Scribblings of a Sophomore

E. E. Edwards
Dedication

To John Vesta, greeting,

Dear Sir, Please accept this small volume as a small tribute of respect from one who has long called you by the title of friend. If contents are the scribblings of my leisure moments, together with a few recollections of our college days, the object of which is to perpetuate the memory of those stirring scenes which to us may never more return, — "The memory of the past is pleasant to the soul, — and at least shall ever recur with pleasant emotions to the time when we were students together.

The years will swiftly fly, and if sometimes in the vague memory this book should call to your memory any pleasant reminiscence of old Astoria, please attribute it to the humble author — who may be, for ought I now know, beyond the reach of the ribbed Cordilleras, —

Your affectionately,

Elia Edwards

Vagrant Soph
I.A. University.

Written after a long absence.

Old Asbury, Old Asbury.
My heart still clings to thee,
And memories come crowding by
Like waves upon the sea,
Wave follows wave, thought follows thought
As in a mystic chain,
Until within my memory,
The past appears again.
I hie me back to older time
To days that are gone by,
I wander see the paths of yore,
Pointing to the sky,
I see thy same old glittering spine,
And hear the same old bell, (1)
As it rings forth at four o'clock,
Its hurly burly knell.

And gathering now I see a group,
Before the college door,
The shout and merry laugh proclaim,
Them boisterous as of yore,
And other forms with faces long,
And antiquated clothes,
Coat collars full six inches high,
And spectacles on nose.

Are plodding on their weary way
Toward the college door
To fill their masdy craniums
With scraps of Ancient lore.
Though rosy red is each Bunny face
Such one I love to see,
And think that with such men that
Was Young Isaiah Lee. (2)
Also he was a youth debauched
Diverted and wild,
Also, dame Nature only knew,
The value of the child,
For others laughed at him until,
They sawed his honest in,
And he arose and travelled hence
In tribulation alive

(3) And there was one with caput bald,
Yet it was strong with knowledge
Such as was never read in books
Or heard of in a college.
The guarant of philosophers
This side the river Styx
The wisest of philosophers
Was Plato, Joatham Hicks,

Here come another with a men.
Majestie as a kings
His arms hang dangling by his side.
Like some old Turkey wings,
His blue eye rolls in phrenzy and
Poetic understand
Which marks the real character
Of W - L - Woods. (4)
Another poem is brawny by
Like some old phantom din,
And genius on his noble brow
Proclaiming The mental "win."

But let him pass for pity drops
It too for all his cares,
We will not trifle with the name
Which Thomas Kirkman hears. (5)

And here is one a poet wild
Bysonic in his muse,
He thinks that he is king of hearts
And his beloved, queen,
Long are his arms, long are his legs
Two-story high his hat,
And in a crowd you'd think that he
Was something of a "bat."

Scorn is depicted on his brow
His lips are furred to pour
A monacle seems he to my eyes
Whenever he walks abroad,
But now we pass from him away
For 'tis McDonald's name; (6)
Ps on the muse's altar laid
In offering to Fane.
And here comes one of noble form
A poet too like Not
Like him, he sometimes seems to be
As blind as any bad.
But all may see that Mary sees
And is not quite so flat.
So we may say that Mary is
A bird unlike a bad.

And here is one with pole from pole
And curly are his hair's,
Resemblance strong they tell me he
To Andrew Jackson bears.

(1) O Miller well child did they withstand
Against a hostile force
Which came at night a ruthless band
To turn thee out of doors.

Your deeds have all been very bad
You scorned the civil law.
When you, you knew sought to sue
By floaring Mr Shaw.
Your name shall live when other names
Sleeping in Oblivion's arms
The great shall write their epitaph
And poets sing thy dirge.
Here comes another noble one
But we must seek for helps.
When we attempt to wear a crown
Around the name of Phelps.
Happy the land that gave him birth.
Happy the freshmen class
That he some day will gain a name
Will surely come to pass.

Here is another to be come
From distant Tennessee,
Young bold and brave is Silverton
Who knows what he may be
I could not tell I would not tell,
Yet I could hope that far.
Would shine the rays of his red head
A literary star

I saw him on commencement day
Amid the senior throng.
His eye was bright for it roamed away
To the far off land of song.
Light was his heart, with the rays of hope.
In he saw through a world of tears.
His pathway bright to the land of fame
Through the vale of coming years.
He spoke of his loved native land
And of her praise and blame
And told how her sons had often clung
The rugged heights of Fame.

For his country he had many hopes,
For his country many tears

The schoolboy's name, had earned him fame,
And the chapel sang with cheer.

But yelverton poor youth beware
Thy dreams of Fame should flee
Poor youth beware for Beauty vain
Leaves but one dream to thee

Her smile may turn into thy head
Make it a paradise
But yet again that fatal smile
May turn it into ice.

Here's Rod Reed coming, and he walks
On this sublunar globe
As if he navigated with
The compass of J ohn.
His memory is worn with
Old poet Ngolds name
And poet Ngolds house is filled
With echoes of his fame.
Here comes John Vister to he come,
With lots of quacker jigs.
His hands are in his pocket, and,
A song is on his lips.

"The rooster on his lofty tower sail
Is dreaming of his love.
But ruthless hands have caught his tail
And pulled him from above."

John Hogan Benton coming now
O'Flannigan lift up thy voice!
Blow thy horn triumphant fan and near
And bid the world rejoice.

For John's a whir I know that will,
Sleep sweet in mystic love's boat
And more than that his friend can do.
He is a Sophomore.

When our professor in his wrath
When Thomas lifted up his poet
And kick ed down a door
Then Hogan lifted up his voice.

That noble Sophomore,
"O Thomas you should not have let
Such angry passions over
Your little pad were now made.
To kick such thundering blows."
Here comes another one plane
Who soon will be forgot.
For song has placed her sneak above
The name of Mark Demol.
I saw him once upon a time
Facing his dreamy lawn
He lifted up his shoes and went
"My shoe! O my shoe!"

Yes,
Those sounds of woe they chilled my
My very life blood froze,
They seemed to be a fountain from
The hidden spring of woes
What desperate things such woes will
To me to ease his mind,
And to forget his shoe lost.
The loving circle joined,

Pleasem perchance he may have found
Among the pickle pair
But yet I mean he never found
His long lost shoe.
Thus,
My pen must turn for Mark 10:11
Another list of wrongs.
Who although he found his shoe not.
Found many pieces of longs.
And then forgot!
Here is another poor Joe
Who to the circle goes.
He says, be in the mud did fell
And spoiled his Sunday clothes.
His get man off and left him there
In that mud hole to swim,
While he did cry to possess by
And wished it was not him.

There comes James Armstrong pass along
Thou relic of the past,
Pass on there is a glorious goal
Which thou shalt reach at last,
Pass on and stop not by the way
Toสด The weary feet.
And future bands shall sing Thy praise
In numbers soft and sweet.

Here comes the ghost of Robert Wri
A junior large in the
"O all who shall write their epitaph
Those men of mystery,
From Hades count the ghosts shall rise
With fingers dipping in flame,
And on the scroll of mysteries
Shall write Thy everlasting name."
John Jarkington from Tennessee
Is with his purse by
The noblest looking youth in the
In all that company.
I'll pay a tribute next to him.
When in my chamber deck
I'll tip my goblet to the brow.
"A health to the John Jark."

Here comes another, but I saw
His face is strange to me.
His long hair, its braids with bows
I never before did see.
He holds his head so wondrous high
Who can the stranger be?
Compound the luck, some chief has held
A looking glass to me.

Old Ashurie, Old Ashurie
Thy door is open wide,
But from those open portals flows
An overwhelming tide.
Of thee I knew in days gone by.
Others I love to see,
Old Ashurie, Old Ashurie,
I bid adieu to thee,
Angelo Boggard.
NOTES

Note 181

And now the same old bell.
As it rings forth at four o'clock,
It's truly truly knell.

The bell of Arkansas weighs about 400 lbs, and may be heard at a
great distance. Its greatest interest
seems to be the frequency with which
it is used as a theme of song for
the poet student. He sings of its
endless vibrations.

"The bell, the bell, the old college bell,
As it dings away in its airy cell,"
But with him it's music is an eternal
song.

It comes to him in the early
morning, long ere the sun hath risen,
and hourly during the day time, calling
him to recitation, and again in the stillly
night, when the busy world is sinking
to rest, bidding him lay aside his books
and seek repose in sleep."
"Was young Princk Lee,"

A suitable personage from some unknown region, probably to exist in Holinshed, the more long Raven black hair, thickly matted together with grease, His mundercoat had been known in ancient times. His stature was six foot yet he was very slim almost to deformity. He deportment was grave, and thus was some thing antiquated about his whole appearance, which made of an dream of Ripe Van Winkle. Many an amusing legend could be related concerning his ignorance and credulity, as he was certainly one of the most unsophisticated of youth., but one must suffice.
Psarch was surmising his ward note, when a newly acquired friend of his, Harrion Kiger, stepped up and entered into a conversation concerning the duties of a new student. "Psarch, you as a new student you will not think kind of me if as a friend I should tell you that the faculty have passed a law, requiring every student to sell one of his coats. This is to equalize our condition and prevent aristocracy. Tell you this as a friend that you may not get into difficulty by neglecting." Lee, who in the simplicity of his heart, could not comprehend a bit, believed this most improbable of all things, and with a heavy heart took up his coat and started for the chapel. For he had told him that pres. Simpson was auctioning, and that that particular morning was devoted to selling coats. Many were the hours paid to Lee that morning.
The story of the peace had preceded him, and the students in the chapel were in the heights of expectation, and leaving their seats, they formed out of the door and formed two long lines on either side of the path. Lee, although he had not expected so great honors, bore up bravely, and passed on through the ranks. The only perceptible sign of emotion he manifested was, three audible groans. The students bowed low which he acknowledged by touching his little round groovy hat. After the students were all seated, he went up to profit Laurader, with his cold and gravely inquired if it was auction day.

The profit looked blank for a few moments, and then underwired him: “Stranger! till after this six was as cold as ever and as early posted, and I have been informd that there is a record somewhere that a mischievous lady...”
extended a promise of marriage from him, all the conditions on his part being, that she should wait till a remote period, till he should acquire reputation as a man of letters, or minister. He was persuaded by some that he was already famous for his wisdom, others taught him the college whip, which was two steps and a half, others gave him forged invitations to weddings and parties, Linus posed, he was befuddled and underserved again, till at last becoming disgusted with college life, he travelled hence, "in communication dire."

We often think of him, sometimes to pity and sometimes to laugh.
Nov 7th

From New Orleans to...
A conglomeration of all human nature, he could mix in all kinds of society. But he shone most conspicuously as president of a snapdragon society, in which he will long be remembered. His hair was jet black, and he wore a moustache, and imperial, rather romantic in his costume.

Note 5

"We will not trifle with the news which Thorne Kirkman hears." Said personage is a tall stoop-shouldered cadaverous, specimen of humanity. Unlike any thing we have ever before seen. His chief work is an essay on the character of Diabolus, wherein he defends old cloven foot from the many charges heaped upon him.
The essay was five pages long and tolerably acute, and his manner of reading made quite an impression on the audience. The muse of Angelo Boggio was awakened, and seizing the lyre he burst forth into a sort of mournful requiem, as if Kirkman had left the stage of life, and gone to float over the leaden waves of Styx. — KIRKMAN'S REQUIEM

Noble, and brave, and kind
Was the heart beneath thy jacket,
Thy soul contained a noble mind,
Alas! that fate should crack it,
But now farewell
Our bosoms swell
With deep and sad emotions,
Since you're at rest,
Beneath the breast,
Of sorrowous dreamy ocean.

But Kirkman dear my noble heart
Shall never be forgotten
Well think of thee, and every scene,
You ever have been caught in.
Thy speake bright
Will come at night
In hollow tones 'twill call us
To rise and worship
For him who sleeps
The friend of Diabolus

Oh dumb! dumb! the thought that came
From our hearts many ladies
Oh, kirkman dear, I loved thee more
Than ever I loved a maiden
Thy ghostly sprite
Shall come at night
But it will not appal us
Well think of this
When man and woman
Think of 'Thee Diabolus'
Requiescat in pace.

(Note 67)

Nat McDonald is a youth, who once attempted a satirical poem, in the Philology of which he was editor. He had no money in his satire, which may somewhat excuse us for a few ungenerous sentiments in ours.
Miller was one of those strange and imaginative beings of whom Don Quixote was chief. His room was situated in the midst of an open field. The two mischievous boys would go, faster his door of evenings, faster his door, and there make a great noise. Miller would rush to the door, and if pastured, there he would fly to the window, fire up a 615 musket, which some of his friends had loaded with lead. They found no difficulty in persuading him that there was twelve or twenty engaged in the attack. They also persuaded him that he resembled Gen. Jackson, and as a consequence was endowed with his indomitable bravery! He defended his room against the hostile attacks of the two little boys for nearly two weeks, often remarking to his friends that it reminded him of the siege of New Orleans by Gen. Jackson.
As a last resort he produced his pistols, or an old rusty pistol, which the boys loaded with chewed paper, so heavily, that should he fire at any body and even hit them, he would have the worst end of the gun, but he fearing to shoot any of the besiegers, pointing his pistol to the moon slung away, thinking the noise would strike terror into their ranks. But the wound kind was stretched stunned by the shock. Miller had fallen, but as death reached to earth, will rise again, so rose Miller. And his chie alme spirit crossed the parts of Asbury, and they swept with one accord their Tuneful harps. So strains like this, Miller in truth

Was a noble youth
Note 8 (Phelps)

Was a poet and a lover, but his mistress jilted him, and he has since assumed a kind of renown for woman kind in general. Well he had reason.

