himself; if they will mark the unusual intelligence of the uncared for London gamin, as shown in all directions in which the faculties have been tasked; if, further, they will think how many minds have struggled up unaided, not only through the mysteries of our irrationally-planned curriculum, but through hosts of other obstacles besides, they will find it a not unreasonable conclusion, that if the subjects be put before him in right order and right form, any pupil of ordinary capacity will surmount his successive difficulties with but little assistance. Who indeed can watch the ceaseless observation and inquiry and inference going on in a child's mind, or listen to its acute remarks on matters within the range of its faculties, without perceiving that these

powers which it manifests, if brought to bear systematically upon any studies within the same range, would readily master them without help? This need for perpetual telling is the result of our stupidity not of the child's. We drag it away from the facts in which it is interested, and which it is actively assimilating of itself; we put before it facts far too complex for it to understand, and therefore distasteful to it; finding that it will not voluntarily acquire these facts, we thrust them into his mind by force of threats and punishment; by thus denying the knowledge it craves, and cramming it with knowledge it cannot digest, we produce a morbid state of its faculties, and a consequent disgust for knowledge in general; and when as a result partly of the stolid indifference we have brought on, and partly of still continued unfitness in its studies, the child can understand nothing without explanation, and becomes a mere passive recipient of our instruction, we infer that education must necessarily be carried on thus. Having by our method induced helplessness, we straightway make the helplessness a reason for our method."

After making all needed deductions from the somewhat impatient spirit in which Mr. Spencer here speaks, it can hardly be questioned that the young reader—and most of these suggestions apply equally well to those who begin to read later in life—will do much for himself; and that, on the whole, he stands in greater need of a judicious guide and helper than of a rigorous ruler and taskmaster. Of course, if he lacks both guidance and government, the latter is better than nothing; and there are times when only stern commandment will avail. But the rule should be made in accordance with the large purpose of helpfulness. The reading habit is a growth, a development, not a creation; and all measures for its cultivation, whether from without or within, should be made with this fact in mind. And where strict and even stern regulation is necessary, the direction will be most profitable that best succeeds in causing itself to be assimilated in the mind of the governed, as a part of that mind, and not as a foreign addition.

Whether the reader, thus helped by wise counselors, be young or old, he should soon become familiar with the advantage of making his reading a part of his daily life. Miss Edith Simcox, one of the wisest of living English-women, thus presses this point: "No part of a child's school knowledge can be safely allowed to remain long detached from its daily life. The history and geography of lesson books must join on to that of the newspapers; it is almost worse to know the name and date of a writer or a hero, without an independent familiarity with the nature of his books or actions, than to be frankly ignorant of all at once; and in every branch of science it is admitted that a knowledge of definitions and formulæ is useless apart from experimental acquaintance with the actual bodies described. An inaccurate general knowledge, that would not stand the test of examination, may even in some cases have more educational value than a few correct and barren facts; and our edu-

cational results will not be thoroughly satisfactory if detailed information is imparted faster than circumstantial impressions about its color and bearing."

Mr. Ruskin, too, has recently spoken of the duty of brightening the beginnings of education, and of the evils of cramming, against which, happily, the tide of the best contemporary thought is now setting strongly,—never to ebb, let us hope. "Make your children," he says, "happy in their youth; let distinction come to them, if it will, after well spent and well-remembered years; but let them now break and eat the bread of Heaven with gladness and singleness of heart, and send portions to them for whom nothing is prepared; and so Heaven send you its grace, before meat and after it." Of the necessity of making attractive the beginnings of reading, Edward Everett Hale says: "In the first place, we must make this business agreeable. Whichever avenue we take into the maze must be one of the pleasant avenues, or else, in a world which the good God has made very beautiful, the young people will go a-skating, or a-fishing, or a-swimming, or a-voyaging, and not a-reading, and no blame to them." How much can be done by others in making the literary path pleasant, is known to the full by those whose first steps were guided therein by a wise father, or mother, or teacher, or friend. How strongly the lack of the helpful hand is felt, none who have missed it will need to be told.

But those who must be their own helpers need not be one whit discouraged. The history of the world is full of bright examples of the value of self-training, as shown by the subsequent success won as readers, and writers, and workers in every department of life, by those who apparently lacked both books to read and time to read them, or even the candle wherewith to light the printed page. It would be easy to fill this whole series of chapters with accounts of the way in which the reading habit has been acquired and followed in the face of every obstacle. But a single bit of personal reminiscence may be taken as the type of thousands; not only because of its touching beauty and its telling force, but because it is the latest to be told. To-morrow some other man of eminence will add no less strong testimony to the possibility of self-education. It is the story told by Robert Collyer, who worked his way from the anvil in a little English town, up to a commanding position among American preacher and writers. "Do you want to know," he asked, "how I manage to talk to you in this simple Saxon? I will tell you. I read Bunyan, Crusoe, and Goldsmith when I was a boy, morning, noon, and night. All the rest was task work; these were my delight, with the stories in the Bible, and with Shakespeare, when at last the mighty master came within our doors. The rest were as senna to me. These were like a well of pure water, and this is the first step I seem to have taken of my own free will toward the pulpit. . . . I took to these as I took to milk, and, without the least idea what I was doing, got the taste for simple words into the very fiber of my nature. There was day-school for me until I was eight

