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Poetical.

THE QUAKER ALUMNI.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

From the well-springs of Hudson, the sea-cliffs of
Maine,
Grave men, sober matrons, you gather again;
And with hearts warmer grown as your heads grow
more cool,
Play over the old game of going to school.

All your strifes and vexations, your whims and com-
plaints,
(You were not saints yourselves, if the children of
saints!)

All your petty self-seeking and rivalry done;
Round the dear Alma Mater your hearts beat as one.

And the first greetings over, you glance 'round the
hall;

Your hearts call the roll, but they answer not all:
Through the turf green above them the dead cannot
hear;

Name by name, in the silence, falls sad as a tear!

In love, let us trust, they were summoned so soon,
From the morning of life, while we toil through its
noon;

They were frail like ourselves, they had needs like
our own.

And they rest as we rest, in God's mercy alone.

So faith should be cheerful, and trust should be glad,
And our follies and sins, not our years, make us sad.
Should the heart closer shut as the bonnet grows
prim,

And the face grow in length as the hat grows
brim?

But the golden sand runs out; occasions like these
Glide swift into shadow, like sails on the seas;
While we sport with the mosses and pebbles ashore,
They lessen and fade, and we see them no more

There are moments in life when the lip and the eye
Try the question of whether to smile or to cry;
And scenes and reunions that prompt like our own
The tender in feeling, the playful in tone.

I, who never sat down with the boys and the girls
At the feet of your Slocums, and Cartlands, and
Earles,—

By courtesy only permitted to lay
On your festival's altar my poor gift, to-day,—

I would joy in your joy, let me have a friend's part
In the warmth of your welcome of hand and of
heart—

On your play-ground of boyhood unbend the brow's
care,
And shift the old burdens our shoulders must bear.

Long live the good school! giving out year by year
Recruits to true manhood and womanhood dear:
Brave boys, modest maidens, in beauty sent forth,
The living epistles and proof of its worth.

Commencement Day.

The commencement exercises took place yesterday at 10 o'clock A. M., at which time a very large audience had gathered at the Pavilion to witness the proceedings. There was a band in attendance, and all things were prepared with as much care as possible for the comfort and gratification of those present.

We give below, in the order of graduation, extracts from the orations and essays delivered on this day.

Miss Bishop, the valedictorian of the female portion of class read an essay entitled—"Have faith." She began as follows:

Every one, in order to fulfill nobly and truly his grand and sacred mission in life, must be imbued with faith—faith in his God and faith in himself. A belief in the existence of God is a necessary condition

of the full conception and proper discharge of the duties which we have so solemnly assumed to-day. Without this fundamental faith, this absolute conviction of supreme power on the one hand, and personal responsibility on the other, human conduct is deprived alike of its incentive and its sanctions. Each member of the human family is transformed into a lawgiver, and made the sole interpreter of his own imperial edicts. Between truth and error—between the domains of right and wrong—the grand and inimitable line of demarcation, traced by the hand of Divinity itself, is obliterated, and the human intellect, which is but the type of fallibility and uncertainty, is left to draw others at will by the flickering light of its own ideas and experience. The whole moral world is transformed into a theatre of commotion, of eternal and ever-augmenting conflict. Man's account, ability and responsibility become the mere playthings of his own caprice, and virtue, justice and religion lapse into nothingness. Rationalism, therefore, inaugurates discord and strife where all else is peace and harmony. It unplaces both the finite and the infinite, and revolutionizes the universe from center to circumference. It creates a hiatus in the operations of nature from whence come only the shocks of convulsions, the wailings of despair.

Mr. E. L. Gies, of Reisterstown, Md., the valedictorian of the male portion of the class whose oration was intended as an introduction to his valedictory, pursued a train of thought that would lead us to that point, and thus gradually drifted into his farewell remarks.

VALEDICTORY.

To the class of '82, schooldays here become extinct. "They have gone, gone glimmering through the dream of things that were." A scholar's tale—the wonder of an hour.

We to-day approach an unknown sea. Heretofore we have been floating down the flow'r-deck'd stream of youth; our life has been so to speak but a pleasure trip; now we weigh anchor upon a momentous voyage and approach the stream of life. No longer do we pursue our journey with our harbor shrouded in the depths of uncertainty, hope filling the sails and undefined yearnings at the helm. Instead of the uncertain impulse of a moment, we need steady courage and a fixed purpose for our compass to thread the perils of the unruffled deep of our future existence. The possessor of a definite aim in life is ever adorned by the insignia of conspicuous worth. Even when encountering the charge of misfortune, firm as the deep-rooted oak, it forms the key to his operations and constitutes the secret of his success. But when breasting the wintry blast of misfortune, or when tossed upon the sea of trouble,—on the dancing billow of peril—waves behind, rocks before, he can look out upon the raging elements, and bid the troubled spirits of the storm be still. If then you will pardon me a remark which I deem appropriate to the time and occasion, I would give utterance to the wish, may we exhibit in ourselves the power of a purpose in life, lend every effort to the attainment of our cherished desires, but may we aim high, assume noble purposes, and be gifted with

heads to contrive and hands to execute just and right projects. Whether our efforts under the ban of failure subside into nothingness, or surrounded by the illustrious blazon of an honorable fame, we may view the varied aspects of onward progress; the fields of our destined labors gilded by the bright beams of ingenuity, skill or talent; the tiara of prosperity crowing our meritorious deeds, and all that success can purchase at our beck and command, in either event facts will support the statement that the future condition of each and every one of us will be due to the amount of individual labor expended on our separate pursuits and calling.

