

The Irving Literary Gazette.

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NO. 3.

Poetical.

FAREWELL ODE—CLASS '85.

How sweet this meeting, yet how sad
To know it is our last;
To know our college days have fled,
Those happy times are past.
O classmates, quickly speeds the time
When we must say farewell,
And to our Alma Mater kind
Our last good-byes must tell.

Within those dear old college walls,
So free from care or strife,
Mid sweetest pleasures, purest joys,
We've spent our happy life;
But now we leave our college home,
And part with friends so true;
To one and all with saddened tone
We bid a last adieu.

To comrades tried and classmates dear
We now must say good-bye,
It may be days, it may be years,
Perhaps it is for aye;
But always held in mem'ry dear,
My comrades you will be;
And always to my heart be near,
In friendship bound to me.

Class Day.

Yesterday morning, notwithstanding the oppressive heat, the people began to assemble in the pavilion a full hour before the time announced for the beginning of the exercises. At ten o'clock all the seats were occupied, and everybody gazed with interest as the Class of '85 marched upon the stage. Programmes for the day were handed around, which read as follows:

"DECEASED.

"Tis with a feeling of the deepest regret and sorrow that we are compelled to announce to you, sympathizing friends, the funeral of the Class of '85, whose name is Rebecca Ellen Boyd Annie Rebecca Ames Annie Marie Bruce Jeannette Irene Everhart Ida Ermina Gott Sarah Alice Virginia Kneller Katie Rosalia McKee Mamie Edna Nicodemus Cora Bell Orndorff Eudora Linthicum Richardson Florence Ada Trenchard Franklin McClellan Brown John Horn Cunningham Theophilus Harrison John William Moore Archibald Carlyle Willison. Inexorable fate has decreed that the Class shall 'repose in peace,' on this the sixteenth day of June, eighteen hundred and eighty-five, Anno Domini. The funeral services will consist of an address to be delivered setting forth the many redeeming qualities that have characterized the members during their career in this world. There will follow a Prophecy of the future of each member in the world to come as a reward or punishment for the deeds done in this flesh. When these shall have been dolefully read, they will be handed down to the gaping posterity of lower classmen, eager for the records, upon which they may rely for so many examples of good conduct. The services will then close with a funeral dirge, to be sung with a mingling of the tears dropped in memory of the deceased. Proper medical treatment has been secured for those who shall be overcome with grief."

This programme was printed on heavy cardboard, the outer edges of which were heavily draped with a black border.

Mr. Cunningham was most unsparingly cutting in his history. Indeed, so unsparingly were the annals of the class that they are considered fit subjects for an editorial in this paper. Excluding the palpable animosity and bitterness which characterized parts of the History, it was very well written and filled with ridiculous phrases and sentences and drawing the "long bow," which frequently forced a laugh from the audience. The Prophecy was a very well-composed paper, and the name of Miss Kneller is sufficient to announce a splendid delivery.

Mr. Bennett, the Historian of the Class of '86, then stepped forward to receive from Mr. Cunningham the Class Annals, and Miss Stone, Class of '86, received from Miss Kneller the book containing the Prophecies.

The exercises were closed with the singing of the Class Ode, which will be found at the head of the poetical column.

ORATORICAL CONTEST.

According to the printed programme of Commencement exercises for the week, the oratorical contest was to have come off at 8 o'clock Tuesday evening, June 16th, but on account of the extreme inclemency of the weather the contest was postponed until this morning at 10 o'clock. Below are synopses of the orations:

The first speaker of the Websters was Mr. T. L. Whitaker, who spoke upon the following subject:

BE A HERO IN THE STRIFE.

"Art is long and time is fleeting,
And our hearts though stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating,
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle,
"BE A HERO IN THE STRIFE!"

Longfellow's Song of Life.

