

The Irving Literary Gazette.

JUNE,

SUPPLEMENT.

1881.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES!

Mr. Somers, of Crisfield, Md. opened with a sound and admirable oration on

BEACON LIGHTS.

Human nature is the same at all times, to-day, yesterday and forever, and the emotions which excited the breasts of men away in the distant past still arouse within our soul's kindred sensibilities.

Those mighty orators, statesmen, poets and warriors who made Greece and Rome so famous and so formidable have long since mingled their dust with the ashes of their ancestors, but they are not dead, nor do they sleep. The remembrance of their noble deeds and thoughts lives in the minds of men and stamped for all time on the deathless pages of recorded history.

That fervent patriotism and matchless disinterestedness which led the bold Spartans to rush into the very arms of death in defence of their country will never die until the last faint desire for civil liberty has fled from the human breast, but will continue the day-star of hope to the oppressed of all nations, a bright beacon light to guide them through the troubled seas of political disorganization to the bright haven of independence and self-government.

Think you that that spirit which warmed the bosom of a Washington or a Lee will ever cease to throb in unison with unborn generations of similar souls? No! That same love of liberty which brought Robert Emmett to the scaffold and is to-day striving against the tyranny of a bigoted despotism in Great Britain, and which has led so many brave, patriotic men to the gallows, the prison or the guillotine, can never fade from the human soul.

"Cold in the dust the perished heart may lie,
But that which warmed it once can never die."

In the arts and sciences; in all that pertains to human knowledge, whether for time or eternity, there are certain landmarks and beacon lights that shine out upon the sky and direct the young aspirant to the goal of all his ambitions.

If he wishes to cast his lot in the field of letters, behold the undying honor of Homer, the glory that encircles the brows of Xenophon and Herodotus, the fame that links to immortality the names of Virgil, Dantè, and a host of others illustrious and imperishable. Should he seek distinction in the fine arts, see what a radiance is cast over the profession by the names of Raphael and Angelo; and should he prefer the soldier's art how his mind is instructed and his ambition enkindled by the lessons of Alexander, Caesar and Napoleon. * * *

The crumbling thrones and fallen columns of the old world, vanquished cities and extinct empires that had braved the storms of a thousand years, serve to show us the frailty of human wishes and the instability of human power. * * *

There is one beacon light, which dimly shining through all antiquity, now lights the rustic hamlet and the gaudy palace, the haunts of savages and the homes of civilized men, suffusing the ameliorating influence of its beams among the snowy mountains of the frozen north and the wild woods and flowery dales of the sunny south, encircling the brow of Deity himself with a

halo of radiant glory. Vivifying and invigorating the morning of life, so

"In the night of nature's gloom, where sorrows bow the heart,
When cheering hopes no more illumine, and prospects all depart,
Then from afar shines Bethlehem's star with cheering rays to save,
And full in sight its beacon light comes streaming o'er the grave."

Miss Katie Goodhand, of Kent Island, Md., followed Mr. Somers with a salutatory, well written and forcibly delivered.

The echoes of the bell which announced this day the last of our pupilistic life, have died away; and when this academic grove shall have ceased to resound the echoes of our voices, how changed will be our position! Slowly and sadly the curtain is being lowered over our college life; lovingly we linger amid its last scenes, and indelibly are they being imprinted upon our hearts.

We have looked forward to this Commencement as we did to previous ones, with many bright anticipations; but we must confess there is some sadness mingled with the joy of the present occasion. Each scene seems to bring to our minds the thought that "no more, no more will we appear again in life as we appear to-day." In the past, we have been guided; for the future we must guide. We must now launch out upon life's stormy sea to encounter and wrestle with the winds and waves of fate.

But ere we leave the loved shore, let us heartily embrace the opportunity of making this such a season of good cheer, that in the future, when battling with the trials that must come, we may look back with fondest memory to these scenes, and have our burdens alleviated by the thought of the interest manifested in us by the kind friends now around us, and our hearts inspired with the prospect of at last meeting them all again where no shadows shall ever come o'er us. For, although after these pleasant greetings we must part, we know it will not be forever; and indeed 'tis not for me to speak of parting, but my joyous province is to bid you welcome as our friends.

