

# COLLEGE RECORD.

Vol. 1.

WESTMINSTER, MD., JUNE 16, 1880.

No. 3.

## Original Poetry.

### CLASS ODE '80.

WRITTEN BY MISS FLORA WILSON.

As here to breathe the fond farewell,  
We for the last time gather,  
Sweet thoughts within our memories dwell  
Which bind us to each other;  
Our school-day scenes were fair and bright,  
And strong the tie that bound us,  
Rich flow'rets bloomed in beauteous light,  
While kind friends gathered round us.

Our feet have wandered up the way,  
That leads from life's sweet dawning,  
And glad hearts beating here to-day  
Lend back the beams of morning;  
These gild the prospect further on,  
And all is brilliant seeming,  
But lessons hard for us to learn  
May spoil our school-day dreaming.

Yet let our aims be noble, pure,  
To heights sublime up-reaching,  
And we shall gain the victory sure:  
Experience always teaching;  
Though grief may oft our bosoms swell,  
Dark shadows o'er us stealing,  
As now when we must say farewell,  
We're sad past all concealing.

We'll miss Instruction's loving voice  
That told us of the portal,  
Where wisdom offers to our choice  
Rich treasures and immortal;  
We'll miss each other, classmates dear,  
But though we now must sever,  
The hope survives our hearts to cheer  
The parting's not forever.

Though here our pleasures pass away,  
And all is vain and fleeting,  
In the bright "land that's far away,"  
We'll have an endless meeting;  
So, as we take the parting hand,  
Be this our mutual token,  
We shall at last together stand,  
Where no farewells are spoken.

### Class-Day Exercises of the Class of 1880.

Tuesday dawned damp and rainy. The atmosphere also suffered a perceptible change, it being much cooler than on Monday. But notwithstanding all this, quite a fair audience assembled about 10 o'clock, A. M., in the College Chapel to witness the Class-Day Exercises of the Senior Class.

The programme was somewhat of a novelty. It consisted of a circular fan, wooden handle. On one side was printed as follows:

Class Day, June 15th, 1880, 10 o'clock, A. M., Western Maryland College. Motto—"Keep Cool."

The exercises on Class Day will be presented in this way. First, Programmes by the Juniors, two, will be distributed, unto you. After which our President Baile will make remarks in some detail. Then our history will be read, telling all facts that can be said, and some fancies blended therewith by our annalist, Joseph Smith. Miss Lizzie Hodges, as you'll see, our Prophetess will truly be, in realms of mystery she will dwell, and all our future lives foretell. The Class of eighty now is done, and to the Class of eighty one, the Annals of so much renown, will at this point be handed down. Then our farewell will be bestowed through Miss F. Wilson's Parting Ode which we the Class will for you chant, and last of all, our Class Stone plant,

On the other:—"Members of Class of '80:—Lizzie L. Hodges, Linnie C. Kimler, Emma M. Selby, Flora E. Wilson, E. S. Bail, W. H. DeFord, L. A. Jarman, W. R. McDaniel, F. C. Klein, J. W. Smith.

On the stage were seated all those named above except Mr. Klein. Miss K. Smith and Mr. J. F. Somers, Juniors, occupied chairs on the right of the platform.

Mr. Baile, the President of the class,

made a bombastic opening address, in which he alluded to the members of the Faculty as being very punctual in their recitation rooms. Himself disliking women, he could not enlighten them with matters appertaining to the young ladies, but would now take the pleasure of introducing at you Mr. Joseph Wells Smith, the historian of the class of '80. Mr. Smith, amid applause, advanced and after a few remarks proceeded to read the history of the class. It was spicily written, exposing the humorous sides of the lives of each. It was divided into eleven chapters; the first, containing a review of the members of the class, the second the exploits of E. S. Baile; the third of Miss Lizzie Hodges; the fourth of W. H. DeFord; the fifth of Miss Linnie Kimler; the sixth, of Mr. L. A. Jarman; the seventh of Miss Martha Emma Selby; the eighth of Rev. F. C. Klein; the ninth of Miss Flora Wilson; the tenth of W. R. McDaniel; the eleventh of Mr. Jos. Smith. The remarks made of each were witty and enjoyable; but of a too trivial and personal nature to be published here. The historian was interrupted all through with applause and laughter.

