

Dickinson College Archives & Special Collections

<http://archives.dickinson.edu/>

Documents Online

Title: Diary of Horatio Collins King, Spring 1858

Date: January - August 1858

Location: MC 1999.9, B2, F6

Contact:

Archives & Special Collections
Waidner-Spahr Library
Dickinson College
P.O. Box 1773
Carlisle, PA 17013

717-245-1399

archives@dickinson.edu

The Diary of Horatio Collins King Dickinson College Class of 1858

Spring 1858

January 21st 1858.

Since Chum's return to College, he has suffered a severe pain in his left leg, just above the ankle. Some three years since, he had the misfortune to break the small-bone of the leg in that place, and a swelling ensuing deceived the physician as to the nature of the disease. At length pieces of bone worked out, when the proper remedies were applied, but it was a long time before he recovered. It is thought that the too great amount of exercise in walking during his visit to W. has had the effect to reproduce the gathering of matter round the bone. He suffered the most acute pain in the early stage of the disease, and Kieffer was called in. About a week after he was taken, we removed him to Fleming's, where he boards, and the greater comfort of the room conduced very much to his ease, and speediness of recovery. He required steady attendants day and night to dress the sore. Getzendaner & myself, and Earhart [Robert Nixon Earhart, Class of 1858], Zimmerman and Zeb Dyer [Zebulon Dyer, Class of 1859] officiated. He has been sick about four weeks, convalescent two, and will probably be out on crutches (as he must be exceedingly careful for a time) next week, this being Thurs, Feb. 18th. The above embodies a report for over four weeks. I give it all here, so that it may not be too disconnected and unintelligible.

Feb. 1st Monday.

Since my return by Father's particular request, and my desire, I have been pursuing the "black art," alias the art of printing. I have my case, stick and rule, and am duly installed a disciple of Faust. I expect to practice "setting up", until my departure from College puts a stop to my proceedings. The knowledge of this art thus easily gained may in after years be of immense advantage to me, especially if it should ever fall to my lot to conduct a newspaper. My first attempt "A Divorce

Case", and a subsequent "Hymn", may be seen in my Scrap book of 1857 & 58, near the end.

In company with John Tyler went up to see Minnie Moore. The night was stormy and disagreeable, as usual, and we very innocently walked into the parlor with our pants rolled up: but perceiving it, coolly proceeded to rectify the mistake. Played Euchre & Poker with M— for some time— lost a couple of pounds of candy by way of pastime, and left at 12 o'clock, all much surprised at the lateness of the hour.

John, Getzendaner & I slept in one bed, and being rather squeezed, a considerable amount of fun & jollity was pressed out of us all.

Received very pleasant letters from Annie, and also from Rovie Grayson.

February 2d Tuesday:

It being my turn to sit up the first part of the night with Chum, I concluded to occupy the time in writing a letter or letters, the result of which conclusion was that I scribbled off twelve pages for Rovie. Talked over matters and things in general and wound up by requesting her degaureotype, threatening brevity in future if she refused to send it on immediately. Wrote (with frequent interruptions) until after 2 A.M. when I awoke Getze, and crawled into the nest prepared for me, after the manner of

"My son John,
Who went to bed with his breeches on.

Feb. 5th Friday.

While "sitting up" in the Herald Office, a sudden notion seized me to have my picture taken in that trim. So acting upon this impulse, I stepped into the Artist occupying the room just beneath, and had a photograph taken on leather (or to use a Collegiate pun, my leather graph) in shirt sleeves, and holding a "stick" of matter in my hand. The picture is very good indeed, and I shall take great pleasure in sending it home to the folks, at an early day. I feel quite proud of my being a disciple of Faust and Franklin.

February 10th Wednesday.

I was invited and consented to join a Quintette consisting of Yokum—Air—Warfield— Tenor, Mulling— Alto, Brodwater & King— bass. I had almost come to the determination to keep aloof from any more singing clubs, but the pleasure is so great that I can not resist its temptation— Practiced for the first time in Mullin's room.

John Tyler & I paid another visit to Minnie Moore. Raining as usual, but did not forget to roll down our pants previous to the grand entry into the parlor. Did not neglect to carry the candy along with me, and during the various games of Euchre played, we enjoyed the felicity of secreting some of it which, conduced to a considerable extent, to our enjoyment. When on the point of leaving, Minnie proposed playing a game of Euchre for my Journal, placing herself as the opposite stake. The game was, of course, very exciting; and unfortunately, I came off second best. But as she would not willingly have given up the stake named, so I resolved to follow Suit (according to Hoyle) especially as I valued my journal at a higher price, than I did the attractions— either pecuniary or personal, of any young lady in Carlisle. That is saying considerable for a young swain.

February 13th Saturday.

In company with Kent Dukes, hired a sleigh, and took a trip to Mechanicsburgh. Arrived there about 5 o'clock, and drove right up to the College, where we met Mr. Marlett and were introduced to the parlor. Annie Sharp soon came in, and in presence of the Faculty, enjoyed a limited amount of conversation. Sallie Coover entered, and after talking awhile, I proposed a sleighride, which proposal being accepted, we drove about two miles from town and returned. Talked of matters and things in general, and of the vigor of their Faculty in particular. Took supper in presence of and company with about forty girls, who seemed considerably amused there at. Stayed awhile after supper. Inquired of Annie why our correspondence had been discontinued, but there being too many of the Faculty present, she had no opportunity for explaining. I have since learned of Kent D, whom she informed relative there to, that Coover, while visiting Carlisle in the winter, either conjectured or learned of the existence of our correspondence, and so informed Marlett who accused Annie thereof. A—

confessed and with tearful eyes promised to discontinue it, and thus far has kept her promise. I'm satisfied, for matters had gone far enough in that quarter. Reached home about 10 ½ P.m.

February 24th Wednesday.

After considerable anxiety on the part of the principal actors, and a large amount of electioneering by those indirectly concerned, the day for the election of Speakers for the anniversary has arrived. Society went into an election, which resulted as follows. Will J. Stevenson, of Phila Anniversarian, on the 1st ballott, by a majority of 30 over Baer. Robt N. Baer of Balt. for last speech— no opposition. Horatio C. King, of Washington, D.C. net to last, by a majority of 10 over Care. The last named gentleman is about twenty five years of age, a good writer &c. &c. and was considerably chagrined by being beaten by an antagonist so young and inexperienced. His Chum thinks it was unjust. Thos Y. Care, of Lebanon Co Pa third from last— J.C. Brooking, of Winchester Va, next, and Saml C. Hopkins of Dover, Del. last. Mr. D.C. John of Pa, elected to deliver the farewell address to the Senior Class— the position which I held last year. Everything passed off harmoniously, and all seemed very well satisfied with the result. The subsequent Wednesday (March 3) the elect were called on to make a few remarks, which were delivered in appropriate style. Mr. C. being called on, arose and thanked the Society for the honor conferred, but begged leave most respectfully to decline. No valid reasons were assigned, but I have learned from those who conversed with him on the subject, that he was chagrined at being defeated by me, and hence would not serve. On motion his resignation was accepted. It was then moved, seconded and carried that the sense of society was that the two below Mr. C. should speak in the order of fourth & fifth, and that an election be held for the purpose of filling the 6th position. Sam. M. McPherson, of Lewisburg, Va was elected. Thus matters now stand. On the subsequent Wednesday (March 10) a motion to go into an election for Poet was made by Mr. Brooking. The President declaring it unconstitutional, an appeal was made— several speeches delivered on the constitutionality of the motion by Messres Stevenson, Hopkins & King against, & Brooking for— the ayes & noes called, and the president sustained by 29 to 11. The whole affair having been arranged for Caldwell, Mr. C. made a few remarks denouncing the slanders against him, and disavowing any attempts on his part to secure the place of poet, saying that he would not have accepted it, unless by the unanimous request of Society.

The Belle Lettres held their election last Wedn. which resulted in the following order.

H. D. Gough— of Md.	Anniversarian.
W. T. L. Weech— of W.I.	Last Speech.
T. M. Griffith of Pa.	Next to last.
J. J. White " Va	Third from...
A. H. Slape " N.J.	<u>Poet.</u>
D. M. Cloud " Md	Next.
B. C. Lippincott " N.J.	Last.

These I believe to be the men, but whether this is the order or not, I do not know. If Chum had been well, in all probability he could have gotten the Anniversary. As it was, he received an almost unanimous vote for poet. Dan Burns recommends him to resign, and he talks of so doing. The whole election was a sort of a compromise. Cloud was elected under White, and I cannot see how any $\Phi.K.$ could so demean himself as to deliver an oration under such an ass.

The excitement in their Society has run very much higher than in ours, and I am more and more rejoiced that I was so fortunate as to be exempt from such a large amount of wrangling and fuss.

At a late election of the $\Phi\kappa\alpha\sigma$, there was a bit of injustice played off on chum and myself which was unworthy of our order. At the election for Orator and Poet for the Anniversary Exercises of the E chapter, but two persons had been mentioned to fill those places— Slape & myself. To my surprise on the first ballot, by the casting vote of the Alpha, Cloud was elected Orator. On the 1st ballot for Poet, Slape & I tied, but A. would not give the casting vote, although he was eager to give it before. On the second, wishing Chum to have it, I voted for him, and he was elected. Ali, it must be borne in mind was unable to be present. He himself is outraged there at, and all the non-acting members are exceedingly mad about, and speak their sentiments freely concerning it. My sojourn in College has evinced one undeniable fact— viz. that it is not the men who do the most work that are rewarded. Cloud has done nothing of importance for the chapter, being a young

member. I am one of the oldest in the chapter having been initiated two years ago, during which time, I paid the greatest attention to the members when they came to my home, and it is the unanimous voice that I have done more for the chapter than any one man in it. As to our respective abilities, I need simply remark, that I hold the next to last, & he the next to lowest position on the exhibition.

March 8th Wednesday.

My friend Nannie Coyle, whom I met about a year since, is again at Flemings, and we are indulging a social flirtation. She understands the administering of lip-salve" up to a T, and we enjoy frequent applications thereof. In reply to a query of mine as to how much she liked me, she replied, "I like you very much, Rache, I love you dearly— as a friend", the latter brought in sotto voce. However I have no doubt but that we understand each other perfectly, and there will be no broken hearts, or tragic scenes in this brief play. Nannie leaves for Dickinson Township on Wednesday, whence she will return home to Dublin Gap Springs.

In company with John Tyler rode out to the springs to attend singing school, conducted by Chandler. Our primary purpose was to make arrangements concerning the Anniversary of the E in April. Met a large number of men and women, boys & girls, all come over to the "singing". Annie Sanderson was present, and with her had a few moments converse. Was introduced to several country gents whom we entertained with anecdotes, &c and passed a very pleasant evening. The "singing" being a novelty to me was decidedly pleasant. Started at 10 o'clock en route for home, and got along pleasantly until we reached O. Hara's residence, about a 1/4 mile this side of the bridge, when the axle broke and very unceremoniously let us down. We accordingly drew the vehicle to one side, and having unhitched, I mounted old "blind Bill" (one eye gone, only) and started off. John, by his particular desire, hanging on to the reins, and following hurriedly in the rear. By the time we reached the school-house, John was very well warmed up, when he concluded to get up with me, and thus we proceeded into town. His constant thought and frequent remark was "how much higher is it possible for my pants to shove up", and my feelings were, that although crochet work is considered highly pleasing by some, yet such crotchet work as one undergoes in riding a ramboned horse is anything else than agreeable. We

reached home in about an hour & a half, & having told our sad story to the hostler, footed the bill and footed it to our rooms, retiring instanter to dream of running the gauntlet through a line of savage elephants, being rode on a rail, travelling in a crowded stage in charge of a red headed woman with four bricktop juveniles, on some similar nightmare. Our trip was exceedingly pleasant, notwithstanding the slight accident which rather served to heighten the novelty of the whole.

