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Original Poetry.

The Twenty-Second of February.

[The following verses are taken from the Crayon Miscellany of the Irving Literary Society for February, 1875. They were composed by Mr. George W. Devillbiss.—Eds.]

When Phœbus with his fiery steeds
Drives back thick dark with spreading morn,
The winds should play on Nature's reed,
"To-day George Washington was born."

Hail! blessed morn, that gave him birth—
That great and good, that loved and blessed.
He was the man upon the earth
More worthy love than all the rest.

When tyrants' heels oppressed our rights,
And suffering cries disturbed the air,
He placed our flag on freedom's heights
And bade us ever keep it there.

Through cannons' roar and thickest fire
He forced his way with boldness great,
For eight long years with carnage dire,
A troubled race to liberate.

Our armies fought so long and well,
With courage strong, though strength most spent,
The enemy, tottering, bleeding, fell,
With victory's cry the air was rent.

Then shout, ye ransomed millions, shout!
And let the loudest praises ring
For him who did the British rout,
And Freedom to his people bring.

His fame is known as far and wide,
As books their gentle radiance shed,
Bright visions 'round his name abide,
And will as long as books are read.

For the Irving Literary Gazette.

Henry Clay.

Standing in the Senate of the United States a voice resounds through those spacious halls attracting the entire assembly by the rich and impassioned eloquence of one of the greatest American orators. In that full, rich, orotund voice, but withal so sweet, so musical, soothing the agitated assembly like the music of silver chimes, or the soft melodious strains of an æolian harp wafted on the evening air, we scarcely recognize the voice of the "Mill boy of the Slashes," who, humming a merry childish song, wended his way to the old mill for his daily bread. Time had converted the Virginia "Mill-boy" into the great Kentucky Statesman.

What is the cause of the transformation of the timid debater into the statesman and orator, who produced conciliation where the keen logic of Calhoun and the no less acute illatives of Webster backed by a solid, firm oratory failed? The reason is obvious. It is no secret shrouded in hieroglyphics with no ray of light to dispel the gloom. It was the use he made of the meagre advantages offered by a country debating society that enabled Henry Clay, when his country trembled on the verge of a terrible abyss, at whose bottom lay destruction, to stand in the Senate chamber and appeal to his country in such beauty, power, and appropriate diction as to quell all opponents, and avert the threatened ruin. It was not in vain that he listened and participated in the debates at the old society. In this respect both William Wirt, who laid the foundations of his future success in an obscure and long ago forgotten de-

bating society, while attending school at Bladensburg, Maryland, and Henry Clay are illustrious examples of the possibilities within the range of individual effort with but limited advantages. That greatness should owe its source in any degree to such a cause is not so wonderful. That the germs of greatness should spring from such a soil is not surprising; for the term society suggests that of the club, and the club carries us back to the times of "queen Bess." In those days clubs were centers of high intellectual life. Those were the days when Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Raleigh, Beaumont, and Fletcher met at Mermaid Inn to join in intellectual combat, and there struck off sparks of beauty, wit, pathos, and wisdom, which, shining brightly through the rolling years, still glow lighting up the present with the coruscations of their genius. The country debating society, it is true, is a miserable ghost of the brilliant society and cultured minds common to the clubs of the Elizabethan age, yet it furnishes an opportunity for developing in some degree latent powers. In the case of Clay it is the old story of making the best possible use of ones advantages.

Another cause for the advancement of Mr. Clay is to be found in his early habits. His boyhood was characterized by industry, amiability of temper, propriety of behavior, and thirst for knowledge. His industry enabled him to secure an education; his amiability won him friends who afforded him every means of improvement possible; his propriety of behavior made him respected; and his desire for knowledge urged him on to greater and greater exertions, and opened up wider fields of usefulness.

In this enumeration a fact that is singularly beautiful and shows a noble feature of his character must not be overlooked. The little log-cabin school house of good master Deacon; its earthen floor and windows ever open to the chilly blasts of winter, where was laid the foundations of that career of activity and usefulness was not forgotten in the days of his greatness. After a lapse of forty-five years he returned to the home of his childhood, to scenes hallowed by fond recollections and to haunts endeared to his heart by memories of his boyhood. Not the least of these places was the green covered mounds that screened the ashes of his sires and, in the hour of his greatness, he was not too great to shed a tear by the lowly grave of his humble father. For him the fourth commandment had a depth of meaning deeper than the writing on the tables of stone, and its promise measured out to him more than three score years.

Henry Clay, the son of a Baptist minister, was born on the 12th of April, 1777, in Hanover District, Virginia, and died on the 29th of June, 1852, in the sixty-sixth year of his age. All this tells us is that he was born, lived to a ripe age, and died. But in that small span of life, what a work he performed! What great memories survive! He was the son of America. Like many others he was the child of our institutions and well worthy of the position he occupied in our history.

In his long period of public service but two things cast a shadow over his life.

The one is the charge of "Bargain and Sale," in which it was alleged he had made a deal with Mr. Adams in the matter of the Presidential election of 1824. At the present day there can be little doubt that this was a calumny. The falsity of the charge is evident both from the statements of Mr. Adams and Mr. Clay, and the refusal of Mr. George Kremer, of Pennsylvania, who made the charge to adduce proof to sustain it before the committee of investigation appointed at Mr. Clay's request.

The other dark spot in his biography is the fact of his duels with Mr. Marshall and John Randolph. The principles that underlie the so-called "Code of Honor" must almost inevitably involve an absurd and contradictory course of action and a divergence from that high standard necessary to a correct life. In practising the usages of this code and deferring to its demands Mr. Clay swerved from that rectitude of life and that decision of character so desirable in all, especially in public men. In this connection the custom of the times is to be remembered as palliating this fault to some extent.

Fortune had not endowed him with wealth, but he was blessed with superior talents. With his talents for a chisel and perseverance for his mallet he determined to carve a name for himself upon the scroll of fame. It was a little thing that gave him a start, but he carved his name on no Carraran marble. In the hearts of all true patriots and lovers of liberty his name is stamped. He seized every opportunity that offered itself, for full well he knew:

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries."

As we study his life we may gather a flower from the wayside to twine with the laurels, or a gem to place in the casket of memory. It is from the principles that animate and underlie the actions of men that we obtain a knowledge of their character. Every great personage of history has acted on some principle; and this is true of man in the humbler walks of life. The study of the lives of great men is then to a certain extent a study of the principles of their actions. Mr. Clay was ambitious. His, however, was not the vaulting ambition of Macbeth. It was not the ambition prompted by the baser passions, but that higher sort, which desires to be—

"Only great as I am good."

He aimed at the Presidency not because he coveted the honor, but because he was actuated by a pure, patriotic zeal, a desire to obtain a position in which he could the better promote the welfare of his country. "Sir," said he to Mr. Preston, "I would rather be right than President."

Sympathy was a strong element in Mr. Clay's nature. Sympathy is closely related to love, and it may be called the line along which man's love for man plays. With this characteristic, the poor and friendless found in him a friend, who ever sought the amelioration of their condition. Blessed with prosperity at home, foreigners found him ready to lend a helping hand. Famine in Ireland drew from him deep and genuine sympathy. He poured out his soul in behalf of the Emerald Isle, and

threw bread on the troubled waters of Kilarney.

Born during the stirring scenes of the Revolution, when the iron grasp of English tyranny swept along our Atlantic coast, he was the friend and champion of liberty, and he was a rebuke to the legerdemain of more modern politics. Can the South Americans forget how, on the floor of the Senate, he alone advocated the appointment of a minister to Brazil? As long as the spirit of liberty survives in the hearts of the South Americans the name of Henry Clay will be revered, and no monuments will be needed to tell of his greatness. Though his body rests in peace at Lexington, though:

"Such graves as his are pilgrim shrines,
Shrines to no creed or code confined;
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
The Meccas of the wind,"

yet on the diamond fields of Brazil he found a Fountain of Youth which will keep his memory green.

Greece, in her struggle to free herself from the debasing tyranny of the Turks, found a champion in Clay. Like Byron, he:

"Dreams that Greece might still be free."

When:

"The Isles of Greece! the Isles of Greece
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!"

recalling the rich memory of the past, awaking from her lethargy, and burning with shame at the oppression she had endured resolved to regain her ancient prestige, Henry Clay advocated with unrivaled eloquence the resolution to send thither a commissioner instructed to express the sympathy of this country with struggling Greece.