His little odes and sonnets had been written in vain.

His countless acrostics formed in the shape of birds and trees with consummate skill were all without effect. All his little arts and arrows glanced from the hand polished in the heat and he was left to look melancholy and he sued...
Note 9th

Melvorton C. Woodward is one of the poets of America. He graduated in 49. He was for a long time in love with a fairy being, and during this period he wrote several pieces of poetry, of which none pleased me better than one entitled, "A distant lends enchantment to the view,"

And beauty's smile no longer fills my heart
Though but a month
I know the truth

"A distant lends enchantment to the view." This was the closing verse, but whether it expressed his real views I know not.
Rod Reed is famous the town over for his love of chicken, tobacco, and smoke. He endures much persecution on account of some of his devilish propensities. He was the principal subject of Ned McDonald's satire.

Rod is something of a wag, and in his literary performances aims at chortling. He generally speaks half one declamation.

"As I passed by the other day employing all the day
In throwing sunshine in the shade
Upon a stack of hay

Durst I that youth's a noble fool
But a nobler fool is he
Who puts his faith in woman's love
And lauds her constancy."

Peter Paget need to be his devoted victim, as the Peter can testify.
Note II

John Nelson is a sophomore poet from Bedford. The allusion to gynaeceum trips is suggested by a production of his hearing the title which appeared in the Republic of Plato. John has written some very pretty enough to entitle him to a place among the best of the school.
note 12

Joe Hogan Benton, another sophomoric prank somewhat renounced. This personality upon a certain occasion was found in a crowd of boys who were sporting a deck of cards rather improvidently, more for mischief than love of play. They were opened and in walked a preacher and classmate, John invited the brethren as he styled them to take a seat, but not so, they had heard the shuffling of cards, and proposed to the young men to in order to avoid the consequences of exposure, that they sign a pledge never more in play for love or money. John was to draw up the pledge and on being told to write it similar to the temperance pledge, wrote the following unique at promise, to which all present signed their names.
Pledge

We the undersigned do solemnly
pledge ourselves to neither buy
sell nor use as a beverage,
cards of any kind.

Jim Hogan Benton

Note 13

Mark Semath

One of the jokers of Ashuric will
known at the sewing circle.

Note 14

Joseph —

Another joker whose name is
woven with the sewing circle.

It seems he met with a dis
misfortune on a certain evening
where his part did slip, and he did fall
And muddled all his Sunday clothes.

Note 15

James Armstrong, also a part
and member of the Freshman class.

Note 16

Robert War
A junior but no back.
Note 17

John Tarkington from Tennessee is a sophomore of good standing.
Nov 18th

The last character of Old Hebray
The name is known in mystic bips
as Angel Baggs — Moderately would
prevent us from giving any lengthy
dissertation concerning this disting
ished individual. He is best known
as The Wandering Sophomore, or
somewhat more extensively characte
than The Wandering Jew.
Proverbial Philosophy

LOVE

Love is a subtle spirit something less than a reality
And even as a graptolite more undefinable
Yet like the air we breathe, is omnipresent.

Over the desert of man's heart by sinuous blasted
It homewards like a hawk, a hawk which seeketh a chicken
A young and tender chicken, which feedeth
Upon the currents of affection
Which are shaken and lost, from the table cloth of plenty
But the hawk poureth upon the chicken, and catcheth it up
Yea! he humoureth the biped, ere it hath learned to cackle.
This love streaming from aloft on wings of
distinction
Pometh upon the breast.

And when the breast is eaten up by
Love remorseless,
It forgetth all objects, one excepted.
And dexteth on the ways of its fanny
night and day,
Whence is this picture lovely?

Carved on the heart, by magic fancy grounds.
It endeth forever, even as a name on the sand
written
Where the waves of time do beat and dash against it.
Yea, it is more lasting than a bubble or a sirce
Which rising from a dush of rain floats seaward
Like the shadow of a floating banner, it never knoweth
Like unto a lucifer match, it burneth always.
Like unto the silver moon it never waneth.

Who is she whom the heart fondeth now in thinketh I see her
An angel of this lower world tippet off with ribbons
The owner of a costly pocket handkerchief
A silk and satin spirit floating through the vision
Of lovesick youth,

Even as an umbrella
Cometh uppermost in the mind on stormy days
Or a hungry man yearneth earnestly for his supper
Or a frozen man sendeth his thoughts to the fire burning
S, doeth. The heart of a lover turn to his mistress
O maid, much fairer than a rose in summer,
More stately than a cornstalk in its glory,
More beautiful than tomatoes in the garden,
And sweeter far than sugar house molasses,
And dearer than provisions in the market,
And nearer to my heart than my verd poched
My thought. Wherein Scarry Caernish Tobacco,
My thought, all wandering, I send to thee,
The Eden of my happiness,
And fancy picture thee when thou art absent,
An angel bright, untouched by mortal frailty,
Pure in thy heart, as Peter Ingels' soda,

At love's youth, thy Sharon rose nianian and even gold
Press on youth, in this thy great endeavor,
Win her by love, she is a jewel priceless
And she will cling unto the whole love's lamp, burning.
And when at last it pitifully flickers
She faithful one will light another candle
Live by its flame, till thou art quite forgotten
Press on fond youth, that angel still may live the
Year for a week or till the New moon change
Or till some prince from upper shall cross thy
Then win her love, for brighter than a button
That glitters on a vest of crimson velvct
So that pure spark of unalloyed affection
Which glimmers like a lightning bug at nights
Over the dark dreamsless drizz of a blank existence
Ah, love youth! thy chances are manifold
She may love thee a moment, for thy manly beauty
But years will leave thee frightful as a spook.

And the the absence of thy early love,
Whose smiles seemed rainbows in a sky of joy,
All cold and lifeless as a wintry cloud,
Will pass thee by nor grant one clue of thee,
To lead thee through the tangled labyrinth of life.
Or rend thy soul and last end unbroke.

Mary A. L. M. Miss. Mary Ann Mitchell.

Mary Mitchell
Mary. Nov. 01
"O Luna, then art thou the Moon!"

The clouds were not my creation, nor was the dimming of the sky, the shining of the stars, the rise and fall of the moon. The light of the moon's face was not mine, but mine was the moon's face...
"O Luna, thou art the Moon!"

by the Moonlight Bard

The winds around my chamber drear
Were whistling a merry tune,
And through the windows casement fell,
The light of the round pale moon.

II

At dead of night by the pale moonlight
I sat in my chamber alone,
And thus spoke out to the queen of Night,
As she sat on her starry throne.

III

"O thou art changing as the wind,
Thy melancholy face
Now glowing with a silver light
Is a type of the human race.

IV
SOPHOMORE

JOURNAL

I am an ended

PRELUDE

The man of the night

in the town, I have donned to take

this 31st day of this 1843, has been

old year. Here is my impression of the

the three good clock of the public

then of years, the book has been

planed, children, my subject.

I am unsure of the 1

the will old, Death down with

in knighth. This cannot

and shall his chartes say so.

the Allred
JOURNAL
OF A
SOPHOMORE

PRELUDE

I am an exiled Sophomore, a voluntary exile.
The spires of Asbury, have faded from my view for a season,
and after a series of wanderings which I may not describe, I have domesticated in Romney
this 31st day of Dec. 1849. Last day of the old year. Here my empire is the schoolhouse,
the three legged stool of the pedagogue, my
throne of power, the Beech tree limb my scepter,
flaxen haired, children my subjects,
"I am monarch of all I survey."
Farewell old Year. Never more shall sun
rise to brighten thine ancient visage, never
more shall his bright rays tinge thy hoary
locks with gold, for this night thy soul
shall be borne by the winter winds, to the
far off Northland.
Old Grey beard! the sun has set,  
Never more will you behold his suave and visage. Yet ere you pass away to the frozen palaces of the north,  
er e you go to join the throng of years gone by, Speak a farewell to him who waits before thee. Thou art dumb old year. No sound  
hear I save the murmur of the wind which comes to my ears like a dirge. Perhaps  
it is thy voice, plaintive and sad, tell ing many a wondrous tale of  
your past reign. O What scenes has your dark eye gazed upon, Thou  
hast seen armies contending on the battle plain, Thou hast seen the Midnight glair of burning  
cities, earth strewn with ruins, Thou hast seen Spring with her guilty flowers, Summer with her ripening fruit, Autumn with his golden sheaves, Winter with his hoar and frosted palaces, but now all have passed away, and your burning  
eye is dimmed. Midnight comes
Farewell!
"0 now the Old year with
And the forests utter a moan
like the voice of one that crieth
in the wilderness alone,
"Vex not his ghost"
"Requiescat in pace."

Hail 1850.
Young year, may thy
reign be glorious
with
May flowers be strewn around thy
When the glad Spring time has come,
Old and heavy Winter will soon flee to
return again with the rolling year.
Not so the winged moments, they go;
but they return no more. Then let
us resolve to load them with good
tidings. Thus with the wandering Soph
omens, I will try.
January 1st 1850

Tuesday

This is the second day of my school, and there are 23 scholars present mostly small, so far all is well. Teaching was no task today after school was dismissed, came to my boarding house and wrote the following letter to John S. Jazkington romnyend January 1st.

John Tark, ----

I am fairly exited, ostracized, doomed &c. doomed to be modest and unassuming, to walk in the path of propriety and sobriety, doomed to wear a long face, on all occasions to look grave when I want to laugh. To keep still when I want to talk. This is Solitude

"Severe retreat
Within thy temple fair
What varied forms of pleasure meet
And to my parched lips how sweet
Thy bread and butter art." Bolles
I have just domesticated at Romney as village schoolmaster. Conjure up if you can, a chieflty image of an old schoolhouse. When the storms of many winters have shattered and shivered the window panes, by hills trembling upon its aged rafters. Open the door John, in your own words, and take a view of the interior of this time worn edifice. There is a throne of power, a quondam pulpit. Here is a venerable stove. The fires of science have cracked its ancient sides, and the sear of years has surrounded its suspenchidian pipe, Here is an old writing desk, covered with mystic figures, strange hieroglyphics, carved by curious schoolboy. Here is a chair wherein I sit, and swing my willow sceptre, it is a sleeping willow. Seated on these unique and three legged benches, are a flock of innocent, busily engaged in deciphering the contents of Webster's spelling book.
Look a moment at their chests, face to the gentle words which fell from their still lips. Tongues, P-a-pa P-e-pi, pi. What does he mean? I don’t know. My child what does she eat at the table sometimes. "Pussence, sir." No no, my child pie, this adolescence is in error, but a day is coming when this infant mind shall recognize the miniscule character of the English alphabet. Enough of the schoolhouse. Look out of the window, so the thin plains stretch away in the distance, and now my mind leaves the schoolhouse and wanders back over the dubious pathway to Pleasant Hill, for it is known. The wandering sophomore got lost on these same desolate plains last Monday week. I was coming from Pleasant hill to this place, when a storm arose, overtaking me in a place where no track nor semblance of a road was visible. To prevent that nasal protuberance of which I am justly proud from being frozen, I pulled
my hat over my face and tied it with my handkerchief, and went it blind, thus on account of the chilling wind, pull many a mile I wandered from my path, and night beheld me on a large pond of ice, and no moon show nor stars twinkled to cheer the lone sophomore, who still journeyed he knew not whither. Verily the schoolmaster was abroad and nearly froze, to cut the matter short I stumbled upon a one horse cabin half buried in the snow, where I was comforted by the assurance that I had drifted eight miles to leeward. Besides this my adventures have been manifold. Even on the next day I journeyed to Lafayette (as I could not take up school for a week) Then on the next day I took up my line of March for Rossville, my former place of residence and journeyed with great velocity, till I reached...
The banks of a foaming torrent,
"Then I stopped!" "Hastening thou no longer, Suddenly my soul grew stronger, and as Cesar passed the Rubicon, so I plunged into the cold waves of Wildcat, iron Jordan's stream with its cold flood. Could frighten from the shore, upon which I crawled half frozen and drowned, icicles hanging to my coat tail, Thence I went to Roseville, remained there till Saturday, when I departed for Dayton, left D--n 3 o'clock the same day for Romney - 12 miles I was again on the plain, and the winter winds blew chill and drove freezing that now of mine. Yet still I stopped not on the way, the sun which shone colder the Aurora Borealis, went down long and I had reached my destination. Then I was alone on the prairies. Then colder than ice in the east, up rose the round red moon. Throwing my shadow a mile over the snow, seemingly, I began to be chilled, my shoes froze on my feet, my hat on my head, and doubtless if I had not soon reached the woodlands
Angelo Buggage might have slept in the snow careless of the voice of morning. When I reached Romany I felt in my cheeks for cakes of ice which I fancied had gathered there. Save me from ever being obliged to travel the Great Plains on a Winter again, Well John I must bring my epistolary communications to an abrupt termination, much against my inclination but now.

John S. Tarkington

Elijah E. Edwards

Goodbye
Wednesday - 2nd

School to day began in smoke, as the fire would not burn. The old stove smoked worse than a chimney which smoke filled our eyes till we sat down and went. Now we went when we remembered the smoke. Towards evening a few boys came near having a peculiar encounter. The Ladies Repository for this month arrived this morning. It is enriched with 3 beautiful pictures, one of which represents poetry, seated on a swan, floating over the charmed waters, which ripple around the shadowy shores of Dreamland. The beautiful vision glides by fairy-like. It is a glorious picture of a glorious dream. This evening I attended a prayer meeting at the Methodist Church.

