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Select Poetry.

AUTUMN.

Autumn, with light, dainty fingers
Interlaces green with gold,
Showing, as fair summer lingers,
Beauties that are manifold;
Spreading over meadows golden
Blooming crowns of yellow rod,
And our eyes entranced are holden
As we traverse o'er the sod.

'Long the hedges and the byways
Sumac throws a brilliant hue,
Here and there upon the highways
Come bright maples into view,
Throwing gauntlets red and yellow,
Challenging the great elm trees,
While the gleams of sunbeams mellow
Shimmer through the rustling leaves.

Wandering with breath abating,
Where ripe clusters hang quite high;
Where young Bacchus stands awaiting,
With a longing in his eye;
For sweet autumn with unboundness
Hath bestowed a god-like gift,
And with thanks of deep profoundness
To our lips the grape we lift.

Drawing with exquisite pleasure
Nature's bacchanalian wine
From a rounded purple measure
Paradisiac in design,
How our hearts now fill with rapture;
How the tendrils work and play,
And our souls this hour doth capture
On this gladsome autumn day.

Glancing at my wife beside me,
In the autumn of her day,
Saying, though some may deride me,
Would 'twere autumn time alway.
Deeper, grander the fruition
Is the passion now we feel,
And with innate intuition
To its sovereignty we yield.

Draining from a charmed chalice,
Drink the far-famed gods have sent;
We partake with intense relish
Nectarous drops of "Hearts' Content."

Written for the Irving Literary Gazette.

What We Borrow from Hamlet.

Scarcely ever do we take a book in hand to read or even engage in an ordinary conversation that we are not frequently meeting with quotations from standard authors. This is not objectionable, on the contrary it is rather agreeable, as they are only used when they express more forcibly, more beautifully, or in some way better the thought that the one who employs them intends to convey.

They are the ornaments of our composition that relieve and embellish, the jewels that enrich and make it sparkle. But aside from the intrinsic worth of the thought borrowed, or the beauty of the expression in which it may be incarnated, its value is often enhanced a hundred-fold by the source from whence it is drawn. If we are told the lamented Longfellow's famous pen is composed of wood, iron, and three precious stones, we are not impressed with any idea of extraordinary value; but when we are told the wood of the handle is from the mast of the Frigate Constitution, the iron of the holder, is from a fetter of the Prisoner of Chillon, one stone from the mountains of Maine, another from the snows of Liberia, and the third from the sands of Ceylon, then we at once comprehend its

exceeding great value. And this is very frequently the case with literary productions. Phrases, expressions and short selections, culled, on account of their uniqueness, choice verbiage, conciseness or some other desirable quality, from our reading, so often unconsciously interweaves themselves into an effusion, that it becomes a literary mosaic, which can be admired, but only adequately appreciated when the source from whence its valuables were obtained becomes known, and the greater is our appreciation the more intimately acquainted with the conditions of which they were an outgrowth and their primal significance all of which can by no means be inferred from the position in which we may chance to find them, undergoing as they not infrequently do a complete change of relationship.

No greater wealth of these can be found any where, the Bible excepted, than in Shakespeare, and in no play, probably, are they so abundant as in Hamlet.

The play opens with a dialogue between the officers on guard at night before the king's castle. The ghost of Hamlet's murdered father has appeared to them on a previous night and they are awaiting its return. But hardly does it make its spectral appearance, bringing terror and excitement, ere a cock crows heralding the dawn, whereupon it vanishes. Then terror changes to inspiration and excitement subsides into a rapture of the finest poetry in which Horatio thus beautifully describes the break of day:

"But, look, the morn in russet mantle clad
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill."

From the first Hamlet is very demonstrative of his grief at the loss of his father. This does not set well with the Queen, his mother, who, not so grief-stricken already in the short interval since his death has married Claudius, brother to the deceased king; therefore Hamlet is brought to an interview and reproved for his great exhibition of sorrow and loud lamentations,—and it is thus when not only lacerated by the heartrending murder of his dear parent, but chilled to find his mother, whom he had considered the most loving of beings, be worse than faithless to the memory of her noble husband, that he uttered that bitterest invective against her sex:

"Frailty—thy name is woman."

Hamlet admired his father's many sterling qualities of heart and mind, extolled his superior ability as a king, and in fact thought he was the extent of human perfection, as we may judge from his speech to Horatio:

"He was a man, take him for all in all
I shall not look upon his like again."

Polonius, the Lord Chamberlain, and Ophelia and Laertes, his son and daughter are now introduced. Laertes is a young man of some noble traits, among which are his filial and fraternal love, but having become allured by the gayeties of the French Capital is about to start thither. He has bid farewell, to Ophelia, who is the dearest of all he leaves behind, and she has given him assurance of her sisterly affection; then Polonius bestows the paternal blessing and gives him the well-reasoned fruit of general experience, in a few pithy prudential maxims;

"The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel."

"Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice,"

"The apparel oft proclaims the man,"

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be
For loan oft loses both itself and friend."

This above all: To thine own self be true
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Hamlet having been informed of the appearance of his father's ghost, determines to watch for it himself and if possible find out from it the secret of the murder. Wrought by this to the highest expectancy and almost distracted between eager anticipation and his train of thought, he endeavors to elude the pressure upon him by launching off into a general and abstract train of reflection, averting to the flourish of trumpets, he happens to hear which gives notice of the king's Wassail, about which turning to Horatio he says:

"* * * Though I am native here
And to the manner born, it is a custom
More honored in the breach, than in the observance."

As he finishes his speech the ghost enters and addressing it he asks why it revisits earth,

"Making night hideous."

The spectral figure makes no reply but beckons him to a more removed ground, he starts to follow, the guards endeavor to prevent, but he waxes desperate and follows on, whereupon Marcellus ejaculates that homely but often-used expression,

"Something is rotten in the State of Denmark."

When alone with the ghost, Hamlet entertains it to reveal the mystery, and at first it refuses him;

"But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison house
I could a tale unfold."

but finally consents and tells Hamlet, that the murder was committed by Claudius, the new-made king, and calls upon him to revenge it, enjoining by no means though, to stain himself with guilt. The thought of his perfidious and faithless mother, the loss of his most excellent father, the honor of the murder and the dilemma extraordinary in which he finds himself—to punish a crime which must first be proven and which it seems absolutely impossible to prove—all combine to fill him with the most excruciating agony and incommunicable anguish. Enough to displace the delicate mechanism which holds the balance between the rational and irrational. But in his torture and mighty suffering all his faculties are aroused, his mind kindles with a preternatural illumination, and he grasps the situation clearly. Henceforth, his whole course is to be shaped by this all-absorbing task. All his former aims and aspirations are to be renounced and the one purpose of revenge substituted. Shocked more at his mother than his uncle in giving vent to his reflections on her perniciousness he said what is equally as true now as then—

"That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain."

One would imagine that such expressions as

"Your bait of falsehood takes the carp of truth,"

and

"By indirections find directions out,"

were the utterances of some shrewd crafty old wire-puller, and sure enough they are;

for it is in these words that old Polonius gives Reynoldo instructions for ferreting out the truth of his son's Laertes conduct, who we remember is at the French capital.

Our next quotation is also a speech of Polonius. The king and queen noticing Hamlet's transformed course of life and conduct and led by the prickings of a guilty conscience to suspect its cause, put old Polonius to work to find out if there really be cause for their suspicions. It will be remembered as told in the first part of the play that Hamlet was in love with Ophelia about which her brother in the parting scene so kindly advised her, and which her father in the obtuseness of his nature, and utter lack of appreciation of his daughter's feelings rebukes and speaks of most slightly; even forbidding her to receive his attentions and ruthlessly nipping the tender bud of affection. And when in accordance with this injunction she rejects all his overtures and importunities, Hamlet feels that even his last fountain of joy has turned into a bitter pool. Love thwarted has led to insanity; and it seems Hamlet takes advantage of this fine opportunity, when it was known that the current of his love had not been running smoothly to assume the guise of insanity under which to mask his operations of revenge. Accordingly he behaves in every way like a madman driven to desperation by spurned affections, even breaking through the sanctity of private apartments and rushing into Ophelia's presence in a wild and most unseemly manner. Polonius hearing of this, hastens to the royal presence to convey the news and solution of Hamlet's changed demeanor, introducing his story by saying:

"Since brevity is the soul of wit
I'll be brief."

