

Journal of Leroy W. Cleavenger

Transcription by John F. Hartman and Betty V. Hartman

Source citation:

Leroy Cleavenger, "Journal" (Manuscript, 1857; Waynesburg, Greene County, Pennsylvania); discovered in 2003 by Bonnie (Watts) Cook, great-granddaughter of Margaret Leonice (Needham) Still. Margaret Leonice (Needham) Still was Leroy's love interest and is referred to frequently in his journal entries. The original journal was given to Candice Buchanan by Bonnie (Watts) Cook, and is in Buchanan's possession as of 2016.

A transcription was made from the original journal in 2003 by John F. Hartman and Betty V. Hartman of Parkville, Maryland. The Hartmans shared their transcript with Buchanan for inclusion in the Greene Connections: Greene County, Pennsylvania Archives Project.

Introduction - Journal of Leroy Woods Cleavenger

Leroy kept his journal between April and June of 1857. His entries capture daily life in the Waynesburg area and make many references to his teachers, neighbors, friends, and the girls who caught his youthful eye. One of his most common subjects follows the evolution of a crush on Margaret Leonice Needham, who was a student at Waynesburg College. The journal was discovered in Margaret's possessions in 2003, by her great-granddaughter Bonnie (Watts) Cook. The very last entry in the journal (see Epilogue) appears to have been added years later by Margaret, as her tribute to Leroy.

Note from the Transcribers John F. & Betty V. Hartman

Transcription of Leroy Cleavenger's journal has been very difficult. Torn pages, faded print, inconsistent spelling and penmanship, all contribute to the difficulty of interpretation and transcription of the text.

Where words are unreadable or not clear, [sic] or [?] denote that the previous word or words have been copied as written, or interpreted by us – the transcribers – or are questionable.

The original wording and context of the journal has been retained as much as possible. Only the formatting – such as adding paragraphs where appropriate for clarity – and obvious punctuation errors have been changed or modified.

Journal of L. Cleavenger

Waynesburg, Greene County, Penn.

April 1857

Becoming tired of Waynesburg and it being necessary that I should closely apply myself to my studies in order to stand an auditable examination before the committee appointed by the court (vis, John C. Flenniken, A. J. Buchanan and Col. John H. Wells) preparatory to my admission to practice as an attorney, at sometime I concluded to retire into the country. To the residence of my brother, Amos, where I could quietly pursue my studies without any interruption whatever. Having been here for three or four days previous, I commence this journal.

Page 1 ~ Thursday April 9th

Dark gloomy day, very cloudy in the morning, with every appearance of rain sometime during the day. Carpenters engaged in roofing the house. Had a sufficient amount of exercise today by assisting. Had the extreme pleasure of having a visit during the day from Miss Mary Vancleave and Miss Frances Hill. They found me somewhat in dishabille - being illy prepared for receiving the company of ladies, having donned some old clothes for the occasion and even they were in appearance rendered somewhat worse by being badly soiled from the kind of work in which I was engaged. My face, I have no doubt, would have in its ebony brilliancy rivaled that of the most cleanless chimney sweep.

Page 2 ~ Friday, April 10th

As there is little of importance or real interest occurring in the country I am in order to make my journal appear formidable and respectable as far as required size, at least, compelled to mention matters of minor and almost of trifling importance.

Arose tired and unrefreshed from bed – caused by horrible and ill boding dreams. The “God of Weather” caused the snow to fall during a portion of the forenoon, but repenting of his harshness and repenting much that by his wintry storms overcome the energies of the people, as they appeared bound in a deathlike lethargy. When by his brilliant and enlivening sunshine, He should have gladdened every heart and impelled them to renewed activity. His ruddy face was suffused with tears, which manifested itself but a continued fall of rain during the remainder of the forenoon.

Heard today much complaint from many persons of the very disagreeable weather we have had for this time of year, but all appeared to entertain strong and bright anticipation of a happy change after Easter Sunday. Though I am not so superstitious yet, I wish they may not be so deceived, and the sign hold out.

Afternoon the rain ceased, but still remains cloudy, with indications of commencing again.

Had the honor of receiving a visit from W.T.H. Paulley [sic Pauley]. He informed us that the two persons who had been reported as affected by the Small Pox is recovering and there were no new cases, or any possibility of the loathsome disease's spreading, as all proper precautions against such a result were taken.

Reperused some exceedingly interesting letters received sometime since from a very interesting and intelligent young lady (M.L.N.) This has with me become almost an item of my daily employment, as the association connected them with are so agreeable and pleasing. Am at considerable loss to truly define my real feelings towards said individual, but must admit that in a bachelor of twenty-three, the symptoms are rather alarming. I fear that the retirement I have sought, particularly on account of the same, has but little efficacy in retarding the grossness of the fell disease. As a denier's resort I shall fly to physic and anti-love powders and should these fail of having the desired effects, will, like a man, firmly resolve and make a bold effort to turn the object of so much menacing uneasiness to me, in the angere eyed surveillance of puritanical guardian and apparent indifference of the lady herself. Should a want of success attend those efforts I can but fold my arms and submit to my fate. But, still as an innocent convict upon the scaffold about to suffer execution, who conscious of his innocence, intimidated by the near approach of death, seems to beg for mercy, so will I try and suffer in silence like a man, without a murmur by which men discovering would scoff at my weakness.

Blackstone has been sadly neglected today, owing to a multiplicity of causes, among the least of which the above is not found.

Page 5 ~ Saturday, April 11th

Morning cloudy, sun essayed to peep out once from between their folds, but struck by the cold and desolate appearance of the earth, he quickly and quietly retired to his former position, where his disappearance was soon followed by a shower of rain of a couple of hours continuance, after which it became somewhat warmer, but the countenance of Heaven is still marred and rendered gloomy by dark, heavy and portentous looking clouds.

In the evening prepared for tomorrow (Sabbath), by shaving, but labored under considerable difficulty from the razor being unusually dull, but the handle being strong, I succeeded in accomplishing the task.

Page 6 ~ Easter Sunday April 12th

Rose early, which by the way, has become almost a settled habit, washed, breakfasted and dressed, though it will not reflect much credit upon my reputation as a religious or moral character, but still the truth must out.

