

Biography of Dr. Ward P.
Need of Public Hall

The College Record.

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No. 4.

Original Poetry.

Written for the College Record.

AN AUTOGRAPH.

In Greece there is a famous mound
Covered with clouds and legends old;
'Twas inspiration's early fount,
Incitement still its breezes hold.

A cleft is on its shaggy side
O'er which a wondrous power hung.
E'en sheep which neared its limpid tide
Were gifted with prophetic tongue.

The Greeks esteemed the spot divine,
From it for them new light was born;
They reared, they decked a holy shrine—
Lo! Delphi rose to greet the morn.

Parnassus! not for us thy wind,
Thy kindred with eternal snows;
An endless grief sits on thy mind,
Grief for thy first born children's woes.

Yet still is inspiration found,
And modern Muses lack it not;
Where woman stands is holy ground,
Her presence hallows every spot.

And oracles we do not need
To tell the future of our skies;
She is our oracle—we read
Our happy future in her eyes.

A worthy verse I might indite
If thou wert bending o'er me now;
Be near me if thou wouldst I'd write,
And be my inspiration thou.

Westminster, Md.

PARTING ODE.

Children of Science, this last hour of parting,—
So long the bright star of our pathway has come;
And the moments that bind us are swiftly departing:
The morning will find us afar from our home.

Long have we listened together in gladness,
To those who have taught us in learning's abode;
As we leave them forever, our spirits in sadness,
Shrink back from life's rugged and wearisome road.

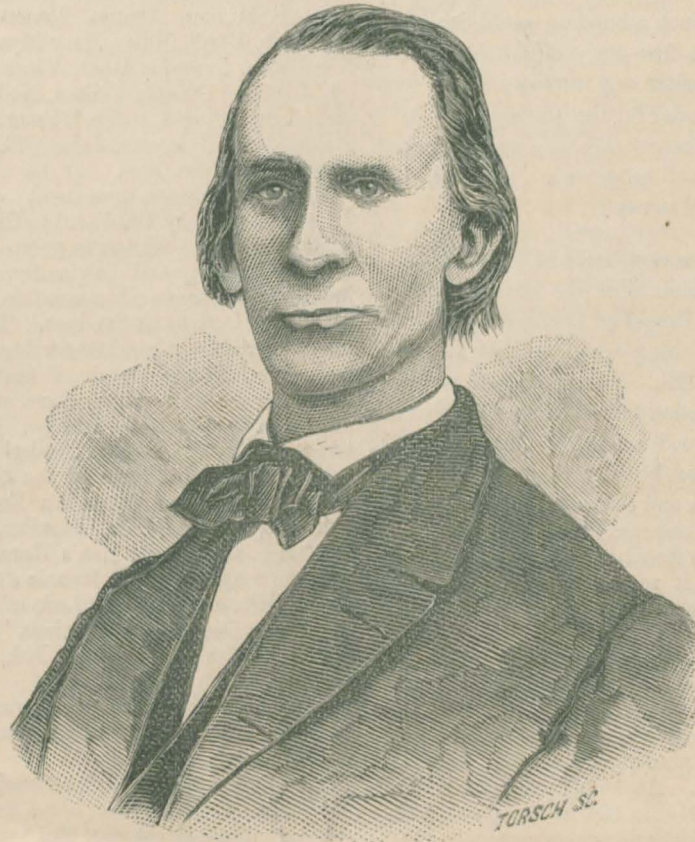
Cold is the world, O how selfish its greeting;
How fiercely is waging the conflict of life;
May we never be found with the vanquished re-
treating,
Where duty shall call us to join in the strife.

Classmates more closely around us are twining
The ties of this home where our thought will still
dwell;

As we linger in sorrow, but not with repining,
And say to each other, forever farewell.

JAMES THOMAS WARD, D. D.