And having finished his exposition of the case adds by way of consolation to the queen, in his son's madness—

"'Tis true, 'tis pity
And pity 'tis, 'tis true."

Polonius does not satisfy the king, so great is his self-coudection, he wants more conclusive evidence, and therefore he arranges for Hamlet and Ophelia to have an unexpected meet and for him and the queen screened from observation to mark the conference. By chance Hamlet happens to meet Polonius in the lobby first, and supposing him to be up to some of his wily tricks, insinuates as much to him. Polonius asserts his honesty, but Hamlet knew too much of human nature, and said

"To be honest as this world goes is to be
One man pick'd out of ten thousand."

It is immediately after this that Polonius makes the side remark on Hamlet's conduct,

"Though this be madness, there's method in it."

Polonius withdraws and leaves Hamlet alone, and then when his emotions are stirred from their lowest depths by shame, indignation, grief, detestation at the triumphant murderer, and a consuming holy thirst for vengeance, they overflow in that most famous soliloquy on death and immortality, familiar not only to every reader of Shakespeare, but to every reader of the English language— Life has become a hurden and he puts to himself the perplexing question—

"To be or not to be."

He thinks to rid himself of

"The thousand natural shocks
That human flesh is heir to,"

"A consumation
Devoutly to be wished"—

But death! "Ay, there's the rub," for he mourns not what may await him when he has "shuffled off this mortal coil," and gone to

"The undiscovered country from whose bourn
No traveler returns,"

and therefore nerves himself anew for his ill-fated lot.

Ophelia comes in just here to culminate a life as fair as ever had existence in the shadowy real of thought. Hamlet addresses her in the incoherence of his feigned madness upon her fickleness, of which she is not guilty, her change of conduct being forced by her father's obdurate will, then the anguish of the maiden's heart breaks forth in burning words that tell of molten depths repressed, and lavishing even laudatory epithets upon that princely being blasted apparently through her fidelity and duty to her father, for whose welfare she would have given her life and every hope of happiness, she styles him

"Th' observed of all observers."

Hamlet concocts a scheme of having a band of wandering players perform at the court a play in which a king is murdered by his brother and his crown usurped, and in this way catches the conscience of the king. After the play is over, Hamlet to ponder how best carry out his revenge, seeks solace and wanders about as he tells us at

"The very witching time of night
When graveyards yawn."

The king goaded more and more by his guilty conscience, kneels to pray Heaven's forgiveness for his vile deed. Just at this moment Hamlet comes upon him. The self-convicted fratricide is there alone before him, completely at his mercy, and we would think this was the time he would strike the avenging blow, but he braces his judgment against the temptation and refrains. The king rises, having tried in vain to soothe the pangs of guilt by a pretence of penitence, saying:

"My words fly up, my thoughts remain below;
Words without thoughts never to heaven go."

To rid himself of his most awful dread, the king arranges to send Hamlet to England, ostensibly on important matters of state. On shipboard, when he has only a vague general apprehension of what he is to encounter, and while meditating upon the strange turn of affairs, he consoles himself with the thought that—

"There is a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we may."

Work is progressing rapidly on the library which Mr. Enoch Pratt is building for the city of Baltimore, and when completed it will have a shelf capacity of 200,000 volumes. The value of the ground and library building is estimated at \$225,000. This Mr. Pratt has given to the citizens, together with the sum of \$833,333, which will yield \$50,000 per annum, in consideration that the city will adopt an ordinance for creating and granting a perpetual annuity of \$50,000 for the purchase and maintenance of the library, with four branches in different sections of the city. The central part of the building is already under roof, and the whole is expected to be roofed by the middle of December, but the building will not be ready for occupation in less than a year. At the recent election the question of accepting the gift was decided by popular vote in the affirmative.

The enormous sum of \$202,000,000 is invested in the submarine cables of the world, supposed to aggregate 64,000 miles in length.

Niagara Falls.

Rev. John G. Wilson, of Philadelphia, editor of "The Prophetic Times and Watch Tower," in a letter to Rev. Dr. Ward, President of Western Maryland College, gives the following graphic description of the wonderful Falls:

"I have seen Niagara, which to be appreciated must be seen. Its sublimity and grandeur are inexpressible. It strikes the beholder with silent admiration and solemn awe. Viewing it from several points of observation, it was some time before I could form an adequate conception of the whole.

"The river above the falls for half a mile has a descent of 58 feet, and rushes down at the rate of from 25 to 27 miles an hour over its rocks bed and ledges, dashing, splashing, roaring, foaming, whirling, curling, gushing, leaping, as if in eager haste to reach the tremendous precipice over which it falls with majestic grandeur and unrivalled beauty into the deep abyss below, from whence rise clouds of spray on which the sunbeams paint the beautiful rainbow as a crown of glory. It is a magnificent sight.

"The turbulent waters as they near the mighty cataract, as if sobered by the fearful plunge before them, assume a most dignified appearance, and descend in staid and stately majesty into the foaming deep, half concealed by the clouds of spray, which rise into the heavens, forming milk-white clouds which vanish in a baptism of rain.

"Below the falls the waters, as if tired and exhausted, glide off from the foot of the precipice covered with a white sheet of foam, and seem to fall asleep on the surface or bosom of the majestic river, where the depth is 150 feet, spanned by the new suspension bridge 190 feet high and 1208 feet across from tower to tower. This bridge furnishes one of the best views of the falls and the rapids above—indeed, the only concentrated view of the whole. Further down is seen the railroad suspension bridge, 258 feet above the water and 825 feet across. It is about two miles from the falls, where occurs another descent of the mighty river for half a mile or more, over a rocky bed with a continuous fall of perhaps 50 or 60 feet. The river here is said to be 250 feet deep and 300 feet wide and walled in by banks 350 feet high. The rush of the waters down this inclined plane is tremendous, at the rate of 25 miles an hour, roaring and tossing its foaming billows in the air, as if maddened by the roughness of its course and in desperate haste to plunge into the vortex below, from which it takes its name, The Whirlpool Rapids. This whirlpool is formed by a graceful curve of the Canadian bank, forming a large basin at the foot of the rapids and terminating the progress of the river in that direction. The area is said to be 65 acres, into which the impetuous torrent descends. The greater volume of water seems to be on the American side, and sweeping round the circle encounters the lesser volume on the Canadian side; and in its struggle to reach the exit heaps up the water in the centre several feet higher than around the outside of the pool. It succeeds, however, in effecting its escape at a right angle with the torrent and glides on in a smooth and tranquil current towards Lake Ontario.

"I remember that Emma Alice Browne wrote a poem on Niagara Falls over twenty years ago, which at the time impressed me as a very sublime and beautiful conception, and I desire to get a copy of it."

NOTE BY THE EDITORS.—If any of our readers can furnish a copy of the poem referred to, we will take pleasure in publishing it. Emma Alice Browne was some years ago a resident of this vicinity.

Apropos of Big Noses.

The annals of surgery contain many cases where the nose has been cut or torn off, and being replaced has grown fast again, recovering its jeopardized functions. One of the earliest, 1680, is related by the surgeon (Fioraventi), who happened to be near by when a man's nose, having been cut off had fallen in the sand. He remarks that he took it up, replaced it, and that it grew together.

He adds the address of the owner of the repaired nose, and requests any doubter to go and examine it for himself. Regnault, in the Gazette Salulaire, 1714, tells of a patient whose nose was bitten off by a smuggler. The owner of the nose wrapped it in a bit of cloth and sought Regnault, who, "although the part was cold, reset it, and it became attached."

Although these cases call for more credulity than most of us have to spare, yet later cases published in trustworthy journals, would seem to corroborate them. In the Clinical Annals and Medical Gazette of Heidelberg, 1830, there are sixteen similar cases cited by the surgeon (Dr. Hofacker), who was appointed by the Senate to attend the duels of the students.

It seems a little strange, considering how often the operation of making a new nose has been performed in America since Dr. J. Mason Warren, in 1837, made the first successful one in Boston, that we never see one. Probably none of us here save we have been medical students, ever saw one, and yet nearly every prominent surgeon in the country has performed the operation with success several times.

False noses are made of papier mache, leather, gold, silver, and wax. These last are fitted to spectacles or springs, and are very difficult to distinguish from a true nose.

Tycho Brahe lost his nose in a duel and wore a golden one, which he attached to his face with a cement he always carried about.

