

# The Irving Literary Gazette.

VOL. II.

WESTMINSTER, MD., SEPTEMBER, 1882.

NO. 6.

## Select Story.

### THE DAISY.

The following poem, by John Mason Goed, is considered by Rev. Dr. Granville Moody one of the finest gems in the English language. It was repeated by the late William Cullen Bryant, in a dinner speech, at Williams College:

Not worlds on worlds in phalanx deep  
Need we to prove that God is here:  
The daisy fresh from winter's sleep,  
Tells of His hands in lines as clear,

For who but He who arched the skies  
And pours the dayspring's living flood,  
Wondrous alike in all He tries  
Could rear the daisy's purple bud?

Mold its green cup, its ivy stem,  
Its fringed border nicely spin,  
And cut the gold-embossed gem  
That set in silver, gleams within

And fling it unrestrained and free,  
O'er hill and dale and desert sod,  
That man, where'er he walks, may see  
In every step the stamp of God.

### Classical Education.

A reader unacquainted with the real nature of a classical education will be in danger of undervaluing it, when he sees that so large a portion of time at so important a period of human life is devoted to the study of a few ancient writers whose works seem to have no direct bearing on the studies and duties of our own generation. For instance, although some provision is undoubtedly made at Rugby for acquiring a knowledge of modern history, yet the history of Greece and Rome is more studied than that of France and England; and Homer and Virgil are certainly much more attended to than Shakspeare and Milton. This appears to many persons a great absurdity; while others who are so far swayed by authority as to believe the system to be right, are yet unable to understand how it can be so. A journal of education may not be an unfit place for a few remarks on this subject.

It may be freely confessed that the first origin of classical education affords in itself no reasons for its being continued now. When Latin and Greek were almost the only written languages of civilized men, it is manifest that they must have furnished the subjects of all liberal educations. The question therefore is wholly changed since the growth of a complete literature in other languages; since France, and Italy, and Germany, and England, have each produced their philosophers, their poets, and their historians, worthy to be placed on the same level with those of Greece and Rome. But although there is not the same reason now which existed three or four centuries ago for the study of Greek and Roman literature, yet there is another no less substantial. Expel Greek and Latin from your schools, and you confine the views of the existing generation to themselves and their immediate predecessors; you will cut off so many centuries of the world's experience, and place us in the same state as if the human race had first come into existence in the year 1500. For it is nothing to say that a few learned individuals might still study classical literature; the effect produced on the public mind would be no

greater than that which has resulted from the labours of our Oriental scholars. It would not spread beyond themselves; and men in general, after a few generations, would no as little of Greece and Rome, as they do actually of China and Hindostan. But such an ignorance would be incalculably more to be regretted. With the Asiatic mind we have no nearer connection and sympathy than is derived from our common humanity. But the mind of the Greek and the Roman is in all the essential parts of its constitution our own; and not only so, but it is our mind developed to an extraordinary degree of perfection. Wide as is the difference between us with respect to those physical instruments which minister to our uses or our pleasures; although the Greeks and Romans had no steam-engines, no printing-presses, no mariner's-compass, no telescopes, no microscopes, no gunpowder; yet in our moral and political views, in those matters which must determine human character, there is a perfect resemblance in these respects. Aristotle, and Plato, and Thucydides, and Cicero, and Tacitus, are most untruly called ancient writers; they are virtually our own countrymen and contemporaries, but have the advantage which is enjoyed by intelligent travellers, that their observation has been in a field out of the reach of common men; and that having thus seen in a manner with our eyes what we can not see for ourselves, their conclusions are such as bear upon our own circumstances, while their information has all the charm of novelty, and all the value of a mass of new and pertinent facts, illustrative of the great science of the nature of civilized man. Now when it is said that men in manhood so often throw their Greek and Latin aside, and that this very fact shows the uselessness of their early studies, it is much more true to say that it shows how completely the literature of Greece and Rome would be forgotten, if our system of education did not keep up the knowledge of it. But it by no means shows that system to be useless, unless it followed that when a man laid aside his Greek and Latin books, he forgot also that he had ever gained from them. This, however, is so far from being the case, that even where the results of a classical education are least tangible, and least appreciated even by the individual himself, still the mind often retains much of the effect of its early studies in the general liberality of its tastes and comparative comprehensiveness of its views and notions. All this supposes, indeed, that classical instruction should be carefully conducted; it requires that a classical teacher should be fully acquainted with modern history and modern literature, no less than with those of Greece and Rome.

What is, or perhaps what used to be, called a mere scholar, cannot possibly communicate to his pupils the main advantage of a classical education. The knowledge of the past is valuable, because without it our knowledge of the present and of the future must be scanty; but if the knowledge of the past be confined wholly to itself—if, instead of being made to bear upon things around us, it be totally isolated from them, and so disguised by vagueness and misapprehension as to appear incapable of illus-

trating them, then indeed it becomes a little better than laborious trifling, and they who declaim against it may be fully forgiven.—Arnold.

### How Hazing was Stopped.

Many have wondered why there has not been any hazing at Harvard for the past three months. In all that time there has not been a case of hazing reported, and some have come to the conclusion that the hazers have met with a change of heart. It is not exactly a change of heart, but a change of clothes that ailes them. We are informed that the hazing has been broken up in that college, and forever, by the faculty taking the advice of the *Sun*. Just after Sullivan whipped Ryan he was called to Harvard, the *Sun's* plan of breaking up hazing was unfolded to him, and he fell into it readily. He was to attire himself as a quaker young man, and apply for admission as a freshman, and let nature take its course. On the first day of April Mr. Sullivan appeared at college under the name of Abija Watson, and was assigned to a room, and placed on the roll of freshmen. His appearance was commented on, and as he passed through the college grounds with his peculiar garb, young fellow shouted "shoot the hat," "get on to his nibs," all Mr. Sullivan could do to restrain himself from whipping a couple dozen of them then and there, but he decided to wait until proper time, when he would be able to get enough for a mess. That evening he was approached by a young man who pretended to be his friend and invited to accompany him to a room where a few boys were going to open a few bottles of wine. Abija said verily he didn't go much on the sinful beverage that stealth away the brain, but seeing it was him he didn't care if he did go in and drown out his gopher. So they went to a large room where about seventy smart young fellows were congregated with all of the appliances for hazing. Sullivan says there were seventy, but the faculty only found sixty-five senseless smart Aleck's when the door was opened, but Sullivan thinks a few may have jumped out the window and took to the woods. It seems when they got the "Quaker" into the room they locked the door and the ring-leader told the peaceful man to strip off his coat, vest and shirt. He objected, but finally took them off. Some of the fellows who have since got out of the hospital say they noticed, when he removed his shirt, that he was put up like a hired man, and they thought it queer that a Quaker should have an arm as big as a canvass ham. Then they told him to prepare to meet his God, and got out the iron to brand him on the back. He told them that he knew he was in their power, and was willing to submit to anything that was right, but he asked them as a favor not to bear on too hard, as he was of a nervous temperament, and might faint. Then they decided not to brand him until later, but would throw him up in a blanket first. So they got the blanket and tipped Sullivan over in it, and about twenty of the smartest hazers took hold of the sides and tossed him up. When he came down

he knocked four fellows senseless with his fists, kicked four more across the room, and then got on his feet and began to knock right and left. He had knocked down about twenty, and had stopped to spit on his hands, when the rest of the hazers huddled in a corner and proposed to put a stop to the slaughter. One said, "O, good Mr. Quaker, please let us alone. We belong to respectable families, and won't do so any more." Sullivan looked at them and said, "It is hazing yez want. Well, yez can have plenty," and he went at them and in about fifteen minutes he corded up the whole gang, and hazing was broken up in Harvard college. As he threw his coat and shirt across his arm and walked out of room and met the faculty in the hall, he said, "Throw water in their faces and they will regain consciousness in from ten minutes to half an hour," and he shook hands with the faculty, recieved his five hundred dollars and left for New York with his trainer, Billy Madden, who was sitting on the fence outside waiting for him.

"Pot kind of a time did yez have wid de by's," asked Mr. Madden, as he helped Mr. Sullivan on with his shirt, and changed the quaker hat for another.

"Verily, friend William," said quaker Sullivan, as he counted the roll of bills to see that the faculty had not shovod any counterfeit on him, "It was the evint of the season. It is good exercise." And they started for Cornell University at Ithaca.—*Peck's Sun*.

### Beautiful Women.

It is not the smile of a pretty face, the delicate tint of a complexion, the luring glance of the eye, the beauty and symmetry of person, nor the costly dress or decorations that compose woman's loveliness. It is her pleasing deportment, her chaste conversation, the sensibility and purity of her thoughts, her affable and open disposition, her sympathy with those in adversity, her comfort and relief to the distressed, and, above all, hnmility, that constitute true loveliness, Disraeli observes: "It is at the feet of women that we lay the laurels that without her smile, would never have been won; it is her image that tunes the lyre of the poet, that animates the voice in the blaze of eloquence, that guides the brain in the august toil of stately councils. Whatever may be the lot of man—however unfortunate, however oppressed—if he only love and be loved, he must strike a balance in favor of existence, for love can illumine the dark roof of poverty, and can lighten the fetters of the slave. Beautiful women may be admired, but who can refrain from loving the impersonation of grace and virtue we every day encounter in the charmed circles of domestic life?"

