

COLLEGE RECORD.

Vol. 1.

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No. 4.

Original Poetry.

Written for the College Record.

TO-MORROW.

A hand divine draws out the line
Of human life's short measure,
And one by one, each fleeting sun
Diminishes the treasure.
With rapid tide our moments glide
Into eternal ages;
We're babes to-day, we laugh and play—
To-morrow we are sages.
We strive to clasp with eager grasp,
The moments ere they reach us,
And in our haste we rudely waste
God's agencies to teach us.
We fret because kind Heaven's laws,
In doling out our living,
Ne'er render two swift moments due
While each breath *singly* giving.
We often play the hours away
In mirth that brings us sorrow;
And in our glee, we think to be
More thoughtful of the *morrow*.
In love with self, we strive for self,
Both time and money borrow;
On ruin's brink, we madly think
To pay our debts to-morrow.
Each short to-day, we throw away.
By childish dreams elated,
Nor do we know with how much woe
The morning may be freighted.
The soul's deep gloom to hope gives room,
Joy takes the place of sorrow,
If, when the night enshrouds the light,
Faith sees a *bright to-morrow*.
Our hopes, our fears, our smiles, our tears,
Our words of solemn warning,
All overlook to-day's stern truths,
In picturing the *morning*.
The fitful gleam of death's cold stream,
Seems but the darkness breaking;
We cease to weep—we sink to sleep,
And trust a joyous waking.
The restless wheel of time's great reel,
Winds up the cord that holds us;
Life yields to death our fainting breath—
Eternity enfolds us.

C. T. W.

Western Maryland College, June 15, 1880.

The Distribution of Medals and Certificates.

The students assembled in the College Chapel yesterday morning at 10 o'clock, to hear the reading of the grades in studies, and to receive certificates and medals. After the grades were read, the following were presented with certificates for superior scholarship. Belle's Lettres: Misses Laura J. Bishop, Loulie Cunningham, K. Goodhand, L. L. Hodges, May Meredith, Bessie E. Miller, Emma Selby, L. F. Stalnacker, Flora E. Wilson, and Messrs. Harry Baughman, W. H. DeFord, Frank Elgin, G. Y. Everhart, E. L. Gies, W. Gist, J. W. Kirk, L. M. Kuhns, W. R. McDaniel, C. R. Miller, G. W. Todd. Ancient Languages:—Misses Laura Bishop, M. E. Myers, M. E. Selby, Laura F. Stalnacker, F. E. Wilson, and Messrs. Harry Baughman, G. Y. Everhart, E. L. Gies, G. Gist, J. W. Kirk, C. R. Miller, C. B. Taylor, Tommie Wood. Physical Science:—Misses Laura Bishop, K. Goodhand, L. L. Hodges, H. Holliday, Linnie Kimbler, May Meredith, Bessie E. Miller, Emma Selby, L. Stalnacker, Flora E. Wilson, and Messrs. Harry Baughman, W. H. DeFord, H. L. Elderdice, E. L. Gies, L. A. Jarman, J. W. Kirk, A. Linthicum, W. R. McDaniel, L. R. Meekins, C. R. Miller, J. F. Summers, G. W. Todd. In Mathematics:—Misses F. B. Diffebaugh, S. A. V. Kneller, A. C. Rippard, Laura Bishop, K. Goodhand, L. L. Hodges, May Meredith, Bessie E. Miller, Mary E. Myers, M. E. Selby, J. Smith, L. F. Stalnacker, Flora Wilson, and Messrs. Harry Baughman, J. Cunningham, F. Elgin, E. L. Gies, G. Gist, W. Gist, L. A. Jarman, J. W. Kirk, W. R. McDaniel, C. R. Miller. Mental

and Moral Science:—Misses L. L. Hodges, Bessie Miller, E. Selby, K. Goodhand, J. Smith, Flora Wilson, and Messrs. W. H. DeFord, L. A. Jarman, W. R. McDaniel, C. R. Miller, J. F. Somers. In French: Misses Laura Bishop, Loulie Cunningham, K. Goodhand, L. L. Hodges, May Meredith, Bessie Miller, E. Selby, F. Wilson. English Branches, Preparatory Department:—Miss F. B. Diffebaugh. Those receiving distinction for having acquired no demerits during the year, were as follows:—Misses F. B. Diffebaugh, Irene Everhart, L. A. Frizell, Katie Goodhand, H. K. Grumbine, Florence Hering, L. L. Hodges, Linnie Kimbler, Sadie Kneller, Alverta Lamotte, May Meredith, Bessie E. Miller, M. E. Myers, May Nicodemus, Janie Norment, C. E. Rippard, M. E. Selby, K. Smith, J. Smith, L. F. Stalnacker, N. Warner, F. Wilson, Carrie Yingling, and Messrs. Harry Baughman, J. W. Bond, H. C. Cowan, J. Cunningham, J. H. Everhart, F. Fenby, J. W. Gill, F. S. Grumbine, J. T. Hering, B. W. Kindley, J. W. Kirk, L. M. Kuhns, Jesse Shreeve, C. E. Stouffer, J. F. Thompson, Tommie Wood.

