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**Title:** Journal of Ulysses Hobbs

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**Journal:  
U. Hobbs  
Dickinson College  
1851**

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**Dickinson College. November 16<sup>th</sup>**

**Journal. Ulysses Hobbs.**

N. B. I knowing the pleasure as well as especial benefit that must accrue to every one who keeps a regular and correct account of the numerous circumstances which occur during his youthful career will endeavor herin to transcribe as correctly as possible everything which may transpire during my College Course. Commencing from the day that I left home for to go to Dickinson College.

Journal. Ulysses Hobbs

**November 1<sup>st</sup>** We set out on Tuesday morning very unsettled as to which College we should go thus debating the respective merits of both Mercersburg and Dickinson. I advocated all the while the merits of Dickinson, meus Pater that of Marshal. My Father first determined that he would send me to Marshal and when we had proceeded some distance My indulgent old Father perceiving that I was very much dissatisfied drew the horse up on the side of the road and told me as he drew forth a long sigh to alight from the carriage

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and to turn our horse around that to gratify me he would take me to Dickinson. This for a while pleased me very well but soon I felt that I had committed a very great error. I felt something like the harmless Dove who she sits upon a No 1<sup>st</sup> fine and lofty bough and warbles forth her musical notes though beneath her soft and downy feathers is concealed the fatal arrow of the bowman. I acted then with as much gaiety and mirth as I well could display under such peculiar Circumstances, but nonetheless to the eye of an acute observer there would have appeared something unnatural in my pretended mirth (this indeed was the remorse of Conscience. But let me advert once more to our journey – whilst we were passing along the country road leading from Taneytown to Liberty we meet with a jovial old farmer, his features were unregular and his appearance rather that of an old miser- beside him stood a fine and noble looking young man whom the old man told us that he was his son. My Father being naturally of a very talkative Nature Commenced at once to inquire de domesticanum rerum- this conference gave him more energy and removed the shades of gloom and discontent from his countenance. I in the mean time did all I could to keep away such melancholy pensiveness as he had indulged in the earlier part of the morning by keeping up an incessant conversation

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concerning the quality of land the cultivation of different kinds grain and the habits of the people. Thus we made very good speed for some time and soon we came to the banks of double pipe creek- we found the stream very rapid and very full owing to the previous rain. At first we were almost afraid to venture to cross it but taking fresh courage like the brave Ceasar we crossed the Rubicon, although the water came in the front part of our vehicle. Thus we travelled on at about the rate of five miles an hour and just about twelve o'clock we came to the village which they Called Taneytown, here we stopped to have our horse fed and to get our dinners. After seeing to my horse the landlord invited me to walk in the barr room- he shew me the door

and I went in but perceiving things around me to look so poor and so little like hotels in general I thought I certainly had made a mistake but soon I was convinced that I was really in the barr room by the young men coming in to their dinners the Landlord then made me to tell my Father to come to dinner who was standing across the street Conversing with Mr. Ege. Having finished our dinner which was but a very poor one, we ordered our horse and again set out for Dickinson. About four oclock in the evening we arrived at Gettysburg- her we debated awhile wether we should go any farther or put up for the night

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I impatient and anxious of getting to the end of my journey remonstrated against stopping so early and my Father's situation being something similar to myself or rather, my own – soon concurred with me that we might get some distance farther on our way before the night would close on us so we started for petersburg a small village about fourteen miles distant. We had much difficulty in reaching the destined place partly owing to the indisposition of Father and partly to our horse being extremely tired, a long time indeed it seemed to be to me for I felt uneasy as to my Father- every little eminence we ascended I expected to see the village but being so often disappointed I had nearly despaired of finding it when on a sudden we came sight upon it it almost without seeing it.

Here we stopped after seeing to my horse, we went into the barr room of the Union Hotel which was very warm and comfortable. After having conversed awhile with the Landlord we eat our supper and retired to bed. This indeed was of a superior kind and had an abundance of excellent covering on which greatly to our comfort- but I suffered a goodeal on account of one of my feet which had been injured by my shoe.

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**November 2<sup>nd</sup> 1849**

About four oclock in the morning my Father awoke me up and told me to go down stairs to rouse up the Landlord to have a fire made in the barr room and to get ready for travelling. The day dawned but contrary to my desires it was cloudy and before ten oclock just as we was crossing the mountains we were saluted on ever side by a cold blowing snow, this indeed was very disagreeable and so much so at one time that we had to turn our horse around in order that we might be sheltered from weather- but finding that we did not better our situation so we faced about and continued on our journey and we soon came to the well known Town of Carlisle- here we put up at the union hotel and after eating our breakfasts we set out in search of old Dickinson- having entered the gate and passed through the campas- I ascended the third section steps in search of a young Gentleman by the name of Mr. Hank who was then at class who took me down into Dr. Pecks and gave me an introduction to that learned Gentleman- my Father likewise received an introduction and having conversed for a long time concerning my entering College- the Dr. invited my Father to come and take tea with him that evening and told me to come down at two oclock to be examined- we now proceeded

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to the hotel at which had put up- here I stayed but a short time before I had to take the parting hand of my aged Father this indeed was almost too much for me to do without shedding tears like pearly dew drops. But taking fresh courage I thought that it was unmanly- our horse being

already in the harness and Father came out of the tavern and gave me his advice as a Father and bade me goodby.

I stood upon the corner stone and gazed with a watchful eye after him until he was entirely out of my sight.

Now indeed if ever a child felt the use of a parent I truly felt it. I felt the responsibility that was resting upon me and determined to act according to what my father had told me. I now proceeded to the College and after examination I was found able to enter the Sophomore Class with the exception of having to make up some little Latin and Greek.

Having selected my Room and fixed things off pretty well I felt something like as if I were at home.

Nothing more transpired "Mirabile" dictu, until after night when the old Capitol was burnt to the ground – this indeed was a lovely sight, the lurid flames ascended up about twenty- high and the students all stood around yelling like so many wolves. Thus ends November the 2<sup>nd</sup> 1849.

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**Dickinson College**

**November the 3<sup>rd</sup> AD 1849**

On the morning of the next day I arose rather early and attended Class with the other students at half past six o'clock and also at the other regular Class hours and in this manner I become acquainted with the most of the students.

In the evening I took a long walk up the rail road and just as the Golden Luminary of day began to disappear the cool Zephyrs blew softly by and fanned our pressing temples and rendered the evening peculiarly pleasant- the Spangled Canopy appeared in all its loveliness bedecked with countless meteors- and the Queen of night come forth in her solemn grandeur and beauty and threw around us her silvery light intermingled with the flickering glare of the shooting meteors and nature appeared in all her sublimity. For awhile my thoughts turned from the trivial things of earth to dwell in contemplating the greatness of God- but we now had arrived at the College and I assended to my room and after having conversed awhile on miscellaneous subjects I retired to bed.

To taste the sweets of Calm repose,  
To dream of objects which I loved,  
To wander through my native groves  
And ask, the lily where were those,  
For whom I loved.

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**Dickinson College**

**November the 4<sup>th</sup> A. D. 1849**

I arose pretty early having had but a bad nights rest owing to the smallness of our bed and having dressed and washed I set down with the intention of studying but I soon found this was impossible- my mind was continually wandering over the past and often it told me to return to my own native hills- where oft in my childhood days I had chased the timid hare through the beautiful groves- where oft on the sunny mornings of pleasant Summer I had set beside the murmuring brook- listening to its melodious waters as they rabled pass me and reminded me of the fleeting joys of youth- they told me of departed joys and of dear associates now no more. But my mind did not dwell altogether on my native hills and rippling brooks- no; there was

something yet more dear which made everything appear to be so nearly connected- Yes my Parents were there, my brothers and sisters were there and my fond schoolmates and dear friends were there- all these reflections conspired to make me feel unsatisfied but soon 'twas past. I left my room and to the Campus went To seek more genial things. To stream dull care and discontent The dearest friends of Kings- far far aloof. Thus passed the 4<sup>th</sup>

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**November the 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 13, 14, 15, 16 AD 1849**

These days passed with but little worthy of being recorded I saw the beautiful Sun of each respective day rise with resplendent grandeur and having performed their journeys across the concave heavens sank quietly beneath the hovering clouds in the west- the appearance of the horizon was truly Sublime. But the nights were far more beautiful than the days. I may here mention that just about half past Six o'clock on those evenings the Students all assembled on the steps in front of East College and united together in singing their favorite Songs- but as I have said that the nights were so beautiful I must here mention what constituted their loveliness- about Seven the moon came forth in all her Solemn Grandeur- the Stars the porters of the heavens and the glimmering planets shone forth like so many twinkling fires alighted up in the azure canopy and the stillness of the scene all combined to add beauty and loveliness to the scenes. The poet and the painter would have been elated at such a Sight- fill hours indeed for the warm hearted to have wandered forth to meditate upon the numerous love schemes which he had been planning or to sing love songs to his dear beloved. Then might he exclaim in the language of the poet "Amor vincit omnia; et nos cedamus amori" Virgil.

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**Dickinson College**

**November 17<sup>th</sup> AD 1849**

In the morning I walked out in company with a young gentleman by the name of Francis Scrivener [Class of 1852] of Anarundle Co and having walked some distance from the College and being near the barrack and hearing the band performing on their instruments we concluded that we would go to them and see the officers drill the soldiers and also that we might hear them playing more distinctively- having arrived we walked all around and through the campus lying in front of the buildings, inspecting the warlike instruments until we were warned by the Town Clock that it was high time for returning, so we immediately returned home if I may use this appellation to attend declamation. Several students spoke and among the number a Mr Chenoweth [Benjamin Chenoweth, Class of 1850] on the attachment to the place of one's birth place this speech was considered a master touch of Eloquence.

In the evening took a long walk with a gentleman by the name of Israel Deil [Israel Diehl, Class of 1851] to a cave situated on the bank of a large creek called \_\_\_\_\_, this although but of minor importance taken in comparison with the great mammoth cave nevertheless it has many [illeg.] touches of natural curiosity. At the mouth it is about fifteen feet wide diminishing in width as it extends back under the ground- at the bottom it is perfectly level and concave at the top - having viewed this attentively we returned home.

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**Dickinson College****November the 18<sup>th</sup> A. D. 1849**

This being the Sabbath I arose washed and dressed ready for church- at eleven o'clock I went to church in company with a Gentleman by the name of Mr. Parrett [Marcus Junius Parrott, Class of 1849]- here I heard an excellent Sermon delivered by the Rev. Mr. Tiffany professor of Mathematics his text was "The way of the transgressor is hard" Yet many thought that he would make a better Study Orator than a preacher. In the evening I took a long walk with Mr. Arminias S Hank [Arminius S. Hank, Class of 1850]-the Sun Shone forth warm, yet I could not say that its heat was oppressive- and as we walked along each of us in regular turn related the achievements of our youth and particularly the past Summer, we give a detailed account of the many pleasant hours we had passed and also the manner in which they were passed. Thus conversing we soon arrived at the afore mentioned Creek and sat on its banks talking over the bright achievements to be accomplished in the future- the time glided swiftly away and soon we were warned to returned by the declining rays of the sun. At night I attended the first Presbyterian Church and heard an excellent Sermon preached by the Rev. Mr. King on the subject of infidelity- the only other object worthy to notice was a very pretty little girl who sat in the South corner of the Church immediately behind a post. Thus endeth the 18<sup>th</sup> 1849.

**[PAGE 12]****Dickinson College****November the 19<sup>th</sup> AD 1849**

The morning was rather cold and my bed seemed to have a double pleasure and from this cause I slept longer than usual not getting up until the prayer bell commenced to sing- this made me feel rather bad as we had a long manual lesson to Prof Tiffany having intended to studie it before prayers in the morning- thus being called to recite I was non paratus- but we made it up at three o'clock in the evening- At four I attended a lecture on perspective delivered by Prof Suddler [Prof. Sudler]which was not only interesting but it was also very instructive. Comencing with the most ancient painters he gave an excellent history of them even down to Benjamin West of Dorchester County Pennsylvania. The lecture was attended by the most of the Students who seemed very much pleased. On this day I received a letter from home. Although beauty has its admires- Liberty its lovers- Gold its desirers- yet there was nothing I admired more- there was nothing I loved more- and I desired more than those few hours. There was something in them which gave me a fresh impetus- there was something in them that made me felt what strong ties there was existing between children and their Parents- and it inspired me with new efforts.

**[PAGE 13]****Dickinson College****November the 20<sup>th</sup> AD. 1849.**

Few but fair are the days of youth  
And soon they pass away  
They are like they ripening fruit  
that hads the trees in may  
The [2 words illeg.] but for a while; and so, they are no more  
The fairest flowers soon drop their leaves and sink into decay  
The heaving Sea [illeg.] swells but awhile then sink beyond the shore  
The life of man his brittle thread is shortened by each day.

Nothing of great importance happened of this day yet I will note some of them such as they may be.

I was called up in Geometry, Greek and recited pretty well having my lessons well prepared- about three o'clock in the evening myself and Mr. Scrivener [Francis G. Scrivener, Class of 1852] had a very interesting conversation with some of the dorms concerning the privileges and rights that the Shopmores were entitled to – and all the Seniors leaving with the exception of one we carried our point by force and made use of our privileges- but our prisoner hollowed out Seniors to the rescue and we were compelled to give way At night a great number of the students went to a magic show and the Consequence was that when ~~the~~ Dr. Peck came round they were out and of course got a minor fine. Thus ends the 20<sup>th</sup> 1849.

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**Dickinson College  
November the 21<sup>st</sup>**

I recited as well as usual throughout the day, but as we had just commenced reviewing Homer's Odyssey I found some difficulty in getting along as well as I wished and of course I was kept almost, as the saying is, like a bee in a tar barrel – sed per serentia vincit omnia. and so I nearly Conquered by lessons. But I felt that, when I reflected how fast time swift Carr was passing by that youth was not the time for to trifle away time it was necessary to make a certain set of rules by which I might regulate myself a good [d]eal better and might thus be enabled to make better use of my time.

1<sup>st</sup> Never to stand about after coming from Class.

2<sup>nd</sup> To arise at half past five o'clock excepting Sundry morning.

3<sup>rd</sup> Never to loiter about any place when I go on business.

4<sup>th</sup> Not to make it a practice of visiting to much.

5<sup>th</sup> Not to suffer myself to be boored to much.

6<sup>th</sup> Not to pass over a lesson without knowing it.

7<sup>th</sup> Not to go down Town unless on particular business.

8<sup>th</sup> Not to get my lessons in a recitation room.

9<sup>th</sup> Never to put off my lessons to attend to other business.

10<sup>th</sup> Not to speak evil of another without sufficient cause

11<sup>th</sup> To make the best use of my time possible.

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**Dickinson College  
November the 22<sup>nd</sup> AD. 1849.**

The morning was fine and exceedingly warm considering the Season of the year. And after having recited I enjoyed myself very well in walking the campus. But being pretty well engaged during the day it seemed but short and night was at hand before I was aware of it. And about eight o'clock I went down to the tailors shop and there I was somewhat enlightened having learned some very skilful tricks or what some people would call the slight of hand.

**November 23<sup>rd</sup> 1849.**

The morning was cloudy and the rising Sun was obscured by the thick gathering clouds that covered the wide spread canopy. Thus I indulged in sleeping to long- thinking that the day would not leak for a long time but soon I heard the sound of the College bell echoing through the large

halls and small rooms- this was almost a surprise because I had neglected to get my lesson out the evening evening and consequently depended on getting it out in the morning and the consequence was I made a failure. At night we had quite an interesting discussion on the authenticity of the bible + the Characters of Ham, Lottane, Paine [OR Ham, Lott and Cain?] and Bolingbrook- the parties were as follows- Gough [William T. Gough, Class of 1850] and myself on the negative, Murray [Charles William Murray, Class of 1852] Undecided, For-

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**Dickinson College**

**November the 24<sup>th</sup> 1849**

The morning was very cloudy and almost every moment I expected to see it rain- but I was not kept in suspense very long- for about ten o'clock the clouds all dispersed and the beautiful Sun once more appeared high mounted upon his throne- and seemed as though he gave a fresh lift to every object upon which he shone. At eleven o'clock I visited the Methodist Church and heard an excellent sermon by the Rev. Dr. Peck. In the evening I took a long walk out in the Country in company with a young gentleman by the name of Mr. Smith and at night I attended the first Presbyterian church but just as the Rev. Mr. Wing finished prayer a cry of fire was heard a cry of fire from one end of town to the other. Every one almost rushed out of the Church the minister stood up and tried to restrain them from going out but all was of no avail, but soon the tumult was over and all was silent- as the fire was not very dangerous- it took place in Mr. Martin Rore's [Martin T. Rohrer, Class of 1851?] room and burnt up one chair one gown and injured the wood work some little. Adieu.

