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## Address Before the Societies.

BY COL. HENRY PAGE.

Never, perhaps, in the history of the College, has there assembled a larger and more appreciative audience to hear the address before the Societies. The well-known reputation of the speaker had preceded him, and his appearance on the stand was greeted with much applause. Mr. A. L. Miles introduced the speaker, who said:

I had occasion some two years since, to traverse Carroll county with pleasant company, in an open carriage. It was just at the best season of the year, when nature is clothed in her richest livery. We had come from the level plains of the Eastern Shore, where a prolonged drowth had for weeks, parched the earth, until vegetation was brown and sere, and all along the highways the impalpable dust would rise into clouds with every gush of wind or passing vehicle, and permeate the heated air that respiration was an unmitigated burden. These sloping hills with their varying lights and shades, were therefore very pleasing to us. No parched earth was here; for warm showers had recently fallen, and every where the golden sunlight rested on fresh leaves and delicate blossoms. Never did the newly mown grass seem more green; never spake the piled up shocks of wheat more eloquently of harvest. All that afternoon, we drove along the turnpike drinking in the pure air, that came to us from the mountains beyond. Brooded over by the great barns, so opulent in suggestions of prosperity, and perched on the hill top from whence the eye could catch delightful views of hill and dale, or nestled with low-lands, the trim farm houses seemed fitting accompaniments of the well tilled fields, that surrounded them. By easy grades, our road climbed the long ascents and down again, now and then leading us away from the open lands, into the cool woods, or down through the shady valley where the drowsy silence of the summer day was stirred only by the babblings of the brook, as it wound its way with mild persistency, among the smooth stones that obstructed it. When we passed the last toll-gate, the day was far spent—the west was all ablaze with the gorgeous colors of the setting sun; and golden beams of light glistened from every object that lifted itself into prominence. Westminster was before us and spire and steeple, house top and window caught the bright hues and reflected them with added splendor.

Beyond, and high above, towered the college building, with all its outlines sharp and clear in the flood of light that bathed it. As we drew nearer, the town hitherto silent as a picture, awakened into life, and as we entered its thoroughfares and witnessed thy earnest busy aspect of its people, we exclaimed, "this is truly a typical American Town;" in which the school house and college, stand side by side with the church, and industry and labor are the employments of the people.

When I had the honor to receive the invitation to address your societies, I involuntarily recalled the incidents of that

ride, and by a certain association of ideas, not at all curious, it seemed that I could devote this portion of your commencement exercises to no better purpose than to a brief study of that people, whose village life seemed here to be so fully represented. Who are the people? They are those of the United States, but I shall designate them as the American people, for by that name they are best known, and, as the most powerful of the Western Continent, are entitled to claim it. Unquestionably they are a proud people. They point with pride to their vast territory and numbers, their fine schools and colleges, their wonderful experimental self-government. They claim, and probably justly, that America in the accumulation of wealth is fully abreast of the most progressive nation of the age. But conceiving all, what then? Is all this progress a mere matter of luck? Have the Americans been fortunate only in being the heirs of a splendid inheritance? Or is there an inherent character in the people which is the real cause of it all? Does the phrase we involuntarily employed as we entered this town (that this is an American town) indicate there is that about it which the genius of a people has impressed upon it as a national characteristic?

These questions embody the subject to which I now desire to invite your attention.

The first instruction of Mrs. Glass to those who propose to cook a rabbit is to catch it, and the philosophy which underlies the instruction is capable of wider application than to the gastronomic art. Learning wisdom, therefore, from so trustworthy a source, our primary inquiry must be whether or not Americans as a people have as yet acquired national characteristics of any kind. Now here we are at once confronted with two facts that seem to bear forcibly to the negative of this question. The first of these facts is the comparatively brief period of our existence as an independent people. Distinctive character is not a sporadic growth; it is the child of "wise traditions widening cautious rings." The ultimate fruition of tendencies, implanted by nature, but nurtured and trained by circumstances throughout long hours of time. Now the United States have existed as a separate and independent people only a little more than one hundred years. Rome had been founded two hundred and sixty-seven years when the plebeians seceded to the Mons Sacer; an angle of the Saxon and Norman had been assimilating far more than a single century, when Henry II. submitted himself to the flagellations of the monks at Becket's tomb, yet an inquiry into English or Roman characteristics at these respective periods, would either lose us in vague wanderings or compel us to admit they existed, if at all, in embryotic forms only. The other fact is the remarkably composite character of our people. For more than sixty years the country has absorbed a vast immigration from all parts of Europe, until in 1870 one-fifth of our population was of foreign birth. Such an influx of foreign and diverse customs and opinions would tend strongly against the formation of national characteristics, at least until these

representatives of so many differing, had merged their own in a resultant race.