The award of medals was next in order. The Preparatorian Medal, donor unknown, was awarded to Mr. George W. Gist of Westminster; the Freshman—Kuhns' Medal donated, by Rev. W. H. Kuhns of this city, was granted to Mr. J. W. Kirk of Alexandria, Va.; the Sophomore Medal given by Rev. Dr. Leech, to Mr. E. L. Gies, Reisterstown, Md.; the Mrs. Jones Female Freshman Medal, given by Mrs. S. M. F. Jones, music teacher of the College, to Miss Laura J. Bishop, Hillsborough, Md.; the Music Medal, donated by Miss Lottie Owings, to Miss Florence G. Hering.

A prize from Mrs. Jones was awarded to Miss Jennie Smith, of this city, for faithful practice and proficient skill in music.

For the prize Essay Medals there were nine competitors. The first prize, which was "McCaulay's History of England," in five volumes, was awarded to Mr. C. C. Hopper, of Centreville, Md., author of "Sunrise and Sunset of Existence." The second—Works of Dante—to Mr. Hugh L. Elderdice, of Burrsville, Md., author of "Shams."

Rev. Mr. Kuhns has offered another medal to the one who may receive the highest grade at the end of the next scholastic year.

Meeting of the Alumni Association.

The annual meeting of this association was held in College Parlor yesterday morning. It was called to order by the President, F. H. Shriver, '73, and opened with prayer by Prof. Geo. W. Devilbiss. Thirty-five members responded to roll call. The members of Class of '80, were admitted into the association. After other business, the following officers for the ensuing term were elected: J. W. Miles, Pres.; C. H. Baughman, V. P.; Miss Martha Smith, Sect.; J. H. Smith, Assistant Sect.; Miss Alice Fenby, Treasurer. Mr. Winfield S. Amos, '77, of Baltimore, was unanimously chosen as orator for '81, and Miss Janie M. Bratt, '74 as essayist.

Society Re-Unions Yesterday.

BROWNING.

At 3 o'clock the Browning Literary Society met in their pleasant hall to hold their Annual Reunion. The room was quite filled, and among the bright young faces of the present members we were glad to see quite a number of visitors of exactive members. Miss Owings, Preceptress, and Mrs. Jones, Instructress, in Music. Miss M. Smith represented the Class of '76, Miss M. Devilbiss Class of '77, Miss A. Wilson '78, and Miss Mollie Lankford, M. McKinstry and L. Trump Class of '79. The meeting was a success in every way.

First, Miss K. Smith in her usual and graceful manner in a few well chosen words welcomed all present.

This was followed by a recitation from Miss Miller. Miss Miller's efforts in this line are marked by the perfect conception of the part and identification of herself with the character she is portraying. Her voice is clear and melodious, her emphasis correct and all her movements free and graceful.

Miss Flora Jones read the Model Sermon with all the humor, for which she is fast developing marked talent. Miss Flora Wilson followed with a recitation showing a soldier "Wounded" dying on the battle field, who, in the midst of pain and suffering could exult at the victory of "the right," and dying rejoice that death came in the midst of duty. All felt the power of her rendering and could almost see the touching scenes she depicted.

Miss Emma Nicolson followed with a poem, called "The Weaver." The idea conveyed in this piece is beautiful, and the reader must have felt the beauty, or she could never have so impressed her audience.

The literary part of the entertainment closed with Miss Martha Smith's pathetic recitation "After the Battle." This poem is well known and is pregnant with deep pathos.

Refreshments, bountiful quantities, were enjoyed by all, and so closed an afternoon of great social pleasure and intellectual benefit.

IRVING.