years old, and then I had to turn in and work thirteen hours a day. * * * From the days when we used to spell out Crusoe and old Bunyan there had grown up in me a devouring hunger to read books. It made small matter what they were, so they were books. Half a volume of an old encyclopædia came along—the first I had ever seen. How many times I went through that I cannot even guess. I remember that I read some old reports of the Missionary Society with the greatest delight. There were chapters in them about China and Labrador. Yet I think it is in reading, as it is in eating, when the first hunger is over you begin to be a little critical, and will by no means take to garbage if you are of a wholesome nature. And I remember this because it touches this beautiful valley of the Hudson. I could not go home for the Christmas of 1839, and was feeling very sad about it all, for I was only a boy; and sitting by the fire, an old farmer came in and said: 'I notice thou's fond o' reading, so I brought thee summat to read.' It was Irving's 'Sketch Book.' I had never heard of the work. I went at it, and was 'as them that dream.' No such delight had touched me since the old days of Crusoe. I saw the Hudson and the Catskills, took poor Rip at once into my heart, as everybody has, pitied Ichabod while I laughed at him, thought the old Dutch feast a most admirable thing, and long before I was through, all regret at my lost Christmas had gone down the wind, and I had found out there are books and books. That vast hunger to read never left me. If there was no candle, I poked my head down to the fire; read while I was eating, blowing the bellows, or walking from one place to another. I could read and walk four miles an hour. The world centered in books. There was no thought in my mind of any good to come out of it; the good lay in the reading. I had no more idea of being a minister than you elder men who were boys then, in this town, had that I should be here to-night to tell this story. Now, give a boy a passion like this for anything, books or business, painting or farming, mechanism or music, and you give him thereby a lever to lift his world, and a patent of nobility, if the thing he does is noble. There are two or three of my mind about books. We became companions, and gave the roughs a wide berth. The books did their work, too, about that drink, and fought the devil with a finer fire. I remember while I was yet a lad reading Macaulay's great essay on Bacon, and I could grasp its wonderful beauty. There has been no time when I have not felt sad that there should have been no chance for me at a good education and training. I miss it every day, but such chances as were left lay in that everlasting hunger to still be reading. I was tough as leather, and could do the double stint, and so it was that, all unknown to myself, I was as one that soweth good seed in his field."

With young or old, there is no such helper toward the reading habit as the cultivation of this warm and undying feeling of the friendliness of books,—in which subject Frederick Denison Maurice found enough to write a whole book. If a parent or other guide seems but a task-master; if his rules are those of a statute-book, and his society like that of an officer of the law, there is small hope that his help can be made either serviceable or profitable. But with the growth of the friendly feeling comes a state of mind which renders all things possible. When one book has become a friend and fellow, the world has grown that much broader and more beautiful. Petrarch said of his book's considered as his friends (I borrow

the translation from the excellent treasure-house of quotations on books and reading, prefixed by Dr. Allibone to his "Dictionary of Authors"): "I have friends, whose society is extremely agreeable to me; they are of all ages, and of every country. They have distinguished themselves both in the cabinet and in the field, and obtained high honors for their knowledge of the sciences. It is easy to gain access to them, for they are always at my service, and I admit them to my company, and dismiss them from it, whenever I please. They are never troublesome, but immediately answer every question I ask them. Some relate to me the events of the past ages while others reveal to me secrets of nature. Some teach me how to live, and others how to die. Some, by their vivacity, drive away my cares and exhilarate my spirits, while others give fortitude to my mind, and teach me the important lesson how to restrain my desires, and to depend wholly on myself. They open to me, in short, the various avenues of all the arts and sciences, and upon their information I safely rely in all emergencies." "In my study," quaintly said Sir William Waller, "I am sure to converse with none but wise men; but abroad it is impossible for me to avoid the society of fools." Sir John Herschel called books "the best society in every period of history." "Were I to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me during life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. Give a man this taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making him a happy man; unless indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history—with the wisest, the wittiest, the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest characters who have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations, a contemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him." Among his books, William Ellery Channing could say: "In the best books, great men talk to us, with us and give us their most precious thoughts. Books are the voices of the distant and the dead. Books are the true levelers. They give to all who will faithfully use them, the society and the presence of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am, no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling, if learned men and poets will enter and take up their abode under my roof,—if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise; and Shakespeare open to me the world of imagination and the workings of the human heart; and Franklin enrich me with his practical wisdom,—I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live. * * * Nothing can supply the place of books. They are cheering and soothing companions in solitude, illness or affliction. The wealth of both continents could not compensate for the good they impart. Let every man, if possible, gather some good books under his roof, and obtain access for himself and family to some social library. Almost any luxury should be sacrificed to this." And one cannot wonder that Fenelon said: "If the crowns of all the kingdoms of the empire were laid down at my feet in exchange for my books and my love of reading, I would spurn them all;" or that the historian Gibbon wrote: "A taste for books is the pleasure and glory of my life. I would not exchange it for the glory of the Indies."

All these words of wise writers show that he who rightly cultivates the reading habit can not only have the best of friends ever at hand, but can at length say with all modesty, if he reads aright and remembers well: "My mind to me a kingdom is."

Literal Answers.

Literal answers are sometimes quite witty.

"Will you kindly put my fork into a potato?" asked a young lady of table neighbor.

"With pleasure," he responded; and piercing the potato, coolly left the fork extended from it.

Again, we hear of a very polite and impressive gentleman who said to a youth in the street:

"Boy, may I inquire where Robison's drug store is?"

"Certainly, sir," replied the boy very respectfully.

"Well, sir," said the gentleman, after waiting awhile, "where is it?"

"I have not the least idea," said the urchin.

There was another boy who was stopped by a middle-aged lady with:

"Boy, I want to go to D—street."

"Well, madam," said the boy "why don't you go, then?"

Sometimes this wit degenerates into punning, as when Flora pointed pensively to the heavy masses of clouds in the sky, saying:

"I wonder where those clouds are going?"

"I think they are going to thunder," her brother replied.

Also the following dialogue:

"Holloa, there! how do you sell your wood?"

"By the cord."

"How long has it been cut?"

"Four feet."

"I mean how long has it been since you cut it?"

"No longer than it is now."

Beer-Drinking and Disease.

The alleged fact that beer-drinkers are especially liable to disease seems to be established. The excessive use of beer, as it is well known, disorganizes important internal organs and overtaxes and clogs all the excretory ducts. The blood is thus turned into a semi-putrescent condition, which invites and greatly facilitates the inroads of disease. More than half a century ago Sir Astley Cooper called attention to the frequency with which the beer-fattened draymen of the London breweries fell victims to the slightest injuries. Though fat and rosy, and apparently healthy, a splinter from a barrel or a slight scratch often proved fatal, and, if cured at last, the patient was exceptionally slow in recovering. Copious draughts of beer may not tell as severely as whiskey upon the nervous system, but they kill as surely, and almost, if not quite, as speedily.

"I don't miss my church so much as you suppose," said a lady to her minister, who called upon her during her illness, "for I make Betsy sit at the window as soon as the bells begin to chime, and tell me who are going to church and if they have got on anything new."

