Peregrinations of a Prep.

July 21, 1847 - July 20, 1848

Greencastle, Williamsport, Cora.ington.
A. Vacation Journey

The vacation passed with no incident more memorable to me than a visit with papa to Knightstown, the home of uncle Wiley and aunt Sarah Lowry. Near the whole distance our route lay over the National road, an interminable, long, dry, and dusty road.

The Great National Road.

It is wide and straight, always the same. It is a long vista, reaching endlessly away between peaks of forms, and has always in the distance one or more crowned ridges, through which we must pass. It is too rough to be missed. Often for "The road that leads to death" like Western ways it shows "But here and there a traveler." It is the great step from road to road of the county.
every few miles we met an overcoat of passes, one of these large lumbering vehicles, generally drawn by four horses, the driver perched aloft upon the summit of the coach, the passengers crowding the interior and swarming on the summit. Our route lay 180 miles due east on this road, and we saw three days, stopping by night at Greensburg and Indianapolis.

The lack of variety in scenery and in persons made this road very tedious. The houses were white, the farm fences chopsticks, and all the ever-lasting fences.

The Fence

I have sketched this very carefully. The ever-lasting fence made of rails piled up zigzag and strengthened by stakes and the corners of riders above them.
The Bridge,

One bridge is a type of all, a scene we see, as they cross large streams.
All are double, all are dark and lone within
When lighted up, the open end, as a row
Of pigeon holes along the side, it hangs
Over them the inscription: "Five dollars fine
For riding or driving over this bridge, faster
Than a walk." (Is there a walk, ride or drive?)

All have an urge to take the right hand passage. Going through great clouds of dust are raised, as the sunbeams that
Fall through the pigeon holes in the side
Transform all the dust into beams of cold silver. So solid do they seem that
drive of cattle passing through them has been known to gum their wheels to many bars. These bridges were made of raw logs, and were covered with the impression that they would surely be protected from decay. The same thin sheet of tin sheltered highwaymen, dark nights.

The Hotel
Near every other home is a hotel with a high sign, generally square or the shape sometimes oval, containing the names of the hotel and some picture, or motto, as "Entertainment for Men of Breast."
These letters no longer are attended to. They are in the hands of the rush &
masquerade, and some of them need paint & repairs.

I had passed over this road a long
time in 1836-8 and spent some time in
Indianapolis in 1836 had lived one
year in Cumber land, ten miles beyond Indian
apolis. The route proceeds through some
interesting scenery, that is, I was
in Indianapolis and the State House of Governesses
Each father stopped at Calvin's.
The route had been assigned to him as
a stopping place during the Congress.
This was to ensure the week following.
This gentle man lived in fine style in a
southern suburb of the city, and entertained
us with great hospitality. I do not think,
perhaps an undue interest in myself,
since we were this spring of a very large company
with father, relative to my education
and training, one of which paths commu-
nicated to me under fire.

There was not much in Cumber
land to remind me of my old home.
It had not greatly changed, but still
the same mansion, 10 years ago had decayed.
The log school house.

The schoolhouse was still there apparently not much older in even dilapidated parent to school than one or two terms but remember very little of what occurred nothing about the teacher nothing about the scholars nothing about the ground except a small pond water pond in which I waded. Remembering that with some boy names of faces forgotten I gathered great stems of looking much of wally in the adjacent woods old bullet.
Then, as sold some of them to a man who never paid, but "Kinder Morgan" he’d let it go as an offset to his quarters account. The amount was 25 cts, and I used to be large enough to buy a farm I wanted to stop and called the amount 200. I would not let me.

My most vivid recollection of the school house is of its mysterious illumination on a night of storm and darkness. A dazzling light shone out of its open sash windows and again the light of the dull red glow stood some dark object like a cross. This I remember, was never explained, but was regarded by the superstitious crew of the place as the sign of some evil. Shortly after a series of religious meetings were held in the school house in which were some astounding scenes that I well remember yet.

I recall one very ingenious lampliy who lived next to town who built having a miniature barn about 4 x 6 ft, made mirror all kinds of furniture, and was a wonder of mechanical skill. I saw nobody that had ever seen a man as the of same that I could recall with Peter of Blackwell and Richie Sen.
We lived in two houses succeeding the first was I about the middle of the village on the south side of W road

The Parsonage - No 1

It seemed to me very small, I remember nothing of the interior. But outside, among in the shrub stood a fake eyecare and eave, over which depended a bucket suspended from an old well. The eave surrounded a mound of rich yellow clay that once spread the plastic material making calf of pits, the niches of men and horses, of models of houses and cities
My favorite representation being Jerusalem and Jim Woodson.

Our nev't home was east of the village on the North side of the National Road, ad was rather a poor cabin surrounded by shrubbery and a young pecan with green wood in the rear. It is unaccountable to me why my memories of this home are so vivid. At the first I remember much more, ad just now recall with special vividness sitting on the front steps, ad watching the very procession of Morris M'voy's wedding ad the south to the New Jerusalem. They had wagons with light, white or black square covers, ad made their encampment wherever 'twas as we took them.
I paid in going to Knightstown I have managed to make a much larger journey and the past, from which I missed return to mine and to Knightstown.

We did reach the place intended on the same evening with the last of my very brothers and the part of a course which fulfills reporting us.

Aunt Sarah is father's youngest sister and is noticeable for her hair and eyes which are of inky blackness.

We returned to Indianapolis on the trip at Calvin's stables where Father was to make his home during Conference. The next morning I started back to Greenacres in part, a distance of 40 miles. I made the distance in 12 hours and arrived at the Old Red Room a little after dinner. Found a number of the boys assembled in the yard, ad they way of barado ad to show off. It was not much lived engaged in a game of foot to a half.
Red Room.

My studies this term are Cornelius Nepos, The Greek Rhetorics at Davis Agency. My room is the Old Red Corner Room, and my roommate is John W. Sherfy of Perryville.
Drunkennes is a short madness.
Matter's big pleasure brings long sorrow.
Sincere (in shrewd) instruction, patience, intelligence,
Truelness, economy, skill, pity.

Becomes need to say that love of money is the root
of every evil.
It is not poverty which brings grief, but vanities.
As a banquet without social consent, men so
mush without virtue holds no pleasure.
The acquisimous of virtue alone are everlasting.
The proper training of youth is a guide in
The prosperous concerns of life, in the adress
a protector.

Of see the virtuous pity is chief.
It is proper for athletes to continually exercise
The body.
Thyr was upon Olympus a most beautiful
image of Jupiter, the moon of Phoebus.
After the death of Aeneas, Ascanius receive
The kingship.
Siens was the son of Mercury of the name
Wenna.

The Latin philosophy took its origin from
Volschr, the Italian from Pythagoras.
Summa erected a Temple to Faith and Fortunes.
New Carthage was the work of Asdrubal.
who succeeded Barcan. The father of Hamida.
The Babylonian talent is worth 72 minas
(A mina is $17,925, a talent is then four weeks
$12 to 6, a 96, 96, it would be something
to possess talents in the Babylonian sense)

My the summit of the heights of Scyros is
The temple of the Sunian Minerva.
So ended the first lesson.

A woodland shrine.

I had been reading Alobri
on "The First Pitcher" by N.P. Willis, a charming
work which read my head to great
The wilderness I found a quiet place for study and reading, and I give up my
jetty there as too conspicuous public
interest. In my years as a school
master, I found this spot a refuge from
the Sacrament College. I found there,
plenty of evidences of wilderness such
as paper patches, but just as I was
about to shelter myself, expecting
happy and stimulating excitement, I
suddenly upon one alder mark
it consisted of a board attached by a hinge
to a maple tree, a log underneath serving
as a chair. It had been frequently used
recently. Someone, it was evident,
had taken me, had been reading Alabai,
and I was too late for this bit of wilderness.