Oh well he knows the long hand
Where lurk the pestle shrift
And where he knows when heaflers bend
In bitter environ
He knows when playing heaflers roll
When the hand's lost
Thursday. 3rd.

Cloudy and cold, and smoky.

Yet I passed a fine day in the schoolhouse. I have a scholar in Latin in Andrews's Latin Reader, Miss Caroline Wolfe.

To-day as I came from the school-room I met an old friend, Orson R. Holloway, on his way to Greensville. I met and said that I was much rejoiced, and took him to my boarding house, and we talked over old times, and I recollected how on a certain time, I visited him when he was pedagogue near Shannie hound, he promised to show me in my voluntary, etc., by writing to me, I sent away two letters by him one to Mark Demotte, and another to Professor Wheeler.
Friday 4th

Bid Holloway goodbye. It is a cold day. This morning there was a beautiful appearance about the sun, commonly called Sundays caused by the intense cold, 32 scholars were in attendance today. At noon I took a portrait of little Edgar Neville, he is a pretty boy, I dismissed school at 4 o'clock and started for Pleasant Hill 12 miles distant intending to go about 6 miles against dark. Had thought to put up at Andrew Forleys, but after crossing the Plains, not being able to find his house, put up at Mr John Kirkpatrick a Dein Kirkpatrick (a schoolteacher) and myself attended a writing school at the brick schoolhouse, P. Clay, Hart of Middletown is the teacher. There were about 30 scholars present, some of them old grey hair'd men. During school I read a long article on Dying in a Philadelphia paper quoted from the London Quarterly and was very much pleased with it. Slept in an upper room and dreamt a dream.
Saturday 5th

As soon as the sun rose, I pursued my journey, and reached Pleasant Hill by 9 o'clock. Found the inhabitants thereof in good health after eating dinner at home. Father and mother and myself got in the buggy and drove for New Town. A prolonged meeting was in progress there. We arrived at dark and went over to the church, where a sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Hicks. Soon after that there was a great excitement, a shouting and clapping of hands, a confused murmur of voices singing, praying, and exhorting, nothing distinct I thought within myself, which was the best mill, that which went by a steady stream of water clear as crystal, fed by never failing springs, or that which was turned by a stream, sometimes a boiling mountain torrent, riled with excitement, and sometimes a slow, slow sluggish pond, green with stagnation!
Sunday 6th

Last night I staid with Mr. James Walker, an old Boss Paint Little Sarah Ann Walker 7 years old is one of the greenest of children pretty as a fairy, and very mischievous. Tendered meeting to day at 11, Peter preached and then raised a missionary collection, "From Greenland, my mountains." It strikes me forcibly that I should not object to be a missionary.

"In the dust let me labor
On the mountains, let me tell
How he died, the blessed Savior.

But this is speculative philosophy
The benevolence of Mr. Fanton
Charity begins at home, at home,

I dined to day with Mr. Kelly, after which took up my line of march for Romney, arrived at the camp near the plains 6 miles distant by dark, Romney north of east, by quired which way the wind blew and learning that it blew from the east, I kept my direction by it for in the cloudy sky no stars were seen; and on account of the snow, the roads were equally invisible arrived at Romney by eight o'clock.
Monday 7th

There was a beautiful snow to day. School was increased to near 30 scholars. Another student in Latin, Wm. Franklin. The boys amused themselves at noon by seeing vast snow men about the schoolhouse, which presented a formidable and imposing appearance. Procured a watch to day, after school commenced the translation of Homer. The first verse is translated was

"Now when the almighty father had sent the plague of hail, and snow enough among the lands with his rod nine and hard he demolished the remnants of the sacred temple and triumphed the city."

After which I read some in the repository and went to bed.
Tuesday 8th

my watch keeps time

on how too slow, it would

as live have none, — the school

is still increasing. There are many

strange ideas caught in a school

room, — methinks it would be a good

subject for a composition in verse.

Last night the frost king was abroad

in all his glory. The trees this

morning were covered with a

hoar coat of mail, beautiful

to behold, and stretched their white

branches laden with snow towards

the dark sky of winter.
Wednesday 9th

A bright sunny day. Hung my watch upon the wall, and measured time by the shadow of the window on the floor. Mr. Turner paid me six dollars to day. I am anxiously expecting a letter from Greenacres. The snow is all melting from the face of the earth. Went to Mr. Ryan's store, and in so doing met my friend, Mr. Pink. I shall buy me a pair of boots next. To-morrow evening I will write to and inform Horace with his unaccountable, odd is laid upon the shelf for a season,

Translated the XI Carmen Fornum
Thursday 10th

"A dream I had which was not all a dream. Last night I visited the enchanted scenes of bygone years, and all passed, by so vividly, I could not think it was a dream. There slept Waldo on the grassy banks of the Allen Range; a quiet village, there was the cot of my father, there the schoolhouse and me thought again I entered it as a little one, with apron and satchel. Then I stood up before the pedagogue, hard looking man, I trembled beneath his iron rule; I said my lesson by instinct or by rote, and lo, when the school was out with a merry heart I left the prison house; and travelled how glorious days! The only thorny path I knew was through the blackberry patches, my only sorrows in the school house. Dim romantic day! when I first looked upon the beauties of Nature, then seemed they passing glorious. The velvet green of the fields, the white clouds and the blue sky, all were lovely. Now I am a vagrant school master, dreaming of the days when I first went to school,
Friday 11th

To day closes the second week of my school, I enjoy myself nowhere so well as in the school room. I have two scholars in lingua Latinam, unus est puella, placed me valde conjugare. Amo Amas (Amav, "lass") — To day was dull and stormy "fruit." Wea is on the rise. This evening translated Carmen IV of Horace. To Sextus, he says in one place, "Pale Death with equal step advances knocking alike at the lowly portals of the poor and the lofty dwelling of the rich. Oh happy Sextus! soon the night of the grave descend upon thee. The manes of fable crowd around thee and the shadowy home of Pluto be also thine own." From hence writing the romance of the ancient maiden,
The Ancient Maiden

After the style of Cantor's "The Ancient Mariner"

It is night. The windows of the castle play
with light, and the songs of revelry are heard.
It is a wedding peal,
but why stays the bridesman
his chair is vacant, and she the young and chosen one
before gay or sullen, is now sad and silent.
Her two eyes, brighter gems than ever wandered through
the pavement of night, are turned towards the open
chamber, where is Alberti?
The moon is oblique and stormy,
The lightning8 flashes over the morn,
Dark clouds are hurrying by,
And sure no human being grows
Beneath that stormy sky come,
Yes, over the moon the bridesman comes. The Absent Alberti!
The winds blow about his path, and a light is moving towards him. It is a fatal fire held by the ancient maiden who has dwelt on the moon for forty years. She is half human and half a shadow and is therefore more formidable than an air spirit, which can neither talk nor hold converse with mortals.

Now moving towards him on the moon, Alberto sees a light. His steps now wander, and his heart is seized with sudden fright. For well he the signal of the ancient maid of night. She stopped Alberto in his path. Alberto knew she knew him well. "Why stopped me?" Alberto cried. "A tale have I to tell." "Oh, I must hasten ancient maid, I hear the castle bell."

"Long may it ring in vain for the Sony will they too wait, ere they behold thee, Alberto. Before the castle gate."
The Ancient Schoolmaster

The schoolmaster sat in his old arm chair,
And a piece of old man was he,
He sat like a king in his old arm chair,
And he called his scholars around him there,
And he bound their ears, and pulled their hair,
And taught them of A.B.C.

For a sceptre a willow branch he took,
And the scholars all were mute,
And cast full many an anxious look
At the mystic page of the spelling book,
And trembled, at his stern schular,
When at the angry stomp of his foot,

And of A. And of they wished the tyrant away
To come for distant lands.
But still they towed beneath his sway,
For he called them up their lessons to say,
And watched them then the history day.
With his sceptre in his hand,
Long years have passed and that schoolhouse there
Is trembling to decay,
But the gay young forms that gathered there,
The romping boys with their pockmarked face,
The lasses with their cheeks so fair
All these have passed away.

And the schoolhouse stands, alone, alone,
Proud relic of the past,
But the teacher sleeps beneath a mossy stone
And the grass above his grave has grown
And the shadow of the schoolhouse, long
O'er his resting place is cast.
WINTER or the Reign of the Frostking

1850

The summer breeze has passed away
And the Winter winds all blow,
And the cold dead earth is covered with
A Winding sheet of snow.
Slow, slow, slow
Now falls the Winter snow,
Drearly and sad, to look upon,
Falls the Winter snow.

The frost king sits on his lofty throne
His sceptre a blasted tree,
His eel in his grandeur all alone
O who more brave than he?

High, high, high
His banner waves in the frosty sky
What sound more sad than the murmur of
The Winds that I wonder by.

He sits on his throne a sceptred one
And his trophies of victory
How are frozen years, first by the North Wind
From his crown on the polar sea,
Deep, deep, deep
Where the chilly north winds sweep
The sleep that falls on the sea.
The frost king sweeps with his icy hand,
The wind howls sad and slow.
And chilled by the music of the siren,
The streams forget to flow.
In their frozen beds,
The streams forget to flow.
Or 'neath the ice imprison?
Murmure soul and low.

O leafless is the forest now,
And barren is the plain.
And desolate each lovely spot,
In Winter's wide domain.
THE
PICTURES
OF
MEMORY
This is my 19th birthday.
Gone gone gone are 19 years of my life, and where? and how, alas I hardly know. "It seems to me but yesterday."
On cease so long ago,
Since first I recollected of looking on the green earth. In memory I now journey back to that period—
I recollected but few of the incidents of those cities yet beautiful days, yet these few are stamped upon my memory in indelible colors. And I can never forget them.

A pretty cottage stood on the banks of a beautiful stream, in the suburbs of Waldo. I recollected of a great many flowers and a willow fence around the garden and a huge old poplar tree a few rods from the house. By and by came a "frost, a killing frost" and withered all the flowers. A storm came, and the huge old poplar tree had fallen, these cruel storms made an indelible impression on my memory.
I gazed upon the lovely flowers and stately tree. This was the first I knew.

Of passing away. Since then how often has the knell sounded in my ears, and on looking back, how many of the scenes of "Beautiful and holy visions that have passed away, and left no trace of their loveliness. On the cloud's worth of life,"—

In three days I found myself at school, but cannot say that I was particularly charmed with school regulations. On the contrary I was better pleased at home, where I could sit in the corner and look at picture books all day long, or ramble about through...
The woods hunting flowers & hunting birds.
On the opposite page is a sketch
from Munsey drawn, of our home.
A wonder, from that home for 15
years. To push upon my memory
still——
We lived on the banks
of the Whistler which I recall
as a clear deep stream with tall
dark trees bending over it.

There was an old canoe here in which
I used to ride in company with some
one older than myself.
These are some of my early recollections. Black are they to me, rays of light from the sun that shone on the paths of my childhood. Glimpses of beauties long since passed away. Till I descend to my lowly resting place till the clouds of the valley cover me on. The gross growths overt my heart, will I remember the halcyon days of the past, when all was joy and beauty in the spring time of life.

Evan Edwards
Feb 28 - Holloway writes me of a storm of ash, in which Rod and I, as a sailboat, were cast out of the ship. The junior Exhibition was hereby reduced from 12 to 6 performers. The following took part: Capt. Henry Zack Graham, J. S. Sinclair, Jim Shields, M. S. Jones, W. E. Holloway. The following for some cause were excused: Nat McDonald, Bob Wain, Rich Holmes, Bob Thurman. The California fever prevails in Ashing. M. S. Jones pays visit to Henry Dunlap of Dennis. Starting to leave, I have already gone. Holloway wants to go. Vistal writes me that Cyl Woodward has gone off with a picture show. Read a letter from John F. Dabney, and Sunday from Sam W. B. reminding me of the esculatip Sophomore Exhibition, in which I am pitted against him as a debate on the momentous question: "Was the crusade beneficial?" A Christian against a paganism.

I have been entertained through the instrumentalities of Peter Vistal with the ropeykin abstinence title of "Domini et Romani." The Romani have a debate the other night at the school house, on the question: whether a dog is more serviceable than a gun. The Canadians (qui erant Canis) contending that the dog. Many every remarks were made by the Canadians, but their opponents put in some good shots, and gained the question.
GreatSunday, Indianapolis, Ind.

Francis M. Harrison, Indianapolis, Ind.

Greencastle, April 9. I have left the party to the

owls and bats, at 8 p.m., on the

swampy bank of the Wabash.

"The wilds in the wood the narrow stream

And the dark, smaragd, clinging

In the stonewalls of the tumbledown dwelling."

The inhabitants are the peace or they cross

the Wabash in mule teams to reach the nearest

post office, to grocery, or barn cattle

and a crowd of geese on their way. The school

house is closed for repairs, and the town's

occupation is general. Also,

To Jenny and Alice, Carrie, and Lora.

Two more verses, sent by the author to be added to "Peter by the Window".

XVI. - His heart was open to his friends, a

Nudge at his cellar door.

He loved the man that shed him down,

But loyed his de l'homme.