Revelling in the smiles of a June-day sun, the honorary, ex-active, and active members of I. L. S. yesterday, at 2 p. m., convened in the Society Hall to celebrate their annual re-union. The renewal of old ties of friendship, the narration of hallowed scenes of past history, and treasured incidents which have characterized her progress, render these occasions dear to all who have manned the "old ship" of Irving in storm and calm. The tap of the gavel and the authoritative voice of President Taylor called the meeting to order. Dr. Leech of Frederick City, Md., led in prayer. The exercises were opened by a welcome address by Mr. C. R. Miller. While Mr. Miller has always enjoyed the enviable reputation of being an able and a fluent speaker, yesterday, perhaps, witnessed one of the grandest efforts of his history. His speech abounded in happy sentiment, replete with eloquence. Mr. J. W. Norris then held the attention of his auditors, as with marked expressive force and gesture he read "Byzantium." Mr. T. S. Woods next declaimed a well

chosen humorous selection. Mr. W. M. Gist, acquitted himself creditably, as with an unusual amount of earnestness and gravity he read to the great enjoyment of those present, a selection whose caption was, "Babies." Dr. Leech then spoke, followed by the ex-active and active members of whom the bright faces of Profs. Devilbiss, Wright and Herring, Messrs. J. W. Miles, T. J. Wilson, Daniel Baker, S. B. Southerland, Jr., and others, gladdened the members by their presence. Many of the speeches were very fine indeed, and combined thought with touches of pathos. Mr. F. H. Schaeffer was deputed to bid farewell to the Seniors, Messrs. J. W. Smith and E. S. Baile, and acquitted himself in a manner which could hardly have been surpassed. Everything passed off happily, and after renewing the ties of faithful membership, active and ex-active members passed from the hall feeling that "it was good to be there."

WEBSTER.

At about two o'clock the members of the Webster Literary Society convened in the large and commodious chapel to hold its ninth annual re-union. A long table loaded with the choicest delicacies and ornamented with fragrant flowers stood in the centre of the room, while just back of President Kirk's seat was stationed the bust of Webster in full view of all, and at one side hung a life-size picture of him surmounted by an arch bearing those immortal words "I still live." President J. W. Kirk opened the literary programme with his well-adapted opening address. Mr. C. C. Hopper then read a piece entitled "Shelling Peas." This was a humorous production, well-read and highly appreciated. The essay "Shams" of Mr. H. L. Elderdice, which followed, was interesting, amusing and instructive. He treated separately and exhaustively personal, social, religious and political shams. Rev. Dr. Leech at this juncture made a few highly entertaining remarks, which were received with considerable applause. Rev. Dr. J. L. Elderdice now arising, read the "Re-Union" poem. His subject was "Progressiveness of Development," divided into three heads, I—Discouragement and Doubt; II—Dawning, Hope; and III—Faith, Triumphant. This was in the highest degree meritorious, and evidenced a mature poetical ability on the part of the writer. The rhyme, the time, the metre, the treatment and the poem itself all conspired to the producing of that quietude which always attends an interested audience. After this toasts were made on nearly every imaginable subject, and the afternoon was thus very pleasantly spent. Among those present who made speeches were, William Seabrook, Esq., Prof. D. W. Hering, Prof. C. T. Wright and lady, Rev. Dr. Leech, Rev. W. H. Kuhns. Prof. Hering's reply to the toast to the Faculty was much enjoyed. This re-union was a fitting symbol of the good fellowship that exists in the Society; the speeches made, suitable exponents of the ability of its members, and the appreciation of the visitors a proper token of the estimation in which the Society is held.

Commencement exercises close to-night.

The College Record.

L. R. MEEKINS, EDITOR.

WESTMINSTER, MD., JUNE 17, 1880.

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Commencement.