To the Trustees, the Faculty and the friends of the College, we can but say, that we feel a deep interest in your institution. With you we experience gratitude at the efforts made to establish its foundation upon a rock of surety and rear a superstructure, which no storm can overthrow, no billow submerge. May it exist, as though its posterity was established upon an adamant basis, and the vicissitudes of time and circumstances were impotent to effect a change in its firm position.

Schoolmates—Our brief sojourn together is ended. At parting, I know of no more appropriate expression than one which was addressed to us two years ago. "You are now writing the introduction to your life's grand story; pen it with care, for lest the prelude be of interest, the sequel can but be a void.

And in conclusion, Schoolmates, respected Faculty, Board of Trustees, esteemed friends who have honored us with your presence, the class of '82 thank you for the interest you have evinced in them, and at parting would bid you a kind farewell.

Mr. Taylor, the salutarian of the male portion of the class, after concluding the Latin portion of the salutatory to the Faculty and Board of Trustees, spoke as follows:

Ladies and gentlemen, fellow students and classmates, another leaf in life's brief volume has been folded, another commencement has been ushered in upon us, another class is about to make its exit from their Alma Mater. Once again the voice of the graduate is heard to reverberate throughout the grove; and again the Alumni are called back to the institution which prepared them for life's duties, and anxious friends are here to witness the graduation of loved ones, who are launching out upon life's billowy deep. Time has made the years which seemed to us almost interminable, things of the past, and has consigned the scenes and associations of our college days, to memory to be looked in her innermost chambers when we can revert to them with pride and admiration in future years. That which was once the ideal, to-day is the real. You cannot imagine with what fond anticipations and cherished hopes we have looked forward to the dawn of this festal day. And now as that anticipation has been changed into reality, with many voices blended in one, I extend to you all the cordial greetings of the class of '82. Nature robed in garments made by the hand Divine welcomes you, and the class of '82 echoes the sentiment.

In passing from the salutatory to his

subject, which was Height Widens Vision, he said:

We realize that our college days are ended. They will not only be remembered for their pleasant associations, but also for the lasting benefit they have conferred upon us. They have opened to us the portals of knowledge and widened the sweep of our vision, both mentally and spiritually.

Miss G. Bratt, of Oxford, Md., the salutarian of the female portion of the class, read an essay entitled—"Charm and Merit." The following being an extract:

With the shimmering of light and shadow through this lovely grove, and the possibilities of a glorious June day folding down upon us, we glance over this cultured audience to give you, kind friends, a cordial welcome. Leaving school year behind us, in which you have frequently graced similar scenes and festivities with your presence, and gladdened them with your words and flowers, we come before you for the last time, bringing in our hands a golden censer from which we dispense to you full and free, welcome! welcome!

Honored board of trustees, you who have striven in these halcyon days of school life to surround us with comforts and wise directions, proving yourselves true friends, we to-day gratefully thank you and welcome! May each and all of you have many returns of these June days and as hearty a shower of welcomes.

Gathered here in this group are our loved and faithful teachers. With them the years went by, the golden days dropped one by one and we learned to appreciate the patient toilers, and not only to appreciate, but to love and admire. Now, as our connection is to be severed, we think with regret of the days that are no more and wind them around our hearts with pleasant memories, thinking it hard "old years" to let thee go. Therefore it is with great pleasure that I lay before you, beloved instructors, a garland of welcome from the class of '82, hoping you may wear it in pleasant recollections of this our festive day. So gladly I say to you welcome! welcome! * * *

The first oration was delivered by C. E. Stoner, of Johnsville, Md., on "The Past and the Present." We insert an extract:

Scientific investigation, philosophic inquiry and literature, the great engines of progress at the present time, all have their charms and invite the attention of the cultured mind. The mysteries of mind and matter as unfolded by the philosopher and scientist cannot fail to be a source of profit and gratification to the careful student. The truths there presented, implanted in the fertile soil of his mind, germinating after their own time, will bring forth their abundant harvests of good—a higher conception of life and its purposes. And then again literature with all its fascinations of style, diction, metre and subject matter presented in a pleasing manner will claim his attention. But the history of the past and present condition of man's existence, his defeats and his triumphs, must ever be of paramount importance and interest to the candid mind aspiring to eminence in any department of life. There he will have philosophy in its living form without any

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DEWITT C. INGLE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

WESTMINSTER, MD., JUNE 16, 1882.