Beloved President of our College! father of its sons and daughters! joyfully do we welcome you here to-day. You, who have directed us by your instructions, by your unerring precepts, into the paths of duty and honor; you who have instilled into our hearts lessons never to be forgotten, noble lessons by which we are to be guided amid the scenes of a future yet unknown to us. Can we ever be too grateful to you? Can we ever wish you too much happiness, for the kind interest you have manifested in us? May your every step, be attended with prosperity, and the closing scene of your life be illumined by the light of heaven!

Esteemed members of the Faculty! You who have thus far safely conducted us away from the dark domains of illiteracy and opened to us the portals of knowledge; who have urged upon us the necessity of diligent application to secure success, who have paved our way to a future of happiness and usefulness, and aided and instructed us by untiring examples of energy and precious words of wisdom and counsel, that we may know how to proceed when time shall have robbed us of your guidance, we welcome you with all possible manifestations of affection, as you come to witness our first step

towards the new life for which you have striven to prepare us.

Respected Board of Trustees! You who have so deeply and constantly interested yourselves in the success of our institution, who have displayed so much zeal for the promotion of the welfare of her sons and daughters, we welcome you most cordially, and consider our selves highly honored by your presence.

My Schoolmates! With what language shall I extend my welcome to you? It is truly said, that the heart may feel what words can ne'er express! Your bright faces as they appear before me now, may be seen for the last time. But this reflection is too sad, therefore I will not dwell upon it. I will refer only to the scene of the present, and the many other happy scenes enjoyed with you. Welcome! welcome!

Dear Classmates! to you a special welcome. We have trod the paths of learning together, partaken together of the flowing fountain of knowledge and resolved to drink still deeper; we have received lessons from the same instructors, assisted each other in efforts to become wiser and better, and centered our minds upon the same grand purpose of life, improvement in all that is worthy and noble. We have undergone difficulties and enjoyed successes together; and of course there is that feeling existing among us which association of interests awakens. Nor will I mar that pleasure by intimating that the links that bind us are to be permanently sundered. Severed they may be indeed for a time; but we shall bind them together again by sweet memories of this day, and of the many happy days we have spent together. Welcome! welcome!

Visiting Friends! We thank you for your kind presence with us on this joyous occasion. Your generous interest in the Class of '81 will not be forgotten by them. Welcome you sincerely and heartily.

Beloved President! Esteemed Faculty! Honored Trustees! My Schoolmates! Dear Classmates! Kind Friends! one and all—I bid you welcome!

Miss Goodhand closed with a well written essay on "While we Live Let us Live."

Miss Nicodemus, of Wakefield, Carroll county, then stepped forward and pronounced a humorously drawn essay on

MAN'S SUPERIORITY OVER WOMAN.

Of all the "Isms" that have risen in these days of strange new things, the most preposterous and absurd is the one called "Woman's Rights." From Genesis to Revelation, inclusive, there is nothing in Holy Writ to support this most unholy assumption. Moses in his account of the Creation, represents the work as having risen in climactic order, from chaos to man. But as if foreseeing the evils that might arise from some conceited daughter of Eve inferring that because her sex was created simultaneously and apparently equal with her lord, Moses hastens to undo the mischief by reciting another version, so in harmony, with the rest of the Creator's work, that we at once perceive its reasonableness and its beauty, accept it and ignore the other. Man was created of the dust of the ground, and out of the ground the Lord God formed every beast of the field and every fowl of the air. Woman evidently