Knowing that he was one of the men to whom was entrusted the shaping of our character and policy as a nation he followed the lights of history. In this course of action he at all times avoided extremes. Hence he is known as the great Compromise man. He was the advocate of internal improvements. To him belongs the credit of introducing into Congress the first resolution on this subject, authorizing the cutting of a canal around the rapids of the Ohio River on the Kentucky shore. The credit of originating the now much abused legal theory or practice of defense, temporary *delerium*, or momentary insanity, belongs to Mr. Clay, who pursued that line of defense in the celebrated Phelps murder case. One of the "great American Trio," Webster, Clay, and Calhoun, his views of the constitution and his position on public questions made him often the opponent of Calhoun. Although not always in accord with Webster, he stood hand-in-hand with "the Colossus of the North," on the verge of a dissolution of the Union, which was averted by the Missouri Compromise. Notwithstanding the powerful opposition of Webster, Clay carried the Tariff Compromise of 1832, and thereby rendered the country a signal service.

Born of Christian parentage and reared in a Christian home under Christian influences Clay felt the force of the great truths of the Bible. As the shadows of his life were lengthening the Christian forbearance, that had always marked his bearing toward his fellows shed a wild, mellow halo around, the great orator, statesman and Christian. How his amiable temper influenced even

his opponents is illustrated in the case of John Randolph. Randolph was on his way to Philadelphia but stopped over at Washington. The Senate was in night session, and Clay was addressing the body. Mr. Randolph was carried in and placed in a chair. Turning to his attendants he said: "Hold me up, I have come to hear that voice." When he had concluded his remarks Clay approached Randolph, and they cordially saluted each other. This was the termination of an acquaintance of a quarter of a century, an acquaintance that had been to each the source of bitterness, anxiety and malignity, during the great portion of its duration. It is this characteristic that doubly endears his memory; for "Statesmanship is only glorious when it is Christian." But the sands were falling rapidly in the hour glass. Night had cast her sable mantle over the earth. The clocks in the steeples had just struck eleven. And, as the dying echoes of the strokes, mingling with the murmurs of the waters of the Potomac, were wafted on to the ocean Henry Clay sank to rest, and the "Mill boy of the Slashes" was no more.

KENOSHA.

For the Irving Literary Gazette.

The Baltimore Manual Training School.

By John D. Ford, P. A. Engineer, U. S. N.

In April, 1883, the Board of School Commissioners appointed Messrs. Joshua Plaskitt, James W. Bowers, John P. Hancock, John T. Morris, Henry A. Wise and Charles G. Edwards a committee on industrial education. October, 1883, the City Council, at the instance of John B. Wentz, Esq., directed the Board of Commissioners to establish a school for manual training.

January, 1884, the General Assembly of Maryland, at the instance of the Hon. Joshua Plaskitt, repealed the act of 1868 entitled "Public Education," and enacted a section in lieu thereof that the Mayor and City Council of Baltimore shall have full power and authority to establish in said city a system of free public schools, which shall include a school or schools for manual or industrial training.

The school was opened March 3rd, 1884, and is the first instance in this country where a school devoted to manual training has been organized as part of the public school system. It represents the boldest step that has been taken to relieve public education from the accusation that it is impractical. The demand for a manual training school is shown by the fact that hundreds of boys have sought admission. The month of March closed with 60 students on the roll, June 100, and September 150.

Boys fourteen years of age, members of the city college or pupils of the highest grade in a grammar or public school, may be admitted without examination.

The full course of study for graduation extends over a period of three years, and includes the English language, arithmetic, algebra, geometry, history, physiology, geography, physics, plane and spherical trigonometry, chemistry, bookkeeping, geometrical, mechanical and architectural drawing, steam engineering, and wood and metal work, including carpentry, joinery, wood turning, pattern making, soldering, brazing, vise work, forging, moulding and fitting, and care and use of wood and metal working tools and machines.

The school day is divided into three equal periods of about two hours each. One period is devoted to intellectual work, one to shop work, and one to draughting and mathematics, or physics. The theoretical studies and draughting are taught

to full classes. The wood and metal working exercises are given to half classes, one half going into the wood working shop and one-half into the metal shop. At the end of the half year they alternate, each section being under the care of a special instructor. The method of teaching is to name and describe the various tools, and give practical instruction in their use. The system upon which the work is done is to give each student a piece of metal or wood, "a blank," to work into a certain form. Each form is a lesson, and each follows the other in regular order.

Twenty lessons complete the course in carpentry and joinery, ten lessons in pattern making, twenty in chipping and filing, and twenty in forging.

The plan for drawing adopted at the opening of the school has been adhered to, the work is fully discussed, and all necessary calculations made.

Drawing—1st year—names and uses of instruments, lectures.—1 sheet letters and figures, copy; 3 sheets geometrical problems, blackboard; 2 sheets working drawings for shops, models; 2 sheets details of building construction, blackboard; 2 sheets working drawings for shops, models; 1 sheet working drawings for shops, models; 2 sheets beams and commercial forms of iron, blackboard; sketches of tools, machines, &c., in shops; use of ink and colors; all work to be discussed, calculations, &c., made as is done in the best draughting rooms.

Elective—mechanical—2nd year.—Names and uses of instruments, lectures; 1 sheet letters and figures, copy; 1 sheet working drawings for shops, blackboard; 3 sheets geometrical problems, blackboard; 1 sheet working drawings for shops, blackboard; 1 sheet orthographic projection, blackboard; 2 sheets working drawings for shops, blackboard; 2 sheets intersection of solids, blackboard; 2 sheets projection of screws, blackboard; 1 sheet working drawings for shops, blackboard; 3 sheets pulleys and belts, shops and blackboard; 2 sheets gear wheels, shops and blackboard; 4 sheets details of machines; use of ink and colors; all work to be discussed, calculations, &c., made as is done in the best draughting rooms.

Elective—agricultural—2nd year.—Names and uses of instruments, lectures; 1 sheet letters and figures, copy; 1 sheet working drawings for shops, blackboard; 3 sheets geometrical problems, blackboard; 1 sheet working drawings for shops, blackboard; 1 sheet orthographic projection, blackboard; 2 sheets working drawings for shops, blackboard; 1 sheet intersection of solids, blackboard; 3 sheets structural details in wood and stone, blackboard; 1 sheet working drawings for shops, blackboard; 3 sheets framing, models and blackboard; 2 sheets plans of building, copy and blackboard; 2 sheets elevation of building, copy and blackboard; uses of ink and colors; all work to be discussed, calculations, &c., made as is done in the best draughting rooms.

The greatest care is taken to foster a spirit of manliness, truthfulness and high sense of honor among the students, and the discipline has been administered by an appeal to the reason.

A detail of two students, from each of the senior classes, do duty at the boiler and engine for two weeks each. Instruction is given in the morning before the regular hour for opening the school. A detail of two students from each class prepare the paper and make blue prints of working drawings, and various other subjects, for practice in the beautiful art. The detail does not last longer than to give the student a reasonable degree of proficiency.

The students have been instructed and exercised in military tactics, and have reached a high degree of proficiency.

In aid of the practical studies of the school, and as a means of familiarizing the students of the school with the actual details of work, the students have made Saturday visits of inspection to the pump house in Druid Hill Park, the ice boat Latrobe, the shops of the B. & O. R. R. at Mount Clare, Loch Raven, Navy Yard, Washington, D. C.; Sheppard's iron foundry, Naval Academy, Annapolis; shops of W. M. R. R. at Union Bridge, Brush electric light works, Woodall's ship yard, Hooper's mills at Woodberry, Poole & Hunt's machine shops, and various other places. Reports and sketches made at these visits are very interesting.

The forge, metal and wood shops, the saw room, the engine and boiler room and the wash room are all on the first floor, communicating, and heated by steam.

The second floor contains three large recitation rooms, library, and the office of the committee on the school.

The third floor is arranged as draughting room, physical laboratory and recitation room.

The plant of the school consists of one twenty-horse-power steam boiler, one ten-horse-power steam engine, two twelve-inch swing screw-cutting engine lathes, four 6-inch swing screw-cutting engine lathes, one power drill press, one emery grinder, one 6-inch shaping machine, twenty-five vises, twelve forges, five 6-inch swing turning lathes, eight pattern maker's lathes, one scroll saw, one circular saw, one 30-inch band saw, sixteen carpenter's benches, four cabinet maker's benches, two grindstones, one printing press and one type writer.