A man was taking aim at a hawk that was perched on a tree near his chicken-coop, when his little girl exclaimed: "Don't take aim, pa! Let it go off by accident." "Why so?" asked the father. "Cause every gun that goes off by accident always hits something."

A Fire Proof Man.

Nathan Coker is of pure African lineage, black as ebony of stalwart frame. He is now somewhere between sixty and seventy years of age and has resided all his life in the lower part of Tuckahoe Neck, Caroline county, Md. He has no knowledge of books—cannot even repeat the alphabet—but is much above mediocrity in point of general intelligence and good, hard, corn field common sense as compared with his race. When quite young he conceived the idea of becoming fire-proof and before he was twenty-five he was a veritable fire-king. How he acquired the power to perform the feats of placing his hands and arms in a vessel of boiling water and keeping them there for ten minutes, licking a red-hot shovel, holding in his mouth molten lead, and even swallowing it, as well as many others more daring, without apparent injury, no one knows, nor has he ever revealed the secret. In fact it is doubtful if he can himself explain the mystery; but he can and does handle bars of iron glowing with white heat, eat glowing charcoal made from hickory or oak wood, walk barefooted on a red-hot bar of iron, sixteen feet long, with perfect coolness, and deliberation. These facts are attested by many respectable witnesses. He used to delight in frightening the ignorant and superstitious country people, to whom he was unknown, whenever he could find a crowd gathered around the stove in a village or country store, by stalking in, opening the stove door and running his hand down in the fire and deliberately taking a live coal in his fingers and coolly place it in his pipe and walk off.

He was at one time on exhibition and his strange feats created considerable excitement, but owing to his dislike of notoriety and his lack of education, he soon retired from the stage. His power of resisting the effects of fire is singular, and has never, so far as I know, been explained, though he has been examined by a number of scientific men. Many of the colored people, and in fact not a few of the whites, who had been taught by the crude theologians of fifty years ago to believe in a personal devil with horns, tail and cloven foot, whose kingdom was the bottomless pit and who occasionally treated his refractory subjects to doses of molten lead, firmly believed, and perhaps some of them still believe, that Nathan was a sort of devil himself.

WESTERN MARYLAND COLLEGE.—In another column will be found an advertisement of this institution. This is one of the best schools for boys and girls to be found anywhere. It has a full corps of able professors, and at its head Rev. Dr. J. T. Ward, a scholar of high repute, and a model christian gentleman. The institution is located upon an eminence overlooking the thriving little city of Westminster, and is one of the most beautiful and healthful sites in the State. The governmental discipline of the school is everything that could be desired—personal and constant oversight being given by excellent lady matrons and gentlemen professors. Among the hundreds educated at this institution we have never heard of any regretting their choice of Alma mater, and parents and others in Kent, proposing to send their boys or girls away from home for a classical education, cannot do better for them anywhere than at Western Maryland.—*Kent News.*

Whittier once jocularly proposed the formation of a party prohibiting the use of cabbage, cucumbers and onions. He contended that the smell of boiled cabbage was so "villainous," that the house would have to be burned down to get rid of it.

"Man Proposes, God Disposes."

Man proposes! Man, a creature of to-day, a mite, a spark of the Great Spirit, Infinite! Created in the likeness of the Immortal, yet clad in the garb of mortality. A form of grace, yet marred by frailty; a soul of noble impulse, yet by a natural gravitation attracted to sordid joys. By the immaterial portion of his nature, raised to God, by the *material*, drawn to earth. *He proposes!* Let us enter the "Temple of Time," and gazing down its dim aisles, call up some of the many records of the past. There, in the "Blissful Garden," over which bends a heaven of love, zephyrs soft and laden with fragrance, sport through bower and tendril; while perched in the trees above, the aerial songster charms with music sweet as angel lute; and fairest flowers kiss the dew. Yet within this Eden, grows one forbidden tree. The happy pair oft gaze lovingly on its tempting fruit, *yet eat not.* An evil spirit breathes poison on the holy air of Paradise, and Man, for the first time, taster, to be wise as God! Fair Eden will not thus be lost to him, the beauteous Eve will still linger by his side. Thus Adam's purpose was fixed: but the Great Father, meting equal grace to mercy and justice, strips him of his robe of innocence, curses his heaven-planted Eden, bars forever the gates of Paradise, and sends him forth, an exile, to toil and labor in sorrow. Man proposed, and it was evil, God disposed, and it was just.

Turning into another aisle in the vast "Temple of Time," upon a lofty column, we see inscribed in letters of living light, "Moses, the first of historians and law-givers!" After the death of Joseph, the Israelites, though cruelly treated by "the strange king that knew not Joseph," increased in numbers and became a great people. Pharaoh hated and feared them, and determining to break their power, issued a decree, that all the male infants of the Jews should be slain. The cry of the distressed Israelites rises upon the air, "Oh, God how long, how long shall the wicked triumph." The voice of weeping and lamentation is heard. Mothers bend in agony over the loved forms of their children, and then, with clasped hands, sink upon their knees, in speechless anguish, as their infants are torn from their embrace, and thrown into the river, which bears them to a watery grave. The land is enveloped in the gloomy pall of oppression; the dark clouds above display no silver lining, and the unhappy people yield themselves to despair. Oh, Liberty, what a glorious thing thou art! how many hopes are blighted, how many hearts crushed where thy presence is unknown. But the Lord has seen the sufferings of the Israelites, and raises up a deliverer for them. Moses is born, but according to the decree of the cruel king, he must be cast out to perish. With many prayers and tears, his mother prepares a small ark, and carefully placing in it the little child, confides it to the mercy of the waters. Who can tell what sorrow filled her heart, as she launched the frail bark with its precious freight, and thought that perhaps she was looking on it for the last time? But the heaven-directed ark quietly rests upon the banks of the Nile, safe amid the rushes. Pharaoh's daughter is guided to the spot, and the infantile beauty, the wail of helplessness touches her heart with pity. He is by adoption made her son, educated to grace the courts of the Pharaohs, and will ere long be the great leader of the oppressed Hebrews. Thus the Almighty thwarted the purposes of man and with "shout and song," the Israel of God find a pathway out of their bondage. Sennacherib, the haughty king of Assyria, insolently demands the

