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## Select Poetry.

### AUTUMN THOUGHTS.

BY WHITTIER.

Gone hath the Spring, with all its flowers,  
And gone the Summer's pomp and show,  
And Autumn, in his leafless bowers,  
Is waiting for the Winter's snow.

I said to Earth, so cold and gray,  
"An emblem of myself thou art."  
"Not so," the Earth did seem to say,  
"For Spring shall warm my frozen heart."

I soothe my wintry sleep with dreams  
Of warmer sun and softer rain,  
And wait to hear the sound of streams  
And songs of merry birds again.

But thou, from whom the Spring hath gone,  
For whom the flowers no longer blow,  
Who standest blighted and forlorn,  
Like Autumn waiting for the snow;

No hope is thine of sunnier hours,  
Thy Winter shall no more depart;  
No Spring revive thy wasted flowers,  
Nor Summer warm thy frozen heart.

### EMULATION.

Emulation, taken in its restricted and exact sense, may be defined as that principle by which we are incited to cope with others whose path of exertion runs parallel to our own. There are two affections of the mind partially resembling this, from both of which it is of consequence to distinguish it. Ambition and envy are certainly to be viewed as two varieties of the same general tendency. The aim of the former exceeds that of emulation. There is embraced in it as a co-element with the desire of distinction, an avidity of power. The ambitious man will not be satisfied with quiescent and contemplative superiority; his ultimate and proper object—an object the losing sight of which would denude him of the quality in question—is the vigorous and continued assertion of his anticipated ascendancy. The aim of emulation is praise, that of ambition is power. The mind under the influence of the one feeling looks beyond the contest to the *otium cum dignitate*, the blended distinction and repose in which it is expected to issue; a mind actuated by the other only contemplates the struggle as introductory to the toils of a higher sphere. Of the insignia of success, those of emulation are the robe and the crown, those of ambition the sword and the sceptre.

If a difference is thus perceptible between two emotions, each of which, though vicious in excess, is essentially good and praiseworthy, that, surely, subsisting between either and a third essentially evil and reprehensible, although in one respect resembling the others, can not be difficult of detection. To dilate on the distinction between envy and ambition is foreign to our present design. Perhaps the latter of these dispositions is at a still more appreciable remove from the former than emulation is, the purely benevolent feelings being more decidedly implied in the right exercise of power, than in the mere possession of superiority. Our present plan, however, only requires us to distinguish emulation from envy.

The line of demarcation is bold and broad. Envy, we have said, is in its own nature an evil affection; emulation, existing in proper measure, a good. The one has been habitually present to the bosoms of the best and most illustrious of the human race, and we have strong grounds for concluding that it is common with ours to superior natures; the other is the characteristic of the vicious and depraved among men, and if harbored by an angel would transform him into a fiend. Emulation springs from a due regard to our own character and position, a wish for such advancement in any pursuit as may procure for us the approval of our own consciences, and also the esteem of our good offices of our fellows; envy is a state of mind usually resulting from culpable inferiority, in which the depression or downfall of a competitor is the one thing contemplated and desired. "A man," says Lord Bacon, "that hath no virtue in himself ever envieth virtue in others, for men's minds will either feed upon their own good or upon others' evil; and who warmeth the one will play upon the other, and who is out of hope to attain another's virtue, will seek to come at even hand by depressing another's fortune." The one feeling is a just and proper mode of self-love, the other is a wicket perversion of that law of our being, making evil its good, turning the successes of other men into gall and bitterness to the solitary malcontent, and their misfortunes into the subject of his gratulation. The one is opposed to sloth and insensibility; the other is the antithesis of benevolence. Emulation employs no means to gain its object but such as are open and honorable: envy will stoop to the meanest and the guiltiest. The former disposition involves a specific regard to our own interests—a wish to enjoy the fruits of a well-earned preferment; the latter would often purchase injury to another by incurring injury to self. The one is virtuous self-love, with a tendency to expand to philanthropy; the other is vicious self-love, issuing, still more certainly, in the darkest malevolence.

We must be mindful, however, while asserting these distinctions, that there are complex mental states in which any emotion may co-exist with others in an almost infinite variety of shade and of development. Indeed, as the score of letters that make up the alphabet may be grouped into millions of different words, or as the half-dozen pieces of stained glass in a kaleidoscope form endless combinations of colors, so the human mind, though endowed originally with few separate principles of thought or of action, possesses, both from the agency of external impulses and from the reciprocal influence of its own faculties, an inconceivable range of diversified consciousness. It is seldom, if ever, that any of our powers is operating singly. Several are generally employed in the formation of an idea or emotion, which will be each modified by the respective prominence of these while educating it. And thus it frequently happens, that in a state of mind which the decided preponderance of better views and motives may entitle to be regarded as the state of emulation, there is traceable a slight infusion of malevolent feeling, the presence of which in large proportion would consti-

tute the emotion *envious*. Indeed virtue, as connected with this part of our constitution, seems rather to consist in the immediate repression of those evil affections into which, in particular, disappointed emulation may degenerate, than in the attempt to escape all liability to their incipient growth. The wise purposes of the moral government of God may render it necessary that the *root of bitterness* remain in the soil; our duty being to watch and to check the least symptom of development.

We wish to notice the influence, in the first instance, of natural temperament, and, in the second, of education, in modifying the susceptibility we speak of.

In natural temperament there is among mankind an extreme diversity. Some, endowed with acuteness of apprehension, and a peculiar proneness to the exercise of the affections, act with ardor, with constancy, and with feeling. Other minds there are, again, of dull, phlegmatic mould—nature's Dutchmen—constitutionally indifferent to a thousand matters that would excite the emotions and determine the measures of the more susceptible sort. A third class, and that by far the largest, seem to unite, in some sort, the distinguishing attributes of both the others, exhibiting toward objects apparently alike calculated in themselves to engage their regard, almost profound indifference. We do not contemplate in this distribution the bent which the mind may acquire from causes extraneous to itself—the influence of circumstances in repressing certain natural tendencies, in fostering others, and in modifying all. Our observations are directed exclusively to native temperament, to original, innate susceptibilities. And their correctness, with this restriction, is quite apparent. We may continually remark in children the *fathers of the men*, the difference alleged manifested most unequivocally long before circumstances have room to operate in producing it; or where there is no mutual adaptation between these and the dispositions that are evolving. Nay, do not we frequently witness the development of peculiar dispositions in spite of the action of circumstances directly hostile, the former changing not changed by the latter? And whether these be simply neutral or positively adverse, there is necessitated in both cases the supposition of an *independent cause*, in one that of a *counter-cause* more potent than its antagonist within the mind itself; in other words, there is established a natural diversity in temperament. This is an ultimate fact in our constitution. Now the facts relate to the existence of an agency which may effect the principle of emulation, in common with all the active powers, in two modes; first, in the way determining its force, and, secondly, in the way of indicating its objects. If the temperament of an individual is quick and sensitive, emulation will be vividly, present to his mind, and will form a very powerful incentive to exertion; if that temperament be, on the contrary, sluggish and inert, this emotion will be but seldom felt, and when felt, but feebly. Emulation, again, may be largely swayed by temperament as respects the choice of its objects. When the animal principles of our nature predominant, these will produce low and de-

basing aims. When the individual is the victim of inordinate vanity, there will be a similar perversion of the feelings to aims that are puny and ridiculous. It is only when a man, in the exercise of reason and conscience, and informed and stimulated by an influence from above, has succeeded in correcting what is wrong, and in confirming what is right in the original bent of the mind; in reclaiming his affections from unworthy objects, and in fixing them on such as are noble and virtuous—it is then only that this excellent faculty is seen in its true aspect, operating in its proper sphere, and accomplishing the high ends for which it was imparted.

We are not, however, to suppose that temperament only directs the capacity of emulation to objects *as morally good or as morally evil*. It often communicates what we may style, in contradistinction, an innocent variety of aim. One man, for example, whose love of knowledge is naturally ardent, will be ambitious to distance his competitors in the walks of learning, another, in whom the desire of gain is strong, will aspire to influence in the mercantile community; while a third, in whom the love of country is the ruling passion, will aim at the reputation of a distinguished patriot. Emulation which may be called an *adjective emotion* supposing and dependent on the concurrent action of some other of the emotions, falls, in these and the like instances, into the channel which original temperament has dug for it, and flows in that beneficially. The sentiment, while susceptible of vicious, is equally susceptible of virtuous variety of direction. Bacon writing the *Novum Organon*, Galileo scanning the stars, Milton musing on *Paradise Lost*, Newton establishing the theory of gravitation, Harvey ascertaining the circulation of the blood—are all most illustrious instances of the truth of this position.