Miss Lizzie Hodges, the Prophetess, was next introduced. She seated herself in the grove beneath the shade of one of the oak trees. Presently, after continual calling on her part for the curtain to arise which separates the present and future, the tree yawned open, disclosing a figure of diminutive stature. This acts as her guide into fairyland and the realms of the future. This immortal world is one of great grandeur. She gave a lengthy and glowing description of it, which we cannot re-produce here on account of the limited space.

First, her guide leads her through ethereal mists until they hover over the isles of the great Pacific. Here she hears a voice preaching the gospel to the savage. The voice seems familiar. Yes, she even recognizes the earnest face of Rev. F. C. Klein, and discovers that he has found his life work as a missionary to the South Sea Islands.

Next the guide takes her to one of the rich gardens of the gay metropolis of France. A monstrous circus is there; thousands of people crowd in and out. Curiosity impels her onward and in she goes. But who is that swinging on a trapeze in the high air? Now she loosens her hold on that, turns twelve somersaults flying through the air, and catches on to a rope on the other side of the tent. Now she holds the balancing pole, now she ascends the finest of wires, while the vast audience stand breathless with astonishment. But she finishes, and tripping from the arena, throws dainty little kisses to the assembled throng. Then she glides out of sight. Huzzas for Mademoiselle K——rent the air, and the mystery is solved, as the Prophetess sees her old schoolmate, "the queen of the arena."

Her guide next takes her to Mt. Desert Islands. The storms rage, the waves roll high. The land, what there is, is naught but a sterile waste. But yet she sees a human being perched on a rock, and near by a hermit's hut. Hark, he sings. His

song is "Tis the last rose of summer." Now he raves like a wildman, calls on his first love to speak to him. He calms down. He speaks. Yes, the voice is that of Wm. H. DeFord, who when young fixed his affections upon a young and dark-eyed maiden; but notwithstanding his pleading voice she choose to be *Dumm*; and now William H. roves over the rocky plains of Mount Desert, living the life of a hermit, and entirely oblivious of the doings of the busy world.

The guide hastens her on to the State of New York. There, in a rural village, is collected an immense throng. 'Tis a political mass meeting. The scattered Republicans from all over the State have collected. The last presidential election witnessed their disastrous defeat, and the ascendancy of the true principles of Democracy. They have now come together to endeavor to gather sufficient mutual inspiration to remain in their party. An elegantly dressed man, with a red mustache, high collar, patent leather boots and kid gloves addresses the multitude. Hear him, as he says: Culminating, irrevocable unextinguishable exigencies of the circumambient circumstances at present threatening the glorious Republican party." Does she not know the voice, but—"To be thus transubstantiated by the circumventions of the monopolizing party." Certainly she knows the voice. It is that of Lewis A. Jarman. He has become a Republican stump speaker, and as Maryland could furnish him no audience (her people being true Democrats) he had to go to an obscure corner in the State of New York to obtain the desired crowd.

Now her guide leads her in one of the most fashionable churches. The chimes of wedding bells resound while a merry wedding march is played upon the organ. Here comes the happy pair marching side by side down the richly carpeted aisle. They reach the chancel rail. The solemn ceremonies are in progress. Who is that very small bride? As she says in the sweetest voice "I will" behold! the prophetess recognizes her as her old room-mate Miss F. E. W——. The happy couple quit the church and seek their country home in the fertile and scenic regions of Queen Anne's county.

Now her guide leads her in fields of mystic beauty, rich clover, refreshing shade and waving fields of the cereals. Where beauty is most entrancing there stands a large, commodious and hospitable mansion, surrounded by a nicely-kept lawn with beautiful flowers. Under the ivy-covered porch she finds Mr. E. S. Baile with his darling little wife. Yes he has married, and is now a farmer. They have just received a letter from their old friend, Joseph W. Smith, who was once a student at Western Maryland, and then graduated with the highest honors at the Law University, and is now Judge of the Supreme Court at Washington.

Her guide bears her on high amid the clouds. They fly around and at last enter one of the most handsome saloons of Washington. Here beauty, fashion and aristocracy are found. Prominent among them all is a little maid, richly dressed, and talking incessantly. This is Miss

Emma S——, the once plain, practical school girl at W. M. C.