Dr. Ward, the subject of our illustration, was born in Georgetown, D. C., August 21, 1820. His ancestors, who were English, settled first in Prince George's county, Md., whence they removed to Montgomery county in 1776. His father, Ulysses Ward, was a most industrious and enterprising man, well and favorably known by his earnest labors as a local preacher, and afterwards as the editor and publisher of the *Columbian Fountain*, a daily temperance journal, printed and published in Washington, D. C., between the years 1846-48. Dr. Ward received his first lessons in the common branches of an English education in Washington, but at the age of sixteen he entered the Classical Academy of Brookville, in Montgomery county, where he had fine opportunities, which were so well improved that when he left for his home in 1838, he bore with him the classical prize.



J. T. WARD, D. D., President of Western Maryland College.

In the summer of 1840 he decided to consecrate his life to the ministry, and for this purpose studied under the advice and counsel of Rev. A. Lipscomb, and Rev. Dr. A. Webster. He began his career as a preacher of the Gospel, being licensed August 30, 1840, by the Ninth Street M. P. Church of Washington city. His first regular appointment was to Pipe Creek, embracing a part of Frederick county. He was then in his twenty-first year.

He was next stationed on Williamsport Circuit, where he had signal success, building a new house of worship and organizing a church in a neighboring town, besides traveling extensively in other portions of the Conference territory, preaching to large congregations at camp meetings on the Eastern and Western Shores. His next appointment was to the city of Cumberland, in 1845, in the spring of which year he married Miss Catharine A. Light, of Virginia, a lady of great piety and Christian devotion. This year Dr. Ward's health, always feeble, gave away, and by request, he was relieved of his appointment. After spending three months in suitable recreation traveling leisurely North, he returned to Washington and accepted a position as assistant editor on his father's paper.

He continued in this relation until 1847, when by a unanimous invitation he succeeded that distinguished and eloquent divine, Rev. Thomas H. Stockton, in charge of the M. P. Church, in Philadelphia. Here he remained for nine years, after which time he returned to his conference in Maryland, and was again appointed to Pipe Creek circuit, with Rev. J. Thomas Mur-

ry, now stationed in Westminster, as his colleague. The conference next sent him to Alexandria, Va., and, during his pastorate there, he organized a church in Fredericksburg, Va. Having afterwards filled the charge successfully of Liberty circuit, he returned to the church in Washington, where he had first received his license to preach, and of which his parents were still members. On account of failing health he retired in 1866 to his cozy suburban home in Westminster, where he has resided ever since. In the restoration of his health he became a teacher in Westminster Academy, and afterwards President of Western Maryland College. Dr. Ward has been identical with the history of this institution since its foundation, and has by individual effort and personal energy contributed immensely to its success.

About the time of his entrance upon the duties of the presidency, he inherited considerable means from his father, all the available portion of which he devoted to the college enterprise, fulfilling the duties of his office at a salary far below the actual and necessary expenses in such a position. Dr. Ward has great reason to rejoice at the success that has crowned his labors, and deserves the heartfelt sympathies and aid of his church in his efforts to promote the success and prosperity of the college over which he presides.

"What building is that?" asked a stranger of a boy, pointing to a school house. "That?" said the boy, "why that's a tannery," and he feelingly rubbed his back as he passed on.

Select Poetry.

ONLY FOR A NIGHT.

Only for a night
Tarryeth the sorrow,
That must take its flight
Early on the morrow.
Trouble has o'er taken us,
Grief has sorely shaken us;
But joy has forsaken us
Only for a night!

With the morning light
Cometh joy and gladness;
Only for a night
Is there gloom and sadness;
Clouds and darkness cover us,
Not a star shines over us,
But the shadows hover thus
Only for a night!

But a little while,
For a few hours only,
Do we cease to smile,
Feeling grieved and lonely;
Then the sun appears again
Lighting paths of grief and pain;
For the trouble can remain
Only for a night!

Though the night be long,
Soon the clouds will vanish,
If with cheerful song
Evil thoughts we banish;
Knowing that the promise sure
Has for every ill a cure,
And the weeping can endure
Only for a night!

While we watch and weep
Midnight bells still chiming,
Up the mountain steep
The morning sun is climbing.
Clouds and mist will disappear
As the perfect day draws near,
For we know we tarry here
Only for a night.

Comic Sections.

Toddlekins is a very small man indeed, but he said he never minded it until his three boys grew up to be tall, strapping fellows and his wife began to cut down their old clothes to fit him. And then he said he did get mad.

