

If yesterday was bad, oh what was today. To begin with a fog, commencing its existence with the first glimpse of day, gradually, inch by inch began to obscure all ^{things} around the college. On ^{my} inquiry it was thick; in the valley, no better. Inside or outside of the college were a choice between two evils. I had expected my father but as hour by hour slipped by and found the fog instead of improving increasing in thickness John gave up all his fondled hopes. Agreeably surprised was he therefore to receive a visit from Mr. Hornette of 36 Schermerhorn St. Brooklyn. The greeting over the attenuated form (only one hundred and fifty pounds) was terribly shocked to hear that Mary had a fever and Billy was very sick. But to speak more seriously, I felt very bad to hear of the sickness at home although Hornette told me neither ~~as~~ had assumed a dangerous form. I obtained permission from Michael to go down with my friend to the depot and it was with a faint heart that I saw my Italian comrade off. The fog still continues. I go to bed. With a sigh I ask if this fog will ^{be} rid. Answer cometh Nevermore.

FRIDAY, 17.

I finished my letter to Bayard at about four eleven o'clock. And when did I commence it? On Thursday afternoon. Surely I have reason to ~~say~~ ^{say} with the "Thou's" of the young knight or rather "The Night Thoughts of the young" Procrastination is the thief of time. What a lucky thing that poor Young wrote that line of truth as well as poetry. As far as I can see it is about the only thing he gets any praise for. Practicing my speech. I am preparing for the Junior Exhibition as hard as I can. I was up two or three hours to this evening speaking as hard well as I could. I have improved wonderfully. At least this is what everyone tells me. Indeed I am surprising myself. During all the time I have been in Elocution Class I have never ~~in~~ not once spoken a piece anyways decently. I have been making made up my mind time and again to cast off my backwardness in speaking and by a proud effort to keep on improving. Notwithstanding all my resolutions it was not ^{until} I commenced to speak my oration or ^{perhaps} ~~whatever~~ it is termed that I have made that effort that ~~shows~~ ^{shows} me a better future in the line of speaking at least.

SATURDAY, 18

Speaking, speaking, speaking! Oh the bliss the joy of speaking! To do nothing but speak is anything but what I would like. In the evening I received a long letter from Bayard Brasher. In the morning I received an extra issued by the N. Y. Tribune containing Mark Twain's Letter on the Sandwich Islands H. W. Beecher's lecture on Compulsory Education Dr. Bellows' ^{lecture on} ~~Is there a God and~~ Jas. F. Field's lecture on the ^{best of the} ~~best of the~~ and Wendell Phillips on the lost A.T.S. It was sent to me by Bayard. Very kind in him to remember me so much.

— Sunday 19th 1873—

Billiards, speaking and letter writing were the means adopted to make the hours fly. The writing consisted of a letter ten and a half pages long which I written to Miss Wentz and describing my adventures on New Year's day. Went to bed about half past nine o'clock P. M. confident that Uncle William and Susan & Roman were up today. The latter is in very good health and is now almost as tall as George and Will.