Most of the students and friends of the College will take their departure to-day, Friday, and soon the campus and college buildings, now so resonant with merry laughter and eloquent orations, will be upon its lofty eminence as lonely as a deserted camp-ground.

We hope all who have attended this Commencement have enjoyed themselves, and retire to their respective homes with greater confidence in our College and with a renewed determination to do all in their power to see that she meets with the success in the future that she merits. It is a duty which parents owe to their children to send them to good schools, and we maintain that no man can be a Christian who does not try, if he is able, to give his child a good education, not that flimsy instruction which we are sorry to say some of our more favored colleges and universities are in the habit of imparting, which consists more in a knowledge of the intricacies of base ball clubs and boating organizations than in that deep, active, practical mind and heart education which it is the sole object of Western Maryland College to give its students.

Parents be sure to send your boys and girls here next September, you will never regret it, and please don't forget Dr. Ward and the new building enterprise.

For all information in regard to the IRVING LITERARY GAZETTE which may be desired after June 20th, address R. L. Linthicum, Church Creek, Dorchester county, Md.

For "let there be a local point," in the address delivered by L. R. Meekins, at the planting of class stone, read "let there be a focal point."

Wednesday morning the grades of the students were announced and certificates of distinction and prizes were awarded. The Kuhn's gold medal for the student in the male freshman class, showing the best general scholarship, was awarded J. Wm. Moore, of Tyaskin, Wicomico county, Md.; the Ward medal to the female freshman class was awarded to Miss Emma Abbott, of Annapolis, Md. J. W. Kirk, Alexandria, Va.; W. W. Dumm, Johnsville, Md.; Miss Nannie James, Belair, Md.; R. L. Linthicum, Church Creek, Md.; and Miss Sadie Kneller, Westminster, Md.; received handsome books as prizes for the best essays written during the year.

A lady junior wishing to leave on the 9 o'clock train abstractedly inquired: "What time does the 9 o'clock train go?" She received the medal.

Commencement Day.

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

crude speculations; a philosophy overflowing with the beauties and defects of man's nature, as exemplified in his life, ready to impart its lesson of instruction.

The first essay was read by Miss Mary E. Myers, of Union Bridge, Md., her subject was—"The Dove-like Messenger;" an extract follows:

This world is one of light, beauty, gladness and sunshine, and countless are the happy hours passed in it—hours which have been made happy to us, either by our being the recipients of bounties or by ourselves diffusing sunbeams in other's paths. And while we retrospect the peaceful past, and experience the happy present, imagination presents before us a blissful future, so that for the time we are persuaded to believe that this world is not composed entirely of darkness, but that this gloom is interspersed with numerous gleams of sunshine. As the days go by, though, the pictures change in the panorama of life, and we find that these joyous times must be interspersed with "days that are dark and dreary," and that all of life is not poetry, but that here and there are found snatches of prose which leave on our minds records of the reality of our existence.

The second oration, entitled "American Liberty," was delivered by J. H. T. Earhart, of Union Mills, Md. An extract is given below:

Europe may boast of her splendid cities, her stately palaces and her magnificent temples. But in America is reared a mightier monument than has ever before claimed the admiration of man.

It is the monument of the intellect, the work of patriots and philanthopists, the charter of rational liberty. America has done, and is doing the world's work in establishing the only true principle of liberty the world has ever known. The land to which generation after generation have devoted their substance, their energy and their virtue,—which contains the bones of their dead who died for it, their savings and their nourishment.

Alone with her blood she watered the tree she planted, and it has flourished because of its continued connection with the root from which it sprouted. * * * Yes, liberty, a potent factor of a nation's wealth and intelligence has plainly manifested itself in America, and who that has caught but the feeblest ray of this liberty is willing to renounce it?

What American has not the brave deeds of his hero fathers indelibly imprinted on his memory? Who is there that does not fully appreciate his blood-bought liberty? Let him profit by the sufferings which mankind has endured for nearly six thousand years. Let the ambition of every citizen be properly aroused to obtain the imperishable wealth of mind, to understand and support the constitution of the United States, and transmit in unsullied brightness the character of the American name.

The second essay entitled "Pocahontas" was made by Miss May C. Meredith, of Galena, Md. We insert a selection:

"We live in deeds, not years." And today, those whose names dwell on every tongue and have been echoed and re-echoed along the mystic corridors of time, spreading rays of refulgent beauty o'er the historic page, and are embalmed in memory's jewelled casket as the brightest gem, are those, who by their courage and heroism have enacted in life's great drama, deeds which will render their names immortal on the page of time. * * * Though centuries have rolled o'er our land since Pocahontas, the wild child of the forest, beautiful in her savage simplicity rendered her name as lasting as old Time himself, "who rolls his

ceaseless course on restless wing, constant never." In her noble acts we find a perfect prototype of woman's bravery. (Then follows an account of her devotion to the white man, and surrounded by dangers and of Capt. Smith's capture and rescue.) * * * We have taken Pocahontas as a type of woman's bravery in trial and danger. Courage seems to transform her whole nature, till the timid, shrinking creature who has in all time been considered a fit subject for satire, for shrieking at a mouse, or trembling at a harmless beetle, will face sickness, danger and death without wavering. * * * When prosperity spreads her silvery pinions o'er our pathway, and Hope with rosy fingers beckons us onward to the golden portals of futurity, and life seems a grand gala day, filled only with music and the sound of dancing feet, she may be as the poet sings, uncertain, coy, and hard to please, but let the wild waves of adversity dash against the frail barque and tempest's hollow moan fill our hearts with despair; 'tis then we behold her as a varied tinted rainbow, spanning the heavens in the dreary storm of life.

The third oration—"The New South"—was delivered by L. R. Meekins, of Laurel, Del. The following is a synopsis:

The civil war, he said, did for the South what centuries of peace would not have accomplished. Among the changes thus effected were the revolution of her peculiar civilization, the disintegration of her feudal land system and the direction of her thoughts and energies into new channels. He dwelt upon the advantages and possibilities of her position, and mentioned the evidences of her new growth, which were most satisfactory. The great needs of the South were more railroads, an increased emigration, and better educational facilities. Immigration, he thought, was destined to modify the type and structure of Southern nationality. There are vast resources in the Southern mind, which only require development. The new condition of affairs tended greatly to destroy the fine sense of honor which has ever been shown by her people. He paid a glowing tribute to Southern character, which, he said, was as noble as her women are pure. After alluding to the vilification and mawkish sentiment, which she has had to listen to, he passed to the promises of her bright future, and predicted that no part of the country had such a brilliant destiny as this beautiful region. His peroration was occupied with the painting of the future as outlined by the near past and the present.

Miss Janie Norment, of Westminster, Md., as the third essayist, read a production entitled—"All Common Good has Common Price"—her opening remarks were as follows:

In all this wide universe of ours there is no law more strong, more potent, than that of compensation. Through all the world's history it has come down to us through periods of war, through periods of peace; oftentimes abused, but still the same, unchanging, universal law. Some one has said, there is no defect in character, however great, but is more than overbalanced by some virtue. However, true or false this may really be, it is at least a pleasing philosophy to the defective man. True it certainly is that mutual exchange, for mutual benefit is the only sure basis of commerce and trade—man's daily dealings with his fellow man.

In every relation of life, we are giving and receiving, paying a price for all things, the greater the good, the greater must be the price. * * * Much of the evil in the world, is but the effect of this cause, that men are unwilling to pay the price, give the effort that their common good demands, thinking to gain by falsity, and shame that for which their more honorable brothers

and sisters toil, finding at last they have paid the dearest price, that of lost honor and truth. * * *

Study the life, and character of the learned, and great men of any, or every age, and we find but the exemplification of the truth, that "there is no royal road to learning." We are blessed with minds and the means to cultivate them, but we are not blessed with learning—as the material world, so in the intellectual, if we would acquire knowledge, we can gain it at one price, and only one—effort.

The fourth oration was delivered by W. M. Gist, of Westminster, Md., on "A Mighty Power." An extract follows:

He can't be wrong whose life is in the right. He who always marks his goal a long way ahead, and then strives with all his power, will not fail in reaching it. *

* We attain no great degree of eminence without application, and that the most diligent. Man has never scaled the lofty Alps by simply reclining at their base, gazing at their summits, and wishing he were high up among those lofty peaks. *

* Labor transforms the primitive forest into a grain field, drains the dismal swamps and "makes the wilderness rejoice and blossom as the rose." *

* It takes from the deep mines, from among the massive rocks the shining gold, from the sea and land, the diamonds, the pearl and precious stones, which when touched by the hand of an artist, polished and beautified, are made fit to shine forth in the coronet of a Queen, or bedeck the brow of a Goddess. * *

Labor, the mighty power, walks forth into a new region uninhabited and waste; she beholds the scenes beautiful in its solitude. Soon she begins to prepare and beautify for the abode of man. In those formerly desolate valleys, now the golden grain waves to and fro, before the gentle breezes, submissive to their every impulse. *

* Labor converts the blood stained battlefields, into meadows and orchards, and where the baynets once glistened, now lilies bloom, and the trees are decorated with their golden fruit. * * *

From our own fair land it has driven back barbarianism, and upon the ruins has planted a noble scion of liberty, which has grown to mighty proportions, and now spreads over the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Fourth essay—"If I Rest, I Rust," by Miss J. Smith, of Westminster, Md., was introduced by a very appropriate selection of poetry which we have omitted; but have inserted the brief extract which follows:

It has been truly said that man is the noblest work of God, and the noblest part of man is the mind. It is the intellect which elevates man above the mere brute creation and renders him superior to the lower class of animals. A mind adorned and made beautiful by a careful use of all the means which have been afforded it, lends color to all of it, and it shines forth like a star, to illumine the dark night of undeveloped intellect. A mind enlightened by constant toil and labor, gives us an insight into the workings of nature and points out to us new wonders of which we had never before dreamed. * * *

It is only those persons who can put forth new and original ideas that can become fully acquainted with both the bright and dark recesses of Nature; only those who can display her refinement, power and beauty, only those who dare penetrate her shrine. The mind must be cultivated and educated, to think if it would act. * *

Mr. E. H. Warfield, of Urbana, Md., as the fifth orator, delivered an oration on The Bible, our Nation's Guard,—the following is a synopsis:

In the beginning of his oration, Mr. Warfield spoke of our national prosperity, saying that it was the result of our adherence to the principles of the Bible. Continuing, he said: It is certain that the nation that adheres only to the principles of the Bible need have no fear of being overthrown, at least, from internal causes. Its great guard is able to keep out all those dangers, which are so liable to enter a nation, and by feeding upon its vitality lead to its downfall. This being the case, the question naturally arises, why do so many destructive dangers creep into Christian nations and produce those social, political and even religious troubles so common to them? The reason of this is found not in the inefficiency of this protective power, but rather in their failure to make use of it. The right is too often disregarded, and fraud and trickery practiced both by individuals and parties. But how is it with our nation in this respect? Have we by our strict regard for Christian principles kept out dangers? Would that this question could be answered in the affirmative. Although much can be said of us as a Christian people, yet it would be wrong to make the plea of our adherence to Christianity a cloak with which to cover our faults. It is true that our past history is brilliant, and that we enjoy great national prosperity to-day; yet, we are by no means free from national errors and dangers. * * * Mr. Warfield's concluding remarks were: Let us as a nation hold on to the Bible with a tenacious grasp; let the pulpit be felt by bringing its preserving and purifying influence to bear upon the practical, living questions of the age; let Christianity be held in higher esteem, and made more practical by our public men. We have a grand nation to maintain, and it can be done only by clinging to righteousness which exalteth a nation, and abandoning sin, which is a reproach to any people.

Miss Nellie Warner, the fifth essayist, read a production entitled "The Contemplation of Nature; Its Happy Effects." Her opening remarks are as follows:

"The divine and Almighty Being who gave us our own existence, created and placed around us all those wonderful objects which we usually denominate the works of nature, and endowed us with faculties capable of contemplating those objects; the most happy effects result from the use of our powers in such contemplation. We, instinctively, feel that it is our duty thus to employ our minds, and we also realize that it is a glorious privilege to extend our inquiries to all objects which surround us, to observe the evidences they afford of the wisdom and grandeur of Him who made them all, and by diligent study of their qualities to learn their use and adaptation to our needs, our comfort and enjoyment. From the smallest as well as the greatest of these works, we are taught lessons of value, but the number and variety of them is so vast, that the most diligent student will not be able, in this life, to reach a point at which he can say 'I know all that is to be learned from them.' She closed her essay as follows:—The pure pleasure which arises from the contemplation of the works of nature will doubtless incite us to become followers of the redeemer of mankind, through whose grace we shall be prepared for and admitted into the realms of heavenly glory, and our souls, disengaged from earthly impediments, shall ascend above the stars, and resemble as well as dwell with the angels who sing and shine around the throne of God. The most enlarged and interesting knowledge will form part of our eternal happiness, and our minds shall not be perplexed with wild and inconsistent theories, but the volume of

nature which we now so imperfectly understand shall be unfolded to and comprehended by us in all its fullness.

The sixth essay—The Ruins of Time—was read by Miss A. G. La Motte. We insert the following portion of it:

The wheels of time roll on and bury in the dust the wrecks of former revolutions. The monuments of art and genius, the temple of ambition, pride and vanity, remain for a few generations and then are hurled to the earth. How full of instruction are the wrecks and ruins of time. What scenes are presented to the startled imagination of man. He beholds his own destiny and the doom of his noblest achievements. He builds the colossal temples of renown; he dedicates it to other ages; it stands on a rock, and bathes its high battlements in the blue clouds of heaven. But behold! triumphant time hurls it with all its grandeur to the dust. So it is with man himself, whose hot and hurried existence precipitates the hour of his own dissolution. And so it is with the empires of the earth; they rise, flourish and pass away as if they had never been.

After illustrating the subject in hand, she closed as follows:

On all sides, wherever we are, our eyes are met by the image of decay. History is a large, silent field, covered with ruins and graves. What we build we see demolished. Soon the earth will have filled the measure of its years, the conflict of the elements will begin, and in the mighty struggle all the works of man will perish and the last of our race will be buried under the ruins of falling palaces and cottages, and not only the works of man but the works of nature will come to an end.