I consumed the whole forenoon perusing old newspapers, among them matters containing some highly imaginary love tales, which I fear added but additional fuel to some scant passion, of what nature I know not. Whose flames are consuming my determination to not be conquered. But my next indiscretion, which happened in the afternoon, at the house of Bill Anderson, will cause the rigidly righteous to open their eyes to their utmost extent, exhibiting an undue amount of whites,

whilst there were, on such a day, religious arms mechanically assume perpendicular position, truly expressive of pure holy horror. I was actually guilty of indulging in the heinous crime (or this wise, innocent and pleasing amusement) of playing several or few games of Euchre, where it is necessary that your hands should become contaminated by coming in contact with vile and sinful cards

Wrote a couple of letters today. One to Miss Lydia Pennock of Kansas, the other to Smith McElroy, a friend residing in Middletown, Pa. The latter containing a copy of a stirring patriotic song, which he has been long anxious to obtain in full, having but a small portion of it.

In defiance of my exertion of will to the contrary, my thoughts will occasionally wander to the "Girl that's far away", to the great prejudice in point of interest, to the letters I have been writing.

Spit snow all the forenoon. About five o'clock P.M. cleared up. The sun shone out with apparently unusual brilliancy, turning the hills and tree tops with a beautiful golden hue. It might still continue clear. Prospect of a severe and heavy frost.

Page 8 ~ Monday April 13th

My anticipation of a severe frost last evening were fully realized. It was verified by the intense cold last night and my personal observations this morning. All nature appeared to have donned a sparkling mantle of gray, induced by the biting freezing breath of old bones. Applied myself assiduously all afternoon to the studies of Blackstone.

Afternoon assisted in rolling logs into the creek and floating them down to the mill. This, though laborious, we looked upon in the light of sport. Returned at night, much waned, but soon sought relief in the extended arms of morpheus.

Weather beautiful, the sun shone out brightly during the whole day. At dark black fleecy clouds appear in the western horizon. A bad omen for tomorrow. Pretentious of a renewal of the past weather, which many had supposed had entirely ceased, myself among the numbers.

Page 9 ~ Tuesday April 14th

Arose early. During the night the interesting female who lately has engaged so much of my attention and thoughts, visited me in the visionary land of dreams. Her countenance protects like assumed a thousand different appearances. At times its own natural one, as beautiful as an angel's, but upon my approach would assume the forbidden aspect of a demon. The latter I hope not indicative of any reception I may receive from her, upon her return to school.

Being an arbitrator on a case, I am making my arrangements to visit town tomorrow.

Weather, morning cloudy and spitting snow, at noon snowing very hard. Has every appearance of Winter. Loud and repeated complaints of the farmers concerning the unusual severity of the weather. But their repinings are useless. We should model after the patience and submission of the Irish. When it rains, they just let it rain.

Page 10 ~ Wednesday April 15th

Went to town today, found upon my arrival that the case upon which I was an arbitrator had been continued until the first day of June.

Called upon Miss Jenny Morgan – Oh Rapture! She had received a letter from my absent idol. She was well, but I was both grieved and pleased to hear that she was not enjoying her tour. First, that anyone whom I respected so highly should have any cause of sorrow. Secondly, it is a source of gratification when the supposition will occasionally force itself upon my attention. That her discontent is brought about by thoughts of “The lad she left behind her.” Such indications should surely be sufficient to lead me to look upon my case as not altogether hopeless.

Visited the Daguerreian home of Jas Band and had a couple likenesses taken, one for Amos’s wife, the other for Miss Jenny Morgan. I must admit that upon looking at the miniature, my expectations of personal appearance were far from being realized. I am compelled to come to the conclusion that I am rather an ordinary looking individual. Let us boast ever so much of our freedom, yet we are all more or less the slaves of vanity.

Weather, still cold and spitting a little snow. Quite a snow storm at noon. Returned to the country in the evening with, as apparently, a bitter cold wind blowing in my face as any I experienced during the past winter. Was much pleased to receive a letter from Nick Hager, Illinois, long since due.

Page 11 ~ Thursday April 16th

Arose rather later than usual this morning. After repeated efforts found that I was unable to find [sic find] my attention exclusively upon my studies. At length, gave over making any farther attempts. Snatched up some ancient newspapers and devoted the greater portion of the day to their perusal. Met with much very interesting and useful matter.

Had made an agreement with Miss Ary Allison to call upon Miss M. Vancleave this evening, Ary failing to come, the proposed visit I gave up, for the present. Much to my regret, as I was anticipating much pleasure from it.

Weather, Morning clear with sunshine, but through the day alternately sunshine, clouds and snow in small and scattering flakes. In the evening, warmer, clouds fast disappearing. The Western sky almost totally free from their prison. I prophesy moderation in the weather tomorrow.

Page 12 ~ Friday April 17th

Laid in bed until late this morning and even then got up with great reluctance, as I lost my sleep during the night by suffering greatly from the cold. In the evening upon going to bed, not anticipating such increased severity in the weather, I failed to take the proper precautions against

it, by increasing the amount of my covering. Felt dull, gloomy and sleepy all day. Made but little progress in my studies. Wrote a short letter to Mr. Richie Carmichaels, mostly concerning business.

Called this evening on Miss Mary Vancleave. Invited in the parlor, took a seat. Had exchanged but a few words with Mary, and those principally concerning weather, when her father came in. Then I was rather compelled to enter into a theological discussion. This, at any other time, might have been interesting, but under the present circumstances, insufferable.

In a short time, the old lady coming in, who, like her worthy spouse, took her seat, as if she was a chattel, that was not to be removed from the estate, at least not for that evening. So, becoming convinced that there would be no opportunity afforded me to converse with the young lady alone and becoming tired of the prosaic conversation of the old gentleman, I escaped to leave, but Mary following me out upon the porch we made a conditional arrangement to pay a visit to Miss Anna Hill on tomorrow evening.

Weather, Clear and sun shining, but a cold disagreeable wind continued blowing all day.

Page 14 ~ Saturday April 18th

Found upon arising, the sky obscured by rainy looking clouds. Soon after commenced raining and continued during the whole forenoon. Afternoon cloudy, without rain. Not so cold as yesterday.

Last night received a letter from my cousin, Amanda Edwards, of Niles, Ohio. I replied to it today, rather peculiar letter, mine.

I'm expecting a visit from Wm C. Lindsey this evening, we intend calling upon Miss Anna Hill.

Resolved in my mind today some rather wild and romantic schemes concerning the object now of almost every leisure thought, that is at present absent in Fayette County. Should I be charged with the heinous crime of falling in love, I would be compelled to hesitate a considerable length of time before I could respond, not guilty. I will await times farther development before I make this fatal admission.

In the evening then set in a drizzling rain, which has detained my friend from town. I shall be compelled to postpone my visit to Miss Hill.

