

The Irving Literary Gazette.

VOL. V.

WESTMINSTER, MD., FRIDAY, JUNE 19, 1885.

NO. 5.

Eighteenth Annual Commencement.

The Eighteenth Annual Commencement of Western Maryland College took place on Thursday, June 18, 1885, at 10 o'clock, a. m.

PROGRAMME.

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

MUSIC.

Salutatory, The Chinese Prohibition, A. C. Willison.
Salutatory, Our Greeting, Ida E. Gott.
First Oration, "Show Thyself a Man," F. McC. Brown.
First Essay, Thoughts of the Past, Alma C. Duvall.

MUSIC.

Second Oration, "Passing Away," Theo. Harrison.
Second Essay, Light Appears, Katie R. McKee.
Third Oration, Bicycling, John H. Cunningham.
Third Essay, "While We Live, Let Us Live," Mary E. Nicodemus.

MUSIC.

Fourth Essay, Eulogy, Mary Summer-ville, Beekie E. Boyd.
Fifth Essay, The Drama of Life, Belle Orndorff.
Sixth Essay, Life in a Water Drop, Florence Trenchard.
Seventh Essay, Influence and its Power, Annie M. Bruce.

MUSIC.

Eighth Essay, Sunshine and Shadow, Annie R. Ames.
Ninth Essay, Life is Not All Summer, Sadie A. V. Kneller.
Tenth Essay, Peace and Joy are Virtue's Crown, Irene Everhart.

MUSIC.

Conferring of Degrees, President Ward.

MUSIC.

Valedictory, While We May, Eudora L. Richardson.
Valedictory, What is Success? J. Wm. Moore.

MUSIC.

BENEDICTION.

A. C. Willison, the saluatorian, delivered a Latin address and spoke upon the Chinese prohibition bill.

Professoribus collegii nostri visum est me hoc die lactissimo festissimogue vobis, curatoribus honorati, gratulationes nostras afferre. Hanc academiam in nomine Dei omnipotentis et in fide Christiana aeternae fundaristis. Omnem humanitatem commendantes et docentes, philosophiam veram et religionem fraccipue nobis exposuistis atque exemplo vestro confirmavistis. Nihil quam ut opera talia vobis bene procedant. In bonum verum que nos faciles semper inveniat; ex animo vos, curatores collegii Marial Terral Occidentalis saluere jubemus.

Tos quoque, praeceptores doctissimi, cum magno studio salutamus. Parentes nobis tutelam nostri commissistis; tutelam nostri in vos recepistis; hoc munere fideliter perfuncti estis. Summae igitur gratiae vobis bebentur.

Tibi praesidi nostro honoratissimo omnia beneficia satis superque sint; collegio nostro te praeside, favor Dei abunde adsit; nobis, vir venerates dilectusque super fuisti; ut verbis Horati ut utar—"Serus in caelum redeas; hic ames potius dici pater atque princeps." Sperantes, fidentes, lactantes te iterum iterumque salvere jubemus.

THE CHINESE PROHIBITION BILL.

Among the thousands of bills passed by our Senate, the Chinese Prohibition Bill created more excitement among the people and raised more comment without exception than any other. During the long days in which it was pendent, at sometimes apparently on the tide to success, and at others on the brink of failure, the mind of every reading and understanding man in these United States was filled with excitement and speculation as to what would be the issue. On the Pacific coast where the scourge of immigration was most felt the excitement was intense.

In California a secret ballot was taken and showed by its result that only one man in each two hundred was against the bill, or in other words, 99½ % of the people of California joined in the exclamation, the "Chinee must go." Throughout the rest of the country where there was less knowledge of the pest, the opinion was divided. People viewed it in three classes: 1st, the politicians, working for the vote of the Chinee in years to come; 2nd, the sentimentalists, clinging to the wording of the constitution and misguided thoughts of converting the heathen by permitting him into the country; 3rd, the independent man working for the advancement of our workingman and of our country.