No marriage is legal in France except with the consent of the parents of both parties, but a man or woman over twenty-five may "respectfully cite" his or her parents to show cause why they refuse consent. If they fail to show good cause, the marriage may proceed in spite of them. Such proceedings are rarely resorted to.—*Le Temps*.

### A Fighting Octopus.

The octopus is, without doubt, the most disagreeable creature to be met with in the ocean. They are found in nearly all waters, from the Coast of Maine in and on the borders of the Gulf-Stream to the cold waters of the North Pacific Ocean. Imagine a bag of flesh, over which waves of color are constantly sweeping, and from which eight arms radiate like the arms of a gigantic spider, their under sides lined with sharp suckers, and between them, where they join the body, two parrot-like bills. On each side of the lower part of the bag put two fierce green or yellow eyes, give the whole mass a tremulous motion, and you have a general idea of the appearance of the octopus, a second cousin of the giant squid. In size they range from a foot across upward. The suckers on the arms are so many airpumps, so that when they are pressed upon the body a piston-like arrangement exhausts the air, and the suction presses (in many kinds) a sharp, "sawedge," bony plate, or ring, into the flesh, making hundreds of terrible wounds.

In the Bahama Islands these animals are very common, and often of great size, and their capture affords considerable sport to winter visitors at these isles of summer. The largest octopus ever caught was found upon the beach at Nassau. Each arm measured five feet, and the entire monster weighed nearly 300 pounds.

Several years ago a party from New York spent the winter at Nassau, and the boys—for there were four or five—had a lively encounter with the octopus. They had a fine cedar boat fitted for their benefit; her bow and stern were decked over and formed airtight compartments, while a row of airtight cans extended around under the seats so that their craft would float when full of water—a fact tested on many an occasion. Sometimes they had to drag her almost out of the water, but finally the head of "Yellow Tail" Reef was reached, and they were upon unexplored ground. The reef was about three feet under water and covered with small heads of the coral known as Meandrina, interspersed with fans and plumes.

The boat was hauled between two of the heads, and Tom, Harry and the others were sitting on her gunwale resting when they were attracted by a shout from Will, who had waded away over the heads.

"Here's a queer-looking something under the corals!" he shouted. "Come over!"

The boys moved off in his direction.

"It looks like a bundle of snakes," he continued. "Well, here goes!" and aiming his grains at the object, Will let drive.

There was commotion for a moment. Will clung to his spear, the pole bending and writhing about.

"I can't see what it is!" he shouted. "Come quick!"

The boys pushed hard, but were yet twenty or thirty yards from Will when he jumped upon a coral head with a scream, and up from the water, clinging to his legs, appeared a slimy, writhing, clinging mass of flesh that horrified the boys.

Will had lost his hold upon the spear, but courageously drew his case-knife and cut at the monster, that had now crept up to his waist.

"It is an octopus!" shouted Tom, as the boat rushed into the head of coral, and seizing his spear, overboard he went, and as Harry grasped Will's extended arm and tried to drag him into or towards the boat, he hurled his spear again and again into the creature and endeavored to push it from Will's knee, where it had now settled under the vigorous blows of the knife.

Two of the arms were severed in this way, but the others clung like leeches,

winding about his legs, doubling and twisting all the while.

Will was faint and weak, but the rest encouraged him, and finally he struck a deep blow into the body of the monster, and Tom settling down almost under the water, with a tremendous lift tore the ugly creature from its hold.

At the same moment the boys in the boat, who had clung to Will, fairly jerked him into the boat, with some of the arms of the octopus still clinging to him.

Tom was not a moment behind, as the creature had escaped from him, and he was likewise hauled aboard.

Will was badly cut; his legs, arms and neck were covered with round marks, as if he had been cupped; and some of them bled badly, while other sharp bites were evidently the marks of parrot-like bills.

The water for many feet about them still showed evidence of the struggle, being as black as ink from the sepia the animal had ejected in its fear or rage.

Will was determined to have the body of the octopus. So after the water had cleared, they commenced the search, and finally the ugly fellow—or what was left of it—was found under a clump of branch coral. The boat was held over the spot, and three spears were sent into it at once. Even now it struggled hard, and as they lifted it aboard the creature dragged at least fifty pounds of dead coral with it. But once in the boat it was soon finished with a hatchet and packed away in half a barrel, which it nearly filled, and was found to weigh afterwards 170 pounds.

"You wouldn't believe a creature like that would have so much strength," said Will, as they started for home. "As soon as I hit it it seemed to run up the spear, and nearly twisted the pole out of my hands, and the water became as black as ink; and the first thing I knew I felt something like a red-hot band clasp my leg, and then another and then I made a jump for the 'head,' and the animal tried to climb upon me. I don't know whether he was trying to attack me or escape; but I've learned one lesson—never to strike an octopus unless you are in a boat."

### Cameo Cutting.

One of the best examples of adroit manipulation under the simple microscope is the operation of cameo cutting as described in an article in *Our Home and Science Gossip*:

A visit to a cameo cutter's workshop found him seated at a table covered with tools, varying from a triangular-pointed steel instrument to the most delicate pointed bits of steel wire fastened in handles. Very fine files and knitting needles, set in wooden grips and ground to infinitesimal points, figured in the lot. On a pad of leather, before the cameo cutter, was a block of wood just big enough to be grasped with his hand, and cemented to the middle of it was an oval object that looked like a piece of alabaster, just big enough to make a seal for the finger of a man who did not object to wearing large rings. Upon this the artist was just finishing a copy, with a pencil pointed to needle fineness, of a photograph in profile of a gentleman, which was leaned against a little photograph easel before him. Having finished the outline, he laid his pencil by, and taking up a fine wire tool he scratched the pencil mark around with it. Then he took a darning needle with a sharp point and scratched the line deeper. He worked with a magnifying glass at his eye, and stopped continually to inspect the progress of his work with critical minuteness. Then he went at it again, working slowly, scratching over the same line again and again, and always examining after each

scratch. He changed his tools as he went on, and from the darning needle descended to a trifling little fragment of steel wire, not as thick as an ordinary sewing needle, set in a slender handle.

With this he scratched and rescratched, until the lines he had drawn with his pencil had quite vanished, and a thin, fine streak of a dark color had marked the outline of the head he had been tracing his way around. Next he took one of his bruin-like tools and commenced again. This time he worked on the outside of the outline, cutting and scraping at the surface until the white turned gray, then brown, and finally vanished, leaving the face in relief, surrounded by a black ground—that is, the portrait remained intact in the white substance which formed the outer layer of the cameo, while it had been cut away around it to the lower or dark layer. The portrait or figure is then modulated upon its surface until it assumes the roundness of nature. The edges are left square to the dark ground.

This is necessary, as, if they are gradually rounded down, the outline becomes undefined toward its juncture with the relieving surface, owing to the white of the raised portion being partially transparent and permitting the dark to show through it when it is thinned down. Care is taken to finish this dark surface as much as possible with the cutting tools and so separate the white from it as to leave it smooth and unscratched. A final polish is given it, however, with putty powder applied dry with a stiff brush, but the utmost care is necessary in this operation, as the slightest slip will ruin the work. This is the cameo cutter's work, the mountings being the jeweler's work. The cameos sell, unmounted, for about twenty-five dollars.

### Straw Lumber.

In the coming scarcity of lumber invention must supply the deficiency, and already paper pulp and other materials are sometimes used as substitute. The *American Architect* has the following on the use of straw for this purpose:

There can be no question that straw lumber is admirably adapted to many kinds of finishing, work-barrels, table and counter tops, fine doors, and ornamental work; and we are assured that it can be produced and sold in competition with the finer grades of pine or in competition with wide walnut, at about one-half the price of the latter. The standard manufacture is in widths of thirty-two inches, a length of twelve feet, and a thickness corresponding to that of surfaced boards. These dimensions may be varied to suit such orders as may be given, and embrace any width, length, or thickness. Unlike lumber, however, narrower widths are the most costly. The straw lumber may be ripped with the hand-saw or the buzz-saw; may be run through the sticker for the manufacture of mouldings, and takes a nail or screw about as well as oak. It may be finished with varnish or with paint, and is susceptible of a high polish. It is practically water and fire proof, being manufactured under 500 degrees of heat, and we are assured has been boiled for some hours without any apparent change of structure. Its tensile strength is greater than that of walnut or oak, and its weight about one-fifth greater than the former when dry. It is made from any kind of straw, including hemp and flax fibre—in fact, from any material that will make pulp—and a ton of straw will produce 1,000 feet of boards. The pulp is rolled into thin sheets, a number of which, corresponding with the thickness of the lumber desired, are placed together with a peculiar cement, which is claimed to

be water-proof, and are then rolled under a pressure sufficient to amalgamate them into a solid mass, which may be worked with a plane if desired. We look for valuable results in the future in the manufacture of lumber from what is practically a waste material, but which will be produced in endless quantities so long as the United States maintains its character as a grain-producing country.

### To Foretell the Weather.

If the sun sets in crimson clouds and rises brilliant, or if the stars are numerous and bright, we know in a general way that we may reckon on a duration of fine weather.

Dews and white morning fogs are symptoms of clear days.

