Pleasant Hill
Green Castle
Romney
Green Castle
Ind. July 20th 1849 to July 18, 1852

Scribblings of a Sophomore

E. E. Edwards
Journal of a Sophomore.

From July 30, 49
Dedication.

To John Vestal Jr. of Bedford, Ind.

My classmate through the freshman and sophomore years, a friend in whom I have greatly relied as a translator of the Latin classics, an associate in the most pleasant scenes of student life, and a valued correspondent during vacations and absences from college. It is a matter of regret that he did not complete his college course, but left at the close of his sophomore year. His scholarship and dependability would have entitled him to a front rank amongst the graduates of Asbury. He is now the less a classmate and friend, though he took only the degree of friendship he and reports among his fellows.

"We shall miss him"

Ernest Edwards
Thursday July 20th 1844.

Commencement is over.

The crowds have dispersed. The graduates of '44 have taken their everlasting leave of college halls, and the bulk of those below them have gone home to visit their friends and recuperate their physical energies for the commencement of another college year. It seems like a closing, and yet we call it commencement, because all the second prep class commence as Freshmen. The Freshmen as Sophomores, the Sophs as Juniors, the Juniors as Seniors and the Seniors as citizens of the world. I commence as Sophomore, and hence the title of this new journey, or rather, a part of a larger journey, thoughts and fancies.

The following are the members of the Soph class:

Elika B. Laverne - Annapolis, Ind.
John Dan Clift - Owingsville,
John Durham
Evan Edwards - Rossville,
Phil. Gode Gillet - Centreville,
David W. Jones - Greencastle,
Albert C. McDonald - Des Moines, Iowa
John S. Hartington - Brooksville, Ind.
Wm. S. Turner - Jersey Shore, Penn.
John Vestal Jr. - Bridget, Ind.
Samuel A. Wood - Greencastle.
A new President—Rev. Lucien W. Berry D.D.

At the late commencement, the Board of Trustees elected Lucien W. Berry to be president of the University. He is a man of fine personal appearance and commanding eloquence. He is said to be in this last respect second only to President Simpson, whom removal to the editorship of the Western Christian Journal had deprived the students and citizens alike of not a second's lament. The presidency during the interval, in which the post was last filled by Prof. J. P. Lamarre, LL.D., whose reign was so mild and easy as to win him the affectionate regard of all his students, his election to the presidency would have been a most popular movement, but for some reason it was not done. Dr. Berry comes without experience, and with nothing but his reputation as an orator to sustain him.

The Asiatic Cholera

This scourge, during the past summer, has made its appearance in various parts of the country and produced much alarm. It has reached high and dry up the highest grounds in Pennsylvania, has so far escaped.
Mondy, July 30, 1849.

I have been spending the vacation at home in pleasant hills, which has been described as a small and somewhat dilapidated town in Fountain Co. The mansion is a huge barn like structure two stories high and standing squarely on the street of alley, in order to save fencings of the lot. It is unpainted and there are places in the wall and roof that let the daylight shine through undestructed.

This is a village in the home of Kitty King, and Wheeler Lamb, and is pregnant with memories of applecarts on poring trees, here before described. Here lives also Boston Hayes, a self taught artist who has made me at home in his studio, and indicated me into the mysteries of painting in oil. Some of his pictures have unusual merit, and are very life-like, and some of his studies from life, being glow on the canvas, the real being, this room on my most pleasant visiting place. I set out to send an escapade of my mother Wes. Last spring in a spirit of rare adventure for a boy of 16 he determined to go post and see the world. How fools were not strong enough to withstand.
His pockets were empty, but when his adventures begg the step an enterprising intent because of secret of shirts, he managed to get a position as draper with a Mr. Sloan who was taking a dream of horses to Michigan. All summer we had not a word of him, as the prevalence of the cholera caused great suspicions as to his fate. Father went so far as to advertise him in the papers.

A few days ago he appeared at the passenger door, ghostly, thin, hollow eyed, and ragged. He had seen the world, and apparently experienced some of its rough ways. He had wandered as far east as Toledo, where he was taken with the cholera and hurried off to hospital, where he was placed in the middle of the dead and dying, but to recover. When sufficient strength enough to travel, he was placed on a canal boat and given his passage to Youngstown, from which point he hoped to find a conveyance to pleasant Hill, but the panic-stricken country people at New Lafayette had broken down the banks of the canal, thereby letting out the water. Thinking thus to arrest the cholera in its course. Here Mr. Sloan was obliged to remain three days, till he was strong enough.
to start down the river on foot. As he left the city he noted that it was very desolate and that the grass was growing in the streets. While wandering along the river shore, found a skiff that seemed to have no owner. As any rent he confiscated the vessel, entered it, pushed off from the shore and floated nearly to Wasco Ford, when contrary winds drove him ashore. Leaning the boat, he had the good fortune to meet with a wagoner who gave him a ride to Pleasant Hill in a wagon.

Father has been repairing the furnace, digging a well in rather suspicious, cleaning and walling an old one, and things are yet some what in confusion.

A Childhood Home

Sat. Sept. #157

As soon as Wes was able to travel we and I visited the old Home on Black Creek (1840) and spent there one in two delightful days. When we lived there we were respectively 9 and 7 years of age, just the age for Columbus like explorations. We were somewhat disappointed as the diminished height of the hills and size of the streams and reduced distances otherwise the landscape had not greatly changed. Our old was here was described and in using 30 never was a palace, but the walls seemed to lean. The chimney resembled the leaning tower.
of fish, and every where the grass grew
rank and green even over the paths and
around the doorstep. The Cottonwood tree
was still vigorous and flourishing.

The tree changes
not except for
great green
garnering of leaves.

Long my it was, and
"Woodman spare that tree."

The old gum spring at the
foot of the hill had a familiar
look and the water was so
clear and pure as ever.

The old gum tree
carried inside and
weary outside with
its fringe of mind a
quar was
The Cottonwood Tree by the Door.

Dear Nelly the days of love and truth
Came back to my heart once more,
The home of our sweet and fair geneva youth,
And the Cottonwood Tree by the door.

I heard its calling and stood in the shade
Of the green leaves quivering o'er,
And the merry children came back and played
Near the Cottonwood Tree by the door.

And that this should be only the dream
Of one who is youthful no more;
That the leaves no longer rustle and gleam
Of the Cottonwood Tree by the door.

That the mercy hearted no longer are there,
But scattered the winds with old care;
That they dream no longer a thing, a care
For the Cottonwood Tree by the door.
And scattered over like leaves in the gale
On drift-wood along the shore,
They dream as seldom of those who played
With the Cottenwood tree by the door.

But I, though put the power of words
From a heart that is burning on,
Would sing the a song, as glad as a bird's
Of the Cottenwood tree by the door.

My brother Wes is dear to me
And I was born to be his dearest one,
But he and I do not look up
The same landscape. He is of a very
practical turn of mind, as is now be-
ginning to appreciate, ever since a
good meal. He is very much like
father who prefers looking at things
as they really are, as minds in their possi-
bilities. The sturdy farmers in the
country like him much better than they
do me, presumably, because he is of a
stouter build, and is much fonder of
food than their. He has not home-
grown power of endurance, as I have
several times tested in the poison
field. His most notable trait was a certain
pursuing, or strong-headedness, which led him
generally to place himself in the opposition.
all questions of authority on even of opinion.

To command was to awaken opposition. The
spirit of that command. The suggestion to heir
of a certain thing, they ought to be done, inspire
them with the determination to do the opposite.
This trait being recognized as a peculiarity, this
he could not well resist often secured him immu-
nan to the punishment which would
have been visited upon other children of less
nature perversity.

An illustration of this trait occurred near

this old house, which I recall at sight of the
scene of the incident. Here by our front fence
(a cabin in the midst of an apple orchard.),
flows a little woodland stream known
as Black Creek, a tributary to the neighboring
Sugar Creek. Over this was a footbridge,
made of a single log, hewn flat on the upper
surface. It happened one day that owing to
heavy rains Black Creek was tumbling into,
fall to its banks at one flooding. Were
I were adventurous enough to go out on
the footbridge, thus we might watch the
swift waters rushing beneath, and enjoy
the sensation of our appearance to glide upstream.
A caution to Wes to be careful and not lose
his balance and the effect of producing
a lack of caution, and almost immediately
he tumbled off the log, and disappeared
in the muddy waters. As I could not see him
anywhere, I ran home swiftly as my feet could carry me and informed the parents that I had fallen off a log and was probably drowned. My parents and neighbors came rushing down song frightned at the calamity, and began exploring the stream below the log, but in vain, till a neighbor who knew the characteristics of Wes's disposition suggested that boy could be found any where it would be up stream. As sure enough in a little while he was heard calling lustly for help some distane above the log. The only explanation possible was that an eddy had whirl'd him up stream & when the water was shallow ed the log he had there wodd farther on up the stream.

We visited the scene of this semi-comic incident, and found the log still in its place. We visited several other old haunts scenes of boyish escapades and mischief concerning which Wes's memory was not half so good as mine. We met no old playmates or friends. They had all grown up and moved away.

The schoolhouse in the hill had become shabby and old. The trees on the playground were dead. The path to the spring under the hill was overgrown with weeds. This was a typical school house, built of logs, almost square, with a rude box stair.
In the centre with long horizontal windows on three sides and a door on the fourth. The writing desk was ranged around the wall just beneath the long window. The teacher was an old bachelor of about 50 years, and I only remember of him that he was middle-aged, expert in the use of rod, perl, and pins, and ingenious in inventing new and unique modes of punishment, such as balancing a stick upon one chin, holding a brick in one hand at arm's length, or looking upwards through a joint of stove-pipe. He also used to stand up on one foot as a penalty for misdemeanors. I supposed he had some good traits but I do not recall them. He belonged to the race of hardwhipped and hard drinkers. On Christmas occasion he treated the scholars to hard cider and whiskey, and I do not remember that there was any great show of indignation in
the community over the circumstance.
Memory aid me in depicting earnest young school boy. But I tried their
my ability. Thus I have given him the simply an expression, but if this old hand
and his kingdom, more anon.
At Old Asbury again.
Greencastle, Aug
Saturday, Sept 18, 1849

The month of August I spent in
Greencastle, improving my finances by what manual
labor with the paint brush I could perform, and studying
up with what little energy I could command in the
intervals of rest. I did not study Texas,
and seldom turned the midnight talker chip.
I found much recreation in Sylvia
till's study:
"As rocks and hills; its temple hills" etc.