March 12th Friday.

The C.V.R.R. having announced an excursion train, about seventy students, two of the Faculty, and several ladies, proceeded to Harrisburgh for the purpose of hearing the lecture by Edward Everett, on the life and services of George Washington, the proceeds of the lecture being appropriated to the purchase of Mount Vernon. After considerable yelling incident upon such occasions we got out of town, and travelled rapidly towards our destination which, after passing "Irving" where the girls stood gracefully waving their handkerchiefs, we reached at 5 P.m. Loafed around, meeting Jack Awl and others, until 6 o'clock, when anticipating a large crowd, I proceeded to the M.E. Church and secured a front seat in the gallery by the side of Dan Burns. Dan entertained me with Harrisburgh yarns until 7 1/4 when the lecturer entered in company with the Governor and speaker of the Senate. In appearance he was noble and commanding— about 5 feet 11 inches, and, I believe about 65 years of age. His oration was chaste, logical and brilliant, abounding in patriotic sentiment and marked contrasts between the Father of His Country, and the so called great sovereigns of Europe. His every gesture and motion were unexceptionable, with one exception— when he accidentally tripped over the governor's foot. The lecture occupied the shortest two hours I have spent for many a day, and I was sorry when he made his bow. The minute description of England's famed Duke of Marlborough and magnificent palatial residence was one of the best things I ever heard; and when he suddenly reverted to the humble mansion at Mt. Vernon, the effect was tremendous, and thunders of applause shook the very building. His pointed and appropriate remarks relative to the dissolution of our glorious union found a sympathetic echo in every heart, and when shuddering, he spoke of "brother's hands, seeking with brother's blood", drops of blood seemed clinging to his outspread hands. But it would occupy too much space to enter into particulars farther. Suffice it to say, it was decidedly the best literary effort I ever listened to. Leaving the church at 8

3/4, I escorted Lile Boyd home, and then returned to John Hays and Dan Burns, and with the latter, John & I remained until the succeeding day at 2 o'clock, passing the interval in playing euchre, and the piano, smoking and loafing at large. Left H. at 2 o'clock, and reached Carlisle at 3, much rejoiced at having had a short and pleasant respite from study.

March 16. Tuesday.

By some singular coincidence, the "Smith's Mechanics" of the Juniors, and the "Schweigler's Hist. Of Phil." have suddenly disappeared, and hence there are no recitations, in those branches. I presume I could account for about a dozen, although I am not cognizant of the whereabouts of my own. Such a ransacking of rooms, trunks &c for the concealed volumes, I never before had the pleasure of undertaking, and I find an able assistants in Stevenson, Hopkins and others. The Faculty are in an awful stew, and threaten to send for new books, which the class vow they will not purchase. Johnson talks wisely, makes futile attempts to say something funny, and so the work moves on. The several under my care have been deposited in a Methodist Minister's (Earhart's) trunk, without his knowledge. He will be awfully rigged when he finds it out.

Second day. Three books were borrowed from Johnson which were duly stolen, with the exception of one in the care of J.A. Lippincott, who nevertheless asserted that he would not recite, and condemned anyone who would thus take advantage of a classmate. The class went to recitation room as usual, when lo & behold, both Lippincotts went up & recited, and were followed by Messrs. T.M. Griffith, Care & Akers, & Gordon, the last of whom is contestant with J.A. Lippi. for the valedictory, and whom the class desired to recite. But the Lippincotts recite from principle, but as it was remarked, their principle is the 9, and they would go to h— I to save a failure and curry favor with the Faculty. Dr. Collins recommends that I purchase one from Harrisburgh in reply to which, I informed him that I should not do any such thing. We had considerable talk about it, and he went away unsatisfied.

By way of variety a few nights since, the newly organized band entitled the Night Hawks, proceeded to remove the tops of the stoves together with the small section of pipe belonging to Schem's & Marshall's rooms up to the attic, in consequence of which proceeding Schem had no recitation.

On a subsequent night, the Night Hawks (Gough, Mullin & King) feloniously entered Prof. Wilson's lecture room, and fastened all the doors and windows, poured about three buckets of water in the stove, piled up all the benches in a promiscuous mass, and then made our exit by the back door which is some ten feet from the ground. Mullin jumped down first, and just as he touched the ground, I heard the rapid tread of a man or boy, and I was sure he was caught, but just as it or he approached him, he drew himself up, and then jumped at him, at the same time shouting "boo-oo" furiously, when the man, boy or thing, whatever it was, scampered off as fast as legs could carry him or it. I could not distinguish any form, although I could distinctly see Mullin, who was about the same distance off, and none of us have any adequate idea of what it was. M— was very moderately seared, and the other N.H's had a sympathetic feeling that way. We returned to College, passing the dying embers of a fire which had been made in the campus, and parted at the fork of the path, for our rooms. M. & G. stopped for a few moments at West College steps, a while there viewed another singular & unaccountable phenomenon. Two globes of fire, illuminating the atmosphere around, passed over West College. They were too brilliant for meteors and remained too long for flashes of lightning. I think it probable that they were meteors, the darkness of the night enhancing their brilliancy.

Notwithstanding our exertions, Wilson made forcible entry by breaking out a pane, and climbing in at the window. However we had ample fun for our pains. We'll come out over him yet.

Third day of Absence of Philosophys.

The course pursued by the obstinate, and (by their own selves) so-called conscientious fellows, our plans are in a manner frustrated, and in all probability the books will be returned today, although for my own part, I am in favor of Keeping them out awhile longer. The Messrs Lippincotts, however, will not receive their books for some time to come. Punish them a little for their desire to take advantage of their class-mates.

After recitation in Phil. the books were found piled up on a window sill in W.C. Hall. Messrs L's books were missing, and will be for two or three days, at which they are very much enraged. Thus ends the book question. Had the entire

class pursued the right course, we could have had a splendid time, but there are some men who are so contemptible that they would drive a bargain with the Authorities of Hell, Heaven or Earth for "9s", and if Hell offered more than the others, they would jump at the opportunity. Such as these, come under the head of "conscientious", and I pray the Lord to save me from such a conscience.

These Lippincotts, the most conceited & most detested members of the class, have been and still are a draw-back upon our little community. This is unquestionably the case.

March 19th Friday.

Having made suitable preparations in pursuance of an agreement made about a week since, Saml C. Hopkins, of Del. and myself took French leave of Faculty and Students and started on a jaunt, the general account of which I wrote for publication, and is hereto annexed. From Carlisle Herald of March 31, 1858.

[Article entitled "A Jaunt to Doubling Gap."]

The piece was written off-hand, and from reason of the easy style has gain considerable eclat. Father writes that "he derived great pleasure from reading it." It is hardly necessary to enter into the particulars of the trip. We walked, played & sang with Nannie, shot pistols &c, &c from Friday evening until Sunday morn when we left for home. We took French leave, hence when we returned, we thought it proper to inform the Faculty. Dr. Collins said that he would excuse us for our absence, but that he could not from recitations. So we had a splendid time, which cost us only two recitations, and about 75 cents apiece

["Doubling Gap" continued.]

March 24. Wednesday.

For the first time since our organization, the "Band" went out on a regular Serenade. Stopped before Porter's and Sanderson's, singing "Raven", Rover's Grave", Wild Old Woods", "Beautiful Star &c" Our list of pieces is nearly the same as that of the former band, but we are introducing, "She Sweetly Sleeps," The Mariner loves o'er the waters to roam", "Last Rose of Summer", "Shadrach, My

Shad" from Widow Bedolt, arranged as a chant by myself, and also several others. The singing is considered very good, but I do not think it equal to that of the other band, however, we have had but little practice.

Another "Band" has been lately organized, consisting of Messrs. Lippincotts J & B, T. Griffith, and Shipley, three of whom are "squirts", and the other "conscientious". See a few leaves back. I have not heard them sing, and hence cannot give my judgement concerning their merits. B.C. Lippincotts voice is rather old, and slightly cracked, the others, I believe have very good voices. I wish them all success, but they will have to work hard, if they expect to get ahead of us. We have got the start of them, and we shall have no trouble in keeping ahead.

March 26, Friday.

The "Band" hired a hack, and proceeded to Mechanicsburg in order to be present at the closing of Yokum's Singing school. We arrived at the R.R. Hotel at 6 o'clock, and enjoyed a hearty supper. At 7 ½ we went up to the Odd Fellows Hall where the class was convened, and going through the regular exercise in singing, an intermission of a half hour was given. During this time, the "Band" sang "Rover's Grave", "Wild Old Woods" and two or three sacred pieces from the "Shawm, and were loudly applauded. Singing school ended in a dance, after which we returned to the tavern, where we met and were introduced to several of Yoc's scholars— Mr. Singer, and "Red Ike" & "Black Ike", (brothers, so named from the color of their hair), besides several others whom I do not remember. Then began a regular tear: solos, quartettes, jokes, toasts &c were duly washed down, & steam being well up, all went serenading 1st at Irving Female College, and subsequently at nearly every young lady's in town. My throat felt like a nutmeg grater. However, we had a glorious time, and continued having it until 2 o'clock, when we took leave our friends, and took up our line of march for Carlisle. We arrived at 4 o'clock, pretty tired, and tolerably well used up.

April 2d Thursday.

Through the intervention of a petition, and the kindness of the Faculty, we were granted Thursday and Friday for a holiday, and to enjoy the same to the best of our abilities. In pursuance thereof. I took a horse at 7 o'clock, and started solus, on a second trip to Doubling Gap, feeling assured that my enjoyment would be greater there, than in any other place in this neighborhood. After a pleasant ride

of 16 miles, and while I was jogging slowly up the gap, I noticed a young lady, dressed in black, as I thought, and surmounted by a white sun-bonnet. With my usual curiosity, I stopped off partly with the design of allowing her to pass, when a familiar voice sung out, "why don't you wait for me, Rache?" and behold it was Nannie. It did wait, and for the remainder of the way, we enjoyed a very sociable conversation. Reaching the "House", and having dismounted, I put up the animals, and went into the parlor. Mr. Coyle had gone away— hence I was disappointed in not meeting him. The day was passed in a most agreeable manner— walking, talking, singing &c Read Nannie the piece which appeared in the Herald, with which she was very highly pleased, but threatened a scolding for "my flattery".