Our illustrious fore-fathers, when they constructed the constitution of the United States, did a work which shall hand down their names as long as the United States exists in reality or in history. And when they inserted that welcome to men of all nations they inspired, in the hearts of all liberal minded men a love and veneration which shall last forever. All enlightened and christian nations, admiring and respecting the spirit threw open to us their ports and their country, and to be known as an American is to be respected. So it was and is in England, Russia, Germany, France, and so is in every land where God is worshiped and enlightenment encouraged. But in Japan and in China that land of the meek, industrious lovely Celestials the Barbarians, or Foreign devils as we were termed, were beings to be endured only when under protection of their country's guns, and as soon as they were not, objects to be maltreated or murdered. When we forced our way into their country and showed them unwilling to learn as they were, that to traffic with us would be highly and immediately beneficial to them, treaties were formed and reformed until they culminated in the Burlingame treaty of 1868. For twenty years the Chinese, unrestricted, came in droves to America slaves to the Six Companies by whom they were sold to self advancing and money-worshipping capitalists and contractors of our own country. For twenty years, unmolested, they traveled, singly or in parties, through the land, protected by the

laws equally with our citizens. For twenty years they sent to China annually \$8,000,000 of United States currency drawn from the circulation and snatched from the grasp of our honest laborers and mechanics. In return for this notice the treatment of the American in China. Was he admitted to like privileges?

Far from it! He was only permitted to enter certain of their cities and only portions of these. Whenever he ventured beyond the Foreign Quarters he did so at the risk of his life. Nor was he allowed to enter the lists with their laborers and mechanics, but his occupation was restricted the mercantile life, and in this he was denied the privilege of participating in the Interior trade of the country. Call you this a just balance? Is this a fair treaty? No. This alone was a sufficient occasion for an action, no matter what opposed. And beyond this it is certain that that clause in the Constitution would not forbid the action. When in 1776 that noble body of men convened in Philadelphia and declared equal rights and privileges to men of all nations and religions, they never meant that it should be carried to such an extent as to work to the ruin of their country and their children's advancement. When they inserted this clause they meant to include only those who favored advancement and worshiped the true God. There is ample proof of this very immortal document advocated slavery and the writers denied to the Negro and the Indian the write of suffrage.

Again I say that they meant this clause to be literally construed only so far as it was conducive to the advancement and prosperity of our country and increase the followers of Jehovah.

Nor can it be upheld as some assert that Chinese will become converted to christianity. Like animals of the lower orders they flock together bringing with them their heathen practices until here in christian America they build up Pagan communities which follow in every respect the practices of heathen China. Before they began swarming to this country, the Pacific coast was the mecca of thousands and thousands of laborers and mechanics of our own race, but to-day even the old inhabitants are being gradually driven to want and degradation by the intruding Chinee.

It is very well for us who live in the Eastern States and see only a few of the clean washer-men, to speak of enduring and encouraging them, but in California the increase of their numbers is alarming. There are in that State to-day one hundred and fifty thousand Chinese, or in other words they compose one sixth of the entire population. Should their immigration be allowed as Senator Morton, endorsed by Senator Bayard, says "The Pacific Coast must in time either become Mongolian or American."

Can we realize what this would be? A prosperous colony of pagan worshipers unmolested in the garden spot of our country would be a blot on our fair fame which nothing could efface, worse than Mormonism, worse than slavery.

As to the Burlingame treaty of '68, it was a most unjust one in every respect.

In the first place it was entered in to forward our mercantile trade, regardless of the welfare of the country in other directions. In the second place it was unfair and unjudicious for the one reason that the same Anson Burlingame was a man who as ambassador to China from the United States, had all the plans and desires of the government laid open to him. Consequently having gone over to the other nation he was able to take an unfair advantage of us by this very knowledge. And now, I ask, ought such a treaty or compact as this be upheld? By no means! While we hold ourselves an honorable nation, but we should carefully distinguish and not allow any false idea of honor to lead us into error. The one virtue in the Chinee—that is industry and just as we encourage the industry of the squirrel, grass hopper or moth we should encourage this human plague.