A dark and vapory sun, and a sickly-looking moon with blunt horns, and a circle around her, or pallid, big and nonscintillating stars, are all signs of approaching rains.

If the sun comes up pale and then turns red, or if the moon is large and ruddy, with sharp, black horns, we may count on wind.

The chickweed is called "the poor man's barometer," because it shuts up its flowers when wet is approaching.

The aurora borealis, when very bright, forebodes stormy, moist and unsettled weather.

The haze around the sun indicates rain; it is caused by fine rain or mist in the upper regions of the atmosphere.

A halo around the sun has often been followed by heavy rains.

A halo around the moon is also an indication of rain. The larger the halo the nearer the wet spell.

Lack of dew is another rain sign.

Sharp, white frosts in autumn and winter precede damp weather, and three successive white frosts are an infallible sign of rain.

Previous to rain the flies bite sharper and stick to us closer, and bees remain in the hive.

But few of the many signs that we have briefly instanced only apply to the immediate future, and have nothing to do with the far-seeing prophets whose prognostications, also largely based on natural causes, peer into future months—nay, years in advance.

### The Microscope as a Detective.

In Germany, some years ago, it was discovered by the authorities of a railway that a barrel which, on being dispatched from a certain station, contained silver coin, had, during the journey to its destination, been emptied of its contents and filled with sand. For some time no clew to the perpetrator of the robbery could be discovered; but at length a learned professor, having been consulted on the subject, called in the aid of a microscope. The professor went to work on the track at once. He knowing that even though in the very minutest degree, there was a distinctive difference in the sand found near the various stations along the railway line, sent for samples of it from each of the places through which the train containing the silver coin had passed. With the microscope he then carefully examined each sample, compared it with the sand found in the barrel, and thus identified the station at which the latter had been procured. Having in this ingenious manner, found out the station he wanted, little difficulty remained; for the railway servants employed at it, by one of whom the robbery had been committed, where so few in number that the culprit was readily detected. In this ingenious manner the thief was found.

Too much economy in youth begets avarice in old age.

## Reading.

There are few enjoyments more rational, more congenial to an unvitiated taste, or more subservient to the moral facilities of human intelligence than the practice of judicious reading. By it we may sit by our firesides and hold converse with the patriarchs, sages, and prophets of hoary antiquity. Through its medium we can partake of and imbibe the sentiments of the fathers of science, philosophy, and religion; for the page of history holds a secret but powerful language, full of meaning, full of knowledge and wise precepts, portrayed in either the beauties of virtue or the deformities of vice. While the individual devoid of taste for reading wanders on amid the glowing beauties of the mental creation, a mere automaton propelled only by the propensities of his animal nature, trampling the loveliest flowers beneath his feet, nor appreciates the sweet perfumes exhaled by the mutilated plants. The man of reading and reflection, taught by the wisdom of that Creator whom he knows through the medium of his intellectual cultivation, sees in everything around him something to admire, something to charm him, and something to adore. He gathers from every hedge along the pathway of his existence innumerable flowers, whose beauties garnish his tabernacle and whose perfume will ascend as grateful incense to Heaven from the margin of the grave. While the views, meditations, and hopes of the unread man are circumscribed within the narrow limits of his own existence, and he looks back, in the volume of the past, no farther than the few brief chapters that have been recorded since his infancy, and in the future his vision terminates at this point, where the soul puts off its mortality, the enlightened reader, fraught with the knowledge which books and concomitant meditations impart, views his own life as merely a faint speck within the area of his mental vision, and upon the wings of his imagination he travels back to the matin of creation, where "the morning stars sang together and the sons of God shouted for joy." He sits upon the apex of a great eminence, whence he beholds a panoramic view of the world, from the transactions in the Garden of Eden to the present moment. In the political horizon he observes the patriarchal power and petty sovereignties disappear at the approach of absolute and extended monarchy and the whole earth governed by four great rulers.

Again he sees these monarchies, weakened by luxury and grown unwieldy by conquest, falling by their own weight, and out of their ruins smaller monarchies appearing. These in their turn, are seen to give to a mightier, a more liberal and enlightened, and, we trust, a more enduring principle in political government,—that of the republic! Thus he sees power after power alternately destroying and destroyed, and watches with intense interest, the progress of events, which, operating upon each other in accordance with a great design, have produced the eminently-promising political, social, and religious condition of the world at this eventful period of its history. Thus may the student also watch the successive revolutions in the great empire of mind; and while he reads the history of men and nations, he may treasure up lessons of wisdom, upon which his country may make large draughts in the hour of peril. This country is pre-eminently distinguished for the facilities afforded for the diffusion of knowledge among all classes of people.

In addition to the admirable system of free schools which universally prevail, and the instruction in the higher seminaries of learning to be everywhere had at a mere nominal cost, there are more books, reviews, magazines and newspapers published

here than, it might almost be said, in the whole world beside. There being no onerous duties imposed upon them by laws restricting or limiting their circulation, and they being consequently furnished at comparatively low prices, there is scarcely a family in the land, however humble its circumstances, but may have its library, upon which its members can draw for instruction or recreation during their leisure hours. The benefits resulting from this are seen in the superior intelligence of the people in the common walks of life here in comparison with the humbler classes in other lands.

## Our Homes.

Our homes are always more or less the expression of ourselves. The ruling spirit of the household infuses into its atmosphere her—or his—own individuality. It may have been entirely furnished and arranged by the hands of the upholsterer, yet the "tone" of the house is the tone of the life within it.

The adorning may be of the most expensive, the arrangement the most perfect, still, if not vivified by the bright and cheerful spirit of loving human hearts, it is cold and dead. It is singular to what an extent this invisible spirit of the real lives of the dwellers will permeate the entire air of the house.

There are homes upon whose doorsteps we linger, hesitating to enter, because of the depression and chill we shall inevitably receive; we go in with soft, reluctant step; we speak with bated breath; we sit upright and uncomfortable on the costly chairs, and gaze upon the beauties about us with stolid indifference, for they seem lifeless and unreal. We choose our words carefully and cautiously, and seem to lose, as we sit, our one little germ of joy, and find creeping in its place an unknown feeling of dreariness, and, perhaps, bitterness. How we throw back our shoulders, and inhale long breaths of relief, as we emerge again into the open air.

There are other homes to which we always turn gladly, to which our thoughts revert in joy and sorrow; they may be plain and unpretentious, lacking everything but the necessities of life, yet they are filled with beauty because of the spirit which giveth life. From the very threshold we are cognizant of the delightful "atmosphere," welcoming, loving, purifying, strengthening; we find the best part of our natures ministered unto whenever we enter their sacred precincts.

Such homes are made by those who, while bearing their own burdens bravely, still have room and heart and love for others; who, while living their own lives, have warmth and tenderness and sympathy for others; whose hand outreaching, clasps ours with comfort; whose voices speak words that cheer and strengthen; whose love, being an emanation from the divine love, and from it receiving constant renewal, fail not; whose lives are so pure and earnest and true that they radiate to all who come within their influences.

We should make our homes as tasteful and beautiful as we are able, for tastefulness and beauty have their uses, and teach their lessons, as do also harmony and order and neatness. Yet we should learn to consider these but the means toward an end—never should they be permitted to become the end itself. It should not be forgotten that the homelife is the nucleus round which all life has its starting growth, nor that the influence of the home is not for one generation alone, but in succeeding generations also is its influence felt.

Those who create homes in which healthy, happy children shall grow into pure and true men and women, need no higher

crowns, no greater glory. Homes to which their inmates resort to get their meals, their clothing, and their lodgings are all too common, and bear only the faintest resemblance to what a home should be. It should be a place to think on, to love and long for, it should be a haven of rest that has an unfailing "well-spring of pleasure."

Each member contributes his share toward the making of a home, but the principal presiding spirit is the wife and mother; she it is that is—or should be—its heart and life and centre. She will interest her husband, so as to be his companion, one in heart and life with him, she will study, so as to be able to interest her children in their studies; she will laugh with them, sorrow with them, joy with them, being at once companion and leader, friend and guide; whatever of pleasure or pain, of sorrow or joy, comes to the home group, each will be helped in gladness and sustained in pain by the knowledge that the mother knows, and, oh, blessed assurance! that she understands and cares, that there is no thing that can go beyond her patience and loveliness.

The mother can say the little word that shall lead away from collision or dispute; her loving discernment and wise tact shall gently turn the steps away from the dangerous passes before another has discovered their proximity. Her loving fore-thought plans, pleasure, duties, amusements and delights; mingles pastime and instruction, encouragement and warning.

