

The College Record.

Vol. 2.

WESTMINSTER, MD., JUNE 15, 1881.

No. 3.

Original Poetry.

MAN.

Translated from the German of Schreiber,
BY C. T. W.

In die Welt hinausgestoszen
Steht der Mensch verlassen da;
Winde brausen, Wetter tosen,
Nichts ist seinen Herzen nah.

In the friendless world forsaken
Stands a man with brow of gloom;
O'er his head the tempests bellow,
In his heart no joy finds room.

Lovingly the stars and flowers
Call to him with tender voice;
"Gaze not mournfully beyond thee,
Let thy heart in us rejoice!"

Then with eager, earnest yearning,
He obeys the blessed call,
And to ease his weight of sadness,
Tears of love and mercy fall.

But ere long the north-wind's fury
Desolates the blooming earth,
And each tiny flower is buried
'Neath the sod that gave it birth.

Yet with faith that never falters,
Though the scornful tempests laugh,
He, with steady hand and courage
Presses to the ground his staff.

While with hope-lit eye he gazes
Upward to the starry sky,
Tender flowers bud and blossom
Where the earth is bare and dry.

From his side companions wander,
Round his path thick perils rage,
No one shares his toil or danger—
On him presses hoary age.

Anxiously he seeks the threshold
That has known his infant feet,
But the stranger's foot now treads it,
And his coming none doth greet.

Then again with face uplifted,
Pours he forth to Heaven his cry;
"Youth and strength have fled forever,
Naught is left me but to die!"

Time's dread touch all nature crumbles
Yet not all shall pass away;
One there lives who is eternal
One whom heaven and earth obey.

If I, hoping, love and trust Him,
Through the darkness gleams a light;
And when earth fades from my vision
Heaven will open on my sight.

Class Day of the Senior Class.

More Fine Weather—Fun, Blushes and Smiles—Clio Unveiled—The Class.

Tuesday morning was devoted to the class-day exercises of the Senior class. It is the wittiest meeting of the whole commencement week. Histories are read detailing the college jokes and college experiences, and a prophecy, forecasting the future of each of the graduates. The people go expecting to enjoy themselves, but it is at the expense of some poor victim who makes his or her blushes the more apparent by attempting to conceal them. Before 10 o'clock a large audience had collected, and at the time appointed, the class marched in procession from the college to the pavilion. Those who occupied seats on the stage were the class, consisting of Miss Hattie Bollinger, Miss Bettie R. Braley, Miss Lulie Cunningham, Miss Kate Goodhand, Miss Hattie V. Holliday, Miss Bessie Miller,

Miss May Nicodemus, Miss Laura Stalacker; and Messrs. G. Y. Everhart, J. Fletcher Somers, G. W. Todd. Miss Katie Smith, owing to an accident met with recently, occupied a carriage at the side of the pavilion. Miss May Meredith and Mr. E. P. Leech, both of the Junior class, were also on the stage. The programme of the exercises was couched in the following language:

The Words of the Prophet, Concerning the 14th of June, 1881.—1ST. Now it shall come to pass in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one, in the sixth month, on the fourteenth day of the month, a vast concourse of people shall assemble in front of the College, and the hum of many voices shall fill the air, and strangers shall wander about, surveying the class-stones with surprise, and inquire one of another if the defunct members of the Faculty be buried beneath the same.

2ND. Then behold the multitude shall form themselves into a lengthy procession and march to the Pavilion, where lo! the President of the Class, a mighty man, Fletcher, the son of Michael Somers, shall address them in words of eloquence and wisdom.

3RD. Then with grave and reverent air, as becomes his position, the annalist, whose surname is Everhart, shall rehearse unto the people the truthful history of the Class, even from the most verdant Freshman days down to that present time.

4TH. Concerning the future, Louisa, only daughter of the house of Cuning, feeling the spirit of prophecy upon her, shall sweep aside the curtain from the future and predict things marvellous to listen unto. Then behold, the Class of eighty-one, having finished its course, shall hand down these precious annals to the class of eighty-two, who with bewildered air shall receive the same.

5TH. And now behold, to the sound of the organ, touched by skillful fingers, the whole class shall lift up their voices in tears and lamentations chanting the Parting Ode, in which the sweet singer, Harriet, daughter of Joseph Bollinger, has spoken the spirit of Farewell; after which the whole assembly shall again repair to the College.