The physical laboratory contains an ordinary college set of apparatus and charts, and apparatus is being added as funds will permit, with a view of making this department, in the near future, as practical as the work in the shops.

Already the influence of the school for good is being felt in the community. Inquiries are frequently made for our young men to fill important stations.

Recognizing the fact that one of the largest expenses of a school of this character is for the purchase of machinery and tools, it has been the aim of all connected with its management to keep expenses at the minimum while doing the maximum amount of work. How well they have succeeded can be judged by an examination of the plant and a consideration of the small amount of the appropriations.

I cannot persuade myself to bring this article to a close without bearing testimony to the zeal of our students. They often give up their holidays and come to school to work. They have assisted in making drawing tables and boards, book cases, setting up machinery, &c., &c. By this means they have gained much valuable, practical information, and have saved the city a considerable amount of money that would have been required for these purposes. Thus has this young school girt on its armor, and boldly marches on from the beaten track, endeavoring to make the rising generation more practical, and stronger for the new direction.

Manual Training School—1885—Programme of Studies—1886—1st year, C. Class:

9.00 to 10.50 a. m.—Monday, arithmetic*; Tuesday, algebra*; Wednesday, history and geography*; Thursday, algebra and Engl.*; Friday, history and phy. 10.50 to 1.10 a. m.—12.00 to 12.30 recess.—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, shop work. 1.10 to 3.00 p. m.—Monday, geometry* and drawing;

Tuesday, drawing; Wednesday, mensuration* and drawing; Thursday, physics* and drawing; Friday, sketching. Shop work—one-half carpentry, and care and use of wood working tools. Shop work—one-half vise work, and care and use of tools. Arithmetic physiology and history finished.

Manual Training School—1885—Programme of Studies—1886.—B Class:

8.00 to 10.50 a. m.—Monday, geometry and drawing*; Tuesday, trigonometry* and drawing; Wednesday, mensuration* and drawing; Thursday, physics*; Friday, sketching. 10.50 to 1.10 p. m.—12.00 to 12.30 recess.—Monday, arithmetic*; Tuesday, algebra*; Wednesday, history and physics*; Thursday, algebra and geometry*; Friday, history*. 1.10 to 3.00 p. m.—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, shop work. Shop work—one-half pattern making and wood turning. Shop work—one-half forging and vise work. Arithmetic, physiology and history finished.

Manual Training School—1885—Programme of Studies—1886—2nd year, A. Class:

9.00 to 10.50 a. m.—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, shop work. 10.50 to 1.10 p. m.—12.00 to 12.30 recess.—Monday, geometry* and drawing; Tuesday, trigonometry* and drawing; Wednesday, mensuration* and drawing; Thursday, physics*; Friday, steam engine and sketching. 1.10 to 3.00 p. m.—Monday, arithmetic*; Tuesday, algebra*; Wednesday, history and physics*; Thursday, algebra and geometry*; Friday, history*. Shop work—one-half pattern making and wood turning. Shop work—one-half forging. Arithmetic, physiology, history, algebra and geometry finished.

*Home work.

For the Irving Literary Gazette.

Borrowing Trouble.

Serious and petty trials,—open griefs with which others can sympathise—secret sorrows known only to ourselves,—are sure evidence of the fact that this life is a life of trials, and of the necessity of summoning every possible aid which is within our reach to support and counteract the depressing influences thus busy around us. There can surely be little necessity then to add fuel to a flame so constantly burning; to drop gall into the bitter cup, or rub wounds already inflamed and aching; little wisdom is wantonly increasing the burden which is appointed for man to bear. Even as the sparks fly upwards, so is man born to troubles. It is part of the inheritances of disobedience, no less than death and the grave. We feel as little sympathy for the self inflicted torment of the western ascetics, whatever be his creed as for those of the eastern dervish.

Granted that they are sincere in their self imposed penance, honest in the belief that they were expiating their offences, at best they exhibit but a zeal and self-denial which might have led to greater excellence had it been better directed. But these enthusiasts are nothing, as compared to that very large class of self tormenters who have not religious enthusiasm as an excuse for their folly, a class who rival the celebrated flagellants in their ingenuity in knotting whips for their own backs, and wearing the poisoned shirt, which, like that of the hero of old, wears away their lives in profitless suffering. We speak of those very numerous and most unconscious offenders against their own peace, and that of others, whom we can only describe emphatically "borrowers of trouble."

We can remember some very excellent persons, in the enjoyment of every possi-

ble luxury, with a few cares and many blessings, relating in tones worthy of some heavy bereavement that they have been in great trouble lately. Our sympathies were enlisted by their tone and manner, yet we could scarcely refrain from smiling when the trouble was revealed to us. Perhaps this may be considered to be a somewhat aggravated form of disease, yet we believe, that if persons would look back at the end of a troubled day, and coolly examine the cause of their vexations, they would probably find them to be very trivial things after all.

Passing disappointments, disarrangement of preconceived plans, casual slights from acquaintances, the non-arrival of some expected letter or parcel, are sufficient to ruffle the equanimity and destroy the happiness of many, who could scarcely point to any real evil in their lot.

They take vexation at everything. Let them go to a picnic the sun is too hot or the wind is too cold; the distance too great or the party too small. Let them go to the opera or theatre—they are just where they can neither hear nor see. Let them go to an evening party—they are thrown all the evening with the very persons they most dislike. When such are the troubles of their pleasures, it may fairly be supposed that their daily duties, and the inevitable crosses which mark ordinary life, are sources of constant agitation and lamentation, and that their countenances and manners are stamped with an anxious careworn look and air which is far more indicative of such a temper than of inevitable and really serious trials. It is sad to see life frittered away in this manner—the blessings which a merciful Providence bestows thus thrown away; and the sorrows, which are sent in love and wisdom for some specific purpose, so magnified, and distorted and multiplied, as to act as poison instead of the salutary medicine to the mind.

But if some persons actually conjure up and borrow troubles which have no existence, and others magnify their trials, and turn mole-hills into mountains, there is yet another class of borrowers of troubles no less culpable, which is made up of those who prolong their griefs, and spread them over an immoderate period of time, by dwelling on past sorrows after they have ceased to exist, or at any rate affect the current of their lives. These persons hug their griefs, and will not let them go. They cling obstinately to each object, each memory, which can serve to keep alive a grief which would gradually languish and expire, if it were not sedulously fed and nourished. We are far from advocating a levity and hardness of temper, which is displayed in a hasty dismissal of real sorrows, or in a determined banishment of reflection, or sweet, or sad memories from the mind; yet we earnestly depreciate any attempt to keep them in full strength and vividness when they should be fading into the subdued and mellow light which time sheds over them. Let everything take the wise and natural course which the Creator has ordered, and without violent and forced efforts to dismiss and conquer a legitimate sorrow, allow time and the many soothing and diverting influences, which social life and nature afford the sufferer, to have their proper effect in restoring a cheerful and healthy tone to the mind. "Let the dead past bury its dead," and not effect the living present with its enervating atmosphere. We are meant to act; to enjoy; as well as to suffer; and everything which weakens the energies, or induces indifference to the sources of happiness placed within our reach, is in direct opposition to the laws which should govern the feelings and conduct of a rational and responsible being.

We shall lighten the troubles of life if

we cease to borrow them. If we borrow we must pay. Peace of mind, elasticity of spirit, determination of purpose, our own happiness, and those with whom we live, will all be sacrificed to meet the debt which our folly has contracted, and we poor bankrupts bereft of all that makes life cheerful and happy, wake up too late but to find that in our own ruin we have involved that of those whom it was our duty to have loved and cherished. Let us therefore ascertain which of our troubles may be classed under anticipations never realized, sorrows magnified, actually unnecessarily considered vexations, how many of our griefs have been unwisely fostered, and preserved in pristine freshness, long after their natural existence, and then say how large a proportion the trials which the Almighty actually sends on his creatures bear to those which they inflict on themselves. "Sorrows and trouble will befall us," but let us only bear them bravely and patiently, and honestly deduct from their number the creations of our own morbid imaginations; and we shall gratefully acknowledge that there is much happiness even in this troubled world, and that much of its wretchedness and misery is but the emanation of our own imaginations.

"EIGHTY-FIVE."

For the Irving Literary Gazette.

Influence.

