

Paul Rubens
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The Irving Literary Gazette.

VOL. IV.

WESTMINSTER, MD., JUNE, 1884.

NO. 5.

COMMENCEMENT DAY.

One of the largest audiences that has gathered since Commencement week was inaugurated, filled the pavilion on yesterday morning, June 19th, 1884. The Westminster Band, in their new uniforms, discoursed a lively air as the Faculty, Trustees and the members of the Senior Class arranged themselves on the stage. The exercises were opened with the following

PROGRAMME:

Prayer, Rev. J. T. Murray, D. D., President of the Maryland Annual Conference.

Music.

Salutatory—The Private Individual—Ruth H. Edelin.

Music.

Conferring of Degrees—President Ward.

Music.

Valedictory—Noble Ends by Noble Means—Ella G. Wilson.

Music.

Valedictory—Immortality of Thought—Frank T. Benson.

Music.

Benediction.

Miss Ruth Edelin, of Duffield, Md., held the strict attention of the audience upon the following subject:*

THE PRIVATE INDIVIDUAL.

We regard this our Commencement as the gala-day to which we have so earnestly looked forward amid our college studies for three years. This is our last day of school life, which has been so pleasant as well as profitable to us, in preparing us for the different work and duties of our future life. To this, our last exercise at our beloved college, we are most happy to welcome all our friends who have favored us with their presence, and whose kind interest greatly encourages us. To our honored trustees, respected and esteemed faculty, beloved schoolmates and cherished friends of Westminster, to one and all we extend a most hearty welcome, welcome, welcome!

Few of us desire to be reckoned merely as private individuals. Rather would we climb ambition's lofty heights than to pursue our way as weary plodders in the humbler paths of life. Simple though the way of the private individual may seem, however, yet to him is also allotted a portion of life's great work. He has his aims, his duties, his mission to fulfill; many a noble contest must he engage in ere his work shall be deemed complete. For we are not on earth as mere speculators, but each one of us is called of God to work out some most holy purpose, and though in all our attempts we make perfection our aim, which point no one has yet reached. We know that if our work be a good one success shall attend us according to our exertions and merits, and that at the last our lives shall be filled with sunshine. Our admiration for the famous and illustrious is much greater than for the private individuals. We admire him for his works, we esteem him for his graveness and energy; but often we cannot conceive how steep and rugged the hills he has passed have been to him, nor how many stern necessities he has had to encounter in his efforts to accomplish his aims and obtain his long-looked-for glory; or we would often see that in the humble lot of the private individual, there is as much happiness, and oftentimes more, than in that of the renowned

and famous, and fewer temptations, since a false ambition serves often as a dangerous incentive.

It is not the illustrious alone who bestow blessings upon the world, but blessings the purest and sweetest very often result from the labors of the humble and lowly, whose gentle influence is rather felt than seen; who amid their daily toil scatter their little seed of kindness about them, which bring forth beautiful fruits and flowers to adorn the thorny paths upon which they tread, and whose influence has been frequently compared to that of the dew, whose ministry is performed so silently, and not before the eyes of the world, but arrived the stillness of night it covers the leaves with beautiful drops, and penetrates the buds and blossoms, and on everything is left some of its sweetness, and all the earth, beautified and refreshed through its presence, is made to feel its gentle power. We observe that the youth, when awaking from the innocent dream of childhood, looks higher than the ordinary level of the private individual, but high as his aim may reach, there is a point which separates the finite from the infinite, and many have felt the truth of the saying, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further; and here shall the proud mares be stayed." Many desire to scale the rugged heights of learning, knowledge and science, but few succeed, for the way is steep and thorny, and man is much inclined to turn away from that which is difficult.

In romance we discern that all heroes prosper; that though they live through weary years amid hardships and trials, they finally see and enter the Elysian Fields, and all martyrs are crowned with glory and honor. But this happens only in fiction, for in real life we know that many a martyr and hero dies uncrowned with the glory and honor he deserves, and life at times presents a face cold and dark to those who have faithfully performed life's work as private individuals; but He who notes the fall of every sparrow can and will bestow more blessings than the unfeeling world can take away. Though the life of the private individual be not an honored one, yet it has its advantages as well as disadvantages, its sunshine as well as shadows. Our Lord has said: "To whom much is given, of him shall much be required," and he will reward everyone according to his improvement of the talents committed him. Though it is impossible for all of us to reach the pinnacle of glory, yet all of us have the power to do our small parts in life's great work, for "Who knows what earth needs, even from her lowest creature." And if, on approaching the gloomy vale, we, on looking back upon our past lives, shall discover that, though they are not crowned with laurels of fame and glory, and we have not made for ourselves a great name among men, we shall be able to rejoice that we have not lived in vain, since God approves, and some at least of His creatures have been blessed through us.

