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The Diary of Horatio Collins King Dickinson College Class of 1858

Fall 1857

[Pages 449 - 464 ripped out]

October 24th Saturday.

Delivered my first Senior Speech at 10 ½ A.M. in presence of an august assemblage of Seniors, Juniors, and a varied mixture of Freshmen and Preps, together with Miss Stayman, and a couple of the Collin's children. Knew my speech, made no blunders, and am consequently satisfied. Subject of Speech— "America vs. England. The pleasure of this day is embodied in a trip to Irving Female with Kent Dukes. At 1 ½ o'clock, we proceeded in a "rockaway" to Mechanicsburg, at which place we arrived after an agreeable ride, at 3 ½ o'clock. Proceeded to the College, and the first person who greeted our vision was Monsieur Coover— the Saphead, who cordially invited us to enter the parlor, where after a few moment's expiration, our Coz. Annie Sharp came in, and extended a very cordial greeting. Many words of pleasant meaning passed between us, until the alarm bell announced the hour for evening prayers, when Mr. Marlatt entered, and invited us out to the School-room, to write in the service. Arriving there, imagine my feelings on being seated on a rostrum facing thirty fine young ladies. My courage rather failed me, and I took refuge behind the small, tho' accomodating prayer book.

After prayers, we were ushered into the dining room, where I was compelled to undergo the torture of facing a row of mischievious girls, and notwithstanding I have generally very good command over my visible faculties, they failed me this time, and was compelled to draw forth my capacious handkerchief and conceal the snicker awaken by the sympathetic grin, which lit

up the countenances of that side of the table. Annie Burly, quite a fine looking girl (in which respect she differs considerably from her Cousin Sam Hopkins) was especially full of fun, and her jollity was undoubtedly contagious. After tea, we had the pleasure of observing the young ladies in the graceful motions of the mazy dance, although the large skirts, covered with plain calicoes looked anything but poetical, at least they failed to inspire my rhymical Muse. Wearying of this, we returned to the parlor, occupying the time in singing, playing &c., and occasionally throwing in an affectionate side glance, and an encouraging word. Mr. & Mrs. Marlett paid their respects, and sat a few minutes, and subsequently Miss Lizzie Adkins (Sister of Mrs. M.) came in, and was duly introduced to me. While Kent and Miss A. were particularly engaged in an opposite part of the room, Annie and I took our stations in the rear of the Piano, and having performed "The Monastery Bells" for the entertainment of Miss A, I turned to Annie, and remarked that I was strongly tempted to answer her little note rec'd in vacation; and inquired, "had I done so, would she have answered it. Her reply being rather encouraging, I ventured to inquire, sh'd she receive an anonymous letter in my hand writing, would she answer it. As a matter of course, there was the requisite amount of hesitation; hence, I proceeded to lay the case before her in every light. (1st) Whether she was restrained by the Laws of the College, (2d) on the insufficient length of our acquaintance (3d) want of friendship on (4th) my unworthiness of her friendship. All these were abrogated, and she expressed herself hurt, that I should even entertain a doubt of her friendship; for said she, "it remains as strong, as when we parted last session. After considerable and elaborate explanation, she replied, "you write, and I will see about it". I told her I could not write on such a condition, for I should sorely dislike to suffer the chagrin of a non-answered epistle. She then said, "I will if I can", and after showing her the possibility of the case, she answered "I will". I thanked her, and said that I should honor the trust imposed in me, and to impress the whole upon our minds, expressed our feelings by pressing her hand and receiving a cordial pressure in return. The correspondence is to be strictly confidential, and purely of a friendly character, although undoubtedly embodying sentiments of the strongest friendship. I wonder if anything serious will result— She is a fine girl, but unfortunately, "we are rather young to marry yet." Kent is entirely in Obscuro, as I had the pleasure of drawing "the wool over his eyes" relative to our silently agreeable confab. Wouldn't he raise the wind, if he was cognizant of the fact. Ha! ha! He is rather indisposed to trust my, to him, apparent fickleness. What a gummy to suppose that he alone was to enjoy the privilege and pleasure of her

correspondence. I have told this affair to Chum— Slape— who was most exceedingly surprised. I should have felt bound to keep it secret from him, were it not that I am not able to counterfeit a female hand. Ali directs the letters, Asst. Postmaster blots the postmark, and I am inclined to believe the Authorities of Irving Female will not discover or break off this agreeable correspondence. But in the language of the Great Unknown— "Esto perpetua". Amen.