I plead "no guilty" to the charge. Having taken tea at 5 o'clock, I resisted her entreaties to remain longer, and took up my line of march for Carlisle. Having to pass through Bloserville, I met our friends with whom we (Sam & I) took dinner. He was much pleased to see me, and invited me in. I dismounted, and passed a pleasant half hour in smoking and chatting. I learned from him, that he was mail-carrier, and afterwards informed him of Father's position, as also of the fact, that I had registered many a Rn's bond, and sent out any quantity of Rn's commissions. Learning that they did not take the "Herald" in those parts, I offered to send him one containing an account of the jaunt, as it would doubtless prove interesting to him, who lived so near the Gap. On informing of the fact that I had written a piece of the papers, it, together with the previous information was too much for him, and he suddenly remarked "that he thought I had larn in enough!", and wanted to know what I wanted to go to College any longer for?

I left him about 6 ½ o'clock, and enjoying (?) rather a dark ride of 10 miles, reached C. at 8 ½ P.m. not blistered in the feet (as on the other day) but very much fatigued in body. Took supper and retired.

April 9th Friday.

On Wednesday last, Chum, having come to the conclusion that he could do no good here, took his departure for home. We are all sorry to see him leaving us, but for my part, I deem it just the best thing he could do; for at home, he will have the advantage of a mother's attention, as also the use of an equipage all the time; hence his recovery will be more speedy. His intention is to study during his

absence, and returning in May to pass his examination, and take standing with the class.

Today, I received from him a tangible proof of remembrance, in the shape of a box of first rate cigars. The present is highly appreciated and will be regularly discussed.

This being the day set apart for the Anniversary exercises of the Epsilon Chapter, and I, being Chairman of the Committee of arrangements made suitable arrangements there for. At 3 P.m. took Mount Cloud out in a buggy, and bro't in Joe Stuart (who is not one of us, and of course did not wish to remain there under the circumstances). Then took John Tyler— the other member of Committee— out and awaited with Christian resignation the arrival of the rest. According to agreement, the four horse omnibus gathered in the rest of the fellows (except Weech & Getzendaner, the former being too late and the latter at home) at the edge of town, and shortly reached the "Springs". There, they were received and escorted into the parlor to await the exercises. There were present Messrs Kennedy of I Chapter, from Chambersburg, Burns, Hays, Stevenson, Baer, Purcel, Zimmerman G. Cloud, Hulsey, Wright, Pennel [Clayton Cannon Pennel, Class of 1859], Cannon [William Laws Cannon, Class of 1860], Tyler, Zimmerman [crossed out] W. Perrie, Stone & King. At 9 ½, the Chapter was called to order, and the Anniversary address delivered by D.M. Cloud from Baltimore. It was quite well written, rather flowery withal, and rather exceeded the anticipations of the most of us, but it was rather marred in the delivery, from his not having it sufficiently well committed to memory. At the conclusion of the address the ode (on the next page) was sung. Said ode was impromptu by me, and also set up and printed mostly by myself. I'm somewhat ahead of the generality of authors in this respect. After the ode, the Chapter adjourned, and we had music on the piano, and also on the violin with piano accompaniment. A Half hour passed off quickly in this way, until the "gong" sounded for a "charge" to the dining room, where a sudden and serious attack was made upon the splendid array of edibles set before us.

After the full discussion of Turkey, Chicken, Oysters, Ice Cream, Cakes, fruit &c the tables were cleared, and the wine glasses jingling along the board brought visions of joy. All being in readiness, the glasses were filled with sparkling champagne and the following toasts prepared by Cloud & myself (Chairman). The

rhyme was impromptu and all my own. I may first mention, Mr. Hulsey who presided took cider only, of which he drank a doz. bottles during the eve'g.

I.

The Founders of the Fraternity.

May their names never lose their lustre. Bro. Burns responded to this in a very neat speech in which he eulogized the noble souls who, joined hand-in-hand, and heart-in-heart, framed so glorious a cause as $\Phi.K.\Sigma$. He referred to some as having gone down to their last, long home, but tho' the bodies had returned to their Kindred dust, their mem'ries still live in every $\Phi.K.$'s heart.

II.

The Fraternity. One and indivisible.

Bro. Kennedy arose, and entertained us with a very excellent and appropriate speech, in which he aptly quoted some soul-stirring lines of Tom Moore. He viewed the Fraternity as upon one, common level, knowing no sectional nor sectarian differences, but being in truth and action, "one and indivisible".

III.

The Fraternity's honored dead.

Our departed brother Stacy G. Potts. (N.J.)

Drank standing and in solemn silence

IV.

The Founders of Epsilon.

The illustrious four. May their lives be as prosperous, as our College days have been happy and blessed by $\Phi.K.\Sigma$.

To this Bro. Stevenson responded in a pleasing speech in which he referred to the formation of E Chapter, and the eclat and the gratitude which we owe to its founders. Said he "Brothers Reigart, Himes, Tucker and Walters, where are they now? One, near his own beloved home, administers relieving draughts to the prostrate invalid, another pursues his vocation in a northern clime; a third has found a house, near the rolling praries of Missouri, and fourth instincts the youthful mind in our own, great Pennsylvania". &c, &c

V.

Epsilon Chapter. Phoenix like, she rose from her ashes.

Bro. Hulsey said, that he did not accord with the sentiment of the toast, for it was his opinion that "Epsilon had never been reduced to ashes, "and God forbid that it ever should be". This sentiment met with a hearty "Amen" from all. He farther went on to state the condition of the Chapter in a few, brief and interesting remarks.

VI.

Absent Members.

Their absence leaves an aching void

Which wine can never fill.

Bro. Stone referred to the meeting last year, when many, who are now absent, were gathered around this festive board. "Now they are far from us, some in the far West, others in the Sunny South, but wherever they might be they would not be forgotten. He made some remarks relative to somethings "which echo in the receding visions of the past", the tenor of which I could not satisfactorily comprehend.

VII.

Our Ressurrection and Reorganization.

Epsilon! Epsilon! loud be the cry,
Big pig, little pig, root hog or die.

Bro. Pennel (one of the newly initiated) arose and delivered a handsome speech, abounding in the highest encomiums to E & her members.

He said "he" was young in her cause, but his heart beat as warmly for her, as did any one's in the room, and that his energies should be all concentrated and devoted to her interests and prosperity. He sat, amid much applause.

At this juncture, a brother suggested the propriety of adjourning ten minutes to "pump ship, as the frequent interruptions from this cause were unpleasant. The suggestion was warmly received and acted upon by nearly all. After the expiration of the allotted time, the exercises were continued.

VIII.

Defiance to the Faculty.

H.C. King.

Bro. King arose and said, "one year ago, we gathered around this fugal board under the most cheerful auspices. Since then, dark clouds have lowered over our pathway, and obscured the bright star which had ever cheered us on. Persecution met us at almost every turn; But now, our horizon is clear, and we stand firm as a rock in defiance to the Faculty. A song, the words of which are partly original, the music entirely so, may not be inappropriate. Tis entitled, "Trust to luck."

(For Song, see next page)

Trust to Luck.

Trust to luck, trust to luck, stare fate in the face
 Sure your heart must be easy, if tis in the right place;
 Let the world wag awry, let your friends turn to foes,
 When your pockets run dry, and thread bare your clothes.

Chorus: Trust to Luck &c

Should woman deceive you when you've trusted her heart,
 Neer sigh, 'twont relieve you, but adds to the smart;
 Just curl up your lip, as you pass her each day,
 Put your thumb to your nose, and wriggle away.

Chorus.

At this moment, Bro. K. was interrupted by an ominous growl and immediate collision of two dogs that had intruded upon our privacy. Mr. Spahr (assistant landlord, protem) caught one by the neck, and putting it upon the toe of his boot lifted it out of the room, while Chandler caught the other by its caudal extremity and swung it howling out of the door.

Exercises proceeded after the conclusion of the canine applause.

Let the wealthy look grand, & the proud pass you by,
 With a back of the fist, and disdain in their eye;
 Snap your fingers and smile, let them pass on their way
 And remember the while, every dog has his day.

Chorus.

Trust to luck, trust to luck, stare fate in the face,
 Sure your heart must be easy if tis in the right place;
 Let Doc Set his specs and Johnson stretch his eye,
 And look aghast at Φ.K.'s, but we'll never say die.

Chorus.

Trust to luck, trust to luck, stare fate in the face,
 Sure your heart must be easy if tis in the right place,
 Let the faculty growl, & send out their parole,
 We'll still be $\Phi.K.$'s, flesh, skin, teeth and soul.

Chorus.

Then fill each glass, drink death and dismay
 To Faculty and Preps with their Faculty pay:
 Let us grapple the thought, shout it again & again,
 That if ever we yield, we'll expire like men.

Chorus.

Song was much appreciated and loudly applauded.

IX.

Miss Annie A. King. A true $\Phi.K.$

Bro. Tyler arose and steadying himself by the back of his chair opened his remarks with a flowing encomium upon all $\Phi.K.$ ladies and especially Miss K. He said "the ladies are to us as bright constellations which tremble in the firmament above, and Miss K. is a bright particular star of the first magnitude. Her Kindness will never be forgotten so long as the stars shall last." &c Mr. T. was slightly incoherent in his language being too high up among the stars. Loud applause brought him down.

X.

The $\Phi.K.\Sigma.$ of the Senior Class.

Too soon alas we bid a last adieu
 To you whose hearts beat warm and true:
 Tho' far away on life's tempestuous foam,
 The longing soul with you will find a home.

Bro. Baer responded to the toast in feeling terms, but I really have no recollection of his subject matter, as Bro. Purcel attracted my attention and excited my visibles, by placing his wine glass filled with champagne in a goblet of water, and vainly endeavoring to drink the wine without spilling the water. This philosophical experiment of a distinguished Alumnus & Prof. of 2d Prepdom failed.

XI.

The day we celebrate. May it meet with as hearty a welcome ten thousand years hence.

Bro. Geo Zimmerman made a few chaste and tolerably sober remarks appropriate to the occasion and the toast. He wished from his heart that when ten thousand years have rolled around a glorious band of $\Phi.K.$'s might gather around the festive board, and drink to the memory of Epsilon's Sons, whose bodies had long since crumbled into dust. He prayed that future generations might wear the "maltese cross and the skull & bones, and that our bright initials $\Phi.K.\Sigma.$ should give lustre to the whole.

XII.

Epsilon's future prosperity.

B.T. Purcel

Bro. Purcel opened on a very high key, with highest encomiums of Epsilon's success now, and portrayed in brilliant colors her coming prosperity. He predicted a long and vigorous life. He exclaimed in a gradually increasing tone until he reached the climax (of his voice) "yes! gentlemen, Epsilon shall live, she shall live until the world is annihilated! She shall live forever; yes, and longer too!" The Bro.

was frequently interrupted by vociferous applause, and sat down amidst a whirlwind of cheers.

By general consent (and inclination), an intermission was granted.

XIII.

Our Anniversarian.

D.M. Cloud.

Bro. Cloud returned thanks to the chapter for the honor which had been conferred upon him. His remarks were quite brief.

XIV.

The Omega.

John W. Wright.

Bro. Wright made some remarks relative to his admission into the chapter, and pledged his whole energies (foot included) to the interest of $\Phi.K.\Sigma$. His speech was considerably disconnected, and slightly unintelligible, owing, doubtless to the gen'l noise.

XV.

Our worthy host.

Mr. Chandler.

Mr. C. expressed his inability to make a speech, as it was not his province, but he must say that he was rejoiced to see us enjoying ourselves, and concluded by saying, that he hoped many happy days would be ours, and wished that he might often have the opportunity of promoting our enjoyment.