surrender of Jerusalem. The inhabitants are in consternation; the fate of the ten tribes is still vivid in their recollection, and they look forward with fearful anticipation to the destruction of their beloved city. The proud monarch, marching an immense army to Jerusalem, encamps before the gates. His heart is filled with impious pride, as from a slight eminence he gazes upon his splendid legions, spread out on the plain before him. And now "Night casts her sable mantle o'er the earth, and the gleaming stars invite repose." Within the walls the voice of prayer is heard, while the Assyrians sleep, confident of success on the morrow. A cloud arises in the sky, and in its fleecy folds, the "Angel of Death" spreads his pale wings. The moon has reached the zenith, and is about to commence her downward course in the heavens. Slowly from the hand of the winged messenger, falls the fearful stroke. Again, here in a niche in this "hallowed Temple," stands the statue of a Persian monarch, the renowned Xerxes. Marshaling the grandest host, the most splendid army that History records, he crossed the impious stream, and marching towards Greece, with the air of a conqueror, dared and defied that indomitable nation. He, in his blind presumption, believed he had but to march over the necks of a prostrate people. He witnessed the sublime and heroic sacrifice of Leonidas and his dauntless Spartan band at Thermopylae. Again he quailed before the valorous spirit of the Greeks at Salamis. His purpose was revenge, conquest, power; and to accomplish this, he was willing to sacrifice life, honor and wealth. Some favoring deity preserved the liberties of this beautiful and classic land, and in utter ruin the humbled monarch retraced his steps to the Orient, where an inglorious fate awaited him. Thus Man in his pride, *proposes*, God in his wisdom, *disposes*. But coming down to the records of more recent ages, found in the mighty "Temple of Time," we see one of the most important events in the history of our Anglo-Saxon race. England, then the proud Mistress of the Seas, during the illustrious reign of the "Virgin Queen," was alarmed by the startling intelligence that the Spanish monarch was preparing an immense fleet for the invasion and conquest of this, her only rival among the nations of Europe. The wealth and treasure of Spain were lavishly expended in the mighty enterprise. But England's braves would not tamely submit to this. They resolved to drive the insolent invader from their soil or be slain in the attempt. Their Queen too, awakened their hopes and aroused their energies. "I will," said she, "fight at your head, for though I have but the arm of a woman, I have the heart of a king, and am ready to pour out my blood." But this "*Invincible Armada*," from which such mighty achievements were expected, was met and defeated. Chagrined and disappointed the dejected Spaniards sail homewards. Yet now, the winds and the waves band together for the total ruin of the splendid fleet. The tempests lend their aid to the work of destruction; and the mermaids with dripping hair, in the fairy places of the deep, chant the requiems of the dead. Truly, Man proposes, but God alone disposes. But we need not wonder through the sepulchre of the historic past to see this proposition clearly demonstrated. There is in the soul of man, a will and purpose to accomplish an end for which God disposes him. Glance at the great scheme of science, both in the ancient world and the modern.

The mind of Newton rested not, until the great law of attraction and gravitation was fully proved, and the secret of nature's graceful revolutions, discerned by his genius. The great "Art of Printing," the

invention of which is awarded to John Guttenberg of Mentz is a grand purpose of man beyond eulogy. Magician-like, with ink and paper, he transmits to his own age, and to posterity, thoughts, grand and inspiring. Art, Science, and Literature, bend humbly before the genius of the printing press, and God takes man's purpose into His grander designs, and through *this Art*, sends the light of revealed Christianity, *on, and on*, till the "world shall be filled with its glory." Upon the National and Political arena of Earth, the purposes of man appear. Even in our own loved land, the fairest, the freest, and dearest, fierce contentions sever hearts and homes. Behold, "Our Country," struggling in the slough of civil war, Labor, resting on her rusted implements, "Commerce," furling her sails, "dejected Trade," clad in prison garments, "the Genius of Liberty," weeping over her prostrate people. And upon the battle field, the Nation is sacrificing her brave, chivalrous sons. Where now are the former days of Peace and Unity? Fierce strife marks purpose, but God is King. He reigneth, let the earth be never so quiet. Bending to His will to dispose events, let man;—

"Forget all feeling, save the one;
Resign all passion, save a purpose;
Behold no object, save "Our Country;"
And only look on death as beautiful;
So that the sacrifice ascend to heaven.
And draw down freedom on her evermore."

For the Irving Literary Gazette.

THE BIBLE.

Study it carefully,
Think of it prayerfully,
Deep in the heart let its pure precepts dwell;
Slight not its history,
Ponder its mystery,
None can e'er prize it too fondly or well.
Accept the glad tidings,
The warnings and chidings,
Found in this volume of heavenly lore;
With faith that's unfailling,
And love all-prevailing,
Trust in its promise of life evermore.

With fervent devotion,
And thankful emotion,
Hear the blest welcome, respond to its call;
Life's purest oblation,
The heart's adoration,
Give to the Saviour who died for us all.

May this message of love
From the Throne above,
To every nation and kindred be given;
'Till the ransom'd shall raise
Joyous anthems of praise,
Loud hallelujahs on earth and in heaven.

Though Lost to Sight.

[Than the familiar line, "Though lost to sight, to mem'ry dear," none is more frequently quoted, and yet comparatively few persons are aware of its origin. It will be found in a song composed of two stanzas, written about the year 1700, by Ruthven Jenhyns—a poet entirely unknown to fame—and published in the Greenwich Magazine for mariners:]

Sweetheart, good-bye! the fluttering sail
Is spread to waft me far from thee:
And soon before the favoring gale
My ship shall bound across the sea.
Perchance all desolate and forlorn,
These eyes shall miss thee many a year:
But unforgotten every charm—
Though lost to sight, to mem'ry dear.

Sweetheart, good-bye! one last embrace!
O cruel fate, two souls to sever!
Yet in this heart's most sacred place
Thou, thou alone shall dwell forever.
And still shall recollections trace
In Fancy's mirror ever near,
Each smile, each fear upon that face
Though lost to sight, to mem'ry dear.

A Portland man who read at the end of a friend's marriage notice "No cards," sent him a eucher deck by the first mail.

That kind of religion is likely to be most popular which does not seriously interfere with what you intend to do.

Solidified Kerosene.

From the London Globe.