[Pages 469 - 470 ripped out]

[Newspaper clipping from Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper. Entitled "Horatio King, First-Assistant Postmaster-General."]

The preceding, I happened on accidentally, Father being too modest to call my attention to it. The likeness is as correct as the majority of wood cuts. The biography is not exact, as will be seen by comparison with the one previously inserted. Father informs that this was gotten up through no particular agency of his: he merely giving his consent.

Another piece of rhythm which appeared in the Herald a few weeks since. A previous scrap— is preserved in my scrap book. I should quit writing, were it not that I am forced into it. The "Shippensburg News" and "Herald" come to hand regularly; hence I must write some for them in order to relieve myself from any particular obligation. Well I write for the "Papers" and not for Fame.

[Poetry article from "The Suicide" by King.]

October 28th, Wednesday

Received a very pleasant letter from Libbie Mytinger: also from Mil Roberts now in W. Society meeting. Another member initiated, which makes the number already put through about 24 or 25. Counsellor absent, and I was appointed pro tem. Question— "Is civil liberty more indebted to physical suffering than to mental culture"— decided by Judges in Aff. Election (I suppose) came off in B.L. Soc. ΦK 's stood right.

October 30th Friday.

Φ.Κ.Σ. met and initiated Weech in 1st degree. 1st no. of Periodical read, and produced a great and pleasing sensation. Contents. Editorial, and a doggerel ode to E chap— by Stevenson. Ludicrous description of Wedding, and "The dying Minstrels farewell to his harp (poetry) by Slape, and Hulsey's lament over his lost hat, by King. All took first rate. Adjourned.

October 31st Saturday.

Received a very pleasant and exceedingly friendly letter from "my friend and cousin Annie". It was soul-cheering, and I was very agreeably disappointed. Flicker and his little wife returned this morning.

Mount Cloud, and I hired a team, and drove out to Papertown. Stopped at Moore's tavern. Loafed around, visiting the Paper Mill &c. where we met Steve, Baer, Chum, Zimmerman [George Henry Zimmerman, Class of 1859], Brooking and Hopkins [Samuel Coombe Hopkins, Class of 1858]. Chum, Zim, Cloud and I stayed for supper, while the remainder returned to Carlisle. Got pretty well warmed up, and discussed politics, thereby pleasing some rustics who happened in. The democratic principles seemed to be especially pleasing to them. Enjoyed a first rate supper, after which, loafing about for awhile, we concluded to turn our faces homeward, and then follow our noses. The hostler refused the usual fee "because you (me) are sich a good dimicrat". Drove in in short metre, rode around town, brought up at the livery stable, forked over the "swindle", proceeded to eat some oysters— came to Steve's room- took some ale— then proceeded to bed.

Such is life: But not always so happy as today. Annie's letter afforded great pleasures— friendly letters always do, and there was something so genial and refreshing in this particular one, that I was forced, by an inconceivable power, to peruse it several times. But if the correspondence should be discovered, then there would be the— mischief to pay.

November 9th Monday

I am lying on the bed, my wearied head propped by pillows, and my friendly portfolio resting upon the white spread. Chum, seated opposite me, by the small