It is June. The day is very bright. Nature is dressed in her brightest livery. The Prophetess finds herself in Westminster. The Western Maryland College has suffered a great change. New buildings have been erected. Improvements in every way have been effected. It is Commencement Day. The Salutatory has been delivered, and now a silvery haired old gentleman, with long flowing beard, gives the graduating class the diplomas. This is W. R. McDaniel. Dr. Ward, enfeebled by old age, was compelled to resign the Presidency of the institution, and the Board of Trustees elected this able, eloquent, and energetic gentleman to fill the vacancy.

Again the guide and herself come to the oak tree from whence they had started. In vain does she seek to know her own future. The quarter bell rings and she ends the prophesy.

Of course applause and laughter followed nearly every sentence. The Prophesy was elegantly written, contained the choicest of delicate description, and was read in a clear and easily audible voice. We have only given a running connection of it all.

"The Handing Down of the Annals" followed. The History was handed down by Mr. Joseph W. Smith to Mr. J. Fletcher Somers; and the Prophesy by Miss L. L. Hodges to Miss Katie Smith.

The Class Ode, which is given above, and is the composition of Miss Flora Wilson, was sung, after which the class with the audience proceeded to the planting of the Class Stone. Mr. W. R. McDaniel delivered the following address upon unveiling it:

*Ladies and Gentlemen:*—We have repaired to this spot to pay the last tribute to those days which mingled with delight, have so lately departed and borne on their pinions sacred memories to the far off land of the past—to plant here the memorial of the Class of 1880 in commemoration of them, and in perpetuation of these pathetic remembrances which cling so closely around them. The scene—a grassy sward beneath our Alma Mater's eye; the time—when the sun as our life is purpling in the zenith; the spectators—our kind friends gathered around; the participants—we, ourselves, who must be so soon unclasped, but not a broken band,—all, render the occasion the most engaging and the most auspicious.

We stand here as mourners at the grave of the past. Here we bring recollections hallowed by many a sweet hour of toil. Here we bury our schooldays with all their connections, and to their ashes we say—peace, and to their memory *esto perpetua*. Here we bring the homage of our hearts and lay it at their shrine. Here we centralize our affections from whence will radiate the sweet influence which will pervade us. Here we confide the key that will unlock many an alcove of memory's hall—a simple, unpretending marble shaft, pure and white from the Sculptor's chisel. This will speak its silent, and all the more impressive language, to the future visitors

CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.

# The College Record.

L. R. MEEKINS, EDITOR.

WESTMINSTER, MD., JUNE 16, 1880.

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## The Oratorical Contest Between the Irving and Webster Literary Societies.

Tuesday evening was devoted to the Oratorical Contest between the two male Societies of the College, each of which was represented by three speakers. On account of the rain it was held in the chapel instead of the pavilion. The audience was large and appreciative. The orators were the recipients of several handsome floral tributes. Selections from each of the orations are subjoined:

Mr. C. B. Taylor, President of the Irving Society, introduced Mr. Kuhns, the first speaker of the evening. This gentleman had a fine oration, and delivered it in a forcible manner. It contained a full clear, statement of the Indian question, and showed more than usual talent in the study of the subject, which was

### THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

Many theories have been advanced to account for the origin of the American Indians. Some of them are mere bubbles, that break at a single touch. But nothing of a certain character is known about their origin. The only account of them is had from the legends, and oral traditions that remain, and are more or less fabricated, and in the relics of by gone ages. Their hieroglyphics, unlike those of other nations, remain uninterpreted, and a deep darkness rests on the antique records of America with not one ray of light to dispel the gloom that has settled around them. He then proceeded to say that the Indians possess their land not only by Divine right but also by priority of possession—a right respected by all nations. The white's claim this country by right of conquest.

While we cannot enlighten them, as we would desire, we often feel a complacency in thinking that the government provides for her Wards by giving them annuities, which are nothing more than dues. Speaking of the Indian Bureau he said that it reached the height of mal-administration during the management of the lately deposed commissioner of Indian Affairs. The Indians are subject to the will of one man, which brings with it many troubles and difficulties.

We also made treaties with them promising them lands alone. The whites, nevertheless, encroached on their reservations. The Red man can complain to the government in vain, and when just compensation is demanded it is not received.

They are compelled to leave their lands and move on. They are driven by force of arms from their native climes to northern or southern climates, as in the case of the Cherokees, Nez Per, Cheyennes and Poncas.