Miss Ella G. Wilson, of Warwick, Cecil county, Md., chose the following for the subject of her essay, and handled it very forcibly:

NOBLE ENDS BY NOBLE MEANS.

The desire to accomplish something in life that will be pleasant to look back upon, is felt by all persons of reflection. The very idea of living in vain appals the mind. To think of a time in the future when the past will afford us no agreeable memory, is calculated to take away all interest from life, and make us unhappy, even at the present time. But no one who has the least conception of the object for which life is given will allow such a thought to possess the mind. We all wish to do something that will be worthy—something that will give satisfaction to ourselves, and meet with the approval of others. And if one would accomplish this, the first thing we should attend to is to be sure of setting before the mind some noble end. That at which we aim must be something which is in itself noble; otherwise, all efforts in pursuit of it will be of no avail, since even if they should be successful, they would not bring us to a desirable point. We should spend our strength for naught, and only act out the poet's dream of—

"Dropping buckets into empty wells,
And growing old with drawing nothing up."

But if we set out with some worthy and noble object in view, every step of progress will bring us nearer to that which will afford us the satisfaction we desire. Having a noble end in view, the next important thing is to pursue it by noble means. To say that we have a good end in view will not justify us in being careless about the methods of obtaining that end; for then, even if we should succeed, the joy of the conquest would be seriously marred, if not altogether destroyed, by the consciousness of having sacrificed right principles in the pursuit of it. To take an instance, what satisfaction would there be in obtaining possession of a comfortable residence, which is certainly a proper object of desire, if we did so by dishonesty, or depriving those with whom we had dealings of any thing that justly belonged to them? Better by far to fall short of obtaining the desirable object—better even to close our life in poverty, notwithstanding all possible exertion to avoid it, than to die with the most comfortable surroundings, gained by unjustifiable means. As a rule, the industrious, frugal and persevering will succeed in honest methods; but we have heard of cases in which the most worthy persons had not the success which they deserved. But we never heard of a case in which such persons regretted their unwillingness to gain their object by any other than fair and honorable means.

The end which he had in view when we entered upon our college course was as we think, and as all before me to-day will doubtless admit, a noble end; and we have tried to pursue it by noble means. We feel that we have not attained all that we desired, and yet there is a sweet consciousness of satisfaction in the result of our efforts to the extent of our desert. While under the care of our kind and faithful teachers, we have not made the progress which we now see we might have made by more diligence on our part, we yet rejoice in knowing that we have made some progress, and that by methods which we feel to have been as noble as the end which we

proposed to ourselves. If we have not accomplished that end fully, we have gained such a confirmed conviction of its importance that we do not intend to cease our efforts yet to reach it, by continuing to pursue it, and employing noble means. Of many advantages afforded while passing through our college course we shall now be deprived; but even in the midst of the new scenes we are to enter upon, we hope to find some opportunities of further improvement in useful knowledge. The very fact, which we must acknowledge, that we have gained less than we might have gained while at college, because of our failure to exercise more diligence, is a lesson to us which will be of immense value. If we shall not enjoy such opportunities as we have had for acquiring knowledge of facts and principles as laid down in text-books, we know there will be work for us to do, for we are told, and we believe it, that

"Life is real, life is earnest,
Waiting for a willing hand;
Hosts of useful deeds and noble,
At its portals ever stand."

And we propose, God helping us, to
"Toll with an earnest spirit,
To a noble purpose true."

feeling sure that

"There is One above who seeth
Each meek toiler in His love,
And for each reward is keeping
In the land of light above."