light-stand which has been drawn up to the bedside, is enjoying the pages of "Sisimond's Literature". Altogether we form a social picture. I have been dreaming over past events, and I seize my pen to transfer them to paper. Memory carries me back through the long vista of years, and I behold, spread out before me a heart cheering panorama. Life is truly a checkered scene, but mine, thanks to a Kind Providence presents bright spots, with only here and there a shadow. I am blessed with an affectionate heart, and half my happiness in life has been in loving. I have been dreaming of my old sweet hearts, the loved ones of former days. The Georgy Rollins, Victoria Trook, Rovie Grayson Dolie Clark, Laura Marlow, Cis Woodward, Mal Van Hoff, Mattie Porter, and a host of others long since forgotten: Georgy is the happy wife of a Merchant, and leads a joyful life in Richmond. And Rovie G. dear girl is living now in New Orleans— thousands of miles away. What a world of memories cluster around that name— She was one of my earliest flames. Beautiful, fascinating and bewitching, she captivated the sensitive heart of the little boy, clad in the short round about, and square cut pants, "Oh how I loved her, and then, when I was just digesting the first principles of the Latin Grammar, I would run over "amare" in my mind, and dwell with particular stress upon the 1st person present "amo". But she was fickle, and left me to mourn. How I ground my teeth together, and almost wished that I could die; but soon pride came to my relief, and when we met, I passed her with a haughty, patronizing air which stung her to the quick. A year passed, and then how I exulted over my success. Mrs Taylor, at her request, planned a meeting for the former little lovers. It was christin as morning that I entered Mrs. T's hospitable mansion. Alex met me at the door, and told me all. Ah, how my exultant heart beat, and I exhibited plainly my indifference. For I took Alex off the sitting room, and talked long on ordinary matters. Then I condescended to go down into the parlor, and to be introduced to Miss Mourovia. She tried to be familiar, but I spoke in monosyllables, and my responses to her gayety and sociability were stiff and unencouraging. To all others, I was the same lively boy, and the contrast stung her again to the quick. After that, we were simply friends.

Letitia Taylor, a dear girl & I did not mention her— made a strong impression— She was a noble little girl, and has made a splendid woman. But she was called off to Mississippi, and there, after the lapse of several years, married her cousin. She is a mother now. May a kind Heaven shower down blessings upon her.

Dolie Clark— my matronly little sweetheart, who when she was severely teased concerning me, remarked "well I don't care, my mother approves of my choice", has found a pleasant home in the wilds of Nebraska. The family all reside in Omaha City, where they went two years since. May she marry well— for she is worthy.

Cis Woodward— my flame when I was sweet sixteen. A very beautiful and graceful girl. The recollections give some slight twinges to my conscience, for there was more flirtation than love. We would swear by the moon, whose profile, no doubt, as represented in comic almanacs, was expanded into a grin at the ridiculous frame we were cutting. She assured me that "her mother approved of her choice", but I didn't, so we parted, rather inimically, but time soon restored us to friendly terms. Cis' Father was strict, and— sent her off to school: but schools are not proof positive against love; so her heart quickly healed up, and she is now and has been for some time engaged to a young Dr. Hammet.

Mattie's wooing is given in the journal— our love, and the breaking up— but the sequel is the best part. Ned Griffith wooed her, and it was thought, with success. Imagine my surprise, therefore, when, all being convened at the Sewing circle held at Mrs. Rheems, Minnie Mytinger informed me that she was deputized to act as intercession between Mat and I. She made several important disclosures which not only surprised, but disgusted me. 1st That Mattie did not love Ned G, 2d That She still loved me above all others— 3. That if I would only call on her, she could dispel any misunderstanding which had arisen. I told Minnie that I scorned Mattie's advances, and had she addressed me personally, I would have scorned her— She had acknowledged that she made Ned Griffith a tool through which she might reclaim me, and I despised her for it. It was my wish that she should know my feelings, and that all the combined powers of earth could not lead me to her, for there is no misunderstanding with me. So ended the matter. Since then, Mat and Ned arranged matters; but I have learned of late that they are on nettles. Poor Ned— I pity him— No woman should make so complete a slave of me. Such is life.

Passing over the minor love scrapes, we come to the lovely little creature— Rachael Medary. Black eyes (such as poets love to dwell on), raven tresses, beautiful countenance, and exquisite figure. What can I say of her, more than I

have already written heretofore. She is to be married in Dec. is coming here on a bridal tour. Alas poor Yorick— Alas Horatio—

So ends that stong—

Skipping Libbie M— (that was merely temporary affection, called out by the force of circumstances) let me dream awhile of Coz. Annie. What power has in the jet black eye, and the raven tresses! They send frequent, and unaccountable thrills through a sensitive heart. But do I love her? Ah, it is well that I should ask myself the question. No, no, I do not, yet there is a certain indefinable feeling which fills my soul, when I think of her, and I can not drive it off. I sometimes think it only a cousinly affection, but unfortunately, such is often times dangerous. But enough— let the sequel tell the story—

Ellen H— comes last— it was the longest— Another example of misplaced confidence, of misapplied affections. May she be ever happy— may her path through life be strewn with flowers alone— Farewell all. My dream is ended.

