

The Irving Literary Gazette.

VOL. III.

WESTMINSTER, MD., JUNE, 1883.

NO. 5.

Select Poetry.

THE PRESS.

When tired nature sinks to rest,
 And, gently pillowed on her breast,
 Humanity lies down to sleep,
 While watchful stars their vigils keep;
 What, through the long and silent hours,
 With patient care and tireless powers
 Collects the little scraps of news,
 Tinted with all life's varying hues—
 What deeds are done, what thoughts are thought,
 What noble works are nobly wrought,
 What dastard acts are meanly done,
 What good is lost, what good is won—
 And sends it forth at morn's first ray
 The perfect history of a day?

The Press.

When wrong and force oppress the weak,
 And false advantage strongly seek;
 When craft and cunning both combin'd
 Strive to pervert the human mind
 From the plain path of truth and right,
 And hold it by the power of might—
 What mightier power its regis throws
 Before down-trodden human woes;
 Exposes fraud, and shame, and sin,
 And lets the light of truth shine in?

The Press.

God save the freedom of the press!
 And may its powers ne'er grow less,
 But burn as some strong steady light
 Fed by the powers of truth and right.
 Ever the first to freedom's cause,
 Ever the first to give applause
 When right against oppression fights;
 Ever defending human rights,
 May it forever hold its place,
 The bulwark of the English race—
 A free, untrammelled Press.

Class Day Exercises.

Promptly at ten o'clock Tuesday morning, during the performance of a march by Prof. Cushing, the Graduating Class, headed by the president, Mr. A. L. Miles, proceeded to the pavilion, where a large audience awaited their coming. As soon as the members of the class, twenty-two in number, had seated themselves on the stage, Mr. J. W. Norris, of Baltimore, was introduced as the Historian, and briefly reviewed the college career of each individual member of the class, reciting the deeds of romance and adventure, and the peculiarities of each one. At the conclusion of the history Miss Georgie Nichols, of Frederick county, the Class Prophetess, was introduced, and foretold, in an interesting manner, the future of her class-mates. Finally the entire class, with Mr. Dumm as organist, closed the programme by singing the Class Ode to the tune of Auld Lang Syne, which is published below. Everything passed off nicely and to the enjoyment of all present. Mr. Norris, as Historian, as well as Miss Nichols, as Prophetess, received much commendation.

Following is the programme, which was neatly printed and folded and distributed to the audience:

THE GATHERING CLOUDS.

As it is the desire of the members of the Class of '83 to please their patrons and gratify their wishes, they have ordered from the Weather Bureau at Washington a few hot waves to encircle the tent and its surroundings. If it is not sufficiently warm to suit the refined tastes of connoisseurs, they may apply to the ushers, and

they will immediately be supplied with a seat in the pavilion, where the indications for the day are a mean temperature, low pressure, bursted barometer, with no hopes of raising the wind. But if our friends are not melted, at ten o'clock muslin clouds will appear with dark and angry borders. These clouds, gradually approaching nearer, will at last find their resting-place beneath the canvassed canopy. These much-honored clouds who have reposed upon the snow-capped peaks of Olympus and hovered over the sacred banks of the Tiber, these greatly majestic clouds, will present themselves on exhibition with their bright, dewy faces. Do not jest, but observe a religious silence to what shall be uttered; for you shall not behold, as heretofore, the tricks of animals or performing bipeds, but at the command of the deep-sounding voice of Father Alonzo, the awful silence occasioned by this awe-inspiring group will be broken and the wondering and astonished audience will hear from whence they came and whither they go, for Jesse, the son of Clio, skilled in necrology, will relate the perambulations, perigrinations and equitations of these startling apparitions of different nations. Then shall lovely Georgianna, from Cyprus, the home of the nymphs, trace their misty footsteps in the future farther than human eye can see, whether through the dark and dismal portals of Pandemonium or to the bright Elysian regions. Finally, shall the melodious voices of the clouds, mingled in harmonious strains, chant the chorus composed by Horace, the father of poetry, especially for the occasion.

CLASS ODE.

Adieu, adieu, the parting scene
 Now weaves its wizard spell,
 And friends have met on College Green
 To chant their last farewell.

CHORUS.

