

The Irving Literary Gazette.

VOL. 1.

WESTMINSTER, MD., JUNE, 1881.

NO. 5.

WESTERN MARYLAND COLLEGE,
Rev. J. T. Ward, D. D., President.



INCORPORATED IN 1868.
Next Session Begins September 6.

DEATH.

Written for the Irving Literary Gazette

BY C. T. W.

From cradle to the grave, 'tis but a step—
We enter life unconscious of the line
That draws its slender thread along our path,
To mark the limits of our infant feet,
And warn us of the narrow space we tread
In passing from life's dawn unto its eve—
From shore to shore of that dividing stream
Spanned only by the short, frail bridge of time.
When first we touch with timid tottering strength
The frail support that shields us from the rush
Of death's deep, rolling flood below, we look
With chilling dread upon the current dark.
Then gaze before to feed on budding hopes
With prospects of far brighter scenes beyond.
We start on life's delusive course, and strive
To press our journey through an endless length,
And thus enjoy existence here without
The dread encounter with its bitter end.
Alas! the brightest visions of the soul
Appear, and fade, while vacant darkness fills
The place wherein they late with beauty glowed.
The sweetest notes of human tongues die on
The life unsung, because the seal of death
Is set just where the melody begins;
The brightest light of human eye is quenched
Just as its sparkle shows the dawn of mind;
The fairest face that glows with radiant joy,
Resigns its flush of beauty and grows pale
To satisfy the hunger of disease;
The stalwart form of most symmetric mold,
Wherein the glorious might of manhood lies,
Bows down decrepit 'neath weight of years;—
Its strength all wasted and its fullness gone;
The tender voice of childhood scarce begins
To prattle 'round the doting mother's knee
Before the half-formed words are driven from
The tiny lips by bitter cries of pain;
And little hands that can just grasp our own
Are sticken down and laid across the breast—
Their mission ended ere their toil begins;
The tear that wets to-day the cheek of health,
To-morrow is absorbed by fever's fire,
Or bound within its source by icy chill;
The brow upon which rests the impress of
Minerva's hand, or 'round which clings a light
Divine, is darkened by the shadow of
The tomb; the matchless dignity and grace,

That, borrowed from the source of majesty,
Rest for a little while on face and form,
Are snatched away by that resistless power
Which blots out all that's earthly with a touch,
And turns all human beauty into dust.
With *one* sad scene all mortal dramas close;
At *one* dread point all finite journeys meet.
Here, centre all the aims and hopes of life,
And at this centre end, and are no more.
One moment at the couch of death sums up
The millions that have one by one dropt out
Of time and gone to add their portion to
The ranks of ages past; one glance into
The open grave reveals the depth of gloom
Into which sink at last both great and small.
Death mocks the empty name that tries to lift
By tilted sound one piece of clay above
Its kindred piece, and lays with equal stroke
The rich and poor beneath a common sod.
To-day our buoyant feet press down the grass
That ere to-morrow fades, will bend beneath
The solemn tread of those who bear our pall.
Oh! how the last sad scenes beside the couch
Of pain cling 'round the heart and press in years
To come upon our thoughts with mournful weight.
The darkened room, the slowly ticking clock
That measures out the last faint beatings of
The pulse; the silent awe, that speechless, waits
The entrance of that dreaded guest who seems
So near; the whispered words of those who watch;
The noiseless going in and out; the look
That asks what lips have grown afraid to speak;
The moistened eye, the stifled sob of her
Whose faltering voice strives hard to say "My child;"
The trembling hand, the low bowed form, the face
Uprturned to meet the downward gaze of friends
Who gather 'round; the feeble, fluttering touch,
The last farewell, the closing eye, the shroud,
The pall, the dirge, the grave, and all is over.

THE COLLEGE SEAL.

BY PROFESSOR REESE.

Western Maryland College, under its present organization, was incorporated by an Act of the General Assembly of the State passed in March, 1868. But it was not until the following September that pro-

vision was made for a seal to authenticate and give validity to the diplomas which, by the same Legislative Act, the College was empowered to confer on its graduates or on others whom it might be pleased to honor with an academic degree. Among the Fundamental Ordinances adopted by the Board of Trustees at a meeting held on the 29th of September, 1868, was one directing "that the device of the Great Seal should be the College building, with a verbal inscription consisting of the name of the Institution, the date of its incorporation and a Latin motto signifying 'to adorn and to make better.'" It is not known, however, that this seal was ever used. It certainly was never attached to any diploma issued by the College; for in 1871 the Faculty prepared a new device which was approved and adopted by the Trustees in time for use on the diplomas of the graduating class of that year—the first to receive the baccalaureate honors of Western Maryland College.

The seal which thus displaced and superseded the original but unused one, has for its device a hand extended from the clouds, holding a torch whose light falls on an open copy of the Holy Bible, supported (in the heraldic sense) on the right by Plato's Works, and on the left by the Novum Organum of Lord Bacon. Under the three volumes is the legend "E tenebris in lucem voco," i. e., "I call from darkness into light." Surrounding the device and the motto are the words, "Sigillum Collegii Mariæ-Terræ Occidentalis. Instit. A. D. 1868," that is to say "Seal of Western Maryland College. Incorporated A. D. 1868."

The meaning of this device seems so obvious as to render any attempt at explanation altogether superfluous, but yet it may

be well to put on record, in this connection, what it was that the makers of the Seal intended symbolically to express.

The volume of Plato—who so happily united artistic perfection of style with philosophical acuteness and depth, and whose intellectual empire has been so extensive and so durable—represents that most important part of a complete education which, embracing the studies of language, mathematics, mental and moral philosophy, rhetoric, logic, &c., is commonly known as the liberal arts and sciences.

The design of Lord Bacon, in his Novum Organum, was to "replace the scholastic logic represented in the Organon of Aristotle by a new organon, in which the true and solid principle of investigating nature should supplant the old principle of mere verbal dialectics, and lead to 'fruit' in the shape of genuine knowledge." Bacon's method for mastering the secrets of nature and life was "rigid observation, aided by experiment and fructified by induction." His immortal work, therefore, appropriately symbolizes the other most important half of a complete education, the natural and physical sciences, which, owing to investigations conducted on Baconian principles, have now become so numerous and so varied.

The torch held by a hand reaching from the sky and pouring its light on the three volumes indicates that as "every good gift and every perfect boon" so, especially, knowledge—moral and intellectual light—"is from above, coming down from the Father of lights, with whom can be no variation, neither shadow that is cast by turning." But, it will be observed, the rays of the burning torch fall *directly* upon the sacred volume alone, while upon the other two—the Plato and the Bacon—they de-

ascend *obliquely*, thus representing, by symbol, the supremacy of the knowledge conveyed by those writings, which, being inspired of God, "are able to make us wise unto salvation" over the knowledge acquired by the utmost exertions of human genius, aided by faculties and endowments, which, though divinely given, are not guided by an immediate, direct inspiration from heaven.

The prominent, central position assigned, in the device of the Seal, to the Holy Bible indicates the importance attached by the founders of the College to *religion* as a factor and a power in education. And, in truth, nothing can be more certain than that a scholastic training which is purely secular fails of necessity, fails by its own limitations, to do anything like a complete educational work. It has been well said, by the historian Froude—a writer not, for a moment, to be suspected of any undue deference to the claims of the supernatural—"intellectual culture does not touch the conscience. It provides no motives to overcome the weakness of the will, and with wider knowledge it brings also new temptations."

Last of all, the open Bible lying in calm security between the two great representative philosophies testifies to the belief of the makers of the seal that there never has been, that there is not now, and that there never will be any real conflict between science and religion; and that as one and the same God created the world and man and inspired the volume which reveals to us His most holy will, so no page will ever be turned in the book of *nature* by a future Bacon, or in the book of *mind* by a future Plato, which, rightly interpreted, can contradict the truth of the WORD of GOD.

BACCALAUREATE SUNDAY.

The fine state of weather on Saturday evidenced of sunshine and zephyr on Sunday. Nor did this prove untrue. Sunday dawned with bright smiles from the Eastern hills and gentle breezes from the Catoctin Ridge. At an early hour preparations were underway for the Baccalaureate Sermon. Lace and silk rustled, ribbons floated like pennons from the peak, and jaunty hats crowned the heads of our ladies, while carefully brushed garments and new ties were noticeable in the male ranks. The students formed in line and marched to the M. P. Church, entering to the strains of an organ solo, after which an excellent voluntary was rendered by the choir; responsive reading ensued, and the introductory hymn No. 480 was announced by Dr. Ward. Dr. J. T. Murray offered prayer, after which Dr. Ward preached the Baccalaureate Sermon.

BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

The subject of the Sermon was "Christian Religion and Morality;" the text, Phillipians 4th chapter, verses 7-9.

While the good that is in other systems of religion is not ignored, the aim is to show that all other systems of religious and moral teaching except the Christian system are fundamentally defective in that they afford no adequate and satisfactory instruction and guidance as to how man can be reconciled to God and made a partaker of the divine nature.

Christianity is founded and built up, from corner-stone to cap-stone, in truth and righteousness. The Bible, the christian's book, reveals to us the true and only reasonable account of man's origin and first state of perfection, and explains the cause of the defective condition in which he is conscious of being, which he intuitively suspects to be abnormal, yet of himself cannot decide whether it is so or not, and which he inwardly and most anxiously wishes he could discover some way of bet-

tering, but all in vain until revelation from the Author of his existence flashes its light upon his darkened way. It explains to him, by facts handed down through the ages by the most satisfactory methods of history, not only how he came to be what he is, and what sad results have blackened with gloom or reddened with blood the annals of the past, and do still fill the earth with woe, and misery, and terror, all from the fact of his being, and his ancestors having been, what he is; but it also reveals the divinely ordained, and graciously promised, and faithfully executed provision of salvation from the condition in which he finds himself, and in which those from whom he descended found themselves, away back to the time of the first father on whom the terrible calamity came because of his sin; and sets forth the instances in which that provision of salvation was accepted, and the effects of the calamity in those instances averted; and how, all along the white line of faith and obedience there was peace and blessedness, while the multitudes in the preferred darkness around, were even experiencing and do still experience the just wrath of the Holy One and the terrible lashings of their own consciences, from which there can be no relief but by God's provision of grace.

Christianity is the unfolding of God's method to save a rebellious, fallen, lost and ruined world. Its grand fact, worthy of the acceptance of all, is, that "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

It fully and completely answers the question of the ages, "How can man be just with God?" "By what process shall he who knows and feels that he is a sinner, and has a sinning nature, be brought into harmony with righteousness? The mystery is unfolded by the revelation that "God is just and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus." The divine schedule of reconciliation is thus announced: "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them, and hath committed unto His ministers the word of reconciliation, bidding them beseech men to be reconciled to God, in view of the fact that Christ, who knew no sin, was made sin for them, that they might be made the righteousness of God in Him."

It is upon the religion of which Christ crucified is the central doctrine, that Christian morality is based—that morality so beautifully summarized in the text:—"Whatever things are true, pure, just, honorable, lovely, of good report; all that is virtuous and praise-worthy, think upon and practice; and the peace of God shall be with you." Belief in the Christian religion and conformity to the Christian morality as the outgrowth of that faith, will establish and confirm the heart and mind in the possession and enjoyment of union and communion with God, now and forever.

At night, the societies marched in a body, with their regalias, to attend the sermon before the societies. Dr. J. L. Kilgore, D. D., of Stewartstown, Pa., was selected to officiate in this capacity this year. His sermon was an admirable effort, replete with thought and practical advice, plentifully interlarded with beautiful and apt comparisons. Rev. Drs. Murray, Ward and Kilgore were seated in the pulpit. The first hymn, No. 84, was pronounced by Dr. Ward, after which he led the congregation in prayer. An anthem by the choir followed, after which Dr. Kilgore delivered his discourse from the text: "For I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified." I. Cor. II 2. His theme was

PAUL'S DETERMINATION; OR, THE ONLY SAVING KNOWLEDGE.

To acquire knowledge is the business of man. He is fond of knowing. In his pro-

bationary state, he may acquire much knowledge on a variety of subjects. This knowledge, or faculty to acquire it, is peculiar to man. He is capable of contemplating the wonders of creation that are strikingly developed in the heavens above and in the earth beneath; and the more he acquires, the greater desire he seems to have for still further acquirements.

But, while a knowledge of men and things is desirable and, in many respects important, there is one kind of knowledge of far greater importance—a knowledge of *Christ Crucified*.

Here we learn the science of human redemption, and become acquainted with the way in which fallen man may be reconciled to his God—whose law he has broken, and whose favor he has forfeited.

No wonder, therefore, that the great Apostle to the Gentiles, who was himself a man of brilliant talents and extensive attainments, should entertain such a noble resolution as embodied in the text: "Determined not to know anything among men save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified."

The doctrine of our text is the subject of Apostolic preaching.

They did not preach the wisdom or virtue of heathen philosophers or moralists; nor did they hold up such men as examples for imitation: they preached Christ.

"Christ Crucified" is a subject of infinitely higher importance than mere worldly sciences. These refer to the world around us and to the part of us which is earthly; the doctrines of the Cross refer to the soul and its redemption; they open to us a fountain of indescribable and unspeakable pleasure—a pleasure which far exceeds that which material things can create.

In considering more fully the doctrine of the text, we invite attention to the *Character, Sufferings and Offices of Christ*.

THE CHARACTER OF CHRIST.

The first fact that impresses us is: *The greatness of his humiliation.*

Though the creator of all things, he condescended to experience want; he had not where to lay his head. How great was his humiliation! Though he was *the Mighty God*, he was manifested in flesh. He was God and man in one person. As man, he was touched with the feeling of our infirmities; as God, he was able "to save to the uttermost." We notice also *the infinitude of His knowledge.* His unlimited knowledge comprehends his own nature, and everything that is possible or real. It extends to the deepest thoughts and designs of men. None can possibly deceive him, and no event can take him by surprise.

Anniversary of the Browning Literary Society.

The absence of any stated exercise on Monday morning of Commencement Week always renders that portion of the day monotonous to the students and sojourners at the College. This was the case on Monday last. But as every cloud has its silver lining and each day its sunshine as well as shadow, as evening approached and the moon climbed the heavens with the zephyrs rustling the branches, all phenomena gave evidence of a fair and pretty evening. Long before the hour appointed for the opening of the anniversary of the Browning Literary Society hundreds of fair faces and manly forms, robed in all the intricacies of the milliner's and tailor's arts, wended their way to the college. Eight o'clock, the designated time, witnessed the chapel packed to its utmost, the windows adorned with eager and expectant faces, sash and ribbon, gay and sombre parties, crowding the entrances, seeking accommodation within.

The curtain was rung up to the sweet strains of an instrumental duett by the Misses Wilmer, after which Miss Jennie Smith, the President of this interesting society, now advanced and delivered with fine effect her excellent address of welcome, which immediately made all present feel perfectly at home. Her address was one of the finest to which we have ever listened, and we regret exceedingly that space forbids its entire publication, which it so eminently merits.

OPENING ADDRESS.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—With a word of welcome to all and a sigh for the happy school year past, we come before you tonight to celebrate the twelfth Anniversary of the Browning Literary Society. We extend a hearty welcome to our brother Societies, and would encourage them by a few words. Ambitious sons of the Irving and the Webster, press onward, let not the low and trivial things of this life mar your proud spirits, but live such lives that afar, in the future, could an Irving or a Webster return from the spirit land to look upon you once more, he would be proud of the Societies that bear such noble names. We a Society, of literature, toiling and struggling for the glorious achievement, knowledge, earnestly beg the attention of our friends for a short time, promising not to encroach on your patience, hoping to secure your approval, asking your prayers for our success and begging that no comparisons be drawn, the result of which would, we fear, prove disastrous to us. Some of you, no doubt, have formed the erroneous idea that the Browning Society is slowly but gradually sinking into oblivion, in a sense not very complimentary. I, as one of the members, politely but positively deny it. Our banner still waves, our sky is still bright and you will find ere the close of the exercises this evening that our desire is strong and our intentions good to move as a band of unity "Onward and Upward." If, during the past year, our courage has failed us, if we have drooped a little under the thought that we have not accomplished much, it has been because our standard is high and not from lack of interest manifested by any of our fellow members.