Emulation, however, may be materially modified by education—an influence, indeed, decreasing in strength in exact proportion to the markedness and decision of natural temperament, yet, from the absence of these characteristics in the mass of minds more extensively potent than the other. We use the term *education* in its widest sense, intending by it not the bare apprehensions of certain branches of learning, but the operation, both on the intellect and on the character, of all those agencies by which the human being is surrounded between the periods of infancy and manhood. If these influences be on the side of evil, the sentiment of emulation will either be stifled or directed habitually to pursuits that are vain, vicious, and vile. If they be good, the young mind will be instructed as to the legitimate objects of the emotion, and the temper in which they ought to be prosecuted. How powerfully each order of agencies acts we have innumerable proofs. If, to take an illustration from a well-known passage in ancient history, the love of fame co-operated in the mind of Brutus with the love of country, to determine him on the sacrifice of his offspring:

"Vincet amor patriæ, laudumque immensa cupido," how must the principle of emulation have been warped and perverted by the sublimely barbarous notions of the nation and the

time! And it was probably the false light in which he had been taught to contemplate the deed of his progenitor, that led the younger Brutus to the perpetration of a crime almost equally repugnant to unsophisticated nature, the assassination of his benefactor and friend. To take instances of a class—the prize-fighter who vaunts his brutal strength and brutal science as superior to those of his brother boxers; the miss whose desire is fulfilled if she can flaunt in gayer silks than the other girls of the neighborhood, and be seen hanging on the arm of a more buckish admirer—are examples from each of the sexes of the vast influence exerted by early training in lowering the sentiment of emulation. But this influence, as that of temperament, is not all on one side. By imbuing the heart of youth with the best principles, and storing its intellect with the choicest knowledge; by placing constantly before it the noblest models of genius and virtue, that it may drink in their spirit, and look itself into their likeness; by surrounding it with circumstances calculated to foster its aspirations and invigorate its efforts after excellence, and removing such as clog or cramp these—

"Repress its noble range,  
And freeze the genial current of the soul,"

by lenient censure of its defects, and liberal praise of its successes; by such means as these we shall enlist this noble susceptibility in the cause of goodness, and give it a direction the happiest in its results alike to the individual and mankind.

We cannot conclude without a brief notice of the evidence deducible from this part of our constitution of the benevolence of the Deity. This quality is strikingly displayed, first, in the implanting the affection we have been considering, and, secondly, in the provision for its diversified direction. In emulation we have the chief primary incentive to the acquisition of knowledge. The wish to be informed would lose much of its vividness, if ignorance were no longer regarded as shameful. It is the principle we have been considering that gives the original impulse to enter on the paths of literature and science—paths that at first are thorny and repulsive, and that only appear charming as we proceed. Literature and science have indeed inherent attractions amply sufficient to detain the initiated, but emulation it is that must attract to them the novice. It is this that prevents his becoming disheartened by the difficulties with which he must struggle in the pursuit of knowledge; that nerves him for the tedious and difficult ascent of

"The steep where fame's proud temple shines afar."  
Divest man of this capacity, and the freshness and buoyancy of his being are gone with it. The choicest of the pleasures of hope and of taste, being those dependent on emulation, are annihilated. Society stagnates, learning is neglected, and life becomes a dull, because an *objectless* routine.

LENGTH OF DAYS.—At Berlin and London the longest day has 16½ hours. At Stockholm and Upsal the longest has 18½ hours, and the shortest 5½. At Hamburg, Dantzic and Settin the longest day has seventeen hours and the shortest seven. At St. Petersburg and Tobolsk the longest has nineteen and the shortest five hours. At Tornes, in Finland, the longest day has 21½ hours and the shortest 2½. At Waudorbus, in Norway, the day lasts from the 21st of May to the 22nd of July, without interruption, and in Spitzbergen the longest day lasts three months and a half.

Men's lives should be like the day—more beautiful in the evening; or like the summer-aglow with golden sheaves, where good deeds have ripened in the golden field.

### Greek Art.

In the seventh century B. C. are seen the beginnings of the national art. Foreign influences are still felt, but specific Greek characteristics are recognized. Though there is evidence of the existence at the beginning of this period of but two schools of art—the Athenian and the school of Ægina—it cannot be doubted that there were other centres of art-activity where peculiar characteristics were developed. It is not yet possible to assign the works of the first period of Greek sculpture to specific schools, though as the period progresses Attic art may be distinguished from Lycian, Spartan from Sicilian, and Corinthian from that of Ægina. The period may be regarded as embracing more than two centuries. In the middle of the fifth century its characteristics may be still recognized. The period may be divided into two parts, the first part including the seventh and sixth centuries, the second the first half of the fifth century. Of the art-activities of the second part, numerous and important specimens have been preserved.

From the middle of the fifth to the end of the fourth century B. C., Greek sculpture is so excellent that these three half centuries may be regarded as constituting the period of its highest development. Still within this period there are differences of style. These differences are especially noticeable in the statues of the gods.

The contemporaries of Phidias believed in the gods, and believed in them as they had been conceived by Pindar and Æschylus. To these inspired poets the gods revealed themselves as purer, more solemn, and holier beings than the Homeric divinities. But the artists of the fourth century were skeptics. They accepted the gods as objects of representation and endowed them with charms and graces; but they could no longer impart to their statues that solemn and ethical severity which in former images enforced reverence and worship, because there was no longer a faith in the real existence of the denizens of Olympus. The history of religious art may be briefly stated as follows: In the earliest sculpture, the chief object in view was to present religious ideas by means of accepted types. Beauty was neglected; was not unfrequently intentionally disregarded. As time progresses, little by little the principle of beauty is recognized, till finally it supersedes and extinguishes religious impression.

During the latter part of the fifth century the claims of beauty and the demands of religion were about equally recognized. The art characteristic of the period under discussion is, therefore, the recognition of beauty, but its subordination to religion wherever religion requires the retention of early types.

The majority of the works belonging to the period which so far have been discovered are Athenian. Those which are not Athenian are so few in number and their origin is so doubtful that it is useless to attempt a division into schools.—*Professor D. Cady Eaton.*

A debtor who was sued by his creditor acknowledged that he had borrowed the money, but declared that the plaintiff knew at the time that it was a Kathleen Mavourneen loan. "A Kathleen Mavourneen loan," repeated the Court, with puzzled look. "That's it, judge, one of the loans that may be for years and it may be forever sort."

To prevent lamp globes from becoming smoked soak the wick in strong vinegar, and dry it thoroughly before you use it. It will then burn both sweet and pleasant and will give a great deal of pleasure for the trifling work of preparing it.

### How Caesar Found Water in Egypt.

The painful interest now attaching to the water supply of Alexandria, has led Dr. Samuel Crompton to call attention to a passage in the writing of Lord Bacon bearing upon that subject. "Dig a pit," says the author of the "Novum Organon," "upon the sea-shore somewhat above the high-water mark, and as the tide comes in it will fill with water fresh and palatable. This is commonly practiced upon the coast of Barbary where other fresh water is wanting." Lord Bacon refers briefly in confirmation to the experience of Cæsar during the Alexandrian war. The incidents is told with more detail in the "Commentaries" attributed to Hirtius. The general of the Egyptian troops was Ganymed, who made great exertions to deprive the Roman troops of their water supply by the introduction of salt water into the canals supplying the cisterns of the quarter of the town held by them. When the brackishness of the water became increasingly known there was something like a panic. Some blamed Cæsar for not at once retreating to the ships, while others were afraid that such a step would lead to further mischief, since the retrograde movement could not be concealed from the Alexandrian troops. Moreover, in the part in which the Roman troops were stationed were many inhabitants charitably supposed to be favorable to Cæsar and his fortunes, but whose fidelity was not too much assured, "All who know them," in effect says Anlus Hirtius "will be convinced that they are the most suitable instrument in the world for treason." To allay the fears of the soldiery Cæsar assured them that they could easily find fresh water by digging wells, since sea coasts naturally abounded in fresh springs, and that even if the soil of Egypt differed from all others in that respect there was the open sea and access by it to Prætonium on the left and to Pharos on the right, whence they could obtain supplies. He counselled them to abandon all thought of retreat and to seek safety in victory alone. The soldiers were reassured by the words of their great leader. The centurions, laying aside all other works, devoted themselves to the digging of wells, and the labor was continued by day and night. So vigorously, we are told, was the undertaking prosecuted that during the first night abundance of fresh water was discovered. "Thus," says Hirtius, "the mighty projects of the Alexandrians were entirely defeated, and that without any great effort on our side."

