

Got up and managed some way or other to pass through the day. Sent of the letter to Maz. To day I heard of the death of Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton. Poor fellow! When I hear of such great men dying then more than ever I ask myself what is this world but a short sojourn of sorrow. Wonder if all the tens of thousands of those who have read and admired his many and excellent works will think how great a man has been snatched away by death. As I write this once more does the beautiful novel "The Last days of Pompeii" place its character before me and as I read the touching devotion of the blind girl the bravery of the Greek and the hideousness of Arbaces my heart sinks as I ask the question "Can he the master mind from whom he dead?"

Tuesday 21st

Speaking. Eating. Drinking. Sleeping. This is the only way I can remember to have passed the weary hours of the most tedious day. But as the poet has ^{given} it as his opinion that "where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise" I will not lament at the poor appearance this day makes of itself.

Wednesday. 22.

One week from to day and I will be shaking oh so gloriously. What painter can put on canvass the dreadful trembling of those legs the shaking of the frame but more than all the feeling within. But as Jim Aveille would say "cheer up my friends." Speaking about Jim he intends to sing a part from "Proserpine." We both are working hard to make things grand. I suppose that I will be as nervous when that fearful Wednesday comes as the young youth in Parisville who after the marriage ceremony slipped a nickel five cent piece into the parson's hand instead of a five dollar gold piece which he had ready in another pocket.

But I have quite a while yet to think of my maiden effort. So I will drop the subject for the present. To night I was informed that probably I might go to New York on the morning of course with this pleasing hope before me I went to bed well satisfied with myself and the future. How quickly we change from sadness to joy. This morning how down hearted, to night no one more joyous.

Thursday 23.

I have obtained permission to go as one of a committee of two to procure a present which is to be given to the Father Jas. H. Conigan by the Junior Class. We leave the snow clad hills and muddy vales of Orange and its surroundings and are soon in the great metropolis. We (Jim Aveille and myself) crossed the Christopher St. ferry; my first, and I hope my last time. I have seen wicked, dirty, and dangerous looking ferry boats but so far the Christopher line heads this fine array. And then after reaching New York what a wack! However in spite of the ferry boats and long walk we at last reached our place of destination. This was Appleton's the book sellers. We bought 2 of the works of Shakspeare in fifteen different volumes. We then parted Jim to go to his house in 24th St. and myself to wind my way towards my home. In the course of an hour I arrived there after having met papa on the street. Mary Ann and Kelly were out but mamma was in and was as she always is overjoyed to see me. The time passed quickly in such ^{delicious} ~~pleasant~~ place. It began to snow about ^{half past} ~~three~~ ^{four} three. Mary had not returned yet and I made an engagement to meet Jim at Barclay St. at five I had to go.