But the force of these considerations is more apparent than real. Time, after all, is not always to be measured by the revolutions of the sun. In a better sense it is the succession of events, and so regarding it, the century since the revolution is equal to a thousand years of any preceding era. Alison in the preface to his "great history" uses these words: "During the twenty-five years of the French revolution the world went through more than five hundred years of ordinary existence; and the annals of modern Europe will be sought in vain for a parallel to the brief period of anxious effort and chequered achievement." But these twenty-five years of which the great historian thus writes, did not witness even the beginning of those greater things which were so speedily to follow them. It was after the close of this period that the great inventions of the age began to be applied to purposes of utility. In the employment of steam as a motive power the century has witnessed wonders. More startling than those of the geni of the Arabian Nights; it has seen multiplied the necessities and comforts of life so cheapened that now a peasant enjoys the daily use of many things once not within the reach of even monarchs; and in its era has been so improved, perfected and expedited the means of transit and travel, that America in point of time and accessibility is now nearer to Europe than in the days of Cæsar, Rome was to Cisalpine Gaul. Electricity, too, has come forward as another wonder-working power, to push along events; it has not only lighted our cities and placed every nation side by side, so that they hold hourly communion with each other, but from the beginning it has constantly stimulated imagination by the perpetual promises it makes for still stranger things. It has been a grand century! Its impulses felt everywhere, and in every department of human activity have vivified as never before all literature, art and science; and even in abstract thought have launched a thunderbolt in the new doctrine of evolution which at least bids fair to renew discussions concerning matters which for ages have been esteemed by the whole Christian world as solid as the ever-lasting hills. For the confusing influences of foreign immigration, tendencies inherited from our colonial ancestry have been an ever-active antidote. Our land was settled by Colonists, who, for the most part, were stern and rugged men. Some of them had sought a refuge here, to enjoy the privilege denied them at home—of worshipping God as they pleased. They were deeply imbued with ideas of civil and religious liberty far in advance of their age. These ideas became the principles which moulded public events; and by the time independence had ripened into a necessity had assumed a breadth and intensity among the masses, probably without a precedent in the history of the globe. And ever since they have been the dominating principles of our political history. Every struggle for the rights of the people, every patriotic impulse of the masses to defend their liberties from the encroachments of power, has been fostered and stimulated by these sterling principles, which if not born were

at least nurtured amid the fastnesses of the primeval forest and nourished by the very conflicts by which it was necessary to maintain them. Amid the discordant outcries of commingling peoples they have been the potent influence which has moulded American progress and given to it whatever of distinctive character it may possess.

To fix upon the peculiar genius of a people is no light task. It exhibits itself everywhere; it is true; in private as well as in public life; in the personal habits of the people as well as in constitutions and codes of laws. But when these have been noted, the verity itself may after all have eluded our grasp. The people themselves sometimes catch it, and give it concrete expression in the construction of some figure, often grotesque and absurd in detail, yet after all singularly typical. We are all familiar with the ideal Yankee! A lank specimen of humanity in costume too scant for the sinewy frame it clothes. His arms and hands are long and bony, and seem made for stretching out and grasping all within his reach. His black hair is thin, and hangs in long straight locks upon his neck and over his shoulders. His eyes are sharp and wide awake, and their keen glances shoot out vivid suggestions of an active brain that lies behind them. Not a pretty figure, you may say, but a strong one; the very ideal of one well fitted to struggle with the problems of a new land and age, and conquer them. It is the photograph of the Yankee, but in the ideal it presents not an inapt likeness of the typical American. It is the personification of industry, pluck, brain and all unwavering self-confidence. In its utter want of conventionality it may possibly hush at some of our shortcomings. But even in this, as well as in everything else about him, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, it is unmistakably apparent that he, the inhabitant of a new land, must be intensely realistic. The æsthetic languor of an ancient community which has subsided into the quiet enjoyment of elegance and luxury will not do for this restless, energetic, but earnest laborer in the wilderness. For him the shortest, easiest and plainest methods are the best.

It is this unconventional characteristic, which has given color to the charge, iterated and reiterated by foreign writers that the American home-life is wholly coarse and unrefined. So far as American manners are concerned I am not able to compare them with those of other lands; I cannot say how American etiquette would appear if measured by the rules of certain English critics or of those queer mortals whom they call æsthetics, but I do not fear to venture the assertion that the home-life of our people is full of all that is lovely, pure and holy. America is a land of homes. Of all the principles of the common law which we protect so carefully, not one is more cherished and anxiously guarded than that which pronounces a man's house to be his castle, in defending which he need not retreat to the wall but may even slay him who dares trespass within it. It is not a mere abiding place, where shelter can be found from the storms of heaven, but a blessed haven of rest, of which father, hus-

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**Friends of Western Md. College.  
TAKE NOTICE.**

To any one who will contribute not less than \$2.00 toward the Building fund of Western Maryland College we will send the IRVING LITERARY GAZETTE for one year, beginning with the September number, and a finely-executed, album-size photograph of the Rev. J. T. Ward, D. D., President of the College. To any one who will contribute not less than \$5.00 toward the same fund, we will send our GAZETTE for one year and a photograph of the President, of large cabinet size, suitable for framing. Send contribution with name and address of contributor plainly written, to the editors of the IRVING LITERARY GAZETTE, Westminster, Md.