Seventh oration—The Brains of New England—was delivered by E. P. Leech, of Albany, N. Y. We insert a short portion:

In the course of his remarks Mr. Leech said: Far be it from me to depreciate the merits of the South and West. In their peculiar characteristics they elicit the plaudits and good-will of the patriotic. But to the man of settled principles, who judges in some degree the future by the past, measuring manhood by the full standard of energy and push, the leisure of the one and precocity of the other, from not the best foundations upon which to rest the genuine merit of a community. Provincial beauty cannot make the man, nor genealogy wholly fashion character. In personal merit and personal superiority alone men must stand the test of investigation in the iron crucible of fair analysis. The history of New England can well challenge comparison and court national search. Its annals lie unclasped with pages welcoming the investigation of the unprejudiced mind and its honest decision. In public acts the true criterion of sectional claims; in services to the Union during periods of tranquility and dissension; in the unviolated prerogative of citizenship, so sacredly assumed and unimpeachably executed, she stands an honor to the country at large, an ornament of loyalty with but few blemishes prejudicial to sectional reputes. On what, then, has been based her prosperity? In the culture of her fireside and educational eminence I think we trace the elements which have contributed largely to place New England where she is.

Mr. C. E. Becraft, as the eighth orator delivered an oration on—The Wandering Jew. We insert a few extracts:

There is an old legend that, when the Saviour of the world was bearing his heavy cross up the steep hill to Mount Calvary, he paused a moment upon the door-step of a Jewish dwelling. Ahasuerus, the owner, came out, and angrily bade him leave and rest elsewhere. The Saviour

meekly took up his massive burden, and, turning away, said, "I shall soon find rest, but thou shalt wander until I return."

If this be an unwritten prophecy, it is being literally fulfilled; if it is purely legendary, it is nearer fact than fiction ever yet has been; for, since the crucifixion, the Jews have been a wandering race.

Their forty years' wandering in the Wilderness to Canaan is but typical of their wandering throughout all succeeding ages, seeking some land of rest; but the Mecca to which they would now travel will never be reached, until, as a redeemed race, they shall be restored to their pristine power, and Jerusalem again become the cynosure of nations. Not only is the Jew a restless wanderer, but he is a persecuted exile. When the banner of Christ was raised in the Roman Empire, the insignia of rabbinical power faded, and they lost not only their religious, but their social, civil and political influence. As agriculturists, they were driven from their fair and fertile fields; as merchants, their goods were confiscated; as artisans, their shops were burned, and they were swept away from Italy, Spain and Gaul. They saw their palmiest days in Asiatic Turkey, Persia and Egypt. Then and there were they renowned for industry, learning and wealth. Every Jew was a Croesus, and, as a race, they could well rival the "wealth of Ormus or of Ind."

Mr. H. L. Elderdice, as the ninth orator, delivered an oration on "The Language of the Rocks." The following is an extract taken from it:

The rocks are the handwriting of God. On their solid tablets that dot the earth on every side, that lay beneath us 20 miles and that reach into the heavens high, are recorded in living letters the works of an Almighty hand. As we listen to the language of the rocks we learn not the mysteries of creation, but simply the methods by which the Creator performed His will; not the origin of life, but a harmonious system of development in the three kingdoms; not that the Mosaic account of creation is false, but that there is a perfect unison between it and geological version.

The rocks teach us that it is the law of nature, and hence the will of God, that all creation is not instantaneous, but gradual and progressive. This is a principal which governs creation to-day, and who will dare say it did not in the beginning?

In earliest time only dead matter existed, then came unconscious life in the vegetable kingdom and conscious in the animal, and finally, as a climax of all creation, man came, the culmination of monimalian creation.

The testimony of the rocks gives us a grander conception of the wisdom, goodness and patience of God. We have a higher idea of the wisdom of God when we know that He gave the elements their original and perpetual motion and bade them through all the coming ages do their part toward the final completion of this grand fabric in which we dwell. We have a more exalted opinion of the goodness of God when we learn that He arranged the different classes of life to best the condition of the earth.

Geology does not teach that there is no God. It presents a revelation of the inner earth, the wonders of the loftiest mountain, the secrets of the lowest strata, the mysteries of marine and terrestrial life, and for all these it can find no physical cause, but declares that the Great Architect of the universe the King Eternal and Invisible

"Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish or a sparrow fall;
Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world."

At the close of the Commencement exercises, the President said:

And now, with grateful recognition of the guiding and sustaining providence of Almighty God, and continued reliance upon Him, we would express to all the friends of Western Maryland College, our sincere thanks for their hearty co-operation in our plans for enlarging the facilities and increasing the usefulness of the institution. These numerous friends have given us earnest support and generous encouragement, and we shall labor to make such returns as we can by diligent prosecution of our work, and all possible efforts to satisfy our patrons and benefit our students.

The exercises of the College will be resumed on Tuesday, September 5th, 1882.

The Alumni Reunion.