The Indians should have a clearly defined code of laws, and a policy that will work as well in practice as in theory. They should have statutes such as have marked the advancement of all tribes, and classes of people toward civilization, and such as protect them in their rights. They should have a standing before the law. To do this he must be made accountable to it, and given its protection, and look to it

and not to the law of retaliation for the security of his rights. The recent negotiations with the Utes is the nearest advance toward making them citizens that has ever been made. They hold lands, not as tribes, but as individuals, and it is given to them free, inalienable, and untaxable for twenty five-years.

If government will allow a school boy to make a suggestion he would make one like this:

Let government gather all the tribes into a district of country, and assign to each tribe a province. Give each individual his portion of land, and protect him by force in his rights of life, liberty and property. Establish courts of justice with statutes clearly defined for them. Then give them some practical assistance toward civilization. Then gradually accustom them to being taxed, and to pay their own expenses, and give them an insight into the management of affairs, thus making them self sustaining. Whatever is done they should be treated kindly.

Mr. L. R. Meekins, of Cambridge, Md., the first speaker of the Websters, was then introduced by Mr. J. W. Kirk, the President of the Society. His subject was

### THE PRESS

He started out by saying that the *Acta Diurna* of the Romans was the prototype, on a small scale, of the modern newspaper; and after speaking of the progress of the art of printing, the influences that it exerted, the intellectual and mechanical agency that it generated, and the benefits that accrued from its discovery, he defined his subject, and proceeded as follows:

The Press has by its enterprise and enlightenment promoted the progress of society. It has educated the public mind. It has become the schoolmaster of the people, and the engine of modern progress not impaired, but gathering new power from all the arts, and daily clothing itself in the loudest thunders. It is that power that lights and moves the world. It spreads a knowledge of a higher and more enduring civilization broadcast over the land, and furnishes an agency of communication and action that enables a country to place in its literature, its sciences, and its arts the highest exertions of the most powerful minds of its whole people. \* \* \* The Press, taken in all its bearings is one of the most wonderful, and useful of modern institutions. It absorbs all other forms of printing and embodies every description of intellectual effort. It ever advances human interests. It builds up our institutions. It chronicles our national and our international history. It aminates mankind. It resuscitates fallen industries. It discusses current topics. It disseminates intelligence. It collates and distributes news. It sustains christianity by promulgating the gospel. It wins journalistic triumphs by the exposure of political frauds. It regales the senses of the lovers of song or poetry by a "posey fresh blown from the garden of the muses." It sends truths into the distances and depths of society that have hitherto remained unexplored. It is the champion of liberty, the friend of virtue and the advocate of the injured.

"It speaks to eyes and paints embodied thought, And its dead letters thus with living notions fraught, Prove to the soul the telescope of thought."

\* \* \* "At this period of reaction it is not uncommon to hear persons denounce the unbridled press along with other incidents of freedom, and wish for some measure of restraint. Nothing could be more absurd or short sighted. The press being a human institution is a great sinner of course. Some have even gone as far as to desire its utter extermination. Cyrus, as

the historian Heroditus relates, irreparably impaired the utility of the Gyndis river that benefited thousands living upon its banks, because his sacred horse, through its own stbourness, was drowned in it. So these press denunciators, because some cherished and petted scheme of theirs, by its own silliness, is borne down by the uncompromising press, wish to destroy a stream, that benefits millions in a thousand ways, and upon the very merits of which multitudes feed."

He closed his remarks by paying a compliment to the newspaper fraternity, and by making a summary of his former points.

The oration of Mr. G. W. Todd, of Salisbury, Md., which followed, was patriotic to the core, pregnant with substantial thoughts, substantially and elegantly expressed.