Knowledge is our aim, ambition our helpmate. The golden future is before us, we are young and strong and with brave hearts and desirous minds some choice flowers may be culled from our little garden of literature. The exercises of our Society from week to week throughout the year, have afforded us pleasant recreation from the tasks of the recitation room, and delightful opportunities of interchange of sentiment with our fellow-members, and we shall doubtless look back in all the future upon the hours thus spent, as among the happiest of our lives. Some of us anticipate the enjoyment of more of these hours before we take final leave of college-life; but others, perhaps, may not return to enjoy those hours with us. We would fain wish our circle might remain unbroken, but this we know cannot be, since changes are ever occurring in this life. The presence of so large a number of our friends here tonight is highly inspiring to us, and will animate us not only to earnest effort to please and entertain them on this occasion, but also exert ourselves to make improvement for the future. Members of the Browning, let us be ambitious in building up our Society, benefitting ourselves and honoring the Institution of which we are representatives.

Again, to one and to all, I give a hearty welcome to our Anniversary.

Miss Smith was heartily applauded and was succeeded by a chorus of a patriotic character, which merited repeated plaudits. The grouping of the participants was especially noticeable. Miss Carrie Yingling next

appeared in a humorous rehearsal whose caption was "Bill Arp on the Rack." She performed with credit and was succeeded by Miss Janie Norment, who read "Three Women," a selection pathetic in its nature. A piano solo, "The Storm," next won praise for Miss Lamotte, the performer. To give diversity to the exercises a beautiful tableau, "Peri at the Gate of Paradise," ensued. A piano solo, "Recollections of Childhood," followed, with Miss Florence Hering presiding at the instrument. Miss Ada Smith in her rehearsal of "McLaine's Child" only added to her reputation as a declaimer. A reading by Miss Sadie Kneller ended the first part of the entertainment. "Calls of the Fairies," a lovely chorus by the society, ushered in part second.

A duett by Misses Jennie Smith and Janie Norment, next entertained the audience, after which the tableau of "Lalla Rookh and Attendants" invited attention. Misses Taylor, S. Saulsbury and M. Chaplain were the principal characters, and certainly performed to perfection. They were handsomely costumed, and were assisted in the tableau by Mr. A. L. Miles and another gentleman. Misses Bell and Norman followed with a vocal duett.

Miss Lease was followed by Miss Florrie Jones in the reading of "The New Church Organ," an old favorite. A piano solo

Miss Agnes Lease, of Frederick county, Md., read a carefully prepared essay, subject, "The Poetry of the Ancients," of which we give the opening paragraphs:

"Let us glance back almost three thousand years into the remotest antiquity and contemplate for a time the poetry of nations, heathenish in their customs, barbarous in their habits and idolatrous in their religion.

Never has the fire of poetical genius burned more brilliantly than in those dark ages when the ancient Greeks and Romans were at the zenith of their prosperity, and the world comparatively in its infancy.

Poetry was the earliest form of composition among the ancients, as it must of necessity be, for facility of recollection; hence Memory is called the 'Mother of the Muses.' The first species of poems were hymns in honor of the gods, with all the qualities and sensations, aims and actions, of a living individuality, and that of the highest, most noble and divine form existing—man. Succeeding these came songs extolling the glorious deeds of the heroes, but "Sweet Bye and Bye," was the next feature, after which the exercises found an excellent consummation in a beautiful tableau, "The Sweet Bye and Bye." All departed well pleased, and it was long before the merry laughter and hum of voices died away in the grove. Long live the Browning and may its intellectual sky ever be as bright and spotless as the hearts of its members.

the greatest problems that have come to us through the 'mists of ages' are the majestic Homeric poems, and closely following and but little inferior to them, that noble Roman work—Virgil's *Aeneid*.

After speaking at length of the universally and justly admired genius of Homer, she refers to "Pindar, the lyric poet of Greece," then to Virgil, in whose writings, she says, we find "such tender grace of style, such elaborate beauty of description, that we read again and again with renewed delight."

Of Horace, she says: "His style is finished, his sentiments are expressed with so much lively precision, and the words he uses are so happily chosen that he richly deserves the title which he claims, of Rome's Lyric Minstrel. His Odes are thought to be the result of great labor, and every perusal of them strengthens the belief that he spoke literally when he compared himself

to the Matine bee, rifling the sweets of many flowers, and finishing his work with assiduous care."

Not alone to the ancients, however, does she award the palm of poetic genius, for, referring to modern writings, she says: "Although the soul-stirring Epics of the ancients have never been equalled, yet, there are many of modern times, as Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered," of which the great French critic, Lamartine, beautifully speaks as to the motives of the poet: "Urged by piety no less than by the muse, Tasso dreamed of a crusade of poetic genius, aspiring to equal by the glory and sanctity of his songs, the crusades of the lance he was about to celebrate," and many others which describe the achievements of gods and heroes of antiquity, or of the little less renowned knights of medieval chivalry.

As a devine Epic, Milton's *Paradise Lost* is one of the noblest poems in the English language; it flows on as a deep and solemn current which bears upon its bosom majestic ships, just so it carries the author's thoughts, which are so pure that they would not have been unbecoming to those ethereal virtues that he saw with that inner eye which no calamity could darken.

After a very pretty and appropriate allusion to Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered* and Milton's *Paradise Lost*, she thus concluded:—"As long as an admiration for super-eminent merit, and homage for the illustrious in the world of letters exists in the human heart, so long will these grand old classic writers hold their merited place of honor and renown. All phases of man's life they hold they hold. With Virgil we can sing

"The lays of shepherd's and their love," or follow *Aeneas* in his wondrous and eventful life or listen to the despairing Dido's vain pleadings.

Again with the bolder Homer we read of wars and combats where Ajax wrestled and Hector strove, or listen to the revengeful Achilles insult the dying hero with loss of funeral rites.

The bold martial strains move our hearts to do and dare, and anon we are soothed to rest with a musical song of—

"The dead of night when weary bodies close
Their eyes in balmy sleep, and soft repose;
The winds no longer whisper through the woods,
Nor murmuring tides disturb the gentle floods.
The stars in silent order moved around;
And Peace with downy wings was brooding on the ground."

CLASS DAY.

At about 10, A. M., on the 14th inst., the graduating class formed in line in front of the College and marched down to the pavilion to perform the exercises of Class Day, which consisted of an opening address by Mr. J. F. Jomers, of Crisfield, Md., after which Mr. G. Y. Everhart, of Westminster, Md., read a carefully prepared and very humorous history of the Class of '81. Mr. Everhart was followed by Miss Louie Cunningham, of Westminster, who read the prophecy of the class, showing what the future of its members will be. Below we give a short synopsis of the prophecy:

The prophecy of the class was next read by Miss Louie M. Cunningham. It was well prepared and delivered in a forcible and attractive manner, and was excellent indeed.

PROPHECY.

Shortly after I was selected as prophetess of the class of '81, as the person best fitted by *natural and acquired intellectual ability*(?) to fill that important position, one of those creatures who always try to ape the manners and customs of their superiors, and by their curiosity render themselves obnoxious to all—the Sophomores—asked me, "Do you intend to dream your prophecy, or find it in an old oak tree?" I refused indignantly to gratify his idle cu-

riosity and for fear he should be, at present, in the audience, cannot gratify yours either, but will hint darkly of "Once upon a midnight dreary," and leave you to imagine the rest. Our class consists of twelve members, whose history you have just heard, and as "brevity is the soul of wit," I will try not to weary you as much as our truthful(?) historian has done.

Miss H. Bollinger will continue her studies after graduation and in five years will produce a treatise on *Moral Philosophy*, which will eclipse the work on the same subject by Dr. Winslow, "as the sun obscures the stars at noonday." It was "affectionately dedicated to Dr. J. T. Ward, to whose lectures and explanations in the classroom the authoress owes her first conception of this work." This was followed a few years later by a volume of poems, entitled "*May Flowers*," which only won for her brighter laurels.

Our attention is now called to Miss Braly. Although this young lady when she first came to college was very *meek*, lately her heart has become remarkably hard, in fact almost a stone(r), though she would go *Miles* to prove to the contrary. But after she left school she became greatly interested in military pursuits, and finally consented to take charge of a regiment or rather Reginald, and made for him a sweet little wife.

Follow me in fancy to a pleasant home in a western city. The bright occupant of the room seems uneasy. She goes often to the window, as if expecting some one, and presently is heard the anxious exclamation, "I wonder why George stays so long." Her waiting is at last rewarded, for she hears his step and rushes out to meet him. She enters, her happy face wreathed with smiles, followed by a good looking, full hearted gentleman, whose face seems familiar, but so great are time's changes we do not think that we could have recognized him had he not spoken. I am sorry that I am so late, Ada, but as my patient was much worse than I expected to find him, I was detained later than usual. There is no doubt as to his identity now; it is no other than our old friend Mr. G. Y. Everhart, one of the most successful Dr.'s in the state. [As we have already devoted more space to this prophecy than was intended, we must make the remainder of it as brief as possible.]