I suspected some form of evidence in the
shaded by the roof, and after things. The
Rev. H. DeLoffle, was the pioneer, who
had made him his Sullivan road
and I wrote him a poetical epistle, as
pointed it to the road as quietly
withdrawn from the second prince
resolved to come again as soon as
when extend. The note had mystified him
the city, perhaps he would answer it
as it was written in a feminine hand,
Lines Left in the Wood

Dear Will, I wish you would be crossed
In your romantic solitude;
Say but the word, my willing hand
Will bow near me to thy green retreat.

Come from her at morning hour,
When dew is on each blossoming flower,
On come from her at evantide,
A word will bring thee to my side.

It matters not if dawn the day,
Or pools the purple mountain ray,
Or pools the light on crimson skies,
If they beam on me with their eyes.

For them and me to me — oh me!
Their dewy plumes or sheltering trees,
More than the daylights earliest beam,
More than the setting sun's beam.

Then let me seek thee here, my sweet,
And sit beside thee, in this seat —
I'd woo thee in this green retreat
With honged words, with hush sound.
If then my puffed love desire,
And seem with thy lips and eyes,
I'll die—see what is life to me
Who cannot live away from thee?

If it be so above my grave
Let my wild grasses wave
But if thou hadst one kind thought
Plant there the sweet "forbid me not."

But if then love—mine this thine
To meet thee in a tower like this;
To sit beside thee on this log—
To love thee evermore,

(Repeatly) I love thee.

A day later I visited the secluded spot. The poem was gone, as it was
its place a quaintly written note, defining
the pleasure of my company in this
lovely place on the ground of inproving
as among pastures that a lady's company
in this secluded place would not be con-
ducive to this sweet serenity of soul
which a love of Nature should lend.

And so this flitting ton was summingly
ended, as it nothing had a mysterious
as Wm. P. cannot guess at the authorship
of the lines.
And now appear upon the scene W. E. Wood, of Centerville and when I sketch a tall, big and bushy looking fellow with decided poetic and artistic proclivities. He is with an eloquent air, actor, wizard and society man. What so nature and generally accomplished person is doing in college and in the Prep, Clark has set some of us wondering. Whatever the explanation he is facile rem.
Translations - Greek Fables.

A wolf seeing a shepherd in a field eating a sheep, drawing near, said, "What an uproar I had done this.

If a lynx having been reproaching by a fox because in all her lifetime she had brought forth but one unwholesome cub, instead, but that one is a lion.

A good alighted upon the horn of an ox and began to budge. One said to the ox, "If I press too heavily upon the tender of the much I will get off. The ox replied, "I rather know when you come near will it be a care to me if you should remain.

A farmer, during the winter season, having frozen a serpent struck by the cold, taking it up placed it in his bosom. But its poison became warmer; it returning to its former nature, bit its benefactor.

(Note - And served him right: the right to have had more sense.)

A fox perceiving some clusters of grapes, hanging ripe, tried for some time
to get them. Having made many attempts and not having been able to succeed, and striving to console himself for his disappointment, he said: "They are unwise."

A kid was standing upon a certain building when he saw a wolf passing by, so much so wished him. But the wolf said: "What a creature is this! I have decided we will put the place.

A boy swimming in a stream was in danger of being drowned. Hearing a certain sound asking for help, he instead began to blame the boy for his rashness. "True enough," said the boy, "but I was just as blame as anyone after all."

A hunting dog seeing a hen pursued him. But the hen having burned upon him, the dog surprised, fled to a place of safety. A fox beholding the scene said: "Oh, mon courage,illon! There wouldst pursue a lion, the cause of whom thou couldst not even endure."

A wolf pursued a lamb, it fled into a temple. The wolf having called the
lamb ad intimated Thus the priest
would offer him a sacrifice to the
god. The lamb answered: "Well it is better
for me to be given as a sacrifice to
the god than to be eaten by him.

An ass having clothed itself in the
skin of a lion, was thought a lion by all,
said there was a scampiring of men and
beasts" plucks. But the wind blowing
men strong with its own power and
conquering (or anthropophoria)
with sticks and clubs song beat him.

To certain woman had a hen which
laid two eggs each day. But she thinking the
of the first the hen more barley, it would
lay twice as many eggs a day, did this.
But the hen having become fat was not able
to lay one a day.

(Jaun Grives managed his hen better;
and by some means induced her to lay three or seven)

The birds desiring to choose a king, the
preacher thought himself worthy of being chosen. The
other birds having preferred him, a jackass taking
up the conversation said: "Then indeed, (a poor
looking bird) but if being king, an eagle should
undertake to justice us. how would then profit?"
Explanation of The Mammoth Cave
in Sylvan Sellers.

I have been solicited by many parties
to give a minute and circumstantial account
of some explorations, by a party of which
of which I had the honor to be a member,
in the highest and little known Sellers's
cave. I have no reason why I should
have been selected for this purpose above
the members of the party, unless it is
that I had made several sketches and
planes of the subterranean regions
explored, and these would perhaps better
illustrate any sketch than another
written sketch by any other member
of the party. In this account I have
taken all attempts of rhetorical,
a fair writing, and aimed simply
and truly, deserving of more
importance to communicate facts, than
to gain a cheap and transient reputation
for painful and sensational writing.

Besides, the poets narrate absurd
embellishments, and almost defy reason
revers to heighten their interest.

Sellers's cave is located, among
people now know in the midst of
This grand old pool is known as The Sylvia Silurian. The entrance is a

tranquil opening in the turf slope downward at an angle of about 25 degrees.
A person in the region of sinkholes might pass in a dozen times without
notice. It had been partially explored several times, and by myself and some
friends late in the fall of 1846, but we had not been able to proceed
further than 60 or 80 feet when we found all further progress brought to
an end by an abrupt wall of perpendicular rock, quite barring the passage.

I give, above a sketch of

The cave then explored, to show how
much a rather new little has been known

Without concerning this wonderful cavern.

It was with the confident expectation
of finding a new passage into the under
world from the late exploring party
was organized.
It consists of Bill Woods, archer
Jim Hannah, as his lieutenant, and six others
Will Cunningham, Charles W. Hendricks
D. O'Blennis Dougherty, W. J. Barry McFetridge
Joseph K. McFetridge, as the painter. Each
of us donned such old clothing as could
not be damaged by the dripping of muddy
water in the cavern, and each one carried
a hollow dip, except Wood, who was
furnished with a relay of torches to be
lit when occasion demanded.

We chose Saturday as the time for
exploration, in part. The grid of Wood
and Hannah for studying would permit
the party.

The mouth
of
The cavern
saw a fire con-
struction was
built, and
signals setup
upon to be used
in case of
accident
or impending dan-
gers. All being at length
ready, Wood led to a sighted line on enti-
the remainder of the company

[Sketch of a cave entrance with a figure holding a torch nearby.]
We were soon in the twilight gleam of the fires and candles, and I held a candle, being pressed the mountain in an uncomfortably narrow space. But the crowding was in part a fortunate circumstance, as we thereby without thinking of it descended the face of the canyon. The path, with a width of six feet, was the disordered result of Wood's leader's sudden and abrupt descent. We crowded around the orifice terrified and gazed down into it with straining eyes to catch some glimpse of our lost friend. Fortunately he had maintained firm hold of his torch, and it had not been put out by the rapidity of his descent. The torch was still swinging helplessly about 15 feet below, and held in the grasp of the Chief, who in his haste assured us that he was all right and on solid ground and in a comparatively large compartment. He called upon us to follow with all haste, to which we were not slow in doing.
hurric carried ourselves in a canoe with a rope ladder and sounding lines. Wood had pulled a distance of 15 ft. but was stiffening. The ladder was soon fastened to a projecting wall of the other side of the cliff accomplished, we found ourselves in a spacious and commodious apartment without regular walls, as a ceiling, of the bottom of a limestone stratum that seemed smooth or a plastered ceiling. It was about 12 ft. high, and perhaps 25 ft. in length by 15 ft. broad. We were astonished at its vast and regular proportions.