did not enter into the original plan, but was as a sort of an annex, when it was found that it was not good for man to be alone. To the call, "Where art thou, Adam?" he magnanimously hastened to say, "The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat." O! Adam, how superior wert thou in innocence, how ingenius in self-extenuation; doubtless this manly and unselfish course was the beginning of the custom of ascribing the origin of every evil to woman. Some teachers of the doctrine of woman's equality with man pretend to see in the Master's advent a significant recognition of worth in woman; but no astute mind will be misled by such sophism. Was not he to come in the lowliest way, to be despised and rejected of men? How so well accomplish this as to associate no human being but a woman in its fulfillment? Does any one suppose there was a woman among Christ's followers capable of driving such a bargain with the Jews as Judas? Could they have slept so peacefully during their Master's agony in Gethsemane as did the eleven, and when He was taken would woman have shown the caution to have fled at once and left Him to His fate? I have cited nothing new in proof of woman's inferiority, for my very soul loathes these new ways, and I turn to the good old days when woman humbly occupied the sphere allotted her by God and man, and did not usurp authority by trying to preach and teach and meddle with things she does not comprehend. What Pilate said to the chief priests and Pharisees regarding the tomb of Jesus may be said to us: "Ye have a watch; go your way, make it as sure as ye can." Ye have possession of all the coveted treasures of wealth and knowledge. Guard them well; close every door and bolt with conservatism what justly belongs to them—the poorest place and the least pay, make all of the just and righteous discriminations against them that are possible, and it will be long ere the Angel of prayers will be able "To roll the stone from the grave away." Do not give them the so-called rights-in-law that they are presumptuously seeking, else the nightlatch-key will be of little use. Keep up every time-honored way of hindering women from doing themselves harm. When they ask for the bread of knowledge, give them the stone called sham, for liberty offer prudery or license, keep to these good old ways and women will be as inferior as any one could desire, and distant will be the day when any woman should arise as did Moses to lead the enslaved out of Egypt into Canaan.

Miss Hattie Holliday, of Annapolis, next read a choicely worded composition on

SILVER SPRAYS.

The ocean sparkling in the warm rays of the sun, flowing on for ages and ages, fit emblem of power and might, rolling billow upon billow, dashes into foamy spray against innumerable rocks, and chants in its own peculiar sullen roar of its many triumphs and of the many yet to be enjoyed.

Who can realize that this same magnificent body of water, spreading in all its grandeur, is composed of minute drops held together by that slender thread called cohesive power?

The waves that dash against ships and fly far and wide across the decks, sprinkling each and every thing with its briny drops, sparkling and exhibiting many rainbow colors is separated into its infinitesimal properties, and can give a truly beautiful example of the wonderful creation of Him, who holds the waters in the palm of His hand.

The air is redolent with the odor of millions of sweet scented flowers, carried hither and thither by the wayward winds of heaven, and while inhaling their fragrance and gazing on their varying and beautiful colors, we pass idly by the wonderful fact that each velvet leaf and threadlike stamen, and this great mass of green is all made up of tiny cells held together by some subtle power which binds them so to the parent plant, and that the branches are formed in the same manner, and only by a slender thread as it were connected with the other parts, which the slightest touch may in some instance crush or snap, and its beauty and fragrance be forever lost.

Hidden deep in the vast expanse of earth's treasure-house is many a spray, not only of silver or gold, but of brass and iron; each can be taken out and rendered serviceable, polished and beautiful, subservient to some useful end. Sea shells are pretty in themselves, and silver by itself, but when the two are combined, the effect is still prettier; the shells, held together by a silver wire representing a spray of flowers, certainly more wonderful and beautiful still, reminding one of earthly deeds in unison with spiritual, which bind one to heaven and form a spray of goodness fit to praise our kind and benevolent Father seated on His throne of jasper and precious stones. Spreading out upon our terrestrial sphere, trees rear their heads and are cut down, buildings rise and in their time fall, nations rise and end, each fulfilling its destiny, each a part of the wonderful spray that is being made and fitted for celestial climes. Sunset, the most glorious and hallowed time of the day, unfolds its resplendent light as low in the warm and ruddy western sky it sheds its varied tints of purple, red and gold, seems not less beautiful when viewed with an astronomer's eye and the question answered which he asks concerning this sublime phenomenon.

The sun is held as by a delicate fibre within the solar system. When it reaches the horizon it gradually sinks from our view, but its effect is not lost for some time after. A number of delicate threads, like silver, appear spread in all directions, are transmitted to us; one thread connected with another would seem to form a silvery spray of light, which sprays, one combined with another, would serve to enhance our enjoyment. * * * In our hands we bear three silver sprays, Faith, Hope and Charity.

Miss Katie Smith next read a choice and able essay on

NOBILITY.

