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Read.

Epitaph.

POEM.

Horatio C. King.

Grim Revolution

~~RENITENT~~ war had stayed his bloody hand,
 And smiling peace o'erspread the stricken land;
 On Yorktown's sandy plains the humbled foe,
 Despising still the hand that dealt the blow,
 Laid down their arms, and then from main to main
 Each swelling heart took up the glad refrain,
 "Peace reigns once more: America is free
 And consecrated to true liberty."
 On Bunker's height, on Saratoga's field,
 At Valley forge, the patriots blood had sealed
 The solemn vow, the despot rule no more
 Shall curse the annals of this holy shore!
 Raise high your voice! ring out, glad bells,
 God bless the land where freedom dwells!

 "Peace hath her victories no less than war,"
 And education~~at~~ her triumphal car
 Speeds on 'gainst ignorance and crime,
 And lays foundations for all time.

2

No land is free where ignorance prevails:

'Tis ^clak of knowledge everywhere assails
True liberty. And thus our fathers thought,
And out of conflict speedily they brought
The reawakened colleges and schools-----
Where education reigns, no despot rules.

In times like these, our Alma Mater's morn
Dawned in the east, and Dickinson was born.

A weakly babe at first, and humble too,
Its cradle in an alley; (1) soon it grew

To larger frame, and then its limbs outspread
Until it took a barrack^s(2) for its bed.

But driven out, up rose the sombre pile,
"Whose every window has a beckoning smile,"
Uncouth West College, reverend and gray,

Which rose superior to fire and fray, (3)
And nurtures yet, through lightning, rain and hail,
The wondrous maiden with the gaudy tail. (4)

So spoke I just a year ago to-day

And told of Nisbet and his canny sway (5)

3

Those happy days when Nisbet~~(N)~~ held the rod,
And young-old students trod the Campus sod;
With quaint knee breeches, homespun socks, and cues,
And massive buckles on their cumbrous shoes.
No locomotive screaming through the town,
✓ No nervous travellers skurrying up and down;
No daily press to vex the quiet brain;
No telegraph, no news of greed or gain;
No matches, save perchance the better kind
That made in heaven leave no fumes behind.
How blest their lot with all the world shut in,
And far removed from business strife and din,
They coned their lessons by the feeble light
Of tallow dips, nor vexed the peaceful night
With late excursions in pursuit of cheer,
At Brown's or Schweitzer's on forbidden beer.

✓ Contended they, if only for a while,
They felt the sunshine of their sweethearts' smile,
Or gathered round the festive board to sip
The fragrant nectar of the tempting flip.
No naughty sprees to Sulphur Springs or Holly;
No morn repentance o'er the evenings folly;
No racking pain, no guilt betraying eyes,
No head distended to full twice its size;
No lessons missed, no shirking prayers on Sunday,

No ill-formed, gauzy lies to tell on Monday. (6)
 Ah, perfect race, the race that's always gone,
 Its failings fade like night before the dawn;
 Its virtues shine when immortality begins,
 And death wipes out a multitude of sins.

Ah, joyful mine, (7) who, back in eighty-seven,
 First reached that portal of the student's heaven,
 Commencement day. A solid college nine,
 Not of the modern kind, whose only sign
 A bat and ball, but Seniors grave and proud
 With wisdom filled to start the gaping crowd.

I see one now with trepidation stand,
The shaking essay in his nervous hand,
 While furtive glances steal along the aisle,
 For inspiration from his sweetheart's ~~smile~~ smile;
 The anxious heart-beat when the moment came
 To launch the earliest hard wrought bid for fame;
 The bold advance, the timid hesitation,
 The prompter and the look of supplication;
 The sweet relief that followed quick the bow,
 The loud applause, the scarlet flashing brow,
 When down the aisle the dapper Junior came,
 With gorgeous flowers from some lovely dame.