While we were confounded witting ourselves that we were

"The pond

Made us burst

Into this silent - case"

one of the party, Doughty, stumbled on an ashy heap, a midden home at that. We found near the ashes
human relics of early date, some even native and a suspendable basket, also an earthen vessel of curious construction, being about 7 inches across the base and 12 inches high narrow at the top, yet different in no respect from the modern jug, even in the cork which was made of a substance not unlike a cork.

The resemblance to a jug was so complete that Hannah raised it to his lips, having removed the cork, and finding a fluid therein of delicious flavor deeply drank it. Morris pining over serious consequences of it to pieces against a rack. Said Hannah as he bent over the ruins with a tear in his eye. "You may speak, you may snarl, the vase if you will, but the seeds of the rose may last long with stili of the rose," said Woods. "Of the rose!" We were under serious apprehension, or to Hannah's condition, which was afterward verified by the fact that we had great difficulty in getting him back to the light of day, as he kept persistently affirming that
"he wouldn't go home till morning."

We conjectured that the cave had been occupied in historic times and by a white man who had made this room his home. There were remains of his straw bed and some clothing, among them a broken skillet. The presence of an ash heap raised a very puzzling question as to what had become of Mr. Smith, and we concluded that there must be an opening above through which the smokers had escaped. McBryde had heard a legend to the effect that many years ago smoke had been seen issuing from the ground in several places in Dyekind Silver, and this had given rise to great anxiety and alarm amongst the villagers who feared it as a portent of the final conflagration. It seemed to us reasonable to suppose that the cavern in which we were is of vast extent and that at various times other apartments were used as dwellings and that these communications also with the upper air, a suggestion that was afterward by a signal seemed to me.

Before proceeding further I made a drawing of the room, which is reproduced.
The sketch ranging objects found difficult to obtain accurate drawings with in perspective or shading. Known this.

Plate Hall
out of compliment to the oldest literary society in the college.
A huge cavern in one corner opening into deeper regions. In it to contain our unsound, as we went on. Woods leading as usual. An angular and narrow passageway, not unlike an elevator.
Aad about 50 feet in length opened into a larger, grander hall whichMcPhersonhad marked on his map. Named 12

Philae Hall

The dark interior of this hall was ornamented with groups of stalactites of snowy whiteness, in one end of the room was a natural throne on whichPompey seated himself and grandly called the people order, as in tones a little thick and indistinct he said, "Will some gentleman please explain the object of this meeting?" Nobody knew to explain but some huge rocks on the right piled up so as to resemble grand statues, meant to serve upon the decoration of their sacred Temple.
If required considerable effort to convince Mr. Hannah that he was not in the Philo Hall of the upper world, and thus he was in no condition to see assemblies there. In the middle of this hall was a natural table on which Cunningham stood and declaiming in impassioned tones, Prentice's dying echo. "In midnight, hoy here a silent room to trembling like a gentle spirit, etc."

The party did not stay to hear her though. This hall opened into another on the left much higher, and with an arched roof against whom blackened snow.
Like stars in the blue vault of heaven,

But for the uniqueness of this floor of this large chamber, it would have been comparison the noblest natural formation upon our eyes ever fell.

There was no evidence of human occupancy, either in this or the floor below. The only ascents from this hall, which we called the Rotunda, was by a passage of great length, which was 

downward at an angle of 45 degrees. Our party, in one party, were slid on wheels, made a

passage of

The Shaft.
At last we reached a canyon different in size and shape from any which we had
hitherto found, and on the farther side we discerned, in the clear light, a broad shiring
of descending water.
plunging down out of the mother darkness... into the water darkness below. It might have fallen for ages but we knew to the exact 1000 feet on the water sank into a large
chasm of well-like form. The musical
sounds produced by the water in its descent
was unlike any thing we had ever heard,
above ground, and were undoubtedly caused by
the vibrations of air in the circular opening
through which the eataract fell. There was
a musical instrument of wonderful pitch,
or sometimess of low filling all the cavern
with unwonted melody. The presence of
so large a body of water. A light, golden
arch of limestone, graceful on the sides
after which we named it spanned the
chasm midging up the visible portion
of the fall, near enough to catch the vibrations
of the ascending column of air as seen
as a sounding board. Standing on a scale
then if we could distinctly feel its
tremulous vibrations.

The presence of so large a body of water
so far beneath the surface was a surprise
to us. The force of the flood into the darkness
the mystery, the musical sound all told
us with a sense of the sublime, except
Hannah who insisted with dream
gravity that there was nothing strange.
Weae fell down 'caushe it could not do otherwise. (pie) Wee always (pie) fell down that way when they wash noshig  to hinder it. " Wee now oblige to watch him carefully to prevent his falling of the ledge into the horrible chasm below. Nothing we happens to the intruder man, as our cautious men mules.

It was now deemed advisable to return as we had been several hours exploring the cavern, but we feel that we had seen but a small part of its hidden wonders. We had seen enough however to immortalize us, as mere.

The kitherto obscure sylph declares the Mee of wonder loving visitors from all parts of the world. Respectfully we nudge our steps, Woods bringing up the rear to insure the safety of the seven other members of the party. We finally reached a point that we had not noticed in our advance. The passage divide like a letter Y. This we had not noticed coming in, and were at a loss to know which passage to take. Had we taken the precaution to unwind a spool of thread as we moved in the woods, how many such lives I deplorey. As it was, I
hold was called, a word. I detailed? intended to explain the left passage, as myself the right and to come back as soon as satisfied. And if I had advanced about 40 rods and finding nothing familiar concluded to return, but having returned what seemed twice the distance of advance and found no trace of the party came to the unwilling conclusion that I was lost.  