An inquiring man thrust his fingers into a horse's mouth to see how many teeth it had, and the horse closed his mouth to see how many fingers the man had. The curiosity of each was fully satisfied.

"Fruit eaten at night is baneful." This is one of those wise axioms proved to be true by Adam. His trouble was caused by eating an apple after Eve.

When a rider is thrown over a horse's head the horse becomes the power behind the thrown.

Professor: "Can you tell of what parents the great Napoleon was born?" Student: "Of Cor-si-can."

A defeated competitor at an oratorical contest may be said to be an out spoken individual.

People who live in glass houses should take care to pull down the blinds.

The College Record.

L. R. MEEKINS, EDITOR.

WESTMINSTER, MD., JUNE 16, 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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AS TO BRASS BANDS.

The Brass Band is a majestic arrangement. We have always had a reverent respect for it and all its adjuncts, whether it be the red-faced cornet blower or a second Corybas with his clashing cymbals. When it stands still, there is an impressive solemnity about it, and when it moves it has more dignity than a New York senator. We like brass band music. It possesses an energy and power that looks above the spasmodic affectations of the parlor piano—an activity that gets ahead of the drawing monotony of the church organ, and a moral tone that casts the sinfulness of the violin or flute in the shade. With the life of the small horns, the sobriety of the large ones, and the paroxysms of the big drum, it pursues the even tenor of its way, and is equally inspiring under the circus tent or on a church picnic. It is one of the most effective agents of commencement sublimity. Have you never noticed what a climax it makes after the orator has done skimming the glory off of a western sunset, or bathing his throbbing brain in the waters of yellow Tiber, or cooling it with the breezes of ancient Greece? Have you ever seen the Olympian nod of the cornet Zeus as he set all the sub-deities ablazing? And have you not noticed the sunshine of delight that diffuses itself over the features of the drummer and the cymbal clasher as they join in with their thundering noise? The very air of a brass band is imposing—the tapering plumes reaching heavenward from the head-dress, the glowing uniforms, uniformly bright, the glistening epaulettes, and the radiant lustre of brass buttons and gold stripes throws around the members a stateliness that exceeds the self-importance of a Methodist conference. The brass band is a great institution, and we should be sorry to see it go out of fashion; but still, if more music was crowded into less noise, we would have no objections to the change.

A Needed Improvement.

A large public hall is sadly needed at the College. Every year we have a great crowd at the Brownings' Anniversary, and on each occasion we are not able to accommodate one-third of those who would be glad to attend the exercises. It is very discouraging to the young ladies of the Society, after spending weeks of time to get up a creditable performance, to find that their efforts are unavailing—that their labors go for naught, and although they have a large audience of friends, very little can be heard that is spoken, and the best efforts of those

at the pianos and organs cannot be appreciated by lovers of music in the audience for the hum of voices around them. A few hundred dollars expended in a building that would afford room for all who wished to attend the public exercises of the College, would not only contribute to the improvement of the students, but afford gratification to our citizens who attend, and enable many others who do not come now because of want of accommodation, to enjoy the exercises. Such a building could be erected so that the first story might be used for public occasions and the story above serve for dormitories for the students. It is to be hoped that by this time next year such an edifice will be erected. Who will help furnish the money?

In the previous issue of THE RECORD, a mistake occurred in the advertisement of Mr. J. W. Frizzel on the fourth page. The number of his place of business is 478 instead of 428. It may be well to say in this connection that in his line Mr. Frizzel's stock of goods are inferior to none in the city, and we heartily recommend him to our readers and the public generally.

If any subscribers of THE RECORD fail to receive it regularly we will esteem it a favor if they will inform us of the fact.

Distribution of Certificates and Reading of Marks.

Wednesday morning was devoted to the reading of grades, and the distribution of certificates. At 10 o'clock the students had assembled in the pavilion with a large number of friends, where the exercises of the morning were to take place. There were many anxieties, and some disappointments. Prof. Hering read the marks, and Dr. Ward delivered the various honors. The following received Distinctions in the branches named:

In Belles Lettres—Geo. Y. Everhart, E. L. Gies, George Gist, J. W. Kirk, E. P. Leech, S. L. Leech, A. L. Linthicum, J. F. Somers, C. B. Taylor, S. W. Todd, H. L. Wright, Miss Bettie Braly, Miss Katie Goodhand, Miss May Meredith, Miss Bessie Miller, Miss May Myers, Miss Gertie Bratt, Miss Maud Chaplain, Miss V. Smiley, Miss Emma Taylor.

