

**TO THE CLASS OF SIXTY-  
SEVEN OF WASHINGTON  
AND JEFFERSON COLLEGE**

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To the Class of Sixty-seven of Washington and Jefferson College by Rob Roy McGregor  
McNulty

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**ROB ROY MCGREGOR MCNULTY**

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TO THE  
CLASS OF SIXTY-SEVEN  
OF  
WASHINGTON AND JEFFERSON  
COLLEGE.

*by*  
*R. K. M. Mc Multry?*

Stot liber hic donec, suctus formica marina  
Ebibat; et totum testudo perambulet orbem.  
*Pragmatic Sanction, 1507.*

NEW YORK:  
PRINTED BY EDWARD O. JENKINS,  
20 NORTH WILLIAM STREET.  
1867.

### NOTE PREFATORY AND DEDICATORY.

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AN undergraduate in College may be presumed to have none too much time, and possibly none too much talent, for other pursuits than those prescribed in the Curriculum. It is, therefore, with some effort and with more audacity, that a small flirtation with the Muses has been attempted, of which the following are some of the proceeds. His fellow-students will probably look kindly upon the sly venture, at least

*The Class of '67,*

TO WHOM

DAT DICAT DEDICATQUE

THE AUTHOR.

# A WEDDING.\*

*February 22d, 1776,*

IN WHAT IS NOW WASHINGTON COUNTY.

—o—  
"Ridentem dicere verum quid vetat?"—HORACE.

"The best time for marriage will be toward thirty."

SIR WALTER RALPH.

"The Single Man."—Dr. Youma's "NIGHT COMPLAINT."

*Night First, line 221.*

"Τίμος ὁ γάμος τοῦ πῦτος." : . . —St. PAUL.

—d—  
YE gentle Muses ! whether throned upon  
Parnassus, Pimpla, Pindus, Helicon !  
Ye more than eight ; ye only less than ten !  
Haste to inspire and elevate my strain !  
Come, blessed Nine ! and (not to make a fuss)  
If it be possible,—bring Pegasus.  
Give me to quaff the cool Castalian fount ;  
And fix the girthing well before I mount :  
Lest thy poor bard—his flight but scarce begun,  
Be tumbled off as old Bellerophon.

\* Read at celebration of Washington's birth-day, in  
Canonsburg, February 22d, 1867.

This much as invocation—'tis their due ;  
 And this observed, we turn at once to you.

Your humble bard would bring before you now  
 Some rude old customs of the long ago :  
 And since 'tis fair conjecture that this Hall  
 Holds many married—though by no means all—  
 And some that late at Hymen's Altar stood,  
 Some that have not, and some that, "may-be,  
     would ;"

An old time wedding, it has seemed to me,  
 Though plainly told might please in good degree ;  
 As it to some will sure in many ways  
 Suggest sweet thoughts of early nuptial days,  
 And other some may learn in truthful rhyme  
 What joys attend the Hymeneal time.  
 And further still, it must to all be plain,  
 That such a theme is signally germane  
 To this occasion,—while we meet to crown  
 His name with praises whom all time shall own ;  
 For had not two observed this sacred rite  
 Great George himself had never seen the light.  
 First ! to begin, we might enlarge upon  
 The curious customs of the dead and gone



Of other nations—other types of men—  
 Their marriage ceremonials, but then  
 It might prove tedious, and we know full well,  
 Thus many learned spoil the half they tell.  
 They state at length—till interest is dead—  
 Not what they *will*,—but, what they *might have*  
*said*

“Did time permit” or “the occasion suit,”  
 Or, “at some future time I hope to do it.”  
 We pause not then to notice Greeks nor Jews,  
 Nor rites outlandish that a “Hindoo does;”  
 (Hindu does.)

How when for marriage she is bid prepare,  
 The Lapland maiden raves and tears her hair;  
 How some wed early, and how some wed late;  
 (The Brahma worshippers at seven or eight.)  
 How in the land of “Araby the Blest,”  
 (Where eyes are seen while railings hide the  
 rest,)

If “desert gentleman” has chanced to meet  
 Some graceful maiden in the frequent street,  
 He makes inquiries, and e'er long, may be,  
 Finds out some friend she often “calls to see;”—  
 Hastes to the house—and stating plain his case,

Soon gains admittance and a hiding place :  
 She comes—unveils—and he, an hour or more,  
 Peeps through the key-hole of some closet door :  
 If pleased—he bargains—and before a week  
 The contract's signed and witnessed by the Sheik.  
 On these, 'tis not (as learned doctors say)  
 " Our purpose, hearers, to discourse to-day,"  
 Then general observations as to why  
 We stand obnoxious to the marriage tie  
 Might seem in place ; and possibly excite  
 Some slumbering consciences to view aright  
 This solemn duty ;—and mayhap, to take—  
 If not for love—the vow—for conscience sake.  
 Oh ! is there here one past the point of life  
 When every whole-souled man should choose a  
     wife !

Condemned he sits and feels in inmost heart  
 That his has been at best a selfish part.  
 Up Life's steep hill—how far more nobly done,  
 Did his strong arm support some gentler one !  
 To punish such, 'twere well could we renew  
 The wise old *γραφὴ ὀψιγαμίου*.  
 But we from these, though tempting, turn away,  
 And haste to tell you of the Wedding day.

Come back with us in fancy, to the time  
 When this good county was in early prime,  
 And to be definite,—suppose we fix  
 Some date—say February, '76,—  
 And bear in mind, 'tis not in distant clime  
 We place the actors of our truthful rhyme;  
 But these great hills that close us round to-day  
 Were stately witnesses of what we say;  
 And this sweet vale where Chartiers rolls along,  
 Gave back the echoes of the Wedding song.  
 But mark the change, in field and slope!—for then  
 Dark forests waved where now the bearded grain;  
 No sounds were heard, save wild bird's note of fear  
 Roused by the axe blows of the Pioneer.  
 No broad inviting turnpike crossed the hill,  
 No College stood here!—and no woolen mill  
 Could then suggest in sad and silent looks  
 That caution given in the "Best of Books,"  
 "That men in planning should consult their power  
 And count the cost before they build the tower."  
 No Railway \* then with many a cut and fill,  
 (Thy meet companion, silent Woolen Mill!)

\* Residents of the vicinage will recognize an allusion  
 to two abortive public improvements which have tanta