I have my red and corn room at
Cooper's Jack and for a roommate, Yelverton
Carroll Woodworth a C. B. a graduate of
this commencement and son the home pedagogue
in a log schoolhouse in Allen's neighborhood.
Two or three miles north east of town. He is
pious, a genial, eccentric, an authority on the classics
and has been endued by kind Nature with the
uddest head in Putnam County."
He is a long-faced and weather-beaten son of the South, being a native of Tennessee. He is only five feet eight and a half inches tall. He is in the college order of S.O.M.M. as his society name is St. Andrew, and so he is known as Andrew. He is in the second year of his course in Greencastle, and during the month of August he pulled his chum on their trip to Canada, adding to them a few honorary members just for the occasion only, and organized

A Charivari,
in honor of a
some double wedding festivities, in which a
brother and sister had wedded a sister and
brother, and it seemed to be the general
sentiment of the public that this close corporation
was worthy of some special notice in the
way of lively serenading.

In this Charivari (in honor of brothers
shin-e) Woodworth was Rex, and Bill
Farley, Vice Rex. Mark De Mattei was the musical
director. The fun was to be innocent, and the
music good. The participants were disguised beyond hope of successful recognition.
The musical instruments were of the most unique description, consisting largely of tin pans and coffee tins, etc. The most remarkable instrument was the dumb-bell or "Humorothum" as we christened it.

The above rough sketch will explain the construction. The materials being stuff an old flour barrel and a twisted rope drawn through it. The music, produced by drawing the rope back and forth through the barrel made in a box. The most solemn and awful ever heard. It is no wonder that when at the witching hour of midnight we visited the residence of old Mr. , no sound of this instrument, accompanied with the clanging clatter of the tin pans that the slumber was aroused or by the trumpet of doom. It was in Flood Point of the town known as Jefferson. We stood in a semicircle like the scene of the battle past coming, falling, and trampling like interrupted demons, when suddenly the...
door opened as a white clad, night-capped figure stood in the opening with a shot gun at the latter arm.

With the quickness of a cat the ram sprang forward as though a bird, struck at the gun of the wearer. What ensued we could not see, but the Rix evidently had the better of the conflict. The gun went off hurling against the stove, while Rix and his valiant clan went off also in hot pursuit, to rally at the safe distance of a quarter of a mile farther down the street. As answered to roll call, I proceeded as the command of the Rix to the residence of Judge Rix, where a similar scene minus the shooting scene was enacted.

City Marshall Rankin, a good-natured old man of stafloppian proportions appeared when the field, and said, Gentleman, in the name of— I arrest this voice was drowned in the roar of the paws of dumb folk, while at the command of the Rix the members of the clan commenced smoking rapid round him at a safe distance, so he finding himself...
at a distance disadvantage along their
luring us in undisturbed possession of the
field. This ended the Charisansi. Having
nothing more to accomplish we disbanded
and went home.

The Cataract of Eel River

Woodward, Nichols and myself during
the same month August, organized an expedi-
tion to the Cataracts, perhaps 15 miles south
of Greenacres. We were to be gone three
days. The road thither was through an
undulating wooded country intersected
or checked with pines. A few miles past
of the Cataracts we passed through a common
place little town, bearing the romantic name
of Cloverdale. Here we made the acquaintance
of Jerry Pogue, the village blacksmith, a young
lady who would be recognized as a beauty
anywhere. I was too intent on gazing at the
poles to be fascinated with anything else.

We caught our first glimpse of the upper
cataract through the trees, as we neared
it was Niagara. The water fell on
a ledge twenty or thirty feet perpendicular.
The ledge was of limestone, the softer
underlying clay and stones having been
worn away so as to leave the limestone
sliding into abeam.
There were smaller falls or cascades higher up, but the general effect was marred by the presence of a huge gristmill.

Calwaeks of Eel
Upper Fall,
At Falls village a few rods beyond the fall we were fortunate in meeting the
aeronaut family of Old Bulletin and Dr. Cole, the latter, a comical little Englishman
from the Isle of Wight. The Bulletin family are residents of Louisville, Ky. but having
this mill property in the wilderness of Clay County to look after, and I think summer here
at the time of our visit Young Bulletin was sole tenant of the country home. Hope Dr.
Cole might be said to have his home there.
We regretted the absence of the Bulletin ladies.
We found reminiscences of them in the elegantly furnished parlor, heaps of novels,
music books, guitars, picture in admirable disorder. Young Bulletin, being a friend of
Nichols, offered us the hospitality of the deserted mansion, and entertained us royally
during our stay. He is a tall slender young man, slender beyond the average
of American slender. This good feature of columnar visage, of a humanized
first water. He was a capital story teller and had a rich fund of anecdote larded up
against the little English. Mr. O. Cole seemed rather delighted than otherwise to
be the butt of Bulletin jokes. One of them was a comic comic. Bulletin had an indescribable
lobe on his right eyebrow, making a slight bulge striking against it.
Dr. Cole had loaded his rifle to kill a humming bird, but the bullet had missed the mark to be platitude against another bullet. The Dr.'s diminutive stature, extreme politeness, quick reporters of tedious mistakes made him the pride of the circle in which he moved. His mistake shied at the humming bird however almost drove him to despair as he would have killed himself but for the interference of his enraged friend. He came cut down a tree, many to see so far as he had never had the pleasure of seeing one fall. The tree fell upon a cow, which the Dr. had to pay for. Fifteen dollars he said. He had enom and acaenin salted the watermelon; taking the kind from nothing how much vellum were scow? He had once undertaken the egg parent which he did creditable to be learned to the corner, ed there he could not think of, ed so closed with "Yours truly, J. D. Col."

After tea, Helvetten and Payne went with The Dr. ed young Pekett engaged in a game of cards which pleased myself to listen to. The books and pictures.

We were somewhat merry to an invite to the village hotel where we left our horses to be cared for. Helvetten drew up to the door, and a woman holding
to take care of it and said the "man of the house" was down at the fall of the day. He, Sylvester would hold the baby, she would take care of the house.

At 11 PM we were shown into our sleeping room, large, richly furnished and fantastically decorated with elk horns and hunting gear. We lay down to rest on luxurious couches spread on earthen beds. Then we slept off the first and tired and ones. Next day we spent at the lower antaracta, a part of rapids with no base mid-side over it.

Cataract of Eel: Lone Fall.

While I was sketching the fall two or three country girls came down to the opposite bank and pulled me with good sized pebbles. It imported.
The Old Red Corner Room  Sun. Sept 17. 79
Bachelor's Hall.
Is in dimensions of ground plan about 10x15
feet x 8 high. I went to see S.C. Coon
who moves next week to Fort Wayne. He
has furnished it with a small cooking stove.
The remaining furniture is cheap and prima-
tive consisting of a common bedstead, sup-
plied with a straw mattress a couple of
pillows, 2 half a dozen covered blankets
and quilts. I have the cheapest kind of a table
with book case and a couple of kitchen chairs
with tin wash-tub and earthen pitcher.

Altogether it is a comfortable den. Its chief
ornament being its blonde and brunette tail
of my old shrimpin hair trunk, with its
bright brass nails, old black vine lock and
handle.
Love is a subtle spirit—something less than a vestal deity, And even as a great and most indescribable: Yet liveth and flourishith ever and everywhere.

Over the dience of man's heart, by venomous blasts, It hovers like a hawk; a hawk which succibit a chicken, A young and tender chicken which Judith on the crumbs of affecion Which are shaken and fall from the table cloth of plenty.
And the hawk possumeth upon the chicken as a cat with its prey Then he devoureth the feathered biped ere it hath learned to cackle.

Thus love, the merciless hawk, hoversyet over and pouces upon The young and tender chicken and devoureth it; And of its too susceptible heart marks a single mouthful.

Thus love, the pitiless hawk, getheth its guilty victim, And straightway it love his owner; This is a much mind metaphor And means simply this that the lover is thereupon lumina.

Dedicated to my friend, Mark DeNolde, winner of an Oration in Plato Society.
Morning fades. He forgets all objects on being received.
And all day long o’er all night dreams of her, the beautiful
Her the young, her the pure, her the painter of maidens.

Whence is this picture lovely? carved on the head of majesty?
What is this matchless thing framed in the breast? (a metaphor)
How long shall I remain wild? the word of its power?

Whence, I know not, what, I know not, with few stays "o’er my head,
And, in endurance for ever, even as a name on the bond so written
Defying the billows and breakers burst, and break ing upon it
Year, in endurance, even as a bubble on the river
Whose rising from a drop of rain, floats seaward.
Like the shadow of a floating banner, it never changes.
Like unto a lucifer match, it burns the air, through the eyes.
Like unto the silver moon in neither waxeth nor waneeth
(These are similes of a class not mentioned by Whately.)

Who is she who the roses bedecked, on whom the dotes doth rest?
Jane or Susan or Jean, or more like the sweet Carmita,
Jemima the fair, Louise the good, or young Katrina.
I know her. She’s one; she’s a daisy and has worthies, cowards.
She is set in silks and satins, de laines and lace,
And her curls that flood on the morning geysers, as yellow
As morning sunbeams, as golden as corn silk tassels.
May she her curls as black as a glossary as the big gallops;
Her lips and cheeks have the carminine blush of the current;
Of clouds and with the vein of the faxing painting sunbeams.
Or, thou art white like chalk or marble or the petals of lilies.
Osmunt in her breath as the wind from a garden of roses,
Her very Keeping différent celestial peppermint odors.
Odes of balsam in balsam, patchouli, Cologne and what not.
(My breath is endowed most of the love and burnt coffee.)

Then eye has the light of a star, even the light of a farmer's
In sweet summer twilights. It is flack, it is blue, it is bright.
It warms the kniflde I flanneled with the tendered passion.
It is deep and clean as the well on the astrology campus.
(This well is not used, but is well enough for an astrology campus.