An important piece of industrial intelligence is telegraphed from Baku. Experiments which have been in progress for some months past for putting into practice the discovery made by M. Ditmar for solidifying kerosene have been at length crowned with success, and some thousands of tons of the new article are being prepared for the European market. It may be remembered that about a year ago some talk was occasioned in scientific circles by a lecture delivered at St. Petersburg, in which M. Ditmar, who is a Swede, gave an outline of his discovery. By a certain process he stated he could convert kerosene and other similar oils into a substance having the appearance of tallow, and cause it to revert again to its original liquid condition without in the least impairing its properties. Such an assurance naturally caused a sensation in the Baku oil trade, and Ditmar was at once pounced upon by the "oil kings," Nobel Brothers, and carried off to the Caspian to make good his assertions on the spot. That there must have been something at the bottom of the discovery, in spite of hostile criticism abroad, is proved pretty conclusively by the circumstance that it should have been taken up by a firm of such standing as that of which the Nobel Brothers are the directing spirits. The monetary interest of this firm in the conveyance of oil in a liquid form amounts to 8,000,000 roubles—nearly a million sterling—invested in some thousands of railway tank cars and numerous cistern steamers, most of which would be rendered useless were the Ditmar process to come into general use. By securing the patent and services of their fellow-countrymen, the enterprising Swedes have preserved their undertaking from this danger at the hands of rivals, and can now utilize the discovery only so far as it suits their own interests. The form in which they intend to employ it for the moment consists in the manufacture of candles from kerosene and grosser petroleum products, which can be produced at Baku by the Ditmar process, it is stated, at a price which will enable the Nobel firm to undersell candles not only in Russia but throughout the Continent.

Us Boys.

"Now, boys, when I ask you a question you mustn't be afraid to speak right out and answer me. When you look around and see all the fine houses, farms, and cattle, do you ever think who owns them all now? Your fathers own them, do they not?"

"Yes, sir," shouted a hundred voices.
"Well, where will your fathers be in twenty years from now?"

"Dead," shouted the boys.
"That's right. And who will own all this property then?"

"Us boys."
"Right. Now tell me, did you ever in going along a street notice the drunkards lounging around the saloon-doors waiting for some one to treat them?"

"Yes, sir; lot's of them."
"Well, where will they be twenty years from now?"

"Dead."
"And who will be the drunkards then?"

"Us boys," shouted the unabashed youngsters.—*Albany Press.*

So much can be accomplished in a day, it is foolish to be discouraged while one day of life is left us.

It is not easy to become good all at once, but we can very easily become a little better than we are.

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.

LINTHICUM & GWYNN, - - EDITORS.

WESTMINSTER, MD., MARCH, 1883.

We may spend years and years at college, but unless we spend them in the proper way no benefit will be derived. We should practice good habits while at school, in order that our manners may be refined and polished when we enter upon our career in public life. No education is complete so long as we possess those rude and uncultivated habits which are the characteristic qualities of barbarous nations and the beasts of the field. Politeness is one of the attributes of a polished gentleman. We should bow in submission to our superiors, be courteous to our equals, and treat in a kind affable way our inferiors. Politeness costs nothing, but in the end amounts to a great deal. By it all gain friends, the merchant has more customers, the politician receives more votes, and the young gentleman gains greater popularity among the fair sex. It is proper to treat every body with respect. If you show disrespect to one person you need not think that only one person will be offended or will express his opinion of you. His devoted friends and those who are not intimate, will despise your actions, and even if they had exalted opinions of you at first their exalted opinions will be lowered. If parents and instructors are polite to children and practice good habits before them, they, in retaliating, will naturally incur similar habits and courteous manners which will remain with them in after years; but if youths are not instructed in this way they become more and more negligent, bad habits being added to bad habits, until they become so enormous as to startle any one to see the injurious effect produced by the neglect on the part of older persons. It is quite proper for a young gentleman slyly to kiss his fair damsel when the old folks are out of sight, and still more proper for the young lady to allow it. Bad habits contracted in youth are generally lasting. The use of tobacco is a bad habit which prevails, to a certain extent, in all colleges, and in many cases these habits of college life remain upon persons the rest of their days. Often have elderly gentlemen been heard to say: "O that I had never taken such steps of falling into bad habits in my childhood days!" These are only of minor importance in comparison with the great bad habits which, at the present day, are tending to demoralize the youths and remove all religious spirit from among our people. Stealing only in a small degree in younger days, should be checked at once by those whose duty it is to look to the

interest of such youths; for if it be allowed to go on, this habit will become greater, and to this others will be added as the person grows in years; and, finally, he will be an outcast from the society of men, and a disgrace to the community in which he lives. Many are lead astray to intemperate drinking by the American custom or position of assembling a crowd and all drinking together. There is no need to show in an elaborate manner the bad effects of intemperance; for we have many examples before us of inebriates who have been hurled to an early grave, cursed by the human race and the God of Heaven; consequently, we can readily see the evil effects of this bad habit which is a curse to mankind. Let us now while we are students point out the path we intend to follow and stamp upon ourselves such a character that we may march to our graves under the banner of virtue and uprightness.

The Girls Retaliate.

Sorry, very sorry, are we that we have so interrupted the quietude of your heretofore perfectly tranquil lives, as to cause you to rebuke us, O boys! When did we employ that cunning of ours to "elude" you? Your meaning in regard to "the nightly rear-guard from the college hill" is, we think, somewhat obscure, but if you refer to the teachers by whom we are always accompanied, our respect for them does move us. We cannot conceive how an "excellently built college" can have an influence sufficient to affect our behavior. We hesitate to make any remark upon the effect produced upon us by "the assembly of the young men." We are aware that our slight violation of No. 11, is known by all; never did we wish to conceal it. Frank, open-hearted girls! Sly, cunning, deceitful boys! Would it not be nearer the truth to use *one* instead of "every" in the clause, "of what you do every Sunday night?" Who met us half way, dodging behind houses, avoiding lamp-posts, etc.? Friends can't you imagine why we sometimes smile in the chapel? It is because we are greeted with smiles; and politeness demands a return. We deny the charge of commenting upon you so freely, but the deficiency is owing to the fact of a more important matter—study—occupying our attention. Many thanks for your reprimand. Forgiving you and remarking that you are not judged as you judge, we remain,

"THE GIRLS."