To form a home that, shall thus border on the perfection of home-living, requires thought, study, tact, culture—every good thing that can be found and brought to bear upon it, and, above all, through all, more than all, love—pure, unselfish, devoted love. It is not a little thing to create a home, and the results are incalculable. It requires thought, study, self-devotion, time—a life-time. Yet in what way could a life be spent more satisfactorily, more usefully, more nobly? When the homes are reorganized, society will be reconstructed; when the fountains are cleared and purified, the rills and rivers running therefrom throughout the world will be purified. The surest way to remedy the evils in the world is to elevate the home life, thought and home-teaching—to begin at the root of all society and all government.—*Cottage Hearth.*

## Origin of The Cravat.

An English trade journal gives this account of the early days of the cravat: "In 1636 a foreign regiment arrived in Paris, in the dress of which one characteristic was much admired by the people—a neck wrapper or scarf of muslin or silk for the officers, of common stuff for the men, alike tied in a bow with pendent ends, and used by them, it is said, to support an amulet worn as a charm against sword cuts. Parisians speedily adopted the novelty, styling then at first Croats, from the nationality of the regiment, and afterward cravat. The rich then used embroidered and richly-laced cravats, such as we find afterwards used by Charles II., who is charged £20 10s. in the last year of his reign for "a new cravat to be worn on the birthday of his dear brother." James II. paid £26 10s. for a cravat of Venice lace to wear on the day of his coronation. Toward the end of the last century the cravat was revived, and worn of such extravagant size that whole pieces of muslin were sometimes used, and even shoulder cushions, over which folds of stuff were draped, so that it was as impossible for a man to turn his head without wheeling bodily round as for an early coach to turn within its own length."

## Baggage Smashing.

If there ever was anything about American railroading that was totally senseless and uncalled for it is the rude manners and destructive actions of the baggage masters, or as they are more generally and correctly designated, "baggage smashers." It was once the writer's experience to buy a sole leather, flat valise in Montreal; take the steamer there direct for Liverpool and travel for three months on the continent, and return, at the end of a four months trip, to Montreal.

Saving the innumerable paper slips with all sorts of foreign names pasted on the valise, it was as new and fresh looking as the day it came out of the store.

In an evil hour for the valise, it was started with its owner for Saratoga, a trip consuming a half day. At the point where baggage was examined and changed to another car, that valise met with its first American handling, and it came nigh being the last of not only it, but its owner.

A burly baggage handler jerked it up and pitched it ten feet into the door of the car, when up came the next man with a large trunk on his back and dumped it on the valise. This was jerked off of it by a man in the car, and the next comer dropped another trunk on it, and so on until the poor thing's contents were ready to fly over the car. At this stage of affairs the owner rushed in to save his property when he was as unceremoniously handled as his property had been, and soon found himself back in the crowd much the worse for wear. One half day's travel in the United States nearly destroyed an article that had not received a scratch in four months of travel in the "effete" nations of the Old World. This is the story told by all who have traveled over the same ground. Why is it? Why should men in this country be allowed to destroy property any more than men in the same employment in Europe.

In accounting for this apparent anomaly in handling baggage we would instance a familiar rule. If you go into a store where the proprietor is a man of urbane and polite manners the chances are a thousand to one that every clerk is more or less his imitator and where the reverse is the case the same rule will apply, as the homely adage has it, "like dog, like master."

In Europe the managers of railroads have not yet learned that they own the public, while in this country it is doubtful if, in the opinion of railroad officials, passengers have any rights that they feel any obligations to respect. The trouble all comes from the total indifference of the men in command.

It is no more labor to handle trunks gently than it is to throw them down and smash them. Indeed, we doubt if the latter course is not the harder work of the two. The general fault comes from the men dropping, instead of laying, trunks down. The aggravating feature of this is that it imposes such a severe loss upon the traveling public when a single word from the general manager or president of the road would cure the whole trouble. If an order from headquarters was sent forth that the first man seen throwing, rolling or dropping a trunk would be discharged, and the rule was enforced once or twice the whole trouble would be at an end. We hope the Railroad Commissioners, when they are appointed, will take this matter in hand.—*Justice.*

A contemporary mentions a case beyond the ordinary oculist. It is that of a young lady who, instead of a pupil, has a college student in her eye.

Many preserve themselves; the betull flies over him that stoops.

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.

**MILES & SCHAEFFER, - - EDITORS.**  
GEORGE W. TODD, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

WESTMINSTER, MD., SEPT., 1882.

The present editors of the GAZETTE on initiating themselves to the editorial staff, ask the indulgence and co-operation of their fellow students and of the public generally in conducting the interest of our paper. In accepting this office we assume a responsibility of no little moment, and in fulfilling the requirements of an enterprise so well begun and thus far so skillfully conducted, must necessarily sacrifice much time that could otherwise be profitably devoted to College duties; and unless a sufficient amount of interest is manifested by the students and faculty to whose interest it is that the paper should be a success, something must be neglected. To the friends of the College and those who have sons and daughters to educate we would say, in subscribing for the GAZETTE you are not only encouraging the youth in its efforts to obtain literary culture and to spread knowledge throughout the land, but you will be benefited yourselves in plucking from its columns sheaves which have been so carefully garnered and planted there in the language of the inmates of our College, and thereby become cognisant of the progress and prosperity of our institution and her students. The generous assistance of our friends is what we need, we do not solicit this however as a favor conferred in a patronizing manner merely because they are our friends, but because it is our purpose to compensate them for their support by making our subject matter interesting to those of our readers who have not already become biased by prejudice or by constant reading of a more trivial character. It is true that we have not yet put on the outward appearance of a monthly Journal proper, and in this respect are behind the generality of College papers, but with a little more cheerful and generous support of our friends we hope soon to remove this barrier in the way of our advancement so that the GAZETTE will be in every respect a fair sample of College literature. And finally with our hearty congratulations to the editors who have preceded us for the skill and success with which they have performed an honorable duty, we bind ourselves by no hasty promises except that we shall endeavor to maintain the standard of a literary journal conducted to the best interest of the Society under whose auspices it is published and of the College of which said Society is an organ.

**Joyful Greetings—Bright Prospects  
and News About College.**

The halcyon hours of another vacation have passed, the mid-summer heat is gradually losing its intensity, that pleasant intervening time when we are neither scorched by the burning rays of the sun nor numbed by the wintry frost has come bringing with it much that is beautiful in nature and arousing the student's anxiety to return to his place of study. It is indeed a source of very great pleasure to sit at our window or recline beneath the bows of one of our lofty trees and watch the students as they grasp each others hand in seemingly brotherly love and greet each other with the familiar expression—"I'm glad to see you back." We are also amused at times at the warm reception of the new arrivals who are sometimes relieved of their baggage before the train has stopped and very politely asked—"Going to College." To all such we would say beware! that young man has an axe to grind, for by the time he has directed your steps toward College he will apparently become interested in your welfare at College and begin to advise you as to what society you should join, and as soon as you have promised to connect yourself with the one in which he is interested, will leave you in charge of the Professor and hasten to meet the next train not caring whether you go off in a fainting spell or be frightened out of your senses by the repulsive questions of the Professor.

This competition has even been carried into the ladies department and from the polite yet dignified way in which they are seen to frequent the Campus with locked arms we would judge that if they were put out in the political field they would make as good canvassers as the young men. Notwithstanding all these peculiarities, however, there is as much mutual kind feeling among the students of this College as those of any other in the land.

The students have been coming in very rapidly and the prospect for a large school this year is good, in short the outlook of Western Maryland College is brighter today than it ever was before.

As usual that commotion among the students which can not be avoided at the beginning of College exercises has caused some dissatisfaction on the part of new arrivals, and the slow progress in becoming properly organized has left a great many without anything to do except sit at their window in quiet meditation and look out over the beautiful landscape scenery which surrounds our lofty site, causing some to feel a little homesick and exciting others to great heights of poetic fancy. All this however is now a thing of the past and the student has plenty to detract his mind from outside amusements. That this may be a profitable year to Western Maryland College and all her inmates is our earnest desire.

The Irving Society, at its last meeting, initiated five new members, making in all eleven who have been received as active members since September 1st.

**Westminster.**

The first thing that attracted the attention of students on their return this year was the marked improvement of Westminster; and especially do we note with satisfaction the efforts to render the condition of her streets and pavements better. No one can appreciate this more than the students of the College, as the streets of Westminster furnish ample opportunity for recreation after the close confinement of study hall and recitation room. Many new buildings are under process of construction furnishing work in abundance for workmen, who desire to obtain it. These advances in internal improvement render her a flourishing and progressive town. Her people are social, pleasant and genial, entertaining strangers after the true southern style possessing a degree of intellectual culture which few towns surpass.

**College Locals.**

Prof. Zimmerman, who for several years past has served as Professor in the Washington College at Chestertown, has accepted the chair of Physical Science in this institution, vacated in June last by Professor Brockett. The former was also actively engaged in the earlier history of our College. We wish the Professor a pleasant career.

President Ward is still actively engaged in his work for the enlargement of the College buildings. We hope the friends of the College will show their appreciation of the interest which he has so eagerly manifested by giving their support. He has accumulated up to this date considerably over a thousand dollars.

The first meeting of the Irving Literary Society was called to order by the Secretary in the absence of both President and Vice President. Mr. A. L. Miles was elected Chairman of the meeting, and after initiating six new members to active membership, the following officers were elected for the ensuing term:—President, A. L. Miles; Vice President, F. P. Fenby; Recording Secretary, S. D. Leech; Corresponding Secretary, W. H. Eichelberger; Treasurer, A. C. Willison; Librarian, F. M. Brown; Assistant Librarian, C. E. Grow; Critic, J. W. Moore; Chaplain, J. W. Norris; Sergeant-at-Arms, R. L. Linthicum; Term Orator, George Gist; Term Essayist, T. J. Sreeve. Among the exactive members present were Messrs. L. M. Kuhns, C. R. Miller, C. B. Taylor and W. M. Gist, all of whom spoke very encouragingly to the society.