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**Dickinson College**

**November 25<sup>th</sup> AD 1849**

Nothing of importance happened this day. I attended class regular as usual with the exception of the Manual Tiffany being absent.

**November the 26<sup>th</sup> 1849.**

This day as well as the preceding one has nothing which is wonderful to relate.

**November the 27<sup>th</sup> 1849.**

In the morning I arose very early considering the regular hour of the most of the students. I applied myself diligently through the day and in the evening took a long walk up the rail road with Mr. Clauson [James E. Clawson, Class of 1853] and as we walked together we had a very interesting conversation relative to Juniata College.

**November the 28<sup>th</sup> 1849.**

The morning was most lovely. Nature indeed appeared beautiful beyond description- every thing- even the naked trees look beautiful. In the evening at one o'clock I went over to the museum and saw many things that would please the imagination and tickle the fancy- here was also a large library and when I handled the books of various authors I felt a respect for their learning- but it made me feel somewhat sad when I contemplated that all of these noble writers were no more. I also formed many resolutions for reading a great number of the best of these books.

Thus ends November the 28<sup>th</sup> 1849.

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**Dickinson College. No. 29<sup>th</sup> 1849**

**November the 29<sup>th</sup> A. D. 1849.**

In the morning I arose at 5 o'clock reviewed all my lessons before the bell rang for prayers. I was called up in Geometry, Latin, Trigonometry and recited pretty well. I received some lessons on this day that convinced me more fully that wisdom was the only avenue ~~to wealth~~ through which man can secure renown or Fame.

In order therefore to acquire wisdom it is necessary to submit to certain laws, rules, and regulations- but if a man wish to acquire that wisdom which is so eagerly sought – viz. – that which from profound learning it behoves him to form a habit for hard study and having done this he must then put this into operation. It is a sure and old proverb that a man has many friends in prosperity, few in adversity. thus ended November the 29<sup>th</sup>, 1849.

**November 30<sup>th</sup> A.D. 1849.**

Man is likend unto a tree in the morning or spring- it puts forth its leaves and beautiful blossoms at mid day or Summer it produces fruit and in the evening or winter it drops its heavy fruits and withered leaves and it soon follows in its turn. The day was exceedingly beautiful and pleasant, but notwithstanding its particular grandeur nothing of any consequence occurred. Continued

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**Dickinson College**

**November the 31<sup>st</sup> A.D. 1849.**

How many beautiful mornings pass into eternity unimproved. How many Suns in all their grandeur rise and disappear leaving behind them no track of their benefit to many a thoughtless youth. Time once lost can never be regained. AB.

The delightful hours of youth if they are allowed to glide away from us unimproved will forever become a sting of remorse. Man may in vain strive to recall them, but his mightiest efforts will be entirely useless. The Student, although he may burn his midnight taper until its flickering glare will be rendered useless by the bright rays of the rising Sol, although he may sit and pour over his solitary lamp until his eyes become dim yet he can never regain the time that he has mispent. How necessary is then that every one should improve his time to best advantage, in order that he may store his mind well with useful knowledge. Thus he labors in youth in order that he may enjoy in his exit of life. This morning was one which would be calculated to invite the student to leave for awhile his irksome task and wander forth among the shady bourns to hold a commune with the beautiful in nature. Venus the bright and morning Star had scarcely set in its silvery grandeur in the western

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horizon when the royal King of day arose in the east- shedding his mellow radiance on all nature and tinging the inanimate creation with a golden aspect. But necessity urged me so pressingly that I was unable to participate in its the pleasure which it afforded. Thus I suffered the day to pass into eternity with my room for my world and my books as my companions- at one time musing over the beauties of Homer and Horace at an other diving into the intricacies of mathematics until the dark shades of night spread gloom over all creation, but I still kept pouring over my books until I was compelled to retire to my couch through want of sleep.

**December the 1<sup>st</sup> inclusive to the 20<sup>th</sup>**

This time passed swiftly away the sun performed his decimal revolutions and the stars decorated the beautiful canopy at the close of the day but I had neither time to lead nor even participate in the passing pleasures for a moment. Necessity urged me very closely for my only employment

was that of pouring over my books from the early dawn of day until the harmonious town clock tolled for retiring and thus my poor journal was suffered to be untouched. This time therefore from the first day of December down to the 10<sup>th</sup> will be passed over untouched and undescribed... the money being heap instead of silver and thus we were completely drawn in.

[3 PAGES CUT OUT]

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**Dickinson College December 23<sup>rd</sup>**

**December the 23<sup>rd</sup> 1849**

This day was the day which the omnipotent Jehovah had set apart to be kept holy- this was the day upon which he rested after having finished all creation- this day frees both the wealthy landlord and the poor hurting from hard labor- the ox is liberated from the galling yoke and the stern ploughman sits peaceably by the open fire.

In the forenoon I remained in my room reading and meditating on the works of nature. After I had taken my dinner I went to 1<sup>st</sup> Presbyterian Church and there I heard an excellent sermon delivered by the Rev. Mr. King. I was also struck very much at the amiableness of a young lady that sung in the choir. She was just about five feet in height hand- comly proportioned and her countenance indeed bespoke a heart that was without fault or blemish, approaching some times to the blushing color of a rose and then again it would return to the beautiful Alba of the blooming lily. My heart fluttered as if it wished to leave its narrow [illeg.] and take up its quarters in a more [illeg.] sphere.

Every rose has its thorn, every swirl its bitter. Such is life.

The laws of nature appear hard to the sprightly youth who wishes to become learned and at the same time indulge in the passing pleasures of the season- he wishes to pour over the beauties of a Homer and at the same time to enjoy the felicity of the social circle – he loves his beautiful Lallegin but he finds that while he is meditating on her accomplishments that his books are lying untouched.

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At night I went to the Second Presbyterian and then I heard a most excellent sermon delivered by the Rev. Mr. Jonson and he drew a very figurative and elegant comparison between our saviour's birth and the rising of the morning star. The snow commenced to fall rapidly the wind blowing and rendering the weather extremely unpleasant made us wish ourselves in our rooms instead of on the street, but we soon arrived at our place of abode and finding our room very warm and comfortable we soon retired to bed and went to sleep.

**Monday the 24<sup>th</sup>** As soon as the gentle rays of day began to gleam of December through my window curtains I was hailed on every side by Christmas gifts- but as such gifts had taken wings a few days ago and flew away there were few given.

I kept pretty close to my room studying or rather reading until night when I went down to Sparrows [Lewis G. Sparrow, Class of 1850] room to borrow a steel pen- but as Mr. Barber [Flavel C. Barber, Class of 1850] had a treat on hand I participated. After the treat was over in come McClay [William J. Maclay, Class of 1850] – full of fun saying that he intended to have his share and so we sat out the remnants- reserving a small piece of Candy for Ducal Thompson [Dugald Thompson, Class of 1850]- Shortly Quarrels [John Quarels, Class of 1850] came in rather from his punches and commenced plegging Ducal about demolishing the maidens head

alluding to the piece of candy which he had eaten. He said that he had been playing backgammon but could not make a point.

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**December the 25<sup>th</sup> 1849 Dickinson College**

Tuesday the 25<sup>th</sup>} This day brings with it many hallowed reminiscences. It remind of our bellesed Redeemer who suffered the pangs of death upon Mt Calvory this day is said to be the anniversary of our Saviour. Poets have turned their melodious lyrics to welcome it's advent and mankind in general welcome it with thanksgiving and praise to their divine creator, at eleven oclock oclock I went down to the Methodist Church but I could not get admittance from thence I proceeded to the Presbyterian church but meeting with similar treatment I thought it best not to try any more so I came on up to College. Having received a letter in the morning I first preceeded to answer it and thus I passed the evening. At night I was at a party given by Mr. Scrivener [Francis G. Scrivener, Class of 1852], Mr. Barber [Flavel C. Barber, Class of 1850] and myself until bed time.

The gentleman invited were Mrrs Tudor [William Van Bergen Tudor, Class of 1850], Clauson [James E. Clawson, Class of 1853] and Thompson [Dugald Thompson, Class of 1850]. We had a very pliant time of it. After this I came up into my room and went to bed. Thus endeth christmas day 1849.

**December the 26<sup>th</sup> Dickinson**

ƒu Wednesday the 25<sup>th</sup> The night was very cold 1849

1849- and of course I did not sleep the best- and owing to this together with late retirement I did not get up until breakfast time. This day was very cold so I did not budge from my room. I finished writing my journal up- paid a few visits and wrote

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a letter to one of my old friends. In the evening I borrowed the Brother Johnathan and read an excellent tale this completed my days labor and so I retired to bed.

Thursday December the 26<sup>th</sup> 1849} The weather had become somewhat milder than it was the preceding day and the gentle sun beams added greatly to render it very pleant. A great many of the students had gone out skating about eight oclock. At ten o clock the college bell rang and a part of the students assembled to hear what was the cause of its ringing. Prof Suddler came out on the steps and told them that he wished to see meet down at the Carrs to see Prof Allen take his departure at eleven oclock. The time quickly arrived and the students were soon assembled with Prof Suddler as our Colonel- Prof Allen then shaking hands with all the students he walked to about the middle of the line and then made a polite bow and staped into the Carrs and told us that he would be glad to see us all in the city. From thence we all returned to our rooms. I then was reding a part of the brother Johnathan when I was interrupted by a slight wrap at the door and who should walk in but Prof Suddler. I was indeed very glad to see him and we had quite an interesting conversation but he had not long to stay and I was soon again left alone. I then perused the supplement of the ledger and read the Presidents message. At night I went down to Frank Scrivener's [Francis G. Scrivener, Class of 1852] room and spent a very pleasant time in company with Mrrs Bil. Mclay [William J. Maclay, Class of 1850], Barber [Flavel C. Barber, Class of 1850] and Scrivener [Francis G. Scrivener, Class of 1852].

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## **Dickinson College**

Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty and supped with Infamy.

### **December the 27<sup>th</sup> 1849**

I the morning I did not arise untill it was breakfast time. After that I commenced reading an excellent tale so called the broken promise and after having read part of it I went down & town to get a brother Johnathan for Prof Suddler and having procured it I sat down and talked with him untill dinner time. After dinner was over I went to room and again commenced reading the tale which I had not finished in the morning this kept me untill after four oclock in the evening. I then returned the papers and took some exercise which I greatly needed having been very closly confined during the day. The supper bell soon rang and having finished my supper I went to my room meditating what was the best course to persue having a long while debated this over in my mind I at length sat myself down and wrote a letter to my Father this being done I retired to bed.

### **December the 28<sup>th</sup> 1849**

Youth is like the fading flowers  
It blooms but for a few short hours,  
And then it fades away;  
Its slender stalk grows tall and spare,  
And on its top its crimson hair is beautiful and gay.

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But who? should pluck the princely flower  
Who would not screen it from the shower  
That ould steal its bloom away  
Ah! Sun it is not I, I love the pretty bud  
I would keep back the cruel flood  
And stop the dashing spray.

December the 28<sup>th</sup> passed away pleasantly- the morning was fair and it seemed as though there was nothing to disturb its quietude. About four oclock in the evening some scattering clouds might have been seen collecting and before eight oclock the sky was perfectly enshrouded in darkness. Thus the night passed away and I lay crouched up in my bed.

### **December the 29<sup>th</sup> 1849. Dickinson College**

The morning was rather gloomy and as a matter of course I remained in my room and just as I had commenced to look over a part of the Greek Grammar I heard a slight knock at the door and insteped Thomas Ingrum [Thomas Ingram, Class of 1852], and after having talked for a long time over matters and things and laying our plans for our senior year he retired. No sooner than I had again returned my studies in steped my chum with somebody else [tuder] and thus I did not get to studying anymore that day.

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After dinner I came over to my room trimed my elusive hair and then went down into Scriveners [Francis G. Scrivener, Class of 1852] and sat awhile. About three oclock I went to the barber's and after having my hair trimed I returned. I than sat for a short time in Scrivener's room and then I returned to my own. After supper I sat down and read a little in College lectures and then I went over to Robert's in company with Scrivener and having talked awhile with the old woman and man we walked down to the stage office to meet Louis Sparrow [Lewis G. Sparrow, Class of

1850], but he did not come and so we were disappointed I then returned to my room and went to bed.

### **December the 30<sup>th</sup> 1849**

In the morning I arose just as the smothered bell rang for breakfast and having dressed myself I went to it feeling rather lank.

I then went to my room washed my feet and wrote a letter to an old friend and Instructor.

In the evening I prepared to go to church but as the gentleman with whom I intended going declined going I did not go. I however went down to Mr. Birds [Samuel R. Bird, Class of 1852] room and invited him to take a walk and so we walked out the pike as far as the toll gate.

At night I attended Mr. Wings church and heard an excellent

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Sermon. The night was rendered unpleasant by the falling snow which met us on every side.

### **December the 31<sup>st</sup> 1849**

This day was one that will long be remembered as an eventful day- it was the last lingering day of eighteen hundred and forty nine. The morning was very pretty and many of the students went out skating, but as for myself I remained in my room engaged in doing little jobs and reading news papers. After dinner I read a little book called the young man's own look. At night I got myself ready to go to watch meeting along with Scrivener [Francis G. Scrivener, Class of 1852] and Ingrum [Thomas Ingram, Class of 1852]. We accordingly went over to No 3 and we were not long there before in came Rider [Granville R. Rider, Class of 1850] and Alford – and Rider commenced at once to brag about having drank Jim Carlisle [James H. or T. Carlisle, Class of 1851 or 1852, respectively] and Stephens Parks light or rather to bed – and said that if we would go up into his room he would drink anyone or all of us to bed- but as no one would accept this offer he invited us all up to take a whiskey punch. When we had come into the room we could not for some time find any matches but at last they succeeded in finding some and struck a light. The first thing that was seen after the lamp was lit was old Stephen creeping out of the dormantry as drunk as a fish. Rider then commenced repeating Shakespeare to him which he did almost to perfection. This was indeed amusing beyond conception and seemed as though it almost

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inspired old Stephen. But as for the whiskey punches that were to drunk suffice it to say that there was but too drunk.

After this Frank Scrivener [Francis G. Scrivener, Class of 1852] and myself started to watch meeting Thomas Ingrum [Thomas Ingram, Class of 1852] having declined going. Those we found that all were deeply convinced truly that this occasion was indeed a solemn one and sometimes it seemed as though there was not a single wisper to break the profound quietude – so great was the solemnity of the occasion. It was that day which is calculated to call up to the imagination all the scenes of former years- it shows him how great has been the change that has taken place in so short a time and it paints to him in green colors of anguish how many dear relatives, friends and associates have been snatched away from him forever. He is compelled to look back and d. take a hasty review of his course of life and some part perhaps he finds to be replete with interest whilst others almost cause the blood to run cool in his veins – but such an occasion as this leads him to meditate more lofty and causes him to think of how great importance the few short hours that yet remain are if he should be called to rendered up to his maker a correct account for the deeds done in the body. But the last minute of the memorable

year of eighteen hundred and forty nine had now numbered amongst the ages of the past and the melodious church bell was echoing forth its melodious, musical tones breathing a solemn influence as far as they could be heard. But soon it ceased to toll the departing of that eventful year and the grave minister

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announced to his audience that the year of eighteen and forty nine was numbered in eternity. After leaving watch meeting I returned and passed the night with Frank Scrivener [Francis G. Scrivener, Class of 1852].

**1<sup>st</sup> Jan.**

In the morning I arose pretty early and after I had finished my breakfast I went to my room and spent the morning partly in reading and partly in studying and in the evening I took a long walk up the turn pike with Scrivener [Francis G. Scrivener, Class of 1852] and also spent the night with him.