Hymeneal.

Tuesday evening, February 27th, was an evening of unusual interest in Oxford, Md. Rev. Alfred Smith, pastor of the M. E. Church of that town, was married to Miss Janie Bratt, graduate of W. M. College. The marriage ceremony took place in the M. E. Church, Rev. R. S. Roe, of the M. P. Church officiated. After the nuptials had been pronounced the wedding party went to the residence of the bride's father, where a reception from eight to ten o'clock was held, and many ladies and gentlemen from Oxford, Easton, and more distant parts of the State, called to extend their congratulations. At ten o'clock the bridal party took the steamer Georgeanna, for Baltimore, and thence extended their trip to Richmond, Va. Numerous and handsome presents were given to both bride and groom.

According to Richard Grant White, "hug" is a word that embraces a great deal.

COLLEGE ITEMS.

The officers of the Philomathean Society are: President, Miss E. Wilson; Vice President, Miss C. Clayton; Rec. Secretary, Miss McKee; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Mollie Stevens; Librarian, Miss I. Gott; Treasurer, Miss Roach.

The following are the officers of the Browning Literary Society: President, Miss Ada Smith; Vice President, Miss India Cochel; Rec. Secretary, Miss Mattie Boyle; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Annia Ames; Librarian, Miss Jennie Wilson; Treasurer, Miss Maggie Lockard; Critic, Miss Sadie Kneller.

The members of the Philomathean Society are rehearsing in order to prepare an entertainment which is take to place during the evening of the 6th of April, in the College Chapel. There is no doubt but that every feature of the programme is well selected; and all efforts are being made to make the performance a success.

The quarterly exercises of the first section of the Senior Class, occurred during the afternoon of the 23d of February, and were opened with a piano solo by Miss G. Nichols. H. F. Baughman, the first orator, delivered an oration on "Hope;" and Miss Belle Diffenbaugh then read an essay on "The Garret." W. W. Dumm delivered an oration on "The Future Beckons Onward," and Miss Florence Hering read, in turn an essay, subject—"Trials." Miss E. Richardson, at this point broke the monotony by performing a piano solo. The third oration was delivered by F. Fenby, on "Character;" after which Miss James read an essay on "Competition." Mr. J. W. Kirk, the last orator, discussed the subject, "Party Spirit," and the whole performance was closed with a piano duet by the Misses Hines.

The second joint exercises took place in the College Chapel on the afternoon of the 9th of March, and were opened with an organ solo by Miss India Cochel. After the performance of which Mr. F. Mc. Brown read in a very creditable manner, a humorous selection entitled, "A Racy Stump Speech." Miss Ella Wilson then read with clear accented tone the well selected article—"For Love." The reading which followed were: A humorous selection, entitled "Spoopendike's Bicycle,"—E. H. Flagg; "The Martyrdom of St. Agnus,"—Miss C. Clayton; "Lord Ullan's Daughter,"—J. L. N. Henman; "The Bivouac of the Dead,"—Miss Ida Gott; "Missing,"—Miss Minnie Jones; "A Good Rule,"—Miss Trumbo; "Old Soccery Sets the Hen,"—S. A. Boucher. The whole performance was exceedingly creditable, and all connected therewith acquitted themselves in a comely manner, and gave the best entertainment of this kind, that has occurred here for several years. An instrumental duet by Misses Newman and Jennie Wilson, completed the programme.

What is mind? No matter! What is matter? Never mind!

Significance of the the Thorn and the Rose.

The thorn is token of rejection,
Of disapproval and of scorn;
If she to union hath objection,
She giveth me as sign a thorn.

Yet if, instead, the maiden throws me
A tender rosebud as a token,
That fate propitious is it shows me,
And bids me wait with faith unbroken.

But if a full-blown rose she tenders,
Its open chalice is a token
Which boldest hope in me engenders;
Through it her love is clearly spoken.

Colleges and Seminaries.

Statistics of Students: The latest report of the Bureau of Education, published in 1882, places the number of students in American colleges and universities at 61,740; of whom 42,338 are males, and 19,402 females. The number in preparatory schools of all grades is given as 30,297. In the 142 schools of theology the number of students reported is 5,093; in schools of law, 3,134; in schools of science, 5,100; in medical schools, 9,876. The grand total of students reported in the advanced schools of the country is, therefore, 115,240. The number enrolled as pupils in the public schools is given at 9,781,521, with an average daily attendance of 5,805,342. The whole number of persons receiving instruction in all the various schools of the United States is not far from 10,000,000. This includes freedmen and Indians—all classes for whom provision of instruction is made.

The Amherst College faculty have come out strongly against intercollegiate sports, and are the first New England college officers to take such a decided stand. Resolutions were passed at a recent meeting deploring the present demoralizing tendency of intercollegiate athletic games, expressing the conviction that the cost of these games in time, money and energy expended brings no compensating advantage, and decreeing that the college shall cease to take part in them, whenever the present engagements have been fulfilled or after the close of the present collegiate year. The resolutions also express their cordial approval of games and athletic contests which take place on the students' home grounds.

The telescope formerly belonging to the observatory of Mt. Holyoke Seminary, a six-inch refractor, is now on duty at the observatory of the Huguenot Seminary at Wellington, South Africa. The astronomer royal at Cape Town, Dr. Gill, kindly attended to the setting up of the instrument in its new home; and the American astronomers, headed by Prof. Newcomb, made their station in the seminary grounds. One of the Holyoke graduates teaching there used the telescope very successfully at the time of the transit, making what was considered a valuable observation.

Facetiae.

"What is light?" asked a professor of small boy. "A silver dollar that isn't full weight is light," was the prompt reply.

Binghamton, New York, is doctored by five female physicians; and people are astonished that so many young men in town are sick!

If your errand-boy takes an unusually long time to bring your morning mail from the post-office, don't reprove him for being slow until you find out how many postal cards he has had to read.

A photographer, taking the portrait of a lady, perceived that when he was working at her mouth she was trying to render it smaller by contracting her lips. "Do not trouble yourself so much, madam," exclaimed the painter, "if you please I will draw your face without any mouth at all."