The possessor of true nobility, ever adorned with the insignia of conspicuous worth, moves successfully onward over the unpropitious mountains of calamity, and is enabled to resist courageously the wintry blasts of suspense and perplexity, and scale with intrepid ardor the loftiest peaks of difficulty. Surrounded at last with all the splendor of honorable fame, he triumphantly smiles at the obstacles overcome, and on the proud eminence

"He lingers to survey
The promised joy of life's unmeasured way."

Nobility is the illustrious preferment of man who desires to be truly great. Without it there can be no judiciously planned project of life.

It has ever proved to be the reliable support of honor, the parent and guide of the

pure and the chaste; it imprints its title of beautiful distinction of character in loving letters of brilliancy upon the brow of its possessor, and incites to deeds of merit worthy to abide in the memory of every virtuous individual, and calculated to promote the ends of philanthropy. Investigation of the records of the past ages reveals to us the fact that massive clouds of doubt overhung the paths of humanity; the wonders of the present age of advanced thought then lay secluded in the sepulchre of obscurity. Man then comprehended but few of the wise and ennobling sentiments now outlined in the records of science.

The visage of the world now presents the aspect of progress; bright beams of ingenuity gild the fields of labor; the tiara of prosperity crowns the meritorious deeds of greatness, justice and truth. To us, who are encircled by every ennobling opportunity, it affords promptings to zealous effort that we may engrave for ourselves, in a type of unmistakable virtue, names worthy of the regard and remembrance of all.

True nobility has adorned society with many of its most beautiful flowers of literature; it has cultivated every virtue, and directed the hopes and affections into the channels of usefulness and duty; it has given new light to the prophetic eye of experience; it inspires us with ambition to press forward in the ways of right, to interline our lives with lessons of truth and to foster tenderly every trait of liberty and virtue. Thus developing the mind of its possessor and controlling his heart, it enables him to withstand the icy blasts of misfortune and to scale Alpine heights. It is the grand principle that gives to the warrior for the right his undaunted courage, and makes him fearless of the threats and indifferent to the disdainful scowl of his enemies.

Mr. G. Y. Everhart followed with a creditable oration on

"AMERICA'S PROGRESS."

In that high romance,—if romance it be,—in which the great minds of antiquity sketched the fortunes of the ages to come, they pictured to themselves a favored region beyond the ocean, a land of equal laws and happy men. * * * After many unsuccessful attempts to reach this favored region beyond the ocean, at last Columbus, with the aid of Him who sees and directs all men's works, was enabled to behold what afterwards became such a land of equal laws and happy men as the ancients had dreamed of. Ours is that land, but a long time elapsed before the full development of its glory. When at length our fathers came hither from the old world, to which they were never to return, they came with full purpose here to establish their hopes, their attachments, and the objects of their affections. Some natural tears they shed as they left the pleasant abodes of their fathers, and tender were the emotions they suppressed when the white cliffs of their native country were seen for the last time. Here they found a region quite different from that which they left. From the high civilization of European Courts, they came into the wild woods of America to contend with savage beasts and still more savage men. * * * Such was the crude condition of our, now most glorious and honored land, when for the first time it was visited by civilized men. Behold a pilgrim bark, tossed by the angry waves of the ocean, at last has touched the shores of this new world. The seeds of life and death were then to be sown, the former for us, the latter for the savage tribes who then inhabited this most sacred spot. Art has availed itself of the materials of nature, and the anointed children of education have been too powerful for the tribes of the ignorant, they have driven them back to the most re-

mote parts of the land, and the winds of the Atlantic fan not a single region which they may now call their own. * * * *

In the course of events the hour arrived for the occurrence of a great and mighty change. The forests have fallen before the sturdy strokes of the axeman, the rocks have been quarried, cities and towns have sprung up all over the immense extent of our land, thronged with life and resounding with the multitudinous hum of traffic. A dark cloud then overshadows this beautiful quarter of the globe; consternation for a while agitated the hearts of the inhabitants. War desolated our fields and buried our vales in blood; but the day spring from on high soon opened upon us its glittering portals. The angel of liberty descending, dropped on Washington's brow the wreath of victory, and stamped on America's freedom the seal of omnipotence. And now the dark days of oppression and tyranny, which once enshrouded America, like the darkness of night disappears before the rising sun; they have been dispersed and driven back into the direful chambers of obscurity, and America stands forth as the brightest and most illustrious of nations. We pay no homage at the shrine of kings, to sublimate our feelings; we trace no line of illustrious ancestors to support our dignity; we recur to no usages sanctioned by the authority of the great, to foster our rejoicing; no, we love liberty, we glory in the rights of men, and in independence. Our growth has been like that of a mountain oak, which strikes its roots more deeply into the soil, and clings to it with a closer grasp as its lofty head is exalted, and its broad arms stretched out.