**2<sup>nd</sup> Jan. 1850 AD**

The morning's welcome rays of light shone through the gaping curtains and found me reclining upon my couch quietly taking my rest but ere they had long shed their mellow radiance on all the face of nature my ears were saluted by the sound of the half frozen bell which some of the students had poured water in the previous night which had completely frozen and hence its smuggled sound. This morning was the morning for the Commencement of College. The prayer bell tolled but the assemblage in the chappel was rather small owing partly to the absence of the students. We were excused in Prof Tiffany room and recited to Marshal at eleven in Horrace's satires- in the evening I amused myself by reading a work on the pleasures of hope by campbell which I found to be very interesting and also fixed my pants and numerous other articles which needed reparation. At night I studied my Geometry and a part of my latin- but the greater part of the night in Scriveners [Francis G. Scrivener, Class of 1852] room at a kind of a supper

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prepared out of a box which was sent from home. The gentle – invited to attend were as biz – Mrrs Hank [Arminius S. Hank, Class of 1850], Gough [William T. Gough, Class of 1850], Markel [John G. Markle, Class of 1850], McClay [William J. Maclay, Class of 1850], Tudder [William Van Bergen Tudor, Class of 1850] and myself and Samuel Bird [Samuel R. Bird, Class of 1852] after the party was over I carried the plates and more back to Misses Robertes' and sat along time conversing with the old lady. I then retired to my room and retired to bed but I felt rather indisposed and therefore I did not rest well. December is gone forever- like the year of 1849

**January the 3<sup>d</sup> 1850**

In the morning I arose early and prepared my lessons pretty well. I was called up in Tiffany and Marshal's room and made a pretty good recitation. In the evening we recited Political Economy to Prof Suddler – Sapparon and Hodges [Thomas G. Hodges, Class of 1851] returned. I then retired to bed after having studied my Geometry and part of my Latin.

**Jan. 4<sup>th</sup> 1850. AD.**

I did not get up until the second bell was nearly done ringing and on this account was compelled to hurry very much in order to get to prayers in proper time. At seven for we recited Geometry to Prof Tiffany at eleven to Marshal and at four to Prof Suddler in political Economy. About three o'clock I received a letter from home or rather from Frederick City from my brother containing

much important news together with a good quantity of wit and sentiment. It stated also that Uncle [Eran Dorsay] expected to come in next spring. At night I was very much bothered by some of the Freshman class and finally when they were just about to go by their capers together my interference I broke my

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chums lamp- after that I went to bed.

**January the 5<sup>th</sup> 1850.**

In the morning I arose at five o'clock and prepared my manual lesson pretty well but I was not called upon to recite. At nine ten o'clock our class assembled in the chapel- for the first time since Prof. Wing had been appointed in the place of Prof Allen. I then retired to my room and from thence I went over to see Prof Suddler and after having talked with him a long time and looking at my report I went again to my room and wrote a short letter in side or rather on my report but before I had completed it the dinner bell rung. After dinner I wrote off my greek Exercises and read some little. At night I prepared my Latin and my manual. I then retired to bed having taken a good wash.

**January the 6<sup>th</sup> 1850 Dickinson College**

I arose at the ringing of the first bell having had some difficulty with my chum about making the fire. I spent the morning partly in reading and partly at church where I heard a sermon delivered by the Rev. Mr. Brown. In the evening I heard Prof Tiffany deliver a splendid sermon in the chapel- Concerning the lords Prayer and at night I went in company with Charly Albright [Charles Albright, Class of 1852] to the Lutheran Church where I also heard a sermon from thence I retired to my room and read over my manual lesson. To bed.

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**January the 7<sup>th</sup> Dickinson College, Carlisle**

I arose in the morning at three o'clock made a fire and went to bed and slept until five at which time I dressed myself and studied my Manual lesson but fortunately was not called upon to recite. Upon my return from recitation I found upon examination that the translation of Horace's Satires had been taken from my room but I could not find out who did it. I studied out my greek in Sherlock's [Thomas Sherlock, Class of 1852] room but I was not called upon to recite. In the afternoon I read over my Political Economy and wrote my analysis in Sherlock's room. At night I had quite an interesting talk with Charly Wingard [Charles W. Wingard, Class of 1852] and promised to support him for the salutatory after that I sat and prepared my greek exercises.

I also went down to the post office during the rain to put my report in the box.

**January the 8<sup>th</sup> 1850**

In the morning I arose at three 5 o'clock made a fire performed the duties of the morning and as I was not called upon to recite all passed smoothly away. In the afternoon I wrote my Analysis to Political Economy and also read the lesson over- but when the bell rung for class I was informed by the students that Prof Suddler had declined having any recitation thinking that Prof Wing was a going to lecture, but Wing did not lecture and on this account many of the students went over to South College to hear Prof Baird lecture

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**January the 8<sup>th</sup> 1850. AD.**

on Chemistry. But Joseph Graham [Joseph J. Graham, Class of 1852], Thomas Sherlock [Thomas Sherlock, Class of 1852] and myself went up to my room and we read over half of our greek lesson before prayers. After prayers Sherlock and myself read the ballance of our greek and the whole of our latin lesson which took us until half past eleven o'clock.

#### **Jan 9<sup>th</sup> D.C. 1849**

The morning was dark and cloudy and on this account it was very dark until it was time for prayers and owing to the darkness I did not get up until half past six o'clock. I attended recitation at ten and eleven I was called up in greek and made a pretty good recitation so also in Geometry. This day seems to have been one of great importance- it was the day on which I entered the beautiful hall of the Union Philosophical Society [Union Philosophical Society]. Now what was the feeling that swelled my heart when I first entered that hall I am not able to describe with my feeble pen- language would indeed fail and speech would be exhausted were I attempt to describe them. It made me feel that then was no common responsibility upon me when I considered that had been admitted into so honorable a league and when I looked about me and saw so many noble young men bound together by the tender ties of this fraternity- I considered myself honored if not in a great degree elevated- it made me also feel that I although ignorant and simple that I yet had a place

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tolerable respectable in the eyes of the world. It inspired me with fresh courage and it appeared to me as if some unknown person of being was whispering to me that success would certainly crown my efforts if I would continue to persevere. Thus I was initiated into Union Philosophical Society on Wednesday January the 9<sup>th</sup> eighteen hundred and fifty in the year of our lord. And I anticipate that I shall derive much real benefit as well as pleasure from the brotherly association. After having stated that I was initiated into the above society I will merely enumerate the names of the Gentleman who was appointed on the committee to conduct in the hall – Ziz – Charles Lore [Charles B. Lore, Class of 1852] of Delaware, William Tudder [William Van Bergen Tudor, Class of 1850] of Baltimore, and Arminias. S. Hank [Class of 1850] of Liberty.

After Society I went down to get my teeth fixed but as Dr. Leomis was engaged I made an appointment to come down on the following Wednesday in the afternoon. I then as usual attended prayers and eat my supper and at night I prepared my latin Exercises and went to bed early being fatigued with the hard labor of the day.

#### **January the 10<sup>th</sup>**

I did not get up until the first bell had ceased to ring but notwithstanding I prepared my Geometry Lesson against the time for recitation. There was nothing mirabile dictu occurred this day but Mr Weller [John Weller, Class of 1852] owing to the velocity with which he went through his proposition was clapped by all the class at the disap-

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probation of the Professor. At night I studied out my Latin lesson down in Shepherd's [Francis C. Shepherd, Class of 1852] room and afterwards I retired to my room and prepared my Latin Exercise. "The days of man are few and full of sorrow- he flourishes for awhile like a flower and soon withereth away. How strange is it then that many men are so presumptuous as to plan out for themselves a wide spread fame to descend to posterity and at the same time neglect the more important things which ought to be attended to.

#### **January the 11<sup>th</sup> 1850**

The morning was rainy and disagreeable. Prof Tiffany Child was sick and we had no recitation in Geometry. We recited in Paley at ten several members of the class failed – we recited in latin to Prof Marshal at eleven and Prof Suddler at four o'clock in the evening at which recitation he gave me a little soaring up for keeping a little too much noise – I therefore determined to do better for the future and to respect grey hairs. At night a good many of the students went down town to hear Dr. Massa lecture on animal magnetism. I studied out my manual and renewed a resolution which I had broken and then retired.

### **January the 12<sup>th</sup> 1850.**

The morning was calm and mild the evening was extremely delightful. The bell for Prayer awakened me from repose and invited me to arise and participate in the intellectual feast which nature had spread out before all

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her children but as I had some studying to do I declined accepting the offer. Our class recited to Prof Tiffany at 7 o'clock in manual of Classical Literature and to Wing at 9 o'clock in declamation. I also attended the public declamation of the Senior and junior classes. Then I heard several splendid speeches delivered. The first by Mr. Leakin [Phil M. Leakin, Class of 1850] on the informer. The second by Mr. Eduard Quarrels on retrospection- and a third by Samuel Reynolds [Samuel H. Reynolds, Class of 1850] on the necessity of labor. In the afternoon I went over to old Jimmy's to get some stationary viz# one bottle of ink ten cents, one half quire of letter paper 08 cents, one half quire of foolscap 08 cents, one lead pencil 64 cents. Then I went to my room feeling unwell on account of the head ache I laid down on the bed and soon was asleep until about four o'clock I heard a well known voice talking with my chum and looking up I perceived it to be Mr. Eduard Quarrels who had come up to pay me a visit and I immediately got up and found myself perfectly relieved as to my head. Mr. A S Hank [Arminius S. Hank, Class of 1850] also stepped in and we had quite a pleasant conversation. At night Mr. Baly [John M. Bailey, Class of 1851] paid me a visit and after he left us I covered some of my books and studied out my Latin lesson for the next week and at night that is after I had finished my studies Mr Lauder gave me a call. I then took my picture and was going to get some water when I met a part of fellows making a great noise

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as if they were drunk. I immediately lit a candle and called Louis Sparrow [Lewis G. Sparrow, Class of 1850] in to his room- there lay his chum on his bed feigning to be drunk- old Louis look upon him with astonishment not perceiving it to be a hokes when in comes Mclay [William J. Maclay, Class of 1850] inquiring of Sparrow whether his chum was drunk and Louis said I believe he's a little sleepy this tickled Frank some much that when Sparrow went in again to look at him he burst out into a laugh when old Louis look very much cut that he had been so badly hokessed. I then went down into Myers' [William G. Myers, Class of 1850 OR Philip Myers, Class of 1851] room and eat some walnuts and then I came up to my room- washed and retired just about the time the clock struck one.

### **January the 13<sup>th</sup> 1850**

The morning was extremely beautiful and being Sabbath morning I enjoyed myself for some time walking up and down the Campus. Nature appeared in all her loveliness and sublimity. I then came to my room and spent the morning in writing up my journal and in reading with the exception of going to church and in the evening Bird and myself walked out the south turnpike

as far as the toll gate. I spent the remaining part of the evening and night in reading. I received a letter from L. L. Paine and was very much [illeg.] thinking that it was from Cousin [illeg.] Dorsay. Visited Charley Lore [Charles B. Lore, Class of 1852] and his chum- went to bed meditating about writing a speech on the pleasures of Hope and thinking that I would get an introduction to My Seamores.

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**January the 14<sup>th</sup> 1850 Dickinson College**

In the morning when I looked out of my window I perceived that a deep snow had fallen the previous night and a much deeper snow than we have had this winter- being about a foot deep. No recitation to Tiffany- but Greek at eleven- excused by Prof Suddler on the lecture to be delivered in the Chapel by Rev Wing. Peck arrived from Petersburg his daughter compelling him to return on account of being very sick. Spent a great part of the night foolishly- received a visit from the old. Dr. Went to bed with the toothache

“ “ 15<sup>th</sup> “ “ “ “

I arose as early as usual- no recitation to Prof Tiffany having a bad cold and thus was unable to get out before breakfast- he appointed the recitation to be at ten on Thursday. The greek lesson was pretty well prepared by the major part of the class. The recitation in Prof Suddler's Room was very poor owing in a great degree to the confusion of the students. At night a great many students went out sleighing and the natural consequence was that they all nearly came back intoxicated. I studied out my Latin and exercises and went to bed being interrupted by S. Lord by tying us in. Slept badly having a slight tooth ache.

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**January the 16<sup>th</sup> 1850. Dickinson College**

When my thoughts take back in my imagination to that period when first my childish began to stammer forth some difficult word or unknown and when I view the advancement I have made since that period I can without a frown Congratulate myself upon my success. The morning was not so cold and disagreeable as the previous one. Dr. Peck made some remarks to the students relative to the noise they made the previous night when they returned from their sleigh ride. Finished Homer's Odessy and expect the memorabilia Good deal Confusion in Society- appointed to declaim Saturday two weeks. Went down to curt in the evening.

**January the 17<sup>th</sup> 1850**

The morning was fair- recitation to Tiffany at seven 10 called up recited Marshal “ “ at eleven. Prof Suddler “ “ at four in the evening. Received an excellent letter from home about twelve o'clock- prepared my lessons for the next day at night- Nothing of much consequence took place.

**January the 18<sup>th</sup>**

Nothing appeared more welcome than the twinkling sun beams- every think look beautiful. I almost thought that pleasant Spring was Coming. Some hissing done in the lecture room. At night there was a great deal of excitement. Archibald Laudon was completely [2 words illeg.] home saying that he wont come up to College again.

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**January the 19<sup>th</sup>**

The morn was lovely- but the snow was melting which rendered it slushy. Mr Wing criticizes the compositions very closely. The Senior declamation was exceedingly good. Drew my stipend for

the month. Bought one cake of soap – one smart [illeg.] and a dozen boxes of matches. John Emory [Class of 1852] very sick. I attended to him assisted him to get down to his aunts. Come back to College- talked with Hank [Arminius S. Hank, Class of 1850] and Bowman [Joshua S. Bowman, Class of 1850] until twelve o'clock and then write up my journal.

### **January the 20<sup>th</sup> 1850**

Sunday In the morning I attended the methodist church and heard an excellent Sermon delivered by the Rev. Mr. Doge and in the evening also on the Subject of union and fellowship of all the different churches. I was very much amused at the former church by a young Lady who sat down below. Her name I will not mention as I expect I shall always remember her on account of her antics.

The night was very disagreeable owing to the quantity of hail and snow which fell incessantly until day break.

### **January the 21<sup>st</sup> 1849 + 1 = 1850 Dickinson College**

I arose up early in the morning feeling very unwell- read until ten o'clock. Met at the chapel at the clock march with the rest of the students in procession to the funeral of the Honorable Judge Bad.

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In the evening I felt as in the morning very unwell- unable to do but very little of anything. I however read Considerably. Tried to write a composition but failed in the attempt.

### **Tuesday January the 22<sup>nd</sup> 1850**

In the morning I arose just time enough for prayers- recited in Geometry pretty well. After dinner I went down and had my teeth fixed- 3 plugged this made me very unwell- one of them ached me very much and so much indeed that I was compelled to go down about nine o'clock at night and have the plug taken out but it continued to ache all night.

### **23<sup>rd</sup>**

Wednesday Thursday nothing important. In the morning I went down and had my tooth plugged in such a manner as to prevent it from aching. After I returned to my room I went to hard studying but as I had not sufficient time to prepare my lessons I therefore had to go to class unprepared. I failed on the latin Exercises. I was sick the remainder part of the day. I did not attend Prof Suddler's recitation- but I worked out the lesson and carried over to him previous to class time. Excused from recitation. Received a letter from Cousin S. Dorsey which was pretty cutting. I also received a letter from McKinstry.

I passed a miserable night having a considerable fever.

The tooth which I had just had plugged and the nerve killed was very disagreeable. the [illeg.] made me very sick.

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### **Dickinson College. January**

### **Saturday the 25<sup>th</sup> of January, 1850. Dickinson College**

In the morning I arose just as the second prayer bell was pealing it last notes and was compelled to hurry very much to get to prayers in due time. I recited to Prof Tiffany in geometry but I was very unwell and therefore I did not make a very good recitation. After breakfast I studied out the latin Exercises which took me until class time and on this account I did not study out my Poly lesson.

Our class all procured memorabilia's and had a lesson assigned them for Monday. I received two letters in the evening one from an old friend and school mate the other from my Father in which he mentioned the death of two of his neighbors- Major P James and his uncle the Colonel- both dying very closely together. I went in at three o'clock in the evening and seen Doctor Peck he told that I would stand On the second subject to examination. I set too work and worked out my lesson to Prof Suddler then at night I took over the manual which I was required to mark up to Prof Tiffany and thus I was freed from recitation.

Saturday. 25<sup>th</sup> I attended declamation but I was unable to declaim. The Seniors Mrs Tudder [William Van Bergen Tudor, Class of 1850], Wilson [William C. Wilson, Class of 1850], Tiffany [Charles C. Tiffany, Class of 1850] Vansant [Simpson T. VanSant, Class of 1850]- delivered five speeches but Mr Wilson was thought decidedly the best.

Nothing more of importance to record

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**27 January 1850. Dickinson College.**

I attended church at eleven. Dr. Peck delivered rather a good sermon. Immediately after dinner I walked down South Hanover street, back up to the Methodist Church stopped in awhile and then came up to College. Upon coming to my room I found it very much out of order and an old paddy erected on my center table. I soon fixed every thing to rights and remained in my room the best part of the evening. At night I heard Mr Wing preach and stayed down in Sparrows [Lewis G. Sparrow, Class of 1850] room after my return until bed time.