### Eli Perkins on Women Masons.

Eli Perkins is a Royal Arch Mason, and at a Masonic Celebration in Washington he undertook to answer the question, why Women Cannot be Free Masons.

Women sometimes complain that they are not permitted to enter the lodge and work with the craft in their labors, and learn all there is to be learned in this institution. I will explain the reason. I learn that before the Almighty had finished His work He was in doubt about creating Eve. The creation of the living and creeping things had been accomplished, and the Almighty had made Adam, who was the first Mason, and created for him the finest lodge in the world, and called it Paradise No. 1. [Laughter.] He then called all the beasts of the field and fowls of the air to pass before Adam, for him to name them, which was a piece of work he had to do alone, that no confusion might thereafter arise from Eve, who he knew would make trouble if she was allowed to participate in it, if He created her beforehand. Adam being fatigued with his first task fell asleep, and when he awoke found Eve in the lodge with

him. Adam, being senior warden, placed Eve as the pillar of beauty in the south, and they received their instructions from the Grand Master in the east, and when finished, she immediately called the craft from labor to refreshment. Instead of attending to the duties of her office as she ought, she left her station, violated her obligation, and let in an expelled Mason, who had no business there, and went around with him, leaving Adam to look after the jewels. This fellow had been expelled from the Grand Lodge, with several others, some time before. Finding that Eve was no longer trustworthy, and that she had caused Adam to neglect his duty, and had let one in whom he had expelled, the Grand Master closed the lodge and turned them out, setting a faithful tyler to guard the door with a flaming sword. Adam repented of his folly and went to work like a man and a good Mason, in order to get reinstated again. Not so with Eve! She got angry about it, and commenced raising Cain, and did it again when she got Abel. [Laughter.] Adam on account of his reformation, was permitted to establish lodges and work in the degrees, and while Eve was allowed to join him in his works of charity on the outside, she was never again permitted to assist in the regular work of the craft. Hence the reason why a woman cannot become an inside Mason.

### Sounds from a Rainbow.

One of the most wonderful discoveries in science that has been made within the last year or two is the fact that a beam of light produces sound. A beam of sunlight is thrown through a lens on a glass vessel that contains lampblack, colored silk, or worsted, or other substances. A disk having slits or openings cut in it is made to revolve swiftly in this beam of light, so as to cut it up, thus making alternate flashes of light and shadow. On putting the ear to the glass vessel, strange sounds are heard so long as the flashing beam is falling on the vessel.

Recently a more wonderful discovery has been made. The beam of sunlight is made to pass through a prism, so as to produce what is called the solar spectrum, or rainbow. The disk is turned and the colored light of the rainbow is made to break through it. Now, place the ear to the vessel containing the silk, wool, or other material. As the colored lights of the spectrum fall upon it sounds will be given by different parts of the spectrum, and there will be silence in other parts. For instance, if the vessel contains red worsted and the green light flashes upon it, loud sounds will be given. Only feeble sounds will be heard when the red and blue parts of the rainbow fall upon the vessel, and other colors make no sound at all. Green silk gives sound best in red light. Every kind of material gives more or less sound in others. The discovery is a strange one, and it is thought more wonderful things will come from it.

The Future is always fairyland to the young. Life is like a beautiful winding lane, on either side bright flowers, and beautiful butterflies, and tempting fruits, which we scarcely pause to admire and to taste, so eager are we to hasten to an opening which we imagine will be more beautiful still.

Wisdom is an open fountain, whose waters are not to be sealed up, but kept running for the benefit of all.

Our evil genius, like the junior member of a deliberative body, always gives its views first.

From New York Sun of Tuesday, October 10.

### Rushing for the Big Cane.

A Defeat that Falls Heavily on Columbia's Freshmen—With Damaged Clothing and Scarred Bodies they Solemnly Affirm that they Will Do Without Walking Sticks Till Next Spring.

There is nothing in the traditions of Columbia College that prevents freshmen from wearing eyeglasses and banging their hair; but if they attempt to carry canes before the spring following their admission to the college the sophomores are expected to reduce them to that condition of humility which is incompatible with the carrying of a walking stick for the purpose of adornment. It is customary to test the question of the sophomores' ability to do this in a general "cane rush," conducted under certain regulations, and if the freshmen come off victorious they are considered as having earned the privilege of carrying canes, and are not thereafter interfered with in the enjoyment of that pleasure.

About 150 students of Columbia gathered in the Grand Central Depot yesterday afternoon, and took the 1½ o'clock rapid transit train for Mott Haven. They alighted and walked, shouting like a delegation from Bloomingdale, to the Athletic grounds. Here many of them turned their coats inside out, some donned canvas jackets, and others stripped to the waist. A highly polished hickory cane two inches in diameter was then produced by W. N. Eldridge, the referee of the proposed contest. The judges for the freshmen were C. Taber, '84, and C. A. Rapallo, '84. C. H. Turner was their Captain. The sophomores' judges were E. Pupke, '83, and G. Barnes, '83. C. H. Mapes was Captain. Fifty freshmen and sixty sophomores prepared for the battle. The freshmen, although outnumbered, had the heavier men. The referee announced that the rush would continue fifteen minutes. If the sophomores did not succeed in that time in wresting the cane from the freshmen and keeping it for one minute, the freshmen would be permitted to carry canes until next spring.

At 3 o'clock the representatives of the two classes stood facing each other at a distance of about twenty feet. Six stalwart freshmen tightly grasped the cane. The referee stood with his watch in his left hand.

"Are you ready, '86?" he asked.

"Yes," responded a chorus of eighty-sixers.

"Are you ready, '85?" he asked.

"We are," said the sophomore Captain.

"Rush!" shouted the referee.

At the word the freshmen crowded around to protect their doughty companions who held the cane. The sophomores yelled vigorously and precipitated themselves in a body against the freshmen. Sophomores leaped on the backs of the freshmen and bore them to the ground. Freshmen clasped their hands around the necks of sophomores and dragged them backward. Goughing, kicking, and scratching were indulged in freely. Sophomores not in the rush yelled "Go in, '85!" and freshmen defiantly shouted "Eighty-six! Eighty-six! Eighty-six!" A freshman fainted and was borne away. Shortly afterward a sophomore succumbed. Time was called by the referee at 3¼.

The judges and referee were unable to decide, because of the confusion, whether the sophomores or freshmen had gained their point. Another rush was determined upon. The combatants had ten minutes for rest and refreshment. The referee announced that the second rush would continue ten minutes, at the end of which time the class having the most men holding the cane would be awarded the victory.

The appearance of the opposing forces when they drew up in line for the second rush was not soldierly. The freshmen's dainty bangs had wilted. Canvas jackets were slit up the back, hats were without rims, and rims were without hats, the lining was torn out of many coats, and bare backs were scratched. When the referee shouted "Rush!" the freshmen closed around the caneholders as before, and the sophomores threw themselves against them. The combat was more desperate than the first. A dozen men fell and were trampled on in the rush. One fainted, and many retired exhausted. After the referee had shouted "Time!" until he was hoarse the struggle continued as fiercely as ever. Sophomores and freshmen launched themselves bodily upon each other, and the wrestling, kicking, scratching, and throttling were kept up. A dozen youths acting as policemen, the judges, and the referee finally dragged the battling classes apart. Those who had hold of the cane were not disturbed.