The company then adjourned to the dancing room, where a futile attempt was made to get upon a dance; but every one wishing to be Captain and Ben Purcel persisting in riding his cane through the ranks of expectant dancers, said attempt was frustrated. Bro. Hulsey delivered an extempore speech in the bar-room, the substance of which was that Georgia was a great state, and he was

a hilly representative thereof. Many laughable scenes occurred too numerous to mention.

By general desire, I called our equipage at 2 A.M. and having, after considerable difficulty, seated all therein, we gave a parting yell and started off. Songs and conversation whiled away the hour, when we found ourselves safe in Carlisle, having had a time which will long remain vividly impressed upon the mind of every $\Phi.K.$ present. So ends the Anniversary.

April 13th Tuesday.

Pursuant to my intention, I started at 7 A.M. for home, where after a dull and uninteresting ride, I arrived at 5 ½ P.m. Walked up to the house, and met Mother and Annie, who expressed no particular surprise at seeing me notwithstanding my expectation to the contrary. Father and Henry came in, and were very glad to see me. In the evening, I accompanied Mother & Annie to Judge Blacks to a select wedding, where we paid our respects to Miss Black and her husband— son of Ex-Gov. Shunk of Pa. Had a very pleasant time, meeting several $\Phi.K.$'s, Pectim of A, two Conrads of P, Judge Black's son, of S, and leaving about 12.

On the Saturday evening following, the Conrads, Black, Bob Maury (an old classmate at Rittenhouse Academy, now of P), Charley Wilson of P, (now resident at Washington), and Frank Findlay; also Helen V. Hill— a very pretty, pleasant and engaging young lady. The $\Phi.K.$'s came to take a sociable tea, and it was done up in very nice style. After tea, music was freely dispensed, and when at last Sunday drew near, the company unwillingly separated, but expressed themselves heartily pleased with— this sociable reunion of $\Phi.K.$'s.

During my stay I met my old friends, Innes & John, also Lou Schwarzman, and, much to my surprise and gratification, little Martha Ratcliffe of Kernerer's singing school renown. Thereby hangs a romantic little incident. By some means, Mattie became very much enamoured of my humble self, and by way of amusement, I carried on a trifle, talked nonsense, sang sentimental songs, but cautiously avoided mentioning "love", except to tell her that I never

contemplated marriage, and to warn her against giving way to the sublime passion. Having lately returned from boarding school, she was deaf to such entreaties; so I took care of my own affections, & left her to take care of hers. One evening, we were seated on the sofa, when the subject was again introduced. I spoke of the folly of her giving way to her feelings, and asked her "why she would allow herself to fall in love with me, who did not expect to marry at all, and if at all, not until I was 27 or 28 years age"? She threw her arms around my neck, and placing her head affectionately on my shoulder, raised her blue eyes to mine, and replied, "Oh! Rache, how can I help it"! Whew, it was as good as a yellow-backed novel. She is young yet— only seventeen— has a light heart, and will easily get over it. Before parting, we exchanged daguereotypes, the, in all probability, last expression of tender sentiment.

The additions to the house have been nearly completed, and I had the pleasure of seeing the chandeliers put up, the gas lit, and the parlor carpets down. The piano was a source of constant gratification, and if I had such an one here, I should make rapid improvement in music. The old pieces were well handled, and several new ones begun. If I remain at home next year, I anticipate great pleasure in pursuing the pleasantest study of my life.

On Wednesday eve at 4 ½ o'clock, I took up my line of march for Carlisle; Spent the evening with John Munroe at Brook's Female College in Balt. Was introduced to Misses Brooks, Brads & Geer, with whom I had a very pleasant time. At 10 o'clock, left Balt. and after the usual slow ride, and usual detention by accident (burden train off the track) reached Harrisburg at 4 o'clock. Left H. at 8 ½, and arrived in this infernally borous town at 9 ½ on Thursday.

April 25th Monday.

Caldwell, Faust, Brooking and myself, secured a two horse team, and started for Landisburgh, Perry Co, about sixteen miles distant. After a ride of five hours, passing the Springs, crossing the Mountain, and stopping for a short time at Perry Co Warm Springs, we reached Landisburgh, putting up at the (only) hotel in the place. Took supper, after which, we proceeded to the basement of the Lutheran or German Reformed Ch. (I don't remember which) in which is held "Mount Dempsey Academy". The company had assembled, whereupon Mr. C. proceeded to deliver a prepared lecture on "true manhood"; very well written,

but C's delivery is rather tame. Faust followed in a few extempore remarks embodying the main points of the life of Edgar A. Poe, and drawing a moral therefrom. The remarks of both were highly appreciated, resolutions to that effect concerning C's, being read by Waggoner— a former student here. We remained in Perry until Wednesday forenoon, visiting Lcoyersville— three miles from Laudisburg, the Warm Springs &c. Left on Wedns. and reached the Carlisle Springs at 2 o'clock; took dinner, and stayed until 5 o'clock, reaching Carlisle at 6. Taken altogether, I had only a tolerable time. The company was only tolerably congenial.

[Newspaper clipping from The N.H. Patriot pasted in entitled "Horatio King".]

["Horatio King" continued.]

The N.H. Patriot is edited by Joe Meriam, formerly clerk in Father's office-----

May 8th Saturday.

This afternoon with Fred Smith (of the firm, Shryock, Taylor & Smith here & in Chambersburgh) I commenced a trip which taken all in all was one of the most pleasant that it was ever my good fortune to enjoy. We proceeded to Chambersburg where Kennedy, Kerns, Douglass and Duncan— all Φ.K.'s greeted me with the usual fervor. Kennedy is studying law with Judge Nill. Took up my abode with Bill Kennedy at the hotel, and remained there during my sojourn in C. On page will be found an account of the stay of some Chambersburgh girls at Uncle C's. This was my return visit. At 5 o'clock, I took tea at Smith's, where I met several of his sisters, three of whom are very fine girls and still unmarried. During the evening Helen Seibert, Georgie McLellan, Mrs. McClure and several others, gentlemen also, stopped in at S's, and we had a very gay time. About 9 o'clock, in company with Helen S, started after Kate Heck, and taking her in tow, passed near Reilly's, went in to see Ginnie. While at Washington this winter, a terrible accident befel her. She and Mrs. M'Clure (a young & handsome lady) were preparing to attend a "hop" at the National Hotel. Ginnie was about ready, when she placed a lighted candle upon the floor, that Mrs. McClure might see if her dress hung properly. Leaving the light still on the floor, she stepped to the bureau for some article, and then carelessly stepping backward, her dress came in contact with the

flame, and in an instant her tarleton dress was all ablaze. A Mr. Jones, of Wisconsin, passing her door at the time, heard her screams, and rushing in, found Mrs. McC. battling with the flames. He succeeded in smothering them but not until her neck and especially her arms were terribly burned. Mrs. McC escaped with a few severe burns on her hands, and the loss of some hair. Ginnie suffered the most excruciating pain for six long weeks in W—, and as soon as she improved a little, she started for home. Although every attention was paid her, yet the trip doubtless threw her somewhat aback, but she reached a happy and comfortable home. She has been at home 7 weeks, making for her thirteen long weeks of intense suffering. When I entered her chamber, I found her lying on her single bed, her arms, covered with bandages, resting each upon a pillow, and she slightly elevated by a chair & pillows. In addition to the burns, she was very much afflicted with rheumatism keeping her in almost continued misery. She greeted me cheerfully and kindly, and seemed very glad to see her old friend again. Several persons were in the room, and a very pleasant running conversation was kept up for some time. I had ample time to observe her features and movements particularly. She is very handsome, more so than when I first met her, and has more fortitude than any girl I ever saw in my life. While she is suffering from the arms, and the rheumatism, she will laugh as loud, and appear just as cheerful as any one else. She has a fine intellect, and her manner is at once pleasing and engaging. Sunday, Monday and Tuesday afternoons, I spent with her, and many a pleasant conversation filled up the hours. Although it was my intention to leave on Monday morning, yet I could not summon courage to go away from Ginnie and so, having no strong incentive to return to Carlisle, I remained. On Monday evening, however, on returning from tea at Kate Heck's, with Helen Seibert, Miss Fisher Kate H. and John Oaks (a 1st rate fellow), we all stepped in to see Ginnie, and also for the purpose of giving me an opportunity to perform on the piano for Mrs. M'Clure & the others. After playing on the Piano for some time, and having a nice talk with Ginnie, I kissed her "Good By", and took leave of the rest of the folks. Then returning to the Hotel, I met a number of the fellows with whom I had another tip-top-time, and by general desire, concluded to wait until Wednesday morning. I was glad I did so, for on Wednesday, I had a delightful time with Ginnie, which especially increased my fondness for her, and more fully impressing me with her genuine worth. When at last, on Tuesday evening, the time for parting came, I was very sad, and although she is exceedingly non-committal, her looks betrayed the depth of her feeling. Mrs. M'Clure was present, but she fully appreciated our position, and of course, was no drawback to a free expression of

affection. Ginnie kissed me several time, very affectionately, and with a parting "God bless you!" from a heavy heart. I left her, perhaps forever. I say forever; for her recovery is still uncertain; yet, if a Divine Providence ordains that we shall never again on earth enjoy the sweet communion of soul with soul; I will, at least, take a last, lingering look at her beautiful features, and follow her sacred dust to the lonely tomb. But I cannot bear to go on in this strain, every one should look upon the bright side, trusting faithfully in a benign God.

May 18th Tuesday.

Last evening, in company with Hulsey. I walked out to see Miss Cornelia Lyne, whose Father has a nursery and flower-garden about a quarter of a mile from town. Some time last Winter, Miss Nely promised me, that when I fell in love, and would tell her the object of my affection, she would supply me with boquets for her. This time, although no exactly in love, but imbued with deep sympathy and friendship akin to love, I went to Nely and told her the story of poor, afflicted Ginnie, and reminded her delicately of her promise. She presented me with a beautiful boquet, after which, we sat a short time, and then retired. I placed the flowers in a neat box, surrounding them with damp cotton, intending to consign them to the care of Mr. Heyser of C. who had been on a jaunt to Harrisburg, and expected to returned to Chambersburg in this morning's train.

The Senior Class, yesterday received notice of the decease of Joseph J. Stuart, who died at his home in Lewisburg, Va on the 12th Inst. A meeting of the Class was called, a committee appointed and the resolutions, on the next page, adopted. The Society, of which he was President when he left College about three or four weeks since, on motion of Baer, appointed Stevenson to deliver an appropriate eulogy on Wednes. next.

In consideration of his late connection with the College, the Faculty concluded to suspend duties for a day. Dr. Collins was requested to deliver a funeral sermon at an early day, which he cheerfully consented to do. Stuart left College several weeks since, and the last time I had the pleasure of grasping his hand was at Harrisburgh on the morning of my return from home. I had no idea then of the proximity of his departure to the land of spirits. But the insidious inroads of consumption wasted away his life, and he was then on his way home to die. On Wednesday the 12th inst. he went up to his room, lay down

on the sofa with all his clothes on, and quietly breathed his last; leaving this world with the full assurance that he was about entering the eternal city where

"Sickness & sorrow, pain & death
Are felt and feared no more".