And how the duty devolves upon me of uttering these words of farewell, which I cannot utter without emotions of pain mingled in the fond recollections of kindness received from those to whom I speak. Western Maryland College and all its occupants, and all its surroundings during the years of my participation in student life here, are very precious to me, and will live in my memory in all the future. But alas! I must now say farewell to them.

Trustees of my Alma Mater, you are fathers not alone to your own children, but to us; for your fatherly care over our beloved institution has preserved it to bless us, and we shall ever be grateful to you and cherish the high esteem in which we have ever held you. And it shall be our aim to live worthily and to do whatever we may be able, to prove that your care for us was not in vain. Farewell!

To the President and Faculty of our College, what language can I employ adequately to express the depth and feeling of regret at this parting hour? How shall I express my sense of grateful love to you in view of all that you have done through these years for us? Words fail me. The best I could choose would not be good enough. I must leave you to imagine what I cannot express as I desire; but the prayer of my heart is, God bless you and reward you as he alone can. Farewell!

College companions, with whom I have had so many delightful seasons of enjoyment, both in study and recreation, painful as it is, to you I must now say farewell.

And dear classmates, last named but most tenderly regarded, how shall I utter my closing words to you? The emotions of my heart you can understand without my poor words. We have come to the time when we must say to each other, as well as to the kind friends who surround us, farewell. May the Infinite Father,

[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.

WILLISON & MOORE, - - EDITORS.

WESTMINSTER, MD., JUNE 20, 1884.

This, is the last of the June issues, and with it closes one more year of the College's existence and another half year of the IRVING LITERARY GAZETTE. We are glad to announce that the past year has been one of great improvement and advancement to both. The time has come for us to lay down our government of the GAZETTE and bid good bye to all whom we have known in our relationship with the paper. We have been much benefited by the contact with our friends and subscribers. We have met many kind and considerate persons. We have become acquainted with men whose characters are to us models and inspiration for our future career; but our path has not been one of unalloyed pleasure, nor have we continually rested on "flowery beds of ease." We have met with persons who would split a hair rather than give more than is absolutely necessary. To all we bid farewell for a few months. To our old friends and supporters we will say that if our work has been satisfactory we are pleased and highly rewarded. We hope that in the future they will win the highest honors of life and that at all times as now we shall be worthy of their approval. To our Faculty we would say that we are thankful for their encouragement and are glad to hear them speak encouragingly of our little sheet. We have tried to set forth in its columns the advantages of our College, but at the same time we always have been and always are ready to show up anything that is needed to improve. We have tried to do justice to the institution and at the same time to maintain a perfect independence of thought and expression. Then to them we would bid farewell hoping they may continue with us and raise the name of Western Maryland College among the highest and proudest records of college history. To our school-mates we need pledge no vows of remembrance. Well indeed they know that the many scenes of happiness, that the dear friendships formed during our college life have been such as it will be impossible to forget in after life. To our sister and brother societies we bid farewell not merely as a form but with our most hearty wish that you may literally fare well through all time.

Fellow Irvings, to you we address our especial admonition. We know that you are now filled with bright dreams and anticipations of happiness at home; we know that vacation will fly by as though the machinery in the clock of time had lost all

click in its movement. Still, brothers, let us all remember that we have a duty to perform. Irving Society has been of an incalculable value to each one of us. She has benefited us more even than any particular branch of college. She has given us confidence in our literary and practical abilities and has made us what we are. Now when we go home let us not forget in the many pleasures the debt we owe to our Society and the GAZETTE. First pay your own subscription and then put your shoulder to the wheel, your influence to a test and see how many subscriptions you can obtain between this date and next September. We thank you for the honor of being elected to represent you in this project which shows the energy and pluck of our glorious old Society. If we have done anything which does not meet with your approbation we are extremely sorry; if we have not fully performed our duty we can only say we tried, and if we have done anything to justify your choice and forward the name of Irving Literary Society we are happy.

"A well known clergyman, says the Hartford Times, "once preached a powerful sermon against the besetting sin of a violent temper. It was so potent, so pungent, so real that he was congratulated by several of his hearers, who expressed a kind of admiring surprise at such a searching and effective discourse on that subject. 'Why,' he replied, 'I did that out of my own personal experience. It was because I knew just where I was daily sinning myself, and in the worst way, too, in that direction, that I was able to make such a feeling sermon on that particular thing. If you believe me, I was not preaching at any of you, but myself. I was trying to reform myself.'"