**28<sup>th</sup>**

Commenced Xenophon's life of Socrates. No recitation in the evening on account of Mr Wings lecture. I had the tooth ache nearly all night but at last I prized the plug out with my knife and it was soon easy. Unable to study- I wrote a miserable composition.

**29.**

Mutiny, the class refused to recite on account of the length of the lesson. Mr Pierce [Ralph Pierce, Class of 1852] voted in opposition to the rest of the class. Prof Marshal gave the class the same lesson for the next recitation- adjourned

At night I had the tooth ache very bad but after much pain I took my knife and prized it out- went to bed.

**January 30<sup>th</sup> 1850**

Recited pretty well in Tiffany's room – not called up in Marshal's. Quite an interesting time in Society. Mr Albright [Charles Albright, Class of 1852] was pronounced not guilty of the accused crime.

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I was very much troubled all night by the tooth ache. I went down to Hinckly's office to get something put in it but to none affect. I came up to my room again went to bed immediately. Soaked my feet well as quick as I could warm the water. The old Doctor came up to see me found one in bed thought that it was a horrible state of affairs went down and sent up some black pepper by my chum saying that his wife had often been relieved by it.

**31<sup>st</sup> January 1850.**

Morning found me without the tooth ache but with a slight swelling as to my face. I prepared my lessons as well as usual notwithstanding my indisposition. The day was extremely beautiful – the sun rose clear and magnificent beautiful and all nature seemed to expand at the sweet breath of

spring. All was gaiety and mirth- the campus was covered with students and the last january sun of eighteen hundred and fifty shed its last lingering rays upon the old grey walls of Dickinson College giving gladness to her students and an omen that she would some day be long be looked upon as one of the noblest institutions in the world.

**February the 1<sup>st</sup> 1850. Dickinson College, Fryday**

The morning was clear and beautiful- every thing appeared cheerful- all nature seemed to be busy and brisk. The recitations of the day were very good and a little to much noise in Prof Suddlers room. The day houses made an entire failure to produce anything miraculous or great. Nature does very little voluntarily but she furnishes material for many great and noble actions.

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**February the 2<sup>nd</sup> 1850.**

Everything appeared dismal and gloomy the sun was obscured by the heavy clouds and a continual disagreeable moisture rose incessantly from the earth which rendered the atmosphere very unhealthy. Chapel duties no quite so good as usual. I studied Ovid nearly all the evening. Was initiated as a member of the Jeffersonian Club. We had a very interesting discussion on both sides of the question. Our pass word is liberty. Appointed door keeper. adjourned.

**3<sup>d</sup> 1850**

In the morning I arose just time enough to get ready for prayers. The morning was much colder than it had been for some days previous. I read a good quantity of miscellaneous poetry before I attended church. I walked down to church at 11 o'clock and heard a good Sermon delivered by the Revr Mr Brown. In the evening I wrote a letter to My Brother and at night attend Mr Wings church and heard a splendid sermon delivered by that Gentleman. The night was exceedingly cool and blustry.

**4<sup>th</sup>**

Morning pretty cold. I made a first rate recitation in manual- and a pretty good one in greek. In the evening I studied my Political Economy. At night the Senior Class being excused from recitation in the morning attended church. Meeting of the Sophomore class called to the chair- appointed a committee to wait upon Mrs Tiffany and Marshal and get excused from recitation- the committee failed. After that I came up to my room and studied out half of my greek lesson. Retired to bed- indisposed owing to indigestion.

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**February the 5<sup>th</sup> Dickinson College**

Tuesday. Nothing of much importance occurred and to go into detail of the minor affairs would descend beyond my limits. The morning and a greater part of the day was cold. I commenced complying with my often violated rule that is I studied my greek by myself in my room. I recited tolerably well in Prof Suddler's room. At night I read the latin lesson out for John Emory [Class of 1852].

**Wednesday 6<sup>th</sup> 1850 Dickinson College**

The morning was very cold. I arose just time enough to get or rather prepare my Geometry lesson before prayers. I studied out my Greek in my room with Mr Haller [William L. Haller, Class of 1852]. Made pretty good recitations both in Geometry and Latin. In the evening I went out in company with Mrs Hodgson [Francis D. Hodgson, Class of 1853], Gough [William T. Gough, Class of 1850], and Clauson [James E. Clawson, Class of 1853] skating. When we

arrived at the pond we found that there was already some fellows on the ice. We had a delightful time skating and reached college just time enough for prayers.

**Thursday the 7<sup>th</sup> 1850.**

All things passed swiftly onward and upward to the great end for which all nature is brought into action. Recited pretty well in Prof Tiffany room. At night I purchased some Latin lines and attended a lecture delivered by Mr Lambert on anatomy which was very interesting and instructive. Upon returning to my room I found everything out of order- bed uncorded- lamp hid and my chum angry- but after much trouble all things were restored to their primitive order.

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**Fryday 8<sup>th</sup> 1850**

I arose from my couch just time enough to get over to prayers. Made a first rate recitation in Poly the bell was ringing three quarters of an hour to soon. At night I attended the lecture delivered by the aforementioned Gentleman.

**Saturday 9<sup>th</sup> 1850.**

The day was disagreeable and consequently I did not stir out much. At night however I attended our glorious little club. Mrs Alexander Kennady [Alexander Kennedy, Class of 1852] and Moore [James A. Moore, Class of 1852] were initiated.

**Sunday**

I attended church. Rev Mr Diviney delivered a sermon in the evening. I also attend an address delivered by Mr Mclay [William J. Maclay, Class of 1850] to the children of the sabbeth school.

**Monday 11<sup>th</sup> Tuesday**

The eleventh has nothing of importance with the exception that I wrote a valentine and wrote also a letter home. I attended lecture also.

**Wednesday 13<sup>th</sup> Thursday 14<sup>th</sup>**

These days passed away smoothly. Valentines were rapidly circulating to every quarter. I did not however receive but one and that was rather a poor affair. I forwarded one to Miss Magaret E Cochoas and another to Miss Magy E Boor. At night I attended the lectures which were delivered Dr T S Lambert.

**Fryday 15<sup>th</sup> Saturday the sixteenth**

Nothing of importance occurred. I did my duty as a student to the best of my humble abilities. The Jeffersonian Society held a special meeting for the purpose of adjourning on account of the Lecture which was to be delivered by Dr T. S. Lambert.

**Sunday the 17<sup>th</sup>**

I attended the methodist Church

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and heard an excellent Sermon deliver by bishop Maurris. And at night I attended Mr Wings church and heard rather a good sermon.

**Monday the 18<sup>th</sup> 1850.**

Great excitement about our election. Vansant [Simpson T. VanSant, Class of 1850] Lectioneers without ~~with~~ any recreation. Hanks [Arminius S. Hank, Class of 1850] prospects brighten up before us. But as each student had his studies to attend to they could not spend much of their time insted electioneering. Our class recited admirably well. In like manner passed away Tuesday the 19<sup>th</sup> Wednesday the 20<sup>th</sup> and Thursday the 21<sup>st</sup>.

**Fryday** however was of much more importance being the anniversary both of Washington and the Belle Letter Society. A good number of troops came in the Carrs.

**Saturday** was beautiful and clear. Nothing appeared to marr its brightness but the few lone fires of country millitiaie returning home from parade. At night our little band of brother Jeffersonians met and after we had gone through with the election of officers we proceeded to the discussion of the following question. Should the United States suspend the diplomatic relations with Austria. This debate was carried on with an unusal ardour and spirit and the question was decided in favor of the affirmative. Goseph Graham [Joseph J. Graham, Class of 1852] elected President. Hobbs Vice President. Carson Secretary [Theodore Myers Carson, Class of 1852]. Society adjourned.

**Sunday the 24<sup>th</sup> 1850**

In the morning I attended as usual Mr Browns church

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in the evening the episcopal church and at night I took a long walk out in to the country in the company of Mrrs Day [George B. Day, Class of 1851] and Diehl [Israel S. Diehl, Class of 1851]- here I took a severe coold which settled in my teeth and consequently was laid up with the tooth ache for several days afterwards.

**Monday 25<sup>th</sup>**

In the morning I attended recitation as usual so also in the evening laboring however under a very severe toothache. At night I was altogether unable to attend to by studies being unable to sit up I therefore retired early.

**Tuesday 26<sup>th</sup>**

In the morning my face was very much swollen. I attended prayers but not recitation.

**27<sup>th</sup> Wednesday**

I was much relived from the swelling in my face. I attended recitation in the morning as usual and mad pretty good work in getting out the lessons. At two oclock the bell tolled hour for Society. The Hall was full every one of the students expecting to see the election come off but by a vote of Society it was put down. Several other motions were then made but of very little importance. Society adjourned.

**Thursday the 28<sup>th</sup>**

Recitations were as usual. Upon coming to my room after dinner I found a letter lying on the table from My Father. It was one characterized by the ardent exhibition of a Fathers care and solicitude towards his children.

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It was one indicative of the strength of parents love. It was one which was calculated to create noble feelings to be generated in the breast and impel the reader onward to the perpetration of noble actions. I read it not without much thankfulness to my grateful Lire and resolution after resolution flashed through my mind that I would repay back some part at least of such unfounded kindness.

**Fryday 29<sup>th</sup>**

Made a very good recitation in the morning in Marshal's room and also in the evening Prof Suddlers. I also made up a recitation which I did not attend with the class owing to my indisposition as to my face.

**Saturday 30<sup>th</sup> 2 March**

declamation was very good after which I devoted the remainder part of the day to hunting and meditation. The Jeffersonian Club met as usual but not however in the same uniform temperament as usual. There was a good deal of excitement and several gentleman myself being of the number were just upon the point of resigning.

#### **Sunday the 3<sup>rd</sup>**

The morning I spent in reading and also a good part of the evening at night I heard a very eccentric old gentleman deliver a very excellent Sermon. His remark were Simple, Cogent and argumentative.

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#### **Monday the 4<sup>th</sup>**

The snow which had fallen the day previous rendered it truly disagreeable but ere the fourth hour had arrived the great luminary of day came forth from beneath the dark hovering clouds in his golden chariot and cast his crimsoned robe over all beneath. Every thing gladdened up and became cheerful. The town was all gait and life. The sturdy ploughman no longer desired to sit by the large blazing fire- chosing rather to bask in the gentle rays of the new born sun. Ohe iam satis est. No recitation to Prof Tiffany- he having gone to the Baltimore Conference. The other recitations were as usual.

#### **Tuesday 5<sup>th</sup> 1850**

Nothing of importance going on except some little electioneering

#### **Wednesday 6<sup>th</sup> 1850**

In the morning there was nothing took place worthy of notice. The morning was very disagreeable owing to a continual rain. At two oclock the Students attended the funeral of som doctor who had previously been a member of College and the belle Letter Society. At three the members of the Union P assembled. Next in order they went into balloting for aniversarian and speakers- the election resulted as follows

Leakin [Phil M. Leakin, Class of 1850] Anniversarian by a majority of two over Vansant [Simpson T. VanSant, Class of 1850] - Armenias S. Hank [Arminius S. Hank, Class of 1850], B. Chenowith [Benjamin D. Chenoweth, Class of 1850], Flavel Barber [Flavel C. Barber, Class of 1850], R. Selman [Richard D. Sellman, Class of 1850] the other as yet undetermined.

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At night Hank [Arminius S. Hank, Class of 1850] gave all of his party whip top treat and notwithstanding he did not get the anniversary he appeared to be perfectly satisfied and so we made mery.

#### **Thursday the 7<sup>th</sup> of March**

Nothing of importance transpired as also Fryday.

#### **Saturday the 9<sup>th</sup> March**

The morning was beautifully fair. Sol shed his mellow radiance over the entire face of nature. The birds cheered up the campas with their welcome music and the town was kept in a continual uproar by the multitude. Our declamation was very good. The Seniors were not as good as usual.

#### **Sunday the 10<sup>th</sup> March**

I attended church as usual.

#### **Monday, Tuesday- 11, 12<sup>th</sup>**

Things went on as usual- nothing happened of much importance.

#### **Wednesday**

2 o'clock PM the society met and after some considerable balloting Mr R Rider [Granville R. Rider, Class of 1850] was elected to speak the remaining speech. adjourned. The remainder of the week I was very busy and did not ever get time enough to write in my journal. On Friday night however I [illeg.] down at a serenade before the young Ladies boarding school. Prof. Banait-Mason were very active immediately after it was over and by this they were enabled to catch a considerable number of them.

### **Monday**

I was compelled to jump again into hard study and continued to do so pretty nearly the whole [students]

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week.

On **Friday** night the faculty had a meeting and resolved that Stephen Parks [Francis D. Parkes, Class of 1851] should and must be expelled. This created a good deal of agitation amongst the students.

**Saturday** night our joyous little society met and after a very good discussion I was invited down to take oysters together with Messers Leakin [Phil M. Leakin, Class of 1850], Tilden [Thomas W. Tilden, Class of 1853], Mcarty [John McCarty, Class of 1852], et Kimberlin [James M. Kimberlin, Class of 1851] by Mr Charles Albright [Charles Albright, Class of 1852].

**Sunday** morning I attended Methodist Church and hear excellent Sermon delivered by Dr Js T Peck. And at night at the same church Prof Tiffany delived a splended Sermon.

**Monday**, morning dawned but dim- the sky was covered over by heavy and dark looking clouds and the gloominess of the weather also cast a spirit of discontentment over the students. Thus the day passed away nihil mirabile dictu.

**Tuesday the 26<sup>th</sup>** was truly a beautiful day- the morning was clear and the Sun shone bright- the birds warbled in the Campas and the Students Sallied forth from their confining rooms to join the general revelry.

### **Wednesday the 27<sup>th</sup>**

Nothing of importance accured. Society met at two and upon motion of Mr Hiss [William J. Hiss, Class of 1850] adjourned to meet the first wednesday of next term.

### **Thursday the 28<sup>th</sup>**

Recitations were as usual.

### **Friday the 29<sup>th</sup>**

The class finished reviewing. At night I had a long and very interesting talk with Mr A. S. Hank [Arminius S. Hank, Class of 1850] and went to bed about twelve o'clock at night.

### **Saturday 30<sup>th</sup>**

declamation was very good.

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After declamation the Sohomore class proceeded to elect the speakers for the exhibition – the result of the elections was as follows. Mesers Albright [Charles Albright, Class of 1852], Bird [Samuel R. Bird, Class of 1852], Carson [Theodore M. Carson, Class of 1852], Freaner [George Freaner, Class of 1852], Graham [Joseph J. Graham, Class of 1852], Chattle [Thomas G. Chattle, Class of 1852], Hobbs, Ingram [Thomas R. Ingram, Class of 1852], Lore [Charles B. Lore, Class of 1852], Lynch [Jethro G. Lynch, Class of 1852], Ridgway [William H. Ridgaway, Class of 1852], Snively [William A. Snively, Class of 1852], Weeller [John Weller, Class of 1852],

Wingard [Charles W. Wingard, Class of 1852] and Backhouse [W. H. Backhouse, Class of 1851]. Class then adjourned to meet immediately after examination.

**Sunday** I spent partly Reading and partly writing and at night I participated in a very pleasant conversation down in Lewis Sparrow's [Lewis G. Sparrow, Class of 1850] Room.

**Monday the 25<sup>th</sup> 1850**

The junior class passed a pretty good examination. Our class as a general affair were quite busy in preparing for examination. At three o'clock a petition was gotten up and a committee sent in to the old Dr to examine our class that evening at six o'clock- granted- the class did admirably well.

**Tuesday 27<sup>th</sup>**

Before breakfast we were examined by Prof Suddler. Immediately after breakfast again by Prof Suddler in Political Economy. There were but very few failures in comparison with what was expected. At half past nine we went into Prof Tiffanny's room and were examined until twelve o'clock. In the evening we were examined from 2 to 6 o'clock. Throughout the whole examination I passed with ought making a single failure. A meeting was called at night and reconsideration of the former Sophomore election was moved and passed. Some disturbance arose in consequence of

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of which they adjourned.

**Wednesday**

The morning was very disagreeable the ground was covered with the snow which had fallen during the night previous. I remained tolerably close to my room but owing to somethings which intervened I was unable to had but very little.

**Thursday- Friday et Saturday** were made but very little use of. On Saturday however I took quite a long hunt in company with Mr Weller. In the course of the days events we took dinner at an old Farmers house which although plain was quite palatable. We returned home at night quite as destitute of game as when we first sat out in the morning. There was of course not much studying to be done either in the line of reading or searching out the intricacies of my supl book owing to my fatigue.