The following new arrivals have enrolled their names as students of this College since September 5th:—Miss A. F. Richardson, Church Creek, Md.; Miss E. L. Richardson, Church Creek, Md.; Miss I. E. Gott, Wallville, Md.; Misses Mollie R. and Minnie E. Stevens, Rock Hall, Md.; Miss Ada Trumbo, Westminster, Md.; Miss Emma Noss, Westminster, Md.; Miss Lizzie Thompson, Westminster, Md.; Miss Maggie Lockard, Westminster, Md.; Miss Mattie S. Boyle, Union Bridge, Md.; Mr. S. A. Galt, Taneytown, Md.; Arthur F. Smith, Westminster, Md.; W. I. Todd, Salisbury, Md.; E. L. Billingslea, Westminster, Md.; Frederick Miller, Westminster, Md.; James A. Melvin, Frederick, Md.; A. C. Thompson, Westminster, Md.; Harry J. Haynes, McKinstry's Mills, Md.; James M. Aringdale, Centreville, Md.; W. H. White, Locustville, Md.; Theo. Harrison, Charlotte Hall, Md.; George F. Landers, Mechanicstown, Md.; Edwin T. Mowbray, Fowling Creek, Md.; J. Milton Denton, Dayton, Md.;

Harry A. Dodd, Wye Mills, Md.; F. E. Stevens, Rock Hall, Md.; Robert D. Garrison, Norfolk, Va.; James S. Ross, Baltimore, Md.; Harry Penn, Baltimore, Md.; Frank J. Shriner, Union Bridge, Md.

At the commencement exercises of the class of 1880, Miss Lizzie Hodges, the Prophetess of the class, predicted the following for one of her class-mates:—"My guide leads me back through ethereal mists until they hover over the isles of the great Pacific. Here I hear a voice preaching the Gospel to the savage. The voice seems familiar. Yes, I even recognize the face of Rev. F. C. Klein, and discover that he has found his life-work as a missionary to the South Sea Islands." We learn that Mr. Klein has been recently appointed a foreign missionary to Japan, so that the Prophetess was not altogether deceived in her imaginary vision.

We are indebted to Mr. L. M. Kuhns for a catalogue of the Philomathean Society of Pennsylvania College. It is a neatly arranged work of sixty-four pages, containing a list of active, exactive and honorary members, with an account of the organization of the Society and a catalogue of books. The summary gives 1,125 active, 830 honorary members and 6,552 library volumes. It possesses much merit and reflects great credit upon the Society, and the committee in charge of its publication, of which Mr. Kuhns was a member.

Among the many improvements which have been made on our College during the past year is the erection of a Theological Seminary. This is a handsome three-story building, situated about one hundred yards from the main building, on the northeast side, and is intended especially for preparing students of theology to enter conference. A special course of study has been adopted. Rev. T. H. Lewis, principal.

**Personals.**

Prof. R. L. Brockett, who for some years has occupied the chair of physical science in this College, has retired from active life and settled upon a quiet country farm in Anne Arundel county.

Miss Carrie Yingling, who was a day student last year, has entered College this year as a boarder, her parents having removed to Tiffin, Ohio.

John M. Gill, who was a member of the Junior Class last year, has been admitted to the M. P. Conference and appointed to a Baltimore county circuit.

We have learned with regret that Mr. E. H. Norman, from N. C., who was at one time actively engaged in the interest of the GAZETTE, will not be with us this year.

C. R. Miller, a former student of the College, who is now studying law under Hon. Charles B. Roberts, has been appointed assistant register of voters.

Mr. Albert D. Brockett, who was a student here in '78, was in town last week.

We notice, through the commercial and industrial review of Baltimore city, the name of John F. Manger, a native of Carroll county and at one time a student of this College, who has become quite prominent as a dealer in drugs, medicines, chemicals, &c. The Review says: "Mr. Manger attended the public schools of his native county, taking a three years' course at the Western Maryland College of Westminster, and subsequently graduated at the Maryland College of Pharmacy. He is an educated druggist, and a genial, agreeable gentleman socially."

Miss Emma Abbott, who made many friends during the one year which she was a student of this College, has accepted a position as teacher in the Annapolis Female Seminary.

Written for the Irving Literary Gazette.

### THE HUDSON.

God has lavished upon this earth a wealth of beauty. As, in the Creative Work, chaos was transfigured into loveliness, and mountains and valleys, threaded by waters of argentine lustre and penciled by hand divine were tossed into the lap of the oceans, pictures in nature were formed which have baffled the brush of the most skillful artist to reproduce upon canvass, and have set at naught description by the pen of the most gifted writer. Every country, to a greater, or less extent, may boast of such scenes, but perhaps in no other land does nature attain to that sublimity and beauty which characterizes American scenery. Stretching, as our country does, over a vast extent of territory, wrapping its Northern acres in the virgin mantle of a wintry clime and reposing its Southern meadows in the warm embrace of the tropics, its diverse portions receive the action of widely differing and extreme temperatures; thus, in the whole, presenting nature in aspects and conditions as varied as are the hues of the autumnal forest. As we view, entranced, the hazy loveliness of a Louisiana landscape; stand upon the towering peaks of the Rockies and look down into the wonderful valley of Wyoming, or sweep in steamer of palatial elegance down the broad bosom of the majestic Mississippi, we do not wonder that America's prodigal sons, returned from fruitless quests after grander scenes in foreign lands, ever feel the force of the old maxim: "The first, best country is at home."

While we, as a nation, may proudly gaze our *whole* landscape o'er, and court comparison with sister lands, especially do our national feelings of pride and exultation settle upon those garden spots of the Western world which, in one continuous line of beauty, stretching hundreds of miles north of our great metropolis, embrace within their confines the foaming waters of the Hudson. Here we find a river, the view from which, as we breast its seething current from New York city to Albany, is so marvelous that before it even the storied wonders of the legendary Rhine fail to take precedence, and prospects of less far-famed merit sink into forgetfulness.

To give a fair description of the scenery along its banks of emerald were an impossibility. Nature and art have combined to render it lovely almost beyond conception. The bold and lofty mansion, resembling a castle of the olden times, crowning some rugged eminence as it towers above the level of the river; farther down the hill the princely residence reclining amid grounds of oriental elegance, upon which wealth has freely lavished her stores to render beautiful; and down in the valley the clustering homesteads of the grandees of the Empire State, all contribute to make the sight "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

For thirty miles above the city of New York, on both sides of the river, may be seen an almost unbroken line of summer residences, extending about half a mile inland from the waters of the Hudson. Among the homes, here situated, of other distinguished men who have graced the commercial and professional world are those of A. T. Stewart, John Jacob Astor, Cyrus W. Field, Samuel J. Tilden, and last, but not least, the beautiful home of Washington Irving, at Sunnyside. As we proceed further up the river houses become more scattered and far less frequent, until, as we approach within ten miles of Albany, another stretch of buildings of great architectural excellence, with grounds of the most artistic conception, continues up to the very walls of the city. Imagination can scarcely conceive of a more beautiful

sight than that, when, on a summer's evening, just as the sun is tossing its last radiant beams across the Western hilltops, toying with lingering kiss upon the spires and domes of fair Albany, the Capital City breaks upon our view, as seated upon its many hills, and from its throne of beauty it rules the State. When we reach this point, virtually the head of navigation for the larger steamers, we discover the river growing narrower as we proceed, until, about a hundred miles further north, it finds its origin amid the wild and rocky canyons of the Adirondacks.

Few, who have never made the trip up the Hudson, have any idea of the number of cities, towns and villages, not indicated on the maps of our school geographies, which dot its shores. Prominent among other towns along the river is that of West Point, which, like an armed sentinel, rests upon a lofty and romantic cliff, which overhangs the waters. On the opposite bank of the river loom up the steeples of Sing Sing, rising among which may be seen that august and far-famed building of so commendable hospitality which furnishes free board and lodging for so many intelligent and promising offspring of the Empire State. The pen-picture of one town would be almost the counterpart of another, so we forbear to weary you with their description.

Among the most wonderful sights to be seen along the Hudson is that of the Palisades. This marvelous structure, consisting of one solid and continuous block of stone, rises for scores of feet above the surface of the water, and continues for fifteen miles along the Western margin of the river. In the distance, towards the setting sun, may be observed the jutting peaks of the fabled Katskills, famous for the long and peaceful slumbers of old Rip Van Winkle.

To those who love to peruse the pure and beautiful works of that prince of American authors, Washington Irving, the Eastern slope of the river is of no less interest than that of its sister bank. There, about half a mile from the edge of the water, surrounded by bowers and groves, lies the enchanting home of the author of the "Sketch Book." Close beside his beautiful homestead stands Tarrytown, historic as the place where was accomplished the capture of Major Andre. Not far north stretches out Sleepy Hollow, renowned as the native region of Ichabod Crane. The same rustic bridge, over which the gallant Ichabod passed in his memorable life, may still be seen crossing the stream as it dances past the ruins of the old mill.

