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Select Poetry.

THE EARLY RAIN.

Down through the misty air,
Down from the gloom above,
Falling, pattering everywhere,
The rain comes quick with love.
Softly the missel-thrush
Sings in the golden storm;
The robin under a laurel bush
Waits for to-morrow morn.

Drip, drip, drip from the eaves,
Pit, pit pit on the pane,
Swish, swish, swish on the drenched leaves,
List! 'tis the song of the rain.
Grasses are bending low,
Green is the corn and thick;
You can almost see the nettles grow,
They grow so strong and quick.

Soft is the wind from the west,
Softer the wind's low sigh;
The sparrow washes his smoky breast,
And watches the gloomy sky.
Stirred are the boughs by the breeze,
Scarcely a leaf is still,
Something is moving among the trees
Like a restless spirit of ill.

Standing watching the rain,
Do you not seem to hear
The voice of God outspeaking again
To man's ungrateful ear?
Promising plenty and peace,
Carners with treasure heaped,
The seed-time and harvest shall not cease
Till the Harvest of Earth be reaped.
—The Argosy.

COMMENCEMENT DAY.

Exercises at Western Md. College.

No larger gathering was ever in the grove at the Western Maryland College than that which assembled in and around the pavilion Thursday morning to witness the commencement exercises of the senior class. After the opening prayer by Rev. J. T. Murray, D. D., president of the annual conference of the M. P. Church, Mr. Joseph W. Kirk, of Alexandria, Va., delivered a salutatory, subject, "Monopoly," and Miss Georgie R. Nichols, of Johnsville, a salutatory; subject, "Mirrors." Orations and essays then followed. First oration, "Hope" (a poem), by Mr. R. L. Linthicum, of Church Creek, Md.; first essay, "Man's Appreciation of Life," by Miss Jessie Smiley, of Carlisle, Pa.; second oration, "Our Outlook," by Mr. Alonzo L. Miles, of Marion, Md.; second essay, "The Education of Woman," by Miss Virginia Smiley, of Carlisle, Pa.; third oration, "What a Wreck!" by Mr. Franklin H. Shaeffer, of Silver Run, Md.; third essay, "Out of School Life Into Life's School," by Miss Lizzie Swarbrick, of Hagerstown, Md.; fourth oration, "The Changeable Never Changes," by Mr. Wm. W. Dumm, of Johnsville, Md.; fourth essay, "Half Way," by Miss Lillie M. Keller, of Buckeystown, Md.; fifth oration, "Can I Succeed?" by Mr. Smallwood C. Ohlum, of Finksburg, Md.; fifth essay, "Sleep," by Miss Florence Diffenbaugh, of Westminster, Md.; sixth oration, "The School of Experience," by Mr. Jesse W. Norris, of Baltimore, Md.; sixth essay, "Eldorado," by Miss M. Agnes Lease, of Mount Pleasant, Md.; seventh oration, "Beacon Lights," by Mr. Frank P. Fenby, of Westminster,

Md.; seventh essay, "The Dream of Tomorrow," by Miss Florence G. Hering, of Westminster, Md.; eighth oration, "Norse Mythology," by Mr. Louis C. Wainwright, of Princess Anne, Md.; eighth essay, "Fancy Fabrics," by Miss Carrie W. Yingling, of Tiffin, Ohio; ninth oration, "Castle Building," by Mr. John J. F. Thompson, of Nassau, N. P., West Indies. President J. T. Ward, D. D., then conferred the degrees awarded by the board of trustees and distributed diplomas to those entitled to them. After music by the Westminster brass band, that had played repeatedly during the exercises, the valedictories were delivered by Miss S. Nannie James, of Belair, Md.; subject, "Only Begun," and by Mr. Harry H. F. Baughman, of Westminster, Md.; subject, "A Stage in Life's Journey." The degree of A. B. was conferred on each of the members of the graduating class, the honorary degree of A. M. on Messrs. W. H. Deford, D. D. S.; Rev. F. C. Klein, Lewis A. Jarman, Esq., Prof. Wm. A. McDaniel, and Miss Florence E. Wilson, all of the class of '80; the degree of D. D. upon Rev. P. F. Duncan and Rev. John G. Johnson.

Below are portions of every address except those of Dumm and Linthicum.

Mr. Kirk—MONOPOLY.

The tendency, cause and intentions of monopoly were first considered, and then several forms of monopoly were discussed, viz: Money, trade, land and railroad monopoly. The speaker held that monopoly was a tyranny, and as such should not be tolerated, but that dynamite, and strikes accompanied with violence, were no remedies, but that the proper exercise of the right of franchise was the remedy.