There is no one who has not an influence either for good or evil. The power of influence, however, varies greatly in different persons; indeed, it will be safe to say no two individuals have exactly the same influence. It increases as man advances in years, and its power is continually shown in our daily walk and conversation. All our words and deeds, and our every look exert an influence. Our influences may be used for good or bad purposes. If our influence for good is greater than that for evil, there is some likelihood of producing good results. If, however, our influence for evil should be greater, evil will be predominant.

Every human being is a center of influence. No matter how selfish or independent a man may be, he cannot live entirely to himself. Man may exclude himself from society, but not his influence; for that is a power which cannot be withheld from others. This very seclusion becomes an influence.

It might be said that influence walks, talks and acts while man rests. Wherever man may be his influence is active; whether at church, loafing at hotels, in the saloon, on the corner of the streets, or at home. The influence of an individual is far reaching. Often whole communities are greatly influenced by a certain individual. It is for us as individuals, and as students, to ascertain, therefore, in what direction our influence is being exerted.

John Bunyan was influenced by his young and devout wife to turn from his wickedness. She induced him to read two religious books which had been bequeathed to her by her dying father; and she also took him to the church of which she was a member. By such means an anxiety concerning his future life was produced. This is a good lesson for all, and especially for those who profess to be Christians. Every opportunity of this kind and all similar opportunities should be sought and used to influence our associates for good.

He who strives to use his influence for good abroad should put forth his greatest efforts to be influential at home. In the home circle the father has a great and often lasting influence upon his children. If he is a religious man, his influence will be used to that end among his children.

If, on the contrary, he is irreligious, his influence for good is lost. Take, for example, a father who habitually indulges in intoxicating drinks, or is given up to the vile and filthy practices produced by drink, loafing at hotels, saloons, playing cards, billiards, and gambling, and will he not influence his son to follow in his footsteps? He will undoubtedly succeed, especially if the son should be in search of him and should find him at these places or thus engaged. Great as is the influence of a father, that of a mother's is far greater. No Christian country can deny the influence a mother exerts upon the life of her children. No matter how rude a son may be, whether he be a wanderer on the barren mountain heights, or tossed about on the deep, he will at some time be led to think of the gentle smiles his mother gave him in his childhood.

Benjamin West said: "My mother's kiss made me a painter." Similar sayings too have doubtless swelled up in our own hearts because of our mother's kiss.

Reflection upon this subject will convince us that there is no influence so effective and so lasting as that of a mother. While at home, her soft voice and elevating example may influence us but little; but as soon as we go out into the busy world and meet with the trials and difficulties of life, so soon do we feel her influence and realize its power.

Even when the cold hand of death has severed the golden thread of life, the memory of a sainted mother may possibly exert a more powerful influence over her family than when she was the center of the home. Her departed spirit may still hover over her affections and draw them by unseen cords of love to herself in heaven, and to her God.

Would that our influence might in all cases be like that sweet, persuasive influence exercised by a mother, and that it may be directed to that end should be the endeavor of each one. S. J. D.

WOMAN.

Opinions of Distinguished Thinkers of all Ages—Her Virtues and Follies Compared.

Confucius: Woman is the masterpiece.
Franklin: He that takes a wife takes care.

Herder: Woman is the crown of creation.

LaFontaine: Foxes are all tail and woman all tongue.

Voltaire: Women teach us repose, civility and dignity.

Boucault: I wish that Adam had died with all his ribs in his body.

John Quincy Adams: All that I am my mother made me.

Victor Hugo: Women detest the serpent through a professional jealousy.

Lessing: Nature meant to make woman its masterpiece.

Lamartine: There is a woman at the beginning of all great things.

Fielding: In the forming of female friendships, beauty seldom recommends one woman to another.

Whittier: If a woman lost us Eden, such as she alone restores it.

Socrates: Trust not a woman when she weeps, for it is her nature to weep when she wants her will.

E. S. Barrett: Woman is last at the cross and earliest at the grave.

Mary Wollstonecraft: As a sex women are habitually indolent, and everything tends to make them so.

Richter: No man can either live piously or die righteous without a wife.

Rochebourn: It is easier for a woman to defend her virtue against men than her reputation against women.

N. P. Willis: The sweetest things in life is the unclouded welcome of a wife.

Ben Jonson: A woman the more curious she is about her face is commonly the more careless about her house.

Voltaire: All the reasonings of men are not worth one sentiment of women.

Southey: There are three things a wise man will not trust: the wind, the sunshine of an April day, and a woman's plighted faith.

Beecher: Women are a new race, recreated since the world received Christianity.

Swift: The love of flattery in most men proceeds from the mean opinion they have of themselves; in women from the contrary.

Leopold Schefer: But one thing on earth is better than the wife—that is the mother.

Lady Montague: It goes far toward reconciling me to being a woman when I reflect that I am thus in no danger of marrying one.

Shakespeare: For where is any author in the world that teaches such beauty as woman's eyes.

Swift: The reason why such few marriages are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.

Michelet: Woman is the Sunday of Man; not his repose only, but his joy, the salt of his life.

Alphonse Carr: A woman who writes commits two sins; she increases the number of books, and decreases the number of women.

Margaret Fuller Ossoli: Woman was born for love, and it is impossible to turn her from seeking it.

Douglas Jerrold: What women would do if they could not cry, nobody knows! What poor, defenceless creatures they would be!

Louis Desnoyers: A woman may be ugly, ill-shaped, wicked, ignorant, silly and stupid, but hardly ever ridiculous.

Charles Buxton: Juliet was a fool to kill herself, for in three months she'd have married again, and been glad to quit of Romeo.

Lord Langdale: If the whole world were put into one scale, and my mother into the other the world would kick the beam.

Chesterfield: Women are much more alike than men; they have in truth, but two passions, vanity and love; these are their universal characteristics.

THE KING SNAKE.—The king snake, says Dr. Lewis, of North Carolina, is the master of snakes, as its name implies. When full grown it is about an inch and a half thick and six or seven feet long; its color is jet black, with regular cross-bars of white from head to tail. It is of handsome appearance, and is the most active and powerful of all other snakes. It, like man, is at enmity with all the serpent tribe. It does not hesitate to attack the largest rattlesnake or copperhead. Its attack is made with great skill, commencing by making a circuit of the enemy, who at once forms his deadly coil of defence, contracting the circle at every evolution, passing so fast that he seems to form a spotted ring around his adversary, who is dazzled by the splendor. The king continues his lightning-like speed, seeing its chances, leaps suddenly, seizing the enemy by the neck, and, with great skill, winds itself around the latter, drawing its folds closer and closer, breaking its bones and crushing out the life of its foe. It then unfolds itself, but if any sign of life is perceived in its victim it is again enfolded until the king is satisfied of its death. It then slowly moves off to seek its food or another serpent to slay.

THE
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P. W. KUHN & H. D. MITCHELL, Editors.

J. M. NAILL, - - - Business Manager,
To whom all communications should be addressed.

WESTMINSTER, MD., MARCH, 1886.

College Paper.

For some time past there has been an effort on foot in our institution to establish what is known as a "college journal," to be edited by the four societies of the College. This statement may seem strange to a great many people, and they would naturally ask, "Have you not a college journal in the GAZETTE?" We answer no. The GAZETTE is run solely by the Irving Literary Society, and is the organ of that Society. We have endeavored, as far as possible, to make it the organ of our College, but so far we have failed. Although our columns are open to all contributors, we receive but few articles (excluding orations) from members outside of our own Society, and if we were compelled to depend on the subscriptions of the students we would have been buried in oblivion long since. The paper is nearly ostracised by the members of our brother society, which will be plainly seen when we say that we have but two subscribers outside of our own members on the male side of the College. Why this is we are unable to say, unless they are actuated by prejudice. The chasm which exists between the Societies is immense, and since the recent action of our Society, refusing to abandon the GAZETTE and rejecting all offers looking to a coalition, the gulf bids fair to so broaden as in a great measure never to be bridged over.

The IRVING LITERARY GAZETTE has been in successful operation for five years, and it hardly seems fair that we should forsake our pet child after having spent so much valuable time and labor upon her, gaining an enviable reputation and a desirable position, for a small share in a "consolidation" from which we would accrue but little in either a literary or financial point of view.

We have had great odds to contend with, and from the first it has been an uphill work, but now we are proud of our paper and rather jealous of the position she holds, clinging to her as fondly as a loving mother cleaves to her only child after years of toil in training and educating that child. No, friends, we are no "consolidation" as yet, but still IRVING GAZETTE, and bid fair to be so as long as there is enough pluck and energy left in our Society to run a paper.