To attempt any account of the innumerable vessels and almost immeasurable traffic which daily passes along the Hudson would be but to rehearse a well-known though wonderful story. Suffice it to say that, in elegance and size of build, the steamers that plow the current of this river may well challenge comparison with those that play over any other local waters in the world.

Those who delight to view nature in all the pomp and pageantry of glory should make the trip up the Hudson amid the golden beauty of the daylight hours, while the whistle of the locomotive as it speeds along the margin of the river, and the shrill blast of the steamer as it tosses into foam the white-capped billows, proclaim that

"Life is real, life is earnest."

But to him whose soul delights more fully in mild, yet sweeter notes of poetry and romance, we would say, indulge *your* fancy while the mellow rays of a full moon transfigure every dancing ripple into silver; and, as you drink in the mystic beauty of the scene, watch the spires of village and hamlet as they glide past you mid the hush of "midnight's holy hour,"

"While silently, one by one,  
In the infinite meadows of Heaven  
Blossom the lovely stars,  
The forget-me nots of the angels." S. D. L.

For the Irving Literary Gazette.

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time  
But from its loss. To give it, then, a tongue  
Is wise in man.—Young.

What is time? The arch which spans the great gulf between two eternities. Every minute, every hour, is a stone, occupying its proper position, relative to the grand structure.

In life each and every one must pass over this bridge, each day seeming a miniature life, at whose termination we have proceeded by so much nearer the eternal destination. The consummation of life bespeaks the surcease of shadow, the beginning of reality. Now all is change, and uncertainty, an empty phantasm, where men wander creatures of circumstances; the Hereafter is substance, fixed, immutable, devoid of life's vicissitudes, and desires fevers which sap and mine all vitality.

The Present passed by and its hours are numbered with those before the flood, are mingled with eternity. Its flight is relative. By its loss, and its loss only, can its value be estimated. How often, alas! is its worth discovered too late, when it has passed from possession unimproved, and the advantage, which might have been derived therefrom, is measured by its loss.

On the dial at All Souls, Oxford, is this inscription:

"The hours perish and we are laid to our charge."

Too true! The days of our years are lent us. Whether they be turned to advantage is optional; but, truly, will the hours be demanded, with their full usufruct, at our hands. The pound placed at interest doubles itself. Time placed in keeping is the loan, which, with usury, shall be required of the steward.

Therefore it is wise in man to give it a tongue. Time is infinite and unceasingly whirls onward through infinite space, and is irrevocable, so that it is necessary to seize each fly moment upon the wing before it flits past forever.

Secular losses may be sustained, wealth or honor a second time obtained, but time, like harsh words, can never be recalled. None can afford to lose a moment, nor should it, its place and value unsupplied or unexchanged, be allowed to slip from us.

History is the tongue of time. In it are found recorded the deeds of men, proclaiming to all who read whether they have honestly dealt with their trust. Every individual does not appear on its pages, for every one has not turned over the precious capital to advantage; but many in sloth or dissipation have squandered their store, as youth is wont to do inherited wealth, so that it has slipped away, leaving them unnoticed in the annals of the world.

Time-killers—those who live in indolence and luxury—ultimately realize that time rolls on unhurt, while the deadly weapon glancing, like the boomerang, flies backward, piercing him who threw it. Wealth may maintain, as far as the body is concerned, in abstinence from labor, but the mind, by lack of improvement, is dwarfed—the mind, by which man's superiority over the brute creation is indicated, dwindles, till at last the line of discrimination dividing man from beast, becomes so very small as that it is scarcely distinguishable. Pandering to lust and his animal nature, reckless of right and duty, of moral obligation, which demands proper cultivation of all powers, mental as well as physical, the time-killer becomes a moral suicide.

Neither is it utter neglect of mind in which the baneful effect originates, the degradation of manhood consists, but the same effects may be produced by occupation not only fruitless and wasteful, but really poisonous in itself. He who always peruses impure or idle writings of man who have their pockets at heart, and not the

benefit of humanity, in thus wasting his time, is guilty of neglect of duty not only, but degradation of his race, as far as in him lies.

Time speaks in history, wherein are written the deeds of men. The man is judged by his deeds, his works are immortal, and testify to all ages the use he made of whatever opportunities he possessed, for fame depends not on the man's luck, but the man's self. Men make up a nation, and the character of the nation depends on the character of each and every individual comprised therein.

The rise and fall of empires, the sway of dynasties, their origin, their progress, all speak from the leaves of history how subjects obeyed; how sovereigns consulted the promotion and interest of subjects, knowing well their own emolument depended on the advancement of their people. The attainment of kingdoms to eminence and great power, when in obedience of the laws of progression the people exercised all power to the development of their faculties; the transgression of progression's laws, whereat the atrophy of nations commenced, after which in sombre black are traced indelibly their national epitaphs, alike disclose how the people, how each person has improved the time granted for profitable use.

Every *chef d'oeuvre* of art, every discovery of a law in science, every elegant literary production, proclaims of the author to all the world that he has laid hold on time, that he has used it rightly and profitably; that time is precious. C.

### Class of '82.

We are glad to inform the public that the members of the Class of '82 are filling prominent places in active life, and no doubt doing credit to their Alma Mater. Lynn R. Meekins is on the editorial staff of the Baltimore Herald; E. P. Leech, one of the first editors of the GAZETTE, has spent his summer as chief clerk in the Round Lake Hotel, summer resort, Round Lake, N. Y., and is now pursuing a course of study at the Albany Law School; Calvin B. Taylor has been elected principal of the Bishopville Academy, Worcester county, Md.; C. E. Stoner is teaching in Petersville, Frederick county; M. Wilson Chunn has entered the M. E. Conference and is actively engaged in the ministry at St. George's Island, St. Mary's county; Rev. E. A. Warfield, who has been preaching at Broadway M. P. Church, Baltimore, during the summer, has returned to pursue a course of theology in the Seminary; Rev. H. L. Elderdice has entered the Theological Seminary at Yale College; Wm. M. Gist is teaching at Mechanicsville, Carroll county. The other male members of the class have not been heard from. As to the young ladies of the class, we have no doubt they are as active in their sphere as the young men.

THE SMELL OF PAINT.—To get rid of this most objectionable odor in a chamber or a living-room, slice a few onions and put them in a pail of water in the centre of the room; close the door, leave the window open a little, and in a few hours the disagreeable smell will have almost gone. Another method is to plunge a handful of hay into a pailful of water, and let it stand in the newly-painted room over a night; this plan is also effectual.—*Cala. Architect.*

Student fresh from college, to conductor: "I wish to get on the penultimate car." Conductor: "We have no peanut car; you take the smoker."

The wise man never makes the same blunder twice.

For the Irving Literary Gazette.

### Copernicus.

From the corrupting chaos of the middle ages when the minds of men were blinded by superstition and their opinions biased by religious bigotry, there have sometimes emerged men whose moral character and courage have been the admiration of posterity. No one from the dark gloom that surrounded him towered higher in intellectual and moral culture than Copernicus the distinguished discoverer of the true solar system.

Born in an age almost devoid of authors and instructors he worked singlehanded and alone with unwearied industry during the whole period of his life to elevate the condition of his countrymen, and to dispel the cloud of ignorance that so completely enveloped his native land. He was born near the banks of the Vistula in Poland at the dawn of the fifteenth century, and is represented as being a very precocious youth, displaying many of those moral physical and intellectual powers which afterwards heralded his name to immortal fame. The fall of the Byzantine Empire driving many of her most eminent scholars to Italy there gradually spring into existence a school learned in the arts and sciences. To this place he repaired and with great zeal and interest devoted his time to the study of astronomy. The brilliant talents he displayed soon gained for him a wide reputation, and secured the respect and confidence of learned men. Having examined with the greatest care and precision the writings of ancient scholars on our planetary system, he found them to be confused and complicated; and knowing that the laws of nature were simple, he devoted his talents eagerly to the examination of the heavenly bodies, in order to establish the hypothesis he advanced based upon deep research and constant observation, and after prolonged study and work he found that the result fully sustained his theory. Thus was discovered the true system of the universe, which has stood the test of centuries and the critical examination of modern civilization. He spent the greater part of his life in Frauenburg, where he could pursue his studies without molestation, his house was situated on a commanding eminence affording him greater facilities for examining the heavenly bodies, the invention of the telescope having not yet been effected. In habits of life he was frugal and temperate, bestowing alms upon all who called upon him, offering his services as a physician to the afflicted, bestowing his medicine gratuitously to the poor. Copernicus prepared a treatise setting forth his discovery, but the outcry against him by the ignorant and prejudiced; who proclaimed him a setter forth of things heretofore unknown to science, even declaring him a heretic and disbeliever deterred him for a long time from publishing it; but yielding at length to the earnest solicitations of his friends he permitted it to go to press. The public feeling against the publisher grew intense, the printing office was attacked, and every effort made to prevent its publication, rendering it necessary to have the press guarded by force of arms.

After its publication a volume was sent to Copernicus, who was then on his deathbed, having been suddenly seized with an attack of sickness. He touched the volume, seemed to be conscious what it was, and then relapsed into unconsciousness, from which he never recovered. He was followed by malignant persecution even after his death. The Pope, to whom he had dedicated his volume, condemned it; but after the lapse of a few years, when the excitement attending its publication had abated, his doctrines began to be received

more graciously, until the whole scientific world bowed the knee to the genius of the great astronomer. He furnishes a worthy example of perseverance, surmounting the great difficulties that were in his way, and, by his determined efforts, soaring above the common level of men and leaving a name which will forever stand as a monument of human greatness.