Salutatory—Miss Nichols

Since the world began, and man with his social nature was created, no word has been more used than that beautiful one, "Welcome." It has been a favorite with all classes, and in every sphere of life—among the grave and the gay, the high and low, the poor and rich, and has shed its sunshine alike, amid the rare exotics of the beautiful *partéerie* and the floral adornments of the lowly garden walk. The old, old word, laden with stories of the past and breathing good-will for the present, so often repeated here in our beloved Western Maryland, once more we pronounce it amid these classic shades on behalf of the class of '83, and say to you all, from the depths of our hearts, welcome, thrice welcome, on this, the grand gala-day, of our young lives. * * *

So with happy hearts and smiling faces, with hope and confidence, we are looking forward, and bid you, each and all, once again Welcome, Welcome, Welcome!

The world is full of mirrors, and where ever we turn we may find reflections of ourselves staring us in the face, transformed and with all the guiding removed, so that we may see them in their true character. * * * But although it may seem strange that nature should understand our motives, it is merely the promptings of our hearts which we send out, and then are reflected back to us from the magic mirror of the world. Do we form good purposes and accomplish noble deeds?

The thousand tongues of nature are harmonious to our ears; every cloud above us has a silver lining, and after every storm-cloud comes the spanning of the bow of peace; you grace the world with your nobility of character and your generous deeds, and the world in turn reflects them in the form of songs of beauty, and life is happiness. But should you, on the other hand, give forth only haughty looks, scornful words and cruel deeds, to you no summer day will be faultless. In every flower some poison will be hidden, and each voice of nature that seems only to speak of things will seem deceitful, and your life will be dreary and miserable. You may censure the world for its coldness and blame it as the cause of your misfortunes, but it is not this that has wrought the mischief. Your own evil heart, sending forth unholy thoughts, and the world is but showing them in all their hideousness, thus imploring you to vanish them from your heart. * * *

Miss Smiley—MAN'S APPRECIATION OF LIFE.

The question, "What is life?" has been disputed from the days of the ancient philosophers to the present day. We find that no one has been able to define this term so as to give full satisfaction; some ascribing a meaning entirely too full, and others a meaning too restricted. More recent writers, however, by confessing frankly their ignorance of the question, display their wisdom and sound sense, as it was never intended for man to pry too curiously into the hidden mysteries of God. Man, although ignorant of the principle of this ephemeral existence, recognizing the value of it as pertaining to himself, to others, and to his Maker, and the noble and lofty purpose of his existence, appreciates life as of more value than all earthly treasures.

There are some who value life only as success seems to attend their efforts. If they fail in their desired attainments, they think that life no longer holds for them anything to be desired. As they see no present means of escape from their overflowing cup of sorrow, they despair, and in an evil moment take their own lives.

There is another class of persons who, in setting out in life, think it will not come to a close until they shall have accomplished all their great undertakings and have enjoyed the reward of their efforts. Therefore they set vigorously to work that they may realize all their hopes. They amass their wealth by day and night, laying it up for the future, which perhaps they shall never see, for the mental and physical powers are being undermined slowly and imperceptibly. Suddenly they are apprised of the fact that life is in jeopardy and beyond the power of human skill. Anon they think of the riches for which they wasted the vital energies of their lives, but which, being acquired, are powerless in the hour of need. Gladly would they give these for the prolongation of life, for "blessings brighten as they take their flight," and as the portals of death open to them life is appreciated more than all the corruptible resources of the earth, which they once held so dear, but now realize the emptiness and vanity of these, compared with the worth of life. * * *

The Evil One (and we are all more or

less acquainted with him) hath said—"All that a man hath will he give for his life." We take the liberty to differ from his Satanic Majesty, as we know that he does not always adhere to the truth. There are some, sad to relate, who live in accordance with his saying, who would give all they have for life. They would sell even their integrity and honor (if they had any), or take another life, that their own might be preserved. Such men we classify as robbers, outlaws, and assassins, of whom the world does well to get rid at as early a date as possible. On the other hand, we have innumerable instances where men have appreciated it to the fullest extent, yet would rather a thousand fold sacrifice it, precious as it is, than to be culpable of such vile and barbarous practices as those already mentioned. * * *

Life is appreciated the more as we are governed by the high principles of Christianity, of that spiritual life which perishes not with the mortal body, but reaches forth into eternity. * * *

Why then should life be so highly appreciated? It should be so, because it is conferred on man by the Creator, and as He alone can give it, we should try to make the most of it, and lose no honest way, until he sees fit to dispose of it according to his will. Man when deprived of life is at once cut off from all that he holds dearest on earth, from all his cherished plans and hopes; therefore man should be careful that he neither destroys his own life nor that of another, for as it is not in his power to restore it, he deprives him not only of this world's happiness, but perhaps of a realization of eternal bliss. Man was placed in this world to perform works therein, the highest of which is to glorify God; then there are other duties to perform, the noble doing of which will win the reward. * * * We each,

therefore, have a work to perform. Let us not then regard life as useless, but have that appreciation of it which will enable us to preserve and accomplish life's work in such a manner that it may be said of us: "Life's race well run, life's work well done, life's crown well won."