The prophetess goes on to say that Miss Goodhand marries a minister's son; that Miss Holliday enters into the holy bonds of wedlock with a Frank Miller; that Miss Bessie Miller, after refusing many offers, finally makes out splendidly; that Miss Nicodemus consents, and has already made up her mind to go fishing and catch a fish, a *Taylor*; that Miss Katie Smith will go on a mission to Nassau, West Indies; that Mr. Somers will enter the legal profession, but being persuaded by a woman, quits it and becomes a planter; that Miss Stalaker thinks to be a school teacher, but finally enters the ministry, id est, becomes a minister's wife. The prophetess then places her "esteemed friend, Mr. Todd," at Lock Haven, where he becomes an able doctor, returns to Westminster, and takes away with him Jennie. Here the prophecy closes, and as to its accuracy time alone can tell.—EDS.

The parting ode was the next thing on the programme, written by Miss Hattie Bollinger, and sung by the class to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne," after which the audience retired to the space in front of the college, to witness the unveiling of the statue of Clio, the muse of history. This statue is a work of rare merit, done by Mr. Beaver, of Westminster, and reflects much honor upon him for the skill which he displayed in making it. The ex-

ercises were then closed and all returned to their respective homes with many good wishes for the Class of '81.

Address delivered at the unveiling of the Muse Clio, in College Grove, June 14, 1881, by Mr. Geo. W. Todd.

Ladies and gentlemen:—We have assembled in our beautiful grove, not to commemorate any deeds of chivalry or to perpetuate names renowned in logic or in lore, but simply to plant this stone as a memento to connect the Class of '81 with the bright, happy days of school life. The past, with its faults and failures, with its disappointments and discouragements, let us bring here and bury with past opportunities unimproved. But the past with its pleasant remembrances and cordial friendships and advantages improved let us bring and connect with the hopes and aspirations of the future as basis upon which to build a monument of virtue, firmer and more lasting than the highly polished surface of our marble base. If words of adulation swell the praise of some fellow countryman, we feel a thrill of pleasure at the proprietorship. Are we not children of the same genial soil, and members of one comprehensive family? The same general interests effect us all, and in proportion as the radius lessens, the bond of sympathy strengthens. As we reduce the circle down to our class, what strength exists in the ties that bind us. Together we have battled with difficulties. Together we have overcome temptations. As a class we have anticipated the pleasure of this scene, and here let us bring our resolves, that in dependence on Him, whose strength never fails, each one will be an ornament to the Class of '81. As the beautiful proportions of our tutelary goddess rears her laurel-crowned head aloft, ever pointing beyond the groveling, insignificant cares incident to secular affairs, to brighter realms dotted with hopes, starry expectations, let the conical figure be emblematic of that elevated trust in our own heaven-guided power which will lead us to the delectable region where we can inhale the ethical bliss that may teach us the true science of human duty. And as our motto speaking in its own classical language bids us measure the span of life rather by the multiplicity of noble deeds than by the number of years, may we ever seek true moral greatness in preference to temporal adulation. That the fair goddess may never preside over the transcribing of acts committed by those who have chosen her to watch above their names, that will tarnish the spotless pages of history.

Before thy mystic altar heavenly truth, we'll kneel in manhood as we knelt in youth.

The sacred record of woman's history we confide even in semblance to no mythical divinity. But invoke the omnipotent deity to guard the hand that traces the record of "The most priceless thought that was ever made by the hand above.

"A woman's heart, a woman's life and a woman's most wonderful love."

Woman! The word is fraught with imperial grandeur. To her have been entrusted Heaven's most sacred charge. Where is the tongue that dare speak lightly of woman's mission, when to her has been confided the training of such men as institute the pride of American history? Be constant to your motto, which embraces woman's highest attributes, fidelity and virtue. Be faithful in every trust committed to your keeping, pure and chaste in every relation of and by elevating yourselves to the nobler standard of female excellence, you will draw man to the same height of human eminence.

Money bet on cattle may be called beef steaks.

THE
Irving Literary Gazette

IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT
WESTERN MARYLAND COLLEGE,
BY

IRVING LITERARY SOCIETY.

TERMS—75 Cents per year, in Advance.

Entered at the Post Office, Westminster, Maryland, as
Second Class Matter.

J. F. SOMERS & E. P. LEECH, EDITORS.

WESTMINSTER MD., JUNE, 1881.

Our Harvest Home.

The blush of the cherry and the tinge of the roses tell us in unmistakable language that summer is at hand, and that once more youthful hearts are throbbing with joyful anticipations of commencement festivities and the sports of the summer. Already the hum of the reaper and the whistle of the harvest bird, nestling among the golden grain, is coming up from the meadows with suggestions of summer heat and shower. And now while all nature is robed in "Sunday best," while the peaks of old Sugar Loaf towering in the distance towards the blue sky, is kissed by the sun-beam, we meet again to revive old friendships, to rehearse anew treasured memories, and to talk of the past and enjoy the present. Could one obtain an elevated seat and watch the various scenes of "Commencement Week," he would indeed be furnished food for a year's reflection, relative to human character and mould. There we observe a youth, oration in hand, perched on the summit of "fernrock," addressing the cattle in the neighboring field, preparatory to his effort on the morrow. As the moonbeams steal among the leafy branches and the happy notes of the piano echo in the grove, a young man whispers low and softly to the fair one by his side, talks of the weather, the fragrance of the roses, future prospects, marriage with its golden bells, and as we watch the mutual glances, we might well write with Byron, "soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again." Careworn faces, plainly indicative of the fierce contest with the storms of life, silvered hair telling of battles fought, and strong arms that have bravely stemmed the billows of opposition and swept away the angry white caps of mistrust, all have come back to spend a week of joy and uninterrupted ease. The week is replete with merry associations and joyful little incidents. The rustle of silk and the fluttering of ribbon cause many a manly heart to throb with "kindred flame." This is indeed our harvest Home, Seedtime and Harvest! Seedtime, September when the fading and tinted leaves whisper of Winter's march. This week is the culmination of the year's triumphs and defeats. Battles won and lost with pluck, industry, and application, have been the seed scattered here and there.

And now we meet to gather the fruitage of our sowing, and as we bind up the golden sheaves, we garner them where they will remain fixed and lustrous as the night-stars gemming the summer skies.

Alumni Re-Union.

To-night (Thursday) Mr. Jas. A. Duffenbaugh, the President of the class, will make some remarks, setting forth the history of the Alumni organization. Mr. W. S. Amoss, who was selected to deliver the oration to-night will be absent, having been unavoidably detained. While we regret this, we are confident that Mr. Duffenbaugh's remarks will be of interest and instructive, and the essay of Miss Janie Bratt, A. M., of Oxford, Md., will be a fine and handsome specimen of female intellectual achievement, a synopsis of which appears in this issue.

The Alumni banquet will take place immediately after the exercises.

With this number of the IRVING LITERARY GAZETTE the present editors take leave of the editorship and commit it into the hands of two gentlemen whose ability and energy will make the paper far more successful in the future than it has been in the past. We are deeply grateful to the friends who have so generously contributed to its prosperity during its past career, and hope that as it grows in years it will merit their approbation to a greater extent. The GAZETTE has secured a large number of subscribers, and will begin anew next September with increased vigor and redoubled usefulness. We earnestly hope that the friends of our College will encourage and sustain the students in publishing this journal, knowing, as they do, that in whatever manner they aid in its success, they contribute to the welfare of Western Maryland College. In connection with this, the regular paper, we publish a handsome supplement, containing portions of essays and orations and advertisements, to which we call especial attention.

We have found at the last moment that we have too much on hand, and hence have been compelled to leave out one essay and oration, the essay of Miss Meredith and the oration of Mr. Meekins.

The Irving Literary Society of Western Maryland College, subscribed \$100 to the payment of the college debt. This amount has now been placed in the hands of the college agent, with well wishes for the future career of their treasured institution.

All should read the synopsis of the oration of Hon. H. W. Hoffman. His effort last Wednesday evening was well worthy of his reputation and his State.

The graduating class this year was composed of twelve members, nine of whom were ladies and three gentlemen.

The September number of the *Gazette* will appear about the 15th of September.