Page 15 ~ Sabbath – April the 19th

Raining early in the morning, continued until noon – when it changed to snow – which continued during the whole of the afternoon. The ground being damp, the snow is dissolved almost as fast as it falls. Now whilst I write – after dark – the ground begins to dawn its white mantle. Were it a little colder, I would expect much snow by morning.

Have been engaged all day in copying into a book my most important female correspondence. I shall hereafter be more careful and kept a copy in this book of all-important letters I write to females.

Having all the letters I have received from such correspondents, I selected the most important and retained a copy. I was fortunate enough to have a copy of several letters which I also took good care to record. Bill Anderson called upstairs to see me and chatted a while. Bill is a rather eccentric character.

Page 16 ~ Monday April the 20th

Weather clear. Sun shining, but a sharp cold wind continued blowing during the whole of the afternoon. Engaged in my usual employment, studying. Mailed a couple of letters – one for Miss Amanda Edwards, the other for Nicholas Hagen, Illinois. Becoming tired in the evening. I picked up an old “Casket” in which I became very much interested. Continued to read until very late at night.

Page 16 ~ Tuesday April the 21st

Similar to yesterday. Sunshine with a strong wind which is fast drying up the mud. But in the afternoon a rather sudden and great change – clouded up and commenced a drizzling rain, which was followed by a commingling of rain and snow. Our weather prophets having missed it so often in their late predictions are considerably out of humor. I fear if there is not better weather after the changing of the moon on the 24th next, they will withdraw from the profession.

Have been conversing with Pop Allison. She talks so sillily upon some subjects such as ghosts. Super natural sights of all kinds; signs of the moon that she greatly provokes me – so much so that I am the more thoroughly convinced than ever before of the imperative necessity of my obtaining for a wife (if I ever conclude to have any) an intelligent, strong minded woman, one who is perfectly free from superstition, if I would always retain my present reputation of having a good temper and live happily whilst in the matrimonial state.

I find that nothing provokes me sooner and renders me more irritable than arguing with an ignorant and silly minded woman – whilst upon the other hand I experience the other extreme. I know of no greater pleasure this side of heaven than that of carrying on a conversation with a sensible, intelligent, young lady.

Late, before I retired; rain and snow still continued to fall. I would not be surprised if there was considerable snow upon the ground in the morning. Amos returned from town this evening bringing me a letter from my friend D. A. Hook, Kansas Terr.

Page 18 ~ Wednesday April 22nd/57

As I anticipated, I found upon arising this morning the ground covered with snow to the depth of about one inch. The snow having been very moist has clung to the trees and literally enveloped them in its fluffy folds - at first presenting a chilling and wintry aspect. But now the sun shining

forth brightly and lighting up the scene. Its brilliant rays are reflected by thousands of glittering spangles in the snowflakes, giving to the gloomy frost a fairy like and paradisiacal appearance. By now the snow had entirely disappeared, leaving every appearance of the commencement of good weather. But, alas we must be a sinful race, doomed to disappointment – for about the middle of the afternoon, it again began to cloud up with every sign of the beginning of our daily snow storm. But the God of weather is determined to cross our every expectation as by night the sky is again free from clouds. Visited today by Miss Ary Allison & Miss Mary Vancleave.

Page 19 ~ Thursday April 23rd /57

Morning and forenoon cloudy. Many signs of rain. Afternoon cleared off. Sun shine out brightly – is getting warm as it should be at this time of year. I do hope the change will be a permanent one. Wrote a couple of letters, one to Wm. Baird of Burlington, Iowa; the other to D. A. Hook, Kansas.

Page 19 ~ Friday April 24th /57

Heavy frost this morning – but sky clear and during the middle of the day warm. Cheering prospects for continued good weather. Last evening went over to James Allison's, rigged up an old fish net and set it – found the water being cold but no fish in the morning. Returned to Amos's and found everything upside down. A carpenter had arrived and was tearing down the stairs for the purpose of putting them up in another corner – was compelled to take my books and go out into the kitchen and study.

Page 20 ~ Saturday April 25th /57

Morning cloudy with other symptoms of rain, but happily cleared off about nine o'clock and continued fair and warm. Received a letter from John Higinbotham, Illinois concerning the Webster judgment. He rather thinks Webster is inclined to act unfairly – I intend going to town this afternoon, will not return before tomorrow.

Page 20 ~ Sunday April 26th /57

Weather beautiful until the afternoon when misty, hazy, looking clouds collected in the West where about sundown there commenced a gentle warm and pleasant rain. Returned from town about twelve o'clock - had a very pleasant time whilst there.

On Saturday afternoon was examined in 2nd Book of Blackstone by Mr. Phelan. Had a very pleasant time with my particular friend Mr. Lindsey, W.C. in the evening – after leaving whom and going up street for home I accosted Miss Jenny Morgan who had just come accidentally to the front door. She courteously gave me an invitation to come in the house – which I hesitated to accept as it was late – but upon her informing me that she had heard from my female friend that is traveling through Fayette County – I instantly, I rather fear too eagerly entered – her mother being present she had not a very good opportunity of giving me any confidential information – But I was enabled to gain this much. That a couple of ladies had sent their respect to me through her letter – and farther and more important that she had said in her let “that it had long been

decided that she would never marry Mr. Carrol.” This is certainly encouraging – although if it has been long decided, I cannot flatter myself in supposing that I was instrumental in influencing her in coming to such a decision as our acquaintance is of rather a late date. Oh, that Carrol; that unknown rival; he has heretofore given me much uneasiness, but it appears that I was needlessly alarmed and that I need not experience any farther danger from him in the future.

But still, I cannot admit even to myself that the feeling I am cherishing in my heart for her is love – yes I am so fearful of its terminating in that passion if it has not already. That the removal of any obstacle or rival cannot fail of moving a source of pleasure to me – tonight (Sunday) and perhaps even while I am writing she is in Brownsville and may be permitting an idle thought to dally with my memory – for she I am convinced esteemed me as a friend if nothing more. This afternoon went over to James Allison’s and returned about dark in the rain, very tired as I had also walked from town. Made arrangements with Ary Allison to soon pay our long delayed visit to the Hills.