Farewell, farewell, though sweet the sound,
 Harmonious to the ear,
 It throws the garb of sorrow round
 The friends that meet us here.

Friends we must part, perhaps for aye;
 This, this we may not tell;
 But let us check the rising sigh,
 And boldly say farewell.

CHORUS.

The thoughts unbidden now do rise
 From out hoar Memory's cell;
 With clasped hands and tearful eyes
 We bid you all farewell.

CHORUS.

And may your path in life be bright,
 No disappointments fell
 E'er cloud around those paths of light,
 Collegiate friends, farewell.

CHORUS.

And when life's fitful dream is o'er,
 And tolls our passing bell,
 O! may we reach that happy shore
 Where friends ne'er say farewell.

CHORUS.

"What will the Harvest Be?" was the subject of an essay at the commencement exercises of a Boston female seminary last week. As there were nine in the graduating class it is the opinion of the *Chicago Tribune* that the harvest will be four divorce suits, one elopement and four woman's suffrage advocates.

Why is a washerwoman the most cruel person in the world? Because she daily wrings men's bosoms.

ORATORICAL CONTEST

Between the Irving and Webster Literary Societies, in College Pavilion — Large and Appreciative Audience.

The oratorical contest is an event anxiously awaited by the members of the contesting societies, and, as usual, a large audience was in attendance to witness and give their opinions as to which division carried off the palm. The evening was pleasant, which added much to the comfort of the speakers as well as the audience.

Rev. Daniel W. Bates opened the exercises with an appropriate prayer, and the programme was interspersed with excellent music, furnished by the Westminster Brass Band.

We can only give short extracts from each of the orations, and although they may not, in all cases, be the best portions, yet we consider them representative. Seated on the stage were the orators of the two societies and their presiding officers—the president of the Irving being J. W. Norris, and of the Webster C. B. Jarman; but as this gentleman was one of the orators, W. W. Dumm presided for the evening—Rev. J. T. Ward, President of the College; Rev. J. D. Kinzer, Prof. W. H. Zimmerman, Senator H. Vanderford, Rev. P. F. Benson, Rev. Daniel W. Bates, of Kent county, and Rev. T. H. Lewis, President of the Theological Seminary.

The contest was opened by Bradley W. Kindley, of Monrovia, Md., who delivered a carefully composed oration on

THOMAS GUARD,

treating his subject in a manner creditable to himself and society. A synopsis of his address follows:

Having prefaced his speech with some remarks on biography in general, he too sketched in brief the life of Guard, stating that he was the son of an Irish Wesleyan Minister and was born at Galway, Ireland, in 1831. He was thoroughly educated and received his theological training at Kingswood, the Wesleyan Theological Seminary of England. He began his work for the Methodist Church as a Missionary in St. Elizabeth in South Africa. It was while engaged here he made his first visit to America, coming for the purpose of raising money by a course of lectures in which he was eminently successful. It was during this trip, the Mt. Vernon M. E. Church of Baltimore City secured his services as its pastor. From here he went to California, by appointment of conference, where he remained six years. Thence he returned to Baltimore. Mr. Kindley now went on to say, "There it was the eminent divine wrought for himself that name which is placed upon record of distinguished men.

From the first time he made his appearance before an American audience, he was regarded, as he well deserved to be, as a very learned and eloquent preacher. His oratorical powers developed rapidly and at the time of his death, he had a celebrity among all classes in our country, such as was, perhaps, enjoyed only by Napoleon as a general, and Shakespeare as a poet. His universal celebrity and genuine popularity found their counterpart in the ascendancy

which he possessed over the fraternity of the learned, but in which he was by unanimous consent regarded as first among his compeers.

No one openly or secretly disputed the precedence with Dr. Guard, for though one might feel his superiority to him in this and another in that, yet all acknowledged in the combination of his gifts and talents, so complete a whole, that they permitted him to stand alone on an eminence attained but by few others. His superiority in the learned circle that surrounded him, was like the superiority of a father among his sons, which no one of them envied, but of which all were proud. *

* * * * * Uprightness of heart, greatness of mind and benevolence were expressed in his countenance, yes, all that was praiseworthy.