A SINGULAR BOOK.—The most curious thing in the world is one that is neither written nor printed. Every letter of the text is cut into the leaf, and as the alternate leaves are of blue paper, it is as easily read as the best print. The labor required and the patience necessary to cut each letter may be imagined. The work is so perfect that it seems almost as though done by machinery, but every character was made by hand. The book is entitled "The Passion of Christ." It is a very old volume, and was a curiosity as long ago as the year 1640. At this time it belongs to the family of the Prince de Ligne, and is kept at a museum in France.

Take care of the pennies, and the pounds will take care of themselves. Three cents a day for a newspaper isn't much; but in a year it amounts to over nine dollars, in a hundred years to over nine hundred dollars. You can save this nine hundred dollars by a systematic borrowing of your neighbor's paper, instead of subscribing for yourself.

He who observes the speaker more than the sound words will seldom meet with disappointment.

No man can obey two masters, but frequently he has to obey both his wife and his mother-in-law.

Few honors, fortunes or purposes are gained without venturing or running a risk of failure.

What the potter says to the clay—be-ware.

COMMENCEMENT DAY.

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

whose good providence is over us all, guide and bless you evermore.

Classmates, President, Faculty, Trustees, College companions, friends of Westminster, friends from distant places, one and all—Farewell! Farewell!

Mr. Frank T. Benson, of Westminster, Md., the Vaedictorian of the Class of '84, delivered his oration in a very forcible manner, and his farewell to his classmates was touching. The oration and vaedictory were as follows:

IMMORTALITY OF THOUGHT.

The mind is the mystery of mysteries—the unsolved problem of the ages. Turned upon all else, it divides their particles asunder and reveals to man the composition of them all. But when it is turned in upon itself there its power ceases. The mind: What is it? Whence came it? How measured? How analyzed? Material things may be laid hold of and divided into their constituent parts, but who can lay hold of the mind and divide it into its constituent parts? Who, by searching, can find out its depth of possibilities, its height of aspiration, its length and breadth of compass? The action of elements keeps everything in a state of eternal flux, and change is written in letters red with fire on all below the skies. The mind alone is unchangeable; it is indestructible. The body is completely renewed every seven years, but the mind of the man is the mind of the child, and we doubt not the mind of the angel is the mind of the man, the only difference being, the one is the more perfect evolution of the other, the one is the progressive development of the other. The functions of the body may be deranged even to death, but the mind still works on, unimpaired by the haze that covers the natural eye, and often times in the hour of death is most active. If, then, amid all this eternal change of material things, the mind alone remains unchangeable, can it be that it dies with the body, worthless clay? We cannot so conclude. Hence, it is an immortal principle. The Brahmen philosophers recognized the divine origin of the mind, and therefore held that it was a spark struck off Brahma, their god-essence. After six thousand years of investigation this fact, which these heathen philosophers recognized, still remains patent to all: the mind is of no human origin; could have resulted from no combinations of chance. *It is an immortal spark of divinity.*

We now pass from mind to thought, the evolution of this immortal spark. All thought evolves from the mind; is the natural product of its action, and it is as immortal as mind, its parent. Thought lives though men die. Thought lives though the heavens be rolled up as a scroll and flee away; though the earth melt with fervent heat. It is the one thing lasting amidst all these fleeting dreams. It is that which links the present with the past and bridges the chasm between yesterday and to-day. It is that which brings to us a knowledge of those who lived and loved in the days when the sun ascended the heavens in the buoyancy of youth, and the morning stars sang together over a new-made earth. It is thought that binds together, in one bond of sympathetic union, all nations and kindreds and tongues, and scattering all barriers of race and color, compels us to recognize and acknowledge the grand brotherhood of man. It rises above all change and superior to all decay, and becomes more and more bright and glorious as time continues his solitary reign. As Prometheus snatched the glowing fire from the orb of day and bequeathed it to the laboring mortals of earth, so great minds have stolen these

glowing thoughts from the great orb of truth and left them as precious legacies to those who must live and toil in the generations to come. * * *