The salutatory was delivered by Miss Ida E. Gott, who spoke in an earnest manner upon the following subject:

OUR GREETING.

Obedient to the fixed and immutable laws of the great Creator whom we all adore, our earth again presents the magnificence and glory of her most beautiful and charming season—

Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense and every heart is joy.

By the wise ordering of our college authorities this attractive season is appropriately chosen as the most befitting time for calling together the friends of the institution to share in the scenes of its annual festival, and give their kind congratulations and tokens of encouragement, not only to the students who are expected to speak their final words as partakers in these scenes, but to all connected with the noble work with which these exercises have to do. It is my happy and honored privilege to welcome all these friends to the joyous celebration of the eighteenth anniversary of Western Maryland College, and this pleasant duty I shall at once proceed to discharge as best I may be able, without taxing you with any other thesis beside the greeting itself, which may occupy full as much of your time as I ought to claim when so many are to be heard.

This is the commencement of our new and real life. The years of our college course have been preparatory to to-day. Within you walls, consecrated to learning, we have been nourished, cherished, guarded, protected, and now our hearts swell with emotion as we call to remembrance the many kindnesses which place us under obligations never to be forgotten, and we feel the power of the hallowed influences that have surrounded us during those years. We would not, indeed, endeavor to make the impression that we have attained all that we might or should have reached in view of what was done to advance us. We feel and realize the fact more to-day than ever before, that our improvement has not been equal to our opportunities, and that modesty becomes us more than boasting so far as opinions of our own attainments are concerned. And yet we are not insensible

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To whom all communications should be addressed.

WESTMINSTER, MD., JUNE 19, 1885.

Commencement Day.

Yesterday the closing exercises of the Eighteenth Commencement of Western Maryland College were held. The day was beautiful, hardly a cloud marring the brightness of the sun; a fine air was gently wafted through the grove; the audience was unusually large, many of whom were from a distance; the notes of the Westminster Band added much to the occasion. All the graduates were the recipients of handsome presents or beautiful bouquets. Owing to the great number of graduates, there is not space for printing all their orations, therefore we give only the salutations and valedictories.

Alumni Exercises.

Last night, June 18th, there assembled in the College Pavilion a very large audience to witness the final exercises of Commencement Week, conducted by the Alumni Association. At 8 o'clock the new President, Mr. Chas. Baughman, welcomed the Class of '85, and Mr. F. McC. Brown responded for the class. Then followed the oration by Mr. Wm. R. McDaniel. After an interlude of music, Miss Florence Wilson, Johnsville, Md., delivered the essay, a copy of which we are sorry not to be able to give to our readers. Below we present a synopsis of Mr. McDaniel's oration:

The subject of the oration was John Ruskin and his influence. The introductory remarks were on biography in general, after which the speaker introduced Ruskin as being a man whose life was worthy of study, and afforded much that was worthy of admiration and imitation. He spoke of him not as the art critic, but as the scholar and teacher and high priest at the altar of truth. He represented him as one of the greatest exponents of the truth-seeking and truth-loving spirits of the age, and showed how he was a scholar in his self-reliance, in his spirit of culture, in his earnestness, and above all in his desire to impart to others the truth he had found. He then referred to the many useful lessons he teaches us, both by his example and by his books, laying especial emphasis on how he teaches us to think, to see in everything the thought which animates its being; how he teaches us to be happy; how he teaches us to be manly in the broadest and deepest signification of that word; to be brave and upright men, free and helpful men, reformers and benefactors.

A miser grows rich by seeming poor; an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich.

Eighteenth Annual Commencement.