It is a little singular, though, how long a period and down to what recent times it has been the practice to cut off the nose of criminals. How often tyranny has amused itself with this occupation for trival offences! Rameses III. used to cut off the nose of any subject accused of talking treason against him. Actisanes, another ruler of Egypt, had a novel way of punishing robbers. He cut off their noses and colonized them—the robbers—in a desert place which he called Rhinoconun, from the nature of the punishment of its citizens. On the other hand, and more humane, perhaps, was his punishment of dishonest butchers. It was unique. A hook was put through their nose, and a piece of meat was hung upon it.

In 1671 Charles II. had Lord Coventry's (keeper of the Seal of England) nose cut off because he dared to ask in Parliament an inquisitive question about some actresses of the day.

Later Frederick the Great had a nobleman's nose cut off because he protested openly that he had been enrolled in the army through fraud.

Criminals have been known to cut off their own nose to escape detection. Even to-day we hear of such accounts as this:

"Dispatches from Ireland report a case in which a disguised band cut off the nose of a man because in a poor law guardian contest he canvassed in opposition to the candidate of the Land Leaguers."—[London, March 27, 1882.]

Within historical times there are records of some wonderful noses. In the medals of Cyrus and Artaxerxes, the tips of their noses come close out to the rim of the coin. Antiochus VIII. was an imposing prince.

They called him "Grypus," because his nose was as big and hooked as a vulture's beak. But then the ancient Persians permitted only the owners of large nose to enjoy royal honors.

Mohammed's nose must have been a curiosity. It was so curved, the point seemed to be endeavoring to insert itself between his lips. A later time and phenomenal nose must have been that of the Great Frederick. Lavater offered to wager his reputation that blindfolded he could tell it out of 10,000 other noses by simply taking it between his thumb and forefinger. One doubts whether Lavater was more of a courtier or man of science, self confident in his sense of touch, or whether he knew no profane hand would be permitted to lay hold of the royal protuberance. In either case his wager was safe probably. The nose of the Emperor Rudolph, of Austria, saved his life in an odd kind of a way. During one of his campaigns a troop of knights entered into a conspiracy to kill him. A peasant who was employed about the tents of the conspirators one evening overheard them say, "To-morrow we'll surprise old big nose, and cut him to pieces." After his work was over the peasant started out to visit some friends in another part of the camp. The Emperor, who was going about with some of his knights, meeting the man, asked who he was, and what was going on in his part of the camp. He innocently told that there would be fun next morning, as they were going to cut a big nose in pieces. But they had not even a chance to get out of bed "next morning."

Napoleon I. was said to be influenced in his choice of officers by the size of the nose. All remember what the Parisians called Napoleon III. "Grosbec,"—Nosey. Gibbon had hardly any nose at all. He had a wee little protuberance in the middle of his face which, by courtesy, was called a nose, but it was hardly discernible, set in between two enormous cheeks. It is said of Soame Jenyns that he wondered how anybody so ugly as Gibbon could write a book—and yet Jenyns also wrote books, and had an enormous wen under his jaw, and eyes that protruded like a lobster's, and yet allowed room enough for another wen between them and his nose.—Progress.

During the five years 1877-1881, the average loss by fires in the United States and Canada in the month of September alone was \$5,950,000. This year, omitting the fires in which the loss was less than \$10,000, the record shows 123 in number, and the aggregate loss \$6,205,000.

Mining operations on the Menominee and Marquette iron ranges, in Michigan, employ about 14,000 men and \$52,000,000 in capital. Adding this industry to the lumber interests, the result will show nearly, if not quite, as large a business record in the upper peninsula as the lower section, south of Mackinac Straits.

A few years since, at the celebration of an anniversary, a poor peddler who was present, being called upon for a toast, offered the following: "Here is health to poverty—it sticks to a man when all his friends forsake him."

Pedestrian, who has dropped a penny in front of "a poor blind man:" "Why, you humbug, you're not blind." Beggar: "Not I, sir. If the card says I am, they must have given me the wrong one. I'm deaf and dumb."—Boston Transcript.

A union depot 250 feet long, with covered tracks extending 1,000 feet, and costing about \$400,000, is to be erected at Minneapolis.

Thanksgiving.

Gratitude, says the sagacious cynic, is a lively sense of favors to come. Personal experience in this line go far toward confirming the assertion. Benefits seem quite often to be sown upon unthankful soil, yielding a very meagre harvest of grateful appreciation, and the recipients of favor frequently prove themselves bankrupt in decent recognition of service. Instead of the fragrant incense of kind acknowledgment, there is too often the noisome odor of base ingratitude. It would seem that the exaltation and pleasure which attends the exercise of this most desirable spirit would be, of itself, a perpetual plea for its indulgence. But not so; the world is full of this sad treason to mankind, yet

—“If there be a crime
Of deeper dye than all the guilty train
Of human vices, 'tis ingratitude.”

If this be truth, in its application to man with man, it must possess a still deeper significance in regard to Him who crowns life with goodness and loving-kindness.

It is undoubtedly true that Thanksgiving Day, as a purely religious investment, pays very meagre dividends. The attitude of spirit, however, which it presupposes is fervently to be desired. Autumn, too, is a fit season to pay tribute. Even inanimate Nature seems bursting with the rapture of thanksgiving. The courtesying harvests have made obedience to the reapers, and the ample store-houses are running over with plethoric abundance. There have been great, creaking, overladen wagons threading their course from opulent fields to waiting granaries, testing their generous strength of willing toilers, that, by a sort of intuition have come to know that they are but providing for Nature's holiday, just at hand.

Send up, then, the voice of thanksgiving, for the harvest has been bountiful and the whole land is surfeited with abundance. The blighting hand of the destroyer has been warded off. The winter gracefully gave place to the genial-hearted spring-time; the drought which menaced the seed in the crisped and baked furrow was averted by timely moisture; drenching floods which might have overdone the work were withheld by “Him who holdeth the waters in the hollow of His hand;” and over, and above, and through all peril, hath been carried to its ripening and perfection the sustenance of a world; and far up in the blue vault of heaven, through the sun and mist, the rainbow arch appears, reaffirming the sure word of promise, “Seedtime and harvest shall never fail.” Send up, then, the voice of thanksgiving, for the munificence of the autumn calls for a song. Every forest and hedge-row has a hidden store-house for those pensioners who take no thought for the morrow. With a banquet-hall so vast and well-provided, and with a welcome so regal and open-handed, autumn is, indeed, a fit time for thanksgiving. And now, in the snug comfort of quiet, happy homes, and amidst the fitful gusts prophetic of coming winter, may weary workers look complacently back upon toils and perils past, and watch the graceful exit of “the pale descending year,” looking hopefully forward to the sure-coming spring-time again, remembering that

—“All, to refLOURISH, fades;
As in a wheel, all sinks to re-ascend—
Emblem of man who passes, not expires.”

With the exception of the fortunate few who have passed “the season” in the fields and highways of pleasant country places, away from the wind and fogs and dust of the cities, who among us realize that summer has glided from our midst—that autumn has been, and is not, and that winter is, or is supposed to be, upon us? There has been a slight rain-fall or two—the pas-

sing of an April cloud, that by some strange chance had lost its way, and drifted into the skies of November—serving merely to wash the gray dust from field and street, to banish the dreary white sea-fogs of late summer, and let fall, in their stead, upon hill and mountain side, a drapery of purple mist, shot through, toward the summits, with tender rose-tints and delicate pearl-white. There are clumps of fern, fit for the heart of the tropics, in the hollows and ravines; there are vines, so airy and delicate that a breath might seem of strength to break them, swaying from the low boughs, and tangled over the crimson of the oak bushes; blue-and-gold wings whirl through the air, and there is a twittering of many feathered throats in the branches. The brooks have not forgotten their songs, nor the woods laid aside their green raiment; albeit, here and there, almost like a beggar at a feast, some gaunt, stark, ghost of a tree holds out its naked arms, amazed to find itself in such sorry plight, and shivers comfortless among its fellows; but a few days, or weeks at most, will bring out a million of tiny green specks upon the rough bark, that shall clothe it with a glory beyond words—long ere its eastern brethren have lost the weight of a single frost-star, or freed their rugged limbs from a solitary icicle.