In Mental and Moral Science—Messrs. H. L. Elderdice, G. Y. Everhart, E. L. Gies, L. R. Meekins, J. F. Somers, G. W. Todd, Misses Katie Goodhand, May Meredith, Bessie Miller, Mary Myers, Katie Smith, Laura Stalnacker.

In Physical Science—Misses Laura Bishop, Hattie Bollinger, Katie Goodhand, May Meredith, Bessie Miller, Mary Myers, Laura Stalnacker, Minnie Usilton, and Messrs. E. L. Gies, Geo. Gist, J. W. Kirk, L. R. Meekins, J. J. F. Thompson.

In Mathematics—Misses Laura Bishop, Betta Braly, Katie Goodhand, Mary Myers, Gertie Bratt, Maud Chaplain, Minnie Usilton, Virginia Smiley, Annie R. Ames, Irene J. Everhart, and Messrs. E. L. Gies, George Gist, William Gist, J. W. Kirk, Christopher Noss, C. B. Taylor, G. W. Todd, H. L. Wright, W. F. Elgin, James D. Gwynn.

In Ancient Languages—Misses Laura J. Bishop, Mary Myers, Gertrude Bratt, Maud Chaplain, Minnie Usilton, Virginia Smiley, Annie R. Ames, Irene Everhart, Flora Jones, and Messrs. E. L. Gies, Geo. Gist, Jas. D. Gwynn, J. W. Kirk, Christopher Noss, F. H. Schaeffer, C. E. Stoner, G. W. Todd.

In French—Misses L. J. Bishop, Katie Goodhand, Bessie Miller, Mary Myers, Maud Chaplain, Minnie Usilton, and Messrs. A. L. Linthicum, E. F. Elgin.

In Hebrew—H. L. Elderdice, J. W. Kirk, E. A. Warfield.

In Music—Misses Hattie Bollinger, Florence Hering, Alverta Lamotte, Minnie Usilton, Sallie Wilmer, Virginia Smith.

In English Branches—Misses Annie Ames, Irene Everhart, Flora Jones.

In Department—Miss Hattie Bollinger, Florence Duffenbaugh, Ida Duffenbaugh, Florence Hering, Alverta Lamotte, May Meredith, Bessie Miller, Mary Myers, May Nicodemus, Gertrude Bratt, Virginia Smiley, J. Smiley, Minnie Usilton, Nellie Warner, Annie Ames, Sallie Wilmer, Laura Stalnacker, and Messrs. John Gill, J. W. Kirk, Christopher Noss.

The essay prizes were next awarded. These are given by Dr. Ward to those students whose compositions in points of diction, penmanship and originality, are adjudged by a competent committee, chosen for the purpose, to be the best. The first prize, which was a handsome volume entitled "The Life and Epoch of Hamilton," was awarded to L. R. Meekins, of Cambridge, Md., author of "Energy;" the second to Mr. E. P. Leech, of Frederick, Md., author of "The Influence of the Study of Nature;" the third, "Arnold's Essays on Criticism," to Mr. H. L. Elderdice, Burrsville, Md., author of "Man's Responsibility;" the fourth to Miss Nannie James, of Belair, Md., authoress of "Love of Fame;" the fifth, "Demosthenes Orations," to Mr. Calvin B. Taylor, of Berlin, Md., author of "History."

A handsome volume of poems was awarded to Miss Maud Chaplain for proficiency in German.

The Junior prize medal procured by Col. McKellip, A. H. Huber, Esq., Dr. Chas. Billingslea, and Dr. Howell Billingslea, was presented to Mr. E. L. Gies.

The gold medal presented by a member of the class of '73 to the valedictorian of the class of '81, was awarded to Miss Laura Stalnacker.