[Dickinson College Commencement Program from July 9, 1857. Lithograph of A.H. Slape. "Prize Contest of the Junior Class." "Forensic and Gas-Tronomic Display of Junior DeBility." "Roll of the Epsilon Chapter, Phi Kappa Sigma Fraternity."]

November 11th. Wednesday.

The $\Phi.K.$'s learned from Ben Purcel, present assistant in the Grammar School, that their organization has been disclosed to the Faculty, by some person or persons to us unknown. Ben had a long conversation with Prof. Johnson who favors the order, and J. advised that we should draw up a memorial, stating our ignorance of the law against secret societies, the benefits of the organization, and praying that it may be duly legalized. In case of emergency, we held a meeting and acted upon this hint. The memorial was drawn up, and a list of full members sent in accompanying it. In the mean time we put Perry, Zimmerman, and Pennel through the 1st degree. The Faculty kept us in uncomfortable suspense, until Friday, the 27th. Jn. invited all the members to his room; and invited them to sign a paper promising a discontinuance of the order, which all, after a long winded speech by Dr. accordingly did. We held a final meeting at 9 P.M. and formally disbanded. Messrs. Perry, Zimmerman and Pennel then reorganized, admitted

some of the old members, who deemed the $\Phi.K.$ oath more binding than the promise, and were willing to lay aside a few conscientious scruples. Among those admitted were, Hulsey, Slape, Cloud, Tyler [John Severn Tyler, Class of 1860, non-graduate] and myself— John Hays being already a member.

We proceeded to an election for officers which resulted in— Slape A, Cloud Y. Hulsey, B, & E. King I. and the other offices duly filled by the members. So we still flourish, but the most profound secrecy is required, and the least suspicion would almost be our College death warrant. All adjourned in high spirits, and will probably hold no more meetings this session. All old members flourish around in their badges, much to the chagrin of our enemies who anticipated for us a large number of minus-marks or suspension.

So much for our glorious order— Mil Roberts and I called on Minnie Moore a few days since and were cordially received. This evening we took the guitar and violin along and spent an hour in accompanying Minnie on the Piano a Forte. Left at 9 in order to attend to $\Phi.K.\Sigma.$

A few weeks since, the following "Pome" was published in the "Herald", and was well received. I sent a copy to Father, and rec'd the following encomium.

"My dear Horatio:

I rec'd a copy of the Carlisle Herald, containing your "pome" on "The Creation," and I might as well tell you at once that I and all to whom I have shown it were much pleased with it. It is admirably well done— all agree— and quite original withal. If you never do worse you will have no cause to feel ashamed.

I have sent it to Merriam and asked him to copy it without mentioning the name of the writer".

So much for Father's judgement. Merriam (a former clerk in the App't Office) is now Edition of a Concord paper, N.H. I have since seen in it in The Mariettan (Pa) paper. It will probably go the rounds. It was not intended for publication, but merely for a composition to be read in the Union Hall, in her of spending time on a prose and probably prosy article----

[Poetry by King entitled, "The Creation."]

The "Dance of Death," was written for and published in the "Shippensburg News". Father has not as yet seen it. It is considered tolerable good. The style is somewhat original. It was subsequently read in the Union Society in connexion with a revery, soon to be published in the "School Room Ledger," which is got up at the Herald Office. It was very well received, being unusually applauded. At the particular request of George Green, the juvenile carrier of the Herald. I have written the New Year's Address for 1858, which closes my rhythmical labors for 1857 at least. I have promised to supply a series of "Reveries" for the Ledger, which will afford me both instruction and amusement. The cultivation of this easy style of writing is very advantageous. The hifalutin I try as much as possible to avoid. My literary labors will probably remain dormant for a few weeks, unless I send a letter or so from Washington, descriptive of things in general there.

[Poetry by King entitled, "The Dance of Death."]

November 25th Wednesday.