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

to the experience of benefit to an extent proportioned to our use of means which were so faithfully employed to promote our welfare. We have been conducted to a position in which new views of life are within range of our vision; the gloom of ignorance has been to some degree dispersed; our horizon has been widened; the area of light around us has been enlarged; inviting fields, smiling landscapes, brighten before us. A beautiful world spreads out around us with its ways and means of doing good, its possibilities of enjoyment, its opportunities of securing true honor and extended usefulness, if we duly improve them. It may be said that only "distance lends enchantment to the view;" that there may be steep places and difficulties which we do not now see and which will prevent our securing the expected pleasure, or honor, or usefulness. But if we have learned nothing else in the past, we have certainly learned that diligence and perseverance will overcome obstacles, and that it is not wise either to forecast evils that after all may not be formidable, or to try to persuade ourselves that none will have to be encountered. God in his infinite wisdom has seen fit to gild the future and to hide from our present vision obstacles that may lie before us, so that we do not shrink and falter, but move steadily forward, leaving events to Him who is "too wise to err and too good to be unkind." And although we cannot always be sure of what is to be even in the near future, we can rest confidently upon His gracious promise, "As thy days so shall thy strength be."

And now, to our beloved and esteemed President, whose benign countenance rests upon us to-day with his accustomed smiling favor, you whose generous views have often shielded us from deserved rebuke, whose mild expostulations have recalled us to the path of duty, to whose teaching by precept and example we will owe largely our gratitude, if we ever accomplish any worthy deed, with warm and sincere hearts we appreciate your presence with us to-day and pray you to accept our greeting; we welcome you as our most honored guest. I fear we cannot realize adequately our indebtedness for your care, but when we are in the broad arena of life, when your counsels come back to us after the lapse of years, we will still continue to bless you and pray that your rewards may be as abundant as your kindness was generous.

And to our beloved and respected Faculty and teachers who have not been lacking in care, who have striven so earnestly to guide us, not only in the knowledge of this world, but in that which pertains to eternal life, we welcome you; without your presence to-day our circle would be robbed of more than half its charm.

To the honorable President and Board of Trustees, we extend a warm welcome. Your presence to-day signifies your interest in our revered Alma Mater and a generous solicitude in our welfare. We thank you for your care in providing for us means of obtaining a liberal education, and hope that those who succeed us may improve them more than we have.

Friends from Westminster and vicinity, you who have graced former, similar occasions with your presence, your being with us to-day shows us that you feel an interest in the class of '85 also, and in the name of the class I welcome you and hope you will not be disappointed in our modest effort to entertain you. Our visiting friends from abroad, our parents, who have come to-day to witness the finale of our College career,

we heartily welcome you and hope that as the years glide by the memory of this day will steal over you as the perfume wafted from fragrant flowers. My schoolmates! You who have trodden with us the way of similar pleasures and pains, how we welcome you to-day! Your bright smiles and merry faces almost make us wish we could return and spend the days over again, but duty calls us forward and as we go we wish for you a prosperous termination of your career as students and a noble, useful life as citizens. Aim high and reach the mark!

With what conflicting emotions I bid you welcome here! Our paths have been the same, our studies the same, our little troubles have varied only as regards the peculiar temperament and disposition. We have journeyed thus far together in the pathway of life, but now the halcyon days of school life are over, and now necessarily our paths will diverge when the exercises of the day shall have closed; how different will be our positions from what they are now, yet it is with pleasure I welcome you; though we must part it will not be forever. We may meet again in this life or we may not, God knows best; but we shall meet hereafter. And we will not let the happiness of to-day be clouded by any sad thoughts. Beloved, esteemed President, our respected Faculty, the honorable President and Board of Trustees, friends from Westminster and vicinity, visiting friends from abroad, schoolmates, classmates, all the gay assemblage of "fair women and brave men," our gentle critics, and all who have been pleased to honor us with their presence to-day, welcome to the Commencement of '85! Welcome! welcome!

Mr. Theo. Harrison spoke upon the subject—

"PASSING AWAY."