XVII. - He welcomed all into his hall

But was the Gates' boast

To receive with the smallest smile,

The man that owed him most.
PATERNEL

Old father Grimes that good old man
Has left this troubled earth
But then we will not mourn as long
As Peter Ingols here

For he can soothe our troubled souls
With words as sweet as dew
If we have olives he'll give us cake
And give us candy too

For Peter Ingols has on hand
Both gingerbread and beer
This cheese are mighty ones although
He sells them very dear

He has a lot of calves
And soon will have some more
And in his cellar too he has
Much provender in store

He has a cask of vinegar
A India fountain too
He has a keg of cucumbers
Some pumpkins not a few
VI
He has a case of jewels rare
Gold brooches and brass rings,
With wooden combs and pruner spoons
And many other things —

VII
He has a lot of pictures fine
Stuck on a lofty shelf
Some of them look like Henry Clay
And some look like himself.

VIII
He has scents in and on cologne
Which keeps the hair so slick
He puts the boys in gingerbread
For fifty cents a week

IX
Once he had some oyster sauce
To feed the people on
He had some cooches and drinking
But now it is all gone.

X
He has some Turkeys which he sells
At thirty cents apiece.
He has a barrel nearly full
Of satins and grease.
XI
The Peter is a good old man,
In his peculiar way
He goes to bed on every night
And rises the next day.

XII
The Peter loves his money well,
Yet honest is his heart,
He sells tobacco by the bag,
Melon by the quart.

XIII
O Peter forget weary months
Have proved on you and me
In distance I lift up my voice
Thy face when shall I see?

XIV
When shall I taste thy gingerbread?
When shall I eat thy cheese?
I long to meet thee once again
When shall my longing cease?

XV
Phineas in hope that soon my feet
May "walk" me to thy store,
Then I shall live on sassafras
And eat ginger bread once more.

E E Edwards
COOPER'S FORT

April 16th. The session opened with fair prospects yesterday. The Sophomore exhibit in one of the rooms.

The pullout was performed. Orders were John S. Farquhar, Washington Marlett, B. Lamm, David W. Jones, Debates E. E. Edwards, Sam A. Ward. The second section came off this week. Orders P. J. Gill, J. D. Chestnut, John Parkinson, Mild Parkinson. Debates A. C. McDonald, W. S. Turner.
We have procured the following from the sculptor of the
T. O. M. M., a society similar in its nature to the
Rumpo dragons celebrated in the legendary lore of college
life. The account may be relied upon as literally
true. The pictures are taken from memory and
are intended as an accurate representation of the costume
worn upon the occasion.

"I was on the 3rd of July 1849 at 9 o’clock p.m., that a
light was seen at a low floor room at Cooper’s Point
known in mystic lingo as the temporary dormitory
or earthly tabernacle of Angelo Boggs. Within that room were gathered some
eight or ten youths clad in various
costumes, as hurt suited their fancy,"
It was a meeting of the I.O.M.M., and having been long a mysterious member, I put on my ball dress and entered — a single taper threw a flickering light over that mixed assembly, who in their gorgeous uniforms seemed a band of Arabs or pirates. These were some with turbans and such some in the grim visage of pirates, and some clad in sombre vestments the fashion of which never before was seen.

The Rev. an ancient looking personage yelled Jeremiah Briggs, called the ball to order and then the roll was called. By the recorder Nebuchadnezzar Street, Jedediah Snobs, Jeremiah Briggs, Prov. Nov., Angelo Boggs, Aminidab Spooner, Joel Grubbs, Oliver Bones.

The first named on the roll was absent.
After some irregular business a grand expedition was agreed upon, we determined upon a serenade. Each of us procured a musical instrument of some description, and marshaled under the partly red, we blew out the light and took up our line of march.

Our musical instrument were of the rudest description—cows’ combs, castanets, tin pans, and watering pots; a great noise was made by blowing in the spouts of these latter. Thus equipped we marched through town, keeping silence however by order of Rex. One of the commands upon the occasion was to sing whenever we met a person not connected with us.
After marching for sometime, we heard a low plaintive strain of music apparently proceeding from a clump of bushes under a window, a halt was called and a party sent to reconnoiter, who reported that a half dozen nice young men were out serenading. We resolved to give a serenade also, and all being in readiness we crowded along one after another. Till we came in sight, then they were with uplifted eyes in the moonlight, with two violins, a clarinet and vocal accompaniment, singing with tender voices,

"Thou, thou, resigned in this bosom.  
Thou, mine, how thou thy theme  
Say, say, dost thou love me.  
And can I not fondly my own.  
Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes.  
At this moment our hand according  
To a preconcerted signal chimed in  
With an awful din of tin buckers and coffee pots.  
"And not powder of soft corn."

yes yes yes yes yes yes
Thunderbolt could not have scattered that devoted hand of serenade quicker. Pulling their hats over their eyes they started off in a contrary direction from the one in which we had come, while we continued ours later.

Every little while twishing past in that soul stirring song:

"Potatoes they grow small,"

On Maumee, oh Maumee
Potatoes they grow small
And they have no tubs at all.
And they eat their skin and all.

On Maumee, oh Maumee,

Doubtless those that heard us thought so; that is if we came from Maumee, don't in spite of this thoughts or probably curses the serenade went on——
When we were tired we went in pursuit of the gentle and romantic reminders whom we had put to flight. We found them at a house in another part of the town, as one of their sen-

sional airs floated on the night wind so beautifully and enchanting, Peter seized the hold of us, and we almost repeated of our design.

But the unshakable grief but gone forth and we prepared for the concert, as they were singing with mellow voices.

"Then shall we more though sound
Thy heart
Some tender dream may idly play
For midnight's hour with magic power
Shall chase that dream away"

Our hand broke in with a deprecating Cantara and I was that at house. They slept no more.

The poor survivors in great rage resurrect their jadelle strings, and went home and this was the last we saw of them.
Still we kept up our tune. For variety, sometimes from path, going to wind and occasionally bringing in the Willis song of

"Our old cow she crossed the road,
Because she crossed the road sir,
The reason why she crossed the road
Because she crossed the road sir."

After this we commenced a march accompanied with music around the square, much to the edification of the sleeping inhabitants, who waking raised the windows and looked out to see who we were, but they were none the wiser. Being somewhat wearied we agreed to go to our rooms and meet again at two o'clock when an oration was to be delivered by Angeline Boggess on the subject of our national independence.

We retired to our rooms slept in our armor soundly. At two o'clock we burst the bonds of slumber, and arose and after we were gathered, the rev gave the order to proceed marching.

This time we left our musical instruments taking with us an
amount of Irresistible Prejudice.

Late in the evening, also some matches and
kindling wood. Our destination
was a certain locality in the
south eastern suburbs of C---
As we passed past Larabah we
saw three hearty cheers, and obtained
three a recruit, Mr. John Phelps
in whom we had confidence.
As
we passed on we left the dark
groves and hovels which surrounded
Larabah fort, and halted before
a large gate, which was the entrance
to a beautiful meadow, in which
stood a stately cotton wood.
The gate swung upon its many
hinges and we entered halting
again under the cotton wood —
when a fire was built and
the provisions started and pre-
pared. When all was ready
Angel, the orator for the occasion
stepped forward and delivered his
oration, which was concerning the
dark and stormy past and the
brightening future after he had
taken his seat. He was
called upon and delivered a soul
shining address, which was received with great applause.

Morn was breaking. On the eastern point of our revelry was ended and the occasional firing of guns warned us to return to our rooms. Through off our recently disguises and prepare to aid in the celebration of the glorious anniver-sary of our national independence.
May 26. Six weeks have passed as I have no record save what is cut on tree trunks and on the back of benches with a jackknife.

Last week there was a fire in the college hall. To raise money for the building of a new church. On the afternoon prior, I came near immortalizing myself as an incendiary agent if I were supervising in the college stables as I was innocently smoking a cigar when a spark fell upon the roof and the light wind soon fanned it into a flame. Hearing the alarm, we looked down and saw the smoke slowly rising from the base of the steeple. I jumped over the balkade upon the roof and spread out the fire. Some water soon arrived, but the fire was extinguished. I admired my heroic act. No body seemed to know the origin of the fire, and may have been the scampires, resolved never to be troubled in the use of fire arms, and to be discreet generally.
Castles in the air

Hope oft has woven dreams of bliss
Too beautiful to last,
Bright rosy dreams of happiness
Into the future cast.
And we have watched from day to day
The visions bright and fair.
And time alas has shown that they
Were castles in the air.

II

The wanderer in a distant land
Beneath a foreign sky,
To building with unworn hand
A castle brave and high.
Though beautiful to look upon
'Twas not the vision fair.
For like a bubble it will burst
And vanish into air.

III

The warrior on his prancing steed
Is dreaming of the day, dead.
When men shall praise his noble
And crown his brow with bay,
His beautiful bat does he know,
How sweet his vision, and
How cruel Time shall one throw
His castle in the air.
The poet in his garret high
Is dreaming all day long
And building castles beautiful
To deck the land of song

He worked in his many frame
And poled to white his brow,
Yet he is dreaming of his sparrow
For ages unnumbered now.

A song is floating on the air
It may be
The future may unfold to him
A glorious dawning
No, no, though Hope may whisper this.
Yet ever his race is run
Well vouchsall his dreams of bliss
Like shootwork in the sun.

The lover sits alone alone
And thinks of love so fair
Alas poor youth what makes him ride
His castle in the air?
Her smile may burn into his soul
Make it a paradys
But yet again that fatal smile
May turn it into ice.
VII

How oft sweet visions take their flight
How oft our hopes decay
The sweet visions of the night
Vanish ere the day
Bright hopes unfold in loneliness
A moment they are gone
And we are left companions
With nought to gaze upon.

VIII

Our hopes are buried in the tomb
Our lives are flying fast
The future seems a vale of gloom,
More wretched than the past.
Our castles all have tumbled down
And we are bowed with care
It is the fate of all who build
Their castles in the air.
Scene near the head waters of the Duplexus

June 2nd. Left June, I have left my old red room room at Cooper, and taken a room in Adamson's feed. Have just read Beyond Taylor's views upon, and estimated by Thad., much of travel, and shall try it on some day. Have just read Within Flye's Island; a most marvelous picture. Some passages stagger my credulity almost as much as the heads of Munchausen.
Full account of an exploring expedition up the Dorousus, or Doubtful river, by Angel Boggs.

Reader, you are about to embark with us on a long voyage. Come with us to the starting point.

Upon the shores of an extended lake, sleeps in quiet beauty the village of Dornia. Nineteen years had it stood, reflected in the glossy waters of Lake Dornia, but the inhabitants being rather drowsy and careless, knew nothing of the extent of the lake which seemed to stretch endlessly away. No one knew whither. A kind of mystery hung over the lake, which for so long had long been deserted of all life. Finally, an opportunity offered. An expedition was forming for the purpose of exploring the whole coast. This however was a secret, as the citizens of Dornia would laugh to scorn any such attempt.
How the expedition was first formed I shall not say. There were five of us initiated, and we went to work with alacrity to prepare for the voyage. The name of the voyagers was as follows:

Nebuchadnezzar Darr. Captain
Jeremiah Bogg. Chief mate
Edsel or Snobs. Clerk
Peter Nox
Angelo Boggs

We obtained a large fishing boat in which to make the voyage.* In a month’s time it was sea worthy. We had transformed it from an open boat to a regular schooner with mast and sail and pennon flying with deck and cabin and hold.

This movement was to the citizens of Dornscia involved in mystery and became a daily theme of conversation. But while they were speculating with regard to our designs, we were busily employed in laying in our stores of ammunition and provisions.

* The Marauder
By the set of all was ready and we embarked leaving the citizens standing in groups on the shore, looking after us, while we were bounding over the billows to the Tune of

"A mist shrouded a flowing sail."

As the breeze was fresh and our bark light we soon left Dorset in the distance, and were alone on the unsilenced waters of Lake Dominos. From this time a regular log of our journeying was kept. About the middle of the day we passed a large island covered with waving pines. Here we cast anchor, and taking the long boat, we went on shore. Here we were surprised to find squirrels, and rabbits some of which we shot. There was also a species of cat here, but we could not succeed in taking any. This was evidence to our minds that the island had been inhabited beside else how could their animals ever have reached this isle which was at least two miles
From the mainland seeing nothing else of interest we returned to our vessel and proceeded on our voyage. During the afternoon we passed three smaller islands, but did not land. Ever since we left Dominica we had been sailing in a direction N.W. in a line parallel with the coast, but after we had made seven leagues, the coast bore Northward, and to keep our distance from the shore we brought our helm round on a starboard tack, but the wind being strong and we inexperienced sailors, before we had made two leagues were driven on the shore.

As it was nearly night we managed to put in at a small bay and cast anchor. The coast was low and marshy, or covered with a species of swampy grass. We went on shore with our guns for the purpose of taking game but on account of the swampy nature of the ground soon turned back. This was the first night we had been ashore. We all slept in the cabin except
Brooks who brought his hammock upon deck that he might be on the watch in case of accidents. We called the factor “Short-hair” after our captain. It was indeed a beautiful landing place. The next morning we had less difficulty in tacking and our bark sped over the waters like a thing of life. The shores of this lake were clear and deep, and as I leaned over the gunwale I could see innumerable fishes jumping around the vessel.