Our subscription price per year is but 75 cents.

Read the History of the College Seal by Professor Reese.

Distribution of Certificates and Reading of Marks.

Wednesday morning was devoted to the reading of grades, and the distribution of certificates. At 10 o'clock the students had assembled in the pavilion with a large number of friends, where the exercises of the morning were to take place. There were many anxieties, and some disappointments. Prof. Hering read the marks, and Dr. Ward delivered the various honors. The following received Distinctions in the branches named:

In Belles Lettres—Geo. Y. Everhart, E. L. Gies, George Gist, J. W. Kirk, E. P. Leech, S. D. Leech, A. L. Linthicum, J. F. Somers, C. B. Taylor, G. W. Todd, H. L. Wright, Miss Bettie Braly, Miss Katie Goodhand, Miss May Meredith, Miss Bessie Miller, Miss May Myers, Miss Gertrude Bratt, Miss Maud Chaplain, Miss V. Smiley, Miss Emma Taylor.

In Mental and Moral Science—Messrs. H. L. Elderdice, G. Y. Everhart, E. L. Gies, L. R. Meekins, J. F. Somers, G. W. Todd, Misses Katie Goodhand, May Meredith, Bessie Miller, Mary Myers, Katie Smith, Laura Stalnaker.

In Physical Science—Misses Laura Bishop, Hattie Bollinger, Katie Goodhand, May Meredith, Bessie Miller, Mary Myers, Laura Stalnaker, Minnie Usilton, and Messrs. E. L. Gies, Geo. Gist, J. W. Kirk, L. R. Meekins, J. J. F. Thompson.

In Mathematics—Misses Laura Bishop, Betta Braly, Katie Goodhand, Mary Myers, Gertrude Bratt, Maud Chaplain, Minnie Usilton, Virginia Smiley, Annie R. Ames, Irene J. Everhart, and Messrs. E. L. Gies, George Gist, William Gist, J. W. Kirk, Christopher Noss, C. B. Taylor, G. W. Todd, H. L. Wright, W. F. Elgin, James D. Gwynn.

In Ancient Languages—Misses Laura J. Bishop, Mary Myers, Gertrude Bratt, Maud Chaplain, Minnie Usilton, Virginia Smiley, Annie R. Ames, Irene Everhart, Flora Jones, and Messrs. E. L. Gies, Geo. Gist, Jas. D. Gwynn, J. W. Kirk, Christopher Noss, F. H. Schaeffer, C. E. Stoner, G. W. Todd.

In French—Misses L. J. Bishop, Katie Goodhand, Bessie Miller, Mary Myers, Maud Chaplain, Minnie Usilton, and Messrs. A. Linthicum, W. F. Elgin.

In Hebrew—H. L. Elderdice, J. W. Kirk, E. A. Warfield.

In Music—Misses Hattie Bollinger, Florence Hering, Alverta Lamotte, Minnie Usilton, Sallie Wilmer, Virginia Smith.

In English Branches—Misses Annie Ames, Irene Everhart, Flora Jones.

In Deportment—Miss Hattie Bollinger, Florence Duffenbaugh, Ida Duffenbaugh, Florence Hering, Alverta Lamotte, May Meredith, Bessie Miller, Mary Myers, May Nicodemus, Gertrude Bratt, Virginia Smiley, J. Smiley, Minnie Usilton, Nellie Warner, Annie Ames, Sallie Wilmer, Laura Stalnaker, and Messrs. John Gill, J. W. Kirk, Christopher Noss.

The essay prizes were next awarded. These are given by Dr. Ward to those students whose compositions in points of diction, penmanship and originality, are adjudged by a competent committee, chosen for the purpose, to be the best. The first prize, which was a handsome volume entitled "The Life and Epoch of Hamilton," was awarded to L. R. Meekins, of Cambridge, Md., author of "Energy," the second to Mr. E. P. Leech, of Frederick, Md., author of "The Influence of the Study of Nature," the third, "Arnold's Essays on Criticism," to Mr. H. L. Elderdice, Burrsville, Md., author of "Man's Responsibility," the fourth to Miss Nannie James, of Belair, Md., authoress of "Love of Fame," the fifth, "Demosthenes Orations," to Mr.

Calvin B. Taylor, of Berlin, Md., author of "History."

A handsome volume of poems was awarded to Miss Maud Chaplain for proficiency in German.

The Junior prize medal procured by Col. McKellip, A. H. Huber, Esq., Dr. Chas. Billingslea, and Dr. Howell Billingslea, was presented to Mr. E. L. Gies.

The gold medal presented by a member of the class of '73 to the valedictorian of the class of '81, was awarded to Miss Laura Stalnaker.

The Senior class gave a medal for the Sophomore having the highest grade. As Messrs. J. W. Kirk and Harry Baughman came out exactly equal, Dr. Ward said that he would retain the medal, have one cast precisely like it, and present one to each of the gentlemen.

The Kuhn's Freshman medal, donated by Rev. Mr. Kuhns, was awarded to Mr. George Gist.

Part of Oratorical Contest.

Mr. E. P. Leech, of Frederick City, closed the contest for the Irving, with an oration on HOME, SWEET HOME.

He spoke of the great influence of a boyhood's home, in moulding and developing subsequent character, and dwelt upon the charms and memories that cluster around the home of childhood. In speaking of hearts broken and homes rendered desolate by war, he said:—"Tis night. The campfires of the German army dot the mountain slopes of distant Algeria. All day long the bursting shells and the deep bay of artillery have written the crimson story of carnage. On mountain side, in the dark valley, by limpid brook and among the rocks the dead and dying lie. Many a form, dear to those who watched his proud departure, filled his canteen, and cheered his manly prestige as he marched away, is passing his last and lonely night on earth; his forehead touched by the kiss of death, his locks toyed with by the zephyrs of a foreign clime, his tattered uniform stained with life blood, his tear-drooped eye gazing far off to native hills, gazing to the distant mountain range that marks the land of his birth, and as the angel of death watches around his couch on the cold battle field, in fancy he catches the tender voice of mother, sister, brother, or in "love's young dream" tunes his guitar in cool sequestered bowers, or once more gathers on the village green to unite in "the German songs he used to sing in chorus sweet and clear." Hearts that throbbed in admiration, as rank by rank, in martial tread the solid columns pressed on to meet the foe, hands that waved the handkerchief and with many a cheer said "good-bye" to the kindred regiments, they who strapped on the heavy knapsack, father, mother, sister, brother, friend, all are in tears to-day. The silent village, the closed shutters, and the whispered consultation, all tell, sorrowfully tell the issue of the battle. In the village churchyard to-night beneath the willow and the elm, they sleep the deep sleep of the fallen, their green graves crowned with rose and lily o'er which the bird chants the soldier's requiem; they rest, sweetly rest in their native valley and under the blue skies of home, while the tears of loved ones fall on their new-made mounds. He then spoke of the recollections of the aged man, and finished with a tribute to Home, Sweet Home.

Toddlekins is a very small man indeed, but he said he never minded it until his three boys grew up to be tall, strapping fellows and his wife began to cut down their old clothes to fit him. And then he said he did get mad.

ANNUAL ORATION

Before the Literary Societies of Western Maryland College, June 15th, 1881, by Hon. Henry W. Hoffman, of Cumberland, Md.

Scarcely had the sun gone down behind the Western Hills, when the members of the three literary societies formed in line and marched to the pavilion, preceded by the Westminster band to listen to the oration of Hon. H. W. Hoffman, the orator of the evening. Seated on the stage were Dr. Leech, Dr. Killgore, Rev. Mr. Brunner, Dr. J. T. Ward, Dr. Hering, Rev. P. L. Wilson, Mr. Norment, Rev. J. S. Smith, besides several other gentlemen whose names we could not obtain.

The exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. Dr. Leech. Dr. Ward then introduced the orator, who spoke substantially as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—Although I am a native of Western Maryland, yet this is the first time that I have had the privilege of looking into the faces of a Carroll county audience. Although I have passed my fifteenth year and traveled up and down the State, yet this is the first time that I have ever set foot in Carroll county. I do not feel that I am a stranger, and can recall the time when the President of W. M. College was in my own mountain city, and I had the pleasure to hear him when a boy, a mere stripling, and I am glad to meet him again. I do not feel at all that I am in a strange community.