There is no language nor dialect whose literature is not marked with the evidences of universal conflict. Strain, struggle, and strife are exhibited in the melancholy notes of poesy, the distressing cries of tragedy, the cheerless echoes of history, and the sightless lines of grief upon the sculptor's marble brow. The wandering Bedouin feels them, the fiery Arab of the desert learns their meaning, and the finely cultivated Caucasian, the hero of a better civilization, must meet them in the death struggle for befitting eminence.

Conflict is the common inheritance of mankind. It is observed in all the unorganized lifeless matter of creation. But when the demon of strife is raging in maddening fury upon the face of the angry deep, when the billowy tides heave and swell in apparently lawless confusion, every drop that sports in the tempest, and every spray that quivers in the misty fog, moves according to a law as firmly fixed as that which binds the oak to the mountain side, or holds the earth in its orbit. Philosophical, Chemical and Astronomical Laws control the kingdom of lifeless matter. Implanted instinct or blind impulse of passion governs the whole range of irrational animals. But when we meet the *genus homo*, the man in the image of God, he is master of his own destiny and has in his grasp the elements that either makes a

nation's woes, or wake the continents up to their ideal nationality.

Human life is one thrilling scene of protracted struggle; and its fierce campaign the combatants may either be overborn by the beating waves, or they may rise like the eagle above the storm cloud, and in the pure air of the upper regions wear the jewelled crown of victory.

Man can be a coward in disgrace, he can be a hero in the strife. He can chill a nation's throbbing heart, and curse the age that gave him birth; or he can call an oppressed hemisphere into freedom, and paint the brow of promise upon the arch of coming years. But fame and excellence must come from fair heroism. Men are developed by making conquests over the enemies of human growth. Success adds nerve and vigor to the toiling arm and makes it deal a harder blow. Victories are rounds of the ladder by which men climb from the vile passions of animalism up to the heart-throbs of a better life, by which they scale the temple of God's universe and dwell with seraphic spirits. The Warrior has his victories. The Alexanders, the Caesars, and the Napoleons were heroes, but the tracks which they have left are stained with human blood, their escutcheon is bedimmed by the foul plague spot of ambition, and their star has cast no light on the misty twilight of existence.

These were heroes on the field of death; we want heroes on the field of life; heroes that will pluck more thorns from the pillow of grief and plant more roses along the wayside.

Contests are the food of manly growth. Through difficulty is the way to grandeur. The great grow in crises. The mighty avalanche that slid down from Heaven was not sufficient to blight the purpose of Hannibal, but only served to make him more vigorous, so are the hard things that come the very makers of men. Life's storms and tempests and suffocating simooms, are God's machinery by which he hammers our dwarfish youth into tough-fibered manhood and stamps upon it the image of golden currency. Why is not everything made to suit man's sluggish nature? Why does he not find a home on his back like a snail? Why is Greek not English, and Chemistry a game of dominoes? Because then men would be weak-hearted pigmies, and the world would have no great workers nor great masters.

There are no flowery paths to high achievements, no nicely finished ties across the chasm that opens before all real workers, and there is no hypocrisy that can withstand the storms of an honest life. Who ever would build a palace of fortune, fame or honor must cut his own road to the mountain, hew the stones in the quarry carry mortar on his own shoulders, and move straight on in all weather. With a bright countenance and a cheerful heart, fight your own battles, gain your own victories, and wear your own crowns. Never be bent, bribed, nor bought; never beg, borrow, nor steal. "Pay as you go," and wait not to be dunned by pauper or millionaire. In a *tete a tete*, talk or in addressing a crowd, always speak to some purpose and make every word count. Entertain a good opinion of your self, but

do not indulge too freely in tongue or brass, never show any partiality, nor ask any favors, nor take any unfair advantages, but remembering that the Gods helps those who help themselves, rely upon your own strength of body and brain, and be a victory crowned hero in the strife.