Was ever moment so elate as this,
 The very essence of ecstatic bliss?
 Unless it be when clasped in fond embrace,
 Forgetful quite of all the human race,
 He heard sweet praise from rosy trembling lips,
 Which sank all other praise in dark eclipse.
 Know you the picture? You all answer yea
 'Tis now as 't was a hundred years to-day.

Swift sped the years, and classes came and went,
 ✓ With Davidson, Atwater, and McKnight as President;
 Then Mason, Spencer, How. The old regime
 Gave way to Durbin and the age of steam.
 With him began the golden college days,
 ✓ And white ^{raised} veterans still proclaim their praise.
 With Allen, Caldwell, Emory, known to fame,
 And John M'Clintock of beloved name.
 In thirty-five, South College raised its head;
 ✓ In thirty-six East College. Thus time sped
 On ever hastening wings; and Baird and Crooks,
 ✓ Imperial masters of ~~the~~ ^s abstruse^t books,
 ✓ And Sudler, Marshall, Tiffany, and Peck,
 And Johnson, Wentworth and-but here I check
 My hasty muse to dwell on pleasant scenes

Familiar still in night or waking dreams,
 That passed before me by a happy fate,
 From eighteen fifty-four to fifty-eight.

The happiest time in every student's knowledge,
 ✓ The glorious days when they themselves in college,
 ✓ Made history which time cannot efface,
 And memory lingers, joyful to retrace.

The anxious schoolboy stands at wisdom's bar,
 And asks admission to the Freshman car;
 And happy he the barriers to pass

✓ That gave him entry to the Freshman class:
 Determined that in every point he'll win,
 By patient toil, and sanguine soon to pin
 With diamond stars his unknown humble name

High up athwart the glistening scroll of fame.
 With zealous care divides the scanty hours,
 Nor recreation seeks in pleasure's ~~XXXXX~~,x bowers.

Electioneerers waste their wiles on him,
 Parnassus' heights he climbs with visage grim.

No cheap cigar, no ten cent plate of cream
 Shall clog the channels of that rushing stream
 Of knowledge vast; and so in conscious pain

He stores the cells with unremitting ~~pain~~ strain,
 ✓ Of what the youth is pleased to ^{call} ~~call~~ his brain.

Alas, how soon our resolutions fade!
 With some they disappear as soon as made.
 On every hand and turn seductive stands
 The siren, Pleasure, with extended hands;
 And first and last, and deadly fatal still,
 Each awkward Jack confronts his graceful Jill.
 Ah, serious fate, no subject for your laughter!
 Jack falls in love, and Jill comes tumbling after.

A roseate hue emblazons every sky,
 And maudlin madness mirrors in his eye.
 His muse, as gently as a cooing dove,
 Indites rhymed nonsense to his pensive love.
 He buys a ring, nor tells his trustful father,
 But charges it to stationery rather.
 Ah, halcyon days, how quickly are they fled!
 She smiles on someone else- each dog, 'tis said,

- ✓ Must have his day- and so the loving ring
- ✓ With sweet excuses, stripped of every string,
 Comes back, and life is black with clouds,
- ✓ And hope lies swathed in sombre shrouds,
- ✓ For one whole week, perhaps, or may be less;
 A new love drives away the deep distress,
- ✓ And hope invested in the golden ^hhand
_^
 Finds sweet contentment on some other hand.

A year has passed, the first one of the four,
 The Freshman blossom into Sophomore.
 Withe polished hat and natty little cane,
 With smile serene and heavy weighted brain.
 The wonder grows that thirty years should pass
 Ere here we knew ^{the animal} ~~and~~ a Sophomore ~~of~~ class.
 The startling theory staggers all belief,
 That Freshman veal should grow to Junior beef
 Without the one year's intervening meal
 Of Sophomore flesh---- that's neither beef nor veal.

Slow lags the year, but still at last'tis spent,
 The pride of Juniors fills a continent.
 The ladies, gracious as a summer morn,
 Smile on them now,--- nor leave them all fo'lorn;
 While anxious mammas welcome their advances,
 And cautious fathers ask their business chances.