We do not desire to depreciate the value of a college paper, but on the contrary be-

lieve it would be of great good to both College and students, and it is a fact to be lamented that the proposed plan of coalition was not effected during the infancy of the GAZETTE, and not delayed until she was a fine, healthy child, and well developed. There is one thing, though, we do venture to say, and that is if the GAZETTE had been a College paper instead of a Society paper, we believe it would long since have died a natural death from "neglect and debt." It is the constant cry of college papers, with an editorial staff of six or eight, that there is no one to look up to, no one who is responsible for the paper, and this one shirks duty, and that one is too busy, and the other one hasn't time, so that, in all probability, it eventually falls on a "good natured somebody," who bears the burden. Too many fingers in the pie is bound to spoil it, and so we argue that a paper can be more successfully run by one Society, which is responsible for it, than by three or four.

In taking this position we appeal to our friends for their aid and support, desiring those who have not paid their subscriptions to do so at once, and that our ex-actives would increase our subscription list by sending us new subscribers. Remember, the paper will be edited under the same auspices and as THE IRVING LITERARY GAZETTE.

The Blair Bill.

The Blair Education Bill is now attracting no little attention. The prevalence of illiteracy in certain portions of our country is alarming. Little doubt seems to exist as to the necessity for reducing this to a minimum, but on the matter of the proper means to be adopted to accomplish this end a difference of opinion exists. In republics where self-government, and civil liberty is enjoyed, education is necessary to preserve the status of rights and prevent demagoguery. Where a people are intelligent and understand their rights, and know how to exercise those rights the danger of a subversion of the government is reduced to a minimum. The fact that in this land of ours a large number of persons, who cannot read or write, exercise the right of franchise, is an open secret. Now the importance of an intelligent use of the power of the ballot, using it for the benefit of the people and for developing the resources of the whole country; is certainly patent to all true Americans. Whether the government that exists because of enlightened men, emancipated from the monarchical idea of Europe and capable of conceiving a Democracy, shall by national aid to education seek to perpetuate itself by a reduction of illiteracy is the question. On the constitutional right of the government to do this it would seem that the right inheres in the government to do what it shall see fit for the welfare and safety of the nation. Besides it is to be remembered that the necessity for this was not in existence at the time the Constitution was framed. The position that this is unconstitutional, in view of the foregoing, would seem absurd in some degree at least. It would be the

assumption of the position that we have no right to legislate on any subject of a constitutional nature not dealt with by "The Framers." This would be disastrous to not a few measures of Congress and would limit us to the past with no prospects for the future. Whether the Blair Bill is the true solution of the difficult problem before the country is a question. At all events it is about the first proposed solution that has any feasibility owing to the nature of the case. Of course it is quite probable that some better measure can be devised. Until that shall be done the Blair Bill will engage the attention of the thoughtful.

"Advice to Boys Preparing for College" is the title of an admirable article in the "The Youth's Companion" (Boston, Mass.) for March 11th, 1886. It is written by Mr. Moses Coit Tyler, and is worthy of careful perusal by all boys, (and girls too, with slight modification of portions of the treatise.) "Whether you know it or not," says Mr. Tyler, "the period of life included in getting ready for College, and then in going through it, is in most cases really the choicest and sweetest period in all our lives; the one which has the most poetry in it; the fullest of friendship; the freest from cares that gnaw the heart; the one epoch which you will be celebrating, and telling stories about, and fondly cherishing in your hearts, all the rest of your days on earth. Be busy therefore in laying up for your future great stores of happy and ennobling memories." J. T. W.

We are sorry we cannot report in full the fourth anniversary of the Philomathean Society, but owing to a press of matter we will be compelled to carry it over to our next issue. The program was remarkably fine, and we desire to make special mention of Miss Hill's conception of "Joan Porter" in the drama of "Which is which or the fire in London."

The duett of Misses Abbott and Pillsbury was very well rendered. Others deserving notice were Misses Stone, Burroughs, Whittington and Dodd.

On 'Change.

The Southern Collegian for February is replete with good matter.

We welcome the *Fisk Herald* to our exchange table. Not having had the opportunity of perusing any of its former numbers, we are unable to form any comparison but will simply say let coming numbers equal the February issue.

The Pennsylvania College Monthly for March contains a fine article on "The science of medicine in its relation to the college curriculum."

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel as others see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us
And foolish notion."

So Burns wrote and in these lines he expressed the desire of every one. Our desire has been gratified; for here comes a censor in the form of *The Undergraduate*. It would "Damn with faint praise" because we are so like a "wordly weekly." We stretch out our hand; we feel the desk of our sanctum sanctorum; and we feel sure we have not yet soared "with Plato to the empyreal sphere" occupied by *The Under-*

graduate. Our paper is still published on the earth. It is certainly very kind and condescending of *The Undergraduate* to leave its ethereal realm to deign a notice of our "wordly" paper. It overwhelms us quite—we try to imagine its angelic breath. In its vexation over "the names of *nineteen young ladies* in the puzzle department" it reminds us of an old bachelor, who would not look at a girl for fear he might fall in love; or a husband, disappointed at the smallness of his wife's bank account; or a love sick swain. If *The Undergraduate* succeeds in securing funds to buy a new dress—and we hope it will—then, if its "style" suits us, we may possibly send to Worth (?) for a new dress, trusting *The Undergraduate* will not play Thackeray and accuse us of shamming.

The Messenger published at Richmond, Va., is among our new exchanges. The February number contains some good reading matter. We welcome it.

Buzz! Buzz! and here comes the dear little *Lutherville Seminarian* as fussy as a lady the first Sunday morning new Spring hats are worn. Why *Seminarian* because we said you were "little" did that say we were large? Neither of us is the *London Times*. If we would have supposed you would have got piqued we would have remained silent. This is not all. *The Seminarian* charges us with a "pleasing little joke of taking our [Seminarian's] idea of college government growing out of national characteristics and enlarging upon it in a long editorial—without credit or allusion to us." We are not conscious of any journalistic discourtesy. The fact is our "long editorial" was written in November, 1885, and was set up for December number of THE GAZETTE but, owing to a press of other matter, it was crowded out and, consequently, we carried it over to the January number, 1886. Further, after it was set up we did not see it, or alter it after it was set up in November, 1885. These facts our publishers will certify. Until we were accused of plagiarism—for that is what *The Seminarian's* charge insinuates—in the February number of *The Seminarian*, we were ignorant that it had ever published anything on the subject of college government. We have always been taught to "render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's." This has been and will continue to be our practice but, in this case, we owe Caesar nothing and shall not pay him (her) anything. The accusation is utterly false and, therefore, we have no apology to make. We have hunted up the article which occasioned the allegation and, upon comparison of the two articles, we can find no grounds whatever for the accusation. *The Seminarian* will pardon us if we suggest that before it again makes such an assertion as this it would do well to study and understand thoroughly what plagiarism means; for it has in this instance displayed a most deplorable ignorance. We believe we have a little brain left and we can both do our own thinking and sometimes even manage to get an "idea" out of our block-head, which can make some pretentions to originality at a time so remote from the days of Solomon as this. If we did not know better we might think *The Seminarian's* exchange was written by a crabbed old maid whose cat was sick or whose tea was bitter.

We acknowledge the receipt of *The Delaware College Review*, Wm. Jewell Student, *The Holcad*, Pennsylvania Western, and *The Washington Jeffersonian*.

"I am a martyr," said a boarder at a poorly kept boarding house. "Why?" asked a new arrival. "Oh, because I suffer at the steak," was the rejoinder.

Locals.

Badges.

Lectures.

Graham Bread.

New dish—potpie—all but the chicken.

The Sophs. are deep in the study of surveying.

Mr. John Whaley '89, who was confined to his room at our last issue, is about again.

How did you like Fabian?

Mr. Chas. M. Grow '86 visited his parents on the 22nd of Feb. and reports a pleasant time.

Mr. A. C. Willison '85 paid us a short but pleasant visit lately. We are glad to see "Old Irvings." Come again.

Through the energy of Prof. Simpson, there has lately been added to the museum in the science department, a *wooden idol* from Japan, also a very beautiful *tortoise-shell* from New Providence, Great Bahama Islands. The college has felt the want of a museum for some time past, and the students are extremely gratified to see it assuming such proportion.