The speaker then made the distinction between active and passive thoughts—passive, those transmitted through books and monuments; active, those transmitted through some existing representative, as steam engine, telegraph, &c.—and showed that although thoughts could be developed, yet they were the same thoughts after all, only improved. After this he proceeded: "Everything around us material is the representative of some thought, human or divine. We look upon our fields and see the plowman turning the fallow soil, and we look upon the monuments of Egypt and see the same thing represented there. We look at our wheat waving in luscious ripeness in our fields, and we look in the catacombs of Egypt and find grains of wheat exactly similar, representing an industry three thousand years old. We look upon our grand architecture and are filled with admiration. We look at the magnificent ruins of Greece and Rome, Egypt and Babylon, and find their exact counterpart. We look upon our glorious democracy and think surely here is a new thought, a new conception; but when we scan the pages of history we find that long before the Son of God trod this vile earth Greece and Rome were flourishing democracies; and so we might go on, endlessly, showing that those things which are most useful and familiar to us are but the living thoughts of those who have preceded us. Thought is the monarch of all things; the living, moving power of the universe, the only immortality it contains.

Thoughts are the representatives of men. They are that which makes their memory live after they themselves have ceased to tread the walks of real life. As stars differ from one another in glory, so do thoughts. In the great concave of thought there are suns, and planets, and satellites, and asteroids, and comets—an exact counterpart of our solar system. They all go to make up the grand firmament of knowledge which fills our world with light.

These glowing lights will ever keep alive the memory of those who originated them, and throughout all time the names of those who have been great in the realms of thought will be cherished as household words, long after the costly tablet which marks where their ashes lie, has yielded to the ravages of time. The great men are those who have gone from us; those whom we no longer see nor hear. Though they have long since given their bodies to the worms, yet they still live. They are here among us, speaking in tones far more potent than those they uttered while they still lingered on this Isle of Time. They can never die. Their immortal thoughts are still urging us onward, still firing us with a holy ambition, still counselling and admonishing us. These are the men who are forming our morals; these are the men who are guiding our thoughts; these are the men who are ruling the world. These airy forms who speak not, save in tones of thunder, who come not, save in the whirlwind, these are they whom we reverence, whom we love. * * *

In conclusion, he said: "The thought is great in proportion to the mind that produces it. How beautiful, then, appears that expression of Longfellow when he terms the stars 'The thoughts of God.' Truly great are the evolutions of man's genius. Every day we grow more and more amazed at its marvelous advance. The iron horse, wild with rage, dashing through the land; the forked lightning held captive by a tiny wire; the steamship joining in bonds of friendship the uttermost

parts of the earth; the telescope piercing far into the realms of unexplored space. These, indeed, are grand achievements, and yet what are they after all but man's endeavor to fathom the thoughts of some master mind, who has been before him, and placed all these things for his investigation? How meagre is all man's efforts when compared with the thoughts of God! As high as the heavens are above the earth, so high are God's thoughts above man's thoughts. What man could bring forth out of chaos and void a world, whose bulwarks are the everlasting hills, whose sentinels are oceans where monsters love to sport? What man could clothe the earth with verdure and paint the face of nature with all the glowing tints of the rainbow? What man could call forth out of the dust beings instinct with life, and breathe into them a living soul made after the image of a God? What man could do all this? And yet our God has created ten million worlds, of which our orb is least, and set them rolling in sublime majesty around His great throne! When we gaze upon these, the thoughts of God, we break forth in exultant admiration, "How wonderful are Thy works; in wisdom hast Thou made them all."

VALEDICTORY.

And now it becomes my sad duty to speak that cruel word—Farewell! And yet, still reluctant, I would pause on the threshold before I enter this unwelcome portal and for a brief moment bid my memory, unbridled, revel in the joys of the four short years, the last hours of which are now fast hastening to the God who gave them.