University and College and kindred institutions of learning, have multiplied so rapidly that no year can excel the present in the success of institutions of this character. These at their annual commencements, have laid under contribution so much of the culture and thought of the age, that I confess I feel a degree of unwonted embarrassment on an occasion like this. I cannot better hope to discharge the duty to which I have been called, than by directing your attention to some points in the Educational System of the nation.

Some will recall the well used figure of a Centennial orator, who has well described the planting of English liberty on the soil of the New World. With historic accuracy and poetic force and beauty was planted the germ from which has sprung the present educational system of this country. We have outgrown the common idea that no great result could be achieved with the strewing of pine, laurel and music and all the trappings of a triumphant beginning. We have seen many enterprises nipped in the bud, the world in fact, is full of failures of this kind. Now, if allowed to use a trite figure of the mountain spring on whose surface dance the sparkling ripples supposing it had fulfilled its mission, when the bird drank from it and the wayfarer slaked his thirst, yet the spring flows on, ever increasing on whose banks is the dwelling of man, and the palaces of kings finally mingle its waters with those of the mighty deep. Many of the institutions extending beyond colleges, individuals and the family circle, weave their influences and become part of the nation's life. These institutions owe their origin to the New England colonies. While other generations may differ concerning the theories of evolutionists in regard to "the survival of the fittest," yet they all confess that the Mayflower brought the germ of our educational system. It is one of the facts of history that within ten years after the landing of Governor Winthrop, Harvard College was founded. While we do not claim the inventions of these people, we are well aware that even in Plate's foggy brain education by the state was not a new thing. Yet we do

maintain that they were practical, and the germ of our present system of elementary and grammar schools. Those men did not only provide for the schools named, but came nearer our present school system in that they provided a fund, by which persons of bright intellect and in indigent circumstances might enter Harvard College upon a plan somewhat similar to our Normal Schools. We cannot overlook the fact that by them private schools came into existence, which fitted men to meet those great questions which have engaged the attention of this nation. But while education was making such progress in New England, S. W. Berkely, in writing to an Englishman, thanked God that there were no free schools in the South. * * *

In my own days I can well remember when there were select schools—when the rich would not permit their children to attend the public schools.

Mr. Hoffman ended his highly-appreciated oration with some good advice to the members of the societies, reminding them that this is an age of specialties; that those men who have best succeeded in life have been those who took some one profession, and by devoting their whole time to it, made it a success. Mr. Hoffman's oration, though short, was replete with thought, and delivered in a style which held the undivided attention of his large audience.

Mr. Hoffman very appropriately closed with the following beautiful verses from "The Water Mill":

Listen to the water-mill, all the livelong day,
How the creaking of the wheel wears the hour away
Languidly the water glides, ceaseless on and still,
Never coming back again, to that water-mill;
And the proverb haunts the mind, as my spell is cast,
The mill will never grind with the water that has passed.

Take a lesson to yourself, loving hearts and true;
Golden years are passing by, youth is passing too;
Try to make the most of life, lose no honest way,
All that you can call your own, lies in this—to-day.
Power, intellect and strength may not, cannot last—
The mill will never grind with the water that has passed.

Address Before the Alumni.

Miss Janie Bratt of Oxford, Md., read a fine essay on "George Elliott from her books." We have carefully examined the whole of this production and do not hesitate to say that seldom have we been more pleased or instructed by its perusal. Space forbids a large portion for publication. Would that we could publish all.

This song of soul I struggle to outbear,
Through portals of the sense sublime and whole.

The life of a long life "distilled to a mere drop falling like a tear upon the world's cold cheek to make it burn forever."

While the roses, violets and daisies for the first time are shedding their perfume, and the velvety grass gathering greenness over the grave that shields the world's wonder, "George Elliot," we come to lay a leaf of laurel at the feet of her who lies there, for the first time, perhaps at rest. Aye at rest! The fierce breath of the hurrying throng does not now flush her cheek, brighten her eye or quicken the pulse in its throbs, or cause a fleeing smile to glance athwart the shadows of that heavy face. All is unheeded—the quiet is unbroken, the sleeper but gathers her dreamless curtain closer, for

"Life treads on life and heart on heart,
We press too close in church or mart
To keep a dream or grave apart."

Let us glance from this picture to another; from the life that lies there with its music quenched to the same with the rhythm of existence just ringing down the grooves of change—George Elliot, *nee* Mary Ann Evans. Born February 22, 1820, at the Griff House, near Nuneaton, of parents in good circumstances, she re-

ceived a liberal education. Quiet and studious by nature, full of reserve, with slight form, massive head, and features that were dull and heavy in repose, but flashed into life and activity as the subject before her gains attention, joined with a voice of rare power and sweetness, and you have, as far as we can give it, a pen sketch of this remarkable woman.

Her literary career began in 1852, with the *Westminster Review*, on which she was engaged to assist in the editorship, and to which she occasionally contributed an article. Her first novel was the "Adam Bede" we know so well, that appeared in 1859; followed the next year by the "Mill on the Floss," and this in turn by "Silas Mariner." These three constitute what the literati would call her novels, and at once established her reputation as a writer. Her books were extensively read, criticised and praised, not only in England, but America, and George Elliot became a household word. About this time she became acquainted with many of the distinguished men of the day, among whom Herbert Spencer and George Henry Lewis were the most noticeable—the name of the latter, which follows the authoress' name as do the shadows the sunshine, one linked with the other as indissolubly as life and death.

Some critics aver that after the publication of the above books George Elliot's fame began to wane and her powers to decrease. We cannot agree with them. Her later books, in our opinion, are her best. I grant there is less for the general reader, more for the student of the mysteries of heart and humanity; and less than nothing for one who seeks a tale of thrilling interest, for George Elliot ignores the dramas of the day, and treats alone with the realities of the moment and the vital force of truth. She, perhaps, loses in story telling power, but she gains infinitely in the play of intellect that dazes one as do the fireworks of the heavens—that sweeps all onward as the language moulds and forms itself to speech at the touch of that vast intellect. As thought folds itself upon thought, and a shadowy uncertainty becomes an acknowledged fact in turn from her books with a feeling of expression at the genius whose power is its right, that fascinates and saddens while it avers. We do not read George Elliot simply for her stories of life, but for something that the writers of the day lack, not in quantity, but quality; and that is the analysis. This being an easy word, the critics use it on all occasions; but analysis, and George Elliot from association, have grown to be synonymous, and that, too, in a style peculiar to herself. Look at her: What is that she holds? A human heart. And with her face grand in its energy and fire, and her flowing marvellous words she lays bare—as we do the leaves of a rose—the innermost recesses of that organ of human life. Seeing, as the light falls clearly, all the quivering tissue of thought, the keen pathos that weaves itself in and out with the tones of sadness, the exquisite burst of rapture, or the moan that is wrung from the breaking heart. The gay carol that ripples to the lips in joyous moments, or the wail of sorrow that sweeps o'er us like the shadow of anguish. Note the heroism that lies beneath the gaze of careless eyes, or the sad, lone cry of a soul bereft. Gleans in the dusky trailing shadows that oftentimes showed the heart, for the fine emotions that would escape all eyes but George Elliot's. Counting thoughts as we do beads, or tracing out character with a broad, comprehensive sweep that never faltered or wavered, until it grew bewildered in its winding and murmur. Is it the woman or the book, a myth or reality.

Thus she grasps all subjects, religions of serial shades, politics, philosophies, antiqui-

ties, materialism, the hard, dark problems of human life; all alike feel the breath of her sarcasm, the piercing glance that nothing escapes; and the intellect whose sustained energy of conscious power guides her into the haven of truth. She handles each with ease and strength, the simple character with its undulating curves and the strong, terse one, each grow into life and action under the sweep of her pen. True, many carp at her characters, but it is not for the figure one reads a book, as for the lessons it teaches, and what we learn from Geo. Elliot is not only good but useful. True, as you say, she does not instil patience, groaning with unrest. I grant that her "souls" often beat wildly against the bars of fate, wearing themselves out in a vain attempt to gain a freedom they will never know, but I also contend that the surest way to show a wrong is to write it out in somebody's life, and the fact will be unanswerable. Even the growing remorse that comprises some of her fairest objects is fraught with a lesson of avoidance that cannot fall unheeded on our ears. Vice is held up with such piercing, biting words that we instinctively shun even the appearance of it, and where she fixes the eagle eye she lays bare the workings of sin and crime, and sends the lesson home with irresistible power. Her books, like herself, are not the enigmas many suppose, when once you have the key, which is furnished by our poet. George Elliot's books are real, and to deny her identity is to deny her books, and to deny her books is to lose one of the greatest intellectual treats of the age. She has written herself so forcibly into her books that one has to grasp them together—the life with the book. You cannot take her as a part and do her justice; imagine, for instance, treating a part of "Daniel Deronda." Or dividing "Middlemarch" into sections; do you not smile? Is not the woof of each life crossed and re-crossed, one with the other, and where will you begin? But let your understanding and pity clasp hands with this lonely woman, and in between the lines that seem harsh and incomprehensible we will see written she did it all for humanity but she forgot her God. Let us leave her, therefore to the silence and darkness of her grave, laying amid our falling tears this leaf of laurel, thinking

The saddest words of tongue or pen,
Is: it might have been.