**Sunday March the 30<sup>th</sup>**

The day quite fair. I attended the methodist Church both morning and evening and whilst I sat and listened with attention to the grave old minister I was transported to the lovers heaven by the sparkling[k] eye of a beautiful young girl who sat just opposite me. In her I beheld all the angelic grace of a queen whilst her youthful looking face added new beauty.

**Monday April the 1<sup>st</sup>**

Had a good amount of trouble with my chum who tried to pull me out of bed but did not succeed. After breakfast I went out to the garrison to see the soldiers drill and did not return until dinner time.

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Immediately after dinner I went down with a party of fellows to the brewery and after drinking our fill of beer we came up to College- but I felt unfit for study on account of the things which I had eaten. At night I came up to my room in a great plight for reading but ere I had commenced and read a half hour first one fellow and then another would come in incessantly and boar me until it was twelve o'clock.

**Tuesday the 2<sup>nd</sup>**

I went out a pigeon hunting with Mr Joseph Collinson [Joseph C. Collinson, Class of 1850]. He had quite an excellent hunt and a very pretty walk. The sun was pretty warm and did its part of sunburning very well. He killed the pigeon, squirrel, Robin, Lark, Dove and I caught a very large fish. When we returned home I presented my game to Prof Suddler. At night I felt very tired and went to bed accordingly quite early

### **Wednesday the 3<sup>rd</sup>**

I did not arise until breakfast time. I felt rather soar from the long walk which I had taken the day previous. From nine until eleven I read Upham's Philosophy on the will. At Eleven I went down to the Court house square and saw the garrison soldiers start for Santefee [Santa Fe]. They appeared to be devoted to their country and their country's cause. Their forms and physical components were inured to hard

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labor and their minds displayed themselves as being sufficiently firm to overcome any or all difficulties. Being bound to Carlisle by no extraordinary ties of kindered affection or Friendship they bid a final adieu to the Citizens of the borough without a Single Silent tear being permitted to moisten the Sunburnt Cheek of the care worn soldier's face. In the evening G. Chaney [Richard G. Chaney, Class of 1849] came bringing with him two Gentleman prepared to enter the Sophomore class ziz Mr Peach [Samuel H. Peach, Class of 1852] et McCeny [Theophils N. McCheney, Class of 1852]. There was some mistake made as to their trunks and they were along with the soldier's baggage to Pittsburgh.

### **Thursday the 4<sup>th</sup> 1850**

I spent the greater part of the day reading but as I did not fell very well I did not make much progress. At night we had considerable noise down on the third floor which was made by some fellows who were dancing. I retired earlier than usual but was not permitted to go to sleep by some fellows who came in shortly after I had retired.

### **April 4<sup>th</sup> - Fryday the 5**

I spent a considerable part of the day in reading Upham's Mental Philosophy. Several new students came on. In the evening I took quite a pleasant walk in company with Mr Bally [John M. Bailey, Class of 1851]. At night I did very little in the line of study owing to the excitement about the trunks which had been miscarried- went to bed late

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### **Saturday April the 6<sup>th</sup> 1850.**

The morning was colder than usual. Imediately after breakfast I walked out to the garrison with Mr MCCeny [Theophils N. McCheney, Class of 1852]- We saw a good many green fellows just learning the drill. After dinner I spent fixing and moving into the room which J. Bowman [Joshua S. Bowman, Class of 1850] W<sup>m</sup>. H. Mclay [William J. Maclay, Class of 1850] had just vacated. I did not do much else except fix until bed time. The old Dr. Prof Tiffany et Marshal all came back about six o clock in the evening.

### **Sunday 7<sup>th</sup>**

The morning was beautiful and clear and nature appeared to assume a lively appearance. The golden hues of the morning had scarcely tinged the western sky before the campas was heard resounding with mery voices and jolisome hearts. The birds were flitting from tree to tree singing their welcome songs. I attended Methodist Church in the morning and heard a sermon delivered

by Dr Peck and in the night presbyterian and heard a most splendid Sermon delivered by Prof Wing as an introductory lecture to a course of lectures on the decalogue.

**Monday the 8<sup>th</sup>**

Commenced the study of Conie P E Cloons. Class recited very well. Several more students arrived but all of them were unprepared to enter College. No recitation to Prof Suddler's room in the afternoon. Nothing of any real importance occurred. I was very unwell at night being made sick by eating a pile of orange peel.

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**Tuesday the 9<sup>th</sup> 1850.**

The morning was beautiful and clear but very cold for an April morning. The Sophomes to a great number refused to attend Prof Suddler's room alleging as their plea for not attending recitation that it was not the evening for mathematics and that they had no english study to recite- so they would not go to recitation. There were seven fellows who went to recitation whose names are as follows- Messers Albright [Charles Albright, Class of 1852], Graham [Joseph J. Graham, Class of 1852], Sherlock [Thomas Sherlock, Class of 1852], Ridgway [William H. Ridgaway, Class of 1852], Weller [John Weller, Class of 1852], Hobbs.

**Wednesday 10<sup>th</sup> 1850**

Society met as usual and after the regular orders were dispensed with the society proceeded to an election of Commitee men for the fourth of July- the election resulted as follows Messers Albright[Charles Albright, Class of 1852], Carson [Theodore M. Carson, Class of 1852], Graham[Joseph J. Graham, Class of 1852], Snively [William A. Snively, Class of 1852], Waley [Peter Whaley, Class of 1851]. Mr Parks [Francis D. Parkes, Class of 1851] elected chairman. Friendships- To have true friends is one of the greatest blessings that God has bestowed upon man. To have hearts to which you may reveal in perfect security the the inmost secrets of your hearts and in whom you may find friends who are not merely life friends but friends in heart – is most of all things essential to render man happy. It is the characteristic of mankind to act very often without any felling or regard for their fellow beings. Stimulated by motives of self interest

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they make desolate the hearts of their dearest friends and plunges the hellish knife of frozen friendships in the heart of their best bosom friends. I hate the flattering smile of frozen friendship. I hate the decietful words of lip friends – by lip friends I mean those who to all appearances are your greatest and most sincere friends – but when poverty drags you down – when misfortune besets your path when disapointments Mar you in the face their when they no longer have any motive for the continuation of their friendships for their own agrandizement they will pluck from its socket the pupil of your eye and snatch from your hands even the the very comforts of life. Friendships yes; thou art a boon richer than the gems of Golgonda or the gold of Ophir, but like the fertile spots which are interspersed in the wide and trackless desert- thy presence is not an inhabitant of every place. Oh, how I long to see the golden age of Friendship return as it was in days of yore. Then all was happiness, all was joy and contentment, and in the language of an unknown poet-

When fair the morn of friendship dawns,  
Ingratitude on the pinions of the wind,  
Will leave these sunny hills and flowery lawns  
And seek a resting place by some far wind

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Where the billowy ocean foams with the blood  
of villanous wretches and the mighty whirlp-  
all of ~~cont~~ ingratitude swells its loudest notes  
likes peals of thunder telling the final end  
of frozen friendship, i e, of Ingratitude.

But now in these our own times mankind appear to be blinded by avarice – to be shimulated and led onward by the desin of accumulating wealth. True it is indeed that then an exceptions to this general rule, yes noble exceptions, men who are plucking for themselves flowers of richest hue, who are gaining friends more valuable than all the hidden treasures of the east and who will finally wreath their brows with laurels of an unfading hue.

Who is then that cannot drop a tear when they contemplate the depravity of the present age. If we look out upon the the world thing that meets our sight is the perpetrator of some atrocious crime – the son imbues the family altar with the blood of his innocent mother or drags forth and casts the corpse of his venerable father out in the public square to be ever trampled both by man and beast. But methinks I behold the day also a day begining to dawn which is to terminate such a state of affairs. The all will gaity and fridship will cease to be an empty title.

[Hudaleap]

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**Thursday the 11<sup>th</sup>**

things all going on as usual, nothing happening of importance

**Fryday the 12<sup>th</sup>**

ditto

**Saturday 13<sup>th</sup>**

The nine oclock declamation rather poor. At night we had a great time- Tom Gough [William T. Gough, Class of 1850] was pretty Sober and we were enjoying a pleasant dance and a jovial chat when the old Dr came running but the steps but to his great disapointment when he entered the room every mans name was Smith

**Sundy Morning 14<sup>th</sup>**

I attended Mr Browns Church. Prof Crooks delivered a very good sermon. At night I attended a methodist church and heard a sermon from Rev Mr Brown.

Twass then I saw my only one, as graceful as a morning queen – fairer than the snow white lilly and more beautiful than Hebe's fairest daughter, her forehead was wide and lofty – her cheeks were as rosy as the morning sun, her lips bathed in their swettest nectar were like rosy tulips, her teeth were whiter than ivory, her eyes sparkled like the polished gem at the bottom of the limped streamlet – and she indeed was beautiful – her name Miss Julia. After I returned from church I imediately went to bed. My rest was sweet. I dreamed of happy hours to come. I saw in my imagination the visable image of my fair one. Twass a lovely sight. Twass beautiful. Farewell.

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**Monday [April] 15<sup>th</sup> 1850**

The first thing memorable in this day's history is that Misses Peck was ducked by some one from my window. In consequence of which there was Considerable excitement. I was not able to recite in Prof Marshal's room not having , My, the right exercises prepared. At night we had a

splended treat. The company was composed of Messers Barber [Flavel C. Barber, Class of 1850], Bird [Samuel R. Bird, Class of 1852], Hank [Arminius S. Hank, Class of 1850], Hiss [William J. Hiss, Class of 1850], Gough [William T. Gough, Class of 1850], Mclay [William J. Maclay, Class of 1850] Rider [Granville R. Rider, Class of 1850] Hobbs.

**Tuesday 16<sup>th</sup> 1850** was rendered memorable in the annals Dickinsonian history by the great, eloquent and illustrious speech delivered by Jesse L. Peck S.I. D. on the imense importance of proper locations for necessary ebactions.

**Wednesday 17<sup>th</sup>**

Nothing of importance occurred as also on fryday and Saturday except in the last mentioned day I took a long fishing lunch out on the yellow breeches, but we did not have any luck. At night I gave a treat in my room to some gentlemen who were present. The company consisted of Messers Barr [Louis A. Barr, Class of 1852] Bird [Samuel R. Bird, Class of 1852] McKarty [John McCarty] Patterson [Arthur Patterson, Class of 1852], Tilden [Thomas W. Tilden, Class of 1853] and myself. After enjoying the treat I went down after a bucket of water but coming from the pump I went up into the third section Attic where the fellows had a Keg of beer. But I soon found that there had been more about than beer as several of the fellows appeared to be pretty much up in the head – after this I went to Bed.

Now comes the day of all most fair

The day of Gods especial Care

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**Sundy the 21<sup>st</sup>**

The Sun rose beautiful and fair  
And tinged the heavens with Golden hues  
The rosy Goddess left her lair  
And brushed away the morning dews  
Venus danced forth upon the green  
But Lo- Behold the blush of Shame  
When she beheld a maiden queen  
By far the loveliest of her name-  
I looked out once upon the maid  
So beautiful and fair  
And in my heart I fondly said  
It is my Loved one there  
So from my room- I gaily sped  
And to the spot repaired  
Whilst Golden ringlets crowned her head  
And down her neck her glossy hair  
in lovily tresses hung.

From the 21<sup>st</sup> to the 19<sup>th</sup> nothing of any moment occurd

On the 29<sup>th</sup> however as it was my birthday I cannot fail to mention that I was unable to do anything during the day and could not sleep at all the whole night. I suffered extremly from the tooth ache but the time the Universal Physician in due time affected his cure. Perseverentia vincit omnia. Philosophi est esse patentia.

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Original lines composed on viewing an old favorite spot of my youth.

Farwell the soul enlivening scene;  
The banks that wore a smiling green  
With rank defilment overspread  
Bewail their flowery beauties dead,  
The stream polluted and dark and dull,  
Diffused into a stygian pool.  
Through life's last melancholy years,  
Is fed with ever flowing tears.  
Complaints supply the Seyer's part  
And sighs that heave a breaking heart.

**Dickinson October 7<sup>th</sup> 51**

This morning was fair and beautiful but all seemed gloomy and dull to me, for there was in my own breast something that was erranking which seemed though it was seeking the very core of my inmost feelings. All day I remained uneasy and dissatisfied with my then Condition. The night came on when I attended a protracted meeting which was going on in the methodist church. Here I began to feel still more deeply the anguish of soul under which I was suffering. Soon however I mastered up courage and went forward to the mourners bench to be prayed for. There I wrestled in prayer with God and by and by I commenced to feel a light flashing

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through my mind and Oh I felt happy the Lord had forgiven my sins and gave me a new spirit. He put into my mouth a new song, a song of praise. A young and much esteemed friend of mine by the [of?] Barber [Flavel C. Barber, Class of 1850] [illeg.] the forgiveness of his sins – there were other poor souls up at the altar seeking religion. After the close of the services in Church we adjourned to Mr Mensers room in west College- there we had a joyful meeting and another poor penitent cast himself down to be prayed for, he did not however receive the conversion of his soul. After this we retired the hour of the night being about 11 o'clock.

**Dickinson College November 6<sup>th</sup>**

Having found out by experience that no great work can be accomplished without labor and that no labor can be exerted successfully without regularity in performance I do undertake to draw up a certain creed of laws by which to be owned Hobbs. Junior Class.

I find the state of my health fast growing worse and that I must soon become very wretched unless I make some serious alteration in my course of life- this being the case I will make the following resolution which I will endeavor to be up to the best of my power and nothing save particular cases of emergency shall make me vary from it. I therefore solemnly resolve that henceforward I will arise at five in the morning and bathe before prayers

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that I will not use tea nor coffee as a part of my subsistence that as a general thing I will not eat any meat for supper and breakfast that I will always go to bed as early as ten o'clock and that I will offer up my thanks to God in the morning when I arise, after I have eaten my dinner and before I retire to bed- that I will not indulge my appetites at any time to excess and that finally I will not be addicted any evil practices. God enable me so to live.

**Harrisburg Oct. 11<sup>th</sup> 52**

I attended a wood's meeting with Brother Griffith [Lewis M. Griffith, Class of 1855] at Muddy Creek on Sunday Sept. the 26<sup>th</sup> and whilst there I caught a violent cold which produced heinous fever. I was taken with the fever on Monday and confined on Tuesday to bed and I did not recover sufficiently to sit up and be about until Oct 11<sup>th</sup>. In my sickness I was attended by Dr Williams whose remedies were quick in their action and sure in their alleviation of pain. I esteem him as a man who understands his profession as he should and as deserving the patronage of the public.

For four days I was delirious and medicine had but little affect to break the delirium. I afterwards grew rational and I was then cupped 17 times and blistered

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six. I also used 12 mustered plasters which were very beneficial. The fever left me about the 15<sup>th</sup> day

U Hobbs

**Washington Academy April 2<sup>nd</sup> 54**

Comet

On Sunday evening at night a comet of ordinary size and brilliancy appeared west by south west.

On the evening of the third it appeared low in the sky about 7 o'clock. On the following evenings the nights were cloudy and the comet was not seen afterward.

**Washington Academy April 14<sup>th</sup> 1854**

I closed my school on the 13<sup>th</sup> [illeg.] We expected to have a party at the pond on the morning of the 14<sup>th</sup> but it commenced raining in the morning and continued during the day- the other evening Tilman Foster and myself went to call on the Miss Bridgefords- We spent a pleasant evening and remained until the morning of the 15<sup>th</sup> when we returned to my Sanctum. He and his brother left for home on the same day. The rain still continued to fall with but short intermissions during the entire day and rain exceedingly hard during the night. Dr W T Wills and I on the evening of the 16<sup>th</sup> Sunday ordered a horse and buggy in order that we might visit the young ladies of Finny Mills. The Servant brought the horse from the stable and then returned him without any

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order from us- thinking that the weather was too inclement for gentlemen to venture out. So we remained at home for the rest of the day. On the night of the 16<sup>th</sup> it commenced snowing about 10 o'clock PM and continued all next day.

**Fredrick City Nov 11<sup>th</sup> 1854**

On the above evening we the members and students of Freidirick Barr gave a Complimentary dinner to Mr W Merrick Esq. The occasion of the party was the approaching exit of Mr Merrick from our midst. The party Consisted of Messers Nelson, Maulsby, Lockett, Worsey, Smith, Lynch, Rice, Ford, Welson, Hanson, Ritchie, Wills, Saullers, [illeg.], Shelmann, Armour, Jon Low Jos M Palmer, Tyler, Merrick, U Hobbs, Cole, Hoffman

The dinner Commenced at four o'clock and Concluded at 9 ½- the rest of the Evening I spent in Company with Miss Loui Polk and Mr Semmis. All things terminated in quite a pleasant manner and but few gave demonstrations of being under the influence of wine.