True, there will be days, and even weeks, at a time, when the earth will “wax a weariness to look upon; when there will be

“Water, water everywhere”—

an empyrean of drizzling gray clouds—but the clouds will break, and the sun shine out a little at noon of each day, during which the birds will fly about, and shake their wings and trim their feathers, and twitter to each other as if they thought the whole thing a mere play and make-believe, that was altogether too funny and delightful—during which an open door or window will let in a breath as of tuberoses or narcissus, from your wet, shining gardens, and you will start and wonder if Nature has not somehow made a mistake, and dropped a month into the wrong place, or if you have not just awakened from a Rip Van Winkle nap through the winter, to find yourself in the very heat of an eastern spring. There will be days and weeks, also, wherein it will be a delight simply to breathe and to be—when the grass will seem to grow visibly—when every nook and cranny and crevice will put forth a green leaf—when hill and valley will teem with budding flowers that would grace the garden of a king—when there will be glimpses of sunlight and moonlight and starlight through the broken clouds, and marvels of mist and wonders of color on hill and sea and mountain.

Winter, indeed! While the east is freezing in furs, and shivering before its fires, striving to comfort itself with apples, and delude itself into the belief that it really enjoys skates and sleigh-bells—while the snow falls steadily and cold over the charred and blackened wounds of unfortunate, dear old Boston, we shall wreathe our Christmas boards with roses and fuchsias and geraniums, and drink our New-Year healths (if we so poetically incline) from the great creamy bowls of calla lilies, that open, whiter than eastern snow, beneath our windows.

Professor Wallace, the author of “Island Life,” and the intimate friend of the late Charles Darwin, has written for *The Century* a charming article on that distinguished and lamented man of science. A fine portrait of Darwin and sketches of his home will accompany the article by Andrew Lang on “Rab's Friend,” Dr. John Brown. The paper is illustrated by portraits of the large-hearted and lovable doctor and of Rab, and a picture of the doctor's study.

For the *Irving Literary Gazette*.

Tunnels Through the Alps.

The Alps are celebrated throughout the entire world for their picturesqueness and beauty, and to render them still more attractive, twice have they been pierced by the artifice of man, in order to make a passage through which engines drawing mighty burdens may pass. The most wonderful tunnel yet accomplished is known as the “Mt. Cenis.” But this seems altogether to be an improper name, since the principal summit under which it lies is called the “Grand Vallon,” (11,000 feet higher.) Its chief advantages are, that it connects France and Italy, that it forms a direct route from Paris to Tunis, and that it lessens the formerly arduous task of climbing the Alpine heights. Its length is 7 miles and 4½ furlongs. It is 434 feet higher on the Italian side at Bardouèche than on the French side at Modane; but there is a sufficient grade extending on each side of the center to cause whatever water that might under other circumstances accumulate to flow away. At Modane its size at the base is 25 feet and 3½ inches, but the base at its widest portion is 26 feet 2¾ inches; its height is 24 feet and 7 inches. The arch, protected by stone masonry, except at Bardouèche, where it is lined with brick, is nearly semicircular in form. This great work was begun in 1857, and performed by hand until 1861, when Messrs. Som-muller, Grandis and Gratorn introduced a machine weighing 6 cwt., driven by compressed air forced to it under a pressure of five atmospheres through a pipe 7½ inches in diameter by hydraulic action and the air-pump. It was capable of making an aperture 1¼ inches in diameter 3 feet deep in 20 minutes—the usual task for a miner to accomplish in two hours. The air after being used for driving the machine was utilized for ventilation, which, as might be expected, was much needed on account of the comparative narrowness and depth of the tunnel. Before this invention the rate of progress per day was 9½ feet, and consequently the tunnel would not have been completed until 2872, but on account of a favorable change in the rock formations and by the above-mentioned machine, the work was so much accelerated that both parties met and completed the enterprise on the 25th of December, 1870. The overlying mass of rock and earth was so great that to sink shafts was impossible, and accordingly an entrance could only be effected at each end. Though completed in 1870, it was not finally opened for traffic until 1871. “A premium was to be paid by the French government to the Italian government who did the work, for each year, by which a term of 25 years counting from 1862 was reduced,” and additionally the French government was to pay £1,287,000 for one-half of it when completed. Owing to the southern end being much higher and more exposed to the sun, it was supposed that a current of air would constantly flow from north to south through the entire length of the tunnel. During the progress of the work a railroad was constructed over the tunnel and was extended in the same direction. Though the “Mt. Cenis” is the most celebrated underground route ever accomplished, another of more recent date has been completed, which extends through a group of the Helvetic Alps, which are 12,000 feet in height and famous for their pass; it is called the “St. Gothard's,” from the name of the mountain through which it passes. The expense of constructing it, and building a railroad through it, was borne by the German, the Italian, and the Swiss governments. Its total cost was a little over £9,000,000. At the beginning of 1879, more than 7½

miles, the entire length of “Mt. Cenis” tunnel, had been finished, and hence there was a remainder of less than 3,000 yards to bore. Its completion was expected to take place in 1880, but it was not until 1882 that it was finally opened for traffic.

The Argument Against Vaccination.

An English physician opposes compulsory vaccination on the ground that it prevents further discovery, and compels medical science to halt at just that point, because it forbids experiment upon methods of prevention that may prove to be better. He says: “It stereotypes a particular stage of scientific knowledge, and bars further progress. If I remind you of the great improvement thought to have been made by the introduction of inoculation by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu at the end of the last century, and ask you to suppose that Parliament might then have passed an act to compel every one to be inoculated, you will, I think, see what is meant. This method was tried for some years with great *eclat*, but afterward it was found to spread the small-pox so much that an act of Parliament was passed to forbid its use. Vaccination, introduced by Dr. Jenner, has followed, and this was another step in advance. I was the first child in my father's family vaccinated seventy-one years ago, several elder brothers and sisters having been inoculated. Both methods answered in our cases. But for many years I have been satisfied that other diseases besides the modified small-pox (called cow-pox) are now introduced by the old vaccine, and have steadily refused to use it, seeking rather, at increased trouble and expense, new vaccine. And the question which comes forcibly to the front is this: May not some other preservative be discovered which shall be a further improvement? This question cannot be answered so long as vaccination is compelled by law. There are no persons upon whom experiments can be tried.” So far as it goes, this is valid ground for criticising vaccination laws. But the proof that small-pox is more disastrous to the human race than the evils that vaccination brings with it is so strong that there is little likelihood society will subject itself to the attacks of the greater enemy in order to avoid the lesser. The evils of the old system of using vaccine taken from human beings for new inoculations are now no longer inevitable. Fresh vaccine direct from the calf, and called “Bovine,” can be had everywhere. A large establishment for obtaining it is situated near New York.

HELP YOURSELF.—Learn to help yourself, and you will enjoy perfect independence. Men who can defy adverse circumstances, and can earn a living in any quarter of the world in which they are dropped down; who can roll up their sleeves, and set to work at almost anything that offers; and who can even sew on their own buttons, and make themselves a cup of tea when deprived of the help of womankind, are the ones who are really independent. The most helpful women are kindest and truest; and as for a man, never trust him in any capacity if he has not within him the true spirit of independence, without which neither strength nor sweetness may be hoped for. In the battle of life there is but one way to succeed—fight it out yourself.

Karl Egon Ebert, the oldest of the German poets, lately died at Prague. In his youth he was declared by Goethe a genuine poet, and his numerous dramas still hold their place. His lyrical poems are considered in Germany models of purity, sweetness and daintiness. His greatest work is his National Bohemian epic, “Wlastu.”

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

WESTMINSTER, MD., NOV., 1882.