I was in the very position of my ship on a prime of space to meditate on the situation. I took with a pencil a sketch to learn that about an inch and a half of candle remained. It occurred to me that I would need this little bit of candle for proof, and I curiously filled the place. The was so greedy lighting it up I could not make progress enough to blow it out. I had such a horror of the darkness, had not yet felt the pain, or hunger, but I had a piece, insatiable hunger.
in light, ad when This was gone I found
him in not exactly outer but inner dark-
ness. The things was by my own and
Priscilla to make one mere appeal
to regain the party who were perhaps
at this time in search of me. Possibly
Priscilla was lost. Law myself, ed P. was
indulging in the same glowing anticipa-
tion as myself. At this time a line of poetry
came to my mind as kept repeating
itself: Life let us cherish while ye last.
Under this inspiration I rose and walked
rapidly through the labyrinthine passages
Over which I came within reach of the
sound of the glistening waters, a cir-
cumstance that gave me some idea
of shrieking, and I turned and moored
all parts to walk away from my
path now led upwards. But I followed
authors claiming, of getting far as possible
from the grotto. I
candle was almost
gone. At I was resting a moment on
the very summit of a ledge, the light
suddenly went out, and left me in a
gloom so profound that I felt al-
most as though incapable of moving. Thes
there was now no help.
I was silent since my voice could
not be heard through the walls of
lying each. Presuming myself to be in a
shark, to avoid death in the darkness
when I perceived a faint blue pruning
my brow. It must find an opening to
the upper world or I knew I would per
ish. It might lead to safety—Alas it did
not, and I {
only article. As it was on
a paper. A half hour elapsed and then
a distinctly audible sound was of the
whirring of wings. The next moment, a
clawing object struck me on the face
did press my leg. It was a bat. Ordinary
notice. The creature with its slim mem-
baneous wings, had now no kind of para
meters could have been more welcome. I listen
intently for the whirring of the wings.
Flurried to pull their cold membranes
plunging in waves near and now. The
animals were company, and the night
hope made I could not be far from
some outlet. Glancing incidentally upward
I saw what thrilled me with delight
a faint luminous glow against a rock.
From it I guessed my way to the spot
and reached it. It was bright, light-
said and still bright, and parts of it
was bright still. I was now aware of
two billions of spds. This seemed larger
e a debris, about four inches upon it.
Groping my way clever I placed my hand on them as if to grasp them, and found myself shaking the warm soft fur of some wild animal. In the presence of the new terror I was paralyzed and for a moment did not withdraw my hand. The eyes glared at me with a soft steady radiance. As the animal did not move, I gather courage to take myself away. In the presence, watching it intently till at a safe distance. It did not move. The light ahead grew brighter, and I soon found that it was actual sun light falling through a veil of reed grasses to corning a small opening above.

[Sketch of a man in a hat with one arm raised, labeled 'Light - one men']
Though this opening I soon emerged into the most glorious light that ever before had flashed in my eyes. The sun was just setting, and I had no idea my escape a moment too soon.

This narrative must be abruptly concluded. I lost no time in hurrying to the mouth of the cave. Finding no hope of further aid, I ran hastily to the side of the path for assistance. I returned, and scattering the camp proceeded through Philo Hall to the Rolanda, where we found seven members of the party in total darkness, all sleeping and silent except Hannah, who was instinctively hiccupping his name, saying, "We went so home till morning till morning; the officer."
Aristotle

Aristotle, having been approached for giving
alms to a worthy fellow, answered, "I com-
passionate not the manner of beholding, but
the man.

He used often to say that the Athenians
had invented both pikes and laws, and
that they tried cases (or made decisions) by
the pikes and by the laws.

To a person leaving the city from a great
city, he replied: "It is not necessary to take
this into account. It is important that one
should be master of his dwelling place.

Having been asked how scholars
should progress, he said that while they
follow them in advance of them, they
should not dissent from what are follow-

Zeno

Zeno was plugging his servant
for theft. But the servant replied:
"It was paid to me to steal." "Aye,
and to be plugging also," said Zeno.
Unto a prudent youth he said, "We have two ears and but one mouth; for this reason that we may hear more than we see,"

"Of a young man telling many things, Zeno said, "Thou can have run into his tongue."

"Antigonus having sent an embassy to Athens, and Zeno having been invited by them to attend a race with other philosophers, each one of them and the festival began to show off his learning. He alone was silent. The embassy having inquired what would they should take back with them Zeno replied, "Behold there is one man amongst the Athenians who knows how to hold his tongue."

"Having been asked how we should act toward our friends, Zeno replied, "In the same manner in which we should wish them to behave toward us,"

"Cicero, being annoyed by a young man and being tried out with his facetious ridicule, the talkative fellow frequently saying, "Is not what thou told the other wonderful?" replied, "It is indeed wonderful that any one having feet endures this."
Anceil Beach, a member of the senior class is dead. He was a well known and promising student, in one whom personal beauty was an asset of genuine, but in whose reserved and scholarly deportment was as much note. This was the second funeral that has occurred in the college since I have been here. Owing to the height of the Channel of Requiem, the ceremonies were accordingly impressive.

Anceil Beach was one of the editors of the Plutonian and Philologian. He was a young man of good personal beauty and elegance in dress and manner. He was buried in the student's lot, on Sunday of the ceremony by the side of seven others who had gone before.
Red Room. I am meditating a departure from the
red Red Room. This is against the wish of my room
mate Sherfy, whom I am left toursions, as he
is so thoughtful a gentleman. He will record in the
diary that he hopes I have deserted him without
just causa, and I prithee there is something of truth
in the record. My only object is to avail myself of
the help which Will Woods can give me in the matter
of drawing and painting. I would be no large "a
negroes genius" Woods's requirement as an
artist a great respectable ad be affects to think
that my natural abilities in the line of high
art are sufficient to justify cultivation. All my
rate I am to have some chance to improve.
I am to room with Woods & the so-called
"Temple of Vulcan" a house that was a black-
smith shop before it became a lodging house.

Temple of
Vulcan

It has four rooms below ad two above, in big open
unsatisfied ad ugly. IT has about a dozen looms,
and is a mere, suitable hire, from Corby S.D.
It has the late summer advantage of being in the center of Seller's orchard and in the near vicinity of some extra good peach trees. We are not batching but boarding at Mr. Marks' the proprietor who lives across the street east and who charges us the very moderate sum of $1.75 per week. We are pleasantly situated and like our boarding house, and there is more play than study unless Woods be a stud and we have studied him, all of us, more than the Greek Reader. He is good as well as painter and one of his poems "An Old Broken Bier" persuasive. He is also a good actor, and having heard good acting reproduces it for our benefit, giving us thereby an imitation of stage manner. He is part of acting, having acted Richard III. and has distinguished himself on "A poet, a poet, I met a poet in the street." He is a splendid mimic, and has not disinclined occasionally to give us slight of hand performances of ventriloquism. The body of his powers as a ventriloquist man were I do not yet know what he can and do on his own terms. Then is another very green genius in the upstairs room, named MacPhuntes. He is a great puzzler.灵敏ness and communicativeness to the last degree, but some singularity unheeded in some ways, at one hour suspicious that he is insane or playing a part. At the revival meeting...
which he punctually attended, he is deeply moved emotionally pieces, with the songs in The Temple he puts on quite a different character and will even swear or play cards for their benefit. One of his pranks was to write having numerous letters from a young lady who declared herself passionately in love with him, which letters he would read to the top of some times and then his answers. As some of his confessions were exceedingly discursive. It was very debated in his pranks, as he was not sufficiently adroit in his stories to avoid contradiction, and the letters which he pretended to receive were not only not real but written in his own unmistakable handwriting, if he is not crazy he soon will be.

Woods has appeared later as a dancing master, a leader of etiquette giving us dancing lessons after study hours. In furnishing his own music, the temple of Delphi resonant with music ed shaken to the core of the famous ed in danger of getting a musany reputation.

Glimpse I had of a very quiet which was horses of life, having the few last acquaintances for seconds ed Life Cooper being among those seen ad adored generally at a long distance. Woods having acquaintance of Lavatere, has taken me there with him and introduced me to Gillie Lavatere and others.
ad set me to sketching. Their pictures, as I have
spent some very pleasant evenings at the Ford, as the fashionable cotton is
called. Mrs. L. keeps a ladies' school.
There is one and of pleasant and refined company, and the young lady joins us
with good music. The best is still's
rendition of The May Drum, but she also sings
chowlyly 'I'm the wild Chamois Bird,'
'Truck a party' and such catchies as 'Owen
who can the matter be?'
We have had a fine party here society, at Mr. D's. Our host occasionally gives us
a party, and invites all the neighboring families.
On such occasions we do our best to shine
in rotten to outshine each other, when wood
suits to the occasion - I document the festivities. On one occasion a many
ceremonies wood and we draw lots for
the company of the ladies we were to
attend. As this happens I to be my
debut as a gallant, I am very nervous
and awkward. My partner was a young
Mr. D's, a pretty little Miss of about
14, as I believe it was her first party
also. My slips dress in the best includes
a rustic old gray lady, decided plain
in appearance, and without embellishing
special qualities. Somehow through my
unknown fines and greens. The list that
full upon me was disastrous. I found myself accoutered on the same road with the late Mrs. Shields.