A receipt for making soup—been thoroughly tested: Take a pail of water and wash it clean, then boil it until it is brown on both sides; pour in one bean; when the bean begins to worry prepare to simmer. If soup won't simmer it is too rich; pour in more water. Dry the water with a towel before you put it in; the dryer the water the sooner it browns. Serve it hot.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

The reappearance of the variable star poetically known as the Star of Bethlehem is among the possibilities of the present year; for unless astronomical calculations are in fault, this long-looked-for star must flash forth from the sky depths before the year 1885 has completed its course, and it may appear at any time, as its period, if it have one, is very near completion.

In the year 1572, Tycho Brahe, a Dutch astronomer, discovered a new star near Caph, in the constellation Cassiopea. It was of the first magnitude when first seen, increased rapidly in brilliancy, outshining Sirius, and soon equalling Venus, and was easily detected at noon-day by good observers. The color of the great star was at first of a dazzling white, then it changed to yellow, and finally became red. It shone brightly for nearly a month, then gradually faded, and in sixteen months disappeared from view.

There were at the time a variety of opinions concerning the cause of the remarkable phenomenon. Some observers looked upon it as a fresh creation, a new comer in the universe. Other observers, and the larger portion, considered it as a sun on fire, a grand celestial conflagration, symbolizing the fate sure to overtake our sun and his retinue of worlds when the end of all things arrives. Astronomers were content with various speculations on the subject without coming to any definite conclusion, though it was the general opinion that the bright star in Cassiopea had fulfilled its mission, and would never again shine in the star-depths. A few stars with a similar history had been observed at long intervals, and these, as well as the brilliant new-comer, were included in a class known as new or temporary stars.

Forty years after the occurrence of this event, the telescope was invented. When it was turned to the position in the heavens occupied by the blazing star, a telescopic star was found within a minute of the identical spot which had been carefully mapped out by Tycho Brahe. This telescopic star is still found there, and is probably the same star that suddenly flamed forth in 1572.

The discovery that the famous star had not ceased to exist stimulated investigation. Astronomical annals were diligently searched, and it was found that similar bright stars were recorded as appearing in the same region of the sky in the years 945 and 1264. It is therefore inferred that a great new star of 1572 is a variable, with a period of a few more than three hundred years. If this theory prove true, we may soon hope to witness a repetition of this incomprehensible phenomenon. The last period was three hundred and eight years. The star was therefore due in 1880, and, if it appear at all, must dazzle our admiring eyes in the immediate future. By counting back three periods from the star's first recorded appearance in 945, we are brought to the near vicinity of the birth of Christ. Observers gifted with poetic fancies have not failed to connect the two events, and to infer that the Star in the East pointing to the place of the Nativity was the sudden outburst of this extraordinary star. Hence it has received the name of the Star of Bethlehem.

About twenty-four temporary stars have appeared from time to time in the last two thousand years. It is nearly certain that they all existed in the skies as very small stars before they blazed forth, and that, though apparently blotted out, they still exist there, ready to blaze forth again when the same conditions induce another conflagration. They are now classified as variable stars, though their long periods are of an

incomprehensible and irregular character.

Thus there are variable stars of many varieties, from a well-behaved variable like Algol, that completes its regular changes in a period a little less than three days, to an erratic variable like the star in Cassiopea, that appears with sudden outburst and then remains quiescent for centuries. In the case of the regular variables, it is easy to account for the maximum and minimum light by the interposition of dark satellites, hiding a portion of the light as they pass between us and the star, or by the theory of sun spots, lessening at times the light of the star. Our sun is a variable star, and viewed from the nearest of the neighboring orbs probably shines as a yellow star of the third or fourth magnitude with a period of about eleven years, identical with the sun spot cycle. In the case of fitful variables, there is reason to believe that the sudden flames are due to outbursts of glowing hydrogen, resembling those of which the rosy protuberances around our sun give an illustration of a small scale.

If these outbursts are caused by eruptions of burning hydrogen, and if the protuberances around the sun are due to the same agent, the question naturally arises whether there may not be danger of similar outburst from the solar surface. Such a catastrophe would doubtless involve the destruction of at least the higher forms of animal and vegetable life. Such a possibility exists, but the probability is too small to excite a moment's alarm. Only twenty-four blazing suns have been observed in two thousand years, while millions of stars have shone in the heavens, with a constant and serene light that has remained unchanged since men began to study these twinkling mysteries. The chances that the sun will blaze forth in the erratic style of the star of 1572, are therefore not more than one in a million, no greater than the probability that a huge comet will plunge headlong into the sun, or come into collision with the earth.

Observers will do well to keep an eye upon the constellation Cassiopea. Unscientific observers are as likely to be the first to detect the presence of the brightly beaming orb as those who possess special training for the work. If the long lost Star of Bethlehem return to its old position in the sky, it must return speedily, for every day increases the nearness of the advent. The year 1883 may, therefore, be made illustrious by a celestial visitor with a dozen comets, an event that would be almost as welcome to astronomers as the discovery of the cause of sun spots, or the accurate determination of the sun's distance.

Cassiopea is a constellation excellently situated for observation. It is on the opposite side of the pole from the Great Dipper, and at nearly the same distance. A line drawn through Megrim, one of the stars in the square of the Dipper, continued to the Polar Star, and extended to an equal distance beyond, will reach Caph, a star of the third magnitude in Cassiopea. This star with three others of about the same magnitude and a smaller one form the figure of an inverted chair. As in this latitude the constellation is always above the horizon, it can be seen at all hours of the night.

Tobacco, a noxious weed, fed on by an ugly worm, an animal called man and a species of offensive goat,—hogs and an over-nice species of men designating themselves as gentlemen don't use the weed.

Quite a number of young women were killed last winter while coasting. Young man, if you have a good girl, don't let her slide.

The Great Telescope at Princeton.

The great blue dome of the Halsted Observatory rising boldly above the lofty walls of gray stone, which lift it out of the dust and smoke of the little town, is the most striking edifice in Princeton. It gives an air of erudition to the place. The traveler seeing it confronting him as he alights at the railroad station feels at once that he is in a university town, where the gravity of learning lends unwonted weight and dignity to all things, even to the chanticleer, who, somewhat haughtily, though gravely and decorously, eyes him from a neighboring fence without indulging in any unscholarly and unmannerly crowing. One can imagine the Spaniards looking with something like awe upon the returned ships of Columbus. A great observatory seems to produce a similar effect. The magical charm of discovery hovers around it—discovery not among continents and islands on the other side of the earth, but among suns and worlds soaring in the heavens, many of which are far grander and more glorious than our own.