Mr. A. L. Miles, of Somerset county, was the fourth speaker, and took for his subject

"OUR OUTLOOK."

After reviewing briefly the outlook for educated young men in the different pursuits of life, he said:

Whatever then may be the inclination of our minds, it is time now to come out from the narrow confines of the class-room and find in practical life, in nature, and in the world around us a volume whose pages are ever unfolded, whose origin is divine, and whose resources are as inexhaustible as the efforts of its author. Each of us fellow-students and class-mates are about to fill a chapter in this great volume of the world, and no doubt when we look down the pages of each chapter we will turn away with feelings of discouragement, and say there are enough already, but whether it be agriculture, commerce, law, medicine or science, there is room enough for you and I—there is a round in the ladder yet unreach—a point in the deep recesses of thought yet unfathomed, and a star in the

firmament of glory whose brightness is still obscured in ignorance. What then is our outlook to-day? Be it one of darkness and uncertainty, let us remember the motto that marks our class memorial—"ne cede malis"—yield not to misfortune! and though it be as bright and promising as yon meridian sunshine, let us not become careless as to the result and suppose that that alone will lead to a destiny of distinction in this world's honor; for we need not expect our pathway to be always strewn with flowers as inviting as those which adorn our stage to-day, and give new charms to the occasion by their fragrance, nor kind friends to greet our coming with the same appreciation of our efforts; but, on the contrary, there will always be some critical eye watching our every movement, ready to point out the defects in our character, and let our virtues, if there be any, shine by the light of our own good deeds. I tell you, fellow-students, life is a battlefield, and we must fight regardless of circumstances, if we would gain the victory. And whether you accept the popular advice of to-day and make for yourself a home amid the prairies of Texas or the Southern territories, along the valleys of the Rocky Mountain system, or pitch your tent to the farther regions of the Pacific slope, you will find it to be the inward disposition of man, and not the mere change of longitude that insures success. * * *

THE EDUCATION OF WOMAN—Miss V. Smiley.

It is a lamentable fact that until recent years little pains have been bestowed upon the education of woman. But a brighter period has dawned. We have reached that period when the importance of advocating female education is realized. It is now, however, becoming the fashion of the age in which we live to be well educated.

Minds of a high order think it no degradation to devote their powers to female instruction. Men whose talents qualify them for the highest positions in life take pleasure in developing the female mind, in aiding in the glorious work of enlarging her intellect and increasing her knowledge. They recommend to us the importance of intellectual culture. * * * It is the duty of Christian mothers to be well educated, as their influence is very great. It lies with them in a great measure to enable the minds and to exalt the souls of their children. * * * Young ladies should not think they should be well educated merely to receive the admiration of society, but also that they may make noble women. *

Education and culture furnish resources of happiness for riper years. It is often said that after a woman becomes engaged in household duties she has no time for improving her mind. But the time and the means are bountifully supplied, they go hand in hand. Every new situation, every new responsibility speaks to the reflecting mind; the heart is softened by adversity, expanded by joy, strengthened by sorrow, humbled by temptation, and enlarged by mercy and love. * * *

The acquisition of knowledge and science in the forms of chemistry, natural history, botany, philosophy, besides many others are duly called into exercise. But if a woman could encompass herself with the whole circle of arts and science, still this accumulated knowledge would be of little use if it did not afford material for thought. * * * In consequence of the lack of education in ages past, women were degraded in proportion to their ignorance. * * *

Mr. F. H. Schaeffer delivered the third oration, subject

WHAT A WRECK!

which began as follows:

What a wreck! was the almost involuntary utterance of the American people as

they received the intelligence of the wretched and deplorable end of Burr. A man once high in power and decked with the honors and confidence of a nation whose education and brilliant talents fitted him for the most promising and conspicuous position at the hands of the people; whose grand and eloquent valedictory, delivered upon leaving the Senate of the United States, was one of the most masterly and thrilling efforts ever pronounced before that body. Yet with all his genius and superior qualities of mind, he passed to an unhonored grave almost without a sigh of regret, racked by dissipation and reduced to poverty and obscurity, his name checkered and blackened by the crimes of murder and conspiracy. The date of his fall may be reckoned from the time when one beautiful morning on the banks of the Hudson he slew the foremost man of the nation. Blinded by passion, he gave unrestrained freedom to his temper and wrecked a life that could have been enrolled among the most illustrious of his countrymen. Educated and talented, he entered upon life with bright hopes and encouraging prospects; but, having once given away to the loose reins of his unscrupulous ambition, he perpetrated the crimes that no sting of conscience or remorse of a life time could undo or redeem, his hand was turned against every man and every man's hand was turned against him. While on his death-bed, in a little log cabin in Rhode Island, he is said to have exclaimed upon realizing his misery and wretchedness: "Had I read *Voltaire* less and *Sterne* more when young, the world would have been wide enough for *Hamilton* and me," indicating that his mind in early life had been poisoned and perverted by the use of bad books. His life furnishes an interesting theme for contemplation to young men talented and educated about entering upon the active realities of the world. There are to be found many characters in the lower grades of society to-day who are but wrecks of their former selves.