The scenery along the coast was beautiful beyond description. Sometimes it seemed a miles long stretch of green foliage. Then again were lofty precipices crowned with fathomless pines and impenetrable verdure, again the rocks were wild and barren, scarring their black surfaces in defiance to the sky. About noon we passed a remarkable promontory which seemed to stretch a half mile into the lake, forming an excellent harbor. We have rowed into and sent a boat on shore with the chief mate, who on his return reported, that he had ascertained
to the summit, and found it two hundred feet above the level of the lake. Owing to its peculiar shape and the difficulty of ascending it, which belonged to Mr. Briggs, we called it Briggs's Chimney.

This view was taken from an adjoining cliff. This evening finding no good harbor we stood out in the lake all night, keeping watch by turns about the middle of the fourth watch. While Irv Nox was at the wheel, Captain Short called all
hands upon deck, to right about ship as we were running inshore. Sure enough there was the shore of tall dark trees a few rods before us. We made a tack but had not sailed far before the command to right about take was heard but in spite of our tacking the shore seemed considerable nearer. In fact there seemed to be a shore on every side of us, and the captain seeing the impossibility of escaping from the inlet on so short a tack, gave the order to lower sail and cast anchor. When the sail was lowered the vessel began to drift back into the lake, and by this the captain knew that we were in the current of some great river. The anchor was cast in six fathoms, and we could hear the water rushing past us. In the morning we found ourselves at the mouth of a wide river, which the captain called the Obissors on account of the doubt which it occasioned him.
We discovered that we had arrived at the terminus of the lake, and prepared to ascend the river. We had sailed sixteen leagues since we left Dornia, but our voyage was just commenced. We were no longer on the lake, but on the bosom of a mighty river, and slowly did we steer the current. At night we cast an anchor in the middle of the stream, and in the day time, under full sail, we pursued our journey. The banks of the river were clothed in the most luxuriant verdure. Tall reed-mace stretched their white arms to the sky and grapevines formed insipicious boughs of mulato foliage. Innumerable kinds of the gayest plumage and swelled songs were sporting through the leaves, while the blue water reflected the blue sky. It seemed to me a scene of endless sunshine, a paradise of Nature.
On the Third day about noon the wind was suddenly stilled, and a dead calm followed. We cast anchor and went on shore in quest of wood, having Silbbs to take care of ship. While scanning along the bank we came to the remains of a camp fire, a charred log and a pile of ashes. Being apprehensive of danger from the Indians, we returned. In our search the captain found had shot a fowr which was quite an addition to our store of provisions. The next day about 6 o'clock A.M. The wind rose we weighed anchor and continued the voyage. In two days we came to a place where the river flowed between two lofty precipices with great rapidity. In attempting to ascend we were driven back four times, and the fifth time we passed the rapids with a shout of joy and found ourselves on the bosom of a magnificent lake. The gate through which we had passed we named Boggy gate. As we were ascending it looked a
view from the bows of the boat.

On this lake.

The scenery was quite different from that of Lake Geneva. The waters seemed the very blue of heaven. The banks were lined with myrtles and the surface of the lake spotted with fairy islets, and our vessel shone like a swan or gilded bird before the breeze. We sailed in an entirely different direction for near three days, and the scenery without varying was always beautiful.
We called this lake Island Lake.
On the third day the islands grew smaller and more numerous to numerous indeed that we could not count them as for beauty they have no equal. The passes between them indeed became so narrow that we could scarce pass through and the water became so shallow that we were often aground.

On the fourth day Captain Hunt called a council of the officers and crew, which resulted in the determination to go no farther, which was a most righteous conclusion as we could go no farther on account of the shallow water and islands.
We came to the conclusion that we were near the head waters of the lake or river, Dubois. To ascertain this with more certainty, the long boat was manned, armed, and provisioned for a cruise, and Briggs and myself appointed for the expedition. We supposed from the shallows we had been near that we could not be far from a main land but in this we were mistaken. We never found any main land.

On the 11th with a small sail spread we left the Mananda almost aground and commenced the voyage. One whole day we sailed in a S. Easterly direction hoping to find the coast. It was thicker if anything but still no coast. The second day we gave ourselves up to despair and started on the return voyage, made but little progress on account of the isles and contrary winds. The lake here seemed to be an endless expanse beautiful but lonely (See frontispiece.) We were three days on the return to the spot where we left the Mananda,
LAND OF NOD

But to our surprise and above all else could be seen of the needed I will not here recount how long and in vain we sought for the Manxander or what our suspicions were concerning her fate.

After a long search of two weeks we needed to return, and on the 10th of the month we started for Boggs gate in an open sailboat. At night we slept on the Dormira islands and on the daytime pursued our course.
Tell on the Third, we passed Baggo gate, and rapidly descended the river. In two days we were gliding over the still waters of Lake Somnolus. How different the scene from what it was a month ago. Then we were an unbroken band bounding over the waves with glad hopes and gaye prospects before us. Now we were a broken band of only two. How could we tell the story of our commodi's fate. How could we say that we had left them to float around the islands of an enchanted lake.

3 days passed and we entered port with drooping colors. We received no brave words nor abuses from the citizens of Somnica. On the contrary we met with the mariner's sympathy for our loss. The city authorities provided us a small but well built schooner and a number volunteered to accompany in a search for the missing voyagers. We named the vessel the Marauder, and prepared to start.
When all was ready the citizens assembled on the shore to bid us goodbye. As we bounded out of harbor I stood at the wheel and waved my hat in signal of adieu and received in answer a parting cheer and innumerable white handkerchiefs waved from lofty windows.

Soon we were after off. The cheering gradually died away and the town was gradually lost in the haze of distance. This time we had on board:

*Amistad Speros*
*Poe J. Guiles*
*Nicholas Tubbs*
*Benevitch Briggs*

Capt. Z. Commerell

We followed in the exact course we had before taken, only we did not put in at Groote, but we did not put in at all, and by keeping out and sailing in the night we made the mouth of the Duiosas by noon the second day. This time brought with us a small supply which we placed in the bow. This was a grand mistake as we found out to our cost.
A gun in the bow of a boat would do very well for a chase or running fight, provided we were the pursuers, but in ascending a river it was of little use except for noise. We had brought the gun with us hoping the Indians whom we supposed inhabited the shores of the Duboisus, from the camp from we had before seen on the banks. Our fears were not groundless. On the morning of the second day, as we were slowly ascending the river we were appalled by a terrific shout, and a whizzing sound. On looking around we beheld the shore lined with Indians, who were running after us yelling at the top of their voices. They used no weapons except rock which they threw with great velocity and precision. We instantly cleared the deck for action. Then calling the crew around me I thus addressed them.
"Comrades! we are in a critical position! The enemy are around us. Shall we lower sail and float back to take Comrades shall we surrender to this unwelcome horde of savages and be eaten up, or shall we bid them defiance?" Whosoever scared they should "defiance unto death,!"

But at this point Amundal spoons was laid low by a "crownick." We gathered around our fallen comrade, to hear him below, but "No!" he shouted, "Defiance!" and raising himself upon his elbow he grinned horribly at the savages on the shore. But this was no time to be idle. Bidding youth to take the wheel, Briggs and myself went to the gun which we called "The long Tom," and attempted to shoot it round so as to bear on the enemy but the gun was so constructed that it could be fired only from the bow, and we chose not change the position of the vessel lest we were coned sight we should be driven ashore."
seeing our predicament we resolved to give up stream, and try the effect of noise. Briggs applied the match, and as the boom of our long tom shook the eternal hills, and the smoke rolled in deadening waves, up to the river, the Indians broke and fled, leaving numbers dead upon, apparently dead upon the banks. The Manito had spoken, and the smoke of their council fires should never more darken float over the plains. On looking around to ascertain our danger, we were suddenly by the sight of our comrades dead, stretched upon the deck in antelope skins. We gathered around him, and as I took his head in my lap and his dying hand in mine, the look up in my face, and while the mist of death darkened his eyes he faintly murmured, "Donnie! O. Angeling outfish Pumki-Blume! farewell." Thus he died, turning his thoughts to the low, star of his existence.
far away in his native village,  
Aminidab Spoons was only wounded,  
slightly on the left shoulder. We sailed  
all night piercing but the Indians  
should return and renew the attack,  
with greater numbers, etc. soon as  
the morning sun arose we went  
on shore to perform the last  
and office for our friend Stables.  
The day then a grave under a spreading  
yew tree, rolled one into a bath  
of money stones, and crowned on  
the while bank of the tree at his head.  
Nicholas Stables.

Domina

Killed on the Maowonee in battle with  
the Indians 14 18.  

"Sic transit gloria Munciea."

This last was added by Briggs  
who was an accomplished latin  
scholar. After giving a farewell  
round we again set sail.

On the fifth day after we entered  
The Dunkingwe, we passed through  
Briggs gate, and found our sewage  
shimming like a swarm over  
The chrysalis waters of Island lake.
We followed the old route for three days, hoping to find some vestige of the former expedition but thus far our efforts were fruitless. On the evening of the fourth day as we neared the southern shore of the lake we espied a vessel lying at anchor, which with a shout of joy we recognised as the old Marauder. Instantly we crowded all sail and spied our long-time and with tremendous cheering and flying colors we bore towards the old vessel. But to our utter consternation they cleaned the deck for action and commenced firing their muskets.

"Ungrateful scoundrels," cried James Gresham, "Reproach unto Death," shouted Spooner. "This is a great way to receive old friends," said Briggs. Tried to Madrue I gave the command to load the long bows, pins, crowd all sail and such demer after them and capture or sink them in the attempt. "Hold," said Briggs, "there is some mistake. They do not know who we are."
“No difference,” said Grubbs, as he applied the mate to the long tow, but in the same instant he felt mortally wounded by a shot from the old Marauder. 

The ball from our long tow carried away the enemy’s bowsprit, and the vessel swung round with the stern towards us, “Defiance” cried Moore, “they are showing us a clean pair of heels.”

But seeing them stationary we supposed they were disabled, and sent them a summons to surrender. The reply was “never more Wolfe.”

Then, vessel swung round as on a pivot and as the smoke cleared off we saw six tall, pinnaclial-looking men on board, and then we supposed they were strong men who had captured the old Marauder, and probably murdered our comrades. A council was called to deliberate concerning the best method of getting out of this scrape. We could not capture them, for they were the stronger party, we could not outwit them, for they had already spoiled the bowsprit and were bearing...
toward us. We were but then and spoons was disabled by his wound. The only alternative was to pull down the flag, and it was lowered much against the will of Grubbs who with his failing voice exclaimed, "never seen made." The Old Warrior came along side, and climbing us on the crew jumped on board, their faces were blackened by smoke, and their garb was singularly fantastic. Still we recognized Captain, Snubs and Noah, who as soon as they recognized us ran and embraced us with many exclamations of wonder. To how we ever came in possession of so large a vessel, they had thought us lost, and seeing a strange vessel, they supposed us to be pirates, and when we fired a salute, they took it in earnest, and answered accordingly. We told them how we had sought them long and vainly and finally returned to Formica, where the citizen,
speculated as with a vessel that we might go in search of you how we named it The Moscato how we had set sail and how on the Dehivous we were attacked by hostile indians how we dug a crescent grave beneath a spreading sycamore And how finally we met and fought our own friends through a fatal mistake, and then we pointed to our fallen comrades They were much touched at the sight and stern who was a physician son and knew something of the practice of surgery went and banded up his wounds and he was taken into the cabin
We were then introduced to Messrs. Jones, Brown, and Smith. After the customary civilities, we begged of Captain Smith to tell his story, which was as follows.

Three days after we arrived, we supposing that you were lost somewhere among the islands, came to the conclusion to set sail and go in search of the shore, which we did, on the second day we came to what we supposed the main land, due North from the place we left. We cast anchor and landed; after an hour or two, we wended along the shore, came to a solitary wigwam which we entered. As soon as we were satisfied that it was deserted, there were a few marks of it being been inhabited lately.

When the usually interesting Augell Norris arrived at the end of this sentence. He felt sleepy, whether from the influence of his subject or from what cause I know not, but he fell asleep.
and on awaking he could not collect his thoughts sufficiently to conclude the yarn so it remains to this day in an unfinished state.

Editor
The following pieces were written by Edwards at various times but never recorded in the sketch book. Possessing copies of them I thought it well to place them among his other poems.

Prospective Happiness

Domine, I have often thought
And often wished to say
What happiness would be our lot
If we could but have our way

We'd start together hand in hand
Our life a dull, thorny road
And in some spot in Nootka Land
We'd rear a neat abode

Our cabin made of sunshine logs
And with its sunshine floor
Should be way off among the tops
On some sunny shore
Where we could see the sunny frogs
Come hopping around the door

We have a fenced but grassy high
Above our garden plot
We spend our living days in peace
That excluded plot

And as we see the deer that see us
We wish our happy lot.
Our garden should be very small,
Well filled with Onion beds,
With many a cornstalk green + tall
And stately cabbage heads.
The morning glory vines should crawl
Above our low-roofed sheds.

Such is the picture love hath wrought
And finer never was seen
All to the King of this domain
And you, you in a glee,
Your broomsticks despite you shall may
With most majestic grace.

Whilst I abroad to feed the fogs
Shall go at each seven o'clock
And call them to the fence with all
The clapping of corn
And lay at work until I hear
How blow the distant horn.

The empire of the kitchen dear
I will assign to you
Shrubs chopping, wood chopping, fire
And all the work to do
To sweet the floor amid the closet
And rock the baby too.