Society meeting at usual hour, and election of Officers. There is a click, headed by W.E. Stewart [William Eccleston Stewart, Class of 1859, non-graduate] and Faust [Ambrose J. Faust, Class of 1859, non-graduate] and composed of the larger part of the new members and a few of the old, endeavored with their usual avidity to triumph over an imaginary click, sustained by the F.K.'s. To the surprise of a few, and the great contempt of the majority, Caldwell was found to be among the number. He and Joe Wright— a perfect cipher— were the only Seniors engaged with them. Faust and Baer for presidency— the former being beaten by 8 or 10 majority. Brooking, Warfield, Beckwith [Jeremiah Howard Beckwith, Class of 1859], and Slavens [Duke Slavens, Class of 1859]— all our men— the first named, Vice President and the last three elected Counsellors. Melds— their man, librarian— Whisner [Peter Harrison Whisner, Class of 1860]— ours— Treasurer— and the union offices were about equally divided, we not taking any particular interest therein. W.E. Stewart and myself were arrayed against each other for the Censorship. I had previously refused the office, and only consented to run, because they informed me that they could find no one to gain so many votes as myself. I was beaten by two votes— the sequel will show how. The succeeding Wednesday, from various causes, W.E. Stewart's election was declared illegal. The

causes were— 1st That two votes— Brookings (for Downes) and myself (for McPherson [Samuel McClung McPherson, Class of 1858]) were not read out. 2d A vote marked "For Censor— W.E. Stewart" and subscribed W.E. Stewart" was found, and S— denying that he voted for himself, it was pronounced illegal. Another illegal vote was also found.

3d The Secretary's and Assistant Secretary's papers did not agree. I declined running again, and Best was nominated by our party. After a tough time, in which I did some effective electioneering, Best was elected by the President's casting vote. This was a glorious triumph, and did me more good than all the rest put together. That crowd then decided against them, and was sustained by the house. An attempt was made to contest Best's election, but my motion to adjourn, which was carried by the casting vote, knocked the whole thing in the head. Our society is in a most terrible condition— constant in quarreling and bickering, and W.E. Stewart, the monomamac or ass is the bane of the Soc. The subsequent Wednesday, that crowd appealed from the President's decision in regard to his right too two votes. But having the authority of Hon. Lemnel Todd, M.C. and precedent also, the president was sustained. W.J. Stevenson, the presiding officer in this crisis, did his duty well. After Bob Baer had delivered his mangaral, Faust asked permission to make a few remarks. He thanked his friends for their kindness and support, and then began rather too personal a tirade against clicks, when the Pred't called him to order. The have nothing to chuckle over, except the great chagrin of having made immense exertions, and their being beaten by those who had made none.

December 8th Thursday.

During the week, by particular request of Minnie Moor, I spent a couple of afternoons with her, and while she played an original march, set it to music for her. It was quite pretty, and the duty proved to be quite interesting. She dedicates it to Col. Crittenden, the commanding officer of the Garrison.

This morning, we were awakened by Watts— the janitor when he came in to make the fire— with the inquiry, as to whether we had seen the hand bills which were pasted around college. Thinking some fun to be afloat, we tore one off of the wall near our door. It was composed of 1st A Scene at Faculty meeting introducing among others, B.C. Lippincott, Fleming, Jake Rheem and old man

Philips. This was very well done. The remainder was poor doggerel and low wit. The perpetrators were unknown, but rumour laid it upon Caldwell, Myers, Wehner & W. Stewart. Caldwell heard that I had said it was he. So after recitation feeling his dignity torched, he approached me in the lecture room (Wilson's) and inquired if "I said, on my own authority that he was the author of that paper". I answered that "I did not on my own authority, but that a large number had made the remark of him." He then said, "if I did make the change on my own authority I was a malicious liar," and added that "I knew who did it". I promptly called him an unqualified liar, and he struck at me and missed me. I struck at him, but he jumped back and was brought up standing by the post. Wilson being near at hand, Mount Cloud stepped in between us. I left him to make up a recitation, remarking that I would see him again. After dinner, went to library to perform my duties as Sub-Librarian. Caldwell came in a few minutes for the close of Library to return some books. I stepped up to him, and remarked that we could settle that little affair now. He asked, "what affair?" "The affair of the morning", I said. He replied that "he had nothing to settle". "I presume you are aware", said I, "That I gave you the unqualified lie"? He answered, "so did I give you the lie". I then laid down my hat, and began. Struck him a blow in the face which staggered him. His fighting, showed him to be a coward, for he would not hold his head up. I had to struck upwards. Gave him a severe blow in the eye which sent him reeling backwards, and soon after, I hit him a beautiful lick right over the right eye, which knocked him against the book shelves clear across the room. The Librarian—Warfield— then very inopportunately for me— stopped the fun. We fought about four or five minutes, during which time, he gave me only blows about the chest which of course I did not feel. For three or four days, I had his right eye in mourning, and a large blue knot just above it. I have the credit of giving him an excellent and well deserved thrashing. If we had been uninterrupted, I should have beaten him unmercifully.