Even as an umbrella can the upper most in the mind
On strong days.
Even as a hungry man thinks the certainty of his supper,
Even as a hungry man remind his thought, to fire, burn,
So does the head of a loves turn to his mistress,

Grows as a magnetized horse when beloved to the pole star.
Grows like a weathercock too when the wind changes, unless
It is rusty, a sense one has nailed it fast, and it turns not, and
It is Gone but vainly the wind bloweth upon it.

Thus with his fair one the lover eaten wax leaf,
"Osmunt made fairer than a rose in summer,
"More stately than a common deer in its glory.
"More beautiful than tomatoes in the garden,
"And sweeter far than sugar house molasses.
"And dearer than potatoes in the market.
"And nearer to my heart than my next pocket.
"Wherein I carry Carolina tobacco.
"To thee, to thee, than Eden of my earthly happiness."
"The music of my soul, diviner, redating
In thee, I learn, as from the name of the high Jezreel.
My Arab and my gentleless loving Ismara,
And fancy pictures thee as an ethereal being,
An angel bright, by intamed by martial sins and practices.
Pure in thy heart, as Peter Ingolseda.
Thy soul, the lodestar love, is his lodestar.

"Maeter, O pensive, go it, O pensive, in amore,
Thus is traveled by mortals, the difficult path, leading towards
Sec edem (so read, in unpleasing) ad aquam.
Win her true love, twill prove a jewel that's priceless.
She will cling to thin air-like, while love lamp is burning
(Mixed similarly, the whole thing is a muddle or mixture.)
And when the lampshad at last fully places ad picture
And dies in the socket, thy true love so pend ad faithful
Will lose on the remainder, with ad end in another candle
Well live in its light while thine is burned ad forgotten
Be for thine o peace, ad win her love: she my love this year, for a while, or till the new moon changes,
On till shall cross her pathway, some juvenis better looking.
Age, win her love. O boy, for brighter than a button
Of love a how that glitters on a bed of embers red.
S The pure spark of unruffled affection
Which glimmers like a lightning bug as nightfall
Over the dark dog-foam - jinnsen-cround commen
Exhibition of Seniors.
Sept 17th,

On Monday night, the Senior Class held the first exhibition of the year ever held in Asbury. The institution of this feature is a step in the direction of awakening class pride, of promoting class distinctions. Last year I was a Freshman, almost without knowing it, and scarce I knew that Sophomores, juniors and seniors were above me. Henceforth, there are to be lines of demarcation between the classes, and we are to consort together Freshmen with Freshmen, etc. A college uniform is talked of, something military, but for the present the movement is not popular. The following is the scheme of the Senior performance.

Exhibition

Senior Class

Indiana Asbury University
Monday evening, Sept 17, 1849

Order of Exercises

Oration — Sources of Knowledge. Thomas L. Tucker, 1st, 1st.

Debate — Would a Union of the Christian Sects be beneficial to the world. Off. Gilbert M. Dunn, Poland, Ind.

Neg. David W. Jones, Corydon 2nd


Orator — Reason and Enthusiasm demanded by an A. S. Wilcox Marvin Co.

Orator — The Electric System. John Harris, Ind 1st.

Journalizing under Difficulties

Sept 21. 50

The days are so much alike, the routine of study and recreation so unvarying that a carefully kept journal would be monotonous beyond endurance. I shall therefore only notice variations from the routine, and shall per chance skip many days and even weeks, and put only on record those things that for the time being interested me most. I am sorry to omit mentioning many pleasant things, because of sameness. One kind of sugar looks exactly like another. There is more variety in things now pleasant, and there perhaps are the best things to put on record.

"Forsan et haec acta meminisse viribus." I do not study well this term, and might be better situated as to comrades. Melvill is intensely interesting, but having completed his college course is no longer interested in the problems and studies that concern me. He is reincarnative, romantic, sentimental, he tells whacks as innocently as if he believed them, and his mind leers with all kinds of defeat and lying situations, plots, counterfeit conspiracies. If I shivered with a deep worth, I should be the hero.
He and Bill Farley appeared to carry on a correspondence in cipher, a piece of paper containing part of this correspondence fell into my hands, and on a careful analysis proved to be mere written gibberish, and very clever mystification, that deceived no one unless it was Jim Armstrong, who was a frequent caller, and who was an attentive listener to the speculations of H. de Wet. Though there was no evidence of a powerful secret organization with grips, passwords, and magic emblems and oaths and obligations, the whole to extend through the West, having its headquarters in the college, but its extremities reaching to the most obscure settlements, the whole to be dominated by his own acute mind and powerful will. I do not know the object of this proposed Order. Occult Order, but presume it is something revolutionary. Though Mark Dethie and I have relegated it to the realm of fantasy, we have had lots of fun with it. The mind of Armstrong is however powerfully impressed and the enters into the scheme an dead sullen earnest. The ritual et cetera have some originality of conception, and are weird enough for an order of Druid.
The Parthenon of the Back Woods.

Nov 30, 44.

I have been out to visit Mr. [illegible] in his country schoolhouse, of which I made a rude sketch. It was humble in appearance, small in size, with puncheon floors and cleatboard roof; yet I could not but notice in it a striking resemblance in plan and general appeal to the Parthenon. It is altogether Greek in its proportions. The interior corresponded with the exterior in style. The blank walls, lackless benches, rude writing desks and an old box stove (in the center of the room.) About twenty platen [illegible] children crowded their lessons together.

Note: This school house some weeks later was burned.
Rustication

Dec. 1, 49

I meditated a short or long time

Rustication, how long or where, I can not

now guess. The Treasury is many years

doing contemplation of the time when it

shall be entire, is not pleasant to the

soul. The process this term has

not been especially satisfactory to myself

Junto to my father a few days ago to

look for a school in his (Newtown) circuit.

Will teach the young sons how to shoot?


Dec. 20, 49

Good by, old Cedar Top (an affectionate

nickname - Phtoonie,) I'm going - going -

almost gone. I was almost in despair

and heard nothing from father, at was

contemplating some the empty cracker

box in the corner when a rap at the

doors startled me. Cerri! I said expecting

Bill or Mark or John, when in walked

Prof. Whalen and handed me a letter

from Jane Turner of Romney. Zipper

was County R.I. asking for a teacher.

The Professor could think of no one

to whom the offer would be more

acceptable than to myself. Mr. Turner

wants a teacher for a winter school

I decided instantly to go, as in accord

with the advice of Prof. Whalen. I agreed to buy

up my own studies during my absence.
At a late meeting of the Sophomore Class I was elected to take a special part in the class exhibition there in four months hence. I am to debate with Lawrence Adams Wood. The question: "Were the Crusades beneficent?"

This will be the first Sophomore Ex. ever given in Auburn University.

I am busy preparing for my exit to Romney, A. m. would lift early above the bargain to greet me, again farewell, Citizen, Tip, at the end corner room, light drums.

The crock box is empty. The fire has gone out from the stove, all my earthly valuables consisting of a few books have been packed in the dress skin trunk, again good by.

Before leaving Greensville I went to a photographer, Mr. Webber, of V. O., for a picture which I sent to Captain Sealy on the opposite page, and sent the original daguerreotype here. I spent considerable time in Mr. Webber's rooms, studying the wonderful and picturesque.
Dominic St. Ronny

Jan 7th 1849

Left Greenbush in pursuit of a place to live. Hired as a man's room, when

first a couple of days, of them end on the 24th of Sept. December

Romney. My progress within was

signaled by my setting hand in a blinding

snow storm while crossing a wind

unpremed prairie. The wind, then

night's miles

out of my

own

Romney,

poised

decreasing

snow

vast

of

very

cold

evening

temp.
in the

windshield,
in the
great

winds,
in the

great

blew.

I was much

 remembers with cold, as glad that

did not yield to the distraction

to lie down ad sleep just a little

rest.
On the next day, as my school did not commence for a while, I took my my
line of march for Rossville, an old town
45-46 14 miles beyond Lafayette, or about
27 miles in all. I passed through Lafayette,
the great city of this part of the state a little after
noon, and got on very well till I came
to the raging current known as Wildcat
Creek. This had no bridge, and I was compelled
to wade it. I found a ford about two feet
depth and over 100 yards, but I walked
on wading to Rossville and suffered no
damage. I found Wash Black at home
and spent some very enjoyable days visiting
and jumping with the village boys. Walking
over old lines (at least 4 years old)
visited the ruins of Grassy Creek school
house, where I spent my last school days,
and recalled some enjoyable scenes.

A large party was given us, where we met
our old acquaintance Turner and many others,
and had an enjoyable time with the girls
playing the famous popular and such dances.
Sam Paine was there, Sam Paine the
renowned chronicler of long since when
big stories Wash and I had immortalized in
the columns of Rossville Literary Enterprise
and Wildcat Roarer. Jeffers, Wash
and I were recurring incidents, and to
adon some reminiscence our first exclamation in the classic Latin that used to sound, “O Tempora, O Mores!”

Sam Payne overheard the expression and suggested that we spoke Homer in “a son of the old gentleman is present.” We thought we were referring to an old gentleman of the name of Moore, whose son did happen to be standing within earshot.

Then were present at the party several of the youthful mothers with babies, which at a late hour were sleeping in the smoke room. Then somehow raised the resentment of the hostesses present, one of whom presumably had changed the wrapping of their babies to their, in the freezing of departure, they were carried home by the wrong mothers, and the scene that ensued upon the discovery of the trick cannot be imagined.

The day after Christmas I returned to funning by way of Dayton, and though not soon purged a long walk over an almost snow covered prairie.

Winter rules the inverted year— Snow white are the plains, the hill, the tree tips, and the winds are icy cold. The way to Dayton seemed long as recalled a conversation between a stranger and a native.

(Dave): “How far is it to Dayton?” (Habib): “Seven miles.”

(Dave): “Good heavens, I thought it was 100 miles.”
My new home is not inviting in its winter dress. It has one long, wide street. The houses are cabins and homes, many of them unpainted. The first building on the left through roughly sketched is a rather beautiful church, from paint white, Presbyterian, with a green steeple. The first building on the left is my boarding home, Mr. Jakes Turner's. The tall two-story log house just beyond is Mr. Gates Neville's; I beyond that I have not yet discovered. The leafer trees add to the desolation of the scene.
"And now the old year shrift
And the forest under a moon
Like the voice of one that cries
In the wilderness alone;
You met his ghost.