The beautiful lines of an eminent English poetess suggest the subject of my oration, illustrating as they do the sentiment that "Passing Away" is written on the world and on all that the world contains; on the very buds of the roses, on the leaves of the trees, on the tinted clouds of the skies, and on all nature's works. The pale young student pores over the contents of a worn volume; the clock strikes the hour of midnight; "he takes no note of time," but bends lower as the light from his lamp grows dimmer, until at last exhausted nature refuses to act, and reluctantly he closes the book and slowly seeks his couch to woo the goddess Slumber. Why does he toil so faithfully? Merely to acquire fame; and what is fame? An empty, hollow sound. It may be that before this devoted student can reap any benefit from his hard-earned knowledge he shall pass away without having attained the distinction he so ardently sought, and be soon forgotten by the selfish world.

The speaker then treated of the heroes in history, how their greatness faded and how they were finally overcome. Then, taking up the condition of things in our common life, he treated of the mourner and the drundard, and how it seems that things pass not swiftly enough for some. Having treated his subject thoroughly, he closed with the following remarks:

How sad would be the thought were we to live no more; but there is a hope, a blissful hope; there is a place where all is eternal,

"Where the spoiler finds no prey,
Where sweet and lovely things pass not away."

Shall we know the thoughts that rest in our loved ones' hearts as we meet face to face above the skies which do not pass away? If this be so, then with our poetess we say: "Haste, haste the closing day when friend can meet friend secure in the knowledge that they pass not away again, but remain in blest communion through all

eternity." No loved one to part from, no sorrowing tear to shed, no bright hopes to fade, but all a long summer which will not pass away.

Despair, which is the mind's declaration that there is no hope, is not so much sickness of the understanding as a sin of the soul.

Miss Krte R. McKee was the second essayist, and her subject was

LIGHT APPEARS.

Moses tells us that the world in its newly created state was foundless and void hanging in a kind of impenetrable darkness. It is difficult for the mind to comprehend fully the condition of things in that early state of chaos and confusion. Let us turn our attention to that primitive period and imagine a dark, dense, poisonous atmosphere of steam, metallic vapor and sulphurous clouds hanging heavily in the fog over the face of the deep, an ocean of seething scalding water heated by millions of hissing flames from the central fires of the globe; here and there patches of earth, half molten islands floating about on the wave's tempest driven and lashed into fury by frightful hurricanes, roaring geysers constantly casting streams of boiling water up from the termulous surface of the earth; darting chains of lightning and mighty bursts of reverberating thunder make up the ideal picture of that ancient continent.

Strife, confusion and gloom resigned supreme while chaotic darkness was universal. The earth did not remain in that state elemental disorder but entered upon an uninterrupted series of progressive changes and development until it became ready for the introduction of vegetable animal and spiritual life. In passing from disorder to order, from chaotic confusion to systematic plan, from a lower to a higher state of perfection, what was the first step? What was it that first took place in the way of improvement? I answer it was the introduction of light. Light appears and with light we find that other steps of improvement progress and development are possible. After light dawns upon the world we have organization, beauty and harmony in all the works of nature. This brings before us the real subject of this essay; light versus darkness, order versus anarchy.

Just as the globe has passed through successive stages of development to become fitted for higher usefulness, so the human race has passed through different ages in improvement and intellectual growth.

We know not how long the world was in passing through a state of preparation before Adam stood forth in the image of God, words we know how long the human race will be occupied in passing from strength to strength until it may be permitted to stand forth in the full accomplishment of its exalted mission. We only know that light is the first step in the line of progress.

To reach a high position of usefulness or knowledge the student needs light at every age, light to dispel intellectual darkness, to stimulate moral growth and irradiate the mind. In the physical world we are quite willing to have eight or ten hours of darkness in every twenty-four, but in the mental world we want broad open day light and sunshine all the time.