[Newspaper clipping pasted in entitled "Tribute of Respect" for the death of Joseph J. Stuart.]

At 9 ½, I met Mr. Heyser at the cars, and gave the bouquet in his charge, and after talking with him for a few minutes, he prevailed upon me to accompany him to C. There being a suspension of duties, I consented so to do; so off I went to Chambersburg again. Arrived at 11 1/4, and went up to the Franklin House. Mr. H. delivered the flowers, and at my request said nothing of my being in C. All were very much surprised to see me, and I flatter myself, some were agreeably so. After dinner, I walked down to young McClenneger's office, which is just opposite Smith's on Main St. While there, Em. Smith came to her window and got sight of me: her eyes and mouth expanded with profound surprise. Went over and spent three quarters of an hour with those girls, enjoying a very pleasant time. Then went around to see Ginnie Reilly, and when I entered her room, she seemed almost dumb with astonishment. At length she inquired "is it really you, Rache, or your ghost? I am very glad to meet you &c. &c." I'm sure, I was glad to meet her whom I despaired of ever seeing again. I had a delightful tete a tete, and at the expiration of an hour, left to give her an opportunity of taking an afternoon nap. Then called on the other girls and met also, several of the boys who planned fun for the evening. At 6 o'clock, called on Ginnie again, meeting Mrs M'Clure and one or two others. Mrs. M'C. was very much surprised to see me again in C. but expressed herself much pleased at my arrival. After a pleasant and sociable conversation, I left at 8 1/4, and met the fellows, Kennedy, Oaks, Carlisle, Welsh, M'Clenneger and one or two others, when we concluded to go serenading. Oaks took the flute, and M'C. and myself took it turn-about at the guitar. Went out Main St. to the bridge which spans a small stream running through town and emptying into the Conicojig which divides C. into two parts. There we struck up some tunes, and for about an hour, singing, dancing and playing were the order of the night. Played, subsequently, a goodly number of tunes at Ginnie's and at other places. Had a bunkum time generally. By particular request of all, I concluded to remain one day longer in C. to see the various sights of interest, as

the weather promised to be pleasant. Next morning, the crowd went out to Benniler's, a german gymnasium and lager-beer saloon about ½ mile from town. Here we passed the forenoon very pleasantly, gymnasticizing, ale-ing &c.

The afternoon was passed in loafing about doing nothing generally. At 6, called on Ginnie, and had a pleasant talk. Mrs. McClure came in, & seemed astonished that I was still in C. when I had declared my fervid intention to leave. She must think, by this time, that I am desperately in love with Ginnie; but such is not the case. I am simply a very strong friend.

About 8, by request, we adjourned to the parlor, where I regaled (?) the company with an abundance of music, after which, I took my leave, not forgetting, of course, to get several affectionate kisses from Ginnie, and a promise that Mrs. M'Clure sh'd write to me, in her behalf, tomorrow. The remainder of the evening was spent with Georgie McLellan, a very pleasant girl, and a part of the night with the boys, cavortin round.

Chambersburg is a tip-top place, and contains some excellent people, all of whom i.e. of my acquaintance, conspire to make my time pass agreeably. As I have permission from home to pass my Senior final vacation wherever I please, I shall devote, at least, one week of it, if not more, to C. and another portion to Doubling Gap— perhaps. The time can be so much better occupied in C. that I can be so much better occupied in C. that I am strongly tempted to stay there, two or three weeks. However, I guess I will not.

May 20th Thursday.

Left C. yesterday, in company with Hon. Wilson Reilly, Ginnie's father, and M.C. from Franklin Dist. He is on his way to Washington, whence he returned, a few days since to see Ginnie. He is a very pleasant and entertaining man.

This morning, according to expectation, I received the first letter from Ginnie, dictated by her, and written by Mrs. M'Clure. I give an extract, from the introduction.

"Friend Horatio. — Longfellow says, " 'in the life of every man, there are sudden transitions of feelings which seem almost miraculous. At once, as if some

magician had touched the heavens and the earth, the dark clouds melt into the air, the wind falls, and serenity succeeds the storm' "; and as you were so confident of having an awful fit of the blues, today, permit me to be the magician on this occasion, and gently waving my wand over your precious head and heart, bid the dark clouds dispel, and let in the sunlight of joy, hope and happiness once more."

I call that quite pretty, and very appropriately brought in. I am inclined to believe that she will be a pleasing correspondent.

May 23d Sunday.

Wrote Ginnie a ten-page letter; & wrote for the 1st time in my journal by gas-light.

May 26th Wednesday.

Received, today, from the publishers, Beck and Sawton, Philadelphia, the Parting Ode, words by H. Dorsey Gough, Belair, Md; Music by Horatio C. King, Washington, D.C. There is a variety of opinion concerning the words; the generality of which is that it does not do justice to the class. The music is very well received; indeed, far above my anticipations. Cap'n Porter, of the Herald gives it the accompanying puff, and affirms that he means what he says.

One charity should be given, as it is the first words I ever set to Music, and second piece I ever wrote. A little story is connected with this affair. It was originally intended that all members of the class, who were capable should hand in their compositions to a Committee, of which Gough was one. There were three candidates, Gough & two whom I do not know. The Committee stood thus. Two for Gough's, two for an other, and Gough voted for his own — a piece of wire-working which I do not admire.

[Newspaper clipping entitled "Parting Ode" summarizing piece of music by King.]

May 31st Monday.

A very important commencement of an important week. The final examination began, and was conducted in the several room's as follows.

- Monday. Marshall — Isocrates, Memorabilia, Cicero de Officer's Livy, Aristotle's Rhetoric & Quintillian— all written.
- Tuesday. Schem — "William Tell", "Nephew as Uncle", "Dumas Napoleon," and Racine's "Athalie."
- Wednesday. Johnson. Wilson's Logic, Whately's Rhetoric, Hist. Of Philosophy.
- Thursday — Wilson. Chemistry, Philosophy, and Astronomy.
- Friday — Boswell. All had the same questions in Jr Calculus, Geometry, Algebra, & Diff. Calculus.
- Saturday. Collins. Paley's Theology, Moral Science, Evidences of Chris & Butler's Analogy.

The fellows had, according to chance, Antigone, and Sallust in Marshalls, and an Essay in Johnson's. The above is what I received. I got through tip-top, far exceeding my highest anticipation. Hurrah for the Final Farce.

June 7th. Monday.

A week or two since, I made the acquaintance of Presiding Elder Geer's daughters, and they have proved to be very agreeable acquaintances, and very kind friends. Laura and Gussie have been especially kind, and I take pleasure in recording their names in my journal. By their invitation, I have practiced on their excellent piano tow or three times, and each occasion has been fraught with many pleasant occurrences. Have walked home from the Sewing Circle with Gussie, and from Uncle C's party with Laura, and I am inclined think Laura most fond of Music and fun (inseparable companions), and most fond of me; which fondness I believe to be reciprocal. They are both very good, and exceedingly fine girls; and I only regret that I had not made their acquaintance sooner. But it is "Captain Sperry's luck"; always something wrong.

I shall, however, make the best use of my time, and improve an acquaintance so opportunely, and so pleasantly begun.

June 9th Wednesday.

At 3 P.m. the standing was read out. Dr. Collins made a few preliminary remarks, in which he stated that ours was not only the largest, but the best class ever graduated from Dickinson College. The standard of marks was much higher &c. &c. After entertaining (?) us (in presence of Dr. Peck- former Pres) with a long-winded harangue, he proceeded to read the standing.

Valedictorian.
Marcus S. Gordon. Ga.

— ^ —

Latin Salutatory — T.M. Griffith.
Philosophical Oration — J.A. Lippincott.
English Salutatory. J.B. Akers.

— ^ —

Literary Orations.
1 Thos. Care. 2 W.J. Stevenson. 3 J.I. Boswell.
4 H.D. Gough 5 W.H. Griffith 6 R.N. Baer.

— ^ —

First Class Orations—
S.B. Best I.H. Seas. W.T.L. Weech (In French)
A.T. Mullin. W.H. Getzendaner. T.S. Reese.

— ^ —

Second Class Oration
J.E. Brodwater. S.C. Hopkins. A.H. Slape.
R.N. Earhart. H.C. King. (Poem). C.E. McLaughlin.

Third Class Orations.

Friese (German) D.M. Cloud. S.M. McPherson.
B.C. Lippincott. J.H. Martin.

— ^ —

Dissertations.

H. Marriott. P.W. Downs. J.J. White.
J.C. Brooking.

— ^ —

Essays.

J.M.C. Hulsey. J. Kent Dukes.
J.P. Wright. S.C. Caldwell.

— ^ —

I have no complaint to make about mine, but the universal opinion is that I ought to have had a 1st Class Oration. Had I have been a member of the Church, I would have had it without doubt. However, a high compliment is paid me in assigning me a "Poem".

There is considerable grumbling and dissatisfaction among the fellows about their places, but a few days will smooth it over, and they will at length perceive that mere college standing has little or no effect on one's after life.

Most of the class have left College. Chum and I will remain about a week. Then we part— he for the Carlisle Springs— I for Chambersburg.

June 14th Monday.

At 2 o'clock started for Chambersburg, which town, after an agreeable ride, I reached at 3 ½ P.m. Met several of the boys, Reilly, Oaks, Carlisle & others, also the ladies— Ginnie, Mrs. M'Clure &c &c. Ginnie is but little improved, and I fear will never recover. She is now becoming quite despondent, and tells me that she hardly expects to get well. Mrs. M'Clure is kind as ever, and by her many favors

and expressions of friendship has become endeared to me. I shall not forget her very soon. Stayed in Chambersburg for two days, and finding it rather quiet (some of the boys having left town) I concluded to return to C— and thence to the Springs to while away the time with Chum. In accordance with this determination, I left C. at 5 o'clock Wednesday Morn. en route for College, and when arrived about four miles there from, I began to discuss the plausibility of going home, where I could enjoy home comforts and home associations. The question, being decided in the affirmative, I jumped off the cars at the stile, went to my room, left a note for Spooky Deal relative to the "Burlesque Ode" (Edited by Chum & myself, and paid for by Deal, Pennel & Burns with the Editors) — got another coat— returned to the depot in time to go on my way rejoicing home, which place, after the usual monotonous ride, I reached at 5 ½ o'clock, surprising the folks very much, as they had no idea of my coming home: nor had I. My time was spent in writing my Society Speech on "Aristocracy", and my Poem on the Times— visiting the young ladies— going on excursions &c, &c. Rovie Grayson having returned from New Orleans, quite a large proportion of my evenings were passed in her company, all of which was productive of much pleasure and probable profit. Rovie is exceedingly beautiful and quite affectionate withal— but— but— "I'm o'er young to marry yet", and am of course disqualified from falling in love. Ha! ha! When a person can not trust his own heart it is well that he is honorable enough to keep out the chains of Cupid. That is my case exactly. When I get entangled again, the tocsin shall sound my 25th birth-day.

July 3d Saturday.