6TH. And it shall come to pass that George, whose surname is Todd, from the land of oysters and chills, shall speak to the people, and then the calm, classic face of Clio shall be unveiled before the gaze of all.

In accordance with the programme, Mr. Somers, when all had become seated, advanced and delivered a short address, in which he brought forth the noble qualities and lofty attainments of his colleagues, and said that the most prominent characteristic was their love for the professors which had often ascended to such a lofty degree of reverence as to release them from hearing recitations. Declaring his inability to add to the glory and renown of the body he represented, he introduced Mr. G. Y. Everhart, of Westminster, the historian of the class. Mr. Everhart then arose and read historical sketches of his fellow-members, making many happy hits and producing much merriment. Mr. Everhart was elected to his present position only a few weeks ago, and considering the short time given, the history was well written. Unlike Lord

Dundreary, Mr. E. has undoubtedly been "taught-ology." Discarding, however, the present and unnecessary repetition of words and clauses, his production was creditable and much applauded. It was read in a very distinct tone of voice, which held the audience splendidly. The cuts and jokes were too personal to be printed. Suffice it to say that there were enough blushes to shame the golden glow of a Hesperian sky flushed by sunset into darkness.

After the history had been read, Miss Cunningham proceeded with the Prophecy, which she read very distinctly. The only fault that we could find in it was its brevity. She crowded much in a little space, and pictured twelve futures with a rapidity that would astonish the Delphian Oracle itself. She said: "Imbued with the power of a mystic influence, I declare that what I am about to predict will come true. For a short moment will I draw aside the curtain that separates the present from the future, and disclose to you what niche in life's gallery you will fill. The first member of our class, Miss Hattie Bollinger, for five years will teach school, and after that the influence of her pen will be felt and appreciated. She will be the authoress of a work on Moral Philosophy, which will be dedicated to Dr. Ward, and following it will come a volume of poems, which will extend her reputation far and wide and make her career in the world of letters brilliant and lasting.

The next young lady of our class is Miss Bettie Braley, of Hagerstown, who has become so interested in military affairs of late that I doubt not that she will make the happy wife of some soldier.

Follow me to a flourishing city in the far west, where the hand of civilization has wrought so great a change. Although it is night, go with me to visit the occupants of that commodious mansion. When there we see a happy family wreathed in smiles and happiness. A sweet little woman dispenses of the hospitalities, but, although she is gay, yet there is a shade of sadness on her face. But when the door suddenly opens all shadows flee away, as she sees her husband, Dr. Geo. Y. Everhart, enter. Mr. E. has now become a doctor with a large practice, and happily surrounded.

The future of Miss Katie Goodhand, as her school record, will be a bright one. She will live in single blessedness for a while, and will then consent, to grace the home and make joyous the heart of some admirer.

Miss Hattie Holliday, when she first arrived at college, declared that to keep an old maid's hall was the acme of her ambition, but her enamoration with a certain youth has brought destruction to any such sentiments, and if I am not very much mistaken, before many years have elapsed, she will be claimed in the bonds of matrimony.

Miss Bessie Miller, the elocutionist of our class, has never had a dangerous attachment for any one, but deals out her affection all around. Her experience, as in the past, will be a varied one, but it will eventually turn out all right, and the fire-side of some prided spirit will be animated and refreshed by her constant presence and attention.

I will now ask you to follow me to the

Eastern Shore, the land of crabs, oysters, mosquitos and chills, and visit the pleasant town of Berlin. We here find the people on the tip-toe of expectation. One of the most prominent men in the city will soon bring his bride home, and it is with the greatest pleasure that the people assemble to welcome Mr. T—y and his charming wife, Mrs. T., *nee* Miss May Nicodemus, of Wakefield Valley.

Miss Katie Smith will train the young idea for several years, and then joyously go as the helpmate of a preacher to abide in the perennial freshness of Bahamian flowers and fruits.

Mr. J. Fletcher Somers, will study law, but having been defeated by a woman, he will become so disgusted as to retire to the cultivation of tobacco, and to spend the remainder of his days "by cares and females unoppressed."

Miss Laura Stalacker, the brightest star of the class, will teach school until the Rev. Mr. D— shall require her assistance in his ministerial labors.

Mr. Geo. W. Todd, will study medicine, settle in Lock Haven, Pa., and soon obtain a large practice. Uneasiness, however, will soon come upon him, and in order to relieve it, he will make a visit to Westminster, marry Miss J. S.— and ever afterwards be happy.