Four years fraught with joys which none but a schoolboy can know—which only he can appreciate. Here the cares of the world never molest us. No wild unrest ever places a thorn in our pillow of sweet repose. In the great desert of life there are no oases like unto this oasis. In its spots of greenest verdure there is always some turf of dead and seared grass; but here there is never a withered blade, never a trace of decay. There have been no moments fleeing with leaden wing; but, like the meteor, they have flashed forth, filling our life with joy and gladness, and ere we were aware they were numbered with the past. It seems but yesterday that we stood beside our beloved president and registered as a student of Western Maryland College, and yet four years have passed, and we stand before you to-day to say—Farewell! The happy dream is over! The world claims us as her own, and we must lay aside these things to which we cling with affection and go forth to try our armor on the battlefield of life. May the God of Battles nerve our arms for victory and fit us to wear the laurel wreaths of conquerors. We enter the portal—within a spacious hall, and everywhere upon its dreary walls, in letters black as night, is written the single word—"Farewell." In the center a river of tears, fed by thousands, the burden of whose sighs is only this—Farewell. In vain do we try to escape from this gloomy place. The portal is guarded by that grim sentinel, Yesterday, and no one who enters returns to him. The only thing left us is to join that mournful chorus and then pass out by the second portal into that vast unknown—To-morrow."

After separately bidding farewell to the board of trustees, faculty, schoolmates and classmates, the speaker concluded as follows: "Revered board of trustees, esteemed faculty, beloved schoolmates and classmates, we now bid you, one and all, a last, long farewell, and trust that, although we remain a broken band in this life, we may be again united where farewells are never spoken, and where friend meets friend in eternal friendship around the throne of God. Farewell—Farewell!"

Alumni Meeting.

The Alumni Society held its annual meeting last night. The exercises consisted of music; Welcome to the Class of '84, by J. W. Kirk, and a Response by F. T. Benson; music; Annual Essay, by Miss Lizzie Trump; music. The music was rendered by Miss Nannie Davis. Below will be found the essay of Miss Trump.

UPSIDE DOWN.

"Chaos heard His voice when God said: 'Let there be light, and there was light.' By His word a confused mass was at once arranged into bright, symmetrical order. Then followed the period of creative power; the magnificent firmament, the beautiful earth, animate, and inanimate nature, with man a little lower than the angels. At the completion of this work the echo "Good" reverberated from the battlements of Heaven around the earth.

Satan came, reversing the order, bringing thorns and thistles, sin and death, turning right side down, and wrong side up; producing a contest between spiritual, moral and natural forces, which shall only end when time shall be no more.

"If things had always been,
As all things ought to be;
This crippled world walk,
This blindfold world would see."

Fortunately for mankind every age has its reformers, and they are the great men of their day. Their appearance makes epoch in the world's history. They teach, correct abuses, suppress wrongs, and uphold the right; but as in the days of Paul and Silas the masses continue to cry out "These that have turned the world up side down are come hither also."

The live, sturdy men who come upon the stage of action, can so disturb the human fountains of oppressions, ignorance and wrong, that they cause healing streams to flow therefrom.

Through the influence of such wise and great men, the minds of the masses are turned right side up. The world's moral leaders are not the popular men of their day. They are men born with a keen sense of right and wrong; with natures which drive them to attack oppression wherever found. They are men ready of speech, fearless, resolute, sharp and enemies to injustice. They are clear headed, chosen for the work impelled to do it, wide awake, and cannot realize how soundly others sleep when mighty questions of vital importance demand their attention. They are men who say; "Woe unto me," if I keep quiet; yet like Elijah, the reformer, goes to some Horeb and moans, "I only am left."

He cannot stay there, the moral earthquake within him, forces him into the public arena to contend for the right.

He apparently battles alone, and the halo with which history crowns him, does not brighten his path in the day of his greatest need. Strength of convictions, duty, love to God and for man, make such men as Charlemagne, Gustavus Adolphus, Columbus, Luther, Washington, and a host of other moral and political reformers, who have bravely sacrificed their all, to turn the right side up.

They were ready when the world needed heroes.

"What use for the rope if it be not flung
Till the swimmer's grasp to the rock has clung?
What help is a comrade's bugle blast,
When the peril of Alpine heights is past?
What need the spurring paeon roll
When the runner is safe beyond the goal?
What worth in eulogy's blandest breath
When whispered in ears that are hushed in death."

We boast of the rapid strides in intellect, science and inventive genius, through which the people are benefited; but we should

never fail to give honor to the brave pioneer laborer.