In a country like ours we cannot over-estimate the value and influence of these college reunions. They are almost the only festivals consecrated to intellectual sympathy. Our dinners and suppers and celebrations all have reference to some political, or financial, or sectarian bond. But a Commencement is the feast of the intellect. However fast and furious our lives may be, we are annually reminded upon these days that there is something higher and better and more satisfactory than the kind of success we are pursuing. It is the reunion of friendship and general sociality. It is the culmination of the year's work into one short, eventful and memorable week. It is a week of festivity and general hilarity to the student, of pride and admiration to the august Professor, of trembling anxiety to the dignified graduate, and of amusement and instruction to the wondering visitor. Peals of morning music rend the air, a procession winds along under the shady trees of the campus to the pavilion; an eager, happy crowd chat merrily off there in one corner; old friends join hands, and under the whiskers and wrinkles the College chum still sees the old boy; lovely girls, unconscious that they are filling old parts in a play that their grandmother's played, attract the wandering eye of the collegian; the College President, with a step more stately than a Venetian ambassador, mounts the stage; the orators, with an attack of St. Vitus' dance, follow; the band strikes up; the soft summer air blows gently through the open sides; fans are waved; the bursts of music cease; a silence falls upon the crowd like the dewy curtain of night upon the earth; the orator with measured deliberation arises; a ripple of applause breaks the tranquil silence, and then is still; grave, gay and graceful his discourse proceeds; his knees become more stable; the lump in his throat melts away; self-confidence comes back; he soars aloft; now he unfurls his parachute, gracefully drops down, then resounding applause, flashing eyes, flushing cheeks, and the thuds of floral tributes proclaim his success far more surely than roaring guns, the triumph of an army. Who can tell what pleasure such a success is to him? Friends crowd round, anxious father, pleased mother and fluttering sisters gaze admiringly, and the smile of the venerable President tells that his effort has been a noble one. Then after the orations come the re-unions, where "old acquaintance" is brought to mind, where

good cheer is present, where jollity crowds around, and where the deeds, the scrapes, and remembrances of former days are each gone over again. Merry peals of laughter resound and all is lost in one inseparable maze of enjoyment and good-fellowship. Then the sermons, the discourses, the Society anniversaries, the weeping, the passionate adieus, and then the quiet flirtations, whose history will never be told. Commencement Week is in fact a feast, a gorgeous feast, of which all may partake. The orators, essayists and declaimers, spending many weary hours in preparation, serves out intellectual viands to all around. The kind company gives them a hearty relish for a moment and then the savor is gone. Commencements bring back school day memories to the Alumnus, and are to the student, a fit climax to the year's work. Those who are barricaded with business, with families or grave affairs are still boys at heart, or ought to be; and nothing more tends to keep them perennially fresh than the annual meeting of those who were boys together.

To Subscribers.

If any one, having subscribed for the RECORD, fails to receive it, it will be a great favor if such is made known to us. There are various and trying difficulties attendant upon the publication of a daily paper, and when its editorial, reportorial, correspondent and general managing staffs are concentrated in one inexperienced tyro, they are much the more likely to be enlarged. We ask you, our patrons, to bear with us for awhile, and to season your criticisms with a large amount of indulgence, assuring you that any mistake made is unavoidable rather than intentional.

COMMENCEMENT SONG.

Hlinging showers of golden glory
Down the rosy-tinted hours,
Filling all the land with fragrance,
Drifting back her tide of flowers,
June returns again to greet us
With the smile she used to wear,
And her olden song of gladness
Mets upon the slumberous air.

Linger thus, O radiant vision!
"Shrined within our hearts for aye;
For a voice prophetic tells us
Something sweet has passed away.
Often in the years before us
Shed around thy gracious beams,
Softly let thy gentle murmurs
Break upon the shore of dreams.

We have left the sheltering valleys
Where the dewy roses bloom,
And, to our shores departing,
Wave our farewells through the gloom.
When the purple mists of evening
Gather in yon distant bay,
May we meet in happy union,
At the heavenly port of day.

"Man wants but little here below,"
muttered a senior as he caught a good
portion of a pitcher of water thrown from
an upper window.

"Yours of the 10th received and contents
pocketed," is the way a certain
Freshman acknowledged a remittance from
his father.

Activity is the essential condition of
growth, and growth is the only sure token
of life and power.

Scripture arguments in favor of capital
punishment:—Jonah was whaled,—Abel
was Cained.

Webster: Irving: Browning: Representa-
tive Names in Statesmanship, Literature
and Song.

Oration Before the Literary Societies by Rev.
S. V. Leech, D. D., of Frederick City, Md.

Yesterday afternoon the clouds began
to break away, and appearances seemed to
betoken a more cheering state of weather
than that which has characterized the last
two or three days. This in the evening
was verified. Consequently instead of the
audience having to sit in a small, poorly
ventilated chapel, sufficient seats in the
large pavilion in the grove were prepared
to seat comfortably an audience of eight
hundred.