The Senior class gave a medal for the Sophomore having the highest grade. As Messrs. J. W. Kirk and Harry Baughman came out exactly equal, Dr. Ward said that he would retain the medal, have one cast precisely like it, and present one to each of the gentlemen.

The Kuhn's Freshman medal, donated by Rev. Mr. Kuhn, was awarded to Mr. George Gist.

Society Re-Unions Yesterday.

BROWNING.

The Browning Society held their annual re-union in their hall on the afternoon of the 15th. As has already been stated, this Society has a larger number enrolled among its members than ever before. The President, Miss Jennie Smith, opened the exercises with a few graceful words of welcome. We were pleased to see among the visitors many familiar faces of graduates and schoolmates of former years.

Miss Lizzie Trump, '79, read an essay entitled "Treasures, How Attainable"—full of good sense and ornamented with many "treasures" of language and ideas. It was received with marked attention. Our *petite* friend, Miss Flora Wilson, '80, followed with a touching rehearsal, feelingly rendered, "The Maiden Martyr," after which Miss Lizzie Hodges, '80, favored us with some good music. Miss Bell Norman's essay was next on the programme, "Scenery and Mind." It showed that, although every eye and ear can alike receive the beauties of nature, every mind does not alike appreciate and prize the beauty and

excellence our kind Father has scattered so lavishly around.

Miss Linnie Kimler, '80, read that most touching poem by our gifted and much lamented Dr. E. Y. Reese, called "Alone, a Midnight Reverie." Heart-breaking in its sadness, we could almost see him pouring out his griefs to the lonely night winds, and feel with him the spirits hovering round. Miss Mary Rinehart then gave us some excellent music, after which refreshments in abundance were served to all, the delicacies being seasoned, spiced and flavored with pleasant voices, gay laughter and many witty words.

IRVING.

The honorary, ex-active and active members of the Irving Literary Society convened in their handsome, newly papered room at about three o'clock on yesterday to celebrate their annual re-union. The renewal of old ties of friendship, the narration of hallowed scenes of past history, and treasured memories which have characterized her progress render these occasions dear to the members of the Irving. For the first time in the history of the Society re-unions ladies were present, and added not a little to the enjoyment and hilarity of the afternoon. Mr. G. Y. Everhart, the affable president, presided over the courtesies of the day, and did all he could by speech and action to contribute to the happiness of others. There was no regular programme of exercises and formality was sacrificed to the pleasures of feeling at home.

Mr. C. E. Stoner, with a good, common sense, practical address, welcomed those present, and bade all to enjoy themselves as much as possible. The Farewell to the Graduating Class was made in excellent style by Mr. Samuel V. Leech, Jr., and happily responded to by Mr. Geo. W. Todd. To mention the presence of Mr. J. W. Miles is equivalent to saying that he made a speech, and he did it in his own excellent, inimitable style.

Dr. Killgore made a few humorous and appreciative remarks, which were much enjoyed. Prof. Chas. T. Wright kindly read several appropriate selections, which were much applauded. Rev. Mr. Brunner, Prof. Devilbiss, Messrs. A. S. Miles, C. B. Fundenberg, E. P. Leech, and various members of the Society made speeches that whiled away the time with profit and pleasure. Everything passed off happily, and everybody departed well pleased with the meeting together.

WEBSTER.

At about half past three o'clock the members of the Webster Literary Society, accompanied by a large number of their friends, assembled in their commodious and attractive hall to celebrate the annual re-union of the Association. The room was well filled, and rang with gay conversations, and hearty peals of laughter. The sudden uprising of Mr. Frank Elgin and the sound of his authoritative voice soon quelled all to silence. He then delivered in happy style the opening address, in which he said that the Society had at last hit upon the happy expedient of removing dull care from the festive board of its re-unions, by the invitation of the lady friends of the Association.