His subject was

### OUR COUNTRY.

After comparing America with her sisterhood across the Atlantic, Mr Todd said:

My proud, beautiful land, the spirit of your dream has not been changed—your lofty aspiration has been realized. We no longer ask favor of other nations but demand admittance into their national councils, as a power wholly indispensable to their wellbeing. In variety of climate and scenery for every land, she has a counterpart. The indolent Italian can bask under skies as bright as in his own historical Rome. The vintage song will call the merry Frenchman to as bountiful a harvest as that of his own sunny France. Here the hardy Swiss can climb the rugged heights of the Rocky Mountains and find his mighty Alps portrayed in all their sublime grandeur. The grave Scotchman will find his Locklomond, and the witty Irishman his Killarney, equalled, if not surpassed by our own picturesque lakes. This broad domain, this queen of lands, abounding in all the resources of wealthy productions, like a kind foster mother holds out her capacious arms to the oppressed of other lands, and bids them come to share our glory and our blessings, to help us to be what we are fast becoming, the most prosperous and powerful nation on the globe. Rome may boast of her Cæsar and her Cicero. Greece may glory in the deeds of her Leonidas. England's pride may be inflated by contemplating the long line of her noble sovereigns. But it is our proud privilege to bow in silent adoration at the very name of our illustrious Washington, the invincible chieftain, the mild, unassuming, christian gentleman, the incorruptible statesman, the father of his country. In speaking of Washington he said:—In triumph, we glory in him. In adversity, we reverence him. In his country's hour of need he never forsook her, but when the measure of his fame was full, he resigned her to the keeping of other hands that posterity might have the example of the brightest star which shines in that bright galaxy, formed of her lustrous sons. It was he with his copatriots who clothed her in the beautiful vestments of constitutional and religious liberty and handed her down to us the most priceless boon that was ever transmitted from sire to sons. \* \* \* \* Men of eighty! yours is a sacred and fearful trust. We demand of you that our country when placed in our keeping shall be cleansed from every pollution which is so offensive to every true lover of our free institutions. We demand of you honest and upright law-givers, and officers who will not dare disobey the voices of the American people. If you have the timidity to prove recreant to your charge, we will not despair, but in the strength of early budding manhood, we

will burst asunder the bands of avarice, which now hold some of our leaders in its deadly coils that are as fatal to the glory of our country as the death-grasp of the boa-constrictor is to the life of the victim which his powerful body entwines. We must arouse our people from the lethargy that has fallen on their conscience, from the deep draught they have been quaffing at the shrine of the idol which they have made their God, the love of display. We must buckle on the armor of honest and upright principles and sally forth to do or to die. The vase may be broken; the golden petals of the vase may be scattered, but the calyx still remains. We will gather a cluster of the richly swelling buds from the debris, and entwine with a garland of the most exquisite hot-house exotics to encircle the base that is still left, and deck our country in apparel more honorable than royal attire, and present her to future generations, a virtuous daughter worthy of her honored parentage. After speaking of the bright anticipations of future greatness and prosperity he said: Every cloud that looms up in our political horizon to obscure the lustre of its noon-day brightness, is to the crowned heads of Europe fraught with more beauty than all the prismatic splendor of the covenant rainbow. Whilst we preserve our free institutions, we hold up an example to European nations that makes each throne quiver and dims the lustre of the brightest gem that sparkles in their diadem. Columbia! be true to yourself, crush that hydra-headed monster despotism in its birth, that we may not only be the pride and glory of the world, but the greatest civil blessing to mankind. We will let tyrants reign over hereditary bondsmen. But,

"The star spangled banner, O long may she wave O'er the land of the free and home of the brave."

The second orator of the Webster Society, Mr. H. L. Elderdice of Burrsville, Md., was next introduced. His oration showed careful preparation, a deep study of the character of the subject, was choicely worded, well delivered, and, in every respect, a fitting tribute to the dead poet whose memory he would seek to perpetuate:—

### ROBERT BURNS.

He opened his address by giving a short biographical sketch of the life of Burns, in which were described his early life, remarkable career, and untimely death. He then said:

As a genius, Scotland can show none equal; as a natural poet, the world can show none greater. Other poets possessed education, culture and refinement; he had not the advantages of these, but Nature claimed him as her own while education, culture and refinement stood aside and gazed in wonder at the simple bard.

No poet had a life so short, so eventful and so tragical as had the unfortunate Robert Burns. The scenes in the drama of his life are many and varied: to-day we see an awkward farmer within the furrow, to-morrow a polished gentleman dining with a duchess; to-day a rural songstersinging to the simple peasants, to-morrow a bard holding Edinburg entranced with melody; to-night an unknown youth in stable loft passing the midnight hour in composing his poetic strains, to-morrow night a famous poet reading his songs to a wondering world; now surrounded by friends and happiness, and then left alone to die in poverty and neglect. No poet has been so unkindly criticised as has the ill-fated bard of Scotland; he has been misjudged and his sins have been greatly magnified, but now, that the clouds of

prejudice have rolled away, we see him in a fairer light, for true worth cannot be injured by cruel words of calumny.