Fair means and sound principles are the right arms of all the heroes of every nation. No true man wants any advantage, but he takes the truth and abides by it. It takes a solid character to stand against the things that oppose manly growth, every great man must meet an opposition commensurately great.

There has never been a Cicero without a *Cataline* to banish; nor a Luther without a grey-headed priesthood to shiver, nor a Boneaparte, without an alarming rebellion to quell, and there has never been a Washington without a British Lion to slay. Hoary prejudices, old formalities, routine and error fight the uprising light of the age with all the force of wealth, political power and religious cast. They hurl the steel of the soldier, the hot flame of the stake, and the dark horrors of the dungeon against every advocate of truth and progress. The sole force that can meet these and conquer them is the life foundation of all the ages.

Columbus was a great hero in the strife. He saw that the life of the orient was naught but oppression, crime and death; that courts, and crowns, and kingdoms were only the gilded pageants of fools and knaves; and that the energies of humanity must fight their way to new fields, or roll back into hopeless barbarism.

He questioned authority, denied its infallibility, despised its haughty mandates, changed the geography of twenty centuries, and taught mankind more than they had learned in a thousand years. His perseverance and powers have placed him in the far up firmaments of earth's ever lasting heroes, as a fixed star to shine on for all ages and for all people.

Our own peerless orator, the inspiring genius of the Webster Society, the Mansfield of the constitution, and the William Pitt of the American forum, was a hero in the strife worthy of a nation's patriotic devotion. Let us count his graces, imitate his virtues, and strive to equal him in the benefits which he conferred upon great and free people.

"He is fortune's now and fame's
One of the few, the immortal names
That were not born to die."

I pine not for the monarch's gilded crown, neither do I fight to drive the war-chariot in triumph over an unfortunate foe! I dig not in costly ore, nor do I scheme at midnight hour to wrong the honest workman out of his gold and silver; but to be numbered among the heroes who have worn out their lives in rolling back earth's bitter tides of withering gall, drying up her dark fountains of grief, and in turning her shades of woe into bright songs of gladness; this is the crown for which I fight and the blessings for which we all ought to pray.

Yield not to serging tides that swell,
Stand firm in desperate strife;
The doom is sealed for heaven or hell
On the battle field of strife.

Mr. E. C. Wimbrough opened the con-
[CONTINUED ON SECOND PAGE.]

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H. W. ANDREWS & J. W. MOORE, EDITORS.

A. C. WILLISON, - - Business Manager,

To whom all communications should be addressed.

WESTMINSTER, MD., JUNE 17, 1885.

In the composing of the Class History and Prophecy there is always given a certain license for extenuation; but even this must be judicious and such as will amuse the audience and not in any way injure any member of the class. When the writer of these papers makes use of the honor and opportunity afforded him by his classmates to injure one of those members he should be reprimanded. When he takes this occasion to publish injurious extenuations and falsehoods against his classmates, he perpetrates an act devoid of principle and one which should be condemned by every one who hears him. It is one of the lowest acts that could be done. It is like the viper which warmed into life stings the hand that nourishes it. On yesterday, although unknown to the audience, it was perfectly palpable to the members of the class, and others who were acquainted with the state of affairs that certain things mentioned on yesterday were the outcome of malice toward the members spoken of. This also should be condemned. For when a man holds a place of honor and holds the attention to the public merely because he has that office, when a man would use this opportunity to speak evil of one toward whom he feels malice, that man is capable of any action.

In writing thus we are not expressing our own sentiments only, but those of two-thirds of the audience, whose sense of gentlemanly propriety, dignity and good sense, revolted at the transgression upon customary law by the historian. Let it be hoped that in the future, the historian may no more cater to his own malice and prejudice, in so far as to forget honor and veracity.

In the pavilion, at 8 o'clock this evening, Gen. Bradley T. Johnson, of Baltimore, will deliver the Annual Oration before the Literary Societies.