Farewell, old year
Again shall soon rise to brightness
The ancient visage, Never more shall
his bright rays, ting the hoary locks
With a yellow luster. Then shall
He again to the grave, as a thousand
hears and a thousand busy hands
And airy frames are dead with Thee.

I go, like thee, to return
No more, but trace my steps in
My steps, for now it will be said
Of me, as saying of thee: "She,
is growing old
And his eye is pale and bland
Death with gory hand o'er
Plucks the old man by the beard,
Song—song—song."
Monday December 31, 1854

I write the date for the last time, a little before midnight, but not to mourn in on the flight of time, simply to make a record.

School — my first school, opened today with 20 scholars. There can be only one first school, and one first day. This I realize, I have been greatly disappointed at the beginning. It is surprising. The scholars are friendly as many of very interesting.

The schoolhouse is a frame, low, dingy, old but a vast improvement in education. I wish this concrete pedagogy would look in upon me, and see how easily I am situated. I had almost quoted "The ladies have fallen to me in pleasant places." But the ladies of the school are not reassuring. I have been told several teachers have been driven off by the scholars, the big boys.
Some of them have been described in the
wheat that flows hand by hand
have been written on rails.
This prospective path, as Dominius termed
dreams somewhat. As friends I have
no fear or my scholar are quite quiet.

Thursday Jan 2nd 1870

Excerpt from letter to a friend

My dear John

We celebrate the new year which
opens tomorrow, by writing you a
letter from my new home, a new
home but a very old looking one. My
schoolhouse is an old schoolhouse, with
weather-beaten walls and creaking roof
and shuddering windows, yet it is quite
new to me. This being my second day within
its venerable enclosure. Outwardly it
is a huge unpainted frame building, with
six windows and one door, standing in
the midst of a blank common. On one
side is the rolling of Romney, on the
other the Wren valley with its tiny
stream, flowing between icy banks
and spanned by a high rustic bridge.
Beyond is a legume opening into a
wide snow covered prairie. Just
in front of the schoolhouse are a
few groves handsomely enclosed
in rail pens, some of chilopodids with
an
Each in his narrow cell, pressed hard
The rude pew-bench of the hovel chapel.
Beyond the grates and extending down
Into the valley is a jungle of black jack,
And sugar palm trees, where the creeks are
Willows.

But look within. The interior is picture.
A huge box throne within an iron
Drum and many pipes reaching to a hole
In the ceiling occupies the center of the
Room. The walls are hung with copies of
The Dollar Newspaper and weekly Sun, and
I shall improve my mind at odd times
By poring them. These is lots of information
To be gleaned from these walls. Many writing
Dests are arranged around the walls. The student
Sitting behind them and facing the center of
The room. These desks are covered with the
Jewels by the Sphinxes carved by the jackalmen
Of successive generations of schoolboys.

In one end of the room
Is an old prie-dieu,very
Sickly, shaken to
Pieces by ex-priests.
As a pulpit it has not
Been used for years
And is a kind of sacred
Relic. That I shall
Presume to use for
A sacred relic
Here is a chair of the kitchen pattern, which is to be my framerate of punishment and pain. Behind the chairs are in part of them are rude backless benches on which are ranged my archin subjects. Their ped for the word most dangler between the bench and floor their attitude for an unnatural their movement restless their ostensible work being to see the proper spelling both of words, but their chief delight the shooting of paper wings against the ceiling, or as each other. Thus for the young idea learn to shoot. They came up to the chair when I sit to help their lesson. For example, Pa. pu p-e p-i "What does p-i spell?" I don't know. "My child what do you have at the table sometimes?" Sausage, sir. Thus we hours spend, from o'clock in the morning till four in the afternoon, when school is dismissed, ed scholars ed masters have been.
Smoke.

Wednesday, Jan 2nd, 50

It was a cold, wintry day, but the air was thin and light, so light that a
smoke from the chimneys gravitated
eastward. In the school house it declined
ascending through the stone pipe, and came
out through the door into the room as
filled. It would have been a glorious
smudge as mosquito's time, but now is
worse. So filled the room, it filled our
eyes as well. We went to window and
threw it off, it fogged our minds. What
a pernicious thing is smoke.

Two of my boys had a fight this evening.

"Blind on The premises!"

The famous Ladies Repertory
came this evening and is noticeable for
an engrossing of paths beautiful picture
of Poetry, a chorus with a harp, sung
on a swan floating over an expanse
dark, around as in a mist rising
the enchanted shores of dreams land.

Thursday 3rd.

Cloudy and cold without.

Smelt within. Organized a class
in Latin, Greek, Wm. but
Orson R. Holloway and one evening as I
was returning to boarding house, on street
with no returning, a call was made upon
him while he was reading some old newspaper.
He is on his way to Auburn to resume his studies and we agree to correspond. I have written to Mark LeMotte, also to Prof. Wuell, acknowledging his kindness in securing me any first responsible position in life, then as

Friend of Holloway.

Friday, Jan. 4th, 1849

Bede Holloway good by, regretfully. I would have liked to go with him but must work now for a three months' teaching, teaching. This morning those brilliant sun dogs in the east, by which I infer that the temperature is lower than common.

To day I removed to the 3rd student. At noon I sketched the portrait of my hostess' little boy, Edgar Neville.

At 4 p.m. dismissed school, and started on a walk to Pleasant Hill twelve miles intending to go about six miles before dark. To Andrew Tinkley's, and after crossing the plains, not being able to find his house. I stopped at John P. Fitzgerald, Owen P. and myself attended a writing school, after supper, at the brick schoolhouse. P. Clay Mortlock of Middletown, N.Y., was leader of a class numbering about 50 members. They were of all ages, from those of boys to old gray-bearded men. It was not interesting to me in the least. There are few things so uninteresting as

...
one participant as a writing school. Fortunately I had a Philadelphia newspaper containing an article on dying quoted from The London Journal. With this I persuaded myself that I, the school child, of the scholars went home.

Saturday, Jan 5th 1849

Stated early as possible, waited breakfast and arrived at The Pleasant Hill parsonage. After dinner, for which my walk had given me a ravenous appetite, my mother and myself went in the family coach to Mount Eden, six or eight miles distant. A funeral service was in progress conducted with the usual accompaniment of singing and shouting and great excitement. Listened to a sermon by Rev. Elijah Saul, in whom I felt some little interest because he is unfortunate enough to be inflicted on officiants with my first name. I sympathized with him and felt sorry for him and wondered whether the name of "life" had been the torment of his younger days. To bow my mine, the name is has been an incubus, almost a night mare. There is a place of familiarity about the family, east of the house, called Mount Eden, it has a touch of the careless and common place. I would not wish well on a tombstone.
Sunday January 6, 1850

Stopped at Mr. Walker's - a box painter of some celebrity. Joshua preached a missionary sermon in the morning, and took up a collection with his congregation song

"From Greenland's icy mountains"

took dinner with Dr. Kelly, and then left for Romney. I reached the edge of the plain about dark, which I was to cross to reach Romney six miles distant. There was no road visible, but I directed my course slightly west of south by the wind which blew steadily from the east. The clouds obscured the stars and the snow on the rounds of the plain. Was two hours reaching Romney.

Monday Jan 7.

I enrolled the York student today. There was a pin fresh snow, and the boys amused themselves by making snow men of formidable appearance.

Bought a watch - a large silver watch, turnip pattern, which is recommended as a good time piece. Bought it to carry with me and record. Mr. Translates Honey writing and Mr. Translates

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Tuesday Jan. 8, 1850

The watch of keeping time
keeps me one hour in a day. Result
I came near missing my dinner, and first
the scholars in the day.

This was the most beautiful
post scene this morning I ever saw.
The post was about one in his glory
last night and left his coat of mail
on spires and trees. A million diamonds
shone in every pedestal of tower and icicle
depended from the roof of the old
school house 18 inches long.

Wednesday Jan. 9.

A bright, glad day of sunshine
and mild breezes. Hung my watch upon
the wall, since it seemed determined to go way
and measure I the pleasure hours by my
internal consciousness. The snow is
melting rapidly. Mr. Turner paid me the
dollars. Translated the eloquent carols
of home. Made a sketch of one of my scholars
a brown eyed, beautiful little girl of about
eleven summers. Jenny Summers. Her father
lives in a rambling old farm house in the
edge of town. She has brothers Eugene, alf
Kid and Will. Eugene is one of my scholars.
The others are young men, will bring the young
of the town.
Thursday, January 10, 1860

Dream I last night a vivid, realistic dream of my school life in Waldo. I was upon a child's home, and I wore a little cap and a dress, paid a very appropriate young girl. Beginning my memories distinctly, I was now a woman, with pride. I remember my hair was white and that I was too old, with pride in what I knew and could read. I read old geography, I read old geography.

Really then early senses I should rather be better adapted for my work. I knew just how a small boy felt at school, or what he liked and thought. I have adopted as a mode of study enthusiasm in study, a system of new ideas and have prepared little sketched notes. I then set out to draw cards of drawings, paper containing name and commendation of receiver. Then I sign out to tomorrow.
Friday Jan 11th, 1850

This has been a wet and stormy day at The Mea, a little creek on common occasion is a big river now, as swamps

over half

so valley. The old bridge is surrounded
by water and stands on an island in the
middle of the stream.

Found a beautiful passage to dry
on Hannah Which I thus translate

"Pale Death"
"With equable step advances"
"Knocking alike"
"At the lovely home of the poor"
"At the lofty palaces of kings"
"O holly city!
"Soon will the knights of the grave descend on this"
"The mans of Pales shall crowd around this"
"The shadowy home of Pluto shall be also thine own"
Saturday Jan. 12, 1856

I occasionally hear its bell ringing loud and clear across the wide plains calling me to meditation. There is generally some foundation for the sound, such as a distant cowbell which faintly tinkers into the well-known resonant place of the college bell. I remember this for weeks after by first term a year past while on the Webcot. I heard the bell, and was generally able to resolve the sound into that of a cow bell, the jingling of a streamboat, the stroking of a woodsmen in the forest, sounds not likely to suggest bell music.