The prophecy is ended. I thank you all for your kind attention, and to my class mates I bid a fond farewell.

The annals were then handed down to the Class of '82. Miss May Meredith received the prophecy and Mr. Edw. P. Leech the history. Mr. Everhart, owing to his shortness in statue, humorously said that he would be compelled to hand them up to Mr. Leech.

The Class Ode, which was composed and rendered on the organ to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne" by Miss Hattie Bollinger, was then sung by the Class, and after it was over the graduates, together with the audience repaired to the front of the College where the exercises of planting Class stone were gone through. Mr. Todd delivered an address, in which he made some very appropriate remarks in very flowery language. He did it in a clear voice, and his manner was commendable in every respect. After he had finished Miss Bettie Braley, of Hagerstown, advanced and unveiled a beautiful statue of Clio, the muse of history. Miss Bessie Miller, of Elkton, then advanced, and encircled it with a wreath of fine and fragrant flowers. The exercises were then ended, and the audience was not long in looking for the place were dinner ought to be.

The stone is by far the handsomest, as also the most costly, that has ever been planted at the College. It consists of a large square base, underlying a large block of marble, in front of which is the figures "1881;" at one side the motto of the female portion of the Class, *Fide et Virtute* (Fidelity and Virtue) and the names of the lady graduates. At the other side the motto *Ma za en ctesin all'eu ergois* (Live in deeds not in years.) and also the names of the gentlemen. Surmounting this is a statue of Clio in sitting posture, holding a book in her hand, in which is inscribed the

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The College Record.

L. R. MEEKINS, EDITOR.

WESTMINSTER, MD., JUNE 15, 1881.

THE COLLEGE RECORD is published daily for the purpose of reporting the proceedings of the Commencement of Western Maryland College.

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Our College and Its Inducements.

While we are describing all that occurs at our College during the week of its greatest activity and glory, we feel that we shall not do our whole duty unless we set before our readers some description—albeit a hurried and meagre one—of the College itself, the scene of our interesting Commencement exercises. The beauty and healthfulness of its location is a source of fervent gratification to its friends. Seated on the summit of a lofty hill, it overlooks a landscape exhibiting every form of natural beauty except that of a water course. But it is so nearly perfect in extent, variety and intensity of beauty that no one perhaps but an Eastern Shoreman would feel the absence of the river. Then its altitude secures it from the oppressive heat of summer, and brings to it a plentiful supply of raw breezes to blow pestilence far from it in any season. Its wide halls and lofty ceilings, its many doors and windows loosely-fitting, its separate fire for each room, all contribute to a thorough ventilation. The food though never luxurious, is always abundant and substantial. The necessary running up and down stairs to meals and recitations, the walk to church and store and postoffice in the neighboring town, the pumping of water and carrying of fuel, furnish almost sufficient exercise to those who seek no other. But if they do not satisfy the demands of exuberant animal spirits, there is the inevitable base ball and its invigorating excitement; there are trees to climb and stones to hurl, with milder games, and leisurely promenades, so that all tastes can be suited. As to the appliances for healthful intellectual development, we think it can be claimed that these are equally superior. The course of studies embraces the usual gamut of College curriculums, entailing on those who will work much downright, zealous, self-denying labor—and upon those will not, to the extent of their sensibility, vexation, apprehension, disappointment,—the usual result of neglected duties. But our College has also its mental recreations, for the mind needs its gambols and summersaults no less than the body to preserve its healthy tone. These are the literary societies of which there are three—one for the ladies and two for the gentlemen. To the weekly meetings of these societies the students go with elastic step and beaming eye, leaving behind them the oftentimes dull routine of the schoolroom, to spend a few hours in the cultivation of the gentler graces, good fellowship and friendly emulation. In the good-natured rivalries, the genial criticisms, the sallies of wit and trials of strength which

make up the exercises of these meetings are played over again by proxy, the racings, the leapings, the boxings, the games and strollings of the outside world; they are the gymnastics of the mind, so to speak. What cheerfulness, what boisterous good-humor, what wine of life flows from these delightful communions let those who have enjoyed them declare.