His bearing, gestures and movements were all most graceful and were without the least affectation. His words were soft and melodious; he spoke appropriately and all that he said was simple, yet uncommon. His tone was gentle, cheerful and agreeable, and there was indeed, something truly genial in his bearing. *

* * * * * He had a true heart, he was full of sanctity, he was ready always to respond to the call of a friend who desired sympathy and help. Everyone who applied to him, found him liberal and obliging and ready to assist at a sacrifice of precious time and cherished pleasures. * * *

This thirst for knowledge was inborn. Continually was he drinking from the rich outbursts of some new fountain, 'til he filled his soul with the beautiful, the good and the true. He was a devoted lover and student of nature. He gathered from her, inspiration as the bee gathers nectar from the heart of the fragrant rose. The movements of the heavenly bodies, the story of the rocks, the singing of the birds, and the rustle of the foliage in the forest were enjoyed alike by him. To him the broad expanse of heaven was an art gallery and the majestic clouds, of various hues and tints, as they moved proudly through the Etherial regions, were pictures painted by the hand divine in richest tints. *

Since the days of Wesley, Whitefield and Stockton, Methodism has been propagated with unparalleled rapidity, and has from the beginning been distinguished for the deep piety and impassioned eloquence of its ministers, and foremost in the phalanx of its modern heralds stood the Rev. Thomas Guard. But not alone did he belong to Methodist Episcopal Church, though that was the one of his choice—he was broad and liberal in his views, and belonged as well to Methodism, still more—he belonged to Christianity. At last the end comes, and in the eyes of them who saw fit to give, it seemed fit to take away. Unfortunate, that no one could catch his falling mantle and step forward to fill his place in the broken ranks. Only a few weeks ago, a beautiful monument was erected over the resting place of his honored dust. If statesmen deserve monuments, certainly leaders in the cause of Christianity do, and none more so than

[CONTINUED ON SECOND PAGE.]

THE
Irving Literary Gazette

IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT
WESTERN MARYLAND COLLEGE,
BY

IRVING LITERARY SOCIETY.

TERMS---75 Cents per year, in Advance.

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

LINTHICUM & GWYNN, - - EDITORS.

WESTMINSTER, MD., JUNE 20, 1883.

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.

To the sweet air of Auld Lang Syne, a song which perhaps more than any other recalls pleasant associations of friendship, and cements ties of other days fallen into neglect, our Senior Class on yesterday breathed their fond farewells to one another and took a sad parting of their Alma Mater. What more appropriate symphony could have been selected to express the sentiments of young hearts, about to pass from the sunset of school-days into the dawn of responsibility and stern endeavors! It is a ballad which never fails to touch responsive chords in the hearts of an audience, and with delicious melody places them momentarily in a dreamland where memory kisses from clouds of reverses the sunshine of long ago, and asserts a rejuvenating tyranny in the most callous and martial spirit. Animosity which impulsive passion has permitted to poison opinion, is metamorphosed into clemency and consideration for those of recent aversion; old differences are bridged by magnanimity and once again Peace, celestial messenger of the Most High, scatters her benedictions of love on so bright a picture. Year by year, the influence of this ballad is emphasized, and colleges all over the land delight to welcome it as a herald from the fairy isles of olden-time. It creates an atmosphere of joy which acts as a tonic to the depressed spirit and is tender in its ministrations to that heart overburdened by successive failure and disappointment.

As Payne unconsciously won the love and veneration of humanity, as he breathed in song the unqualified delights of home, cheering the lowly wanderer with that magnetic sentiment of disappointed ambition and shattered hopes, so Auld Lang Syne meets an unalloyed reception in every province. It is the shrine of plaintive rhapsody, to which the sandals of affection make yearly pilgrimages, and on whose altar un-

holy purposes, prejudice and calumny find a funeral pyre. Here Love and Beauty pour out their tears of penitence and start afresh. Such airs are infinitely more effectual in tempering uncharitable resolutions than the repeated counsel and admonition of the most respected. Then long may the old song live, and long may the Class of '83 be spared to reunite and blend their voices in such a harmony!

The Freshman.