**Re-Union of Societies.**

The Irving Literary Society of Western Maryland College, held its annual re-union yesterday afternoon at precisely three o'clock. The meeting was opened by an address from the president, Mr. J. W. Norris, who welcomed back to her halls the ex-active members. After which Mr. J. L. N. Henman delivered the welcome address. Mr. E. H. Flagg, jr., then read a humorous piece entitled "Socrates Snooks." He was followed by Mr. J. W. Moore, with a declamation entitled, "The Boys." The next on the programme was Mr. T. A. Myers, who read the piece entitled "Thoughts Suggested by a College Examination." At this juncture by a motion of Mr. Miller, a committee consisting of one active and one ex-active member, was appointed to welcome Mr. Frank Peterson back to his old place in the Society. The committee then retired and soon returned accompanied by Mr. Peterson. His entrance was greeted with demonstrative approbation. The committee consisted of Mr. Miles and Prof. Ingle. Mr. Peterson then favored the society with a short speech, which was very favorably received. Mr. Brown then delivered the farewell address to the Seniors. He was followed by Mr. Miles who replied to the farewell. Here followed speeches by Messrs. E. P. Leech, Luther Kuhns, D. C. Ingle, J. M. Gill, C. E. Stoner, E. H. Norman, J. W. Norris, F. Peterson and W. I. Todd. The meeting was then adjourned with prayer by Rev. J. M. Gill. The only drawback was the absence of a greater part of the Seniors.

The annual reunion of the Browning Literary Society was held Wednesday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock in the old hall; the new one being too small to accommodate the persons present. On this occasion the following programme was carried out:—President's Address, Miss Ada Smith; Reading, Miss Lizzie Trump; Vocal Duet, "Slowly and Softly Music Should Flow;" Misses K. Smith and J. Watson; Reading, "The King of Denmark's Ride," Mrs. Dr. Fenby; Rehearsal, "William Tell," Miss Jesse Smiley; Essay, "Talent," Miss Hattie Bollinger; Instrumental Duet, Misses Jen-

nie Smith and Janie Norment. The programme was creditably rendered, after which refreshments were served, and the Society adjourned.

The re-union of the Philomathean Society was held on Wednesday, in their new society hall, with the following exercises—President's address—Miss Agnes Lease; recitation, Marguerite of France—Miss Ella Wilson; reading, How a man went down town—Miss Carrie Roach; duet—Misses Alma Duvall and Mollie Stevens. The exercises were closed with refreshments and an address by Prof. Devillbiss.

The twelfth annual reunion of the Webster Literary Society was held yesterday afternoon in their hall. Quite a number of ex-active members, members of the faculty, clergymen, and other invited guests, both ladies and gentlemen, were present. The meeting was called to order by President Jarman, who with a few appropriate remarks welcomed all present. Mr. E. L. Billingslea read a selection entitled "A Lesson in Cookery," which was well rendered. Mr. B. W. Kindley read a humorous essay entitled "The College Bell." The company then proceeded to discuss the merits of the refreshments, which were plentiful and of a choice character, and at this time a number of toasts were offered and replied to, as follows: To the Ex-Active Members, replied to by Rev. T. H. Lewis; to the Deserted College Hall, by Frank T. Benson; to the Visitors, by Rev. S. F. Cassen; to Washington College, by John Y. Todd; to the Prosperity of Western Maryland College, by W. W. Dumm; to Commencement Week, by J. W. Kirk; to Honorary Members, by Albert Billingslea; to the Clergy, by Rev. A. T. Cralle. Miss May Zimmerman offered a toast to the President of the Society; Mr. C. B. Jarman replied. After the assembly had freely partaken of the tempting viands placed before them, the critic, J. W. Kirk, read a criticism of the proceedings of the evening, after which the President made a short closing speech and declared the meeting adjourned.

**EAU MIGH!**

There was a young girl from Bordeaux,  
With corns on her little pink teaux  
They gave her such pain  
The tears ran like rain  
Down the bridge of her delicate neaux.

Her lover—a youth from Cologne—  
Fled wildly and left her alogne,  
When he found that her feet  
With corns were replete,  
With never a word he had flogne.

They sent for a doctor from Lynn,  
As shining and neat as a pynn,  
He looked at her teaux,  
The source of her weaux,  
And indulged in a gratified grynn.

He prescribed for this maid from Bordeaux,  
And cured all her little pink teaux;  
And now, it is said,  
They, too, will be waid,  
And from sorrow and grief find repeaux.

The sweet-scented youth from Cologne,  
Who left her severely alogne,  
When he first heard the hews  
His mind he did lews,  
And fitted from life with a grogne.

Josh Billings says: "When a young man ain't good for any thing else, I like tew see him carry a gold-headed cane. If he can't buy a cane, let him part his hair in the middle."

A Russian proverb says: "Before going to war pray once, before going to sea pray twice, before getting married pray three times."

A boy says in his composition that "Onions are the vegetables that make you sick when you don't eat them yourself."