It was a source of considerable surprise to all that I came off victorious, for Caldwell is much larger frame than me, and weight at least twenty pounds more. He complains that I was too active for him. That's so, Johny Roach. I have received the hearty congratulations of my intimate friends, as Caldwell is very unpopular in College, and especially despicable to the Senior Class. The fight created much more excitement than the paper. It is now very satisfactorily determined that those before named did originate & publish the sheet. I am inclined to think that Caldwell, and friends will not issue such another slommiky affair.

December 12th Saturday.

I may mention here that I have written and received two letters from Annie Sharp, which will be duly preserved. She writes a very pleasant, cordial and entertaining letter, is a worthy correspondent. In length, they have been respectively 8 and 6 pages— I make it a rule to write always (to her) eight. But to the enjoyment of the day. At 2 o'clock, Kent and I, in a machine, started for Mechanicsburg, which after a long and rough ride over frozen ground, we reached. The house being duly stalulated, we went up to the College, we had the pleasure of meeting Marlatt, Coover and Mrs. M— and subsequently Annie S. It was evident that my presence was not particularly agreeable to those high in authority at Irving. Mrs. M. tried to entertain and failed.

Annie did not dare to say anything, for fear of being subsequently lectured by Mrs. M— and thus the party sat. At 6, the prayer bell rang— and we being excused, A— went to prayers. Soon the supper bell rang— we were invited to partake, but excused ourselves, not feeling at all inclined to make a public exhibition of ourselves before thirty or forty girls. Were excused, and left with the promise of attending the revival then in progress at the M.E. Church. Took Supper, and went to meeting. College girls— about 20 or more— came in. Joe Coover, Kent & I went up into the Gallery, where we had a good view of all, and especially of Annie. Bro. Dunlap edified us with a very good sermon, and then Bro. Marlatt exhorted. The invitation hymn was sung, and quite a number went forward, among whom were several school girls. Excitement rose to a tremendous pitch— four were converted. The evening previous six of the College girls experienced the blessing of sins forgiven, among whom was friend Annie. But not to be tedious— at 10 o'clock the services closed— Kent went home with his Cousin, and I took Sallie P. (now Mrs. Coover). She gave me the usual fund of wholesome advice, and intimated that I was becoming very wild, or rather was already so. I knew she had heard some false reports and I so informed her, thus setting all things to rights. We reached "Irving" in a short time, when I had a ½ minute to address a private word to Annie, although Mrs. C. & M. were near at hand. From her change of heart. I was afraid that she would be dis inclined to continue the correspondence. I whispered, "shall I write"? She warmly replied "of course, of course". This was highly satisfactory. We shook hands all round, not excepting Annie, and departed. Settled our bills, and after an infernally long ride over that rough— frozen road, feeling almost the impossibility of the light

buggy's standing the various shocks received, we reached C. at one o'clock. We had the satisfaction of seeing our Cousin once more. To me it is probably the last visit, unless I can induce a bona fide cousin to grace the institution with her presence. However I shall see her occasionally in Carlisle, I sincerely hope.

December 13th Sunday.

Wrote an eight page letter to Annie, referring to last night's trip, and future arrangements. Indulged a sermon on my feelings regarding religion, and my future destiny. This was of course, called forth by reason of her change. Spoke also of my going home, and the pleasures in wait for me. Took a look at the dark side of the picture in behalf of those who will miss a Father's welcome, a Mother's embrace, a sister's caresses, a brothers fervent grasp. Through the kindness of Josh Warfield, who initiated Kent Duke's hand writing up to a T, I was enabled to forward the letter. Every precaution is necessary to prevent the authorities of Irving from discovery our secret. Warfield, of course, has promised the most profound secrecy.