The Freshman Class of '83, that is the male portion, held their annual exercises in the pavilion last evening at 12 o'clock p. m. The exercises consisted of the trial of those implicated in the Roman conspiracy with Catiline. The exercises were creditable and good order was sustained throughout. The sight was both novel and interesting. Each one was decked out in a white robe, and all were masked. The conspirators had black masks, the senators white and the praetors pink. One dim lamp illuminated the scene which make it look more ghostlike than if there had been none. The affair was intended to be kept secret but a few managed to find it out in some way, and made their presence known by their hearty applause after each address. Last year was the first time these exercises were ever held at this college, and it is supposed the idea was taken from Yale. There is one thing evident, in a few years old Western Maryland will be on a footing with any of them. They have our best wishes.

Arrivals.

Miss Fannie Repp, Union Bridge, Md.
Miss Mollie Jones, Central, Md.
Miss Mollie Nicolls, Johnsville, Md.
Misses Allie and Flora Wilson, Johnsville, Md.
Mr. Gwynn, T. B., Md.
Mr. W. I. Todd, Sr., Salisbury, Md.
Mr. T. H. Jarman, Greensborough, Md.
Mr. Frank Shriner, Union Bridge, Md.
Mr. H. LaMotte, Finksburg, Md.
Mr. Walter Powell, Baltimore, Md.
Miss Mamie Arlington, New York.
Rev. Dr. Lawrence Bates, Queen Anne's county, Md.
Mr. J. Miller, Frederick, Md.
Prof. D. W. C. Ingle, Salisbury, Md.
Rev. J. T. Murray, President of the Maryland Annual Conference,
Rev. H. C. Cushing, Kent Island, Md.
Lynn R. Meekings, Baltimore, Md.
Miss M. E. Myers, Union Bridge, Md.

A Letter of Thanks.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—The W. M. College Base Ball nine wishes to acknowledge through the columns of the GAZETTE, the receipt of a can of most excellent ice-cream on Saturday, the 16th inst., presented by Mr. C. H. Vanderford and Dr. H. Billingslea, for which the two named gentlemen will please accept the most sincere thanks of the nine. By order of
W. M. C. B. B. C.

C. B. JARMAN, Secretary.

Mike was asked if he believed in second love. "Faith, an' I do!" said he. "If you have a pound of sugar, isn't it swate? And, when that is gone, don't you want another, and isn't that swate, too?"

"He was one of our most energetic trustees," says a village paper in an obituary notice, "and we trustees happy."

Why is it people boot a dog and shoe a hen?

Oratorical Contest.

[CONTINUED FROM 1ST PAGE.]

Thomas Guard. With tokens of respect and esteem was that monument erected, and firm will it stand for ages. But in the hearts of the people he has reared a still more enduring monument. Would to God there were more such men to fill our pulpits.

John H. Cunningham, of Westminster, Md., the first orator in behalf of the Irving, delivered a well written oration on

"THE POWER OF ANCIENT AND MODERN ELOQUENCE."

Selections from his oration are as follows:

From the earliest formations of society the human voice has swayed the minds of men. The happy faculty of expression in thoughts that breathe and words that burn, has been confined to no country or period.

From Demosthenes and Cicero, Burke and Pitt, Webster and Clay, down to our own times, the multitude have been moved by the power and force of eloquence. Its power has been as of a mighty, rushing wind; its force has been as irresistible as that of a deep and rolling river. Thousands have been affected by it in the past, and its efficacy will be felt as long as hearts shall beat and emotions thrill the bosoms of mankind.

Under its influence the timid have become brave and the weak strong; the miser has given up his gold and the drunkard abandoned his debauchery; and by exciting men's patriotism it has induced them to go forth to shed their life blood upon the field of battle. Its power, alas, has not always been for good; oftener has its use been perverted and turned to base purposes, and a notable instance at the present day is that of Col. Robert Ingersol in his attack upon Christianity, and an eminent divine almost in our own immediate vicinity in his lecture against local option or prohibitory laws. But the all-powerful influence of true eloquence, whether perverted or directed in proper channels, is beyond dispute.

O fair eloquence! O divine and God-like gift! Would that I could set forth thy charms in fitting language, portray thy beauties as with the brush of a skillful painter, and sing of thy loveliness in the tuneful numbers of the poetic lyre:

"And I would a live coal from the altar were mine,
To kindle my muse for a theme so divine."

"True eloquence" says Daniel Webster "must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion."

We are all more or less creatures of circumstance, and when important issues of State or of Society rest upon the decisions of the hour, then it is that its wonderful power is felt.