Half Way—Miss Keller

If a traveller coming across the broad Atlantic to explore America, after he had seen the beautiful, cultivated fields of the East, visited the comfortable homes of Maryland and Virginia; had ascended the Alleghenies and looked out on the marks of civilization spread before him; had sailed up the Hudson and enjoyed the costly and spacious villas which line its banks, then, after crossing the almost endless miles of corn and wheat, which the fertile surface of Illinois and Indiana bears, if this traveller were then to sit down on the eastern bank of the "Noble Mississippi," and looking constantly eastward and looking over in his mind only what he had seen and enjoyed, totally disregarding the wonders of the West, how foolish we would deem him half way across America and content with what he had seen, no knowledge of the rolling prairies of Kansas and Iowa, the immense rich gold mines and wonderful Yosemite Falls and Hot Sulphur Springs of California, the Missouri Falls of Montana, not equalled by any in America except Niagara and the Silver Mines of Arizona. He had never climbed the gigantic Rocky Mountains, nor explored their mighty canons; had not stood upon the shores of the placid Pacific and seen the countless vessels going out from its harbors to the mystic East. So in life a person often begins the pursuit of knowledge, is at first charmed by the novelty of it, studies diligently and progresses rapidly, when by some unknown cause, when he has half accomplished his object, he is seized by "indolence," and is as much captivated by her charms as he formerly was with his new pursuit; his studies are neglected, he becomes uninter-

ested, and what he begun with so much confidence is left uncompleted when only half way. * * *

Our lives are students to-day, and we may say that this is the half way point in our lives, although we are not old, as from to-day we enter a new sphere of life, one entirely different from that which we are now taking leave. Now is the time for us, one and all, to determine that we will do nothing half way. If anything we once begin, no matter how tired we may get, or how monotonous it may become, remember that persons who are constantly beginning but never finish anything are seldom, if ever, of any importance. * * *

There is no such thing as being a half-way Christian. This is one of the few things that cannot be half done. If we serve God, we must do it with our whole heart; there is no half way in heaven. * *

"Half way." How much of sadness those words hold, how they tell of hopes and desires, and warn ardent efforts which were suffered to die before their object was half commenced. When we look at the uncompleted lives, the failures which thickly line life's pathway; when we see discouragement, indolence, want of purpose, and a thousand other hindering causes weaving their nets about the unwary traveller, each seeking to make him pause in his onward journey, we grow sad and fearful for our own cause.

Swiftly, swiftly passing years,
What have you brought to me
More than dreams
And idle schemes
Of thought and action, weak resolves to be
What I should be.
When later years shall come and I
Shall stand upon the farther shore.
Can I look back the long, long track
And see no wreck of other days,
The loves and hopes of years? *

Mr. S. C. Ohrum then delivered an oration on

"CAN I SUCCEED?"

He first answered the question, "Why so many failures?" by showing how one young man is waiting for something to turn up; another, "I'm waiting for a big chance;" another says, "There is no room, no chance of ever rising higher;" another, "Is looking for something easy." Under the last head he represented a young man hunting among the different occupations of men, the law, merchandise, the ministry, medicine, the trades, etc., for something to do which requires no work, and at last failing in life because he is too lazy to work as others have done. The speaker then concluded as follows:

Work is the watch-word of success; it is the magic wand that opens the hidden treasures of the world and procures for us all that's worth having. There is no chance for the sluggard; God has even decreed that his dreams shall not be peaceful. If a young man will not work, either physically or mentally, it would be better that he were dead. Probably the other world could afford him better accommodations, for there is no chance for him here. If a fortune is left him, some one will steal it while he sleeps; if he has no money, his sad doom will be kicks and blows from a cold world, as a poor, homeless dog.

But shame on any of us who would thus sit in idleness, and complain that there is nothing to do. Nothing to do in this broad and glorious country of ours, teeming with its millions of opportunities, a fortune for every one who will take hold of it. This is a chance for all. The places are inviting us, but if we sleep the world will move on and we may forever lose our chance. This age means business. It is an age of steam and electricity, rushing on at lightning's speed. It has no time to fool away with drones. If we would succeed we must move on with the rushing tide of humanity. Take hold of the chances as they offer themselves, and success is sure.