There is yet one other feature of our College which demands special mention. It is that the moral restraints are abundant and strong. These are severally, the religious exercises of the College—conducted according to no creed or formula, but with the purpose of inspiring a spirit of devotion,—morning and evening prayers, the thanks giving for each meal, the recognition of God's presence every hour, the services of eight or nine churches in the town, the excellent examples of the Faculty, and their kind but firm administration of the laws. There is however something yet more potent, and it is that every act and every record must come to pass, sooner or later, under the scrutiny and judgment of the other sex. It is the constant, watchful presence of the ladies that holds the boys to their accountability, and no less the studious observation of the gentlemen that keeps the girls to theirs.

We have thus briefly, in the fag end of a busy hour, endeavored to present for consideration a few of the essential elements of our College's character. If there remains any doubt of its utility or competency to meet the requirements of an enlightened public sentiment, be well assured dear friends the fault is ours and not that of our theme. Moreover we invite the skeptical, in the language of Philip of old, to "come and see."

RESOLUTIONS.

WHEREAS, in the dispensation of Divine Providence it has pleased Almighty God to take from us our respected and esteemed classmate, Miss M. Emma Selby; and

WHEREAS, in her death we feel the loss of one endowed with noble qualities of mind and heart; therefore, be it

Resolved, By the class of '80, of Western Maryland College in meeting assembled, that in the death of our classmate we recognize the hand of Him who gave and the wisdom of Him to whom alone it belongs to take away.

Resolved, That we hereby express our appreciation of her while among us as an earnest student, as a noble woman, and as a true friend.

Resolved, That while we mourn her sudden and unexpected death, we are consoled with the assurance that she came to the end of her pilgrimage with a life crowned with good deeds.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the College paper.

EDWARD L. BAILE, President.

FRED. C. KLEIN, Secretary.

June 14, 1881.

ARRIVALS.

J. W. Miles, '78, Princess Anne, Md.
A. H. Green, Baltimore, Md.
Rev. W. F. Roberts, Finksburg, Md.
Rev. Dr. Southerland, Georgetown, D. C.
Rev. J. B. Brown.
Rev. W. H. Stone, Frederick county, Md.
Rev. Mr. Brummer, Finksburg, Md.
J. M. Thompson, A. M., Centreville, Md.

ORATORS CONTESTING.

The Contest Last Night Between the Irving and Webster Societies—The Sea of Faces—Good Orations and Hearty Appreciation.

Yesterday evening was devoted to the contest between the Irving and Webster Literary Societies. A light shower after supper seemed to threaten a rainy evening, but in a short time it passed over "like one of nature's fevers rendering all the more wholesome." The pavilion was crammed full before eight o'clock and those unable to procure seats stood up around the edges of the tent. The sea of upturned faces was in this instance fully illustrated. At the appointed hour, the societies, with badges and regalia, headed by the band, marched down to, and the orators, together with Dr. Ward and Dr. Killgore, took seats upon, the platform. After music by the band, Dr. Killgore offered a fervent prayer. The band again played, and the programme of the evening was opened.

Mr. W. W. Dumm, of Johnsville, Md., opened the exercises with a well-written and plainly delivered oration on

"LET THERE BE LIGHT."

We stand to-day flooded with the lights of the nineteenth century. The dim tapers of ignorance, superstition, and idolatry, whose poisonous flames were so numerous in the past, are fast becoming extinct, and the lights of education and christianity, burning with electric brightness, are taking their places; and the world is approaching a zenith of glory, the horizon of which our ancestors scarcely perceived. The war-axe of continued dissensions and aspirings to sovereignties, have to a great extent been laid aside, and man's might to-day is his morality and intellectual worth. So, also, in the physical world light is indispensable. If this earth with all its beauty and grandeur, moving on as it does in its endless and changeless orbit, were to move into regions so remote that the genial and life-giving rays of the sun could not be felt, and the smiling faces of the stars could not be seen, can you imagine the utter desolation that would soon succeed the beauty that now exists? But if the planets and satellites that revolve in the moral and intellectual system, and that are to-day the mental lights of the universe, were to become eclipsed, how much denser would be the darkness that would envelop us. But this is not so, on the contrary, everything in nature and art, human and divine, is swelling forth the words "Let there be light." * * * Among the lights that are illuminating the world to-day the light of education holds a prominent place. And around this flame innumerable jets circle; every author adds a new jet to the cluster, every logician makes it brighter and purer, and every scientist adds new material to the flame to increase its brilliancy. It is the accompaniment that must be played to harmonize and perfect the song of any people. And as a few cords may beautify a whole selection, so one another may give a new impetus to the educational spirit of a nation. Milton swelled forth this accompaniment in tones that stirred the world. He seemed to blend all the beauties and virtues of his predecessors in his own supernatural way, and with his depth of soul, magnitude of thought, and sublime imagery, he swept the notes of that mighty key-board with a majesty of eloquence and solemn grandeur never surpassed, trilling up, without rising where ecstasy dissolves reason, he carries us, intoxicated with his thrilling notes, to Paradise and then to the very throne where justice was meted out to fallen man. Then he runs down into the sub-bass and pedals, like distant thunder galloping after thunder, till we stand bewildered amid justice and vengeance, before the abyss which he