Every preparation was duly made for the exodus of the King or rather Royal Caravan to Carlisle. Miss Helen Hill having been cordially invited, accepted the invitation to accompany us. All arose bright and early. Having some business at the P.O. D. I walked down, thence to the Depot, where I met Helen. We awaited the arrival of our folks with christian resignation, but no carriage made its appearance until just as the train glided out of the depot. They were of course left; and of course Helen felt the delicacy of her position— going among total strangers— myself her only acquaintance. We had a very delightful trip, reaching Carlisle at 2 o'clock. Helen found her embarrassment much relieved after a short acquaintance with Aunt H. and family; for all endeavored to make her feel perfectly at home. In the evening, she and I attended the Junior Prize Exhibition. The contestants sustained the reputation of the class; but the exercises were

considerably marred by the infernal noise (mis-called music) with which the programme was interspersed. Such abominable discords made a burlesque entirely superfluous. Helen & I gave the medals to Faust and Parker; and as will be seen from the appended published account, we were not much in the wrong. The exercises occupied about two hours and a half, and a great degree of interest was kept up throughout. A singular coincidence will be observed between this and the Prize Contest of last year. The medals were awarded last time to two Belle Lettres Gough & Griffith, and this year to two Union's — Faust & Parker.

It is the opinion of Dr. Collins and all who were present last year & this, that our Contest stands far ahead of this. Fact is, the Class of '58 is hard to beat.

The "Burlesque Ode" has arrived. Words by Chum— music arranged by me.

Title page reads—

Parting Ode.
Respectfully dedicated to the
Senior Class [An Ass drawn in.] of '58

of
Dickinson College
I. Ambie (by) Esq — Blar. Md.
&
Prof. Peter Boney— Scrubbingville, D.C.

[Article summarizing Commencement Week.]

Commencement Exercises — 1858.
July 3d to July 8th.

In the very full account which is here given of the Commencement exercises, we have all of particular interest. The exercises of Sunday Helen & myself attended together, having each time a very agreeable walk to and from the church.

Sermons by Prof Boswell & Dr. Kennaday.

We went together to the B.L.'s Anniversary, and were much pleased therewith. I was especially relieved, also, for I had little fear after hearing their speakers, but what we Union's would give them a "fair shake". The account of their Exercises came out on the 7th, while the remainder were not published until the next week. The acct, hence, is more extended.

[Commencement Week article continued.]

Oration before the Societies by Wm H. Allen, Phla.

In electing a "poet" without consulting our Society, they took a mean & unfair advantage of us. However, we have not been behindhand in explaining the matter — hence it redounds only to their discredit. Chum gained Camels for himself, and it did me great good; for he is a true Φ.K. and an unswerving friend "Long may he wave.

[Commencement Week article continued.]

U.P. Society & Commencement Day.

The audience at our Exhib. Was much larger and more chaste than at the B.L.'s — many strangers having arrived during the day. I performed my part to the satisfaction of all, and retired from the stage mid rapturous applause and showers of boquets. Read twelve boquets (some very beautiful) and a magnificent myrtle wreath ornamented with white bell-lilies from Nely Line.

----- " -----

[Commencement article continued.]

Commencement Day — 1858.

We all went to our rooms with the glorious satisfaction that we had gained a victory over the B.L.'s by whom we were almost certain of being beaten. They, poor fellows are much chagrined: especially as the Φ.K.'s (Cloud, Weech, Slape — B.L.'s & Stevenson, Baer and King (and egotism) went far ahead of their champions of the "Philetairion Order."

[Commencement Week article continued.]

Thanks.

From the "American."

My "Poem" took very well as will be seen from the notices; had I been well, I would have done much better. I was tired and very weak from the "vegetable quick-step". After conclusion of "pome", I rec'd one large hand boquet, & another of holyhocks &c about three feet high wh. I very coolly shouldered and made my return bow.

[Commencement Week article finished. "Commencement" begun.]

The Preceding— al from the Carlisle Herald.

-----"-----"-----

Commencement.

This little and sudden
freak, turned the laugh
in my favor, & against
those who expected to rig

me; and fairly brought
 "down the house". Of
 course, I didn't crack a
 smile, which made it the
 more ridiculous. B.C.
 Sippi. was also favored,
 but did not

["Commencement" continued.]

Commencement

take the joke in the proper
 manner. The bouquets were very
 much alike in their general
 appearance.

The account by Mr.
 Zim of the "American" is
 rather severe; but an
 apology is offered in
 his not getting any of the
 College printing, and moreover
 having been rigged by
 some "prep", who sent him
 an invitation to the exercises,
 begging him to be present —
 that no one would injure
 him — and that he should
 have a table and stool all
 to himself. He came for the
 express purpose of raking the
 fellows as much as possible.
 He is, however, quite
 lenient toward me, for which
 I return my bow.
 So ends the great

Commencement of the
Class of '58.

["Commencement" article continued.]

Monday - July 5th

It becomes a pleasure now to recount the various private exercises of the week; of which there are so many that I fear I cannot write them all down.

This morning at 8 ½ o'clock, having after much difficulty succeeded in getting a machine, I took Helen out to Papertown and up the Mountain, thus exhibiting some of the beautiful scenery which Cumberland Valley abounds. Her expressions of admiration were very enthusiastic and continued, and I was assured that the trip was fraught with uninterrupted enjoyment. On the mountain, we rested awhile— she gathering flowers, and I writing the few concluding lines to my pome. We returned home after an absence of three or four hours, and found our whole family awaiting our return, they having arrived from W— in the morning (9 ½) train. Helen was especially rejoiced to meet them, and her uneasiness was soon forgotten. In the evening, we attended the exhibition of the Belle Lettres Society— an account of which is prefixed.

Tuesday. July 6th

Coz. Maria, with her characteristic kindness, copied my speech on "Aristocracy", when Helen added another link to the chain of friendship by trimming it most beautifully with white ribbons, and delicate white (artificial) rose buds. The same parties fixed off my "Poem" in elegant style— trimming it with blue ribbon. The day was passed in paying a few calls; — at Gere's where I met Miss Brads (Brads) with whom I once passed an evening at Brook's female College. She is one of the most entertaining conversationalists I ever met, and two hours flew by very quickly in her company. I called subsequently, and had another agreeable visit. Steve's folks, I called on— which courtesy (for some reason) he did not see fit to pay to my folks. I presume it was timidity. At 7, put on my "fixings— black pants— dress coat— white vest and irreproachable linen— and

black "lasting shoes" — grabbed my speech— donned my wreath for the arm— entered the procession and proceeded on my way to the Church— took my seat on the stage, and had the aforesaid good time.

Wednesday— July 7th

At 10 ½ A.M. all went down to hear the Oration of President Allen of Girard College, who was at one time Prof. of Natural Science in Dick. Coll. A full account of this splendid oration, abounding in eloquence and wit, is given in the "Herald's" report. Thos G. Chattle— Poet for the occasion, was very opportunely detained at home by sickness or some other cause. It was also announced that owing to the illness of Rev. Dr. Dashiell, the oration before the Associated Alumni was dispensed with. These omissions were by no means disagreeable, for the Exercises of the week are sufficiently fatiguing without them.

At 3 o'clock, Chum & Annie, Helen & myself with two teams, started for the Springs and the Mountains, where we arrived after a very agreeable ride. On the mountain, we remained awhile, visiting the Observatory where Helen enjoyed what she pronounced to be the most beautiful scenery she ever beheld. This is saying considerable— for she had visited Niagara, Champlain, George, White Mountains &c. &c

I regretted very much that lack of time prevented our going to Doubling Gap, that she might enjoy the unparralalled view from Flat Rock, which far exceeds that from Sterret's Gap Observatory in beauty, grandeur and sublimity. We remained some time, during which the girls amused themselves by quizzing a Mr. Hurley (a, so he says, Correspondent of the Balt. Sun, under the noun de plume "X".) who was quite a genius and very amusing withal. Helen gathered some flowers as mentoes, while I cut her name, and my initials upon the boards of the observatory. My name is probably as high as it ever will get. We returned in fine style to the Springs, where we had a tip top supper, and an agreeable time singing after tea. At 9, attempted to start for home: my buggy was ahead, when, just before moving off, Annie remarked "don't get away from us, Rache". As I had the best team, I told them to go on ahead, which they declining, by way of fun, I determined they should do. So we waited in front of the door, cracking jokes, dispensing witticisms &c much to the amusement of the bystanders, when, at length, I turned my horse to get behind them, when they just followed suit by

following us. After waiting some time longer, Chum drove toward the mountain — I — ditto — passed him on the route —: he returned— went into the Springs stable — we returning passed them; I remarked to Helen, "I'll bet anything, they are in the Carriage Horse, but I'll fool them yet". Drove on fast for a ½ mile, and turned off into a by road, when in a few minutes, they passed us. We then drove up, and laughed at their want of cunning. They were much chagrined — so at the first opportunity they ran into a side road, where after remaining ten minutes, they made up their minds to "acknowledge the corn", and did so, yielding the point that they were fairly beaten at their own game. A Jerseyman can't walk ahead of a Yankee, without rising early in the morning. We hurried home, reaching the house at 10 3/4 highly delighted with our trip; which served especially to make me better acquainted with Helen, whom I believe, I may now number among my best friends. I hope so.

Yesterday I rec'd a pleasing memento from my Chambersburg friends — Ginnie & "Clure", a copy of which is annexed.

++++++ "I have been quite ill since you left and yesterday and today, feel so badly that sometimes I fear I am never going to be well again. I have hoped against hope & now when my health seems to be giving way rapidly. I feel like desponding. Tomorrow is your great day, and how much I wish I could be with you I need now attempt to tell, "for well thou knowest". But alas! nothing but suffering, suffering. Your future is bright and glorious. May every wish of your heart be gratified and when the bright and joyous faces of friends press round to congratulate, just imagine my hand clasped in yours in a most fervent pressure and a kind farewell. I am too ill to say more. Ginnie"

"Clure's prayer for your happiness and future prosperity, and begs you will send a copy of your addresses. "God bless you".

The request I could not comply with. Father was initiated at 6 P.m. as an honorary member of the U.P.Soc— a high compliment not only to Father but to me. I was sorry I could not be present. In his speech he punned as follows: he presumed that they took him to be a man of words, because he had the reputation of being a man of letters, &c (not bad, that).

Thursday — July 8th

The grand day at length broke beautifully upon an expectant crowd: and according to the printed notice, that expectant crowd went away satisfied: The day passed slowly by, and the night approached in the usual way, according to programme. About 9 o'clock, in company with about a dozen others, paid our respects to Mother and Dr. C and Coz Maria (Aunt H. being unable to receive on account to sickness.) The parlors were thronged with the beauty and elite of Carlisle and its visiting bretheren and sisters. Went up several times for Annie and Helen (I say Annie— first, for I believe Helen was ready before her); and at 10 ½ o'clock (very fashionable hour) escorted them into the parlor in solemn state. A few moments after, Helen was under the protecting care of Steve, while Annie enjoyed salubrious converse with Chum Ali; while poor me, was permitted to wander about in silent wonderment and fear. Wonderment that so many skeletons could be crowded into such a small space, and fear lest a pain from the host of beautiful eyes, should send piercing love shafts through my waistcoat— into my heart.