**Address Before the Societies.**

[CONTINUED FROM 1ST PAGE.]

band and brother are the props, and mother, wife and daughter are the ornaments and comforters. To defend it, many a sword is ready to leap from its scabbard; to bless it, from the lips of prattling children, from the hearts of husbands and wives evermore, and we ascend earnest petitions to the great father of us all. Ah! no sentiment appeals to an American heart like that which carries him back to the home of his childhood. Probably the most popular song in America is "Home Sweet Home." As I pronounce the words, the memories of other days come back to me, and I recall a scene which shall never be forgotten. A large audience had gathered to hear an opera. The prima Donna was then and is yet one of the world's most famous singers. Her face was of singular beauty, and her grace and loveliness took all hearts captive. But how can I describe that voice! how it rose with voluptuous swell until every nook and corner of the grand building was steeped in the splended sound! how it sank to a delicious murmur until it seemed to break the silence, like the limped waters of a purling stream as it gently ripples o'er its pebbly sands! When the last sweet echo had died away, her auditors burst into applause, which continued, until she returned to repeat the delicious music which had so charmed them. As she resumed her place, the great house hushed itself in expectation; and then slow but clear as the first notes of the sky lark at dawn, rose the strains of that grand old hymn Home, Sweet Home. The silence became profound. Before was admiration for the art of the singer, but now was genuine emotion, and many a bright eye was suffused as those last words, "there's no place like home" thrilled every heart. For a time after she had closed, as if the audience were still under the witchery of that sweet voice, no sound broke the quiet, but a moment after, the approval, so enthusiastic, so emphatic, that it seemed as it was in fact, the wild expression of pent up feeling. Remembering this scene, I can well understand the emotions which have prompted the benevolent Cochran to do honor to the author of that hymn. The bones of John Howard Paine should rest no where but in the soil of America among the people he loved so well and whose home-yearnings he has so pathetically embalmed in song.

Matthew Arnold once used these words—"if I had to fix upon the great want at this moment of the three principal nations in Europe, I should say the great want of the French was morality, the great want of the Germans was civil courage, and that our, (meaning the English,) great want was lucidity;"—and explains "lucidity" negatively, to be, "the perception of the want of truth and validness in nations long current; the perception that they are no longer possible, that their time is finished, and they can serve us no more;" or to express the same idea affirmatively and in my own words, it is; the ability to pursue inquiry to the end and accept its results, whatever they may be, without being deterred by the force of authority or the power of ancient usages. Employing the word in the sense thus explained, it seems to me, this very lucidity, which Mr. Arnold affirms is the great want of the English, is a decided feature of the American character. No other people have probably been as free from the weight of ancient prejudice as the Americans. The geographical location of our land, the events of our colonial history, and the necessities of our situation have all contributed to this result. Three thousand miles separate us from the peoples among whom precedent has the

force of law, and our entire career has been so brief that when we think of our youth, we may almost affirm we have had no past. The very settlement of the land does not date further back than the seventeenth century. So that it may be said, as we have had no past, we have had nothing to forget or unlearn. The Declaration of Independence therefore not only proclaimed our people politically independent, but found them as well mentally unfettered.

With their destiny in their own hands, our fathers were limited and controlled, only by the prone necessities of their position. A new country to settle and rescue from the wilderness, a new people to protect and foster, it was plain, and the logic of circumstances soon proved it, that matters could not move in the grooves which other peoples had proven; and they were driven to the "perception of the want of validness in old nations, the perception that they were no longer possible, that their time was finished and could serve them no more." So it has come to pass that the Americans from the very beginning, have manifested a thorough readiness to cast aside the old things that had served their day, and adapt the fresher and more available, wherever it could be found. This characteristic though at times, not without its dangers, is yet of inestimable value. It is thoroughly iconoclastic, but it shatters the ancient idol only when it believes it can pry through the broken plaster into the void within; it hesitates not to attack antique ideas, but sweeps them ruthlessly aside, only when they interpose their bulwarks as obstacles to the march of progress; and though it often laughs at long established methods, it denounces them only, when their antiquity is interposed as their only claim to longer life.

It is the twin sister of genius. If like genius, it occasionally breaks all bounds, and by the excesses it permits, sometimes brings ruin and devastation, this only true, the final outcome shall be a glorious blessing. If on the one hand it has created among Americans more religious issues than probably in all the world besides, "no error but some sober brain will bless it, and approve it with a text," on the other it has fostered among the people as much true piety as was ever known in any land at any period. It has enabled Americans to crown every hill top with a church, flanked by the school house; with here and there dotted over the land noble institutions like this, which have imbued the people with a sound morality and taught them a true conception of an Almighty God. If it has loosened the bands of conservatism, it has also opened the mind to the reception of truth, and bestowed the moral courage needed to embrace it.

It has permitted us to discard the wooden plough, the heirloom of all the ages, for the steel implement everywhere in use throughout the land; it has substituted the modern reaping machine for the sickle, the cotton gin for the ancient methods of manipulation; the threshing machine for the flail; it has crowned us with the fame of being the most fertile in invention of all the peoples of modern times; and finally it has penetrated all ranks, and peering through the trappings of wealth and position, has discovered and declared that in spite of poverty or humbled birth, "a man's a man for a' that."