RESOLUTIONS.

WHEREAS, in the dispensation of Divine Providence it has pleased Almighty God to take from us our respected and esteemed classmate, Miss M. Emma Selby; and

WHEREAS, in her death we feel the loss of one endowed with noble qualities of mind and heart; therefore, be it

Resolved, By the class of '80, of Western Maryland College in meeting assembled, that in the death of our classmate we recognize the hand of Him who gave and the wisdom of Him to whom alone it belongs to take away.

Resolved, That we hereby express our appreciation of her while among us as an earnest student, as a noble woman, and as a true friend.

Resolved, That while we mourn her sudden and unexpected death, we are consoled with the assurance that she came to the end of her pilgrimage with a life crowned with good deeds.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the College paper.

EDWARD L. BAILE, President.

FRED. C. KLEIN, Secretary.

June 14, 1881.

A tramp called his shoes "corporations"—because they had no soles.

ORATORICAL CONTEST Between the Irving and Webster Societies.

At six o'clock on Tuesday evening, the clouds gathered and a terrific gust of wind sprung up, after which a shower of a half hour's duration followed. After this, the wind gradually died away, the moon rose above the tree tops and a fine evening was heralded. The crowd commenced to gather early, and at the hour of opening the pavilion was filled with a large, cultured and appreciative audience. The societies in their specific regalia, proceeded to the pavilion, headed by the Westminster Band. *The College Record*, a paper published by a gentleman of the Webster Society, and intended to serve during Commencement, appeared on Tuesday, and pretended to give a *true* account of the exercises of the contest. Every word in regard to the orators of the Irving was a base libel, untrue, and not of the slightest authenticity. The Editor of that paper, having been unable to obtain synopses of the orations of the Irvings, relied on his memory, a very difficult enterprise, and put sentence after sentence that never had existence, save in his own mind, pretending them to be part of the orations of the Irving representatives. We give a *true* account of the whole contest, having obtained all the synopses from the orators themselves.

Messrs. E. P. Leech and L. R. Meekins also participated in the contest, Mr. Leech for the Irving and Mr. Meekins for the Webster, but space will not permit the publication of their synopsis.

Mr. Wm. W. Dumm, of Johnsville, Frederick county, Md., was the first speaker in behalf of the Webster Literary Society, and took for his subject

"LET THERE BE LIGHT."

We stand to-day flooded with the lights of the nineteenth century. The dim tapers of ignorance, superstition, and idolatry, whose poisonous flames were so numerous in the past, are fast becoming extinct, and the lights of education and christianity, burning with electric brightness, are taking their places; and the world is approaching a zenith of glory, the horizon of which our ancestors scarcely perceived. The war-axe of continued dissensions and aspirings to sovereignties, have to a great extent been laid aside, and man's might to-day is his morality and intellectual worth. So, also, in the physical world light is indispensable. If this earth with all its beauty and grandeur, moving on as it does in its endless and changeless orbit, were to move into regions so remote that the genial and life-giving rays of the sun could not be felt, and the smiling faces of the stars could not be seen, can you imagine the utter desolation that would soon succeed the beauty that now exists? But if the planets and satellites that revolve in the moral and intellectual system, and that are to-day the mental lights of the universe, were to become eclipsed, how much denser would be the darkness that would envelop us. How much greater would be the deformity of the works of God's hand, patterned like unto himself. But this not so, on the contrary, everything in nature and art, human and divine, is swelling forth the words "Let there be light." Among the lights that are illuminating the world to-day the light of education holds a prominent place. And around this flame innumerable jets circle; every author adds a new jet to the cluster, every logician makes it brighter and purer, and every scientist adds new material to the flame to increase its brilliancy. It is the accompaniment that must be played to harmonize and perfect the song of any people. And as a few cords may beautify a whole selection, so one author may give a new

impetus to the educational spirit of a nation. Milton swelled forth this accompaniment in tones that stirred the world. He seemed to blend all the beauties and virtues of his predecessors in his own supernatural way, and with his depth of soul, magnitude of thought, and sublime imagery, he swept the notes of that mighty key-board with a majesty of eloquence and solemn grandeur never surpassed, trilling up, without rising where ecstasy dissolves reason, he carries us, intoxicated with his thrilling notes, to Paradise and then to the very throne where justice was meted out to fallen man.

Mr. C. B. Taylor, of Berlin, Worcester County, Md., opened the contest for the Irving, taking for his theme

CLIO.

History! It notes each throb that heaves the bosom of the nations; it records the pulsations of rectitude and error that play along the careers of men. Cæsar fell centuries ago, stabbed with the dagger of the ungrateful Brutus; he heard in the decades of the past the triumphant shouts of conquest, and looked with the pride of a victor upon the submissive Pompey. But to-day he is acting in the eyes of the world the same scenes, for the history of Rome in her glory graces the shelves of libraries in every country. History! By carrying the statesman back to the lifetime of fallen empires, pointing out the merits and demerits of their governmental forms, by developing and displaying the faults of ancient legislation, it suggests to the legislators of the present more practical and material theories of government, more stable and permanent methods of legislation applicable to our own modes. If we refuse to heed and act upon the lessons that have been taught us by fallen governments; if, with clouded senses, we shut our ears to the wail arising from the tomb of the past, not only should we merit a future fraught with desolation, sorrow and tears, but should rightly be revisited by the errors that overthrew former nations, and sink into a premature national grave. But, happy to say, we have recognized and cherished the teachings of the past—have listened to the story of the fallen, have realized a republican form of government to be the most sacred, the most stable, the most enduring; and to-day the ship of the republic is in sympathy with such emotions, and the banners of the country are waving over statesmen who cherish such sentiments. Let us but keep these principles ever in view. Let virtue, honor and integrity be the guide of our national council, and a long future awaits the approach of the republic. Peruse with scrutiny the volumes of Macauley's England, and become acquainted, not alone with the annals of the English people, but have in detail open to your view and study the fields of Belles-Lettres, Philosophy and Ethics. Centre your thought and attention to the biographies of Irving, who received from England's monarch the royal medal for historic composition, and you not only read the records of Washington, Columbus, or the conquest of Granada, but are put in consultation with him—the greatest of the great American authors—he who spread a charm around the nooks of the Hudson, and enveloped in mythical interest the fertile lands of Spain—whose name is dear to American soil, and whose renown will linger until the republic falls.

All praise to Clio. Let Europe, Asia, Africa, America and the Islands of the sea join in the song. Swell the glad pæan, and let the anthem ring. As long as time shall last, as long as the stars look down from the vault of heaven, as long as the rainbow shall span the dark path of the storm, let peals of joy ascend to Clio, the

Mr. Taylor's oration was replete with interest, choicely worded and well received.