Page 23 ~ Monday April 27th /57

Rained all night, this morning cloudy. The whole day dark and windy; very disagreeable. Threw Blackstone aside and turned carpenter. Made a fish box which consumed the whole forenoon and part of the afternoon. Upon finishing the box, I shouldered it up and carried it over to Allison’s near to where I intended to set it. Upon entering the house I was very pleasantly surprised to find Miss Mary Vancleave there upon a visit. Not being in a hurry, I neglected my box and had a very agreeable chat of more than an hour’s duration. But at length rather tearing myself away. I went and set my box. The fish dam being very much out of repair, I was detained an hour in the water, a much longer period than is considered safe at this season of the year. At length, getting everything fined to my entire satisfaction, I returned to Allison’s just in time for supper. Shortly after, Ary arrived. She had been out from home in search of flowers. She concluded to accompany Miss Vancleave home. I was graciously permitted to make one of the trio. It was just getting dark as we started. The pleasure I experienced can only be expressed by our American phrase “that we had a Capital time.” Under pretense of leading Mary around the mud, I was permitted to clasp her hand, a soft delicate beautiful one, which she kindly permitted me to retain, although the necessity which had produced it was no longer in existence. But the laws governing electricity will also apply to the pleasures and enjoyments of mankind, that it will always seek to produce an equilibrium – whilst reveling with delight in the sweetness of one draught – although we dream not of it, yet there may be the bitterness of gall concealed in the mind. Such proved to be the case in the present instance – for upon arriving at the Vancleave’s my salutation of good evening was only answered by frowns – Mary’s father at a most inopportune moment and under the circumstances in an ungentlemanly manor, delivered her a very severe lecture for indulging in the pleasures of the world. He looked upon it as a heinous crime; that she being young should show to the world by her actions that she was such that she should give vent to the excess of spirits that a kind, indulgent, and pleasure loving God had given her.

I cannot force myself to believe that deity is of such a nature, as to approve of – in his worshippers – sour looks, controlled morose, general sullenness and peevishness expressed over the countenance, indulging in continual condemnation of the gaiety and pleasures of thoughtless

world, to the neglect of the mock that is plainly observable in all their own actions – so long as religion is misrepresented as has been heretofore been done by Christian fanatics and bigots – so long will it cease to harass the number of professions. I entertain peculiar views upon the subject of religion from what I have witnessed tonight.

I am compelled to believe that Mr. Vancleave is neither a Christian nor a gentleman. Of Mary, my opinion is more highly elevated than before (although I always entertained a high opinion of her), by the lady like manner in which she conducted herself in the trying ordeal this evening. It must have been very mortifying for her. I can fully realize her unfortunate position and do truly sympathize with her.

Page 26 ~ Tuesday, April 28th /57

With the exception of a rather cool and unpleasant wind this has been a beautiful day. Was routed out of my room upstairs by Polly Allison who has commenced whitewashing. But thanks to her untiring energy in labor, my room is finished and looks one hundred percent better. If Pops temper does rather often become ruffled (by the way, the case with all old maids) she is an excellent hand at work of all kinds. Received a note by the hands of Miss Ary Allison from Mary Vancleave apologizing for the rather uncouth reception I received from her father last evening. She informs me that from infancy up to the present time, where ever she has gone from home to indulge in pleasure as young persons should and do, that such a reception as I witnessed has always greeted her return. Poor girl she has suffered long under the tyranny of a bigoted religious zealot. My heart felt sympathies and warmly enlisted in her unfortunate and unhappy lot. She is a good girl and deserving of better treatments. She should honor and obey her parents, but when that parent is blinded by his prejudices so that he wanders from the plainest rules of right and requires of her duties that both God and Nature abhors, how can she respect him? I have observed that ignorance and religious bigotry make the most despicable and exacting tyrants. Mary has gone to town this afternoon where she will be permitted to enjoy a few moments peace. But what fear awaits her return.

Page 28 ~ Wednesday April 29th /57

Sun shone out beautiful all day. Now at dusk there is not a cloud to be seen. The stars are timidly peeping out and taking one by one their accustomed positions. Took my gun this morning and went up in the woods. Met with my usual luck. Saw a couple of squirrels, but did not get a chance to shoot at them as their holes were near at hand. Took the one this evening and went and cut one of the trees down expecting to find a full nest of fine young squirrels, but after a couple of hours of hard work was repaid by discovering naught but empty hulls of acorns and hickory nuts which had been stored away in this granary by his squirrelship for his winter provender.

Miss Mary Vancleave returned from town today bringing with her a couple of other young ladies; Miss Lou Hager & Miss Mary Smith. I had not the pleasure of speaking to them, only saw them passing up in a wagon.

Page 29 ~ Thursday April 30th /57

Day similar to yesterday, bright and clear. Am being tired this evening having been engaged all day in repairing the kitchen. I find I am pretty much of a rough carpenter. Received the Messenger, but it contained nothing important. Am rather impatiently awaiting the first issue of the Greene County Republican – a new paper just starting in town. I wish it success. Miss Vancleave who had been escorting her two female visitors a short distance upon their road home dropped in a few moments. I had the extreme pleasure of holding a short conversation with her. Brother Samuel came up this evening but remained but a few moments and informed me that the planet of which I would fain be a prominent satellite is now visible in Waynesburg. The attraction of gravitation which is incident to all planets is acting upon me so strongly that I fear I shall be drawn wither its influence. It has been my intention to visit town on Saturday above all.

Page 30 ~ Friday May the 1st /57

A rather inauspicious beginning for the merry month of May; Cloudy in the morning and soon after commenced raining and continued almost without intermission during the whole day. Even now whilst I am writing, it is still pattering down without any signs of its soon ceasing. Miss Mary Vancleave passed by this morning on her road at her school which she intends commencing next Monday. I wish her health and a pleasant time during the term.

This afternoon in spite of the rain, I went fishing fixing an umbrella in such a manner as to protect me partially from the falling rain. I fished on until toward evening, but being under the dam which had in the meantime filled up and was now beginning to run over and threaten me with danger, greater danger of a ducking than the rain had hitherto done. I was compelled to have off and return home with but an indifferent string of fish.

Page 31 ~ Saturday May the 2nd /57

Rained all night and still continues this morning. Banks of the stream are overflowed. Should the rain continue the whole of the present day, much damage may ensue from high water. Intend going to town in a few moments, do not expect to return before Sunday evening. Arrived in town about the middle of the afternoon. Was engaged until dinner in attending to business. Afternoon consumed by recitation in Blackstone with Mr. Black. After supper in company with Mr. Wm. C. Lindsey, called upon Miss Sade Helphenstine. Found Mr. Cloakey, a young suitor and Rhoda Adams already there. After a few moments of agreeable conversation, Cloakey and Miss Adams left. Presuming that it would be desirable for my friend Lindsey, being a third party, I made an excuse and bid them good evening.

Going up street, I encountered John Morgan who insisted upon my going over to their house and engage in a game of dominoes. In a short time to my surprise and great joy, Jenny Morgan and Miss Needham entered, who I had not before seen since her return from her vacation tour. They joined us in our game. I remained until late, but did not enjoy myself so well as I expected upon the entry of the ladies, owing to an unaccountable reserve of the latter when conversing with me. I retired at a very late hour that night, but even then sleep was denied me. I lay awake for hours

revolving a thousand thoughts and schemes through my mind, induced by the preceding incidents of the evening.