Sunday Jan 13th 1856

The bell of Astbury weighs about 400 lbs. and is suspended in a wooden cupola. It is a perfect theme of song with the rest of Astbury, one of whom describes it as

"The bell, the bell, the old college bell,
Dying away in its ring bell.
Its music is an eternal theme. For 40
At Ramsey, in the dead winter, from Astbury
There it rings forth at 4 o'clock,
Its long, long knell."


The Old School Home

There were walls to call it old,
A building stands in lovely pride,
A relic of a bygone day,
And swiftly falls to decay.

For years it not like castle old,
No battlements or towers bold.
No wind lowers from an height,
Look down upon the scene.

On plain and low this building stands
A wind by with unpainted brand.

Its draperies are dark and dim,
But no hologram pierce a grim
Within dressing or rattling chain,
Holds there his solitary reign.

The dust of years has gathered over
The panels of the decaying door
And pain full sight on window pane
Are shattered by the winds and rains
And in its coat are mullions grown.
And latches on the sills below.

Here hoary pedagogues held sway,
Ruled, scolded, berated, passed away,
And p now here at learning, strain
The last of all that stately line.
And yet this building rude and old,
Grows radiant in the morning beam,
And mellow in the sunset's gold,
And moves here as in a dream.

As in a dream I seem to see
The groups that gather round my knee,
Wise, gay paths to dare the strife,
The doubts, the mysteries of life
 Till all their cares and dangers past,
They win their laurel crowns at last.

O pēpē, pēpē, ye little ones,
To know the heat of midday suns,
Remembering that when the day
Fades in the evening shades away,
The healing night shall bring you rest—
Shall bring you peace, shall bring you rest.

And gray old ruin may it be
When I no more the sight shall see
That all the memories of me
Be like the golden light that falls
In splendor on the shining wall
A radiance of love and trust
A glory shining from the dust.

1) "The by-gone days," from He gihāpukū,
and as a cope.
Monday Jan 14. - 50

Having celebrated my forty-fourth birthday, I pursued my usual occupation of giving lessons to my scholars.

Skindale No. 1

Mrs. Turner, a quiet, modest, and gentle young lady, the daughter of Mr. Turner, who has been a widower. She is 12 or 13 years of age, though her face bears the signs of older age and her eyes are dark and deep set under a broad, expressive brow.

I observe that my scholars and the young ladies have romantic and Latin names. Among them are Jenny Seymore, Alice Neville, Amelia Mulle, Caroline Wolfe, Rhoda Brand, and Susie Turner, Louise Neville.
Tuesday Jan 15th 1850

The family of my host consists of himself, Mr. Zebulon Turner, a benevolent, peaceable, old gentleman of about 65, an ancient schoolmaster, his young wife, former Mrs. Winslow Neill, her two daughters Eliza and Louisa, and son Edgar, and her niece Amelia B. Neill, a young lady of eighteen or less. The remaining member of the family is Zenas Turner, son of Joby Turner by a former marriage, a big hubbub boy 18 or 19 years of age. There is also a sister Jemima, who lives with a married sister some miles distant on the plain. An older son, B. Marcus Turner, now deceased, graduated at Asbury University in 1848 and went to Texas where he fell a victim to the bloodshed of an assassin. I knew well being my first year in college a true dignified Hebron man, not very young, certainly not less than 25 or 26 years of age, and a member of the Hesperian society. He was reserved and silent, and had but few friends or associates, and impressed me as extremely winsome in his tastes and general make-up. All I can say of Zenas is that he does not resemble his brother in the least.
Wednesday Jan 16, 1850

My winter boarding house is a plain frame building, contemptible through not roomsy. My room is to the right of the door. As I can now judge I have made a success of my winter school. It has been heretofore notorious for the hard whipping prophecies of its succeeding teachers. I have not discarded the rod, and aim to lead rather than to drive the scholars along the path of science. I find myself deficient in and am obliged to study to keep ahead of my class. The larger students are well disposed. At first, I found them somewhat disposed to play off and sit together, each big boy, with his favorite big girl, but I put an end to the practice and announced rather roughly that hereafter I would be all thecourting that was to be done during school hours.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>The Master Roll.</th>
<th>Thursday Jan 11, 1855</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Ault — Jesse</td>
<td>Richardson — Aig</td>
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<tr>
<td>Baders — Archibald</td>
<td>Richardson — Herbron</td>
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<tr>
<td>Beck — Elizabeth Ann</td>
<td>Ramsey — Manley</td>
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<tr>
<td>Brunton — David A.</td>
<td>Ramsey — Joseph</td>
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<tr>
<td>Brunton — Cyrus</td>
<td>Ramsey — Isaac</td>
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<tr>
<td>Brunton — Mary C.</td>
<td>Seymore — Lucy Jenny</td>
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<tr>
<td>Brunton — Margaret J.</td>
<td>Seymore — Eugene</td>
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<td>Brunton — David W.</td>
<td>Smith — Thomas</td>
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<td>Gerard — William</td>
<td>Smith — Charles W.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Gerard — Rhoda</td>
<td>Smith — Matilda</td>
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<td>Hall — Wealthy Maria</td>
<td>Smith — Henrietta</td>
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<td>Harrington — Austin</td>
<td>Smith — Margaret</td>
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<td>Houston — Robert</td>
<td>子弹 — Ferdinand</td>
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<td>McCoom — Joseph</td>
<td>Williams — Frederic</td>
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<tr>
<td>McCoom — John W.</td>
<td>Williams — Mary R.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mccoom — Sarah Ann</td>
<td>Williams — Amanda</td>
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<td>Neville — Edgar</td>
<td>Waters — Isaac, W.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Neville — Alice J.</td>
<td>Waters — Mary S.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Neville — Marie</td>
<td>Wolfe — Caroline</td>
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<tr>
<td>Neville — Isaac</td>
<td>s.c. Wolfe — William</td>
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<tr>
<td>Park — Seth</td>
<td>Note — In transcribing this</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Park — Emily</td>
<td>master roll, I made</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Powell — William</td>
<td>transcription of the book, I must</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Powell — John</td>
<td>constantly substituted the roll</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Powell — James</td>
<td>for new commencing Monday</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oglesby — John</td>
<td>Jan 30th, December 1855</td>
</tr>
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<td></td>
<td>It should have been Monday</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Dec. 31, 1844, The earlier roll is</td>
</tr>
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<td></td>
<td>1850.</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
The Monarch of A.B.C.

The schoolmaster sat in his old arm-chair,
And a gay old look was he;
He sat like a king in his old arm-chair,
As called his scholars around their throne,
He taxed their ears and he pulled their train
In the Kingdom of A.B.C.

He sat like a king in his old arm-chair,
In the castle of A.B.C.
And he looked like an image of giant despair,
For his brow was wrinkled, his face was bare:
There was only a fringe of grizzled hair
When his grey and hollow locks used to be.

And he look like a picture of grim despair
In his castle of A.B.C.
You could see his grey eyes twinkle and glare
From 'neath their amber tints of shaggy hair.

Like those of a beast from its dusty lair,
Watching their prey, ah me!

You could see his prey eyes glisten and glare,
And his lip curl scornfully,
As he called in a voice like a trumpeting bray,
For Johnny and Jimmy and Wand and Clare,
For Betty and Billy and the other there,
In his castle of A.B.C.
And he called in a voice like a trump’s clar
Come say your A.B.C.
And they came with features of woe despair,
Johnny and Jimmy and Mandro and Clare,
And Billy and Betty and others more,
And gathering about his knee.

And they came with features of woe despair,
Whining their A.B.C.,
And the pieces of old woe pulled their hair,
And them dance on the prunehoms bare;
At the touch of a wand they expired there
In the Castle of A.B.C.,

But the pieces of old woe pulled their hair
No more in his pernicious goal.
He is laid to rest on the hillside bare;
Gone—his sceptre and old green chair,
And the school house is standing a ruin there
In the kingdom of A.B.C.

His grave is there on the hillside bare
Where the wight lies biding time,
And the children no longer are gathering there
Their shreds no longer ring in the air.
Nor wailing arises from the den of despair
In the kingdom of A.B.C.
The children no longer are gathering there

In dead is the Hickory Tree,
And grass never grows on the hillsides bare,
But bears and brambles are laughter there.
And the owl hoots low his note of despair

From that castle of A.B.C.

And grass never grows on the hillsides bare,

She leaves on the Hickory Tree;
And the children have vanished—oh till whose
Are their sweet blue eyes and their golden hair?
Are their voices that sang in the summer air
In that kingdom of A.B.C.?
Saturday June 20 18 -

There are not two finer contrasts in my school than between Jennie Seymour and Carrie Wolfe. The one is a brown-eyed fair haired blonde with rosy cheeks and red parting lips, a general sunny faced child, of almost ideal beauty. Carrie is a fairer brunette with square face features with pollen on lip and cheek. Her eyes are wonderful for a certain dark brilliancy, as for their size, but an incident proves her true beauty. Her hair is abundant straight and golden flaxen. She is apparently some older than young, as is more advanced in her studies, being in my Latin class.

A letter from John Vosel was late Jan 17, and related in which the incident arising at 9:00 am makes me wish to be there. I have also letter from Uncle Dostie (21) and Morris Doane (20) quite an avalanche - Am assured from the pranks of an itinerant singing master who came in singing at the Methodist Church. There was quite a crowd out. He talked the deal of the back woods, and even faked horse in a corner way. He capped the climax of absurdity however by getting around and stuffing the church with which the church was lighted with his teeth. He remark: the candle snuff was good to gram a fellow's threads with.
Sunday Jan 21 1930

Romney is blessed with two churches.

The Presbyterian Church across the street is a commodious frame painted white and adorned with a spic and span parsonage and flight of steps thereto, and a grand in front. To this church belong many of the leading or influential families in the village and neighborhood. The pastor is a young man just graduated from a theological school. (Rev. Palmer.) He has organized a singing class, of which I have attached myself hoping to arouse my dormant musical abilities if possible.