In the days of Rome and Greece the public speakers as they harangued the people were the educators of the masses; but in the present day the press has assumed that office and eloquence, whether in the pulpit, in the Forum, at the bar of justice, or in State or natural conventions is laid before millions of readers almost simultaneously with its expression and delivery.

Our public speakers on occasions of great moment think far less of their auditors, than their innumerable readers. They well know that their readers, beyond the magnetic power of eye and voice, beyond the influence of inflection and gesture, will carefully weigh every argument, consider every proposition, analyze every clause, and finally the formation of their opinions will be based upon the actual merit of their productions. He then divided his subject into three heads: the Lecture-room, the Pulpit and the Forum, and closed with an extract from one of Daniel Webster's finest orations.

After which Frank T. Benson, the second orator of the Webster, delivered a sound oration on

"NIHILISM."

A portion of it will be found below:

The origin of nihilism was among that class of malcontents and grumblers with which every nation and people abound. Its doctrine is complete destruction and annihilation of everything as it now exists and to substitute nihil—nothing. Considering its origin and doctrine one would naturally suppose only the worst characters would join in with such a system. This is not the case. It numbers among its adherents some of the most wealthy representatives of the Russian nobility and the most gifted students of the Russian Universities. What is the cause of this? The answer can only be found by referring to Russian History. In the first place Russia was formerly an oligarchy and was ruled over by the chiefs of the noble families. In the fifteenth century under the leadership of Ivan the Great, those petty principalities were done away with and an autocracy was established with Ivan at its head. The nobility were eager for revenge, and the advent of nihilism giving them an opportunity of gaining this, they immediately embraced its doctrines and joined its ranks. Their motive is purely a selfish one—they must regain their former glory and it is immaterial to them whether the means be fair or foul. There are three causes working to drive the peasantry into nihilism. 1st. The oppression of the rulers appointed over them by the government. 2nd. The oppression of unsatisfied nobility. 3rd. The democracy under which they are associated in their respective communities. The combination of these three causes has succeeded in estranging almost the entire peasantry from the government and cementing them firmly to nihilism not for nihilism itself but merely as a means by which they can show their displeasure at their present condition.

His closing remarks are:

Hidden down deep below the superficial causes of its growth there is an all-powerful, all-comprehensive meaning in nihilism. It is a protest against monarchical government. Although nihilism itself may be consumed of its own fire, yet the circumstances which gave it birth will still exist and these will prompt new organizations to rise and take the place of the old, and these in time will be supplanted by others, and so it will continue until the cause be removed, for as long as the cause remains the effect must follow. In ages past when man was rude and barbarous, when the spark of his divinity was hidden under the rugged covering of a heathenish superstition, when the sun of knowledge had not risen in the Heavens to enlighten the nations. Then it was necessary for man to have a master. But now when barbarism has given place to civilization and enlightenment when the light of christianity has dispelled the darkness of heathendom. When the sun of knowledge has risen high in the heavens and is fast hastening to its zenith, man no longer needs a master, nor will he tolerate one. Already the deep mutterings of the coming conflict are heard in the distance, the oppressed of Ireland, the hindoos of India, the communists of Italy and Germany, the nihilists of Russia are busily preparing for the fray.

Seven times has Queen Victoria received her warning. Emperor William trembles behind his mounted guard. The mountains of ancient Italy still re-echo the assassin's shot. The throne of Russia is tottering to its fall. Amidst this carnage of nations the star of democracy shines resplendant in the American firmament. And when the final conflict shall come, and

the thrones shall fall with a crash which will shake this old world of ours as if by a universal earthquake shock, then the nations will turn to democracy as the only pilot that can bring out the Atlantic of commotion in the Pacific of peace and guide them into the tide of prosperity and the haven of rest.

Democracy is the only government which meets the demands of the people and must eventually conquer the world.

Woodland I. Todd, of Salisbury, Md., delivered an exceptionally well prepared discourse on

"DESTINY."