opens before us. The missweetened draughts and absent delicacies of home life do not sadden his melody, and his greatest misfortune, the shutting of the windows of heaven, and the beauties of earth forever from him, does not cause him to strike a discordant note, but remembering his sightless orbs were closed in one grand stroke for liberty, this only inspired to move enchanting strains and sweeter symphonies * *

* The constant revelations in the works of God's creation, by bringing to our view new beauties, and opening before us unseen treasures; our vast mountains pouring forth their priceless gems, and our rich valleys yielding up their untold wealth, this speaks forth the same words in more emphatic tones than ever uttered by the voice of man. aye! in God's own language, 'Let there be light.' And you can hear the word ringing throughout the length and breadth of our land; the quiet, hard-working farmer, the wide-awake business man, and the shrewd professional are all uttering the same cry. God's servants proclaim it from the sacred desk as a message directly from the Lord. You can hear it swelling up from the heart of every true man and woman, joined in by states and governments, till it is ringing with its heavenly freighted melody, from the gentle Atlantic coast to the rock-bound coast of the Pacific, and then caught up by the flying sails and surging billows, and echoed in earth's remotest limits; and I cannot but think it will grow sweeter and sweeter, and its harmony become more and more perfect, till at last it is blended in one grand chorus, with that song that is now being sung by the redeemed."

Mr. Calvin B. Taylor, of Berlin, Md., the first orator of the Irving, was introduced by Mr. Everhart, president of the society. He advanced and delivered a well-written oration on

CLIO, THE MUSE OF HISTORY.

He spoke as follows: "Oriental nations, in the dark and dreary ages of antiquity, were wont to express regard and show their admiration for their deities. Marble shafts towered toward the heavens in honor of the muses. Temples dotted the land of every nation; columns were raised and capitol erected in commemoration of events of by-gone ages. These told the stranger of hallowed shrines, and all, with gladsome heart and willing mind, paid the tribute to the gods worthy of celestials. On private, public and festive days they sought the favor of the muses, and revelled in their honor with pastime and jubilee. All the sacred nine came in for a share of the devotion and a part of the joviality. However great the honor paid Caliope, whatever grand tribute Terpsicore received, and however grand the respect made in deference to Euridathese, though numerous, glorious and imposing, could not command more worship than Clio, the Muse of History.

"History is the repository in which is placed records of every step forward made, every retrogression and every act of importance. It freezes upon the spotless page every throb that heaves the national breast, and every thought that fills the national mind. It chrystalizes the record of human action in living forums, and writes in deathless lines the great deeds of the past. Its gifted pen traces the rise and fall of nations, and paints the wars in colors that show all the carnage and strife which it really possessed. It preserves, with kindly hands, the grand productions of ancient times. Our hearts still grow warm within us as we read and meditate upon the orations of a Demosthenes or a Cicero. * *

"The grand movements which have completely turned the currents of national destiny have been transferred by history to

scrolls, on which they will rest until the last day arrives. Luther kindled the camp fires of Europe amid the threats and shouts of opposition, and his name by Clio's magic touch lives on with increasing honor."

"History tells of wars, of sorrows, trusts blighted, joys forever overwhelmed, and imbues the great deeds of the world with perpetuity. Each day Clio with the camera of her own genius photographs a truthful picture of the doings of this busy sphere."

"History should be more studied than it now is, not only for the intrinsic interest that it contains, but for the masterpiece of literature and specimens of rhetorical composition. Make Gibbon your companion, McCaul your intimate friend, and Rollins your comrade. Their fame is brilliant, and their reputation lasting."