He was glad that it had proven so successful. After he had done, L. R. Meekins was called upon, and responded in way of a Re-Union poem, written for the occasion, and dealing with the humorous side of college life. Bountiful supplies of ice cream, cake, confections, etc., were then brought on the tables and disposed of with an alacrity, easier to be experienced than described. At least, we thought so, and the lady that near by discharged the hospitalities will bear us witness. Toasts were

next in order. The one on "Women" was responded to by Mr. H. L. Wright, of Brazil, "Autograph Albums" was offered by Mr. Kirk, and responded to by L. R. Meekins; "College Slang" offered by Mr. Simmons, responded to by Mr. F. Willmon; "Mathematics" offered by Mr. Dumm, responded to by Mr. L. A. Jarman; "Zero" offered by Master Howard Norment, and responded to by Mr. Gies. Rev. Mr. Dumm replied to one on the clergy, and Rev. Dr. Killgore made a few felicitous remarks to the toast "I still live." Mr. DeFord made a great deal out of "Old Maids." Rev. F. C. Klein, in reply to "Exactive Member," made the most eloquent speech of the day, and Mr. Thompson showed a consummate knowledge of his subject when he replied to "Hooking." Rev. Mr. Brunner, of Pa., and others who were present, mingled their voices in the festivities, to the pleasure of all present.

Mr. McDaniel, the critic of the day, put a happy climax to the exercises, and evoked much merriment by his humorous cuts at the performances of the afternoon. Supper time pressed upon the company, and the meeting was broken up. There was pleasure all through the entertainment, and fond recollections followed all as they retired.

The Educational System of Our Country.

Oration Before the Literary Societies by Hon. Henry W. Hoffman, of Cumberland, Md.

Yesterday evening was clear, breezy and delightfully pleasant. The students crammed with re-union were fully prepared for the oration which was to grace the close of the day, and at the hour appointed they joined in line and marched to the pavilion, headed by the brass band of Westminster, which dispensed some very fine music during the evening. The choice of the societies this year fell upon Hon. Henry W. Hoffman, a gentleman of culture and of acknowledged ability and force. His effort last evening was a successful one, and elicited considerable demonstrative encomiums of the large audience. It showed a research into, and a knowledge of, the educational history of the country and especially of the State of Maryland. The production was practical and pertinent to an eminent degree; and is as far above our praise or our censure as it is above our capacity. It was fraught with good, wholesome advice throughout, rising to passages of eloquence and beauty. On the stage were seated the Board of Trustees, Faculty of the College, Revs. Dr. Leech and Dr. Killgore. It may be well to remark incidentally, that there were ten Doctors of Divinities on the platform. After prayer by Rev. Dr. Leech, of Frederick, and music by Gray's Band, Dr. Ward introduced the orator of the evening. Mr. Hoffman then advanced and spoke substantially as follows:—"Ladies and gentlemen, although a native of Western Maryland and to the manor born, I can say tonight that this is the first time that I have had the opportunity to face a Carroll county audience; but although in a new country I do not feel as a perfect stranger among you. I recall the days when your honored president was located at our city, and when I had the pleasure and profit of sitting under his teachings, and of hearing his counsels. I also recognize seated around me many familiar faces which put me at home it seems with you all. * * *

The Universities and Colleges of our country, within the last decade or two, have increased so rapidly that they exceed those of preceding years beyond any comparison. They dot our land at present throughout its length and breadth, and their far-reaching

and beneficent influences are being felt more and more each day. In their annually recurring commencements there is contributed and pressed into service so much of the mind and thought of the age that I feel a degree of unwonted embarrassment in responding to the uninvited and unmerited honor of addressing the Literary Societies of Western Maryland College this evening. I know of no better way, however, of improving the passing hour or of attempting to deserve the compliment tendered me, than by directing your attention to the Educational History of the country, and to the founding and growth of educational institutions in the land.

He then proceeded showing that it was necessary for a system to be planted firm solid, and to grow from foundation upwards. It must be watched, nourished and tended. We have grown out of that idea that there could be no great results without the strewing of pine, twining of myrtle, the tooting of horns or the show of festivity. Many well-planned enterprises have been nipped in the bud, to be followed by failure, or swift decay. The founding of all institutions requires foresight, prudence and economy.