Page 32 ~ Sabbath May the 3rd /57

Cloudy in the morning but rained in the evening, yet warm and pleasant during the day. Attended service at the C. P. Church. Had a long walk in the afternoon with my friend Lindsey; in the evening called on Miss Jenny Morgan. Had a very pleasant time. After dark, started for the country. At the upper end of town a gentleman and lady crossed the street just before my horse. Upon closer observation I discovered that it was Bill Morgan and Miss Needham, it being dark and raining and I covered with an umbrella, I don't think they recognized me. At the moment a pang of not jealousy but of envy shot through my heart. That I should be denied who esteemed her so highly and rated her at her true value should be denied a privilege that was granted to one who was incapable of appreciating her real worth (though possessed of a good heart). But still it is a great source of consolation to know that the lady herself does not approve of the barrier that makes me an alien to her presence – and that she highly esteems me. But I must for the present at least try and divest myself of a portion of my interest in her. As thoughts of her lately had so monopolized my attention that my studies have greatly suffered from neglect.

Page 34 ~ Monday May 4th /57

Rained all night and still raining this morning. We are surely beginning to have the rainy seasons of Oregon and California. Continued until about three o'clock in the afternoon when the clouds passed away and old Sol shone out with apparently unusual brilliancy. But toward evening again clouding up. The rain at dusk was dashed down in torrents. I went over to the creek for the purpose of fishing, but found it too high, - remained all night at James Allison's.

Page 34 ~ Tuesday May 5th /57

Morning cloudy. Rained all day with the exception of ceasing for a few intervals of about ten minutes, hung a grindstone for James Allison. Also put up and fixed his clock. Have been greatly disturbed in mind, today and yesterday about my female friend now in town. An exhibition of great weakness upon my part I fear, but still, although I have manfully committed it, and tried exercising the strongest determination of my will, yet I cannot help it. I must soon ascertain my true standings in her opinion, or I will be intensively lost, before I am indemnified by finding the equivalent.

Pop Allison talks of leaving us for town today. I am anxious that she will - and return soon to entertain us with the news. Pop possesses a capacious craving for gossip, and one that is seldom found empty.

Miss Betty Allison and Kesiah visited us this evening, also my very particular friend, Obediah Vancleave. Sara Allison returned from town without bringing me any letters. I was greatly disappointed, as there has been several due me for some time past.

Cloudy tonight, no sign of the weather clearing up. Moon idolaters, whose faith has been only tested, predict a change next Friday.

Page 36 ~ Wednesday May 6th/57

Cloudy and cool, sprinkled rain about noon. Evening, sun now and then peeps out from behind passing clouds, but we mortals are glad to get even an occasional glimpse of his Majesty, as he has been almost totally obscured by for several days past.

Took my gun and went out hunting this morning. Was fortunate in shooting my first Black Squirrel, but unfortunate in putting my next ball down without preceding it with a change of powder and was therefore under the necessity of returning instantly.

Engaged today in reading my fourth book of Blackstone. Consider it the most interesting of all. The second book has been all long represented to me as the least important. I fear I will differ with my respected tutors. For practice importance, I consider it as superior to the other three.

Page 37 ~ Thursday May 7th/57

Clear, sunshine and a beautiful day. The face of nature, gladdened by the many late gentle shows, lightens up - and already she begins to don her suit of green. The grass can almost [be] perceived in the very act of growing when observing it only for a few moments. Sun set this evening clear. Not a cloud to be seen above the horizon. Every indication to me for a beautiful day tomorrow, but still, in defiance for all this, Isaac Inghram, who passed by today, predicted rain tomorrow, from redness of the sky this morning, the screeching of owls and the distinctness with which slight noises might be heard at great distances. Should his prophecy be fulfilled by its raining at the time predicted, it may have a strong tendency toward making a proselyte of me and a strong believer in all signs.

My conscience reproves this evening, for having shot a dove today for dinner (poor thing).

Page 38 ~ Friday May 8th/57

A beautiful day. Sun setting clear, in defiance of the croakings of the weather prophets yesterday. I am thus far saved the mortifications of becoming a proselyte at such superstitious beliefs. Brother Samuel stopped here on his road to Burnsville and hand me a couple of letters, one from Wm. Richie, the other from my fair correspondent in Washington County, Miss Hamilton.

Had the extreme pleasure of receiving a visit from my particular friend, James S. Jennings. We went upstairs and had quite a lengthy private conversation concerning a matter, which I may as well enter at length in my journal.

Years ago, my friend, him, made the acquaintance of Miss Juliet Barckley [sic Barclay], who was then attending school in Waynesburg. Being pleased with the general appearance of the lady, he was affected by the tender passion, almost at first sight. Upon farther acquaintance, he met with no reasons for altering the favorable opinion he had already formed. In fact he became

a regular visitor and gallant, and in the eyes of the world, not an indifferent suitor. The stream flowed on happily and quietly until another individual made his appearance upon the field, who by his present interference greatly muffled its hitherto fair surface. This was no less personage than Mr. Randolph, of Ohio. He also paid attentions on Miss Juliet and the opportunity met with great encouragement.

The natural difference and modesty of my friend, Jennings, operated strongly to his disadvantage, as he was unable to continue with the unusual amount of assurance possessed by his rival, and was therefore, but very seldom permitted the pleasure of the company of the fair Juliet, and finally becoming discouraged, he wholly withdrew from the arena. But chance, after the lapse of a considerable length of time, drew them together. He thought he saw some signs of encouragement in the actions of the lady, and again, manfully took up his spear and shield and renewed the fight. These matters continued for a great length of time, with alternating success to my hero. At one moment he would be elevated to the highest pinnacle of happiness by the smiles and encouragements of his (like Romeo) fair Juliet. But at the next, his fall was only more severe from his previous elevation, occasioned by his frowns. In this manner a fission, or so, passed by and at length Juliet graduated, with the first honors and returned to her home in Uniontown. While there my friend, Jennings, paid her a visit and pressed his suit with considerable ardor, but unfortunately, met with neither encouragement or discouragement. She would, in defiance of every effort, understand as if made by a friend. But upon his return home and reviewing the matter deliberately and carefully, he came to the conclusion that he could not continue the correspondence that had all along been kept up between their feelings of friendship alone, any longer. That she must be influenced by a stronger passion than that of friendship - and similar to the one entertained by her. In writing, as that it ought to and should close, in accordance with the above wish he wrote a letter stating as much and that if the tone of their correspondence could not be changed, that he desired it should close and that she would please return his letters and that he would as soon as possible do the same with her own. By return mail, he received a rather indefinite answer, but desiring that he would not return his letters and also that she might have permission to retain his. What else could he do, he consented. In the meantime, he had made the acquaintance of Miss Laura Weathee and was much pleased with her and gradually the affection for her insidiously, but surely, began to dissipate and supplant that which the fair Juliet had first inspired. Now greatly shaken by her undecided and vacillating course.