Protestantism is a child of the reformation. The masses did not know at the time that their chains were being broken, ignorance uprooted, and righteousness established, but it was successful and powerful through the zeal and sacrifice of a noble few. New ideas advanced and reforms advocated, disturb the old regime of things, and cause the people to imagine their rights are being invaded; while if they could see with the prophetic eye of the reformer, they would only behold wrong nations overturned and principles of right sustained. The intellectual and moral heroes of the world are not idle men, but men of deep thought. They create golden ideas, which take hold of men and women's souls, and produce reforms in private and public life; in school and society, in church and state. There will always be contending forces in the moral as well as in the physical world. Agitation will necessarily follow, out of right vs. wrong; justice or injustice; law or anarchy, will gain the ascendancy, upon the issues of which will depend the prosperity or adversity, intelligence or ignorance, reform or oppression of a people.

Questions of mighty influence arise in every age and stare men in the face. It then becomes the liberty-loving citizen's duty, or the philanthropic christian man's privilege to see that the subject agitated has a right side and is maintained.

When we review ancient history we find moral and political reformers did what was possible in their age, to ameliorate the condition of man and redress grievances. They gave their lives for their country and humanity, while odium was heaped upon them; prisons awaited them and death was visited upon them. The fate of Galileo, when he affirmed, "The world moves;" of Savonarola, when he would not recant his convictions of duty, and a host of martyrs who sacrificed their lives for conscience sake, are examples of those who were branded as turning the world upside down, when in reality they were trying to turn the right side up. The times in which they lived were not worthy of them, and it remains for us to speak their praise.

Our revolutionary fathers took their lives in their own hands for freedom and independence. They turned oppression down with sword and bayonet, and liberty and free government up with tongue and pen. England moaned over the commotion and complained that these men turned their colonies upside down. All honor to the eloquence of Patrick Henry and Daniel Webster, the bravery of Washington and La Fayette, and the daring of Warren and Jones, gratefully remembering the signers of the declaration of Independence and the brave men who fought in rank and file.

The question which most agitated our nation since its formation and shook it from center to circumference was that of slavery. It caused men's souls to quake, and in the decision of the problem the precious life blood of our people was spilt; but finally the question gained a firm and true foundation and emancipation followed. But who can picture the shame and obloquy heaped upon the anti-slavery men?—Garison, Wendell Phillips, Lincoln and others who stood firm for equal rights and freedom. The masses persecuted them and cried out, they disregard law, they subvert national rights, and interfere with state sovereignty. They did not mean war, but moral reform. Ideas and not bullets would have accomplished the desired end. During the greater part of their lives the ban of social ostracism was placed upon them, and they were mobbed for opinion's sake.

Now, we like Pagan Rome and Greece

of old, strew flowers on their graves, build monuments to their memory and speak their praises with a silver tongue.

Among the vital questions of the day, requiring the brain and sagacity of the statesman, the bold and convincing arguments of the reformer, and the prayers of the Christian, is the subject of temperance. Years ago its agitators were pronounced fanatics, they could not obtain a hearing in halls, nor were ministers allowed to speak on the subject from the pulpit without censure. The prohibitionist and abstainer were scorned as disturbers of the peace and of individual rights. Societies to advance temperance and prove the enormous evils of the intoxicating bowl are not popular even at this day. The noble philanthropic men and women whose lives are being spent in promulgating temperance literature, and teaching temperance principles, are not appreciated by the masses. Their love for humanity would crush the serpent which deforms the body and ruins the soul, which takes thousands yearly to a premature grave, and leaves millions enfeebled and impoverished. Against these the majority exclaim: "These temperance people are robbing us of our rights and turning the world upside down." Its antagonists are bitter and persevering, they are blind and selfish, and care not for prosperity and happiness in family or state, and have no sympathy with the movement which is in their behalf. Yet the day is not far distant when the right side of the question will be turned up and the nation will bow with thanksgiving to its liberators and hold in sacred memory the now scorned temperance reformer.

The Mormon hierarchy, which is a moneyed, political, and ecclesiastical corporation, does not want to be disturbed by moral agitation, or molested by the United States. Yet it continues to unjustly monopolize territory, aims at the political control of the great Northwest and Southwest, the heart of our nation, and is marching rapidly towards the goal of its unlawful ambition.

They are deeply concerned that their possessions remain undisturbed, and the abject slavery in which their ignorant masses are held shall not be exposed; in a word, that the Gentiles shall leave them alone and not invert their order of things. But the conscience of the nation is ill at ease and its pulse cannot beat evenly until Mormonism is wiped out.