To-morrow, June 18, at 10 a. m., will be Commencement, at which time the ladies and gentlemen of the Class of '85 will be graduated. In the evening at 8 o'clock will be held the annual exercises of the Alumni Association. The essay will be read by Miss Florence E. Wilson, A. M., and the oration delivered by Wm. R. McDaniel, A. M.

ORATORICAL CONTEST.

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

test for the Irvings, and spoke upon the following subject:

THE LAND OF THE FREE.

This is a subject that to every American ought to be of surpassing interest, for whether he behold the scenery of the Hudson, explore the central forests of this vast country, or stand on the shores of that grand and noble water, the Pacific, he is still in the United States. It is his own country, its beauty, its magnificence, its sublimity, all are his; and how undeserving of such a birthright if he can turn towards it an unobserving eye and an unaffected heart. United States! How the very thought of these two words ought to fill the heart of every true American with everlasting pride and unremitting zeal. The speaker here made a brief review of the condition of the American continent in the first days of its growth, and continued as follows: No citizen of ancient or modern time ever had such a country to contemplate as the United States. Our eastern borders behold the sun in all its splendor rising from the Atlantic, while the western shores are embraced in darkness by the billows of the Pacific. Our country has indeed a vast extent of territory, with the diversified climates of the globe. On the one hand is the ever smiling verdure of the beautiful and balmy South, and on the other the sterile hills and sombre pine forests of the dreary North, and intermediate the outstretched region where the chilling blasts of winter are succeeded by the zephyrs and flowers of summer. The snow-clad summits of her mountains look down upon the elemental war of the storm-clouds, flying above the shrubless prairie, that realizes the obsolete notion of the earth being an immense plain; and towards the ocean on the east and west, upon the broad, rich valleys, where the father of all waters, the "endless river," and the majestic Columbia, with its hundred branches, gently wind along, or rapidly rush on to mingle their waters with the waves of the Pacific, the Gulf of Mexico, or some other large and magnificent sea. The mountains of New Hampshire, which has been called the Switzerland of America; almost cradle the region of perpetual snow. The Catskill Mountains of New York heave up from the valley of the Hudson like the subsiding billows of the ocean after a storm. The speaker then proceeded to narrate in an interesting manner the causes of our national prosperity. He spoke of the fertility of the soil, the manufacturing interests, the commerce, including the principles of liberty and free thought, upon which the government was based. He then concluded with the following: Our country! Such is thy physical greatness, and such thy intellectual and moral power, that now give promise of a glorious destiny, far beyond all parallel in the annals of the world. For such a destiny may thy institutions be well sustained, and may a halo of glory play around the head of every man who honestly labors in behalf of his fellows and posterity to uphold, purify, perpetuate and extend them. Then a more heavenly song than hoarse trumpet's breath, or the deep mouthed cannon's roar, shall roll its harmonies through the vocal creations, swelling its solemn sweetness to every ear—"Peace on earth and good-will to men."

Mr. W. E. Roop, the second speaker of the Websters, spoke upon the subject

INDIVIDUALITY.

In activity, he tells, cannot be desirable, because in all exhibitions we see gradual progress, and the climax of realities in these as yet seems to have been reached in

the international exhibition which was held in the "Quaker Town" of our own country. Then appealing to the imagination to testify where, the rays of individuality are drawn to a focus; he spoke as follows:

"Does not the imaginative eye behold how the lifelike portraits of individuals that have existed in reality, and not in fiction as those of Dickens? Who, that is familiar with the steam engine, will not have Watt suggested by it; who will not have the image of Davy, to flash to his mind, on seeing the safety lamp; who will not think of Morse, on seeing the wondrous effect of the electric spark darting from continent to continent?"