The new telescope which has recently been mounted in the observatory at Princeton is, with the exception of the one in Washington, the largest in this country. Its object glass lacks but one inch of being two feet in diameter, and the cigar-shaped tube of steel is about thirty feet long. It ranks with the half dozen telescopic giants which within a few years have been placed in the hands of the astronomers of the world, but of whose astonishing achievements the public has heard but little. Sir William Herschel would have thrown away his big reflectors in disgust if he could have caught a glimpse of the heavens through one of these telescopes. People who are not familiar with the progress of astronomy have no notion of the work that is being done in the great observatory overlooking the battle ground of Princeton—work that is hanging the whole outlook for the human mind; putting the earth, as it were, into communication with its neighbors in the heavens, as steam engines and the telegraph have linked together the four quarters of the globe. People generally have no conception of what modern astronomers have achieved. Take, for instance, their studies of the planet Mars. If it were told of some ancient people, it would be set down as an idle fable, yet it is a fact that our astronomers to-day have a more comprehensive knowledge of the geography of Mars than anybody in the time of Columbus had of the geography of the earth. They have made careful maps of the whole planet, filled with astonishing details, and if an astronomer were suddenly transported to Mars and set down at some given point upon its surface, he would not, by any means, feel that he was lost. Given his latitude and longitude, he would know that in a certain direction and at a distance of a certain number of miles lay the body of water named in his maps the Lake of the Sun, or Lockyer Sea, and that in another direction was the continent of Copernicus. He would know whether he was standing upon an island or the mainland, what the general shape of the land was, and which was the shortest route to the sea coast. If the inhabitants of Mars were not inclined to maritime enterprise and geographical explanation, he would be able to tell them more than they had ever known of the form and position of lands and seas of their globe, and might perhaps earn a comfortable living in a strange world by opening a school for instruction in martial geography. These same astronomers have not only weighed the sun and discovered of what material it is composed, but they have also analyzed the stars and shown that in many of them the same elements exist with which

we are familiar on earth. They have proved that, so far from our sun being the only one, the universe is sprinkled with many millions of suns. They have found worlds and suns go through a process of development, and by looking at the spectrum of a star they can tell whether it is probably older or younger than the sun. They have discovered suns, some larger than ours, which grouped together in pairs and by threes and fours, are swinging around a common centre. They have found spots in the heavens that are fairly bedded and ablaze with suns. With their eyes one may look upon chaos itself, for they tell us that the so-called gaseous nebulae are really portions of the universe which have not yet been organized into solar systems.

In view of these facts, an account of the wonderful scenes which are opened up in the celestial spaces by the great Princeton telescope, and which are seldom enjoyed by anybody except an astronomer, must possess interest for all readers. The Princeton telescope is particularly interesting, because it is in charge of one of the foremost of living astronomers, Prof. C. A. Young, who has made some of the most important additions to astronomical science which it has received in modern times. An amateur astronomer who recently spent an evening in the Princeton observatory, tells the story of what he saw, which thus concludes:

"I cannot stop to tell of what else the great telescope shows in the star depths; how it reveals shining beds of stars in the Milky Way; how, when turned upon a nebulous speck, it sometimes shows the astonished observer a veritable ball of stars, an innumerable multitude collected into a globular cluster, and at other times reveals thousands of stars arranged in spraying lines, and spirals, and all odd shapes. When I visited the observatory the moon was not in a favorable phase for telescopic study, but I know what the big telescope would do with the moon. It would reveal the ragged mountains and craters, the tablelands, like those splendid ones surrounding the Bay of Rainbows, the peaks and the old ocean beds, with a distinctness that would make the startled observer fancy some supernatural power had suspended him directly above old worn-out world preparatory to letting him drop down to perish in one of its airless and waterless wildernesses, or to be battered and crushed in the rocky bottom of one of its extinct craters. If I had such a telescope I fear, though bound to this terrestrial dust-mote, I should spend my life in other, grander worlds."

What to Read.

Are you deficient in taste? Read the best English poets, such as Thompson, Gray, Goldsmith, Pope, Cowper, Coleridge, Scott and Wadsworth.

Are you deficient in imagination? Read Milton, Akenside, Burke and Shakspeare.

Are you deficient in judgment and good sense in the common affairs of life? Read Franklin.

Are you deficient in sensibility? Read Goethe and Mackenzie.

Are you deficient in political knowledge? Read Montesquieu, the Federalist, Webster and Calhoun.

Are you deficient in patriotism? Read Demosthenes and the life of Washington.

Are you deficient in conscience? Read some of President Edwards' works.

Are you deficient in anything? Read the Bible.

It is often said of the girls—rich but ugly; pretty but poor,—and this is indeed very often the case.

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"Perhaps the most judiciously edited magazine in
the world."—*The Nation*, N. Y., Sept. 1882.

THE CENTURY FOR 1882-83.

The twelfth year of this magazine—the first under
the new name, and the most successful in its his-
tory, closed with the October number. The circu-
lation has shown a large gain over that of the pre-
ceding season, and THE CENTURY begins its thirteenth
year with an edition of 140,000 copies.

The following are the leading features:
A *New Novel* by W. D. Howells, to succeed this au-
thor's "Modern Instance." It will be an interna-
tional story, entitled "A Sea Change."

Life in the Thirteen Colonies, by Edward Eggleston,
the leading historical feature of the year, to consist
of a number of papers, on such topics as "The Be-
ginning of a Nation," "Social Life in the Colonies,"
etc., the whole forming a complete history of early
life in the United States. Especial attention will be
paid to accuracy of illustrations.

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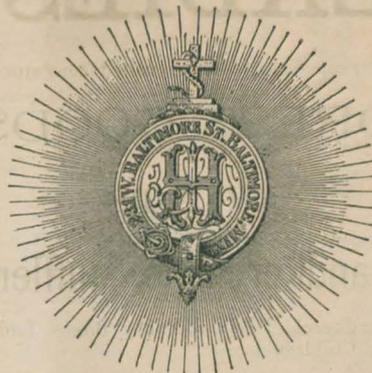
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