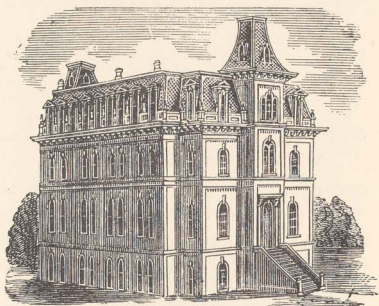




UNIVERSITY  
—OF—  
OREGON.



Commencement Exercises,

FRIDAY EVE., JUNE 21, 1878.



# PROGRAMME.

---

## — MUSIC. —

1. Prayer.....REV. E. R. GEARY.

## — MUSIC. —

2. Oration.....“The Developments of Science,”  
MR. M. S. WALLIS.

3. Oration.....“National Progress and Prosperity,”  
MR. J. C. WHITEAKER.

## — MUSIC. —

4. Oration.....“Pioneering,”  
MR. GEORGE S. WASHBURN.

5. Oration.....Earth's Battle Fields,”  
MR. ROBERT S. BEAN.

6. Music.....“Come where the Wild Flowers Bloom,”  
MISS IRENA DUNN, MISS NETTIE MCCORNACK,  
MR. FRANK MCCAIN, MR. L. G. ADAIR.

7. Essay and Valedictory....“Feeling as truly Scien-  
tific as Thought,”  
MISS NELLIE A. CONDON.

## — MUSIC. —

8. Address to the Graduating Class by  
HON. MATTHEW P. DEADY.

## — MUSIC. —

## CLASS TREE POEM.

---

BY T. J. CHESHIRE.

We stand within the shadow of these walls  
And plant to-day this monumental tree,  
And by the act commemorate the birth  
Of this young mother's first-born child. How surge  
Through every heart, and tremble in each soul  
Emotions whose fruition baffles every  
Tongue ! How flash through every mind prophetic  
Gleams that dazzle every eye ! No heart  
But swells with pride—no home but smiles with joy  
At every step this home of Learning takes.

'Tis but the first of many yet to come.  
From out the forrest's plenitude, strong hands  
Will bear their prize, till ripened centuries  
Will reveal a glorious phalanx, from whose  
Midst, thy topmost boughs will wave in triumph  
As the first-born of the train—the pioneer  
Of all the brilliant host. From north and south,  
From east and west, the gentle winds that kiss  
Our serrate hills will sway thy pliant arms,  
And bear upon their broken billows, words  
Of cheer from those who trained thy tender shoots.

Those whose words have christened thee to-day,  
And who have climbed abreast the rugged path  
To claim the honors which this hour brings forth,  
Will leave these halls. The last farewells will fall  
Like tear-drops on the heart. Their parting sighs  
Will linger in these haunts and weave a spell  
Around this scene that Time can never mar.

On Life's Highway their solemn march begins,  
And phantoms of the desert sands will raise  
Their ghastly shapes—the arid dust will rattle  
On the splendid casket of their dead, and  
Time's broad wings will brush the mold from many  
A gilded cenotaph : But these frail limbs  
Will bloom and broaden in the sun and stand

(OVER.)

A living landmark of the past—the best  
And dearest spot on all the broad domain.

When golden years have broadened thy expanse;  
And birds of heaven made their homes amid  
Thy whispering green—when thy strong roots have  
pierced

The nether mold, and Strength's brave tenons girt  
Thy glorious form, the young with laughing hearts,  
And aged with trembling steps will seek thy shade  
To dream and muse. The eager youths to bathe  
Their souls in glorious day-dreams of the dawn—  
To write their names upon the clouds, and build  
Their airy temple to the stars;—the old,  
To muse on Death, and gather up the shards  
With which the stern iconoclast has paved  
The way to their long rest within the tomb.

The poet, wandering on his aimless way,  
Wooded by the whispering spirits of thy shades,  
Will seek thy bowers and strike his golden lyre  
In harmony with thee. The daring youth,  
On whom Ambition's magic hand is laid,  
Will glean the pages of thy past, and fix  
His gaze on names of Fame, and mounting up,  
Will plant his feet 'mid the eternal rocks,—  
And Genius, gathering inspiration from thy name,  
Will grasp new truths and soaring out to worlds  
Anew, will pierce the dismal veil that hides  
Their wealth, and plant his banner 'mid their realms.

Farewell! May mother Nature guide thy growth  
And give thee strength to dare the winter's blast.  
Those who give thee to the earth to-day  
Will watch thy growth with jealous eye,  
And as each year brings 'round this day with skies  
Of blue and wealth of June, will garland thee  
With all the beauty-burdened summer brings.  
And when no more they come—when chiseled words  
Upon the marble slab proclaim their virtues  
To the world—their memory revered still  
Will prompt strange hands and pious hearts to bring  
Sweet offerings here and lay them at thy roots.