Every young man has it in his power to compel men to pay attention to him, to honor and respect him. Alexander conquered the world, and his name will go thundering down the ages as a mighty man of valor. And to-day every young man of medium ability has it in his power to conquer the world around him and obtain a great reward. Conquer the world? Yes; this world is a great battle ground. Every one is a soldier, fighting against all around him. Men are striving for place. A merchant is waiting, with uplifted dagger of fault-finding, to strike down his armed opponent. The professions are bleeding at every step with gashes cut by blades from their own ranks. The contending forces go rushing pell-mell over each other. Fierce is the fray, and at times the poor soldier seems almost trampled in the dust; but by his valor he fights on, and when the boom of canon has ceased, and the smoke of battle has cleared away, he is seen proudly bearing off the field a banner with the shining device, "Excelsior." He is victor. He has won the victory by fighting hard, and now wears the crown of success with joy and gladness.

This, my friends, is the conquest we can make if we will; but we have got to be men. Pluck, energy and perseverance will carry us safely through the hardest battle of life. Let us prove ourselves worthy of the world's confidence, and men will respect and honor us, and the refreshing breezes of prosperity will carry us on our way rejoicing.

There is success for every young man;
Let us be men, and take the prize.

SLEEP—Miss Diffenbaugh.

I have a wise and learned friend who thinks that sleep is not so vital to the health and happiness of mankind, as it is commonly supposed to be; that rest is the only requisite to restore the body, wearied by toil; and that if there be no physical ill requiring sleep as a medicament, rest without sleep does as much good as with sleep, provided the thoughts be pleasant and agreeable. My friend is not whimsical or capricious. He has held prominent positions in the state and nation, and has been esteemed in every sphere for a deep spirit of meditation. All his convictions are based upon serious reflections, and a genial wisdom. So sincere is his belief in his theory that he has it in mind to test it sometime when he has leisure, by abstaining from sleep as long as the celebrated Dr. Tanner fasted from food. Nor is my friend alone in his belief. That stimulating Frenchman, Montaigne, quotes from Pliny a story concerning Marceus, who he says for the last three years of his life had not one moment sleep. He also tells us that Herodotus writes of men who sleep and wake by half years. Richard Baxter cries, "I am guilty for all the sleep I enjoy over three hours in the twenty-four." Bishop Taylor allowed himself only three hours at the most and often only two; William Law says, "Strive daily after the spirit of renouncing sleep, it is the poorest and dullest thing possible to a man." For my own part, and judging mainly by the usual, though it may be a fallacious standard of my own feelings and experiences, I cannot subscribe to this theory. I believe in sleep, plenty of it. And I find in all history, sacred and profane abundant confirmation for my belief. It is quite certain, I think, that sleep as a restorative is prescribed by Nature's law, and the world is for the most part obedient to it. Men can seldom transcend this law without incurring the penalty. Though I am ready to admit that there may be some who by reason of strength or disposition, are not so subject to it as others. These are the exceptions. The old Bible men

make much of sleep. Adam falls asleep and wakes to find our first mother by his side. The great ancestor of Israel sleeps and wakes satisfied about the future which until then had been dim and distant to his apprehension. Jacob sleeps alone on the hills far from home and kindred, pillowed upon a stone, and finds a blessing in his slumber, that never came to him in watching. And so they go on sleeping through the centuries of those times, and often teaching us by proverb and prophecy how a spark smitten out of sleep can kindle again and renew the most potent fires of life.

THE SCHOOL OF EXPERIENCE—Jesse W. Norris.

The best schooling and training is that discipline and culture of the heart and mind which we are to obtain hereafter out of school into life. An author has wisely said that "the best education is that which we give ourselves." We live to learn, and in the progress of human life we pass but from one kind of school to another, from theory to practice, from book to experience. Our education will never be completed since the world and age on which we live is continually progressing, and that we may imbibes the inspiration and true spirit of the time, the mind must be ever on the alert and advancing with it.

The little bits of knowledge that we gather within the short period of a school life are but as gathered pebbles, as the wise philosopher termed it, from off the shore, while the whole ocean lies before us unexplored. The contrast between a school life and the active requirements of a busy world are great. One may be compared to a romance while the other is real and in fact. What the student learns by rote and theory in the recitation room is to be practically applied in the active requirements of a busy world. In battling with life's stern realities he will find that he is enlisted into another school of discipline and training more rigid and demanding in its exactions than the school of his former life. He will learn soon enough that he is not as wise and well equipped for the duties before him as he previously supposed himself to be. The great instrumentality that is to develop the human powers and to test the genuineness of character and to raise manhood and womanhood to a more exalted state, is the school of experience. It is those whose locks have been whitened by the chilling blasts of time and have passed through the changing scenes of life and tested its realities and trials, that know best in what life consists.

After having spoken on experience as a teacher and sure method of education, he closed as follows:

Practical and experimental teaching, associated with theory, helps to enlarge our experience, and is forming to a certain extent to-day a part of our educational system of training. Experimental teaching has a tendency to confirm a truth and more indelibly to fasten it upon the mind. We obtain a clearer conception of truth by realizing and feeling its force. We can claim no established truth as our own until we have realized its force in all its parts and can verify the same.