When man stood watching the first phenomena of nature, history began, and since then it has been watching with telescopic eye, the events, actions and happenings of person, state and governments." He mentioned the literary fame of Irving as a historian, and alluded to the honor of Daniel Webster. He closed with the exhortation "All praise to Clio. Let all the nations and isles of the sea join in sacred poems and together raise loud anthems in her praise."

L. R. Meekins, of Cambridge, Md., who was next introduced, delivered an oration on

THE AMERICAN QUESTION.

The supreme question, as he tells us, which has for years agitated the American mind, and Directed American thought and civilization, is, "Will it Pay?" He based his remarks on the practical tendencies of the present age, and especially alluded to the effects produced by the money god, which has grown to be the conscience of the nation. The question "Will it Pay?" has become the North Star by which the whole fleet of American enterprise is guided—the directive force that regulates the great workshops of our country, and so influences our race, language, institutions and religion that every door is barred with gold, and opens but with golden keys. * * * * * In our political system it has planted and nourished the germs of a dangerous mushroom statesmanship, effected the prostitution of the highest talents, and begotten that official corruption that has spread like a leprosy over the land. * * * In morals it has caused the friction of competitive industries that is wearing away the fine sense of honor which formed the beautiful enamel of American character, and which was the protection and ornament of virtue. * * * It invades the sanctity of the pulpit, ferments denominational contentions, compromises the minds of shepherds, and makes them fearful to apply the gospel whip." He then proceeded to show its influence as exhibited in the religion of the present day, and then recounted its physical effects, among which the increasing destruction of our forests, and the disfigurement of our national scenery were mentioned. The next point taken up, was that "in proportion as the money mania becomes more prevalent, capital is found to aggregate, and the aggregation of capital overshadows personal independence and individual liberty." He took the ground that the consolidation of wealth leads to centralization of power, and, for that reason, he thought that the money should be kept in the hands of the people and not poured into the pockets of those heartless capitalists, upon whom the milder and more beneficent influences of human nature have but little effect. Concluding, he spoke substantially as follows: "The spirit of materialism, of which I have

spoken, is the angel of pestilence, dropping the seeds of death from its black wing wherever it sweeps; and although it has begotten the activity of modern progress and given civilization to its industry, it has been as the daughter of the horse leech, sucking the noble blood from our systems, and never satisfied but always crying more, more? Its tendency is ever to consider the products of man's labor above the man himself, and to debase its devotees to moneyed bigots, who, burning with the strange fires of a fanatical worship, wield the suicidal dagger that murders their finer passions, and vitiates the more delicate sensibilities of human nature. I, for one, do not object to the energy and enterprise of the present age; but I do plead against the inclination to sacrifice the most sacred charms of love, and all the sweet charities and refinements of life upon the altar of universal greed. I plead for a virtue not fouled by money, a truth not warped by golden enticements, a justice not biased by bribery, an integrity not sullied by fraud, a morality not compromised by pecuniary offers, a manhood by golden fetters, but pure, nobly free, conscientious, straight forward and honorable."

Mr. A. L. Miles, of Marion, Md., succeeded, and delivered an oration on

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

In point of the delivery it was, perhaps, second to none. The style, which our space forbids us to represent here by a large extract, partook of the descriptive. He was loudly applauded. He spoke substantially as follows—"Ages have come and gone. Time on downy pinions has glided on its course from the creation of man to the golden age of the nineteenth century—an age which is blessed with the highest civilization ever known—an age which Clio, the historic muse, graces. And how animating is it to look back upon the pages of history and behold the illustrious names that grace it, chief among which is that of Thomas Jefferson, the statesman, the author, the christian. When scarcely thirty years of age he was called to the counsels of his nation to listen to the eloquence of Patrick Henry and the other patriots whose souls were burning with the heat of liberty's fire. Here he took a prominent part in the measures which resulted in the calling of the Continental Congress, that body whose bravery, character and genuine worth are too well known for me to attempt to add one jot to its fame."