This was the occasion of the delivery of
the annual oration before the Literary So-
cieties of the College. Their choice this
year fell upon the Rev. S. V. Leech, D.
D., of Frederick City, Md., a gentleman
of culture and an orator of ability. His
effort last evening elicited the unanimous
encomiums of the auditors, and more than
one were head to say that "it was the
grandest I ever listened to." The com-
position was in the highest style of rhetori-
cal display, while fitting advice was plen-
tifully interlarded. The oration was all
that could be wished—plain, practical, or-
namental and pertinent to an eminent
degree. On the stage were seated the
Board of Trustees, Faculty of the College
and Messrs. C. B. Taylor and J. W. Kirk,
Presidents of the Irving and Webster Lit-
erary Societies. After prayer and music
by Grays Band, which, by the way, has
improved greatly of late, Mr. C. B. Taylor
introduced the orator, who announced as
his theme:—Webster, Irving, Browning:
representative names in Statesmanship,
Literature and Song. We are sorry that
we are unable to publish the whole of it.
It was all good. We give below a digest
of the oration, which will convey an idea
of the excellence of the whole:

History is studded with immortal names.
Those of Daniel Webster, Washington Ir-
ving and Elizabeth Barrett Browning are
as imperishable as the historic scrolls they
adorn. I stand not in this cultured pres-
ence to sketch their biographies. From
the casket in which repose their conspic-
uous excellencies let us select a few gems
for thoughtful admiration. Dr. Leech
pictured Webster as in his boyhood he
had seen the giant statesman on the floor
of the Senate. As we study his career
two facts loom up before our thought.
First, diligent application to study in early
life is the surest path to eminent intellec-
tual greatness.

Webster's early advantages were limited.
His boyhood home was a frontier cabin.
But at fifteen he had mastered Sallust,
Cæsar and Horace. From his matricula-
tion to his graduation, he stood at the
head of his classes. Early in life he in-
scribed on his banner the word "Excelsior,"
with determination to climb the rugged
slope of the mountain of fame, and plant
its staff on the peak. When less than
twenty-five years of age he stood among
the attorney's of Portsmouth as Saul stood
head and shoulder over the young men at
his consecration. Back of his native tal-
ents lay treasured spoils from the realms
of literature, and with these he graced his
forensic triumphs as the Roman generals
adorned their victorious festivals with the
spoils of conquered lands. By hard study,
from ten to thirty, he laid, broadly and
deeply, the massive foundation of his re-
nown in jurisprudence, oratory and states-
manship.

There is but one way to scholarship.

The plebian path of application alone leads
to this dazzling prize. History and ob-
servation attest that the patient plodder
outstrips the brilliant genius. The paint-
ings of Turner, the anatomical drawings of
Dore and the histories of Motley, illustrate
the logical issue of patient toil. Sir Wil-
liam Jones, the greatest of linguists, did
not leap into fame at a single bound, as
came Pallas fully armored from the brain
of Jupiter. Liberal culture has become
too general for young men to attain dis-
tinction therein unless they cut their way
to the front by perseverance in intellectual
endeavor. On solid studies the energies
must focalize, like rays on a sunglass.
Triumphs must be won by massing the
thoughts before special departments of
study as Napoleon achieved his victories
by concentrating his troops, and hurling
them on isolated divisions of the enemy.
No student enriches his mental exchequer
with the nuggets of knowledge who refuses
to lift the pick high and strike with per-
sistency and force. No student can afford
to spend any part of his college course in
Thompson's "Castle of Indolence." Col-
lege faculties, like the ancient Roman Sen-
ators, have no spot on their domain for
Quies, the Goddess of Rest. Nor does the
number of books read indicate intellectual
progress. The vital thought of standard
volumes must be sunk into the rim of
one's own mental being. Like the slave
of the diamond-sprinkled rivers of Brazil
the student must hold on to the gems and
toss away that which is of no worth. Solid
study over solid subjects weaves the wreath
for the valedictorian. The chisel as well
as genius is essential to shape the angel
from the parian block. By toilsome steps
Webster reached the crest of that Olympus
on which only intellectual kings stand.
On that eminence he stood with a prestige
as a constitutional jurist equal to that of
Luther among reformers: stood among
great debaters as Angels among sculptors:
stood among statesmen as Shakspeare
among poets: stood among orators as Ra-
phael among painters: stood among Rep-
resentative men as Washington among pa-
triot. Analyzing Webster's life we are
impressed with the fact that *the world's
most useful and illustrious men have strug-
gled up to position from surroundings of
poverty.*