Where, not many years ago the deep waters glided along in their majestic silence, now hundreds of ports have been constructed, from which the canvass of ten thousand sails whitens every sea, bearing the products of our soil and manufactures, and bringing back the wealth and luxuries of every quarter of the globe. Not many generations ago, where the Indian hunters pursued the panting deer, where the smoke of the wigwam and the fires of the war council rose in every valley, where the shouts of victory and the war-whoop rang through the mountains and the glades, now large and prosperous cities have been erected. And where once nothing could be seen save the tall oaks of the forest, now we may behold in the last rays of the setting sun almost boundless fields of golden grain, which make one think of those fairy regions so beautifully described in the tale of Eastern life. By the wisdom of her noble sons under God, America, once nothing but a wild wilderness, has progressed from this sad condition, through the different ages, until now she stands forth one the greatest and most honored among nations, for

"Time alone will end our story;
But no time, if we end well, will end our glory."

Miss Hattie Bollinger of Westminster, next read a clever and practical essay on

BOUND TO RISE.

It is not a matter of fiction that many whose names now glitter in golden letters over the entrances of immense merchandising houses, and over the office doors of lawyers, physicians, and bankers, once trudged the streets with the bootblack's outfit, or else with a bundle of newspapers, proclaimed the names of the dailies. Then again, others of higher classes who had not quite so long a journey to travel that they might reach these honorable positions, have shown with equal clearness what man can do, if he will. And we look upon these persons with admiration and often with wonder; for it matters not how circumstances may shape themselves, still they seem animated by a something that conquers circumstances.

They seem to rise as if it were unavoidable. They simply seem bound to rise, just as surely as that at break of day the sun rises in the eastern horizon.

But these persons are not bound to rise because some destiny-making fates have designed that a certain person shall live in a certain age, and they shall be distinguished for such and such great and marvelous deeds; no, the only fate we have is the kind Providence, of whom it is said, "God helps them that help themselves." As we sail the stream of life each one has a canoe of his own to paddle, and into whatever place he paddles, there he is; and also, if he don't paddle it, who will?

What then must be said to him who would know what he must do to be one of those who are bound to rise? Should a document as long as a millionaire's will be written for his benefit, to enlighten him on the subject? Or should some volume huge as Webster's Unabridged Dictionary be given him containing directions, rules, maxims, and what-not, that he must keep in his memory, and follow, if he would aspire to a higher life? Why, all this would be as confusing to his intellect as if he were in a forest on a dark night, and had lost his way, not knowing east from west, or north from south.

No long dissertation is necessary. The needful thing is told in one word, taking for granted, of course, that the person has virtuous habits, for these are indispensable to all who would not be mere human wrecks. He then who wishes to rise must have simply energy. Energy applied by the errand boy means errands run with despatch; and a master ready to give him the highest recommendations. Energy applied by those who love the fine arts, means good musicians, good painters, good sculptors. Energy applied by the student means lessons learned as lessons should be. Energy applied by those in the learned professions means professionals on the top round of the ladder. Energy applied anywhere means that the applier is bound to raise. Even nations rise from the united energy of the people. Love of freedom fired the hearts of the old colonists with an energy that made them struggle, fight for, and gain the freedom that started our republic on her upward course. Therefore, he who has energy is bound to rise.

What then is difficult about the matter of rising in the world? It is not a matter with Scylla on one side and Charybdis on the other. Even Mrs. Partington, and Mrs. Spoopendyke, and Mrs. Grundy, all in one convention, could scarcely get it mixed up. Then why are there so many who fail to rise? To give all the reasons would be to give the thousand-and-one excuses of those who never tried, having permitted golden opportunities to pass by unimproved; and the excuses of all those who were kept down by those miserable lodestones—evil habits; and the excuses of all those who made a little effort, and because a gold mine, and a garden of Eden did not immediately open before them, gave up.