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A Satirical Answer to a Comical Valentine

(1) My dearest L\_\_\_ it is to thee  
I write this verse of poetry  
Land of the great the gallant free  
My sentiments shall go to the  
(2) Speed, offered, my own Pegasus speed  
And let that maid my verses read  
Who 'neath a cloak of drapery  
Conceals a peacocks symmetry  
(3) You have beneath your shallow pate  
A temper yes; more incarnate  
Than he who in his high estate  
Who'll hail you as his welcome mate.  
(4) If friends you have yet none I hope  
Have cast for you their horiscope  
Soon will they find in wretchedness  
That you're composed of rottenness.  
(5) A S... S... yes welcome he  
To such a lovely maid as thee  
A sylph with neither form nor grace  
Much less to thee a modest face  
(6) My noble muse must I degrade  
To weary more for such a jade  
A loftier theme it fair would be  
To sing of drunken revelry  
(7) Yet forward still and let her see  
That friendship now is not [illeg.]  
And if you have a confidant  
(8) Oh tell to her what I have sent  
Tell her that when a friend you had (8)  
You thought him quite a queer young lad  
(9) And for a trial in due time  
You sent a comic Valentine  
But if an other test of love (9)  
You wish to make with me my dove  
9) Know this that now I love you more  
than Byron did Sir Thomas More  
Your in gallantry and love

J R W

**U Hobbs Feb 14<sup>th</sup> 185[1]**

**Dickinson College**

Hobbs Ulysses- Junior

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Wentworth { My young christian friends. There is nothing to me that presents so beautiful an appearance, there is nothing so full of Poetry- there is nothing so full of Earth, so full of Heaven- there is nothing so full of Man. So full of God as to share as young man returning God.

Dante's Inferno { Then act so that they shall need no vow nor prayer against Focara's wind.  
Lamentations pierced none manifold that had their arrows shod with pity.  
Todds Student's manual. All capable of excelling.

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**[blank]**

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A Scene in Glenrock Castle 1851, August  
I heard the chapel bell swing heavily  
And muttering sounds murmuring like Some  
Angry Geese mouthed monster onward Came

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

Proclaiming loud that in you castle grey  
There chiefs of honor met and with their fair  
Gazelles tasslded o'er the combat of the day  
That death was there – he at the Solemn hour  
Of night when all is hushed in sleep save  
The twinkling sentinels of heaven, he  
In his mufelled march moved stealthily to  
To where Prince Albert lay- and there in all  
His (youth his) knight beauty and ~~all~~ his knightly gifts  
Death like a gentle Slumber still<sup>d</sup> him there  
Whilst at his Side his beauteous loved one lay  
Nor dreamed she then that from ~~our~~ her knight's dark eye  
Death had stole the fire that lit it up to life  
She 'woke as from a dream a heavenly dream  
And over her (face or brow) countenance Angelic sweetness play'd  
She 'woke and turned to look on him her knight  
The hero of her dreams. So fair. So loved.  
Yet softly turned- lest she might loose the chains  
That bound him soft in sleep- ~~unconcerned~~ yet ah little did ~~she think~~  
She think those chains of iron were that wrapt

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His clay cold frame. As yet unconscious  
That twas not a dream she turn<sup>d</sup> she gaz<sup>d</sup>  
On him the pride of every eye for on and with  
His brow a manly dignity was set  
That awed to silence all his great compeers  
Extatic joy her soul was filled for on  
His brow a manly dignity was set  
That awed to silence all his great compeers  
He wore his locks full long and dark as is  
The ravens crest they [illeg.] his manly brow  
She left the couch put on her bridal robe

And wild with joy she sought her morning bower  
She plucked the rose and jasmine so sweet  
And snapt the stalk that bore the lily faces  
The Linnest's song as does the evening rule ~~breathed~~  
Breathed mellow music through the still air  
And as she listened to its swelling notes  
She tuned her voice and sung the Harmony  
Of Love- her's was the music of the soul-  
Twas soft twas low like the gentle breathing  
Of some tender harp string trilled by the  
By the morning breeze and as she sung she  
Twined a wreath of lowers around her brow  
And in her small white hand she held a rose-

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To deck Prince Alberts breast a crimson rose  
Then thought she of her Prince so soon she thought  
And in her girlish mood she ran to rouse  
Him from his morning (sleep) slumbers- there yet he lay-  
Content as if old Morpheus wrapt him in  
His warm embrace- and on his face there was  
A Smile- A smile of tender love she stood  
She gazed- So lovely yet in death he seemed  
Then with a sudden burst of joy exclaimed  
Arouse my love- arouse the mornings up  
Yet still he lay as if no sound had fallen  
Upon his ear. Again she cried but still  
He slept or still did seem to sleep so soft  
The sleep of death then with her hand aside  
She threw his glossy curls and on his brow  
She pressed a (warm warm) kiss – but Lo! twas cold  
Cold as the marble slab – he slept – but twas ~~not~~  
Not all a sleep- he slept the sleep of ~~deep~~ death  
Well then she knew her Knight was dead She screamed  
But faintly screamed- then swooned away and as she  
She fell she clasped him in her arms – twas sweet  
Embrace she clasped the one she loved – So dear –  
But yester morn she was a bridal queen  
And through old Glenrocks halls did echo sounds

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Of joy and meriment but hushed they now  
And all was still save now and then some mourners  
Slow beat tread. Some bursting sigh some sob half choked  
That struggled into life to tell its tale ~~of woe~~  
Of woe. There they had lain scince morn and now

~~And~~ twas noon – and the sun stood high in heaven-  
But still she woe'd him to her breast and still  
Did wish to woe – her's was true constancy –  
She loved him still- at last they raised him up  
And nicely spread the pale and round the gay  
And vaulted ceilings hung deep tapestry  
Of woe. how changed the scene of yester morn  
But changed not half so much as was the brow  
Of Dark eyed Isabelle- how was she wont  
To hang upon his arm and breathe in notes  
Full low and sweet some favorite air of youth  
But now her brow was deathly pale- the blush  
Was gone that mantled o'er her cheek and nought  
But in her eye a glimmering fire still burned  
To tell that life was there thus did she wait  
The funeral train- she saw it start and from  
Her sight did bear Prince Alberst form thought some  
That madness clustered in her eye so strangely ~~was~~  
Was she changed- but no she only wished for  
For lest – for lest with him she loved so true

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The train was gone – but still the chapel bell swung down  
And heavily- and muttered sound of woe  
And as they died ~~away~~ upon the ~~evening~~ air evening  
Of ~~eve~~- She prayed with them that she might only die  
~~fileg.]~~ And then on Angel's plumes might wing her flight  
And he at rest- true to her prayer it came-  
The answer came and soon they laid her low  
By Albert's side- The funeral dirge was raised  
And sung by Spain's dark maids and sees from out  
Her bridal wreath they culled and planted there –  
The rose and jessamine and wet them with ~~their tears~~-  
Their tears and there they lay soft side by side  
Whilst at their feet fond lima creeps and joins  
His gentle mumering song with memry's harp  
They sing a hymn of praise of those now gone –  
Thee Glenrock stands and hears his mourning ladie –  
But in his halls no human voice is heard  
Still Lima flows but on its mossy banks  
No sounding foot disturbs her mumering song  
Here on her banks they sleep sleep soft in love  
August  
Orla

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Where are they now? September the 3<sup>rd</sup> 1851

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On the death of Joseph Graham.

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The romantic death of the Revd James A Deviney and his Wife Mary

Mary the moon is resting o'er thy grave

And by thy side thy lover softly sleeps

His eyes are dim, his spirit now has fled

To pass for earth, it longed for thee and Heaven

Couldst thou have seen whilst in the grave thou wast

How wan his cheek, how wild his manly eye

From thy lone house thou wouldst have blest his sight

As lightning's glare lit up the Hale of night.

2<sup>nd</sup> When though wast gone he mourned awhile below

Nor wished thee back, but wished himself with thee

Bade of the winds bear back a Single note

From Heavens Choir from Mary's breathing harp

He listened Sadly to the dismal storm

Which from his sight his Mary's form Concealed

And when the moon Sat on her ivory throne

His heart high yet felt itself alone-

3<sup>rd</sup> Oh then he cried! My Mary but again

Oh bless my sight; he raised his eyes to heaven

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Reflections

As the continuation of our existence progresses from day to day and from year to year onward to unlimited time So every day brings with it a new advantages and places us under new obligations to our creator- our responsibilities increase- and duties of new and varied aspects present

themselves to our view- and as there is no mid way resting place- as we are all either going forward or are on the retrograde, we ought to be especially careful lest we be found letting the precious moments of this short life escape our grasp unimproved. As the miser looks with pleasure upon his banks of shining treasure So we should value time. Every day should be characterized by an onward step in improvement or every night Should be summed the progress of the day- he who does not improve time ought most deservedly to be called a prodigal and a spendthrift. Every moment as it passes by stamps its impression upon the human mind and though it speed on to eternity it has left behind traces of its once existence- not like the traces which the caravans leave on the desert sands- not like the traces of the mighty steamer on the ocean- these soon are seen no more, but the impression which each passing moment makes upon is stamped indelible and eternal. Methinks I can pierce the curtain of the future, dive into eternity and see there on the records of the human mind the accumulated impressions of all the past.

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Every mispent moment tells its own sad tale, every idle hour bears to eternity its sad report – forms on the gilded pages of ~~eternity~~ that eternal record its own vague space. And when at last the prodigal of time steps from the transitory to the eternal tis then in that huge volume of the mind he sees his idle dreams his mispent hours – his days and nights spent in revelry stand forth in bold relief. Oh! then think of him- when all the evil deeds of earlier days comes rushing back upon the track of memory and present to him all the things that were and were most dear to him – but now like so many wasps or adders more each – pierces deep and leaves its venom rankling in the hot blood- cells of heart. Yes! from all the thousand chambers of the mind come rushing forth the shades of by-gone deeds – black viled and torturing much, ~~like~~ like shapes well sooted by the fervent coals which form hell’s hottest fire. He sees his youth – his boyhood days – his mighty, far famed deeds the living monuments of by gone days he hears the merry laugh, the ~~friendly~~ high, yet mellow voice swelling in silver tones some favorite air of youth, the bursting strains of music borne by the gentle breeze all strike like the words of so many unwelcome monitors of the present. His darling pleasure here with wings far swifter than the lightning’s flash deserts the haunts of living men and flips her midnight-way down to ~~the~~ Hell’s lowest circle- there she takes the form of some huge fiend and standing with aspect severe like the chief spirit of Orcus she points back to the days of their old friendship

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and welcomes him to his new yet chose residence.

He looks around on every hand and naught he sees save the towring turrets of Hell bathed in one living, lurid flame. Oh chance perhaps some friend of youth stepped ~~bathed~~ in the boiling pitch. He looks again; then with the telescope of memory he sees his earthly joys – his boyish sports, his midnight friends – come rushing on with crimsoned beaks as if to feed upon his vital part. His faltering voice is heard to cry – as if he wished eternity would quickly end. Oh eternity! Eternity – Oh eternity is heard echoing from all the crows which bound in hell. Methinks I hear the echoe leaping from mound to mound till Hell’s nine Circled – wide – deep – uneven space is compassed – which echoes back in turn their thousands more unhallowed sounds. Today he cries and thinks perchance to morrow may bring some short relief or some balm to soothe his burning bones – to morrow comes but that hollow voice cries on. Oh Misery – how long – how long yet Oh eternity – wilt thou not yet end- and must I here endure all torment – all flame – all kinds of hellish torture. Once I was gay – once fair, once a noble man. Oh – look at me now he cries. Ah

– I soon shall be no more – this (is only) my consolation – my manly beauty – strength – and nobleness is gone – my brow once smooth and witer than alabaster is furrowed deep – Yes! all sooted over and crisped by burning flames. Tis thus he cries whilst gazing on himself but soon again he hears in thundering tones a voice come sounding from

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far famed Olympus – the voice of Deity – his cruel note cease – and whilst he listens in hopes to hear the welcome sentce. Eternity transcended – in clattering tones the trumpeter of Olympus exclaims with gladsomeness rool on ye ages – rool on and let all nations know that ~~I am~~ God eternal, everlasting- sits enthroned – he hears, then from his eyes come flashing forth beams of vengeance. God is unjust he cries, that I'm confined thus to endure such cruel torture. Thirst (fury) parched tongue and lips bloodied with gore forgetful of the uper world he heaps horrid imprecations upon the head of Almighty God. He names his mightiest force, summons every spark of his remaining courage and thinks that now whilst unprotected he will storm the battlements of Hell, his plans are deep – well laid – fuly well matured. Old Charon sits at the oars – he sees the youth and up the wispering galleries of Hell he send his voice to tell old Vulcan of what is soon to come – he looks abroad – then runs round the circled plane and sees that all is quietude – back to his post he goes, now shrieks with vengeance – whilst clankering down the numerous steps of Hell Come chains – come boiling pitch, come all the fiends of Hell. Methinks I hear him Cry, like the bloody minded murderer, in sleep – as when he thinks his crimes dark horrid demon like are all detected – from cliff to cliff the rushing tides flow down and soon bear deeper down to Hell's hot [illeg.] the poor unhapy man with eyes wide rooled and hands aloft he sends his

[Loose newspaper clipping]

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voice again to high Olympus. Oh God! he cries and must all endure – torment, pain, Ah horrid torture. Would that mine eyes had never oped to see the world's fair pleasures – would I had perished in my mothers womb – now I might sleep a peaceful sleep in death – or even now could I but shake off this miserable existence – forgetful of all my quondam torture – my lips should speak high sounding words in praise of Deity – no ray of Sunshine falls upon my soul, no welømee come word is wispered in my ear – no earthly friend supports me totering much – but here I must abode till all eternity. Oh horrible thought- horrible! horrible! If it were a thousand years that ~~have~~-I must remain – my soul would plume her wings, my telescopic vision still would see some flickering ray of hope high up amid the orbs of light – but when the thought comes back again impressed by stern reality it tears my soul – would I could make me no longer being – Till now no human sound has reached his ears – and all was still save ~~when the~~ clankering chains and the low deep murmuring of Hell's lurid cataract. But lo! he hears a sound – tis human – tis a familiar voice that wildly shrieks – he looks out upon the bulling bosom of the [illeg.] expanse and sees his old associate of by gone days – with out stretched arms

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his former friend cries in tones both loud and fast for help. But who was there to lend a helping hand- or who could strive against all the powers of Hades – he cries once more then sinks again far down to burning caverns. Young man read here the fate of prodigality and reap instruction my Serious tale – or chance perhaps like him now lying deep below you will have to sing in faltering accents your own dread tale of misery – here read and think and tarry not but act –

grasp every golden moment improve every idle ~~thought~~ hour and treasure up exhaustless stores of knowledge. When pleasure's golden crested Goddess flits before your eye clasp arrow, shoot and fell her to the ground, or chance she may with all her fastidiousness draw your eye and lead you captive of her will. But know that knowledge works its end and he that has it true wisdom like will find the realms of bliss – be these where e're thy may thy are compassed round by all the Statelites of Yore– and roofed above by heaven's golden canopy – more I would write if Dante's immortal pen would tend to crush save the foolishness of men. More I would write if e'er my verse or prose, could secure mankind from all their many errors. But lest my mind grow skeptical and dull Farewell – Farewell I sign the popes fine bull – Companionship.

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Miscellaneous – Peices composed in leisure hours.