His early life was crowded with manual
labor. He earned the money expended
during his academic and collegiate life.
Abundance did not hinder his mental
march as the heavy knapsack retards the
advance of the soldier. He began and
ended his curriculum under patched clothes,
proud of a mother expert in repairing old
garments. He never entered the class
room wearing patent leather pumps, or a
swallow tailed coat, nor did he wipe his
aristocratic nose on a linen cambric hand-
kerchief baptized with Lubin's Patchouly.
He was no pedantic peacock, strutting be-
fore indigent class mates in painted plumes.
He was never ashamed to have the monied
pigmies of the college call him names asso-
ciated with straitened circumstances. But
see his after eminence! His orations rank
with those of Cicero, Sheridan, Massillon
and Bossuet. He fought and conquered
elocutionary disadvantages as did Caius
Gracchus, Demosthenes, Plato, Hall and
Disraeli. His addresses before illustrious
judges were masterpieces of argumentative
eloquence. Repeatedly he enchained the
national Senate, and held spell bound vast
popular audiences by such deathless pro-
ductions as his orations on the "Pilgrim
Fathers" and "Reply to Hayne." He
presented to the minds of great thinkers
the plain pebbles of common place thought

until in the fingers of his genius they flashed with diamond splendor. No man possessing a richer combination of talents has been born on American soil.

Far be it from me to reflect on the intellectual achievements of the sons of the wealthy. But history affirms that great men usually fight their way up from absolute or comparative poverty. Mahomet saw more poor men than rich ones in Paradise, and the same is true of colleges. More in number than the stars decking the dome of night have been the professional men who have secured culture and rank by great sacrifices. Homer, Demosthenes, Shakespeare, Haydn, Angelo, Burritt, Beethoven, Luther, Melancthon, and Milner were poor youths. Moral heroism and a relentless purpose to win *Artium Baccalaureus* will put through college any young man of average intellectuality. Swollen purses have transformed promising young men into college fops. Monied students rarely excel in their classes. Their thoughts fly from the god's of classic lands to the goddesses whose shrines are proximate to the *Alma Mater*. Venus and Adonis become their favorite classical characters. The trains that followed Cæsar, Anthony and Pompey lose their importance beside the charms of those trains that noiselessly sweep behind the blondes and brunettes of the neighborhood. Keep a student's exchequer abundantly supplied and his collegiate standing becomes sapped and mined.

Before our thought rises another distinguished American, Webster's junior by a single year. The name of Irving is as conspicuous on the shaft of literature as is that of Webster on the column of statesmanship. He was as eloquent and magnetic with his pen as was Webster with his voice. He laid on the altar of our national honor garlands from the fields of literature as green and fragrant as those secured by Webster at the forum and in the cabinet. Surveying his remarkable career how impressive is a solitary lesson, viz.—*His marvelous achievements in authorship illustrate the possibilities that stretch before scholarly young men imbued with enthusiasm to succeed in the realm of literature.*

He was but nineteen when he wrote his first famous essays. He was a magazine editor at twenty-four. Thereafter for a half century the largest presses of Great Britain and the United States were constantly supplying the English-speaking world with his polished compositions. Before he died a million copies of his books graced the shelves of European and American libraries. From his youth a passion for authorship burned in his breast like a vestal lamp. An ardent devotion to scholarly achievements kindled in his soul wherever he put his name on the snowy page. He was the earliest great classical author his country produced and among those who have followed none have out-ranked him. The cautious English publisher, Murray gave him over thirty-seven thousand dollars for four manuscripts. Oxford conferred on him *Legum Doctor*. George the Third presented him the massive royal medal for historical composition. His attainments in Spanish literature gave him the national ambassadorship to Spain. He stands among American authors as Mount Blanc among surrounding mountains. He continues the central figure in that group of prose authors among whom are Bancroft, Motley, Prescott and Cooper. His biographies of Columbus and Washington are standards. He holds an honorable position in the vanguard of great writers. His charmed pen magnetized

gold for his purse, honor for his country and renown for his name.