All the different activities of a commercial, professional and scientific life are departments in the school of experience, and in them we must toil for a limited time before we can overcome the difficulties belonging to each.

EL DORADO.

"Our fancies down the future flow" and we create in our hearts an ideal of life and living, which we gild with the glorious sunlight of prosperity, and over which we allow to hover no clouds of misfortune nor

winds of adversity. We guard it well, but as decade after decade "sweeps down the corridors of time," and we find our hope deferred, then, and only then, do we realize that our goal is but a creation of the imagination, gilded and softened with the radiant sunbeams and the rosy dream of youth. Like the will-o'-the-wisp, it eludes the grasp, and lures humanity with ambition's cords, until "hope deferred maketh the heart sick." So many have lived seeking the Elisium of the fancy; and as many have died in the "bitterness of finding that their dreams were false and vain." * *

When a new world was discovered adventurers, whose minds were filled with golden dreams of illimitable dominion and life-giving waters, flocked with eager haste to the new-found shores. Their sad experience taught them that they had sought a gilded something—an El Dorado.

In very recent times the poetic minds of Cowper and Southey led them to plan a pantisocracy upon the romantic shores of the Susquehanna, and these, too, were only prevented from realizing the "Joys that vanished while they sipped" by their meager means. Should we not learn a lesson from these notable instances? learn that our El Dorado should not be aimed for in this life, but in the life to come. * *

We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth; there is a realm where the rainbow never fades and where the stars will spread before us like islands that slumber in the ocean, where the beings that pass before us like shadows will stay in our presence forever. Let us all, in view of the life to come, seek this, the only true El Dorado.

Mr. Fenby—BEACON LIGHTS.

After speaking of man's general desire for knowledge, and briefly of Thales, Socrates, Aristotle, and the confusion which followed a few centuries after him, Christianity and the ignorance and superstition of the dark ages, he closed as follows:

At length ignorance began to yield before the spirit of inquiry. This, though at first weak and trammelled by superstition and false reasoning, yet men, not being content with old methods, the invention of the printing press and the more general diffusion of knowledge aroused the desire to investigate and to know, each man for himself. In this movement Francis Bacon stands prominent. Being wearied with the errors of those who had used the old logical system, he entirely abandoned it, and based all search for knowledge on observation and experiment, and so was the founder of experimental science, which (logic being afterwards restored to its proper place as a test) has given to us all the most important discoveries of modern times. This method of induction has been a beacon light through centuries, its rays ever shining more brightly from year to year, leading the world onward and upward in the path of intellectual advancement.

Mr. Wainwright—NORSE MYTHOLOGY.

Most intimately connected with the operations of nature is man's welfare or misery. Withering all vegetation with its scorching breath, the simoon rushes over the land; a cold wave sweeps down from the north; streams and lakes are frozen; the land lies buried in snow, and even the fountains of life seem almost congealed; or in some kindled fury a mountain pours forth its scoriae torrents, entombing cities with their inhabitants; and, too, the invisible powers of nature, bringing death or health, woe or happiness, are incessantly at work. Why? is the question instinctively urged. * *

Viewing nature's transition from death-like winter to life, naturally did he conclude that ice was primeval matter; that the be-

ginning of the world was analogous to spring. Naturally did he suppose that in the beginning was but Ymir, the horrible gelid ocean from which the earth was formed, whence also sprang the rulers of heaven and earth.

It was but a physical allegory. 'Twas an observance of nature that lead him to suppose that the god of light and the ice progeny were forever hostile. Pretty is their representation of night and dew-fall, by Blackmane, courser of night, who shakes from his bit the foamy dew. Laughing loves, poetic fancy, sweet dreams, delicacy and art are for the sunny climber; there amid glacial rigor, was little need for gods of refined nature. * *

Such is Norse mythology—a conglomeration of traditional superstitions, wierd imagery, love of war and blood, and a heaven of wantonness.

Though lacking the delicate touch of refined association, yet, by simplicity and energy, does the bard portray, in rude elegance, his strange fancies and conceptions with enthusiasm and fury of inspiration.

He does not conceive poetic forms, happily created, in clear and definite outline; a glimpse only does he catch of sublimity, yet a moral beauty rather than a sensuous beauty does he see in his dreams, and worships what he feels rather than what he sees. Their poetry is tragic because such was the conception of life, filled with vehemence, revenge, and rehearsals of strife and tumult.

Miss Yingling—FANCY'S FABRIC.

Longfellow says: "All are architects of Fate working in these walls of Time." But in any indulgence in building castles in the air, which are of so flimsy a material that the adverse winds of fortune soon level them with the ground. Alas! how many dream and build these false castles, which at the time afford so much pleasure, but they, like the beautiful clouds or glorious sunset, soon pass, and by the construction of still lovelier ones are forgotten.