Mr. A. L. Miles, of Marion, Md., the second orator of the Irving, delivered a magnificently written and finely wrought oration, for which he received rounds of applause.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Character, the most fitting monument in honor of a statesman, politician or even a private citizen, which time has never embalmed with loftier thoughts in any one for eternity than in the noble son of Virginia, and grandson of America—whom I introduce to you this evening—is the chief emblem of true greatness, of which I wish to speak, and which real honor has stamped upon his brow, sealed with eternity and glory by an iron clasp, which none save the All-powerful from heaven could burst asunder, and soared triumphantly above the darkness and ignorance of youth into the clear sunshine of noonday, and ever and anon alighted upon the brightest pages of history, there surrounded by a halo of immortal fame which few have ever attained. * * * But the period has now arrived when he wished to close forever his political career—through which he had passed with unsullied honor and distinguished reputation—to leave the scene of glory while its brightness was unobscured by the unavoidable infirmities of age, and to spend the evening of his days in the calmness of domestic and philosophical retirement. Though led into the line of public life—and though called from the friends and attractions of his glorious home to cross the unfathomable depths of the Atlantic, penetrate the magnificent but sublime waters of the Mediterranean and tread upon regions unknown—he cherished no less the memory of his boyhood days, when, as a country rustic, he followed the footsteps of an honest old Virginia farmer, and feasted his eyes upon the glories in the grass and the sunshine on the flowers. He loved his country home, and, like the Englishman, who, for the sake of a spot to call his own, would cross the seas, plant himself on the prairie or amidst the primeval forest, and make for himself a home—the solitude of the wilderness had no fears for him. Unlike the brutal, unrelenting and ill-conditioned one, whose heart grows harder by increasing years, his nature melted with age, and, when weak and cast down by its imbecilities, gathering his friends around the fireside, he would speak to them, though with a trembling voice, yet with cheerfulness that linked their sorrows with pleasures, and of which the very tears were sweet. * * *

But yet America must grieve the death of her long-lost son, for while his eyelids were fanned by the soothing wings of sleep in the darkness and silence of a night, a mighty change was wrought upon the face of nature. The church-bells tolled in agony and the heavens appeared to reverberate the sound—"He is not dead, but sleepeth." The tall and slender form that once wandered his parental homestead, with his daughter Mary at one hand and Martha at the other plucking the flowers from their ornamental beds, no longer paced the garden paths; the voice was no longer heard like low, distant thunder, to touch the walls of Congress; the trembling hand that so elegantly drew up the Declaration of Independence was folded upon his breast; and he, in all his glory, honor and spiritual happiness, was looking heavenward.

Born from the best of American blood, rocked in the cradle of American wood he fell, not like Hamilton—upon the field of honor—not like Cicero—by the stroke of the assassin's sword—nor like Demosthenes did he swallow a poisonous liquid to escape his pursuers. But our illustrious

adviser, in the fullness of his years and of his honors, upon the anniversary of the declaration of independence, and on a day that was shaking in Europe the pillars of monarchy to the dust, he fell by the hand of God.

Mr. E. L. Gies, the last speaker for the W. L. S., delivered his oration, on

DANIEL WEBSTER.

In his opening remarks he endeavored to draw a comparison between European and American statesmen—not unfavorable to the latter—and assigned to Daniel Webster the first position among the men of the day and generation.

"Unlike Pitt and Fox, representative names in Parliament, and Erskine, the brightest star in the constellation of English barristers; unlike these, whose laurels withered when removed from their own chosen field of action, Webster stood pre-eminent in the legislative hall and in the forum. In our highest judicial courts his genius shone resplendent, while the deep tones and rich volumes of his voice were still almost echoing in the councils of the nation. After speaking of his national character and service, also of his far-seeing statesmanship, the effects of which are today being felt, he said: "Government was not with him a paltry game of who wins and who loses, but a divine institution, entailing upon mankind the highest degree of happiness or the utmost misery. Regarding it as the highest sphere of human thought and action, he devoted himself assiduously to the constitution of his own country. What grander work could engage his attention? Containing the experience of past ages, framed upon the best models of antiquity, and consummated in the full knowledge of our it would indeed be strange if all should not proclaim in unison with him that it is the noblest production of uninspired man. Surpassing man of his generation in his minute familiarity with its most hidden details, viewing it with an adoration almost reaching idolatry, defending it in the prime of his manhood, and with the whole power and might of his gigantic intellect, need it be said that his noble titles, 'The Constitution and its greatest expounder,' 'The Union and its ablest defender,' will go down to posterity with as definitive an application as that which attaches to 'The Father of his Country.' The preservation of the Union was the central idea of his political system. * * * The voice of secession, whether heard emanating from the Hartford Convention, or in later years echoed in the legislature of South Carolina, roused his just indignation and stirred his whole soul into action to repel its felonious attempts to upset the foundation or weaken the fabric of our government." After citing the example of ancient Greece in support of his views, he stated that "He was not dumb to the teachings of history but was a willing votary at her shrine. He failed not to perceive the importance of that union which had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit, under whose benign influence these great interests immediately awoke as from the dead, and sprang forth with renewed life, and which will ever be to us a copious fountain of national, social and personal happiness." He here briefly described his reply to Hayne, which in his own language "will ever be a monument to his greatness more lasting than shafts of granite or blocks of marble. Nor does this stand out upon the page of history alone. When mould shall have gathered upon his tomb, none will be discovered upon his memory. His memorials are all over the land. For over forty years he participated in the councils of the nation, and until America lacks a historian, Daniel Webster will not want a

biographer. He lives in all that perpetuates the remembrance of man on earth, on his noble deeds, pure, disinterested motives, in the hearts of an admiring people and the universal homage of mankind. * * * On that muster roll inscribed in the hearts of freemen 'he still lives,' but those lips around which clustered the power of a great genius and a spirit saturated with the impulses of liberty have closed forever, breathing a prayer to the author of his greatness. 'He is gone to the grave and whole nations bemoan him Who caught from his lips the glad tidings of peace: Yet grateful they still in their hearts shall enthroned him, And ne'er shall his name from their memories cease.'

CLASS OF '81.

At an early hour on Thursday morning the roseate sunbeams came o'er the Oriental hills, and the atmosphere, well tempered by refreshing zephyrs, gave joyful promise of a magnificent day. The trains arriving this morning brought throngs of happy faces, and the surrounding country paid its just tribute the appreciation of the graduates by hundreds of persons who came, in vehicles of every description. The view way, indeed, was worthy the study of a profound moralist. The great truisms "knowledge is power," and "culture carries conviction" were amply verified on this festive occasion. The large and attentive audience that greeted them, and the floral tributes of every description and make-up that lended such a charm and fragrance to the occasion of their farewell, all were sincere tokens of public appreciation for bright and youthful intellects. To the cheerful and beautiful strains of the band, the Trustees, Faculty, distinguished visitors, and scholars, proceeded to the pavilion. On the stage were seated the President of the College, the Trustees, Faculty, Revs. Dr. Leech, J. T. Murray, J. J. Murray, J. L. Killgore, S. B. Southerland, E. J. Drinkhouse, and Rev. P. L. Wilson, W. T. Dumm, Henry Bruner, Hon. H. W. Hoffman, J. S. Repp, and many others. Several renditions by the band ensued, and every heart throbbled with mutual sympathy for the Class as they appeared on the stage, robed in exquisite commencement apparel, the proverbial snow-white lace and dress, being that worn by the ladies, and the black, the characteristic of the gentlemen.

At this point perhaps it would not be amiss to review in brief the history of the Class. It is composed of twelve members, the gentlemen answering to three of the number, and the ladies to nine. In alphabetical order, Miss Bollinger's name stands at the head of the class. She is from Westminster, the daughter of Joseph Bollinger, Esq., and is characterized for her placid demeanor and good nature. Her essays during the year have been plain, practical, and replete with good advice. Miss Bettie Braly is from Hagerstown, Md. Her productions are of choice diction. Miss Loulie Cunningham, daughter of Wm. A. Cunningham, Esq., of Westminster, is proverbially admired for her genial social qualities, high spirited and good pleasant disposition. Her essays have been of the highest order, and have merited deserved appreciation. Miss Goodhand of Kent Island is full of fun and frolic. Miss Holliday, of Annapolis, is of good humor, and her essays have been replete with mirth. Miss Miller of Elkton, has been the author of creditable productions. Miss Nicodemus of Wakefield, also corresponds to the last comment. Miss Smith has the good will of all on account of serene temperament and culture. Miss Laura F. Stalaker is highly liked by all. Her essays are of the first order. Mr. G. Y. Everhart is of manly bearing and well liked. Mr. Somers, of Crisfield, the good natured,

pleasant gentleman of the Class, has his orations always full of sound thought, discriminations of good judgment, and information. Mr. Todd is undoubtedly the "ladies man" of the Class, yet his popularity is not limited to fair hearts, but extends to all who know him. Thus the Class is one of the finest that has ever bid farewell to the hills of Western Maryland. We wish them a sincere "good-bye," and may their future be studded with signal victories and abundant joy. The orations and essays will be found in the Supplement.

A glee club, headed by Mr. Edw. Shriver, tendered the ladies of the College a fine serenade on Tuesday night. Many pretty selections were rendered. Come again. Always welcome.

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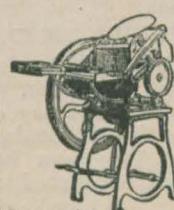
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