The fields of literature are whiter today for the sickles of genius and industry than when Irving touched them with his polished blade. Science, art, theology, fiction, poetry and political economy all invite the gifted pen. Invaluable literary helps multiply around students. Standard works are being sold at one-eighth of old prices. An Encyclopedia costs less than a year's supply of cheap cigars. Funk offers six works of celebrity combined for a less price than a lady pays for a pair of kid gloves. Not such were the surroundings of such eminent students as Newton, Black, Wollaston, Southard, Ferguson, Rittenhouse, Gifford, Watt, West, and others of fame. It is a rare thing for a man to attain distinction in later life who does not rank high in early manhood. Pascal, Calvin, Raphael, Grotius, and Napoleon represent a large class of illustrious ones who took rank in life's morning. He who in his prime stands loftier than the average man, usually has promising stature in life's springtime. Master condensed literature. Use the inkstand freely. Purchase pens by the box. Waste little time perusing bulky volumes. Many a ponderous book has resembled the large head of the Cambridge freshman that had little inside. Elaborate productions sometimes have narrow rivulets of thought winding through vast typographical meadows.

Let us transfer our thought to the survey of a splendid woman, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the queen of intellectual poetry. Throughout forty years, with pen tipped with Promethean fire, she gave the world of letters her immortal productions. The vales between her thought and themes she bridged with silver. Her poetry is as much superior to artistic verse as is the fragrance of a conservatory, richer than the perfumes of the chemist. Not less a profound scholar than a brilliant genius, when she waved her wand over any subject it budded and blossomed like Aaron's rod. At her call came waiting genii more wonderful than any in Arabian story. Her beautiful life is freighted with beautiful lessons for young ladies pursuing culture. Permit me to emphasize too. *Solid studies constitute the strongest and best foundation on which the structure of female education can repose.*

From girlhood she was an invalid. Early in her womanhood she was mistress of philosophical, mathematical and classical text books. Back of her compositions lay a brimmed reservoir of learning. She successfully grappled a masculine range of studies. The solidity of her songs has won the encomiums of the most distinguished poets. In compactness of thought she is the crowned empress of female writers of verse. The atmosphere of her inner life was as golden as that of her adopted Italy. Its renowned native poets would have united with the literati of Florence in binding bays around her hot temples while living and covering her tomb with immortelles.

Young Ladies, you cannot afford to exchange disciplinary studies for those purely ornamental. Intellectual growth is poised on the mastery of standard text books. The true position of ornamental studies in female culture is of a supplementary nature. Nor does the pursuit of such study admit of excessive devotion to exterior display. Think less of the plume on the hat than of the decoration of the brain beneath it. Think less of chain and brooch, ruby and amethyst, than of jewelry for the mind and heart to sparkle on when even the Kohinoor has parted with its fire.

Think less of the velvet and silken rigging of your life bark than of the soundness of the inner timbers destined to be strained when the keel cuts the white caps and the storm plays with the pennon of purpose. Young ladies who graduate with distinction usually pass through college as the victorious Phocian women passed through the battle, thinking less of their apparel than of their work.

Mrs. Browning accepted no first offer of marriage but waited until she could entrust hand, fortune and heart to her social, intellectual and moral peer.

She did not speed into nuptial relations as a lightning express train dashed into a tunnel. At college she was no love sick damsel, nursing the romantic theory that an early marriage is the chief aim of female existence. She was forty-one when she laid her hand in that of Robert Browning. She felt that it was a solemn thing to lash her bark, freighted with an immortal cargo, to another bark, of whose timbers and freight she knew less, and thus bound together for success or shipwreck, to launch out for an eternal port. When Robert Browning received her marital promise she did not stand like the lovely Helen beside the gay and worthless Paris; but like the immaculate Penelope beside the noble Ulysses. In her marriage she was matched as well as mated. Let not marriage be unwisely precipitate. An expeditious union does not always put in woman's hand that silver key that opens the door of the temple of happiness. Marry no man with whose antecedents you have not made yourselves familiar. Stand beneath the floral bell beside no man whose habits or mental or moral characteristics foreshadow connubial disappointment. Let no unworthy man lead you into that "Dismal Swamp" from which you can find extrication but by two paths, divorce or death. Whether you marry early or late, like Elizabeth Barrett, wed only your social, mental and moral peer.