He rose to the highest position, and won the loftiest and greenest laurel that this country can confer—that of the Presidency. Author of that rock of our liberty—the Declaration of Independence—he will ever be known, honored and revered as long as the republic lasts. As a statesman he was prominent; always the same in calm and storm, nothing could seduce him from the path of duty or deter him from accomplishing his convictions. With a steady hand and ballasted mind he guided the ship of state safely through the sea of internecine discord, and foreign strife." He gave a graphical description of Jefferson's home and spoke of the high estimation in which he was held by all who knew him, from the lowest domestic to his most sincere friend. He also mentioned the sorrow occasioned by Jefferson's departure to France, when appointed minister to that country. "He had a character marked for its nobility and its openness. Unswayed by circumstance it stood as firm as adamant in the cause of right. Warm-hearted towards friends, he was courteous to enemies. He had that stamp of manliness impressed upon him that commanded and won attention. He was every inch a man." After saying many fitting things as to the character of this great man, he closed in a manner resem-

bling the following:—"He did not fall upon the battlefield; he was not, like Cicero, struck down by the assassin's stealthy blow, he did not drink the hemlock as did Demosthenes, but he fell by the hand of God, and was mourned not only by the whole nation, but by those transatlantic powers who had heard of his greatness, perceived his statesmanship, and felt his diplomacy."

Mr. E. L. Gies, of Reisterstown, Md., the last orator of the Webster, after music, stepped forward and won the golden opinions of the audience by his oration on

DANIEL WEBSTER.

After briefly drawing a favorable comparison between American and European statesmen, he said: "With pride do we mention our Clays, Calhouns, Hamiltons, and Jeffersons, and claim their fame as a part of the national glory; but there is one in brilliancy surpassing all, the brightest of the bright, the purest of the pure—whose name rises instinctively to the lips as I utter that of Daniel Webster, the ornament of his age, the pride of the Senate, the benefactor of his countrymen, the expounder of the constitution." Declaring his inability to "augment the honor of this great man, or add aught to his well-earned fame," also having described the effect upon the whole nation, when his death was publicly announced, he proceeded to unfold the character of Webster as he stood before the American people: "Unlike Pitt and Fox, representative names in Parliament, and Erskine, the brightest star in the constellation of English barristers—unlike these, whose laurels withered when removed from their one chosen field of action, Webster stood pre-eminent in the legislative hall and on the farm. In our highest judicial courts his genius shone resplendent, while the deep tones and rich volumes of his voice were still almost echoing in the councils of the nation. As a statesman he wielded an authority not derived from official position, but as marked during the intervals of his retirement as in his most active public career—as decisive at Marshfield as at Washington. Nationality was stamped upon his patriotism. New Hampshire might boast of the small one-story frame house, in which he was born; Massachusetts might point with pride to him as one of her adopted sons; but he was not of New Hampshire, not of Massachusetts—he was an American. As easily could the exalted genius of a Shakespeare be confined within the narrow bounds of Warwickshire, as any one state of the Union appropriate to itself the national fame of Daniel Webster. He lived and acted in a sphere far removed from the present and away off in the dim future; when America's mission among the nations of the earth should be fulfilled. Then, having spoken of the science of government, as understood by Mr. Webster, he gave an illustration of his statesmanship as furnished by his famous reply to Hayne: "Oh, that memorable 26th of January, the Senate was filled to its utmost capacity. All that was needed in opportunity was there, an intelligent, appreciate audience, a subject teeming with interest and touching upon the most vital principles of our national existence. The issue was none other than the trial of the Constitution, and involved in its determination the fate of the Union. It was a question with him whether this land should be the abode of peace and plenty, intelligence and piety, with the freest, happiest, and most progressing people upon the globe—a glorious example of successful government to oppressed nations; or that we should be thrown from the unexampled eminence of prosperity, our free institutions abolished, our last hopes of constitutional liberty extinguished, and the black pall of despotism again brood over the face of the earth." After describing the oration he

said: "Should the hand of the destroying angel be laid upon the fabric of our government—our cities and fortresses crumble into dust, the oblivion that sweeps away all else will leave Webster's reply to Hayne to be read and admired by distant generations as a monument to his greatness more lasting than shafts of granite or blocks of marble." He then stated that this was not an only occasion that he achieved glory for himself which will cause him, though he be dead, "to still live." "But who can forget him? Who that have felt their hearts warm within them as he spoke before the bar in defense of his Alma Mater; who that have perceived the iron clench of monopoly weaken and remove its blighting influence from our watery highways at the sound of his voice; who that have seen him in all the glory of intellectual ascendency

"Ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm" of parliamentary conflict; who that have drunken the music of his clarion voice and tasted the sweets of his eloquence, would to-day abate the tittle of a hair from his just character and just fame? Were such to be found, the blood shed in that struggle which he saw to be impending and strove to avoid, would cry to heaven for vengeance upon them; * * * the Union, and all who have sought shelter under its protection, all would cry out at their degeneracy. The man, the orator, has passed away, the sage, the statesman, however, 'still lives.' On that muster roll inscribed in the hearts of freemen 'he still lives,' but those lips around which clustered the power of a great genius and a spirit saturated with the impulses of liberty have closed forever, breathing a prayer to the author of his greatness. 'He is gone to the grave and whole nations bemoan him
Who caught from his lips the glad tidings of peace:
Yet grateful they still in their hearts shall enthrone him,
And ne'er shall his name from their memories cease."