Finally convinced that the love he had born for Juliet was now transferred to Laura, he again, without assigning any reasons, wrote to her wishing that their correspondence should cease and that she would return his letters, but now the tables appear to be turned, for Juliet is any thing but an indifferent actor. She is willing, now when it is too late, that the correspondence should continue and entirely upon different terms, and demands his reasons for wishing that it should cease. But alas, she has come to this conclusion too late. Had my friend received such a letter six months before, he would have been the happiest of mortals. But she had trifled with his affections too long and must abide the consequences. He now only desires that all farther intimacy between he and her should cease. He has not yet replied to this last note and is a great loss as to the particular manner he should word it.

Page 43 ~ Saturday May 9th/57

A bright warm day, approaching almost to sultriness. Went to town, affected by what is denominated as Spring fever.

Afternoon attended a fishing party had for a companion, Miss Ellen Way, a good and beautiful girl. Had a very pleasant time. Miss Needham being one of the party, I had the pleasure of conversing with her but a few moments. But these were fraught with great pleasure. I am now fully convinced that I entertain a feeling stronger than friendship for this intelligent and beautiful fairy. But she is as yet an unsolved enigma to me. Sometime I feel confident and fully assured that she entertains an ardent affection. But then again I am by some trifling matters (but to a lover, a mountain) precipitated to the lowest depths of despondency.

Several times I have been almost upon the point of writing and making a full avowal of my real feelings, and asking a similar favor in return. But then when almost resolved to do so I am deterred by my pride and thoughts of the realization of my worst fears. In the evening, in company with W.C. Lindsey, called at Mrs. Morgan and spent a very pleasant evening in the society of Miss. Balsinger and McQuilken. Retired late, but kept awake by thoughts of _____ [blank line].

Page 45 ~ Sabbath May 10th /57

Arose early. Pleasant in the morning, but a wind soon after arising, it became much cooler. Beheld pigeons flying over South, an infallible sign of a storm in the North. A very strong cool wind all day.

Attended church forenoon, and at night called on Miss Jenny Morgan in pursuance of a request from [her] to do so. We had quite a lengthy private conversation. She informs me that Mr. Weathee suspicions Lovina and I of carrying on a clandestine correspondence through her. I fear that man will compell me to become his enemy, in defiance of an inclination upon my part to the contrary. I only wish that his suspicions were correct – for then I would be assured that she entertained an ardent and lasting attachment for me. Otherwise, she would not attempt to deceive her guardian in order to correspond with me.

Page 46 ~ Monday May 11th/57

A cold and cloudy day. Just such a day will produce ennui. Attended prayers at the college and heard Mr. Weathee rehearse his rites at length. I consider them very stringent ones.

Returned to the country in the evening, preparatory to making my announcement for a permanent residence in town.

Page 46 ~ Tuesday May 12th/57

A bright, fair day, but during the forenoon inclined to be a little too cold. Packed up my trunk and after dinner bid, with much regret, farewell to the country. During my residence there I have spent a very pleasant time. Ennui, during the whole period was almost an entire stranger.

Returned by way of James Allison's. Encountered a couple of candidates, who solicited my little influence.

Page 47 ~ Wednesday May 13th/57

A warm pleasant day, but indications of rain before night. About the middle of the afternoon commenced raining and with the exception of a few moments ceasing, continued up to the time of my retiring.

Wrote a letter to Miss N_____m [blank spaces] this morning containing a full avowal of my feelings toward her and asking a similar favor in return, but could not muster up enough courage at any moment during the day to place it in the Post. At one moment I would be in the very act of going to the office for the purpose of depositing my letter, but at the next deterred by fear of a negative reply and the expediency of my taking such serious steps at

Received a letter from Miss L. Pennock, Kansas, a very able and interesting one. She is a very intelligent and talented girl for her age.

Page 48 ~ Thursday May 14th/57

Rained all night. This morning very cloudy and still raining. Rained at different periods for the whole day. At night the winds blew a perfect tornado and the rain was dashed down in torrents.

Amused myself in the evening by hopping. Met apparently my equal in that manly exercise in Ed _____ [blank spaces].

Received my letters from Jno C. Flenniken, Senator, Jno W. Stumph and Miss Amanda Edwards. Replied to a letter I had received from Miss Beck Hamilton.

Had the extreme pleasure of passing on the street and speaking to Miss Needham. She certainly is growing more beautiful and attractive each day. I fear – greatly fear – that I am standing upon the brink of a dangerous precipice. I would require but the application of but a slight force to hurl me over.

Page 49 ~ Friday May 15th/57

Arose early. Found the sky clear and the sun shining brightly. But in a very short time it again commenced to cloud up. About nine o'clock commenced raining and continued to rain very hard. Continued to rain during the remainder part of the day at repeated intervals.

Page 49 ~ Saturday May 16th/57

Morning cloudy and somewhat cool. Found a fire in the office quite comfortable. By noon much clearer and much warmer. Remained clear all day, quite cool this evening. Every indication of a severe frost tonight. Called on Miss Jenny Morgan in the evening. Gave her a letter to hand to Miss Needham. Said letter contained some very important inquiries, which may be seen by referring to my record of female correspondence.

Rained a little during the night.

Page 50 ~ Sunday May 17th /57

Arose rather later than usual. Day clear, sunshine but cool. Forenoon took some books, went out and read instead of attending church. But regretted it afterwards upon hearing that Proff. Weethee had preached. Visited the cemetery afternoon. Suffered some little with headache and uneasiness as to the reception that the letter I sent yesterday evening met with.

Page 50 ~ Monday May 18th /57

Arose early. Swept out the office, built a fire, took a walk distance in the country. Rather clear but rather cool. Afternoon turned in and rained. The afternoon and during the whole night – mailed letters to John Strep and Hays Allison.

Page 51 ~ Tuesday May 19th /57

Went to the office later than usual – raining this morning – continued until near noon when it cleared but is still cloudy and cold – witnessed a rather interesting but at the same time disgusting dog fight – which continued for the space of a half hour, an immense excited crowd around.