During the recent wind storm there was considerable damage done to property in and around town, but the college, although on the highest point about town, and thus liable to all its fierceness, suffered no damage whatever. It was founded on a "sure foundation."

The fan of the wind mill on the property of Mr. John L. Reifsnider, opposite the college, was completely shattered and part of it carried a considerable distance from the mill. His new hot house also sustained slight damages which were quickly repaired, thus preventing injury to his fine collection of plants and flowers.

Profs. McDaniel, Merrill and Schaeffer attended the "Blind Tom" concert on the night of 13th inst., at New Windsor.

Miss Emma Start, who is the authoress of the "Ball and Chain" under the *nom de plume* of Emma Wilmot, visited her cousin, Miss Hill '88, and attended the anniversary of the Philomathean Society. Her book is quite popular with our male students, and it was with pleasure we welcomed her within the walls of our college.

Quite a number of visitors came to attend the Philo. anniversary, among whom were Miss Lillie Hynson of Chestertown, Miss Annie Barkdoll, Mrs. Abbott, of Baltimore, Mr. Edward Demar, of Washington, and Mr. George Reiley, of Baltimore.

Mr. W. I. Todd '85, is practicing law in Selma, Alabama. We are in receipt of his card, and extend to him our best wishes for his success.

Miss Lydia Benson, daughter of our Vice President, has returned from her trip to the lower part of Maryland.

The dulcet strains which are wafted from room No. 6, almost nightly, remind us of an old fashioned camp-meeting and carry us back to our "younger days."

One of our Juniors the other day walked at least a mile and a half out of his way to avoid a toll-gate. Now if a rock or perhaps a stone had been the objectionable barrier we should not have wondered so much, since we have heard of "bashful youths" often going three or four squares out of their way to avoid meeting a "fair damsel" but never to shun a toll gate.

Our Vice Pres., Rev. B. F. Benson, was suddenly called from College on the 14th inst., on account of the death of his wife's sister. The family has our deepest sympathy.

Mr. Irving Mace, a prep, on awakening one night not long ago, discovered the carpet in his room on fire, and like a gallant hero quickly extinguished it, without

raising the slightest confusion. On examining further it was found that the fire had communicated with the floor, and threatened to be a serious affair had it not been for timely interference. Much speculation was indulged in during the next day by the gentlemen as to which of the ladies they would have endeavored to rescue had the fire amounted to very much. We do not think there would have been a lady who would not have found her "hero" in someone.

Departed this life on the 9th inst., the *pet moustache* of Room 12. Requiems will be sung on next Sunday.

It is expected that "Ward Hall" will be completed this summer. The President has in hand subscriptions and donations amounting to \$682.41, and is receiving almost daily additions. Send him from \$1 to \$5, according to your ability, that you may have part in the good work.

Our town has, during the last two months, been blessed with a series of highly appreciated entertainments. "Blind Tom," the wonderful negro pianist delighted an audience of 400 with his marvelous performances. The Westminster Band gave a very creditable concert, at which our popular professor of elocution, A. H. Merrill, rendered several selections, and on the 8th inst., Prof. Fabian, the distinguished elocutionist of New York, appeared at the town hall, under the management of the Irving Literary Society. Mr. Fabian's entertainment was of a high character and his conception of "Lord Dundreary" was remarkably fine.

The question of "badges" has long been agitated among the *Irvings* but at last the desired end is reached and most of the boys are flourishing gold badges which are considered by far the neatest in the institution. The design is an "Ivy leaf"—suggested from the fact of Irving's love for the Ivy—handsomely engraved with the initials of the name of the society and its motto, *Juncta Juvant*. We desire that all the exactives should secure the badge and can gain all desired information through the editors.

The lectures, which were of such interest and profit during the session of '84-'85, and for some reason dispensed with during last term, have again been resumed. We have had three lectures so far, the first of which was delivered by our Pres. Dr. J. T. Ward: subject, "Watts on the Mind." The next was by Prof. J. W. Reese, Ph. D.; subject, "Philology," and the last was by Prof. S. Simpson, A. M.; subject, "Matter as a language and vehicle of energy."

The burning of the Carroll House in town, called forth a strong delegation from our college notwithstanding it occurred in the "wee small hours." Boys why didn't you take down that "fire escape" in the cellar and "shoot her up?"

Base ball seems to be the absorbing topic at present among the boys and they are preparing for the spring campaign.

Mr. Stocksdale '87 lately enjoyed a visit from his friend, Mr. Wagner, of the Baltimore Manual Training School.

Miss Mary E. Nicodemus '85 came to College to attend the anniversary of her old society, the Philomathean.

Miss Carrie D. Price, '86 paid her friends at the College a lengthy visit.

Miss Jennie Smith, the charming daughter of Mr. John Smith Pres. of the board of trustees, has returned from Orlando, Fla., and once more adorns the society of our little town.

Mr. John H. Baker '89, is confined to his room with a very painful sprain of the ankle. We hope soon to see you out.

As spring approaches, and the weather becomes favorable, the ladies of our institution seem to improve the golden moments for out-door exercise, and can be seen most any evening promenading the campus, while the boys stand off and gaze with a sort of a "would if I could" look.

Mr. Mitchell '88 attended the Baltimore Annual Conference at Washington, D. C.

Rev. L. R. Dyott '86 of Westminster Seminary supplied the pulpit of the M. E. Church in the absence of the pastor. We hear that the people were much pleased, and well they might be.

The Seniors are studying geology, and more enthusiastic students were never seen. Each one has a collection of his own and it is much to their credit for the skill they are displaying in classifying their specimens. It seems to be an infection and it is quite amusing to see the "Freshs" collecting coal, brick and rocks of all sort.

Prof. Simpson was detained at his home on account of the illness of his youngest child, for several days lately, but we are glad to report that his child has so far recovered as to warrant his attendance at the college regularly.

Through the recommendation of our President the seniors are studying Natural Theology. Dr. Ward in his remarks to the class said "I know no better book with which to close the senior course than the admirable book of Dr. Valentine." The book is a series of lectures delivered at Gettysburg college and is the result of work for years.

Wm. H. Grammar '88, who was detained at his home on account of sickness, is at College again.

The following extract from the Baltimore *Sun* will explain itself:

"One of the pupils at the Albany Female Academy was Robertina L. Havenor, daughter of a citizen of Albany. On Tuesday a telegram came from Samuel Dickerson Leech, a well-known newspaper man, now lying very ill at Saratoga, asking her to come to him at once. Then it transpired that these two young people were married in September last, and none of their friends had suspected it."

Mr. Leech was a member of the class of '83 of this institution. We wish him a speedy recovery and happiness in his married relations.

'81. J. Paul Earnest, who is connected with the U. S. Signal Service, is now stationed at Vicksburg, Miss.

The following beautiful lines were composed by Westminster's great "punster" and favorite, otherwise known as "Rhody," after attending the anniversary of the "Philo" society of our college.

DEDICATED TO "OUR LADIES."

How pleasant to greet,
As you meet on the street;
And pleasanter more,
As they pass by the door.

It is such a treat,
For they are so sweet;
They are hard to beat,
They are so complete.

It is so inspiring,
To know they are enquiring:
I must be aspiring,
As they are so desiring.

They are so pretty,
And are quite witty,
I hope they'll take pity,
On an author so witty.

Oh! it is so pitiful,
Nearly a whole city full,
Girls I have none.

We are indebted to J. Fischer & Bro., No. 7 Bible House, N. Y., for the following music, which we are pleased to mention: *Three Favorite Trios*, for male or

female voices, with piano accompaniment.

1—Sweet Spring has come—Mayer.

2—The Alpine Shepherd—Abt.

3—The Happy Wanderer—Abt.

Also *Four Choruses* for three voices, with piano accompaniment, for High Schools, Colleges, Seminaries and Academies, composed by John Weigand. The price of the *Trios* are 25 cents; for the choruses 35 cents.

The following from the "Lynn Union" is too good to let pass:

A NEW-FASHIONED GIRL.

She'd a great and varied knowledge, picked up at a female college of quadratics, hydrostatics and pneumatics very vast.

She was stuffed with erudition as you stuff a leather cushion, all the ologies of the colleges and the knowledges of the past.

She had studied the old lexicons of Peruvians and Mexicans, their theology, anthropology and geology o'er and o'er.

She knew all the forms and features of the prehistoric creatures—ichthyosaurus, plesiosaurus, megalosaurus and many more.

She'd describe the ancient Tuscans, and the Basques and the Etruscans, their griddles and their kettles, and the victuals that they gnawed.