It is our privilege to day to be thankful that we live in a country which accords to woman the development of her talent in pictures of usefulness and responsibility and trust. It becomes our duty to seek the light constantly and employ our talent judiciously until we convince the world that woman can think as well as love, that she can work as well as pray and if need be, she can lead as well as follow. Yes, light is the first step of progress and since woman

has been permitted to enjoy its effulgence, she has been steadily moving forward to new positions of usefulness and honor. I would ask what were the circumstances under which lights first appeared, Moses tells us that the spirit of Isra moved upon the face of the nature. This is the true philosophy, of all light and development. Not only is Israel the foundation of the universe but also of all order and beauty and harmony and growth. We can add nothing to the old Hebrew adoration: everywhere we find unmistakable evidence of the Divine Hand, and can only exclaim "In the beginning God."

Miss Mary E. Nicodemus read the third essay, choosing for her theme

"WHILST WE LIVE LET US LIVE.

Whilst we live let us live. What does this mean? Does it mean that we shall live only while we are in the flesh, or does it imply that all one's efforts and energies should be employed to make life a successful, prosperous and useful one, that we should so employ our talents and time that, at the close of life, we may feel convinced that we have made a correct application of them? How often what ought to be the most highly valued opportunities are allowed to pass by, either not used at all or wrongly employed.

Should not every one of us keep constantly before us the thought that "not one moment should slip away unemployed, but that every moment should be so employed that, at the close of each day, we can feel that something has been gained." Alas! how few can truthfully say that they live such a life. Whilst we are in this world let us do all within our power to really live, and not merely exist. God has a definite purpose for everyone. The meanest, lowest object was not created by chance, but to fulfil end and to accomplish some design. If we lose sight of ourselves in our desire to serve others and teach them the right way, then we shall feel that we are truly living.

Let every hour be so well employed that we may gain profitable lessons which will never be forgotten. Many unfavorable circumstances may rise round us, and make us feel for the moment that all our plans for what seems to us a useful life are destroyed, and our hopes blasted. The question arises, Shall we yield to these unfavorable circumstances? The answer comes, No, never! but battle bravely, even to the last if necessary! He who conquers through many trials and difficulties will in the end be tenfold stronger than he who has encountered no difficulties. It is an exceptional life that has no failures, no events that will seem to us to mean almost ruin and defeat.

We will find that, in order to live as one should to fully develop character and attain perfection by cultivating our minds and hearts even more carefully than our bodies, it will require self-exertion, self-denial and self-consecration. We know that all life is a warfare. The victory is not promised to the faint-hearted or to cowards; neither "is the battle to the strong, but to him who overcometh." We should earnestly and conscientiously seek to discover the purpose to which our talents and abilities are best adapted. We must deny ourselves and discipline our wills and tempers; we must aim high if we expect to rise above the common level.

Every perfectly developed character in the struggle with the world has learned what an important element to success is self-reliance. Man must decide for himself; no one can honestly take that responsibility in any vital question. How very careful we should be that our judgment is correct, and not swayed by passion or prejudice.

May it be said of us as of one of old, "She hath done what she could;" then life shall not have been a failure, whether a successful one or not in the eyes of the world. Success is not always victory, but success in the right, this is true victory.

The Valedictorian of the ladies was Miss Eudora L. Richardson, whose subject was

WHILE WE MAY.

The pathway of human life is marked with events which assume importance as they shape our course. Although they may seem trifling at the time of occurrence, yet the result will some day astonish us. We, who to-day have assembled for the last time as classmates, have arrived at the most important point in our career as students. Many of us, as we look into the future, are appalled and shrink back from the responsibilities and duties which await us. How similarly were we situated upon entering the College where we have but learned how to begin the battle of life! How long and difficult seemed the time and way at that period, yet the days, weeks and months have flown by with startling rapidity, and we find ourselves to-day at the termination of our school-days. We have now each to encounter both the pleasures and difficulties which the future holds. We have laid the foundation of our coming career, how firm or how insecure it may be, the future alone can tell. Upon it we must build and the structure which each will rear upon his or her foundation will prove how the opportunities of school-days have been improved or neglected.