The pleasure I _____ [word missing] experiencing from the reception of a favorable reply to the letter I sent on Sabbath evening can only be imagined. A reference to my “letter record” will justify such extravagant demonstrations of pleasurable excitement.

After dark still raining.

Page 52 ~ Wednesday May 20th /57

Rose early, swept out the office and took a walk – Cloudy. Continued so and cold all day. Blind family gave a musical concert in the country, did not attend expecting to see tomorrow evening. During the _____ [word missing] got up two or three legal questions and discussed them with Wm. C. Lindsey. Was very much interested, think I will like this practice of law much better than I expected.

Thursday May 21st /57

A beautiful morning – walked above the college, had the pleasure of meeting and saluting Miss Laura Weethee – weather continued warm and pleasant all day.

Page 53 ~ Friday May 22nd /57

A warm beautiful day – engaged as usual studying in the office. Have been applying myself pretty closely lately as I expect my examination to commence next week. Went to the creek in the evening and took a bath.

Page 53 ~ Saturday May 23rd /57

Got up a little later than usual, went to the office and studied till noon. Day warm, about the middle almost oppressive. In the evening, some thunder accompanied with lightning but very little rain.

Having the day before made arrangements for a fishing party this afternoon, we started. Mr. John Morgan & Lydia Weethee, Wm. C. Lindsey and Leonis Needham, myself and Hannah Lindsey. We first followed the creek to the foot of Seals Knob where we fished for some length of time. Han Lindsey and I effected a desired object which required very skillful generalship. I greatly desired an opportunity to converse with Miss Needham – we were each fishing with our ladies at different places – Lindsey was very anxious to obtain a minnow for perch. I was trying to catch one, he came up pretending to be out of patience and took my pole out of my hand - as a matter of course, I could nothing else than to go and take his which was sitting along side of Miss Needham. In a few moments he took my lady Hannah and started up the creek. I established and took his down seeking a comfortable seat. Far down the creek we carried on a very pleasant conversation, leaving this spot, we started up the hill for the knob. Near the top, we discovered a recess in the woods, a beautiful grassy plain which glen seduced us to stop and hold a conversation of a more interesting nature than the previous one. But we were interrupted by Lindsey who was calling us to his summit where was spread out before us a beautiful and encapturing scene.

Page 55 ~ Sunday May 24th /57

Laid in bed later than usual. A warm lazy inspiring day. Received a letter from A. B. Scott making certain notations concerning Capt. Story, which had I received sometime ago would have been perfectly astounding but being prepared by some previous not altogether praiseworthy acts of that person, I was not too much astonished. About ten o'clock in company with W. C. Lindsey, started up into the country – we had a very pleasant time, although we suffered much from the heat. After dinner at Amos's we went over to the creek; enjoyed ourselves much by taking a ride in a boat, getting supper at Allison's, we returned home after dark.

I saw Miss Jenny Morgan after my return and she handed me a note from Maggie which I had been expecting.

Page 56 ~ Monday May 25th /57

Arose late, a little sore and stiff from the unusual amount of exercise taken the day previous. A warm beautiful day, similar to yesterday, with the addition of a balmy breeze. Had the pleasure of shaking hands with Jno. C. Flennekin and Col. J. H. Wells, who have just returned from a long session of the [Simulr ???]. The latter a transcribing clerk.

Page 56 ~ Tuesday May 26th / 57

Took my usual walk in the morning before commencing to study. Day warm and sultry, rained a little after dark. Have been quite uneasy and nervous about my examination previous to my admission to the bar – which I am expecting to commence every day. After night, stole a few moments from my studies and replied to the letter I received on Sunday evening by the hands of Jenny Morgan.

Page 57 ~ Wednesday May 27th /57

Did not go to the office until after breakfast. Day warm but airy, a very light sprinkling of rain in the forenoon, felt unusually dull all day. With great difficulty could keep myself from sleeping, inclined to think I am unwell. Was examed upon a portion of the first book of Blackston by A. S. Buchanan, Esq. In the evening took a walk with Ary Allison who is now boarding with us and attending school. I consigned the letter I wrote last night into her charge for delivery. I was pleased at the great amount of zeal which she manifested in beginning this undertaking. She appears to be interested for my good. I have unbounded confidence in her disention. Feel confident she will make every exertion to forward my interest.

Page 58 ~ Thursday May 28th /57

Weather similar to yesterday – took my usual walk – came back by the new building of L. L. Minor. He is making a beautiful place to live. I am glad to see it, poor fellow he has had a stormy life and now in his old age needs a quiet retreat. I am standing an examination before the committee appointed by the court – hope I may be successful and be admitted to practice Monday, week.

Page 58 ~ Friday May 29th /57

Weather continues to be cool. Some rain in the course of the day. Received a reply from Miss Needham containing of importance. My examination is still going on. It commenced on Wednesday.

Page 59 ~ Saturday May 30th /57

Warm and oppressive. Was unable to get my committee together – was somewhat disappointed in not getting through my examination. Spent as usual in studying. Rained in evening.

Page 59 ~ Sabbath May 31st /57

Got up early, went to the office and wrote a letter consisting of six pages to Maggie. Got through in time to attend church. After dinner, saw my friend Jenny and entrusted the letter to her keep for delivery. In the evening saw Maggie on Miss Morgan's steps. Suspected that she intended to spend the night there. Although her and Jennie won literally unencumbered by gentlemen, yet I concluded at - Stop. In a short time all left but myself – a rain coming up it was necessary for us to go into the entry. At length Jennie left leaving Maggie and I alone. Oh what indescribable happiness I then enjoyed. The moments there flew too rapidly by. We introduced such subjects and discussed them as the only of her female of Waynesburg would dare to attempt. A more intelligent, interesting, little angel I never before encountered whilst in the midst of a very interesting conversation. Jenny Balsinger and ____ McFarland stumbled over us as it was quite dark where we were sitting. We then went into the room which they had just vacated and so entertained each other by conversing upon diverse subjects. Then the clock struck three in the morning before I could muster up sufficient resolution to drag myself away.

Page 61 ~ Monday June 1st /57

Got up before five o'clock. After breakfast went to the office, but I was unable to clear my thoughts from the events of last evening and fin them upon my books. Raining in the morning continued at different periods during the day. Took a walk in the morning in company with W. C. Lindsey. Saw a house snake in the road, killed it. Examined in Blackston by Col. Wells, Esq. One of my committee – being rather sleepy, I have come up home for the purpose of retiring early.