In this breach of agreement I was formally arraigned before the Vulcan Club, or trial for my life. Judge Woods presiding.

The trial was farcical; the bail hopes of the party found me guilty of every vice in the first degree, and I found no cheroots enough to give the court a smoke.

As a judge of criminal law, Woods suspended himself.

The greater part of his life was made at one of Maude's parties. The house was crowded with bustling young ladies and leathery young men. Conversation languished and was at a standstill. The extremity was desperate and demanded a desperate effort. Woods appeared in the midst of the room and proceeded to give a lecture on the virtues of hard work and manual labor, which he assumed to be a most accomplished profession. In point of fact, he had been the chief business of his life, to give entertainments of this class. He had performed before the crowned heads of Europe, ed had some certificates as to the appreciation with which he was received. He would pour us with the grand illusion of "Whistler's "A

Pig." Suddenly the room is taken with a groan.
pig, a whole litter was heard, now in the corner, now in the porch, everywhere. All was uproar and confusion. The wallflowers were hunted and dragged from their seats to fling across the room and to feed the pigs equally. There were vociferous jokes anywhere else. Mr. Mark, being the uprooter, came in to quiet it, but with understanding the joke. The man in white, the utmost concern and censure thrown at the presence of the pigs, and chased the phantom horses about the room with amazing alacrity. A man of 60. At last, Woodruff points to his hat, from which came the sound of muffled squeals, and snatches it held as close to him as with an open knife began to stab the pig, a lone voice after another grew still in death. All at last one pig seemed to survive. This Woodruff clothes again on to intensify its equal. Marks could stand it no longer and the his plug away from Woods as locked in to feed it — empty. One laughter. The confusion was loud and keg, ad he retreated through me at the diatribe of Woods.

Woods next performance was "The Pift of the Papers." He raised a hue and cry about the disappearance of a and 2 ideas.
changing the chairs first upon one and then upon another, till at last Miss Galaeser in matter of fact last who thought he was in earnest became furious and indignant, but in the midst of her voluble tirade he put his hand on Thubn and persevered close to her ear when the whole set of spoons seemed to face directly from her nose upon the table. Just as Blood could endure no more, Miss G. grasped a poker and drove Words from the room, and we all lifted chairs off on sides and went to laughter.

On this occasion I again discovered the cold and went home with the Shields young lady.

I remained at the Temple of Vulcan till the close of the session, after a day or about six weeks. I had not studied so much as I would have done at the old Red Corner Room, but had learned.

I remain in Green castle Bay the winter vacation. Dinn Conference place has removed to Williamsport, a town on the Wabash, 62 miles away. Too far to allow me to go home. I am I shall stay and shoot my gun to painting as I have been little or nothing in that department. I found "Temple of Vulcan" too crowded.

My new room is at Adamery's Hotel.
Jan 26th 1848 - 19th birthday.

I always make some kind of a meal on my birthdays, at times with good resolutions, which I shall omit today, and proceed with other matters.

I am rooming at a big low building with six rooms near the M.E. Church called Adams. J. W. Wood and Hannah occupy the S.E. corner room. J. P. W. Booth and W. H. Wells own and have done for years their rates $1.00 per week. It is a very popular boarding house, famous for its waffle cakes.

The good nature of its host and the charm of his daughters.

The above is a rude sketch of one about. The boys in this building are mostly new students and some of them are green, as some are fort. The past can assure themselves in the old old pasture I played with the green ones. One of these latter had a memorable escape which I cannot narrate here for reasons manifest to none who knew of the horse, and many all as to.

levity knew it.
The victim is known as "Thompson, son of Mr.
green b'hop from Alabama, I am."
Thompson, that was not his true name he
was loosed out of college.
There is not much studying done here.
I am disgusted with my progress as think I
shall go home and train my shutter fingers.
I have pernicious dreams of Woods someth
thing about painting, and put confident that
I can earn some money and come back again.
As no distant time to pursue my studies under
happen auspices.

Williamsport, Md., March 11, 1848
I am far away from home, and quite recovered from the
injuries I received my last session there. I left about the middle of February
but did not enter college at all on account
of lack of funds, and had expected to earn
some, but the times were unfortunate.
I was in debt, and growing deeper in debt,
as I had not earned my board.
It was therefore with a feeling of relief
that I accepted a seat in a carraige
with Mark Dunen, a member of the
senior class, on Woods's horseback
and on the residence of the former
man Romney, whom I planned
expected to visit here.
As we moved on by train
of one the hills of Woburn we had 2 the college bell ringing chorals from the chapel, so it not seem to say "Return! Return! O Whittington," but rather carry me out and away. and if I was for once glad to go, I had thought in my last college week, at the last two terms had not advanced me a while in my college career, ad so I had taken up the preposterous cry "I will arise and go to my father." He had written me a rather sharp letter, the nature of which I had only discerned. ad as I pursued my homework I may I formulated the set of good resolutions I ought to have made on my 1875 Birthday.

As we left town the hill was swinging for prayers, ad the good and the faithful were gathering in the chapel with their books under their arms, ad I was going past into voluntary exile, ad any state self impose exile, but I felt happy now the less than I had felt in many a long day. ad although the road through the Black Swamp was desolate and muddy it brightened before we reached at one point mile after mile of its slish between me and Green castle.

I had journeyed over this road many a year before, when in the fall of 1846.
waded it to decide matters with light almot empty pockets, and with a heart full of hope. Now not
but I see pockets had any thing in them. Nevertheless I was churlish and resolute and even allowed myself
to amuse at the antics performed by Wood as he passed. He displayed his magnificent horsemanship to the
admiring dweller in the cabin which we passed. His favorite pro-
pernontion was

Napoleon Crossing the Alps.
The people ran to the door in a state of frantic excitement. Dogs barked furiously and pigs and chickens scampared away in terror at the appearance of the priest and his centaur, riders who made frantic efforts to ride them down.

The City of Petersburg
Our triumphant entry into a long voyage through Petersburg was the greatest excitement of the journey. I have sketched the place but left out the figures on the panels by just as the shadows of the dark night came on we entered Crawfordsville, c'd with a number of the unfortunate wayfarers, put up at The Inglett House, where we slept well enough because we werefired with travel.
The next day by noon we reached the residence of Mark Gruber, an old friend from Romney, and were hospitably entertained by his kinfolks, his sister and brother-in-law, Lucile, and his sister Min Jones. We went on to Lafayette, leaving me here one Sattler, a most enjoyable rest in which I passed under the incisitude of the past few months. Monday I rode my new friend Grandy's, and started for one. The plains, but the wind kept close and hot. We progressed not more than 20 miles when night overtook us. With some difficulty I persuaded a German family to entertain us. I found and that they were United Brothers, as in my uncle Davis was a service at their church. I went this journey as I was very much with them. I may state here incidentally that I was cutting stratified and felt very nervous as to how I should make a settlement and manage. And therefore I spread myself in entertaining my entertainers kept them up all night. Sketches all their portraits, and generally got along. men lived then I had been since I left Greenbush. They were a splendid group of Burtens, one of the other families was named as, and the children had molasses in pans.
It is with no intention of caricature
my kind entertainers that I here
raise their voices, but as the best means I
holding them in kind remembrance.