The Methodist Church is situated not far from the schoolhouse. Gather is pastor preaching there every two weeks, over. Sometimes there is preaching by a local preacher. I heard one, a young man, two sermons, who took for his text, "Our rock is not as their rock, etc." which he introduced if the remark that his text was somewhere in the book of the Bible, between Genesis and Revelation, and if they (the hearers) would only search the scriptures as they set to work, I find it.

Peppe who do not know me in my father call me the preacher's brother, and telling them so young looking a man should have so old a son. His eyes are sunken.
Monday Jan 22, 1880

A queer genius has made his appearance in the village. He proposes to teach geography by a new and original system. As he has engaged the school-house I shall take notes. He has a large class of pupils, including also many of my scholars. He has a number of large charts around the wall, outlining charts. The class is houseful, follow him with soaring voices as he points with a pointer to the cities rivers on lakes of country, or to states and their capitals. Repunzel is the key to his method. Repunzel fixes the localities in the memory. Tara also lends its aid. The charts are so set that the plans to some easy tune, generally to "Old Dan Tucker." Here are some of the strains by which he fixes important geographical facts in the memory:

"Shadows of Doro - Shadows of Doro"
"Twenty miles over - Twenty miles over"
"Mississippi River - Forty one hundred"
"Mississippi River - Forty one hundred"
"Great Peter - Little Peter"
"Great Peter - Little Peter"
"Shenandoah River - Shenandoah"
"Cattage - Cattage"

Maine - Augusta - Maine Augusta
Massachusetts - Boston - Massachusetts Boston etc. etc. etc.
Tuesday Jan 23, '50

The day was a very pleasant one and my little world in my own room was growing into larger dimensions, but it was becoming more pleasant as I am forming strong attachments for the little folks that fill up my little empire. I have now the red one once a day that was at the solicitation of a wealthy uncle who said he had torn his book. He was a little shop with white hair and freckles on his face ad blue eyes which paled and so this occasion brimming with tears, said in a sobbing, coaxing, "Master, I want to be licked." "What for, said I. "I tore my new book, too-too too-too too-too, I want you to lick me," he replied. As his grief seemed so very real, I took the whip which I keep for show and gave him a few gentle strokes, then scarcely thought the end of his cord and he retired to his seat greatly comforted. I asked his older brother what he meant by wanting to be whipped. "I," said he, "Dad lent him that and if the master did not lick him he would ad Dad licks a good deal harder than you do."
Wednesday 24th, 1850

There is a girl in my school named Martha Fox, a quiet, very poor country girl of about 16 summers. Her eyes are small, clear together, of points in color, having not a suggestion of gray color. She owns a farm just outside of town, and is considered by the young fellows something of a catch. She is however slow in her ways, being very studious during study hours, and very industrious at intervals of noon or noon, which she employs in knitting stockings. She does not play on songs, but knits for dear life, her needle's playing about her soft and chubby fingers like lanes of auroral light. Her greyish-blue, cat-like eyes maintain an expression of secrecy and peace, as slow the knitting goes on — on — on — forever.

"And that maiden, more picturing —
Still is sitting — still is sitting,
In a seat behind the desk in a chair beside the door;
And the motion of her knitting
And the needles, are picturing,
Have engraved ad perpetuated my heart forevermore."

The main thoughts — a statement of this poem is a yarn, I knitted my hours in vain to elaborate further verses. Perhaps as a reward for their effort the gentle Martha would knit me — a Mitten.
Thursday 25th January 1819

Old Asbury
A Dream of Love

Old Asbury, Old Asbury!
My heart still clings to thee;
And memories come crowding in,
Like billows on the sea —
Like shadows on the lee.

Wave follows wave, thought follows thought,
Sets in a mystic chain,
Sink often sink, yet all are wrought
To summer again —
To mind and heart again,
beping pain as white;
I see thy chilly brick-built tower
I hear thy wail in war
Rising at morning, noon and night,
Its long - long knell
In our resounding knell.
See the cool and shaded walks,
Where I have often ranged,
See the rude and mossy rocks
Beside the old cascade,—
The murmuring cascade.

And down within you glide, I see
A rustic woodland shrine;
Where, on the smooth barked timber tree
I carved her name and mine;—
My Mary's name and mine.

We dreamed the sweetest dream of youth,
Beneath the fragrant tree;
We pledged each other love and trust,
While their song on the tree—
While rivers sang to the sea.
The name on the top half appeared,
and the mass on grown;
But one with deeper line is there
Upon a white granulated;
And I am here alone.

She sleeps in peace, as violet blooms
Above the funeral bed;
And loving hands have kissed her brow
Will soon forget me, and
And I forget her.

Now three score years have blanched my brow
And touched my locks with snow;
But I remember very now
Some whispered long ago.
In my sweet 'Long ago'.

And fancy, as in glowing youth,
I wandered far and wide,
That she, the land and lord of youth,
My pain, my mournful bride,
Walks even by my side.

Alcensed, do not break the spell
Of passion such as these,
Nor mar the why I love so well
The rocks, the vales, the trees,
The paths among The Two.
The spirit love I lay ago
Still holds me in its spell.

Now sweet the thought you cannot know,
That in my heart it dwell,
Oft, I love so well.

You cannot know how age by age
Love keeps its pledges true;
And how about my head to day
Come reverly dream of you,
Sweet memories of youth.

Friday Jan 26, 1850.
This day I am nineteen by
years old. I do not think of any thing
To write, but have several unuttered resolutions
as to conduct and demand for the ensuing
year, I might realize in the light of
Time, but these would be the supposition
That I may never have. This book is
practically oblivion and what I attempt to
preserve, will probably have
no resurrection in this world. I might
therefore write safely, to very considerate
end point, and write down even the
weightiest secrets that I know. I will only
among them that I am not in love, in debt, in
debt, in difficulty, or in the dumps, but
am happy and serene.
Saturday Jan 27, 1850

Notwithstanding the perjury, am half in love with the brown eyes of Jenny Seymour, as wish she were a few years older. For I, proud of my recently attained nineteen years am may twice as old as she. I know your divine is too juvenile, and prone to every smile of division.

Yesterday I celebrated my birthday by writing letters to Miss DeMuet and to my friends. I have four pages to each. I also wrote a first letter to Capt. Heaven of Burlington. I have correspondence commenced since Monday ago with this young lady has been formal precise, correct, and slow.

Feb 28th, 1850

The days have passed without a word and here in fact been so very monotonous and so much alike as to numb none. My discussions have been sketching and letter writing, albeit I have devoted some of the short hours of night to studying the geography of the heaven, reclining on my back on pleasant nights upon the roof of the woodshed. I have now had all the winter constellations. Phone also made a period of keeping up my college studies, as have translating.
some Horatian odes and Ancient Epic songs. Have been preparing also for my debate next week on the
question, "Was the Crusade beneficial?" Involves some knowledge of history, and I have consequently worked through just his copy of
Rutledge's Survey of Modern History which gives an account of the Crusades. The
book is dull, but the history of the Crusades is specially interesting,
and I am quite carried away by their spirit. I would give anything to be permitted
to go on a Crusade of some sort.
"See them on their working way."
"Then the wild Crusaders press,
There assembled Europe stands,
Heaven they deem, another the storm,
Fills the paynes blood demand.
We are not without our noble ships
To work the state. The Renegades of
The Canadians are at such various
as men Crusades of Infidels.
If all arose from a debate
At the school. They the other evening
The momentary question was thus
stated. "Resolved! That a dog is more
servable than a gun."
The Canadians (those qui mordens
regiment Trans plumer Wea) contended...
holy for the dogs, while the Romneyites stubbornly stood up for the dogs guns. Fortunately there were neither dog nor guns present, so the central might end disastrously, with a roar of guns ad vocal cry. The question is still unsettled, if it will never be settled but continue to fizzle. I write in the bosom of Romneys and Canes. Though one evening time I

They have had strife also at Astbury. Holloway writes me that several students have been arrested for gambling and that Prof. Max has been reprimanded. Several students have left college and some have been suspended for a while. The art students permitted to take part in the Junior Exhibition were: J.C. Page, Young, Strang, Sinclair, Zach Grummett, James Smith, Martin Sejone, Oscar R. Holloway.

Performing Junior:

The following were received for some reason:

New Performing Junior:

Joel Macdonald
Bert Holmes
Bill White
Bill Thurman.

Hard on the Bots, ad Bish's. The storm was almost blown over.

Holloway says, The California Fever
has broken out with great violence as two of my correspondents are going. W. S. Jone and L. P. Nichols. Dennis Harrington and Henry Dunlap are also going. Holladay wants to go but is renaming by paternal persuasion influence and authority.

John Vierle writes me that Rydberg has gone off with a picture show for which he does the lighting, advertising and bill-sticking.

**March 6th 1850**

Have just assumed myself by rewriting the lastest of Parker's novel, just written last year, and peremptorily sent to Mr. Parker in his candy store and side pub. So I please the goods, very heartily old man great and he treated the crowd to cakes & ginger beer of which he had great store.

The poem will serve to illustrate an essay on the degeneracy of modern poetry.
Old Father Grime, that good old man,  
Has left this troubled sphere  
But then we will not mourn as long  
As Pater Incol's here,  

For he can soothe our troubled souls  
With words as sweet as dew,  
If we have dinner he'll give us cake  
And give us candies too.
He has some turkeys which he sell,
At thirty cents a piece;
He has a barrel many pails
Of sausages and grease.

And Peter Engel has on hand
Both gingerbread and beer;
And he has oysters in tin cans
But sells them very dear.

He has bear's oil, and Eau Cologne
And blacking in one boot;
And for a cent a piece he sells
The choicest of cheroots.

The Peter is a good old man
In his peculiar way;
He goes to bed on every night
And rises the next day.

The Peter loves his money well
Yet honest is his hand;
He sells tobacco by the plug,
Molaners by the pound.

This heart is open to his friends
Wide as his cellar door;
He loves the man that pays him up
But loves his peter more.
Old Gruen is dead: That good old man
We never more shall see,
But Peter Fugel walks the street
As good a man as he.