How often the spirit of admiration pervades the entire crowd, too stupid to perceive that distinguishing quality, stealthily entering their sympathetic ramifications, striking the fancy, and causing the hidden chords of those lovers of wonder and beauty, to vibrate in harmony. Think you, that one could linger here, for four years, around the walls, of what should then be his Alma Mater; hear the whistle and rush of the passing cars, see the smoke trailing along showing their course, and now and then through the branching trees, catch picturesque glances of the train, and not be impressed with the concentrated energies of noble men, written in the history of the lively transporter?" After asserting that the stranded wrecks of men of brilliant ability, who fail to adhere to their idiosyncrasis, are numerous viewed on the shores of fortune, he exhorted us farther, with regard to future possibilities.

"Let every one endeavor to keep his mind buoyant, and shun all snares, artifices, and every abysmal grotto in which the mind is liable to be drawn. It is a heathenism, and an infidel philosophy, which places the better ages in the past, and predicts darkness and degeneracy for the future. There is no reason to believe that the maximum of any of the powers of man has yet been reached. Man has accomplished nothing that cannot be surpassed. The automatic fire alarm, which is given by mercury expanding to close the electric circuit, may lessen fire insurance; the same circuit may yoke the prancing steeds to the fire engine; Rumford's induction coil may make the electric light a practical illuminator; the Gramme machine may convert the energy of the Niagra into practical use in some remote city; but, there is no effort of science or art, that cannot be excluded; there is no depth of philosophy, that cannot be deeper sounded."

This distinguishing individual quality is by no means limited to the department of science, but the same equality pervades the works of all men, whether scientific, literary, or practical. "Shakespeare" says Emerson "will never be made by the study of Shakespeare." Though Homer and Virgil are standard works in the classic to-day, though Shakespeare's Tragedies and Milton's Paradise Lost stand aloof in Literature, there is no flight of imagination that cannot be surpassed by strong and soaring wing.

True, the ancients seem to have been more grateful, to their distinguished characters, than the moderns. Osiris, Isis, Pallas Athena, Hercules, and Bacchus, were, with others, placed among the list of the gods; but the mythological age is past, and these facts should goad the present civilized age, to throw the mantle of a more creditable renown around its heroes and inventors." Here after defining his subject more fully in the abstract, he made an amusing illustration, in acquiring progress, by saying, that to be checkmated is the means of causing the ego to be enlightened in laws of the game, and then said: "It is the highest attainment, of their own in-

dividuality, that plays around the tombs of departed heroes, and as the polar star points out their works, which may guide their sons to a fair haven where they too may rest in the fields of immortality. Has the crisis not arrived when every individual should shake off all depressing fear of any circle of society, and, as free as the air that blows upon the mountain tops, draw the breath of their own individuality in an ideal sphere?"

He took the ground that individuality shows itself early in life, and after illustrating it by referring to a number of noted men, he said: "These few examples may show how it is, that by the exertion of ones' own individuality he may dive deep in the records of experience, and inscribe his name in the book of fame, or, how it is that

"What the child admired,
The youth endeavored and the man ACQUIRED."

Everywhere, victory or the point of progress, has been and is individuality of thought. And the man to-day, who will use his originality, may hold the multitude spellbound, with hidden Aerial qualities, as did the tuneful Orpheus to whose melodies even the ravishing wild beasts lingered and listened. Yet, ages of carelessness and neglect, have left dormant many intellects that might have driven their fiery steeds and glowing chariots through the realms of the unknown; and, after having won wreaths of laurels and traversed illustrious paths, settled in honor and fame on the admired Olympus. Each one has to cast his own lot; it may be among the rare gems of a celestial dome, or, have its destination in the gloomy shades of Proserpine's bower.

Not alone in the Eastern Continent, though rich in her literature, not alone in the New England States "the cradle of civilization" here, has man a right to his own characteristic traits, which are as individual in themselves as the bow that spans the cloud which bears the thunder in its bosom.

If we give our energies to the "highest employments of which our nature is capable," if we are patient, rigidly honest, and hope for the best; then, should we fail to reach the goal of our wishes, we will pass from active existence with the consciousness of having done our best at all times, which is the greatest and truest success to which man can aspire.