Many of the young charmed with the style or thrilled with the imagery of some successful writer, have at some period of their life, at least, been desirous of entering the field of literature, and of becoming one day famous in the world of letters. And it is by no means an unworthy ambition; it very often serves as a stimulant to the accomplishing of other and equally worthy projects. To picture in imagination life scenes with their varied fortunes and misfortunes, to revel in one's own thoughts, to create, in fancy, worlds and people them with an ideal race, is a power which many long for but which few possess. To acquire this power and to sustain a position of literary eminence requires a sacrifice of many pleasures and enjoyments, and an unconditional surrender of life to toil, and hard labor. There appears to be in the successful man of letters a natural talent, which the ordinary mind cannot equal, though trained and exercised with a view of developing that faculty. The controlling influence of a popular writer is great and powerful; he can sway at his will the whole nation, turn to ridicule or cause to be sustained existing institutions, make and unmake governments, overthrow kingdoms, mould society, control political movements, turn the nation to smiles or bathe them in a deluge of tears. The character of a young person is molded to a greater or less degree by the course of reading which they pursue, and this important fact should be faithfully impressed upon them, and such literature placed in the hands of the young as will serve to guide them into a path of rectitude and right, improving them mentally and morally, and causing them to aspire to lofty and noble aims in life. The vast amount of cheap literature now being scattered far and wide over the country is a crushing evil to the persons who peruse it, it has a poisoning influence upon the mind, enervating it and rendering it unfit for calm and deliberate judgment. This literature is being eagerly devoured by the lad of today; gradually it taints his whole manner and mode of thought, and destroys utterly that taste for good moral literature, which every young person should have. Our publishing houses are now endeavoring to counteract this influence by submitting to the public the works of eminent writers at such rates as will cause their circulation among all grades of society. Therefore the

cost of these books was such as would not justify the masses to expend their hard earned means in purchasing them. But now there can be had the finest literary production at the price paid for an ordinary novel. To choose for a profession the "pen" signifies a life of excessive toil. Scott, one of the greatest writers of his age, was an indefatigable worker, producing his works in rapid succession, toiling during the whole period of his life with determined energy. Many literary men have risen from the lower walks of life, and to sustain themselves have endured great hardships and privations, their works frequently not appreciated during their life, after death are more fully admired, and more calmly criticised. Longfellow, the first of American bards, whose poems were so admired and esteemed, held a vast amount of influence over the young of the country. The simplicity of the thoughts he presented, and the warmth of feeling he displayed, won for him the love and esteem of all the young. The college students above all other young men are subjected to temptations, and to no other evil are they more attracted than to a perusal of light literature, and in many instances it has been the means of wrecking the whole of their college course.

The first quarter of the year, with its pleasures and troubles, its victories and defeats, has passed. Many changes have been wrought, many pleasures experienced, many difficulties undergone. New students and old have become better acquainted, professor and student bear a more intimate relation to each other, and the entire school is now thoroughly organized for onward movement. The last quarter was surrounded by many circumstances which tend to detract the mind of the student from his studies and direct it to social enjoyment—such as out-door pleasures, pic-nics, Senior tramps, Sophomore and Freshman fights, &c. With the present quarter begins the season of cold weather and snow, when the student will confine himself more closely to his studio and spend his moments of recreation in reading. Let us all then at the beginning of the quarter start with new and determined efforts to do better and spend our time profitably.

The Irving Literary society, in addition to the many advantages she offers for literary improvement, has at last established a reading room. This much needed feature of college instruction and intellectual development has for a long time been talked of, but for some reason has never been effected. The Irving Society, however, seeing the importance of such an institution, and determined that she, at least, as a literary organization, should no longer be deprived of its many and lasting benefits, has placed in her hall a large enterable, upon which may be found some of the leading journals and periodicals of the day. We consider this not only an important addition to the society, but an ornament to the room.

While it is perfectly natural for man in the confusion of active life to forget much of the past, there are a few things which cling to his memory, like the thoughts of a misspent life to the mind of a dying man, as a source of much pain or pleasure. Chief among these are those halcyon hours which he spent at school. First we see him in all the playfulness of early boyhood, toiling over the first rudiments of education, with perhaps a slight hope of some day matriculating into the collegiate department; then, as the years glide on and his mind becomes more cultivated, that hope is realized, and with bright and determined efforts he enters college—there to experience those pleasures and endure those hardships characteristic of college life; and finally at that important era of his life when the last glimmering rays of youth are just casting their radiance upon the dawn of manhood, and when the immature ideas of his youthful mind are ripening into maturity, we find him upon the platform at commencement day giving an affectionate farewell to his fellow-students, and, turning to his *Alma Mater*, in language pathetic and touching he bids her adieu forever. Incited by these thoughts, members of the Alumni, to you we appeal: has all the interest which you then and there manifested ceased to exist? Is it no longer your desire to know that the college is advancing, and that your society is progressing? Recall the day when at the reunion, with a tear of sadness upon your cheek, you promised to sustain and support any enterprise your society might undertake, and then think whether or not you are making any effort to add to the success of the GAZETTE.

And if these recollections will not move you, then for the benefit of a good and honest undertaking, for the encouragement of the efforts of the young, and for the furtherance of education, we ask you to enter your name upon the subscription list of the GAZETTE.

Owing to the large number of students composing the present Senior Class, a petition was submitted to the faculty and granted that they be allowed to deliver but two quarterly orations each instead of the three which has been the custom heretofore. The first of these exercises were held in Chapel on the 10th and 17th of this month, and the ladies and gentlemen who were appointed to duties on that occasion acquitted themselves in a manner that was a credit to the Class of '83. We were sorry, however, to see so few from town who are closely connected with the College in attendance. The chief object of these exercises is to improve the students in public speaking, and the more they are appreciated by the friends of the College the greater will be the effort on the part of the students, and the greater the effort the more is the advantage derived. It is the duty then of the friends of the institution who can make it convenient, and especially of the local members of the Alumni to attend these exercises, and duly appreciate anything that is to the interest of their *Alma Mater*.

The November number of the *Century Magazine* begins with an article on Venice by Henry James, Jr., showing the varied points of interest in that beautiful and attractive city. There is also an engraving of Henry James, accompanied by a biographical sketch of his life. A sketch of Victor Hugo, by Dandet, forms an entertaining and interesting production. Is the Jury System a Failure? is the title of a piece from the pen of Strickney, in which is discussed the advantages and disadvantages of our jury system. The *Century* is one of the most popular literary journals of the country engaged in the diffusion of knowledge.

Our subscribers should remember that our terms, 75 cents per year in advance, are easy, and remit at once without requiring us to send a bill to each one.

Personals and Alumni Notes.

George Y. Everhart, '81, and J. T. Hering, are reading medicine in the office of Dr. Billingslea, this city.

Lynn R. Meekins, '82, and the Rev. F. C. Klein, '80, were in town last week and visited their friends at College.

W. S. Amoss, '77, visited his friend, Jas. A. Diffenbaugh, '74, in this city a few days ago, and those two gentlemen, together with Mr. Chas. H. Baughman, '71, were at the College and spent a pleasant afternoon in reviewing the scenes of their student days. Mr. Amoss carried off the first honor of his class in '77, after which he graduated in law at the University of Virginia, and is now pursuing his profession at the Baltimore bar.

Mr. Edward H. Norman writes from Brinkleyville, N. C., Oct. 23d, to Rev. Dr. Ward: "I have just received the last issue of the *Gazette*, and I noticed with much pleasure the improvements which are going on at the college, and especially do I note the rapid progress of the new building, 'Ward Hall.' I do earnestly hope this will be a success, and in addition to what has already been given I send you five dollars towards that object. I expect to visit the college next June, and shall notice with much pleasure any improvement that may meet my eye."

Lewis H. Jarman Esq., left on October 10 for Rushville, Ill., at which place he has some idea of locating for the practice of his profession. Mr. Jarman goes out in the world well fortified with the requisite for shaping a successful career. He is a graduate of Western Maryland College and the University of Maryland, and read law with Lawyer Frick of Baltimore; was admitted to the Baltimore bar some months ago, and to the bar of our county last week. He has pluck, push and perseverance, the three p's essential to a young man's success in this nineteenth century, and we predict for him a bright future whether he chooses Rushville or a town of more sedate name for his field of labor.—*Greensborough Md. Free Press.*

INCREASED ATTENDANCE AT WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY.—Washington and Lee University has opened its session with 130 students in attendance, an increase for the present year of 20 per cent. over last session. The anticipated number is 140. Sixteen States are represented. It is proposed to inaugurate the Lee monument on the 28th of June next, and to hold the centennial celebration of the charter at as early a day as it can be prepared for.

College Notes.

Professor of Latin—"What is the metre of this ode?" Sophomore—"Metre (meet her) by moonlight alone."

The number of new arrivals during the present month was quite large, there being accessions from every section of the State.

J. D. Gwynn, a member of the Sophomore class, who fell from a tree sometime ago and severely sprained his ankle, is able to be about again.