Romney Adieu-
Friday March 29th 1850

To day, with pleasing recollections in the spellers
and readers, with declamations at farewell
addresses, and gathering up of books and tucker,
my school days. It is to me has been to me a
memorable term. There can be no superior
term, as the teacher school one term and
somehow lose his identity of power visiting
and of one sphere with another. The school
has been a revelation. It dissolved in
the first place how little I knew of wood
and tables, and square root of ratios.
It has proven worthy more to me than three
college terms. Had I offered myself for ex-
amination to the Court examine, Mr.
Farrington, of Lafayette, as the common
ment of the term, I could not have passed.
As it was I was aware of some glaring deficiencies.
It has proved an inspiration.
The speech of the children has inspired
me to speak in study. There was a marked
rivalry between them and me, as to which
should keep ahead.
It has proven a good intellectual drill
I have been forced to adopt systematic study
Though I have not done much in the way
of keeping up with my class I have progressed
in the English studies, and am better qualified
for College. The work has been thoroughly
enjoyable. Perhaps I have found my vocati
a question as to which having perplexed me
long. Though at first in my teens I have
been feeling about with the large ambition
of a young man to push something good
The. As an experiment I read a
volume of Blackstone, which failed to
show me to enthusiasm. Dr Davis
of Kenyon wanted me to read medicine
with him, but his philosophy of the humanity
of practice, of the dullness of human
nature, in accepting his pills or
aque fontana, mixture with some harm-
less stuff, were inspiring me with dis-
gust. I have written a sermon
a text on Preachers, "of man's heart with
his will, etc. but take from only in the
satisfaction, to could think of nothing to
gag. Thus I have approached these days
and proper in some depth of sprung
them. Though I may turn to them again
Satur. March 30 — Left Residence 8 days
in Newcastle via Placentia Hill
Saturday April 6, 1850

Have found my way back again to the old red corner room in Cooper's. I have given no one knows whether I am coming contentedly alone, trying my provisions and cooking occasionally when I need a warm meal.

Dined Romney with full pockets and a light head a week ago. I presume Romney is now still, on the fence of the murmuring, sea. He deviates of purpose,

"The wind in the tree, the narrow street,
And the dank summer wind as bigh as pencil
Clings to the masts of its palaces."
(adapted from Ross)

The owl dwells in the wilderness forest of Black Jack oaks, and boob in division of the mud to pattern. Traveller as he passes by, the inhabitants "come the fences" as they make their daily round. The smoke envelopes dark, crimsoned gates as solemn cattle at disritte pigs meander lazily though the streets.

Nevertheless I love Romney and shall remember it with pleasure. The place where I entered filled upon leaving with... and also for the pleasant acquaintances

So near of Alice and Carrie and Lou.
Saturday April 12th 1850

On Monday next the term opens and the students have been coming in during the past week. I have been making up, and preparing to enter my class, from which I have been a term absent. There is much piling among the returning students, with a little sadness at the absence of some familiar faces.

Cap-Snow and Nix. They come no more.

Tuesday April 16th 1850

Yesterday the term opened with fair prospects. In the evening the Sophomore performance occurred. The following is the programme:

Order of Exercises for the Sophomore Exhibition Monday April 15th.

Oration

Literary Triumph - John S. Tarpley from Brockville, Ind.
The Union as it is - E. B. Cannon from Annapolis, Ind.
The Influence of Example - David W. Jones from Greeneville, Ind.

Debate


Oration

Powers of Education - Phil. S. Gillett from Centreville, Ind.
The Influence of the Speculative Principles of Mr. M'Intyre - John Dunkan from New York.
INDIANA ASBURY UNIVERSITY.

ORDER OF EXERCISES
FOR THE
SOPHOMORE EXHIBITION,
Monday Evening, April 15, 1850.

ORATIONS.

LITERARY TRIUMPH—
John S. Tarkington, Brookville, Ind.

REPUBLICANISM—
Washington Marlatt, Wayne county, Ind.

THE UNION AS IT IS—
E. B. Cannan, Annapolis, Ind.

THE INFLUENCE OF EXAMPLE—
David W. Jones, Greencastle, Ind.

DEBATE.

HAS THE INFLUENCE OF THE CRUSADES PROVED BENEFICIAL TO THE WORLD?
Affirmative—E. Evan Edwards, Rossville, Ind.
Negative—Samuel A. Wood, Greencastle, Ind.

Tuesday Evening, April 16th.

ORATIONS.

POWER OF ELOQUENCE—
Phil. G. Gillet, Centreville, Ind.

MUTABILITY OF HUMAN INSTITUTIONS—
John D. Chestnut, Terre-Haute, Ind.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE SPECULATIVE PRINCIPLE OF MIND—
John Durham, Terre Haute, Ind.

DEBATE.

WERE THE FACILITIES IN ANCIENT TIMES, FOR ACQUIRING INFLUENCE, GREATER THAN THEY ARE AT PRESENT?

†Affirmative—Albert C. McDonald, DesMoines county, Iowa.
Negative—William S. Turner, Jersey Shore, Penn.

THE POLITICAL CRISIS—
Milton S. Durham, Vigo county, Ind.

BROWN'S PRINT—GREENCASTLE.
Justin: Were the facilities for acquiring influence greater in ancient times than at present?


Oration

The political crisis, William S. Durham, Vice-Pres.

The exhibit was in two sections. The first was devoted to

The above programme was made

prints of Brown's printing office

distributed to the audience by students

appointed for that purpose who went up

and down the aisles and scattered the

programme like autumn leaves.

"To the wailing of the (opposite) lecture

Was all the sound we heard."

The performance was well received by the

audience. Samuel Wood declared his

part of the debate magnificently, or

quite carried off the poem for oration.

I think, however, I had him on the

merits of the argument. This exhibit

is the third in the new order instituted

by Dr. Ewing. The seniors led off the

open course, the juniors the second, and

the sophomores the third. Mr. Brushman

can as yet lift one.

Can getting along fairly with my

clos.
May 26. 1850

Six weeks have passed without a word from you that came to me by jacks, on the smooth back of the beach and the backs of hedges in the woods in Sydenham.

The most notable of the notabilities of the town is the fair of last week held in the College, by the benefit of the fund for the new church, c. c. The accident whereby the college came near being reduced to a heap of ruins by fire. Some reprehensible and reckless youth had been smoking on the summit, when a spark from his pipe sent up a pillar of flame, and in three minutes the wind had turned it to a blaze, and in three minutes more the roof would have been part saved, I put on read with pain that I was the first to reach the blazing roof, and that I clowned with my peers and stamped with my heels till the fire was smothered when in few buckets of water made its extinction certain. I went soon and praise, but turned my fingers cold.
Oh! in the hand, my waking
How swiftly do ye spend!
Like a ripple upon the river,
A shadow upon the sand!
Ye gleam as daisies glitter
Though fleeting, wondrous pair.
I would dwell in your cloud-built palace
My castles in the air!
I would stand on your golden towers
And gaze at the glimmering sea.
I would lay my head at evening,
On your pillows of cloud, to rest.

And through the purple shadows
Shone a serpent's sickle hard
And call me to slumber with your music
And songs of the summer land.

But why that lisping splinter!
Why pour the towers of gold?
And why does the sky grow sown
And the moon clauded dreary and cold?
They have vanished, my beautiful castles,
Domes founted a cloud-built walls,
And on the silent landscape
The shadow of evening falls.

O dreams of my trustful childhood,
O visions of later youth,
You have dazzled my eyes with your brightness
But my heart has learned your truth,
My aerial flight than hours of sound
Beside the gates of the west,
O'er the shadows that play so lightly
O'er the stream the lady's heart.
I would seek through glens, for glory
For a name in the nameless thing
I would paint some beautiful picture
I would sing some beautiful song
I would try at the cold white marble
That my name and fame might be
Something more than a fading cloud—a mark
Or shadow upon the sea

I would, but oh! The shadows
Creep darker about my path;
And the future shows the way.
The future all its light
Was in red for the many.
The laurel wreath shall wane;
The crown three he o'er the flowers that go
Over a nameless grave.

But yet my God I thank Thee.
For rising, that never fade,
Of a city whose deep foundations
In the beautiful mountain are laid;
Its gates of pearl stand open.
To the weary one, might and majesty
And that city of their un fading
Never shall pass away.
June 2nd 1850

Leaps June is here at last with its roses, its soft deep woodland shadows and its sultry moonlit breezes.

I have left the old red corner room and taken up my abode in the long low one-story building known as Adamson's Hotel. There are all four.

These remodeled houses, so called perhaps from the realistic spirit that possesses its tenants.

I have just concluded reading Taylor's "Views abroad," with which I am delightfully

I have read also a marvelous book styled "Peter Wilkins, or the Flying Islands," but this stutters my credibility somewhat.

June 19th 1850

To my great regret, Vestal, my friend in special, has gone home. He has

I have read this week Lewis' Clarke, Sayward

Mr. McIntosh and Mr. Conolly's "The Adirondacks."
June 17th, 1850

Incidents of the week. Visit to an engine inspection of a hydraulic ram at Lock-ridge's.

Accidental fall from a ladder, forty-five feet; no serious injury. New ideas of the power of gravitation.

I do not know what expression I would have made on the quaking soil beneath as a heap of angular rocks interfered breaking my fall, as was breaking my legs.

A wandering minstrel has visited Runcaster, accompanied by an aceate - intelligent monkey. The minstrel played upon three instruments at once, naming an organ, a triangle and some pipes, pretending to the cleft of his coat and in every reach of his mouth. With his right hand he turned the barrel of the organ, with his left he turned the triangle and with his mouth he blew the whistle pipes. He was a sly looking minstrel with bushy red hair, a bushy red nose and a cruel red eye. Some of the redness was due to "red-eye" undoubting.

The monkey passed round the plates and took up the collection. There being it is said no more profitable literary exercise.
more better way to study the merits of each 
the spirit of an author. I have gone to writing 
parodies. I have first commenced

Don Roderigo,
The Wandering Minstrel

Appearance of the Wandering Minstrel
in the Street of Greencastle
Seem near the Public Ignorance
With bitter weary a sad woe,
With whiskers frizzled a sad
A minstrel stood in unwarmed rags
Begging his crust of bread.