Early morning with some trepidation
I kissed my lid. It was "nothing at all"
and I broke them good bye and found
an old met with me on all adventures
and took note lie about the middle
the afternoon when I struck the Wedge
man Williams led my horse. I crossed
to Athelus two miles above, approximating
to my time an old ship that seem
can had lost unfastened. I knew
the passsage became fates tugging
stood in front of the gate.
My welcome home was most cordial, and fortuitous set about making myself useful and devising schemes of greater usefulness. My acquaintance with Words had not been an unending evil for I had learned much about the management of oil colors and was to justify me in applying for work in that line, as I had failing I may apply for a school.

March 1848
We have been for the last of scenery hereabout, which I have been to sketch. The above is the cascade on little Rain River with bend of trees.
The fall is perhaps 50 feet high. A grove of
spruce stands on the edge to the right, but during a storm
it was blown into the chasm, and there remain
now no trees except the cut in the ledge
of a few scattered stumps in the dell below.

There is said to be some picturesque scenes
on the Big Pines 6-7 miles away, which I
shall visit soon, as I have some business
not having succeeded in getting work of any kind.
For which cause I am not cheerful.

Williamsport is not a large or very beautiful
town. It is well located between being situated
on the western bank of the Wabash, as extending
mid way up the slope of the hills. The houses
in a small plain from dwellings in the northern
part. There are no public buildings of any
pretensions. There is a 2 story hotel and a newspaper
office. The newspaper being a fixed affair indeed.
It has one great beauty, the town, Penn. and
that is its broad silent river sweeping downward
between low banks densely crowded with maples
and willows. The rest of which, destined of both
by the water ship into the stream and seem
in their convolutions not unlike kinds of serpents.

The river is not profound here, but has a fair
bread, which as the current is not strong
is propelled by poling, at sometimes is by a
sloop of pulley. Part passengers are taken
off in a skiff.
If the river is navigable, few steamboats during the high water of spring which ascend as far as Logyville and have some even as far as DePauw. I come to Logyville, I have not made many acquaintances here. The few I have made are pleasant. Among them Miss Chandler a fair-haired five-eyed daughter of The Portmore.

Winooski, 1848

April—1848

The question, What shall I do with myself, has not yet been decided. A few days ago I concluded to apply for a school, as a preliminary step, passed an examination before school superintendent Z. M. Bryant. It was not severe. He asked me if I could read, could spell, could write my name legibly. He asked me to read a passage, to spell it, to write my name. I passed the ordeal triumphantly.
I at once made out a certificate empowering me to teach in any of the public schools of Warren Co. This certificate so cheaply earned has not as yet been allowed to secure me a school. In fact it is the wrong term of year. As most schools close during the ensuing summer months and in few does there seem to be any vacancy. It was a straw of which to grasp in a moment. I have received an encouraging sort of letter from woods bidding me hope on,” etc. and asks me to write.

April 15, 1848

As I knew that was not to be a teacher, I conclude to be something else in other words to put in practice some of the means gained from woods and improve myself by my brush and paint not for a support, nothing offering in Wmpt. I passed the river and walked down the tow path to Covington, a distance of 4.5 miles when I called upon a sign ad ornament painter, and asked for work, he (his name Jim Martin) asked me what I could do? I answered I anything in his line, and as I was still learning I would not expect full wages.
He asked me to draw some letters. I did so with great rapidity and some skill. He gave me a crown to paint. He said I put too much paint on, and showed me how to economize paint. I made my work look better. He asked me to draw scrolls, and pictures. My work was satisfactory, and he offered me 10 dollars a week to my board. I returned in a couple of weeks, went back home and got ready for my first independent start in life.

While returning on the towpath of the quiet Wabash and Erie Canal I witnessed a jam of canal boats. Two heavy boats were stuck fast in a narrow part of the canal, and a half dozen men were waiting on each to pull. They seemed regular wedged together, as men Emanuel thinks the tremendous efforts of the canal men could not move them an inch. Then as a last resort, a huge hogshedd opened at one end and was raised up, half sunk in the canal and attached to the towline. The horses were driven rapidly forward. The hogshedd, opening, pushed a great willow a surge before it which lifted the boats several inches, and enabled them to slide a few feet with comparative ease. "Knowledge is power."
Log Book

of a memorable voyage.

Corryong Inn, May 1st, 1848.

The period of rest with I left home with my small stock of valuable life up in a handkerchief. For my new home. As the river was quite high. I concluded to go by water. And at the bottoms were flooded. I looked out for some kind of floating craft. Which I could see for a bark. I found a huge log. Floating in an eddy. I captured it, supplied myself with a pole, ad with much labour pushed it out into the current, as I was soon carrying floating in the current. It was fully half past one when my craft was unwound. I concluded in nautical phrase to keep a log-book and from it I make some notes.

Log-book.

Left Port at 4.30 P.M. on the Tonga. Old Woodensides. The upper deck cleared for action. The hull of the vessel rolled somewhat, especially when it happened to float cross-wise in the current. At 2.15, fired a wood boat, but the answer was uncivil. Captains of wood boat showed us a pound 50 to.
Having the most boats again in the union, I asked him to send me a pilot, which he declined doing. From observation as to latitude and longitude, and rapidity of movement, was aided in the latter by the knots on the log. Decided I had made 6 knots an hour. 2:30 P.M. Passed a village named Portland. On the bank there was a great deal of the appearance of Indian crops. Boys ran along the bank and fired domesticks at me.

Found it necessary to use the pole strongly because my rate of speed was 6 2/3 knots an hour. 4 P.M. Met a steamboat, whistle twice, and the steamboat made no answer. Was near swamped by the billows in its wake.
4.30 p.m. Land ahoy. Sight highlands of Balmain 9 miles astern Coningto. Heather wood Slash was caught in an eddy and worked up a bayou. With incontinent kakers I was able to warp the foundering vessel up the back waters of Puget Sound, to the pier of an old bridge to which I mounted the log part of a spar rig, and deserting the men for a search of a human habitation. After journey of a quarter of a mile came to a hospitable cabin, the home of the Latins, where I was cordially welcomed. After suppers we gathered around the huge blazing fire, listened to the young fiddler of the household, spent a festive evening. There were two young ladies, and between violin music and story telling, etc., I did not get to bed till past nine o'clock. Hours passed the trial I spent all night of cruising around enchanted island, in the midst of hummocky summer seas, with the keen young girls in company, and with the remembrance that in summer seas were the worst waves. As I pined back, a sensation
log. ad ad as for asking the girls to put them with me on such a craft, was great and of the question, for later, the big brother said he would go with me and on seeing my unwise craft decline unless I would strengthen it the addition of another log. This I agreed to do. We got an ax and an axe ad finding an old log behind the part to log no one. ad putting a plank over men were able by main strength ad units effort to pole over rapids and more unwieldy craft out of the edge into the river ad beyond the Ballantine bluff, when at 9 a.m. occurred a curious ad memorable disaster.
We approached a place where the waves were running high one what at low tide is a sand bar or some often obtuse him, for became alarmed and began to pole his end of the raft toward the shore a presetting that would soon bring us at the mercy of waves, but I not alone pushed my end in also. This keeping our craft heading down the river, at a right angle with the lines of surf. We encountered here the greater danger of being swept off by the longs of trees, the trunks of which were submerged in the water. Mean every moment we swept toward this new point at last Joe's end of the raft slid onto the pendient branches of an elm in which we pressed the pendient limbs, and in a moment was keeping his two hands once the water. I had no time to watch his struggles, but had to revere the most constant vigilance and in like fate shoved one take me, fortifying the hope of cleaning of the bar tops, in a few hundred yards below, when we moved an island a point of high bank I grasped my pack, ran the whole length of the boats of leaped ashore, so ended my voyage on the Woodville...
with the loss of the vessel itself, my own shipwreck on Long Island half a mile from the mainland, as the fourth loss of my shipmates for whom I had last seen danger by the sea. The heavens and the toiling flood. After a painful interval of half an hour I heard his voice in the distance, and soon I saw him splashing waist deep in the water, and it was not long before he joined me on the island.