This enjoyable feast of fellowship closed the exercises of the week. The members and their invited guests assembled in the College parlor, and at 9 p. m. proceeded to the refectory, where a bountiful collation was served. Mr. James A. Diefenbaugh, the president for the past year, presided, and welcomed the assembly in a short speech. After every appetite had been satisfied, the first regular toast was read as follows, and responded to by Mr. McDaniel, the president-elect:

Our dear old Mother! May every year mark for her a higher state of progress and prosperity! The second regular toast, which was responded to by Mr. Elderdice, was:

To the Class of '82. Although it has been led in by a Bishop, and has among its members certain meek uns (Meekins) whom everybody ad-Myers, it has, nevertheless, shown some little inclination to Becraft-y. Let us hope, however, that this is only virtue in dis-Gies; that the Class will never take up Stoner stick against the right; that it will cling to the truth like a Leech and Chunn every evil way! The third, responded to by Mr. E. P. Leech, who was the first College editor, was:

Our College Press! May it ever prosper, the mirror of Western Maryland, and her zealous exponent. The last regular toast, which was drunk standing and without a response, was:

Our Alumni Association! May God prosper and guide it in every useful endeavor.

Mr. McDaniel, the new president, was then formally installed, and announced the following committees for the ensuing year.

Executive Committee—W. R. McDaniel, chairman; Prof. G. W. Devilbiss, Rev. T. H. Lewis, Misses Jennie Starr, Louie Cunningham.

Editorial Committee—Wm. R. McDaniel, chairman; Prof. G. W. Devilbiss, Rev. T. H. Lewis; Misses Jennie Starr, Louie Cunningham.

The meeting then adjourned without day.

Jerrold said to an ardent young gentleman who burned with a desire to see himself in print, "Be advised by me, young man: don't take down the shutters before there is something in the window."

"Well, wife, I don't see for my part how they send letters on them ere wires without tearing 'em all to bits." "Laws me, they don't send the paper, they just send the writin'."

DOMESTIC CONUNDRUM.—What's the difference between sixty minutes and one of my sisters? Give it up, do you?—Why, one's an hour, and the other's our Ann!

What is that which is full of holes and yet holds water?—A sponge.

Distribution of Awards.

On Wednesday Prof. D. W. Hering made the following announcements:

DISTRIBUTION OF DISTINCTIONS.

In mental and moral science—Messrs. E. L. Gies, H. L. Elderdice, C. B. Taylor, E. A. Warfield, J. W. Kirk, H. F. Baughman, S. D. Leech.

In physical science—Messrs. E. L. Gies, C. E. Stoner, M. W. Chunn, H. F. Baughman, J. W. Kirk, R. L. Linthicum, F. T. Benson, G. W. Gist, H. L. Wright, J. W. Moore, H. C. Jones, D. W. Gwynn.

In mathematics—Messrs. E. L. Gies, C. E. Stoner, L. R. Meekins, H. F. Baughman, J. W. Kirk, J. D. Gwynn, J. W. Moore, H. G. Jones.

In ancient languages—Messrs. E. L. Gies, C. E. Stoner, C. B. Taylor, H. F. Baughman, J. W. Kirk, L. C. Wainwright, G. W. Gist, H. L. Wright, F. T. Benson, J. D. Gwynn, J. W. Moore.

In French—Messrs. M. W. Chunn, R. L. Linthicum, H. L. Wright.

In Hebrew—Messrs. J. W. Kirk, E. A. Warfield, W. W. Dumm.

In deportment—Messrs. J. H. T. Earhart, J. W. Gill, jr., W. M. Gist, J. W. Kirk, H. F. Lamotte, H. G. Jones, G. C. Erb, C. Noss, W. E. Roop.

In mental and moral science—Misses Laura J. Bishop, Gertrude Bratt, May C. Meredith, S. Nannie James, Jessie Smiley, Virginia Smiley.

In belles lettres—Messrs. E. L. Gies, E. P. Leech, L. R. Meekins, J. W. Kirk, H. F. Baughman, R. L. Linthicum.

In physical science—Misses Laura J. Bishop, Gertrude Bratt, Mary E. Myers, S. Nannie James, Georgie R. Nichols, Jessie Smiley, Emma Abbott.

In mathematics—Misses Belle Orndorff, Flora A. Trenchard, Emma Abbott, Laura J. Bishop, Carrie A. Clayton, S. Nannie James, Jessie Smiley, Virginia Smiley, Ella G. Wilson, Gertrude Bratt, Janie Norment.

In belle lettres—Misses Emma Abbott, Laura J. Bishop, Gertrude Bratt, May C. Meredith, S. Nannie James, Jessie Smiley, Virginia Smiley, Ella G. Wilson, C. A. Clayton.

In French—Misses Laura J. Bishop, Gertrude Bratt, Mary E. Myers, S. Nannie James, Georgie R. Nichols, M. Emma Taylor, Emma Abbott, Ella G. Wilson, India M. Cochel, Belle Orndorff, Flora A. Trenchard.