We have been aided in our pursuit of knowledge by our honored Board of Trustees, and now as we are about to sever our connection with this institution, we bid you adieu and wish you every success that can possibly attend your praiseworthy enterprise in the future.

The efforts for advancement, put forth by our beloved President and esteemed Faculty have been and are greatly appreciated, and had we heeded more your past advice and admonition we would no doubt have been better prepared for the struggle before us. To you, who have so kindly overlooked the thoughtlessness and mistakes of our school life and have so earnestly endeavored to instruct us in the way of virtue and knowledge, we reluctantly say, "Farewell," schoolmates, as the thought presents itself that our pleasant association is a thing of the past, a feeling of sorrow takes possession of our hearts. Many times will we think of you treading the same path that we have traversed and in bidding you adieu wish you more success than we have experienced.

Kind friends of Westminster and vicinity, who have by your presence signified your interest in us, we thank you for your courtesy, and esteem it a privilege to have had the opportunity of passing a part of our lives in your midst. To you we must repeat the word "Farewell." Classmates, the word "Farewell," when addressed to you is associated with more than its usual portion of regret, regret that the intimate relations which have existed among us during the years of our College course, will be after to-day dissolved. We will part and go forth to meet our destiny whatever it may be, and in our pursuit of happiness and advancement may we never forget the teachings of the institution where each one of us laid the foundation for future weal or woe. Although separated by distance there will be an interest in each other which time cannot efface. Years may pass, yet when we meet again if such be the case, the greeting and hand-shake will be all the more hearty because of our having been classmates. Though we are now compelled to say "Farewell" we hope that it may prove only for a season and wish that each

and every member of the Class of '85, may enjoy the success which is the reward of honest endeavor. "Farewell."

To Trustees, President, Faculty, Classmates, Schoolmates, Friends, to all I now say "Farewell."

Mr. J. W. Moore, the Valedictorian, spoke as his farewell the following:

VALEDICTORY.

Gentlemen of the Board of Trustees, Respected Faculty and Friends Assembled: By the will of Providence, whose ways are "past finding out," it has fallen to my lot, unqualified as I am for such a task, to speak the "farewell" of the Class of '85 to you. Unqualified do I say, because it seems to me an utter impossibility to comprehend fully the meaning of the word. The lips say "good-bye," "farewell" or "adieu," whilst the mind and heart revert to old associations, calling up with pleasure and commingled sadness the good days of yore, which we are to be separated from, with perhaps no idea of reunion. When I realize that I am saying "good-bye" to you for my classmates, I realize at the same time that the duty is more than that of paying farewell at a personal parting. The child, with the hot tears rolling down a cheek flushed with grief, is consoled in the separation from his parents and relatives by the thought that he will very likely meet them all again soon. Two persons meet, grow attached to each other, and when the time for parting comes, are torn and rent in heart at the "good-bye" that must be said; but their grief is alleviated by the probability of their meeting again. My friends, not so with the Class of '85. Scarcely ever has it happened in the history of colleges that the class, assembled for the final exercises, has again met together as a body in this world, without having to drop a tear in memory of a departed one, whose vacant chair remains as a reminder of his decease. However much we might wish to the contrary, we are compelled to yield to analogy, and feel that to-day some of us, if not a majority, say good-bye to you for the last time, and not only are we saying farewell to those who to-day are with us, but we realize that we are paying adieu to scenes that have grown familiar to us. The old bell that has so often rung us to duty; the recitation rooms, where victory and defeat in study have met us; our Societies, which are very dear to us, and which we shall always cherish; the familiar trees that shadow our campus; aye, even the old pump, from which issues one of the sweetest draughts that ever quenched the thirst of man—all these have grown dear to us by association. As I stand here to-day speaking, I am almost tempted to throw aside the dignity that should enrobe a man who expects to receive a diploma from his Alma Mater in an hour or two, and, turning to the gentlemen of my class, say, "Boys, do you remember the good old time we've had at College?" But it is not my duty to revert to old associations, but to say good-bye to you.