We know how unsubstantial these are, how one breath from stern Reality's granite lips will demolish them from pinnacle to foundation. Yet how fascinating is the work of the builder. When youth is filled with fair hope, a long future seems before, filled with such bright possibilities for happiness and success, when ambition carries him through the rugged path of ignorance up the lofty height of knowledge, where fame will crown all struggling efforts, will gain for him such illustrious renown that his name may be found upon the highest place of honor's bright and glowing record. It is for this honor that one works, but some, instead of doing noble deeds, dream them all day long; they love this glorious fame, but

"Love is too great a happiness
For wretched mortals to possess."

It leads them through the land of imagination, blinds them with its dazzling beauty, carries them far beyond the home of reality, and forsakes them at the door of disappointment, which they readily perceive, and too late they return, to find precious time fast passing away; as the mill will never grind again with the water that is past, "so time once lost can never be regained." The temptation is great to dream away the time, pursuing to-day a flowery path which winds and at each bend presents new beauties, will soon fascinate you.

To-morrow some shady glen, from whose quiet loveliness 'tis hard to part. The next day riding with exultant shout on old Ocean's crest, and anon peering through leveled telescopes among the bright dimensions of the skies. Oh! lovely castles. Could you but forever last, and could but one hope be found a true one.

"Dreamer

Build on, and make thy castles high and fair,
Rising and reaching upward to the skies;
Listen to the voice in the upper air,
How lose thy simple faith in mysteries."

CASTLE BUILDING.

It is not the object of this present undertaking to request the loan of your tired imaginations for the purpose of dragging them back to those mediaeval times of bright covantry and chivalry, picturing before you some deserted castle a massive structure of masonry, with its rough battlements surrounded by a lonely mote of excluded wood, whose only tenants are bat and owls. It is not to material structures that I wish to draw your attention, but to those baseless and unsubstantial fabrics without foundations. Creations of the fancy, ideas of the mind tread there in characters so clear and distinct, some of them more beautiful than art can portray or nature delineate. Those air castle the dreams of youth, the visions of old age. Castle building is a universal pastime. Agreeable to all, for all have found some pleasure in allowing the imagination to make fools of the other senses. If it were possible to see their emaginary portraits of life, human wishes and desires clothed in fancy's fantastic drapery he would be able to draw some correct conclusions as to the future reality. At liberty as we are in this Utopian existence to gratify every whim, restricted by none of nature's laws, nor constrained by any of the conventionalities of society, free from censure and ridicule our castles often become as extravagant as they are absurd. The child creates himself into a man, acting according to his childish ideas of manhood. The man wishes he were a child again, forgetting to dispense with the experience of age such castles please and pass away. But some castles are of such ridiculous proportion that they resemble nothing in the heavens above nor in the earth beneath nor in the waters under the earth, and could originate no where else than in the sickly brain of a sentimental girl whose imagination has been feeding on French novels for some time, and she is not fitted out for usefulness but uselessness to build her silly castles, and this vain selfish conceited creature, decorated with flounces and frizzies imagines herself adored by some noble, high-souled youth, beautiful, wealthy and wise, with all the graces and virtues of Apollo and Adonis, combined with a sufficient amount of the devil to make him interesting. A being not of earth but drawn from heaven knows where, by the force of his irresistible charms, how happy she imagines she could be with such a husband; but here consider for a moment what would any poor devil do with such a wife. The literature that so influences these airy architects and mars the beauty and proportion of this youthful castle, cannot be too severely condemned. After referring to castles built by refined and cultured imaginations, and the pleasures and profits of such, he closed.

Miss James—ONLY BEGUN.

Could we look into men's hearts, we should find that however degraded they may become in after years, however far they may wander from the path of truth and rectitude, when they began their lives, they looked forward with earnest longings and fervent hopes to a future, whose path would be one of pleasure and profit, and the end the realization of their desires—success, youthful heart are ever hopeful, notwithstanding they see around them the wreck of so many persons whose early youth was as bright as others, whose life work was begun with as much earnestness, and hope of success, as their fondest wishes could picture, yet too often alas, that life work was only begun, begun, it is true, with

high resolves and noble purposes to finish it well, but the calls of ambition for wealth and fame, the yearnings of the heart for fortunes most bountiful gifts, under the false impression that they can be obtained without earnest labor and close application, all have succeeded in turning them away from their first pure purpose, to wander in the mazes of speculation and the uncertain paths of wickedness. * * *

Still treasures many and valuable are within our reach, earnest should be our endeavors to win for ourselves, if not laurels and fame and the plaudits of men, at least, the commendation of our own hearts and the satisfaction, arising not only from having done your duty, but from the knowledge received, so that in the end, we shall have no cause to say, our work was only begun, but rather, well done, our race well run, our crown well won.

VALEDICTORY.