The judges decided that six freshmen and eight sophomores had possession of the cane. The referee mounted a marking board in the field and announced the decision amid cries of "Eighty-six! eighty-six! eighty-six!" and "C-o-l-u-m-b-i-a!" The freshmen raised their right hands and declared with due solemnity that they would abide by the decision of the referee, and, in accordance with the time-honored custom of the college, not carry canes until the ensuing spring.

### Cigarette Smoking.

Scarcely less injurious, in a subtle and generally unrecognized way, than the habit of taking "nips" of alcohol between meals, is the growing practice of smoking cigarettes incessantly. We have not a word to say against smoking at suitable times, and in moderation, nor do our remarks at this moment apply to the use of cigars or pipes. It is against the habit of smoking cigarettes in large quantities, with the belief that these miniature doses of nicotine are innocuous, we desire to enter a protest. The truth is that, perhaps, owing to the way the tobacco-leaf is shredded, coupled with the fact that it is brought into more direct relation with the mouth and air-passages than when it is smoked in a pipe or a cigar, the effects produced on the nervous system by a free consumption of cigarettes are more marked and characteristic than those recognizable after recourse to other modes of smoking. A pulse-tracing made after the subject has smoked, say a dozen cigarettes, will, as a rule, be flatter and more indicative of depression than one taken after the smoking of cigars. It is no uncommon practice for young men who smoke cigarettes habitually to consume from eight to twelve in an hour, and to keep this up for four or five hours daily. The total quantity of tobacco used may not seem large, but beyond question the volume of smoke to which the breath organs of the smoker are exposed, and the characteristics of that smoke as regard the proportion of nicotine introduced into the system, combine to place the organism very fully under the influence of the tobacco. A considerable number of cases have been brought under our notice during the last few months, in which youths and young men who have not yet completed the full term of physical development have had their health seriously impaired by the practice of almost incessantly smoking cigarettes. It is well that the facts should be known, as the impression evidently prevails that any number of these little "whiffs" must needs be perfectly innocuous, whereas they often do infinite harm.—*Lancet.*

### THE FABLED UPAS TREE.

Another romantic tradition has been refuted, another thrilling illusion dispelled, by Dr. Otto Kuntze's discovery that the lethal capacities of Pakamaran, the renowned Death Valley in the island of Java, are as utterly fabulous as the Norwegian Kraaken or Richard of Gloucester's hump. It is no longer permitted to us to believe that the effects of the subtle poison given off by the "Deadly Upas Tree" have bestrewn that dismal vale with countless carcasses of savage beasts, serpents and birds, or that a certain death awaits any foolhardy traveler attempting to cross it; for the eminent German explorer has paid Pakamaran an exhausting visit, and reports it to be as healthy as any other part of the island. In the way of corpses, he did not see so much as a dead fly within its precincts. He describes it as a small circle depression in a gorge of the Dieng Mountains, about seven square metres in size, and forlorn of vegetation. It is approached by two foot-paths, winding downward from the hill by which it was surrounded. By one of these paths Dr. Kuntze entered the Death Valley, despite the entreaties of his guides and servants, one of whom repeatedly strove to hold him back by force, and, having traversed Pakamaran in every direction, quitted it by the other path. The natives had assured him that he would find the valley choked up by skeletons, as even the swiftest birds flying above it would drop down stone-dead, slain by its poisonous exhalations. In vain, however, could he detect the least unpleasant odor. Dr. Kuntze pronounces Pakamaran to be an imposture, the offspring of ignorance and superstition. Unable to dispute his sentence, we are bound, not altogether without regret, to relate the death-dealing tale to the limbo of exploded myths.—*London Telegraph.*

### The District Schoolmaster.

There iz one thing in this basement world that I always look upon with mixt feelins of pity and respect.

There iz one man in the world to whom I always took of mi hat, and remane uncovered until he gits safely by, and that iz the distrikt schoolmaster. When I meet him I look on him as a marter just returned from the stake or on his way to be cooked. He leads a more lonsom and single life than an old bachelor.

He is remembered just about as long ef-feshinateli as a gide board iz by a travlin pack pedlur. Iff he undertakes to make his scholarz luv him the chances are he will neglect their lurnin, and iff he dont lick em now and then pretty often, they will soon lick him. The distrikt schoolmaster ain't got a friend on the flat side ov the globe.

The boys snowball him durin' recess, the gurls put water in his hair die, and the school committy makes him work for half the money a bartender gets, and board him round the neighborhood, where they give him rye coffy sweetened with molases tew drink, and codfish bolls three times a day for vittles.

Talk tew me about the pashunce uv the ancient Job. Job had prety plenty uv biles all over him; no doubt the were all uv one breed. Every one in a distrikt school iz a bile uv a different breed, and each young one needs a different kind of poultiss tu get a good head on him. Enny man who has kept distrikt school for ten years, and haz borded around the naborhood ought to be mager general, and have a penshun for the rest uv hiz natural days, and a hoss and wagon tu du hiz goin around in.—*Josh Billings.*

When Chinese sailors are short of food they salt their *junk* and eat it.

### Briefs.

Last year Oberlin had 1,300 students. Dickenson will celebrate her Centennial year next June.

Princeton commenced her 136th year with 500 students.

Pennsylvania College commemorated the 50th year of her founding last June.

Gas was first used for giving light in 1805, in Manchester, England, for lighting cotton mills.

Rev. Holmes Dysinger has been elected to the chair of Ancient Languages in North Carolina College.

Lafayette celebrated her semi-centennial anniversary last June, and commenced her 51st year with 300 students on her roll.

Nearly every new invention by which production is made easier and cheaper has met with some opposition. The old way of making boards was by splitting up the logs with wedges, and clumsy as the method was, it was no easy matter to persuade the world that there was a better. Saw mills were first used in Europe in the fifteenth century. In 1663 a Dutchman built one in England, but the public outcry against it was so vehement that he was soon obliged to decamp, and, for the next hundred years, no one ventured to repeat the experiment. In 1768 a rash adventurer began to erect another mill, but a mob gathered and tore it down.

### How Alligators Eat.

An alligator's throat, writes Eli Perkins in the *N. Y. Star*, is an animated sewer. Everything which lodges in his open mouth goes down. He is a lazy dog, and, instead of hunting for something to eat he lets his vituals hunt for him. That is, he lays with his great mouth open, apparently dead, like the possum. Soon a bug crawls into it, then a fly, then several gnats and a colony of mosquitoes. The alligator don't close his mouth yet. He is waiting for a whole drove of things. He does his eating by wholesale. A little later a lizard will cool himself under the shade of the upper jaw. Then a few frogs will hop up to catch the mnsquitoes. Then more mosquitoes and gnats light on the frogs. Finally a whole village of insects and reptiles settle down for an afternoon picnic. Then, all at once there is an earthquake. The big jaw falls the alligator blinks one eye, gulps down the whole menagerie and opens his great front door again for more visitors.

A STUDY IN RHYME.—There are words which no poets can rhyme. Such are *scarf, bilge, kiln, coif, culm, gulf*, etc. *Avenge and venge* cannot be rhymed. If we would have a rhyme for *help* we must take our choice of *whelp, kelp* and *yelp*, which at once suggest a whelp giving a yelp to secure help. So noble a word as *faith* can only be rhymed with *wraith*, and the most that could be made of the rhyme would probably be an exhortation to put no faith in visionary wraith. "Tom Hood's Rhymester" gives *rath* as a rhyme for *faith*, but the "a" in *rath* is short, and the word, as a noun at least, is obsolete. It means a high hill or fortress, and might form a useful rhyme with *faith* but for the difficulties mentioned. The word as an adjective means before the time. Miltons speak of "the *rath* promise which forsaken dies." Thus naturally springs the thought—

"In promise *rath*  
Put thou no *faith*,"  
and that poetic license might possibly allow.

Time, that should enrich the mind, neglected, leaves a dreary waste behind.—*Cowper.*

THE  
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GEORGE W. TODD, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

WESTMINSTER, MD., OCT., 1882.