Page 62 ~ Tuesday June 2nd /57

Cloudy but pleasant. (felt rather dull all day) Amos was in from the country when John C. Flenniken made the first payment on the Clinton farm. Engaged as usual in studying.

Page 62 ~ Wednesday June 3rd /57

Went to the office early. Consumed some time in study. When W. C. Lindsey coming in, we took our usual morning walk, which greatly invigorated me. Weather very windy during the day in the evening rained quite hard for a few moments. Amos having endorsed Flenniken's check to me, I presented it today. Lifted \$255. and paid to Sam. Deposited \$253. in my own and \$153 in Amos's name.

Page 63 ~ Thursday June 4th /57

Got up very early. Breakfasted and went to the office. Sent a reply this morning to a letter I received from Maggie on yesterday. Then transferring of it was done by Ary in a very skillful manner. Cloudy now, at noon raining and inclined to be cool. Libby, Rebecca's child has been sick for a few days past. The Doctor has pronounced her disease to be Scarlet Fever. Ann Dowlin arrived today and took dinner with us.

Page 64 ~ Friday June 5th /57

Libby appeared to suffer so much during the night that her complaints kept me from sleeping. Cool, but the sun shining brightly. Saw James Jennings. He has been at Carmichaels and informs me that the long talked of picknick [sic picnic] then will come off tomorrow.

In the evening called on Miss Maggie N_____ [blank spaces]. Visited in the parlor. Had been there but a few moments when Rob McConnel came in with Lydia Weethee. A walk was proposed. We went up the run a considerable distance. Night had begun to cast his sable curtain over the dale and hill before we returned. I have certainly passed but few pleasanter evenings.

Page 65 ~ Saturday June 6th /57

Started to Carmichaels in the morning; day very warm. Sold some town lots in the evening, joined a walking party going out to John Rays' – had a very pleasant time indeed. This is the day of the primary election. I regret that for "Treasurer" my friend Jennings only received eight votes in Cumberland Township.

Page 66 ~ Sabbath June 7th /57

Sun warm and oppressive. Started from Carmichael' for home. Stopped at Josiah Dowlins' and took dinner, reached home about three o'clock in the afternoon. Found Rebecca's child Libby much worse than when I had started.

Page 66 ~ Monday June 8th /57

Warm, but rained during the day, both early in the morning and late in the evening. That implacable enemy of children, scarlet fever, deprived of life our Libby. A severe stroke to all but particularly Frank Beck. Still I cannot help thinking that it was better for her to die young, and not be compelled to struggle against the troubles of this world.

Page 67 ~ Tuesday June 9th /57

Warm and cloudy, rained several times during the day. Was admitted to the bar this morning. Am now legally authorized to attach Esq. to my name. The pleasure I would have otherwise felt in such a case is greatly marred by the presence of the angel of death. Funeral at two o'clock, afternoon.

Page 68 ~ Wednesday June 9th /57

Cloudy during the day, rained at different periods – Zacheriah Piles & John Piles now on trial for the murder of Jefferson Morris.

Page 68 ~ Thursday June 11th /57

Rained nearly all day. Witnesses in the murder case all examined the jury to be addressed tomorrow. Brass Band not this evening – expect to play on the 24th.

End of Leroy Cleavenger's Journal Entries

Epilogue

[This final entry in the journal begins after Leroy's entries end and is written in another hand. It is presumed to have been authored by Leroy's sweetheart, Margaret Leonice Needham, in whose possessions the diary was found in 2003.]

The hand that wrote these preceding pages has been dust these twenty years. The brain that conceived these thoughts and prompted the action of the hand is lifeless inorganic matter per chance it nourished the growth of thistles which asses have eaten God knoweth; but he careth not apparently.

All the atoms of the form that bound together the tender affections the vigorous mind, the brave pure spirit into one strong sweet individuality are scattered their identity lost the soil, the air, the rock, and the rain have absorbed and carried them no one knows whither. Is anything left of this choice soul beside the lingering memory in the hearts of those who loved him? A memory that will be lost when in a few more years these hearts have throbbled their last and like his have moldered into dust. I have inquired diligently, but all the experience of mankind yields no answer. Nature is memorably dumb. Revelations, there is none. Only hope is left a hope based upon the slender foundation of desire and possibilities. One drifts very near to pessimism when contemplating the subject of human destiny. Destiny has man any destiny but to be born to beget and to die? In all the wide earth there is no answer and the voices of heaven are inaudible to ears of clay. There is no warmth or cheer in these thoughts, yet it is best to look facts unflinchingly in the face. Better to know the hard truth than to cheat myself with soft delusions. The base sands of the desert are safer footing than swaying branches or ropes of man's twisting.

Is it then an evil to die young? Since life must cease to be, is it not well that it should end ere satiety begins? I think not. The dread of death is so bitter to the young the idea that there will ever be a time when they are not is inconceivable, intolerable. Youth feels itself immortal. 'Tis only the old who having learned how shabby and full of shame the play is that are willing to see the end when the light shall be put out and they go home to sleep. The inevitable conclusion is that if existence begins, but to end in forgetting and being forgotten, 'twere better that it never begun. The mass of mankind seem to be but the merest rubbish whose room in the world is preferable to their company, but now and then appears a spirit so choice that it's blotting out seems a real waste of the most precious material. Such has always seemed to me the loss of Lee.

Three years after his demise came that of the friend so often mentioned in these pages the brother of his heart, the beloved companion of his walks for many years W. C. Lindsey. Now will I recall this young man his tall slender graceful figure, his fine pale oriental face, his great velvety dark eyes and delicate mouth. I shall ever recall his image as I saw him one night standing in the center of a crowded parlor regarding me with keen anxious gaze a breach had been made in our friendship an enemy had done it and, alas, it was never mended. In a few months, he too had passed away shot and slashed to death by confederate bullets and swords. They two were the flowers of their town superior in personal appearance, manners, mental endowments and chivalry of spirit to all the youth of the country.

In sturdy manhood, purity of principle and generosity, Leroy excelled his friend as he did all other men whom I have known, yet he was genial and winning and far more lovable than a majority of his sex.

The death of these two cast a shadow that can never be lifted upon other lives. Was it well? Was it ordered for the best? Was it ordered at all? Human reason would answer, nay. I wish not to be impious but I am constrained to say this is not the Lord's doing, but a chance that happened to us. A chance that had its root deep in the nature of things an inevitable chance, a most awful chance.

Well many a one of the great flaming flambeaux that joined the processions of life and marched so bravely beside me have been blown out while my little feeble searchlight with its flickering glimmer, carefully watched and oft shaded by the hand, is slowly burning to the socket.