"The good are better made by ill,  
As odors crushed are sweeter still."

But I would not draw too bright a picture of his character and hide his faults, for he, like other men, was human and had his failings, and we cannot exclaim with Goldsmith:

"And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side."

But when we look at the circumstances which whirled him from the path of virtue, we are compelled to cast over him the mantle of charity. Without time for reflection and upon the impulse of the moment he fell a victim to the social habits of the day, drank with delight the intoxicating cup and found too late that it had been a fatal one. Disappointment in love partly prompted him to plunge blindly into those scenes of revelry which tainted the purity of his soul; so, gentle lady, before you judge my hero unkindly, remember that it was a fair hand that turned the current of his life. Then

"Be to his virtues very kind,  
Be to his faults a little blind."

When we look at the gifted, true-hearted Robert Burns, "The Shakespere of Scotland," he is elevated to a lofty place in our estimation, for, unaided, he arose from the dark valley of obscurity to the summit of renown; from the lowest birth to rank and station; and from the star that shone in country homestead to the brightest luminary in the galaxy of nations. Fresh from the hand of Nature he sang the humor, the pathos, the beautiful and the sublime of Highland scenes and woke that realm where British Muse had never dared to come. He did not wander away to foreign lands for inspiration, but he painted the humble scenes of Scotland, sang the memory of her patriots and immortalized the manners of her simple peasant. Though he had not the imagination of a Dante, the sublimity of a Milton, or the polish of a Tennyson, yet he had a heart that throbbed in unison with all mankind and a voice that spake the sentiment of every human heart. Though his genius was great, his intellect vigorous, and his body muscular, yet his heart was as tender as a woman's, and some of his sweetest songs were sung in pathetic strains. We see the kind-hearted poet while ploughing in the field upturn a mouse's nest and then weep at its misfortune; when his ploughshare tears up a mountain daisy and crushes it into the dust at his feet we see the tears of sorrow streaming down his sunburned cheeks. He was love's truest bard and no poet ever sang of disappointed love with as true a pathos and feeling as does Robert Burns in his sad and touching song, "Along the banks and braes o' bonnie Doon."

His Scottish songs excel his poems and find a welcome chamber in every human heart. As long as time shall be the gay and jovial party in breaking up the midnight revelry will grasp hands in the parting shake and sing the well-known song of "Auld Lang Syne." The gray-haired wife will look with sunken eyes upon her husband's wrinkled face and whisper:

"John Anderson my jo', John,  
We clamb the hill thegither,  
And monie a canty day, John,  
We've had wi' ane anither.  
Now we maun totter down, John,  
But hand in hand we'll go,  
And sleep thegither at the foot  
John Anderson my jo'."

In speaking of the ladies, Burns is the most gallant of poets and they should thank him for the richest compliment ever bestowed upon their sex by sentimental songster when he sings:

"Auld Nature swears the lovely dears  
Her noblest work she classes, O,  
Her prentice han' she tried on man,  
And then she made the lasses, O."

Mr. E. P. Leech, the last speaker of the Irving Society was now introduced. His oration showed an exhaustive analysis of his subject, a thorough study of the details and a marked choice of language. He delivered it in an effective manner, and was warmly applauded. He took for his subject the motto of the Irving Literary Society:

JUNCTA JUVANT.  
(UNION IS STRENGTH.)

After portraying the downfall of the Roman Empire, as it fell a prey to its own corruption, Mr. Leech said:—What an impressive warning do the nations of antiquity whisper to posterity. From the chaos of faded grandeur comes the low, distinct dirge of departed nations, whose knell was rung by the iniquitous hand of corruption. To-night, it comes down the long, sepulchral vista of the ages, and pleads with the flourishing governments of to-day. Determined to prosecute its mission to the end of Time, as the factions of discord increase, as the sombre clouds of fraternal isolation roll 'round the present administrations, its tones increase in volume and impetuosity. Greece caught its echos, heeded not, and fell. To-day, its administrations sweep o'er the Persian in his flowery clime, and resound among the luxuriant cities of the French Republic. Will they heed, and crush the devastating influence of discord? The issues of the nineteenth century will respond. Union is the only hope of a nation's maintenance. It is the central pillar upholding the grand edifice of a true government. In storm and calm, in political agitation and governmental quietude, the star of union should shine in resplendent beauty, amid the constellations that deck the firmament of state. In speaking of the future of America, he said:—If sectional animosity cease to exist, and ring policy receives its due censure, if an unsullied confederation characterizes our progress, the future of America can be but a glorious one.