Ioab Squark
The following is the prospective will of Augustus Dogg--

Whereas I now am hastening
Upto the shades below
My only will and testament
Will write before I go

Unto the mother hearted ones
Who sound my path have stood
And cheered me in my lonely hours
I leave my gratitude

The remain of my property
Amongst them I divide
And hope that more of them may be
Equally appiled

Unto John West all I bequeath
A Favoured Dew Sharp
The very Exhibition two which made
A Point of order Sharp.

I leave to him my leather trunk
Of Manuscripts & books
It seems to me all valuable
And dont deceive its looks.
I hope that he the manuscript
With vigilance will keep
Of their important qualities
Of sifting folks to sleep
And in the hearth do bequeath
My time worn looking glass
That he may look therein to see
The picture of an ass.

I leave my provender and plates
To Colonel, best of chum
And leave for him to live upon
A box half full of crumbs.

I leave my aged coat to Neall
My hat, and shoes to Moon
To keep as sad memorials
Of me who is no more.

I leave unto the museum
A word of treasure care
And I would have them guarded with
Much jealously and care.

I leave to it the congress bird
And name it in my will
A fowls among the Donators
Was made about its will.
Prof. Siver gets my Majora
When puzzled he will find
A true translation of the Greek
Where it is interlined?

I bid the Sophomores be friend.
My indomitable old maid.
I hope they, to remember one,
Will often Lem in aid.

Though in this thick and Testament
Friends I have named but few
I am at peace with all the world
And Pater De got two.

Now come around ye thrifty ones
And kind upon my brow.
The laurels won on Duck Creek's shore
I'll take them with me now.

And bury me where Duck Creek flows
Amid the rotten hogs
And let my dingoes be bring at night
In concert by the pogg
And rear in that line wilderness
No monument to Poggs.
For-um—Bells, a parody—
All's well, all's well, college bells,
What a loud, deep rumour o'er their tongue of iron tells.
As they clatter, clatter, clatter, through the slumbering atmosphere
Slinging an unwelcome story
To the student delirious
Causing him to start with fear.
At a recitation near,
Alas, the echo rolls
Over grizzly human souls
Like a knell.
And Ed Allen, who toils
With his brassy arms controls
The clamour of the bells.
Now imagination roars from the swast, within her halls
Fugue fantastic, images embroiled in the gloom—
Melancholy spectre of the recitation room
And, call bell, tolle, tolle, tolle.
On slender shanks is he thin
The worn-out faded spirit of the mighty Occis.
With the ghost of Caesar marching, marching, and slow,
For many, many, many, many, years the earth has been their tomb—
But their spirits still are marching round the recitation room.
No! No! No!
A shape more dread does appear.
The grimly, lengthily countenance o' Professor Wheeler means.
It is a dull monotony, to musically note
From the scissors
And Ed Allen merely tolls.
For the people

"But the people in the people they that dwell around the steeple
Every living human whether man or whether woman
Would gladly stop the sound of a tongue so like a thunder
So it is a cursed bell that this infernal bell
Should be tolling ever more.

There's a light in the blue of Heaven
Most lovely to my sight
A gem in the crown of Even
A star in the robe of Night

And I love that star

There's a tender flower growing
On the banks of a crystal stream
Those waters bright are flowing
With the music of a dream—

And I love that flower

If the star I love should vanish
To shine in one no more
If the tender flower should languish
Upon the streamlet's shore

Think you I'd be repining
On the flower's tomb—

While the other stars are shining
And other flowers bloom.
Here comes Bill now. The prince of home
match him if you
abroad a gallant breed but at home
a cadus man
A poet active ever is he
He knows a rattle how to Each one person as of
Can read a drum or play a flute or play rentubوا
He spews a song that makes a from

As Howard was the friend of Man
The imprisoned or The sick
So Homer knew the space of down
The friend of Aeneas sick
A new day when he claims his own
Residence of the author "on the lake
where droops the willow"
"Rather fancy"
Where the waves of a sudden tide
A building stands in lonely pride.
The relic of a bye-gone day
Still fast hastening to decay.
It seems not like earth old
No battlements or towers told
No ruined towers, from on high
From going on, the passer by.

But plain and low that building stands
As mov'd by rude unpracticed hands.
Its dragon keep is dark and dim
And its hotgoblin piece are grim
With gleaming eyes and rattling chain.

Here's where his solitary reign.
The dust of years has gathered o'er
The panels of the cracking door
And painful sight, the window panes
Are shattered by the winds and rains.

And well-eyed ruin sits along
Upon the mossy sunken roof.
Here haunts deminies bold elny
Reigned, periled, storm'd and pass'd away
And I am here at learning's chain.

The last of all their king by law
And yet a golden day streams o'er
The crumbling walls. The punctured floor.
O Core Patre! May it be
When I've seen this light still so
That all the memories of me
Be like the golden light which falls
In splendor over those old gray walls,
All bedecked with love and tears
At play above in the dust.

My Schoolhouse

When time rolls its sunder tide
A building stands in lonely pride.
The relic of a bygone day
Itself fast hastening to decay.

It seems not like castle old
No battlements or turrets hold
No ruined towers from on high
Look down upon the passer by.

But plain and low that building
As seared by rude unpracticed hands
But yet around these ruins love
A more romantic charm is blown.
A beautiful light which never falls
Upon the mist-grown Castle walls

Old school house in thy halls see,
Full many a form unknown to me;
Dim, fantastic, strange images
Hoary headed pedagogues.

Full many a mournful ghost appears
Bent with age and dim with years.
And draw near at learning shrine.
The last of all that ring my line.

And of worthies where are ye?
Gone shining, and I mind up the proceedings,
for the school house on account of its age is
declared to be "not sea worthy," and I am
probably the last of the Plinny's, the last of my
race. "Who is there to mourn for Logan? (Or siege)
"Not One." (Extract from letter on the
eve of retiring from his theme of Power.)
"you confound upon one an undeserved and by one an unmerited favor whom

You made me stand

The last of that devoted band
Beside the Stygian river
Should be too sad for me alone
To stand when all my friends had gone
And passed away forever.
But if when nothing years have past
Then I should stand alone the last
Of all the mem'raiders
All think of thee the noblest one
Among our ancient order.
And when the chariot with his car shall roll on to the Plutonian shore
Across the Stygian ferry
Soon as I reach the other shore
I'll haste to roam Tartarus over
And find thee Jenny!

This poem or fragment
refers to a society to belonged to using political assassins and other means of concealment.
Mention is made of this honorable association in other portions of their books.
Fragment from one of Linco's letters:

"The salt creek spring forever flows
And its waters taste of rye
And the salt creek boys who visit it
Are always on a 'high'.

And some who wish their fellow men
This beverage to share
Have boiled it up in barrels huge
And sent it everywhere.

And though perchance the license law
It is got them in a fix
Still we may draw potations deep
Ex foute Mulliner.*

(* Greenberry Mulliner (now dead; rest his soul)
Cord corn juice by the fijzer pint or quart)
June 10th 1850

I have to record with grief that Victor has gone back to his childhood home. The cause given in his own phrasology being that he vastly preferred “Desolate Course of Fine” to the Course of Mathematics.” We all regret it.

“We shall mourn him we shall miss him. My we meet again.” Have just read Lewis and Clark’s Voyage. Sagard’s Natchez and Hudson’s Adirondacks.

June 17.

This week I visited a hydraulic ram at Lockridge’s on the road to Wabash. This strikes me as a useful variety of the genus mutton.

I have to record a fall from the roof gazebo of Lockridge’s house, sixteen feet perpendicular. A pile of rocks receiving me gently. The angular recesses of which filled me exactly. What I was doing at that perilous height is written here now then. And my employment was legitimate. In short, I was running a little mill there by my skill as a house painter. A half gallon of white paint was emptied on the rocks. How did I feel in the rapid descent? Like a thunderbolt.
Returning, roomeed one day from the P.O.
I saw an organ grinder like a monkey.
I made a sketch as a song.

The Song of The Organ Grinder

With brothers weary as worm
With whiskers frizzled as and
A minstrel stood in tattered rags
Earning his crust of bread.
Turning his organ handle,
His weary brow he wipes
Eye beating true at his triangle
By turning his whistle-pipes

It is brudge - brudge - brudge
With a weary step and slow
It, turn - turn - turn
Poor old Don Rodriguez.
It grind - grind - grind
The music mournful and sad
But he grind a blessing his whistle pipe
To sing The Song of the Pod.

It squeak - squeak - squeak
Till the crowd begins to swarm
Till all the boys are 'ollerin'
'By jove! you walk old limb'
O, slow and turn and turn
It's bread ad turn and turn and turn
Ill seer can stand upon his feet
Poor old DonRodrigo.

Trudge—Trudge—Trudge
After the dusty strand
A ghastly kick-and-cuff
From every man I meet.
O! I could sing of a friend
But a friend I have never known
Save this one monkey, with his face
Is so much like my own.

Is so much like my own,
With its look of grief and woe,
Till you seem can tell, the cowards say,
"Vexed is DonRodrigo."
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But boys I'll tell you so,
I've wept so much in this wicked world
That I've pumped the crimson dry.
And my whistle is drier still
For a swig of blended rye.

With trothes way and more,
With whispers fast I did not,
A minstrel stand in his fluttering rags,
Begging his crust of bread
Still turning his organ handle,
His weary bow he draws.
Correspondence

From E. E. H. Towamatoon to

And with unceasing eloquent sound,
Not awful thunders, but voices round,
Still e'er, as his whom the Piper.

July 1, 1850

There are two clerical members of the Soph. Club, A. C. McDonald and W. S. Turner. We persuaded them to exercise an undue censorship over their classmates, who meeting in concourse resolved to smoke out the Tewacis. Eight or ten of us called at their room scent from the N. N. corner of Adams's Inn. At a given signal Bentin locked the door and each one produced a cigar. The room was soon filled with the reviving fumes of tobacco. This was kept up until McDonald and Turner surrendered unconditionally. I agreed to stop. A procession being formed, the command to march was given, and we proceeded headed by the clerical gentlemen to the saloon of Pater Tyghe.

W. Van Buren Esq.

Lafayette

V. L. Black

Greencastle

Francis A. Black

Dec 25
Correspondence. 1849
To E E Edwards from
The townsmen greatly admired it the appearance presented. The two leaders realizing the ridiculousness of their position attempted once to run away, but in vain. We were swiftly after and kept them company through a John Gilbert pace. We were treated to ginger beer & snaps.

Pleasant Hill, John Edwards
Lafayette  W L Black
Darlington  So A Hoover
Pleasant Hill  Wesley Edwards  Dec 25th
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Correspondence 1850

To E. E. Edwards

From

Greencastle

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John Vestal Jun. 17

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Account closed. I departed from Romney Saturday March 30th 1856 arrived at Greencastle after a weary pilgrimage on foot April 1st 1856.
This poor rich man perhaps did not inherit
Ought that can char the world's promiscuous throng;
His are the nobler graces of the spirit,
The joy, the glory, and the life of song.

Throw him in prison, it becomes a palace,
His coarsest, brown bread a plenty rich and rare,
His poor, mean drinking cup a golden chalice,
His chain an ornament a king might wear.

However rude his lot—however lowly,
He makes it paradise, and ever more,
Beds in the sunlight, pure, serene and holy.
Lark-like, his highest joy to sing and soar.

Degraded him by no mean or base employment,
or rate his heritage at little worth:
Drang him not down from his serene estate,
Nor soil his singing rambles with dust of earth.

He laughs at lucra—if you doubt it, try him—
Gold adds no nobler lustre to his eye,
The wealth or fashion could not bid him buy him.
Or lure him from his purpose pure and high.

Thus lured, thus bought, the firs upon his altars,
Kindled by spark onetaken from the flint,
Becomes a pondering scowl, his generous fathers,
And the divinity with him dies.

In Smithfield ones, as Schiller tells the tale,
The winged, the wild horses that the poets ride,
Was by his owner taken from the stable
And in the auction place at venue cried.

The gaping crowd looked on in silent wonder
With staring nostrils stood the hippogriff,
As though he heard afar the battle's thunder,
And longed to mingle in its scenes of strife.

"By Jove," said one, "he is a creature splendid,
A worthy charger for a Duke to ride,
But in his wings—a rather awkward feature
Unless they could be clipped, curtailed or tied.

One thought to buy him for a pony phaeton,
Or in a one horse shay his strength to try,
And would have bought had he not seen the Satan
That glowered in the corner of his eye.

Nobly he stood amid the hanks beside him,
With flowing mane and glossy shined hair,
And many a jockey wanted to bestride him,
But feared because he lack'd a stable air.

At length a farmer bought the proud high flyer:
Quoth he, "The nag I'll harness to my cart;
And he shall pull me through the mud and mire,"
He cracks his whip and off the couple start.

Away they went fell merr; o'er rut and ridge,
O'er stamps and stones, with many a fearful jolt,
The cart went bounding o'er the stony and bridge.
"I fear," quoth Hodge, "the devil's in the colt.

Sometimes the airy steed went vaulting starward,
The overburdened cart would roll and pitch,
Mount up a little and go lumbering forward,
To stop at last half baric'd in a dip.

"Ah well," quoth Hodge, "it's anything but funny;
My turn to-morrow, if I live alive,
I vow I'll have the val'ry of my money,
I have a score of passengers to drive.

"I'll harness him, as leader, to the wagon;
The said old horses they will lead him back;
I'll make him put on the very drag.
And, what is more, I'll keep him on the track.
"

The wagon filled, the pony, in gay fashion,
Dragged kicking team and screeching human load
Never before did lumbering chariot crash on
At rate so fearful over such a road.