But he who has energy, with a good heart, has the necessary equipments for making his mark in the world—he is bound to rise. As good old Noah Porter says, "Energy, invincible determination, with a right motive, are the levers that move the world."

Miss Bettie R. Braly, of Hagerstown, appeared with the next essay, which was replete with thought, on

THE IMPORTANCE OF LITERARY CULTURE.

What is literature as distinguished from science or history? in short from all else? With reference to the field occupied, it may be answered that: Literature is the complement of science; that the one seeks to present to us the results of knowledge and

fancy while the other seeks to gain knowledge; the one seeks beauty of style or expression instead of merely conveying positive knowledge; the one seeks to please and excite, while the other aims to convince. Thus, a person studies chemistry, botany, etc., that he may acquire knowledge, while he would acquaint himself with the literature of these subjects that he might gain the results of this knowledge in the form of scientific culture.

Science is analytical, literature is synthetic; the one presents merely the organs of the flower, while the other shows the flower itself in all its beauty.

Literature is indeed both a means and an end of culture. See it, do we find embalmed the life blood of all the master spirits of by-gone ages; in it are recorded those thoughts which have made the world what it is to-day; in it are gathered up the feelings, the aspirations and the half-formed purposes of a nation or an age. There can be no higher ambition than to embody noble sentiments in fitting words; it is only thus that the child of genius can perpetuate his influence and teach not only his, but future generations.

In its literature a nation lives and speaks long after its glory and greatness have departed.

The progress of a nation in refinement can in nothing be so distinctly traced as in the history of its literature. Progress in literature is the noblest progress that a nation can make. In no other cause can it better spend its energies, talents and zeal. Miss Braly then spoke of American literature, giving the cause why our country has not advanced higher than it has; viz., the wide circulation of utilitarian views among the people who seem to care for nothing so much as present good, present ease and comfort. Such a spirit, the essayist says, is not the one for a nation to encourage chiefly among its people.

Man is a being capable of the highest and holiest purposes, the loftiest and sublimest sentiments. The higher and nobler part of his nature should be exercised, and that nation fails in its duty which gives him no encouragement to such exercise.

The essay was concluded with the advice that we endeavor to become conspicuous for our literary culture and literary works; for our liberality of patronage as well as our delicacy of taste. Let us as a people adopt some system of emulation which will throw incitement and rewards in the paths of genius that will stimulate it to ambitious efforts, and then, and only then can we expect to rival in splendor, excellence and renown the productions of our European predecessors.

Miss Lulie Cunningham, who followed, read an interesting essay on

THE INFLUENCE OF TRUTH.

How great an influence the human will exercises over the human heart! How quickly the mind grasps an idea pleasing to itself and without taking sufficient pains to prove which of the two constituents, truth or falsehood, enter more largely into its composition will, by its subtle reasoning, bring the heart to accept what it would, if left to discriminating conscience, at once reject as untrue. "But truth herself," as Churchill says, "if clouded with a frown, must have some solemn proofs to pass her down." Truth is absolutely essential to prosperity in all business transactions. No matter under what favorable auspices and flattering prospects of success a man may commence his career, unless "Truth" is his watchword and "Integrity" his motto, he will not attain the eminence he desires. "The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." There is a certain ordeal through which all men must pass in their journey through life, and it is