Gentlemen of the Board of Trustees:—Let me take advantage of this opportunity to thank you for the wisdom and kind consideration you have always exhibited in the management of our interests. Let me wish that you may continue so to govern, and that Western Maryland College may grow and prosper under your care. Farewell!

Dr. Ward, President of Western Maryland College:—You have been a father to us all, and I am sure that I speak the sentiment of my classmates when I say, "God bless you, farewell!"

Respected Faculty:—Let me, in behalf of the Class of '85, tell you that whatever we become, intellectually or morally, you have laid the foundation for that condition. We say "good-bye" to you, schoolmates:

You may envy us our position now, when you say to yourselves, "We have two or three more years here yet," but, my friends, when some of you stand in the position that I do to-day, you will envy your schoolmates that sit before you. May you be strengthened in mind, body and soul by your sojourn at Western Md. College. Good bye!

Friends Assembled:—I thank you for your kind attention, and join my classmates in saying farewell to you!

The Sweet Girl Graduate.

This is for the most part, a terribly practical, commonplace, hard conditioned world. The necessity imposed upon mankind of earning bread by the sweat of the brow, compels men and women for the most part to take a dollar and cent view of all things in art and nature. Even the magnificence of Niagara is measured in hotel bills and hack fares, and all the varied loveliness of nature creates not so much human interest as a rise or fall in the price of beefsteak. There is one sweet creature belonging to the human family, however, that lives above the more commonplace and grosser considerations of life and dwells in the atmosphere of "the good, the beautiful and the true." We need hardly say that this exceptional creature is the sweet girl graduate. To be sure she eats beefsteak for her breakfast, and very likely plenty of it. It may be even that she prefers her steak trimmed with the unromantic onion. But beefsteak and onions, when assimilated by the sweet girl graduate, become etherealized and spiritualized into a vision of sweetness and beauty. There may be left still about this vision the faintest suggestion of onions,—but away, no, it cannot be so. Let the base thought perish from the face of the earth! The sweet girl graduate is the impersonation of sweetness without a blemish. But it is as a literary character, also, that the girl graduate attracts attention. As commencement day approaches, she selects some subject as little as possible suggestive of the gross and common-place things of earth, a subject that requires in its treatment the most ideally ideal of ideas. It is most likely one of the following:—"Genius is Like a Scintillating Star;" "Oh, Let Us Live for the Good, the Beautiful and the True;" "Echoes Roll from Soul to Soul, and Live Forever and Forever;" "Our Bark is on the Sea, but Where may the Harbor be!" "Out from the Nowhere into the Here." It may be one of one hundred other similar subjects, but, whatever the subject be, it may be depended upon that the sweet girl will bring down the house. When she steps upon the platform, and arranges the train of her lovely graduating dress, and unrolls the silk-bound, tinted and perfumed manuscript of her graduating essay and makes her lovely and comprehensive bow to the audience, is there a man in all the world so churlish that he would not break into rapturous applause? And when she pauses at the end of some sentence which she has taken a great deal of pride in and gives a glance over her audience that seems to ask if it knows enough to appreciate that sentence, is there an human being so mean as would not again go off in applause suggestive of the most rapturous appreciation? It may be that the beautifully rounded sentences mean nothing in particular, but the listener who would note this fact should be shown to the door and turned into outer darkness. And when she reads the final sentence of her silk-bound essay, makes her final smiling bow to the audience and courtesy off the stage bearing nineteen beautiful bouquets, the audience that does not continue

the applause until the building is in danger is not the audience that can appreciate the good, the beautiful and the true. Oh, sweet girl graduate, the literature which you produce may not in itself be entrancing, but you yourself are one of the lovely, the good, the beautiful, the transcendently sweet things of this more or less unlovely world!—*Chestertown, Md., Transcript.*

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