I received some three weeks since, a pleasant letter from Gertie Clark, informing me of her intended marriage near the close of the year, and extending an invitation to me to act as 2d groomsmen, — which, doubtless, was put in by way of compliment. The various preparations for the important occasion, so occupied her mind, that she did not give me the particulars, but promised them in a future letter. I sincerely hope that she may find a worthy husband, for she will be a kind, and affectionate wife. All my old friends are being married off, while I remain single: soon I will probably be solus — isolated, and will seek refuge in the embrace of some beautiful maid; provided of course, that I can find one ready and willing to received me.

Ha! ha! the idea of getting married is supremely ridiculous. I mean not only in connexion with the present, but also with the future. The idea of being a Father— having a bevy of snubby-nosed, dirty-faced brats stretching their soiled hands beseechingly toward me and pathetically asking for a cent. With an empty pocket, imagine me replying "nary red." Having a cradle, a crib, a trundle bed, and other such necessary fixtures— having my eyes graced each night on retiring, with several pairs of very small shoes, and near to the bedside, a pair of long stockings and delicate gaiters. Having people to ask "Mr. K. how's your family"? or the other

standby for brief conversation, "how's your wife? But enough of this, for I don't believe it will ever be realized.

December 15th Tuesday:

I was most agreeably surprised this day by the reception of a delicate little missive from Mourovia Grayson— now in New Orleans— ostensibly for the purpose of inquiring if "I really did send her the lithograph likeness of myself, which Sarah— her sister who lately reached there from Washington— placed in her hands. Now it will not be thought egotistic in me, if I express my doubts as to whether she was really dubious on that point, but rather she deemed it a sufficient opportunity, and a delicate way also of opening a correspondence. I answered her note, I trust, satisfactorily, and it is evident to my mind that the mutual desire of a regular correspondence will be gratified. Rovere is beautiful, slightly coquettish, frank, affectionate &c, &c, and writes a spicy and agreeable letter. She expects to be in Washington soon, when an opportunity for a special smirtation in propria persona will be offered, of which we may avail ourselves at discretion. Some of the happy by gone days may happily be revived, and the childish fancys of youth, may be merged into the frivolous follies of a riper age. Man is a singular and an unaccountable compound—and—so—is—woman.

December 17th Thursday:

This night, by way of preparation for the Examination in the Department of Nat. Science, Gough, Mullins, Hopkins and myself went over to South College about 10 o'clock, and made forcible entry into Wilson's Lecture Room and Study through the Library. Having lit the gas, and seated ourselves for a comfortable time, we proceeded to open draws, unlock desks &c and rummage over the various documents for the purpose of finding his papers for the examination of tomorrow. But our search was in vain, as he had taken them with him to his house. So we rearranged matters, and leaving all in proper order, left the premises, fully convinced that although our search was unsuccessful, nevertheless we had a good time. "Variety is the pepper and salt of life".

The following is the examination scheme.

Thursday—17th

Visitors

Prof Johnson's — Rhetoric— 8 — 10

Pres. Collins

" Marshall — Cicero de Off. 10 — 12

Prof. Boswell.

" Schem — Fr & Ger. 2 — 4 ½

" Marshall.

Friday — 18th

" Wilson — Chem. & Astr. 8 — 12 ½

" Johnson.

" Boswell. Integ. Calc. 1 ½ — 3

" Wilson.

Pres. Collins — Moral Science 3 — 5

Princ. Hillman.

The new system of visitors for each room was introduced by way of incentive to the students. As a general thing, however, the visiting Prof. got "bored" and left before the examination was half finished. Without going into particulars, I may simply remark that I passed an excellent examination, far exceeding my highest anticipations. The entire class acquitted themselves in a highly creditable manner. So ends 1st session of Senior Year.