very questionable whether he succeeds. The best commences under circumstances apparently the most advantageous. There is such a thing as a man depending too much upon his *means* and too little upon *himself*. "Small certainties," it has been observed, "are often the ruin of a man." But let a man instead of depending upon circumstances carve for himself a name, let him prove at the beginning of his business career, like an honest man, "his word is his bond," then will he be crowned with success and gain the esteem and admiration of his fellow-men. In building up a youth's character how important that *truth* be laid as one of the foundation-stones. The character of man is best judged by the manner in which he performs the common duties of life. It is not by doing great things that human character is made noble or life illustrious. The test of true worth is to do well those things which are before us in our every-day relations and duties. Wonderful events seldom happen to any individual, except in romance. Even the achievements that are in their results considered great, were brought out by small events and usually by insignificant means. The only indispensable qualities to happiness are goodness and truth. But how rare is true friendship! How few prove themselves to be friends. But the time of life is short and even if we have lived, doing all the good we can and avoiding all that is wrong or that could encourage wrong and evil in others, we will at last long for home, that home so dear to the weary-laden pilgrims of earth, that heavenly home of eternal sunshine, where the pure in spirit shall drink deep of Siloa's fountain of everlasting life, that flows fast by the oracles of God. Then at the eventide of life will memory, ever unwearied, fly back to revisit and gaze upon the dead hopes and vanished dreams that once gilded the threshold of life. But, of all the fires that once burned upon the altar-stone of youth, the unborrowed lights of love and truth alone stream back along the dusty galleries of the past and fling their subdued halo around the thorny pathway to the grave.

Miss Bessie Miller, who did not compete for honors of the Class, next read her essay which was of choice language, and was on

BEAUTY.

There is a marvelous beauty in the shining hosts that gem the starry vault; there is a beauty in the gorgeous sunset where the gold and crimson clouds are relieved by the emerald hues of evening sky; there is a beauty in the limpid river as it winds its way among the golden fruitage of the luxuriant valley; there is beauty in the orient heaven when the bright orb of day in the resplendent glory of his presence bids a torpid world awake to life and universal joy, calls the birds from their leafy couches and summons them to raise their matin symphonies to the genial day, diffusing the spirit of energy and hope through universal nature. * * * Through the vast aerial expanse above us passes an opulence of of winged beauty. But the supreme model of beauty on our terrestrial sphere is man. He walks sublime, he is erect, his eye scans the heavens and he spurns the earth with his feet. His brow expands like a triumphal arch, his eye is the visible seat of the grand emotions of his being; from it are sent the fervid messages of love, the scathing defiance of hate, the shafts of ineffable scorn, the genial rays of whole souled friendship, the blessed sunshine of charity, and the unblushing glance of manly courage. There is a beauty in the human intellect. Man has been created a little lower than the angels, he is endowed with faculties that grasp the universe. He is at home among the stars, he has detected the laws which control the mystic dance of the heavens; he

has discovered the latent powers of matter and has combined them so as to produce the wonders of society. Beauty will reign divine in the evolution of thought; there is beauty in the creations of highly cultivated intellect. The original Shakespeare whose style it a synonym for beauty like a lone star, dwelt in the seclusion of his originality.

Milton, glorious old blind Milton, the earth's chosen representative of the highest type of man, dwelt in fancy among archangels and seraphim, saw the militant hosts of heaven as they rushed to the battle shock with the haughty and blasphemous Lucifer, sojourned with Adam and Eve in their delicious home, and beheld their mutual love as they trod the avenues of rose and orange and clustering myrtle in the simple majesty of innocence; saw the awful pavilion of cloudy darkness that enshrouded the dwelling place of Heaven's eternal sires; and the melodious sounds of heavenly gates, "on golden hinges turning." Sublime, magnificent or pathetic, Milton was always beautiful. Poets, orators and historians; painters sculptors and architects, in a magnificent procession from the dim epoch of remote antiquities, of decades of centuries to the present time, have given us a world beauty in every variety of those that professional enthusiasm could divine. The Bible is a mine of beauty. There is a sweet and captivating beauty in Solomon's song, a noble and glorious beauty in the Psalms of the royal Hebrew; a childlike, tearful beauty in the humble plains of Jeremiah; a sad but charming beauty in the mournful strains that rolled from the quivering lips of the captive Jews by Babylon's stream, as their hearts remembered the holy joy of their dear native land. There is a serene and religious beauty in the unwavering faith of the child of God, though friends forsake, and ills assail, and hopes decay, yet his trust never fails.

Miss L. F. Stalnaker, the valedictorian on the ladies side, next read her essay in a clear voice and distinct tone. Her essay was of a high order, and displayed careful preparation. Her subject was:—

THE DAY IS DONE.

"There is an eventide in the day;" an hour when all nature is hushed, where the busy hum of voices from the work-a-day world sinks and dies away into a strain of melody, an hour fraught with richness, yet holding within its tiny cells weird shadows from which the vain and thoughtless flee.