A couple of Crusoes

We spent some time in quiet and pensive contemplation of the position. How should we escape to the mainland? Of course we did not remain there but boldly plunged into the flood and waded ashore. The water was where his men’s manuscripts could.
We walked pensive down the shore to the Corieltom ferry, only the time we reached were sufficiently considerate to be presented. We crossed on the ferry the distance in high water being many a mile. Reaching the other or Corieltom side, we found a new constructed flatboat awaiting us. Moving and receiving some kind of a cargo for their return, as the sight of this boat, my enthusiastic love of a seafaring life led me to claim my artistic ability and to think that I was better fitted than a sailor before the mast. This boat had no mast. I approached the proprietors and boldly demanded a position on his boat. He looked at me curiously, extended his great strong arm, grasped my coat lapels and tightening his grasp lifted me from the ground, shook me as he wanted in rage or set me down gently remarking that I "had it in the stuff in me for a sailor." I was satisfied at that point and being assigned to my fate wandered my way to the studios (shop) of Tom Winter and I went to work with the energy of desperation. She bade me good-bye and walked back home disguised with me as my sailor's advice: "O sailor boy, sailor boy, never again."
Corning.

May 20, 1848

I am pleasantly enough situated here, and am learning more than I am earning. I am boarding at Mrs. Sanl's boarding house, Mrs. Sanl is a very polite lady and all her children are likable persons. The good table explains in part this point, though I may be in part mistaken. From generation of parents and ancestors, Corning is a town of some picturesque and with the opening of spring it has beautiful gardens and shrubs, and much pleasant company.

There are some beautiful walks near town the most frequent being that to the cemetery. Life is passing by like a pleasant dream. I am content as happy, because I have plenty to do and have been quite successful in my work, especially in the ornamental lettering etc. I paint a sign for a peddler, a queer genius named Joe Brand on Rehoboth Cream. He wants his name painted as a robin on his wagon, so I've made a picture of an eye and a sandhill crane of huge proportions. I, Crane, 'peddler, like design as well as writing, but he pronounces better.
Winton is a great genius, for many good and generous traits, but is extremely pre-
sumptuous. Except during a thunderstorm when
he retires to the cellar or flour room
on a platform bed, and prays devoutly
during the continuance of the storm.

Coventry — June 13th. At the end of a
month, in consequence of a serious dis-
agreement I left Winton, hired a room
and set up for myself as a sign and en-
mamental painter. Solon Garner, Editor
of the Fanon, C. E. Dodge, and in an ad-
vertisement to that effect, I swung out a sign
and posted myself with plenty of
work and more than companion than
I knew what to do with. Clean good
fellows, but in the way, as I wanted some
to work. These painters are not influenced
in pricing work, and Winton is doing his
best to run me under.

June 8th

Beginning to be embarrassed for
funds. Have had plenty of work, but my
patrons are of the class that do not
pay. In past they are customers and
give Winton, as never pay. Paint
heavily in gilding a huge wooden
Coffee pot for a倒入's sign, which
The trimmings refused to pay me. I painted also a sign for a milliner next door. This morning I found her ship in the charge of a sheriff and herself among the missing. The sign was a dead loss. My pestiferous friends cannot help me, but I have a month rent paid me, and my load seemed to be at least two months. I said I have commenced worry, and if I stay here shall be a heavy loss.

June 16, 1848

Mary, I have left Corning. Satisfied only with my success there as a sign and ornamental painter. I shall not go back unless barred back by the sweet voice and pleasant smile of "The girl I left behind me." I have escaped half my stay, I might have deserved nineteen years. "How wise can not undo me?"
July 8th, 1848

Greecesto encloses a couple of programs of the Society performances held there on the 29th and 30th. Mr. Miller figures as principal speaker to the Platonic. In the new life I had been had I had made I had almost forgotten Astbury as this reminiscence reminds me. We frighten a dream that has almost vanished, I will return again. The life there is better than the life I have been leading, ad moter leads to better things if I am only hard and can manage to improve it myself.

I am doing nothing at Westport, but read as I ride about over the hills ad along the road, make sketches of my hand at mechanical pieces, I occasionally go a fishing but uniform catch nothing. I have fallen in love with the river. By there was nothing in life to do but to wander along it sheen under the shade of its trees to sheen over its surface in a boat on glide manner. Life though its transparent billows, beheld in hostly enough, but thin life is too cool as you will I knew it, as soon made this work a 1st to me.
ANNIVERSARY EXHIBITION
OF THE
PLATONEAN SOCIETY
OF
Indiana Asbury University.
Thursday Evening, June 29, 1848.

Order of Exercises.

PRAYER.  By Ruff McTaff.

ESSAYS:

REVOLUTIONARY SPIRIT OF MODERN TIMES,—
James A. Beswick, Laconia, Ind.

MYSTERY OF THE BIBLE, —— Tromble G. Palmer, Indianapolis, Ind.

ORATIONS:

DUTY—THE GUIDE TO ACTION,—Henry H. Heaton, Tippecanoe, Co., Ind.

HISTORY AND ROMANCE, —— Martin S. Jones, Greencastle, Ind.

DEBATE:
SHOULD THE CITIZENS OF REPUBLICS ASSIST THE PATRIOTS
OF MONARCHIAL GOVERNMENTS IN REVOLUTIONS, WHOSE
AIM IS THE ESTABLISHMENT OF CIVIL LIBERTY?

AFFIRMATIVE, —— William T. Cunningham, Waveland, Ind.
NEGATIVE, —— Orson R. Holloway, Tippecanoe Co., Ind.

ADDRESS TO THE SOCIETY:
FUTURE PROSPECTS OF AMERICA,—
William H. Demott, New Castle, Ind.

Benediction.  By Rev. Willy.

MUSIC BY THE GREENCALST BAND BETWEEN PERFORMANCES.
"Laureas Super Montem Scientiae Carpe."

ANNIVERSARY EXHIBITION
OF THE
PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY,
OF
INDIANA ASBURY UNIVERSITY.

Friday Evening; June 30th, 1848.

ORDER OF EXERCISE:

PRAYER.

ESEAYS:

INFLUENCE OF HISTORY—
W. A. CURRAN, Jeffersonville, Ia.

PROSPECT OF UNIVERSAL LIBERTY—
ISAAC R. HITT, Vincennes, Ia.

ORATIONS:

THE DIGNITY AND DESTINY OF MAN—
J. A. Sims, Fairfield, Ia.

THE OMNIPOTENCE OF TRUTH—
R. H. JOHNSON, Covington, Ia.

DEBATE:

IS THE PRACTICE OF LAW CONSISTENT WITH
SOUND MORALS?

AFFIRMATIVE—
D. W. HERRINGTON, Madison, Ia.

NEGATIVE—
W. C. McPHEETERS, Livonia, Ia.

SPECIAL ORATION:

THE PREEMINENCE OF OUR INSTITUTIONS—
JOHN McCLASKY, Washington County, Ia.

BENEDICTION.

Music by the "Putnam Brass Band," between performances.
Windsor.

July 16, 1848

Time having come, what having on my hands, ad in the absence
of any thing special to occupy my attention
I determined on a visit to my friend Oscar
Hollway's. I carried a light bundle and walked
directly north, a route parallel to the river.