Every man that strives to rise above mediocrity must expect if he act an honest and upright part to meet with scorn derission and all the baser passions which are lurking in the breast of his rivals for honor or distinction. This derission and scorn has compelled many men of fine abilities to shrink back in uter solitude – it has crushed ambition laudible in itself and the mother of young greatness. Who can say what men the wild might have boasted off had it not been for this great draw back – true it can crush the original powers of the intellect but it takes away from it all that latent energy which is so highly becoming in a man. Heavy to tell too that there are a certain class of men who are never touch by the frowns of the public but as a general thing we find those men to be men of ordinary tallents – possessing an immoderate share of what is generally called brass. Our press too although it is said to be the engine of liberality has crushed many a despondent young man and chased him back with the shades of retirement like the ravenous panther in persuit of his prey – true on the other hand however it has been the making of many men – it has given them a little pass with the illustrious great of our present day and country –

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Deprive a nation of the liberty of the press and you will make him deprive it of one of the greatest blessings of freedom. Then truly will the spirit of imitation be crushed – then will toleration decline – then will tyranny reign triumphantly – then will the poor young man of the most exalted tallents be driven back into the dark caverns of oblivion. Were this the case then we could truly lament over the sad fate of our wretched contemporaries. But it seems at as though by some being power the true touch stones to national greatness has been pointed out and our's and almost every other press is now free. This freedom of the press has cast a smile of joy of the whole face of nature. It has sent bread and the other necessaries of life in to dungeons or the dark hermitages of the scholar. When once the gastly paleness of living dead played with an air of [melanch] melancholy over the faces of those who sat around his fireside the rosy bloom is there – the sparkling eye, the ruby lip – the merry laugh is heard. He writes – he publishes and gains for himself that authorlike immortality – more lasting than all the monuments of Kings – than all the princely domes sad relics of all that mortars was of men whose greatness no one knew – whose monuments were built of skulls – whose fame was washed in blood.

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**November 23<sup>rd</sup>**

Never act without reflection.

There is a tendency in human nature which we see very often exerting an influence over the entire powers of the mind which makes a man to act in many and important instances without reflection upon the subject with reference to which he is about to act. The proper study of man is to study himself and Creation around him first however himself then the characters of his fellow beings. Owing to this tendency we often find the most distinguished men often guilty of actions not only beneath their superior dignity but even beneath the dignity of man. Have we not seen the noble man so overcome by rage, so stirred up by a sense of his supposed wrongs that he will sometimes bury the cruel dagger of revenge and bloodshed deep to the heart of his friend and for a while appear to derive the most extraordinary gratification from his deed – yea have we not known the father to grapple in contest with his once dearly beloved Son for his life – and when he at last obtains the mastery have we not seen that fiendish smile which played around his mouth as he clenched his teeth in the most brutal – the most savage delight – and did ye not hear the awful response that came looming forth from Hell in concord and agreement with such a course of action – tis the delights of the fiends in

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Hell to know the triumphs of the animal generated faculties of the mind over the intellectual and moral as distinguished from each other. He then who wishes to become renowned for his prudence and power must learn to govern his own powers – he must learn to keep his organs of combativeness and revenge in perfect subject – in – to the action of the higher powers of the mind – so that when he feels himself wronged in any manner or by any individual he will not act without reflection but he will weigh well first his best manner of procedure and secondly his best means of to be employed in carrying things into effect. He who thinks before he acts, acts wisely – at least he will never condemn himself for his rash temerity which he is governed by lest he may feel his courage leaving him if he waits until he becomes cool – think, then act and when you are prepared for action – nerve all your powers- stir up your inmost soul and show forth the natural and the real power of the whole man – he that is swayed by the influence of others to do himself injustice is no man – what if we should for awhile meet with the scorn and contempt of a selfish and unjust world in the end they will be compelled to yield honor to whom honor is due – and give you that praise which their own

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sense of right prevents them from withholding from you. Virtue is a strong bulwark of defence and no man is purely virtuous who does not keep his passions well – the entire control of his powers of reason.

If in thy heart a cherished wrong doth burn  
Repress the flame and first its fuel learn  
If coals of wrongs he smothered in its glow  
Act then your part- let then your spirit show  
Angry words are lightly spoken  
In a rash and thoughtless hour  
Brightest links of life are broken  
By their deep insidious power  
Once with all my soul I loved thee  
I loved thy kind and generous soul  
Hearts inspired by warmest feeling

Ne'er before by anger stirred  
Oft are sent past human feeling  
By one single angry word

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**April 29<sup>th</sup> 1854**

To day I am twenty years old. I am [am] a firm advocate of the Wirt Doctrine that man is emphatically the architect of his own fortune. That with a good physical Constitution – sound moral habits and a reasonable share of intellect the iron will may overcome almost insufferable difficulties. Youth is the proper Season to store the mind with all kinds of knowledge destined for future use. There can be no fact more certain than this – the acquisition of knowledge increases our avarice for a greater excess. Knowledge is power if then a man attain to a knowledge of imorality and vice that knowledge may act as a great lover power for his own destruction – but if he be a lover of himself – of Man and Nature and treasures up that knowledge which pertains to man in his relations to the wide universe of beings by which he is surrounded – if he sheds the possibilities of mental elevation the relations of mind to external things are of shidy nature as a lover of Sincere and of truth this insignificant being man may elevate himself to a height of moral sublimy and mental grandeur. Who has perfectly comprehended the

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susceptibility and power of mind, who has measured its resources- who has defined the boundaries to which it may push its investigations. No man has ever accomplished as much as he might have done and yet some have accomplished much. Were man as assiduous in his labors as the bee what what would be the grand [illeg.]of all his labors – incomprehensible thought! In the Creation man was the grand object that occupied the mind of the Divinity – in the universe of Animated Creatures he occupies the Supreme Sovereignty. In the investigation of all Science he should be the principle theme. What is man – what is mind – and what are the susceptibilities of his nature. Philosophers in all ages have rainted but a dim shadow of his greatness. Men in all time have failed to comprehend him aright. Man proceeding from hand of the Infinite – the Omniscient – and the All powerful must as a natural consequence possess susceptibilities beyond the most magnificent comprehension. In degree man may be a God, in degree a fiend incarnate –

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To the Philosopher's eye Nature is a beautiful book illustrated with the most exquisite plates fresh from the grand Artist of the Universe. Away with your dull dead cuts of wood and steel – for here are spread living impressions surpassing in grandeur the sublimest conceptions of the imagination because they are the tinsellings of Deity colored with the innumberable variety of conceptions which emenate from an eternal mind. Chalmers in his ever swift and abundant stream leads us along flowery banks of crystal waters – until almost carried away by the enchantress of beauty we find ourselves launched into the vast ocean of sublimity. Chaucer with his smooth and pleasant manner beguiled away our tedium by constantly presenting to our mind's eye high and beautiful gems – Homer copying after nature causes us to imagine ourselves real participants in his bloody scenes – Virgil by his ~~maje~~ magic wand translates us to ancient Troy where standing amid the buried flames that lick the temples of the gods and light up the mid night heavens with their glare, we see old Priam hurled to the ground by the rude stroke of

the treacherous Greek – Burns Shelly Young Milton Shakespeare have all been true Heroes of Sory

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**99. Page FS....El Ultimo Sospiro del Moro. Abdallah – Spain –**

They have sacked the stone houses of language and beauty – but a truce to them all says the student of Nature – Their Sty – their beauty of description their sublime imaginings – their splendid portraitures – their beautiful Symetry and their burning words and breathing thoughts are verrist mockeries when compared to natures own. Flowers are said to the alphet with which Angels write their thoughts on sunny hills. The alphabet of Deity is universal Nature – his melody the music of the Spheres – his language clothed in immortal beauty and truth is the gentle Zephyr – the pearly shower – the genial Spring – the rising Sun – and the laughing little rivulet, clothed

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At [illeg.] by me there stood the yellow hair chief  
In whose fond embrace died Orla the brave  
And the maid of Durreanna borne off riches [illeg.]  
By the hand of Dimromath to [Cirshals dark lair]

And there too was Oscar Hand Tingal in might  
The hero of [illeg.] in her bright days of song  
Yet oh not so grand was ever that proud sight  
As the notes of that harp which welcomed that thray  
Ever [allir.]

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Lines on the Death of Sir Thomas Moore  
I had a bright vision – but Oh! it is past  
Yet still in my mind I would fancy I dream  
For I stood on the banks where midnights wild blast  
Is hushed by the music of Lubar's Sweet Stream  
T'was  
The voice of fair Conar ~~was turned to~~ which swelled with the Lyre  
As the sad knell of Evening died much in its toll  
And the Ghosts of the Bards whom love did inspire  
Breathed music too high, too deep for my Soul

T'was a funeral dirge for a loved one had fallen  
A bright star of Erin had gone to the Halls  
Where dwells the blind Bard with his fair Elvirallen  
Whom none but the poet in memory recalls

Oh had ye been there your souls would risen  
With music so wild from the sweet sounding shell  
Your voices have joined with the famed bards of Erin

Whilst Echoe So Softly glues tongues to the dell

But the tomb was now raised by the shamrock so dear  
And harps soon to moulder were breathing farwell –  
continue

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When lo! from the tempest did Ossian appear  
And weep over the grave where our hero had fell

Like an angel of light from the Halls of the blest  
He came in a chariot of Earth and fire  
And braving our bard to the mansions of rest  
Left resting on Shamrock the tenantless Lyre

But my vision was over for my feverish brain  
Was wild with Sight so strangely sublime  
Yet Oh how I've longed but to view it again  
And stand with the shades of Prins mild cline

Yes! Well might I wish t'was all but a dream  
That ravished my sight on the Shell Sounding Show  
When I feel that the Ghosts by Lubar's fond stream  
Were but chanting the dirge of the Lord Thomas More

Oh tenantless Lyre thy strings are now mute  
Whilst resting on shamrock over thy fond mothers grave  
Yet chance it again will ever Bards Lute  
Breath as loud and as sweetly the deeds of the brave

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Oh land of Sweet Erin – the land of my dreams  
The Child of Dormody is lost but to fame  
Yet Delewars banks and Erins bright Streams  
Will echo still softly thy lost one's fond name

Like a bright beam of morning he sat on thy hills  
And called up the shades that to Freedom were dear  
Yet now that fond harp as mirth as nights rills  
Sounds not its own death note to resist my ear

When Carolan fell the maids of Kilrow  
Were bond in their wail, were wild in their love  
Then Oh will ye beau unmasked by a stone  
The cell of a sleeper e'ven trilled by the Dove.

Oh! No! Still shall thou live in Erin's proud heart  
And the Hall of thy spirit be lit by the Moon  
Enrobed in thy mantle of Glory then rest  
For thy fame on forever in brightness shall bloom

Oh Emerald Isle when now are thy gams  
Scince thy last sweetest Bard can glitter no more  
Alas! do thy shine in the spirit's bright realms  
But the loveliest of all is thine own Thomas Moore

**[PAGE 106]**

Song to A Lady playing at her harp  
(Air) I offer the this hand of mind  
Fair Lady strike thy harp once more  
I love its mellow strains  
It woes me back to days of yore  
Oer memorys golden plains  
It talks to me of moon lit hours  
When hearts were young and free  
Of many a night n'eath shady bowers  
Or n'eath the trisled trees  
Bright Being let me hear thy voice  
It swells so rich and clear  
For Oh! I think as I rejoice  
Thou art an Angel near-  
Its Sounds as doth a ~~likes~~ an evening lute  
Upon a silver lake  
And Nature lists in sillence mute  
And [illeg.] join the wake  
Oh Lady Sing that song ~~once more~~ again  
I love its gentle words  
For hearts like thine can fell no pain  
Whilst breathing in such chords  
Then as I linger let me hear  
Those notes so soft and mild

**[PAGE 107]**

They tell me of a sister dear  
Who sang to me a child  
Then Lady strike thy harp once more  
I love its gentle mellow strains  
It woes me back to days of yore  
Oer memory's golden plains  
It tell me of my Mother dear  
When at the hour of even  
I used to knell in early prayer

And bears me up to heaven  
To Jennie [illeg.] 8<sup>th</sup> 53  
To Friendship. Dedication to an Album  
Oh Gentle Muse I now would wake a strain,  
Full fraught with heavenly music and with thee,  
And from fond friendship's bright and flowery place  
I'd woo a lay of highborn minstrelsy [illeg.]  
In blooming Spring how softly steal the hours,  
Borne on Angelic wings from us away,  
Or resting now mid bright and beauteous flowers,  
Inhale the sweets of rosy-fingered May  
How like, a Queen deck'd with her bridal wreath,  
Of mingled varried hues and balmy sweets she comes,  
Springs from the morn and there over hill and heath,  
In magic beauty and delight she roams.

**[PAGE 108]**

I've seen the flowers in gay profusion rise,  
And heard the praise of many a feathery Bard,  
Drank deep from Nature whilst her grateful sighs,  
Did tell me Spring that these were thy records.  
But Oh beneath this white empurpled shower,  
Of mingled blushes and of purest glee,  
Dire Autumn Couched brings on the chilling hour  
Of death to beauty and of night to thee.  
Yet I am told there is a lovelier flower  
That Springs immortal in the ~~human~~ youthful mind,  
Whose every [illeg.] and every fragrant shower  
With silvr'y chords unites all human kind.  
Its leaves unfold when first the morning's breath  
Wakes into life these throbbing hearts of ourrs,  
And when we count the gallows of death  
It springs from thence to Paradisial bowers.  
I've seen it bud all in a garden when for wild.  
Where Winter in a veil his Cold and icy hand,  
Then droop its head and with dying child  
Did go in a quest of your bright summer land.  
I've seen it bloom around the social hearth  
Where hearts communed and softly talked of love  
Then with a halo far too bright for earth,  
Did wing its flight for Spirit realms above

**[PAGE 109]**

But oh how strange! for even this tender flower  
~~Fer~~ Which bloomed of old Can never Cease to be,  
Yet in its quondam beauty and its power,

This rose of Friendship I would give to thee  
Oh hear it Hallie whilst the heart is young,  
And life is passing like a golden dream,  
Twill brighter bloom where fairy spirits throng,  
To bear thee down life Cold, relentless stream.  
Oh wear it Hallie 'tis a magic Key  
Which sure unlocks the portals gates of Heav'n  
Yet whilst it blooms Oh with one thought of me  
Steal in thy heart at [illeg.] hour of Even

[PAGE 110]

[blank]

[PAGE 111]

### **Bible Class Dickinson College**

Topic first. To prove the existence of a God.

1<sup>st</sup> The adaption and happy contrivance of things for one another

2<sup>nd</sup> Every man has a clear eø perception of his own being.

3<sup>rd</sup> He knows by an intuitive certainty that bare nothing cannot produce any real being. {If therefore we know there is some real being it is an evident demonstration that from eternity there has been something since what was not from eternity had a beginning; and what had a begining must be produced by something else.

4<sup>th</sup> It is evident that what has its being from another must also have that which is in, and belongs to, its being from another too; And all the [powers]? it has must be owing to, and derived from, the same source.} Every thing that exist must have a cause. Suppose in the first place that a chain was suspended from heaven. This chain then is composed of an innumerable number of links all of which must depend upon and are suspended by the link which holds the upper place. If then we compare the world with this chain there must necessarily be some great supporting link. This link then regulates, governs and controls all creation. Whether we call this being a God or by whatever name we please we know that there must ~~me~~ be such a being- From the wisdom, goodness and power of this being all men have voluntarily given to him the appellation.

[PAGE 112]

I dream of all things Beautiful.  
I dream of all things beautiful,  
The rosy joys of youth,  
Which float like golden vissions,  
Stamped with eternal truth;  
Of many a bright and halcyon morn,  
As blightly over the hills,  
The Buggle join'd its silvery notes  
With laughing little rills.

I dream of all things beautiful,  
The rosy fingered hours,  
As soft they glide on Angels' wings.

Beneath the bristled bow'rs;  
Of soft Guitars and mellow Flutes;  
Weav'd in AEolian Swells,  
And echoe stooping from the breeze  
To kiss the blushing dells.

I dream of all things beautiful  
The fairy little flow'rs,  
Where first pretty petals ope  
To taste the lucid show'rs;

**[PAGE 113]**

Of silvery streamlets whispering,  
Through green romantic groves,  
Where with the shadows dancing glimmering moonbeams  
Spring up the tender loves.

I dream of all things beautiful,  
The gem pav'd halls of glee,  
Where trip the fairy londeries  
Beneath the deep blue sea;  
Of Em'rald Isles that glisten  
Like diamonds on the deep,  
Where varelet kissing varelet,  
“[illeg.] vigils Keep”.

I dream of all things beautiful,  
The strange poetic fire  
That wak'd to living ecstasy  
The long neglected Lyre;  
Of sweet undying melodies  
Borne on the frighted breeze,  
Which stamped with mind's diversity,  
Float ever through the trees.