We are now fast approaching that season of the year when nature assumes her richest hues, and presents herself for our admiration, dressed in her most beautifully tinted foliage. No time of the year is calculated to inspire the soul of man more powerfully than autumn. It infuses into him a love for the æsthetic and beautiful, and the Divine Governor and Ruler of the universe, which can be gathered from no other source in the natural order of this systematic world of ours. The beauty of American forests at autumn is almost unsurpassed; tourists from beyond the Atlantic speak with unbounded praise of the picturesque and delightful impression, experienced in our forests decked in their autumnal garb. The husbandman feels a degree of satisfaction at having completed a season of anxiety and toil, as he sees the chief source of his riches gathered and garnered for his maintenance and support. The great work of nature at this season is disintegration and decay. Plants having gone on in their progressive stages, are now reclaimed to the bosom of mother earth. Seeds are scattered by the hand of nature. The winds disperse them far and wide over the face of the earth, which in turn germinate, grow and decay, according to the dispensation of a divine Providence. Our feathered songsters, whose warbling notes cheered our hearts in the heat of summer, are gradually yielding to the voice of nature, and seeking, in the far south, climes more congenial. We are warned by it that all creation must eventually succumb to that inevitable fate, decay; and man, that most exquisite specimen of handiwork, has not been exempted from the decree. Poets catching the inspiration chant in their lays of the beauties bountifully bestowed upon the luxuriant vegetation, and the foliage of our sturdy oaks, before the coming of that season, when the chilling blasts of winter have stripped them of all their beauty, and left them as so many monuments of desolation. Artists sketch upon canvass the landscape scenery as its verdant green is being tinted by the early frost. The student fresh from the enjoyment of a summer's vacation, lured by the calm and placid appearance of nature, is loth to betake himself to the duties of the recitation room, and he wanders leisurely to some sturdy oak whose spreading branches and rustling leaves soothe him, and enjoys the last of

the dying year. This variegated world belongs to those who can enjoy it, the blue vault of heaven, the rippling brook, the changeful chant of the ocean, are for those who can delight in them.

How unlike is the appreciation of a cultivated and intelligent mind for these bounties from that displayed by the cold, unsympathetic, and ignorant. In proportion as we become refined in taste so does our admiration and love for the wonderful and extraordinary workings of the universe increase. The merchant sees no more in our great and beautiful rivers other than that they furnish facilities for inland navigation. The herdsman sees no more in our magnificent prairies other than the qualities which they possess for grazing. The leaves of the trees assume every variety of color, rendering our forests beautiful and enchanting, and as Autumn closes and the storms of winter come upon them, they are scattered far and wide. As the last song of the dying swan is said to be the most melodious, so the foliage is most beautiful just before its final dissolution.

#### Our Method of Education.

We are prompted by a few years' experience to mention through our editorial column a few of the many advantages offered by a system of education conducted on such a plan as that adopted by our College. And first let it be understood that ours is not co-education in its full meaning where the two sexes are required to pursue the same course of study and under the same circumstances; but it is that by which they are educated under the same roof, by the same corps of instructors, and in the same class-room but at different periods of time, so that each is daily brought into close proximity and served as a check upon the general conduct and habits of the other. Such a method as this, conducted on a strict and well-devised scheme, is better than any of the more formal plans adopted by our larger institutions of learning. For example, we have only to look at any one of those Colleges where only the male sex is admitted and notice the general manners of their students as compared with those where there is that care and dignity which our sex naturally produces on the part of the other, and which common respect to humanity requires should be maintained. Education, in its broadest signification, implies something more than mere cultivation of the mind. In this time of enlightenment and civilization the morals of mankind must be improved, as well as the intellect enlarged, literary culture and refinement constitute the characteristics of an educated man as much as the enlargement of the mental capacities. And in no way can these requisites be more equally cultivated in the young man than by the advantage of such an education as I have described above.

It is at school that the character of a young man is formed that marks the destiny of his future life, it is there that he acquires those habits which in after life will mark him for good or evil. What

these habits shall be and how they can be best obtained, should be questions with the student of as much consideration as any other of his College duties. And it is as much the duty of the College authorities to look to the interest of the student in this respect as to his mental improvement. How then can this be done? Our answer is—educate your sons and daughters together, let there be that association between the sexes so that one will be a constant oversight to the other, and that powerful influence which the mere presence of woman naturally exerts of the habits and customs of man will soon cause that pride and refinement among the students which few of our Colleges possess. A great many entertain the foolish idea that it lowers the dignity and standing of a College to educate the two sexes together. Without stopping to refute this, we would simply refer them to most anyone of those institutions which are conducted on the opposite plan, where the student will rise from his couch at the ringing of the early bell, and rush to the dining or recitation room with the marks of the pillow fresh upon his sleepy brow, and utterly regardless as to his manner of dress. If this be the standard by which they measure their dignity, we envy them none of their rank, and are satisfied with the ordinary method as described above.

#### Importance of a Reading Room.

The students of our College have made several attempts to establish a reading room but as yet have made no perceptible advancement in that line. Now that a new building is being erected on the campus some arrangements should be made so that this important feature of College instruction may be no longer neglected, and the long-cherished hope of the students may be realized. It should be the object of everyone and especially of the young man to keep himself posted in periodical literature, so that, when he calls on his lady friend he can find something to engage her attention besides the weather and the pleasure he anticipates in coasting and slay-riding next winter. There is many a spare moment in which we could gather up a daily paper and pluck a few thoughts that in the end would amount to considerable knowledge; and I know of no better way to find repose for our minds after hours of hard work over our lessons than in taking up one of these papers and carefully perusing its columns. The students, we know, are very anxious for this, but they can do nothing in themselves. Shall the anxious minds of these young people crave for knowledge while it is in the power of the authorities to supply the needs? Let us, then, continue to urge the necessity of a reading room, and, while addition is being made to our buildings, let us "strike the iron while it is hot" and stand among our sister Colleges in this as we do in other respects.

The effect of the electric light on the eye was recently discussed in Paris, and the consulting scientists pronounced it harmless.

#### College Locals.

The undergraduates are organizing an athletic club.

Irving Literary Society has upon her roll-book for this year forty-five active members.

Among other features of amusements in college, the boys have established an orchestra.

The Preparatory department has been supplied with a new outfit of desks and benches.

Up to this date 114 students have enrolled for the collegiate year beginning September '82.

Mr. S. C. Ohrum, who was confined to his bed for more than a week with malarial fever is again restored to health.

The Sophomores have supplied themselves with neat class-caps; the Freshmen determined that the Sophomores shall not get ahead of them in any respect have sent off their order for one of a similar character.

The Sophomores boast that they have the best class in college as to physical strength. The Freshmen are inclined to doubt this, and the consequence is that they occasionally meet in joint combat on the campus.

Of the eleven male graduates of the class of '82—five are teaching school, one preaching, two pursuing a special course of theology, one under the employment of the government and one engaged in the profession of journalism.

Moonlight nights seem to have a bad effect upon some of our students. During the last appearance of this nightly orb a certain member of the Senior class called to see his lady friend two nights in succession and was not unfrequently seen promenading the streets until a late hour.

Prof. Zimmerman is taking action to have his recitation-room enlarged so that he may be able to give public lectures. This is a splendid movement, and, if carried out, we hope the citizens of Westminster, as well as the students of College will show their appreciation by attending the lectures.

The new building which is now being erected on the College campus, dedicated Ward Hall, is under roof, and will be completed and ready for use by the last of next month. It is four stories high and will accommodate about thirty-five students, besides several other rooms which will be appropriated to different purposes.

The ladies and gentlemen had their first reunion in the chapel Saturday, September 30th, and every one seemed pleased with the occasion. These social gatherings are interesting as well as improving to the students of both departments, and we think it would be a good idea if they happened more frequently. Let it not be presumed however that the Editors are personally interested in the matter.

The most necessary talent in a man of conversation is a good judgment. He that has this in perfection is master of his companion, without letting him see it, and has the same advantage over men of other qualifications, as he that can see would have over a blind man of ten times his strength.

Without reasons, as on a tempestuous sea, we are the sport of every wind and wave, and know not, till the event hath determined it, how the next billow will dispose of us, whether it will dash us against a rock or drive us into a quiet harbor.

The advantage of living does not consist in length of days, but in the right improvement of them.

Men, like books, have at each end a blank leaf—childhood and old age.

