

January,

Tuesday,

~~MONDAY 28~~ 28

1873.

We have got recreation and also privileges for the day. I spent most of the afternoon down at the village. In the morning I practise my speech. This is the last day I will be bothered practising. One more day and I will then be free till next year. Part of my time was employed looking at the "Sun". Not the heavenly Sun but the worldly or N.Y. Sun. Still another bad attempt. My many efforts to fill space where with trash if my stock of news is small is something like the youth who unable to sing or play upon any instrument serenaded his fair one with ditties whistled so sweetly that when he went to cross the fence he found that he had gathered seventy five animals rejoicing in the sweet sounding names of bull dogs &c. &c. &c. Further more as that young man at the sight of those new advocates of musical talent shut up and left I think in this case at least I will do the same. No sooner said than it was done and with a twinkling of the eye I was in my bed and fast asleep.

Wednesday

~~TUESDAY~~, 29.

To day I am to speak. After a long waiting of over a month the day has at last arrived. Even the hour is at hand. Papa, Mary, Uncle William and Aunt Sue are present. The music begins. The opening song "The Distant Chimes" is finished and H. A. Joss steps upon the stage. He gets through splendidly. Johnnie Dowd is next and gets through well. A piano solo and then Ballou presents his "Glimpse of Modern Art." And now it is my turn. Before I know where I am I am speaking. A line put in its wrong place makes me skip two or three pages. Unknown to anyone except those who have heard my speech three or four times I ~~reach~~ go back. Not one word of prompting. I come to papa's poetry as I end its first verse I am enthusiastically clapped. I come down amid great applause. I have done well. Papa and all are pleased. Hurrah! H. D. Hazley, M. T. Downes, J. D. Emmet and L. R. Aveille follow me in speeches well delivered. The afternoon exhibition is over. The long dreaded moment has come has gone and I am still alive. The evening exhibition was as good as the afternoon all doing excellently. But to adopt a common phrase: ^{phrase:} ^{conclusion} "I am finished."

Thursday,

~~WEDNESDAY~~, 30.

When both the exhibitions were over we adjourned to the dining room where we sat down to a table loaded with eatables. There were six different kinds of wine. Soon after the boys were seated Gross presented the gift of the class fifteen volumes of Shakspeare to Father Jas. H. Cornigan. We passed a splendid evening and it was not until this morning that we retired to bed. But do not be shocked it was the first hour in the morning viz: one o'clock A.M. As to now time to the events of this day. I or rather we or better still all the boys got up at seven o'clock. Quite late for us. As the Doctor and in fact every body was in such good humor the class asked to be let home for a day or two at the least. Imagine our surprise when he informed us we could ^{get} only on condition that we would return the same day. There was but a poor alternative. However we chose the lesser evil of the two and left. When I reached our house I found all waiting for me. They thought I was coming home for a few days and when I told them the real state of the case great were the imprecations of Fern Hall and its excellent rulers.