Mr. Paul W. Kuhns, the second orator of the Irvings, spoke as follows upon the subject

EBON PICKANINNIES.

The last rays of the setting sun of April 9th, 1865, were giving forth their glow, lighting up the western horizon, when Gen. Robert E. Lee surrendered to Gen. Ulysses S. Grant, and the problem of war was solved. But the great issues settled on the field of Appomattox were simply the preliminaries to a greater question—a question of which the war and its issues were only a part.

The African slave-trade—fit offspring of the ignorance and superstition characterizing the dark ages—it is true, had been driven by the bloody hand of war from the western shores of the Atlantic forever. But hardly had the roar of the cannon died away in the distance when the negro problem thrust itself upon the minds of the American people in plain black and white. Involving numerous intricate points, this many-sided problem requires not only the deepest thought, but also demands the most speedy action.

While in slavery the negroes were deprived of acquiring property, and they were also denied the privileges of an education. Placed upon the block and sold at auction to the highest bidder, generation

after generation of American nativity made little difference to the ebon pickaninnies. His position was a mediator between man and beast. Notwithstanding their condition, their number had increased in 1860 to nearly four millions. To-day the negroes number more than six millions, of whom ninety per cent. are illiterates. Taking these figures and comparing them with statistics, the fact is demonstrated that in a given time a given number of negroes will increase more rapidly than an equal number of whites.

Bounding at a single leap from slavery into freedom, the rights and privileges pertaining to independent manhood were thrust upon this unlettered host without restraint. Invested with the right of franchise, the slave became in public affairs peer with his former master. Into such hands we have given not only the right, but also the power of suffrage. The duties naturally devolving upon the ebon pickaninny in the exercise of this privilege were conferred upon him immediately after his bondage, without any provision for his instruction in the prerogatives of citizenship. Nor was the black able to do this for himself, for he did not have the means of providing his daily bread. Even to-day ninety per cent. of the negroes cannot read the names upon their ballots. This is the question, is it safe to leave the ballot in the hands of the negroes? In a country such as ours this is a vital question. Parties as parties are not interested or concerned in this matter, for party is only an organization to execute the will of the people. This matter lies deeper than mere party spirit; it is concerned with the welfare of the whole country. But something must be done.

The speaker here spoke of the proposals to remove the negroes to Africa, and of disfranchising them, and came to the following conclusion: The problem, therefore, must be solved in the soil that nursed the evil. For this great disease—illiteracy—the only remedy is the education of the negro. Not only is this justifiable, but their desire for the knowledge rivals that of the white man, and consequently makes this course feasible. They see that without knowledge they are not truly freemen, but are the slaves of ignorance. Education is necessary for their welfare. Let the cry be—Down with ignorance! Wipe out illiteracy! Educate the negro! Of course the education of their mental faculties must form the basis, but what they need most is industrial, not ornamental education. They need to be trained in the various mechanical pursuits. * When we consider what few advantages they have had, we may well say they have progressed fast. But they must continue to be industrious. Indolence must not be found in their ranks. Colored dudes as well as other dudes are out of place. This race is confronted with this stern necessity—work or die! * * Education as a means of solving the Negro Problem is feasible, from the social and religious disposition of this people, as well as from their industrial character. The negroes are naturally sociable, musical, humorous and generous. The white cotton fields echo the notes of their song and the hills resound with their peals of laughter, while their generosity often follows the advice of the old German maxim—

"Doest thou a good deed, in the deep let it go;
Though the fishes may not see, yet the Lord will know."

Naturally peaceful, docile and imitative, they are contented no matter what may be their lot.