I made the acquaintance of some very pleasant young ladies, among the number Miss Mittie, sister of Bob Baer, of Baltimore, Md. She is very pretty, light hair and flashing blue eyes, quite sprightly and, I should imagine, brim full of mischief. Hope to have an opportunity of continuing her acquaintance. It is astonishing what an immensity of beauty, Baltimore can justly boast of. I don't wonder that men are half mad there about everything, all the time. With such women to bewitch, how could it be expected that any man would be able to walk straight. President Allen gave me some very encouraging compliments, and continued them by introducing me to his wife's sister— Miss Curtain, with whom I passed a pleasant half hour or so.

About 12, the party broke up, when the household had their private enjoyment in comments upon the whole affair— the various pleasing incidents of the week, and the company from abroad. An hour passed very quickly, and I went to my room. Found several friends therein, and with them whiled away an hour on two more, when I retired to dream over by-gones— for College days are over.

Friday. July 9th

It was deemed advisable by the family that we should remain until tomorrow in order to avoid the bustle and confusion of the absconding crowd. The majority of the visitors left for the homes; but Ali and I remained to amuse ourselves in packing our duds, and preparing for our final exodus from Carlisle— old Carlisle, forever. The morning was thus passed. At 4 ½ o'clock (one hour after the time agreed upon by all) Chum & Annie, and Helen and I started for a trip to Papertown which now bears the less utilitarian but more Euphonius title of Mt. Holly Springs. After an agreeable ride of an hour we passed through the village, and went on our way rejoicing up the mountain, taking this time the old Gettysburg road, along which the scenery is more varied and romantic. At the base of the mountain on which we drove, a dammed mountain stream was spread out to a miniature lake, and its surface reflected the grand old mountains which almost completely surrounded it. Passing up the mountain it afforded me pleasure to gather wild flowers for Helen, and to receive the pleasant "thank you" on their presentation. Her expressions of admiration were frequent; and evinced considerable love for the romantic.

Having driven about a mile up, we took a notion to explore a very narrow by-road, along which we proceeded for a 1/4 mile when we were brought to a "finis" by an intercepting broken bridge. To return was a necessity, and how to turn was a subject for consideration. By request, Helen dismounted preferring to be turned out rather than to be over-turned. I turned the buggy around, and started up the hill to re-strip Helen, when, for some cause unknown, the animal commenced backing, paying no attention to the persuasive influence of the whip; and not relishing the dish of being backed into a ditch, nor the novelty of a broken buggy and a walk to the Springs, I jumped out— caught the disobedient beast by his caput, and proceeded to capitulate— he finally agreeing to "go ahead". Helen was very much frightened (whether for the horse or myself, I do not know) and looked very picturesque. Got aboard and bored the animal with a warm run to the Springs, where we found Al and Annie patiently awaiting our return, both in anxious suspense for — Supper.

After harrassing the piano for an hour, and exciting the flea-ish propensities of some little girls into a skipping motion — called "dancing" by courtesy, the platoon formed, and followed the stately landlord to the dining room; positions

were immediately assigned— the command given— and a fearful charge made. The advancing host (of eatables) disappeared like chaff before the wind. The conflict raged fiercely for a half hour, when

Vanquished heroes met a stern rebuff,
And gently yielding cried "enough, enough".

We returned to the parlor, remaining a short time, and then took up our line of march for home. Helen was tired and sleepy, and I was ditto: hence our conversation was principally monosyllabic, the remainder of the time indulging in meditations. What I thought of, I do not care at present, to transfer to paper. Suffice it to say, my thoughts were all pleasant, and mostly in the future tense. Reached home about 10, found quite a family party in the parlor— Uncle C & family— Mr. Hill and our folks generally. Mr. H. arrived here from N.Y. this morning. Partook of some refreshing ice-cream, and retired to room.

[Commencement Exercises pamphlet bound into journal. Belles Lettres Society and Union Philosophical Society pamphlets pasted in. Junior Class Oratorical Prize Contest pamphlet pasted in. Invitation to Public Addresses pasted in.]
Saturday— July 10th

Took a last parting look at my old room— the scene of so many pleasures— made suitable disposition of a few parting mementos, bade adieu to friends— to my glorious but crippled chum— left Annie in charge of the same— and at 7 o'clock, in company with our party, bade farewell to Carlisle. Some degree of sadness came over me on leaving my Second home: regrets that I should never again hear the tones of the old College bell as I was wont to hear them; that the halcyon days of Collegiate life would be mine no more; that my old friends would forget me and in turn be forgotten. Who would not have been sad?

But the prospect of an active and probably a happy life before me, banished sad memories, and while I looked back upon the fast disappearing spires of Carlisle. I thought only of the future when if God gives me health and strength, I may at least gain a name which my old Alma Mater will not blush to mention. Oh that the boyish ambition of these days, may not be crushed by the wickedness of the world, or the blighting storms of adversity! Oh for greater strength; greater ambition! greater perseverance!

After the usual tedious ride, during which the great inclination to converse was thwarted by our inability to drown the noises of the cars, we arrived safely at Calvert Station, Balt. where Dr. Morris (Postmaster of Balt) met, and conveyed all (with the exception of Mr. Hill, who was much fatigued, and preferred spending the intervening time between the trains, in sleeping) to his house on Gay St; where, having undergone the resuscitating influences of cold water, we returned to the parlor, there meeting Dr. Hintze. In due time, we sat down to an elegant (as the ladies say) dinner of the various dainties, concluding with an agreeable afterpiece of wines, ice-cream and raspberries. After dinner Helen and I walked up Baltimore St, enjoying the sights, and giving her an opportunity of purchasing some juvenile furniture for her little sister Isabel. Then returned to the House— found the folks waiting— then started for the depot— Met Mr. Hill, and made a bee-hive for home, reaching said place at 7 o'clock or thereabouts. Took leave of Helen, not without some regrets— having had my time made so much more agreeable by her presence.

"Long may she wave."

But I cannot leave our Baltimore friends without dilating somewhat upon the happiness and advantages of bachelor life, as evinced in the intercourse with Dr's Hintze (a widower of long standing) and Morris. Here in their our house, surrounded by every comfort— at perfect liberty to use their furniture as they please— to soil the carpet ad libitum— to place their feet at an angle of 45 [degrees] on the stove, or to plant them on the plush chairs; to sleep on or under the piano at will; to have no blanket or a half dozen on the bed, and not a soul to growl about it: to stay

"up all night till the broad day light
and go home with the girls in the morning",

and no female to inquire as to your whereabouts, and to indignantly assert that she would go back to her ma where she could be treated as a human being and not as a brute; in fact, to have almost every comfort is synonymous with being a bachelor. The definition might be given thus— Bachelor: a man who has no wife, and hence is free from care, trouble and annoyance; who does what he pleases and how he pleases and whenever he pleases; a happy individual in every respect; an inhabitant of terrestrial paradise.

Unfortunately, however, the Dr. (M) does not add very strong testimony as to the great joys of bachelorship; for being complimented in regard to the comforts of his cage, by Mother, he replied "Ah! Mrs. King, it lacks the bid". Ma expressed some surprise that the bid had not been caught, especially as he was so pleasant &c. He answered "its a long story, Mrs. K. — a long story".

Dr. Hintze exhibited a splendid gold medal which was presented to Dr. Morris by the Howard Association. He was one of the noble few, who left healthy homes, to encounter the terrors of yellow fever in Norfolk three or four years ago. He remained there several weeks, until his system was prostrated and he was obliged to return. Such a medal is a mark of honor well worthy of preservation. Titles and honors are conferred upon those whose work is to slaughter their fellows on the field of battle; but how much more noble the calling, and how much more worthy of admiration are those, who risk their own lives in the endeavor to arrest the hand of the Destroying Angel! Our short stay in B. will long be remembered.

At Home Once More.

Monday. July 12th 1858.

I'm once more engaged at the recording desk of the app't office as a substitute in place of Walter A. Norris who has gone on a visit to his folks in Manchester, N.H., and I am glad of this opportunity of making myself useful, and at the same increasing my pecuniary stock for my contemplated jaunt.

My time is very agreeably in work during the day, and visiting at night. Helen H. and Rovie G. being about the only female friends in town at present, have my undivided, and, I am apprehensive, my too incessant attention. I fear that I may be classed among an unfortunate set of people who are commonly denominated "bores" — alias "sticking plasters". It is my misfortune — and not my fault, that I am so fond of pleasant ladies, and it is not my place to complain of or strive against any affliction of Providence. I must simply go on in the even tenor of my ways trusting to luck for a good reception from my terrestrial bretheren and sisters. My motto is,

"Trust to luck &c &c

Thursday - July 22d 1858

Although Father has been a public man for half his life or more, and has, as he himself says, gotten the reputation of having a great command over letters, yet he has not had the same opportunity of getting command over his words. Never having addressed an Audience but three or four times in his life, I was rather surprised to hear that he had accepted an invitation to deliver an address before the public schools. I went over to the Smithsonian with fear and misgiving, but I am happy to say, I was very agreeably disappointed. The annexed accounts from the city papers gives a fair version of how the affair went off. The Union "regrets their inability to publish the whole of it. Father's manner was plain and unostentatious — voice distinct & clear, but a little too much of the sing-song. The subject matter was excellent, abounding in wit, sentiment and sound advice. Under the circumstances he surpassed himself; and I venture to assert that take most any man who has had no practice of any consequence whatever, & who moreover, has not made a set speech for sixteen years, that he will not do as well.

[Newspaper clipping from the Washington Union entitled, "Distribution of Premiums". Recounts speech made by Horatio King at the Smithsonian Institution.]

[Pamphlet bound into journal from "Distribution of Premiums at the Smithsonian Institution to the Pupils of the Second School District." Washington Union article continued. Newspaper clipping from The States entitled, "Second District Schools-Distribution of Premiums."]

The exercises continued until after 6 when Ma, Mrs. Blackfan, her little daughter and myself took a pleasant ride along the Avenue, around by the depot, & thro. the city generally.

[The States article continued. Evening Star article entitled, "Public School Exhibition."]

A few evenings since by mutual agreement Helen and I exchanged sections of Journal, she receiving that part from page 479 to 526 inclusive — pages 483 to 488 — and 525 being necessarily turned down and sealed, and I that part of her

Journal descriptive of her trip to New York, Lake George, Saratoga, White Mountains, Canada &c. &c. The descriptions were very fine, and I became so much interested, that I spent the major part of last Sabbath — staying from church too, in perusal of it. This was rather heathenish for a graduate of a Methodist and strictly pious (?) institutions: but I told Helen that she alone was responsible for it. I gave her my journal with considerable misgiving, for it is a boyish production, full of ridiculous nonsense — alias love —, College scrapes &c.&c. and is a bad document to place in the hands of any one whom you wish to entertain a good opinion of you. Several verbal explanations were necessary, and I almost repented my bargain; but my word was given— I had read her journal, and there was but one honest course for me to pursue. I did pursue it, trusting to the charity of my reader.

Tuesday July 20th

Called on Helen , and spent a very agreeable evening. She is, undoubtedly, a very fine girl, and I pass the evenings in a very pleasant confab, when with her. Our journals, of course, were the prime topic of conversation, and "of course" (to use her constant attendant in conversation) she was very inquisitive to know of the various persons mentioned by me; and particularly so in regard to "our Coz." — whether she was really a Cousin— and what was her real name. I made a few verbal explanations in reference to one or two points which do not reflect an especial credit upon me; and left at 11 o'clock.

