

A photograph of two young men in conversation outdoors. The man on the left is wearing a black cap and glasses, and the man on the right is wearing glasses and smiling. They are standing in front of a building with a tiled roof and some greenery. The image is framed with a black border.

***FREDERIC
W. LORING***

***TWO
COLLEGE
FRIENDS***

Frederic W. Loring

Two College Friends

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Contact: DigiCat@okpublishing.info



TABLE OF CONTENTS

LIST OF CHAPTERS

I. THE LECTURE ON DOMESTIC ARTS.

II. THE PICTURE OVER THE FIREPLACE.

III. HE MOVED WITH A VAST CROWD.

V. CORRESPONDENCE.

1.

2.

3.

VI. ONE YEAR AFTER.

VIII. MIDNIGHT.

IX. THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

X. THE LAST LETTER HOME.

XI. AFTERWARDS.

LIST OF CHAPTERS

Table of Contents

PREFACE AND DEDICATION

- I THE LECTURE ON DOMESTIC ARTS
- II THE PICTURE OVER THE FIREPLACE
- III HE MOVED WITH A VAST CROWD
- IV NED'S NOTE-BOOK
- V CORRESPONDENCE
- VI ONE YEAR AFTER
- VII NED'S NOTE-BOOK
- VIII MIDNIGHT
- IX THE BEGINNING OF THE END
- X THE LAST LETTER HOME
- XI AFTERWARDS



PREFACE AND DEDICATION.

Table of Contents



MY DEAR FRIEND,—

Indignation at my dedicating this book to you will be useless, since I am at present three thousand miles out of your reach. Moreover, this dedication is not intended as a public monument to our friendship;—I know too much for that. If that were the case, we should manage to quarrel even at this distance, I am quite confident, before the proof-sheets had left the press. But I can dedicate it to you alone of all my college friends, because you and I were brought so especially into the atmosphere of the man who inspired me to undertake it,—the man to whom, under God, I shall owe most of what grace and culture I may ever acquire. You and I know his wonderful unselfishness, his tender sympathy, his exquisite delicacy of thought and life, as well as others know his wit and his scholarship. It was while I was writing the opening pages of this story that the news of his death came. It was while my work was but half finished, that I was called away to the most remote and wildest portions of this great country of ours, and thus has my story become a sketch,—a bare outline of what I intended.

But, such as it is, you and a few others will know what I mean by it; and that point gained, the rest matters little. If by it one single heart is made to throb, even for an instant, with love of this country, of which we can never be too

mindful nor too proud, my object will be gained. And now I
commend to you this book.

Ever your friend,

FRED. W. LORING.

TO MR. WM. W. CHAMBERLIN.

“At dawn,” he said, “I bid them all farewell,
To go where bugles blow and rifles gleam.”
And with the waking thought asleep he fell,
And wandered into dream.

A great hot plain from lake to ocean spread,
Through it a level river slowly drawn:
He moved with a vast crowd, and at its head
Streamed banners like the dawn.

Then came a blinding flash, a deafening roar,
And dissonant cries of terror and dismay;
Blood trickled down the river’s reedy shore,
And with the dead he lay.

The morn broke in upon his solemn dream,
And still with steady pulse and deepening eye,
“Where bugles call,” he said, “and rifles gleam,
I follow, though I die.”

TWO COLLEGE FRIENDS.



“‘At dawn,’ he said, ‘I bid them all farewell,
To go where bugles blow and rifles gleam;’
And with the waking thought asleep he fell,
And wandered into dream.”

I.

THE LECTURE ON DOMESTIC ARTS.

Table of Contents

It was quarter after two in the afternoon, and the Professor was sitting at his desk, engaged in arranging the notes of his lecture, when there came a knock on the door.

“Come in,” said the Professor. “Ah, Ned! is it you?” This to a graceful boy of twenty, who entered the room.

“Yes, it is Ned,” said the boy; “and he particularly wishes to see you for a few minutes.”

“Every moment is precious,” said the Professor, “until my lecture is in order. What is the matter? Are you in trouble?”

“Yes,” said Ned, “I am in trouble.”

“Then let me read to you,” said the Professor, “the concluding paragraph of my lecture on Domestic Arts.”

“Oh, don’t!” said Ned; “I really am in trouble.”

“Are you the insulter or the insulted, this time?” asked the Professor.

“Neither,” said Ned, shortly; “and I’m not in trouble on my own account.”

“Ah!” said the Professor; “then you have got into some difficulty in your explorations in low life; or you have spent