A very distinguished modern critic has remarked "that a literary work is not a mere individual play of imagination, the isolated caprice of an excited brain, but a transcript of contemporary manners"—that constitutions, codes of laws and creeds show us the spirit roughly, without delicacy, but

a literature resembles those admirable apparatus of extraordinary sensibility by which physicians disentangle and measure the most recondite and delicate changes of the body. We cannot doubt the correctness of this statement. Through no other medium can we mark so clearly minute shades of national character. Compare, for instance, the humor of Moliere or Racine with that of Sterne or Swift. They differ as widely, and upon the same lines of divergence as the national character of the French does from that of the English. The Cosette of Victor Hugo is as unlike the Jennie Deans of Scott as a Patagonian is unlike a New Yorker. Cosette is the typical Parisian maiden, while the heroine of Scott is the very ideal of the Scotch peasant. The genius of a Thackeray can endow his Colonel Newcome with human nature so broad that all mankind may love him as a brother, yet the setting of the picture is as thoroughly characteristic of the English as that great master of fiction was himself. Literary character is thus an exponent of national character. It is a bough which shoots out its leaves and branches as luxuriantly and fantastically as it may, but is nourished and sustained by the same sap and root that feeds the parent stem. But in spite of all this, it is not in its literature that the distinctive character of a people finds its first expression, nor, on the other hand, can a new people in its primitive essays in that field give it utterance. Literature, not political, professional or scientific, is the product of a certain kind of leisure, and America for a long time was too busy to stop to tell its story. The duties incident to a new country and government were too imperious to permit it to turn aside from the practical affairs of every day life to weave romances or sing songs. If, in these early days, the literary genius of people have incited a few of them to "vary from the kindly rate of men" by whom they were surrounded, and to dream aloud, the product of these dreamings was either soiled by the uncultured rawness of the wilderness, or marked by the unmistakable influences of foreign models. Dr. Griswold, himself no mean figure in American literature, not very many years ago wrote these words: "The American provinces quarrelled with England, conquered and became a separate nation, and we have since had our own Presidents and Congresses; but England has continued to do the thinking of a large class here. When we have written instead of giving a free voice to the spirit within us, we have endeavored to write after some foreign model. We have been so fearful of nothing else as of an Americanism in thought or expression." This criticism is probably too sweeping. We cannot adopt it without some exception, for even in its early days America has brought forth writers whose productions, full of genius, have to some extent at least reflected the inspirations of its people. But when the whole body of our early literature is considered, we cannot doubt there is too much of truth in the remark to wantonly reject it.

But as the wealth of the country decreased the American character began to be more and more impressed upon its literature. The energies of the people at one time absorbed in the strife with material and physical difficulties, were after a while somewhat released from the fetters which bound them, and turning into the paths of history, biography, romance and song, began to express with freshness, breadth and power the instincts of the masses. On this branch of the subject I cannot be more explicit. Let it suffice to say, that the lucidity which comes of thought untrammelled by precedent or authority, the freshness which is born of new experiences, and

sometimes too, it must be admitted, the grotesque vagary which is often the product of unbridled liberty, have become marked features of our literature. And if on the one hand it has strayed into the eccentric paths, along which Walt Whitman, Mark Twain, or Artemus Ward leads us, it has on the other furnished us with authors who are not only stars in our crown of honor, but, as was recently said of Emerson, "nobly represent the American conflict with superstition, with servility to inherited usage and opinion." Every day our literature is becoming more and more imbued with the characteristics of our people, and we may well indulge the hope that the period is not far distant when it shall be as peculiarly and distinctively American as our own native hills and valleys.

But if a literature is thus tardy in expressing the characteristics of a people, such is not the case in matters which are directly controlled by the people at large. Political tendencies force themselves into prominence from the very start. An instinctive conception of right, an inborn sentiment of liberty, or a peculiar theory of government will be asserted in any system of politics, which is the free expression of a people. Our political history furnishes no conception to this statement. American independence found thirteen states, sparsely populated, stretched along a bleak coast and remote from the centres of civilized influence. Far behind them, too, was spread out an illimitable territory, not yet wrested from the primeval forest. The momentous question which presented itself was, how was the independence of each state to be preserved, so that while the autonomy of each state was maintained, and the individual liberties of the citizen protected, all these communities should be so welded together as to establish a cohesiveness among themselves for the expansion of territory at home and the resistance of aggression from abroad. This too was to be accomplished consistently with certain principles which differed materially from those of any other times or peoples. The fundamental ideas of these principles were, that the people were the sovereigns, and that all governments derived its just powers from the consent of the governed. They involved as a corollary a principle yet more startling, that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of the right of the people to the protection of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, they had the right to alter, or, if necessary, abolish it. And finally all these principles were to be incorporated into a written constitution, which was to become a chart for the guidance of the rulers and a bulwark of the privileges, rights and liberties of the people.