Mr. E. P. Leech, of Frederick city, Md., closed for the Irvings with a prettily written oration on the old and well-known subject of

HOME, SWEET HOME.

He said:—"In the heart there is an instinctive impulse which sweeps over the soul the accents of the whisperings of life—a principle so grand in scope and contemplation that it bears the impress of divinity. Amid the busy hum of activity, in the palatial residence or in the log cabin, among the rugged rocks or in the fertile plains of the valley, this one principle seeks a home and hearthstone wherever man may roam. Home, sweet home! What words of comfort for the weary traveller; what depths of meaning; what food for the hungry soul; what source of light for the tired wanderer; what source of regret; what sweet tendrils of memory cling around the magic words. Here, thoughts engendered by recollections of all conditions of life, blossom in all their loveliness. The remembrances of home arise in every state and under every circumstance. Like the sea-gull, tracking alike the course of the sailing ship and the drift of the wreck, the recollections of home come to man in his prosperity and in his adversity. If these impressions be true, they will cheer him in moments of the march and the counter-march of his existence. * * * Man, from the flower of life to the sunset of existence, mounts up rapidly and expands into manhood. In his growth the memories and thoughts of home ever cheer him onward to the goal of his ambition, and furnishes him with musings, with which he can steal awhile away from this busy sphere, and inhabit for a short time the world of meditation." He then drew the comparison between the man who appreciates the feelings of parental affection and the one who is blind to all the comforts and advan-

tages of a quiet home. The one rapidly expands into true manhood; the other grows, but his finer feelings are not flushed with the tended light of home appreciation. The one grows in thought and intention; the other is like the young sapling, prematurely cut down by winter's blasts. The speaker drew an imaginary picture of an after-battle scene in Algeria, of the tender thoughts that come to the dying soldiers, and of the anxious expectations of many homes which had sent out its members for the army. He closed with describing the wide-spread use, the expansive meaning of the word home, calling up the different conditions in which it is found in different countries.

The band then struck up the tune "Home Sweet Home." Dr. Murray pronounced the benediction. The audience, as regards numbers, has doubtless never been exceeded, and in respect to appreciation, there never was better attention or more encouragement to a young speaker. We could not fail to notice the strong contrast between Monday and last night. It has been said, by competent judges, that the standard of the orations, taken through and through, was never so high as they were last evening. Anyhow, the Societies have just cause to feel proud of their representatives.

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

Class of '81." With the fore finger of the other hand she points to this inscription. It may be interesting in this connection to say that Clio, in Grecian Mythology, is the daughter of Jupiter and Mnemosyne, the mother of Hymenaeus. She was the Muse of History and Epic poetry, and was always represented as bearing a half opened roll of a book.

The workmanship of this stone was executed by Mr. John Beaver of Westminster. It is an excellent piece of work, and the sculptor can be heartily congratulated on his artistic skill and finish.

There is a man in Galveston named Joseph W. McClellan, who is everlastingly talking without saying anything. The other day Gilhooly met him. "I say Mac, do you know why you remind me of a river?" Mac thought there was a compliment in store for him, and guessed that because something sparkling came out of his mouth all the time. "Not quite," responded Gilhooly, "you remind me of a river, because your mouth is bigger than your head."

"Colonel," said a man who wanted to make out a genealogical tree, "Colonel, how can I become thoroughly acquainted with my family history?" "Simply by running for office," was the answer. "You will soon know more about it than you ever knew before."

"Mabel, why, you dear little girl," exclaimed her grandpa, seeing his little grand daughter with her head tied up, "have you got the headache?" She answered sweetly, "I's dot a spit turl."

A priest asked of a criminal in jail: "What sort of a conscience have you?" "It is as good as new," was the reply of the prisoner; "I have never used it."

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