The spring which wells from the mountain side, upon whose bosom the leaves dance so gaily, and laughingly ripples over the rocks, seems to have filled its mission at the source itself. But it goes on ever widening until it merges into a river wide and deep, with the marts of trade situated on its banks, the wheels of manufacture dipping in its current, and the argosies of commerce floating on its bosom. The same is true of institutions of learning. Planted on a sure foundation, their significance should grow and extend beyond the individual and community, beyond the professor and trustee, until they weave themselves and their influence into the web of history and become a part of the nation itself.

The educational institutions of our land owe their origin to the New England Colleges. The germ of mental culture was transferred from England in the Mayflower, and planted in Northern soil, where it rapidly developed and grew into such beautiful proportions. It is a fact of history that ten years after the arrival of Governor Winthrop, Harvard College was instituted, and the foundation of the school system of our land was laid.

I do not claim that the starting of free schools as made in New England, was original on the part of its people. Even in Plato's foggy brain the idea of education by the state was not a new thing. He would have had the sons of the country taken from their mothers and brought entirely under instruction and tuition of the state, such as would conduce to make them honest men and honorable citizens in every respect. This theory is far different from the theory of which I speak. The former had an existence only in the brain; the latter is practical, is adapted to the requirements of a progressive people. The early New England settlers recognized the advantages that were to flow from the education of the masses, and they provided not only for the education of the youth of the land, but also provided a fund to send the brighter scholars of the public schools to Harvard, and thus furnish them with the means to obtain a collegiate education. We cannot overlook the fact that through these primary schools came the very men who were to meet and grapple with the great questions of the time—those men who have astonished the world by their diplomacy and their superior knowledge. We can see even now glimpses of that fiery panoply which they wore in contest against crowns and thrones.

The system of education was confined to

that section in which it originated. As late as 1671 the Governor of the Colony of Virginia wrote to England and said that he thanked God that free schools had not been introduced in his state. Mr. Hoffman argued that much of the ignorance of the South was owing to its refusal to adopt and foster the common school system. He quoted DeToeville who, when considering the culture of the states, draws a line in favor of the people inhabiting Northern States.

In reviewing the constitution of Maryland not one word do you find concerning education, until 1863. Even the convention of 1851, composed as it was of the ablest men of the state, did not provide for it. No further attempts were made to reform the constitution until thirteen years later, when the war cloud had overspread the land, and when the strife was about half over, we see a movement among the people of Maryland for another state convention. It was in 1863, then, that a committee grappled with two questions—that of slavery and that of education, and for the first time in the history of the state the subject of education was acted upon.

It does honor to the members of that convention for framing resolutions and exerting their efforts for the purpose of diffusing knowledge and instructing and spreading common school education.

In the constitution made three years later the provision in regard to common schools was allowed to remain practically the same as put there in 1864.

There is no one who has not felt the benefits of the common school system, who has not seen its widespread influences, and who has not beheld its glorious effects. In my own time I can remember when there was not a decent school house in Western Maryland, and when the teachers were frowned upon, despised, insulted and ridiculed. But such a state of things no longer exists. The educators of our country at present are looked up to by every one. The deference due their position of trust and responsibility is now paid them and they are considered as among the most valuable citizens contained in the republic. School houses have been built up, and the school system, although yet in its teens, has been productive of the deepest good, and is the main-spring of the greatest results.

The school system is a great reservoir from which the universities and colleges are to draw their support. The pride which manifested itself at the beginning of the introduction of the public schools, is gradually passing away, and at present the common school is attended by all classes.

We are living in age of great improvement—an age in which the civilization is higher, broader, deeper, than ever before. The mind is ruling the country at this hour, and intellectual worth is the criterion of a man's true greatness. Those who stood above their fellows years ago are now being brought to a common level. The educational system that we now have has put all classes on the same ground. * * *

Says Disraeli, "No man can succeed in life until he understands himself." Young men and young ladies should determine what they are fitted for in life, what is best adapted to the talents they have; and after discovering what such may be, they should concentrate all their energies to its accomplishment. It is the continued, unflagging devotion to duty in some particular sphere of life that brings golden fruit to the worker. This a day of specialties. Mr. H. here spoke in eulogistic terms of Hon. S. Teacle Wallis's address on technical education, recently delivered in Baltimore. No man, he continued, can succeed in business who does not make a specialty in some one line. The day is passed when

the jack of all trades can be considered the man that has the brightest prospects. If you wish to make anything of yourselves, you must accept one particular trade, or enter one chosen profession. The work that has succeeded best in every department of the country and at all stages of its history, was not accomplished by those who have diffused themselves and their talents; but by men who have concentrated mind and heart in the improvement and development of some one specialty. We must give all our energies to the thing we undertake, and centralize every effort in its fulfillment.