And now, in taking leave of these scenes which scarcely three years ago many of us saw for the first time, and which since then have become indelibly stamped on mind and heart, and to which memory will ever love to turn, to muse upon the old ties of school life; we feel we ought to say farewell to those who have contributed so much to our happiness and welfare during our college career. Kind nature has spread her beauties around us; kind Providence given us friends, warm and sincere, who are ever anxious for our success in life. To-day to that bountiful nature and that kind Providence we lift our thankful hearts. To our honored body of trustees, who have so zealously guarded the interests of Western Maryland College and those who tread her halls, who have been so mindful of our welfare, endeavoring to enable us to walk in the paths of knowledge to prepare us for the paths of usefulness in the world, holding up to our view the tempting prize of the paradise of letters. To you I say farewell to-day, though the interests of my Alma Mater shall ever hold a large place in my heart. And now to our worthy President, to him who has endeared himself to us by so many acts of kindness and self-sacrifice, I hesitate to say farewell. You have ever endeavored to fill the mind of the student with aspirations to climb up the steep road of goodness and truth, to reach your ambition's height of a pure and noble life. * * *

Now we are about to leave Western Md. College, each to go out into the world to bear his burden of sorrow and drink his cup of joy. My parting prayer for you is that your burden of sorrow may be light, and your cup of joy full, to the end of a well-spent life. Now, to the members of the class of '83, I say a kind though reluctant farewell. Friends of Westminster, and all who to-day have shown your interest in us, to you, one and all, farewell, farewell.

A STAGE IN LIFE'S JOURNEY—Harry F. H. Baughman.

In the journey of life, as in other journeys, there comes a time, when, having travelled through one stage of it, in which the way lay level before us, we reach the entrance of a new, and to us, untried path; and here, in a resting place, as it were, before entering on new labors, we may pause a while, and review the events of our journey, that, from what we have learned in the past, we may travel on the right path in the time to come. Such an occasion, with us, is the present. Hitherto we have been travelling along a verdant path through blooming fields of sunny youth, the journey easy, and the burden light; but in the road before us sterner work awaits us; our journey lies over rugged mountains and through dark valleys, along pathways steep

and slippery and treacherous, and often hard to find. Life is not a green pathway lined with flowers, in which to walk at ease; it is a place for toil and trial, and it is through many disappointments and difficulties, through hard experience and often bitter tears, that we must pass to gain the end. Truly we have spent our happiest, easiest days; light and trifling have been our cares and sorrows, great indeed our opportunities for improvements, compared with those which the future will bring us; but how have we improved them? Many a wasted moment, many a mis-spent hour, rises before us rebukingly in answer. What might we not have gained had we used our time aright? But it is gone, gone forever; we cannot recall it; but with purpose firm, let us press onward and upward, not discouraged, but strengthened by our losses; and so, from the failures of the past, we shall win glorious victories in the yet-to-come. * * *

VALIDICTORY.

So, as we leave the old and enter on the new, casting a look of grateful affection over the years and scenes familiar to us, and made to memory dear by many associations, we bid them farewell; to our old life, farewell forever: we go from it into a new and untried life, but through all its changes we will bear in remembrance our *alma mater*, and the time there spent.

To you, the President, members of the Faculty, and Trustees of the College, under whose care and instruction we have been, we bid farewell. May you go on in your noble work, ever, as in the past, rising superior to all difficulties, however great, and progressing to the end.

Fellow-Students, to you also we say farewell. Your journey is still along the paths of learning, but soon you also must follow in our steps: I can only say, ~~use~~ the time now given, lest when you go into the world, you may have cause to mourn for the precious opportunities here afforded, then lost forever to you.

To you also, friends, who have honored us with your presence and the interest you have shown, we bid a kind farewell.

But all farewells must end at last. Our school days are over. The future presses on us with its duties and responsibilities, its trials and dangers, which we must meet and combat, or be overwhelmed by them. Though farewell words be hard to speak, they must be spoken; life may be rugged and sorrowful, but life is, and we must live it, and as we find it, we must use it. Let us then use it for the highest ends and noblest purposes, and while we are making our plans in the life below, let them be directed to the winning of that other life on high, where farewells and parting are no more.

The essays of Misses Florence Hering and Lizzie Swarbrick have been omitted for the reason that we could not procure their productions.

The exercises were concluded at night with the annual meeting of the Alumni Association. F. H. Peterson, Esq., of the class of '78, delivered the oration, and Miss Mamie Swormstedt, of the same class, read an essay.

Friends of Western Md. College.

To any one who will contribute not less than \$2.00 toward the Building fund of Western Maryland College we will send the IRVING LITERARY GAZETTE for one year, beginning with the September number, and a finely-executed, album-size photograph of the Rev. J. T. Ward, D. D., President of the College. To any one who will contribute not less than \$5.00 toward the same fund, we will send our GAZETTE for one year and a photograph of the President, of large cabinet size, suitable for framing. Send contribution with name and address of contributor plainly written, to the editors of the IRVING LITERARY GAZETTE, Westminster, Md.

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