Speeding on the wings of fancy, drawing my deductions from a careful contemplation of the past, and gently uplifting the mysterious veil which separates the present and the future, behold! 1980 presents a happy scene. I see every territory a State; new accessions of domain; the great West rivalling the Atlantic emporiums, by reason of increased immigration to Pacific slopes. I view the American navy and our merchant vessels represented in every foreign port and capitol; our commerce extended, ships from every clime bound for Columbia laden with foreign merchandise, and receiving in return the products of our soil. I behold the broad and fertile fields of America, rich with the golden grain of harvest, waving at noontide, while the feathered songster of the meadow chirrup his harvest song, and warbles in promising notes the praises of American industry. The increased number of schools and sanctuaries dotting every portion of the country, proclaim to the world that this is a nation of superior intellectual culture and sincere reverence. A nation, where scientific investigation, the progressive spirit of invention, and profound philosophical research, merits the keenest appreciation and unlimited regard. \* \* \* \* But as a grand background to the happy picture, I see every State united in heart and hand; political animosity held in check by patriotic impulses; every executive edict influenced by an honorable motive; legislative enactment promptly checking every rising inconsistency; legal severity and judicial censure causing the mountain-bandit, irreputable trickster and presumptuous robber to seek climes more

congenial to their nefarious designs; christianity binding all together until the unsullied ensign of America shall recall the public defaulter, and cause the political demagogue to exclaim, *it is well*. Integrity, honor, independence and union are the fundamental factors of a true government. That her deeds may be valorous, and her accomplishments exalted, she must possess these. To withstand the aggressions and mutations of Time, to stand impregnable to the tempestuous gales of envy and contention, she must be upright to her God, honorable in her foreign relations, independent in her sentiments of virtue, and united by the strongest ties of sympathy and regard.

Mr. E. A. Warfield, of Urbana, Md., next stepped forward, and held the undivided attention of the audience throughout the delivery of his well-written and highly enjoyable oration entitled

THE PATH OF GLORY.

The substance of his introduction was as follows:—There is a principle in the human mind that regards with admiration only the moving, growing and cheering thing in the physical as well as the moral world. We are surrounded by beauty and glory, and having within us a fondness for the same, it is natural for us to delight in them. When such is brought in our view in its most pleasing and animating form, in the shape of the useful life, the high purpose, the undaunted spirit and the exemplary character, feelings of pleasure naturally arise in our bosoms. He then said,

"We are not so much surprised at the regularity and harmony that everywhere exist in the material world when we learn that unchanging laws govern all its operations, and which perform their functions according to divine direction, and, that even the beasts of the field, the fish of the sea, and the fowls of the air, are guided by that wonderful characteristic of their nature—instinct. But we know this is not the case with man. No immutable law lifts him up from his low estate, and crowns his life with glory and honor, no natural principle of his being directs him to partake alone of those things which are conducive to his comfort, to seek congenial climes, or dwell alone in those spheres designed for him by his Maker. If he, by rising through one degree of excellence after another, takes his stand among the useful and honored of earth, he must accomplish it by governing his own life—giving proper scope to that despotic power, the will.

Among the different lives viewed and studied, it is the one distinguished for its high purpose, noble qualities, and which holds in check inordinate passions, that receives praise and honor, and which merits that real glory which springs from the silent conquest of self, and that onward, upright progress, without which the conqueror is naught but the first slave. Fame may waft the name through many generations and millions may hear of it, but unless accompanied by a praiseworthy life, how low down sinks the individual. To have a name alone that dwells upon the noisy tongues of men is far from receiving their praise, for all the "phantoms fleeting in the mists of time, though meagre all, and ghostly thin, the most unsubstantial, unessential shade is earthly fame." He who at all time struggles with all his powers to be just and honest, he whose life is actuated by true principles, he who lives for mankind and not for himself, he who surmounts every difficulty, however formidable, laughing at the storms he meets, and boldly presses his way up the mountain-