Legislators and reformers are preparing to deal with the gigantic evil. Propositions have been made, laws laid down, but none as yet have been equal to the task.

Education and liberty may accomplish the desired result, destroy its malignant power, and emancipate its serfs. If not war may be the result, which is fearful to contemplate, yet despotism is more terrible. The American conscience is not dead, but sleeping. The fundamental features of Mormonism are all wrong, and if law, legislation and education will not turn the right side up, some means will doubtless be devised which will accomplish the necessary result.

Perhaps there has been no question with which we have so poorly dealt, or so badly handled as the Indian question. We cannot boast as a nation of producing the right policy for them, and of rightly enforcing it. We, the conquerors of the red men, and possessors of their land, see the conquered as through a camera obscura, inverted; but we conclude to keep them in that position, as it suits their color and nature and our Caucasian spirit best. Until we enforce the golden rule, the Indian question will not be properly adjusted.

The Chinaman has been the subject of much warm discussion. The result is, we

have concluded to sacrifice millions of dollars and the lives of missionaries in China rather than permit the Chinaman to come in contact with United States Christian civilization. It remains for future time to prove whether the question has been wisely settled, and if the law enforced is the sentiment of a righteous government.

We hear and read much in this age of the great moral and intellectual improvement of the world. What shall be taught and who? remains unsettled in some of our colleges and among our professors. All agree that a people must be intelligent, educated to properly govern or be governed. For this purpose public schools, colleges and seminaries are founded throughout the length and breadth of our land to enlighten the masses. That no restriction shall be set to man's mental capacity is clearly demonstrated. The perplexing question in man's brain is, how much ought woman be allowed to grasp? May privileges permitted her not be a stepping stone out of her sphere? or may her occasionally entering a profession not be a bad precedent? It is universally acknowledged she has been degraded, and her mental acquirements have been neglected; but slowly and surely as civilization and religion advance, woman's work will be more clearly defined. She is queen of the home circle, and ever will remain such; she equally as well fills the position of teacher and missionary, and will not the higher advantages of education more nobly fit her to fill her varied positions? Does it necessarily follow that if woman is permitted to obtain a university education, that all females will seek professions any more than because some men are cooks and dressmakers, that all men desire to follow their example? This much agitated question has a right side, and time, wise men; and sensible women will, we hope, so dispose of it as to give happiness to the home and honor to the nation.

Agitation, education, moral suasion, and intelligent will power, are overturning and upturning frauds in civil and political organizations, evils in social life, excesses in fashionable circles, and bigotry in religious denominations. When the mists of adjections and misunderstandings are rolled away, the powerful truth will cause questions now difficult to solve to be clear and beautiful as the noon-day sun.

We should watch for the signs of the times, appreciate the reformer, and not close our eyes or ignore what we know to be just and religious because we fear to face public opinion. They who are too timid, or selfish ever to identify themselves with any of the struggles for liberty, education and religion in their day or generation, have only existed and not truly lived.

The numerous printing presses, which scatter literature like hoar frost over the face of the earth, must eventually accomplish the end desired by the true reformer. The forces of nature and their tremendous effects are not more powerful than are the forces of will, perseverance, genius and faith in their influence upon humanity.

Work is faith in action. It has built railroads, tunneled mountains, laid cables, manufactured light, and united the ends of the earth. Our modern world, contrasted with the ancient world, would not recognize each other; so the strides in national reform and intellectual progress are so immense that the golden age of the present shines brilliantly in contrast with the ignorant and enslaved periods of the past.

Education must be enforced and true wisdom inculcated; then will society be improved, nations revolutionized, the church arise and shine, and the millenium ushered in.

We have faith enough in the people who are proposing, and in a God who is dispos-

ing, that all things are so working together for good that wrong is being gradually turned down and the right up, and eventually "Righteousness shall cover the face of the earth as the waters cover the great deep."

The man who cannot blush, and has no feeling of fear, has reached the achme of impudence.

"Millions for defence," as the darkey said, when a bull was chasing him through a field.

Nature has thrown a veil of modest beauty over maidenhood and moss roses.

He is the best accountant who can cast up correctly the sum of his own errors.

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