She'd discuss the learned charmer, the theology of Bramah, and the scandals of the Vandals and the sandals that they trod.

She knew all the mighty giants and the master minds of science, all the learning that was turning in the burning mind of man.

But she couldn't prepare a dinner for a gaunt and hungry sinner, or get up a decent supper for her poor voracious papa, for she never was constructed on the old domestic plan.

A Boy's Retort.

From the Boston Traveler.

There was a Sunday school teacher, and her class was composed of a goodly number of average small boys. The other Sunday the lesson was upon the Babylonian captivity, and the teacher had done her best in preparing the lesson so as to attract and hold their attention. This is not always an easy matter in some of the Old Testament historical lessons, and so the teacher's energies were directed towards making the story lifelike and realistic to her young pupils. "Now just suppose, boys," she began, "that some great army was to come here and take fathers and mothers and you yourselves prisoners, and carry you off to a strange land and make you work as slaves, and try to make you believe in their religion instead of your own," etc. As her vivid imagination enlarged upon the picture she was pleased to notice that the boys looked interested, but her satisfaction quickly ended as one patriotic urchin, amid the smiles of his comrades, exclaimed: "Yessum; 'twould be kinder rough, but there ain't a nation on the earth that's big enuf to do it."

Literary young lady to her father—"Paw, I think it's awful strange that you don't like Tennyson, when everybody dotes on him." Father (with a look of surprise): "I do like him." Young lady: "I am so glad, for I thought that you disliked his writings." Father: "Oh, his writings; well, I haven't any use for his writings, but I haven't anything personally against the old man."

A lesson in physics: Teacher: "What is velocity?" Pupil: "Velocity is what a man puts a hot plate down with."

Ingersoll as a Friend to Christianity.

Second Quarterly Oration delivered in Chapel February 12, by E. T. Mowbray.

There are three classes of persons who have befriended Christianity; each in its own peculiar way. First, there are those who are its avowed friends; those who give to its interests, their days of labor and nights of care; who patiently bear privations or cheerfully submit to persecutions for its sake. Those who out of their love for it, weep when its defences are torn down, and rejoice when its strongholds are rebuilt. Who by their zeal, their prayers and their entreaties bring men into the light and liberty of the truth. You are all familiar with this class of its friends; for they are to be found wherever the benign influence of Christianity has reached, and men have principle enough to give thanks for favors.

The second class of persons who befriend Christianity are those who while they are neither active friends nor foes to it and its interests; yet they are its helpers and aids in a passive manner; acting as the means by which ignorant and degraded man rises to a knowledge of its ways as the way of his salvation.

Do you suppose that the Pagan population which at one time comprised the whole world, except a few, and still is very great has no influence upon Christianity for good because it know not Christ? Most certainly it has its influence. Through it man who by nature is spiritually so blind that he cannot see nor comprehend anything except what is material; catches his first glimpses of the divine. At its altars he learns the first lessons of obedience and worship as only then he could.

Say you not that the heathen philosopher combining the intellect and wisdom of this world in order that they might know the truth as it is, yet failing, paid a tribute to the cause of Christianity grander and more lasting, than they could have paid under its influence.

Mahomedanism although not an open advocate of Christianity has befriended and blessed that cause in that it has brought a great host of heathens one step nearer the truth as it is in Christ. The Mormon who among the mountains yonder lives a life of sensual pleasure in the name of his religion, by that life gives a stronger testimony of the truthfulness of Christianity, than does that one who professes the name of Christ and keeps not his commandments.

The third class who befriend Christianity are those who openly and bitterly oppose and attack it, and who by their attacks on the walls of Zion only show their strength. Who in their labor to disprove Christianity, prove it, and who in their failure to find other systems of truth by the following of which men may become virtuous and be happy, demonstrate the genuineness of this. Celsus and the Emperor Julian through their bitter assaults on Christianity in its infancy have left to us testimony that is invaluable. The scholarly Voltaire and the witty Payne have both alike signally failed in their desperate attempts to surpland Christianity by their sophistries, and that which they said would become in less than a half century a thing of history has widened and widened its bounds until it seems about to cover the whole earth. While their sophistries have long since been consigned to unenviable history and seems only to have existed to heighten an interest in Christianity. It is to this last class of persons who befriend Christianity that Col. Robert G. Ingersoll belongs. Born in this free land of ours, where so many free institutions exist, where every one thinks and acts as he pleases in most things especially in religion, and where the voice of

the people is law. Ingersoll early perceived that the natural tendency of the American mind is and for a time will be to cast aside the sober and restraining influences of religion and to receive without question anything that will help to quiet a conscience which rebukes the license of the age. To this end, Ingersoll has taken up the old wail of, No Bible, No Truth, No God, and in every public lecture, in every thought of every lecture, in every sentence of every thought is to be found the same bitter blasphemy and cunning sophistry that abounded and prevailed in France a little less than a century ago and was the immediate forerunner and inaugurator of the horrible Revolution. And whenever I see Ingersoll's bosh of how the Christian religion infringes on personal liberty, I cannot but recall the sad lament of Madam Roland as she stood upon the scaffold "O! liberty, liberty what crimes are committed in thy name." When ever one hears this shameless boaster in his fluent flights imparting to his too anxious listeners his subtle theories, declaring substantially that there is no God to judge a moral act, no good, unless to do your own pleasure. No justice except your will, and that since all things are for the common good, that he who hold property robs the rest of mankind. Could he and should he not see coming up before him in all its fierceness the wild mob of the Communists, with blood stained hands running riot in the streets, deposing the powers that be, sacking palaces, burning public buildings, plundering and appropriating private estates and even satiating their fury by the blood of the helpless women and children of those they hate. Yet Ingersoll does Christianity good. This spirit of disregard for virtue, piety and christian living would exist if Ingersoll did not. And he by his reckless and extreme measures only shows men that such a spirit always leads to destruction. Also he points out to all men the tendency of the times and impresses them with the importance of checking those notions that have ruined many nations and may ruin many more. In a word, war rebuilds the forts and teaches the art of war, and he who burns the Indian's wigwam may expect to forfeit his scalp as its price.

It is to himself that Ingersoll is untrue and not a friend. Let us look for a short time at how Mr. Ingersoll stands related to his own acts. Some may say that he thinks that he is doing good. That is impossible. Let me tell you why. First, if he believes what he says, he believes that this material universe is all that exists and that there is no God. Then if there is nothing except this material universe there can be no moral existence and no moral law; and if no moral law, there can be no right nor wrong, no good nor bad. In the second place if he does not believe what he says. Surely he cannot go out with nothing but lies upon his lips to do the people good. Some of you may say to me by your own admission he assists a good cause ought he not then to be credited and rewarded for this good that he does. It may seem strange to say that he ought not; yet it is true. Our code of morals teaches us to regard all actions according to the intention or motive of the actor.

For instance, if I should kill a person for purely selfish reasons, and so by doing should prevent a great deal of suffering that might have been felt by that one this would not at all relieve the fact that I had committed murder. Mr. Ingersoll does not intend to do Christianity any good and therefore should not be rewarded for any such good arising from his actions. To the Christian it is plain that the Divine Being over-rules his doings for the good of his cause. The question might

naturally arise then, that if this be true does not the Divine Being prompt Mr. Ingersoll to do as he does that this good may come? Most emphatically no. For if Mr. Ingersoll did not do this either in whole or in part some one else would; and if there was no one else that would do this, there would be no infidelity and no need for it to be done. So long as men willingly disbelieve their influence may be used to counteract itself when there are no unbelievers there will be no influence of this kind to be counteracted. Ingersoll is as free a moral agent as you or I; and yet he is this open unabashed and brazen blasphemer. O! crime of crimes it has no equal! The slanderer may destroy character. The robber may plunder banks. The murderer may take life. Arnold may be a traitor, and Burr may try to snatch liberty from the grandest nation on the face of the earth. Yet there is no crime known in all the wickedness and villainess of the human heart to be compared to the crime of that man who in the sight of heaven and suffering humanity will consent for a few dollars a night to try to rob earth of virtue and life of hope by denying that there is a God. Were it not for my pledges in behalf of your patience, I would like to examine some of the statements of this reckless infidel and show to you how perfectly they have been refuted by the friends of truth. The fact is he says one thing today and quite another on the same subject to-morrow. Driven here and there by his superiors he catches at every straw that passes. Ridiculed by his own contradictions, pitied by those who are compassionate and love humanity; he has become the disgust and contempt of reasonable and thoughtful minds. Defeated in his attack on the inspired word he has come to say that he don't believe in God! That man must indeed be more than human or less than a first-class brute who can behold the grandeur of this universe alone and say that there is no God. Were I fool enough to doubt that this College and its surroundings are real; were I fool enough to doubt that I see your faces as you sit before me; were I fool enough to doubt that I myself exist; still so long as I should credit the existence of that doubt, I must believe that there is a Divine Being who created it. Ingersoll can do to Christianity but little real harm and perhaps indirectly much good. He may be able to give to those who are very drowsy in the spiritual life and who love the sleep they are sleeping a bit of morphia that may make them to sleep sounder than before; but those who are calling to them to awake from their sleep will redouble their diligence and shout the louder to the sleepers. Oh! I would to God that those young men and young ladies who are being borne aside from the path of right and virtue by the gush and flippant talk of this deluded poor mortal would open their eyes and look around.