*Written for the Irving Literary Gazette.*

### The College Boy.

Our anticipation is often far ahead of our realization in a great many matters of life, and quite frequently are we sadly disappointed or agreeably surprised at the realization of things that we have formerly anticipated. A boy, probably reared in a country home, cut off from that influence which frequent association with boys gives, and brought up with but himself as a playmate and his own ideas as his entertainment, life away from home being nothing but the pure ideal, is apt to quake with fear and misgiving, when his father calls him into his presence, and with gentle words, but with firmness and decision expressed in his voice, tells him that he is now old enough to make his entrance into college.

From the earliest existence of colleges down to the present time it has been the custom to paint college life in a manner most interesting and attractive to readers and hearers. The reader is led along by the exciting story in which the writer describes some hairbreadth escape from the stern and grave professor, by which capture, had it been made, he would probably have brought disgrace and expulsion upon himself. The reader is easily attracted by the well told joke, which required great skill and risk, and consequently was very dangerous to perform, practised upon the new student—a joke that results in a final fun to the practisers and in the exceeding discomfiture of the student; but, as the story goes, it is brought to an agreeable ending by some heroic deed of the new boy, by which he gains the good will of all the students. Through the details of the story, should you cast your eyes on the face of the hearer, you will find there something that can be easily formed into the words—"How much indeed does the college boy have to bear?" With such ideas and suppositions concerning college life, it cannot be wondered at that the boy, just preparing to leave his secluded home and launch out among associates in such unaccustomed numbers, feels a loss of confidence in himself. And as he is borne out of sight of his home attractions, he is made to think that he has left all his friends behind him and that there is now nothing to live for. After these meditations pass over, he begins to think of the future, and it is useless to say that his imagination carries him into almost utter distraction. His ideas of the college boy whom he is expecting to meet are then of a peculiar kind. The student he imagines to be a certain style of humanity in which is centered all the bad characteristics of the human race, especially those pertaining to joke-playing. Thus carried along in his imagination, he is landed at college with but a vague idea of how he came there. Then his anticipations are about to be realized and he is for the first time in his life to behold a student at college. He imagines that he can see the gleam of devilry in his eye, and consequently looks on him rather suspiciously. He is carried before that "venerable and august" assembly called the Faculty, and undergoes a close scrutiny and examination that by no means tends to make him feel better.

But now comes the worst period of his college life—when the germ of homesickness begins to sprout and develops into the full-blown flower of extreme misery. He is, indeed, then in a pitiable condition, his playmates seem to him to be enemies rather than friends, and their expressions of sympathy nothing but ridicule. He is unusually sensitive, thinking that every conversation, every remark, and every jest is in-

tended to apply directly or indirectly to himself. He impatiently awaits a letter from home, having some vague idea that he will therein find some remedy for his misery. He devours with eager eyes every word, and, indeed, does receive some consolation from its kind and loving expressions, telling him how much he is missed at home and how they would all like to see him; for it is very gratifying to know that you are missed by some one. He finishes the perusal feeling that he can look anybody in the face and fear nothing. He has now entered upon another stage of college life. He soon becomes interested in his studies, attached to the boys, and devoted to his instructors. Then is college life proved to him to be something else besides trials and sorrow and drudgery in books. Yes, surely he should cast aside such ideas, for he is now probably passing through the happiest portion of his life. If he conducts himself in a just and proper manner towards his schoolmates, he will find himself surrounded by true and staunch friends, ever ready to help him through the greatest difficulty, and who will prove themselves worthy assistants in times of need through life.

His time is passed with such a sameness as would appear to an outsider to be very monotonous; but to himself there is an attraction that he cannot describe. He has an opportunity to study the various peculiarities and characteristics of his numerous associates, deciding upon which is the good and which the bad of their characters, thus learning how to form his own character and discipline himself.

The manliness in the boy is developed, for he feels that to a certain degree he is thrown on his own responsibility. He has the advice of his parents on only a few things, and on the others he must use his own judgment. Thus he has an opportunity for cultivating soundness of judgment and the distinction between right and wrong. When at home under the guidance of his parents, whose advice he could consult, he was left in no doubt as to what course to pursue in matters, but at college he must consult his own conscience, always remembering the teachings received at home and adhering strictly to them. No doubt he will meet with others of his schoolmates who advance other theories, but let him strongly oppose them, and by so doing show his power of resisting temptation. His victory cannot be obtained without there is an opponent, good qualities cannot be formed and proved strong unless there is temptation. To discipline, rigidly train and practice himself in those accomplishments which will fit him for a good citizen and to obtain a good and full comprehension of his studies should be the aim of the student at college. J. W. M.

*Written for the Irving Literary Gazette.*

### Prince George's County.

This beautiful and attractive portion of land, situated in the southern part of our State, lies between two large and navigable streams of water, the Patuxent and Potomac rivers. The land of this county, which equals the lands of the mighty west, is noted for its productiveness. The fertility of her soil is almost unsurpassed; and when the chilling blasts of winter are over, and spring spreads her warm and regenerating breath over the land, vegetation springs up with such rapidity as to astonish not only strangers and visitors, but even almost to astonish the inhabitants. During the summer season her vast fields teem with their various species of vegetation, and when the harvest is brought to a close the great emporium of our State is crowded with their abundant and excellent productions. Her hills or elevations, as they gradually rise to

a moderate height above the surrounding meadows, which are ever clothed in the garments of verdure, and the rank grasses of which are tossed by the breezes like the waves of the sea, present beautiful and picturesque sceneries. In different parts of the county many beautiful views attract the attention of the observer. A grand aspect is presented when we stand upon some elevation near the District of Columbia and behold the magnificent capitol of our country at Washington, as it towers above the surrounding regions. Viewing and admiring this grand capitol, situated in the District of Columbia, calls to our minds what a great and glorious country this is in which we live, and what great blessings her citizens enjoy. Along the Potomac river, and especially near Fort Washington, a splendid observation can be had of another noted place, Mt. Vernon, which is dear to the memory of every American citizen, because it was the dwelling place of the great hero of our land, and the place where his remains now rest in sweet repose, who removed this country from the oppressor's hand and placed her on such a solid foundation that she may never fall. Looking upon the homestead and tomb of this earnest patriot causes us to reflect upon his noble achievements and the position which he has occupied in our country. All of these happy recollections encourage us to direct our steps to higher aims and walk in those noble foot-prints which he has marked out before us. This county has now ample means of communication with the various cities of our country. Besides the rivers which have been mentioned before whose untroubled waters, glittering under the sun-lit sky, glide onward to mingle with the waters of the sea, she has three railroads passing through her lands, which afford great facilities for travelling and for carrying on traffic with other States of this extensive country as well as our own. Upper Marlborough, the country seat, which is surrounded by some of the rich forest lands of the county, contains one of the finest court houses in southern Maryland, and the county has produced some of the ablest lawyers that ever appeared before the bar of justice, whose endeavors were for justice and for the benefit of their fellow-citizens, and not for their own interest alone. She has produced many worthy and able statesmen, who have, on many occasions, made a display of their eloquence in our legislative halls; who have served well the people whom they represented, and who have striven to elevate their county and their state to the highest standard. Their illustrious names have not passed away in oblivion, but have been borne by the wings of time to future generations. She has also produced one who has filled the gubernatorial chair with honor to himself and to his country. His earthly days have not yet ended, and he is still living at his peaceful home in his native county. Many promising youths are on the road of a prosperous career, and are always ready and prepared to take the places of those who have served their country faithfully; but who, on account of their age, wish to retire from further services and surrender their positions to those of a more suitable age. Her people are continually striving for the happiness of one another and for promoting the interest of our county. They are sociable and hospitable, always meeting with tokens of gladness, welcoming strangers in a most friendly and agreeable manner, and extending a helping hand to those in need. They are also industrious and energetic, obeying the command of the Creator by earning their daily bread by the sweat of their brows, and tilling the land in such a manner as to make it prove of the greatest possible value and yielding