The system proved by our fathers, in compliance with these principles, was in their day and still is, in our time, known as the American idea of government. It is in fact peculiarly our own. At the present day it is difficult to realize HOW PECULIARLY it is our own; to fully appreciate how novel and absolutely interested it was, when first established, and what a wonderful example of American lucidity it presents. In a certain sense, though it may be said to be, the product of all the ages, for ideas can only be evolved from antecedent conditions of thought, and it was unquestionably then that our fathers came to their task with all the experiences of the past fully spread out before them. And that past had taught them much. England had made important strides towards popular government. Magna charta, trial by jury, and representation of the people in parliament had been fought for and obtained. But the contests which had termi-

nated in the establishment of these great bulwarks of liberty, were after all, only forcible protests against the unreasonable demands of the royal prerogative and not a yearning for the great principle of the sovereignty of the people. France had begun to show signs of uneasiness; a restlessness of the people indicated that volcanic forces were at work, but it was not after the American example had lit up the heavens that, "brute despair of trampled centuries,

"Leaped up with one hoarse yell and snapped its bonds," and even then it,

"Groped for night with horny callous hand  
And stared around for God with bloodshot eyes."  
The Amphycetionic and Achaic leagues, the ancient republics of Greece and Rome, the confederations of mediaeval and modern Europe or even the anomalous government of Oliver Cromwell recognized no such principles, as those which constitute this American idea. It may be that some philanthropic friend of the people, some visionary statesman dreaming of an Utopia, has longed for these ideal possibilities; perhaps, as hidden causes they may have stired the depths of some people, groaning under the lash of tyranny, and made them toss and turn like a child sick with a fever; but to the American fathers, it was reserved, to be the first, firmly to incorporate them as corner stones under practical system of government. Let us not be deterred in our commendations by the fears of overstatement. I accept the criticism which condemns the fashion of denouncing the degeneracy of the moderns and be-smeared the past with indiscriminate eulogy.

I am not blind to that human tendency which leads us to compare the present, the miserable present, which offers us such a bundle of vanished hopes, with the past, in which are buried and out of sight the failings of our fathers, so that we turn in heaviness of spirit from our own hard lot to the olden times, with its heroes and its giants; and I do not forget that these vain comparisons are not altogether the prerogative of those whose withered limbs and enfeebled pulses emphasize the memories of earlier days, when life was young and bounding blood and strong arms made earth seem "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." But guarding ourselves from such tendencies, when we contemplate the task set before our fathers, and have fully appreciated the difficulties that confronted them and the unexplored regions into which their doctrines led them, and in the light of the present day realize how strong they battled and how well, we are lost in admiration for that breadth of vision, that deep insight into political science, and that noble civil courage which enabled them to produce the most remarkable political development of the age. Their work was the wonder of their day, and it is the wonder of this. It was and is yet the most significant Americanism of our history; an Americanism which has leapt over the seas, shaken monarchs on their thrones, toppled over some of the governments of Europe, liberalized others, impressed its influence on all, and implanted ideas which may yet be the power to break the bonds of tyranny and restore down-trodden millions to enjoyment of true liberty.

But the length to which these remarks have been already extended admonishes me that I must cease, even before the threshold has been crossed. Enough, however, has appeared, even in this very imperfect discussion, to open up a glimpse of the beautiful inheritance of our people. With such a territory, penetrated as it is by noble rivers, boundless in extent, teeming with fertility and rich in the treasures of the mine, with government based upon such principles of liberty, and with a society in

which every member makes his position for himself, we may surely be permitted to indulge in a little honest pride. But it is not in the contemplation of the one or the other or of all these things that we should exhaust our complacency; but when we regard those great national characteristics, those inner sources of power, which have stimulated our people even to the present day, let our enthusiasm be unbounded. Our fathers found a great work for them to do; they have done it; done it nobly, not in the conventional methods of their day, but after their own fashion. Their inheritance was splendid only in opening the door for splendid possibilities, and their genius has led them through it to the creation of that noble fabric of national prosperity and honor by which we are surrounded.

Must we degenerate? Must the final history of the United States be a repetition of that of bold tale of national life, first poverty with virtue, then riches with profligacy, and finally effeminacy and ruin. We cannot lift the veil that separates us from the future, but I earnestly believe that as long as home shall remain the center of the social system and the abode of love and virtue; as long as the corner-stone of political morality shall be the principle that all government is for the benefit of the ruled and not the ruler; as long as American lucidity shall stimulate a pure religion and open the mind to the true conception of progress; as long as American art, literature and invention respond to these impulses and instincts of the people, time has no revenges in store for us. If the Americans of the future shall maintain the characteristics of their fathers, a new and better civilization may yet spring up on this Western Continent; a civilization adorned by art, inculcated by learning, fortified by wealth and purified by religion. Nor need we fear the effect of the vast immigration now landing on our shores. Herbert Spencer in a recent publication makes these predictions: "From biological truths it is to be inferred that the eventual mixture of the allied varieties of the Aryan race forming the population will produce a new type of man than has hitherto existed, and a type of man more plastic, more adaptable, more capable of undergoing the modifications needful for social life. I think he proceeds to say, that whatever difficulties they may have to pass through, the Americans may reasonably look forward to a time when they will have produced a civilization grander than any the world has known."