Some of his oration is given below:

Often are the richest gems that ever God created hidden in the gloomiest recesses of earth. Often do the fairest flowers that ever budded bloom unnoticed and uncared for. Look not alone among Fortune's favorites for the jewels of beauty or of merit; for although in the azure splendor of popularity revolves many a flaming planet of genius, yet in the pall-like shades of obscurity as often smoulders the flames of talent. A strange incongruity this doubtless seems. Aye! strange, strange but true. Sad indeed it seems to us that the noble and peerless should oft be removed before the meridian of their potency has scarce been reached! A hard fate, that the beautiful and lovely should enter the "Valley of Desolation," whilst we hear but the spirit echoes of their vanished voices. The sombre-draped hearse tells the sad tale of another departed soul, gone where no blighting frost of wintery care or sorrow will e'er disturb her quiet rest; wrecked before she is scarce launched on life's stream, ere sun or storm had time to kiss her fair canvass or bleach the brightness of her eyes. The form that was once so perfect now crumbles in the musty tomb, whilst the countenance once so mirthful will ne'er again light up with the joy it expressed when listening to the honeyed whisperings of Love's sweet voice. In the stormy sea of circumstances in which we float it is patent that as the moments rush on into eternity we all do fade as a leaf; that the downy pinions of the everlasting sleep seem to wave o'er the turbulant souls of those who least can be spared, while earth's cultureless buds spring up into maturity, bloom out their full season and then droop and wither. The reason why, we know not. This strange dispensation we attempt not to analyze—

"There is a destiny which shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we may."

Ask the ponderous mountain to bow to the lashing hurricane which sweeps o'er its stony-ribbed heights, but demand not that Fate alter its mandates or change its edicts. But why should we wander in the murky solitude of time that has vanished, brooding over scenes forever past? If the causes were traced to their sources, how lovely would even affliction appear! How much purified love and affection would be discovered to have their germination in the dusty grave! We stand with life's morning all around us. We can find no lode-stone whose mystic charm will guide us to regions where the gentle zephyrs and ever-green verdure proclaim success achieved and happiness procured. Labor is the lot of man and a law which all must universally obey. In the lexicon of youth which Fate reserves for bright manhood to peruse, let us so consider our actions that it can truthfully be written that our lives were like snowfields, where our footsteps leave a mark, but not a strain; so that as we near the Dark Valley we can have a record that will light our tottering footsteps down life's last slope until the clear airs and sweet descants greet us in Paradise. *

* * * The hasty lad of sixteen in a moment of passion rushes from the pater-

nal roof, resolved never to enter its portals again, and becomes a weary wanderer in some distant land. But oft and again when "dark night with its enshrouding shade envelops him," and he lays himself down to sleep with no pillow for his head, no place of repose for his weary heart, does he recall the faces and forms of those loved ones and think that willingly would he resign the guerdon he had so earnestly craved for one more glimpse of "Home, Sweet Home." By day this thought is ever present to his mind; by night it hovers 'round him and haunts him in his dreams until at last in despair he rushes back to his father and begs upon bended-knee that he will receive him "home again." "Wherever you be, wherever you roam, be it ever so humble, there's no place like home." For be the days dark or the skies blue, the love of home dwells with us, makes darkness bright and transforms sorrow and trouble into a paradise of peace and joy. Then as we view the many phases of man's nature, as we see that he is but as a bubble that bursts as we gaze, a dew drop that exhales as the eye catches its sparkle, since he is scarcely a whit more durable than the creamy blossoms which to-day blush crimson under the ardent embraces of the sun, and on the morrow with a hectic flush expire, we should "hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may." * * *

"COMETS,"

the subject chosen by Clinton B. Jarman, of Greensborough, Md., was well handled. We insert a portion:

* * * * * With a degree of accuracy that has astonished even the scientific world, man, with the instruments of his own device, has penetrated into the hitherto unknown regions of unlimited space. His ever-grasping mind, not content to confine itself to researches on his own globe is ever on the watch for undiscovered elements, and, catching a glimpse of such a subject, on the electric pinions of science, far swifter than the eagle's flight, he is wafted to that point, and, making all necessary investigations, astonishes a world by his announcements. So exact are his calculations that a thousand years to him are but a day, and ten thousand miles but a hand's breadth. The sun travels in an orbit ninety-five million miles distant from our own. In all the stretch of its wide domain it acknowledges no superior, no equal, but rules and illuminates other spheres. Yet even the sun, by the aid of the mighty telescope, has been brought within a short distance of our globe, where the astronomer has made investigations with such exact conformity one might suppose the sun had been favored with man's personal presence. Nor indeed has the orb of night (astronomically speaking) our nearest neighbor, escaped the attention of man, for its utmost regions have been explored with almost as much satisfaction as those of our own globe. Her mountains have been identified and valleys observed; her seas recognized and relations to other worlds demonstrated; also those sparkling gems of the night, diamonds in the starry crown, have been pursued in their flying orbit, and their wonderful artificial mechanism brought within scientific investigation, until indeed it seems as if man, on infinite wings of omnipotence, has soared to the utmost extremity of creation, and left no spot untouched or space unvisited. On this grand tour of the universe the astronomer seems to be suddenly checked in his successful career by the brilliant spectacle which the comet occasionally affords. Yet he ceases not to attach a high degree of importance to all that regard them, and the fact that they are objects of superstitious dread to the uninstructed, and an enigma to those most conversant with the wonders of crea-

tion only acts as a stimulant to his ambitious desires. * * * * * Of what they are composed and from whence they come no man knows, what their mission and the orbit they describe are as yet mere speculations. So to this day man's ambition remains bridled and his curiosity unsatisfied. Hence all we know concerning them is that they burst forth in the canopy of heaven in a twinkling of an eye, present an illumined appearance of various sizes and shapes, and soon withdraw their presence, and soon are lost in the immensity of space. * * * * * Knowing then that the comet to the astronomer is a profound mystery and to the star-gazer an enigma baffling every attempt of mankind to solve its dead secret, we turn from the music of spheres, and, as swift as the winged winds, retrace our steps to our own terrestrial globe to seek some object analogous to that in the vault of heaven. * * * * *

The speaker then pointed out men in several of the different spheres of life, that in stability and moral character closely resembled the ethereal comet, and proceeded as follows:

Likewise in every chanel of life there are men who raise their head and popularity high above the common level, like a waterspout that has from the watery waste, drawn itself up to its full height, but being assailed by the bombshell of scrutiny falls back into obscurity and is no more. Neither will the time allow, nor does the occasion demand the analogy traced further, for sufficient has been given from which to draw our conclusions. That such men to any country are injurious and will sap its very foundation. Void of the principles of true manhood, consulting their own selfish interest to the injury of their fellow being, regardless of consequences, they launch their imperfect bark upon the sea of life, with unfurled sails and a fair wind, seeming at first to be the pride of the ocean wave, but before the sun of their existence has set in the western horizon, are hurled against some unseen rock and all hopes are blighted. Hence the importance of avoiding the appearance of Comets. Not, that it should not be the aim of every man to become distinguished and win bright laurels, that will hand his name down to posterity. Not, that he should be unknown to fame, but that with force rightly directed; with energy as fruitful as it should be; and with sincerity that knows how to spread its wings and fly, should he lay his foundation and enter upon his life long career.

Led on, not by mad ambition, but even guided by the true principals of manhood, and as true to his honor as the needle to its pole will erect for him a monument that will be untouched by the tooth of time when marble would have crumbled into dust; and that fact that all men cannot be a Pitt, a Hancock, or a Garfield, should not impair the energies of any man, or leave the impression that there remains no honors for him, as well indeed might the stars withdraw from the dome of heaven, dissatisfied with their mission and ignore their rank, because all cannot be a Venus or a Jupiter. Nay, verily the field is great and the opportunities many, and, no man however humble his birth, or limited his circumstances need fail in his attempt to become a star in the human firmament. It rests with him alone. It lies in a high moral and intellectual culture; in a breath of intelligence which will not suffer the public good to be sacrificed to political ambition, and a depth of principle that will frown out of existence any attempt to appeal to men's prejudices and passion.

James D. Gwynn, of T. B. Md., the last orator of the Irving, delivered an oration on

"EXERTION OF ABILITY."

We insert an extract, and leave it to the reader to judge of its merits:

In viewing the careers of men which have been handed down to posterity, it is surprising to see the vast difference in the skill and abilities of persons in the same spheres of life. Some possessing natural talents, remain inactive and pass through the world as drones among working bees; preferring rather to repose at the shrine of ignorance than tread the difficult but gorgeous paths of heroic deeds. While others, starting into action, those natural powers of the mind, and entering upon the stormy waters of life, have ploughed the watery deep and anchored safe in the harbor of success.