fruits in the greatest abundance. The youths are brought up to be industrious and useful, and are educated in a manner that will better fit them for their various pursuits in life; so that they, having become acquainted with their profession, can march on with undoubted success in the path which leads to prosperity. The workmen, therefore, are scarcely ever trifling in performing their duties, but are generally experienced and skillful. To the fair sex of this county are not wanting those qualities which are requisite to make the true lady. Their beauty, in connection with other fascinations which attract the opposite sex, do not allow them to remain long in the unmarried state; consequently, this county is noted for having but few old maids, which, of course, is considered as one of her greatest blessings. Since the county contains various sorts of game, one of the many sports of the people is hunting; and even huntsmen from different cities make several trips to the county during the year, and get permission from the farmers to hunt upon their lands. Among our late visitors for this sport was young Arther, the son of our president. This county has exhibited to the people of our State some of the finest tournaments that have been witnessed in Maryland and the surrounding States, in which was manifested that skill and gracefulness which well become the youths of the present day. On many occasions have her gallant knights, mounted on stylish and fiery steeds, displayed their skill and excellence in horsemanship, and in the contests between Maryland and Virginia she has crowned our State with success, and for many years in succession she has held the champion lance. She, moreover, carried off one of the honors for Maryland in the grand tournament held at Philadelphia at the time of the Centennial. She has now a blessing extending over her land which has not yet been received by her sister counties. Local option, the law which prevents the distribution of that curse which for so long a time had been corrupting the people of the county, changing husbands into devils, leading into wickedness and ruin the youths, and bringing disgrace upon the land, has been adopted by the people. Before, in different places, we would hear of club fights, murders and almost all other horrible deeds of which we could imagine; now we have peace and happiness throughout our county. The people can now enjoy a quiet and pleasant night's rest, and not be disturbed in their slumbers by having these low and wretched sots staggering around their dwelling places. How much greater would be the blessing if that law was adopted by all the counties in the State, and that curse of intoxicating liquors be entirely removed from our land. Her people are gradually becoming more religious and holy, and beautiful temples have recently been erected to Him who is on high and who has bestowed so many blessings upon our land. This county is now in the path of prosperity, and may she long continue to march on in her glorious career. J. D. G.

The aim of education should be to teach us rather how to think than what to think—rather to improve our minds, so as to enable us to think for ourselves, than to load the memory with the thoughts of others.

The shortest day of our year comes in winter—fit emblem of our life, at once dark, cold, and short.

Our sorrows are like thunder-clouds, which seem black in the distance, but grow lighter as they approach.

## THROUGH TRIALS.

Through night to light. And through to mortal eye  
Creation's face a pall of horror wear,  
Good cheer, good cheer! The gloom of midnight  
flies  
Then shall a sunrise follow mild and fair.

Through storm to calm. And though his thunder  
car  
The rumbling tempest, drive through earth and  
sky,  
Good cheer, good cheer! The elemental war  
Tells that a blessed healing hour is nigh.

Through frost to spring. And though the biting  
blast  
Of Eurus stiffen Nature's juicy veins,  
Good cheer, good cheer! When winter's wrath is  
past,  
Soft murmuring spring breathes sweetly o'er the  
plains.

Through strife to peace. And though with bristling  
front,  
A thousand frightful depths encompass thee,  
Good cheer, good cheer! Brave thou the battle's  
brunt,  
For the peace march and song of victory.

Through cross to crown. And though thy spirit's  
life  
Trials untold assail with giant strength,  
Good cheer, good cheer! Soon ends the bitter strife  
And then shalt reign with Christ at length.

Through death to life. And through this vale of  
tears,  
And through this thistle field of life, ascend  
To the great supper, in that world whose years  
Of bliss unfading, cloudless, known no end.

*From the German of Rosegarten.*

## Personal and Alumni Notes.

Mr. Edward L. Gies, a member of the class of '82, has taken charge of a school near Reisterstown, Baltimore county.

W. H. Gibbons, who was a member of the freshman class last year, is reading medicine under a Baltimore physician.

Mr. A. L. Miles, one of the editors of the GAZETTE, has been appointed a delegate to represent the College Christian Association, at the Young Men's Christian Association convention, which is being held at Charlestown, W. Va.

Miss Minnie Usleton, a student here in '81, visited her friends at college last week.

Mr. W. F. Elgin, a member of last year's junior class is successfully pursuing the profession of teaching in Montgomery county, this State.

Mr. L. A. Jarman, who had charge of the College Hall last year and studied law at the same time, has been practicing law in Denton, Caroline county. He left for Illinois this week where he expects to continue the practice of his profession.

Harry Dodd, of Queen Annes county, who initiated in the Preparatory department September 1st, and connected himself with the Irving Literary Society, left the following week to attend the Oriole in Baltimore where he took sick and died in a few days at his home of malarial fever.

## Vacation Summed Up.

H. W. Grady, in the *Atlanta Constitution*, says: During the past six weeks of sunburn I have blistered and peeled four times, and come on deck this morning in my fifth set of new skin. During that time I have covered the Atlantic coast pretty thoroughly, and have made frequent incursions to the interior for a change of fare. I have caught everything, from Spanish mackerel to malarial fever; killed everything, from time to willet; eaten everything, from corn cakes to truffles; seen everything from a pretty girl in the surf to an ugly one, which covers the whole visual range; heard everything from the song of a mosquito to the roar of an ocean storm; closed my vacation with ten days of fever, and, exhausted and droopy, have come to seek rest in my work. After all there's no place like home and no play like work, if your work is to your mind.

## WRITE HOME.

In many a household two articles are apt to be laid on the shelf—the family bible and the inkstand. If the former be sprinkled with corner-dust, the latter curdles its sediment in its fluid moldiness; holding the stub of a pen in soak to uselessness, so that should one use it, it would make a thick, black, muddy down stroke, and nothing else. Others of us there are who keep the inkstand open all the time; and it is dip, dip, scratch and scramble, producing much waste paper in the world—good writing, which, in after years, shall make poor kindling. So much that we write is so mechanical, superficial, formal.

But write home, write the expected letters. Better a little oftener, and a little earlier, than in mere surrender to the demands of expectation. Nevertheless, sometimes the expected letter acquires new charms in its few hours of tardiness, like a small sum of interest paid with the principal. Let it not run too long, however. Let it never be too late. There are letters arriving for the hands that are folded on the breast—the letters lie upon the mantle, while the coffin lies upon the trestles; and it is an awkward thing for colder hands to open them. Write home!

"Has nothing come in the mail for us to-night, Bridget?" "No, nothing to-night, mum." "Sarah Jane, did no letter come?" (hoping that Sarah Jane may have gone to the postoffice and secured the same, with Bridget's knowledge.) "No, mother; nothing for us to-night." "Poor John; I suppose he can hardly get time. I hope nothing has happened to John." The dear mother, disciplined through life, makes no complaint. The rheumatic limbs only cower a little closer over the fire; a shadow on the gray hair, and slight absence of mind in household care. "I know John is dreadfully busy; God preserve"—but stop—"I forgot to tell yees, mum, there kem a letter for yees. Mester Jones, the neighbor, fetched it for yees, as he cum airy. Shall I be after gettin' it for yees?" "Oh, Bridget!" is all the answer. The tone says all. Write the expected letters!

Write the unexpected letters. It is nice to be reminded of people, and to know that people remember you upon whose memory you have no claim. There is a group in the rustic New England store, standing round the stove; it is a dreary day, and some hearts are very dreary. They have outgrown their own pith, and outlasted their own hopes. Others are heedless and hard, because parched. The consequential postmaster, sometimes talkative, sometimes surly, always dignified, puts on his steel spectacles with a relish. He fumbles among the documents; he scans the bundles of exchanges—lots of weekly newspapers. "Jenks," says he, "it seems to me there's a letter for you. Your name is Jenkins Jenks, ain't it?" looking at the seedy individual searchingly—not through the spectacles, but over them, that he may not claim any Jenks but the right Jenks. "Yes," he says, dubiously, "I believe that is my name; but there must be some mistake. There ain't no letter comin' to me. Ain't nobody writes to me. What would anybody write to me for?" he adds, half scared, half sad. "I don't owe nobody anything." "Wal, I don't see any letter," says the sapient postmaster. "If there was one it had ought to be on that shelf, where it belongs. Seemed to me I did see one. Sure enough, here it is, on the floor. For you, Jenks." "For me?" says Jenks, skeptically; and now the tables are turned. Great severity in the postmaster's tone and glance. "Your name is Jenkins Jenks, ain't it?" sharply. "Well, then, you just take that letter, if you are agoin' to."