There is an eventide in life. An hour when slowly the silver cord is loosing, the golden bowl breaking; when empyreal light from eternity overpowers earth's irredecent rays; when the soul lingers upon the brink of the river, and strains of heavenly music are borne to his ears, or wails of despair from the regions of the lost.

This eventide comes to all; it may be when time has gathered many years and laid them upon age, or when manhood's noontide sun is irradiating all the plans for the future, or when youth is just unfolding rich promises for after life. Childhood begins the day, artless and bright, whose brow

"The dew-pearled winds of dawn have kissed.

Youth, the time of the perfect day, complete, finished in its riches; the first sheaves are garnered in the past, the first fruits of delicious fragrance taken, childhood's blossoms have developed into full and perfect fruitage, or that which is defective.

Let the eventide of youth be not darkened by clouds of ignorance, selfishness and vice; make it joyous, filled with music; let old time lay at the feet of aye, a perfect day, no phantom flower, no broken harp, make the departing rays of youth's sun rest on fruitful old age.

But now for us another day is done, our pleasant merry, happy school-day, school-

boy and school-girl are name of which we can no longer boast. With dawn of another day we will enter upon life's work; tasks will be presented, lessons coned, duties performed, pleasures enjoyed, trials undergone, but the nature of all is unknown. Over the future is the golden sheen of happiness, and will that it is so, for why darken the future with forebodings of sadness? This day memory will ever cherish, for our school-hours are nearly numbered. We know many have passed unimproved, and it is only by a persevering spirit in the future that we hope to compensate in some degree for neglect in the past. Now around us we see those who have interested themselves in our welfare. Our honored Trustees, through whose direction and careful selection of teachers our institution progresses from year to year. Their duty is an onerous one, but is faithfully performed. May success ever reward their toil. Our loved President, whose fatherly interest and kind words of counsel we trust will never be forgotten: we know peace will ever attend his steps. Our respected Faculty, under whose instructions we have gained such pearls of truth.

And these may guide life-freighted barques
To isles of thornless flowers.

Many unfamiliar faces also greet us, but they look into our eyes with sympathetic feeling and kindly interest, and we read there wishes for our happiness and prosperity. The walls of the college loom up before us, and now come thoughts of the happy days spent under its shelter as our home.

Mr. Todd then delivered the valedictory, from which we take the following:

MR. TODD'S VALEDICTORY.

"The world is mine oyster, which I with sword will open.

To the man of science, the investigator of truth, nature is a profound and boundless study, beyond the power of any single individual. She delights in variety. If we look above at the bright orbs, which make the heavens resplendent, we see one star differing from another in glory; each of the countless myriads of luminaries differing from its fellow in form, colour, specific gravity and period of revolution. The very atoms that we trample under our feet are all unlike in shape, size and weight. In the boundless forests we find each tree, each shrub and twig without a counterpart; of all the millions of leaves that are dancing greenly in the breeze there are no two alike in texture or configuration. Mighty machine of eternal wisdom! grand mechanism of an invisible hand! hast thou yielded up all thy hidden secrets from the vast repositories of thy innumerable chambers? Have the mighty discoveries of the nineteenth century so impoverished the store-house of thy beneficiaries, that thy doors have been closed against the eager researches after undiscovered benefits? Mighty, restless, boundless, deep is the grand dirge of thy incessant wail—the moan of a disquieted spirit, who guards some great good, that thou art miserly hoarding up that which might benefit and enrich mankind! The knowledge of nature is not exhausted. There are yet many great discoveries awaiting the labor of science, and with them there are also awaiting humanity many additional proofs of the wisdom and benevolence of Him who made them. To the hope of these great discoveries few, indeed, can pretend; yet, let each one ever remember that he who can trace any one new fact or can exemplify any one new instance of divine wisdom or benevolence in the system of nature, has not lived in vain; that he has added to the sum of human knowledge, and what is still more, that he has added the evidence of those greater truths upon which the happiness of time and eternity

depends. Science embraces the universe in its unity, comprising both the terrestrial life and the luminous realms of space. Hence nature furnishes plenty of material to work upon, for

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

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