The husbandman on the Nile, who cultivates the same fields that generations of his ancestors tilled, knows full well that there are certain seasons in the year, which if he avails himself of, and plants his crops, will return many fold at the harvest time. So it is, ladies and gentlemen, with us all. There are certain opportunities in which we may sow the seed of action that will grow into success. Every moment should be utilized, and every occasion improved. The bread cast upon the waters will be sure to return after many days. Seize the passing hour, and remember that the water that has passed the mill will never grind again. After a very eloquent peroration, which we are forced to exclude on account of our limited space, Mr. Hoffman very appropriately closed with the following beautiful verses from "The Water Mill":

Listen to the water-mill, all the livelong day,
How the creaking of the wheel wears the hour away
Languidly the water glides, ceaseless on and still,
Never coming back again, to that water-mill;
And the proverb haunts the mind, as my spell is cast,
The mill will never grind with the water that has passed.

Take a lesson to yourself, loving hearts and true;
Golden years are passing by, youth is passing too;
Try to make the most of life, lose no honest way,
All that you can call your own, lies in this—to-day.
Power, intellect and strength may not, cannot last—
The mill will never grind with the water that has passed.

ALUMNI MEETING.

At the annual meeting of the Alumni Association yesterday Mr. James A. Diefenbaugh, '74, was chosen President; Mr. Charles H. Baughman, '71, Vice President; Miss Martha Smith, '76, Secretary; Mr. Jos. W. Smith, '80, Assistant Secretary; Miss Alice Fenby, '73, Treasurer; Rev. T. H. Lewis, '75, orator, and Miss Annie R. Yingling, '71, essayist for next commencement. Action was also taken in regard to the death of Miss Emma Selby.

A TRAGEDY IN TWO ACTS.

ACT I.

Boy,

Gun;

Joy,

Fun,

ACT II.

Gun,

Bust;

Boy,

Dust.

ARRIVALS.

Rev. Mr. Brunner, Pa.
Dr. Drinkhouse, Baltimore, Md.
Dr. J. J. Murray, Pittsburg, Pa.
Rev. Mr. Shreeve, Frederick county, Md.
Dr. S. V. Leech, Frederick, Md.
Rev. Mr. Dumm, Johnsville, Md.

"Pray, madam, why did you give your hen such a peculiar name as Macduff?"
"Because, sir, I wanted her to 'lay on.'"

A revenue cutter—the shears we use to cut off the coupons.

Driving a Hen.

When a woman has a hen to drive into the coop, she takes hold of her skirts with both hands, shakes them quietly to the delinquent and says: "Shoo, there!" The hen takes one look at the object to convince herself that it is a woman and then stalks majestically into the coop. A man doesn't do that way. He goes out doors and says: "It is singular nobody can drive a hen but me," and picking up a stick of wood, hurls it at the offending biped and observes: "Get in there, you thief." The hen immediately loses her reason and dashes to the other end of the yard. The man straightway dashes after her. She comes back with her head down, her wings out, and followed by an assortment of stove wood, fruit cans and clinkers, and a very mad man in the rear. Then she skims under the barn, and over a fence or two, and around the house, and back again to the coop, and all the while talking as only an excited hen can talk, and all the while followed by things convenient for handling, and a man whose coat is on the saw-buck, and whose hat is on the ground, and whose perspiration has no limit. By this time the other hens have come out to take a hand in the debate and help dodge missiles, and the man says every hen on the place shall be sold in the morning, and puts on his things and goes down the street, and the woman has every one of those hens housed and counted in two minutes.

These plans of driving are applicable to other cases than hens. The person who goes about the business gently and calmly will seldom fail of success, while for him who resorts to the fire and thunder plan we may always look with doubts as to successful results.—*Mobile Register.*

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