Let us take these lessons to heart; let us be champions in maintaining and preserving these characteristics; let us laugh to scorn those shallow brains who sneer at our homely republican ideas; let us pity such wrestlings too, for they dream not that it may be possible that when Macaulay's New Zealander shall be sitting upon the broken arches of London bridge sketching the ruins of St. Paul, if he be a philosopher as well as an artist, he may be able to trace to those very ideas the genesis of political and social reforms which have lifted the peoples of the earth from their low estate and established the preservation of their rights and liberties as a fundamental axiom of political science.

A barefooted little boy stepped on a bee, and soon after said to his mother: "Ma, I didn't know that bees had splinters in their tails!"

"In an exchange we find an article about a mother-in-law, and in beautiful harmony, the next item is headed "The Storm Elsewhere."

It is upon the smooth ice we slip; the roughest path is safest.

## Original Poetry.

### COLLEGE MUSIC.

BY MISS V. SMILEY, CLASS OF '83.

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast"  
Quotation this, and I'll make up the rest;  
We speak of discord and of harmony,  
I'll give examples in which both you'll see.

The first bell-sound that doth our ears alarm,  
Is that which rings at six, and hath no charm;  
For we're a class of people loving ease—  
So, no more six o'clock bells if you please.

There's music in the College bell's sweet chime,  
That calls to study at the stated time;  
And, when it sounds for dinner—meal the best—  
But this, I think, applies not to the rest.

There's music in the organ's solemn tone,  
And there is music in the school girl's moan,  
And there is music in the school boy's groan;  
And all these kinds of music we have known.

Some kind of music we have all day long—  
If not a boy's shout, a young lady's song;  
If we exclaim, "When will the music mend?"  
They calmly answer, "Not 'till college end!"

You'd think the ten o'clock bell would bring peace,  
For that means, "Music of all kinds must cease;"  
But some there are that fail to take the warning,  
And talk as much at night as in the morning.

And so we're still regaled with much of noise—  
It's always made by those most dreadful boys;  
For they no pity on the girls do take,  
And so we are compelled to stay awake.

Thus, we have music, morning, noon and night,  
For there are some who blab with all their might;  
And off we wonder, how, beneath the sun,  
There can be tongues that love so wild to run!

To some there is no music quite so sweet,  
As that which to them gently doth repeat—  
"The bell that's ringing now fills with delight,  
Because it tells us, "This is parlor night!"

There's music in some words to make me cry,  
But not among those words is that word "pie!"  
And if some one should ask the reason why,  
I'd be at such a loss to make reply,  
I do not think that I should ever try.

When Sunday comes, in music there's a lull,  
And hence to some the day is very dull;  
But cheer up, friends, I say; and don't grow thin;  
For soon the music will again begin.

Improve the Sunday in devotion pure,  
And when the Monday bell again doth pour  
It's music on our ears, let us anew  
Resume school duties with a purpose true.

And answer promptly every call of bell,  
That we may make our college record tell  
To those who love us, and have sent us here,  
How much we prize their kindness and their care.

And when all music on earth shall cease,  
May we, in that bright world where all is peace,  
Join in the music there, where no discord  
Will near the bliss that heaven doth afford.

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H. H. POWER, Proprietor.

Corner of Main and Court Streets, Westminister, Md.

The City Hotel at Westminster having been leased for a term of years by the undersigned, he is authorized in soliciting the public patronage by the complete renovation which has been made in the house. Whatever reputation the house may have entailed upon itself in the past, he knows will be overlooked and forgotten by the patrons of the present and the future. For cleanliness, excellence and moderation of charges, he challenges any other hotel in the State.

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H. H. POWER.

The Commercial Traveller's Home.

First class in music stand up. "How many kinds of metre are there?" "Three, sir—long metre, short metre, and meet her by moonlight alone."

## Distribution of Certificates of Distinction.

At half-past ten o'clock yesterday morning President Ward made the following announcement:

For Essays, the first prize to E. Harwood Flagg, Jr., of the Freshman class; the second, to Edwin T. Mowbray, of the Freshman class; the third, to T. J. Shreeve, of the Sophomore class; the fourth, to Miss Eudora Richardson, of the Freshman class; and the fifth, to Frank T. Benson, of the Junior class.

The Kuhn's gold medal for superior scholarship in all the studies of the male Freshman class was awarded to Mr. Leyburn M. Bennett, and the Ward gold medal for the Freshman class of ladies, was given similarly to Miss Aline Richardson. Also, a gold medal similarly given to the female preparatory department was awarded to Miss Jennie Wilson.