The weather being extremely warm, I left
the main road and wound my way through a
delightful grove of papaw, blue and hazel
and through patches of impenetrable sunlight
in these green shady recesses scarce a breeze
ruffles the leaves of the grand hemlock, and the birds of the grove were all
voiceless. All nature was hushed and heavy;
quiet ad I went to meditation. The solitude
was profound. It was perhaps a half a
mile from the road that I emerged suddenly
into a square clearing and found myself at
the door of a cabin. In the shadow of its
porch played a couple of children made an
Adam ad Eve before the fall and in the
forest. The young mother, more like one after
the fall, clad in a single garment, that, or
which one evening had fallen below the knee and
a little below the bone of the shoulders, a
costume airy ad graceful. But so primitive
that I was about to ward a part off with
the rush, but seeing that the lady herself was
unembarrassed I stopped to ask a few questions
which he answered politely as I took my leave. Had she been a broad-minded belle in full flesh, she could not have been more coldly polite. As young, she was handsome in face and well formed. I dried my prsent a view of the wilderness.

A week of 15 miles brought me to a rich farm of one dear friend Ossen who received me with great hospitality. This house is a model home, said his sister Samantha and Sarah are an agreeable and fascinating. Ossen and I spent our time writing and driving one the country, and talking college life. I join great plans for the future.

July 11, 1848

This morning I took goodbye to my friend the Holloways, and continued my upriver walk to Lafayette a distance of 2 to miles. At L. is on the east side. I tried to cross which I did a mile below. By swimming for miles and pushing my clothes before me on a plank. At L. I called on several friends and was invited to stay one night with one, a late student of Asbury. Jerome B. Cox, or Berry Cox as we called him. July 12th, 1848.

Richard H. Holloway and arranged a plan to attend the Asbury Commencement.
with Orson. We are 5 1/2 pm from his home in a carriage, & to go pick up our part & make preparations.

July 13, 1848 (Thursday)

Borrowed a horse of Orson & returned to Wabash to call for dinner. Made preparations & went back to his the same day.

July 14 to 1848 (Fr.)

Orson mixed up the family buggy & put some horses put in the box & the sea, & some knives knives for ourselves, & set out for Green Castle, a distance of 80 miles. We passed the Wabash but the water came in to the buggy & we washed out our supply of corn, at least most of it. We passed through the beautiful Ma plains as night overtook us in the vicinity of my old Black Creek home (1840-1) about 4 miles west of Crawfordsville. We slept with an old farmer, one of father's old friends, & remarked neighbors, Dr. Gray. A character — he is a small, uneducated man, simple weak & yet positive in his opinions. We found him strongly set against colleges & places calculated to unfitting them for farm work & making them too high & mighty for this earth. He is a hard working man, & his children & every body about him seem worked almost to death. His daughter Mary, as soon as she was born never played like other children
July 15th Saturday 1848

Before leaving the neighborhood I revisited the site of my old cabin home in the orchard. The cabin itself was gone. Here is the remains.

The earth was quiet and still when I stood. Black seemed much nearer than it ever did at the stream itself. The stream itself had dwindled to a meandering pool. It had some years formed the idea that it was almost a river. The hills reminded me of mountains more nearly noticeable elsewhere. Everything was minimised. Even some grey seemed a smaller portion of humanity than I had thought him of his children more delineant. All the grandeur had gone from the cliffs of Eagle Creek. All the majesty from the white sandstone pages in a very 8 years. This plan had once seemed to me the mighty world. Now it was common and ordinary. What will it appear when I come back 50 years hence a silver-haired old man? To gaze upon it?
About 1/2 mile from Crawfordsville we passed a historic structure that I do not remember ever to have seen before. It was the old structure, the 1st building of Wabash College. It is a huge, dilapidated frame building.

This drawing reproduces from memory, and I hope preserved its general appearance of dilapidation very well. The ghosts would not disdain to dwell in such a royal hall as this. The new building, a handsome brick in in Crawfordsville, is in the suburbs beyond. Once we stopped there for a half hour; and were parading down over the building and grounds, or waist and made the acquaintance of a number of students, five being fellows. But the very gentle were in the presence of the representatives of Auburn.
At 9 p.m. we struck the heavy hills of Walnut, crossed the raging torrent just below the mill and in a half hour were in Putnam's capital receiving the twenty greetings of our college mates. We then paid a visit to Larnahoe Cottage to witness the exhibition of the pupils of the Female Boarding School, which was very fine indeed but was too wild a day to pay very much attention. Among the old times present were Dr. H. W. and Hannah, Will DeHothe and John Hogan Benton, and many others.

The Class was gathered for Commencement and a grand good time was anticipated by every one.

Sunday, July 16, 1843.

To day given up to the Baccalaurate discourse and Annual Lecture.
Monday July 17, 1848
Scheme of Prize Performances & o'clock A.M.
College Chapel
Essays
David M. Jones
Isaac K. Hitt
Eugene F. Rawlins

Declarations
Robert M. Weir
Strange W. Sinclair
W. H. Delmotte
Eliott M. Bowman
George W. Hess

Valedictorians Dan J.

9½ o'clock A.M. Valedictory Exercises of P. - Senior Address by member of - of Class
Address by member of - Class
Confering of Degrees

2 o'clock P.M.
Valedictory Exercises of P. - Junior
Address by member of - Class
Address by member of - Class
Confering of Degrees
Tuesday July 18th 1848

The addresses to the three literary societies were delivered to-day, as follows:

That of the Adelphian by Edwin Ray Wilson, Indianapolis.

" " " Plateman by Hon. Sam. Parker Cornish.

" " " Philosophian by Judge J. MacDonald.

The Adelphian is the youngest of the societies, being but a yearling. It was addressed by a former student, and founder. The address was very poor for so young a man, but was something of an innovation as the societies usually select their speakers from men of experience and position.

The address to the Plateman was philosophical. Societies were in every way worthy of the occasion. Sam Parker was a brilliant essay on Plato and his philosophy, with which the boys have been so familiar as to vote to have it published in pamphlet form.

That of Judge MacDonald was not so brilliant, but was more solid.

Wednesday July 19th

Commencement Scenics occurred to-day. A programme of the ensuing plays gives order of scence.
Ninth Commencement.

Indiana Asbury University.

Wednesday, July 19th, 1848.

Greencastle:
Printed by A. G. Patrick.
1848.
Order of Exercises
first proceeded麻醉
and music
and silence

PRAYER.

SALUTATORY—LATIN.
John W. Ray.

Oration—"INDIVIDUAL DUTY IN THE POLICY OF GOVERNMENT"
* Plato—W. McKendree Hester, Scott county.

Oration—"THE REVOLUTIONARY PRINCIPLE"

Oration—"TRUE SCIENCE, A SOURCE OF CONFIDENCE"

Oration—"INSTABILITY OF EMPIRE"

VALEDICTORY:

DEGREES CONFERRED—BACCALAUREATE:

Benediction.

Music by the Greencastle Band.
The grand feature of this Commencement was the Baccalaureate address of Dr. Simpson, and this was unusually interesting from the fact that President Simpson is to be with us as our new president, having resigned the Presidency of the College to accept the Editorship of the W.C. Advocate at Cincinnati.

Rev. Edward Raymond Ames has been elected his successor, but it is not certain that he will accept.

I was present at this Commencement, after the exercises were over. I rode on the roaders of good by, and took passage to Warsaw in the parlor car, and reached home on the evening of July 20th.

I am to spend this vacation in work, that I may return to college at the beginning of next term.

So ends the record of a second year.