Dr. Leech closed with the following peroration:

"Young ladies and gentlemen:—The plume in the glory of these great persons was the devotion to their study of the Scriptures combined with a public confession of Christ as a personal Saviour. Few treasured tributes to the worth of the Bible are more powerful than those that fell from the lips of the immortal Webster. Early in life Irving and Mrs. Browning turned their affections towards the Son of Righteousness as the sunflower turns to the sun to drink in warmth and brightness. These gifted ones felt with the humble Baptist unworthy to unloose the latchets of the sandals of the Redeemer. Long they sat with Mary at the feet of that teacher at whose words the literati of Palestine marveled. They realized that their brightness was lost in His effulgence who was "the brightest of the Father's glory" and the "light of the world." The flowers of their genius bloomed in proximity to the "Rose of Sharon." In the edifice of hope they made the child of Gallilee the chief corner stone. In their recognition of the superlative value of christianity they have only been representatives of the world's noblest intellect. In the zenith of their fame as jurists, Blackstone, Hale, Mansfield, Marshall, Kent and Story were the modest disciples of Him who is to judge the judges of the earth. Pitt and Burke, Selden and Grotius, have but walked at the front of a long line of statesmen who have piled their laurels on calvary. Harvey, Cooper and Rush, wearing the greenest chaplets among modern phy-

sicians, have knelt in humility, surrounded by a vast congress of their profession, before the great physician of Palestine,—their sheaves bending to the divine central sheaf as those of the eleven bowed to the sheaf of Joseph. Jones and Davy,—Hershell and Kepler. Bacon and Locke,—Newton and La Place, leading the van of philosophers and scientists, have only been the delegates of a great company of discoverers who have taken for their guide the star of Bethlehem. Spencer and Tasso, Young and Cowper, Wordsworth and Coleridge, Pollock and Milton have only been eight of as many hundreds of the sons of song, who have sunk their verses as gems in the setting of his crown who is the Prince of Peace and King of Glory. The most imposing splendors of culture still rise around the cross. They who have worn the richest diadems among the kings and queens of scholarship have rejoiced most in giving the central place to "the pearl of great price." Emperors have felt what the the greatest of Roman monarchs Theodius wrote above his throne, "Malo membrum esse ecclesie quam caput imperii." The greatest authors, and poets of modern times have bowed lowest before that orator who spake as man never spake, even as the tallest and heaviest stalks in your golden fields are bowing low est of all to the summer sun.

Young ladies and gentlemen, pursue a worthy reputation; strive for success in the professions you may select; track renown in oratory, prose, composition and poetry; seek deserved honors from the world; but with intenser ardor, earnestness and constancy, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you."

Wit is the boomerang that strikes and graciously returns to the hand. Sarcasm is the unvenomed shaft that sticks in the victim's heart.

What is the difference between Pyrrhus and the modern belle? It was tile that killed him, and it is style that kills her.

The number of students in American colleges in 1756 was 4,438, now about 30,000 are in attendance.

"Why is the fir the best of trees?" asked the Professor. "Because it is fir straight;" was the reply.

A St. Louis lady who was graduated at Vassar tried to send a handbox by telegraph the other day.

Prof. in History:—"Who were the Decemvirs?" Sleepy Fresh:—"Men born in December."

Nearly \$5,000,000 are spent every year by American students in Europe for educational purposes.

Some students think it necessary to be behind in their lessons in order to pursue their studies.

All that tread the globe are but a handful to the tribes that slumber in its bosom.

As Diogenes remarked as he crawled in his wooden overcoat, tub be or not tub be.

A Soph. says:—Merchaum pipes when counterfeited become mere shams.

A Prep. translates "Veni, Vidi, Veci," Veni saw me conquered.

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.

Rev. Pheasa Scott Morris payed us a flying visit yesterday.

Rev. Dr. Drinkhouse, editor of the *Methodist Protestant*, and Rev. Dr. Wilson, of Washington, D. C., were at the meeting of the Board of Trustees Wednesday, and in attendance at the exercises last evening.

The recent legislature of Maryland contained two graduates of Western Maryland.

Mr. Winfield S. Amos, '78, recently graduated at the Law University in Baltimore, he was president of his class.

Mr. F. Hance Peterson, '78, arrived last evening.

Mr. Daniel W. Baker is here and was in attendance at the Irving Society reunion yesterday.

Miss Repp, of Frederick city, is visiting Miss Myers at the College.

Our staff reporter informs us by a special telegram to the *RECORD*, that chicken was included in the bill of fare at the College yesterday.

Dame Rumor says that one of the fairest members of the Class of '79 is soon to approach the hymeneal altar.

We are glad to see our old friend C. E. Becraft.

Mr. T. J. Wilson of Frederick arrived yesterday.

The Alumni hold their re-union to-night. A sumptuous feast has been prepared, and the usual good time is anticipated.

Rev. Dr. Leech preached before Mr. Hayes on last Thanksgiving day.

Professor—"Now I ask you as a practical miner what spade do you think is the very best?" Senior (scornfully:—"Why, the ace, of course."

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