**[Running vertically:]**

Entered according to the act of Congress By UHobbs March 30<sup>th</sup> in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty four-  
Mr Blank. Clerk

**[PAGE 114]**

I dream of all things beautiful,  
The music of the spheres,  
That sings all infinity,  
And swells through endless years;  
Of brighter worlds that float through space,  
All clad in silver sheen,

And, Luna as she nightly walks,  
Their lovely fairey Queen-

I dream of all things beautiful  
The mansions of the blest;  
Where wearied Pilgrims bathe their souls,  
In seas of Heavenly rest;  
Of angels as they tune their harps,  
The ~~ma~~ Throne of matchless white,  
And all the [illeg.] compass'd there,  
Enwrapt in with beauty and light – UHobbs

**[PAGE 115]**

**Frederick Nov. 12<sup>th</sup> 1854**

Sunday. Raining and disagreeable. No gap at night. Went to hear Mr Miller preach in the morning – text= Bless Happy art thou oh Israel, Who is like unto thee Oh People saved by the Lord. Now I feel that I grown remiss in many of my duties and I therefore enter this ~~record~~ as resolve on record – I will reform in varrious particulars – and I will discharge all my duties as far as in me lies [illeg.] If I should fail to observe my resolution then it will stand here recorded against me and be an accuser. Assist me oh God. Early have I south thee – firm – strengthen and succor me. Enable me to live and act as becometh a reasonable man urging the grace – and in sight of a never Ending Eternity.

**Monday- Nov the 13<sup>th</sup>- Frederick**

Attended Court. Case of Smith vs Dr Annare. Spent the night with Miss Lou Polk. A marriage party in the parlor. Promised Miss Polk to quit the use of tobacco and I am resolved to abolish the use of the same. Received a letter both from Marshal and Shepperson. San Dick Graham tight – went to bed well– promise to spend the morrow better.

**[PAGE 116]**

**Frederick City Nov 14<sup>th</sup> 1854. Tuesday**

Paid M B Luckelts the sum of \$2.50 due per dinner given to W M Merrick. Invited to an Evening party on Thursday – at Mr Kunkles. Afternoon I read from Byron. Several fugitive pieces. And then Commenced my regular Course of reading in Kent and read until five PM.

**[PAGE 117]**

**[Table]**

**[PAGES 118-157 blank]**

**[PAGE 158]**

**April 19<sup>th</sup> \_51. Birthday Resolutions.**

Resolve 1<sup>st</sup> That I will be regular in the performance of my regular and secular duties- and that nothing save some unforeseen accident shall detain me from soø doing –

“ 2<sup>nd</sup> That I will endeavor to curb my disposition of frivolity and boyishness – that I will endeavor to treat all with due respect –

“ 3<sup>rd</sup> To learn more and speak less –

- “ 4<sup>th</sup> To strive to perform all promises- so far as they are practicable
- 5<sup>th</sup> To curb my appetites and become master of my passions –
- “ 6<sup>th</sup> To make friends if possible and to retain those made –
- “ 7<sup>th</sup> To prepare my lessons thouroughly before I attend to anything else
- 8<sup>th</sup> Never to be found loitering about the campus
- 9<sup>th</sup> To spend my surplus time reading standerd works and taking exercise –
- 10<sup>th</sup> To avoid bad company of all kinds male or female
- 11<sup>th</sup> Not to permit vulgar conversation in my room –
- 12<sup>th</sup> To write something every day if possible if time will allow –
- 13<sup>th</sup> To act the honest and upright man –
- 14<sup>th</sup> To lend no ear to vice [illeg.] –
- 15<sup>th</sup> To obey my parents –
- 16<sup>th</sup> To study how to become great
- 17<sup>th</sup> To doo what is done well –

**[PAGE 159]**

- “ 18<sup>th</sup> To avoid speaking disrespectfully of any one behind their backs
  - 19<sup>th</sup> To prepare myself as fast as possible for a responsible station in life –
- Ex. 1. Learn well to value time and mind your own business –

**[PAGE 160]**

Benbolt – N K Neas

1<sup>st</sup> Oh! dont you remember sweet Alice Benolt  
 Sweet Alice with hair so brown  
 She wept with delight when you gave her the smile  
 And she trembled with fear at your frown –  
 In the old church yard in the valley Benbolt –  
 In a corner obscure and alone  
 They have fitted a slab of granite so gray  
 And sweet Alice lies under the stone –  
 2<sup>nd</sup> Oh dont you remember the wood Benbolt  
 Near the green sunny slope of the hill  
 Where off we have sung ‘neath its wide spreading shade  
 And kept time to the click of the mill –  
 The mill has gone to decay Benbolt –  
 And a quiet now reigns all a-round  
 See the old rustic porch with its roses so sweet  
 Lies scattered and fall-en to the ground.  
 Oh Dont you remember the school Benbolt  
 And the Master so kind and so true  
 And the little running nook by the clear running brook  
 Where we gathered the flowers as they grew  
 On this Masters grave grows the grass Benbolt  
 And the running little brook is now dry  
 And of all the friends who were schoolmates then- There remains Benbolt you and I.

**[PAGE 161]**

Napoleon's Grave – L Heath –

On alone barren isle where the wild roaring billow  
As-sail the sterne rock and the loud tempest rave  
The Hero lies still while the dew dropping willow  
Like fond weeping mourners leaned over the grave –  
The lightnings may flash and the loud thunders rattle  
He heeds he cares not he's free from all pain  
He sleeps his last sleep he has fought his last battle  
No sound can awake him to glory again

2) Oh shade of the mighty where now are the thy legions  
That rushed but to conquer when thou ledst them on  
Alas! They have perished in far hilly regions  
And all save the fame of their triumph is gone  
The trumpet may sound and the loud cannon rattle  
They heed-they hear not they are free from all pain  
The sleep their last sleep they have fought their last battle  
No sound can awake them to glory again

3) Ye spirit immortal the tomb cannot bind thee  
For like eagle that soared to the sun  
Thou springdst from bondage and leavest behind thee  
A name which before thee no mortal had won –  
Though nations may combat and wars thunders rattle  
No more on the steed wilt though sweep o'er the plain –  
Thou sleepest thy last sleep- thou hast fought thy last battle – No

**[PAGE 162]**

Silence! Silence! D Le Koethen

1<sup>st</sup> Silence, Silence make no noise nor stir  
Silence, silence make no noise nor stir  
For in you bower there a love  
Sleeps my gentle lady love –  
Silence Silence make no noise nor stir –  
That in peace- that in peace – she may slumber sweetly on  
That in peace- that in peace she – sleep  
2<sup>nd</sup> Silence, Silence make no noise nor stir  
Silence silence make no noise nor stir –  
For nature lists with anxious year  
Her gentle slumbering breath to hear  
Silence Silence make no noise nor stir  
Soft in peace soft in peace slumber fair one sweetly on  
Soft in peace soft in peace sleep on  
3<sup>rd</sup>) Softly – softly lightly gently tread  
Softly softly lightly gently tread  
And ere the break of wakening day  
Softly lightly move away

Softly, softly lightly gently tread  
Rest in peace – Rest in peace slumb'ring maiden love of mine  
Rest in peace – rest in peace farwell

**[PAGE 163]**

Devotion –  
When other friends around thee  
And other hearts are thine  
When other bays have crowned the  
More fresh and fair than mine;  
Then think how sad and lonely  
This wretched heart will be  
Which while it beats beats only  
Beloved one for thee –  
Yet do not think I doubt thee  
I know thy truth remains  
I would not live without thee  
For all the world contains  
Thou art the star that guides me  
Along life's troubled sea  
Whatever fate betides ~~thee~~ me –  
This heart still turns to thee – W<sup>m</sup> Lemen – Berkeley [illeg.]

**[PAGE 164]**

Formation of Character.

Is it right for any one who has my advantages and my responsibilities to be descending to tricks or even to trifles. The verdict of the world against Nero-who when Emperor went up and down the streets challenging the fiddlers to beat him. Aeropus king of Macedonia – lanterns. Harcatius, king of Parthia catching moles. – Brantes of Lydia filing nedles? It should be the especial care of every man to keep a strict watch over his actions – so that he may always be found acting in conformity with the best rules of politeness and sense. Let us act in such a manner that it will be pleasant to look over our actions and see them in their proper light. [illeg.] should be considered of secondary not of primary importance for it is not to be expected that mahogany wagons will bear heavy loads over mountains.

**[PAGE 165}**

**[blank]**

**[PAGE 166]**

-Books to be read-

Chalmer's lectures on Astronomy will enlarge the imagination and teach the mind to soar. Burke will give you a command of words and language which shall be full and chaste and strong!

**[2 loose newsclippings]**

**[PAGE 167]**

Margins for reading – April the 24<sup>th</sup> [1858?] Dickinson  
Non multa, Sed multum. Toed manual

**[PAGE 168]**

Blue Juniata

Wild roved an Indian girl  
    Bright Ahasata,  
Where sweeps the waters of  
    The blue Juniata,  
Swift as an Atelope  
Through the forest going  
Loose were here jetty locks  
In wavy tresses flowing  
Gay was the mountain song  
Of bright Alfaralta  
Where sweeps the waters of  
    The blue Juniata.

Strong and true my arrows are  
In my painted quiver  
Swift goes my bright canoe  
Adown the rapid river –  
Bold is my warrior gird  
The love of Alfaralta  
Where sweeps the waters of  
    The blue Juniata  
Soft and low he speaks to me  
And then his war cry sounding  
Rings like his voice in thunder loud  
From height to height resounding –

**[PAGE 169]**

**[In the margin:]**

Coronach.  
He is gone on the mountain,  
He is lost to the forest,  
Like a summer dried fountain,  
When our need was the sorest  
The fo

**[The main text:]**

So sang the Indian girl  
    Bright Alfaratta  
Where sweeps the waters of  
    The blue Juniata –  
Fleeting years have borne away  
    The voice of Alfaralta  
Still sweeps the waters of  
    The blue Juniata

**Friendship Hall**

**Carlisle**

‘Twere all that it should have ever been committed, but now that it is done it cannot be undone – but in the future it shall not have my consent. UHobbs. Green Hill Frederick Co Md  
Time mispent can never be reclaimed – Proverb –  
Nine at night and five in the morning are honest hours.  
Merit should be preferred before show. Sentiment before Eloquence – Learn to labor and to wait is good advice.

“Reading makes a full man – and would be as rain for you to suppose that you will become full man without reading as to suppose that the mississippi might rool on its flood of waters to the ocean, though all its tributary streams were cut off, and it were replenished only by the occasional drops from the clouds.”

**[PAGE 170]**

Select Pieces

Alas! that scotchish maid should sing  
The combat where her Lover fell!  
That scotchish bard should make the string  
The triumph of our foes to tell. Leyden by Scoot

D<sup>r</sup> Benjamin Franklin was born at Boston Jan the 14<sup>th</sup> 1706 died at Philadelphia April the 17<sup>th</sup> 1809.

Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with poverty, and supped with Infamy.  
Pride that dines on vanity sups on contempt.

Buy what thou needest not and ere long though shall sell thy necessaries.

Oh? No, I never mention him.

1<sup>st</sup> Oh! No, I never mention him, His name is never heard;

1<sup>st</sup> My lips are now forbid to speak that once familiar word

From sport to sport they hurry me, to vanish my regret;

And when they win a smile from me; They think that I forget.

2<sup>nd</sup> They tell me he is happy now, The gayest of the gay;

They hint that he forgets his vow; They heed not what they say:

Like Tis, me perhaps he struggles with, each feeling of regret;

And when they win a smile.

But if he loves as I have loved, He never can forget.

**[PAGE 171]**

3<sup>rd</sup> They bid me seek in change of scene, The charms that others see;

But were I in a foreign land They’d find no change in me.

Tis true that I behold no more, The valley where we met;

I do not see that hawthorn tree, But how can I forget?

Never retire to bed without having made a friend during the day.

Study whilst the messenger of time awaiteth for thee for soon the period will arrive when even he himself shall desert Thee.

The Bright Rosy Morning.

The bright rosy morning peeps over the hills,  
With blushes adorning the meadows and fields;  
While the merry, merry, merry horn, calls come, come away, Awake from your slumbers and  
hail the new day.

The stag roused before us away seems to fly,  
And pants to the chorus of hounds in full cry  
Then follow, follow, follow, follow, The musical chase, Where pleasure, and vigor and health all  
embrace.

The day's sport when over; makes blood circle right,  
And pants, gives the brisk lover fresh charms for the night;  
Then let us let us now enjoy all we can while we may; Let love crown the night boys, as our  
sports crown the day.

“The Harp That Once Thro’ Tara’s Halls”

The harp that once thro’ Tara’s halls, The soul of music shed,  
Now hangs as mute on Tara’s walls as if that soul had fled.  
So sleeps the pride of former days, So glory’s thrill is o’er.  
And hearts that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more.

**[PAGE 172]**

No more to chiefs and ladies bright, The harp of Tara swells;  
The chord a-lone that breaks at night, Its tale of ruin tells,  
Thus freedom now so seldom wakes; The only throb she gives,  
Is when some heart indignant breaks, To show that she still lives.

Tis the last rose of summer, Left blooming alone;  
All her lovely companions Are faded and gone  
No flower of her kindred, No rose bud is nigh  
To reflect back her blushes, Or give sigh for sigh.  
I’ll not leave the though lone one, To pine on the stem;  
Since the lovely are sleeping, Go sleep there with them:  
Thus kindly I scatter thy leaves o’er thy bed,  
Where thy mates of the Garden be scentless and dead..  
So Soon may I follow When friendships decay,  
And from love’s shining circle The gems drop away!  
When true hearts lie wither and fond ones are flown.  
Oh! who would inhabit This bleak world alone;

Interwoven as is the love of liberty with every ligament of hearts, no recommendation of mine is  
necessary to confirm the attachment. Wash. Farwell address.

“Tis greatly wise, to talk with our past hours,  
And ask them what report they bore to Heaven,  
And how they might have borne more welcome news.”

**[PAGE 173]**

A. I would not Die in Spring time

1 I would not die in Spring time when all is bright around  
And fair young flowers are peeping from out the silent ground  
When life is on the water and joy upon the shore

For Winter gloomy Winter then reigns oer us no more

2 I would not die in summer when music's on the breeze  
And soft delicious murmurs float ever through the trees  
And fairy birds are singing from morn till close of day

No with its transient glories I would not pass away-

3 When breezes leave the mountain its balmy sweets all over  
To breathe around the fountain and Fan our bowers no more

When summer flowers are dying within the lonely glen  
And Autumn winds are sighing I would not perish then

4. But let me die in Winter When night hangs dark above  
And Cold the snow is laying on bosoms that we love

Ah! may the wind at mid-night that bloweth from the sea'  
Chant mildly, softly, sweetly. A requiem for me.

**[PAGE 174]**

Nelly was a Lady-

(Nelly was) Down on the Mississippi floating

Long time I trable on de way,

Ale night the cotton wood a toating

Sing for my Nelly, true lub all de day – Chorus –

Now I am unhappy and I am weeping

Cant toat the cotton wood no more

Last night whilst Nelly was a sleeping

Death came a knocking at the door,

When I saw my Nelly in de morning,

Smile till she opened up her eyes

Seemed like the light of day, am dawning

Just when the sun begin to rise –

Close by the margin of the water

Whar de long weeping willow grows

Dar lives virginia's fairest daughter

There she in death may find repose

Down in de meadow 'mong de clover

Walk wid my Nelly by my side

Now all dem happy days am over

Farewell my dark virginia bride

**[PAGE 175]**

-Silver Moon-

As I strayed from my cot at the close of the day

To gaze on the beauties of June

'Neath the a jessamine shade I espied a fair maid

As she sadly complained to the moon – Chorus – Role –  
As the hart on the mountain my lover was brave  
So handsome and manly to view  
So kind and sincere and he loved me most dear  
O my Edwin no love was more true  
But now he is dead and the youth once so gay  
Cut down like a rose in full bloom  
And he silently sleeps and I'm thus left to weep  
By the sweet silver light of the moon –  
But his grave I'll seek until morning appears  
And weep for my lover so brave  
I'll embrace the cold earth, and bedew with my tears  
The sweet flowers that bloom on ~~my~~ his grave –  
Ah never again Can my heart throb with joy  
My lost one I hope to meet soon –  
And kind friends will weep over the grave where we sleep  
By the sweet silver light of the moon –  
[illeg.]

**[PAGE 176]**

Kalendar for the year 1850. A.D. Dickinson College

[table]

from ½ past one to two review greek grammer every day. Prayer at 6. 1. 7 and 10 oclock. Rise in the morning at 5 oclock if possible – breakfast at half past seven din 12.1.2 6 ½ sup

Monday – prepare Calculus and Greek from 8 to 10 and at night prepair philosophy

Tuesday – Peck and greek- “ “

Wednesday – tiff and peck

Thursday – Marshal and peck

Fryday – Tiff and Marshal

Saturday – prepare for Monday

Sundy – go to church

20 grams of Carbonate soda

2 scruples of mashed sulphur

1 gram of Antimonial mixture-

**[END]**