Now there is a hope for any people who possess good social qualities. This disposition renders them easy of approach and open to suggestions and instruction. The social qualities of the colored race will win

them large numbers of friends, and with true friends the amelioration of their condition will come. This will be through the educational channel. The speaker, having spoken of the religious disposition of the negro, and the influence of their ministers upon the colored race, pointed out our duty to them as given in the inaugural address of President Garfield, and closed his address as follows: Then when we shall have done our duty we shall be rewarded by seeing the negroes of the South tilling their little farms, which are even now beginning to dot the hillsides. Then shall the wretched cabins give way to comfortable dwellings, and the ebon pickaninnies be clothed and fed.

Then shall the moss and the yellow lichens cover the grave of the past, and the memory of these days shall fade away into the distant shadow land of a forgotten past.

Mr. B. A. Dumm, the third speaker of the Webster's, spoke on the subject—

UNKNOWN.

The speaker began by mentioning the desire of man for fame, how some were willing to sacrifice principle to the attainment of it, and how it comes unbidden to some in the exercise of their duty. He then proceeded as follows:—

"But not always does the path of virtue lead to glory. * * Many have been the men who, after having lived lives of self-sacrifice and devotion to their comrades, after having exerted all their energies in their efforts to render this world a little better and to place in the way of others the means of happiness, have been given the cold shoulder when their efforts were expended, and unthankfully left to oblivion and the tender mercies of cruel chance. Many have been the men who, having made some discovery which was of value to the world, have had it snatched from them by their fellow mortals, who usurped the glory and left them to struggle on as best they could—unknown. Thus has base ingratitude ever base treated those who, by their consecration to the right, have been the stepping stones by which the world has made that progress which has given to others the praise bought with the lives of unknown heroes, whose names have sunk into oblivion. * * *

Is there not another class, whose talents, undeveloped, are but as dim tapers, when otherwise they might have shone as the sun at midday? While Fortune smiles upon the unworthy, and bids them seek and find the fulfilment of their highest hopes, she seems sometimes to have overlooked those of more lowly origin but greater capabilities. * * *

Many of those we see around us every day, humbly plodding along content with their lot, are diamonds which need but to be polished to shine with the brightest lustre.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

The speaker then proceeded to describe a nation driven to war, and the soldiers enlisting and marching away to fight for their country. He represented them storming a fortress of the enemy, the desperate conflict and their final victory, "won by the bravery of the common soldiers, brought with the lives of the unknown heroes whose bodies lie in heaps upon the glaciis."

I see there one upon whose face the bloom of youth still lingers. He perhaps was the only son of a widowed mother. There another of more mature years, perchance the husband of a once happy wife, who with her tender children is waiting for his return. A rifle ball has pierced his breast and stilled forever that heart which once did beat so warmly for his country.

There lie two brothers, who advanced side by side, until they were shot down by a volley from the enemy. They died clasped in each other's arms, and their life blood, ebbing slowly away, ran in the same channel till it was absorbed by the mother earth. And there, on another heap, lies an old grayheaded man, his musket still clasped with the grip of death. He will not live to enjoy the fruits of that victory, nor will his name be recorded on the scroll of Fame.

Many there are to spread the names of the officers commanding the victorious army that day. Historians will write of them as leaders to whom the nation owes its victory. Their governments will vote them medals, and if any fell on that bloody field they will be eulogized by national poets, praised by their countrymen, and have monuments erected to their memory by admirers of their valor.

But who is there to sing of the deeds of the common soldiers who perished there unknown? What historian is there to perpetuate the memory of those nameless heroes who relinquished all to die for their country? Is there no one, while Grant, while Johnston, while scores of other chieftains are being loaded with honors, while they are being placed in the legislative halls of our nation, and even some of them in the executive chair, is there no one to say a word for the unknown who at Gettysburg, at Antietam, in the Wilderness, on hundreds of battlegrounds purchased with their heart's blood the happiness of their country? Should they rank less highly in the affections of their countrymen than those whose names have been immortalized? Oh, why are they to whom we owe the most the soonest forgotten?