On a subsequent evening, we met, by agreement, to read that part of journals relative to Commencement Week. She spoke very highly of my Oratorical abilities, winding up her description of my speech on "Aristocracy", with the sentence — "Horatio is a beautiful Orator". Of course, due allowance must be made for her friendly prejudice toward me.

She left on the 30th inst. in company with her Father for a tour to the "Lakes", and will be gone until October.

[Copy of letter sent to James Buchanan and Buchanan's reply, December 13 and 14, 1856. Both bound in journal.]

Sunday August 1st

Yesterday, by way of amusement, I wrote off several commandments— a la Ancients— for the especial benefit and perusal of Rovie Grayson. They had particular reference to her predisposition to flirt; and pronouncing condign punishment for the same. Today while seated in the 3d parlor, writing, I was summoned to the door and a boquet— fanciful in the extreme— and the following note placed in my hands by Rovie's sister Julia. In one corner was a small wreath of blue-bells.

"Friend Horatio:

The wonderful, interesting document came to hand today. I was surprised, pleased, and delighted. Have I said enough? I pause for a reply -----.

I have selected a few choice flowers, arranged beautifully, to repay you, for your great exertions, and I think it will deserve something from your poetic pen. I hope you enjoyed your visit while in the country. I presume it was an imaginary one, as I saw you peeping through the blinds yesterday evening about seven o'clock. You see I find out some things, don't I! Your commandments were glorious; if I had time I would try to comment a little on them, but, I suppose it is woman's province to listen, not command."

XX

Your Sincere Friend,
Spence Mourovia".

I immediately replied in the following impromptu lines

To Rovie Spence Grayson

On the reception of a choice boquet of Sunflower, Altheas, Pumpkin blossom, grape leaves &c. &c. concerning which she remarked "I think it will deserve something from your poetic pen".

----- " -----

Poetry from me? "Ye Gods and little fishes!"
 Ye Loving Nine bring on your choicest dishes!
 Start not, nor hide yourselves in fairy bowers,
 But rather cull for me your most ecstatic flowers.
 Of grand poetic art. Commend me now to Rove
 Through each Elysian field & haunted grove,
 Where— oh "heavens alive, who would have thunk—
 My poor, benighted Muse is beastly drunk.
 Oh Spence! can I dispense a line of rhyme
 In thanks that with my soul shall chime?

[Union Philosophical Society Exercises pamphlet, July 10, 1855.]

No! No! weak language can no more impart
 The grateful feelings which oppress my heart,
 Than could an elephant or stupid mule
 Explain the beauties of binomial rule.
 When wresting those choice flowers from their stern,
 Didst count the cost which sure belonged to them?
 The leaves no more protect the naked vine,
 But weak & wilting are entwined with twine.
 The Golden flower— constant as the Sun,
 By Gray—son murdered in remorseless fun.
 The althea will no more by showers be washed,
 And hopes of one large pumpkin, too are squashed.
 Oh ruthless victor! yet many a night endures
 The crush of such a handsome hand as yours.
 Ah me! I'd bow my knee and at thy feet draw near,
 But to receive the favor-ings of so sweet a dear.
 And, lovely one — alas my rhyme must creep,
 The beastly, drunken muse is fast asleep.

Your praises, Rovie, I would longer sing.
But now, I'm truly yours

Horatio King.

Spent a part of the evening with Rove, and had a pleasant time. The impromptu created a great deal of merriment, and my a-muse-ing muserec'd much compliment.

Friday August 20th

Two weeks since I had the pleasure of having Tom Conrad & Mount Cloud here to tea. The first named played a professional (Methodist Minister) trick on me. Shortly after my return from College, he called on, and made a proposition to teach two or three hours each day in his school, at Georgetown, numbering some thirty or forty scholars. I did not encourage the project, and finally told him that I would defer to Father's decision. After consultation with Father & Mother, it was decided inexpedient, inasmuch as the walk was long the compensation must necessarily be small, and teaching would undoubtedly interfere with my "legal pursuits" — alias law studies. I was just on the point of informing him by letter, when Dr. Collins (who was here) said he saw a circular of Tom's in Alexandria with my name down as Assistant. As I am going to Maine on the 1st of Sept. & will not return until the middle of Oct. it will seriously interfere with the duties, but Tom must "hoe his own row". I will probably teach a few months, and then do myself the honor to resign.

[Belles Lettres Society Exercises pamphlet, July 7, 1856.]

Tom Perrie Called on me last Sunday, took me down to the "National" (his stopping place) where we talked over matters and things for two or three hours. Wanted me to go home with him, but being a clerk, at present, I had to decline. Tom is going back to Old Dickinson next Session, & will stay until he graduates, if he does not have a third involuntary shipment. Frank Findlay took me all by surprise, by entering our parlor last evening, just from Abingdon. I was glad to see him, and we talked over old times generally. Frank has been desperately in love with a 2d or 3d Cousin — Nellie Gray of Richmond, and yesterday, much to his

surprise, discarded him. He says that there is such a mystery connected with the whole affair, that he cannot possibly understand it. He thinks that some old heads have been using their influence to make her break the engagement. She certainly does not act voluntarily, for she declines to return, and pleaded that she might keep his picture, ring, letters &c. I think it will all come right some day or other.

We talked of Ellen Humes, and old joys came thronging up before me, which made me sad enough. She has very much changed, growing more beautiful every day. I was very much tempted to write to her, but for fear of more misery, I thought it best to wait. Should I meet her, then I will be the better able to judge whether we can be happy together. During the past year, she has rejected three or four fellows. So there is still encouragement that she may possibly wait for a few years longer.

Atlantic Cable.

The Atlantic telegraph cable is at last laid, and messages are being successfully transmitted from Valentia Bay to Trinity Bay— thence to London— & New York— and all over the telegraphic world. What a glorious achievement for American ingenuity— Franklin & Morse— the former the hamesser & the latter the driver. Physical Science goes hand in hand with civilization and religion.

The (tame) message of the Queen and the splendid message of the President— together with all news appertaining will be found in my Scrap-book.

[Union Philosophical Society Exercises pamphlet, July 8, 1856.]

I wrote, today, the following impromptu lines for Rovie Grayson, who still persists in her refusal to give me a sisterly "buss".

I hope they will bring about a change.

Washington Aug. 20, 58.

Friend Rovie:

A dream which I had a night or so ago was so singular and had such an air of reality about it; that I cannot resist the inclination to transfer it to paper. The fact that "dreams always go by contraries, my dear", (as Rony O'Moore pathetically suggests to his coquettish Catharine, who, not unlike some others I know of, was awful fond of kissing but always resisting) affords decided comfort & encouragement. Excuse me if I record the dream in impromptu & correspondingly bad doggerell.

Blithe Cupid sat smiling one beautiful day.
 Neath the shade of a blushing red rose;
 And near him his quiver & bow, thrown away
 Were piled on his quite scanty clothes.
 (For pictures will have it that Cupid's wild heart
 Is beating so fast and so warm,
 That the coldest of colds which winter can start,
 Can do the young rascal no harm.

U.P.S. Invitation Ticket- 1857

[Pasted in.]

He laughed as I passed & called me by name,
 And placing his thumb on his nose,
 Looked wonderful wise, & said that he came
 To do for me just what I chose—
 That is, in so far as was in his power
 In his line of infinite blisses,
 Or miseries either, for from his quaint bower
 He gave "orders" for jilts or for kisses.
 As jilts were quite sinful and not to the mind
 Of a swain so affectionate as I,
 I begged he would be so exceedingly kind

As to gain me a kiss from a try-
 Ing young lassie whose obstinate heart
 Held tyrannical sway o'er her lips;
 And faithfully promised to pay for his art-
 Ful Manouvres, the sum of three fuss.

[Belles Lettres Society Celebration invitation, June 6, 1857, bound into diary.]

"Egad!" cried the boy. "fork over the tin,
 I'll do for you all that I 'ought ter' ".
 I gave him some money— he said with a grin.
 "I haven't got change for a quarter".
 "Take it all", I replied with a non chalant air
 As if I was worth half a nation,
 But in fact, by the head of Pegasus. I'll swear
 'Twas the last that I had in Creation.
 "Excuse me"— he whimpered— "but who is the girl?
 Perhaps I have never yet caught her?"
 "Why, Rovie!" I answered, "th' invincible churl!"
 "Lord bless me! here, take back your quarter;
 I give you my word, I'd as lieve have a bout
 With the Chief of the Spirits of Evil;
 For tresses of black, such eyes & that pout, —
 I'll swear they are worse than the devil".

Exetent Cupid— Muse and Rex in a fainting condition, on a cellar door.
 Drop Falls.

Let's hear from you soon.
 Rex.

Tuesday Aug 24

Judge Stackwether (Mayor of Cleveland) & Mr. Johnson (of C.) spent the evening with us. The Judge is a very agreeable & entertaining man, and related some very pleasing anecdotes. One in connection with La Fayette was especially

worthy of record. In 1825, an almost unprecedented excitement pervaded this continent at the announcement of La Fayette's intention to visit our shores. The Judge was then quite a boy. When the approach of the vessel was heralded in New York, the whole city collected at the Battery, and as he landed from the vessel, he passed just beneath the Judge, who sat with his legs dangling over the walls. The enthusiasm was immense, and every where the gallant hero went, he was greeted in a way which plainly evinced the depth of gratitude which American bore for the Marquis. But now for the Anecdote, to which the Judge was an eye-witness. While Lafayette was at Cincinnati, he was in charge of a committee of citizens who kept back the crowd to as great extent as was possible. An old and very fat market woman left her stand and drawing near the committee, insisted upon seeing Lafayette but, after a cool survey of her person, they declined her admittance. She still persisted, when Lafayette, hearing the disturbance, came out to inquire, and having found out, confronted the old lady. Said she, "Gen'l Lafayette, do you remember when you left the prison of Olmutz supported between two friends; and as you passed a little stand, that a young Austrian girl gave you a glass of milk"? The general seemed absorbed in deep thought, & nodded in the affirmative. "Well," said she "I was that little girl". The Old general forgot dignity and the presence of the crowd, & threw his arms around the fat market-woman, kissing her again & again. His thoughts were carried back to the relief which he experienced from that simple draught of milk, and his gratitude expressed itself in true french fervor.

[Belles Lettres Society Exercises, July 6, 1857.]

After that, crowds in Cincinnati would gather round to see, to shake hands with and to buy from the market-woman whom Gen'l L. had hugged & kissed.

The dialogue was not given in detail on the other page. She approached him & said.

"You are General Lafayette!

Yes!

You was in the Castle of Olmust?

Yes!

Do you remember a young girl (a good deal younger than she is now) who had things to sell, giving you milk? (The half famished from the prison fare, deeply felt the kindness; and even after so many years had elapsed, it touched a tender chord, and he embraced her, as related on the preceding page.

----- " -----

Our last Wednesday Frank Findlay returned from Abingdon. See three or four pages back.

Wrote four or five pages of rhyme to Ginnie, and a few lines of prose to Mrs. McClure, in return for a very pleasant & interesting letter from them about ten days since.

Annie leaves New York for home next Saturday. As it is awful dull here, I am rather glad to see her here again. However we all leave about the 5th proximo for North.