In Portland, where I lectured for the Y. M. C. A., I was asked to say something to the Sabbath-school scholars on Sunday evening. Now my talks are "keyed up" to college audiences or church audiences, which are about as keen of appreciation as college audiences. I could not think of anything to talk about, so I looked at the children and said:

"Now, children, about what shall I talk to-night?"

"About three minutes," said a little girl.

The witty answer convulsed the church with laughter, and the ice once broken, I had no trouble afterwards."—*Eli Perkins' Letter.*

Minds of moderate calibre ordinarily condemn everything which is beyond their range.

Yale College Life.

Style of Living at This Famous Institution—Students Who Spend Annually Thousands of Dollars—The Other Extreme—The Actual Cost of Attendance at Yale.

C. F. Nirdlinger writes from New Haven for the New York World an interesting letter on Yale College students. At Yale, he says, a man's position with his fellow-students, and, to a certain degree, with his instructors, is determined by one of three considerations—wealth, intellectual attainments or a record as an athlete. The relative importance of these considerations is not indicted by the order in which they are here transcribed. It is nonsense to exclaim that in an institution of learning men should meet on an absolute level, as far as wealth is concerned. In the abstract, the sentiment is perfect in its smallest details, but since the beginning of things the influence of money has been asserted in all social arrangements. And the same order of things prevails at Yale. Of course, the possession of a large allowance is not sufficient of itself to insure for a man a position of collegiate prominence; but it is certain that among the foremost men at Yale, or any other university, you will find a respectable proportion of those having merely the potentiality of money. That prominence should be given to him, who, by virtue of natural talents or of zealous devotion to his work, attains to an unusual degree of scholarship, goes without saying; and it is quite in accord with human nature that he who wins such success through native abilities, rather than through a hum-drum "grind," should be the more admired. The respect paid to notable achievements on the athletic field is perhaps a survival of the spirit that gave to the victors in the Olympian games of ancient Greece a crown of laurel, prized more highly than any honor known to man. Even among the most cultivated people there is an active sentiment of esteem for those eminent for mere muscular prowess. Of course, the majority of young men at Yale, entirely praiseworthy and capable, never attain a commanding position in any of the three considerations of wealth, scholarship or athletics.

In spite of the prominence which the sons of rich men hold there is a well defined spirit to suppress any attempt at flashy display. Most men dress fashionably, but few very exquisitely, to use that word in a well-understood sense. The style of a student's apparel has, however, certain characteristics that make it distinctive. That wherein the affluence of a student's allowance first asserts itself is the furnishing of his apartments. These consist of a study and two small bed-chambers, usually occupied by two friends. Many of these rooms are adorned in the most elegant and luxurious manner. The walls are decorated with lin crusta, with frieze and dado of tasteful design. Smyrna rugs cover the floor of tessellated woods, and high-art furniture with satin upholstery and expensive tapestries, is ranged about the room in graceful negligence. On the walls hang paintings and engravings with subjects best calculated to appeal to students' taste. The Queen Anne mantel is full of costly bric-a-brac, and the space not occupied by these fantasies is filled with programmes, German favors, barber shop signs, prizes society plaques, trophies, photographs, "conquests," and the host of other mementoes of events dear to the college student.

One of the rooms at present most notable at Yale for the splendor of its furnishings is that of Mr. C. L. Hyde, of Plainfield, N. J. The room is in the Durfee

dormitory, and probably over \$2,000 was spent in its decorations. It is regarded as an ideal student room, wherein the easy comfort of the guest is not sacrificed to the splendor of the fittings.

Perhaps the most gorgeous apartments that have been owned at Yale in recent years were those of Mr. William Pollock, of the class of '82, at present a member of Stock Exchange. The furnishing of his rather small rooms is said to have cost \$5,000. But it must be said in mere justice that the style of adorning quarters at Yale is as a general thing not near so extravagant as that prevailing at some other universities. Three thousand dollars expended on rooms in Matthew; or Weld at Harvard is quite an ordinary proceeding. In Beck Hall there are several suits the adornment of which entailed an expenditure of ten, twelve and even twenty thousand dollars. In the latter dormitory there is at present a young man—from California probably—who has his furniture insured for \$15,000.

There is another side to the picture. Up under the roof of East Divinity hall the *World* correspondent saw a room that may serve as a type to the other extreme. There was no carpet on the floor, the furniture consisted of three straight-backed chairs, and old-style lounge covered in green oilcloth and a large home-made table. Upon the board placed above the fireplace to serve as a mantel were some old books, two half-consumed candles and a clock with a dismal tick-tock. There was not a picture on the walls—nothing anywhere to relieve the dullness of the place excepting a blue flag that hung under the dusty, unused gas-fixtures and indicated that the occupant of the den had once rowed a successful oar in the class boat races. The occupant sat at the table straining his eyes in the twilight over the pages of the philosophical essays of somebody or other. It was plain that his scrupulous economy restrained him from lighting the rickety German lamp as long as there was a single ray of daylight with which to pursue his work.

The authorities of Yale give an estimate in the college catalogue of the necessary expenses of attendance at the university. The figures for the four items of room rent, board, fuel and light and text books are put down as ranging from \$350 to \$600. This estimate, which is described in the catalogue as "near," is in reality absurd. It implies that \$600 is a liberal allowance for the necessary annual expenses, although no mention is made of such really necessary items as clothes, railway fares and, most of all, the sundries. It is found on careful investigation that the average expenditure at Yale for the college year of nine months is over \$1,200. Some men spend five times this amount, while others do not spend one-fifth, strictly speaking. There is no college in the country where so much assistance is at the service of the very poor student as at Yale. In addition to the many scholarships founded by persons of wealth, there are various beneficiary funds designed to enable poor young men to attain an education without direct cost to themselves.

It is the rarity of these very poor men in such a place as Yale that makes their cases remarkable. The majority of the students are greatly exaggerated. Many men who able to keep horses are restrained therefrom by the knowledge that such acts of extravagance place them in a delicate position with the faculty. If at any time any offense of theirs should bring them in need of official clemency the grace of leniency would be less likely to fall to them were they known to possess such proverb-

ial exponents of gayety as horses. Last year a member of the senior class was dismissed for neglect of his college work. His departure, accompanied by his trotter and traps, was received by one of the older professors with a sigh of relief and the exclamation: "Well, we've gotten those dog carts out of college at any rate."

There are men, however, willing to risk the displeasure of the faculty for the luxury of horses. Maxwell, of the junior class, drives a trotter whose keeping is said to cost him a fair portion of a six thousand dollar allowance. J. E. Doane, the son of the Chicago millionaire, is perhaps the wealthiest man in the scientific department. He lives in superb apartments in a private club, and owns valuable horses whose cost is not felt in the expenditure of an "unlimited allowance." It is probable that this young man manages to live during the nine months of the college year at an expense of \$10,000.

Western men (several of whom have already been cited) are as a rule the most extravagant and also the wildest men at Yale. They are generally the sons of men of enormous wealth; and of a generous talent for spending it. Tevis, of California, and Dyer, of Texas, have each of them letters of credit to Eastern banks for as much as they choose to draw, while another Californian is said to bring East with him after the autumn's vacation blank checks bearing his father's signature, and which he is supposed to "fill out" as occasion requires.

Teacher: "Tell me, Thomas, how many voyages around the world did Capt. Cook make?" Thomas: "Three." Teacher: "Correct. And on which of these was he killed?"



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