The Irving Society at a recent meeting elected S. D. Leech, President; J. D. Gwynn, Vice President; Geo. S. Landers, Secretary, and R. L. Linthicum, Critic.

Ward Hall is still unfinished, and progress in the construction has ceased for a time. Any assistance from friends of education will be duly received and appreciated.

A Sophomore recently informed us that the paper and stamps which he used in writing to his lady love one month cost him \$3.50. We would advise the gentleman for the sake of economy to consummate things as soon as possible.

The grades and standing of the students for the quarter ending November 15th, were read in chapel before the school on that date, and the usual dissatisfaction was expressed and many hasty resolutions made for the ensuing quarter.

The Senior Class at a meeting recently held in the College Chapel, voted one hundred dollars to be given to Dr. Ward for the erection of Ward Hall. A tablet will be placed in some part of the building as a memorial of the class of '83.

The ladies of the Browning Society are actively engaged in the preparation of their Christmas entertainment. We anticipate an enjoyable time on that occasion, as the entertainments given by the Brownings heretofore have always been interesting and well attended.

The College Christian Association in common with the association of the country, is having a special week of prayer. These meetings are held in the chapel, from the hours of five to six, during which are discussed subjects of interest to the Christian student.

There is always room for a man of forces and he makes room for many. Society is a troop of thinkers, and the best head, among them take the best places. A feeble man can see the farms that are fenced and tilled, the houses that are built. The strong man sees possible houses and farms. His eye makes estates as fast as the sun breeds clouds.

One of the Freshmen returned recently at a very late hour of the night, and upon repairing quietly to his room found to his dismay that his room-mate had bolted the door. Fearing that in his endeavor to waken his chum he might be caught, he crawled through the transom, and, losing his hold, went headlong to the floor. The next morning word was sent to breakfast that a certain gentleman suffered from the effects of a severe headache.

The first quarterly exercises of the Class of '83 were held in College Chapel on the 10th of November, with President Ward and the members of the class who were appointed to duty on that occasion on the stage. The exercises were opened with music by Miss Mollie Stevens, after which the first speaker Mr. Baughman was introduced and delivered a well composed oration, taking for his subject—*Now*. The speakers were then introduced in alphabetical order, each gentleman being followed by a lady, all of whom acquitted themselves in a creditable manner. These several productions interspersed with music by the ladies rendered it quite an interesting entertainment.

Joint Exercises.

The first joint exercises of the classes in reading, declamation and music, were held on Friday, November 3rd. The exercises are designed for the mental improvement of the two departments in public exercises.

During the performance of an instrumental solo by Miss Julia Newman, those appointed repaired to the stage. Mr. F. T. Benson, the first upon the programme, read in a very interesting style a poem entitled "Juan of Arc." Miss Ada Smith, read "Whistling in Heaven," a piece representing the life of a frontiers woman, in an exceedingly creditable manner. The Destruction of Senacherid, a poem by "Byron," was declaimed by Mr. J. Cunningham. Miss A. F. Ricoardsoon, read A Living City. This piece was rendered in a fine manner, and produced a favorable effect. "Romeo and Juliet," a humorous selection by Miss Sadie Kneller, excited the applause of the audience during the rendition. At this junction of the programme, Miss Nichols entertained the audience with an instrumental solo. Mr. Dumm read A Collection Vices. Miss Noss, recited Little Chick. The Sailor Boy's Dream, a representation of life on the ocean wave, was the title of a reading by Mr. A. Billingslea. Miss Blanche Zimmerman read A Dream of two Roads, in an entertaining and excellent style. The last upon the programme was Mr. Miller, who recited the popular piece Roger and I. These exercises prove very enjoyable and instructive, furnishing ample opportunity for improvement in the art of reading.

Tackling the Wrong Freshman.

A little while since, four bold, bad sophomores in a certain college in Maine went into the room of a freshman whom they judged to be verdant. After the sophomores had got into the room the freshman asked what they wished. "Oh, we've come to put you through," was the reply. The freshman told them they had better not attempt anything, but they scornfully refused to listen to advice from a member of a lower class, and made a rush for the youth whom they took to be green. With a blow he laid one of the bold sops upon his back. In the melee that followed the light was overturned and extinguished, when the freshman grasped a chair and the sophomores were obliged to beat a hasty and disastrous retreat. The next morning the freshman was called before the president of the college, who inquired the cause of the disturbance in his room the preceding evening. The freshman narrated the circumstances of the case very minutely, and the president listened with the greatest attention. When the freshman had finished, the president said: "And you cleaned them out?" "Yes," was the answer. "I congratulate you upon your success," said the president, as he took the boy's hand and gave it a hearty shake.

NOVEL SUBSTITUTE FOR HAZING.

The sophomores of Lafayette College, Easton, Pa., entertained the freshmen by a reception and dinner in Pardee Hall last week. Some time since the sophomores hazed the freshmen, but the bitter feeling which ensued was amicably adjusted, and the dinner was to show that no ill feeling remained. About one hundred and fifty persons were present. This is the first instance of the kind in the history of American colleges.

A Western clergyman, who has recently received the degree of D. D., says that he feels "like a piece of decorated china, not a bit better for service, but more aesthetically adorned."

College News.

Founder's Day was celebrated at Lafayette College, on the 1st inst. After morning prayers, the Faculty and students repaired in a body to Pardee Hall. Professor Owen delivered an address on Scientific Progress in its relation to learning, in which he discussed its acquisition, its distribution and uses. Oscar Woerner, of New York, presented to the college a portrait of John I. Blair, of New Jersey. In the afternoon, the annual athletic tournament took place on the college campus. Medals were awarded to the winners for the 100-yards dash, jumping, throwing the hammer and other sports. The entries were numerous, a number being from Princeton College and elsewhere.

The movement for the higher education of women in England, which led to the establishment of various excellent colleges for them, seems to be justifying itself by practical results. Miss Betham Edwards is an acknowledged authority on Egyptology; and Miss Margaret Harkness is now delivering a course of lectures on the Ancient Assyrians at the British Museum.

The third annual dinner of New York Association of the Cornell University was given at the Union Square Hotel on Oct. 27. Previous to the dinner, an election of officers of the Association was held, and Henry L. Sprague, of the class of '73, was elected president. After dinner, speeches were made by President White, Governor Cornell, and others.

The trustees of the University of Pennsylvania held a special meeting November 14 and refused to grant the application of Miss Florence Kelly and Miss Frances H. Mitchell for admission to the university. A subscription of \$10,000 from Mr. J. B. Lippincott for the establishment of a veterinary college in connection with the university was received.

Professor Nathan Leavenworth, principal of the Worcester (Mass) Academy, died last week after a brief illness. He was a graduate of Brown University in the class of 1874, and has ever since been connected with the Worcester Academy, of which institution he has been principal for the last eight years.

Professor to classical student:—"If Atlas supported the world, who supported Atlas?" Student:—"The question has often been asked, but never, so far as I am aware, satisfactorily answered, I have always been of the opinion that Atlas must have married a rich wife, and got his support from her father."

Charles Butler, Wm. Allen Butler, LL. D., A. S. Vanderpoel, LL. D., Wm. A. Wheelock, Rev. S. M. Hamilton, the Hon. Augustus Schell, Wm. L. Andrews, and Wm. M. Halsted, have been elected members of the Council of the University of the City of New York, for a term of four years.

Rev. John M. P. Atkinson, president of Hampden-Sidney College, Va., has tendered his resignation because of ill health. Dr. Atkinson was a graduate of Hampden-Sidney in the class of 1835, and was elected president of the college in 1857.

The corner-stone of the new building of the University of New Mexico was laid at Santa Fé October 22d. The institution, which now has eighty students—over fifty of whom are in the academic department—was organized in May, 1881.

Mr. Thomas Beaver, of Danville, Penn., has given to Dickinson College, through its president, \$30,000 for the increase of its permanent endowment. The fund will bear the name of his father, in whose memory it is given.

At a meeting of the trustees of Crozer Theological Seminary, Philadelphia, held Nov. 14, the four sons and two daughters of the late Madam Crozer gave to the seminary \$50,000 to found a professorship in memory of their mother.

Ex-Congressman Miles has resigned the presidency of South Carolina College, to take charge of the Burnside sugar plantations in Louisiana, valued at \$4,000,000, and belonging to his father-in-law, Oliver Beirne, of Virginia.