steep of life, need not be surprised to know that the world acknowledges him a hero, and that his life is crowned with never-fading laurels. Marked, indeed, is the difference between that astonishing, heart-chilling fame that gathers around the name of him who lives for self, and that true glory which follows the man of honest integrity, who lives for his country, his God, and his fellowman. The one has but a name, the other has a name, and along with it sublime actions, pure words and a noble life, all of which are borne to the farthest bounds of the earth, and call forth from mankind everywhere a simultaneous burst of praise and admiration, which blend in one harmonious strain of glory and honor. Whatever be his station in life, whether toiling in the sweat of his brow for his daily bread, surrounded by wealth and happiness, or laboring in the acquisition of knowledge; the honest man, discharging all his duties, both public and private, both open and secret, with the most scrupulous, heaven-attesting integrity, and as a result having driven from his bosom all little, sordid, debasing considerations of self, and having substituted in their place a bolder, loftier spirit, is treading that path which is lighted by glory of the truest kind."

"Why don't you get even with him," was asked of a Prep., whose schoolmate was in the habit of hectoring him? and the wise young man replied:—"I never cross the tease for fear he might dot my eyes."

*Freshman in Algebra*:—While the professor's back is turned, (in a whisper:) "Say, how do you get the quantity out from under the radical?" *Consoling Freshman*:—"Rub it out."—*Ec.*

*Prof. in Chemistry*:—"Give me an illustration of an oxide." *Voracious Sophomore*:—"The beef we had for breakfast is about as good a specimen of ox hide as I would wish to see."

Truth crushed to the earth will rise again. But if it be crushed to the earth it lies. And if it lies it cannot be the truth. Therefore it cannot rise again.

"Nothing," says Col. Forney, "so quickly dries up a woman's tears as a kiss." Ladies who are about to weep will please apply at this office. Consultation free.

*Prof. in Mathematics*:—"Mr. X, please proceed." *Somnolent Junior (remembering last night's studies)*:—"I make it next." He goes it alone before the faculty.

A Freshman propounds the conundrum:—"If all persons who sneeze are sneezers, is a person who sees a Caesar?" It's an sneezy thing to answer.

"Now, Mr. B., you have told us all but one thing concerning the compass, now what is it?" "I needle little help on that, Professor."

The following sentence of 34 letters contains all the letters in the alphabet:—"John quickly extemporized five tow bags."

The whole number of colleges in the United States is about 425, or about one to a little more than 100,000 inhabitants.

John Randolph used to say that he would not give much for a man who could not spell a word more than one way.

to this consecrated spot. Let its number, the tenth, tell the number of the Class. Let its proximity to the cloistered walls be indicative of our nearness and dearness to them. Let its firm base by symbolical of the foundation we have tried to lay. Let its solidity be representative of our solidity in life. Let its purity represent our purity of heart. Let its front in neatly chiselled letters tell the heedless passer-by it is the Class of '80. Let further inspection show engraven on its *Spectemur Agendo* while it bears upon its left "*En Panta Excatei Talatheii*"—the mottoes of our male and female divisions. Let these combined teach the guiding of our way.

Miss Flora Wilson and Mr. W. H. DeFord then advanced and encircled it with a handsome wreath of fragrant flowers.

The stone is a handsome marble monument, with square base supporting a square obelisk with tapering ends. In front is engraved the words "Class of 1880." On the right side are the names of the female portion of the class, surrounded by the motto "*Spectemur Agendo*." (Let us be known by our acts.) On its left the names of the six gentlemen, under the motto in Greek:—"*En Panta Excater Talatheii*." The stone is the largest, as well as the handsomest that has ever been erected by any class of the college.

#### PERSONAL.

A REQUEST.—As it is desired to mention in this column all those persons visiting Westminster, with a view of attending Commencement Exercises, subscribers and others will confer a great favor upon *The Record* by informing it of such arrivals.

#### ARRIVALS.

Miss Mamie Hodges, Miss Annie Gemmell, Miss Allie Wilson, Miss Mollie McDaniel, Miss Mamie McKinstry, Mrs. T. H. Lewis, Mr. T. H. Jarman and lady, Rev. P. Light Wilson, Jas. W. Thompson, A. M., Rev. S. V. Leech, D. D., Mr. Leech, Mr. J. T. DeFord.

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