Honorable mention was made of Horace G. Cowan, Samuel F. Cassen, W. H. Gibbons, T. R. L. Price and A. C. Willison in physical science; C. E. Becraft in belles lettres and mental and moral science; F. McC. Brown in belles lettres and physical science; M. Wilson Chunn in belles lettres and mental and moral science; W. W. Dumm in belles lettres and mental, moral and physical science; John H. T. Earhart in mathematics, ancient languages, belles lettres and mental and moral science; Hugh L. Elderdice in belles lettres and physical science; W. M. Gist in mathematics, belles lettres and mental, moral and physical science; Theodore A. Kauffman in mathematics; Calvin B. Taylor in mathematics, belles lettres, and physical science; Charles E. Stoner in belles lettres, and mental and moral science; B. W. Kendley in belles lettres; John M. Gill in belles lettres and moral and physical science; S. D. Leech in belles lettres and physical science; R. L. Linthicum in belles lettres and mental and moral science; E. P. Leech in mental, moral and physical science; A. L. Miles in belles lettres and mental, moral and physical science; L. R. Meekins in mental, moral and physical science; J. D. Gwinn in belles lettres; C. B. Jarman in belles lettres and physical science; T. A. Myers in belles lettres; W. F. Elgin in mental and moral science; Frank Fenby in mental, moral and physical science; Jos. T. Hering in mental and moral science; S. C. Ohrum in mental, moral and physical science; F. H. Schaeffer in ancient languages, belles lettres, mental, moral and physical science; John J. F. Thompson in belles lettres, moral, mental and physical science; E. A. Warfield in ancient languages, belles lettres and physical science; L. C. Wainwright in belles lettres, mental, moral and physical science; Miss Florence B. Diefenbaugh in ancient languages, botany, physiology, mental, moral and physical science and French; Miss R. H. Edelin in belles lettres; Miss Florence G. Hering in mental, moral and physical science; Miss Lillie M. Keller and Miss Agnes Lease in botany, physiology, belles lettres, French, mental, moral

and physical science; Alverda G. Lamotte in mental and moral science; Miss Mary E. Myers in mathematics, belles lettres and mental and moral science; Miss May C. Meredith in mathematics, physical science and French; Miss Georgie R. Nichols in mathematics and belles lettres; Miss Janie Norment in belles lettres, French and mental and moral science; Miss Lizzie Swarbrick in physical science, ancient languages, botany, physiology, mathematics, belles lettres, French, and mental and moral science; Miss Virginia Smiley in ancient languages, botany, physiology, French, mental, moral and physical science; Miss Jessie Smiley in botany, French, mental, moral and physical science; Miss Sallie E. Stitely in mathematics, physical science and French; Miss Emma Taylor in botany, physiology, mental and moral science; Miss Flora Trenchard in French; Miss Sallie R. Walker in belles lettres; Miss Nellie Warner and Miss Carrie W. Yingling in mental and moral science.

The man who, by some sudden revolution of fortune, is lifted up all at once into a condition of life greatly above what he had formerly lived in, may be assured that the congratulations of his best friends are not all of them perfectly sincere. An upstart, though of the best merit, is generally disagreeable, and a sentiment of envy commonly prevents us from sympathizing with his joy. If he has any judgment he is sensible of this, and, instead of appearing to be elated with his good fortune, he endeavors as much as he can to smother his joy and keeps down that elevation of mind with which his new circumstances naturally inspire him. He affects the same plainness of dress, and the same modesty of behavior which became him in his former station. He redoubles his attention to his old friends, and endeavors more than ever to be humble, assiduous and complaisant. And this is the behavior which in his situation we most approve of; because we expect, it seems, that he should have more sympathy with our envy and aversion to his happiness than we have with his happiness. It is seldom that with all this he succeeds. We suspect the sincerity of his humanity and he grows weary of this constraint.—*Adam Smith.*

CLEANING BRASS.—The method prescribed for cleaning brass, and in use at all the United States arsenals, is claimed to be the best in the world. The plan is to make a mixture of one part common nitric acid and one-half part sulphuric acid in a stone jar, having also ready a pail of fresh water and a box of sawdust. The articles to be treated are dipped into the acid, then removed into water, and finally rubbed with the sawdust. This immediately changes them to a brilliant color. If the brass has become greasy, it is first dipped into a strong solution of potash and soda in warm water; this cuts the grease, so that the acid has free power to act.

The inhabitants of the Solomon Islands have a curious system of decimal currency. A cocoonut seems to be the unit. But the circulating medium consists of strings of white and red shell beads, dog's teeth and porpoise teeth. One string of white money is equivalent to ten cocoonuts or one flat stick of tobacco. Ten strings of white money make one string of red money or one dog's tooth; ten dog's teeth make one "isa" (or fifty porpoise teeth;) and ten isas are equivalent to one "good-quality wife." So that a wife in good society is worth ten thousand cocoonuts.

What are the most unsocial things in the world?—Milestones; you never see two of them together.

THE WINE DUTY.—Help yourself and pass the bottle.

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