Jenks takes it, twirls it between thumb and finger, looks at it on each corner, slowly opens it, and his wrinkled features rustle out of their rigidity. "Why, its from George Robbins, way down in Californy. Why, what on airth! he has been writing to me. "Why," to the interested group of listeners, "you remember Robbins, him and me was boys together. He is a rich man now—they all git rich down to Californy. Who'd have thought of his remembering me? and here he is writing all about the old elm tree, and the pond where we caught the snapping turtles; and that time we shared our dinner basket in the lane. Precious hungry, so we was. Tasted good—guess it did! Why, Robbins is jest the same; not a bit spiled. Strange that he should think of writing to me," and Jenkins Jenks smiled, but there are tears in his eyes. Jenkins Jenks walks out of that store happier, healthier, larger-hearted and longer-lived for that letter. Write the unlooked for letters. Write home! Write home! Write letters of the past—no labored intelligence. They get that in the newspapers. Your death they will get there, as also your marriage, and the like. Write words of remembrance, that shall call up the early days. Put in the photographs, they are the real tracts to distribute. They show what time has done to waste and wear. They show what survives the waste and wear of time. The best sermons these that you can preach. Make presents; send souvenirs, if only a pebble from your garden walk, only a leaf from your tree. It costs little, it counts much. Write from home ye beloved! You need not tell us news of the election, nor remind us—"Suppose you have heard all about the great fire." Of course we have. Write to us of the dumb creatures we used to know, if any of them survive. Give us some intelligence of the favorite tree; tell us that you went where we used to gather nuts. Send us a picture of the old barn eaves, just as drooping as they are. Take us back to the play ground. Show us the light and the shadows on our mother's grave. Write us homelike things from home. But write home, write home. There is a home at hand. There is a homestead where they reassemble. It is their Christmas time and their Thanksgiving day in one. It is their New Year, that shall never be old. There is a postal department under the Creator's hand. His government takes the heart's letters, to convey them, overland—mail—oh, how safely crossing the mountains steeped in fog along the highways that climbs the stars. Write home! Write home!

## Footprints of the Creator.

There is a universe, an immensity of space, extending far beyond the peering power of telescopic view, filled with worlds visible and invisible, which are innumerable and of magnitude beyond the capacity of finite minds to calculate. From the contemplation of these vast objects which constitute the mighty universe in which we dwell arises the question: Whence come they? Whose almighty power filling the unknown extent of space spake them into existence? Certainly not that of a created being, for what mind is able to range through creation's vast domain, to its furthest extreme, and there, on the perilous verge, to stand and even mark the limits of the mighty whole? Not that of an angel or seraph, but of its maker, God! He, with commanding look the whole universe surveyed, and in silect majesty left his footprints upon the earth and firmament that arches the azure vault of heaven.

Let us view this stupendous amphitheatre, amidst whose vast circuits orbs of over-

whelming grandeur are perpetually chasing each other in wonderful rapidity. What glorious footprints are these! A sun, who with mighty power rends the veil of parting night, and pours a flood of life, light, and heat over the spheres. A moon, the lovely queen of night, which causes all darkness and gloom to fly before her silvery night, and the bright planets, which move with an apparent slow and silent motion in their respective orbits. Who can behold the Creator's works in the dazzling source of day, in the moon, moving on in its ceaseless, silent course, or the myriads of twinkling stars, without exclaiming "The footprints of a God?"

In the ocean, too, His footprints may be seen when the raging billows chase each other over its hollow deeps, or when the imagination, attempting to locate its foundation, wanders far down into its watery bed, and beholds the ruins of cities, the starry gems, pale, glistening pearls, and rainbow-colored shells. Mountains, the vast pyramids of nature, unveil her presence. When the mind attempts to scan those mighty ice creations, the sheeted Alps, with snow and ice flashing in the noon-day sun, it seeks in vain for a resting place, a spot from which human reason may diverge and take a survey of infinity.

Who decked the glad surfaces of hill and meadow with fair vines? Deep, romantic glen! rich, verdant vale! Whose footprints give freshness and life to thy sparkling fountains and shady recesses? We linger amidst these rural charms and almost feel that earth is heaven.

Whose footprints are traced with rainbow-lines upon the silvery spray of the mighty cataract? Whose name seems stamped on every leaf that expands, upon every ray of light that floods the leafy palace of the tall gigantic oaks, and upon every breeze that stirs the delicate tendrils as they clasp the lofty monarchs of the forest?

Lovely flowers! which are said to be "the sweetest things God ever made and forgot to put a soul into." Emblems of innocence, the stars of earth and gifts of love, they are nature's fairest gems, decking her with beauty and creating around her an atmosphere of sweetness; they are the brightest things that nature loves to cherish, they show the footprints of a maker in lines as fair as the Rose of Sharon or the Lily of the Vale.

Look abroad everywhere; is there not a beauty which man cannot blight, from the blue dome above us to the flowery meadow beneath our feet? Behold the earth; from the towering mountain to the little brook that slips down its side, tossing its free silver tresses, and humming like one in reverry; from the sloping hill to the green valley below. Behold the insect sporting in the sunbeam, or the birdling in the green foliage—the majesty of the heavens, and the ocean in its immensity—do not all bear the impress of the Almighty's footprints? Man alone has said "there is no God," and yet in his very form he bears the image of his Maker, and is in mental faculties, how Godlike?

Truly the footprints of the Creator are everywhere—strmped on the huge mountains; imprinted on the tiny flower; glistening in golden letters on night's blue page; rising up in the surging waves of the mighty deep; controlling the great dimensions of the world, so glorious and grand, shedding the holy influence of the Creator upon the created.

In character, in manner, in all things, the supreme excellence is simplicity.—*Longfellow.*

Taste consists in the power of judging; genius in the power of executing.—*Blair.*

**FACETIÆ.**

"What is light?" asked a professor. "A gold dollar that isn't full weight," was the student's prompt reply.

Why is servility like a man who is tired of works of imagination? Because it's sycophaney (sick o' fauey.)

When a lady returns the presents she has received from her lover is she supposed to include a return of his affections?

"The schoolmaster abroad."—We should like to hear the sentiments of the schoolmaster's wife on the subject of her husband's being so often abroad.

An editor at a dinner-table being asked if he would take some pudding, in a fit of abstraction, replied: "Owing to a crowd of other matter we are unable to find room."

'Tis said that a college lady recently asked a gentleman what wit was like, and received the following reply: "Like your bottle of *sal volatile*—poignant at the first opening, but, on being handed about too much, loses all its flavor and becomes insipid."

An Englishman and a Welshman disputing in whose country was the best living, said the Welshman, "There is such a noble housekeeping in Wales that I have known above a dozen cooks employed at one wedding dinner." "Ay," answered the Englishman, "that was because every man toasted his own cheese."

John was considered very stupid. He was sent to a mill one day, and the miller said: "John, some people say you are a fool. Now tell me what you know and what you don't." "Well," replied John, "I know millers' hogs are fat!" "Yes, that's well, John. Now what don't you know?" "I don't know whose corn fats 'em."

They talked astronomy. "I wish I was a star," he said, smiling at his own poetic fancy. "I would rather you were a comet," she said, dreamily. His heart beat tumultuously. "And why?" he asked, tenderly, at the same time taking her unresisting little hands in his own. "Oh," she said, with a brooding earnestness that fell on his soul like a bare foot on a cold oil-cloth, "because you would come around only once every fifteen hundred years."

**The Wealth of the Aztecs.**

Another myth is going the way of all the earth. A scientific investigator says that the stories of the pomp, the riches, the palaces, the gold and silver of the Aztecs was a Spanish lie told by Cortez to enhance the romance of his conquest. The scientist reasons that it would be utterly impossible for a race to disappear and take with it all the evidences of its civilization as the Aztecs must have done if they are what the Spaniards represent them. The ruins found in Central America belonged to an older and different race. The Aztecs were never civilized. In the time of Cortez they were precisely like the Pueblo Indians of modern days; their cities were nothing more than vast communal houses like those in which the Pueblos live, and all the stories of their magnificence and of the wealth and civilization of the Aztec Empire were invented by the Spaniards. They adopted the methods of building employed by the Spaniards; suffered their old communal houses made of sun-dried brick to crumble into shapeless mounds, and learned the art of revolution, and so became the Mexicans of modern times.

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