The \$20,000 for the endowment of the Chair of the Principal of Carroll College, Wis., having been secured, the stability and future growth and usefulness of the institution under Professor Rankin are assured.

Professor of Belles Lettres—"Why is it that virtue cannot be called contrary to a mathematical problem?" Senior Theologian—"It is contrary because theological students don't study mathematics."

Dr. Wm. L. Mitchell, for many years professor of law at the University of Georgia, died at Athens, Ga., October 31.

The Examination System in Education.

Education should be a training to promote insight, power of thought, and facility in acquiring knowledge. Perception, not memory, should be cultivated, and as the student can advance only by his own endeavors, he should be led through such a course of labor and original thought, that he may come out an independent thinker, as well as a thorough scholar, in such branches of education as he has inclination for. To obtain such a training examinations should be means, not ends. For example, instead of the student in political economy, history, philosophy, or mathematics being obliged to work, as now, with an examination perhaps of catch questions, ever in view, the examination might consist in original essays in the first three subjects, and the performance of a paper of great severity in the last, all being done at the student's leisure and with such assistance as he can get from books. Here is a training similar to that in actual life; the best qualities in mind are brought out, while recitations can furnish the students with practice in answering questions, and the instructor with opportunity of guiding the students and correcting their errors. The same principle should be extended as far as possible in all studies, and also in preparatory schools. It has recently been tried at Harvard with signal success in the examinations for second-year honors in mathematics, while in political economy and history there is a tendency in the same direction. The adoption, also, in the Harvard Law School of the "case system," which is based on the principle of letting the student do his own thinking in law, has caused independent thought to be more necessary than research for success in recitations; has infused extraordinary vigor into the school, and made its recitation training unsurpassed.

It may be objected that by such a system as I have proposed a price would be placed on deception. Even if some obtain illegitimate assistance, it is not pertinent to the real issue, which is, What is the best method for those who wish to improve? Natural shirkers will not receive much improvement by any method. Forcing a man to work does not improve him, as with the removal of the pressure here will return to his old condition. What we want is not to lift young men up to a height and hold them there, but to enable them to rise by their own exertions.—*May Atlantic*.

The only jewel which will not decay is knowledge.

For the Irving Literary Gazette.

Preternatural Appearances.

There is a certain influence of the mind upon the body, and the body in turn influences the mind. The molecular condition of the mind is constantly changing so that at no two consecutive moments is there the same mental capacity.

Sound thought is produced by an equilibrium of the action of both mind and body; mental disturbances by an unequal action or a disarrangement in one or the other, so that it is impossible for them to maintain their proper functions; and hence an effect ensues, which, in accordance as it weighs more or less upon the mind, produces to a greater or less degree a capacity for unsound ideas. Sound physical conditions are necessary to sound thought. It is untrue, as was formerly supposed, that we see with our eyes, hear with our ears, and taste with our tongues, but on the contrary these are only the instruments by which received impressions are conveyed to the brain, through the means of other appropriate organs, namely the nervous filaments. This impression causes a change in the nerves, the nerves a corresponding change in the brain, and the brain the same in regard to the mind. This operation has been termed sensation. It, then, is the proper function of the brain. When the brain and the body act in conformity intelligent reasoning is produced. By means of association we obtain our ideas, and if the mind at any time receive a certain number of sensations, its province is to so combine them that when any one of them is vivified, all with which it was immediately associated are at once suggested. If, by association, too many ideas fly rapidly across the mental vision, a commingling and confusion follows, on the other hand, if they do not appear with sufficient force, indistinct impressions of images are formed; and if too vivid the same occurs. In order that the brain may properly operate, in order that it may receive with proper vividness the impressions conveyed to it through the nervous filaments, and in order that it may change these into proper ideas it must be in a sound state. Its vital energy is supported by organic process, the nerves being kings, as it were. If these become diseased the brain may in consequence become disordered; again, increase the rapidity of the flow of blood, the result is mental disarrangement producing giddiness and fainting, but cause it to cease altogether, numbness, torpidity, and even death will ensue, if not prevented by exciting an unimmediate reflux. We have seen that all these things effects the mind. Now there are many causes capable of producing these very same effect upon the nervous system, for example almost any disease—a very striking instance is observed in fevers, when even the strongest constituted minds are placed in a state of unnaturalness, lasting till the fever subsides. Some physical agents also have a tendency to thus divert the proper relations of the brain, an illustration is found in nitrous oxide, when inhaled. Curious objects float in rapid succession before the mind too much stimulated by the excessive rapidity of the flow of blood. Now, may not all those unnatural appearance purported to appear both night and day, but mostly at night, be attributed to the workings of the mind itself, since in consequence of the change in these sensations and ideas, connection with all outward things is lost and a vast concourse of newly arranged and differently connected ideas arise? Then we may attribute preternatural appearances to deranged mental phenomena, and not to supernatural power. Nicolai, the famous book-seller of Berlin affords an illustration, having no belief in ghosts,

says: "In a state of mind completely sound and after the first terror was over, with perfect calmness, I saw for nearly two months almost constantly and involuntarily a vast number of human and other forms, and even heard their voices,"—but yet in another place he says: "I was too much agitated by a series of incidents." Evidently these visions were the outgrowth of some physical derangement; but to persons of an unphilosophical turn of mind these may pass for realities, and of this class there are many. It is said that a time there once was when not a wood, a mountain, a hill a valley, a grove, a stream, a fountain, not a place in the heavens, in the earth, nor even in the waters under the earth was exempt from their presence, or the voice was unheard, of monsters hideously formed, evil-spirits from the world of shadows. Is there any wonder, then, that these spectral appearances left indelibly stamped upon weak and uneducated minds impressions which reason could not always withstand! What wonder, that when the mind is deranged, these preternatural appearances should dance before the vision, whisper in the gentle gentle zephyrs; howl in the storm; ride on the billows; bring terror to the dreams of the guilty, smiles to those of the innocent, and electrify the dying with what they most hope and fear! What an influence the diffusion of knowledge has rendered in throwing aside ancient superstitions, and how much commendation should there be to the diffusers of the principles of philosophy which have done so much for the advancement of all, even of the lower classes! The former ideas of spirit were numerous; the good, few, but the evil abundant; usually they were of a pale color, then fading gradually to white. In general they were appalling in form and in purpose dangerous. Their tendency for the most part was destruction. They afforded ample scope for the fiction of the poet, room for the imagination of the painter; but the fiction of the one and the painting of the other were replete with differences, and not symmetrical. Visiting the sick with untiring energy and those of unsound minds, they infuse terror and even drive the sufferer to death. The ignorant they terrify; the guilty they follow to the grave. And when as a guardian angel hovering about the couch of death, they are not the heralds of evil to the wicked and aids to the good; but this "blessed troop with faces bright like the sun, bearing garland and pronouncing happiness" was as much inclined to waft to heaven the soul of the wicked as of the saint. By taking possession of the mind they unfitted it for the acceptance of other more important ideas; nature was thwarted, reason dethroned and rendered unfit for philosophical investigation. They were the very implements of the priest and the tyrant, all powerful to lead astray and corrupt. The human mind will keep anticipating the future and meditating upon the past. In the one there will always be a plenty of room for fiction, in the other an abundance to regret. As long as tortured humanity shall be subject to suffering, as long as death shall rack it with rending agonies, and the wailings of the bereaved be heard, Philosophy will be needed to lend its mighty assistance to reform the erring mind, and whatever solace religion can offer to give it hope and shield it from despair. For "in philosophy there is light, in religion consolation; and he is a friend to man who labors to secure to him these inestimable blessings free from admixture of ignorance and alloy of superstitions." L.

According to the Mississippi Handbook, there are 175,251 white and 251,438 colored children attending the free schools in the State, at a cost of \$830,701.

Written for the Irving Literary Gazette.

The Ideal and the Real.