For the Irving Literary Gazette.

### Subordination.

As far back as we can trace the voice of mankind the sentiment of the world, and especially of the American people, has been in favor of independence, with earnest resistance to oppressive rank and power. Being a native born American myself, and a true lover of American liberty, no power could induce me, nor indeed is it my desire, to stray from this general sentiment and give such views as would be in direct opposition to popular opinion. It is my intention, however, to establish some midway point between these two great themes, which have occupied so many minds; and founding my remarks upon practical sense and every-day examples, to endeavor to search out some means by which perfect liberty and perfect co-operation may flourish together. Government of some kind and rulers of some degree or character is necessary for the existence of a nation as well as for the well being of mankind. What kind of government shall it be? is the first question that incited the minds of so many people of different nations to insubordination, or disobedience to lawful authority. Having its origin in the disrespect which was first shown to kings and monarchical governments, and depreciation to autocracies, it found its way into the struggle for political power, until rank and place found themselves sliding down rapidly into the general crowd, and wealth seemed to have established for itself an unchallenged sway. And not only does this exist between government and people, but it has even found its way into social life. Go where you will, in any of our large cities, county towns or country villages, and you will find society graded into several different classes, each envying the class just above it, and none agreeing that it should be subordinate to the other. The world is fast becoming prouder; every individual thinks he must make as great a display as his neighbor, whether he has the means to sustain it or not, and the abuse of authority and cry of equal rights has been heard until obedience or submission to another's will is almost devoid of meaning; and no one, until driven by necessity, is willing to serve under the authority of another. "He who has never learned to obey," said Lord Nelson, "will never be able to command."

There are two marked peculiarities which characterize persons in subordinate positions. First, there are those who lack self-confidence and ambition. They are disposed to rest satisfied upon a common certainty, rather than undertake a risk for the sake of greater advantages. They wish for nothing more than the necessities, with probably a few of the luxuries of life, and their chief end in life is accomplished. Secondly, there are those self-conceited and avaricious persons, who always seek to attain higher positions in life than their natural ability will sustain, and even where they are compelled to step down into the lower order of servitude, do it reluctantly and in a manner which deserves no sympathy from their fellow men.

While I am not an advocate of despotic power, while I am well aware that no one is under any moral obligation to serve under the authority and sway of another's

power, and while I believe that mankind, to a certain extent, should enjoy equal rights politically and socially; yet I think it would be for the good of any nation if a little more of the impellent force were used on such classes as those described above. The lower classes, however are no more to blame for this spirit of self esteem and insubordination than those of higher rank and dignity in the world. It is too often the case that those upon whom fortune has smiled with all its comforts and blessings become too proud of what nature and nature's God has conferred upon them, and exalt themselves to a position too high for their own moral character, and look down upon their inferiors in wealth and rank as too humble for recognition. These, I say are infinitely worse than either of the other classes described, and more to be censured for their having set the example. Nature, however has so arranged by its distribution of intellectual power that some must rule and others be subservient to their authority, and the former has no more right to feel flattered by these gifts of nature than the latter to be sensitive about his inadequacy. The fault, then, I think, lies not so much in the law itself as in the character of the people, and their indisposition to be subordinate to the law. Let those who have been blessed with fortune and the luxuries of life, instead of crying out against the mutinous spirit of those below them, try to correct the same spirit in themselves; let them practice a little more the graces of subordination, and soon this evil which exists among the lower class, under the shadow of equal rights, will be banished from our midst, and liberty and co-operation will reign together.

### Rich Enough.

Judge Hilton, who inherited a large part of A. T. Stewart's estate, and whose withdrawal from business caused a great deal of talk if not censure brought out Mr. Talmage in defence of the act. In a recent lecture he said: "So far from deserving this disreputable caricature and industrious lying of the public in regard to his private affairs, I think he deserves great credit for his common sense. The simple fact is, he got enough money and stopped. With ten fortunes he ought to have been satisfied. He gives example to ten thousand men in this city who have enough and do not know it. Instead of stopping, like Judge Hilton while they have health and strength to enjoy what they have garnered, they go on toward their graves asking for more—an ass crouching down for more burden. There are merchants in the counting rooms looking through their spectacles and trying to see if they can't pick up another sixpence before they die. They ought to have quit fifteen years ago. They ought to have got out of the way and given the boys a chance. What a commentary on the diseased state of the public mind on the subject of money-getting, that so few people can understand that it is possible for a man to get all he wants of this world's success! I think it is one of the most exhilarating facts that in this century we have found a man who had enough money to stop."

Subscribe for the GAZETTE. Seventy-five cents per year in advance. Postage stamps received as pay.

We call the attention of our readers to our new advertisers, all of whom are safe and reliable firms.

It is always safe to learn, even from our enemies, seldom safe to instruct, even our friends.

### The First Prayer in Congress.

In *Thatcher's Military Journal*, under date of December, 1777, is found a note containing the identical "first prayer in Congress," made by Rev. Jacob Duche, a gentleman of great eloquence. Here it is—an historical curiosity:

"O Lord, our Heavenly Father, high and mighty King of Kings and Lord of Lords, who dost from Thy throne behold the dwellers of the earth, and reignest with power supreme and uncontrolled over all the Kingdoms, Empires and Governments! look down in mercy, we beseech Thee, on these American States, who have fled to Thee from the rod of the oppressor, and thrown themselves on Thy gracious protection, desiring to be henceforth dependent only on Thee. To Thee they have appealed for the righteousness of their cause; to Thee do they now look up for that countenance and support which Thou alone canst give. Take them, therefore, Heavenly Father, under Thy nurturing care.

Give them wisdom in council and valor in the field. Defeat the malicious designs of our adversaries; and if they still persist in sanguinary purposes, oh! let the voice of Thine own unerring justice, sounding in their hearts, constrain them to drop the weapons of war from their unnerved hands in the day of battle. Be Thou present, O God of wisdom, and direct the councils of this honorable assembly. Enable them to settle things on the best and surest foundation, that the scenes of blood may be speedily closed, and order, harmony and peace may be effectually restored, and truth and justice, religion and piety, prevail and flourish amongst Thy people. Preserve the health of their bodies and the vigor of their minds; shower down upon them and the millions they here represent such temporal blessings as Thou seest expedient for them in this world, and crown them with everlasting glory in the world to come. All this we ask in the name and through the merits of Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Savior, Amen!"

### A Beautiful Story.

Coleridge relates a story to this effect: Alexander, during his march into Africa, came to a people dwelling in peaceful huts, who knew neither war nor conquest. Gold being offered him, he refused it, saying that his sole object was to learn the manners and customs of the inhabitants.

During this interview with the African chief two of his subjects brought a case before him for judgment. The dispute was this: The one had bought a piece of ground which, after the purchase, was found to contain a treasure, for which he felt himself bound to pay; the other refused to receive anything, stating that he had sold the ground with what it might be found to contain, apparent or concealed.

Said the chief, looking at the one, "You have a son," and to the other, "You have a daughter; let them be married and the treasure given them as a dowry."

Alexander was astonished.

"And what," said the chief, "would have been the decision in your country?"

"We should have dismissed the parties and seized the treasure for the king's use."

"And does the sun shine in your country?" said the chief; "does the rain fall there? Are there any cattle there which feed upon the herbs and green grass?"

"Certainly," said Alexander.

"Ah!" said the chief, "it is for the sake of those innocent cattle that the Great Being permits the sun to shine, the rain to fall and the grass to grow in your country."

'Tis highly imprudent in the greatest men unnecessarily to provoke the meanest.

**THE BELLS OF SHANDON.**

BY FRANCIS MAHONEY.

With deep affection and recollection  
I often think of the Shandon bells,  
Whose sounds so wild would, in days of childhood,  
Fling round my cradle their magic spells.  
On this I ponder where'er I wander,  
And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee;  
With thy bells of Shandon,  
That sound so grand on  
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I have heard bells chiming full many a clime in,  
Tolling sublimely in cathedral shrine;  
While at a glib rate brass tongues would vibrate,  
But all their music spoke naught to thine;  
For memory, dwelling on each proud swelling  
Of thy belfry knelling its bold notes free,  
Made the bells of Shandon  
Sound far more grand on  
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I have heard bells tolling "old Adian's mole" in,  
Their thunder rolling from the Vatican,  
With cymbals glorious, swinging uproarious  
In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame;  
But thy sounds were sweeter than the dome of Peter  
Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly.  
Oh, the bells of Shandon  
Sound far more grand on  
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow, while on tower and kiosko  
In St. Sophia the Turkman gets,  
And loud in air calls men to prayer  
From the tapering summit of tall minarets.  
Such empty phantom I freely grant them,  
But there's an anthem more dear to me:  
It's the bells of Shandon,  
That sound so grand on  
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

**Cut Behind.**

The scene opens on a clear, crisp morning. Two boys are running to get on the back of a carriage, whose wheels are spinning along the road. One of the boys, with a quick spring, succeeds. The other leaps, but fails, and falls on the part of the body where it is most appropriate to fall. No sooner has he struck the ground than he shouts to the driver of the carriage, "Cut behind!"