December 19th Saturday:

In company with Chum, and several other Seniors, at 10 ½ A.M. left Carlisle, en route for Washington. Met Dan Burns in Harrisburgh and had an agreeable chat over old times. Left H. at 1, and after the usual anti-dyspeptic ride, reached Baltimore at 4 ½, and took quarters at the Fountain Hotel— no 23. Having nothing of greater importance to occupy our attention, we proceeded, after supper, to Holiday St. Theatre where we had the good fortune to meet Poisal, Wilson, Van Lear, Perry and other $\Phi.K.$'s, and the misfortune of being bored observers of some rather inferior acting— the "Duchess of Malfi" and "Black Eyed Susan" being on the boards. With the $\Phi.K.$'s, had the usual full time. Went up to Barnum's, where we met Goodloe, Washington, & Humpliss $\Phi.K.$'s from Chapel Hill (N.C.) University.

and likewise Knight, Clark & Richstem members of the so called "Orphan Chapter". Princeton was represented in the person of Dick Murphy present Y, and we all had a grand & glorious tempus together. Had a first rate visit in B. remaining there until Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock, when in company with the N.C. boys proceeded to Washington. Ali & I reached the house at 11 o'clock, or thereabouts, and found everything in the most beautiful confusion, the workmen being engaged in affixing a third room to each story of the former contracted abode. However, we soon became domiciliated, and although all things were not as convenient or pleasant as they would have been, had the house been in good order, we got along very well.

In company with the folks, Al & I attended the various brilliant parties at Douglas', Cobb's, Black's, Floyd's &c, &c, until I became heartily tired of the thing, and begged off from several. I was duly installed as "Journeyman painter to her Majesty, the Queen," and being full Yankee, did considerable in that line— assisting the head-artist in painting & pencilling the entire outside brick-work. Near the close of the vacation, chum & I took stage, as we supposed for Tom Perrie's, but through some mis-apprehension

[Letters bound into journal. M. Bibb to Mr. King. King to Mary Bibb. Poem pasted in, "Why they Parted" by Sallie Ada Reedy.]

reached Marlboro instead. There we met Hal Bowie, and with him spent the night. On the succeeding morning Jack Duvall sent in horses for us, and coming in subsequently himself, he accompanied us to his father's place, some three miles distant. Here we met Maggie Campbell (now Mrs John Duvall) and also Frank and Billie D— the former being married to Miss Su Sasser and ultimate friend of Georganna Rollins, and an old acquaintance of mine. We had a very pleasant time, and remained from Friday until the following Monday when we returned to the City of Magnificent Distances. Received, during my sojourn in W— the sum of \$ 25 for correcting the list of P.O.'s for the State of New York, which sum I invested in a beautiful dress coat for party wear, and for graduation. Several letters— one from Rovie— two from Coz. Maria— and from various others, came to hand and afforded pleasure. I rec'd one from Mary Bibb, urging upon me, "if I had one spark of love left for Ellen H. to renew the engagements, as E. was no longer herself, &c.

I answered her as gently as possible in the negative. Thus ends the closing scene of that drama. Rec'd the "Carried's Address to the Patrons of the Herald" which I scribbled off before I left. See private Scrap book. Father has taken great pride in exhibiting "The Creation," and it has been published in the "New Hampshire Patriot", "N.Y. Daily News", "Pensylvanian" & others. The publisher of the "Pensylvanian"— Mr. Rice, I met in Father's room, and was introduced. He took great interest in me and my productions, and insisted upon my sending future ones to him, which he would gladly publish. I promised him I would do so. So I will here enjoy a little wider sphere than the contracted circulation of the C. Herald. On Wednesday at 4 ½ P.m. we proceeded to the Depot in company with Father, Annie & Henry— quite a body-guard— and having taken an affectionate leave, we started en route for Carlisle. Remaining in Baltimore over night, we met several of the boys, and passed an agreeable evening. On Thursday at 8 1/4, left B. and reached Harrisburg at 12 ½, meeting there among others, Dan B. & Jack Awl. Passed away the time until 2, when we left H. & in an hour were in the precincts of Carlisle, half glad and half sorry (the biggest half lies on this side) to be again ensconced in our College home. The room is once more in excellent trim, the feminine gender have been partially attended to, and I am comparatively comfortable in the prospect of a happy terminating session of my College life. So mote it be.