The driver pulled the reins; the steed cavorted;
He plied the brakes, the steed subsisted to stop,
Till miles above the valley whence they started,
He hatted on a misty mountain top.
"This steed," quoth Hodge, "is certainly peculiar,
And hath dark ways, and tricks that we in vain
Prof. Hussey never tamed a beast unwise.
What next? I'll tame him till he minds the vein."

He starved him till you scarce would know the pony,
The light and fire from his eyes were gone,
His wings drooped sadly, gaunt he seemed and bony,
A spectre steed that Death might ride upon.

Hodge yoked him with an ox both slow and steady,
"My jolly bird shall plow the field to-day,
Go long," crack went the whip above his head, he Answered with a melancholy neigh.

God speed the plow! So say we all, but if in Making it speed through love of sordid gain Are yoked together ox and hippog linn,
Fallow and forrowess let the field remain.

Winged horse, slow ox, the heaven-born and terratorial,
The strain unequal rough, the grin in low.
He fell and slid in mire his wings celestial. Hodge plies the whip, and yeed the beast should go.
In the last ditch the noble steed was lying,
The life fast fading from his giant eye;
But as he lay there spiritless and dying, A jaunty youth came gaily trilling by.

He twanged his little guitar, the happy fellow,
To "Days of Absence," or some other tune;
A golden circlet bound his tresses yellow;
A golden light upon his features shone.

"What's this? What's this?" he cried, "a shameful tether,
Dull ox, imperial conqueror of the skies;
Out on the knave that yoked the twain together!" And baleful lightnings glimmered from his eyes.

"Off with the yoke!" Hodge, fearing worse disaster, Released the steed, his dying eye grew bright. At touch and tone of his beloved master He rose and pranced and spread his wings to flight.

Lightly the poet vaulted o'er the crupper, Swiftly the steed and rider sped away Till they were lost and swallowed in the upper And cloudless regions of the dazzling day.

The upper world is wondrous and splendid;
The under world is rough, severe, and hard. Sometimes the twain incongruously are blended, This makes it rather awkward for the bard.

Now Jove had given him no earthly fortune, Nor did he nor farm nor money in his till, But metals out to him in better measure, And left him free to roam the world at will.

And in due time to distant lands he started; Biff检s went with him, as a friend and guide; They ran quire from his house departed; With honest Sancho Panza by his side.

They traveled East, they traveled West, they journeied o'er hill and valley many a weary mile, Holding discussions earnest, grave and learned On what they heard, and saw, and thought the while.

They had not much in common; one had vision, And wilder fancies far other men's; The other had simplicity, precision And a few grains of saving common sense.

The poet's fancy roamed through depths of ether, Or paused to rest on the Olympian hills, Dined with the gods or supped ambrosial tea there; But Biffins paid all sublunary bills.

They found a forest by a path way lonely; The leaves above shot out the light of day. The solemn woods made mournful musickly, And dead leaves rustled o'er the moon voy way.

"O, Biffins," said the poet, half-way daunted By silence and the gloom of numera; "mark The solemn darkness of this world enchanted." "Yes," answered Biffins, "it is a land of dark."

"Seest thou that angry cloud its front uppearing Vived with lightnings so across the plain, The dusky warriors of the storm cara-cring?" But Biffins said, If something but the rain."

Niagara's flood the poet viewed in wonder; "Thou emblem of the infinite," he cried; "The music of Eternity thy thunder! How vain, how tranitory all beside."

And never since has that high muddled earnings Been yoked with this severe chat to keep a card Or driven by brutal clune, with whip a chasing line Compelled in search old to take a point.

Excuse this somewhat liberal deviation From German to my theme, yet rather easy; I used no penny in the free translating Beside the wondrous course of my song.

But this same pickey light, guidance depaving; Our thoughts and motions vast as such a space. What have you found your standing place.

The poet's hoarse, the poet's hoarse. Its grapple for them thine & others gone.
Nor doth the sacred earth he domain. But though mortal,avored to the gates of heaven.
"whither, ye maddened billows rushing wildly
To what far bourne, from what far distant hills?"
The poet said; but Blifkins answered mildly,
"There's power enough to drive a thousand mills." 

They stood upon the snowy Alps and listened
To the fierce rushing of a hundred streams;
They clambered where the icy mountain glittered,
Like molten silver in the sun's first beams.

They heard the avalanche's voice of thunder;
The poet's soul was filled with awe profound;
As words were vain he gazed in silent wonder;
"Dear like that, said Blifkins, 'tis rising ground."

They shifted the land of song and story,
And wandered through the long denuded halls,
Gazed on the ruins of her ancient glory,
Her mouldering temples and her moss-grown walls.

"How sadly beautiful!" exclaimed the poet,
"These roofless temples--grant beyond compare,"
Fit homes for the primeval gods!", "I know it,
Said honest Blifkins, "but they need repair."

They heard, at morn, the voice of Monon singing
The swallow made song of ages old,
And Blifkins was delighted with the singing,
It maddened him of breakfast bells, he said.

Thus from the airy heights of the ideal
The cloudy real, where fancy loves to soar,
Down to the dull sad level of the real,
Does Blifkins drag his poet evermore.

He walks ghoulish-like amidst ancient burial places,
Wrests its dark secrets from the pyramid's base;
Stores of the dead their tombs, his secret ways,
Thro' Pharaoh's throne and his mummied days.

With Peter Bell a primrose by the river
Is but a yellow primrose by the shore;
The silver beans that bore the bower's quiver
Are moonlight upon Blifkins, nothing more.

In the rude marble from the quarry taken
Thus were carved and carved untold years alone,
The poet bids a snow white angel waken
From its long sleep of years within the stone.

"A sense of the marble food, as from the marble,
An angel went from his long sleep shall arise,
The nameless voice shall bird-like thrill and wamble
A carol from the music of the skies;"

And this dull earth to rest and lucres given,
Fled from the thralldom that hath held it long;
Its vales transfigured in the light of Heaven,
Shall glow with beauty and resound with song.

The mountain tops shall shout their anthems o'er
Its deep call to deep in solemn undertone,
The warring winds shall send up a stormy chorus,
And wave it o'er deserts wild and lone.

There shall be voices sweet from rocky cover,
And sweet discourse from wise old forest trees:
The flowers shall breathe their secrets to the lover;
The rose shall whisper truth—theilly peace.

—I'm thinking of the time, Kate,
When, sitting by thy side
And shelling beans, I gazed on thee,
And felt a wondrous pride.

In silence leaned we o'er the pan,
And neither spoke a word,
But, the rattling of the beans, Kate,
Was all the sound we heard.

The anburn curls hung down, Kate,
And kissed thy lily cheek,
Thy azure eyes, half filled with tears,
Bespoke a spirit meek.

To be so charmed as I was then,
Ne'er before occurred,
When the rattling of the beans, Kate,
Was all the sound I heard.

I thought it was not wrong, Kate,
So, leaning o'er the dish,
As you snatched up a lot of beans,
I snatched a nectaril kiss.

And a sudden shower made my eyes blind,
I neither saw nor stirred,
But the rattling of the beans, Kate,
Was all the sound I heard.
The Old Clock on the Stair-way.

BY E. B. EDWARDS, A. M.

I pause on the lonely starway,
To look on its great white face,
To list to its pendulum creaking
In the dark, carved oaken case,—
To count with mine its heart-throbs,—
To look on its ghostly face.

To list to its mournful music,
As it syllables o'er and o'er
The moments eternally passing,
But returning no more—no more;
To list to the knoll of the hours,—
The hours that come no more.

Alone, on the lonely stairway,
I list to its musical chime;
And it speaks to my heart of the vanished
And beautiful olden time;
And it thrills my heart with the music
Of the beautiful olden time.

Alas! ring the mournful voices,
For the years and the cycles fled,
For the golden hours departed,
For the blissful days that are dead;
Alas! for the hopes—alas! for the joys
That with the days are dead.

Alas! for the weary silence
That has followed the voice of mirth,—
For the music and song and laughter
That are heard no more on earth;
For the murmur of sweet-toned voices
Forever hushed on earth.

They are gone—they are gone forever—
Like clouds from a summer sky;
Like the withered leaves in autumn
When the storm-wind rushes by;
They are gone—they are gone forever,
But their beauty cannot die.

For the voices of our beloved
Hear echoes that sound afar,
That earth's din may not silence,
That its discords may not mar;
And the light from their true eyes beaming,
Shines farther than sun or star.

It striketh the midnight hour,
But its music is sad no more;
For I hear in its chimes the voices
That ring from another shore,—
And thrill my soul with a gladness
That faileth nevermore.

Within the circle of the home
Life's promise and fulfillment come;
The daylight and the dark are but
The gates that on life's story shut.

THE COMING OF WINTER.

Over the prairies the wind sweeps cold,
And the snow falls soft and light—
The snow-birds flutter and circle around
As the feathery snow-flakes carpet the ground
And turn the brown earth to white.

Yestermorn the sun rose warm and bright,
And the sky was blue and clear;
Robins and blackbirds twittered and sung,
And the breeze the old oaks murmured among
And played with the brown leaves serene.

But at set of sun the cruel north wind
Came sweeping down in its power,
And the dying leaves came fluttering down
In showers of crimson, gold and brown,
From every woodland bower.

Affrighted, the squirrel sought its warm nest
Leaving its nuts behind;
The wild wind moaned and shrieked aloud,
And the startled songsters rose in a cloud,
And swept away on the wind.

Over the hill the storm-king came,
On a bank of dreary cloud,
And Autumn threw her bright robes down,
And took from her head her hazy crown.
And the sun wrapped her round like a shroud.

Then the cold wind shrieked in joy,
And the snow fell thick and fast;
And the storm-king laughed in glib glee,
As he watched the brown leaves before him flee—
Old Winter is king at last!

—Maud Suttun.
THE TRUANTS.

BY A. M'KENDRIAN.

To the past, to the past—my heart has wandered thither,
To the day when Nell and I forgot the master's rule,
And hand in hand, confidingly, we plodded on together
By the pond of water-lilies on the pathway to the school.

Willows bent above us; tremulous the motion
Of their feathery leaves above, of their shadows in the pool;
While a plant of snowy lilies anchored in that tiny ocean
Beguiled us with their beauty, we forgot the path to school.

We trod the grassy border the pebbly marge invited;
With bared feet dashing there all the perils of the pool;
I culled a wreath of lilies for the dear one so delighted,
With the sunshine and the gladness that were not found at school.

Our heart-beats timed the music of the crystal wave before us,
Rippling on the pebbly margin beneath the shadows cool,
Our spelling was forgotten, but a spell came sweetly o'er us
Somewhat different from the spell that held us at the school.

What though the winged hours than fairy feet were fleeter—
What though the master scolded about the broken rule,
My Nelly was beside me, and her merry voice was sweetest
Than any voice that mingled in the murmur of the school.

O, the years! O, the years that have passed away forever,
Like the morning dew-drops—like the bubbles on the pool.
O, the loved and loving voices that cheer my sad heart never!
O, the silence that has followed the murmur of the school!

Love breaks its golden promise the hour it is given;
Hearts are broken, ties are sundered 'neath the mighty Master's rule;
I wander still a truant, but in the radiant heaven
I shall walk beside her, sweet playmate of the school.
A cow and a crocodile having met on the banks of a river, had a
violent dispute as to the merits of their respective places of abode. The
cow naturally preferred the land. It was dry, it was solid, it produced
abundance of rich grass. The crocodile could not sufficiently praise the
river. Its waters, though muddy, were deep, and pleasant to the touch,
and abounded in life-giving properties. The cow quoted many learned
authorities to prove the dry land the proper home for animals. The
crocodile, on the other hand, quoted as largely to show the river to be
the best and safest dwelling place.
"But," said the latter, "since you will not be convinced by arguments,
you would better come down into the water and learn by experiment the
truth of my words. If, on making the trial, you should retain your
present opinions, I will abandon my views as erroneous, forsake the water
and dwell with you, henceforth, on the dry land."
The cow, pleased at the candor of the crocodile, went down into the
river.
"What have you to say, now?" said the crocodile.
"That I am as much convinced as ever," responded the cow, "that
the land is the only place where it is possible for me to live."
"You might have said so a few moments ago, with safety to yourself,"
answered the crocodile, "but now the utterance shall cost you your life."
And the cow, not being able to defend herself in the deep water, came
to an untimely end.
"Beware," croaked a solitary frog, that had witnessed the sad scene.
"Beware of meeting an adversary on grounds selected by himself.
IN THE WHALE'S BELLY.—The current number of the Broadway contains an article in the style of Carlyle, intended as a sort of parody of "Shooting Niagara." It is presumed to be written by a Scotchman named Alexander, who has frequently roused Carlyle's wrath by similar squibs, hitherto exploded. We quote a specimen:

"The case of our ancient friend Jonah should seem to be more or less in point here. Jonah, prophetic person of the Hebrew species, gone upon bad courses, and 'fleeing from the face of the Lord'—it is a phrase, my much illuminated friends, with deep meaning now, as of old—thought it best for him to go by sea. The infatuated mortal so fleeing! It is well known whither he fled—into the devouring belly of a 'great fish'—whale, say some; but we will leave the species obscure, not seeking to be wise beyond what is written. Clear finis of Jonah, you would say, and conclusion put upon him and his prophecies. But it did not turn out so; it turned out quite other than so, as is vouch'd to us by the record. Jonah, engulfed in his dark prison, wondering much, as is like, where the deuce it was he had got to, tumbled about as we mayancy there, seeking his way out—tumbled and rumbled extremely, and 'cried' mightily, as we read. The unhappy prophet! one pities him a little in his dark plight; but also one must confess to a little human feeling for the whale, unused to a diet of live prophets, and puzzled to dispose of this one. A prophet not to be disposed of by the understood methods of digestion. Whale strove hard to digest the prophet, diligently secreting its juices upon him; the indigestible prophet, secreted upon corrosively, tumbled and rumbled, as was natural, not the less terribly, but the more. Finally, the poor sea monster, very sick with its prophet, and thinking, in the dim, fishy mind of it, it must have swallowed the very devil himself, incontinent 'vomited' its prophet, glad to be quit of him on any terms; 'vomited' him 'on dry land—which was considerate on the poor sea monster's part—and wished him Godspeed elsewhere."
HAIL! BETA THETA PI!