After these opening remarks he stated the necessity of exercising the mental powers in order to produce great effects, and presented a few examples to illustrate the facility with which some rise to eminence, and the difficult ascent of the ladder of fame with which others meet. He then went on to show the different ways in which the abilities of men are wasted and misused, then brought in as a comparison the following passage: Man's ability properly exerted, strews its own path with fragrant flowers and kisses the first blush of morn from the roses cheek. It towers to the skies, breaths there the atmosphere of angels, and then descends with heavenly powers to vivify the dim lights of earth and establish new beams wherever it sweeps. He then mentioned some of the attractions to draw the powers of the mind from the true spheres of usefulness; and also the difference between the exertion of mental ability in civilized and barbarous countries; although the God of nature has bestowed mental faculties equally upon both.

In reference to persons in barbarous countries, he said: Proud science has never taught them to soar to the solar regions, and make investigations there; or stray to the mysterious worlds beyond, and behold the grand and superior works of the omnipotent. They have in many cases excelled the civilized world in the capacities and powers of the physical man, but the mental faculties which are the distinguish qualities of man, are left in darkness and, consequently, not exerted.

After stating the great advantages which our country affords for the exertion of ability; and alluding to the broad fields, over which the mental powers can roam, that have been presented by the numerous and important discoveries which have been made in the last few centuries, and the great examples which our country has handed down to us, of abilities properly exerted; he closed his oration in the following manner: Hoary headed sires, who have made good use of your abilities, we look to you as worthy examples, we pay homage to you in your gray hairs and tottering steps, and extend to you our outstretched hands, longing to be heirs to your imperial throne. If we follow such examples through life, as you have left us, we may expect to be borne on the wings of angels to the celestial abodes; for there is room for such men there.

At the close of the exercises Rev. B. F. Benson pronounced the benediction, and the audience dispersed.

Clara (looking at a display of bonnets, etc.): "Don't you think they are very handsome?" Amy (whose thoughts are on the other side of the street): "Very, especially the one with the black mustache."

The commencement at Mt. St. Mary's College will take place on Wednesday, the 27th inst., and the Distribution at St. Joseph's Academy on the day after.

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WHY.

I did not love him. Long ago.
Instead of yes, I gave him No.

I did not love him; but to-day
I read his marriage notice. Pray,

Why was I said, when never yet
Has my heart known the last regret

Over that whispered No? and why,
Reading the notice, did I sigh?

No analyst can guess the cause:
A woman's reason laughs at laws.

Sure, I am glad to know the wound
I gave is healed, that he has found

Love's blessedness and peace; and yet
A woman never can forget

The man who once has loved her; and
To-day I seem to see him stand,

With every glance a mute caress,
Still pleading for the longed-for Yes.

His early love for me is dead—
Another lives in that love's stead;

And if he loves her well, as men
Should love their chosen ones, why, then

He must be glad that long ago,
Instead of Yes, I gave him No.

Perhaps that is the reason why
I read the notice with a sigh.

It was at the hour of morning prayer in the girl's school at Hamilton, Mo., and the pupils were performing their devotions with becoming reverence, when one of them, in the act of seating herself after the singing of a hymn, missed her chair and came down upon the floor with what the Missouri papers would call a sickening thud. The other girls with extraordinary self-control refrained from laughing, the teacher did not observe the catastrophe, the unfortunate one in her confusion and embarrassment remained upon the floor, and the exercises might have been concluded without interruption except for one of those extraordinary and malicious coincidences which are forever upsetting every calculation. The teacher arose and giving out the first lesson of morning prayer read from the fifth chapter of Amos as follows: "The virgin of Israel has fallen; she shall rise no more; she is forsaken upon the land; there is none to raise her up." This was too much. A long-suppressed titter prevailed the school-room, the teacher looked up, and the devotional exercises closed forthwith.

Boots and shoes are always soled before they are purchased; they come to their last before they are finished, and get well strapped and hammered before they are healed. Every man who buys a pair of boots is not satisfied until he "gets his foot in it," and the sole object of his soul is to get easily to the sole, and be benefitted by a good fit.

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The Thirty-Third Semi-Annual Session begins September 4th, 1888, and ends January 25th, 1884. For Catalogue, and further information, address

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