Since the time we were created after the image of our Maker, there has lurked innate in our being a mental faculty of finding in our imaginations the ideal of our hopes and longings. Our minds are constantly revolving and conceiving new plans and projects which are destined never to assume a realistic form. Our fancies, oftentimes gaining the ascendancy, soar among the cloud-capped peaks of sunny hopes and bright expectations, but soon sink beneath the coverlet of disappointment when compelled to bear the test of assuming a material shape and figure. The ideal casts its characters in the mould of poetic inspiration, while the real fashions its images even from the wretchedness and squalor of our by-ways, from the rude hovels of our peasants, from the homes of the rabble. Let no one suspect from the tenor of my expressions that I consider the real confined to the lower strata of objects and actions. On the contrary some of the grandest and most mysterious works that ever met the astonished gaze of mankind were those which neither the human mind could conceive of nor the human imagination picture. We may spread the magical pinions of fancy, we may allow our reason to roam where and in whatever climes it listeth, but should their search extend until the trump of she archangel shall sound, few things will be discovered that can vie in magnificent and picturesque sublimity with the scenes which nature presents to our view. Alike on the rocky heights of blustery Maine and in the pleasant dells of ever-blooming Florida, there is pleasure for an artist, there is food for a poet. The vine-clad hills of France and the stately castles of cold and formal England teach us of things we never knew before. In few instances does our idea of natural objects grasp the magnitude of the array which Providence has presented to us for our enlightenment and to teach us the impossibility of the human mind's conceiving projects as lofty as those which the divine will has fashioned and framed. Who can form, in their minds, any idea of Niagara that will equal the real grandeur of its appearance? Who can think of anything as sublime as the views scattered broadcast over our country? Imagination is the creative power of the mind. The ideal is the result of the conception; so, although the groundwork of our representation is real, the ideal as it stands before our mind in all its completeness is not a reproduction of things already perceived, but a creature created purely in our mind. Although the ideal does to a certain limited extent depend upon our actual knowledge, nevertheless the picture is not transcribed according to the original, but changed and modified to suit the individual taste and pleasure of each one. We may faithfully represent the actual by memory; but imagination and memory are in widely different spheres. Memory speaks to us only of things that are gone, while imagination, bounded by no such narrow limits, sweeps alike into the misty past and in the dim and shadowy future. Imagination is indebted to learning in an extremely small degree. Learning enlarges and cultivates the intellect, expands its scope of thought and action, augments its power, and consequently brightens and vivifies our imaginative resources. It also furnishes a better range for our creative faculty; but further than this imagination owes no debt. To render the difference between the ideal and the real perfectly plain, let us cite an example—Looking from our home we see pictured against the distant horizon the peaks of mountainous ramparts. This is the real. Let us withdraw

our eyes from the contemplation of these beauties, and in our minds we can sweep away the actual outlines of the mountains, in thought there is before us no longer a moderate structure but one infinitely more imposing and grand. The snows of centuries are clothed upon its summit, while down in the gloomy precipices below can be heard the surge and roar of angry waters. Clouds surround it; the mists envelope it and the obscure outline of our planet can scarcely be distinguished from its precipitous heights. The ideal now has the field to herself. Imagination, in its true light, is always active, never passive. In every mind, whenever it is called into action, its force is always creative. It concerns things never known to have existed before, which form the ideal. By its power new kingdoms are formed and new powers created. It flies beyond the bounds of man's knowledge and extends beyond the limits of human perception. It startles the world in its rapid progress, and bids this still in wonder at the development of its mighty achievements. There is no height so steep that it cannot scale, no depths so low that it cannot fathom it. Its power is boundless and cannot be estimated, and centuries yet to come will tell of greater achievements and higher conceptions. In direct opposition to this we find reality. Its power is limited and can never extend beyond a certain fixed boundary. Imagination is also of benefit in this world. It brightens up our mental faculties, it improves the standard of our mind, it casts the light of fancy o'er the plodding steps of judgment, and with rainbow and orient colors gilds our recollections of the past and our anticipations of the future. It illumines the whole horizon of thought as the sunlight flashing along the mountain tops illumines the world. It gives to the orator the power of controlling, as by a magic spell, his auditors, and breathing into his sentences the finest gems of pathos and eloquence. It teaches the author how to impersonate beauty and refinement from the soulless marble, and how to carve and chisel from the rugged stone forms of almost human lineaments and proclivities. As we climb the rugged roads of life and endeavor to scale the battlements of an adverse fate, how pleasant and how refreshing it is to close our eyes upon the scenes of troubles and trials, and let the tide of our imagination sweep us along with its current, until the places of our sorrows have floated from our view, and no trouble or thought of to-morrow harrasses us. May our whole life be as agreeable and our pathway as pleasant as our fancy could wish for us, and may we at last, leaving the reality of this world behind us and anchoring in the blessed harbor of eternal joy and peace, find there the ideal of our desires.

W. I. T.

Don't Want to be Co-Educated.

The senior class at Columbia has adopted a series of resolutions earnestly protesting against co-education. The following is the principal resolution: *Resolved*, That it is the fixed opinion and firm conviction of the senior class of Columbia College that the co-education of the sexes is undesirable from an educational, as well as from a social and a normal standpoint, and that its introduction here would be a fatal blow to the future welfare and prosperity of the institution.—*University Magazine*.

Why! Columbians, we are surprised that you are not in favor of annexation. "Educational, social and normal standpoint." That's strong. But say, boys, some of you may be in favor of individual annexation in a few years. Then the answer to the question of admission will have to come from the other side, you know.

Ward Hall.

For several years past the great and most pressing need of Western Maryland College has been for more room—for recitation and lecture rooms, for dormitories and society halls. Confined as they have been to one building, its inmates have been greatly crowded and inconvenienced. During the past summer the President of the College, Dr. J. T. Ward, put into effect a scheme for the erection of a building to furnish the desired room, by sending to all the friends of the College a circular asking contributions for the purpose. He has been even more successful than many expected. The building has been started and finished externally, but owing to the fact that all resources had been exhausted and contributions were coming in slowly, work had to be stopped for the time, and it was supposed for the winter. The students, however, feeling so much the need of the building, and desiring so much to have it completed, have again started the work. On Wednesday evening, November 15th, they held a meeting of the two departments in the College Chapel, and passed the following resolutions:

WHEREAS, Dr. Ward, the President of our College, has engaged in the laudable enterprise of erecting, by voluntary contributions, on the College Campus, a building to fill our long-felt and urgent needs, and whereas for want of sufficient funds the work has had to be discontinued and the building left incomplete; it is hereby

Resolved, That we, the students of Western Maryland College, do hereby express our hearty appreciation of the Doctor's earnest efforts to promote our welfare as well as the general interests of the College, and our very great regret that the plan, which if successful would be so beneficial to the College as well as advantageous to us, has languished for want of proper support.

Resolved, That we extend to our President our hearty co-operation, and that in addition to promoting the cause as best we may by personal influence, we pledge ourselves to give to its furtherance the sum of at least \$75.

Resolved, That we thus appeal to the people of this community, as well as to the friends of education everywhere, to aid in the accomplishment of so worthy a purpose.

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A New Novel by W. D. Howells, to succeed this author's "Modern Instance." It will be an international story, entitled "A Sea Change."

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

A Novelette of Mining Life, by Mary Hallock Foote, entitled "The Lead-Horse Claim," to be illustrated by the author.

The Point of View, by Henry James, Jr., a series of eight letters from imaginary persons of various nationalities, criticising America, its people, society, manners, railroads, etc.

The Christian League of Connecticut, by the Rev. Washington Gladden. An account of practical co-operation in Christian work, showing how a league was formed in a small town in Connecticut, what kinds of work it attempted, and how it spread throughout the whole State.

"Rudder Grange Abroad," by Frank R. Stockton, a continuation of the droll "Rudder Grange" stories, the scene being now in Europe.

The New Era in American House-Building, a series of four papers, fully illustrated, devoted to (1) City Houses, (2) Country Houses, (3) Churches, and (4) Public Buildings.

The Creoles of Louisiana, by Geo. W. Cable, author of "Old Creole Days," etc.; a fresh and graphic narrative, richly illustrated.

My Adventures in Zuni, by Frank H. Cushing, government ethnologist, an adopted member of the Zuni tribe of Indians. Illustrated.

Illustrated Papers on the National Capital, including "The Capitol," "The Supreme Court," "The White House," etc.

Missions of Southern California, by "H. H.," three or four papers of an exceedingly interesting character, richly illustrated.

Miscellaneous.—Further work is expected from E. C. Stedman, Thomas Hughes, Joel Chandler Harris ("Uncle Remus"), Charles Dudley Warner, John Burroughs, E. V. Smalley, H. H. Boyesen, and a long list of others. Entertaining short stories and novelettes will be among the leading features of THE CENTURY, as hertofore, and the magazine will continue its advance in general excellence.

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