AIR.—"John Brown."

Come, brothers, let us cluster round the sacred shrine once more,
Where our bosoms' pure emotions and devotions are in store,
Joining hands in love fraternal, raise the Grecian chorus high,
Hail! Beta Theta Pi!

Cho.—Glory, glory, etc.

In the mystic light we revel, where our guardian spirits keep
Their devout and noble watches, while the world around in sleep.
Dreams not how the heart is opened, and how brightly beams the eye
In Beta Theta Pi.

Cho.—Glory, glory, etc.

And the beacon burning brightly in the mystic future tells
Where the recompense is waiting for the heart that fondly swells
With the hope and true devotion of the Greek fraternal tie
Of Beta Theta Pi.

Cho.—Glory, glory, etc.

May that beacon, ever burning, guide our wayward feet aright,
And its beams illumine our pathway in the quest, for truth and right,
'Till we meet as one forever in the realms beyond the sky,
In Beta Theta Pi.
WOOGLIN.

AIR.—"When you and I were Young, Maggie."

We gather again at our shrine, brother,
Where none but those can meet,
Who relish the mystic. "Canine," brother,
That only the chosen eat;
And here, where our hearts are ensnared, brother,
We'll make one offering more
To Wooglin, the monarch of mind, brother,
The god of the Greeks of yore.

CHO.—So, linked in our mystical chains, brother,
    We'll lift our brave motto on high,
    And be true to old Wooglin, who reigns, brother,
    In Beta Theta Pi.

There's a legend amongst us, you know, brother,
That Wooglin only reigns
With those in these regions below, brother,
Who value the force of brains;
And he will not crown your brow, brother.
    Unless in the battle's strife,
    By winning each victory now, brother,
    You win a bright way through life.

CHO.—So, linked in, etc.

'Tis not by the fortunes of fate, brother,
    That lasting fame is won;
They only are victors great, brother,
    Who win every step they run.
Then keep our motto in view, brother,
    And ever with lofty aim,
Be fearless, and pure, and true, brother,
    And Wooglin will guard your fame.

CHO.—So, linked in, etc.
REUNION SONG.

Air.—"Benny Havens, Oh!"

In "Auld Lang Syne" there was a band,
Whose hearts were warm and true,
Who joined together heart and hand,
And sweet their friendship grew.
To share their joys, they welcomed us
Within their mystic tie,
Let's sing a song to-night, my boys,
To Beta Theta Pi.

We gather now within the hall,
As oft in days of yore—
But many now are gone, my boys,
Who've sung with us before.
We've felt their parting grasp my boys,
And long their last good-by
Will mingle in our memories
With Beta Theta Pi.

There'll be another parting soon,
And hands oft clasped must sever,
But friendship's bond will never break—
It binds our hearts forever.
And in the world's alarms and storms,
When dangers gather nigh,
The friends most true are those we've found
In Beta Theta Pi.

And, once again, the last and best,
Fill high with generous wine;
We've sung to thee and me, my boys,
Now sing to thine and mine.
May soft hands clasp your own, my boys,
And brightly beam the eye,
Of fond, true-hearted maiden on
Each Beta Theta Pi.
BETA'S BONDS.

Air.—"Annie Laurie."

The heart is ne'er so joyous
   As when it shares its glee—
As when kindred hearts are near it,
   And all their joys are free.
And no hearts are more free,
   Though none have closer tie,
Than the true hearts round the altar
   Of Beta Theta Pi.

When pleasures flow around me,
   I ask no friend more dear,
When my soul is pressed with sadness,
   I know no friend more near,
No bosom friend more near—
   No truer smile or sigh
Than from true hearts round the altar
   Of Beta Theta Pi.

The world were dark and cheerless,
   If 't were not for the heart,
And the heart is cold and lonely
   If cherished love depart—
If sympathy depart;
   Then blessed is the tie
Of the true hearts round the altar
   Of Beta Theta Pi.
OUR MOTTO.

AIR.—"E Pluribus Unum."

O, joyous and bright are the eyes of the few,
Who are strong in the true and the right!
And their bosoms are swelling with rapture anew,
As they meet in the Chapter to-night;
The light is unsullied that beams from the eye,
By the deeds that the Betas have done,
Who are leagued in the truest and holiest tie,
In the motto our Order has won!

From the time when our founders, the noble and good,
Were joined in this strong triple tie,
Ever true to each other, together they stood,
This motto their rallying cry.
And this motto still shines as a bright guiding star,
On the scenes where our joys were begun.
O, perish the hand or the heart that would mar
The motto that Betas have won.

In the contests of genius how oft hath it shone,
And gathered unsullied renown!
Till its mystical symbols are able alone
To strike all our enemies down.
And tho' chosen and few are the ones of this band,
They have hearts that are truer than steel,
And tho' they that oppose them outnumber'd the sand,
There would none but Barbarians kneel.

Tho' the heavens together as parchment may roll,
And the sun in thick darkness may hide,
Yet the motto of Beta shall join soul to soul,
While its mystical truths shall abide.
Then, O, let us cherish those truths in our hearts,
Though we meet with but slander and scorn!
The "Chapter"'s a balsam for slander's keen smarts,
And barbarians fear while they spurn.
PARTING SONG.

AIR.—"Auld Lang Syne."

And now let hand grip into hand,
And eye look into eye,
As breaks the leal and loving band
Of Beta Theta Pi.

Cho.—Of Beta Theta Pi, my boys,
Of Beta Theta Pi,
As breaks the leal and loving band
Of Beta Theta Pi.

The outside world is wrapped in sleep,
No barbarous foe is nigh,
As we these midnight vigils keep
Of Beta Theta Pi.

Cho.—Of Beta Theta, etc.

Yes, all our own these Attic nights,
Whose hours so quickly fly,
Yes, all for us these rare delights,
Of Beta, Theta, Pi.

Cho.—Of Beta Theta, etc.

And now let hand grip into hand,
And eye look into eye,
As love flows free from heart to heart,
In Beta Theta Pi.

Cho.—Of Beta Theta Pi.
SMILE AROUND.

AIR.—"Jamie's on the Stormy Sea."

Smile around, O, smile around,
   Every eye be bright to-night,
Smile around, O, smile around,
   Every Beta's heart be light.
Though the barbarous horde revile,
In the Chapter we will smile,
Smile around, O, smile around,
   Every Beta's heart be light.

Clasp the hand, O, clasp the hand,
   Every Beta's heart be glad;
Clasp the hand, O, clasp the hand,
   What should make a Beta sad!
Here are ready hearts to share,
In a brother Beta's care;
Clasp the hand, O, clasp the hand,
   Every Beta's heart be glad.

Sing aloud, O, sing aloud,
   Raise the Grecian chorus high;
Sing aloud, O, Sing aloud,
   Shouting Beta Theta Pi!
Mystic symbols which through life
Aid the Greek in every strife;
Sing aloud, O, sing aloud,
   Shouting Beta Theta Pi!
OUR FOUNDERS.

Air.—“Coca-che-Lunk.”

When we meet to sing the pleasures
That the bonds of Beta yield,
Let us not forget our founders,
Those who raised our noble shield.

Cho.—Never shall that shield be lowered,
From our stars we’ll never swerve,
We will cherish still our diamond,
And the wreath we’ll still deserve.

Ties they gave that naught can sever,
Ties that speak our motto’s worth,
Ties that bind us fast together,
Ties among the best of earth.

Cho.—Never shall that, etc.

Joys peculiar, too, they gavs us,
Joys that none but Greeks can share,
Joys that merit true affords us,
Joys that drown the Beta’s care.

Cho.—Never shall that, etc.

To the founders of our Order,
Joyous songs we then will raise,
To their names, forever glorious,
Ever we’ll address our praise.

Cho.—Never shall that, etc.
Wandering

My thoughts upon the cause of time
and of things of kind far away from this
place of literary communion. I wonder by what times
and upon the elevated throne of a log schoolhouse,
for women were in the wilderness of the wild
wastes and will ponds
not then not think I'm long a coming over
my unnecessary genius strain to look into the
small bugs. But feeling content myself knowing
the end of disappointments.

Wake together my
thoughts and run into the grove that
hangs about. The fate of thy inner dress and
much personal Yeats and conjure up a
little room wherein is your inner constant
with T.D. walking as calm, in order to your
inner honor and self a few lines complimenting
your escape from this monotonous world in this
line. To give the schoolmaster at broad dark hands
drive upon the moon wherein we are

1849

Grancester Jan 2nd 47
And from them such truths as they are peace.

Try to reach upon mine and from my own senses
that they seek to a new movement, but for my
own space of time it is not that my pen was
not left to continue up to the sensibilities
upon the ink and with love and sympathy
with the spirit which men as the morn goes
along our way on speaking right to our hearts
souls and then in being but in truth not found.

Upon the sun to be found to even fences
We can live, if ever a doubt has arisen
in your mind of our willing we lose a
line of ours out on the wide world alone
now warn it for we give to the wind
even sorrows of some evil spirit and
ghastly and so at morning whisper.

Think no more that I can forget
ecstasy who has been through all the
troubles and trials of good old times
metation room. no more is the thought
without your sympathy is true. Keep you with
our your little flock, that others will not
think of you while you are striving with
men and we also vowed to bring the prizes of rising churches to them. The year spent together in coming to, finding homes, andOff the lines next to main and among the puller men of half-grown wisdom, Your grand son, your son-in-law.

was left with a strong man, in return for the peace. Like nature, I know
The exhibition was a painting by Dürer's and appeared to be of much value as an artistic work and yet having in mind a lack of such things no doubt from your partnership and commanding part of it.

There is quite a variation in religious matters. They go up with the snows as linen fifteen of an evening - Marshall went up two or three times last to. In Sunday, get it. Dr. Jones and Mr. Bellamy went up last night. The former was just able to

The Jay has gone from his room being confined by illness according to faculty order. Mark Dunlop was also.
In order is going along the same track some time has been since last
The last meeting Saturday before sunrise
had some last night was a count of the Excitement
in the church) was very good as I report
Committees and reports came up and
To prove Dennis wanted to pray to the
some were made and lengthy speeches
upon the occasion in question called
worth some of the most weighty topics and
were set conclusions in reference
To the propriety of among preachers John
Eugene
biography in our reports I know shall
in my room to day and it not mean
the call for church and it being
very disagreeable did not
know was it send
and was
Oh I forgot to tell
you of a corn something was out
in a week or so ago but now mind
I hope you some time in that matter
and in the meantime remain yours in

closed her eyes and at once fell asleep in the arms of Jesus.

It was just that sudden, I never dreamed of such a thing as Mother dying before Father as you see. How little prepared I was for the shock. So many times this last year she has paid to one, "I can only live as long as you." The servants to have a fear of being left alone, and every time she was sick she was so very uneasy. Many times she has said to Carrie, "I would not want to live and willing to go at any time." All Winter she has felt as though she would not live more than a year or two, she could not bear the thought of my going to Colorado to live, she would say, "When you go this time I will probably be the last time you will see your Mother. I would..."
say, Oh Mr. Mc pot I hoped not to go and I wrote to Mr. T. I just could not go, and now nothing could induce me to go as Belleview was to my future home for the present any way for his father don't want to leave them. I always read Mr. Mc his letter and she would enjoy them for they were full of fun and wit and the day before she died I read her one saying one would probably live in B. and she seemed as glad. Mr. Mc said he would like to live at 41 Collins for the sake of Dr. Edwards Society. He was very much pleased with him and you too though he only can you a very short time, and knew he would like you as well as Prof if he could have become acquainted with it the first time I ever had that was the year he graduated
69. He boarded with us in 1867.

Pa has known his parents for over thirty years. They have known him well for thirteen years well. Just as you see him once, you see him all the time, and he is just as free of life as ever as he can be. I write him of Mother's death at once but she did not get it until the day she reached Belleville. It was forwarded to him. He read the account of the death while in Pueblo Saturday in the Globe. Took the next train Sunday evening for home.

The letter I wrote him Monday saying Ma was very sick. He got Friday, then the next day paid the mother of the death in the paper. Paid the read at a judge's house and could hardly believe, then marked it went up to the Springs & Aunt Emma. He enjoyed her trip very
much and for many reasons would like to go back yet on the whole thinks best to stay here. He says he don't want to take me out there for the women have such a hard time and her he can afford to have help all the time. The father. Brother and sister. Don't move up to see me the day after the funeral. They did not get word in time to come up then. Sometimes doesn't just like writing now now.

Love from all to all.

Regarde to Ed Locke

Yours truly

H. R. Sargent