Turn - turn - turn -
His weary brow he wipes
And hums to again his organ crank
And hums to his whistle pipes.

Tramp - tramp - tramp
With a weary step and slow
Tramp - tramp - tramp
Poor old Don Rodrigo!

Grind - grind - grind
The music mournful and sad
And he grinds a bowing his whistle pipes
To sing the song of the pad.

Squawk - squawk - squawk -
Tell my train begins to train
Tell all the boys, are a following,
My dont you wake ole levi!
Its slow and turn and hood
And hood and turn and slow
Tell scarce can stand upon his feet,
Poor old Don Rodrigo.
Of is Trump Trump Trump
Along the muddy strand
Receiving my kick and cuff
From every man I meet,
And I could sing on a friend
But a friend I have never known
But that there monkey face whose face
Is so much like my own
Is so much like my own
With the look of care and woe
Yie you scound can tell, the crows say,
Yie is Don Rodrigo,
A little reeling would ease my heart
But to us, I tell you by,
I'm not so much about the street
That the pound of trash is dry
And my throat I too, is drier still
For a swig of sherry
With Trotters weary and worn
With whiskers frizzled and raw
A minstrel stood in ramshackled rags
Begging his crust of bread
Yarum — -Yarum — -Yarum
His weary brow he wipers
And still with unsought dollars sound
That awful parcel goes round ad round
Still squawks the whistle paper,
Ex'd Don Rodrigo
A spring there is in the West Country
And a bitter one never was seen
And not a youth in the West Country
But has drunk of that spring, I ween.

A gum and a sapling grew beside,
And beside both a buckeye stand,
And a weeping willow shades the spring
The spring of the Salt Creek land.

A weary traveler passed that way
And drank a hearty draught
And he felt his head grew light as joy
With the water he had quaffed.

This bundle he threw upon the ground,
His staff he threw away
And he claimed thereby a weary ground
And he sang a weary lay.
An old man came with silver hair,
And three score years and ten
Had bowed him down with age and care,
The drunkard was young again.

Then drank a poor man clothed in rags
And loudly he did sing
He was better drunk than a Duke or Earl
He was richer than a King.

And a ten-petal husband came that way
And for a moment lingers
He took a drink of his proud glass high
He paused, but he was married.

A fool drew near with morose guilt
And stupid wandering eyes,
But he drank a draught as others did
And became exceedingly wise.

And a wise man came with a head well-stored
With the wisdom of the schools
And deep drunk, he looked his rank plain
Stood in the rank of fools.

"Hark! Hark! The toper—The day is rare
The Salt Creek toper cry
Nor once an even sober off
Until the spring goes dry.
But the Salt Creek spring flow
And its waters wash my eye.
And the Salt Creek boys who visit it
Are always in a high.

In barrels and in bottles too
They have stored the precious stuff
And a fine drop of the pleasant drink
Is kept for sale by Hugh.

July 6th, 1830

We, The students of Artsy celebrated
The 4th in our usual gay style.
We formed a procession. Professor knew
An appointed Marshall rode a horse, wore
A scarf and flourished a sword and rode
Up and down the line inflating with first
Patriot of country and stuck-up-alineus
Which martial trappings are apt to expound.
We marched to the Sylvia Gillies when
We had music, Then the reading of the De
Coration by Frank Shory. Then a
Patriotic address by Geo. Washington.
The day was interesting. But,
Oft after the close of the March we
Gloated under our military tarp and
rested under the shade of the trees.
The session is nearing its close.
There are but one month or so months
Of nights before. Not an alien again.
The only incident worth of note in the major parachute upon two of the best members of the class, W. S. Turner and A. C. McDonald. We smoked them out with pipes and cigars. They finally surrendered at discretion, ad libitum at paraje.

July 8th, 1857

Examinations over, we knew to be Sophomores, as far as we knew to the contrary, we juniors.

Commencement. I think with its recital

was one. This was Mr. Livingston's

I was unusually interesting.

And the team to enter the

east as a prize declamer, but was

defeated, Robt. M. Wurr taking the first

prize, or Sammy Wood. The second

as I consol'd myself with one of prayer's

passive prayers.

"Bless us, Father, that repel nothing,

Thy name shall not be disappointed,

I declared Byron's "Dream

of Darkness," a grand gloomy or

premier poem, but that had nothing

to do with my depression. My Sophomore

life ended with this second ode. I lay

down my pen, ad astra.

Adieu.
Anniversary Edition
of the
PLATONEAN SOCIETY,
of
INDIANA ASBURY UNIVERSITY,
Tuesday Evening, July 2d, 1850.

ORDER OF EXERCISES:

PRAYER.

ESSAYS.

LITERARY PROSPECTS OF AMERICA—
   Marcus L. De Motte, Greencastle, Ind.

THE LOVE OF THE BEAUTIFUL—
   Wm. H. Barnes, Greencastle, Ind.

ORATIONS.

CONTINENTAL REFORM OF 1776—
   George V. Welborn, Mt. Vernon, Ind.

INSTABILITY OF OUR POLITICAL PARTIES—
   Joseph B. Young, Iowa City, Iowa.

DEBATE.

IS THE INFLUENCE OF ORAL DISCOURSE GREATER THAN THAT OF WRITTEN PRODUCTIONS?
   Affirmative—D. Oliver Daily, Decatur county, Ind.
   Negative—Albert C. McDonald, Des Moines county, Iowa.

SPECIAL ORATION.

INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY IN THE PRACTICE OF DUTY—
   M. S. Durham, Vigo county, Ind.

BENEDICTION.

MUSIC BY THE UNIVERSITY ORCHESTRA.
ANNIVERSARY EXHIBITION
OF THE
PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Wednesday Evening, July 3d.

ORDER OF EXERCISES:

PRAYER.

ESSAYS.

THE DESTINY OF EMPIRE—
W. MARLATT, Wayne county, Ind.

THE REIGN OF COMMON SENSE—
D. D. WALKER, Terre-Haute, Ind.

ORATIONS.

AGES OF ACTION AND REFLECTION—
Jno. DuEMAN, Terre-Haute, Ind.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HUMAN PROGRESSION—
S. A. Wood, Greencastle, Ind.

DEBATE.

ARE MENTAL RESOURCES AND MORAL ENERGY MOST DEVELOPED IN WORLDSY MEN?
Affirmative—J. M. SHIELDS, Greencastle, Ind.
Negative—W. S. TURNER, Jersey Shore, Pa.

SPECIAL ORATION.

PREJUDICE—
J. S. TARKINGTON, Brookville, Ind.

BENEDICTION.

MUSIC BY THE UNIVERSITY ORCHESTRA.
INDIANA ASBURY UNIVERSITY.
ANNIVERSARY EXERCISES FOR 1860.
MONDAY, JULY 8th.
EXAMINATION OF THE SCIENTIFIC PREPARATORY CLASS.
TUESDAY, JULY 9th.
EXAMINATION OF THE COLLEGIATE PREPARATORY CLASS.
WEDNESDAY, JULY 10th.
EXAMINATION OF THE FRESHMAN CLASS.
THURSDAY, JULY 11th.
EXAMINATION OF THE SOPHOMORE CLASS.
FRIDAY, JULY 12th.
EXAMINATION OF THE JUNIOR CLASS.
SATURDAY, JULY 13th.
EXAMINATION OF THE SENIOR CLASS.
AT 7½ P. M. QUINQUENNIAL EXERCISES OF THE ADELPHIAN SOCIETY.
SUNDAY, JULY 14th.
AT 3½ P. M. LECTURE TO THE STUDENTS BY REV. S. T. GILLETT.
MONDAY, JULY 15th.
AT 8, A. M. VALEDICTORY EXERCISES OF THE PLATONEAN SOCIETY.
AT 9, A. M., MEETING OF THE TRUSTEES AND VISITORS.
AT 10, A. M., PRIZE DECLAMATIONS AND COMPOSITIONS, BY MEMBERS OF THE FRESHMAN, SOPHOMORE AND JUNIOR CLASSES.
AT 4, P. M., QUINQUENNIAL EXERCISES OF THE PHILOGICAL SOCIETY.
AT 7½ P. M., ADDRESS TO THE ALUMNI, BY JAS. P. LUSE, ESQ.
TUESDAY, JULY 16th.
AT 8, A. M., VALEDICTORY EXERCISES OF THE PHILOGICAL SOCIETY.
AT 9, A. M., CHARGE TO THE PRESIDENT BY GOV. WRIGHT, AND INAUGURAL ADDRESS BY PRESIDENT BERRY.
AT 7½ P. M., QUINQUENNIAL EXERCISES OF THE PLATONEAN SOCIETY.
WEDNESDAY, JULY 17th.
AT 8, A. M., ORATIONS OF THE GRADUATING CLASS, CONFERRING DEGREES, AND BACCALAUREATE ADDRESS.
ELEVENTH COMMENCEMENT
OF THE
INDIANA ASBURY UNIVERSITY.

Wednesday, July 17th, 1850.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

PRAYER.

ORATIONS.

LATIN ORATION—SALUTATORY—

GILBERT M. DUNN, Poland, Maine. ♦

UTILITARIANISM IN AMERICA—

THOMAS L. TUCKER, Indianapolis, Ia.

THE EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM—

JEREMIAH TINGLEY, Cadiz, Ohio. ♦

THE AMERICAN STATESMAN—

DAVID M. JONES, Corydon, Ia.

POLITICAL TENDENCY OF CHRISTIANITY—

JAMES A. BELLWICK, Laconia, Ia.

THE THREE CONSERVATIVE PRINCIPLES—

GEORGE W. HESS, Marion Co., Ia. ♦

CONSTITUTIONAL PROGRESSION—

J. HANNA, Indianapolis, Ia. ♦

THE MISSION OF THE ANGLO-SAXON RACE—

SAMUEL A. LATTIMORE, Liberty, Ia. ♦

VALEDICTORY—

JAMES T. EMBREE, Princeton, Ia. ♦

CONFERRING DEGREES
AND BACCALAUREATE BY PRESIDENT BERRY.

BENEDICTION.

MUSIC BY THE UNIVERSITY ORCHESTRA.

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