But think you that those unknown heroes who fell martyrs round their country's flag have perished unrewarded? Were there not angels hovering o'er the battlefields, ready to receive the souls of those whose journey was ended, and clasping them in their arms, to bear them up through the stifling smoke, above the cannon's roar, beyond the clouds; and there, in the jeweled vault of heaven, 'mid the acclamations of countless millions, lead them in triumph to realms of eternal rest? And oh! what a glorious welcome will that white robed throng, standing around Jehovah's throne, give to those who press forward to the end in the path of duty, and, though of lowly lot on earth, theirs will be sceptres and diadems in heaven!

Mr. C. M. Grow, the third speaker of the Irvings, spoke on the following subject: THE ABBÉ DE L'ÉPÉE AND THE EDUCATION OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.

There was born in the city of Versailles, France, in the year 1712, a child whose influence was destined to be felt as long there is a deaf mute to be educated. I speak of Charles Michael de l'Epee, the father of deaf mute education, to whom mutes and their teachers owe the profoundest gratitude for the methodical and ingenious system of signs which has been the means of rescuing thousands from a mental oblivion.

It is true that the possibility of conveying instruction to the minds of the deaf and dumb had begun to assert itself in the sixteenth century, but previous to the time of Abbe de l'Epee, and even during it, the art of teaching those laboring under this calamity was pursued, more as a cunning craft for the benefit of a few individuals, who carefully concealed their modes of operation than as a means of enabling men to alleviate one of the many natural evils to which our race is liable; the Abbe however brought to the work a disinterested benevolence, an ingenious frankness, a patient perseverance, which elevated the art

into a profession, honorable in itself, calculated to enlist men's sympathies and to give to society many brilliant intellects, which had it not been for him had been lost to the world forever.

The speaker then spoke of his youthful training for the ministry, his disappointments, and his final success in the profession which he so earnestly desired to follow, and how he became Canon under the Bishop of Troges, the accident by which he took up the work of teaching the deaf and dumb and the ideas which suggested themselves to him for trial. As it is with many great men, so was it with him. He was ridiculed. The speaker spoke of this in the following manner: "Some people thought him a fool for his pains, and ridiculed his labors; others pitied his infatuation."

After this an account was given of his success; a few statistics showing how the work had flourished; of the manner in which it was being carried on, and closed with the following account of the training they receive and what they are able to do. On quitting the school they are all capable of following a trade or profession. Their apprenticeship begins on their first entering the institution, and is terminated when their education is finished. Deaf mutes will be found to be engaged in all kinds of employments except those in which hearing and speech are indispensable. The loss of hearing is no barrier to learning most trades, and they acquire them with the same facility, and show the same expertness as others. They are able to understand directions given to them, to hold intercourse with others, to express their opinions on ordinary affairs; in short, they are raised from a wretched and forlorn condition to that of intelligent and moral beings. All this is the outgrowth of an unselfish interest that the good Abbe de l'Epee took in the welfare of his fellow men. It has always been my ambition from childhood to be of service to the deaf and dumb, my ambition being first, in a great measure, because my parents are of this class of unfortunates.

If I can follow in the footsteps of the good Abbe, and advance the cause which he has started even one step, I shall be happy in the thought that all my life has not been a failure; that I have been of some use to my fellow men. Perhaps it would not be inappropriate to give a specimen of the sign language as an illustration of the system. I shall therefore end with the Lord's prayer in deaf and dumb. The gentleman closed his oration with this impressive and graceful specimen of the sign language.

The prize of 40,000 francs offered by the French Academy for some certain test of death, to prevent people from being buried alive, was given to a physician who announced that on holding the hand of the supposed dead person to a strong light, if living a scarlet tinge is seen where the fingers touch, showing a continuous circulation of the blood—no scarlet being seen if dead. Dr. Max Busch announces that on contracting a muscle by electricity its temperature will rise and be shown by any small surface thermometer if the person is living; if it does not rise life is extinct.

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