Certificates of Distinction were given in Department to Misses James, Keller, Newman, McKee, Cochel, A. Richardson, E. Richardson, Wilmer, Stouffer, and Zimmerman, and to Messrs. Amoss, Burgee, Mowbray, Wilson; in Mental and Moral Science, to Misses James, Nichols, J. Smiley, Clayton, Edelin, E. Wilson, and Messrs. Baughman, Kirk, Linthicum, Benson, Gist, and Kindley; in Belles Lettres, to Misses James, Nichols, J. Smiley, Clayton, Edelin, E. Wilson, Orndorff, A. Richardson, E. Richardson, Minnie Stevens, J. Wilson, and Messrs. Baughman, Kirk, Linthicum, Benson, Gist, Moore, Todd, Myers, White, Bennett, Mowbray, Reifsnider, Wilson, Slifer and Arringdale; in Ancient Languages, to Misses A. Richardson, E. Richardson, Gott, E. Wilson, Clayton, James, Nichols, J. Smiley, and Messrs. Kirk, Baughman, Gist, Benson, Todd and Moore; in French, to Misses James, Nichols, J. Smiley, Clayton, Edelin, E. Wilson, A. Richardson, E. Richardson, Trenchard; in Mathematics, to Misses James, Nichols, J. Smiley, E. Wilson, Gott, Lockard, A. Richardson, J. Wilson, and Messrs. Baughman, Linthicum, Benson, Gist, Moore, Jarman, Bennett, Mowbray, Roop, Arringdale, Burgee and Wilson; in Physical Science, to Misses James, Nichols, J. Smiley, Clayton, Edelin, E. Wilson, A. Richardson, E. Richardson, Duval, and Messrs. Benson, Gist, Kindley, Baughman, Kirk, Linthicum, Todd, Cunningham, Moore, Burgee, Henman, Mowbray and Bennett; in Music, to Misses Wilmer, Cochel, J. Wilson and Minnie Stevens.

The following students having obtained an average grade of over nine in the departments named, have received honorable mention:

In Mental and Moral Science, Misses Duffenbaugh, Frizell, Hering, Keller, Lease, V. Smiley, Swarbrick, and Yingling, and Messrs. W. Dumm, Fenby, Miles, Norris, Ohrum, H. Schaeffer, Thompson and Wainwright; in Belles Lettres, Misses Cochel, Duvall, Gott, Lockard, McKee, Roach, Stevens, Trenchard, Ames, Keller, Lease, V. Smiley, Swarbrick, and Messrs. Brown, Cunningham, A. Dumm, W. Dumm, Grow, Henman, Jarman, Miles, Ohrum, Roop, H. Schaeffer, Thompson and Wainwright; in Physical Science, Misses Ames, Cochel, Duffenbaugh, Everhart, Gott, Hering, Jones, Keller, Lease, Lochard, McKee, Orndorff, Roach, V. Smiley, Swarbrick, Trenchard, Trumbo, Yingling, and Messrs. A. Dumm, W. Dumm, Erb, Fenby, Flagg, Grow, Jarman, Miles, Moore, Myers, Norris, Ohrum, Roop, E. Schaeffer, H. Schaeffer, Thompson, Wainwright and White; in French, Misses Cochel, Duffenbaugh, Edelin, Everhart, Gott, Hering, Jones, Keller, Lease, Lockard, McKee, Roach, V. Smiley, Swarbrick and Yingling; in Ancient Languages, Misses Duffenbaugh, V. Smiley, and Swarbrick; in Mathematics, Misses Duvall, McKee, Orndorff, E. Richardson, Swarbrick and Trenchard; in Music, Misses Clayton, Hering, Nichols and Sappington.

## Things a Married Man Can Not Help Thinking.

That all the girls used to be in love with him; that all the widows are now; that if he were a widower he could marry again whenever he chose; that all the other fellows are fools; that he would not introduce any fellow he knows to his sister or his daughter; that his wife is a little jealous; that she used to be a pretty girl; that his mother could make good bread; that his wife cannot; that he wouldn't trust most women; that if he should ever speculate he would make his fortune; that he would en-

joy a country life; that his girls will never be so silly as to marry; that his mother-in-law may be a fine old lady, but that smoking never hurt a man yet; that with a little management the servants would always do well, and never give warning; that his shirt buttons are grossly neglected; that he is going to make his future some day; that he despises old bachelors.

## Things a Married Woman Cannot Help Thinking.

That she was very pretty at sixteen; that she had, or would have had, a great many offers; that all her lady friends are five years older than what they say they are; that she has a very fine mind; that if her husband had acted on her advice, he would be a rich man to-day; that people think too much of that Miss ———, who would not be called handsome if she did not make herself up; that her mother-in-law is a very trying woman; that her sister-in-law takes airs, and ought to be put down; that her girls are prettier than Mrs. A's girls; that she would like to know where her husband spends his evenings when he stays out; that her eldest son takes after him; that he is going to throw himself away on Miss Scraggs; that Miss Scraggs set her cap at him, and did all the courting; that her servant girls are the worst ever known; that she has taste in dress; that she has a good temper; that she pities old maids.

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The Thirty-Third Semi-Annual Session begins September 4th, 1883, and ends January 25th, 1884. For Catalogue, and further information, address

J. T. WARD, D. D., President,  
June Westminster, Md.