Human nature is the same in boy as in man—all running to gain the vehicle of success. Some are spry, and gain that for which they strive. Others are slow, and tumble down; they who fall crying out against those who mount, "Cut behind!"

A political office rolls past. A multitude spring to their feet, and the race is in. Only one of the number reaches that for which he runs. No sooner does he gain the prize, and begin to wipe the sweat from his brow, and think how grand a thing it is to ride in popular preferment, than the disappointed candidates cry out, "Incompetency! Stupidity! Fraud! Now let the newspapers of the other political party 'cut behind.'"

There is a golden chariot of wealth rolling down the street. A thousand people are trying to catch it. They run; they jostle; they tread on each other. Push, and pull, and tug. Those talk most against riches who cannot get them. Clear the track for the racers! One of the thousand reaches the golden prize and mounts. Forthwith the air is full of cries, "Got it by fraud! Shoddy! Petroleum aristocracy! His father was a rag-picker! His mother was a washer-woman! I knew him when he blackened his own shoes! Pitch him off the back part of the golden chariot! Cut behind! cut behind!"

In many eyes success is a crime. "I do not like you," said the snow-flake to the snow-bird. "Why?" said the snow-bird. "Because," said the snow-flake, "you are going up and I am going down."

We have to state that the man in the carriage, on the crisp morning, though he had a long-lash whip, with which he could have made the climbing boy yell most lustily, did not cut behind. He heard the shout in the rear, and said, "Good-morn-

ing, my son. That is right; climb over and sit by me. Here are the reins; take hold and drive; was a boy myself once, and know what tickles youngsters.

Thank God, there are so many in the world that never "cut behind," but are ready to give a fellow a ride whenever he wants it. There are hundreds of people whose chief joy is to help others on. Now it is a smile, now a good word, now ten dollars. When such a kind man has ridden to the end of the earthly road, it will be pleasant to hang up the whip with which he drove the enterprises of a lifetime, and feel that with it he never "cut behind" at those who were struggling.

A torn jacket is soon mended, but hard words bruise the heart of a child.—*Long-fellow.*

**A Visit to the Old Established  
SHOE, HAT AND TRUNK  
EMPORIUM**

OF  
**LAWYER & REAVER,**  
At Rail Road Depot, First National  
Bank Building,  
WESTMINSTER, MD.,

Will repay the most exacting and fastidious in Style, Price and First Class Material and Workmanship in young men's

**CONGRESS GAITERS,  
WALKING FAST, &C.,**

A large line in young men's natty and stylish  
**SOFT AND STIFF HATS.**

**We Always Lead**

The Clara Belle and the Dows are beauties. College Caps and Hats in colors, black, blue and brown.

LADIES' AND MISSES

**Fine Button Boots,**

In French and Corroco, Kids and Fox B. on Spanish Arch Instep and French Toe, and on Common Sense Last. An endless variety of the above, and a beautiful line of Ladies' and Gents

**SLIPPERS**

For evening and house. sep 1y

**E. O. GRIMES & CO.,**

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

**Flour, Grain, Feed,  
FERTILIZERS,**

**GROCERIES of all KINDS,**

mar-6t WESTMINSTER, MD.

**GO WEST!**

**T. WEEKS  
HAS MOVED**

IN FRONT OF COOTES' HOTEL, Westminster, Md., where he will be pleased to meet his old customers.

All work neatly done and at bottom prices. REPAIRING done with dispatch and skill.

**NEW  
SHOE AND HAT STORE.**

**BIXLER & SENFT,**  
Corner Main and John Street,  
WESTMINSTER, MD.

We respectfully announce to the public that we have now opened our store with a full line of

**NEW GOODS!**

Our stock consists of the latest styles of  
MEN'S AND BOYS

**Boots and Shoes.**

Latest styles Ladies', Misses and Children's

**S H O E S.**

Latest styles of Men's and Boys

**HATS.**

Also the finest line of

**Trunks, Valises & Umbrellas**

IN WESTMINSTER.

Call and examine our stock and prices.

Respectfully,

sept 1y BIXLER & SENFT.

GEO. E. SHARRER JESSE C. SHARRER.

**SHARRER BROS.**

WILL OPEN TO-DAY WITH AN

**ENTIRE NEW STOCK**

OF

**READY MADE CLOTHING**

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, &c.,

**GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS, &c.**

WE HAVE SECURED

**THE SERVICES of a TAILOR**

From one of the First-Class

**LORING ESTABLISHMENTS**

OF PHILADELPHIA.

**ALL FITS GUARANTEED.**

A FULL LINE OF

**YOUTHS' BOYS' AND CLOTHING**

A SPECIALTY.

RESPECTFULLY,

SHARRER BROS.

**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 FURNISHING GOODS.

BOOTS AND SHOES,

Carpets, Stationery, &c.

Housekeepers will find it greatly to their advantage to examine my goods before purchasing. I am prepared to offer inducements to close buyers, Prices very low. I respectfully solicit a continuance of the patronage of the public.  
B. G. BLANCHARD.  
mar-1y

C. Billingslea, D. D. S. G. E. Baughman, D. D. S.

**BILLINGSLEA & BAUGHMAN,  
DENTISTS.**

Office One Door West of Union National Bank, Westminster, Md.

Will visit the following places:

Union Bridge.—1st Wednesday and Friday following of each month.

New Windsor.—2d. Wednesday and Friday following of each month.

Uniontown.—3d. Wednesday and Friday following of each month.

Taneytown.—The last Wednesday and Friday following of each month.

One of the firm can always be found in the office. ly

**J. H. MEDAIRY & CO.,**

PRINTERS,

**Booksellers & Stationers,**

NO. 6 NORTH HOWARD ST.,

OPPOSITE THE HOWARD HOUSE,  
BALTIMORE, MD.

Blank Books Made to Order in any Style.  
feb-1 yr

**A. H. HUBER,  
Druggist & Chemist,**

PROPRIETOR OF HERING'S

**Compound Syrup of Blackberry Root.**

NO. 3 CARROLL HALL,  
Westminster, Md.  
feb-1y

*J. Geiselman,*

Manufacturer and dealer in

**Furniture**

SASH, DOORS,

**BLINDS, FRAMES, &c., &c.**

LIBERTY & GREEN STS.,  
WESTMINSTER, MD.

**COFFINS & CASKETS IN STOCK**

And Furnished at Short Notice.  
mar-10t

**CHARLES C. SAFFELL,**

DEALER IN

**Law and Miscellaneous Books,**

No. 49 West Fayette St., Baltimore.

CASH PRICES PAID FOR OLD BOOKS

AND LAW BOOKS.

ORDERS SOLICITED FROM ALL PARTS

OF THE COUNTRY.

feb-1 yr

**AGENTS WANTED**

FOR THE AMERICAN REPRINT

**Encyclopædia Britannica**

In 21 Volumes, Cloth Binding  
\$5.00 per Volume.

A COMPLETE LIBRARY IN ITSELF.  
ALSO for several first class serial works,  
as follows:—Royal Academy Edition,  
Shakspearian Gallery, an Art Journal. Atlas  
of Human Anatomy. Worcester (New In-  
dex) Dictionary. Household Treasury of  
Christian Knowledge. Scripture History for  
the Children, &c., &c. A splendid opportu-  
nity for Students who wish to make money  
during vacation. No capital required.

Address J. D. CARSON,  
49 Lexington Street,  
Baltimore Md.

ap-1y

**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-tf

FRANK B. NORRIS.

CHARLES P. NORRIS.

**FRANK B. NORRIS & BRO.,**

DEALER IN

**Wall Paper and Window Shades,**

Oil Cloth, Cornices, &c. 34 E. Baltimore  
Street, Baltimore, Md. Paper Hanging in all  
its branches by Competent Workmen and at  
Fair Prices. City or Country Orders solicited  
by Postal or otherwise. mar-5t

**M. SCHAEFFER & CO.,**

DEALERS IN

**Hardware, Iron, Steel, Leather,**

**PAINTS, OILS, GLASS,**

*Stoves, Tin and Hollow Ware,*

**PLUMBERS' SUPPLIES, ETC.**

feb-1y

Westminster, Md.

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. 25, 1879.

**Finest Specimen**

OF

**MECHANISM!**

AT

**Low Price.**

Ornamental Black,	4½ inches long,	\$4.00
“ “	6 “ “	4.50
Gold Mounted	4½ “ “	5.00
“ “	6 “ “	5.50

**WM. J. C. DULANY & Co., Agents,**

**JOBGING STATIONERS**

**AND BOOKSELLERS,**

332 and 334 West Baltimore Street,

**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 north-  
west 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 METHODIST PROTESTANT CHURCH,**

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

**ANY INFORMATION DESIRED**

Concerning the College, may be readily ob-  
tained by addressing

REV. J. T. WARD, D. D.,  
Westminster, Carroll Co., Md.

who will give prompt attention to all inqui-  
ries. feb-82-1y

**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 GA-  
ZETTE, Western Maryland College, Westmin-  
ster, Md."

**SPECIAL OFFER**

We will send THE IRVING LITERARY GA-  
ZETTE to anyone who sends five subscribers at  
one time.

feb-1y