✓ Alas, too soon, the happy year is sped!
 Its easy work and fond allurements fled;
 And Seniors now the sterner duties press
 Them onward in the path of manliness.

✓ With haughty ^o ~~man~~ and pride but half concealed,
 His knowledge vast yet partially revealed,
 He ~~struts~~ ^{struts} these halls and holds his lordly sway,
 Yet conscious every canine has his day:
 For Senior pride will often have its fall
 With flunks at recitation and a call
 To Prex's office and a reprimand:
 I see him now in nervous tremor stand;
 Dos't recognize the picture? Yea, 'tis true,
 And memory brings it vividly to view.

Too swiftly passed the fleeting years, and now
 The longed for parting day has come; yet how
 With mingled thoughts of joy and pain
 We leave the pleasant scenes that ne'er again
 Shall some revisit! For in truth, death's roll
 Grows wondrous fast, and on the lengthening scroll
 Is written many a loved and honored name,
 Which never, never can be lost to ~~his~~ fame.

The years flow on and Emory beloved,
 Peck, Collins, Johnson on the canvass moved-
 Dashiell, Macauley had their honored day,
 When Reed, our cherished leader, came to stay.

What pen terrestrial e'er can fitly tell
 The many deeds these men have done so well,
 Their record shines upon a golden page,
 Resplendent, worthy, yea, of any age.

A hundred years and add yet twenty two,
 Our Alma Mater's Age: see how she grew
 From small beginnings to a noble group
 Of stately structures from whose doors there troop
 A half a thousand - each a loyal son
 To share with her the honors yet unwon.

Through troublous seas our craft has ploughed her way,
 But hope held regnant in the darkest day;
 Our hearts recall with gratitude sublime,
 The ready aid which came from time to time:
 The names of Beaver, Tome, McFadden, Todd,
 Of Denny, Patton, Kessler, Smith, who trod
 This bounteous earth as almoners of God:
 And Carroll, Lloyd and Hoffman, Bosler, Spring, (8)
 With grateful voices we their praises sing.

Now comes again another canny Scotch
✓ To bless our Mother with his Midastouch
Carnegie - may he have his heart's desire
To live and live and nevermore expire
Till all his bounteous wealth, with lavish hand
✓ Is sown broadcast to bless a needy land:
To him we raise our glass - Oh noble giver
May you and all like you live on forever.

Dear Alma Mater, may each coming year
Bring thee increasing strength and royal cheer:
Thy noble past inspires to nobler deeds-
Ambition still on high ambition feeds.
Our hearts are wholly thine!

My task is done:

God bless forever dear Old Dickinson!

NOTES.

- (1) The original building in an alley is now used as a public school .
- (2) Carisle barracks, erected by the Hessians, were occupied by the College for a time.
- (3) West College was burned in 18~~64~~⁶⁵ and shelled by the Confederate forces in 1864.
- (4) The mermaid weather vane.
- (5) Dr. Nesbit was first President.

NOTES. (continued)

- (6) Excuses for absence were made to the President on Mondays.
 - (7) The first Senior class numbered nine graduates.
 - (8) The most conspicuous benefactors of the College have been Thomas Beaver, Jacob Tome, David H. Carroll, Alexander McFadden, George Kessler, Mrs. James W. Bossler, the sisters, Mrs. Mary O'Hara Spring and Miss Matilda W. Denny, John Patton, Alexander E. Patton, Mrs. Eliza Powers Hoffman, Miss Eliza E. Smith, Mrs. Sarah A. Todd and Andrew Carnegie.
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Garrett, Alexander Hutchings, George Hendler, Mrs.

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Spring and Miss Lavinia W. Denny, John Patton,

Alexander M. Patton, Mrs. Eliza Newell Hollman,

Miss Eliza E. Smith, Mrs. Sarah A. Todd and Andrew

Carnegie.

Beaver
Dickinson College